

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 51

“Man it smells good in here.” Tyler nearly moans as the aroma of breakfast being cooked wafts in his nose as he makes his way into the kitchen.

After last night, Tyler was rather famished. Waking up to this was rather pleasing, to say the least.

Bryce turns around and sends him a wink. “It always does when I’m here.”

“So cocky.” Tyler joked making his way around the island to have a better look at what Bryce was cooking on the stove even though he had an inkling of what it was already.

When his eyes are blessed with the sight of sausages bathing in hot oil he grinned. A nice breakfast before the race later on, perfect.

“Hope I get at the very least len of those on my plate. I need a heavy breakfast. Not sure when the races will start, you know there’s no signs of life where the tracks are ” He told Bryce, moving away from him so he could turn the sausages without Tyler hovering over him.

Tyler was being dramatic, like he always is but in all honesty, where they normally race was so much like a desert than an actual racing place

The tracks were a dirt road. And you’ll only get dirt and cactuses around for a good mile until the roads are cleared with the sight of the near town.

Bryce spares Tyler a look and Tyler looks away sheepishly already knowing what he was thinking “Races are on Saturdays now?”

Tyler scratched the back of his head. “Yeah. Melton apparently changed the dates last minute. There’s a big race coming up in three weeks or so, no set date yet. But I can’t miss any one of them if I want to qualify for the big one.”

is dangerous and illegal. If your father hears wind of this he’ll be furious”

Tyler rolled his eyes even though he knew Bryce was telling the truth. Still, he didn’t want to hear it.

“Everything we do in our everyday lives is considered dangerous. I race, no big deal and I’m good behind the wheel which is why I’m one of the best. Besides who’s going to tell my father?” Tyler asked with a lifted brow .

He knew Bryce was just looking out for him and he appreciated it. But he didn’t need two dads, not when the one he currently had was going down his throat already about his playboy ways.

Bryce gave him a look. “Now who’s cocky?”

Tyler grinned.

Bryce then looked at him in confusion. “So who’s going to babysit Daff? Isn’t Saturdays usually Samantha’s off day?” Tyler nodded, fighting off a smile when Layla’s face emerges in his mind.” I hired someone from school.” He scratches his chin unsure if he should’ve used the word hire when Layla was going to take sex as repayment,

Bryce pretended to shiver in disgust as he moaned. “Don’t tell me it’s one of those girls who come here often and screech the entire house down with their voices?”

Tyler chuckled, completely amused by Bryce’s description of the girls he usually brought over to sleep with. Bryce wasn’t wrong though, those girls usually have a very high pitched tone that can be very irritating and upsetting.

“No Layla is.....different. She’s not like the others” He said truthfully and this time he couldn’t fight the smile on his face. Bryce notices it and raised his brows in shock. “Mate. Are you blushing?” Bryce’s tone is filled with shock.

Tyler tries to school his features into one of passiveness but he was sure he failed when he notices Bryce fighting to not laugh at his expense.

“What? No man, it’s quite hot in here is it not?” Tyler made a show of fanning his hand over his face because he had no shirt to pull away from his skin to play the part.

Bryce did not look convinced and worked it out. “I’ll just pretend that Tyler Wood, notorious player isn’t currently flustered by the mere mention of a girl. Now I really am intrigued to meet this girl.”

“I’m not flustered,” Tyler denied and tried to keep to his lie but even his body was trying to showcase the truth on his face.

“Is she nice at least?” Bryce asked with a tiny sly smirk playing on his lips.

“Beautiful.” Tyler answered automatically and truthfully and then when he saw the ‘I got you’

Tyler tried to correct himself even though it was clearly too late. “I mean she’s a lovely girl with good manners and is rather friendly. You’ll definitely like her.” Tyler felt his neck burn and knew he’d be even more flustered so he looked for a way out.

“I should go get ready.” Tyler said thanking that he hadn’t finished dressed so now it served as his excuse.

Bryce looked almost comical as he holds in his laughter. “Yeah you do that. Can’t wait to meet her.” He teased and couldn’t help himself and let out a few chuckles.

Tyler decided it would be useless to even argue with him and turned around to leave. He walked out of the kitchen and up the stairway where he met his father halfway.

His eyes fall on the briefcase. Being the Mayor of the town had his father absent most of the time, now more so as elections were around the corner. In those times his father was a bit more strict with him than his usual.

“Say hello to Brett for me. His dad passed at the office yesterday and said you two were going to be training on Saturdays now?” His father lifted a brow and looked at him expectantly.

He thought they were training for football and nothing else. Which was good. Wouldn’t want him to know about the illegal races he participates in Tyler nodded, playing it cool. “Yes. We think it will be better to train on Saturdays.” Tyler lied.

He hoped he wouldn’t go to hell for lying, would he?

Tyler’s father nods, buying it. “Then I suppose the girl named Layla will be watching Daff on Saturdays now?”

Tyler looked at his father confused about how he knew Layla when he hadn’t introduced them as yet.

“Daff told me all about her. Kind of filled my head honestly. She also mentioned that she was a pretty girl and you look at her just like how Barbie looks at cake.”

Tyler felt his throat go dry and cleared his throat. “And how does Barbie look at cake?”

His father’s eyes flashed in mischief and Tyler nearly groaned when he realized he had no doubt trapped himself.

“In hunger.”