

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 83

Layla's pov

I stared at her dumbfounded. A bit unsure if she really slapped me or not. The sting on my cheek told me she did and the instant regret in her eyes showed me so too.

She had slapped me.

That was all I needed for confirmation.

I raise my hand to my burning cheek and looked at her with blurred vision.

"You slapped me," I stated, not accusing her since it actually did happen.

She looks regrettable but doesn't apologize. "Now see what you made me do Layla?" She shakes her head as if I had caused this.

I probably did by calling her a whore. Still, it didn't give her the right to slap me across my face.

Looking at her in disappointment, I said shakily. "I have to go."

I couldn't stay in her presence for another second. It

feels like my mom had truly turned into someone else. My mom before would never think to raise her hand on me. But that was when dad was still here.

He was no longer here and mom had turned into someone I can now consider a stranger.

I started to walk away from her, blinking to remove the tears misting my eyes. But her next words stopped me just when my finger clutched around the doorknob.

"Be back before four, Neymar doesn't like anyone out after that time."

I froze, my hands on the doorknob turning incredibly brutal. "What?" I said without emotion in my voice. She had to be kidding. There was no way those words slipped out of her mouth.

Why was Neymar suddenly the 'boss' around here?

"Be back before four Layla. You can't be out after that." She said again, purposely saying it louder than necessary.

I looked at her over my shoulder, a bit uncomfortable to even stare into her eyes since they were that of a stranger. "I work after school. It's impossible to get here before four when I'm not sure how many hours I'll be working."

She sighed heavily like I was some kind of hard task that troubled her. "I'll have Neymar know

"I don't need Neymar to know anything!" I spat, tired of hearing his name in a conversation that didn't need to involve him.

He only just got here, he didn't work hard to build this house. My dad did.

"Watch your tone when you speak to me, Layla. I'm doing this for us. All I ask is for you to treat Neymar with respect and respect his wishes. He's the man of the house now." She pushed the cigarette in between her lips and pulled the smoke into her mouth.

Puffing it out, she shook her head in disappointment. "Neymar was right. You don't respect me as your mother. Layla, why can't you see I'm doing this for us to have a better life?"

Now at this, I laughed. Full on laughed. It was dry and emotionless. But of all, it was filled with pity, for her. "You're doing this to have a better life? Have you seen your self in the mirror mom? You look even more miserable than before. Tell me, what better life can we have with a bastard like Neymar living under our roof?"

She remains muted, completely speechless. Her eyes had a glaze, something close to tears. I would not fall for it.

I shook my head. "When you figure out your answer to that question, you'll let me know when I get back from work," I stressed on the word work.

"But right now I'm going to school to get a better life." With that, I opened the door and slammed it shut when I heard her calling out for me.

She hadn't cared when I told her what Neymar had done to me. And honestly, I shouldn't have been surprised or hurt. I should've guarded my heart knowing she'd disappoint me like usual.

— When I got off the bus, the first thing I did was fix my messy hair to have those messy tresses framing my face.

I wasn't sure if her handprint had stayed on my cheek. And honestly, I was afraid to look.

My pace was quick and my eyes were set on the school entryway. So focused on it and getting to the bathroom, I hadn't noticed when a car was coming. I heard the screeching of the tires as the driver held the brakes. I gasped and whipped my head to see who nearly had me flying.

The driver's door opens quickly and Tyler rushes over to me, his eyes wide with panic. "God Layla. What the hell

were you thinking just crossing over like that without looking to see if a car was coming?!" He growled, his hands coming on my shoulder and turning me around to face him fully.

He looks me over with a worried look. "Are you hurt? Did I startle you? Do you need to see a doctor?" He blasted me with questions and then lifted two fingers and pushed them into my vision. "How many fingers am I holding up?"

His worry made me smile and feel a bit fuzzy. I know I shouldn't feel that way, but I did. "Five." I smiled and he looked even more worried.

It was cute.

Giggling I told him. "I'm okay Tyler. I'm not hurt."

His gaze roamed over me again, looking for any signs of injuries. "Are you sure baby- Layla?"

My brows furrowed and my heart leaped. Did he just almost call me baby?

I didn't ask him, not wanting to make this awkward. So I just nodded with a smile. "I'm okay, I promise. Stop fussing over me people are watching." My eyes dart around when I felt eyes on me.

Mostly everyone's eyes were on us, but that might have to do with the fact that he nearly drove me over. Still, it was uncomfortable to have so many eyes on me especially when I was here with Tyler.

Instead of letting me go, Tyler steps closer until we were practically hugging. With his hand on my shoulder made it impossible for me to move away from him.

"Do I look like someone who cares about attention?" He grumbles. "I just want to make sure you're okay Layla, it's not like we're making out."

I relaxed in his hold. He was right, we were not making out. So no one would think otherwise.

Suddenly, Tyler's gaze narrowed on my cheek and his hand lifted to move my messy tresses framing my face. He pushes the tresses behind my ear and his fingers brush against the skin.

"Who did this to you?" He practically snarls under his breath.