

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 80

Layla's pov

His fingers around my neck got tighter until I gasped for air. My hands reach up and wrap around his wrist to pull his hand away from my neck. He was choking me. And I had no strength to push him away.

"Let go." I wheezed, feeling the pumping of my temples as my lungs fought for air.

Neymar's eyes are dark with rage, pinning me down with a look of hatred. Why did he hate me so much when I had done nothing to him?

"Where are you coming from this late?" He sneers, tightening his hold around my neck.

I wanted to shout for mom but I didn't think my voice could go that high now. And I highly doubted that she would care to stick her head out. In fact, I didn't think she was even conscious, judging by her lifestyle and what she chose to do every single day.

"Out." I wheezed.

His eyes narrowed and his rancid breath slapped against my nose. "Out where?" Saliva flew and landed on

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my lips and nose and I could do nothing but cringe inwardly.

"Job." I managed to wheeze out. Air was quickly being pushed out of my lungs and to bring it back in was a huge problem seeing as I was being choked.

Neymar loosens his hold, slightly so I can slowly bring some air into my lungs.

"What kind of job?" There's a darker gleam in his eyes. One that had me shivering as if I was cold. My bones felt stiff and my heart thudded. I didn't like that look. In fact, I was terrified of that look.

And it was a good thing too, because Neymar's other hand lifts, and his fingers brush my thighs. I stiffen even more and stopped shifting around out of shock and terror.

"Did you whore yourself out today?" His voice had gone low but was still so rough and extremely scary.

"Let go of me or I'll tell the cops," I whispered and cursed myself inwardly when my voice comes out shaky with fear swirling in it.

Neymar snorted and he raised one of his thick brows. "You are in no position to threaten me little whore."

Tilting his head, Neymar smirked coldly. "And what are you going to tell the cops when they get here? That your momma is a crack whore and is a danger to you? What do you think would happen when I let that little information slip?"

My blood runs cold. He was threatening to tell the authorities about my mom. There was no way they'd not arrest her and have her spend years in jail. I would lose my mom even more than I am now. I'd be alone.

I couldn't let that happen. I had no family.

So I stayed quiet and that satisfied him. Neymar releases me and then backs away. "I don't like whores under my roof. But I'll make an exception for you." His eyes rolled down my body and he smirked.

My heart started beating and my palms began to sweat. The look he was giving me wasn't innocent or caring. It was cruel and disgusting.

He looked at me like a man needing to be inside a woman.

I bit my tongue to not tell him to look away. I feared if I did, I'd not only have him doing what I feared but he'd get the gas he needed to go even more extreme. I didn't want to add fuel to the fire that was already licking around us.

It would be wise to remain calm and quiet until he leaves me alone.

"Now I'll go have some fun with your mommy. There's nothing in the fridge unless you want some beer. Like mother like daughter right?" He smirked and lifted his hand up to pat my cheek.

I pulled away from him in disgust. He continues to smirk and turns around to leave. When he almost disappears into the room, he stops, turns around to look at me over his shoulder and smirked.

"Make sure to clean up after your mess little whore." His eyes lowered to stare at the destroyed lingerie one last time before entering my mom's room.

My shoulders sag and my fingers lift to brush against my neck. I winced. I was sure he had left a bruise on my neck.

My throat still ached and my lungs still burned. I needed water.

I crouched down beside the ruined lingerie and grabbed the bag they were in. I put them inside the bag knowing I would have to throw them since they were nothing but torn materials now.

Rising to my feet I turned around and walked over to the kitchen. When I threw the bag in the trash, tears began to trail down my cheeks and I sniffle.

I walked over to the sink and opened the faucet. I cupped my hand under the cold water, bend over, and brought that palm filled with water to my mouth.

My hand lifts again to brush along my neck. I had to cover this up. I didn't want anyone to know about what happened. If they found out, they'd take my mom away.

My eyes were still a bit red from crying and even though I had just come out of the shower it didn't wash the evidence away that I had been crying.

I looked at myself in the mirror and glared sharply at the red ring around my neck. It was darkening every minute or so and it was very obvious to the naked eye what transpired.

I left my wet hair down so it would cover the bruise Neymar left.

He and mom had yet to come out of the room. Even though that was a good thing, I wanted to see if mom was okay. The only indication that she was alive, was the sounds

of her moans that grew louder and louder.

And even though the sounds were disgusting for me to hear, I was at least relieved that Neymar hadn't killed her in there.

I sighed and tore my gaze away from the mirror as I reach for my phone on the dresser. I went through my contacts which weren't a lot and found Tiffany's number.

If she knew what happened then she'd try to convince me to go to the police. I didn't want them to take my mother away. I didn't want to lose both of my parents. I didn't want to be alone.

My fingers hovered over the call button and then I took a shaky breath then tapped on the screen.

Bringing the phone to my ear, I waited for Tiff to answer. Three rings and she picks up. "What's up?"

"Do you have concealer and foundation?" I winced and lifted my hand to my neck.