

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 69

Her eyes, so pretty stared back at him in shock. Seconds ago, all he could feel was rage. So powerful that he hadn't recognized himself at all.

But now, the rage had calmed down exceptionally, and finally, he could somehow breathe properly now. Tyler had never felt so relieved in his life before. Seeing her with no one else in the room was so damn relieving.

"Tyler! I didn't know you'd be back so early."

He gripped the handle of the door tightly, the sound of her voice sending a sharp shiver down his spine.

Her voice was so sweet and Tyler was surprised how much he missed hearing it. Which was rather bizarre since he heard it just hours ago.

Tyler could see the nervous flicker in her eyes as she realized he had seen exactly what she was doing seconds ago.

He closed the door behind him, slowly, his eyes not leaving hers. "Where's daff?" He asked, his cock jerking when his eyes fall to her lips. Those lips had parted moments ago to let out a sweet moan.

Hmmmm....

"She's taking a nap," Layla said with a shy edge in her voice

while shifting on her feet.

Good. When his sister 'naps' especially daytime, she's usually asleep for a few hours. That will give them enough time....

Layla looked at him nervously. Was she expecting him to yell at her for being in his room when he was not there? Perhaps so...

But Tyler didn't care that she was in here, only oddly happy that she was in there alone and....moaning.

With his eyes glued to her lips and unable to move away, he asked her groggily. "Were you thinking about me?" He was very blunt and cut to the chase.

There would be no need to beat around the bush with her, this was already arranged. And it was his stupid idea to teach her a few things before taking her. But no more.

He simply could not last that long. No more going slow. He had to get that obsession to take her out of his system. So there would no longer be going slow from now on.

He heard the sharpness of her breath as she takes it through her mouth. "What?" She asked breathlessly, her voice having a slight edge of shock swirling in them.

Tyler only took a few steps forward, his hands fisted by his sides. He had never felt an urge so strong to just hold her and

enter her quickly

Having his hands fisted at his sides didn't quite help but they let him know he was fighting to control something so that alone had him alert.

"You heard me, Layla. Were you thinking about me while moaning?" He asked, his voice holding the edge of need in it.

"I uh

Layla darts her eyes away from him and turned around to pick up her phone on the bed.

"Sorry I was in your room. I was just

She stops when Tyler is beside her; his body just inches from her back. His hands reach out to hold the hand she held the phone. He practically felt the pull of air she sucked in when his fingers brushed her wrist.

"Thinking about what I was doing to you earlier?" He finishes for her and squeezes her hand. Her phone drops back on the bed. Perhaps he had stunned her with his actions.

Tyler felt the tug of his mouth as he grinned. He somehow loves catching her off guard.

His mouth drops to whisper beside her ear and he heard her

take a sharp breath again. He smiled. "You were moaning. Was it the remembrance of my tongue deep inside your sweet, pretty pussy or was it my mouth around your nipple that had you moaning so?"

She takes a while to respond, her chest rising and falling. It had his eyes dipping, and he too sucked in a very sharp breath as he watch her cleavage.

His tongue darted out to lick his lower lip, already imagining his tongue lapping at her nipples and suckling

"Neither. I wasn't thinking about you at all." She denied, and Tyler heard the dishonesty in her voice.

Normally, he would've snorted, but somehow, her dishonesty annoyed him. He had no time to beat around the bush. Especially when his balls were so heavy that it was uncomfortable to keep standing any longer.

"I didn't take you for a liar, Layla." His other hand reach in front of her and grasp around her neck, not hard and not alarming. She gasped.

"Tyler

"Shhhh." He whispered and without thinking his nose drew closer to her neck and he breathed in her scent. Cherry. Why does she smell like cherries and why does she smell so damn

good all the time?

"I want to fuck you." He said bluntly and lowly.

"All I can think about is fucking you Layla. Do you know how hard it is for me to walk around with blue balls for hours? Do you know how tormenting this can be?" He ground out and kissed her soft neck.

Her words are caught off by a moan that slipped out of her own mouth. The moan had another sharp shiver racing down his

spine.

He wouldn't dare admit that she tormented him badly enough to have him lose his focus. He'd never admit to that. He was already embarrassed about it, he didn't need to have a girl knowing she was rattling his mind and body.

And perhaps even his soul.

He felt the race of her heart beneath his fingertips and he moved his hand off her neck only to slide it down to cup her breast.

His heart jumped and his breathing grew when he felt the weight of her breast in his hand.

Lv.1

Oh God. He was going to enjoy suckling those and tasting her. Every inch of her skin, he'd enjoy tasting.

"We only have a few hours," Tyler whispered, squeezing her breast lightly and grinning in satisfaction when she moaned at the action.

Her breathing was the same as his; untamed and rough.

"For what?" She breathed out shakily when Tyler's breath feathered against her skin.

Hmmmm. She smells so sweet and even tastes sweeter.

Tyler couldn't wait to taste her again. He was never known to

her this badly. But Layla was different. Very ,very different.

"For me to fuck you." He answered and turned her around. Her eyes lift, those pretty brown eyes connecting with his.

He was sure to make sure she could see the flicker of heat in his eyes because he knew he was showcasing it. He wouldn't hide this one from her.

He'd show her exactly how much he wanted to bury himself to the hilt inside her.