

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 128

Layla's pov

I sucked in a sharp breath and darted my eyes away from his quickly. Clutching the strap of my bag tightly, I walked aster, hoping and praying he'd not follow after me.

But I was wrong. He did.

I cringe when he calls out my name and stiffen when I feel his fingers wrap around my arm.

Dammit. I hate his long legs.

"Layla we need to talk," Tyler said softly while squeezing my arm.

I tug my arm out of his grasp and turn to shoot him a glare. "No, I don't think we do. We said what we had to say and now there's nothing left to convince me otherwise that what you said earlier is bullshit."

Tyler's eyes widen slightly, perhaps not expecting me to say something like this so void of emotion.

But I refuse to make him think that he affected me even though it was clear he did.

"When I said I liked you, Layla. That was not bullshit. I don't go around telling every girl that I like them." He said gruffly and I shake my head.

"You and I perhaps view what it means to like someone differently because what you did there with that girl.....that doesn't show that you like me Tyler?" I huffed and fixed the

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bag strap over my shoulder.

I needed to get away from him and really soon. I was melting by his close proximity, the mere heat of him.

And dammit, I have never been so torn between my heart and mind before.

One wanted me to fawn over his words while the other told me to take precautions before deciding anything else.

I listened to my head. It was the only logical part of me that didn't want to get hurt more.

Shaking my head at his guilt ridden face I sighed. "Look Tyler, I need to get to class and I'd appreciate it if you leave me alone

Tyler took a step forward causing me to take a sharp in take of breath. His eyes burn through me and suddenly I felt like I couldn't breathe. The air is intense around us and I'm nearly certain that everyone had their eyes on us.

I didn't want to look around to check to see if I was right.

"That's the thing, Layla. I can't stay away from you. I can't leave you alone." He licked across his bottom lip and sighed. "I-Layla can we just talk somewhere more private?"

I stared at him silently for a few and made up my mind. I couldn't afford to get hurt anymore. I couldn't afford to get my hopes up.

Especially when Tyler has never been serious about any girl before.

So why would he be serious about me when I was no one special? He could be lying about liking me too.

"I need to get to class Tyler," I said, and as if the timing was right someone shouldered him and a few students blocked the way between us.

I use this to my advantage and literally sprinted to class and ignored his calls.

How long will you run away from him Layla? My heart cried.

As long as it takes to get over him. My mind responded.

As long as it takes.....

I felt like a coward honestly but I've been going through too much lately to let heartache be the cause of me not getting out of here.

I need to focus on school and school only.

Boys who aren't serious about relationships I shouldn't waste my time on.

When I got to class, I spotted Tif right away. Her head is down and I made my way over to her, thankful that there was an empty desk and chair beside her.

When I plop down on the chair and set my bag on the desk, Tiffany finally lifted her head.

I smiled softly. "I'm so sorry Tiffany

She shook her head and cracked a smile. "No I should be the one to say sorry. I was way out of line and I wasn't thinking. Clearly."

"No. You're right. I shouldn't base my opinions on Brett

just because Tyler and I aren't seeing eye to eye right now. You deserve to be happy Tiffany and I don't want to stand in the way of that. I'm sure Brett's a great guy." I said with a smile.

Tiffany smiled and then her gaze drifted over to the door. I follow her gaze and my heart flips when I spot Tyler opening the door, his gaze on me.

"Layla," He called out and everyone who was seated turned to face me. I squirmed in my seat.

He makes a move to enter the classroom but the teacher walked into the classroom before he could. "I don't recall you being in this class Mr. Wood!" She said which caused Tyler to let out an annoyed groan.

He looked over at me and his eyes silently told me that he was not going to give up and that he would eventually get a hold of me.

His stare had me shivering and when he leaves the class room a few minutes later my phone buzzed with a text.

The teacher's gaze snapped to face me and she glared. "Phones must be off at all times during class Layla."

I winced and fished for my phone in my bag as I murmured an apology. The screen lights up and I saw that it was a text from Tyler.

Tyler: I'm not giving up Layla.

"Layla Campbell!" The teacher barked which caused me to quickly put off the phone and wince.

"I'm sorry, won't happen again Miss. I apologized and squirmed when the students around us began to murmur something incoherent but I knew they were talking about me and Tyler. It was way too obvious for me to not realize.

A sudden cold stare had me sweeping my eyes over to the

corner of the room.

Quinn. One of Karen's friends.

She was glaring at me and turned around to face the front when the teacher yelled for everyone to be quiet.

I fixed myself on the chair and tried to focus on the class even though my mind kept drifting back to him.

For the rest of the classes, I was a bit impressed that I managed to avoid Tyler like the plague. Though I will admit it took a lot more effort than I thought it would.

Now it was P. E and I was just heading to the locker room when I heard giggling and whispering. There was also the sound of water running.

I ignored the giggles and whispers and made my way to my locker so I can change into my P.E uniform.

But I froze in shock and confusion when my locker is wide open and with no P.E uniform in sight.

"Looking for this cousin?" Karen's voice fluttered beside me and then suddenly wet clothes which I knew were my P.E uniform is thrown in front of me.

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My jaw locked when I heard her and her posse giggling. I

whip to face her and took a menacing step forward.

"You fucking bitch. You're going to pay for that." I said as I fisted my hands, ready to connect them to her face. I was so

tired of her.

Karen's brows raised mockingly. "Now calm down cousin, don't want me going to aunt and telling her the trouble you've been causing here recently, now would you?"

I stiffen.

Her going over to my mom would make her see Neymar. And knowing Karen she'd not say the truth and twist it around and obviously wouldn't care that she was saying them in front of Neymar.

And knowing Neymar....he wouldn't be pleased to hear that I was 'causing trouble'. God alone knows what he'd do or

say to me.

My fist unclenched and I glared at Karen's smirking face. "Fuck you, Karen." I gritted and bend over to pick up my wet P.E uniform.