

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 103

Layla's pov

By taking a ride with Tiff and her brother, I had successfully avoided Tyler all after school. His texts were still littered on my phone and I had yet to check them out.

Was I being too harsh on him?

Probably so...but I think he deserved a little more coldness from me for not listening to me in the first place.

I sighed, sliding my phone into my pocket and smiling at Tiff's aunt who was showing me the ropes around the bakery. Everything seemed fairly easy and I was a hundred percent sure I would not mess up. Well, I hope not. I needed this job clearly.

"You'll be on cash." She said, lightly pulling me towards the cash register. "And also will be taking orders."

My brow lift in surprise. "Already?" | wince when the question flicked out of my mouth when I realized how unprofessional it sounded.

But Tiff's aunt only laughed and lightly tapped my shoulder."I need to see how you hold up. Don't worry we don't usually get a lot of customers at this time. Mornings are the busiest."

It was only me here and a younger woman with rainbow colored hair. She was busy writing something down on a notepad.

"You got this Layla. Tiffany believes in you and so do I." She taps my shoulder and after a few more words between us, she

leaves to go to her office at the back.

I'm a nervous wreck when she leaves and I fumble with the cash register, making sure it's good before I make a fool out of myself.

When everything looks good, I nervously wring my hands together on the counter. The bakery was empty but still, I was nervous. Can you blame me? This is my first time ever having a job. Those little jobs I did here and there for petty cash didn't count.

This was the real deal. I was going to be paid twenty dollars an hour and I was only going to work from four to six for five days a week. Seems good to me and if I don't get fired, I'd have a new laptop in a couple of weeks.

"You look nervous." The woman with the rainbow colored hair in two plaits said with a crooked smile on her face as she lifts her gaze from the notepad to set them on me.

I smiled shakily. "Is it that obvious?"

She nods. "Yes. But; there's no reason to be. Everything is fairly easy around this time, like Melissa mentioned, there are not many customers bombarding us around afternoon time." She smiles reassuringly.

I nod and sighed.

"I'm Quincy by the way."

I smiled politely. "I'm Layla."

She nods. "Well Layla, you got this so stop worrying."

I nod, feeling a little more reassured that I can actually do it.

Ten minutes went by and no customer had entered the bakery.

Until the sound of the little bell hanging over the door chimes, alerting us that someone walked in.

I lifted my head quickly, straightening my spine as I was bent awkwardly in boredom seconds ago.

My breath catches in my throat when my eyes fall on Tyler and his little sister Daff walking into the bakery. His eyes were dead set on me whilst Daff's gaze was roaming around in excitement.

My heart slams in my chest. Dammit and here I thought I could avoid him the rest of the day today.

Just my luck.

He looks a bit surprised to see me here and tugs Daff along with him to the counter. Finally, Daff's excited gaze sweeps up and she notices me.

Her eyes twinkled and she beams up at me. Despite my current frustration with her brother, I beamed back down at her. "Hey Daff?"

"Layla! You work here?" She asked with a chirp in her voice and a bounce in her walk.

I can feel the burning of his gaze on me when I answered his sister with a nod and soft yes. Unable to resist his burning stare any longer, I lift my gaze slowly only to suck in a sharp breath at the fire in his eyes.

Tyler notices that he managed to wreck my composure in

seconds and lifted the corner of his mouth in a smirk.

"Didn't think I'd see you here Layla." The way my name rolled off his tongue sounded so good that a shiver raced down my spine.

I tore my gaze away from him completely while answering him. "I said I got a job didn't I?"

Keep it together Layla, you can hold yourself together without feeling like melted butter every time he speaks to you.

You have to make him suffer with coldness a little longer remember? You can't start melting now. My conscience reminded me.

I smiled down at Daff, completely ignoring Tyler as best as I could."What can I get you Daff?" I asked, chewing my bottom lip when Tyler's eyes refused to move off my face.

Daff's eyes lit up upon hearing my question and her excited eyes roamed the baked sweets behind me on the shelf and those displayed on the countertop.

"I can't choose. I want all." She giggles and then looks at her brother.

"Can I have all Ty Ty?" She asked excitedly.

"You can't have all Daff. Just choose a few. You have too much of a sweet tooth, now I'm regretting bringing you here." Tyler huffed and I resist the urge to look over at him.

Can he stop staring at me?

"Uh fine." Daff huffed out and said yummy when her eyes fell on round cookies with blue icing.

"Can I have those?" She pointed at the cookies and then at some chocolate chip cupcakes. "And these too."

Her eyes widen when she spotted the croissants with apple filling. "Oh and these too!"

"Now that's too much Daff. You can only have three, not more than that." Tyler warned.

"I can give her one in each," I suggested, still not looking at him and choosing to keep my gaze on Daffodil instead.

"Can she Ty Ty? Please!?" Daffodil begged, hopping on her tiptoes. I smiled.

Tyler lets out a breath and then agrees.

"To go or will you two be eating here?" I asked politely, finally looking at him. He is of course already looking at me and I was certain he never stopped.

"We'll be eating here." He said, his bottom lip rolling in his mouth as if thinking about something naughty in his head. Which I am sure he was.

I nod and when I give the sweet baked goods to Daffodil, she quickly bounces off to one of the tables and chairs in the corner overlooking the street from the huge glass wall.

Tyler doesn't follow her and I lift my gaze reluctantly to his eyes. "Did you need something too?"

He seems to find my question amusing because he grins crookedly and leans forward on the counter, inches apart from me. "Yes, you. And perhaps a pretty smile?"