

## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

### Chapter 11 No. 11

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Mila,

I kept curling around myself on the bed and feeling like shit for a while.

Today my schedule wasn't full and I can skip classes so I didn't have the will to even take a shower.

And looking around me in the empty room made me feel worse because I miss my friend, even though she said all of these hurtful words to me.

But honestly, I can understand what she meant, and I might have done the same, but she didn't have to throw all these cruel words.

I turned around and slept on my back and just closed my eyes. I should go back to sleep, it is better than

this.

But I opened my eyes again, annoyed with all the damn banging on the door.

I sat on the bed and looked at my clothes and just shrugged. No one ever came to visit me and I think it might be someone from the administration or something.

Who else? So being more presentable won't fucking matter.

So I headed to the door wearing a torn out shirt and a damn cotton panties under with my hair all over the place.

But the moment I opened the damn door, I regretted all of my words and just thought about shutting the door quickly and pretending to never open it.

“You are not going to invite us inside? It is rude, you know?”

Mathew said from where I was standing casually while Christopher was frowning at me.

I took a couple of steps back silently with my flustered face and shaking body.

Mat nodded his head as he walked inside and Chris gave me a half smile as he followed his brother.

The twin walked inside looking everywhere, and I gasped when I remembered the state of my room.

So I just rushed inside, not caring that I was kicking and pushing them everywhere in my haste.

I collected my discarded clothes, jumped on my bed

to clean them, and just threw the comforter on it.

Then dived when I saw my underwear from yesterday on the chair Chris was planning to sit on.

“I’m so sorry for not cleaning my room before, but I didn’t know that I would have visitors. I never have visitors, no one in here knows about me, I mean...I’m just... Uggh.”

I said in one breath as I stood with everything clutched in my hands tightly and I watched them.

Chris began to scratch his head as he smiled at me awkwardly, then he glared at his brother.

“I’m sorry even I didn’t know that we were coming here. Mat just told me we have a place to go. We can leave you now and come back another time.”

The big boy said with his cheeks blushing and seeing him embarrassed like this made me feel more at ease.

So I just dropped onto my bed with my filled arms and gave him a small smile.

“It is ok, I’m just not used to having guests at all. Besides, you two have seen me at my lowest before.”

I said chuckling and Chris gave me one of his big grins, then he stood up and took what I was holding.

He looked around him with a frown then he just get out of the room and went to the bathroom and disappeared there.

“You must be asking yourself why we are here, but it is just that I felt worried about you and thought that you might appreciate some company.”

Mat said as he became more comfortable in his chair and I blinked at him stupidly.

Was he really worried about me? I thought that after our little chat, he would totally forget about me. I'm nobody.

Chris came back and sat back in the small chair and glared at his brother.

“Oh, really? At least you should have told me to bring her some coffee or a bagel or something. We obviously woke her up.”

Chris growled at his brother and Mat gave him a raised brow, then his eyes were trained back at me.

“Get dressed Mila, we will go out to grab you something to eat. I can use another coffee, to be

honest.”

Mat ordered me and after I frowned at him without moving, he gave me a firm look and I practically ran out of the room.

The man had this fierce, domineering aura around him and it is impossible to ignore an order he gives you.

I have noticed that even Chris submits to him, and he was bigger and taller than his brother.

I took a quick shower and thought about wearing one of my hoodies and jeans, but then thought about it.

I will be walking with the two most handsome boys here at Harvard. I need to do my best, at least for their sake.

They have a reputation to protect. So I just went back to the room with a big towel around my wet body and searched for the only summer dress I own.

It was a gift from my Abuela when I got my scholarship here and I have never worn it before because I didn't have a suitable occasion.

I got my dress and ran back to the room, but I couldn't suppress the shudder that assaulted me when I felt the boys' eyes on my naked body.

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I wore the red dress and looked at my reflection in the small mirror. I look like a damn big tomato.

I didn't like the color choice, but I said nothing in order



not to upset my grandma, but I look like shit.

Though it has beautiful, big yellow flowers all over it. I shook my head in surrender and came outside and just began to wear my shoes.

“Are you going to go outside with your hair still wet?”

Mathew asked from behind and I almost fell face first, but I put my hands above my chest and turned around.

“It is ok, it is not cold today and it will get dry soon.”

I said in a shaky voice, then I gripped my small backpack and stood beside my door, and waited for them.

Mathew went outside saying nothing, but again Chris gave me a playful wink as he followed him.

We walked to the small cafe outside in awkward silence and when I saw all the attention we got; I felt like going back to my room.

I used to be unnoticed around here. I have never caught anyone's attention, and I was ok with it, it suited me.

But this made me feel self conscious and embarrassed for no reason. I have never felt like this when I was out with Madison.

We entered the fully packed cafe and again I thought about going back to my room, but after the two encouraging smiles from Chris and Mat, I just followed them to an empty table at the end of the place.

“What would you like to eat?”

Mat asked me after I sat and I frowned at him because I didn't know what I should order. This was too much stress for my introverted self.

“Ok, then I will choose for you. Come, Chris, help me to order.”

Mat said, and he left with his brother, leaving me alone and shaking in my chair.

But then I felt eyes on me and when I tried to see the source, my heart thudded harshly inside of my chest when I saw Madison.

She glared at me, then she looked at the twin, excused herself, and followed them.

I felt my chest squeeze and the air leaving me. She was going to tell them about my manga.

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