

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 45

Layla’s pov

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

And they did.

My fingers, so slick with my juices coating them, played with my tingling pussy lips. They throbbed. I moaned, biting into my bottom lip at the burning pleasure that was trying to consume me.

Tyler’s breathing is so rough in my ears, yet.....it sounded so satisfying, so pleasing, and it was no doubt one of the reasons tingles were currently scouring through my entire being.

It was quite.....thrilling.

“Are your fingers wet with your juice s? Are they soaked?” He asked and lets out a slight trembling groan.

My fingers danced around my opening, picturing, feeling it was his fingers and not my own. I whimper. “Yes.”

“I remember how warm you felt. How soft. How wet.”

His words had my heart hammering like that of a hammer knocking down on a nail.

“I had wanted to taste the essence of you earlier, bury my face between your thighs and lick up every last drop of your juices off your pretty little pussy.” He groaned, his words having me arch my back and press my fingers more firmly on the soft flesh of my pussy.

“Can you imagine my tongue trailing between your lips, wetting your nub, pushing into your opening? He uttered softly and something told me he was as much lost as I was in his own mind, clouded by the image of my pussy with his tongue indeed pushing into my opening.

I trembled.

Such pleasure by just his words and a few barely tickling touches of my fingers on my pulsing needing cunt should not have me so.....

Wanting

Needing

Craving

Yearning

“Can you just imagine Layla? Just imagine my tongue drowning in the taste of you, so deep that you’d be trembling uncontrollably Begging me to let you cum.” He groaned.

“Do you think I’d let you cum?” He asked

gasped, my fingers feathering up to my nub again to roll around the hardening flesh. “Would

you? Would you make me cum?” I moaned.

I was far too gone in my own little state of mind where I cared little for how I sounded nor what I was saying. Honestly, if it comes to be, I’d just pretend I was drunk and knew nothing of what I was saying or doing.

Yes drunk in desire.

But something told me, Tyler would never buy my excuse, he was too damn smart to

* Hmmm.” Tyler hummed, “I don’t think I’d like to answer that question as yet.” He whis

pered,

“Not until you keep rubbing that tender spot between your thighs. Not until you moan more than I can count.” He groaned into my ear, like a beast knowing his prey was about to fall into his trap.

This was a good way to describe Tyler and I. He was the beast and I was the prey. His prey.

My back arches off the bed, my covers sticking to my sweaty skin. It was fascinating how hot my body felt, oddly like I was burning up with a fever.

“Moan for me Layla while your fingers dance on your pussy that’s begging for my mouth, my tongue, my cock. He utterly huskily,

“Moan for me.” He groaned and his voice sounded like my own personal song that would drive me forward. A song I got lost in as he kept groaning..... grunting

He was doing something

He was.....

Touching himself.

While listening to me.....

My teeth trapped my lower lip harshly until I swore I tasted the copper of my blood. I swept it into my mouth, licking the tender spot I had surely bitten into.

I released my lip, gasping as my fingers danced on my throbbing pussy just like he wanted me to. And it....

Wasn’t enough

I needed something

Something else

Something that can push me or pull me to the edge.

I cared little of how I’d fall.

I cared of little of how I’d end up

As long as I could get what I wanted, I cared little of the other things,

Little of how desperate I sounded as I asked him. “What are you doing Tyler?Are

you.....touching yourself too?”

Heat padded into my cheeks as I registered my words. It was too late to take them back now. And if I was being completely honest with myself, I was intrigued to know his answer.

Would he say no?

Would he say yes?

Or would he not answer me at all?

And then his voice came, just like how I’d imagine a sweet tune would sound like. “You want to know if I’m touching my cock while listening to you?”

gasped lowly and then breathed out. “Yes.”

” Those fingers that had been on your wet pussy earlier, dancing between your lips. Those fingers that wanted to bury inside you. They’re now wrapped around my hard cock that had been straining painfully even before you answered the phone Layla.” Tyler breathed out throatily.

I sucked in a breath sharply. Utterly speechless yet wanting to know more as I felt myself become even wetter than I was just seconds ago.

It was crazy how fast I could get so wet. Just by his voice, his words....

Tyler was doing things to my body I couldn’t quite comprehend as yet.

“And you want to know what exactly those fingers are doing around my cock Layla?” He said gruffly.

Had I said that aloud or did he just have a feeling that I wanted to hear more. Desperately wanted to hear more.

“Yes.”

My admissions came so easily to me now. It was like I didn’t care how desperate I’d sound and honestly..... I didn’t.

“They’re tightly wrapped around my cock and with the warmth of my palm, it’s easy to imagine my hand being your pussy. I’m fisting myself while imagining I’m inside your wet pussy Layla.” He groaned and let out a slight curse.

I started to pant harshly, because suddenly his words were what I needed to bring me closer to that edge. The words that told me exactly what he was doing to himself while listening to me.

“You want to know more?” He groaned.

“Yes.” I almost said please but bit my tongue before I could. I didn’t need him to know how desperate I was to hear his words.

His voice grows low, so low and gruff that it sent a powerful shiver down my spine as if it were a light feather trailing down the middle of my back

I’m running my hand up and down the length of my cock while imagining I’m thrusting into you over and over while your voice grows rough from all the screams that leave your pretty little mouth,