

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 6



Layla's pov

I felt tears blur my vision as I stared down at my broken laptop.

It took years cleaning my neighbors' garage to sum up enough money to buy it five months ago. All the while I had been writing my erotica novels on my phone.

Seeing my hard work in no wtwo, broke me completely and I sobbed. It would take a lot more than cleaning garages to sum up enough money to buy one by the end of the month. Laptops weren't cheap.

"Shit, sorry." I hear Tyler apologize but I don't acknowledge him. Instead, I crouch down to pick up my broken laptop.

When I had all of it grasped in my hands, I stood up and turned to Tyler. I scowled at him. His gaze pinned me down and he flinched as if shocked to see the tears in my eyes.

"You caused this!" | snarled.

His gaze drops to my broken laptop in my hand and he cringes. "If you hadn't stomped on my foot

I cut him off with a nasty scowl. "If you gave it back to me when I asked then your foot wouldn't have been stomped on."

Suddenly, there was a drop on my laptop and then on my face until it was raining heavily. I squint holding the laptop to my chest closely with one hand and quickly reach for my bag with the other.

Tyler mumbles out another curse while oddly still standing there. I don't acknowledge him, throwing out my leg to the other bench as I run down the bleachers. But I could hear his heavy breathing down my back as he keeps up.

I want to yell at him and ask him why he was following me. But I figured he might just want to get out of the rain like I am. So I keep my gaze forward, hoping I'd not slip on the bleachers as it poured down on me heavily.

Of course my main concern was getting out of this rain and probably to not catch a cold. My laptop which I should've thrown in my bag the moment I saw the drop of rain, is suddenly pulled from my grasp when I'm on the last bench.

I nearly tumble, my converse sliding on the wood, but a strong arm catches me before I ungracefully fall. I whip around, the droplets on my glasses making it a little difficult to see but I saw enough.

Green eyes peered down at me as he lifts my laptop over my head. "What are you doing?" I snapped, tempted to pull out my glasses to clean.

"I'm sheltering you from the rain." He deadpan as if I'm the slow one.

I narrowed my eyes into a glare, which I was certain he'd not see since I have many drops of rain on my glasses." With my laptop that you broke? How very gentlemanly of you," I sneered sarcastically.

If you told me earlier today that I would be scowling at Tyler Wood, then I would've laughed in your face and probably write a comical story about you.

But now with the impossibly tall boy too close for comfort and now holding my laptop as an umbrella over my head, then I'm convinced that sometimes to expect the least of expectations.

"I'll buy it back Layla. Now let's get out of here before we catch a bad cold." He mumbles over the sound of the rain.

Of course I completely froze when my name manages to slip out of his mouth. In all honesty, I thought he'd not know me far less my name. But of course he might have asked Lucy after I grossly vomited on them both.

So after the flashback of my so embarrassing moment with the two, I only managed a grimace and decide to just shut my mouth and actually try to get out of there.

He follows me much to my annoyance with the laptop hanging over my head. Trust me, I tried to get rid of him. I tried to sprint but he'd also sprint, easily catching up to me might I add.

So I figured I had to endure his presence until we reach the parking lot and he could climb in his expensive car and I can be on my way. Only one problem was that, I had decided to walk home. And there wouldn't be a bus until a few more

minutes,

I didn't want to stand in the rain any longer, the chill already getting to me. I could simply run to the bus stop and shelter there but the last time I did, there was dog crap everywhere. I was not about to step on dog shit and get on the bus smelling of it.

i So with frustration at my predicament, I whirled around when we were in the parking lot and stared at Tyler. Well more

like glared.

"Thank you for sheltering me with my laptop. Now please give it back so I can be on my way." I said dryly, reaching out my hand so he'd place my soaked laptop in my grasp.

Poor thing was dead and gone.

But Tyler answers with. "I'll give you a ride home."

I'm not sure if he was some kind of mind reader who unfortunately knew my predicament or he saw my expression when I stared at the bus stop. Either way, I was not willing to accept his offer.

No matter how kind he was trying to be. Tyler Wood wasn't kind, he'd pretend to be so he'd get what he wants. For now, I didn't know what he wants as yet, I'm still trying to figure it out.

"No thank you, I'll catch a bus," I mumble, wiggling my fingers to show him that I was impatient to have my laptop back in my hands.

I snap my head up when he answers. "It wasn't a question Layla."

My lips part but nothing come out. I was gobsmacked by his answer. Truthfully not expecting it.

How arrogant can someone be?

"You're not forcing me into your car." | snapped after I regained my voice. He was seriously annoying me.

How can someone be this annoying?

Even with drops of rain on my glasses, I saw the raise of his thick brow. "Who says I'm forcing anyone? But maybe you will want to get in the car... that is if you do want your laptop back?"

He doesn't wait for me to respond and walks away, I suppose heading to his car. I grumble under my breath, watching his figure get smaller and smaller as he puts distance between us.

Stomping my foot in a rain puddle childishly, I unwillingly followed after him. True, my laptop was dead and gone. But I'd very much like to bury it myself.

And if catching a ride with Tyler Wood would have me get my baby back, then so be it. It will barely be a five minute drive depending on his speed, so I will just have to endure that little time.