

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 49

Layla's pov

I brushed my still wet hair in a high bun and crunched my nose as I looked at my reflection staring back at me in the mirror.

So unusual of me to care to brush my hair or look the least bit presentable.

Still, even with my thoughts, I rummage through a draw in search of lipgloss I was hoping hadn't expired, I swore I had the thing from back when I was eight. Honestly, I wasn't sure.

When I pulled it out, I inspected it. It didn't look like it would kill me and the expiring date had rubbed off so there was no telling.

So with a shrug, I applied it to my lips. It smelled like cherries and was a pretty red glossy color that made my lips look plump and cherry red.

I placed the lipgloss down then thought better of it and decided to hold it with me.

I took my small side bag and placed my wallet, my cracked phone and the lipgloss and then walked out of my room.

The air is already so clogged with the scent of weed and as I let out a little cough while entering the living room, I spot my mother and Neymar both on the couch.

Her head is rested on his lap as he draws in a puff of smoke and blows it into her opened mouth.

I cringe.

Nasty.

Neymar hears when I have entered, perhaps my footsteps because his dark eyes lift to mine.

"Where are you going?" His tone is bitter, probably because of what I had told him earlier.

Mom's eyes sweep over to mine when she heard his question and lifted herself off his lap. She coughed before speaking. "Where are you going darling?" She asked confused.

She had every right to be, I usually stayed home on Saturdays to clean the entire house because she never did. And afterward, I'd drown in my imagination and write them down.

So Saturdays weren't usually my out days.

"Out," I answered through clenched teeth, upset that she was acting this way with a man she barely knew.

I made a move to get out of here and Neymar's words stop me. "She's whoring herself out."

I realized the words weren't directed to me per se, they were about me, but directed at my mother.

I stop before my hands can latch on the door, slightly looking over my shoulder at them. They weren't fscing me surprisingly.

But what surprised me, when it shouldn't, was that my mom never disagreed with Neymar. She didn't say anything, not a single word had slipped out of her mouth to defend me from that rotten man.

No, she stayed quiet.

Her lack of response shattered my heart....

I press my lips together, blinking as I opened the door and slammed it shut. I silently try to coax myself to believe that she will defend me when I leave but I knew deep down that it was a lie. A false hope I should never have.

I walked down the old steps and made my way to the bus stop.

"Thank you." I said softly, smiling slightly as the guard lets me through the huge wrought iron gate.

He nods while the other guard stares at me like I have a bomb in my bag.

I hold the bag nervously as I continued on my way. Tyler lived on a huge estate, surrounded by huge green trees. The road on the other hand was pretty long and I knew it would be a long while until I actually get to the house.

No matter. It was still fairly early.

It was perhaps an entire fifteen minutes until I saw the sight of the mansion. I never felt so relieved in my life before.

My legs were begging for me to stop. It didn't help that I was still so hungry.

Had it been a day since I last ate?

It sure felt like it.

I smiled awkwardly at the man who Tyler always threw his keys at. He stood beside the long

steps leading to the house.

He looks at me in curiosity but nods in greeting.

I knew for certain that my face was red and I could no doubt feel the sweat on my skin. I perhaps look like a dying pig which piqued his curiosity.

"Morning." I greeted him, not wanting to be rude.

He greets me back and I'm slightly surprised by the soft pitch of his voice. I hadn't expected him to sound like that, especially with his build.

When I'm just mere inches from the door it is suddenly thrust open. I stare gobsmacked at eyes similar to Tyler's. Mayor Wood. I feel tongue tied, and it didn't help that I was fighting for every breath I could get. I must look so, out of place before him.

He looked at me with surprise etched on his features.

"Go-od mor-ning," I stammered out, feeling the beginnings of a blush crawling up my neck.

I noted that he was formally dressed and had a briefcase holding at his side. He was on his way out, and I had blocked him.

I should move.

But my feet suddenly gave up on time and stayed rooted where I am.

I had expected him to curl his lips in a snarl and look down at me, but I had not expected him to question.

"You don't happen to be this Layla girl my daughter keeps mentioning for the past two days?" His lips curled but it wasn't in disgust, it was a genuine smile.

Utterly stunned that he knew my name, I smiled shyly, hoping I don't really look like a dying pig right now. "Yes, I'm Layla."

He nods, looking at me with curiosity. "You're here to babysit Daffodil right?"

There's something hidden in his voice, something that told me he knew something.

I can't question him about it, it would be rude to. So I just nod with an awkward smile.

He opens the door wider and was about to step foot out when Tyler's voice has him halting.

"Is it Layla at the door dad?" He shouts a bit farther away.

His voice oddly sends a sensation similar to a tingle swirling in my lower stomach but this one feels more powerful, more so like a burning.

Mr. Wood had a knowing smile on his face as he turns to look slightly over his shoulder and shouts back. "Yes. She's here for Daffodil."

I hear the sounds of feet nearing and gulped. Somehow knowing I would be face to face with Tyler in a few seconds had me a bit nervous.

But suddenly, my stomach decides to embarrass me further, by growling loudly, Mr. Wood turns around to give me a worried look. "Had you not eaten breakfast before coming here?"