

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 119

Tyler buttoned his jeans while cursing at himself inwardly for screwing this chance up.

He really did have a willing girl to help him get rid of Layla in his mind, only problem was that she wasn't actually helping and she failed to even get his dick excited.

Slamming his forehead on the stall door and he breathed out an annoyed breath. What the fuck was wrong with him and what the hell was wrong with his cock?

Why hadn't it reacted?

He slammed his head again.

Layla.....

He gritted his teeth.

He really did need to get rid of her presence on his body.

Fuck.

He move his forehead off the metal and walked out of the stall and weave his fingers through his hair to tug it while glaring at his reflection in the lengthy mirror..

Damn you man, why the fuck did you have to fall for her? He spat in his head as he shoot daggers into his own eyes that reflected back at him.

Tyler shook his head.

What a damn loser he was.

He continued to glare at himself until the door to the

bathroom opened.

"Tyler Wood?" A soft feminine voice purred.

Tyler was so damn tired of hearing those so-called flirty tones those girls using every time and thinking it affected him in the slightest.

It did nothing for him. Nothing. Nada.

He clenched his eyes and when he opened them he swept them over to the girl who practically cooed out his name.

She was a pretty ginger head and she was familiar too. He knew he fucked her, he remember her being good at french kissing.

Not good as Layla though.

Layla literally had his body burning on fire when her tongue swept against his.

No girl he has ever kissed before managed to get his body burning up like Layla does.

Tyler nearly smacked his head for making his mind wander back to her.

She pops the gum in her mouth and crossed her arms under her breasts and popped her hip. Am I dreaming or is the

Tyler Wood in the girls bathroom?"

Shit.

He forgot that he was inside the girls bathroom.

"Are you lost?" She licked her bottom lip trying to seem seductive. She looked like a damn fool.

But Tyler didn't want to seem like an asshole for saying this to her so he bit his tongue and just shrugged.

The girl smiled and walked over to one of the stalls. She leaves the door wide open on purpose which Tyler thought was bizarre. She moves the gum out of her mouth and stuck it to the door.

Looking at him beneath her lashes she whispered. "I'm having trouble unzipping my shorts. Help?" She purred, her fingers going to her zipper.

Another willing girl.....

Just a few feet away from him.

So easy to just go there and take what she was offering.

Tyler turned around to look at her more. She was beckoning him with her eyes to come over to her.

Tucking her bottom lip between her teeth she whispered his

name.

He clenched his eyes tightly. Would there be any harm in trying to see if his cock would get hard for her?

Maybe the first girl was perhaps just too rough for his

liking.....

Tyler sighed and opened his eyes.

How would he get rid of her if he didn't at least try?

Tyler plastered on that face that showed he was interested and approached the girl in the stall.

His cock better not fuck up this one.

He closed the stall behind him, gritting his teeth when the girl giggled.

"Here to help me with my zipper?" She licked her lips and reached out for his arm and squeezed his bicep.

Tyler only answered her by connecting their lips while his fingers go to work her zipper and button.

Her mouth was soft under his, a bit chapped but her kiss wasn't that bad. Still nauseating but she knew what she was doing.

The only problem was that it was doing nothing for him, clearly.

His cock hadn't twitched.

He opened her mouth with the tip of his tongue and forced his tongue into her mouth. He had to wrench his mouth and tongue away from her at once because her taste was horrible.

It didn't taste as sweet as Layla, not as addicting.....

He didn't like the way his tongue felt rubbing against her tongue. They didn't fit well together.

She moaned in disappointment and Tyler started kissing the way down her neck, forcing his throat to not let out that vomit he was close to throwing out.

The girl was moaning his name loudly in his ear and he bit her neck in frustration because his cock had yet to make any move.

Dammit. What will it take for his cock to spring into action?

The girl's nails dig into his shoulders and he groans, but not in a good way. Her damn sharp nails were piercing his skin and marking something that didn't belong to her.

He peeled her hands off his shoulders and put them at her sides while pushing her back until her back pressed against the metal.

"Oh," She purred, looking at him beneath her lashes. The red lipstick she wore before he kissed her was a mess around her mouth. She looked like a clown.

Tyler shook his head.

Dammit man, just picture that those lips belong to Layla. You can do it this time.

With a grit of his teeth, he slammed his lips back on her mouth. This time he kissed her roughly, forcing his brain to move the kiss of Layla's and replace it with this girl's own.

He pushed his mouth harder when his cock didn't react.

Maybe she needed to touch him...!

Tyler grabbed her hand and made her touch him.

No twitch.

No fucking twitch.

Maybe she needed to rub him, touch his cock with her bare hands....

"Touch me." He groaned in the kiss. Tyler was clearly not enjoying himself.

The girl moaned his name and started rubbing his cock over his jeans while Tyler forced his mouth back on hers.

It's only when her teeth nibble on his lips did he feel that vomit resurface and he had to wrench away from her the second time.

This was clearly not working out!

Tyler pulled away from the girl and cursed out loud. "Fuck." He snarled running a hand through his hair in frustration.

What the fuck was wrong with his cock?

"Tyler?" The girl breathed out, her lips red and plumper. That didn't move him.

He shook his head. Fuck this.

He didn't bother answering her and wrenched the stall door open and got ready to step out when his eyes fell into hers. Layla.