

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 36

Layla's pov

"Where's Tyler?" Samantha questioned with a pitch of accusation in her voice.

I wince inwardly. That woman clearly didn't like me.

I cleared my throat embarrassed and felt the beginning of a blush as I answered. "He's taking a shower and would be out soon. He told me to watch Daff still?"

The blush on my cheeks rages as Samantha looks at me like she knew exactly what Tyler and I were doing in his room Every single detail.

She points her nose up snottily and moves her gaze from my face as if I were a mere peasant that needed scrubbing her shoes.

"Well whatever. I would've stayed longer but I do need to get going. Come." She says blandly and starts walking away.

Unsure of whether to follow or not, I nearly trip when she turns around to look me over her shoulder. With a thin arched brow, she grumbles unkindly. "Well?"

I smiled in humiliation and rushed over to catch up to her. But Samantha seem intent to make sure I was feet away from her as though the mere presence of me any closer to her would somehow poison her.

"Daffodil is in her room." She said over her shoulder, but this time she hadn't bothered to look at me.

Was I supposed to answer to that?

"She doesn't do well with strangers," Her words come out bland as she turns to look me over her shoulder with narrowed eyes. "Especially with girls who seek only her brother's attention."

I bit my tongue at her insult, clearly, she was trying to rile me up. I've taken far worst over the years from others. Her petty words can't harm me.

She lets out a breath that sounds like a humph as I hadn't answered her. Clearly, she was expecting me to deny her claims or at least argue against them.

But I doubted anything would ever make the woman see me in a better light. So why waste my time?

Samantha leads me to a white wooden door with a drawing of a fairy colored on what looks like white paper taped to the surface.

"Just to warn you, she can be a bit fussy when she has just woken up," Samantha utters and opens the door which revealed a very bright pink room.

It was sort of a room I'd dreamed about when I was younger. A little girls dream room honestly.

Opening the door wider, Samantha leans against the frame while turning to me. "I suggest you at least get to know her than spending time with her brother. One might think you're 'babysitting him than her."

I stiffen at her words, not because they stung but because they got me irritated.

With her eyes burning at the side of my face she asked. "Do your parents even know what their daughter is up to at this hour during a school night?"

The sun was still out so it wasn't quite nighttime yet. But I saw no use in correcting her

But my composure cracked, shattered and managed to mingle into the air with blatant anger.

I turn to her, still not fully inside Daff's room as I cut her with my cold words. "Your job is to babysit the girl in this room, not to mind my business that has nothing to do with you. Now since your job is done now and you did sound like you were in a hurry, why don't you just leave and leave it to me?"

Samantha looks quite shocked by my words, in fact a little again and I'd say I had successfully rendered her speechless. But that wasn't the case because a second later, her eyes turn to annoyance and her lips curled

"Well you're awfully rude." She humphs, with a tilt of her chin. I narrowed my eyes on her face. She would've been considered pretty if she wasn't so vile. "And you're awfully nosey." jabbed back.

Her eyes turn to slits of rage and if she was a cartoon, her ears would no doubt be sending out smoke. But she quickly regains her composure as if she'd been trained to do so.

And with a snort and an arrogant walk in her step, she turns around before boldly letting out over her shoulder. "I will not stoop so low with the likes of you, especially since he'll get rid of you just like the others. Girls like you don't last very long here." And with her parting words, Samantha disappears down the hall.

I looked at where she disappeared wondering why she seemed to hate me for no reason in particular.

"Well aren't you going to come in?" A little voice yawned from inside the room. I turn to her, smiling as she lets out another yawn while stretching out her arms above her head.

I took a step in.

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She moved the dark pink covers over her legs and pointed at a shelf with a few teddy bears. One in particular was a rabbit and it was that one her finger led to

"Can you take Mr. Snuggles for me please?" She asked politely.

She didn't seem like someone who was in a foul mood at all.

"Mr. Snuggles?" I smiled, walking over to the shelf with the stuffed animals.

I reached over for the rabbit. "Is it this one?"

She nods, her lips nearly splitting her face in half as she smiles. "My dad thinks I'm too grown for him but he gives me comfort. Ty Ty says it's the first teddy mom ever bought for me.

I walked over to the bed to hand her the stuffed rabbit. It was cute which was perfect for her.

"I heard what Samantha told you. She can be a big meanie." She sighs, grabbing her rabbit and holding it to her side.

I nodded, agreeing with her. "I have to agree with you on that one Daff." I smiled.

Daff and I spoke for what I presume was more than ten minutes, before her brother shows up, still visibly wet from the shower and obviously hadn't bothered to dry up properly seeing as the shirt had patches of wetness as he throws it over his head and fixes it on his body.

I gulped, looking away as I remembered what I saw and what happened in the bathroom. "Now Daff, what craziness are you feeding Layla over here?" Tyler joked entering the room with a huge grin as he regarded his sister.

Daff's smile blossomed on her face. "That I'm feeling hungry and she should definitely stay for dinner."

My eyes widen. She had said the first part, but she had definitely not uttered the second.