

THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 8 No. 8



Mila,

“I tried to talk some sense in you Mila but this isn’t working. This shit you are drawing has reached my parents, and I got a call from my mom. If my mom knew that it was you who did this gay shit, then the university administration would. I can’t afford to be kicked from Harvard and my parents being a legacy here or some rich people who always donate to the university won’t help.”

Madison screamed as she was done with her classes for the day. I didn’t have any, so I thought about resting and studying.

So I was so confused about her outburst, especially her parents and how they knew about the two boys.

“What happened? Your mom has known about my hobby for years now. She even enjoyed some of my fan fics as well.”

I asked her in obvious confusion after getting out of my bed and standing silently watching as she stomped around our room.

“You don’t get it, do you? This isn’t about your little hobby, it is about the two characters you are using right now. I know them.

Our families are friends, Mila. My father has some business with theirs, so I can’t fuck this shit. Neither for my studies nor for my dad’s work. You have screwed us both for what? Some shit you draw for fun?!”

Madison roared at me and I flinched away as if I was slapped in the face.

She sneered, then I saw her drag her small bag and began to throw her clothes inside of it.

“What are you doing?”

I asked her in a hoarse voice, even though I already know the answer. She was packing her stuff.

“My mother had called and arranged another room for me, then she called me and demanded that I cut my relationship with you. She demanded that I tell you, you need to stop this nonsense of

yours because the boys’ family won’t be understanding like us and take pity on your family situation.”

Madison said, then panted a little as she gathered the rest of her stuff.

“For the sake of the old days, I won’t tell anyone about the owner of this website, but know this, if shit hit the fan, I will choose myself. Always.”

My best friend said before she gave me a very demeaning look, then left the room and just slam the door behind her.

I dropped on my ass onto the floor and began to cry, not because of the rough situation I was in but because of her hurtful words.

Neither her family nor she ever made me feel less or a stranger. I always thought of their home as mine. Neither her family nor she ever made me feel less or a stranger. I always thought of their home as mine.

So I couldn’t comprehend her words. They were like a punch to the gut and I couldn’t breathe.

I don't know for how long did I stayed like this on the cold floor and in the dark.

But after so long, I stood up and headed outside and walked aimlessly, not knowing where I'm heading.

But I felt so cold and tired after a while, so I stopped and just dropped above a wooden bench in some park.

I kept thinking over and over in my best friend's words, and each time it felt like a blow to the chest.

I flinched when I felt something drop over my shoulders and I looked up and found two big figures looking at me.

I tried to wipe away my tears to see clearly, but I hugged the heavy jacket and murmured a small faint

thank you.

“Why are you out here in the cold? You are barely wearing anything.”

One said as he sat to my left while the other offered me a small bottle of water as he sat to my right.

I looked at the person who was talking to me, and my cry rose in volume. It was Mathew.

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.