

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 50

Layla's pov

My cheeks flushed with the heat of embarrassment as I stared at Mr. Wood.

Was my face the same shade as my lipgloss no w?

"Yes, I did." I lied, shifting on my feet nervously.

He didn't look convinced and turned around slightly to look at Tyler when he stood beside him.

Theld my breath, not really ready to look at Tyler directly as yet. But I can feel his stare piercing my face, eyeing me intently. It feels... weird to be in his presence after what we did last night.

"Make sure to give her some breakfast Tyler before you leave. I'll see you later or any day I'm not so busy." Mr. Wood said with a crooked smile before leaving.

I hear his murmuring as he spoke to the man by the stairs.

I had no choice but to sweep my gaze to Tyler who was leaning against the doorframe with his toned arms crossed over his chest. He had no shirt on and the sweats he wore were hanging so low on his waist.

My mouth goes a bit dry at the sight.

"You're early." He said and his words draw me away from the sight of his toned stomach and to the wicked playful gleam in his eyes.

His white teeth flashed as his upper lip lifted in a smooth smirk when I didn't answer as quickly.

Clearing my throat, I looked over his shoulder and shifted on my feet. "I thought I'd get used to the place a bit and perhaps be more familiarized with my role before being alone with Daff. Kind of need to know if there are important things I should know about her."

"Hmmm. All I hear is Daff and no Tyler. Makes me feel like you only came here for her." I knew he was teasing, it was clear with the teasing wicked smile on his face.

But it didn't stop me from blushing. Furiously.

Tyler chuckled lowly, his eyes dancing as he moves away from the doorframe and ushers me in. "Come on cherry face, father gave me an order to feed you before I go."

I bit my bottom lip, drawing it into my mouth as I walk forward. Before I could enter in fully, Tyler leans forward a bit and with a very teasing voice utters playfully.

"He didn't say with what though. But I have a couple of ideas."

I sucked in my breath, completely aware that the words had a sexual meaning behind them.

Tyler chuckles and ushers me inside. "You're so flushed!" He laughs when I pass him and enter in fully.

I rolled my eyes, fighting more of the heat that wanted to paint my cheeks in red. "That's because

I walked here."

Well it had some part in making my face red, but it was obvious it was Tyler's words that had me

furiously blushing.

"No, I took the bus. I walked from the gate to here. Wasn't an easy task." I said, turning to look at him over my shoulder as he closes the door..

He looks relieved at my words but then knitted his brows. "I should've offered you a ride. I wasn't thinking, sorry

"It's fine really. "I shook my head and smiled. "I needed that little exercise."

Tyler swept his gaze over my frame and bit his bottom lip. "I don't think you do. Seriously

"So is Daff awake?" I asked, cutting him off because I knew that gleam in his eyes. It was the one he had given me in the bathroom while he stared at my half naked body.

Hunger.

Tyler's lips lifted slightly, he knew why I cut him off but didn't call me out on it. "Daff is still asleep. Come." He said walking ahead of me.

I was grateful that he hadn't mentioned last night yet, because truly I wasn't ready for that awkwardness so early in the morning.

He led me to the kitchen where there was a dark skinned man with a chef's hat and uniform whipping up something on the stove.

He turns around when he hears us entering the kitchen fully and smiles at me friendly.

"Bryce meet Layla, Layla meet the number one chef in the world." Tyler introduces us.

"Good morning." I greeted and smiled at the friendly man, liking the fact that he and Tyler seem to be close.

Tyler walks over to him and pats him on the back. "Whatever you're whipping up there Bryce please make sure to feed this beast over here." Tyler points at my stomach jokingly.

Bryce, who had warm brown eyes narrowed them at Tyler and with a lifted brow pointed out. "Monster you say? That wasn't what you were saying just a while ago mate."

Tyler moved his hand away from Bryce and chuckled with a nervous edge.

I looked at the two confused, yet intrigued to know what Tyler had said about me.

"Just told him you would be the one babysitting Daff today. Nothing else." He cleared his throat again and sent Bryce a sharp warning glare that told me there was more to the story.

"Uh huh." Bryce said dryly and goes back to whipping up what smells like sausage.

"Hope you like sausage and some french toast Layla." Bryce said over his shoulder. Upon bring his words, my belly grumbles, this time not so loudly as before. I just realized how

truly hungry I was when the smell of the sausage fluttered to my nose.

"Oh Layla definitely likes sausage. The big ones. Isn't that right Layla?" Tyler looked over at me with a slight lift in his brow as he taunted me over the counter.

Feeling flustered, I stammered out a yes which he smiled to.

"While we wait, want something to drink? Some orange juice perhaps?" Tyler asked, looking like he was going to ease up on the teasing for a bit. Hopefully.

I didn't know how much redder I can get. Seriously I fear I look like a fire truck by now.

"Or should I give you a tour of the house so you'll be more familiarized with the place?" He stressed on the word familiarized, his eyes having a teasing glint swirling within them.

"What you should do is put on a shirt in front of the young lady mate." Bruce snorted.

Tyler's eyes twinkled as his lips parted even more into a smirk as he stared at me deeply. "But Layla doesn't mind. Do you Layla?"