

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 53

Layla’s pov

“Uh, no I don’t mind,” I was rather thankful that I hadn’t stammered. But not the same can be said for the flaring of heat I felt on my cheeks.

Look away from him Layla.

My eyes moved away from Tyler’s bare upper half and they settle themselves on the countertop as if it was the most magnificent thing in the room.

It wasn’t, sure it was expensive but someone else looked more appealing than marble.

After a few teases here and there, Bryce passes both Tyler and me a plate filled with sausages and french toast.

The smell of the sausages was mouth watering and my belly surely agreed with me by growling, very loudly.

The entire room went silent and I was aware of the eyes on me just a mere second after or perhaps even before that.

“Had you not eaten before coming here Layla?” Tyler asked, sounding concerned which shocked me slightly.

I looked at him and nervously sat down on the stool before answering. “I did.” I lied smoothly and truly deserved a pat on the back for sounding so true when I was not.

Sadly, my acting skills were too farfetched because Tyler didn’t seem to believe me. At least he didn’t call me out on my bullshit. He just merely gave me a look that quite showed he knew that I had lied and just nodded.

“Then it must not have been a heavy meal. Go on eat up, I have to show you around before Daffodil wakes up.” He said the corner of his lip lifted slightly into a tiny grin that held secrets and intrigued me.

I don’t question him about it, knowing he wouldn’t tell me, well the truth at least. After a few days of knowing Tyler and I already knew some of his character.

He liked to tease, he like to trap you with his words and he liked to take control of one’s body.

That grin was mischievous, blatantly so. Which meant he had something up his sleeve.

My heart skipped a little at the thought but I calmed myself down. That grin may have meant nothing at all. And maybe he had nothing up his sleeve.

I was only just reading into things way too much.

Tyler lifted a brow, removing the fork out of his mouth and that’s when I realized I had been staring at him far too long because he teased. “Unless you rather eat my lips instead? You seem so transfixed by it.”

I shook my head, embarrassingly removing my gaze from the sight of his mouth and focusing them on the sausage neatly set on the plate before me.

“You should stop teasing her mate, before she gets extremely red.” Bryce laughed with a snort.

Tyler chuckled and from the corner of my eye, I see him lifting up his fork with a piece of sausage and biting into it. “I find myself liking that color on her, you can’t blame me for wanting to see more.”

I should not have piled my hair into a bun because now, I needed those strands to block my face from the view of Tyler’s and to hide my heated cheeks that I knew were as red as the lipgloss on my lips.

I placed the glass almost empty of the blackcurrant juice on the surface of the counter and looked over at chef Bryce with a grateful smile. “Thank you for the breakfast.”

I was full. For the first time in months, I was full.

If there were not anyone in the room with me, I’d surely shed a tear or two .

But right now it would serve as making me look a bit strange. So I held my emotions at bay.

Chef Bryce nods and smiles happily. “Hope you enjoyed every last bite.”

I nodded, smiling widely as I responded truthfully. “I did.”

“Okay now that we both are done, this calls for that little house tour.” Before I could even mutter an answer Tyler’s hand was already on mine, pulling me away from the stool and the kitchen entirely.

“Thank you again!” I shout a little at chef Bryce who had a huge grin while watching Tyler practically drag me out of the kitchen.

I look forward and huffed. “That was so rude. You have no manners at all. You could have at least let me excuse myself properly.”

I told Tyler while his grip around my hand becomes a bit more firm. The feel of the slight pressure makes me finally realize what was happening.

Tyler was holding my hand!

His warm hand feels rather.....strange holding mine. It didn’t help that I felt a bit strange myself.

Hearing my words, Tyler turned to look down at me. I kept my gaze forward, yet felt the weight of his stare on me heavily. “You did your hair.”

Suddenly I felt shy and darted my eyes around to look as nonchalant as possible. “I just brushed it.” I lifted a shoulder in a barely there shrug.

“It’s still different than your usual.” He noted, leading me to the flight of stairs.

We were going upstairs!

And he still hadn’t let go of my hand. Perhaps he had not realized he still had a hold of it.

I tugged my hand slightly as I respond casually. “I just felt like brushing it today.”

His grip around my hand tightens when he felt my tug and my heart did a strange flip in my chest. “I like your wild curls.” He said squeezing my hand which was an odd thing to do since it suggested more than what we both bargained for.

He must’ve realized what he had done because he cleared his throat and let go of my hand awkwardly.

“Should you not have shown me downstairs first?” I asked, wanting to remove the awkward tension.

“There’s nothing much to see downstairs and you’d get around fairly quickly. Upstairs are just bedrooms, a study, a library and a few bathrooms. It’s vague here too. Nothing much to see.” He admitted, now walking ahead of me and I’m almost distracted by how taut his butt looked in those sweats.

Since when was I a butt girl?

In fact since when do I ever pay attention to the male species this much?

But then my brows knit as I realized his words. “You sound like you’re not going to give me that tour.” I accused. The way he spoke, I could tell a tour was the last thing on his mind.

Then why bring me up here?

He answered my pending question with a low rumbling chuckle. “ You’re a smart girl Layla. Why else would I bring you upstairs if not to finish what we started last night?”