

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 122

Layla's pov

I know I have tears flowing down my cheeks as I rush back to the library. I don't feel like staying here and don't want to see him in the halls anymore.

I knew that there was a huge possibility that we would cross paths.

I brush my hands through my hair. But if I decide to leave I'd show him that what he did affects me.

And God, even though it shouldn't have, it did. I felt like my heart was tearing apart which made me know that I had indeed fallen for him.

I'm not sure when it happened or why. I just know those feelings were not anything that could stop anytime soon.

I entered the library, wiping under my eyes. Some part of me wanted him to follow me, some part didn't want him to

see how much of a mess he made me.

I told him I didn't want him for myself, and him seeing those tears run down my cheeks showed my true feelings.

I wanted to smack my own head for being so stupid. How can I say something and yet act another way?

I told him he was nothing but a manwhore and he showed me that he was. I shouldn't be surprised. I shouldn't have reacted the way I did.

I strut back over to Tiffany whose head is down and busy

jotting down on the paper. When she lifts her head, her eyes peer up at my face and her brows knot quickly.

The pen falls on the paper and she reacted quickly by pushing off the chair and getting beside me before I could sit down.

"Lai, what's wrong!?" Tiffany gasped reaching out for me and skimming her eyes over my face. Her eyes are deep with worry and her face showed the same.

"I hate him Tif." I whispered, my throat tight. I wanted to cry all over again. The tears building up in my eyes betrayed me and started to trail down my cheeks yet again.

Tiffany's brows knot and she searches my eyes as if the windows of my soul would tell her or at least give her a hint of who I am referring to.

"Huh?" She asked looking confused.

"He's such a dick." I said again, my bottom lip trembling.

Tiffany's hands on my shoulder tighten and she pressed me for an answer. "Who do you hate? Who's the dick?"

"Tyler," My lips wobble and then I began to cry when her eyes shift in understanding.

"What did he do?" She whispered, her soft voice trying to comfort me.

"I found him with a girl in the bathroom. He was fucking her Tif." I nearly vomited when those words slip out my mouth like a tumbling mess.

I hearing her moans and the way she purred out his name

was disgusting and upsetting. I hated her. And I hated him even more.

Why would he sleep with someone minutes after we spoke?

Was he enjoying himself.....

I shook my head, disappointed in myself for where my thoughts have wandered to.

Tiffany's eyes widen in surprise and for a couple of seconds, she just stood there staring at me with her mouth parted and her gaze deep with shock.

And then she let out a stunned gasp as if she hadn't quite heard me right." What?"

I shook my head and whispered again. "I found him with some girl in the bathroom, she was moaning out his name."

Tiffany's eyes widen even more which I was surprised they could widen again. "You're kidding right?"

I shook my head and snorted even though my throat hurt. Oh I wish I was kidding Tiffany. I really wish I was.

"No I'm not kidding. He literally confirmed by getting out of the stall and had the nerve to look guilty and shocked when I caught him. Such a dick." I sneered and moved away from her to walk to the chair I was sitting on before I went to the bathroom.

Tiffany followed after me. "What an asshole! I'm shocked honestly, he didn't look like he'd actually do something like this to you."

I plopped down on the chair and rubbed my forehead while I try to stop from feeling pity for myself and snorted at Tiffany's words.

"Why is it surprising? He's a manwhore, he always was. Thank God I didn't keep my hopes up for him, I would surely have been more disappointed than I am now." I whispered while digging my fingers into my scalp.

I wish this hurt less.

I wish I didn't allow him to hurt me.

I wish I had guarded my heart more, guarded my feelings.....

Now what I thought I would avoid at the start of our arrangement blew up in my face.

I had gained feelings for him and it was clear he didn't care about me despite him saying he liked me.

If he had an ounce of feelings for me he wouldn't have been in that stall screwing that girl.

Screw him.

Tiffany plop down on the chair mirroring mine, right back where she sat moments ago and looked at me across the table.

"I just still can't believe it. He just seemed so into you. Like the way he stared at you Lai, it was different than how I've seen him stare at any other girl. There was something there, I could've sworn I saw it." She whispered while shaking her head in disbelief.

I let out another snort. "Clearly not."

She looked at me in pity and I sighed while running a hand down my face. "Look I know you mean good but looking at me in pity isn't helping Tif...." I whispered.

Her eyes flickered sadly and she looked a bit guilty. "I can't help but think this is all my fault too Lai."

My brows drew together as I peer at her across the table in confusion. "How is this your fault?"

She whispered. "Because I was the one who suggested that you sleep with him for inspiration in the first place. If I hadn't then your heart wouldn't be breaking right now."

I winced and cleared my throat. "My heart isn't breaking Tif, I'm okay. Well, I'll be okay. I wasn't that into him anyway." I trailed off and lying straight through my teeth.

She doesn't believe me, I can see it clear as day on her face but she nods anyway.

Her fingers touch on her lips and she pinches her mouth ever so slightly. I froze. I know that look. She was about to say something that would upset me.

"Okay you might throw that huge ass heavy book at my face after asking you this but I have to." She winces and looks at me nervously.

My eyes narrowed on her face." What is it?"