

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 20



Tyler thought he could've handled just a slight brush but then his lips became urgent and press harder.

Her lips felt impossibly soft and tasted....

Sweet.

Yet he was sure she hadn't had any lipgloss on her lips, and neither did her breath smell like she sucked on any kind of sweet.

But what was so strange about this, especially his actions was that, Tyler was moving his lips against hers, softly.

Tyler doesn't kiss softly, that was too boring. He kissed rough and harsh. He'd even bite them, hard. He love when they moaned in pain yet in pleasure too.

But Layla said nothing, not one squeak. In fact, her lips were completely frozen.

Had he managed to make her turn to a block of ice? Or steel perhaps?

Tyler pulled away slightly and his lips tingle to press back on hers. He didn't understand his body or his urges. Nothing added up.

"Kiss me back." He whispered, one of his hands snaked against her waist, the pad of his fingers teasing on her skin which made her jerk forward into him and gasps.

He couldn't believe his voice sounded a little breathless and almost pleading just there.

His other hand goes to the back of her head, tangling his fingers into her hair. Her hair felt soft. Really, really soft.

He wanted to dig his nose in the softness and sniff.

Sniff?

What was truly wrong with him?

"Kiss me back Layla." He urged, teasing the feel of his lips against hers so she'd have the urge to kiss him back.

It worked, because after a small sigh, she pushes herself forward, her lips landing on his. She felt stiff under his touch, clearly never having done this before judging by her shy mouth movements.

The fiery girl in the car was now replaced by a shy girl who had no idea how desirable she truly was.

How can she write a sex scene, yet not have done anything close to what her characters have done before ?

Tyler softly kissed her, allowing her to learn every movement of his lips so she could mimic him.

She trembled slightly in his arms and he'd wonder for a second if she was cold. But surely she couldn't be, especially since his room wasn't at all cold. But then again she was half-naked.

Tyler brought her more into his arms, wrapping his arms around her as a way to keep her 'warm'.

He could've easily let her go and make her get dressed. But Tyler, couldn't.

He'd kissed many girls before and he'd never want to keep kissing them until his lungs burned for air.

But with Layla, he didn't even care that his lungs were crying for some air.

He blamed it on this being one of the first lessons. He was teaching her how to kiss.

Yes that was it.

Nothing more.

But as Tyler thought of this, he also thought of how tiny she felt in his arms. Yet she didn't feel too small for him. In fact, one would say she was the perfect size for someone like, him.

And as Tyler thought more of this, his heart made a strange leap and he pulled away from her like she had burnt him.

He forced to steady his breathing, peering down at her in confusion. Not because her eyes were still closed, but because he didn't understand why his heart leapt.

He lift his hand to his chest and brushed a thumb over his sternum. That leap was just in the spur of the moment, it was nothing, he thought.

He cleared his throat and Layla snapped her eyes open.

The color of her eyes almost robbed him of his breath.

Layla's pov

My heart was beating against my chest harshly. I could literally feel every pump of the organ.

So that's how kissing Tyler Wood feels like?

No wonder those girls always come back for more. No wonder Karen was so obsessed with him.

He really knew what he was doing.

My lips tingled still and they felt, tender. He had sucked on them.

A clearing of a throat made me realize I still had my eyes closed. I peeled them open only to stare directly into his eyes.

He shakes his head a little, stepping back and then clearing his throat again for the second time. "Lesson number one done. Although I must say you need a little more practice. Next time we'll use our tongues." He nods as if agreeing with himself.

I looked at him in confusion, a little bit embarrassed that even though I wrote scenes of kissing in my books, when faced with the act itself in person, I was like an unmoving vegetable.

Tyler must've known I didn't know how to kiss because he showed me slowly until I got the hang of it enough to mimic his movements.

Still though, he had completely caught me off guard with the kiss. I didn't know we would've moved so fast in just a few minutes. In fact, I didn't think he'd kiss me at all since the plan was to show me sex and not kissing.

"The agreement was sex not kissing," I said blankly, moving all emotion from my voice and coated my face with a neutral look.

He only raised a brow. "Have you ever heard anyone have sex without kissing Layla?"

I tear my eyes away from his knowing he was right. Crossing my arms under my breasts I mumble. "Still, you should've warned me that you would."

"There wouldn't be any fun in that now would there be?" Histone pitched with amusement and I wanted nothing more than to stomp on his foot like the last time.

But I refrain and just huffed. His lips were not on mine anymore, yet they still continued to tingle.

"Did you feel anything?" He asked suddenly.

I snap my attention to him, my brows drawing in confusion."What?"

Tyler's eyes flashed wickedly, his gaze skimming down my body. I almost forgot I had no clothes on but only my panties and bra.

"Did you feel anything when I kissed you? Did something surprising happen to your body?" His question wasn't at all mixed with humor, he was serious. And I couldn't help but notice that there was something hidden in his tone. Something that told me he desperately needed my answer.

But my face pinched more in confusion. What does he mean surprising?

"What do you mean surprising? What was I supposed to feel?" I voiced out my confusion.

Tyler stared at me heatedly. "Did you get wet between your