

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 22

Layla’s pov

I brushed my thumb over the cracked screen of my phone, sighing.

I started typing.

His breath feathered against her lips, creating an ache within her core. She suddenly felt her knees go weak by just the brush of his softness against hers.

Her mouth opened to let him in and their tongues connected

Suddenly the image of the male character changes in my head and now who I’m picturing is Tyler.

I lift my finger to my lips, feeling the slight tingle at the remembrance of what happened yesterday in his room. The way his lips felt against mine. Soft. Really, really soft.

Biting my lip, I resume my typing.

The first brush was like heat, the second like fire and the third had her whole body burning.

She felt like she was pushed into flames as his fingers splayed against the bareness of her back, dancing on the slight sweat that coated her skin. She swore his fingers melted into her skin.

She arched into him, silently telling him she wanted more. Tyler

My e yeswiden and I quickly erased the name. I swallowed, moving off the page completely, and placed my phone down.

What the hell was that?!

The scene came to me a lot easier. But mistaking my character’s name Bruno for Tyler was a no no.

“Okay one more line I have to jot down and we’ll be on our way

Tiffany stops, her pen on the paper as she looks over at me across the wooden table. “Why does it seem like you’ve seen a ghost?” She whispered looking around the empty library.

Well, slightly empty library since the librarian was actually still here and still scorning at me from across the room.

She didn’t like that I was on my phone and not diving into the world of fiction. If only she knew, my world was enough fiction as it is.

I looked at her lost before her words actually registered. I cleared my throat a little, picking up my phone..

“I just remembered something. Hey, do you know any jobs available? I kind of need one by next week.” I asked trying to distract her from her question.

Her brows furrowed as she pushed the top of the pen to her mouth and bit down. She looks to be thinking so I let her.

“What jobs do you have in mind?”

I shrugged. “Anything that will hire a high-school student and pays well.”

Tiffany suddenly grins. “Well, there’s a strip club that opened downtown about a month ago. Heard there are open vacancies

I rolled my eyes. “Tif I’m serious.”

“Shhhhh!” The librarian woman snapped, looking at us beneath her glasses.

I winced mouthing a sorry despite knowing that we weren’t even loud.

Tiffany looks more amused. “I was being serious. Heard they pay well too. By the end of the week you’d have thousands of dollars with a body like yours.” She snickered

I glared at her and she finally stops. “Okay okay.” She whispers.

she huma for a few wincing when the librarian woman shushed us again.

Biting the end of her pen for a couple more seconds, Tif finally said with great enthusiasm. “My uncle’s wife opened her own bakery a couple of weeks ago. Things have been going pretty well. Well enough for her to need an extra hand. I can put in a word for you.”

Her words made me excited even though I knew nothing about baking or sales. Anything was better than cleaning garages for a measly fifty bucks.

I nodded, beaming at her. “Thanks Tif, I’d really appreciate it!”

“Yeah bonus is that she doesn’t open on Saturdays or on Sundays, so you’d have that day to babysit the kid and maybe spend more time learning,” She winks at the end.

1 groan, now regretting that I told her Tyler had agreed to show me the ropes around sex.

I left out a lot of details, finding them a little too personal to share. Especially the kiss. If I told her about this one, I’d not hear the end of it for days. Probably months too.

“Shhhhh!” The librarian yells this time, her voice pitching loudly with annoyance.

For an old woman, her ears were certainly sharp, I thought sarcastically.

“Someone’s in a foul mood today.” Tiffany mocked as she opens her eyes comically, shakes her body while looking down at her book.

press my palm to my mouth, giggling.

I raised my hand in surrender when the older woman send me a sharp glare.

When her sharp gaze is away from us and focused on the huge book she has on the wooden surface in front of her, L. lean forward towards Tif, my breasts pressing against the wood. “Poor woman looks miserable.”

Tiffany nods in agreement, leaning forward too. “I say she needs a roll in the bed with one of our annoying male teachers. Maybe then she wouldn’t be so uptight.” Her eyes danced in mirth.

We were only joking of course. But maybe her words had some truth in them, maybe the woman only needed to get laid for the stick to magically slip out of her buttohole.

I pretended to think. ” Mr. Bicket?”

Suddenly a male’s voice so close surprises us and both Tifanny and I had our bottoms back on the chair in a blink of an eye.

I look up, spotting a younger boy, maybe a freshman? His eyes were brown and his midnight hair was in messy curls. I wasn’t very familiar with him and very startled to see him just show up without us hearing the sound of his feet.

“Layla Campbell?” He asked.

I couldn’t help but notice that he had a bag in his hand, one that had a print of red lips.

I furrow my brows. “ Yes.”

He handed me the bag and nodded down to it. “This is for you, from Tyler.”

He didn’t wait for me to respond, not that I could anyway since I was rendered speechless at the moment.

But even though my tongue was heavy, I reach in the rather decent size bag, my fingers pushing against the dark pink tissue paper so what was inside would be visible to me without me having to move it out.

When I did get a glimpse of it, my face redden and I wasn’t sure if it was in anger or sheer embarrassment.

“What did he give you?” Tif chirped, rising to her feet and walking over to me.

She peeks in the bag when I don’t answer and gasps. “Is that green lingerie?”