

THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 17 No. 17

Mila,

“I knew that you were fishy. Don’t you think that I didn’t see you sneak on me a couple of times in the bathroom and you were eavesdropping?”

A snarky voice said from behind me, and I shuddered when the girl's whispering voice reached my ear.

Emily turned around, and she wrapped her arms over her ample chest as she stood beside the basketballer, who was holding my arm.

“I have no idea about what you are talking about. And you better take your hand off of me because you won’t like what I will do next, trust me.”

I snarled firmly at the one holding my hand, even

though I was shaking deep inside.

That was a thing I have never thought that it might happen, but I guess I deserve it because I was acting like a creep.

“Look at you, your attitude is really matching your fiery hair. I thought only American redheads were like this, not Latinas as well.”

The other one said as he leaned forward, and his hot breath ruffled my hair, making me shudder.

I swallowed harshly and looked around me and even though I saw that we have caught some's attention, no one tried to do something about this situation.

My eyes collided with Madison's and I almost breathed in relief because I knew that she will have my back, but I almost dropped to the floor when I saw

her turn around and leave the hall.

“So tell me, what lies did you tell Mathew to make him treat me like this?”

Emily said with a snarl and I looked at her in disbelief, then I threw my head back and chuckled humorlessly.

“Are you fucking for real? Do you think that I went to him and told him about the shit you and your friend were talking about? You thought that this was the reason he rejected you? Honey, he fucked you once, and that was it. He found you boring, so he just ignored you. Trust me, this is the only reason for it.”

I said after chuckling, then winced. Sometimes my mouth acts before my mind processes what I have to say.

And that is why I always end up in trouble. Madison

was the only one who knew how to muzzle me, so now I'm a walking, talking disaster.

Emily gasped in outrage, then she raised her hand in the air and planned to slap me.

I closed my eyes and bit the inside of my mouth, preparing myself for what was about to come.

But after a few seconds, I didn't hear or feel anything, so I just opened one eye to see why.

But then my breath hitched when I saw the angry man who was standing behind Emily and holding her arm painfully tight.

Chris's eyes were dark and glowing with barely contained anger while he looked me in the eye and then my body.

“Let my hand go.”

Emily said as she tried to wiggle away from him and Chris’s gaze focused on the hand that was still holding me.

“You better let her go, Sean because I’m this close to losing my shit.”

Chris growled under his breath as he glared at this man, Sean, and I swallowed harshly as my shaky hand tried to pry mine off his.

“Oh, cap. I didn’t know that you were already tapping that, but hey if you are done, I would love to have a go.”

Sean said as he smirked at me, then he licked his lips and I shuddered as I felt my skin crawl.

But then suddenly Sean was kneeling while groaning loudly, and Mathew was standing behind him.

“He asked you politely to let her go, and you just kept talking nonsense.”

Mathew said coldly without looking at me and I just hugged my hand and began to rub it because it was hurting and I already was able to see a bruise forming where he was grasping it.

Mathew then turned around to look at Emily, then he leaned forward to whisper in her ear.

“I told you I only fuck girls once, then I’m done if I was bored. There was no need to cause all of this shit here, Emily.”

The girl staggered back, hitting Chris’s chest, but then she glared at Mathew.

“I have seen you two talk to her a few days ago. I know what the meaning of that look on your face is. You want her, even your brother wants to fuck her.”

The angry girl screamed, and I was horrified because everyone was looking at me and whispered.

“She is beautiful and cute. Why wouldn’t we want to get closer to her? But this is our own business. You have nothing to do with it, seriously whatever is happening here is pointless, Emily. You are just embarrassing yourself.”

Chris snarled in the girl’s ear and I saw how the frustrated tears gathered in her eyes.

She tried to pull her arm away and this time Chris let her go, then both boys looked at me.

Mathew held one arm while Chris held the other, then we headed to the door.

But we didn't make it outside because someone stopped us and then we were escorted to the office I was at this morning.

Alan was still sitting behind his desk, but the friendly smile he greeted me with this morning wasn't there.

He looked at me, then the twin, and after a long pregnant moment, he stood up and held my arm to check it.

I was startled at first, but then he gave me a worried look as he began to stroke the fingers' bruise mark that was turning purple there.

I looked up at the boys because I was lost here and had no idea what was happening, but then I held my

breath when I saw the murderous look on their faces.

There was a knock on the door and Emily, along with her two goonies, entered and then closed the door behind them.

Alan glared at them, then he let me go and went to a door to the left and disappeared.

I looked at my still raised hand and frowned, not daring to look up again because I was scared of the two boys' reaction.

Alan was back in the room while holding a first aid kit in his hand. He made me sit, then crouched in front of me.

“I didn't know that we will meet this soon, Mila. And honestly, I'm angrier at you than them. I asked you if you have any problems here and you said things were

fine.”

He said as he opened an ointment tube and began to slather it on my bruise while stroking it.

“I don’t understand why we are here. If you needed to talk to anyone, it should be these assholes behind, not us, and I was planning to treat this bruise.”

Mathew snarled at the man, who looked up at him while he was still stroking my bruised wrist.

“Mr. Cullum. I never thought that you were capable of showing such emotion. I always thought of you as a cold, heartless rock. It should be Mr. Izaak to be this aggressive, not you.”

Alan said after standing up and Mathew pulled me back to stand between him and his brother.

“But you are right, though I only called for Mila, you accompanied her anyway. You are free to go and I will have this chat with the gentlemen and the miss behind you privately now.”

Alan said to Mathew and Christopher, then he looked down, smiling at me.

“I will see you tomorrow to wrap something up and to treat this bruise as well. If you feel any pain or there was swelling, you need to go to the campus clinic.”

I didn't get the chance to respond to what he said because I was dragged behind Mathew and got out.

Chris excused himself because he had a game while I was being dragged behind the fuming Mathew somewhere I don't know.

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