

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 114

With Brett by his side, Tyler walked through the school doors. Instantly all eyes were on him like he expected them to. But today he had an inkling that all eyes were on him because of the damn photo Karen posted on social media.

“Spotted her,” Brett said with a tinge of playfulness and excitement.

Turning to face Brett, Tyler asked. “Spotted who?”

Brett nudged his head forward, his eyes gleaming like Tyler had never seen before. “Your girl and Tiffany?”

“Tiffany!” Brett yelled to catch her attention.

Tyler’s heart lurched in his throat as his head whipped around and saw her. Their eyes had connected fast like mag nets and Tyler stood frozen on the spot, despite his brain urging him to go to her and tell her Karen meant nothing to him.

He watch her talk to her best friend Tiffany when she ripped her gaze away from his. But he couldn’t move his eyes off of her. He dared not to for he felt the fear that she’d disappear before his eyes.

He drank in the sight of her.

She was literally like a breath of fresh air and the migraine that lurked in his head lessened. It was only when he saw Tiffany walking over to them and Brett snorting out the word whip that he realized he was basically watching her like a creep.

Glancing at him one last time, Layla turned around and started walking away quickly.

“Layla!” He yelled to get her attention. He didn’t care that she told him that the arrangement was off and that she didn’t want him to acknowledge her in school.

He fucking needed to talk to her or he might as well go mad.

“You’re so whipped man,” Brett chuckled lowly which had Tyler turning to give him a glare.

“I hope to God you’re not playing with that girl Brett,” Tyler warned him. He knew his best friend was literally exactly like him which meant they never do relationships.

Tiffany was a girl who would obviously want a relationship and knowing Brett he might not give that to her. Tyler didn’t want Layla extra mad at him if his best friend hurt and disappoint her best friend.

Brett had a mischievous gleam in his eyes. “Why? Don’t want your girl mad at you?”

Tyler glared at him and was about to respond but shut his mouth when he spotted Tiffany way too close and within hearing range.

Her face was flushed and when she looked over at Brett her cheeks reddened even more. He really did hope his best friend was serious about the girl for once in his life. He’d have to have a little chat with Brett after this.

“Tiffany,” He nodded his head to be polite to her when all he wanted to do was ask her where her friend went off to.

She smiled shyly and looked over at Brett and got even more flushed. His best friend shocked him by scratching the back of his head.

Was Brett nervous?

Shaking his head, Tyler couldn’t resist any longer and asked. “Where has Layla run off to?”

Tiffany reluctantly tore her eyes away from Brett to focus on Tyler. “She went to the library.”

Tyler nodded in thanks and quickly walked away and left the two to chat it up without him disturbing them.

On his way there, he had not seen the girl who he wished he never let lure him into a trap last night. She must have noticed him before he had noticed her because she reached out and stopped him by clutching his hand.

“Baby,” She purred and had the nerve to come closer to him.

This time Tyler didn’t let shock mute and freeze him, he pulled away from her like she was a live electrical current he’d want to stay away from. Far away from.

He’d have to deal with her first before seeking Layla. Hopefully, she’d still be there in the library.

Karen’s smile dropped rapidly, her eyes darting around to look at her posse that had their attention set on the two of them.

When she noticed that they had garnered a small little nosey crowd, the smile on Karen’s face nearly blinded him.

“Thought you said you’d pick me up today...” She purred and tried to reach out for him again but Tyler was quick to pull away.

A sneer built on his face, turning his features vexed as he pinned Karen down with an angry glare. “You and I both know there’s nothing going on between us Karen. Stop with this bullshit and delete that damn photo of us on your Insta gram.” Tyler spat with fire.

Karen flinches but Tyler cared little about how she felt. She clearly didn’t care about how he would feel when he would see the photo nor did she care about how Layla would feel. So why would he care that he was humiliating her in front of everyone?

“Baby-” Karen started again only for Tyler to seethe and cut her off.

“Damn it Karen, how many times must I tell you to not call me baby? We were never a couple and I should’ve made that

clear a long time ago. You’re starting to piss me off.”

There was a lot of whispering that followed after he told her that but he didn’t listen to a word they said. He didn’t care what they said actually.

He only cared about Layla and making sure she knew that that photo was nothing.

Karen flinched away from him and her eyes misted. Tyler shook his head. He’d not soften his tone because of a few fake tears. He knew her for years enough to know how she played her games.

He’d not fall for them this time.

“I want that photo deleted as soon as possible. Or else.” He warned leaning forward so he could whisper. “I’ll let every one know how much of a bitch you really are.”

Karen froze, her eyes widening when she caught the warning under his tongue. She knew that Tyler had enough dirt on her that can and will turn the tides on her.

She was swimming in dangerous waters and Tyler can easily pull her down six feet under.

Karen looked around and seeing that everyone was looking at her like the fool she was, she tried to save her reputation by keeping her chin up and acted casually. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Tyler shook his head. Of course she’d play dumb like always. “Then I’ll have Stefanie remind you of what happened.”

Hearing the girl’s name, Karen’s eyes widen and her face turns ashen. Seeing that he had finally managed to break her composure he smirked and walked away.

If Karen liked playing dirty then he’d play dirtier. As long as he gets Layla back he’ll play as dirty as he can get.

Yes he said it. He wanted Layla Campbell back. He just wasn’t sure where he wanted her. Was it in his bed? Or in his heart?