

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 110

Tyler's pov

Was I really about to do this to get information on whoever had written the word whore on Layla's locker?

I looked at Karen's house, more specifically her room. It was lit up and I was sure she was waiting for me in there.

I let out an irritated breath and got out of the car. I approached the front door and rang the bell.

In just a few minutes someone's footsteps approach the door. When the door pried open I smile at Karen's mother awkwardly.

"Oh it's you Tyler. Thought it was the pizza delivery guy." Karen's mom laughed lightly.

"Sorry about visiting this late ma'am, Karen asked me to help her with our history homework that's due tomorrow."

I wasn't even good at history.

"Oh I know about that, Karen has already informed me that you'd be visiting. And please, how many times must I tell you to call me Kerry?" She giggled and opened the door wider.

"Come in. Come in. Haven't seen you here in a while." She smiles and I return an awkward one that she looked past.

Stepping into the house, I stiffen when she 'accidentally' squeezed my bicep. She giggled like a school girl. "Oh sorry. You've gotten even more toned."

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I grit my teeth.

One of the reasons why I avoided coming to Karen's and usually brought her over to my place was because of her leeching mother who always sees fit to touch me inappropriately.

A grown woman with a husband and a daughter I had been banging wasn't my type regardless of my reputation.

"Where's Karen?" I asked through gritted teeth. I was this close to blowing a fuse today, Kerry should thank her lucky stars that I hadn't passed my rage on her.

Kerry looks disappointed that I didn't want to engage in a conversation any longer with her and forces out a smile.

"She's upstairs in her room," Kerry answered with a disappointed smile that made her face look pained. "Waiting for you."

I nodded and stalked over to the stairs. Skipping two at a time to get there quicker and away from Kerry's creepy glare on my ass, I reached Karen's room in seconds.

I knocked on the door, looking down the hall to see Kerry already at the top stair, smiling at me.

I knocked on Karen's door impatiently.

"Karen!" I said loudly with impatience on my tongue,

Why are the two women in this house weird?

A shiver of disgust snaked down my spine as peeked at Kerry's seductive smile.

I'm relieved when Karen's loud voice tells me to come in.

I nearly run into her room, closing the door behind me, and let out a breath.

I scanned around Karen's overly girly room and nearly got blinded by the color of pink that was littered everywhere.

She was not in her room and by the sound of the water running, I knew she was in the bathroom.

I walked over to her shelves, cringing when I saw that she still had pictures of us lined on the lower shelf.

Despite the fact that we were never in a serious relationship, Karen treated what we were doing as such.

At first, it hadn't weirded me out seeing as mostly all the girls I've been with photoshopped photos of me and them together and placed those photos online or in their photo album, so I didn't think much of Karen doing it.

Those photos she had lined on the shelves were actually real, with her taking them when I least expected it.

Now looking at them, I couldn't help but feel creeped out that she still kept them despite us clearly not being on good terms.

You'd think she got the idea that we would never go back to how we were the last we spoke.

My eyes tear away from the photos lined on the shelves to the bathroom door that squeaked open slowly.

Taking a step back from the shelves I push my hands into the pocket of my jeans.

Karen walks out with a small short towel that barely covered her pussy and breasts.

The sight does nothing to me. Not even my cock stirred like it would usually do when my eyes feasted on a naked girl's body.

Not even my fingers tingled like they had done for Layla to touch every inch of her skin.

All I felt was revolt and the itching to get out of here as soon as possible.

Karen grinned, brushing a hand through her wet strands. "You came." She breathed out walking towards me.

I stiffen. "You know why I came Karen. Don't act like I came for you. Tell me who did that shit to Layla." I grumble and pinned her with a glare.

She rolled her eyes and reaches out for her phone. "Gosh Tyler you just got here. Can't we talk about us before talking about her?" She huffed and puts on her phone.

My jaw pops. "There was never an us Karen, you've known that for a long time that there was never an us. Now come on, tell me who wrote that shit on Layla's locker." I said with impatience on my tongue.

Karen looked up from her phone and she looks at me with her head tilted. "You know you've always slept with girls, all different kinds of girls but never did I take you for a guy who liked to roll in the sheets with someone like Layla."

I gritted my teeth. "I didn't come here to hear any of this shit Karen. All I want to know is who's the culprit behind what happened today."

Karen sighed and walked the remaining distance from me. Her free hand plays with the neckline of my shirt as she looks up at me with wide fake innocent eyes.

"Tyler." She whispered.

A growl of annoyance bubbled in my throat as I get ready to push her away.

But then she took me by surprise by getting on her tip toes and before I can react slams her lips on mine.

I'm stunned and then reacted quickly when I hear the snapping sound of someone taking a picture. I pushed her away, wiping off my mouth with the back of my hand in disgust.

"What the fuck Karen!?" I snarled, taking a step back from her.

I should've done that the moment I saw her walking up to me. Maybe then I wouldn't have her bitter taste on my lips.

Karen giggled, her face flush.

"Fuck this." I barked running a frustrated hand in my hair and turned around to leave.

With my hands on the door, she stops me. "Tyler:"