

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 13



Layla’s pov

I was at least glad that I wasn’t a sniffing mess the next day for school and more than grateful that my converse had dried up and did not smell of musk.

I was always irritable when I was sick or hungry, so I was at least pleased that I had not caught a cold yesterday from the rain.

But maybe that would’ve been better than having to watch Karen and her posse bend over, their hands locking around their ankles and purposely sticking their ass in the air.

I watch a line of drooling boys behind them, snickering and pointing at their asses.

At least the black gym shorts we were assigned to wear covered mostly everything except some butt peeking out.

“Campbell come down from the bleachers and make yourself warm up before the run.” Coach Reese yelled loudly from down below, an arm slang over his forehead to block the blazing sun.

I could already feel the roll of sweat trailing down my back. It was so hot and it sucked balls that P. E just had to be the period before lunch.

And now we were supposed to make five rounds around the entire huge field. I call this torture. Wincing out an embarrassed smile, I started down the bleachers at least thankful that most of the guys were too occupied with Karen to have heard coach.

But some of the girls who stood to the side, did hear and their gazes were on me.

I squirmed wishing Tiffany would get here already. She had to help Mr. Bidder with a few files and was excused for another five minutes.

I admit I was waiting for her because I was clearly uncomfortable being around so many teens I barely knew despite being in the same class with them for years.

I strut over to coach Reese, an excuse to sit out of this one on the tip of my tongue. But I should’ve known coach was relentless.

“No,” He ground out.

“But

I started to whine.

“This is a requirement Layla. You can’t budge your way out of this. Go. Warm. Up.” He pointed toward Karen and her annoying friends.

Did he seriously want me to bend over like them and stick my ass in the air and pretend like this was supposed to be a warm up?

But as I looked at coach closely, I understood why. It was because his eyes were literally stuck on their asses. He was leering at them like some kind of pervert.

I started inching away from him until I was a good distance away from him and nearly screamed in relief when Tiffany came up behind me, her arm slinging over me as she screeches lowly. “I swore Brett looked at me today.”

I looked around hoping no one had heard her. It would’ve been too embarrassing if they did.

“Good for you then.” I sighed.

It’s not like I didn’t care to hear about Tiffany’s crush, but there’s only so many times I can listen to the name Brett for one day

It’s already bad that I hear his name and Tyler’s every time I walk through the school halls. It’s like you can’t get away from the two boys even though they were nowhere in sight.

ing of the devil, I froze when the smell of spice and something else alluring surrounds that air around me

breath feathered against the back of my ear, causing goosebumps to rise on my neck and I held my breath.” Don’t As forget after school, my house.” He whispered before his warmth moves away from me.

He sidesteps me, and turns around to flash me a charming grin before walking over to coach.

“What the hell was that?” Tiffany whisper yelled near my ear

I had completely forgotten to tell her about what happened yesterday and how Tyler and I were in the midst of arranging what we had planned.

But right now was definitely not a good time to keep her updated.

“I’ll tell you somewhere more private,” I whispered with a promising tone which she nods to.

The side of my face tingles and I just knew someone was looking at me. Turning my eyes in the direction of where I could feel the stares coming from, I’m not shocked to see that it was Karen and her friends. They were glaring at me hotly.

“Oh they definitely saw that little exchange between you and Tyler.” Tif laughs nervously.

I shrugged, not at all scared of Karen.

“Campbell and Chopra, warm ups!” Coach Reese yells.

Both Tiffany and I snap our eyes his way, but mine only seemed to have stuck on Tyler whose arms were crossed over his chest and a huge ass shitting grin on his face while looking at me.

What the hell did he think he was doing showing me attention in school?

I tore my gaze away quickly, fixing my glasses on the bridge of my nose.

I really need to set some rules about our little arrangement.

Tiffany tugs me forward, grumbling. “Come on.”

“Oh damn.” Tiffany lets out a breath as she sank her bottom on the bench. She lifts her bottle of water to her lips and gulps down half of its contents.

Equally exhausted as her, I sat beside her trying to catch my breath. My legs burned from running for so long, my lungs felt like they were about to collapse and don’t get me started on my heartbeat.

Tiffany moves the bottle from her lips and wipes the trail of water on her upper lip while sighing loudly. “I hate P. E, I hate sports, I hate running and I hate doing anything to keep someone physically fit.”

I nod agreeing with her as I reach out for my own bottle of water before a throng of girls entered the changing room. They were all equally exhausted and sweaty as Tiffany and me.

The only difference was that they weren’t at all trying to catch their breaths or seem to be on the brink of knocking out.

They looked down at Tiffany and me as they passed by, some giggling while chatting with their friends, while some just walked wordlessly.

“Should we wait until mostly all of them go shower before we do?” Tiffany asked, looking around the room. We hated showering in the showers at the school. It wasn’t exactly private.

I nodded agreeing with her as I sipped my water slowly.

But then Karen walked in like she owned the entire school, her shoulders straight, her posture perfect and her legs so long that she reached beside me in a matter of seconds.

Stopping in front of me, she glares down. I move the bottle from my mouth, completely aware that the entire room had gone quiet.