## Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## **Chapter 118**

Tyler followed the girl in the bathroom, keeping his gaze on her ass in hopes that she'd sway his dick to actually move into action.

His cock had yet to twitch or do anything to show that he wanted to sink into that girl.

Nothing

The girl giggled, turning around to wink while doing some cra zyseductive dance before opening one of the stalls while beckoning him to follow.

If Tyler wasn't serious about getting Layla out of his system he'd turn around and leave. Because that so-called seductive dance did nothing but make him wince.

He sighed and followed after the eager girl. When he closed and locked the door, she pounced on him like a cat, kissing his neck sloppily.

Perhaps he had made a mistake with his mind and thought she was the wild one. Maybe she was the sloppy one.

He rolled his e yes, yet pretended to enjoy the attention she was giving to his neck.

He arched it in a way to give her more access and faked a grunt when her wet sloppy tongue licked up his vein to his jaw.

Why the fuck wasn't his cock twitching?

He was getting frustrated but not in the way he wanted to.

Perhaps he'd have to be the one doing the work instead of this

girl.....

Or maybe he should just give her more time, let her explore. Layla's

exploring hands always excited him, maybe this girl can cause the same reaction.....

He continued to fake his grunts and then when her fingers started to trail down his shirt, touching his abs, he stopped.

He didn't like the feel of her fingers touching him.

He wanted to wrench her away from him.

But instead of doing so, he stayed quiet and let her continue.

Her quick fingers touch his jeans and he waited for that little jump of his cock.

It never came.

Still, he waited and hoped that he can get this over with.

"I remember how much of a big boy you are." The girl purred as her palm run over his cock which was still not even a bit excited.

"You fucked me so good. I've been dreaming of you fucking me again Tyler." She whispered, kissing his jaw as she still rubbed him through his jeans.

Nothing.

He felt nothing.

Her lips met his. Her lips felt soft but they were not sweet. They didn't taste like cherries nor did they smell like it. They felt wrong

too.

To rid himself of the nausea he felt while kissing the girl, he tear his lips aw ay from hers and trailed them down her neck instead.

Her neck was soft don't get him wrong, they just didn't rouse any excitement in him. Didn't make him want to continue. Didn't make his cock throb.

Her fingers fumbled with his zipper and he almost let out a groan of annoyance because she was way too eager for something that she was failing to get hard.

When she do get that zipper down and unzips his pants he groans. Not because her fingers felt good and his cock had finally woken the fuck up, no. He groaned because her hands did not feel right cupping his cock over his briefs.

His cock had yet to react too, which was weird and kind of embarrassing since Tyler wasn't one to be shy about always being ready to have a good time.

Now that his cock was limp and not moving at all, he was sort of embarrassed and frustrated.

The girl moaned and he gritted his teeth while trying to pretend that her voice was somewhat pleasing.

It was not.

It sounded like a damn cat scratching a wooden door. Irritating as fuck.

Still, he had to get Layla out of his system somehow. He had to before he go insane. "Come on big boy...." The girl mewled and started pushing down his jeans and briefs.

His cock was freed but was not hard at all. Not even his balls tingled.

He felt nothing. Absolutely nothing.

"Want me to suck your cock?" She purred, her fingers grabbing a hold of his still limp dick that didn't seem like it would get excited

anytime soon.

Tyler flinched. Her fingers around his dick really felt unpleasant.

The girl didn't wait for him to reply to her eager question, she got down on her knees, running her hand over his length to coax him to get

hard. It didn't work.

What the hell was wrong with his body?

There's a willing girl on her knees for him and his cock refused to stand up to attention. What the fuck?

The girl's eyes fall on his cock and her brows furrowed as she run her hand up and down his length more aggressively. He looked at her and let out an annoyed breath.

Perhaps he should imagine that the girl on her knees right now was Layla.

Maybe, just maybe, if he can picture that it was her lips, her fingers, her moans, maybe then he'd get hard.

Tyler clenched his eyes tightly and cursed in his head inwardly for

Since when does he not get hard?

this embarrassing moment.

A girl's hand was running down his length, he should be really hard by now.

Not having a fucking limp dick. He clenched his eyes tighter and tried to picture that it was Layla's fingers running up and down his length.

But not even his body could be fooled by his mind because those fingers were shorter, fatter, and rougher. Layla's fingers were a bit longer, smaller, and cute while she roamed him softly yet eagerly.

If it were hands on his cock, he'd be hard in a second that he knew for certain.

But his cock was not fooled by his fake imagination and when that girl's hot breath brushed his cock he nearly threw up.

Fuck this.

She wasn't doing it for him. There was no point in pretending any longer. Tyler's e yes snapped open and he shook his head. "Stop." He told the girl a bit more rougher than he intended but fuck it he was frustrated.

The girl looked up at him in confusion and shock, her eyes widening, her lips near his cock. Tyler looked at his cock still in her hand and his jaw clenched. Limp as fuck.

He peeled her fingers off him and tucked his cock back into his jeans while grumbling. "I'm no longer in the mood." TL

When he was zipping up his fly the girl got to her feet quickly while seething. "Are you serious right now?!".

Tyler rolled his eyes and answered bluntly. "I don't feel like fucking you Morel."

The girl glared at him and snapped, I'lt's Charlie asshole!"

cock hard

She rushed out of the stall and he heard the banging sound of the door. He rolled his eyes. She should blame herself for failing to make his