

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 94

Layla's pov

I slowly brought the fry to my mouth, awkwardly looking around. Everyone was still staring at us. It was like we were an entertaining movie while they were the audience.

I squirmed, ripping my eyes away and trying to focus on my still frozen best friend. I couldn't look over at Tyler, because let's face it, I would show everyone what I was thinking in my head the moment I do.

I wasn't that great at hiding my emotions behind the veil in my eyes yet, I was still working on it.

"Tif?" I called out, my brows furrowing in concern. It has been a good couple of minutes since Tyler and Brett had sat down beside us and she was still so frozen.

"Huh?" She said lowly, still not even looking at me. Her eyes were fixated on Brett who was now looking even more amused by her lack of words.

"Don't worry I got it," Brett suddenly said with a smirk curving on his face. Before anyone could even react, Brett reached over and wiped the mess of mayo on Tiffany's lips. With his eyes staring at her, he pushed his finger into his mouth and sucked.

Tiffany's eyes grow wide and her mouth slackened in shock. But she wasn't the only one, my jaw was nearly on the floor and by the whispers that soon swirled through the entire room, I knew that everyone was just as shocked by Brett's actions.

"There." He smirked, winking at her before reaching for some fries on his plate.

"Marry me.." She breathed out, her eyes glinting with puppy love. I wince in embarrassment and was on the verge to disown her as a friend when Brett shocks everyone by laughing loudly.

"Woah slow down there love, at least buy me dinner first." He smirked, winking at her which had Tiffany blushing bright red.

"I'm free this Friday, I can take you out then," She whispered shyly. "Dinner will be on me."

Wait, what, the, fuck?

Since when has Tiffany been so bold? Especially as she's now the center of attention right now?

Brett raised his brow in shock but then quickly grins. "It's a date then. I'll pick you up, love."

"Really?" Tiffany breathed out in shock. Brett's grin widens as he nods. "But dinner is on me." He winked, causing the raging blush on her cheeks to darken.

I shook my head. What the hell was going on today?

"Tif, what the hell?" I asked, my features I was sure looked perplexed. Tiffany now in her own little happy world, doesn't hear me and only stares at Brett like he was some kind of God.

I glared at Brett. He was a manwhore just like his best friend Tyler. They didn't do relationships. I didn't want Tiffany to get her hopes up only for Brett to shatter her heart into a million little pieces.

I'm about to warn him off when suddenly, Tyler's hot breath is fanning against my ear. "Tiffany and Brett are the least of your problems Layla."

He pulls away and I turn to face him, my brows knotting in confusion. "What?"

Tyler's eyes twinkled and his lips quirked into a teasing grin. "What you should be worried about is the gift I left on you earlier." He whispered so only I can hear. "I want to check if it's still there."

My pulse roared, having an inkling of what he was referring to.

"You look awfully flushed Layla. I think you need some cool air." His eyes danced as he turned to face his friend and Tiffany who were just staring at each other.

"Excuse us guys, Layla needs a breather, she doesn't look too well," Tyler said while standing up and grabbing a hold of my arm to tug me along with him. "I'll make sure she's okay." He said.

Brett nods and Tiffany, well she didn't acknowledge his words. At this point, I could be dying and she wouldn't even know.

— My brows furrowed as I looked at him, confused beyond imaginable. "Huh?"

Despite my confusion, my feet had a mind of their own and I allow Tyler to tug me out of the cafeteria. I'm well aware of the stares on my back and I inwardly wince.

The rumors that will go around....

I'm going to kill him as soon as we're in a private room far from anyone.

The halls are practically empty, which was to be expected since it was lunchtime after all. Everyone was either in the cafeteria or outside.

Tyler pushed me into an empty classroom and locked the door. As soon as he turned around to face me, I smacked his chest.

When he doesn't react, I smack him harder. "You idiot! What were you thinking by pulling that shit? Remember the rules? No one was supposed to know about us. No one is supposed to even suspect a thing!"

Tyler cocked a brow and chuckled. "No one suspects a thing Layla. And yes I'm well aware of the rules, I haven't broken them. We're just two friends eating lunch together."

I rolled my eyes and shook my head. For a smart guy, Tyler was acting a bit stupid right now.

"That's exactly what I mean Tyler!" I hissed, smacking his chest. "We're not supposed to be 'friendly' in the first place."

Now he's the one to roll his eyes. "You're overthinking way too much Layla. Look, I'm friends with lots of girls, don't think eating lunch together would make everyone assume there's something going on between the two of us."

Was he hearing himself right now? Did he forget the kids we go to school with? They literally soak up everything Tyler does like a sponge.

I snorted. "You're not 'friends' with a lot of girls Tyler. You fuck them. And you dragging me out of the cafeteria would only make this worst!" I snapped, smacking him again.

He takes a step back and lifted his hand to his chest to rub where I hit. "Dammit woman. Do you have a thing for hitting people?"

"A thing for hitting you, yes. You deserve it for putting me on the spot like that. And to come here with Brett! What were you thinking? He's a womanizer just like you. He'll hurt Tiffany." I hissed, poking his chest.

I gasped in surprise when Tyler's hands are now on my waist as he pulls me closer to his body. My eyes widen in shock when I felt the stiffness of his cock on my belly.

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Jeez, what is this guy? Didn't he cum like twice already for today?

My stomach swirled with heat.

"Like he said, he follows me everywhere and as for Tiffany, she's a grown girl, she can make choices on her own. Brett won't hurt her. Besides, you really shouldn't worry about them right now. You have other things to worry

about." He whispered, dipping his head lower until his breath fanned against my lips.

Looking at him under my lashes I breathed out. "Oh yeah, and what's that?"

Tyler grinned. "Making sure I won't punish you if I find out you wiped off my cum on your pussy."