

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 121

Tyler couldn't for the life of him remember the last time he felt his heart hurt this much when she turned around and walked away from him.

He made sure to fix his zipper and button while his feet followed after her on their own.

And then before she could open the door, his hand reach out for her shoulder and whirl her around.

The sight of her teary eyes up this close robbed him of his breath. Dammit it all, but he fucking hated himself at this moment. No he fucking loathed himself so deeply for hurting her.

Fuck

"What!" She snapped, her teary eyes darkening into a glare he felt shoot him through his heart.

Tyler flinched, his fingers surprisingly shaky as he held her. "Let me explain Layla." He whispered, hoping she'd hear him out even though she clearly saw what was happening. Well, she heard what was happening.

Tyler felt nauseous and terrified of this being the last straw to losing her forever. How the hell would he make her forgive him when he was guilty as fuck?

He had never hated himself this badly before and honestly he felt like the worst human being alive right now.

Her animosity towards him was justified and he clearly had screwed himself over by doing something he hadn't wanted to do in the first place.

His body knew it. His heart knew it. His mind knew it. The

reason why he couldn't even get hard for those girls was because Layla had clearly screwed him for anyone else.

She had marked him, his heart, his body, his mind, without him even noticing. And now that he was way too late to guard his heart, he feared he was screwed forever.

His heart pinched when Layla let out one of those dry laughs that held no emotion.

"Let you explain why you were screwing that girl in there? Tyler, do you really think I'm dumb?" She sneered under her breath while wrenching her arm out of his hold.

He knew better than to reach out for her again. So he only left his hands by his sides and hope to God, she could see in his eyes that he was sorry. That he regretted even following those girls into the bathroom. Regretted even touching them.

Hell, he regretted touching any girl before and after Layla. Which was a fucking bizarre feeling he didn't know how to come to terms with yet.

"I didn't screw her-" Tyler started but Layla cut him off with a snort and a disbelief shake of her head.

"Yeah right, and I just saw a mouse with wings!" She snapped while reaching for the door again.

Tyler reached out to stop her again but she wrenched away from him before he could and looked at him with disgust etched on her beautiful face.

"Layla

She shook her head and laughed dryly" I don't even know

why we're having this conversation, we were not in a relationship and you just proved how you can't ever be in one."

The tears flowing down her cheeks while she spoke shook him to the bone. He felt sick. Absolutely sick of himself and his actions.

Why the fuck did he even do this in the first place? Why did he touch those girls!?

Now trying to get rid of her presence on his body and in his heart now pushed her further away from him. How can he possibly fix this?

Tyler felt lost, completely lost on what to do. Apologizing to her wasn't working, especially when she was this angry.

"Layla," He sighed, reaching out for her only for his heart to sink when she blast.

"Don't touch me!" Layla's eyes were dark with rage and disgust, aiming toward him which made him feel even worse.

He had hurt her badly and now he was going to pay dear

"Don't you ever touch me again. I don't want you near me Tyler." She spat, shaking her head.

Her words stunned him and rendered him speechless. He felt like a huge asshole. His tongue was heavy but he didn't want her to leave.

So when she turns around to walk out the door, Tyler grabbed her firmly despite her protest. God, he knew he didn't deserve her forgiveness, hell he knew that she should in

fact hate him for what he did.

Because even though he had not fucked those two girls, he kissed them and touched them. But he didn't want to lose her.

"Layla listen to me," He whispered, gripping her and not caring that the girl he was in the stall with was watching the show before her.

He shook his head, pleading for her to believe him. "I didn't go all the way with her. I couldn't. You didn't let me."

But then when those words tumbled out of his mouth he regretted it the second he saw her features shift into more rage and disbelief." So you're saying I didn't let you go all the way with her?" She shakes her head.

"I don't think I told you to stop Tyler! Hell, I'm not stopping you now, go on and finish what you were doing in there. I won't 'stop' you again." She sneered at him furiously.

Shit, perhaps he should've worded that out a bit better.

Tyler shook his head. "That's not what I meant Layla."

Breathing out a long sigh, Tyler confessed while keeping his gaze locked on hers. "What I'm trying to say is that you've occupied my mind so much that I can't go all the way with any other girl,"

Tyler stopped and winced. Was he even saying this right? It was the first time he was telling this to someone, he wasn't sure how to honestly.

At least he had her attention. Well he hoped he had her

attention. She hadn't moved away from him yet so that was a good thing right?

Tyler clenched his eyes tightly and then when he opened them, they connected with hers quickly. "I think I like you Layla," He confessed and suddenly he felt like a huge weight had lifted off his shoulders.

Damn, he felt free.

Who would've thought that keeping this in for so long would've weighed so heavily on his shoulders?

Tyler's eyes drowned in her pretty ones but instead of getting the reaction he wanted from her, he got the opposite.

Layla's features turned vexed and she tugs her arms out of Tyler's hold harshly. "Well you have a funny way of showing it." She snarled under her breath and looked behind Tyler to peer at the girl who was staring at them in curiosity.

"I want nothing to do with you Tyler, not anymore," Layla whispered while shaking her head and opened the door. "Don't you dare follow me." She grumbled under her breath while walking out.

Tyler wasn't stupid to follow after her. So he watch her walk away while running a hand through his hair in frustration. He'd have to try harder to get her to forgive him. But for now, he'll let that anger simmer down.