

## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

### Chapter 6 No. 6

Chris,

I grunted as I counted one hundred push up then jumped to my feet.

I looked at Mat as he ran leisurely on the treadmill and rolled my eyes.

He is playing football, so he should focus on his endurance and strength, but he keeps wasting his time on this shit.

I went to the weight bench and thought about what should I choose next, but then he spoke.

"Take some rest and don't try to push your limits. Your body is more than fit enough for basketball, so take it easy."

I rolled my eyes again, then searched for my water bottle and guzzled half of it as I kept watching him.

How fast days have flown, I can remember clearly the day we moved to Mat's house as if it was just still yesterday.

I was torn between damn angry and damn ecstatic to be always with him.

He has been my best friend for as far as I can remember. It first might be because our parents were close friends, but then it was because we wanted to be close as well.

We had done everything together, even going out with the same girls in high school. Hell, even thinking about fucking the same girl.

It came naturally to us as if our minds and bodies were already in sync with the other's thoughts.

At first, it creeped me out, but then it was fun. We even used to exchange girlfriends through the years.

Some might find it repulsive fucking the same girl your brother had a go with her, but to us, it was normal.

Maybe because so far we weren't serious with anyone or even the thought crossed our minds.

But still, I don't think that might ever happen. I hope so at least. I sighed quietly, then looked at my brother and found him already staring at me.

"What are you thinking about?"

He said as he snatched his towel and began to wipe his face and I threw my water bottle at him blindly and

he caught it.

“Nothing, just the old days, that is all.”

I said, shrugging, and he narrowed his eyes at me because obviously, I was lying.

I scratched my neck, chuckling, but he just shook his head and took off his shirt, and sat beside me.

“We are cool?”

He asked, then he nudged my leg with his own and I bumped my shoulder with his.

“Always.”

I said, then we head butted. It was kinda our thing; we used to do it from time to time and now it has become a habit.

“You two are here, good. I wanted to see both of you.”

One of my teammates said, and I gave him a chin nod and he just jogged to us. Then he showed me his phone.

I stared at the screen, seeing some drawings, then scrolled down and almost choked on my own spit when I saw what was there.

“Who the fuck drew that? And how did they know about my thing with Angela yesterday?”

I asked, confused, still staring at the drawing. That thing was well done.

The girth and size of my dick were so accurate. Even the unct tip. Wow!

“Just keep scowling down. The best part is down there.”

The dude said, and I did as he told me. And my eyes grew like damn saucers when I saw myself giving my brother a hand and he was doing the same.

“What th

e fuck, man? What is this shit?”

I stood up snarling, but Mat snatched the phone and kept frowning at it thoughtfully.

“I don’t fucking know? My girlfriend sent me this, and I thought that it was a damn stupid joke or something, but it’s legit. This website owner has tons of this shit and it seems that you two are their new project and unfortunately it is a hit. All campus is whispering about it already.”

I dropped back on the damn bench and looked at my brother, searching for answers.

Mat was always the leader. This doesn't mean I was a pushover or his slut, but I respected his judgment and he always know what to do.

He handed the boys the phone, then patted my knee, then stood up, smiling at them.

“Thank you for informing us. I will fix this soon. But I really appreciate it, guys.”

He said, then he pulled me behind him and we headed outside the training room, then to the car.

I kept growling to myself as he drove us off back home, but when we reached there, I just jumped out of the car before it even stopped.

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“Did you do these things with that cheerleader?”

He asked me nonchalantly, and I stopped to glare at him, not comprehending his question.

“I mean, was it real or is this artist just fixed that scene? I want to be sure about something.”

My brother said, then he dropped into my bed and leaned against the headboard and I just dropped beside him.

“Yes, in damn perfect details, as if they were there



peeping on us.”

I said sneering and the fucker just chuckled wholeheartedly, amused by all this shit as if it was a simple joke.

“I’m sorry, but it is funny. I can’t deny that they are amazing with their drawing details, but hey, bro, you have a mighty package down there. You should be proud of yourself.”

Mat said and after my first shock wore off, I laughed with him. That was why I love my brother. He always knew how to deal with me and my childish shit.

“Ok, I will go take a shower, then order pizza. Let us watch a movie or something, OK?”

I nodded my head and watched him as he left my room and after I sat there for almost ten minutes; I

went to the bathroom.

I took off my clothes and just stood under the lukewarm water, closing my eyes.

Who the fuck are they, and why did they choose me and my brother? I mean, there are other handsome men all over the campus.

Hell, they even could have used one of the professors. It might make a good storyline for them.

But my mind conjured these scenes, especially the one with my brother, and I stared in horror at my half standing cock.

No, this isn't happening. I would never have such feelings for my brother, never.

I gritted my teeth as I showered quickly, then went

downstairs to find Mat holding the pepperoni pizza and six pack in his hand.

Yes, I will eat my damn pizza and drink my beer and I will forget all this shit about that artist and her fucking shitty drawings.

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