

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 40

Layla’s pov

I rose to my feet quickly, my eyes hardening into slits. “You’re not welcomed in my room.” I spat, enraged that he thought he could just enter in my room without asking,

I didn’t know this man and I didn’t want to.

His dark eyes narrowed down on me. He was easily six feet and towered over me plenty. His bulgy muscles tensed while he closed the door behind him.

His actions had me swallowing harshly.

If he tried anything I highly doubt my mom would come to help. My phone was also in my bag. If I made a grab for it, he’d have time to get me.

My heart slammed against my chest.

There was no way out.

“That’s no way to speak to your new daddy.” He clicked his tongue.

| shivered in disgust. Unfortunately, I could not back away since backing away would only lead me to my bed.

“You will never be my father!” I sneered despite the drum in my chest

He snorted, taking another step forward, his dark gaze falling on the lingerie spilled on my bed. “Tif?” He hums. “Was it also Tif who had you out this late?”

I don’t answer him as his eyes danced with an odd gleam. “Are you a whore?” He suddenly asked, catching me off guard entirely that I nearly stumbled backward.

“What?” I breathed out in a stunned breath. —

Lifting his dark gaze to mine, he grumbles. “I do not tolerate whoring under my roof.”

I blanched in shock.

Under his roof?

Was he kidding?

He must be!

I take a step forward, but remember that I was no match for him physically so I stopped and settled for a glare. “Under your roof? What makes you think because you’re sleeping with my mom this means it’s now your house?” | sneered.

His dark eyes narrowed. “Watch your tone with me dollface.”

“Get out.” I breathed out. Not only was he disrespectful but he was a lousy asshole for taking advantage of a desperate woman.

He doesn’t make a move to leave.

“Get out of my room!” I yelled, the veins in my neck feeling like they were ready to pop at any second.

Neymar doesn’t look fazed, only smirks and turns around to leave. But before he gets out he says over his shoulder. “I’m so glad we’ll be seeing so much of each other from now on, dollface.”

As soon as the door closes behind him, I rushed over, jumping over my bag and slamming my palms on the door. My hand go to the knob and I locked it quickly.

My chest hurts as I turn around and slid down the door.

Every breath I took felt impossible for the air to stay in my lungs as I cried.

I hate it here

I wrapped my hair which was a mess of tangles into a bun. I looked at my red-rimmed eyes in the mirror’s reflection.

I had been crying for what felt like hours. My throat was dry and I was convinced that I could no longer produce any more tears

I look like a complete mess.

My belly grumbles.

Perhaps I should’ve finished that yogurt and granola because now it might have just been the only thing to comfort my hunger today

My phone buzzes and I ripped my gaze from my reflection to stare at the lighting screen.

Reaching out for my glasses, I fixed them on before sauntering over to the bed. I plopped down ungracefully and reached over for the phone.

It was a text from Tif, telling me that her uncle’s wife would like me to come for an interview Sunday morning.

Not sure why she chose that specific day but I didn’t care. I had an opportunity to get my life a little better. At least feed myself before I starve to death.

I smiled, my chest feeling lighter now that I had received good news. I typed her a quick thank you, falling onto my back and stretching my arms out like a starfish as I smiled dazedly at the ceiling.

I wasn’t sure how long I had been just smiling at the ceiling goofily before I felt the weight of sleep knocking at my door.

When I woke up it was because of the sound of my phone buzzing beside my head. My entire room was dark except for the light of my phone. It must already be late.

I lift my upper body on my hand and looked down at my phone, squinting at the assault the light had brought to my eyes. It didn’t help that I had fallen asleep with my glasses and it wasn’t exactly properly fixed on my face.

When I did fix it, I’m confused by the unknown number flashing on the cracked screen.

But then a notification came right before I was about to decline the call.

I didn’t like answering strangers and the only one who really knew my number was Tiffany and a few other students! worked with on a project last term.

Except that the notification so happens to be a text from Tif and I didn’t have to open it fully to read what she had texted

My heart slammed against my chest for some unknown reason as I read her text fully

Tiffany I think my brother just gave Tyler your phone number.

Tyler read the time on the clock again. Ten thirty

By this time of the night, he was either out with some girl or sleeping so he could get enough rest before practice the next day

But tonight he was restless and he oddly didn’t feel the need for another girl’s body tonight despite getting texts from numerous who were willing to roll in the sheets with him.

Tyler felt unsatisfied, quite rigid honestly And he doubted any girl other than Layla could tug him out of his body’s confinement

So he impulsively reach for his phone, harshly throwing the covers off his body, and dialed his best pal Brett If one person knew everyone’s number it would be his long trusted pal who picked up on the second ring.

“Hey dude, you’re missing out on the babes here!” Brett yelled through the phone Tyler was tempted to pull the phone away from his ears by the loudness of his tone and also the loudness of the music playing in the background.

But somehow getting Layla’s number was top priority than his eardrums at the moment.

“You know Layla Campbell’s number?” He cut right to the chase and was embarrassed to hear how desperate his voice sounded