

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 37

Layla’s pov

“Oh no no no. I wouldn’t want to impose

I began to shake my head, backing away from her bed. Why did Daffodil have to put me on the spot like that?

“Don’t be silly, you won’t! Tyler and I wouldn’t mind. Besides, it gets lonely around here

“Hey I’m always here,” Tyler argues.

Daff rolls her eyes. “You’re always busy talking on the phone with girls. And when dad gets here you disappear.”

Tyler had the audacity to look guilty.

I shook my head.

Daff’s lips fix into a very cute pout. “Besides you don’t play with my barbie dolls with me, neither dress up.”

” As I remember, I did play dress up with you

“Once! And that time you whined about me putting too much red lipstick on your lips.” Daffodil rolls her eyes seeming to get irritated by her brother.

“Well it’s no wonder I stopped” Tyler grumbled lowly.

I gave Tyler a look that told him to stop being mean to his sister. He sighed, mumbling something about girls always teaming up against him.

Suddenly Daffodil shifts around to the edge of the bed and then slips down to the floor until her feet land on the surface.

“Hey, Ty Ty?” She asked, her arm still around her stuffed rabbit.

Tyler grinned. “You want Yogurt and granola don’t you?”

With a giddy smile, Daffodil nods.

Tyler turned around and said over his shoulder. “Well let’s go to the kitchen then. I’ll heat up the dinner chef Bryce left for us too.”

Tyler was already out of the door with Daff following closely behind him when he yelled over his shoulder. “You too Layla. Come on!”

“Yeah come on Layla!” Daff giggled.

I couldn’t help it when a smile stretched on my lips as I follow the siblings to the kitchen.

When we do get to the kitchen, it was so spotless and clean that I didn’t want to walk in with my dirty converse.

“You must try granola in yogurt Layla. It is to die for!” Daff chirps as her brother helps her on a stool.

| awkwardly stand beside the kitchen island, not sure if I’m allowed to sit on one of the stools that look like they cost more than the TV at home.

“Really?” I asked, kind of not trusting her judgment since she was a little kid. They tend to exaggerate on how good things are only for the said thing to not be so good after all.

Daff nods, and places her rabbit on the island. “Yep. Tyler make another bowl for her too.”

For a little girl, she seemed pretty bossy

It was amusing really

Tyler turns to me while opening the fridge. “You want one Layla?” He asked politely.

| awkwardly look away from him because staring at him for too long seemed to get my body temperature up.

37

I shrugged. “I’ll try it.”

I listen to Daff talk until she stops when her brother slides the bowl of granola and yogurt her way. She looked rather excited to dig in, her eyes identical to Tyler’s wide and her tongue darting out to lick her lower lip.

I nearly giggle at how fast she grasp the spoon in the bowl and dug in. She looked like she was in heaven when she pushed that spoon into her mouth.

I hear the sound of a bowl scraping a hard surface and looked down. “Here. It’s on the house.” Tyler joked.

I rolled my eyes yet look skeptical at the bowl. It wasn’t like it looked unappetizing. It was just that I never tried it before and was never one to experiment with food.

But I trusted that Daff wouldn’t intentionally give me poison so I grab the spoon and collected a good bit of that yogurt and pushed it inside my mouth.

It was good.

Really good.

I moved the spoon out of my mouth, and dart my tongue out to lick the little of the yogurt that remained on the spoon.

I lift my eyes from the bowl when I hear a low groan.

Tyler kept his gaze on her, waiting for her reaction when she taste the yogurt with granola.

But he later regretted that decision when he soon found himself in a trance as he watch her slowly bring the spoon to her lips.

The same lips he had devoured upstairs.

He watch her open her mouth to allow the spoon in and Tyler’s cock shifted.

He wanted to groan aloud.

How can one simple action cause his cock to stir so badly.

So badly that he seemed to not have control of the damn thing, as if he was still a little boy.

But when he thought the battle with himself was over Layla takes out the spoon and as if in slow motion darts her tongue out and licks off the excess yogurt on the silver spoon slowly.

So slowly that Tyler’s mind replaced the spoon with the image of his cock and Tyler groaned lowly.

This was torture.

Pure torture.

Something must truly be wrong with him.

One girl cannot have him so. He refuses to believe it.

tttttt

Layla’s pov

I’m confused as I stare at Tyler’s dazed eyes. They were stuck on my mouth.

“So how does it taste Layla? Was it good?” Daff chirps and she sounded like she had a mouthful of yogurt and granola in her mouth

Her voice breaks me out of my confusion as I rip my eyes away from Tyler to stare ai her.

I nodded, putting the spoon back into the bowl to collect some more while I replied, “It really was. I’m surprised, I hadn’t expected it to taste so good.” I admitted.

“Oh God” Tyler suddenly groaned as if he was in pain

That made me bring back my attention to him, but he had also collected his sister’s attention

.. . WWW.

WWWWWWWWww WWWWWWWWW

wwwwwww www.wwwwwwwwwww.

wwwwwwwwwwwww. www.www...

EE

18

I’m startled to see his gaze had not ripped from my lips.

w

“Is something wrong Ty Ty?” Daff asked with a hint of worry.

Daffodil’s question perhaps was the one to pull him out of the daze because he cleared his throat and awkwardly scratched the back of his head. “No I’m okay Daff. Just a little frustrated at the moment.”

I raise my brows. Frustrated?

It seems not only I thought him confusing because Daff replied with a confused. “What?”

“Why are you frustrated?”

Tyler shook his head. “Nothing Daff. You two better eat up. Afterward, we’ll go drop off Layla.” He says and turns around to walk towards the fridge.

| quickly notice how his body seems rigid with tension.

,

\*\*

\*

\*\*\*\*\*

l’

l

Tyler refuses to have his cock hard the entire time they’ll have dinner. And if his sister would have it, Layla would surely stay until she finishes watching five children’s movies with her.

He cannot have his cock hard this long. This time the thing might actually fall off.

No. Layla had to go.

And hopefully, when she does he could regain his composure and by tomorrow or later, he wouldn’t be like a preteen boy in her mere presence anymore.

“What? But Layla promised to stay for dinner Tyler.” Daffodil whined.

Tyler winced inwardly and clenched his eyes tightly. Damn it. His full name. She was mad at him.

“I’m sure Layla has more important things to do at home than sitting with the two of us just to eat some dinner.” He murmured, hoping and praying that Layla would actually agree to go after she finishes that yogurt and granola.