

## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

### Chapter 10 No. 10

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Mathew,

I learned to trust my gut feeling, and in the end; I was right. I smirked as I read the new episodes of the manga that now I knew who its owner was.

Mila might look harmless like a little rabbit, but deep inside, she was a wild girl.

They said to be careful of redheads, but I had never thought that Latina ones can be as much as vicious, even more.

I read the last chapter over and over again and for the millionth time; I felt my cock give a small twitch.

It was so fucking hot as she drew me sitting naked on a chair with my cock hard and aching while I watched

Chris fuck her.

She didn't draw my cock perfectly as she did to Chris's, but I think this might be because she didn't see it like his.

But this can be easily fixed. I like these new episodes and I like how she put herself between me and my brother.

At first, I was feeling uncomfortable about me being in any sexual position with my brother, but this is more interesting.

And the proof is my fucking cock that refuses to calm down or even give me a break.

I watched the small lines she made and how her curvy body was drawn with my brother's dark hands on her creamy skin.

I wasn't repulsed or mad as I watched the small pictures of him fucking her. It made me harder.

Chris and I shared partners all the time and even though we had never fucked the same girl at the same time, it was an option for us.

And seeing this is giving me some ideas that my head spun from the thoughts and the lack of damn blood.

I stood up and headed to my bathroom to get a cold shower in order to get rid of this inconvenience.

But my mind was still occupied with that Mila girl. And it was bothering me because I have never thought about any girl like this.

Since that day when I caught my mom fucking Chris's father in our house and in my father's bed, I have

promised myself to never fall in love or even think of opening up to any girl.

That day I saw it, and for my young eyes, I was confused at first. I kept watching them silently from behind the closet door.

It was a couple of days before Christmas. Father had promised me a new bike and because I couldn't find it in his office, I knew that I would find it in his room.

I told Chris and that day we decided to skip school and sneak back home.

Because I knew my mom would be out shopping, or at least that is what she told my dad while he was on his business journey.

So I sneaked into the house and went to my parent's room and searched everywhere and when I couldn't

find it I thought about the walk in closet.

But the moment we were inside we heard voices, and because we were skipping school, we hid there.

I watched my mom pulling my father's best friend, then they did things she only did with my father.

She kissed and hugged him, then she took off his clothes, and together they dropped onto the bed. A vision of entangled limbs.

After my shock wore off, I figured out what they were doing, and I tried to prevent Chris from watching this shit our parents were busy with.

But I was too late. He was staring at them with big wide eyes and it broke my heart to see him cry silently.

We might have been young, but we understood the meaning of what they were doing and we knew what it might lead to.

They were cheating on their partners, and they were enjoying deceiving us all.

I decided to shut my mouth and wait for them to finish, so I pulled the crying Chris to my chest and hid in a corner while hugging him.

But I never thought that his quiet sobs would catch their attention, even though they were making a lot of noise.

So I was surprised when my mom pulled me away harshly, then she slapped me, making my cheeks throb painfully.

‘You have seen nothing. You won’t tell anyone about

this. Or I swear to god that I will kill you.'

She snarled these poisonous words to her own son without feeling any kind of a shame.

But it didn't matter to me. I just wanted to take my best friend and leave this dirty room.

But when I saw Chris's father hit him and he was writhing in his hands, I lost it.

I found one of my father's golf clubs and used it to hit him. I hit him as hard as my small body allowed me and I was able to make him fall.

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him, but then my mom dragged me away and she kicked me in the stomach.

She didn't stop at that. She kept hitting me even though Chris's wailing and shaking were heard from miles away and it broke my heart.

I wanted to be free from that woman to just comfort him, but I couldn't.

But I don't know if it was fate or just my mother's bad luck when my father burst into his room and pulled her away.

He kneeled beside me and then checked on my body, but I crawled to Chris and hugged my friend tightly.

My father didn't have to guess the situation. He took one look at my mother's naked body and the man he considered his best friend and knew what had



happened.

He hadn't been the same ever since, even though Jennifer had helped him to live normally again.

I shook my head, then got out from under the shower and wore my clothes.

Chris was downstairs eating as he spoke with his mother while the servants were around them.

He gave me a big grin with a mouth full of food, and I frowned at him.

“Don't talk, smile, or do shit while your mouth is full.”

I said after giving him a harsh slap on the back of his head and he whined like a damn dog.

I used a napkin to clean his mouth, then put a couple

of slices of bacon in front of him and he grinned, already back to his cheerful self.

“It always warms my heart when I see you two like this. You are like my precious twin.”

Mom said as she started to fan her face, suppressing her crying, and Chris rubbed his head against my shoulder like a damn cat.

My brother might look bigger than me in size and even taller, but inside he was just a big baby.

“Finish your breakfast. We have someplace to go to.”

I told him as I sipped my coffee slowly, and he frowned at me but said nothing.

I didn't join the conversation later because I was thinking about what I was going to do with my little

artist.

She must be punished for what she did, but first, I will play a little with her.

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