

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 106

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Layla's pov

I scream in frustration. Why was he still bringing this up?

It's not like he didn't know who was doing this or why it happened. It all revolved around him.

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He should be talking to his whores to stay away from me.

But instead of blowing a fuse, I just gritted out while reaching for the door. "I'm not talking to you about this again Tyler. I said what I had to say earlier, there's nothing more to talk about." I ground out and tried to open the door but Tyler is quick to lock it.

I looked at him in disbelief. "Are you serious right now?" I huffed.

Gosh, how irritating can a guy be?

Irritatingly handsome. My conscience teased.

That's it, I'm blocking my mind from contacting me.

You're the dumbest idiot alive Layla. My conscience mocked and I nearly screamed in frustration.

Tyler was already clearly frustrating me, I didn't need my mind to do the same.

There's so much taunting I can take today. I need a long shower and a long nap.

I don't need to be reminded about being a huge target for

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one of his whores.

One being Karen.

"You're not leaving the car until we talk Layla. How long are you planning to avoid me for? Until we graduate, until we die?" Tyler raised a brow, his hand on the wheel.

"However long it takes for your whores to leave me alone!" I snapped, irritated. I just came from work, I was tired. And I didn't need to be reminded of what happened.

I didn't need to see that image of that red lipstick on my locker. Their giggles behind my back. Their whispering. Their pointing fingers.

I didn't need to see it!

Tyler looks at me closely, seeming to peel off every layer of emotion I portray.

"Let me out Tyler. Or I'll scream and call for help." I sighed, tired of this conversation before it even started.

"Go ahead, but don't blame me for what will happen after," Tyler said lowly in a husky tone.

The low tone had my pussy tingling instantly despite my clear intent on wanting to get away from him and his damn car.

I narrowed my eyes. "And what will happen Tyler if I do?"

I shouldn't have asked him this question because now Tyler's smirking like he had just won three million dollars.

Though I had an inkling that he was worth more than that.

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His eyes fall to my lips and they danced. "I'll have you swallowing my cock before you even get a word out."

I sucked in a breath and felt the heat crawl up my cheeks though I was trying my hardest to not be affected by his words.

I narrowed my eyes on his face, calling his bluff. Tyler's lips tug up in a smirk as his fingers brush against his zipper. "Go ahead and do it, Layla." He starts to unzip his pants slowly and I clenched my eyes tightly.

"Okay okay, keep your dick in your pants." I groaned in annoyance and shot him an irritated stare.

He chuckles and zips up his pants. "Scared you won't be able to resist?" He taunted.

I let out a heavy frustrated breath and gritted out. "You always think and talk about sex. Everything is sex! God Tyler, this is why I'm being threatened to stay away from you!"

I tangled my fingers in my messy hair again and breathed out through my nose.

"Our relationship is solely about sex Layla. We made an arrangement, a fucking sex arrangement. I'm not supposed to even care about what you feel right now and God damnit I do!" He snaps.

Finally he snaps. The cheery Tyler is no more.

It will make it easier for me to pour out my frustration. I like fire breathing Tyler, he's ready to tell me words I hate. I don't like sappy Tyler. He's making my heart feel funny.

I turn to him fully, completely aware that we were a few blocks down from the bakery I work at. It was a good thing the windows were up. I really didn't want anyone to witness us in an angry screaming match.

"Then why do you even care Tyler?! We're not supposed to care about each other! We're not supposed to feel anything!" I seethed.

Tyler's head is getting closer to mine every second until his hot breath is feathering against my lips and until he has me trapped under his spell.

My heart is thundering in my chest so hard and so loudly that I wondered if he could hear it.

My lips part and my stomach is swirling with heat.

Tyler's eyes dart from both of mine and he breathed out. "But we do, don't we? We care. We feel."

I shake my head, whispering. "We're not supposed to."

His eyes darkened and they dip to stare at my lips. "But we do." He whispered and softly connected our lips.

I gasp, loving the soft feel of his lips against mine and moaned when he started to kiss me with an urge so strong that you'd think we were both set on fire and he was trying to quickly kiss me before we both burn alive.

He was too late. I believe we were already burning.

Tyler groans and his hand comes behind my neck to pull me closer to his mouth. His teeth nibbled on my lips, his kisses tasting like something spicy yet sweet.

He's beginning to taste like an addiction I know I might not be able to stop needing. He's starting to feel like a craving I know I shouldn't have.

He's starting to crawl into my heart. Something he should not be achieving.

Tyler was a manwhore. Plain and simple.

We were nothing more than fuck buddies. Nothing more than two people sorting for pleasure and for a learning experience.

I was not about to jump head first into deep rough waters knowing I wouldn't be able to swim. I can't allow myself to fall for him like so many others did before me.

I'm not going to allow myself to fall in love with him.

Tyler licks my bottom lip, groaning and waiting for me to allow him entry to taste me.

I don't allow him.

I pull away and whispered the word. "Stop."

I peeled my eyes open and stared into his confused eyes. I will my heart to stop thumping so loudly and so furiously. But of course, it doesn't listen.

"We should stop," I whispered, pulling away from him completely and fixing myself on the seat.

Tyler is silent for a little until he agrees. "Okay"

I shake my head, clenching my eyes tightly and pushed those words out. "We should stop the arrangement."