

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 5

Layla's POV

Who needs Tyler Wood anyway. I can do this on my own. I can write a sex scene without his help.

I huffed cracking my fingers as I started typing. He knew she liked getting licked there. He knew she moaned whenever he pushed his tongue deeper or when he flickered

I slam my teeth together, completely annoyed that I couldn't envision what I was writing down.

"Pass the ball man!" One of the boys hollered on the field. I lift my head, squinting at the sweaty boys.

"Oh my God. Brett's so hot." Tiffany moaned beside me, kicking up one leg on the bench before her, placed her elbow on said leg and resting her chin on her opened palm while shooting Brett with lovesick eyes.

I felt to barf again.

Speaking about barfing.... My eyes move off my best friend and search for the boy who I barfed on earlier. He wasn't hard to find seeing as his earring gleamed in the scorching evening sun.

He lifts up his white sweat-stained shirt, revealing toned abs and wipes his forehead with the cotton material. I rolled my eyes, tearing them away from him and rolled them down to the cheer squad who had been practicing for more than thirty minutes already.

In all honesty. I was a hundred percent sure they weren't practicing but staring at the sweaty guys.

"Henry's thinking about trying out for the team tomorrow." Tiffany snorts, jerking her head slightly at her brother who sat on the last bench overlooking the training footballers down below.

I hummed.

Henry was Tiffany's younger brother who's literally just one year younger and is a junior.

"What made him want to do that?" I wiggled my nose, fixing my glasses as I peered at Henry. It's not like he didn't have a chance at getting accepted into the team.

It was just that, he never showed interest in football before.

"Heard him talking to Paul in his room two nights ago. They think they'll get babes this way." She snorted.

Paul was Henry's best friend.

I hummed again then shrugged." Maybe he will. Look at the fawning cheerleaders. One nearly broke her neck when Tyler poured water on his face."

Tiffany giggled." As long as he doesn't impregnate one. I'm not sure dad would allow him seeing as he much prefers cricket than that kind of game."

"Cricket is actually the better sport." I mumbled, moving my eyes off Henry and going back to staring at the screen of my laptop.

"Many would argue with that." She giggles.

Shrugging nonchalantly I try this again.

Breathing out some air through my mouth, I started typing.

He licked from her neck down to the top of her breast where he heard her sharp intake of breath. He nearly came undone by her breathless moan.

He felt his heart pumping, the rhythm like an unmatched beat in his ears. He could only imagine what she'd feel like. How she'll sound like when he sinks into her. He couldn't wait.

He couldn't wait to devour her. Like a raging beast. He'd pound into her like he had been starved for days. Until he could no longer

I stopped when I suddenly went blank. It wasn't like me to stop suddenly when I'm writing a scene like this. But I just couldn't seem to envision the scene. Thus unable to write it properly.

"Still having trouble?" Tiffany asked, leaning forward to stare at the screen.

I nodded, groaning in frustration. "It's like I can't envision them so easily anymore."

"Well you have a solution to that. He's right here on the field." Tiffany leans away to nudge her head Tyler's way.

I don't look at him but keep my gaze trained on the laptop." I don't think he'll ever speak to me so having him show me the ropes around sex seems hopeless," I mumble, deleting half of the chapter I just wrote.

I refrain from telling Tiffany about the accident earlier.

Tiffany huffs and perhaps was about to speak but her phone buzzes." Oh my dad's at the gate. Hey Henry, dad's here we have to get going,"

Turning to me she asked." Want to catch a ride?"

I shook my head, deciding to erase the rest of the paragraph. "No. My house is like a fifteen-minute walk remember? Besides I don't feel like going home as yet." I murmured.

I didn't want to feel that painful drop of disappointment in my stomach when I find my mom in the exact same place. I left her.

"Well uh, see you tomorrow?" She asked rising to her feet and swinging her bag over her shoulder. I lift my gaze to her nodding.

"I'm just going to stay here for a little, trying to see if I can get some inspiration,"

Tiffany suddenly smiles. "Just look at the sweaty guys Lai and you'll definitely get some inspiration."

Rolling my eyes I tear them away from her and focused on the running boys. "Yeah, no."

After saying our goodbyes, it was just me alone on the bleachers, typing furiously on my laptop. Soon after, the cheerleaders left but a few boys on the team stayed back. But even they left too.

Now it was just me alone.

I liked being alone.

My bottom lip roll between my teeth as I tried to write again for what felt like the hundredth time in the last hour.

Her breath fluttered against his neck, causing his pulse to roar and the dangling thing between his legs. His cock jerked again, and his fingers pushed into the skin of her back to pull her to him so she could feel the heat of his cock rubbing against her.

He pressed into her, loving the way she

"What are you typing at so furiously?"

I jump, my laptop falling off my lap and landing on the concrete with a loud platter. I gasped, my hands reaching out for my baby.

"Oh shit, here," Long fingers wrap around my laptop before I had the chance.

The blood drained from my face as I lift my head up to connect with familiar green piercing eyes. I involuntarily sucked in a sharp intake of breath as I peer into the eyes of Tyler Wood.

What the hell was he doing here?

Being slightly in my head I didn't realize that Tyler's eyes were now on the screen of my laptop, his eyes moving from side to side to show that he was definitely reading what I had written.

Horrified, I stuttered out while reaching out for my laptop. "Give it back please,"

Tyler was quick though, and stood up so fast that I nearly fell. My fingers brush against his leg and I felt heat crawl to my cheeks.

Clearing my throat, I decided to save myself from further mortification by demanding back my property.

"Hey! You have no right to take my laptop. Give it back." I growled, standing up and reaching out for it again.

But Tyler, throws a hand out to hold me at arm's length and uses the other to hold my laptop away from me. "I'm not taking it. I'm simply reading what you've written," There's a hint of amusement in his tone. It's enough to have rage consume me and is enough to not have me think clearly until my foot stomped on his foot and my laptop is sent flying.

I watch in absolute horror as my world literally crashes down