

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 10

Layla's pov

As the words slipped out of his mouth, I then realized how really dumb it was to even suggest that he take my virginity even though I didn't quite ask him to pop my cherry directly.

But obviously, he would've known when he did break my hymen or barrier, whatever society calls it these days.

I had thought the blush on my face couldn't get impossibly redder, I was wrong. It feels like someone put fire on my cheeks.

I looked at him with a slightly opened mouth and prayed inwardly that a fly wouldn't manage to get inside my mouth. I couldn't bear any more humiliation in front of him.

I was about to retort with something, maybe something that would embarrass me more. But then Tyler decided to open his perfect mouth and worded out.

"I didn't take you for that kind of girl Layla," He cocked his head to the side, studying me intently until I squirmed in unease...

With my jaw ticking in slight anger from hearing his words, I voiced out through clenched teeth. "And what kind of girl did you take me for Tyler?"

His green eyes bore into my own, and I felt a flick or maybe it was a zap running through my lower belly. I blamed it on nerves and probably anger and swept it to the side.

It was nothing much to ponder on.

He was studying me intensely, I could tell by how he refused to even blink his eyes. Growing uncomfortable by his stare, I lift an impatient brow, telling him silently that I awaited his answer.

"I didn't mean it as an insult." He finally said. I find my eyes refusing to tear from a single drop of water that came from the ends of his dark hair to kiss his forehead.

I watch with keen interest as it rolled down his forehead, to the corner of his nose until it found the first brush of his lips where it crawled all the way down until his tongue peeked out to lick it.

My eyes widen slightly when I realized I was staring, well more like gawking at Tyler. I had just fed his ego and I honestly wanted to just jump out of his ridiculously expensive car and stomp my foot in a puddle of water like a child having a tantrum.

So to save me from further mortification, I fixed myself and played it cool by peering into his eyes nonchalantly." Then what did you mean it as?" I pushed.

He didn't know me, so he had no right to judge me by just one look.

He studied me for longer, his eyes unblinking before he tears them away. "You just seem like a girl who cares about these kinds of stuff. Like someone who would want to cherish their first time." He admitted.

| stiffen.

Cherish my first time?

Before I knew how cruel the world could truly be before I didn't have to stop daydreaming of a perfect life, before my life wasn't in shambles. I did, once want to cherish my first time with someone who would be worth it.

But then a huge ass bus came barreling down the road and drove over my stupid rose colored glasses and now everything was, dull and black. The world was shit, with many shitty people in it.

Every girl I know or heard had said the same thing. They regret losing their virginity to the guy that popped their cherry. Because guys in real life aren't guys in romance fiction novels. They just want one thing, to just slip it in and not care about the consequences.

Why this arrangement between Tyler and I would prove to be the best decision I wouldn't regret, was because I was actually doing this for a cause and there were no feelings attached. I wouldn't get hurt like the girls who cry and whine

that the guy used them only just for sex.

"Well you thought wrong. I don't care about making my first time perfect or have a huge lists of every single guy who would deserve it. I don't care about those silly stuff." I answered, my gaze dropping to his wet shirt.

Tyler answered after a quick pause." You don't care that this would be just sex for me?"

There's a warning deep within his tone, one that told me he wanted to make this clear to me, that I wouldn't get anything more than just sex. Not that I was hoping anyway .

I don't like Tyler like that, sure he was attractive but it was quite obvious he wasn't a guy to settle down with or have hopes for..

I shook my head, my eyes lifting to his. "It would be just sex for me to Tyler. Like I said, I just want you to show me some stuff. Get me a little experienced in the apartment. No feelings attached.

His eyes narrowed suddenly. "And what if you do get feelings after we fuck Layla?"

I knew there were plenty of girls he slept with who came back for more and confessed their love for him. But I was a hundred percent certain, that catching feelings for Tyler Wood was and is impossible.

I couldn't hold in my scoff. "You think too highly of yourself Tyler. I can assure you, you'd be the last guy on earth I'd ever catch feelings for. Which is why you're the perfect guy to show me. And seeing that you're quite experienced already in that department, I thought I'd learn a thing or two."

Tyler's eyes narrowed even more, but not in scrutiny this time, but in irritation. Probably because I did insult him a little.

I mean it was just a little. Was his ego that big?

"You seem to have everything figured out Layla." He stressed out the words with an edge.

I shrugged.

"It's like you see me as a male prostitute." He scoffs and I bit the inside of my mouth to hold in my laughter at his irritated expression.

"Doesn't everyone?" I let out without thinking and then pressed my palm to my mouth when he flinched at my words.

I winced, peeling my hand off my mouth. "Sorry?" I offered.

He rolled his beautiful green eyes and move them away from me to stare out of the window . After a few ticking seconds that felt like an eternity, Tyler nods. "Okay, I'll still agree to fucking you...."

He trailed off, his eyes drawing back to me and a wicked gleam sets in his eyes. "But only on my terms."