

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 62

Tyler washed his hands under the warm running water and groaned. His cum had been really thick this time and he was surprised by how much had been on his hand.

He gritted his teeth.

His body was changing, that's all that he can think of that can explain what was happening to him since meeting Layla. That was the only explanation, perhaps he was going through some kind of late puberty spurt thing.

Yeah that's it...

He shook his head. It seems Layla had also made him a bit dumb too with his sudden thoughts.

He washes his hand clean of his sperm and when done, walked back to his room where he picked up his phone and rang Brett.

Only five rings in and Brett picks up. "Where you at man? left ten minutes ago and Riley said she's riding with you today."

Tyler breathed out an irritated breath through his nose and couldn't resist the urge to pinch the bridge. "I'm not late Brett, just running a bit slow today. I'll be there for the race don't worry. And have Riley know I ride alone."

"Tyler said he's a sole driver he doesn't like babes in the car while he makes other racers eat his dust," Brett said but Tyler knew it wasn't him he was talking to but Riley who was probably in the car with Brett.

Tyler rolled his eyes. He hated when Brett tagged along clingy girls to the races and all but throw them Tyler's way when they got him annoyed. Tyler didn't feel up to put up with any girl right now .

Well.....

Except for Layla...

The sound of Brett laughing in his ears had him rearing back to reality.

"Look I will meet you on the tracks in a few. And no I'm not bringing a hot babe along." Tyler grumbles and ends the call before Brett could respond.

He pushed the phone into his pocket and walked to his walk in closet and got dressed to look more presentable.

He wasn't sporting a hard cock anymore so he was definitely on the right track to being a bit more presentable than he was when Layla was in the room.

Tyler grumbled under his breath when for the first time in

his life, he didn't feel the excitement of racing but actually wanted to stay home and be with Layla.

And he found it odd that he wouldn't even have cared if they barely talk, he'd be satisfied just by looking at her and being in her presence.

Tyler shook his head. Something was definitely off with him for sure.

After being dressed fully, Tyler stormed to his sister's room, knowing the girl who tormented him without so much as a break would be inside.

Of course she'd be, he was the one who sent her there!

Tyler scratch his jaw. He couldn't wait to get outside of the house and focus on his race, perhaps then, he'd focus on something else other than Layla.

Layla's pov

I watch Daff jump on the balls of her feet as she recalls details of the dream she had last night. She gives very vivid details about what she wore and what I wore.

It was a kid's imagination, a dream, yet I found my throat parched and my heart leaping strangely as she tells me how pretty I looked in white and how her brother had

looked at me,

Daff didn't quite know me yet, properly I mean, and yet, she dreamt of Tyler and I getting married?

My heart fluttered.

Why did my heart flutter?

I sat down on her soft bed, watching her jump around while continuing to tell me about her dream. She sounded so happy, so carefree like a child should. Her happiness rubbed off on me and I found myself with a small smile the entire time she recalled her dream.

But then that smile wobbles in nervousness when her brother joins us. The same brother who had his head between my thighs and tongue deep inside me a couple of minutes ago.

I looked away from him shyly. Which was an odd thing for me to do when I had been anything but shy in his room. Flushed, yes, but shy, no.

I felt his burning stare on my face as he walks into the room. "What are you blabbering about Daff?" He jokes,

Daff notices her brother right away and turns around with a huge radiant smile on her face. She runs over to him and

my eyes followed her.

Tyler picks her up and squeezes her to him. I couldn't stop the small smile from spreading on my face.

"I dreamt of your wedding last night Ty Ty and I was the flower girl. I was super cute and pretty." Daff squealed.

I lift my hand over my mouth to stifle the giggle that wanted to come out.

Tyler's eyes shift in amusement as he grinned. "I bet you were. Though I'm curious about the lucky girl who managed to snatch me in your dream." He joked, looking at his sister lovingly.

"Yo u vere getting married to Layla silly

Daff lets out a little squeal when Tyler nearly dropped her. He catches her quickly before she toppled to the floor.

He murmurs out an apology as he sets her down on her feet safely. Her words had completely taken him off guard, the same way they had done to me. But his was worst, he looked completely disheveled in his thoughts as his eyes quickly snapped up to meet mine.

He looks away just as quickly and I could've sworn I saw the blush of light pink on his cheeks as he crouched down with

his hand on his sister's shoulder while speaking to her.

"Don't give Layla too much trouble Daff. When I get back we'll have that animation movie marathon like you asked me for yesterday." He promised her.

Daffodil nods quickly. "I promise to be on my best behavior Ty Ty. Oh what about the surprise?" Her voice pitched with excitement.

Tyler cleared his throat and rose to his feet. "Well...the surprise is Layla." He nudged his head my way yet kept his gaze on his sister.

"Oh. Then that was a really good surprise." Daff said to be polite though we both knew she wasn't at all surprised to see me here since she was expecting me after all.

Tyler nods and I could see the wince on his face.

Then little Daff's hands land on her hip as she scowls. "I heard Layla crying in your room, well the sound wasn't crying but it sounded close. Did you do something to her Ty Ty? I'll tell dad if you did."