

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 19



He didn't care because he was certain that any color would perfectly suit her.

Her shirt clearly hadn't done her justice, he thought as his eyes feast on her breasts. He had seen plenty of breasts before, suckled on them, pinched them, bit them, you name it. But the sight of hers, even though still practically covered had his cock stirring already.

It was strange.

He'd definitely had to do more than just staring at covered breasts to get his cock stirring. He was no little boy, or preteen, who would flush at any hint of skin shown. He was grown now ,a damn teenager that had seen too much to pant at the sight of covered breasts.

He had wanted to tease her at first, to see if she'd actually strip before him. But now that she had, he couldn't help but think she was now teasing him.

So consumed by the sight of her breasts, he only realized she had moved the jeans when he heard a very low thud of them falling to join her discarded shirt on the floor.

Tyler's eyes widen. He'd thought the sight of her breasts was rather appealing and obviously a turn on but the sight of her black panties covering her snatch made his mouth water. Many girls have been like this before him, more luscious, more well-endowed girls.

But not one of them made him utter the word. "Shit." In a surprised pleased way.

He had thought about her body from the moment they agreed to go with the arrangement in the car. He had thought of smaller breasts, barely-there hips and not so flat tummy. Not that there was anything wrong with girls like that, he found them pretty desiring.

Just that Layla Campbell always wore baggy shirts and pants that hid most of her curves. In fact all of her curves were hidden. So one would have to use his imagination.

But nothing could've prepared him for, pretty breasts, the size that would fit in his hands perfectly and yes her hips were not that wide but she still had some, and given that her waist was small made her have a slight hourglass figure.

And her tummy, wasn't toned flat but still flat nonetheless. The skin there was dusty with tiny freckles he could see from here. He'd want to count them all someday.

Shit, he'd never seen a body like hers before.

His eyes lift to her breasts and he gulped. He could snnt a few freckles there ton

He made a mental note to remember to count those too. He prayed that there were dusting of some between her thighs also.

But then all too soon, hands block the sight of her breasts and he felt the weight of disappointment. He'd want to continue to feast on the sight of her, even though it was unusual to not have her bent down already with his cock in her.

This was a surprise for him as well.

He was never one to want to go slow.

But they had an arrangement and he'd told her he'd show her everything little by little which suggested that he'd go slow.

Besides she was too squirmish to fuck her right now, he didn't want to scare her.

But still, he did very much love the sight of her like this and wanted to see more.

Taking a step forward, he got into her personal space. He was well aware of how tiny her hands were compared to his as he pulls them away from her breasts and exposed them once more to his hungry gaze.

He had a feeling sex with Layla would be really, really....interesting.

He shook his head. "Don't." Telling her that she shouldn't cover herself from him.

She needed to get comfortable under his stare and she needed to quickly. Cause now, Tyler wasn't sure he'd manage to go slow with her.

This close, he could stare at the dusting of freckles on her creamy skin. He counted eleven but he was sure there were plenty more.

He even had an inkling that some would be on her back too, which he'd love to count when he would be diving into her from behind

"Don't hide them away from me Layla. You need to get comfortable with me." He told her, not sure why his voice had. that croaky tone.

Whenever he was aroused he'd sound husky, rough even, but never croaky as though he was holding himself from crying or from showing emotion. His body surely had a mind of its own today.

"Okay," She whispered after a short pause.

The sound of her voice had made him snap his head up. But instead of meeting her eyes, he met her lips. They were plump and pink and he had a feeling they would turn easily red when they get sucked on. He was planning to bring them to that color soon enough.

But as he continued to stare at her lips, something strange happened to his body. He realized he had the strongest urge to ever rock him.

He really, really, really wanted to kiss her lips.

And it surprised him a lot. Because he wasn't one to crave someone's lips on his that much. He only craved the feeling of pussy wrapped around him but this was entirely different!

He really, really wanted to kiss her.

So he made an excuse so he could.

"There's another thing you need to get comfortable with too," He croaked out.

He watch her lips move. "What?" She breathed out.

He steps closer until they were basically pressing against each other and dips his head down slowly. "This," He whispered as his lips brush lightly against hers.