

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 39

Layla's pov

My heart was thumping in my chest with an uneven beat. My hands reach out for the door and opened it quickly.

Finally, I can breathe. Running home was such a workout.

I gasp for a lungful of air, tempted to throw my bag on the floor and just call it a day. But then my eyes roamed around the area and noticed for the first time, she wasn't on the chair passed out.

My brows knit as I closed the door.

How long had it been since I last seen my mom off the chair when I got home?

"Mom?" I called out to her, kicking off my converse and kicking them to the side.

There was no answer.

Maybe she did go job searching after all?

My eyes snap to the clock mounted on the wall, just beside the hanging flowers. It read three thirty but I knew it read wrong. It needed new batteries.

Shaking my head I gripped my bag and made my way down the small hallway. My legs nearly feeling like butter as my eyes sweep over to the opened bathroom door.

Was she in there? Did something happen to her?

With my mom's choices, I knew that there was a possibility that she'll go too far one day. That something bad can happen to her. I just only hope today wasn't that day.

"Mom?" I called out again, this time softer, almost fearful even.

My stomach knotted, expecting to probably see my mother on the floor knocked out cold or in the tub suffocated by water in her lungs.

I know, I should at least hope for the best but my mother was unpredictable and wouldn't care who she hurt in the process. Including herself.

With still no answer, my hands tremble as it brushed the doorframe and I peeked in. I'm relieved to not see her in there.

Breathing out a sigh, I make my way to her room, this time a little hopeful that she was just sleeping.

But the closer I get to her door, the stronger the stench of weed became, and the more I wanted to walk away before I get any more nauseous.

Still, I was worried about her so I continued my way to her door. It's slightly opened and from what I can see from the slight crack, the entire room is filled with smoke.

I pushed the door open praying that the smell won't affect my lungs. But as I do so, I'm slapped in the face by the smoke and started coughing.

"Oh you're home!" Mom chirped. Which is unusual for her to sound this happy.

I snapped my eyes to her bed, where I can see her covering her naked body with a flimsy sheet. And right beside her, smoking what I presume was weed was a man who looked to be in his forties.

His hair is dark, looking to be dyed judging by his blonde roots. His face wasn't clean shaven and he was obviously a man who you'd not want to mess with. He screams danger.

I guess my mom didn't get the memo.

The man's dark eyes swept over my frame and I shivered in disgust when he smirked. This wasn't the first time inom brought someone over. She usually did this so she can get money to buy more cocaine and alcohol.

"Did you not hear me calling you?" I asked, nervously removing my gaze from the intimidating man. He was creeping me

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out.

"Oh?" Mom asked, turning to stare at the man she just gave her body to and then back to me before she giggled. "I was busy, I didn't hear you darling."

"What's in the bag?" She asked nudging her head to the bag Tyler had forced me to take.

I clutched it tighter, biting the inside of my cheek before responding. "It's nothing. Just a few things Tif got me."

"Oh." She nodded.

I could feel the man's eyes on me, burning through me. His stare is uncomfortable and has me shifting on my feet nervously

I didn't want to judge him, but he looked like a guy who had just come out of jail. And knowing my mom's taste in men, he probably was.

"I'll be in my room if you need me," I told her softly, wanting to get out of here.

I was disappointed. Mom could've done better, been better but she refuses help.

I turn around to leave but her voice stops me.

"Don't worry about the bills for this month, Neymar has promised to pay it full! Isn't that great hunny?"

I guess the creepy man has a name. Not that I wanted to know. He wouldn't be here by tomorrow morning. None ever slept overnight.

I turned around, my fist balling at my sides. As if I'd ever let a man I don't even know pay my bills for me.

"That will be unnecessary. I'm going to get a job and will be able to pay the bills

"Don't be silly Layla. Neymar will be staying here with us and has volunteered to pay the bills in this house. Isn't that right baby?"

I wanted to vomit by the look in her eyes as she stared at the man she barely knew.

Neymar nods, his dark gaze on my face. "Yes, that's right." His voice is rougher than I thought, and scarier.

I didn't like this man, not one bit.

Mom's eyes snap over to me and they twinkled. "I don't have to work now hunny! Isn't that great? He'll take care of us." Her smile nearly split her face in half.

No it wasn't. It was not great at all.

Fisting my hands tighter until my nails bit into my palm I turned around to storm into my room before I could say anything I'd regret.

When I got into my room, I threw the bag Tyler had given me on the bed, the contents flinging onto my pale blue sheets.

Why would she do that?

Why would she make a man we barely knew live here with us?

Had mom really fallen so far to not care about our safety anymore?

I shrugged my school bag off my shoulder and it falls with a thud.

She was lazy. She didn't want to work so she took the easier way out. To be with a man she barely knew because he offered to pay her bills.

I bit into my lower lip until I can taste metallic.

I wanted to scream in frustration. In anger. In disappointment. Buil bubbled those feelings down and plopped down on my bed with my head in my hands.

She could've tried harder. She could've tried for me if not for herself.

I felt the first brush of my tears on my palm before my door creaked open seconds later. I lifted my head, my heart dropping when Neymar enters my room.