

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 99

Layla's pov

I crumble the paper in my hand and let it fall to the floor. My brain goes haywire on many possible people who would even go this far as to warn me off of Tyler.

It was pretty obvious it was him. Who else would they warn me off?

I bit into my lip I take my bag out of the locker, ignoring the whispering behind. Their stares feel nasty on my back, it's tickling me uneasily.

I want to turn around and shout at them to leave me alone.

But I also didn't want to show them that their stares, giggles, and words were affecting me.

I was never someone who was weak.

I unzipped my bag taking out some napkins. I always have them just in case I have to clean the desk. Sometimes the janitors don't clean them properly.

I closed my locker when I got the napkin and started to clean off the red lipstick.

The giggles grow even louder and my jaw ticks.

How can they even find this remotely funny?

I shook my head while scrubbing harder. The red lip stick doesn't quite move off properly, but I suppose it will do.

Crumbling the now red stained napkin in my hand, I turned around, kept my head up and walked away.

I could feel all their stares on my back, but I refuse to give them the satisfaction of seeing me crumble.

Whoever did this was someone Tyler was obviously

with.

And Tyler was with a lot of girls.

But instantly, I have an inkling it was Karen's doing. She did after all warn me off him before.

She must be pissed off that he sat beside me at lunch. And she must've seen him tugging me out of the cafeteria.

Girls like Karen would go to any lengths to get what they want.

I gritted my teeth and throw the napkin in the trash as I

made my way to my next class.

I will not let such a stupid thing make me crumble. I had grown a backbone, I was not going to be bent easily.

Before I reached the classroom, my phone buzzed.

I retrieve it from my bag, thinking it was Tiff. It was a text from Tyler.

There's a picture attached to it. A picture of me beside my vandalized locker.

Tyler: Who the fuck did this to you? Are you okay Layla?

Like he cared.

I know I shouldn't, but I'm angry at him. For being the one to cause this in the first place.

We were supposed to be careful. No one was supposed to catch on to us. He was supposed to ignore me in school.

Now one of his whores was threatening me.

Huffing in frustration, I began to type my reply, a bit more roughly than I planned.

Layla: Who do you think did it? Ding ding! One of your

whores.

And now I'm apparently one of them.

I put off my phone and put it back in my bag while glaring at the classroom door. Tyler was in there, probably not even caring that this happened to me.

Why would he care when this was all an arrangement?

I don't feel like being anywhere near his presence right now. I warned him that this would happen, but he didn't take heed. And now I'm the one who's being pushed in hot

water.

I turned around and stormed back to where I came from. I'm met with the same people who were laughing and whispering behind my back.

They were, I suppose making their way to their classes.

When they noticed me, their chattering and murmurs grew. I ignored them and walked past them with the intention of getting away from them as soon as possible.

I entered the bathroom, headed towards an empty stall, and locked the door. Pushing down the toilet seat, I sat down with a frustrated huff while placing my bag on my thighs.

I was just going to wait it out.

By later today everyone would have forgotten about everything that happened. And no one would care about me.

I sighed and took out my phone from my bag. I put it on and my stomach knotted when I saw several messages from Tyler.

Wasn't he supposed to be in class?

I ignored him by not opening the messages at all, not wanting to show him that I read the messages.

A few seconds later a new message pops on the screen. It's Tiffany.

I opened it quickly.

Tiffany: Just saw the picture. What the hell happened Lai? Who did this to you?"

I bit into my bottom lip and blinked. So the picture was circulating everywhere already.....

Layla: I don't really know who did it but I have a feeling it's Karen. She's the only one I know that's obsessed with Tyler this much.

I let out a breath and rubbed my forehead. Lipstick on my locker wasn't that bad, I can handle this.

Tiffany: Where are you?

I typed a quick reply, telling her that I was in the bathroom.

A few minutes later a red faced Tiffany is knocking on the stall's door. Literally banging.

I opened it and she fits herself in the small space.

"That fucking bitch." She sneered, throwing her arms around me. "I'm sorry I wasn't there, Lai."

Thugged her too, blinking back the tears. I must admit, having everyone laugh at me while pointing at the word whore did sting a bit.

"Aren't you supposed to be in class?" I asked while clutching her

I'm thinking of all possible ways to confront Karen about all of this. She would deny it, obviously. And I needed proof that it was her or one of her minions

"Told the teacher I wasn't feeling well and asked to go to the nurses office. I needed to make sure you were okay.

My brother was the one who sent me the photo, it's everywhere apparently." She said while pulling away.

Her eyes narrowed down on my face. "Are you sure you're okay?"

I nodded, sighed, and sat back down on the closed toilet seat.

Was I okay? Yes, I was. At least I will be after this whole thing calms down and everyone forgets it ever happened.

"I can't believe Karen would do that! She stooped so low this time. Writing the word whore on your locker?" Tiffany shook her head. "That's so dumb even for her. You should definitely report her"

I snorted. "You think she only wrote whore on my locker? That's not even half of it. She warned me to stay away from him on a piece of paper." I shook my head.

Tiffany's lips part." Tyler's really popular..... do you really think it's her? It really could be any one of them."

I nodded. "Who else? I can't think of anyone else. It's one of his whores and now I'm their target."