

THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 3 No. 3

Mathew,

I frowned with a small smile on my face when I saw the little girl running away after she gave me a small look, then my brother.

I watched her as she kept bumping into people and then apologizing without even stopping.

That was cute. It is rare to meet a genuinely shy girl in college now, but she is a freshman, so it shouldn't surprise me.

“My man, my victorious quarterback brother. Ma dude, you killed it back there.”

Chris shouted, then he patted my back, grinning at me like a damn kid, then he high fived the rest of my

team.

One of the boys who I threw my jersey at came smirking, then he winked and handed my shit back.

Fuckers thought that it was funny to terrorize a freshman girl. She is so green to understand that these assholes were actually flirting.

“Hey don’t give the boys the stink eye. As the captain of the basketball team, I will punish them and kick their asses, trust me.”

My brother said, and I just shook my head and went to the locker room to change, and yeah Chris followed me.

“But hey, give them a break. That girl was cute, and she looked so innocent. I bet she had never done it before.”

I chuckled loudly as I took off the rest of my clothes and stood under the water stream.

He was right, but this doesn't mean that they should have treated her like shit.

I washed quickly and accepted the towel from my brother, then wrapped it around my waist.

He nodded at my teammates as we headed to my locker together.

“I didn't know that you were into innocent girls again. From what I heard, you were fooling around with Emily.”

I said after I dropped the towel and began to wear my jeans, then my T-shirt. But I smirked when I heard Chris's long groan.

“How do you know such things, man? It has been a few hours only. Even the girls don’t gossip like that. Dammit.”

I closed my locker, then put on my team hoodie, and headed outside with him following me.

I jiggled my jeep’s keys in his face as I circled my car and he flipped me off before knocking on the car’s door.

I got in and he sat beside me, sighing wistfully as he watched the rest of my team making noise and racket.

They were heading outside to celebrate our victory tonight, but I couldn’t join them.

It was our parents’ anniversary and tonight they insisted on spending it in the house.

I thought about how they ended together and how it was a better sweet memory.

My father was the epitome of the perfect husband. He loved me and worshiped my mother.

That was the reason why he was devastated when he found her cheating on him with his best friend, aka Chris's father.

So my mom was banging my best friend's father and, as a result of that, they were divorced.

For months my father surrender to his depression and self pity, but one day Jennifer paid us a visit, and she gave him a good wake up call.

Honestly, I don't remember being sad or disappointed when my mother wasn't in my life anymore.

She had never been from the start, to begin with. She just handed me to different babysitters and lived her life.

Not before telling me several times a day how my existence had ruined her life.

But Jennifer is my real mother. She is loving, kind, and loves my father. She had never treated me differently

than her own son.

So I was so happy when one day my father came to me and told me that he loves her and plans to marry her.

As a young eleven years old boy I should be angry but I wasn't, hell I was so hyped because now my

best friend will be my roommate.

And ever since we were never apart, people even called us the twin even though we don't look alike.

So in conclusion, mom's cheating on my father with his best friend was the best thing that ever happened to me.

Yes, it made me have some trust issues, and don't trust any girl's words or promises.

Yes, it made me disbelieve in words such as love and loyalty because not all of us are lucky like my father. Still the best thing ever.

"I have my ways, Chris. and your sweet piece of ass is trying to fuck me again and you know my rules."

I answered my brother's last question as I got out of

the car, then walked to the mansion's door.

“Yeah, yeah, never kissing them on the lips and never sleeping twice with the same girl. But hey, I bet my left nut that you kiss their nether lips, ahh....ahhh.”

My stupid brother said as he nudged my side and I stood to glare at him, then cocked a brow.

“Did you get mom a present or not?”

“Did you get mom a present or not?”

I asked him and rolled my eyes when I saw the horror look on his face. He forgot, like always.

I went inside, then crouched beside the big plant at the entrance and handed him a small wrapped gift.

“Here, you have bought her a small gift. It is a blue

diamond heart necklace.”

My brother grinned broadly, then he hugged me tightly, making me laugh, then try to push him away.

“I love you man, you know that, right?”

He said, and I just shook my head and went to the dining room where I knew they were waiting for us.

The moment we entered, I groaned inwardly. I love Jennifer but I hate the color pink even though it is her favorite color.

And now everything in here was fucking pink, even her hair she had dyed it.

“My boys are here. Come on, give me a kiss. NO NO NOOOOO, no kisses or hugs before giving me your gifts. And I swear to god if it was something shitty or

cheap I will throw you out.”

I handed her my small gift, and she shook it with narrowed eyes, then she opened it.

I put my hands above my ears in advance because I knew what was coming.

“Aww you remembered, I was dying to have this cute bracelet, awww.”

She said as she fanned her face and opened her arms for me for a big hug, making me chuckle but hug her.

Then it was Chris’s turn, so he handed his mother the gift and after seeing it, she gave me another hug, making him shout in outrage.

“Thank you, baby. I know that this gift is from you, too.

I love you, and I'm sorry for not attending your game tonight.”

She whispered in my ear, then she glared at her son, but opened one arm for him.

“Come here, you fucker. I swear I should have swallowed you. You are a waste of my time.”

She said after kissing his head and he whined, faking being hurt.

“Daaaaaad, mom is bullying me again and I'm feeling hurt. I need you to comfort me and give me a few bucks as compensation.”

My father came out from the kitchen with the big pink cake in his hands.

And I just dropped onto a chair feeling tired already.

This is going to be a damn long night.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.