

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 55

Layla's pov

I had seen that heat in Tyler's eyes before, in his room, in the bathroom. And I knew it must be mirroring my own, because I could literally see myself in the mirror of his eyes.

Panting. Wanting. Him.

He was too close. I need to think clearly. I need to breathe properly.

"Well a little hunger won't hurt. "I groan, completely aware that I had lost the fight. In fact they were not much fight to begin with.

Tyler moves away from my face entirely to look down at me with a mischievous gleam in his eyes. "You'd want me to go hungry little Layla?"

He cock his head to the side slightly, his eyes twinkling mischievously as the corner of his lips tug up into a grin.

He waited for my answer, so intently that every noise around us just seem to not be rattling in my ears anymore.

Everything had gone so quiet. A stilling silence that only allowed me to hear his breathing and that of my own.

But not only that, I could hear the sound of my heart hammering in my chest.

"And what if I would?" I breathed out. Because that alone can do right now, breathe. Or at least try to.

His hand was still cupping me down below, which was probably the main reason I wasn't so focused right now.

Tyler arched his brow and somehow my eyes felt the urge to drop lower, right on his lips.

Air. I need air into my lungs.

"Then I'd just have to take it," Tyler said with a little smile on his mouth but I knew he was not amused. No, he was completely honest and definitely meant every single word.

Tyler dips his head, his mouth so close to my own, breathing.....

I shivered, arching slightly which made me arch more into him.

"Because when I want something Layla, desperately. I don't wait. I take. And I keep taking until I'm satisfied." He groaned, brushing his lips against mine faintly.

"I'm going to make you moan like you had done last night.

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And I'm going to enjoy dipping my tongue into your pussy." He groaned before taking my lips with his.

It was a slight brush.....just a slight brush until he presses his lips more and roughly kissed me as if showing me that my lips belonged to him now.

Something was strange with the way he took my lips this time around. Something was different. It was like he was trying to tell me something using his mouth. Something! couldn't seem to understand.

And when his tongue swiped against the soft wetness of my lower lip, coaxing me to open my mouth to him confirmed he was really trying to tell me something.

gasped into his mouth, because that was all I can do, and moan. The way his tongue brushed against mine, so slow then rough then back to slow.

There was a certain pleasure with that kiss today, something different yet lovely and hot all the same. Perhaps even more.

I had not much time to think of what he was trying to say to me, because his hand cupping me between my thighs move away, only to land on my waist while the other does the same. And then he lifts.

I could do nothing but wrap my legs around his waist, a bit firmly because if I didn't I wasn't so sure I'd not fall for how jello like my legs currently feels at the moment.

"I'm taking what I want. "Tyler rasped against my mouth, his tongue teasing between my lips before sucking my bottom lip into his mouth.

"You still taste like goddamn cherries even after those sausages." He groans biting my bottom lip until I felt the sting of his assault.

I find myself quite liking it, a lot more than I thought because I wanted more.

So much more.

Tyler pressed me into the door, his hardness brushing against my core. I could only feel the heat. And it was burning the more he kept brushing that hardness against me.

I didn't know how long we had left until Daff wakes up or when he had to leave. But I wanted him to do something more to calm down that raging fire he had set inside my body.

I wanted him to quench it. And now.

"Do it." I moaned, my nails digging into his shoulder. "Take it." I groaned when he bit into my lip again and sucked, hard.

There was no trying to make him stop, because I simply didn't want him to. Never did. I only tried to make him see that he wasn't affecting me as much as he thought, but of course it was only a lie. A front I tried to portray.

I wanted him.

I wanted Tyler Wood.

A few days knowing Tyler and my body didn't feel like my own.

Was this how all the girls felt with him? If so, it's no wonder they kept coming back. He really knew what he was doing. I chose the right person after all.....

Tyler's loud growl, almost like some kind of beast pulls me out of my thoughts.

"You know somehow my bed feels a bit too far away. My tongue is a bit impatient." He suddenly grunts and surprises me by gently placing me back on the floor.

I wanted to protest because I surely enjoyed the feel of him so close to me. It was an odd feeling but I throbbed for him.

Tyler's hand is reluctant to move off my waist, but he does move it. Only to unbutton my jeans.

I stay mute, completely speechless as I let him peel my jeans off my body until I was only in my black cotton panties.

But that moves too.

And now my entire lower half is bare to him. I felt my core throb as his green eyes glue on the sensitive flesh between my thighs and I felt myself throb even more.

His eyes literally burned between my thighs and the fire that swirled in them didn't quench, no it flamed even hotter until it burned me.

"Layla," He gasped, sounding as though he was breathless.

Tyler shocked me by kneeling on the floor, just inches away from my throbbing pussy.

His green eyes lift and our gazes connected. My breath catches in my throat at the hungry look that darkened his eyes.

He groaned out. "Please tell me you're soaked Layla, because I find myself extremely thirsty and needing to quench my thirst by tasting you."