

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 25

Layla's pov

My face felt like it was flamed with heat. I discreetly look around as if there were listening ears. There was practically no one except for Tyler and I.

His grip around my arm is now more firm as he spun me around to face him. His earring glimmer under the evening sun.

"I didn't agree to have a lesson with you today Tyler." | grumble, pulling my arm out of his hold.

He stares down at me with a raised brow then nods, "My bad, I should've told you. Starting from today, lessons will be after school at my place. Saturdays are an exception."

I stare at him gobsmacked with my mouth opening and closing before finally, the words come to me. "Are you serious?" I breathed out, darting my eyes between the green of his eyes.

He must be joking right? I mean why tell me this on such a short notice? I wore mismatched panties and bra today.

They twinkled in amusement as he fishes for his phone in his gym shorts, pulls it out and stared at the screen. "It's already four which gives us exactly an hour before Samantha leaves. I can work with that time." He nods, putting his phone back inside the pocket of his shorts.

The shorts end just brushing his knee leaving his calves on display. I was never one to admire calves for goodness sake but his somehow made my heart leap a little.

Ripping my gaze from the muscle, I folded my arms under my chest and cleared my throat. "I'm sure you can, but I'm not properly dressed for the session

"Not properly dressed for the session? Do you think we're about to attend a wedding or a fancy dinner? Layla, what we're about to do wouldn't require you to wear anything." He stressed on the word anything while looking at me with twinkling amusement.

His amusement was infuriating. Quite infuriating. But he was right. Sex didn't require clothes on.

That thought had me trembling slightly. I didn't know if it was the thought of sex itself or the thought of Tyler and I having sex.

"We have about fifty-five minutes now so we better hurry up " He turns around to leave, his feet already having made him reach a couple benches down before he turned around and stared at my frozen state.

He raised a single brow. "Fifty-four now."

With a defeated sigh, I followed after him.

Especially knowing that he was actually helping me with inspiration. Yes I may have mistaken his name as my character's or seen his face while I was writing, but admittedly the words seem to have come easier. A lot easier than the last few weeks.

He was helping. And I'll take it.

When we did get to his mansion of a house, the suited man came stalking towards us. Tyler opens the door, flung the keys over to the man and patted his back, while the other held the bag I gave him back.

I got out as well, not wanting the suited man to drive away with me. I follow Tyler to the front door of his house, my footsteps a little bit slow and unsteady as my mind gets fussy about what was going to happen behind the closed door of his room.

The door opens before he reaches it but it is not little Daff this time but the woman named Samantha. She smiles at Tyler then her brown gaze sweep over to me. I notice a cold look in her gaze as she regarded me blankly.

"Where's Daff?" Tyler asked, stepping in. I follow after him, keeping my lips sealed.

Not because I was very awkward in the presence of Samantha but I was literally shitting myself for what was to happen in a few more minutes.