

Devil Lucifer 29

[Chapter 29 What Is It With You](#)

"Why the hell are you following me around?!" Lucinda demands, creating some distance between them.

Tyler grins.

"I thought I'd see what you were up to. Besides, I couldn't resist the aroma of your food. I'm starving, baby doll,"

"Then die," Lucinda turns away from him and begins to wash the dishes in the sink,

Tyler fake gasps.

"That's so mean of you, baby doll,"

Deciding to ignore him, Lucinda continues to wash the dishes, placing them on the rack after wiping them.

She then grabs her baking gloves and takes out the potatoes and salmon. It had been almost ten minutes now.

She turns off the oven.

"That look and smells delicious," Tyler mutters before helping himself with a plate and fork.

Lucinda glares at him hotly.

"And what the hell do you think you're doing with that plate?"

Tyler glances at her as though she were dumb.

"Girl, what does it look like I'm doing? I'm starving,"

"There are food joints not far from here. You can go and help yourself," she says, dishing out her food.

"And why will I do that when there's a sumptuous meal before me?" He questions.

"This sumptuous meal is mine alone. I'd rather watch you starve to death than let you have a bite,"

Tyler fake gasps, clutching his chest in mock hurt.

"That's so mean of you, baby doll,"

Lucinda ignores him, forking a potato and a piece of salmon.

She hums satisfactorily, chewing.

Delicious.

"You really are wicked, huh? You going to watch me starve to death?"

Lucinda chuckles.

Just look at a pot calling a kettle black.

Such irony.

She picks up a potato and pushes it into her mouth, trapping half of it between her teeth and allowing the other half to peek out.

She stares up at him hotly.

For some reason, Tyler found the scene before him tempting.

He bites his lips, closing the distance between them.

"Are you really going to watch me starve?" he repeats.

Lucinda maintains eye contact defiantly.

He chuckles.

Fiesty.

With quick reflex, Tyler leans in and touches his lips with hers, pushing out his tongue to taste the potato peeking out between her lips.

Fucking delicious.

Before she could react, he bites the potato off, their lips brushing in the process.

Lucinda stands frozen in shock as Tyler pulls away, chewing on the potato.

He smirks victoriously.

By the time she comes to her senses, Tyler has taken it upon himself to finish her food.

He had devoured almost everything in just a few seconds.

But she couldn't care less about that now.

She blinks.

"What the f*ck, Tyler!"

He stops chewing midway, looking down at her innocently.

"What? I didn't eat everything. Look, there's still some left," he points to the baking pan.

Irritated, she slaps his hand away, causing him to drop the fork onto the plate.

"Why the hell did you kiss me?!" she snaps.

"I did? When?" he questions innocently.

"You... You... Argh!" at a loss for words, Lucinda screams in frustration.

Did that count as a kiss or not?

This annoying guy enters her home without invitation, invades her kitchen and steals her food!

She can't stand him.

He makes her blood boil.

"I want to strangle you so bad," she seethes.

Tyler smirks.

"Someone's kinky, huh?"

"I'm not playing with you, Tyler,"

"Does it look like I am?" he retorts.

Lucinda takes in a deep breath.

She turns away from him, pours herself a glass of juice from the fridge, and heads toward the living room.

Shrugging, Tyler pours himself a glass also and follows suit.

He takes a seat adjacent to her.

"What do you have in mind?" she questions after a moment of silence, keeping her anger at bay.

"What do I have in mind?" he repeats.

"Yes, Tyler. You came here to discuss the project, did you not? So I'm asking you what ideas you've come up with,"

"Oh, I have none," he replies casually, leaning back into the sofa.

"You have none?!" Lucinda glares at him.

"Why do you think I'm here, baby doll? To collaborate with you, of course," he grins, irritating her the more.

If things continue this way, she will get high blood pressure.

She lets out a sigh, rubbing her forehead.

"You're such a pain, Tyler. Your parents must be happy to have gotten rid of you," she mumbles.

At the mention of his parents, Tyler frowns for an unknown reason. There is a sudden aching in his heart, and he can't tell why.

He blinks, brushing that feeling away.

"So?" he questions.

"So what?" Lucinda asks.

"So what are we coming up with?" he clarifies.

"Not now, Tyler. I think you should leave. I'm exhausted from having to deal with you," dropping her glass of juice, she gets up and approaches him.

"Exhausted? How can you be exhausted so soon? Is your stamina that weak?"

Lucinda rolls her eyes at his sexual innuendo.

"You're such a pervert. Get up. Up you go!" she grabs him by the elbow to pull him out of his seat, but Tyler is quick to pull her down instead.

Not expecting that from him, Lucinda loses her balance and falls, landing on him.

Lucinda subconsciously grips his shoulder for support.

Their faces are inches apart, and she can feel his hot breath.

Lucinda lifts her head, ready to cuss him out when she notices the look he is giving her.

He is staring at her weirdly.

"What is it with you?" he mutters so lowly she almost doesn't hear.

His breath fanned against her cheeks when he spoke.

And for some reason, she suddenly felt hot.

She wiggles in his hold, desperate to escape, but he groans as though he were in pain.

"Don't do that," he mutters through gritted teeth.

"Do what?" her eyebrows furrow in confusion.

It takes a while to realise her actions.

And when she does, she blushes crimson red.

She is seated on his lap.

"I'm sorry," she apologises.

They stare at each other, unable to pull away for some reason.

Neither of them knew who initiated the kiss, but their lips were on each other suddenly.

Tyler pushes out his tongue, prying Lucinda's mouth open.

And when she does, he sends in his tongue, tasting her, savouring her.

Lucinda wraps her arms around his neck, deepening the kiss as they fight for dominance.

Tyler's grip on her slender waist tightens.

With both legs on either side of him, she grinds against him, eliciting a moan from him.

It sounded sexy, dare she say.

They continue to kiss, exploring each other's mouths.

Tyler bites her lips sensually, eliciting a moan from her.

Her action seems to have plunged him into reality, and he suddenly pulls away, panting heavily.

Their lips were swollen from the kiss.

In a daze, Lucinda rolls off him unto the sofa.

They refuse to glance at each other.

Without a word, Tyler grabs his back and storms out.

What a great way to start a project, huh?