

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 48

Layla's pov

There was a loud banging sound that rouse me awake. It was a Saturday morning, early morning.

The sun was already peeking through the cracks of the curtains. But the sun wasn't the usual scorch of the afternoon sun, it was the slight brush of morning.

Saturday morning.....

Oh. My first day babysitting Daff!

I'm rather thankful for that disturbance in my sleep. If it hadn't roused me awake I'd no doubt miss half the day sleeping judging by how exhausted my body currently still felt.

And what had caused the exhaustion....

I lifted myself on my elbows and looked down at my phone. A furious blush no doubt hotter than the morning sun kissed my cheeks as I remember what happened last night.

Tyler.

Moaning.

Grunting.

Cumming.

I had fallen asleep. I groan lowly in embarrassment. Had I truly fallen asleep after I had come ?

Judging by the yawn that fluttered out of my mouth and the sleep lines I could feel on my cheek, then yes, I indeed had fallen asleep. How humiliating..

I cupped my cheeks looking down at my cracked phone. Gosh, I can't believe who I had been last night. Yes, who I had been, because surely the person last night did not feel like me.

Moaned like me, spoke like me, but didn't act like how I'd normally act. I was like one of my...characters. Those desperate to get laid.

Shaking my head, I rose off the bed, completely aware that I was still bare. I walked to my closet and put on what I normally wear during the day. An oversized shirt and cotton shorts.

I walked back over to my bed, picking up my phone. Biting into my lower lip, I messaged Tyler asking him what time I should be here.

I couldn't remember if we did set a time honestly

Surprisingly, his reply came within a few seconds. Oddly having me thinking he was waiting for me to message him.

I opened the text.

Tyler: Have to be somewhere before nine so can you make it for eight thirty?

I typed out a reply quickly, agreeing with the time and a bit shaky for some odd reason.

I looked at the opened conversation, my heart strangely skipping as I see that he was typing. Then he stops and starts again but it is only a short reply saying great.

I feel disappointed somehow. Which was bizarre.

Last night was probably one of the sessions, well the finishing of one of the sessions. I shouldn't feel disappointed at all by his vague replies and the way he didn't acknowledge what happened in the dark of the night.

It was clear that this was nothing but our arrangement to him as it should be.

I throw the phone back on my bed after reading the time. It was only seven thirty, which gave me enough time to clean the kitchen and living room like I normally do on Saturdays.

It will also give me enough time to have a nice long shower too.

I walked out of my room, heading to the kitchen. I was still so hungry but I had gotten used to that hunger and now it wasn't that bothersome.

I opened the pipe, letting the water wash out the white powder she probably threw in the sink.

I blinked a couple of times to rid the sting in my eyes as I wondered how much longer will I have to clean after her.

Closing the faucet I walked to the fridge, in little hope that perhaps God had seen what I had been going through and had magically placed an apple or two in the fridge.

I'm disappointed to see the fridge empty except for a couple of beers.

"Good morning dollface."

I closed the door of the fridge harshly, my back stiffening as I keep my hand on the fridge, unsure if to turn around or not.

Until I felt his presence too close for comfort and turned just in time before his hand could brush against my bottom.

"What the hell are you doing!?" I sneered, glaring at him as I backed away from him. Again with his size, it would be completely useless to try to fight him head on.

But then again I was backing away to some pans and knives.....

His dark eyes roamed over my frame and I quickly noted how darker they seemed in the light.

At least he was dressed this morning and not half naked like yesterday.

"Your tongue is rather dirty for a girl with such a face as yours." His upper lip lifted to showcase yellowish shaded teeth.

I winced. I didn't quite like that smirk. Not one bit. He takes a step forward, which had my hand in search of the end of a pan or a knife. Whichever came first would surely work against him.

"Don't come any closer you perverted fuck." I snapped, threatening with my glare. He snorted, opened the fridge, and takes out a beer bottle. He removes the cap with his teeth all the while staring at me.

Gulping down some beer, he turns to face me fully while leaning back against the fridge. "So who's this Tyler you were moaning last night for?"

His question had me surely feeling like I had seen a ghost. I felt the blood drain from my face and felt the familiar feeling of acid like liquid rushing up my throat.

He had heard me last night?

He crossed one of his arms over his chest while the other lifted to his mouth so he could take another gulp of beer.

Sighing in exaggeration when he pulled the beer away from his mouth, Neymar looked at me with a sly look.

"What did I say about whoring under my roof?"

His words had me clenching my teeth until I swore my teeth were about to fall out.

What was I even doing giving him the time of day? He didn't deserve to even be in my presence.

"As far as I'm concerned this isn't your house. Don't think for one second because you're keeping my mother's bed warm means you now own the house. You're a sick man Neymar for even thinking such a thing. Seek help."

I could see my words had angered him, exactly how I wanted them to. I left him seething in the kitchen drinking his cold beer because that alone people like him drank for their breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

He was no different than my mother.

No different at all.

I shook my head as I make my way over to the bathroom. It would be best to leave the house earlier than planned.