

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 107

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Layla’s po v

Tyler looks at me confused. He look like he didn’t under stand a word I had just said, or perhaps he was just stunned by my words. Either way, he had yet to respond to my words.

It takes a couple of minutes of heavy awkward silence for him to respond. He pulls away completely, looking at me con fused. “What?”

I looked away from him entirely and looked out the win dow .“ We should stop the arrangement Tyler.”

He stays silent for a few and then answers in a confused tone. “Why?”

| shake my head and look over at him.” Because it isn’t working out Tyler.” I breathed out.

Tyler turns away from me, leans into his car seat, and stares forward. ” Is this because of what happened at school today?”

He turns to face me slightly, perhaps to see the emotions playing on my face when I respond. I’m not good at hiding my emotions but I will try to, this once.” The arrangement should never have happened in the first place Tyler. This was the worst decision and I take full blame. I’m working now so I’ll pay you back for your shoes

“Don’t bother.” He cuts me off coldly. My heart skips a bit by the coldness in his voice.

pot I swallowed.

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“The agreement was sex. I think I got back the payment for the shoes. Here.” He opens the compartment and pulled out a small box. He outstretched it towards me, his grip on the box literally so harsh that his knuckles were turning white.

My brows furrowed as I grab the box and turned it around. I blush furiously when I read the word plan b.

“Read the instructions carefully, we don’t want to make another mistake right?” He said coldly when I scanned my eyes over the words on the small box.

I grawed on my bottom lip and swallowed. “I was going to buy one

“I figured you would need one after today.” He cut off coolly with no emotion in his voice.

Inod slowly, pressing my lips together to stop them from trembling. Why does it feel like my heart is tearing apart?

Why does this hurt so much?

Why the hell does this feel like a breakup when Tyler and I were clearly never together?

“Thanks,” I whispered, brushing a few untamed strands behind my ear.

“Don’t thank me. It’s the least I could do after fucking you bare. I’m sorry for that. I’m usually never that careless.” He said stiffly.

“I should get you home before it’s too dark out.” He mum bles and starts the car.

1993 The drive was awkward and I had never felt that heaviness

before. When he slows down beside the curb but keeps the engine still running, somehow I feel like I had made the worst decision in my life.

But I can’t take it back because even though my heart was tearing and I was on the verge to tell him to forget what I said, I knew that we needed to stop.

The way my heart felt when I was around him and now just proved why we needed to stop.

I couldn’t risk so much.

“Goodnight Tyler,” I whispered lowly when he seems to be ignoring me. Tyler only nods and I sighed. Opening the car door and getting out, I watch him drive away seconds after ! closed the door.

I stood on the curb, watching the car drive away into the dark. I’m gnawing on my lips, wishing that things were differ ent.

But reality was always a bitch slap to the face.

I kicked a small pebble and started walking. The street is empty and the cold wind is welcomed as it beats against my cheeks.

Maybe if it’s cold enough it will freeze my heart and i won’t feel that Tyler just took my heart with him.

When I walked up those creaky old steps to the front door of my house, I’m confused and nervous at the dead silence.

I opened the door, the fading yellow glow of the light shining in the living room and kitchen.

I closed the door behind me and welcomed the emptiness in the room. I’m glad that I’m not greeted by Neymar or mom.

The slap she gave me earlier still had me angry at her.

| strut over to the kitchen, open the fridge, and take out the bottle of water | placed in there last night. I gulped it down, loving how the cold liquid swept down my throat.

Feels so good.

Putting the cap back on the bottle placed it back in the fridge and then closed the door. Taking out the paperbag in my bag, I heard the sudden sound of the door creaking.

I froze, holding my breath as I waited for whoever to show their presence.

Was it mom?

Or Neymar?

My heart slams as I prayed it wouldn’t be Neymar coming over here.

But the footfalls are light and not heavy. So it was defi nitely mom.

She stumbles into the kitchen, freezing when she notices me standing there.

Even though I’m still angry at her for what she did to me, I’m still relieved that it was her and not Neymar.

Her bloodshot eyes narrow on my face and the paperbag in my hand. “Where have you been baby?” She slurred.

She’s drunk. And no doubt high as hell.

| stiffen. “I told you got a job today. I’ve been at work.”

She stumbles closer, her hand barely clutching the counter to stop her from falling face first on the cold floor. “What you got there?” She nudges her head at the paperbag. “It smells good.” She groaned.

“I haven’t eaten today.” She looks at me like a beggar would.

| sighed and looked down at the paperbag. She was right, it did smell good but I wasn’t really in a sharing mood, espe cially with what happened today.

But then as I watch her glossy eyes and the way she could barely hold her weight, my heart squeezed.

“It’s croissants,” I murmured and reached in the bag to give her one. She takes it quickly and scuffed it down.

Suddenly the door creaks again, this time the footfalls are heavier, faster, meaner.

I already know who it is. I froze, my stomach knotting.

“Did you not get the beer I told you to fetch for me in the fridge?” He snarled, making his presence known when he comes into view.

I note how mom’s shoulders stiffen and she squirms in fear. Her reaction leaves a bitterness in my mouth.

His eyes land on me quickly.

His eyes rake over me, a nasty leer on his face as his lips

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lift into a nasty smirk. “So the little whore is finally back.”