

THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 109 No. 110

Mathew,

“SO we are taking turns now, ha? Not long ago it
.....locked upnightmares. I know how it feels
Mathewyourself for everything, butfault.
You did what you had to dofuck them. I
Mathew, I love you forfar. And I’m an asshole
withbut 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.

My consciousness kept coming and going and I heard snippets of what Chris was saying and even though I

couldn't understand his entire speech but I knew that he was sad and in pain.

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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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 110 No. 111



Chris,

“It is a good thing to have you back on the court, Chris. We really needed you this season. We are so happy to have you back, brother.”

One of my teammates said, and I nodded my head and smiled at them as they congratulated me on my recovery and being back among them.

I jogged to the bench and sat to watch them play and train. I might be standing on my feet now, but it is still a struggle for me to walk for a long period or even stand.

Arthur told me with some physical training and some help from Mila and I will be running and jumping around in no time.

He was the one who advised me to come here and

spend some time with my friends to lighten up my mood and because Mila insisted and she even gave me a ride, I wouldn't have come.

I was still worried about Mathew. After he collapsed that day, he got better, but he felt so distant and even though he spent every night with me in bed, it felt different.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 111 No. 112



Mila,

“And how did this make you feel?”

The doctor asked, and I frowned as I thought about my answer. How did facing that woman made me feel back then?

“At first I was scared. I even felt my knees shaking, and if Owen wasn’t blocking my view at first, I think I might have collapsed. But then when I saw Chris advance on her and there was an intention in his eyes, I felt like I should do something. I didn’t think about my fear or how much I hated her. I just wanted to do something to prevent him from harming her and harming himself in the process. Chris isn’t as strong as Mathew. He can’t deal with all this emotionally or psychologically.”

I said, and the man hummed as he wrote something down on his note and I fidgeted a little in my chair as I waited for his next question.

When I came here, my plan was to ask him about what I should do and how to handle the withdrawal of Mathew.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 112 No. 113



Mathew,

Mila was with Carlos?! I thought angrily as my mind provided me with images and scenarios as to how and why these two met.

Some of these scenarios were so upsetting and suddenly I felt jealousy thunder in my chest, but then I

saw how scared and pale she looked, so I shook my head, trying to wipe away those ominous thoughts.

I was able to breathe again when I came here and saw Chris training with his teammates. I decided to try to forget what had happened lately and just focus on the present.

Now I have them both and I can live easily because I need nothing more of my life. I was lost all of these years because I was without them.

I need to get my shit together and just enjoy my life, ignoring Jennifer, my father, Izaak, and everything that had happened before.

But I guess I'm not that blessed because each time I feel relieved and finally forgiven for the sin I have made, fate slaps me hard in the face.

“Mila, come here.”

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 113 No. 114



Chris,

I did something stupid, and I have put Mathew and Mila in danger.

She was right when she thought that was the reason why Carlos wanted to hurt me or even want me dead.

Back then I just dismissed the thought, but now standing here and seeing the hatred in that man's

gaze makes me rethink it.

Because there was this period of time in my life in which I wasn't proud of. I was reckless and stupid, and all I cared for was to forget.

I wanted to forget about my miserable life. To forget about Mila who just discarded of me like a worn out shoe. To forget about Mat, who just abandoned me.

To forget about how my life was so fucked up as far as I can remember. And yes, sometimes I looked for women who looked like Mila.

All my guards dropped, and I forgot everything in this world as I indulged myself. I imagined that they were her, and she was back with me.

It made me be able to keep on living and even though I knew back then, that I was lying to myself, still it

helped.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 114 No. 115



Mila,

We returned to the house silently, without talking or even looking at each other's way. J drove us back and even though he came in Matthew's car, he refused to let us go back alone.

I guess he is feeling responsible after what happened which might be right and wrong at the same time. How could he fight all of these men?

If anything, it is me who should be responsible for all of this mess, but I couldn't do anything as well. Carlos insisted on driving me back and the man might treat me well, but he was still scary.

But thank god that Owen acted quickly and contacted his brother who rushed to where we were. I know things might have escalated, but at least he was there for support.

We reached the house and Mathew rushed inside and went to the second floor while Chris went to his room and slammed the door behind him.

I stood there watching them leave angrily, and I looked down at my feet, feeling tears gather in my eyes. They must be mad at me.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 115 No. 116

Chris,

I looked down at the giggling Mila, feeling my heart beat quickly and my breath got heavy; she is so beautiful. And I don't have any idea how a beautiful woman like her would keep on forgiving me.

Someone like Mila should be worshiped, not hurt or swept into this miserable life of ours. If we're better men, we would let her go.

We would let her go to live her life and be happier somewhere else or with someone else. But I guess

we aren't that good.

We are selfish humans who, like moths, seek warmth even if it will kill us or kill the people around us. Self destructive and even though we know we don't stop ourselves from asking for more.

Driven by greed that will never be filled or satisfied.

Mila's giggles stopped and her hands touched my cheeks and I closed my eyes, breathing deeply, enjoying her soft warm touch.

"What are you thinking of, Chris?"

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[THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING](#)

Mathew,

I finished setting the table, and I put my hands on my hips, staring down at it with a frown. I think I have gone overboard again.

I thought, sighing and shaking my head, but I took off my apron and folded it neatly in its place, then opened the fridge to get a cold beer.

I needed to think a little before they returned because the moment I see them I will act like nothing bad had happened and our life was filled with roses.

Yes, Carlos is a minor setback and even if he tried to pursue Mila, then we will do the same and just block his path and all his advances.

I know Mila loves us, but even though I can't stop being insecure. The girl had been in problem after problem since meeting us back in college.

And we literary changed her entire life and just flipped her world upside down. God, the more reason she runs for the hills, honestly.

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