

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 3

Layla's pov

I blinked back the tears as I stared at my mother passed out on the couch. Empty bottles made a mess around her. The entire room smelled of beer and had a stench of something putrid.

My eyes fall to the white powder line on the dark-stained coffee table. I shook my head in disappointment. It had been like this since she lost her job a few months back.

She promised to be clean. She promised. But like all her promises, it went to shit.

She groans while shifting around. Her eyes blinked open and they fell on my figure standing before my room. Tiffany struts over to me. "I'm ready."

"Oh." She lets out when her eyes fall on my mother on the couch.

"Are you heading for school darling?" She asked me. The dark circles under her eyes had become prominent. Her creamy skin looked ashy, showcasing her lack of drinking enough water.

"Yes," I murmured, gripping the strap of my bag tightly. "Well you two have fun. I'm going job searching today." Her voice croaked, her voice is scratchy from the alcohol she had been consuming.

I nodded and started for the door while Tiffany followed behind me. "Aren't you going to wish me luck?" She questions before I opened the front door.

I looked at Tiffany and she shakes her head. I sighed and opened the front door. "Good luck."

Both Tiffany and I walked out. I slammed the door, angered by seeing her lose herself again. Job searching? I'd be lucky to see if she even showered today.

"She's back on coke?" Tif questions in worry and pity.

"Don't know, don't care," I grumble and started walking away from our crappy house.

Of course I cared, I hated seeing her this way. I did try to help her but she wouldn't let me. And dad? He was too busy with his new family to even remember that my birthday was two days ago.

"Do you ever stay there and think about what if God made us with luscious curves and big boobs?" Tiffany sighed as her gaze focuses on Karen and her friends. They were the 'it' girls I suppose. And just like in those cliché books I wrote, they were nasty and mean.

Karen sat on a desk, her posse surrounding her as they giggled, flipping their shiny hair over their shoulders. I had an inkling that extensions made the length of their hair and also added volume too.

Thumbed and pressed my lips into a purse. "Nope. Because maybe we'd be like them." I nudged my chin towards the popular girls. "I don't want to be like them." I wiggled my nose as though I sniffed something unpleasant.

Their strong scented perfume was rotten. It stuck to the walls of the classroom, suffocating us until we were forced to breathe in the scent of floral.

"Then maybe we should bleach our hair like theirs? Maybe then we will be seen?" Tif asked.

I turned to her, elbow on my desk and cheek on my palm. "If you want your hair fried Tif, you do it on your own. I'm perfectly happy with my dark hair. And being unseen is a good thing, a fantastic thing even. Means we skip the drama that comes along with popularity."

I turn to Karen and her posse. For a girl who just had a break-up, she sure looked happy and carefree. Then again she and Tyler never stay away from each other for more than a week.

I give it a few days and she'll go begging for him to take her back even though she knows he cheats. This was their routine, fuck, cheat, break up and get back together. Honestly, it was getting boring.

SES Her blue eyes snap to me suddenly and a nasty scowl crafts its way on her features. "Ew, why the fuck is loser Layla

staring at us?"

So much for skipping drama. I swear my life is exactly like the books I've written.

Like robots, her friends snap their heads my way. I held my breath. I hated so many eyes on me, being noticed was a curse. I tear my eyes away, feeling my cheeks heat up with mortification.

Karen sort of had it out for me the moment I accidentally spilled my juice on her perfect pretty pink dress in kindergarten. Were seniors now and she still hasn't gotten over it.

I suppose it being her birthday that day made it ten times worse.

"She has always had a weird fascination with us. Maybe the creep is thinking about ways to kill one of us and take our place." One of Karen's posse replied.

I nearly rolled my eyes at that statement. No matter how annoying they were, I wouldn't waste my time and energy on them.

"Paige, are you still watching those thrillers?" Karen sighed.

"Maybe?" Paige replied reluctantly.

"Don't mind them Lai" Tif murmurs as she leans towards me, palms on my desk.

"I just hate that in order to feel on top, she constantly tries to bring me down. It's getting really annoying." I muttered, gritting my teeth while refusing to look at Karen and her friends.

The sound of heels approaching had my ears perking. Her strong scented perfume nearly made me gag as she nears. Never had I had to inhale something as strong as this before, it was very upsetting, to say the least.

"Uh oh," Tiffany murmurs lowly.

Karen stops before my desk. I turn to her and lean a way slightly when she leans forward with her palms flat on my desk. Her pink painted nails were long and for a second I wondered if it was comfortable for her to wipe her butt.

"You're wishing you were me, cousin?" Her glossy lips curled into a cocky smirk.

This was getting ridiculous. She had it all, parents who were still together, money, and the hottest guys lining at her feet. Why did she insist on picking on me? Spilling juice years ago wasn't a big deal. But I suppose to her, it was.

I raised a brow. Out of all girls in the school, being jealous of Karen was a no no. Yes, she was beautiful but the outside was very far from what was from the inside. She was a bitch.

"Why would I want to wish that Karen? Perfect isn't always pretty and you cousin, you're neither."

Maybe my smart mouth was one of the reasons she could never forgive me.

Her blue eyes turned a nasty shade of hatred and rage as she spat. "You think you're better than me!?"

Seriously if I earned money from listening to the crap she always spits at me then I'd be a millionaire. Too bad listening to her was free.

I narrowed my eyes. I may not have the perfect family, or money, or guys lining up to date me. But I was me, Layla. The girl who doesn't give up no matter what life throws at her. I wouldn't want to be anyone else.

"I don't have to think Karen, I know I am" I grumble boredly as I fixed my glasses on my face.

Karen's eyes narrowed dangerously. "You fucking bitc-"

The door opens suddenly and the sound of chuckling boys makes everyone stop their chattering. Karen turns around, forgetting me completely as she spots Tyler.

"Tyler." She whispered breathlessly as she leaves my desk and rushes over to him hastily.

"Brett," Tiffany whispered beside me like a lovesick puppy.

"Peace and quiet," I whispered, sighing as I mocked Tiffany and Karen.

Tiffany sends me a fake glare before looking over at Brett who was laughing at something Tyler said. I narrowed my eyes at Tyler.

I could see why girls fawn over him. He was probably six feet and girls love tall guys. His dark midnight hair contrasted against his dark green eyes and his jawline was as sharp as ice. He was definitely hot and there was no doubting it.

He completely ignores Karen as she curls her hands around his and deliberately pushes it between her boobs. I hummed. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad if I let him teach me some stuff.

"Here's our guy Lai" Tif whispered, leaning towards me to not let anyone hear.

"We still need to figure out a way to go about this," I murmured as I watch Tyler throw his head back. The earring in his left ear glimmers as the morning light strikes the silver.