

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 27

Good. They will be perfect wrapped around him.

When his eyes snaked back up, still slowly drinking in the sight of her, he felt his breath catch.

She didn't have her glasses on, in spite of the fact she was glaring, her eyes, he'd never seen them without the frame of her glasses.

Layla was cute with glasses but without, something was different and he wasn't really sure what exactly.

"Do you have any manners?!"

Tyler knew she was most likely angry he just barged in without waiting for her response. He wasn't used to girls not wanting him to act so brutally, especially since they liked when he act this way. Gave them a rush of excitement.

They liked when he was impatient.

But Layla clearly didn't appreciate it and he didn't know if to smile at that or laugh. He settled to do none. He didn't want to give her the wrong impression that this could be anything more than sex.

One smile that reached his eyes and girls thought they'd finally scored his heart. He wanted to snort at that thought...

He didn't want to spoil this before it even began because he really, really, really wanted to fuck her.

The admission was quite shocking but he knew it was the truth and wouldn't waste his time arguing with himself over it in his head.

He had more pressing matter to attend to which was seducing her soon so he'd stop dreaming about her lips at night.

From yesterday, after he dropped her off, Tyler had been daydreaming of touching his lips with hers again until even when nighttime came, he dreamed of kissing her.

And Tyler never dreams of kissing anyone. He never e ver dreams of kissing anyone.

But that thought made his eyes fall to her lips and Tyler was doomed.

Now he, really, really, really wanted to kiss her.

"Aren't you even going to apologize for just barging in?!"

He saw her lips move but it wasn't the only thing moving. His feet had stamped him before her in a matter of seconds. She twists her body to face his, her fingers blindly reaching for her glasses on the countertop.

His hands clamped around her wrist quickly, stopping her. He liked those huge brown swirls, they were quite....chocolatey. He didn't fancy chocolate as much but now, now he really did.

"Don't put them on as yet. " He told her and he was surprised by how groggy his voice had turned.

She looks at him a little startled and he didn't blame her. He was acting a bit strange.

"What?" She whispered and Tyler detected the lace of confusion in her tone. He wasn't surprised by it, in fact, he was expecting it.

He steps a little closer until his front was nearly pressing against her. He was itching to just pull her against him and actually make her feel the hardness of his cock against her belly. But Tyler didn't want to scare her.

With Layla, despite needing to bury himself inside her, he wanted to take things slow as he promised her. Not too slow like a slug because surely he'd not last that long.

He just needs to show her a few things to get her ready. She had no idea what she had signed up for.

"They're really brown," Tyler found himself saying after staring into eyes that resemble melted chocolate. But as he stared deeper, he saw little flecks of light gold swirling with that brown.

Those glasses hid so much of the beauty of her eyes.

"I didn't know they were so brown," Tyler admitted and also admitted he might be losing it.

Since when does he care about the color of a girl's eyes? He cared only what they could give him between their legs. Eye color did not matter especially since he rarely look at them while he fucks them. He found it too intimate and didn't want them to think he wanted more than sex.

The color of their eyes never mattered, well until now since he couldn't bring his gaze to move out of the swirls of chocolate.

"Tyler?" Layla whispered and that broke him out of his thoughts, but landed him in more trouble when his gaze fall to her moving lips.

Now the urge to kiss her nearly set him ablaze.

He sucks in a rush of air. "Lesson number two." He whispered, already dipping his head because the urge was too strong now to resist.

His hand comes behind her head and he's pleased that she doesn't try to move away .

With his lips a breath away from her he whispers. "French kiss."

"I don

Any protest she had on the tip of her tongue dies out when Tyler captures her mouth with his.

This time Tyler didn't brush his lips against hers like some kind of fragile doll like yesterday. He said he'd go slow but not too slow like a slug. Now h e was really going to show her how two people kiss.

He felt her shocked breath before he heard it. Tyler angled his head slightly, his bottom lip sliding up against hers, his tongue darting to the corner of her mouth before he teased it at the seam of her lips. "Open." He commanded.

He felt her reluctance a little, probably a little frightened to embark on this new territory. But Tyler wasn't having it, he needed her desperately to loosen up and teach her quickly because right now he wasn't sure he'd go slow as he promised her

In fact, he wasn't sure if he'd promise her anything.

"Open your mouth, Layla." His demand sounded desperate now and Tyler didn't like that he sounded desperate. So he pulled her head closer, arching her head up so he'd be able to dip his tongue in easier.

But before he could try to persuade her again, her lips part slowly until he could already taste her breath on his tongue.

And he dived right in.

He felt her shudder when his tongue touched hers. And everything Tyler thought she'd taste like, didn't quite live up to what she actually did taste like He wondered if she truly ate sweets before coming here, or perhaps had drank something sweet

Because surely, someone couldn't taste so sweet ?

Tyler dove his tongue in deeper because right now, the sweetness of her mouth somehow drugged him: