

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 2



Layla’s pov

“Are yo ucrazyl?” I screeched cutting her off. I fixed her a glare that made her flinch.

She winces and raises her palm in surrender. “Okay hear me out before you throw me out of your bed.”

She winces at the stare in my eyes. “And your house.”

I narrowed my eyes at her. “You have five minutes.”

“Okay what I was about to say before someone rudely cut me off.” She pins me with a pointed stare. “I think the reason you’ve been lacking inspiration lately is that you can’t write your characters sex scenes when you haven’t experienced it yourself.”

I got off my chair, ready to throw something at her, probably my entire body. She raises her hands. “Wait, wait wait. Let me finish, my five minutes aren’t up yet.”

I let out an irritated breath and plopped my bum back on the chair. “Okay continue.”

“Look there’s a saying that you can’t write something you’ve never experienced before. You can but it won’t come out as good as someone who has experienced it before. You can’t keep using books and your own imagination as a dictionary for sex. Maybe it’s time you finally experience it yourself so you can have a broader vision of what you’re writing.” She shrugs.

I open my mouth to speak but she sends me a pointed look that had me swallowing back my words. Sighing she continues.

“Tyler Wood is known to be the notorious player of the school. This means he is pretty experienced in that area a lot. He also has a no strings attached rule that he sticks to, so you won’t have to worry that he’ll get clingy. He’s the perfect guy to teach you.”

I narrowed my eyes at her sharply. “He’s also Brett’s best friend. Are you trying something here Tif?” I accused.

Tyler was way worst than Brett. He’d fuck anything that had a skirt on and was known to be the guy who could pound into you for hours.

Her eyes widen. “No, I’m not. I just think that he could help you. This could bring a new perspective to the act of lovemaking. I know your readers mean a lot to you and disappointing them would ruin you. How are you sure that the inspiration well will not remain dry for a long time? This could be your only chance to turn the tide around before it’s too late.”

I sighed. She had a point. I couldn’t keep living off my imagination for these kinds of scenes especially since I haven’t experienced them before.

But was I willing to go this far in becoming the best erotica author?

Was I willing to lose my virginity to a guy I barely know and a total player ?

I wrote erotica romance online. And I wrote it well enough to know that it was all fiction. True love like that doesn’t come around in the 3d world. Reality sucks a butt and boys suck even more. So losing my virginity wasn’t exactly a soft spot for me, I just didn’t really fancy being naked in front of anyone.

And losing it to the Tyler Wood seems farfetched. There was no way he’d agree to sleep with me even though he was a horny idiot twenty four seven. Besides, how would I even go at this?

I can’t believe I was even contemplating doing it in the first place.

I let out a breath while shaking my head. “That seems like the worst idea ever Tif. Besides Tyler is a hit it once kind of guy unless it’s Karen. Wait, isn’t he and Karen on again?”

Tif puffs her cheeks. “Pfft, they broke up yesterday.”

I raise a brow in shock. “When did this happen?”

In the cafeteria, made a huge scene. You kinda missed it.” She shrugs,

“Did she pull out the ‘I hate you so much jerk and I wished I never met you’ again?” I asked, amused as I pictured Karen’s red angry seething face.

She was way worst than my bitchy characters.

Tiffany nodded. “Pretty much, just a tad bit more dramatic though. She wailed loudly while stomping her feet. Also slammed her knee into Tyler’s crotch.”

I winced, picturing the ‘gruesome’ scene. “Ouch.” Tiffany nodded again while giggling. “I’ve never seen Tyler’s face so red before.”

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I joined her until we sobered up. “Look at least think about it Lai? This could really work out for the best.” Tiffany shrugs.

I pursed my lips as I considered it. Even though Tyler was a manwhore I doubt he’d ever go for a girl like me. I was plain Jane, except my name wasn’t Jane at all.

“It’ll be impossible to even speak to the guy Tif. Besides I’m the lowest on the social ladder, he’ll look straight past me.” I shrugged.

Tiffany bites her lower lip and looks to be contemplating. “What if you make a wager with him? Like a you scratch my back and I’ll scratch yours kind of deal?”

I raised a brow in a ‘what the hell gesture. She rolls her eyes and lets out an exaggerated sigh. “What if you give him something he wants in return for showing you how sex works?

“Like what?” I asked.

I couldn’t believe I was interested in this. Was I really about to go this far? It’s just sex right? It’s not like I’m waiting for the right guy. I’m going to college soon anyway and it’s better I lose it now than later.

She shrugs. “I don’t know. But we can find out tomorrow?” She offers.

I sighed. “I don’t know Tif. This seems a little absurd to me. What if he looks at me in disgust for even talking to him? He’d probably spread around the school that I’m a desperate slut.”

“Stop thinking so much. Relax you’ll be typing out erotica scenes in no time.” Tiffany promises.

I sighed and turned to my computer. As I stared at my screen and scanned my eyes over my words, I realized that I actually wanted to feel what my characters felt. I was tired of writing erotica scenes without knowing exactly how it feels to get rammed like my characters. I wanted to get fucked. Feel that sort of pleasure I had been writing about. Well if it was actually possible to shiver under someone’s touch.

“Okay fine, I’ll do it,” I murmured, moving off the page I had been writing on. I typed a quick message to my readers, promising them that I was looking for some inspiration and would update soon.

“This better be worth it.”.