

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 84

Layla’s pov

Crap.

The handprint must’ve stayed on my cheek.

I sweep my gaze away from him and let out a shaky breath. “Do you really have to have such a keen eye?” I grumble, unsure if I would be able to explain this without him being suspicious. Or worse, without him trying to make me go to the cops.

“Only for you Layla.” He grumbles, sounding as if he answered without even weighing his words first. I turn to him. His eyes are on my cheek, glaring at it as if it would move the handprint on my skin.

He cupped my cheek and rubbed his finger on my skin. “Who did this to you?” He asked again, this time a bit more stern.

I shook my head, not seeing any possible way to get out of this without throwing myself more into hot water. “My mom.”

Tyler’s sharp inhale has my stomach knotting. Before he could ask why, I rushed out. “It wasn’t her fault. I was

mean to her and said some things I shouldn’t have. She had

every right

“Are you shitting me right now Layla? You think your mom has every right to hit you because of a few words?” Tyler grumbles, still brushing his fingers on my skin lightly.

I shook my head and pulled my face out of his comforting warm hold. I didn’t want to, but people were staring even more now and I would be lying to say that we looked more so as a couple than just two people talking.

“You don’t know her Tyler. It really was my fault. We,apologized to each other. We’re fine now, I’m fine.” I reassured even though every single word that tumble out of my lips were nothing but a huge fat lie.

We were not fine.

I was not okay.

It wasn’t my fault.

It was hers.

And I wasn’t sure we’d apologize to each other anytime soon.

But there was no way in hell I’d ever tell Tyler what was

happening

really going on in my house, with me and how fucked up my mother truly was.

He’d never want to see me again if I do. Who would want to talk to a drug addict’s daughter, especially when their dad’s the Mayor of the town? That could ruin his reputation and his dad’s too.

Tyler shook his head, his hand falling limply at his sides even though it twitched as if needing to be back on my skin. Where I desperately needed it.

But it wasn’t Tyler’s job to comfort me. What we shared Saturday was all part of the arrangement. We shouldn’t be acting this way. In fact, I shouldn’t feel this way.

“It still doesn’t give her the right to slap you Layla. I don’t like to see your pretty face marked this way.” He grumbles, voicing out his obvious displeasure.

My heart leaped when he complimented my face. But I coax it to stop. Tyler was a player and he must’ve said those exact same words to every single girl he slept with.

The thought was saddening but it spoke the truth.

And that made me quickly remember that I wouldn’t have time for that session today after school. Now I had a job. Thankfully so, but all disappointing that I wouldn’t feel

his warm body sliding against mine today.

I draw my bottom lip between my teeth and chewed. “Hey I need to talk to you about our

A horn blares behind Tyler’s car and he grits his teeth. “I need to get out of the way. I’ll talk to you soon.” He says and quickly turns around to head back to his car.

Two cars behind him blare their horns again in impatience and Tyler flipped them off while telling me over his shoulder jokingly. “Now get out of the way nerd.”

Fixing my glasses, I glared at his back and then resumed my walk to the school. When I entered, I am aware of the eyes on me and I am certain it was because the majority of those eyes had been fixedly on Tyler and me moments ago.

I shook off their questioning gaze, not at all happy about now being visible to them. I knew this would happen which was why I made sure Tyler understood our boundaries. Which meant he could not be seen with me during school hours or out of it.

It was a weird arrangement, but we were making it work. It was paying off too, because, for the first time since my dry spell, a creative spark had finally emerged back inside me.

I wanted to write, not need. I didn’t feel like I would force my mind this time and I actually felt giddy to start writing that chapter that had been stuck in my head since I woke up.

That spark grew the more I thought about Tyler and I wasn’t quite sure if that was a good thing or a bad thing.

I pretended to not notice a group of girls talking opposite my locker while I throw some books in.

“Good morning.” Tiff hugged me from behind and whispered. “My none virgin best friend.” She giggled while letting go of me and walked around me so she’d lean against the locker beside mine.

I rolled my eyes. As soon as Tiffany got home that Saturday night, she had bombarded me with questions about Tyler and me. I shouldn’t blame her but blame myself for stupidly telling her Tyler and I had sex.

That had led me to having to give her every single detail including the sounds we made. Tiffany was more than fascinated which was funny and a bit exhausting.

Exhausting by me having to explain to her exactly how a huge cock can actually enter a small hole without splitting someone in two.

It was like I was her sex ed teacher and that was humiliating and absolutely cringy

“I’m so jealous of you right now. You got a hot guy to take your virginity and all the guys who are interested in me usually pick their nose. I’m dying a virgin.” Tiffany whined, knocking her forehead on the locker purposely.

I rolled my eyes and kept my gaze on my locker while hoping she would not spot the print my mom made on my cheek. “There’s nothing wrong with being a virgin Tiff. In fact, it would be better to wait for the right guy.”

Tiffany sighed dreamily. “You’re right, I’m going to wait for Brett.”

I shook my head not even going to tell her that Brett was a lost cause and probably would not happen. But who was I to say something I didn’t know?

I managed to sleep with Tyler and sure it was an arrangement but Tyler was still a guy who was way too popular for me to have even scored him.

And strangely I did. And perhaps one day Tiff will score Brett too.

“Okay don’t panic. But Tyler’s making his way over here.” Tiffany suddenly rushed out in a low voice.