

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 7



. Layla's pov

Everyone knew Tyler Wood was extremely wealthy and that may ver ywell be the reason he was seeming to always be so cocky. He always walked with his head held high, which was to be expected given the guy's ego. So it didn't quite shock me when his car turned out to be black Bugatti. I could just smell his cockiness from here.

I opened the door, my breaths coming in short puffs as the cold seeps into my bones, the rain getting to me, I was drenched from head to toe. My hair sticking to my clinging shirt with some strands kissing my face.

Settling on the seat slowly, admittedly afraid to wet his seat but seeing as Tyler was also drenched from head to toe made me think it wouldn't be such a big deal.

So I plopped down and began fixing the seat belt around me quickly and securely.

The car feels oddly small now that the doors were shut and he was but just a few inches away from me. Despite being very uncomfortable being this close to him I kept my gaze forward regardless of the intensity of his stare on my face.

He could very well burn an entire hole in the side of my face with a stare like that.

"You write," He says, his tone mild with shock but mostly with intrigue.

I froze, literally froze with my heart dropping. I was praying he'd not bring that up. Hoping he'd forget everything he read. It was humiliating enough that I threw up on him earlier. I didn't want to be reminded that he saw something he shouldn't have and I sure as hell didn't want to talk about it, especially with him.

But I guess the universe was out to get me today.

Not wanting to converse with him about something so private, I decided to put my few drama classes to use and pretended I hadn't heard him. He'd just leave me alone if I ignore him right?

I pressed my lips together as I removed my glasses so I could clean them with my wet shirt. I could feel his eyes on my every move. Feeling unnerved by his stare, I put them back on all the while keeping my gaze away from him.

It wasn't the neatest I could do but it will work. Unfortunately, I didn't bring my glasses case with me today.

Suddenly Tyler snorts and then placed my broken laptop on top of my bag that I had placed on my lap. I stiffen, my eyes falling on his long fingers and veins running along the length of his arm.

I swallowed, tearing my eyes away .

"Nice words. He'd pound into her like he had been starved for days

I finally found my voice, and even though it quivered it was only due to embarrassment and not intimidation. "Are you going to mock me or actually start driving? Some people have things to do at their home and don't have maids to do them."

I don't even know if Tyler has maids or not. In fact, I didn't know him at all other than the talks going around the school.

I don't face him to see his reaction to my words. I can't care how he feels right now. He now knew I wrote sex scenes, which was personal and something I would've rather keep to myself.

I didn't want anyone to find out I was Laikiss, the best erotica writer online.

But Tyler seems to not have taken my words to heart since he answered quickly. "I wasn't mocking you. Those were actually nice words. Just lacked feeling."

This time I couldn't resist looking at him and I'm surprised bly how close his face was to me. Our eyes connected and I refrain from tearing mine away by how intimate this felt. He was too close.

But I didn't want to give him the satisfaction of seeing my composure diminish,

"What do you even know about writing?" I seethed lowly.

How dare he critique my work based on a few paragraphs?

Tyler's thick brow raised, his green eyes flickering down my figure and then back up to my eyes. I try to pretend that his actions didn't unnerve me. But I couldn't lie that my heart had stopped for a quick second.

"I watch porn. And even those actors and scripts give me more feeling than what you wrote." He snorted.

Okay, Tyler Wood was an ass.

Not that I didn't know already given his reputation but never had he ever been an ass to me before. Although to be fair, he never spoke to me before either.

He may have noticed the shift of emotions in my eyes because he clears his throat, winced and looks at me apologetically. "Look sorry. But since you're a writer you need to take criticism right?"

Thated when people say that. Yes, give criticism to make that author get better or tell them politely that the book didn't live up to their expectations. We're all humans after all.

And writing is an art we never stop learning and experimenting with, so of course, it wouldn't be everyone's cup of tea. It was just upsetting for people to use it as an excuse to mock someone for the hard work they poured their blood and

sweat into.

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But instead of saying that long speech, I only said tightly." Maybe stop talking and more driving?"

Tyler's brows shot up in surprise. "Never knew you'd be feisty Layla." There's a hint of amusement in his voice, one that had me thinking about dangerous things I could do to him.

It would be called self defense right? He did break my laptop after all.

I stared at Tyler, contemplating if to give in to my evil thoughts, my desires to give him a piece of my mind. But then the more I stared into his crystal green eyes, the more this felt unreal.

Surely I can't be in the same car with Tyler Wøod and speaking to him like he was the gum stuck to the bottom of my shoe, right?

Instinctively, I pinched my arm a little harder than intended. "Ow." i flinched.

Tyler's eyes drop to my arm and his thick brows furrow. "Did you just pinch your arm?" His lips tug at the corners.

"Nope." I lied smoothly.

But I suppose not as smoothly as I thought.

"You're a weird girl Layla." Tyler snorted then shakes his hair. Water flew to my face and mouth. I splutter.

Tyler laughs at my face and then holds his hand up in surrender when I glared at him, displeased by his amusement,