

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 4



Layla’s pov

“Okay, so I think I’ve found out a way to approach him....” Tiffany drawled unsurely.

I pushed the handful of fries into my mouth and chewed.” Well let’s hear it,” I said while chewing.

Tiffany cringes, glaring at my mouth. “You’re so gross,”

I rolled my eyes, pushing more fries into my mouth. “You’ ę gross,” I said back to her.

She sighs loudly in annoyance before speaking. ” Maybe you should walk up to him after practice and just tell him you want him to fuck your brains out,” She shrugged.

I nearly choked on the fries. I didn’t know if to take her seriously or not. But the look on her face showed she was indeed serious.

“Have you lost some brain cells Tif?” I asked and worriedly reach over and place the back of my hand on her forehead. “Are you feeling well?”

Tiffany swats at my hand. “I’m feeling perfectly fine. Anyway, it was just a suggestion.” She pouts, shoulders dropping.

“No offense Tif, but your suggestion sucks a butt. I can’t just walk up to a guy like that and ask him to...you know.” I muttered embarrassingly. The more I think about the idea the more I felt stupid for even thinking I can just ask this of

Tyler.

Tiffany shrugs, her chin falling on her open palm as she blows out a heavy breath.” Well I have no other suggestions. But you need to act quickly. The earlier you get this done the earlier you can get back to writing again. You have a raging fan base and I don’t think they’re patient,”

I sighed. “Don’t you think I know that? I just hope this will all be worth it,” I grumble not feeling hungry anymore the more I think about what I was planning to do. Well the lack of plan I mean.

“It will be. You’ll come out of this as a new experienced woman!” She giggles. I rolled my eyes and fought off a smile. She was probably right, what could go wrong? It’s just sex with no feelings attached. Sounds absolutely perfect.

The things I do just to be the best erotica writer possible.

My phone buzzed and I quickly looked down to see that I had more than a hundred notifications. The readers were already getting impatient.

I needed to hurry up if I didn’t want to lose them. They were my life and it would suck a donkey’s butt if they decided that I wasn’t worth investing their time into anymore.

I sighed heavily, removing my gaze from the phone to push more fries into my mouth.

I really do need to come up with a plan.

Sometimes the universe just has it out for you. And sometimes, they take pity on you and give you exactly what you want.

I honestly don’t know which one happened to me today.

I shouldn’t have eaten those fries. They were really oily and how I was paying the price.

I feel nauseated.

So here I am in math class, my stomach twisting and my skin shining with sweat. I stared at Mr. Lewis, not able to focus on what was coming out of his mouth since all my attention is on not vomiting in class.

“Lai, is something wrong?” Tiffany whispered, leaning forward.

I shook my head, grimacing slightly when I felt the vomit slowly rising in my throat. I lift my hand up quickly, hoping Mr. Lewis would excuse me. hils beady ayes pinned down on me with irritation for stopping him during one of his useless talks about finding x. “Yes, Layla?” His tone was heavy with impatience but at this very moment, I didn’t care if I disturbed the president or the damin prince.

Everyone turned to face me and I squirm under their gaze.Geez can they not stare?

“Can I be excused, please? I’m not feeling well.” I rushed out, praying that the vomit would stay down.

Mr. Lewis seems to be contemplating before agreeing with a nod.

“Want me to come with?” Tiffany asked in concern as I quickly stand up and grab my bag.

I shook my head. “No, it’s fine. I’ll see you in the next class. ” I whispered and rushed out of there like my ass was lit on fire. I was a vare of the stares on my back but I try to not acknowledge them.

The halls were empty as I scurried to the girls’ bathroom, the vomit literally already rising in my throat as I opened the bathroom door quickly.

The bathroom was empty or so I thought....

I raced to one of the stalls, gagging and throwing the door open. I fro ę.

My e yę fixing on jeans pulled down to the thighs, bare bottom, cheerleading skirt hunched up to the waist, long legs wrapped around narrow waist....

My wide eyes lift in horror to find myself staring at green eyes belonging to none other than Tyler Wood. Shifting my gaze to the girl he was currently fucking, I finally felt the bile rose.

Lucy Crawford. Karen’s best friend.

The vomit rose and I only let out something bet ween a gag and a groan before the vomit flew on both of them.

Lucy squealed loudly, while Tyler hissed out a sharp fuck. I on the other hand only manage to gag again and gift them with another wave of vomit on their precious clothes and legs. Honestly, I was surprised my vomit could have reached all the way to Lucy’s long toned legs.

Another wave of squeals and curses reach my ears as I wrenched again, reaching out to steady myself on the metal wall of the stall.

“Jesus Christ! How much more can she vomit out?” Tyler hisses, pushing himself away only to slide on the vomit and tumble down with Lucy in a very un-elegant way.

“Mother fucker!” He growls, clenching his eyes tightly as if in pain. Which I was sure he was, seeing how painful that fall looked.

“Oh my God! Not the face, not the face!” Lucy squealed, trying to push her face into the crook of Tyler’s neck.

I winced, grimacing at the mess I had caused. To be fair, they should’ve locked the door.

Which I worded out when I felt like I didn’t have the urge to vomit again.” There’s always an option to lock the door when you....”

I stop when Tyler’s green eyes pinned me with a heated glare that had me gulping.

Okay...

He was not happy.

Smiling but was sure it looked like I was constipated, I backed away until I was out of the stall completely. Looking down at them, I winced. I was pretty sure my vomit reached places it shouldn’t have.

“Uh, I’ll just get going. Uhm sorry about this.... J’ll just go.” I pointed to the door and turned away. But before making my exit, I made sure to wash my mouth, cringing when I heard how they both were struggling to get up.

I refrain from looking at them and when I was sure the taste of vomit was no longer in my mouth, I literally sprint out of the bathroom.

Great

My chances of asking Tyler had now gone down the drain.