

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 137

Eric watches Layla's body sink into the water, her legs kicking and her arms flinging.

His heart grew cold and the blood drains from his face.

He's on the verge of jumping into the water when a hand stops him. He looks over and it's Karen.

"Don't mind my cousin. She does this all the time for attention. She can swim." Karen snorted.

Eric look over at Layla, noticing how she was sinking more into the water.

His brows furrowed. She didn't look like she was faking it.

She tries to emerge again, gasping as her hands grasp for air. "Helpggg." She sinks into the water yet again.

Eric's heart began to pound furiously. This didn't look like a fish for attention.

"Are you sure

Plow.

Someone dives into the water, grasping Layla quickly and pulling her up.

Eric felt the blood drain from his face.

Tyler.

Eric looked over at Karen, well where she stood moments ago. She was no longer there.

He felt a cold chill swing down his spine when he realized

Karen had lied to him.

A commotion of people began to rush over and Eric knew he was in deep shit. He should not have listened to Karen.

Layla's pov

The water was cold, freezing as it wraps around me. I'm grasping for something, fighting as I kicked my legs.

I can see Karen and Eric's figure, even though blurry, I kne wthey were looking at me.

Were they really this cruel to let me drown?

My heart pounds and more panic had me fighting to stay above water.

I need to stay above.

I kicked harder, my face emerging from the surface of the water. I gasp and cried out. "Helpggg."

My lungs burn as I once again sink into the chilling water. I'm fighting but I'm losing the battle quickly.

Soon my limbs are numb and my kicking slowed down. I looked up. Was Karen standing over the edge of the pool while she looked at me drowning would be my last vision before I die?

gave up the fight, my lungs filling with water.

If only I told Tyler how I truly felt when I had the chance....

Now.

I wouldn't

Arms wrap around my waist, holding me close and firmly while swimming up with me.

As soon as we resurface, I gasp coughing up the water that nearly filled my lungs.

I look at whoever saved me, my heart throbbing when my eyes connected with his.

Tyler.

He's panicking, his eyes deep with worry. His mouth is shifting. He's saying something.

But I can't understand. No, I can't hear anything.

My ears are ringing and my eyes are a bit hazy.

But I know it's him. I feel it's him.

And then the fog clears and the ringing stops and his voice reaches my ears. And I want to cry.

Because he saved me.

He saved me from drowning.

He saved me from dying.

Thug him, crying as I still coughed.

He's holding me tightly like I am his lifeline.

He's mine.

"Layla. Tell me you're okay. Tell me you're okay." He urges, holding me closer while he swam to the edge of the pool and hoist me up on the edge.

I sobbed, coughing, heart racing. I'm still in disbelief at what just happened to me.

I'm freezing. Trembling as he gets out of the water and pulls me into his arms.

I know there are eyes around us, I can hear them.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry for leaving you." He says shakily, his lips on my temple.

I'm at a loss for words. I'm not sure what to say.

I'm still swimming in the aftershocks of what happened.

"Layla!" Tiffany screeched, gaining my attention when she kneels beside me and hugged me to her.

I'm trembling in her hold and she tries to keep me warm as best as she could.

It's not working. It still feels like I'm in that freezing water, fighting for my life.

"What the fuck happened?" I hear Brett's voice above Tiffany's, but my gaze doesn't stray from him. No, they stray to the pool, looking at the devil that tried to drag me under.

Or maybe the pool wasn't the devil at all. The devil was a bleached blonde girl who was obviously obsessed with Tyler.

The devil was Karen.

"I didn't

Eric starts.

Suddenly Tyler tears away from me, moving his source of heat I really needed at the moment.

I look up to see that he was face to face with that Eric guy who pushed me into the pool.

Tyler's fingers fisted the top of Eric's shirt. Seconds later, the sound of bones cracking had everyone gasping and squealing in shock.

"You fucker. You just stood there while she was drowning! You couldve helped her!" Tyler roared and sent another right hook to the guy's face.

Eric stumbled back, blood trailing down his nose to his lips. One hit and he looked a mess.

Tyler reared his arm back and then...

He didn't stop punching, furious swings landed on the guy's face who cried out. "Kar-en she

He stuttered but of course, his words were not getting to Tyler. Tyler was far too lost in his head right now to focus on his words.

He looked like a beast right now .

An untameable beast.

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"Tyler," I call out to him but my voice is soft and hoarse.

I didn't want him to kill the guy.

He doesn't stop. And I don't blame him, he obviously couldn't hear my voice over the shouts and screaming.

"Tyler stop,"

His face is unrecognizable, so tight with fury.

Suddenly Brett is by his side, tugging him away from Eric whose face was unrecognizable at this point.

He's telling Brett to let him go but Brett growls, turns him around, and says look. "Look at her man. You're scaring her!"

Tyler looks at me, freezing when he must've seen the terror in my eyes.

He stops struggling in Brett's hold and when Brett notices, he lets him go.

Tyler comes back beside me, crouching down and placed his hand with his bleeding knuckles on my wet cold thigh.

"Layla. Are you okay, do yo u

I shook my head, my throat clogging up as every pair of eyes are on me.

"Take me out of here. I want a wayfrom here." pleaded. "Please Tyler?"

He quickly nods and looked over at Tiffany. "I'll take her home you can stay here with Brett if you want."

Tiffany shook her head, "No I'm coming with

"Please Tif. I'll be fine. Please stay." I murmured, trembling slightly from the cold.

"Lai, I

"Stay Tif, I want to be alone with Tyler," I admitted.

She looks at me in concern but nods anywa y.

Tyler wraps his arms under my knees and my back and lifts me in his arms.

He carries me into the house and out, making his way to his car. He buckles me in, turning up the heat.

I'm thankful for it but the quietness in the car makes me know he wants to ask me questions. But he starts up the car and drives away instead.

I let him drive a few minutes away from the house until we were in a secluded area before my voice cracks through the quietness.

"I love you."