

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 104

Layla’s pov

His words had me blushing furiously. The heat is crawling up my neck and I sneak a glance at Quincy who was looking at the two of us with intrigue in her gaze.

I stepped away from the counter and pretended to be busy with checking his change. “Here you go,” I said, handing him his change.

Tyler’s fast enough to teasingly let his fingers brush along mine as he ‘takes’ his change from my grasp.

“Thank you.” He says lowly and chuckled when my fingers trembled when his fingers touched mine.

I hate that he was entertained by my clear lack of self control when I’m near him.

grit my teeth and tear my eyes away from his. “Well then if that is all, you can move along,” I said tightly, ashamed that my composure was cracking because of him.

So much for knowing how to control myself.

Tyler doesn’t walk away, and neither does he move the weight of his gaze on me. I’m squirming under his gaze a little, ashamed that Quincy was staring at us like a hawk.

Was I being unprofessional?

Tyler’s quiet for a few and I am about to ask him why he hasn’t walked away yet but he stops me by saying.” You’re angry.”

I lift my gaze to him and stared at him in confusion. “What?”

Tyler stared at me deeply and his stare has my breathing a bit uncontrollable. “You’re mad at me Layla. It’s obvious.” He murmured, scanning his eyes over my face as if searching for answers as to why I was treating him so coldly.

I shook my head, looking over at Quincy who was still looking at us. This time she looked quite entertained with her lips lifting slightly at the corner while looking at Tyler and I’s interaction.

“I’m working Tyler, I can’t be talking to you like this. Especially seeing as you’re not in the means of buying something. This is my first day I can’t look unprofessional.” I said, trying to discreetly show him that Quincy was looking over at us.

Of course, I was only using her as an excuse to avoid answering him.

He sees her and nods. “Fine give me some of those buns behind you.” He pointed behind me.

I turn around confused. “Which one?” I questioned, scanning my eyes over the many buns. There were a variety of them.

“Anyone. Just give me two.” He says and then asked. “Now why are you mad at me Layla?”

I whip around and looked at him in disbelief. Is he seriously asking me this now?

He shrugged, seeming to catch the look in my eyes.” You said I can’t speak to you if I’m not buying anything.” He gave me a pointed stare.

I shook my head. Leave it to Tyler to find any means to get what he wanted.

I huffed. “You’re annoying.” I started bagging his order and hand it to him.

“And to answer your question, why do you think I’m mad? Are you that slow to not have realized that what happened today was your fault?” | gritted out while glaring at him across the counter.

He doesn’t look shocked at my answer, just frustrated as he rakes a hand through his hair while grasping the paper bag with the buns from my hand.” How was I supposed to know that she would go this far Layla?”

I rolled my eyes and let out an annoyed breath.” | warned you earlier Tyler!” | snapped a little louder than I planned.

Toutstretched my hand for him to give me the money for the buns, and when he do, I furiously give him back his change. “Layla

He started but I shake my head.” If you don’t want anything else and the questions aren’t pertaining to the stuff in here then I can’t answer you.”

Tyler looks frustrated at my quick dismissal and I noted the furious way he was gritting his teeth. “Fine.” He huffed out in irritation and turns around to march over to his sister.

He sits down on one of the chairs he would be able to see me clearly and I rolled my eyes.

After a few more minutes the little bell chimes again and a young boy looking to be a bit older than me walks in. He’s tall

and lean and his eyes are a pretty color of brown.

His teeth are white when he smiles at me.” Can I have five of those donuts love?” He asked, leaning on the counter where Tyler was leaning on minutes prior.

I nod with a smile and turned around. But when I was bagging the third donut, the unfamiliar boy’s voice reaches my ear. “Tyler Wood. Didn’t see you there man.”

“Uh-huh.” The sound of Tyler’s voice so close had me whipping around. My suspicion is cleared when I see him standing beside the boy, looking beyond irritated.

“I want a few of those chocolate cookies Layla.” The way he said my name again had a shiver racing down my spine despite how awkward the air around was now .

“Okay, wait just a few

His eyes narrowed and his jaw ticked.” I want them now Layla.”

What the hell has gotten into him?

“And I’ll get to it as I’m done with his order.” | nudged my head toward the unfamiliar boy.

Tyler looks upset by my response but remains quiet. When I’m done bagging the donuts, I hand them to the boy.

“Thanks love.” He says with a bit of a flirty tone.

Tyler stiffens and fisted his hands on the counter before saying something that I wished he hadn’t, “Baby I’ll get the plan b pills for you later today, I’m sorry I wasn’t more careful. You know I can’t resist when it comes to you.”

His lips quirk into a satisfied smirk when he sees my stunned embarrassed face. The boy coughs awkwardly and I quickly give him his change, praying that he get out of here soon and never show up here again.

I can’t believe Tyler would do that.

The boy walks away quickly as soon as I give him his change.

Tyler smirks and then winks. “Forget about the chocolate cookies.” He turns around and I can’t help but glare at his back for embarrassing me like this. I want a hole to open up and swallow me whole.

After a few more minutes, Tyler and Daff left, and finally, I can breathe properly again.

When they’re out, Quincy walks over to me and teased. “So you and the mayor’s son?”

My eyes widen and I blushed furiously. “What no. We’re just friends from school.”

Quincy doesn’t look convinced. “Friends don’t look at friends that way.” She whistles, giggling as she walks away .

When my shift ends, I say goodbye to Quincy and Melissa on my way out. Today was successful, but they were right, not many customers pop out in the evening.

The door chimes behind me as I walked out of the bakery, pushing the paper bag of baked goodies Melissa generously gave me. I’m walking down the almost empty street when a horn startles me.

I lift my gaze up and my eyes fall on Tyler’s car. He’s parked

beside the curb and his window rolls down. “Get in!”