

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 54

Tyler had been counting down every second until she had finished her breakfast. He hadn't wanted to hassle her into hurrying because something told him Layla had lied about eating before coming here.

Especially when his suspicion was answered with the low rumble of her belly every minute or two.

She needed every bit of that breakfast so he let her gobble it down, finding great pleasure in knowing she ate every piece until the plate was empty.

There was just something about seeing her satisfied and well fed that made him satisfied as well.

But then she brought that glass of blackcurrant juice to her lips and that also drew in his attention to her luscious looking lips.

Damn it. He thought as he tried to pull his eyes away from the temptation of her mouth.

But the urge was too strong and he found himself counting down the minutes until she was done with the juice so he could bring her upstairs and taste those lips. Perhaps if she let him, both of her lips. The one tucked between her legs.

And when she was done, he nearly celebrated aloud but decided to be more of a gentleman.....by tugging her away

from the kitchen with lies of giving her a tour of the house.

He just wanted a taste of her badly before he go to his races. And if he was being entirely honest, he'd admit that seeing Layla smile so radiant towards Bryce made him slightly upset.

By slightly he meant a lot, he was jealous. Plain and simple.

He wanted that smile all for himself. No one else, which was a very odd way for Tyler to think.

Layla's pov

I found myself gulping the little saliva I had on my tongue, but now my entire mouth felt dry by his words.

I stay muted, completely and utterly muted as he literally drags me to his room. He must've noticed he had rendered me speechless because I did notice that small smirk still plastered on his lips.

When I hear the soft click of the door closing behind me, that is when my mind finally got back to normal, well as normal as it can get with a six feet something male hovering over me.

"Wê- uh- did we not...finish last night?" I stammered out, a bit flushed at the moment and completely avoiding his gaze.

You can't blame me, there was just something about his eyes that made me speechless and nervous.

"Last night didn't count," He grumbles and I'm completely aware of how close we were. His skin nearly touched mine!

I took a step back but of course, my back touched the surface of the wood, stopping me from going any more.

Tyler whose eyes had a wicked gleam swirling through the dazzling green pools, lift an arm to plaster his hand just above my head, slightly brushing my hair.

He held my breath when he dips his head, his lips inches away from my skin. "It doesn't count because I didn't get to see you cum. I want to see you cum. I need it." He stressed out the words want and need, which made me feel funny.

I shivered as his hot breath feathered against my heated skin. My mind was already on the verge of getting foggy the moment he mentioned about last night.

It would take a miracle to move me off the course of being trapped by his words, but I knew I was fighting a losing battle.

"Tyler," I whispered, looking up at him beneath my lashes.

The green pools darken even though they still sparked with a fire beneath them. A fire I knew as heated yearning. Desire.

"I'm only supposed to be here for Daffodil, nothing else." I breathed out, using my last hope in holding my sanity with him.

But this was Tyler Wood for christ sake, whatever he wanted he gets it. And he made it clear he wanted to see me.....cum.

His lips lift. "Daffodil is still asleep and usually wakes up exactly eight thirty or nine on Saturdays. Enough time to do what I want with you."

I pulled my lower lip into my mouth, shivering slightly at the intensity of his look.

His lips near my skin until it feathers on the flesh.

I gasped in a sharp breath. "When you look at me like that, it makes me want to taste you more." He groaned.

My eyes widened slightly. "Tas-te me?" I stuttered out.

He had mentioned wanting to see me cum, never

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mentioned tasting me.

I could literally feel the smirk on his lips as he chuckled lowly. He definitely knew what his words were doing to me.

"You heard me Layla. I want to dip my tongue into your....." His breathing gets rough as he drags his lips to my ear, brushing the softness of his lips on my earlobe. "Pussy." He breathed out with a groan.

I could not seem to find my voice after that, only my breathing seem to want to answer for me. And it was rough, untamed, and just as wild as Tyler's as he continued to breathe into my ear.

I arch my back off the door a little, my legs feeling a bit jello-like when suddenly his fingertips are on my thighs, inching up and brushing against the fabric of jeans.

Breathe Layla. Breathe.

Had I really forgotten how to breathe?

"I've been imagining how you'll taste between those thighs since last night. Hell since the day we made that arrangement. "He groaned, his fingertips brushing up and nearing.....

I gasp when he cups me through my jeans and lets out a

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low rumbling grunt.

My breathing....was so erratic and wild.

Tyler, he.....it feels like my entire body is on fire. My lower stomach coils with heat and I was sure it was just the sparks of fire, in a few it would burn even more if he continued to.....

"My mind had been clogged with images and thoughts of what color you'd be down there. Perhaps the same color as your nipple. Would you taste the same as cherries down there too? So many questions. And I want them answered today And now."

To show that he meant everything word, Tyler squeezes me through my jeans and my pussy responds with a clench. I could just feel how wet my panties are already, they were literally drenched.

"Allow me Layla. Allow me to taste your lips. Allow me to quench my craving. You don't want me going hungry now do you?" He panted, and pressed his lower half onto the side of my body where I could feel the hardness of his cock, brushing against my thighs.

He was already hard as a rock,