

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 98

Layla's pov

The bell had just rung when I was fixing my clothes back into place. I winced and squirmed at the uncomfortable feeling of his cum on my pussy, yet, somehow the feeling was a bit, pleasing.

Welcoming even.

Tyler smirks while looking down at me, his eyes twinkling and his dimple showing.

"Sorry I took part of your lunch time. I'll pay it back." He winked while zipping up his jeans quickly.

I sighed and shook my head. "We need to be more careful Tyler. You can't just grab my hand and pull me into an empty class even though no one was around. You never know who's lurking around the corner."

He rolls his eyes. "Are we back to that again? We're friends, no one will suspect a thing." He shrugs and dips his head to plant a chaste kiss on my lips.

But we're not supposed to be friends Tyler.

I wanted to say but bit my tongue.

He moans and does another before whispering. "Now stop creasing your forehead pretty nerd, everything's fine." He jokes while lifting his fingers up to my forehead to massage the skin between my brows.

I stay muted, completely unmoving as my heart skipped a few beats. Why was he acting this way?

Did he not know what he was doing to me?

Was this how he normally acts with girls he slept with? If so, then no wonder they always come crawling back to him.

I mean who wouldn't?

Tyler had the looks, the charm and he definitely knew how to worm his way into anyone's heart. The guy was the master at his craft and now I was beginning to believe it.

You should guard your heart Layla, before it's too late. My brain reminds me and I agree with it. It was, after all, the more logical part. Listening to my heart always got me in

trouble.

"I'll see you around." He kisses my cheek, lingering there for a bit. His actions surprise me even more.

If this was only an arrangement, why was he kissing me

so softly? In fact, why was he kissing at all since he already gotten laid?

Does he kiss every girl after he sleeps with them?

Tyler leaves after I nodded absently. I wait a few seconds just staring at the closed door before stepping out myself.

By the time I'm walking through the halls, it's already jammed packed with teenagers who seemed to have forgotten the use of deodorant.

I'm heading to my locker, in need of my bag before I head to my next class. I'm speed walking down the hall, a bit confused to hear a bit of loud chattering close to where my locker was.

There was not one, not even two voices, and definitely not even three. It sounded like a crowd.

Was there a fight?

I really hope there's no blood on my locker, I'm really not in the mood to clean off someone's blood.

I quickened my footsteps, praying that Tyler's cum really wasn't going to seep through my panties to my jeans.

I really need to get on that pill as soon as possible and take a morning after just in case.

I wasn't sure why Tyler all of sudden wasn't wearing any condoms, but I surprisingly wasn't complaining. He felt better while being inside me bare.

Which wasn't a good thing given his reputation and all.

But he did mention that he was always well protected. Which was raising questions in my head. If he did protect himself with those other girls, why did he choose to go bare with me?

I shook my head. It was no time to think about this right now. I'm supposed to be thinking about class and going to my first job after school. Not Tyler.

We already did two sessions today. There's no reason for me to think about him right now.

I chewed on my lower lip as I spotted a crowd. It was hard to tell what they were looking at since they were blocking me.

I'm relieved I'm not hearing fists flying and loud shouts. So no cleaning off blood on my lockers.

But when I'm of hearing range, I can distinctly hear giggles and the word whore.

My brows pinch as I push past people and finally see them properly. I freeze.

That crowd of people was facing my locker. And when they saw me, their attention was quickly glued to me.

Their stares are unnerving and it feels like tiny crazy ants running over my skin.

They looked at me and some laughed while others murmured. They drew an even larger crowd.

Feeling uncomfortable, I squirmed while forcing my eyes to the place where they were looking at.

My heart drops, my stomach twists, and I feel like vomiting. I want to cry. I want to hide in a shell and never come out. I want to get out of here.

Because now I know why everyone was laughing.

It's because the word whore was written with what looks to be light red lipstick. The word was bold and you'd have to be blind to not see it.

It's cruel and it's taunting me.

My stomach twisted. For years I've gone to this school. Never once attracted any bad attention except for Karen. No one paid attention to me. I always make sure to stay out of their radar.

I make sure to stay out of drama.

But this. Now, this.

It seems I'm no longer invisible. I'm no longer protected.

My mouth runs dry as most people snicker.

I try to not pay attention to them. I wasn't a whore and laughing at such a thing made them sick humorless people.

This was bullying.

I bit into my lower lip harder as I approach my locker. I blinked as the words got bigger and bolder the closer I get.

Don't you dare cry in front of these assholes Layla. Don't you dare.

It's too late, my eyes are already misted and the tears are crawling down my cheeks.

I lift a trembling finger to my locker and enter the code

while trying to block out their voices behind me. They were making this worst and I wonder how some of them can – even laugh at this.

You must be inhumane to laugh at something as cruel as this.

I opened my locker, tasting the copper on my tongue as I tear my lip with my teeth. A small white piece of paper sweeps to the floor when I do so and I slowly pick it up.

I straighten up and looked down at the paper. It's blank on this side.

Turning it around, I feel nauseous when I read.

STAY AWAY FROM HIM. YOU'VE BEEN WARNED.