### THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

#### **Chapter 101 No. 101**

Mila,

I yawned as I zombie walked to the kitchen and just blindly opened the fridge to get a bottle of water because I was so damn thirsty.

But today I wasn't as hungover like my first time. I guess I'm getting so good at this. My alcohol tolerance is improving.

But this doesn't mean I will drink again. I hate waking up with a headache and a queasy stomach. And don't let me start with the thirst too. Ugh.

"Fuck you, Arty, so what? Ha, stop being a jealous bitch. Don't think that I didn't notice Owen here last night. I might have been tipsy and dozing off, but I'm

sure I saw him."

I said as I filled a big mug of black coffee and dropped it on the table beside Arty, who was looking at me in outrage, then he huffed.

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.

## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

**Chapter 102 No. 102** 

Chris,

Mila had thrown a bomb at me, and I felt like dying from just the thought of it. I'm not an asshole and I don't sleep around with taken women.

I have made sure to ask before anything happened between us. I asked them and their friends as well whenever I was clubbing or at a party.

I, of all people, know how cheating tastes and how much does it hurt to cheat on your partner. I have lived through the trauma of my parents for years.

There was a period in my life of which I wasn't proud of. I sunk so deep and did shitty things, but I made sure to be careful as I said.

But now I'm not sure if I was this careful or if I might have done something and now, I was reaping the consequences of my shitty actions.

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### THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

#### **Chapter 103 No. 103**

Mathew,

My body shook in anger as I watched Mila cry softly while Chris was gritting his teeth as he watched her.

I know I'm an asshole who deserves all of this shit and I knew that karma would bite me in the ass someday, but I have never thought that it might end up like that.

I have thought about telling them, and I thought about coming out clean, but I needed more time to do that.

Our relationship is still new and fragile.

I looked up at Arthur and he nodded his head for me and followed her while Owen gave me an uncertain glance and he followed him.

I looked at my brother and I swallowed harshly as my hand shook as it stretched to touch his, making him freeze.

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# THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

**Chapter 104 No. 104** 

Mila,

I hugged myself in my room on the second floor after I dropped the floor in a dark corner.

Someone might think that I'm exaggerating, but I was

seriously shocked to see Madison again and find out about the engagement.

But I thought that it was something I can accept, even though it hurt me to see this specific woman Mathew chose, but again I can handle it.

I have heard him talk and laugh like a madman about it with Jennifer. I have seen the glow of satisfaction in his eyes and how he doesn't regret it.

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## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

**Chapter 105 No. 105** 

# Chris,

"My brother would always try to cheer me up and just tell me he will help me soon. I just need to lie low and try to hide whenever I visited the man. He then would promise me that he will get me a toy or some sweets I like tomorrow and just like that, I forget everything."

I said, laughing softly, still stroking Mila's hair absently as I remembered those days and how easy it was for Mat to make me forget that horrible day of each week. Back then, I would have never thought about his interest in my father's routine, and what he would do throughout the day might lead to this.

But now it has no other meaning. He was planning from the very beginning to get rid of the man when no adults tried to interfere and stop this hideous abuse.

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## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

**Chapter 106 No. 106** 

Mathew,

"Seriously? I have been flirting with you and getting you drinks and now you want to blow me off, bitch?!"

"What the fuck is your problem? I didn't ask you for all of this attention. Besides, I said no, so fuck off."

The girl to my right growled at the man who was trying to take her back home with him most of the night.

The man shook his head, sighing, then he poured me another glass, and I stared at it blankly, then I growled

when they kept fighting.

"You should have told me before I wasted all my time and money on you, bitch."

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## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

**Chapter 107 No. 107** 

Mila,

I felt him the moment he entered the room with uncertain steps and a wobbly body.

I was able to smell the alcohol when he got closer, mixed with another smell I become acquainted with over the past years.

He stopped beside the bed and reached out for his still sleeping brother, but then his hand stopped and his face went pale and I frowned.

There was blood on his face as well, and his left eye was starting to bruise. Mathew looked like a mess and from the look on his face, he didn't seem to be in the right state of mind as well.

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# THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

**Chapter 108 No. 108** 

# Chris,

I looked outside the kitchen window, feeling as if I was being stabbed in the guts. I didn't sleep a wink, and neither did Mila.

We stayed up all night watching Mathew sleep. He cried out, flinched, and sometimes sobbed in his sleep.

This was the first time I have seen him like this and it felt like death. Even when I got injured, I wasn't hurt emotionally like this.

We both must be in order to help Mathew overcome whatever that is. He hadn't woken or opened his eyes yesterday and I was so worried about him.

"He didn't wake up yet."

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# THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

**Chapter 109 No. 109** 

Mila,

Owen hugged me softly when Chris left, while Arty followed him to check on Mathew. I sniffled a little when I felt his arms tighten.

"Everything is going to be fine, Mila. I promise you. These boys are tough and nothing can shake them. The dude was only eleven when he started his thug life."

Owen said, chuckling, and I wiped away my tears and looked up at him frowning, but he kept grinning as if this was the right time to joke around.

Owen said, chuckling again, then he sat in his chair and sipped his coffee, still grinning at me, making my frown deepen.

"Are you ok, Owen?"

I asked because, Ok, I'm not ready to deal with another man's meltdown because this isn't normal as well. What is wrong with him?

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## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

**Chapter 110 No. 110** 

Mathew,

"SO we are taking turns now, ha? Not long ago it
......locked up ......nightmares. I know how it feels
Mathew .....yourself for everything, but ......fault.
You did what you had to do .....fuck them. I ......
Mathew, I love you for ......far. And I'm an asshole
with ......but I was....."

I heard Chris say those words in a pathetic voice that made me angry. This isn't how he should sound. My brother is always the cheerful one between the two of us.

I tried to open my eyes, but it felt like an impossible thing to do, which was so confusing. I tried to move my fingers when he touched them, but again, nothing.

Then another voice joined us and I sneered, this is my

time with Chris, who the fuck is this man to come here and interrupt us?

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