

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 134

“I have these too. They’ll go great with the dress.” She says happily and then narrowed her eyes on my face. “Don’t even think about complaining, you’re going to wear the damn dress and you’re going to look hot while wearing it. Now hurry go shower for us to get ready.”

I looked at her for a few and realized I wouldn’t win this argument so I gave up with a huff and got up to head to her private bathroom.

When I’m nearly disappearing in the room she asked. “By the way what did you bring in that paper bag? It smells so good.”

“Some croissants from work. You can have one if you want.”

She had already opened the bag before I even told her she could take some. I rolled my eyes and watch her bite into one of the croissants.

“Oh Gosh, aunt really overdoes herself every time.” She moaned chewing on the rest.

She opened her eyes and lifted a brow when she saw me looking. “What are you still standing here? Shoo hurry so we can have your man jaw on the floor tonight.”

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Layla’s pov

“Thanks dad,” Tiffany said when all three of us got out of the

car.

Her father smiles and nods, then got serious. “I’m picking you three up before ten p.m and no later than that.” He said sternly.

Tiffany nods and holds up her pinky finger. I on the other hand keep tugging that dang dress as it keeps riding up.

“And no alcohol, no boys,” He turns to face his son. “And no girls either. Just have fun but not too much fun!” He warned.

Tiffany rolled her eyes. “Dad we promise to not drink and get into trouble okay? Now go back to mom before she rings your phone nonstop.”

He looked at the three of us for a while and then said. “Be safe you three.” And then drove off.

Tiffany, Henry and I turn to face the house the party was held at. It was strange how the lawn looked neat as hell but the blasting music coming from the house told me that we were at the right place.

“Well, I’ll see you two losers later,” Henry said and walked

away.

“Don’t think as you’re a footballer means you’re better than us doofus! You peed your bed until you were five!” Tiffany scowled loudly.

Henry whips her the middle finger and disappeared into the house.

“Tif,” I whispered while tugging the ends of my dress.

She looked at me in silent question.

“Is it too late to head back?” I winced. I know I was supposed to be her wing woman but damn that dress kept riding up and I was scared my red panty would show .

Her brows knot. “But we just got here Lai? At least let’s see how things are inside before deciding if it’s not for us? And I still need to check Brett...” She trailed off shyly.

Oh right. I almost forgot about her and Brett having to meet up. I was a bit occupied with trying to not reveal my panty.

I nodded and murmured an okay.

Tif takes a hold of my arm happily and links them together as we made our way to the house that held the party.

Weswung the door open and quickly got closer to each other when we saw the entire room looked filled with drunk and sweaty teenagers.

Tiffany gripped me tighter and shout beside my ear because the music was way too loud in here.” We should look for the kitchen. Brett said they’d be there.”

I nodded.

They must be texting each other.

Wemade our way through the throng of sweaty bodies and

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scanned around for the kitchen. It was really no use in asking one of these drunk teens. They looked way too out of it.

“There’s the kitchen,” Tiffany said and pointed to the left.

I nodded. There were teens coming from there with cups in their hands. Must definitely be the kitchen area.

Tiffany and I made our way over there, clutching to each other like we were each other’s lifeline.

When we entered the kitchen Tiffany spotted Brett quickly and tugged me along while I tugged at the ends of my dress.

Brett had his back facing us while talking to one of the guys on the football team. He hadn’t noticed us until Tiffany tapped him on his shoulder.

He swung around slowly and then froze. His eyes widened as: he drank her in and then his mouth parted into what I presume was a wow .

“Tiffany;” He gulped, his eyes dancing over her form.

Tiffany was beautiful tonight so I wasn’t surprised by his lost of speech after seeing her.

He cleared his throat, looking a bit flushed but that might have to do with the drink in his hand. “You look...” He searched for a word to tell her and then breathed out. “Beautiful,”

His eyes were strictly on her and I had an inkling that he hadn’t even noticed me.

Tiffany blushed brightly under the light and looked up at him

shyly. “Thank you, Brett. We came a little late.” She said sheepishly.

Hearing we, Brett finally noticed that I was also there. He smiled at me politely. “Tyler’s on his way. Should be here any second now actually;”

I huffed and moved my arm out of Tiffany’s to cross them under my breasts. “I didn’t come here for Tyler;” I denied.

A little part of me did.

Okay a huge part of me did want to see him tonight if I were to be honest. Sure I wanted to support Tiffany and be her wing woman but I also wanted to spend a little more time with Tyler tonight.

Brett’s brows raised and he didn’t look convinced. “Sure...” He trailed off and snorted.

The guy he was talking to spoke up behind him.” Brett man, aren’t you going to introduce me to these two hotties?”

Brett stiffened and turned to face the guy. His features were tight with irritation and he sneered. “Beat it. Both are taken.”

The guy raised his brows in shock at Brett’s angry voice but nods and scurried out of the kitchen.

“Did he just say both of us are taken?” Tiffany whispered in shock beside my ear.

I nodded, a bit stunned at Brett’s words myself.

Brett turned back around to face us, the anger on his face disappearing in a matter of a second.

A grin smeared on his face instead.

“Do you two beautiful ladies want a drink?” He asked and then dart his eyes over to me. “By the way Layla, I would appreciate it if you don’t tell Tyler I called you beautiful. He’d skin me alive.” He rolled his eyes.

Tiffany laughed while I bit my bottom lip to suppress mine.

“Don’t worry. I won’t tell him.” I grinned. “ And as for the drink, no thank you. I don’t like alcohol.”

“Neither do I,” Tiffany said shyly after a reluctant pause.

She feared he’d be disinterested in her if she said no. I could literally see it on her face. She feared he’d reject her afterward.

But Brett only grinned brightly. “Love a girl who wants to stay clear-headed at a party.”

Tiffany turned even redder if it was possible and Brett seemed satisfied that he was making her all flush.

And then his eyes dart to someone behind me and he grinned. “Here’s your guy Layla.”

My heart slams in my chest and I whip around. Sure enough,

Tyler was here, trying to push through the throng of drunk bodies.

When he caught my stare all I could think about were the precious words he said to me in the car earlier. My heart beat faster when his eyes darkened with that look I knew all too well.

Hunger.