

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 12

Layla's pov

I closed the door behind me, shivering slightly because of my wet clothes. It didn't help that we had no heater in the house.

I don't bother shouting 'I'm home' knowing she wouldn't care anyway .

I walked in further, my converse squeaky from being soaked. I'd have to put them to dry quickly, I thought as my feet lead me to the couch.

I already knew what to expect, already felt the drop of disappointment in my belly. And I was not surprised when I looked over and saw her in the exact same position she was in before I left for school this morning.

The only difference was that she smelled of beer and cigarettes, in fact, she seemed to have drenched her entire clothes with it. It was very clear she hadn't bothered to shower and I knew she hadn't bothered to eat anything as well.

Sighing I walked to our small kitchen, dumping my broken laptop on the counter and swinging my drenched bag beside it. I started unzipping the bag, taking out the books, opening them and prayed they'd dry.

They were a mess and I knew I'd have to buy new ones but not right now. I didn't have the funds for it.

Grumbling under my breath about how unfair life was, I kicked off my shoes making a mental note I'd place them to dry on my window ledge.

As I walked to the fridge and opened it, I'm not the least bit stunned to see it was half empty. I had only two hundred dollars left from the side hustle I had done a couple of weeks ago. I was planning to save that money for the bills this month but then I'd have to sacrifice our stomachs.

Pressing my lips together in a flat line, I reach into the fridge to grab a pear to munch on.

I'd have to get a job that actually pays if I didn't want to die of starvation. One that's not on Saturdays since I've already agreed to babysit the five year old unknown kid.

Shifting my eyes to my mother passed out on the couch, I huffed out a breath and made my way over. I could see the slight rise and fall of her chest so she was, thankfully not dead.

But she would be if she didn't stop consuming alcohol and then doing drugs.

Shaking my head, I bit into the pear and held it between my teeth as I reach down and start picking up the bottles. I had three in my hands for now when she starts to stir on the couch, groaning.

Tignore her, quite frankly because I didn't want to look at her face to see her bloodshot eyes.

"Oh you're home." Her voice is groggy and slurred. Her breath reeked of alcohol, and that's how bad it was since I could sniff it all the way here.

I just nod, fitting another empty bottle in my hand, and straighten up.

"Did it rain? You're soaked." She asked, her groggy voice filled up with confusion.

I wanted to roll my eyes. She must've been sleeping for so long that she hadn't heard the rain. The entire old porch was soaked and I was sure if she'd been awake or at least sober, she'd hear the platter sounds of the rain when it hits the old galvanized roof.

I don't answer because well I still had a pear tucked in my mouth. So when I did place the bottles down on the counter, I moved the pear from my mouth and looked over at her.

She's now sat up and her hair is sticking out everywhere. Her eyes are so red, that it's almost impossible to identify the brown of her eyes.

I chewed on the pear until she scoffs. "Well, you're awfully rude to not have answered my question."

I lift my shoulder in a barely there shrug. "The answer would be pretty obvious. But since we're playing dumb today .then yes it did rain."

I know I was being a bit too harsh but could you really blame me? I was frustrated that she was choosing to do this to herself and not fight to survive. Instead, she'd rather succumb to, this.

Her red eyes narrowed, "Don't speak to me in that tone Layla."

At least she remembered my name this time. The last time she was high she couldn't even pronounce my name right.

I bit into the pear again, tearing my gaze away from her and walked over to the cabinet and took out a clean glass. I filled it up with tap water and then walked over to her.

She was frustrating to deal with but she was still my mother and I loved her. She just needed help. That's all.

I pushed the glass towards her, peering down at her red eyes. "Drink some water mom," I murmured softly, hoping if she drank enough water it would help her flush out whatever poison she was feeding her body.

She lifts her hand to grasp the glass and I note how shaky her hands were. She could barely hold the glass and the water nearly spilled.

My heart lurched in my throat.

I lift my fingers. "How many fingers am I holding up mom?" I asked softly, praying she'd answer correctly.

She looks at the two fingers I held up and squinted. "Two?"

I breathed out a relieved air, thanking God that she was not entirely out of it. Nodding, I started to walk away, my form stiff. I needed to get out of these wet clothes so I'd not catch a draft. I surely won't be able to afford medication if it happens.

But before I disappeared down the narrow hall, mom spoke." I'll go job hunting bright and early tomorrow ." She promised but I knew better than to have my hopes up.

So I twist my body in a way so I'd be able to face her. "You didn't go today did you?"

I already knew the answer and it was quite obvious that mom had not once shifted off the couch unless to grab more bottles of beer out of the fridge.

Her gaze nearly drops but surprisingly she keeps her eyes on me. "I didn't. But I would've. I just couldn't find my good blouse."

Her excuse was bullshit and she knew it.

I nod, acting like I believed her when I didn't. Not even one bit. "You've made promises before and broke them in seconds. So why would I believe you now?"

She flinches but chooses to not answer. Shaking my head slightly I walked to my room, my heart pounding painfully when I hear the sounds of her trembling sobs.