

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 113

Tyler had a massive headache, his head was pounding, and his temples were soaring.

He had stayed up way too late. No, he wasn't at some party or at some girls place like he'd usually be a few weeks ago.

No. He was at home on his bed staring at the ceiling blankly. His head full of thoughts about her.

Of course, he really did try to fall asleep but every time he did, an image of her eyes, her lips, her smile just tortured him.

He lost sleep because of her and he was going insane because of her.

A loud knock on his window roused him out of his head. He brushed a hand over his face and looked at whoever disturbed him.

Brett. With a damn goofy smile.

"Rise and shine." Brett chuckled.

With a groan slipping out of his lips, he opened the door and stepped out while swinging his bag strap over his shoulder.

"Wah you look like crap man. Had a rough night?" Brett asked backing away a step.

Tyler stifled a yawn and rubbed his temple while closing and locking the door. "Couldn't sleep last night."

That's the crappiest Tyler had ever unfortunately felt before.

"Of course you could not. Why the hell didn't you tell me

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you're smashing Karen again?" Brett snorted with accusation.

Tyler's brow pinched in confusion. Him smashing Karen again?

Leaning against his car, Tyler questioned in confusion. "What are you talking about man?"

Brett raised a brow and took out his phone. Swiping over the screen he turns it around so the screen faced Tyler.

Tyler felt bile rise in his throat and his skin itched. What the fuck? He thought with anger.

Why was there a picture of him and Karen kissing.....

Last night.

He forgot to make her delete that damn picture last night and now she's parading it all over social media.

Tyler seriously had no time to be dealing with this shit when he was still suffering from a massive migraine.

Letting different curses out of his mouth, Tyler raked a hand through his hair in anger.

"That bitch." He cursed making Brett raise his brow in question. From anyone's point of view, it really looked like Tyler was kissing her back.

He felt his stomach churn at the remembrance of how bitter she tasted on his lips.

"Karen is a damn snake man. She called me last night and said she'd tell me who wrote the word whore on Layla's locker. When I got there she kissed me, I didn't kiss her back and left

after. There's nothing going on between us and never will be." Tyler huffed, rubbing at his temples.

Great another incoming migraine again.

Tyler should've known that Karen was up to something the moment she invited him over to talk about Layla.

Honestly, he didn't know what he was thinking to even fall for that shit. His mind was clearly elsewhere to even think properly.

Brett scratched his head. "Man I thought it was bullshit when I first saw it this morning. Screenshotted and sent it to you. Why hadn't you checked?"

Tyler hadn't gone on his phone since last night. He was way too absorbed in his head about everything Layla.

This morning though, he just didn't feel like going on his phone because he had an inkling he'd not resist calling or texting her.

"I just hadn't felt the need to go on my phone." Tyler shrugged.

Brett nodded. "Well, I'm fucking relieved as hell that you hadn't gone back to that leech. But what about her? How will you explain this to her?"

Tyler grew even more confused. Dammit. He really couldn't think right now, his brain was a little slow ..

"Who's her?" Tyler scratched his chin and moved away from his car.

37% He needed to have a word with Karen and have her delete

that shit off her wall.

"Layla. I know something's going on between you two. Even a blind man could see that." Brett snorted and turned around when Tyler started walking towards the school.

Tyler looked at Brett sideways and contemplated if to give it away that indeed he and Layla had something going on. But one of Layla's rules was to not tell anyone about them....

"Nah man we had nothing going on." Tyler lied and felt to barf at the dishonesty in his voice.

"Yeah right, I'll believe that when pigs start to fly." Brett snorted while keeping up with his long strides easily.

Shit, why should he care to keep it a secret from his best friend anyway when she already called off the arrangement?

It's not like he couldn't trust Brett. Brett was the only guy he could trust anyway. No harm would be done.

"I'm going to tell her that Karen set me up and that it didn't mean anything. Which it didn't. Thought I'd barf when her lips touched mine man." Tyler grunted.

He would hope Layla would at least listen to what he had to say before jumping to conclusions.

Brett halted which made Tyler stop and look over at him in confusion.

"You who liked Karen's mouth because for one only reason.....wanted to barf because of her lips touching yours? Man, you're whipped. Thought I'd never see that day coming."

Brett said, his eyes glistening with mirth as he chuckled in amusement.

"I'm not whipped." Tyler gritted out glaring at his best friend. He liked Layla sure and maybe he liked her more than he liked any other girl....but Tyler Wood doesn't get whipped.

Brett snorted, slapping Tyler's shoulder playfully. "Sure man whatever makes you sleep at night."

Tyler gritted his teeth and started walking away. Brett chuckled and jogged to keep up with him.

"Tyler and Layla sitting in a tree, K. I. S. S. I. N. G- ooph," Brett laughed when Tyler pushed him away.

"Man quit it," Tyler grumbled, glaring at his best friend.

"Okay okay." Brett raised his hand. "By the way man, I don't think telling her that Karen set you up is going to work. Girls think differently."

Tyler felt something cold in his chest and froze when he heard Brett's words.

Brett had a point. Would Layla even trust his words?

With his reputation surely not.

He felt the color drain from his face.

Had he known that he'd be majorly fucked the next day he would have never gone to Karen's house.

Dammit. What a huge mistake he had made.

"Fuck." Tyler let out and dragged a hand down his face.

First thing he'll do is tell Karen to delete that damn photo and then talk to Layla.

He hope to God she would listen to what he had to say. ...