

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 23

Layla's pov

I was embarrassed. Completely and utterly embarrassed. From what I could see, there were not one, not even two or three pairs of lingerie. No, there seemed to be plenty to give the entire town.

I was being dramatic but could you blame me?

And as I continue to look at the very thin green lace, fury soon replaced my embarrassment and made me grit my teeth until they hurt

Tiffany digs in, her nails hitting something hard that oddly sounded like cardboard.

She was more excited than I was. Not that I was excited, not one bit. In fact, I was the complete opposite.

She swishes the paper around until she gasped. "Layla you wouldn't believe this." She whispered in both awe and surprise.

"What is it?" | grit out every word. My anger wasn't directed at her obviously.

"I think you just got a new phone." She said breathily.

Was that my heart falling into my ass I felt?

Or was it blazing anger?

I didn't know, but surely Tyler could be blamed for causing it.

"Shhhh!" The older woman hissed, her impatience whipping on her tongue as she moves the glasses to the bridge of her nose and looks at us angrily.

Tiffany looks over at her, her features drawing into irritation. "Oh keep quiet we're not even that loud!" Tiffany huffed then goes back to searching through the bag and ignoring the glaring woman completely.

I would've laughed at her face if I were not angry myself for a completely different reason than her. Somehow I took pity on the woman for nearly that reason only.

Without me asking Tiffany, she takes out the brand new box that had an image of a phone. It already looked more expensive than my own cracked screen one and I was sure it was something I wouldn't be able to afford until a few years of saving up.

"Holy shit, he bought you an iPhone 13. Lai....." She drawled out, her mouth opened in shock as she stares at me and then back to the box in her hand.

I felt my jaw pop by the force I clenched my teeth. I reach over and grab the box from Tiffany's hand, opening it quickly to see if this was all just a joke and if there would be nothing inside.

I was wrong.

There was a new phone inside, its uncracked screen nearly blinding me and I swore I heard the sound of a choir in my ears.

This was ridiculous.

But it wasn't exactly the sight of the phone that got me rigid with anger. It was the little note Tyler left stuck to the screen.

This won't come out of the arrangement, I'll still be fucking you to 'pay it off'.

He didn't leave his name but I knew it was him. I mean who else would it be, surely not the janitor? Or the homeless man who sat beside the curb in the mornings and threw rocks at passerbyers ?

I pulled off the blue little note, crumbling it in my palm.

"I can't believe he bought these for you," Tif snorted. I turn to her only to see her digging more into the bag, pulling out a dark green lacy thong.

I quickly stood up, pulling out the thing from her hand, my face flaming as I thrust it back into the bag. I also throw in the phone and covered everything back with the colorful tissue.,

"Lai you must really be giving it to him good for him to spend so much money on you." Tiffany teased.

I snap my eyes to glare at her. "Tif this isn't a joke! I didn't ask him to buy me anything."

She shrugged. "I mean the guy has good taste in lingerie. I say you should accept it."

I shook my head, grabbing a hold of my school bag. "I'm not going to."

I grab a hold of the bag that had the lingerie and phone. I cringed inwardly. Did he really think I'd accept this so easily?

"Where are you going?" Tiffany asked as I walk around the chair to plant myself on her side.

"I'm going to give it back to him." I deadpanned.

"But but, I still need to write..." Tiffany drawled, looking down at the paper she was writing then at me, seeming to be confused.

"You don't need to be there when I give it back to him Tif. Finish your paper it's more important than this." I said, already walking away .

"I'll catch up as soon as I can!" She yelled, perhaps forgetting the older angry woman who didn't surprise me when she sneered at Tiffany.

When I'm out the door and walking through the hallway, my eyes browsed around in search of Tyler.

A row of laugh gained my attention. The laugh was familiar. And wherever that laugh was, surely Tyler was there too.

I made my way through the crowd, the laugh of Brett getting louder as I near them. One more shove and I'm now graced with the two best friends. But they weren't alone.

Two girls stood on either side of the boys, twirling their hair with their fingers. Suddenly I don't have the balls I magically had a while ago.

If I were to walk up to him and cause a scene, people will start talking and one thing will lead to the other and they'll piece things together quickly.

So I turned around and walked towards my locker which wasn't far from here. When I opened the door, I turn my head slightly to face them, only to have my eyes connected with foresty green.

The corner of his lips twitch as his eyes fell to the bag before they drag up to my face and then wink discreetly. I scowled nastily and practically threw the bag into my locker harshly.

"Did I miss it?" Tiffany rushed out breathlessly, her hands on her knees as she bent over trying to catch her breath.

"Miss what?" | grumble.

Her head snaps up, her face red and sweaty. "The confrontation? Did you give him back the bag?"

I turn to the bag in my locker and glared at it. "No."

Tiffany straighten quickly as if the queen of England had just arrived here and was making her slow walk towards us.

"So you've accepted it?" She asked in confusion, coming to stand beside me and looks inside my locker, her curious eyes on the bag.

"No. I'm still going to give it back to him, just not publicly. I think I'll wait for him after practice, he likes to be the last one to go home." I said with a huff of irritation.

"Can I at least get the phone though

"No," I mumbled, closing the door of the locker with a bang.