

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 127

When Tyler heard the fading sound of the bell ring for the second period he rose to his feet. Brett who had dozed off jumped in startlement.

“What time is it?” Brett groaned, rubbing his eyes and fixing his messy hair.

“Time to head back to school,” Tyler replied already skipping down the bleachers.

“Man at least wait up!” Brett yelled and Tyler heard his clumsy footfalls behind him.

Tyler had given her enough time to calm down, now it was time to talk to her again and apologize for being an ass and screwing up something that hadn’t had the time to blossom yet.

He walked faster, hoping to catch her before her next class.

Layla’s pov

I stretched my hands over my head and then closed the huge book. The bell had good timing because I had just finished up the paper.

Tiffany groaned and lifted her head from her crossed arms

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on the desk. She had dozed off after writing half of the paper and I took over right after.

“Wakey Wakey sleepy head.” I teased and winced inwardly when I hear the rawness in my voice from crying earlier.

I hope to God my eyes at least were not showcasing I was crying anymore.

Tiffany stretched and a yawn fluttered out her mouth. “Sorry for falling asleep, I had been up all night staring at Brett’s photos on Instagram.” She admitted and cracked her fingers.

I winced. I hated that sound.

“Of course you were,” I said lightly while fixing the paper into the file and then pushing it into my bag.

She giggles and moves off the chair. “Sorry, it’s a bad habit.”

“That you have to stop,” I replied. While she slept, I had a lot of time to think about everything.

And the more I thought about it the more I realized that I acted stupid for getting emotional when the guy and I were not even together. I acted like a jealous girlfriend and that was embarrassing.

I also had time to make my mind up that I didn’t have to make him affect me. I can simply ignore him like I used to do before the arrangement.

Lv 1

Of course, things have changed since then, but how hard can it be to forget a playboy who wasn’t serious about anything but getting his dick wet?

“What’s up with you?” Tiffany asked softly, perhaps hearing the tinge of annoyance in my voice when I responded to her.

I sighed and swung the bag strap over my shoulder while picking up the huge book that weighed in my hand. “I just. Tif are you sure about this party? Are you sure about Brett? I don’t want you to get hurt like I did.”

There was a weight that leaves my chest when I said those words to her and my shoulders sagged in relief.

I know that I didn’t want to spoil the chance she has with Brett but I also want to protect her from any heartache he could potentially cause giving that his reputation is exactly

like his best friend.

Tif looks saddened and I instantly regret saying this to her. What was I thinking?

“I told you I won’t let him hurt me Layla. Don’t you trust that I can take care of myself? Have a little faith in me why

Lv 1

don’t you.” She whispered, her eyes quickly concealing how hurt she felt when I asked her those questions.

I let out a breath and looked at her. “I do trust that you can take care of yourself Tif. It’s him I don’t trust. He and Tyler are practically the same and I don’t want him to hurt you like Tyler hurt me.”

“But he’s not Tyler Layla and I’m not you. What you and Tyler had was an arrangement, you two never dated. Brett and I will be going on a date. That’s different than sleep

I flinched at her words and she stopped abruptly.

She looks regretful and apologizes quickly. “I’m sorry Layla. I-” She breathed out shakily and ran a hand through her hair.

“I’m going to class. I’ll see you there.” She whispered, picked up her bag and walked away, leaving me here alone with a burning throat.

I knew she meant no harm and that she only went into defensive mode because she wanted Brett, and me warning her of the potential of him hurting her irritated her.

I would’ve probably reacted the same but that didn’t mean that it hurt any less that she said those words to me.

I knew she regretted it, I could see it in her eyes.

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I shook my head.

She was right in a way, Tyler and I were in a sex arrangement and it was very different than her and Brett.

Lv.1

Could it be that I was a little jealous of her? Jealous that she got to have a date with Brett while Tyler and I never even tried to be anything more than fuck buddies?

Maybe I was so up in my head about Tyler that I hadn’t thought about what Tif would feel if I tried to warn her off Brett.

Was I a bad best friend?

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I sighed and went to pack up the huge book back on the

shelf where it had been stacked on.

I fixed my hair and wiped under my eyes just in case there were still a few dry tear stains and then walked out of the library in such of Tiffany to apologize to her,

But I’m greeted by a throng of students bustling about to get to their next class.

I winced as I squeezed my way through endless people while looking for Tiffany.

I can’t see any sign of her and I was sure she was already in class. I grunt when I’m elbowed.

I glared at the girl who had not bothered to apologize. Rolling my eyes, I continued on my way to the class after having that inkling that Tif must’ve been there.

“Omph.” I let out when I’m shouldered. I look up and see that it was the same girl Tyler had been in the bathroom with earlier.

Suddenly the emotions I tried to bury slammed back into me in full force and I’m forced to endure it as she smirked at

Blinking back my incoming tears, I gripped the bag tighter to my side and scowled at myself inwardly for being stupid for getting emotional again.

“Stupid Layla,” I murmured under my breath as I quicken my footsteps. I need to get to class. I need to get away from

this crowd.

I was never claustrophobic but right now I felt like I couldn’t breathe.

“Layla.” My head snapped up and they connected with his instantly. I froze.

Tyler’s eyes twinkled and my stomach knotted.