

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 63

Layla's pov

Tyler's face sketched into one of shock as he stared at his little sister. For what feels like hours, he just stared at her completely speechless.

Then it seems a miracle had happened because after clearing his throat, he answers with a bit of hesitation.

"Layla had stubbed her toe and I was only trying to help her." He lied through his teeth and lifted his hand in his hair.

Daffodil didn't look convinced.

"Hey Daff, I need to get going, I'll see you later okay?" He rushed out and met my eyes quickly.

"I'll be back in a few hours. Daff has no allergies so she can eat anything. Bryce leaves at eleven forty five or a bit later than that so lock the doors when he is gone. Also, help yourself to anything in the fridge. I'll be back in a few hours. "He informed and said goodbye to his sister again before leaving.

Daff turns around and smiles sadly. "Want to watch Dora with me?" She asked.

I smiled, a bit shaky since this was actually my first time babysitting another human being. What if she hurts herself? Do I call 911 or take her to the hospital myself?

But I can't drive.. ..

Nor did I have a car either...

911 it will be then.

"How about we go downstairs so you can eat your breakfast and then we'll watch Dora? Sounds good?" I grinned when her eyes lost the sad gleam.

Daff nods quickly, a bright smile on her face as she agrees.

Tyler slammed the car door roughly, not bothering to acknowledge the few girls who were fawning over him when they noticed his presence.

He gritted his teeth a bit peeved at the attention he was getting from them. Something about their giggles, their stares and the way they basically undressed him didn't sit right with him all of sudden.

Which was funny because not just a few days ago Tyler had loved the attention. It made it easier for him to pick and

choose which one he'd rather go out with after his races. And sometimes he chose more than two.

But now....their attention had a strange feeling crawling on his skin.

Was it disgust? Perhaps so.

"Hey Tyler," A blonde haired girl called out softly as she reaches out to touch his shoulder while he walks through the throng of people waiting on the races.

He winces but nods to not be so rude as he brushes her off.

Her heard her mutter something under her breath but he cared little of what she had said.

Instead he made his way to his best friend where he was sure he stood with a group of girls like his usual. And he was right.

As soon as he caught a glimpse of his friend, he also saw the many girls surrounding him. Tyler shook his head. This was so like Brett.

But Tyler didn't want to call the kettle black because he was exactly like Brett, though somehow today he didn't want to entertain those girls who fawn over him.

He made his way over to his grinning friend who had his arms slung over two girls shoulders.

"Dude you were almost late. What took you so long? Usually you are here before I am." Brett snorted, leaving the girls side to fist bump him and slap him on the back.

One of the girls looked at Tyler seductively and darted her tongue out to swipe against her lower lip. He suppose it was to look seductive, but the move only made a flash of Layla's mouth trouble his mind.

Tyler cleared his throat, trying to rid the images of Layla in his mind as he responded." Had something to take care of before I could come here. It couldn't wait."

What he said wasn't a lie at all. He did have something to do before coming here and surely eating Layla's pussy could not have waited.

As bizarre as it sounds, Tyler didn't think he'd be able to cope with not having to eat her pussy.

"Man you look lost." Brett slapped his shoulder and then pulled him to the throng of girls.

Tyler wanted to protest, it was on the tip of his tongue actually. But he reared it back because it wouldn't be like him to.

And he definitely didn't want Brett to know the odd changes in his body, not even he understood himself.

"Heaven Tyler, just how you like it." Brett urged him to go forward into the circle of girls that use to tempt him. Now....

He didn't know

He just didn't feel up to it.

But to not raise confusion and suspicion in his best friend, Tyler only just shrugs and allows himself to get surrounded in different kinds of perfume.

His skin itch oddly and he had the strongest urge to push the girls away as they push themselves impossibly closer to him.

He resisted the need to roll his eyes and grit his teeth. To distract himself from what would have been the most welcoming sight and feeling but now only nauseated him somehow, Tyler draw his attention to his best friend who was now distracted by a fawning girl.

"When will the races start?" He questioned Brett and couldn't stop the pop in his jaw when he felt fingers brush the fine hairs on his arm.

This normally would've boosted his ego. But even his ego

was down and the sucker was never down.

"In about eight minutes. They're already setting up everything. Gregory didn't show up so who you will be racing today is still a blank slate. I don't think any mother fucker will step up to race you." Brett snorted, sending a cheeky smile Tyler's way.

Tyler smirked, knowing that smile more than anything. "Except for you of course." He raised a brow to taunt Brett.

Brett chuckled, winking while slinging an arm over a girl's shoulder. "You know if no one has the balls enough I'd, unfortunately, have to make you eat my dust."

Tyler nearly roared with laughter. "Man you talk shit. You know you can never beat me." Tyler snorted.

Brett throws a hand over his heart to feign a look of hurt. "What best friend you are to insult my racing capabilities." He joked knowing fully well in all their races Tyler always comes first.

Though he admit Brett could actually beat him if he took the races more serious. But this was just a sport for Brett just like football was to him.

Tyler and Brett laughed and Tyler forced himself to drink in this moment but even so, he couldn't stop his mind from

wandering to Layla and wondering how she was coping

with Daff

But what he wondered more was if her mind was stained with thoughts of him too.