

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 132

Layla's pov

The way Tyler's face lightened up with a beam almost had me telling him to fuck the arrangement and let's fuck, literally.

But rushing this when I still didn't trust him a hundred percent could potentially ruin something that would be beautiful.

"Okay, Tyler Wood. I'll agree to this arrangement. Only on one condition." I said and tried to play as if I wasn't melting in wardly.

My mind and heart were going crazy.

"Anything," Tyler said quickly seeming to be excited yet relieved that I had agreed to the arrangement.

It was rather cute to see him so giddy about it.

"You won't try to seduce me," I grinned which was a huge change from how I was moments ago.

The way he can change my mood so quickly. How did I ever think I can get over him so fast?

It was impossible.

Tyler chuckled, his mouth splitting in a curved grin that had my stomach twisting.

He looked so adorable.

"Now Layla I should be the one who's supposed to tell you that. Your smile alone seduces me."

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I rolled my eyes and bit my bottom lip to not smile as huge as I knew my lips would've.

"Friends?" Tyler asked, his eyes twinkling with that light that made me realize that it would be tough to only be his 'friend.

Sure I had the power to change that status into the one I wanted but again, it would be better to see how this plays out before jumping into it.

Tyler outstretched his hand for me to take, his lips tugging up when I hummed pretending to think about it.

Grinning, I nod and take his hand.

His grip is firm and it was startling when our palms touched there was a sudden electrical feeling that tickled between us.

He looks at me and I just knew he felt it too.

"Friends." I agreed and licked my suddenly dry lips when Tyler's eyes fell on my mouth.

He didn't look like he just wanted to be friends. Right now he looked like he was about to devour my lips.

I cleared my throat and pull my hand out of his hold. It feels cold and I want him to hold my hand back but I don't. Instead, I let that hand grip my bag as a distraction and smiled at Tyler playfully.

"Are you sure you can be just friends with a girl Tyler?" I joked.

His eyes are dark when he grunted out. "Not with the way you're looking at me right now." He admitted.

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I clenched my thighs together and hauled in some soothing air as I try to relax.

"Now Tyler, friends don't speak to friends the way you do now," I murmured playfully.

Seeing that he doesn't respond I asked in amusement.

"Are you going to stare at my lips all day? Or are you going to drop me off at Tiffany's?"

Tyler seems to be lost on my mouth and when he finally snaps out of it, he grins sheepishly. "Right. I'll drop you off at Tiffany's. Address?"

When I gave him the address the car remains quiet for the rest of the ride. It wasn't the silence that was awkward or tense. It was a soothing silence that I didn't want to part away

from.

Every minute or two he'd take his eyes off the road and stare at the side of my face like he was mentally drawing my image and saving it in his head.

He thought I hadn't noticed his stare. But I did. And it did things to me that made me want him more.

He confessed his love.

I still couldn't get over that.

I wanted to confess mine too, because God alone knows how

much I love him.

But there are restrictions holding me back. Trust was one.

I just really hope he'd make me trust him soon. Full on trust. So that I can jump into his arms and kiss him like my life depended on it.

I turned to look out the window and smiled.

"You sure you don't want me to bring the two of you to the party?" Tyler asked for the hundredth time tonight.

I shook my head and removed the seat belt. "No Tyler. Tiffany already said her dad will drop us off. We'll see you there."

Tyler looks disappointed and I want to move that frown on his face but I keep my hands to myself because a 'friend' doesn't kiss a frown away.

"Okay, then I'll see you there." He sighed and then grinned. "Well at least tell me what you'll be wearing tonight. A sexy black dress?"

I snorted and pushed his shoulder playfully. "You're so full of shit. No I'm not wearing a 'sexy' dress. Not that should be an yof your business 'friend'.

Tyler's eyes narrowed. "You know I'm starting to hate that word friend."

I shake my head and laughed lightly. "It hasn't even been an hour since we're friends and you already hate being called just a friend?" I asked in amusement.

Tyler pouts and I had to force my eyes to stay off his lips before I do something 'unfriendly!

"Now don't throw in that word 'just' Layla. I equally hate it."

Trolled my eyes and laughed at him.

"Bye Tyler." I shook my head with a smile.

It's just crazy how he managed to turn my feelings from anger to....mirth, happiness....he made me feel free.

"Can I at least kiss you on the cheek before you go?" He asked with a bit of a plea in his voice.

I looked at him and fought off a laugh. He really looked like he was about to die if I didn't allow him to kiss my 'cheek.

But I think he deserved to be punished a little for what he did hours ago with that girl in the bathroom.

So I shook my head and said amused. "Now Tyler, you said no kissing for one of the rules remember?"

He rolled his eyes and huffed. "Friends kiss on the cheek, Layla. Besides, I said no kissing on the mouth."

I laughed. "You're funny."

Tyler cracked a grin. "I'm happy that I'm making you smile again today. I hated the pained look you had on. Your smile is more beautiful."

I smiled shyly. "I'll see you later Tyler," I said and opened the door to get out.

"So no to the kiss? On the cheek of course."

I giggled and got out of the car, closing the door, I bend down

to look at him through the rolled down window. "Goodbye friend," I stressed on the word friend and dashed away giggling and smiling before he said anything.