

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 26

Removing her cold gaze from me, Samantha answers Tyler. "She fell asleep just moments ago. She was actually trying to fight her sleep so she'd welcome you home." Samantha smiled and at least it was different than the cold gaze she had set up on me. This one was of fondness.

Tyler chuckles. "Sounds like Daff alright."

Turning to me Tyler nudges his head. "You've met Layla right? She's the girl who'll babysit Daff on Saturdays."

Samantha's eyes snap back to me almost reluctantly. She stares at me blankly before nodding. "She was here yesterday right?"

Despite her cold treatment I decided to force out a smile. It wavered when she turned her snotty nose away from me and regarded Tyler. "I'll go clean up the mess Daffodil left in the living room before I head out. Chef Bryce left some chicken pasta in the fridge for you to heat up."

After a few more words spewed out between the two, Samantha turns around and headed in the direction where presume was the living room.

Tyler turns to me. I keep my gaze forward while his burned at the side of my head. "Don't beat yourself up about it. Samantha hates every girl I bring here. In fact in her words, she'd rather I not waste my teenage years with random girls every day."

From my peripheral vision I saw him shrug.

I cleared my throat still not looking at him. "Can't imagine why she'd say that." I voiced out sarcastically.

"Those girls know what they signed up for way before I bring them to my bed. Just like you know what you signed up for." He says dryly and starts walking ahead towards the staircase.

"And don't I know it," I murmured softly and followed him up.

When his door is in my vision suddenly the pound of my heart can be heard in my ears and I wondered briefly if Tyler can also hear it.

It feels like something was weighing on my lungs, completely blocking any way for air as I entered his room following after him.

Tyler closes the door, locking it. His arms brush against mine as he walks around me and heads to his bed. He throws his bag on the foot of the bed but surprises me when he turns the bag I returned to him upside down, spilling all of its contents which were mostly lacy thongs and bras.

I stared at him confused with my throat parched.

He turns to me, foresty eyes ablaze with wicked amusement and something else, while the tug of his lips showed me he would enjoy whatever he was planning to do.

Reaching out for one of the lacy green thongs, Tyler lifts it up. "Change into these."

I should've known he wouldn't have let this go easily.

All the calm demeanor he showed while I gave him back the bag was all but a front. He was literally playing me into his hands.

What a....what a....

I was truly at a loss for words. Not quite expecting him to be so sleek.

Swallowing I crossed my arms under my breasts so I'd at least seem a little bit more put together and stubborn. "No," I tipped my chin up in defiance.

Tyler raised a brow and strides over to me in slow deliberate footsteps. "Really?"

My breathing suddenly pauses when he's beside me, his cologne and sweat swirling around me through the air." remember someone agreeing to always do as I say when it comes to the bedroom?"

"We're in my bedroom, aren't we?" Tyler asked with a cheeky grin that showed his dimple.

I tore my eyes away from him, trying to remain as stubborn as a mule. "I don't recall agreeing to such a thing."

He hums, eyes brightening as if he was enjoying this. "Well let me refresh your memory. Rule number two, you must do everything I say in and out of the bedroom."

I snap my gaze to his, narrowing them on his grin. "That's not how I remember it." I hissed.

"Oh?" He mocked, his eyes twinkling.

"Then do tell how you remember it Layla?" He mocked, lower lip sucking between his teeth so he'd not laugh.

I looked at him for a few silent moments then sighed heavily. "You're not going to give up are you?"

I already knew the answer and didn't really know why I needed confirmation from him.

He shook his head, a dazzling grin on his face. "Nope."

He lifts his hand with the lacy thong and dangled it in front of my face. "Now change into these." He places the thong on my head until it blocked half of my vision.

I reach up and grab the thong from my head, glaring at him hotly. "You're annoying."

He raised a brow. "Now that's not nice to say to the guy who's about to give you your best sexual experience, now is it?" He clicks his tongue as he taunts me.

I stared at him tongue tied, clutching the thin thong in my grip deathly. Tyler suddenly catches me off guard when he bends down, his breath feathering against my face as he whispers. "When I'm done with you Layla Campbell, you'll remember me for years, you'll remember everything I will ever do to your body. This isn't a brag, this is just facts."

I narrowed my eyes at his cocky face and finally found my words. "Then I hope you can live up to your words, Tyler." I stressed on his name, practically mocked it honestly.

His eyes danced, not taking my jab to heart.

"Oh baby, I know I can." He whispered

The way he referred to me had the air rushing out of my lungs and my body freezing. Tyler doesn't seem to notice and nudges his head to a door to the left.

"That's the bathroom, you can change in there."

I only just nodded. his words had completely startled me into lack of speech.

for the door but when I was halfway, Tyler stops me. I turn around to see him beside his bed now, holding up a see through lacy bra that matched with the thong he just gave me.

Thuahed. What had I really gotten myself into?

He tosses the bra towards me with a cheeky smile that flashed his dimple. "Here don't forget this. Unless...you want to go completely bra-less? Cause I would have no problems with that. In fact, I'd suggest it. It's always good to let them get some air."

Thuffed, catching the bra before it smacked my face. Scowling at him, I turned around and walked towards the door all the while gritting my teeth to the point they started to hurt.

Tyler was very infuriating and one could lose their patience with him in a matter of seconds.

But he had proven himself. I had a spark of inspiration and I knew that had to do with the kiss he and I shared yesterday.

So I entered his fancy bathroom, surprised to take the smell of lavender. Guys don't usually go for that scent, finding it too feminine.

There seems to be more to Tyler than what meets the eye.

Sighing with the lacy thong and bra in my hand, I strut over to the mirror and peered at myself.

No wonder Tyler used me as a source of his amusement moments ago. I was so flustered and red, that I could surely be mistaken for a firetruck. There were more things that were redder than a firetruck I was sure.

But right now my brain was too mugged with thoughts about what was going to happen when I change out of these green undergarments to even care about how I was referring to my red cheeks.

I pinched the material between my fingers, feeling how thin they were. They felt like silk too, the expensive kind. And surely I would never see myself ever wearing one because they would never be within my budget.

place them down on the marble clean counter and then with a staggering breath began to undress. I kicked off my converse when I was completely naked and just stared at myself for a while.

Before I would never be so bold. Especially to undress in a guy's bathroom with him in the same room, just mere feet away

A guy who's going to show me things I wouldn't dare say out loud.

I knew what I signed up for. And knew why I signed it. This was for my future in erotica writing. This was my career, my life. So with that thought held in my head every time I contemplate whether to stop or not, I began to change into the lacy green thong.

It fit me well and showed off too many ass cheeks in my opinion but I suppose it was to be expected with a very thin rope snuggled between the buttcheeks.

But what shocked me was that the bra size was correct. It fit me so well that my breasts didn't scream for release, instead snuggled against the material.

"Are you done in there, Layla?" A knock on the door and a very husky tone yelled outside the door.

I opened my mouth to respond but Tyler had already barged in before I could.

Tyler knew that he liked the color green. But seeing Layla covered with green lace, well, now he definitely knew why he laved the color so much.

Her body, even though it was just the side he could see for now, it managed to have him stir in his pants. His gaze roamed down her legs, for a girl not that tall, her legs were long.