

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 100

Layla’s pov

“So what you’re going to do now?” Tiffany asked as she leaned against the wall of the stall.

I sighed and shrugged. “I’m just going to stay in here until the next class. I don’t want to face Tyler right now. I’m still angry at him.” I admitted while tearing my eyes away from Tiffany knowing she was giving me that ‘what the fuck look’ currently

“I understand where you’re coming from Lai, but the guy didn’t know this would’ve happened- ” Tiffany started but I cut her off.

“I told him it would happen Tif, I told him that we should act neutral around others. But no, he just had to sit beside me at lunch and just look at what happened!” I gritted out, furiously glaring at the stall’s wall.

I wanted to have a drama free senior year.

Making that arrangement with Tyler only seemed to have pushed more drama in my life.

Tiffany sighs heavily and then crosses her ankles. “Okay, then if you’re hiding out here then I am too.” She

nods.

Five minutes later and she’s whining about her leg cramping. I had no choice but to get off the seat and let her have it.

I raised a brow in amusement. “I thought I was the one mopping, aren’t I the one supposed to be sitting?”

She shrugs. “Your knees are better than mine, I can’t stand for too long.”

The bell had just rung and Tif and I were heading out of the bathroom.

My phone had been buzzing with texts from Tyler but I refuse to answer him. I’m mad, and I’m getting even angrier every second that I think about how much this was his fault.

All he really had to do was pretend like we didn’t know each other.

I know I was being unnecessarily mean to him but I was so angry that I wasn’t thinking clearly. In fact, I didn’t want to think anymore.

My mind needed peace, and clearly, I wasn’t getting it when I was thinking about him and all the little whores that could have possibly done this to my locker.

I’m getting angrier every time I just think about it.

“People are staring,” Tiffany whispered in my ear as she leans closer to me.

She was right, everyone was staring as we make our way to my locker so I could take the book I needed for my last class of the day.

Their stares are unnerving and feel like tiny needles on my skin. I want to get out of their sight but I straightened my spine and just walked quicker. It was better to ignore them and pay them no mind.

By tomorrow, they would have something better to grasp their attention to.

I keep my gaze forward, unflinching as I head for my locker. Only to stop short again.

Because there, in a bolder red lipstick is the word whore again. This time bigger with an exclamation mark at the end.

There was also a group of snorting giggling cheerlead

ers again just feet away from my locker, but none was the one I was looking for.

“What the hell?” Tiffany gasped in shock and outrage. I on the other hand just shake off the uncomfortable feeling and approached my locker with my back straight and my gaze unwavering.

It’s lipstick. It can be easily cleaned off.

I shook my head while saying. “How mature of them.” I clicked my tongue while opening my locker only to get a shocking surprise.

My books.

They were drenched in what I presume was clear glue.

There’s also a sticky note taped to my locker door.

“Just a second warning if you didn’t hear the first.” Tiffany read the note out loud.

“This person knows the combination to your locker Lai,” Tiffany whispered in disbelief.

I gritted my teeth while reaching out for one of my books. Instantly my fingers are wet and sticky from touching the glue that made a mess on my books.

There was no way I can use those books again. They were ruined.

I blinked, tears threatening to embarrass me as I realize I had to buy all those books back.

My laptop would have to wait.

I’m trying my best to hold in my tears as I stare at my ruined stuff. When the hell did this person even get the time to do all of this?

I press my lips together as Tiffany curses under her breath while looking at my ruined books.

— And then I hear her. Her voice. Her giggles. Her mockery and fury swirls in my stomach like acid.

I whip around, my eyes falling on Karen standing in front of her little posse who were also giggling.

I’m burning with rage, pure, pure rage. I want to rip out my hair, but also hers.

I want to wipe that stupid smile off her face and feed her to the sharks in the ocean. Extreme, I know. But Karen had managed to cut the rope that held my composure.

She smirks when I glare at her. “Wow cousin, didn’t

know you liked to tell everyone what you are so boldly.”

My hands ball into fists and Tiffany’s call goes on deaf ears as I march up to a smirking conniving Karen. “What the hell is your problem with me, Karen!?” I snarled, my face inches from hers.

She crosses her arms under her breasts and stands her ground. I’m not that surprised, Karen thought she was some kind of boss when her posse stood behind her like cackling mongooses.

But she was just a coward.

“Vandalizing my locker and now destroying my books! How low can you really get!” I sneered, fighting the urge to just punch her across her face.

She deserves it, but I didn’t want to potentially tear my skin with the force I’d use.

She raised her brow and looked behind her at her posse, before popping her hip. “Do you really think I have the time to waste my precious time on vandalizing your locker by writing the word whore when you already know that’s what you are?” She taunted.

I clenched my jaw and my fists. This girl was really asking to be socked in the face.

“Cut the bullshit Karen! You know it was you!” I barked, glaring into her soulless eyes.

I can’t believe I am related to someone so cold and vile as her. How can she be so ugly from the inside?

Suddenly her eyes sweep over to the side of me and then I hear the whispering start to get louder.

I turn and my stomach knots when I see that it was Tyler pushing his way through the crowd I didn’t know we had attracted. His eyes are set on me and they’re unwavering.