

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 108

Layla’s pov

My jaw pops as I glared at Neymar’s nasty smirking face. He loves getting me pissed off, I can see how much I enter tained him when I do.

“Just got back from the strip club?” He snorted, taking a step forward which caused me to take a step back involuntari

He must’ve seen the flicker of fear in my eyes before I had time to mask it because his smirk grows and his eyes twinkled with cruelty.

| curse at myself inwardly for allowing him to see the weakness in my eyes.

His eyes fall to the paper bag I still have clutched in my hands. “What do you have here? Another set of thongs?”

| grit my teeth, sending him a disgusted glare. “It’s noth ing that should concern you.” | spat, gripping the bag tightly, and made a way to walk away .

But mom’s words stunned me enough to stop me. “She brought croissants for dinner. Isn’t that right baby?” Mom tilts her head, looking at me innocently.

i blinked as I felt tears sting in my eyes. I knew I couldn’t trust her.

“I didn’t bring anything for anyone. Those were given to me.” Igritted out, shaking my head at her in disappointment.

Neymar looks angry at my response and approaches me. I backed away until I’m cornered.

“So are you saying that you don’t want to share with your mommy and daddy?” He taunted, his head leaning down as he grinned at me like the cat that got the milk.

“Get away from me asshole.” I hissed, tilting my head away from his face because his breath reeked of beer and weed. A nasty disgusting belly turning combination that tick led my urge to hurl.

I flinched when he reaches forward, his fingers playing with my hair. “Now that’s no wa yto talk to your daddy.” He said lowly and brushed some of those strands behind my ear.

I looked over his shoulder, catching mom looking over at us with her arms crossed and a hesitant look in her red glossy eyes.

I pleaded with her using my eyes to help me.

But like always, she disappoints me by turning away and scratching at her arms like that would help her from feeling the guilt of betraying her only daughter.

pressed my lips together, my eyes sweeping back over to Neymar. It looks like it’s me alone against him,

“You’re not my dad and will never be. Now step away.” || seethed, tilting my chin up to show my defiance and that | wasn’t afraid of him.

Neymar raised one of his brows and curled his finger un der my chin. “And what are you going to do if I don’t?”

With my heart currently slamming against my chest, I looked over at the knives on the countertop. Neymar catches where my gaze drifted to and he smirks.

“Think you’ll have enough time to reach for that before ! cut off your air supply whore?” He taunted while his fingers left my chin to trail softly around my neck.

I stiffen, my breath getting stuck in my throat. I stay silent, contemplating if I can actually have enough time to reach for one of those knives before he chokes me.

My’eys sweep over to the knives again and my throat burns. I definitely wouldn’t have enough time to grab it before he grab a hold of my neck.

Neymar knows this and chuckles. I grit my teeth, fuming inwardly.

Neymar grabs the paper bag out of my hand before I can react and moves away from me. “Thanks for dinner little whore.” He winks and turns around.

“Give it back asshole.” I snapped in frustration, taking a step forward.

Neymar whips around quickly, making me stumble back a step in surprise.

“And what will you do if I don’t whore!?” He barked.

“Neymar, baby...” Mom’s soft voice cracks through the tense silence.

Neymar’s jaw ticked and then like a switch, his emotions changed from anger to taunting. He opens the bag, takes out

one of the croissants, and then bit into it all the while looking at me dead in the eye.

“Thanks again for the dinner.” He smirks with a mouth full of mushed croissants and then stalks off back to the room.

I groan in frustration while gripping at my hair. Mom’s still standing there which is surprising that she hadn’t tumbled yet with how much she swayed.

I looked over at her and shook my head while my eyes misted with incoming tears. “I don’t know who you are any more.” I breathed out in disappointment.

She flinched, her eyes tearing away from mine. I caught the glimpse of pain in her eyes and I wanted to snort.

She had no right to feel any kind of pain. She wasn’t the one hurting right now .I was.

“The mom I kne w ould never make any man choke me, corner me, and touch me in this way. The mom I knew would fight for me no matter what.” | sobbed, rubbing under my eyes furiously.

I shouldn’t be crying but those tears are flowing down my cheeks without warning and I can’t stop them.

“Layla, I’m doing this for us

This time I didn’t stop the snort from coming out. She lifts her gaze back to me, her eyes now a bit redder than they were. Here come the fake tears.

“Those damn words again that meant nothing but a lie. Stop fooling yourself mom and stop trying to fool me. You’re

better than this, I know deep down, you’re better than this.” || whispered.

She lets out a shaky breath and smiled. “This is our life now Layla, accept it now because it won’t change.”

I shake my head and took a step forward. “It will. Someday it will change and I’ll be the one to do it. Sleep good tonight mom.” I sighed and started walking away from her.

When I’m just about to disappear down the small short hall, she stops me with her words. “It will be easier to not re sist him, Layla. He’s the man of the house now .”

I shake my head. She knew the only reason I had not yet called the cops for Neymar was because it would risk her go ing to jail too and juvie. She’d also lose custody of me too.

Her knowing that made me sick to my stomach even nore

“Oh mom, and that’s where you’re wrong. I will continue o resist him and he will never be the man of the house as ong as I live. Goodnight.” | whispered and walked away from her.

The door creaks open and Neymar shouts for her. I rolled ny e yes when I heard her stumbling to come back over to the oom.

Neymar’s eyes are on me as he chews on one of the crois iants. He smirks and winks when I open my bedroom door. I glared at him and slammed and locked my door.

When I’m all alone, 1 slide down my door, hunching up my Knees to my chest and dig my fingertips into my scalp as I cried.