

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 60

His sister couldn't have chosen a more worst possible time to disturb him, especially when he was still feasting on the yummiest pussy he had ever had the pleasure of tasting.

He didn't want to stop, or move his tongue away, she was still leaking out. If he didn't get every last drop, he didn't think he'd be able to concentrate the entire day. Though he already could not.

Tyler swirled his tongue in her hole, humming as he drank every drop of her creaminess. Her creaminess was somehow sweeter and even more so addictive. How could he possibly stop now?

That question fluttered in his mind the entire time he was eating her pussy and he still had no answer for it.

Was he doomed to always crave tasting her? Perhaps so.....

"Tyler:"

He heard a soft fluttering of words that didn't sound like his sister. It was Layla and he was embarrassed to admit that the sound of her voice only lured him to keep his tongue inside her. Because not only did she taste so good but her voice was somehow a siren call he simply could not resist.

He only could hum to let her know that he had heard her.

"Your sister

Her words are cut off by the low moan she let out when Tyler sucked her rosy lips into his mouth.

Was it crazy of him to want to be sucking her pussy forever? Was the thought so bizarre?

"Ty-ler..."

She stuttered out, whimpering while doing so.

Did she not realize the sound of her voice was only making this worse for him?

She was practically tormenting him, with her taste, her voice, her everything

How can he stop when she sounded as good as she taste?

If she would just keep quiet, then perhaps he'll have a fighting chance....

But Tyler doubted, he think it was practically impossible at this point.

"Your sister.... Tyler...."

Every single word that came out of her mouth was a sweet

whimpering. Again, how can she possibly sound so sweet that he wanted to hear her voice every second, every minute and every day?

Since when did he want to hear the same voice over and over every second?

With other girls especially Karen, he couldn't bear their nasal like voices for longer than a minute and would prefer to not hear them yapping every second if it were possible.

But those girls usually couldn't stop talking and he had to, unfortunately, zone them out and nod every second even though he knew nothing of what they were saying.

But with Layla.....he didn't know why he felt like he could listen to her all day long and not have a problem with it.

"Tyler;" A gentle knock came on the door and Tyler knew it was his sister. He groaned in his head, wishing he wouldn't have to stop. Couldn't she just go back to sleep?

And as he thought so, his phone blared somewhere on his bed.

For fuck sake! He roared in his head and reluctantly pull his tongue out of Layla's delicious pussy.

Before moving entirely away he sucked it to rid of any

remaining of her juices until she was practically clean and

dry.

His head lift from her pretty pussy reluctantly but when his eyes connected with the flushed face of Layla he couldn't help but smile and tease. "There, all clean now ." He added a wink just to get a little reaction from her.

But Tyler had literally stepped on his own toe, because now that her gaze was focused on him and he could see the brown swirls through the glasses slightly, he felt his heart leap oddly.

Look away yTyler! For fuck sake look away! He curse himself in his head, needing to look away from her before he could not resist any longer and push his tongue back into her pussy.

He tore his eyes away ,with more effort than he was willing to admit and set her down on her feet slowly. His phone blares again behind him and he clenches his eyes tightly and lets out a silent curse.

He was sure that it was Brett calling him to ask about his whereabouts seeing that he should have been on the road by now.

But he had been too focused entirely on Layla to even care about the race he had today. If he was late, another would

take his place, and that he didn't want, seeing as he had his attention on racing one specific guy today. He had to make him eat dust today if he wanted to qualify for the next race.

But even that thought hadn't stirred him enough to want to move by Layla's side. If this was a magical world where witches were here then he'd perhaps think Layla had bewitched him.

That would only explain the strange feelings and the way his body reacted to her like no other.

Layla lifted her head, and her eyes connected with his again. He turned away from her, his cock hard as a damn brick as he shout over his shoulder so his sister can hear.

"I'll be out in a minute or two Daff. Go back to your room and wait for me there, I have a surprise for you."

He had no surprise for his sister and the little devil might actually kill him in his sleep if he wouldn't make it up to her when he disappoints her by showing up with no gift.

He heard her soft response and listen to her tiny footsteps fading away .

Tyler lifted his hand in his hair and tug at the strands. He winces because his roots were a bit throbbing from how harsh Layla had gripped them mere seconds ago.

He turns around, hearing shuffling, and noticed Layla was putting on her clothes quickly. He smiled. He fucking smiled.

Because somehow seeing how flustered and clumsy she was while trying to fit one foot into the pants leg hole was oddly cute.

He shakes his head and cleared his throat. "I'll meet you in Daff's room when I'm done. As you can see I can't go to see her like this."

He pointed his finger at his strained cock, fighting against the fabric of his sweats and briefs. Cold water hadn't quite worked out well last night so he will have no choice but to do it the old fashioned way.....jerk off to rid himself of this throbbing pain.

He watch her eyes drop to stare at his cock and watch her eyes shift in shock before a stutter slipped out of her mouth. "Can I help you with that?"

And dammit Tyler felt his heart lodge in his throat.