

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 41

Tyler held his breath, which was an odd thing for him to do. Why was he holding his breath? He didn't know

And then he exhales when Brett answered, confused as hell. "Layla Campbell? Girl with glasses with a best friend that keeps trying to get my attention?"

Tyler grew confused by Brett's description before it clicked. Ahh, he was talking about the girl who was always stuck to Layla's side.

"Yeah that one," Tyler said, rolling out of bed to switch on the lights.

"What do you want with her number? Isn't she like Karen's cousin. You know that girl is bat shit crazy man, messing with her cousin would make her lose her shit." Brett said.

Tyler noted that he can hear him clearer and lesser of the music,

He must've gone someplace quieter.

"She is?" His brows pinched. He hadn't known that.

Karen never mentioned having family going to the same school as them. Then again Karen was a very private person, especially concerning her family.

Not that Tyler was complaining. Karen and he was only together to share physical pleasure and nothing more. The only reason why he kept accepting her back was because she gave good head.

Apart from that, he was the least bit interested in her.

Which was a douche way of seeing her, but Tyler was always honest.

And sometimes being honest never quite worked out for him. Like the day Karen kneed him in the balls because he confessed another girl sucked his cock.

It was not like they were exclusive. They just fucked occasionally, it was her fault for trying to put a label on something that would never happen.

Still he wondered with curiosity and slight shock how the two can be related when they were by far opposites

Karen was boisterous, petty, and can be very shallow. But Layla, she was soft spoken pretty and walked with an air of toughness around her. He could just tell she had gone through so

much to make her have this tough shell that was impossible for him to crack.

Yeah heard it from Jonathan a few months back when someone heard her call Layla cousin." He said.

How had he missed any of their interactions before? Was it because he never cared about who Karen talked to?

"So are you gonna tell me what you want with Layla's number?" He sang, pulling Tyler out of his train

of thoughts

A quick flash of Layla wording out a rule of their little arrangement fluttered in his head.

She didn't want anyone to know about them. Brett was his best friend who he could trust with his life.

Could he really keep something like this from him?

Tyler realized with shock, that for her, he can actually keep it to himself.

He bit his lip when the words weren't the only flash in his head. It was the way her lips had moved when she said them. The way they looked so juicy, calling out to him.

"Dude? Are you spacing out on me?" Brett questioned with amusement.

He successfully pulled Tyler out of his thoughts. He was so glad that he did not go to bed with a shirt on because right now, his entire body felt like it was burning.

He was hot.

"I just need her number, Brett. It's not what you thinking." He lied.

He knew what he was going to do, well say when he get her number. And it would be anything but innocent and exactly what Brett was thinking

Brett stayed quiet on the other line before sighing loudly. "I don't have Layla's number but I do have her friend's brother's number. The new kid that joined the team earlier? The fast one."

He nodded even though Brett couldn't exactly see him, his hands feeling a little sweaty as Brett finishes. "I'll text you her number when I get it."

"Thanks, man." Tyler breathed out in relief which was embarrassing but he hoped Brett hadn't picked up on it.

They end the call seconds later and Tyler began to pace. He didn't know what was wrong with him honestly. He had never been this anxious to get a girl's number before.

Tyler paced and paced the entire length of his room, every now and then groaning in frustration by the flashes of her lips tormenting his mind.

One girl. One single girl has him so ?

Why?

Would he always ask himself that question, or would he be able to answer it anytime soon ?

He groaned, looking down when he felt a throbbing pull. His cock was getting hard because Layla's damn lips couldn't stop tormenting his mind.

He raked his hands through his hair, lugging it until he was sure he moved some from their roots.

And then he hears a ping in the silence of his room and thought his heart had jumped into his throat.

It sure as hell felt like it.

With a speed of lightning, Tyler had grabbed a hold of his phone and stared at the screen with his heart pounding

Brett had messaged him Layla's number.

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Relief never felt so good before. He knew he could always count on Brett for those things.

Tyler texted him a quick thank you and entered Layla's number. He rolled his lips in his mouth for a second to think of a name that would suit her.

He had never really placed a name on numbers before except for Brett, some guys from the football team and his father. But something made him want to name....her. Well, place a name for her that is.

He typed Layla, but it looked too vague for her. And then his lips twitched at a thought. Maybe he'll give her one of those corny names.

So he typed.....Sexy nerd.

He smiled at that. Now that name would definitely get him excited when it pops on his screen.

But that smile soon vanishes when he remembered that he actually had to call her. So his thumb run down to the call button and he held his breath.

His fingers twitched slightly on the call button before he quickly just tapped.

The phone started ringing and ringing as he lifted it to his ear. His anxiety grew. Perhaps she was asleep? The thought fluttered in his mind when the ringing continued and there was no answer as yet

He bit his tongue.

And then when the call goes completely unanswered he ends it. But out of mere desperation, he started it again, his heart jamming in his chest to just hear her voice.

"Hello?" A soft voice fluttered from the other line.