

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 82

Layla's pov

Tiffany's aunt called to tell me that I got the job the next day even though I had yet to go for the interview at her place.

Voicing out my concerns about haven't worked at a bakery before, she eased my mind and told me to come in before four tomorrow. Tomorrow would be Monday and I only just remembered that Tyler and I had plans after school.

Those plans would have to wait, unfortunately.

\*Monday\*

I woke up with a start this morning. Neymar and mom were at it. They were yelling, cursing, and saying vulgar things that made my stomach knot.

I had been tempted to call the police but as soon as I peeked out of my door, I saw them making out in the hallway. It hadn't looked forced. But still looked disgusting and repulsive.

Thad sighed in relief and frustration. At least he wasn't killing her, but unfortunately, if I do call the cops there was

a high chance that he'd bring mom along with him. I was stuck. Completely so.

But now as I look at the slight bruise his fingers left on my neck I'm more than tempted to call the cops on him. What if one day he goes too far? What if one day he doesn't remove his hands?

There were a lot of what ifs. So many that I'd lost count.

I started to cover the marking with the foundation and concealer Tiffany gave me on Saturday. I was so grateful for her. I knew it was a word she put in for me so her aunt would give me the job without even knowing me completely.

For that, I was more than grateful.

And thankful that God gave her to me. Without her, I wasn't sure where exactly I would be now.

I stared at my neck after I applied the foundation. The marking he left wasn't that visible anymore so it didn't take a whole lot of foundation to cover it up.

I left my hair messily down just so that it would block any mark I failed to cover up. It would not be strange too, since I have always left my hair down messily.

Picking up my phone, I pushed it inside my bag and walked out of my room.

With my hand still on the door handle, I froze when my mom's bedroom door opens. I let go of the breath I hadn't known I was holding when she walked out with a huge shirt, no pants, and a cigarette tucked between her fingers.

"You're off to school darling?" She asked and walking over to me and taking a puff of her cigarette. She blows it out of her mouth and the stench had me coughing slightly.

I closed the door and looked at her door, contemplating if to tell her what Neymar had done to me or not. Would she even care?

I looked back at her and doubted it.

I could have told her yesterday but Neymar hadn't left her side all day. So I had no choice but to keep my mouth sealed just in case he did something worst to me.

Now, this was my chance to tell her, but I wasn't sure she'd even want to listen to a word I have to say.

Letting out a breath, I said. "Why are you with him?" My voice is bitter and she detected it. I knew so when her brows raised.

"Who Neymar?" She asked, pushing the cigarette between her lips and pulling in the toxic fumes into her mouth.

Blowing it out she answers. "He'll help pay off the bills. We don't have to work anymore."

I glanced back at her door, being cautious. I didn't want the bastard to listen to our conversation especially when his name is being brought up.

"I got a job mom, we don't need him. I can put in a word for you too

She chuckled dryly." What part of I don't have to work don't you understand?"

She sighs when I looked at her in disappointment. "He's a good guy Layla. Give him a chance."

I looked at her like she had lost her damn mind. She probably did honestly. I laughed dryly, with no emotion, no humor at all. "A good guy? Is he a good guy for choking me on Saturday?" I spat and pointed at my neck.

"I had to cover up the bruise he left on my neck with makeup. How had you not heard him arguing with me that day, I'd never know." I said sarcastically, undoubtedly accusing her of not having the guts to open the door and

help me.

Her eyes narrowed down at me. "I don't think I like that tone, Layla."

I narrowed my eyes on her neutral face. "My tone is justified here, mom."

She sighed heavily as if talking to me was a huge task. She was even lazy to talk to her own daughter.

"Look, darling. It's fine, Neymar was just disciplining you. He doesn't like

A burn was in my throat, a burn that felt like both pain and held back anger. "Whores?" I cut in, finally realizing that Neymar had talked to her before talking to me.

She nodded and looked at me with the facade of a concerned mother. "Darling, when did you start to prostitute yourself?"

Her words cut deep and they felt like a powerful slap in the face. The tears I held back came trailing down. She doesn't flinch and doesn't look upset that she hurt me. And that realization made my heart throb.

"You think I'm a whore? You're on his side!" I rage in disbelief.

"Neymar is just looking out for you Layla. You can't whore yourself out to random guys on the street. He saw you and saw the things those boys gave to you." She shook her head and leaned her back on the wall while kicking up one leg behind her.

She takes a puff of her smoke and stared at me in disappointment. "I thought I raised you better than that Layla."

I snorted, looking away from her, and stared at the wall behind her head. Her words were disgusting and painful to listen to. In fact, I couldn't believe they were coming out of her mouth.

"Says the woman who went out to look for a man to take care of her bills for her while she sits on her ass and sniffs coke up her nose. Don't you see mom?" I turn to face her. "You're the whore."

A loud smack bounced off the walls before I felt the sting of it.