

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 11



Layla’s pov

I looked at him wo dlessly at first before I opened my mouth to voice out my thoughts. “What do you mean by saying only on your terms? I’m the one who came up with the idea!” I nearly screeched inside the car. And despite how wet and cold I was, I didn’t even care at the moment.

He raised a very thick yet well groomed brow as his eyes continue to flash with that wicked gleam. “But I’m the one who’s going to be used as a prostitute. I can’t just agree to something and have my life on the line.”

I scoffed nastily. “Your life on the line? Isn’t that a bit pushing it? What do you think I’ll do to you, tie you to the bed and beat you to death with a dildo?”

He makes a disgusted face. “A dildo? That thing or any other thing than my cock, lips, tongue and fingers will not be allowed in the bedroom or wherever we see fit to fuck. I am very proud to say I don’t have to use any of these stupid sex toys to get someone off in a matter of seconds.”

I raised both my brows, feeling, literally smelling the cockiness emanating from him. “You’re very confident,” I stated dryly.

“If you have a cock like mine then you would be too.” He says slyly.

I cringed, still not sure why he was being so blunt.

He notices my expression and chuckles. “You seem to be uncomfortable with how I speak.”

I don’t answer him but I don’t have to.

“You know yo u’ e going to have to get used to it if you want this to work. I’m a very blunt guy Layla and I don’t beat around the bush.” He grumbles truthfully with a hint of amusement.

Huffing I looked away from him after feeling the small tingles of heat already on my neck. “Well you can have a little cap on your mouth once in a while,” | grumble lowly .

Tyler laughs, full-on laughs. I’ve never heard him laugh this loud before. And honestly, it was amusing because of the snorts that rolled after.

But then the sound of his phone going off made him calm down and reach in the center console. My eyes followed his actions, my breath catching in my throat at the clear abundance of condoms messily thrown inside the small yet convenient space.

He retrieves the phone, cursing softly at the name of Brett popping on the screen of the phone. I watch him swipe his thumb over the answer button and pull the phone to his ear.

He listened to what Brett was saying before his gaze swept over to me slowly and casually. “Now?” He asked, tearing his gaze away before sighing heavily.

“How many until my turn?” He asked after a pause.

I probably should’ve given him more privacy and actually gotten out of the car. But something told me our conversation hasn’t technically ended yet.

I found my e yes dropping to stare at the mess of unopened packets of condoms, feeling the familiar heat of a blush coating my cheeks as I read the size.

Extra large.

There were so many I wouldn’t even dare to count.

“Okay. Give me ten minutes tops. Until then hold up my spot for me. I don’t want to face anyone if it isn’t Gregor.” Tyler grumbled.

I hadn’t realized he had gotten off the phone until he snickered faintly. “Are you counting them or just fascinated by the gold packets?” There’s a weight of mirth in his voice, one I detected quickly.

I lift my head, feeling absolutely embarrassed to be caught staring at condoms.” Just didn’t know a guy could have so many.” I said truthfully,

He shrugged, a grin emerging on his face as the green in his eyes gleamed lighter.” I like to always be prepared.”.

snorted. “Clearly.”

He lifted a brow, amusement dancing in his eyes. “Are you really about to judge me? Am I about to get a lecture from Layla Campbell?”

I don’t show him how stunned I am that he knew my surname. Instead, I opted to just sweep it aside and act neutral.

Rolling my eyes I turned away from him. “I don’t think I could e ver dent your huge ego even if I would. So no, I wouldn’t dare to waste my time.” I mumbled while watching him in the corner of my eye.

His pretty eyes danced with laughter. “You know, you really don’t seem like a girl who would be so feisty....” He drawled before finishing when I was about to open my mouth and answer with another sarcastic retort. ” I like it.”

My words died out and I nearly choked on my spit. I coughed and Tyler chuckles.

Needing to get out of there before further embarrassing myself, I turn to him. “You have to be somewhere right?”

Tyler’s brow shot up in mockery. “You were listening to my conversation and watching the condoms, multitasking, nice.” He snorted and let out a small string of chuckles.

Thuffed. “We are confined in here, what else am I supposed to listen to? Do you expect me to shut off my ears?” || uttered sarcastically.

Tyler surprised me when his laugh grows louder, the dimple in his cheek showing more as he smiled at me. I never really noticed it before and I didn’t understand how I could have ever missed it.

“You know you’re a funny girl Layla. Never took you for someone who would have humor.” He admitted after he stops laughing.

Trolled my e yes. “If you keep assuming that I’m some old fashion, out of style, with no humor and has no brain girl then we’re going to have a problem Wood.”

“I never said any of those things.” He pointed out.

Not wanting to argue with him I just shrugged. “Whatever.”

He stares at me for a few moments before he says. “I do actually have to get going but I want to talk to you more about our little arrangement.”

I turn to him fully. “It’s just sex Tyler what more do we have to speak about?”.

His eyes flashed. “On my terms remember? Besides I need to talk to you about the babysitting job.”

Inod stiffly. “And what are those terms of yours?” I asked tightly, already preparing myself for a load of shit coming from his mouth but he just smirked and answered.

“Tomorrow, after school. We’ll talk at my place.”

I stared at him and when he doesn’t seem to w aever on his words, I nod seeing as I clearly didn’t have a choice. I needed to know about the babysitting job too anyway .

“Okay.” I agreed.

He nods and with a cheeky smile, he utters. “I like green.”.

Furrowing my brows, I worded out my confusion. “What?”

He chuckles slightly. “Goodbye, Layla.” He nudged his head to the door, obviously not going to answer my question.

Huffing, I rolled my e yes and got out of his car. When he disappeared from my sight, I held my broken laptop to my chest and started running, thanking the heavens that the rain had lessened.