

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 67

Layla's pov

Daffodil had just taken a bath and had already eaten her lunch about an hour ago. Chef Bryce had already left so it was only Daff and me in the house.

I pass the comb through Daff's slightly wet hair. She hugged her bunny and giggled at the movie playing on the screen.

Wewere watching Finding Nemo and apparently, that was one of her favorite movies. She had so many favorites that I had lost count of how many.

After making sure that her hair was free of all tangles, I began to plait her hair. I marveled at how soft her hair was and how much it reminded me of her brother's.

A yawn came from her lips and I felt a small smile curve on my face. "Are you tired?" I asked softly, running my fingers on the little troublesome hairs at the sides.

I never had a younger sibling and it was kind of nice taking care of someone else that wasn't my mother.

She nods softly and lets out another yawn. "I am. I want to go for a nap." She lets out another yawn while hugging her bunny even closer to her. I nod.

"Do you normally go for a nap at this time?" I asked in curiosity, getting off the chair

"Sometimes. I always get sleepy when someone's combing my hair." She giggles.

"Oh so then it's my fault you're so tired?" I joked, helping her up from the cushion. I picked it up and set it back on the sofa neatly.

Daff giggles, placing her bunny on the other side of her waist and looked up at me. "You're going to be my sister one day. I just know it!" She smiles, seeming to be pleased with herself.

I swallowed harshly and was tempted to look away from her. I would hate to disappoint her....

"Daff I

I stopped. I couldn't tell a five year old that her brother and I would never, ever happen. It would break her little heart and crush the little dream she had of us.

"The other girls never cared to comb my hair or talk to me when they were here. They were only focused on my big brother." She said sadly.

My heart squeezed and I smiled at Daffodil while brushing my palm over her head. "Well then, they surely missed out on such a lovely girl. Their loss."

And they really did. Spending time with Daff was fun and she was not at all troublesome. She was well behaved and it was obvious that she was brought up well.

Babysitting her was an easy task and I was proud to say that there were no accidents thus far.

Daff smiled and after I put off the television we both walked upstairs to her bedroom where once she snuggled in her covers, fell asleep within seconds of closing her eyes.

I smiled at her small little figure in the bed and throw the covers over her. "Thank you for being my friend Layla." She mumbled in her sleep and snuggled closer to her bunny and pillow.

I brushed some troublesome strands from her face and sighed. "Thank you for being a sweet little girl Daff," I whispered, smiling as I got ready to leave.

But then a vibration from my phone startled me. Daff shifts and I backed away quickly not wanting the vibration to disturb her sleep.

Closing the door behind me softly, I pulled out the phone from my pocket. A row of notifications had my phone going ballistic.

I swiped my thumb down over the cracked screen of my phone

and the notifications showcased in front of my eyes.

I sighed heavily with slight fear and anxiety, already knowing what to expect. They were notifications from my readers.

Mimi270: When are you going to update!!? This is taking way too long!

Seraphin: Updates are slow, and chapters are way too short.

0445: Stop dragging the story! So annoying.

Lucy11: Take your time author, can't wait to see how this story unfolds.

Qiluiny: Oh My God, I need more!!

I smiled at that one. It always feels so good to know that some readers enjoy my work enough to want more. Unfortunately, I still wasn't sure I was ready yet to go back to writing.

Sure Tyler was showing me a good bit...

"You're so sweet Layla. You taste even better than I imagined."

I shivered as that little flashback popped into my head.

In fact, Tyler was showing me a lot. But I still didn't have that spark of inspiration to write.

Sighing loudly, I walked down the hall while scrolling through the endless notifications. My heart throbs a bit when I got bad comments from impatient readers but then it lightens as soon as I read those who were positive and uplifting.

Pressing my lips together, I hummed and then clicked on Google docs. My eyes swept over my words. It feels as if it was another person who had written them.

Those words don't feel like me anymore.

I sighed heavily and looked up. Tyler's room is just a few steps ahead. He wasn't home and might not be until a few more hours. What would be the harm in going into his room without him being here? He'd never know and it wasn't like I'd be snooping or trying to steal anything.

I just had an idea that maybe if I go into his room, where he showed me how good it feels to be wanted, then maybe, just maybe I'd be able to write a few chapters today.

I looked back at Daff's door. I had no idea how long she takes her naps. What if she catches me in her brother's room while he wasn't there? Would she tell on me, hate me, call the cops? A five year old can call the cops right?

I shook my head. I'd be quick.

I hadn't locked it. When the door opens, I couldn't help but do a tiny dance.

I entered and I'm instantly hit in the face with the smell of Tyler's aftershave. I had no clue what the scent was, only that somehow it comforted me.

I closed the door behind me and heard the satisfying click before I walked over to his bed. It was huge and looked comfortable.

It was wrong for me to be in here, but was it bad and totally strange that here was the only place in the house I feel, comfortable?

I carefully plopped down on the mattress and it dips with my weight. I stared at the door for a few quiet moments and then it comes quickly...

The flashbacks.

gasp, my hand reaching around my throat and my fingers skimming my warm skin. But my fingers do not feel like my own, it feels like his. Callused, rough and yet soft, brushing against my skin.

It was just my imagination, but it feels so real.

"Give me more of your juices Layla. I need it. I'm not stopping

until you're cumming on my tongue."

A shocking sound leaves my lips, a desperate moan.