

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 112

Layla's pov

I feel like vomiting.

I'm fisting my hands on my lap, counting down the seconds until we get to school.

I need to be alone, and get fresh air into my lungs so I can figure out how to not make this hurt.

Why does this hurt?

The arrangement was simply sex and no feelings attached. I gave him the green light to sleep with other girls. I gave it to him.

Now I feel sick to my stomach and want to bawl out and cry like a baby.

Why do I feel jealous.....

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I'm pinching my fingers as I look out the window while trying my best to not barf in the car or start wailing out of nowhere.

"You shouldn't care Layla," I whispered lowly

"Hmm did you say something Layla?" Henry asked in confusion beside me.

I shook my head and try my best to drown out his talk about Tyler and Karen making him go bankrupt because they couldn't keep away from each other.

I didn't want to hear that Tyler and her hooked up the same day we broke things off.

Why did I just make it sound like we broke up?

I sighed heavily and rubbed my forehead.

When the school finally came into view I had never been this much relieved and happy.

I literally jumped out of the car as soon as Tiffany's dad stopped the car.

"You okay Lai?" Tiffany whispered while swinging the strap of her bag over her shoulders.

I nod even though I obviously was lying. No I was not okay. I wanted away from this school because I didn't want to see his face and Karen's smooch together.

I didn't think I would be able to stomach the sight, and surely didn't think I'd be able to hold in my vomit if I did see them together.

But I couldn't go back home, and certainly didn't feel like roaming the streets like a homeless person.

Besides, I did have to finish a history paper in the library that was due in a few hours. I needed all the hours I could get before fifth period.

With her concerned gaze pinned on me, her brows knot. "You don't seem fine Lai. Is it about...." She trailed off.

Letting out a heavy breath I uttered. "Don't say his name please and neither hers."

I started walking away after telling her father goodbye and thanking him for the ride.

"Does that mean I can't talk about Brett?" She whispered when she caught up to me.

Bringing up Brett would only make me remember his best friend, and then remember his lips, and then remember where those lips had been on my body.....

And now had proven to be on Karen's body afterward.....

I grit my teeth, my hands fisting in anger.

Why am I so angry about this when I clearly shouldn't be?

I hauled in a sharp breath through my nose and let it out through my mouth before answering her.

"Of course you can."

Tiffany had been dreaming for years about Brett. Now that she had finally gotten his attention, I wanted to be happy for her and not be a sulking idiot who was eating up with jealousy.

She smiled as we stepped foot into the building. There's a massacre of students walking up and down the halls, some beside their lockers, some playing with a ball in the middle of

the hallway.

The usual for high schoolers.

"I still can't believe he talked to me..." She sighed and when I looked over at her, I can see the gleam in her eyes. She was definitely daydreaming.

I smiled. At least one of us is happy. I just really hope Brett was actually interested in her and would not use her like he has done to so many others.

"Your wish had finally been granted." I joked, nudging my shoulder against hers.

She giggled and we walked toward my locker. There's still a red stain the lipstick had left that hadn't been wiped off clean. But thankfully, there were no nasty words painted on my locker this time.

Unlocking my locker the sound of cheerful giggling neared.

Both Tiffany and I turned to see who was so cheerful this early morning and weren't surprised to see that it was Karen and her posse.

Karen's gaze fell on me and a smirk emerged on her face. She starts walking, deliberately taking her time as her posse follows behind her.

"Yeah he came last night at my place. Left late after eating and hitting it good." Karen giggled when she neared, her eyes taunting me as she whips her blonde hair over her shoulders.

I wanted nothing more than to slam my fisted hands on her smirking face.

But instead of letting my anger get the best of me, I tore my eyes away from her, my jaw popping as I try to focus on putting my books inside my locker.

"He got down on me so dirty. Said I was the best he ever

tasted." She giggled louder making my jaw feel like steel with the amount of pressure I was locking it with.

"Ignore her Layla," Tif whispered, already knowing that Karen's words unfortunately were rattling me in the wrong way.

"Said I was the best he ever had. No one could compare." Karen continued to giggle with her posse. All sounded like quaking ducks.

I slammed one of my books in the locker and when I couldn't take any more of Karen's irritating voice I grab my bag and said to Tiffany. "I'm going to the library."

I slam my locker and started walking away. "Wait up I'm coming with," Tiffany said.

"Move." I spat as I shouldered my way through the giggling girls. Karen huffed and sneered something under her breath but I didn't care.

"Wait Layla," Tiffany called out and reached for my arm. She must've sensed that I was pissed off.

I halt and tried to calm my breathing and anger.

"Tiffany!" Someone yelled.

Both Tiffany and I whipped around to see who called her. My stomach dropped.

It didn't drop because of Brett, no, it dropped because of the guy standing beside him. Tyler.

Our eyes connected and I felt the air whoosh out of my lungs.

Brett motioned for Tiffany to walk over to him and she squeezes my arm.

Tearing my eyes away from Tyler's, I looked over at Tiffany and said lowly. "Go on ahead Tif. I'll just be in the library finishing up an assignment, I'll be fine." I reassured, nudging her to go over to Brett.

This was a dream for her to be noticed by him. I couldn't get in the way of that.

"You sure?" Tiffany whispered in doubt while looking over at me.

I nodded and pass her the best reassuring smile I could muster.

When she finally sighs and head over to Brett, I looked over at Tyler. He's still frozen on the spot looking at me. He takes a step forward and I whip around quickly and walked away while ignoring his call.