

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 24

Layla's pov

"Can't believe this doofus actually got in." Tiffany snorted, opening her water bottle and gulping some of the water in a fast go.

She was referring to her brother who can now be referred to as one of the footballers. He was still fairly new and only got just got in a mere hour ago.

"He was always quick. I think he has the potential to be good for the team." I shrugged, pulling out my phone, getting bored of watching the footballers practice and run around practically half naked.

In fact, I was tired of Tyler trying to discreetly lift his shirt to flash his abs while winking at me every damn second.

I was beginning to think I chose the wrong guy to show me the ropes around sex.

"Not you complimenting my brother. Eww." Tiffany wiggled her nose dramatically.

"I'm just giving credit where it's due." I shrugged, smiling a little. I saw Tiffany's brother as my own. They were like the siblings I wished to have.

"Speaking of credit, you have to give Tyler credit for picking out some really nice lingerie." Tiffany drawled, smirking slightly when I send her an irritated glower.

"Are you still trying to get me to accept the lingerie and phone?" I asked annoyed, kicking the bag that had the stuff in it lightly. I had placed it beside me, ready to hand it back to him as soon as it would just be the two of us.

Tiffany winces. "I mean you do need the phone? Didn't Tyler also break your laptop? You need at least a phone to write Layla."

I rolled my eyes, turning my cracked screen phone to face her. "I can still manage to type on the phone Tif. Besides, when I get a job, I'll buy my own stuff, I don't need charity." I grumble, looking over at the field.

"It was worth a shot." She sighs.

My eyes found him quickly, like they always do. And somehow he always knew when I was looking. He didn't try to hide his cocky smirk from me this time and completely removed the shirt off his body.

The cheerleaders fawn over his rippling muscle that was somehow more visible by the sweat coating his skin lightly.

The sounds of encouragement from the cheer squad buffed out his ego. His gaze slips from mine, so he can flash a bright smile at the fawning girls.

I rolled my eyes. I didn't care, after all, we weren't dating and he was allowed to continue his lifestyle. As long as he was being careful I had no problems with him hitting on other girls.

This was an arrangement nothing more.

, "Damn Lai, I'm kind of jealous that you managed to score such a fine specimen. If only Brett would notice me." Tiffany moaned beside me.

I tore my eyes away from Tyler to settle on my best friend whose shoulders were suddenly sagged in defeat.

"I didn't 'score' Tyler. I just bargained with him. And why are you even jealous, I'm basically going to be sleeping with a guy the entire female population has slept with already." I wiggled my nose as though I tasted something bitter.

"Come to think of it. Maybe choosing Tyler out of all people was the worst idea." I grumble, moving my eyes off her to focus on my phone.

"No, it wasn't. I think he'll show you a lot of stuff you can not only use in your writing but also in real life." Tiffany says.

"Speaking of, how's your writing going?" She asked.

I shrugged. "A little better," I admitted but left out the detail of Tyler's face suddenly popping into my mind and writing down his name accidentally.

*See! He's already doing a good job and you two haven't even done, done it yet." Tiffany says with a picture of excitement.

I just shrugged nonchalantly and for the next thirty minutes try to keep myself busy by scrolling through tiktok. Until Tiffany leaves with her brother, then the cheer squad left too, along with the rest of the players, except for Tyler.

I push my phone into my bag, my eyes trained on him. He was practicing his throw. His back muscles were rigid as he threw the ball. It span in the air until it landed right on the other side of the field.

Nice throw .

Of course I didn't expect anything less from the quarterback.

He jogs over to the ball and when he returns with it in his hand, he doesn't throw it again, no, he comes straight over to me, running up the bleachers with ease.

I move my eyes away from his rippling muscle and rise to my feet. I swing the bag strap over my shoulder and bent to pick up the bag with the 'goodies' he gave me.

When his spicy cologne mixed with sweat intrudes the air around me, I straighten and arch my neck to look up at him.

His green eyes twinkle, and a flash of his pearly whites reveal themselves when he tugged up his lips into a grin. "Did you like them?" A very heavy teasing tone was detected.

I knew he was referring to the lingerie.

I scowled nastier and that didn't even seem to faze him. I thrust the bag to him, my knuckles accidentally touching his sweaty taut stomach that had ripples of muscles.

I try to ignore the slight throb in my lower regions.

It had seemed from since yesterday, that Tyler had successfully woken the sleeping hormones in my body that made me crave....sex.

"Here. I didn't ask for this. And I sure as hell won't accept it. And what were you thinking by making a guy drop this for me? What would he think Tyler? He'll probably spread around the entire school that you gave me a 'gift'. "I ranted, seething when his smile didn't waver.

"Take it!" I spat out every word with annoyance, pushing the bag closer to him which actually made my knuckles push more into his stomach.

Tyler looks at me wordlessly for a few seconds then nodded. "Okay."

Wait? Okay? That was it?

It was that easy ?

Not wanting to dwell on his shocking response, I just awkwardly start to turn around thinking our conversation would end there. I was wrong.

Tyler reached out to grab a hold of me, his fingers circling around my upper arm, halting me before I go any further.

"Where do you think you're going, Layla? We have another lesson today." The words rolled off his tongue seductively.