

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 109

Tyler's pov

What the hell?

Why does my chest hurt so much?

Why does my heart feel like it's breaking into pieces?

Why the hell is my head hurting so badly?

Why can't I stop thinking about her?

I groan, tugging at my hair relentlessly. My scalp cries and begs for mercy. I show none.

What the hell am I feeling?

It's not like I was in love with Layla and it's not like we were in a relationship in the first place. This wasn't a breakup.

So why the fuck does it hurt so badly?

I want to just reach in my chest and pull out my stupid heart that had been different the moment I walked up those bleachers and talked to Layla for the first time.

That stupid heart that had me confused about my feel

ings.

I snorted.

What damn feelings am I talking about?

Tyler Wood doesn't have feelings. Especially when a girl is concerned.

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She only gave me pussy and sure it was the best I ever had. Tasted fucking great too. But I was certain it can be re placed.

After all, there are a lot of fishes in the sea, with legs wide and pussy ready for me. There are many girls who would kill to have a chance with me.

She wanted to stop the arrangement and that should be fine with me. But then why the hell was it not?

Fuck Tyler, stop thinking about her and about that damn arrangement that should never have happened in the first place.

Because now look at where it got you?

With a painfully throbbing heart and a raging mind that couldn't stop taunting you with images of her you wished you could erase.

Damn it all.

Fuck.

| groan aloud and didn't think when I fling the books off my desk in a rage. They fall to the floor with a loud bang.

"Fuck!" | snarled, slamming my fist on the desk.

"Why the hell does this affect me this much? It's just pussy. You can get any pussy you want." | groan, tugging at my hair.

Jesus. What had this girl done to me?

I want to pull at ever ystrand of my hair if it would help

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the pain I was feeling in my heart to ease. I'd do anything to stop from feeling this gut wrenching pain I've never felt be fore.

Not since mom.....

A knock sounds at the door and I clenched my eyes tight

"Son." Dad's voice fluttered through the room.

I'm breathing heavily and wait a few moments to collect myself before answering him.

"Yes?" | asked, not sure if to go to the door and open it to talk to him or stay here and try to calm my rage. I didn't want him to see me like this, he'd ask too many questions I couldn't answer.

"Are you okay son? Heard a few concerning sounds." He asked with concern in his voice clear as da y

I nod and forgot he couldn't see me. Brushing a hand down my face in frustration I uttered a lie. "Yeah, I'm fine. I ac cidentally threw some of my books down on the floor. Noth ing to worry about."

He stays silent for a few seconds and then uttered. "Al right. If there's anything bothering you Tyler, I am here. I know I've not been for a few weeks now because of the campaign ing but I will always put you and Daffodil first. No matter what."

By just the tone of his voice, I knew that he had not be lieved my words.

I sighed heavily and looked at the door. "I know dad," || said while running my hand through my hair. "But I'm fine. Nothing to be worried about. Is Daff asleep?" | asked to get the subject off of me.

"Fell asleep five minutes ago. Vås in her room tucking her in bed when I heard those loud bangs coming from your room." He answered.

I let out an annoyed breath. I should have known he'd not let go of the subject that easily.

"Goodnight dad," I said and walked over to the bed.

I fall on the mattress, back first, and sighed in relief when I heard his fading footfalls after he told me goodnight reluc tantly.

I stared at the ceiling, my arms spreading on the mattress. I want to curse out loud but I knew that by doing so, dad would have another reason to come here and pester me with questions.

"What the hell Layla....why are you doing this to me?" | breathed out and then cursed when I sa wan image of her pretty little mouth splitting into a smile, wrapping around my cock.....

I brushed a hand down my face angrily. I'm so damn frus trated that she has managed to affect me this much.

I'm glaring at my ceiling for God knows how long when my phone blares in my pocket.

For some reason, my heart skipped a quick beat when I thought it was her calling me.

| quickly take the phone out of my pocket, my fingers trembling only for my stomach to drop in disappointment when I saw the caller's name.

What the fuck does Karen want after pulling that stunt to da y?

She's the other cause of what I am feeling now currently too. If she hadn't done this to Layla perhaps the arrangement wouldn't be off and I'd have an excuse to see Layla or hear her voice.

I let the phone blare until it stops. Throwing it beside me, I groan in frustration when only a few seconds later it blares again.

I let it ring knowing it was Karen who was trying to get a hold of me.

After pulling that dumb stunt today, I didn't even want to see Karen much less hear her voice.

I let the phone blare for t wo more times when I got frus trated and answered her.

"What the fuck Karen?!" | blasted through the phone in anger.

"Baby..." She whined in my ears and I sit up on the bed, clenching my jaw and the phone brutally.

"Why the hell are you calling me after what you pulled to day? You have some ner ve." I snarled, glaring at my books on the floor wishing it was her I was pinning with hate this much.

"Why are you still angry with me baby? I told you I wasn't

the one who wrote that word on Layla's locker." She whined.

"You're the only classless girl who could ever do some thing like that Karen. It's not that unbelievable." I snapped.

"I told you Tyler, I would never do that to my cousin. But I know who did." She uttered.

I stopped for a few to calm my breathing before I asked. "Who?"

"Meet me in my room in half an hour and I'll tell you who wrote the word whore on Layla's locker."