

THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 20 NO. 20

Mila,

When I came down from my high, I was halfway to my dorm room, accompanied by the two handsome boys.

I sighed contently, hugging the heavy Harvard varsity bomber jacket.

Mathew helped me to wear it after my clothes got wet even though it was a challenge to keep the baggy sweatpants up because they wear too big for me.

I bit my lower lips as I walked between the boys and blushed when I remembered what happened back there in the showers.

But then my heart thudded inside of my chest when I actually remembered what happened and how I was

all over Chris in front of his brother.

God, I feel like a damn slut. Even those cheerleaders were better than me. At least they had them one at a time.

I tried to peek up but then lowered my eyes when I saw the expressionless face of Mathew looking my way.

I hugged my heavy jacket and looked forward as I headed to my room because seriously I had a lot on my mind.

A lot of things had happened today, and it was a tiresome day.

And on top of that, I have a big bruise on my wrist and it hurts like a bitch.

But I had found out that I'm not entirely alone here as well. I have someone who is looking after me. I have two, actually.

I guess Mathew wasn't toying with me when he told me that he was interested in me as well as his brother.

Though the most important question is, am I ready to dive into this thing?

I will kinda date two popular boys who happen to be brothers, but not really. It is like hitting the jackpot but in a kinky way.

Chris opened the door for me and I smiled at him shyly as I entered, then went to the stairs and then my room.

I opened the door and put a few strands of hair

behind my ear and looked up at them, not saying anything.

“Can we enter? It would be nice to have a cup of water.”

Mathew said, and I nodded my head, then got inside and opened my fridge, searching for something for them to drink.

And when I was back, I felt my face heat up again when I saw Chris collect my clothes for a second time.

“I swear, I’m not dirty or lazy and I always clean my room, but I had my tests recently, and I had no time to arrange stuff here.”

I said, looking down at my bare feet while playing with my fingers that barely got out of the big sleeve.

“Come here, Mila.”

Mathew ordered me from where he was sitting on my bed and, like an obedient puppy, I went to him.

He pulled me down and made me sit on his lap and hugged me to his chest as we watched Chris move around my small room.

“There is nothing to be embarrassed about and actually this is happening because Chris is anal about cleaning and making everything look perfect. He has a severe OCD problem.”

Mathew said as his chin settled over my head. And I frowned as I looked at Chris.

“I’m fucking not. It is just, you know, I like to do that because it calms me, asshole. You know what? I

won't help clean your fucking room. I will let you drown in your own fucking trash.”

Chris said in outrage after flipping his brother off, and I giggled, even though he narrowed his eyes at me.

“See what I'm dealing with back at home?! This bastard would wake me up on my weekends when he starts moving shit around and cleaning the room. But I guess I got used to it because I don't wake up anymore, maybe just when he kicks me out of bed to change the sheets.”

Mathew said venomously, and this time, I outright laughed. Because Chris threw everything he was holding and stomped toward us.

Mathew threw me to the end of the bed merely seconds before Chris jumped on him and the two began to wrestle on my bed.

I hugged my small billow as I watched them fight and laugh as well. It looked cute to see them act like kids.

But after a couple of small punches and headlocks, they both looked at me and I started to crawl back slowly.

But I didn't get far because they dragged me to where they were, using my legs.

I screamed and then laughed loudly when they started to tickle me and I almost peed myself.

When I began to wheeze, they took pity on me, and then I was sandwiched in the middle, as we all were breathing harshly.

“So, what is your answer to Mathew's proposal?”

Christopher asked me as he stared at my ceiling and I held my breath as I thought about my answer.

“You are so dense sometimes. It fascinates me when I think, how did you manage to get these grades and be here at Harvard?”

Mathew mumbled and Chris slapped his chest, then he huffed and hugged me and his head rested on my chest.

“Aww, look at what you did. You have hurt his feelings.”

I said, chuckling softly and Chris hugged me tighter and whined, feigning being sad even though I saw his smile.

“Naaah, don’t worry about him. Besides, it is the truth. You already gave me your answer. I saw the new

chapter you have published.”

Mathew said, and the hand that was absently stroking Chris’s back stopped. I have forgotten about the manga.

“I’m sorry. Did it upset you? You two said that it is ok to continue it, right?”

I said with uncertainty because I was happy with my manga and seriously wanted to finish it, especially with the great feedback I’m receiving.

“We don’t mind it. I actually enjoy reading it. Besides, you need to keep updating I have seen lots of comments and gifts. People like it.”

Chris said, and I breathed deeply even though I didn’t know that I have been waiting nervously for their answers.

“I’m not a whore or a girl who likes to pounce from one man to another. I don’t like to play games and I have so much respect for myself, so if you think this is just a game I’m telling you two now, I’m not interested.”

I said firmly and Mathew sat more properly as he frowned at me while Chris leaned against his arm and gazed at me.

“Who said such anything? Was it that fucker Sean or maybe Emily?”

Mathew growled, and after a while of silence, I laughed loudly because he looked pissed.

The boys frowned at me, then in unison, they dropped on the bed and we stayed like that most of the night.

I don't remember when I fell asleep or when they left, but I remember that this night was one of the best night's sleep I have ever had in a while.

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