

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 64

Brett was right. No one stepped up to the plate and grew enough balls to race him, well except for Brett himself.

With his arm slang on the side of the door, Brett nudges his chin cockily.” Ready to eat my dust?”

Tyler shook his head, a smirk curving on his lips. “Not if you eat mine first.” He revved his car and hears the loud yells of excitement from ever yone behind.

Brett laughed.

A girl, not older than him with shorts ending just below her ass and a tight crop shirt comes between the two cars. In her hand was a red handkerchief that would set the race going.

She cock her hips, and her mascara so thick and dark makes it hard to see her eyes properly. Not that Tyler cared to see the color of her eyes.

“Ready?!” She yelled, lifting up her hand with the kerchief.

Both Tyler and Brett revved their cars and looked at each other with a smirk on their faces.

“Set!” Her screechy voice yelled.

Tyler revved louder and Brett follows suit.

“Go!”

Tyler face forward, stepping on the accelerator and pushes forward. Quickly, the thrilling feeling he usually gets when racing swamps his body.

It felt so good.

So freeing.

He listened to his engine, the vibration of the gear stick, feel the whipping of the wind against his ears, and loved it.

But then whilst meditating on those feelings and sounds....he also tasted.

And he tasted her.

Tyler breathed in a sharp breath through his nose and clumsily turned the wheel. Luckily he had time to set his hands properly and avoid a collision.

But that little damper had Brett speeding past him. The little fucker flipped him the middle finger as he races past.

Tyler gritted his teeth in annoyance and touched the roof of his mouth with the tip of his tongue. But somehow that little action had him tasting her even more, until he could practically smell her.

Cherries.

What the fuck? Tyler thought with frustration as his fingers twitch on the wheel as if in search of Layla’s pussy.

“Damn it!” He growled aloud as he stepped on the accelerator.

Layla was tormenting him even in his races too!

He gritted his teeth until it hurt, cursing at every living thing as he tries to catch up with Brett. If he loses this race, he’d not go to the finals.

Brett knew how much Tyler wanted to race in that tournament. And the only reason he even accepted to race with Tyler was that if no one did, then Tyler would have been disqualified.

Tyler was grateful for a friend like Brett but knew Brett would not give up a race, he’d want Tyler to fight for his place.

This was a race.

And every man for himself.

Tyler’s foot stepped on the accelerator, his skin feeling slick with sweat as images of Layla’s pink pussy lips slammed

into his mind.

This was torture, he thought as he nearly slammed the brakes.

Despite his mind corrupted with Layla, Tyler pushed through and stepped on the accelerator harder until the wind whipping against his ears was deafening.

He caught up to Brett who yelled out something to him, but Tyler’s mind was a bit focused on something else and not the race entirely.

He ground his teeth, needing to finish the race.

He gripped the steering wheel tighter, glaring at the dirt road ahead. The finishing line was where they started.

He can hold up until then.....surely he can.

But then Tyler felt the familiar feeling of his cock twitching and cursed the heavens and hell. He didn’t understand why his body was tormenting him like this.

He didn’t understand what he had done for him to feel this kind of torture.

He groaned, pressing his foot on the accelerator, and zoomed past Brett’s car. He made a turn, his tires

screeching.

He had to finish this race and then he needed something, anything to get his mind off of Layla.

This surely cannot be healthy to practically crave one girl so badly. Can it?

His hand twitched to rub his cock to ease the slight throb. Perhaps the sucker just needed to get wet to stop acting so wild and untamed.

He shifted in his seat from the discomfort of his cock and that proved to not have been the best idea since that had Brett speeding past him again.

Cursing uncontrollably Tyler presses harder and harder on the accelerator. The finishing line was clear in sight but Layla’s wet pussy was also in sight too. In his mind, tormenting him.

“Damn this girl.” He cursed, now getting angry at her. She was a distraction, she was distracting him and that wasn’t a

good thing.

Tyler locked his jaw and his gaze on the road. He had to focus. And not only on Layla. Not on his tormenting thoughts, but on the road, on his race.

With a darkening glare on the road, Tyler steeled his focus and sped past Brett the last second before they got to the finishing line.

He heard the cheers of e veyone, he did hear them and usually, he cared

But not today. He was frustrated.

With Layla, his body his thoughts, his cock....

He just needed to not feel this kind of torture anymore.

“Congrats doofus!” Brett grinned from ear to ear as he rolled up beside Tyler, completely unaware of his friend’s inner turmoil.

Tyler only managed a small smile that he was sure was a wince. Brett notices and asked him if he was okay. Tyler nods and reassured him before they both were swarmed with cheering people, mostly girls.

He needed to rid himself of this torture and he knew how.

Tyler looked over at his friend and silently told him he was done for the day. Brett looks worried but nods.

“Sure you okay man?” Brett asked.

No. My cock is hard and my mind can’t seem to focus on anything but Layla Campbell right now. The girl who’s babysitting my sister as we speak.

But instead of saying that, he only nods. A blatant lie.

Brett doesn’t look convinced and he didn’t have time to word it out because the same girl with very short shorts and still had the kerchief in her hand leaned into his car from the open window.

Her breasts nearly spilling out

Why does this not make him excited?

“Congratulations babe. Mind taking me for a spin on that thing one day?”

Tyler looked at her breasts and then her eyes. She’ll do.

“Why wait for one day when we can go now?” He arched a brow and wasn’t surprised when the girl grinned happily and flung the kerchief to another girl.

“Take my spot Coral.” She said and happily enters his car. Tyler nods at Brett, silently reassuring him he was fine again before driving awa y from the cheering people.

He needed a distraction from Layla before he might just go

insane.