

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 29

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Much to Tyler’s enjoyment and relief, Layla did not protest and push him away. She only shivered, as Tyler slowly push the bra straps down her shoulders, purposely lingering his fingertips on her skin.

Her skin felt smooth, soft. Really soft.

He can just imagine how many kisses he’d rain on her skin. How many times he’ll suck on the creamy flesh.

Tyler would be lying if he said he hadn’t thought about the feel of her skin under his fingers. Or the way it would taste under his tongue.

Tyler can barely contain his excitement.

And if the hard bulge demanding attention had anything to do with it, then containing his excitement would be useless for it is already shown.

His eyes were intently on his fingers as they brushed the green thin straps down her arms and he noted the fresh feathering of goosebumps rising on her skin prettily.

He waited for her protest. Waited for her mouth to say no. For her tongue to lash out in a demand to stop. But nothing. She said nothing.

She doesn’t push him away.

And somehow that excited him further.

Her name was on the tip of his tongue as he slowly pulls the lace away from her skin. But by the sight of her bare flesh had him suddenly tongue tied.

Or was his tongue just too heavy to lift?

Tyler didn’t know. And he simply didn’t care. Green lace gave way to the dustiest of roses, her nipples. His eyes drank them in.

The color was simply perfect and he was absolutely right about the freckles being close to her nipples..

Suddenly his mouth watered and his tongue, oh his tongue craved to trace every single dot to that rose.

He watches in keen fascination as goosebumps raise on the creamy flesh of her breasts lightly and the roses bud.

He wanted to groan in disappointment because he wanted to feel them bud under his heated palm. He had wanted to be the one to bud them under his palm.

Oh well, next time then, he thought as he swallowed harshly. It really felt as if there was something stuck in his throat.

He pulled the bra away from her completely, throwing it God knows where. He heard it land someplace in the corner but he wasn’t quite sure.

Layla took in a long heavy breath, her chest rising slowly which made her breasts push forward.

She had no idea. No idea that she was a walking temptress.

How can such a body be hidden by such baggy clothes?

Then again, Tyler thought it was probably a good idea she hid it away because now, now he didn’t feel like sharing.

Which is absolutely fucking ridiculous,

Tyler doesn’t care about the girls he sleeps with enough to want them all to himself. In fact he wanted quite the opposite. The opposite was much, much better. That way they won’t think they’ve successfully tamed the playboy.

But Layla. Dammit with Layla he really found himself wanting to be the only guy to see those roses and the stars that danced on her skin that he wanted to desperately trace with his tongue.

He slammed the thoughts into a dark closet in his brain, locked it and ignored the pounding of it relentlessly wanting to get out.

No. He’ll not think like this.

It’s just sex.

Simply just sex.

Just show her the ropes and be done with it.

Tyler lifts his hand, slowly so as to not freak her out, his eyes snaking up her neck to her lips to her cute button nose to her eyes.

He saw the flickering light of nervousness in her eyes. The shyness that refused her to relax in his arms.

“Relax for me Layla.” He soothed.

He really didn’t want her to push him away because he didn’t think he’d handle it too well. He was that desperate to feel her skin on his palm.

She nods slightly despite her eyes going slightly wide when she feels the warm air of his palm hovering over a single breast.

And when she sucks in a very sharp breath when his palm finally connected with her warm skin, Tyler felt himself swell even more painfully.

He knew it. He knew she’d fit perfectly in his hand.

He could feel the soft lift and descend of her pulse and looked at her with a grin he felt nearly splitting his face in two.

“Are you that nervous for me to touch you like this or are you that affected by my simple touch?” He teased hoping that joking with her would ease her nerves a little.

Layla’s cute button nose turned up in a snotty way as she humphs in denial. “I’m not nervous and you don’t affect me the slightest.”

Good she fell right into his trap.

Tyler’s lips quirk up and he almost laughed at her words. She denied it yet her cheeks were showcasing the redness of fresh embarrassment.

“Yeah?” He whispered, finding too much joy in teasing her.

She nods, looking at him weirdly. “You. Do. Not. Affect. Me. Wood.”

Tyler lifted a brow. Okay, so that’s how she wants to play it then? Denial it is.

“Well, we will have to change that quickly huh?” He teased and before she could think of a comeback to his words, Tyler had already dipped his head and his tongue had already darted out.

It landed on her sternum, touching just above the beat of her heart.

He heard her shocked gasp and felt her flinch a little but she doesn’t pull away, thankfully.

He started to trace her skin, his tongue purposely connecting the freckles until he reached her rosy bud.

And then his lips wrapped around her.

“Tyler” She stammered as she trembled slightly.

Good.

That was a very good reaction.

But he was greedy for more.

He caged the bud between his teeth, careful to not bite her hard despite many girls loving the roughness of his actions.

But he wanted to be gentle with Layla. And was embarrassed to admit that he was enjoying taking his time with her like this

because this way he could savor more of her.

He heard her trembling breath falling just above his head and smiled slightly.

He hadn’t even done much yet, just wait until he puts in more effort. Then she’d be a trembling mess in his arms.

And with that thought, Tyler suckled her nipple while the other hand raise to palm her other breast.

He couldn’t wait to show her more, teach her more. He just couldn’t wait.