

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 65

The girl in his car was silent, as he sped down the dirt road. He didn't fancy quiet right now. He needed a distraction from his imposing thoughts that were bombarding him with images of Layla.

Her pretty glistening pussy, her soft red lips, and the taste...

Tyler groaned loudly, annoyed as hell.

"You okay?" The girl's voice cracked through the quietness, startling Tyler a bit since he had almost forgotten about her being in the car with him.

He was surprised by how well his nose had blocked out the stench of her perfume, which was overpowering in the car.

Tyler tried to regain his composure and moved his foot on the accelerator slightly when he noticed he was driving at an impossibly fast speed. There were no houses or people around until a few miles so he wasn't worried about crashing into anyone.

But still, it wasn't a safe speed going down a dirt road where there was practically no one in sight to give help if needs be.

"I'm fine." His voice came out like steel, hard and unbending.

He hadn't meant to sound so rude but he was frustrated and downright angry. At himself, at Layla and his body for tormenting him that way.

From the corner of his eye, he saw the girl nod. She hadn't looked fazed and she didn't seem to mind his rather rude demeanor.

"My name is Sally if you were wondering." She spoke up and no doubt trying to engage him in a conversation.

Actually, he hadn't been wondering at all. In fact, he cared little about her name. He never cared about their names. That's the thing, he cared little for the girls he slept with.

That didn't make him a bad guy....he did tell them what they were getting themselves into.

Tyler only nods to not seem so rude. He was beginning to think this was a bad idea. The girl wasn't helping him with serving as a distraction. She wasn't helping at all.

"You're a big name on the tracks out here. Tyler Wood. Have to say, your name is the most popular with the ladies." Sally said and Tyler detected a smile in her voice.

"And how is that?" Tyler asked, not at all surprised since he did have a reputation with the girls at the tracks. It wasn't his fault, he was a man with needs. And the girls were all

willing enough.

But now as he thought about it, he couldn't help but feel....unsatisfied. When he really looked at it, no girl has ever satisfied him....yet just the taste of Layla's pussy satisfied him yet made him crave her taste even more. It was a win and lose situation with Layla. He was winning by being able to taste her and losing by losing his sanity.

And his mind was proving his point, because now he was again focused on Layla.

"Yeah. So they've mentioned that you pack quite a lot...."

Was the girl Sally talking the entire time he was thinking of Layla?

Tyler spared her a glance. She was biting her bottom lip which suggested that she wanted something from him. And Tyler knew exactly what.

He slowed down, pulling off the road and parked the car sloppily on the side of the road. He'd be quick with her and then drop her off where he got her from. There was no way he'd put up with the smell of her perfume any longer.

Tyler killed off the engine, stared out onto the dirt road and then sighed. He was still hard from thinking about Layla so this would be much easier.

He turn to face the girl, her features said it all. She was excited. And she knew what was coming.

"Jerk me off." He said bluntly. There would be no flirting or sweet talks. She wasn't the only one who wanted something, only that it wasn't from her he technically wanted to get his cock sucked.

But she will do.

She unbuckled her seat belt and literally tore away from his leather seats to have her fingers on his sweats.

"You're already so hard," She mewled as she run her palms over his hard cock. She thought she was the one who caused his cock to be so painfully hard.

She was wrong. His cock had been this way the entire time he was racing. And it was only because a certain nerd couldn't get out of his thoughts.

Tyler let her run her palms over his hard cock. Her palms were warm, but did nothing for him. No pleasure, no excitement. Instead, his cock cried for the touch of Layla's instead

"You feel so big." The girl gasped. "They weren't wrong."

What was her name again?

Tyler gritted his teeth. It was not because he liked the feel of her hand on his cock, no, it was because her voice irked him.

The girl giggled, seeming to think she was doing a very good job in distracting him from Layla. She was doing a shitty job and even causing his cock to deflate little by little.

Tyler's hands on the steering wheel tighten until his hands nearly turned the shade of white.

"This is all her fault." Tyler gritted out, his jaw popping as he seethes.

"Huh?" He heard the girl let out in confusion. But even with her confusion, she manages to push her hand into his sweats and briefs and grab his cock.

His cock doesn't jerk. Nor does it throb. It deflates.

Tyler slammed his hand on the steering wheel so brutally and quickly that he didn't even have time to count how many times he had done so.

"Layla," Tyler growled in frustration.

"Oh, do you have a girlfriend? She doesn't have to know

The girl's words are cut off when Tyler's hand wrapped

around her wrist tightly and he gritted out. "Stop." He pulls her hand out of his briefs, and he swore his cock gave a jerk in thanks.

Shaking his head, he places the girl's hand on her thigh and resisted the urge to wipe his hand.

He fixed his briefs and sweats while grumbling under his breath. This girl wouldn't do. And he feared no girl would.

Tyler was frustrated and downright angry.

"Did I do something wrong?" The girl asked.

Tyler shook his head and got ready to drive away "No Serry. I'll drop you back off at the race." He grumbles while starting the car.

"Oh," The girl murmured in disappointment.

"It's Sally by the way." She whispered when Tyler made a u turn and sped towards the race.

Tyler nods even though he didn't care at all that he got her name wrong.

He gripped the steering wheel tightly, hissing Layla's name under his breath. She was the cause of his inner turmoil and now he feared he'd never be the same after her.