

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 135

Layla's pov

I'm burning every single place his gaze roamed. My heart leaped as he neared.

He's dressed in a black jacket, unzipped to show off his grey shirt and black ripped jeans. He looked hot as hell and he knew it.

His eyes dip to my thighs, just where the ends of the dress stopped.

His eyes darken even more and when his tongue poked out to lick a trail across his lips, I nearly moaned.

Oh I know that look. And it wasn't friendly at all.

I had an inkling that if he could, Tyler would fuck me on the counter I was currently leaning against.

His lips tug up when he's standing beside me and with the way his fingers twisted beside him, I knew that he wanted to reach for me and pull me in his arms.

The look in his eyes said so as well.

"You look....

He trailed off as he scanned his eyes over my form for what felt like the hundredth time in a matter of seconds.

"Ravishing." He murmurs out, stepping closer to me until he

was almost stomach to breast with me.

His mere heat warmed me and I held my breath when his head dips, his mouth curving as they move to my ear.

"You wore a little black dress. Guess I predicted it. You look so fucking sexy Layla. I don't think I'll be able to keep my hands to myself tonight." He admitted, his lips brushing against my ear until he nibbles it.

I squirm, giggling slightly and pushed at his chest lightly as I joked. "Friends remember?"

He sighs heavily and takes a step back while pouting. "Friends compliment each other." He defended.

I rolled my eyes. "Friends keep their hands to themselves though. And what did you just say to me a second ago?" | teased, my brows lifting.

He scoffs and when Brett laughs at his friend's expense, it is then I remembered that we had a little audience.

"Looks like my friend has for the first time in his life, been rejected." Brett joked which caused Tif to giggle lightly.

I blushed brightly.

When Tyler's in the room, sometimes I forgot where I am and that there were others around.

He always seems to get me to focus on him and only him.

And by the sheepish startling look in his eyes, he had forgotten that they were there too.

Shut up man. Don't you have to try to get your date to like you or something? Because you're quite unlikeable at the

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moment ugly." Tyler retorted with a joke that had Brett throwing his head back with a laugh.

Brett walks over to Tiffany who blushes furiously and throws his arm over her shoulder while sending Tyler a huge grin.

"Well then date, how about we take this to the dance floor? I do after all have to make you like me. Please don't say no because of my ugly face." Brett joked with a smile as he looked down at Tiffany in amusement.

She looks over at me, perhaps to ask permission to leave me alone with Tyler. With a reassuring smile, I nod to her.

She leaves with Brett, nervously linking her arms with his.

I stare at them, wishing that Tyler and I could be like them one day.

As if sensing my thoughts, Tyler comes to stand beside me and then leans against the counter. "You know, I wasn't going to come here tonight." He admitted while looking at me sideways.

I bit into my bottom lip to suppress a smile and peeked up at him with a raised brow. "Really, funny, I wasn't going to come here tonight either. But best friend duties." I shrug.

He smiled and nodded. "Yes me too, best friend duties."

I knew he lied and when I sent him an unconvinced stare he gave in with a shy chuckle. "Fine. I came for you. I can't have you roaming around with drunk barbarians."

I snorted a giggle and joked. "Now that wasn't so hard to admit now was it?"

He grinned and dipped his head a little. "Something tells me you've never been to a party before."

I embarrassingly looked away as I murmured. "Gee, how did you know?" I asked.

"Nothing to be ashamed about Layla. That's a good thing. Parties are overrated and kind of a drag unless you have a cup in your hand or a date." Tyler snorted, inching closer to me until his arm brushed against mine.

I peeked over at him and he was already staring at me intensely. "What about you? Where's your date or a cup in your hand?"

Tyler's lips tugged up and he whispered. "Well she's standing right beside me, and as for drinking, I don't think I'll drink tonight."

That smile on his lips widened when he noticed my flustered cheeks. "Date huh

"Before you say friends don't be friends date to parties, then I'm sorry to burst your bubble princess but friends do in fact go as dates. In our case, we met up as dates." He joked.

I smiled and looked at him shyly as I heard the woman song by doja cat blast through the speakers.

"Since you're my 'date' then take me to the dance floor;" I said while looking up at him under my lashes.

He grinned and took a hold of my hand. "Your wish is my command." He chuckles and he surprised me by pulling me closer.

We walked over to the dance floor where we could spot Brett and Tiffany dancing. They looked to be lost in their own world. But some girls around looked at them in envy.

I stiffened slightly when I remember who I am with.

Those girls will direct that nasty stare my way as soon as they noticed Tyler Wood was taking me to the dance floor.

So much for not wanting anyone to see me with him.

Right now I didn't care but also didn't feel comfortable to get shot with glares left and right.

Tyler squeezed my waist and dipped his head to whisper in my ear. "Relax baby,""

Instantly I'm relaxed and let him continue to lead me to the dance floor.

When we're in the middle of the crowd, Tyler turns me around so my back is on his front and his hands go around my waist.

I relax in his hold as his mouth brushes behind my ear, his hot breath fans my skin. "Let me feel those hips move the same way they did when I was deep inside you."