

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 8

Layla's pov

"Mind telling me the street address of your house?" He asked after he starts the car.

I stayed silent for a few moments, contemplating if to tell him or not. I didn't want Tyler to catch a glimpse of my house. As much as it pained me to admit. I was embarrassed by the house I grew up in.

It was never one to stand out amongst the other houses. If it did, it surely wasn't because it screamed beauty, but the opposite. It stuck out like a sour thumb.

With the white paint chipping on the woods, the four stairs leading to the house ready to collapse under any weight and the door that would haunt anyone who so much as looked at it. My house looked more like a haunted house and not one you'd see on the first page of a home decor magazine.

So I lied and said a completely different street that was at least a five-minute walk to my house.

I felt his eyes on me, burning with a look of curiosity but I ignored him and kept my gaze forward. A few minutes into the drive, Tyler reaches over and fumbles with the radio.

Then a loud rap song blasted through the radio. My ears rang and my teeth grit.

How can boys possibly like stuff like that?

You can barely understand a word the rapper was spitting out.

I turn to Tyler, scowling when I noticed he was bobbing his head to the song. "Can you low this down please?" I yelled over the music.

Tyler looks at me from the corner of his eyes and furrowed his brows. "Did you say something?"

I nodded. "Yes. Can you lower the volume?" I yelled a little louder.

Tyler looks at me lost and confused. Rolling my eyes I decided to take matters into my own hands and lowed down the music.

"Hey!" Tyler grumbled displeased.

"It was too high Tyler. How can you possibly listen to a song so loud as this? My eardrums were about to explode!" I snapped.

He turns to stare at me for a second then turns back to the road. "Could've just asked for me to low it down if it was bothering you that much." He grumbles lowly.

I narrowed my eyes at the boy the girls in the school were 'dying' for. He was just a teenager. An annoying teenager. I'll

"I did ask you. And politely might I add."

"Well, I didn't hear you." He shrugs.

"That's because it was too loud!" I yelled.

How can someone stay in a room with this guy for more than five minutes without wanting to pull their hair out?

It's a miracle I tell you.

After a few more minutes, Tyler finally slows down after I tell him that's my stop. He stopped beside a nice white house that looked like an impressive family lived there.

"Thanks for the ride," I told him quickly before the car even came to a stop fully. My hands were already on the door handle ready to open it until I felt a hand on my arm to stop me.

"Wait," Tyler says.

I froze.

What did he want now?

The only reason I came to talk to you on the bleachers was because of what happened earlier."

He grasped my attention quickly. I turn to him. "What happened earlier?" I played the dumb card. It always worked before.

But I guess not on Tyler.

"You threw up on

I cringed, moving my arm out from his grasp. "Okay I remember, no need to make me relive that embarrassing moment."

Tyler smirked, clearly liking that he was successfully annoying me.

Sighing heavily, I uttered. "Okay how much am I supposed to pay for damaging your expensive clothes?" I said sarcastically. Great, I just had to throw up on a guy worth millions.

He pulled in his bottom lip between his teeth feigning a look of thought before he let the bottom lip go. "Hmm. You don't have to give me money." He shrugs.

I stared at him for quite a while, searching for any twitch of emotion that would let me know he was just messing with me. When I see nothing I shrug. "Fine with me."

With my hand on the door again, ready to open he stops me again." I didn't say you will not pay me back in other ways Layla." He chuckles.

I stiffen, my blood running cold. Pay him in other ways?

"What do you mean?" I asked turning to face him again.

"Are you free on Saturdays?" He asked.

"Why?"

"Because I have a job you can do to pay me back." He smirks, eyes dancing with laughter.

I narrowed my eyes. "What job are you talking about here?"

Tyler's father was the mayor of this town and I'd definitely not want to be on Tyler's bad side. If I refuse to work to pay for his damaged clothes. Will he set his father on my tail?

Most likely

"Babysitting."

"Age of child?"

"Five."

"And why should I do this to pay you off? What about my laptop? Wouldn't this be called even?"

"My shoes you ruined cost five times more than your laptop and don't forget my seats you're currently drenching, they're expensive. So this wouldn't have been a fair bargain. He raised a brow sleekly.

I clench my jaws until they hurt.

"You said you'd buy it back," I said through clenched teeth.

Tyler nodded. "And I will. I will buy it back. I don't go back on my word."

But as I stared into his green eyes I remember why I needed the laptop in the first place. For my writing.

I did need my laptop but I also realized I needed to sharpen my erotica skills if I want to stay on the top. Feeding my readers with the best content was my job.

Tyler stared at me quietly. This was the best chance to ask him. To make him teach me. The laptop can wait, I will still be able to write using my phone. But what can't wait was my raging fanbase.

So I made a decision I'd possibly live to regret someday but that someday was not today.

"What if I said I didn't want you to buy me back my laptop?" whispered, my heart racing.

There were many ways this could go. With me getting kicked out of his car or with me getting a restraining order handed to me.

He furrowed his brow, his pink tongue darting out to lick his bottom lip. I followed that movement like a hawk. Not even sure why, "Then what do you want in return for it?" He asked confused, clearly having witnessed how I sobbed when I

broke. He knew it meant a lot to me.

But my fans meant more. And pleasing them meant more.

"I want you to show me the ropes around sex." I rushed out in one breath.