

## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

### Chapter 18 No. 18

Mathew,

I went inside an empty lecture hall and began to pace angrily. Seeing that fucker touch her.

Seeing him talking to her casually made my blood boil and, for once, I wanted to lose my calm facade.

I have kept that image for years and I even convinced myself that I'm a calm and collected person.

Even though I'm way far from this shit, I have never been calm and collected.

I have never been thoughtful and mature after a long time of thinking about it. No, they are all wrong.

I had to be like that because if I weren't, my brother

will go mad.

I acted like this in order to provide him with the emotional support he needed.

The mental stability that helped him to be a normal person. I had to live a lie so as not to let him crack.

They thought that the divorce of our parents went smoothly, but it wasn't.

We chose to show that, but it was a horrible experience. I lived it along with Chris.

His bastard father was an abusive motherfucker who relished in hurting his own son.

After Jennifer divorced him and took over half his fortune, the asshole went mad and hurt Chris during their weekly visits.

At first, I thought that I was young to do something and because of both our parents; we said nothing.

They were already broken and knowing this might have destroyed them entirely.

So it was only me who had to make a move and stop this shit. I was fortunate enough that my mother wasn't interested in me.

So I had to do something an eleven years boy was incapable of. I planned on killing a grown man.

I flinched when I heard the door clicking and turned around to glare at Mila.

She looked around her, then she sat on the next chair she saw. But I advanced on her, inhaling harshly like a mad bull.

I pulled her to her feet and pushed her against the closed door and snarled in her face.

“How the fuck do you know him? How long have you been talking comfortably with him? And how many times did that fucker touch you so freely? Did you have something special? Does he give you private visits? TELL ME!”

I roared at Mila, who froze as I held her unbruised hand in one hand while the other wrapped around her neck.

She looked at me with big wide eyes and I was able to see the fear that grow in them.

But I couldn't stop myself, fuck I couldn't. People always think of me as the cold, calm brother, but they can't be more wrong.

My secret was that I was always angry, so it showed me as uninterested and bored.

But deep down, I was like a boiling, gurgling volcano that was this close to erupting.

“This was the second time I have seen him. He had called for me to talk about Madison and the reason why she left the room. I swear.”

Mila croaked out as she shuddered violently, and I sneered without taking my hands off of her.

But then I buried my face in the croak of her neck and breathed harshly as if I have been running for hours nonstop.

Mila’s bandaged hand shook as it landed on my back and even though it was shaking in fear or

nervousness, it started to stroke it softly.

I closed my eyes and began to breathe harshly, trying to contain my anger.

If she saw the real me, she will never look me in the eye again.

And even though I don't understand this sudden obsession with her, I wasn't ready to end things before they even started.

"I know Alan from way back. His family is a friend of mine and he actually isn't that older, but because he was a genius, he had his college degree quickly."

I murmured softly and Mila's body relaxed a little even though I still had my hand around her neck and the other one hugged her small frame to mine.

“The fucker always tried to get on my nerves and he always wanted anything I had. He even tried to steal my brother from me.”

I growled when I remembered how he tried to be best friend with Chris, only to get on my nerves.

I raised my head and looked down at the girl who was frowning at me, even though her eyes were still big and round.

“Be careful when you are with him. He isn’t as sweet as he is trying to let out. And definitely, I didn’t like the way he was looking at or touching you, Mila. It made me fucking murderous.”

She swallowed harshly, but then she nodded her head a couple of times even though her movement was restricted.

I let her go and even though I didn't like it and my hand felt empty after so I clenched them painfully hard.

"Let's go. Chris's game will start soon and we need to be there."

I opened the door, and she followed me obediently to the basketball court.

We watched the game from the front row and even though I saw the surprise on my brother's face; I said nothing to him.

But I was sure it was bothering him because he wasn't giving tonight's game all of his attention.

He was sloppy and lost a couple of easy openings to score, but in the end, his team won.



And during the two hours game, I watched him and watched Mila.

She was excited, like everyone else around us, but this didn't fulfill my curiosity.

I have to get more reactions from her. I want to see the spark in her eyes, and he must see it as well.

I opened her website sometime later before the game ended and I groaned silently when I saw the new update.

If nothing else, this was a clear answer to the question I asked her a few days ago.

When the game ended, we spent some time watching the people come and go and when I was certain that the showers and locker room were empty; I pulled her behind me and went to see my brother.

Mila staggered when she saw where we were heading, but after I gave her a firm look, she followed me obediently.

I entered the locker room, then to the showers, and headed to the end of the row.

Chris was giving us his back as he was washing the shampoo off of his short hair.

Mila looked at my brother and then back at me and she shook her head and tried to walk away, but I stopped her.

“What are we doing here, Mathew? We can’t do this, god this is embarrassing.”

She whispered to me while her face turned red and I just turned her around with one hand holding her

arms behind her back and the other around her neck.

And I shivered at the feeling of my big fingers wrapped around her neck and squeezing it. I liked it a lot.

Chris turned around when he was searching for a washing cloth, but his hand froze when he saw us.

He frowned at me, then he looked at Mila for a long moment before he glared.

“What do you think you are doing, Mathew? I think I had told you about what I think of this matter.”

Chris growled at me but I ignored him as the hand that was holding Mila’s arms dropped them, then it sneaked down to the front of her pants.

Mila gasped when it slipped inside, then into her small

panties and over her warm, wet heat.

“And I think that you are wrong, brother, if you felt what I’m feeling right now.”

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.