

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 44

Layla's pov

“On your neck?” He whispered.

“How about down the length of your stomach?”

gasped, my back arching off the bed a little as somehow I could feel the slight brush of his lips on my skin. The way it felt on my skin.

His lips had felt so soft...

So so soft.

“Or on the inside of your thighs? Trailing up, yes?” He moaned. “You’d want my lips there wouldn’t you?”

My rough breathing swirls in the air. Clouding my judgment and had me in the palm of his hand.

“Wouldn’t you Layla?” He persisted in a husky voice that had my toes curling.

“You’d want my mouth there?” He moaned and I felt the heat of my body undoubtedly making me bead with sweat.

“Yes.” I breathed out truthfully.

There would be no point in lying to him. By just the sound of my breathing and the way it was difficult to respond, he’d know in an instant.

Tyler was smart and he was obviously good at telling when someone wanted him, given his reputation of course.

I wanted him. That I couldn’t lie about. That I couldn’t fight against. That I came to terms with the moment his lips met mine.

He had undoubtedly awakened something within me, a fire that had been dormant for years. A fire I had no interest in to let run freely.

But now. I wanted him to be the one to guide that fire. And quench it once and for all.

Tyler sucked a sharp breath into his lungs when I breathed out my confession. It was like he was waiting for me to deny it. Deny that I wanted his mouth there

Thud shocked him, definitely Perhaps rendered him speechless because he hadn’t uttered a word as

And I thought he had given up but surprisingly he hadn’t because suddenly his voice comes out like sweet wine

Would you also want my tongue there? Perhaps finish what I started in the bathroom. I bet you’re so wet down there, throbbing even.”

The inside of my bottom lip is captured by my teeth as I bit down. My stomach swirls with desire and then my pussy...he was right, I was throbbing, badly

And I was obviously so wet that I was sure by now my juices were hugging the covers under my weight. I was drenched and I’d drench the covers with me.

“Do something for me, Layla.” He whispered.

My back arches off the bed again and my toes curl into the sheets as I whispered. “What?”

“Trail your fingers down between your thighs. Let’s see if I’m right about how wet you are.” There’s a light airy teasing in his voice now but there is such a need curling in his voice I can detect. A desire just as mine. Perhaps even more.

My fingers move away from my nipple and I take a gasp as I start to trail it down my ribcage, just like he had done.

My skin feels sleek with my sweat as they kiss my fingertips as I go down, down where I somehow craved Tyler badly.

I took in another gasp of air as my fingertips continued down, lightly brushing against my pussy mound.

“Are you close Layla? Are you close to that wet spot? Tyler breathed out with a heavy groan that told many stories of how he wished it was his fingers on my skin and not my own.

I wished that too.

“Yes,” I replied softly, so faint that I wasn’t sure he had heard.

On their own, my thighs parted, my heels dig into the mattress and my breathing becomes a bit shallow

“Layla....” He drawled hoarsely.

I hummed, trying to not tremble by his voice as my fingers near the throbbing of my clit.

Just a little more.....

“I’m so hard right now while picturing you touching yourself because of me.” He admitted softly with a slight gasp

I moaned, digging my heels more into the mattress. I needed an anchor. Something

To touch your pussy now Layla,” Tyler commanded and as if having a mind of its own, my fingertips brush my tingling clit to my pussy lips which were oh so sensitive that I couldn’t control the loud moan of pleasure slipping out of my mouth.

“Tyler” gasped out, my fingers trembling against my sensitive flesh as I picture him above me, with his fingers touching me between my thighs, right on my throbbing pussy

It wouldn’t matter where his fingers touched, my lips, my nub, my opening...perhaps even inside. As long as his skin touched my own, I didn’t think I would be in any position to whine. At least not in displeasure.

“Are you wet?” He gasped out and then groan.

I bit my bottom lip harshly as my fingers brushed along my pussy lips, they felt so wet.

They skim down to my center and I groan. I was soaked. Completely drenched.

“Yes.” I gasped out.

Who would’ve thought, Tyler’s voice would be so arousing that my body couldn’t control itself but to only bend to his will.

He groaned in my ears, rough and jagged. “You’re going to make me cum if you keep moaning like that.”

My heart leaped.

“What if I want you to?” I manage to breathe out, my heart hammering in my chest.

Wait, was that my voice? So breathy? So seductive?

“What if I want you to cum?” I said again as if he hadn’t heard me the first time. He had definitely there was no doubting it by the silence of his voice yet the raging of his breath.

Something was wrong with me...definitely. My mouth seem to have a mind of its own and certainly. my tongue didn’t seem to want to stop either.

Instead, it tingled as an image of Tyler’s cock emerged into my mind.

He was so thick, long and the way his head had glistened....my mouth watered.

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I had wanted to taste him earlier and I would be lying if I didn’t admit that I was curious to know how he tasted

I was also curious about how thick his cum would be, or how creamy.....

My tongue darts out to lick my bottom lip slowly as if it would quench my hunger to taste Tyler.

Tyler groaned when he heard my words and his tone so gruff so desire-filled kissed my eardrums.

* I’m going to only cum together with you tonight Layla. So make those fingers dance for me on your pretty little pussy.”