

## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

### Chapter 21 No. 21



Mathew,

“So?!”

I asked Chris after we were in the car and heading home at almost five am, in the morning.

My brother gave me a side glance, but then he kept looking outside our moving car.

I really wanted to know his final decision because I feel like I can't do this without him.

I want him to be in a relationship with Mila the same as me because it can't happen without him.

She is it for us. She will be the one that makes our bond stronger.

She is the one to ensure that we never stray or change in the future.

It is hard to describe it, but I know deep down in my bones that she is everything we wanted and needed.

“Did you have to do it that way? At least you should have given me head ups.”

He mumbled sourly, and I chuckled as I took a right turn, making him huff.

“Don’t fucking act mad. You enjoyed it, and from what I saw, you were dying to just take her right there.”

I said chuckling and Chris joined me even though his face blushed a little.

My brother might be dense and he was stubborn to chase after what he wanted, but deep down he was still the shy I grow up with.

“I seriously almost snapped today. I was stressed all day since this standoff with those two pussies and fucking Emily, and it had to end with fucking Alan as well. Like what the fuck is happening?”

Chris spat out, and I clenched my jaws because I was still pondering this fucker’s situation.

“He looked into her, right? I wasn’t imagining things!”

I asked Chris, who clenched his fists harshly when I heard them crack.

“Yes, but I think this time it has nothing to do with us. He was surprised to see us all over her, but this

doesn't mean he won't be a nuisance.”

Chris mumbled just before we reached the house, and I stopped the car and glared at nothing.

“Let's handle our problems one at a time. At least now we are on the same page and you don't have these stupid thoughts anymore.”

I said as I gazed at Chris, who frowned, then nodded his head and got out of the car and I followed him soon after.

We headed to our separate rooms, and I took a quick shower and got ready for the day.

I really needed to get some rest, but honestly, I don't have time because today is one of my busiest days of the week.

I went down to the kitchen to get a cup of coffee or something and found Chris standing awkwardly like a teenager with his mother glaring at him.

“Good, you are finally here. Get your ass down here and stand beside your brother.”

She snarled at me, and I just obeyed her. She didn't seem to be in a good mood and it is better to defuse her.

“What the fuck did I hear about you two getting into some fight at college because of some girl? And don't you fucking dare to lie to me.”

The woman growled at us both and I saw Chris trying so hard to suppress a chuckle.

I stepped on his foot discreetly, and he glared at me. But he needs to act regretfully in order not to anger

his mother.

“You already knew, so there is nothing more to say. I’m sure whatever Alan told you is the truth.”

I said, then went to the coffee machine and poured myself a mug and another one to Chris, who grinned at his mother.

“Mom, we couldn’t stand still while my teammates were trying to bully her. The poor girl has a big bruise on her wrist and it hurt so much that she was crying yesterday. Ask Alan if you don’t believe me.”

Chris said softly while he flattered his eyelashes at his mother, but Jennifer wasn’t convinced I could see it in her eyes.

My father showed up in his black suit. He gave us a tired look and sighed, then he leaned down and

kissed Jennifer on the lips.

Chris's mother kissed him back softly and the glare she had for us disappeared for a second before it was back again aimed at us.

“Don't fucking try me this morning, Christopher. I want the fucking truth right now or I swear I will get it myself from the source and you don't want me to do that.”

The woman threatened us, and I gave her a firm look now. All the good mood from yesterday was gone.

Jennifer is an amazing woman and I'm grateful for everything she had done for me and my father, but she has no right to interfere in my personal life like this.

I know how she becomes when she felt threatened or there is something she didn't like.

“As Chris said, it was nothing. Two fuckers were acting like assholes and we tried to help the girl. There was no fighting or anything. There is no need to give something small more than its worth.”

I said firmly, and she cocked a brow at me thoughtfully, but my father turned around and glared at me.

“Language, you aren’t young anymore for me to chastise you, Mathew.”

He said, then he sipped his coffee as he scrolled down his cell phone screen, ignoring the entire conversation.

“Then I will need to see her. The poor thing must feel awful after all this distress. Besides, I want to see for myself. Invite her for dinner today. I would love to see



her.”

The woman said, grinning broadly at me and I stood up, pushing the stool behind me.

Chris sighed, then he stood up and leaned down, kissing his mother’s cheeks even though she was still having her eyes trained on me.

“You need to do something man, why is she having one of her bad moods? Have you been neglecting your husband’s duties or something? Just give her some love. It always works.”

Chris whispered to my father, making him choke on his coffee. Then he ran in front of me when he was about to throw his phone at him.

“Is that true, Jen? Have I been neglecting you, my love?”

My father said after he stood up and his lips wobbled as he looked at his wife with tears in his eyes.

Jennifer glared at her son, then she sighed and opened her arms for my big father and hugged him, murmuring something in his ear.

Chris winked at me, then we two headed to my car and then to college to start our day.

I thought about what Jennifer demanded and I don't know what she wants with Mila, but I don't like it at all.

As I said, the woman is so sweet and kind, but when it comes to me and Chris she acts protective and possessive.

I understand that she loves both of us, but this doesn't give her the right to control our love life.

I'm sure that she knows that one of us is interested in Mila, but if she knew the whole truth, this might turn ugly.

She won't understand the situation and to her, like everyone else, it will look unorthodox or even taboo.

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## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 22 No. 22



Mila,

“A patient may refuse care because of cultural or religious beliefs, or he or she may desire unnecessary

treatment that is not in his or her best interests; Euthanasia is an example of a provider's morals clashing with their ethical obligations.”

The professor said as he looked at us and waited for us to understand his words and their meaning.

I sighed as I continued doodling in my notebook as the professor continued his talking about medical ethics.

Because honestly, I think all of this course is useless to me. It is the same as going to church.

You do what is right; you try to reach a middle ground with your patient and accept all diversity we have here.

Don't judge, don't be prideful, and don't be prejudiced against anyone. See, so church talk.

I looked up when he was done and sighed when I saw everyone getting up and ready to leave.

I was sitting alone and beside no one. On normal days, it would have ignored it, but today it felt different.

Everyone was looking at me. Some whispered softly after I passed them.

It was like the manga scandal has already been forgotten and now everyone was talking about what had happened yesterday.

I heard a couple of girls giggle softly and call me the twin's new toy.

I was mad at first, more than embarrassed actually, but then I was like whatever at least my manga

adventure was forgotten history now.

I collected my things and headed to the dining hall, even though this was the last place I wanted to be today.

But I was hungry, and my wrist was hurting me like a motherfucker.

I don't think that it was broken or anything, but that asshole did a number on me.

I pulled my hoodie up and headed to the door, but then I hit something and staggered back.

But a strong, firm hand steadied me and then I looked up to find the smiling face of Alan.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you. It is becoming a habit of mine now."

He said awkwardly and looked away, as if embarrassed. It was cute. I can't lie.

"It is ok, it was me who didn't pay attention."

I told him honestly because it was the truth, but then I frowned because why is he here?

"Umm, can we have lunch together? I have brought something and thought that you might be hungry and it would be awkward for you to go to the dining hall today. So let's eat outside. What do you think?"

I gazed at the shy, uncertain man, then nodded my head. He must be feeling more embarrassed than me to propose such a thing.

It is already showing on his dark cheeks and his nervous smile. It was really sweet of him to think of

me.

But now I was cornered because from what I gathered yesterday there is no lost love between him and my boys, so what shall I do?

“Look, Mila, you can say no. Don’t look so damn torn, it is ok. I will understand if you refused, but at least let me check your wrist, then leave.”

Alan said, and I bit my lower lip thoughtfully, then nodded my head. Nothing will happen, right?

We headed outside and after a five minutes walk; we stopped at a small garden.

Alan opened the small backpack he was carrying, then he spread a green checkered picnic blanket on the grass.



He then spread what he had made for lunch, then he looked up at me, and patted the place next to him.

I looked at everything with big wide eyes because this looked.....too much.

He had put so much thought and effort into this small lunch thing and I was so flustered to even peep.

So I just dropped opposite to him and when he reached for my hand, I gave it to him.

“Again, don’t look like a deer that is about to flee. I didn’t mean to fluster you. Sometimes I put too much effort into something simple and get this reaction from people. So please don’t try to think about it too much.”

He said as he unwrapped the bandage, then started to clean my bruise and put some cream on it.

Yesterday he told me that I need to keep the bruise wrapped because it is so tender and I might cut the skin if I did something rough so I need to keep it covered for a couple of days.

“Ok, there is some swelling, but from the looks of it, there is nothing broken or anything, so it will take a week or so for it to get back to normal. Just try not to use this hand much.”

He said as he wrapped it in a new bandage and then smiled at me while he was still holding my hand.

I cleared my throat and pulled my hand away, feeling my cheeks heat.

Ala chuckled softly. Then he opened a Tupperware container, then a second one, and I looked in awe at what he was offering me.

I know that it's a couple of sandwiches and some salad but hey this was the first time someone made something like that to me or even put the effort to do it.

I accepted the Tuna salad sandwich and moaned quietly when I tasted it.

It was so good and refreshing at the same time. How can a simple thing be this delicious?

"I'm glad that you liked it. I was afraid that you didn't eat tuna like some girls. It is my favorite, though."

He said as he bit into his sandwich, then we drowned in comfortable silence.

I ate my sandwich while I sipped the fresh orange juice, as well as I, watched the student move around me and go to their classes.

And when we were done, I helped him to clean everything, thinking that we were done here, but then he surprised me with a small slice of chocolate cake.

I grinned at him, and he threw his head back and laughed wholeheartedly.

“Hey, I’m full, I confess, but who am I to say no to chocolate?”

I said after filling my mouth with the sweet and a little bit bitter dark taste.

And yes, I was making a mess, and he was staring at me non-blinking, but I ate my chocolate cake and enjoyed it.

Alan’s face suddenly become weird, then he leaned forward and wiped something off of my face.

I looked at him frowning, and a lot of thoughts assaulted my head at that moment.

“I guess that I didn’t make myself clear yesterday.”

Someone’s angry voice said, and I froze, almost choking on my last bite of cake.

I turned around to see Mathew’s cold yet angry eyes looking at me, or more specifically at Alan’s fingers, which were still stroking my chin.

I gulped quickly and pulled myself back, not taking my eyes off of him because I was scared of the look on his face.

Chris sighed, then he crouched beside me and helped me to stand up and gather my things.

“Were his words for me or for Alan?”

I asked Chris in a small whisper, and he just blinked at me. Fuck, I’m doomed.

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## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

### Chapter 23 No. 23



Mathew,

I will fucking kill him and right now, in front of everyone. I don’t give a fuck about anything anymore.

I watched Chris as he helped Mila to stand up and away from that fucker, then I made my move.

Fuck being calm and collected, fuck being the strong supporting one.

I want to get rid of this anger that has been boiling inside of me.

In the end, I have only two options, sex or violence and because I can't do the former, then I will do the latter just right now.

Alan stood up and smirked at me before I punched him in the face.

He was planning it or at least hoping for me to lose my shit, then I will give him what he wanted. Why disappoint the bastard?

I punched him in the stomach, then I kicked it harshly and he staggered back.

I heard Mila scream softly, but I didn't give a fuck anymore. I tried to keep this side of me closed and away from her, but it can't be helped.

Alan stood up grinning, then he wiped away the blood from his busted split lips.

“Ah yes, this is the Mathew that no one has seen before, or at least the rare few of us witnessed. You are trying to look like this cold and snooty highborn, but deep down you are such a rotten bastard, Mathew Cullum.”

He said, then he advanced on me and kicked my middle before I was able to just push him back.

“I never hid the truth of me from anyone before, Alan. It is just the people who deserved it who witnessed this ugly other face of mine. But trust me, they only



see it once because it is the last thing they would ever see.”

I snarled at the man who was smirking triumphantly at me, then he looked to the side and the blood in my veins froze.

She is still here. She saw my ugly truth and what I feared had already happened.

She will run away, she won't even give this shattered, broken soul a chance. I have ruined it all.

“So you were trying to use me?!”

Mila's shaky but angry voice said, and I looked at her in confusion as she took a few steps away from Chris and toward Alan, who frowned back at her.

“Excuse me?”

The fucker asked her after lowering his arms, then his features returned to sweet and kind, making my anger bubble higher.

“Today was just to get on his nerves, not because you were genuinely worried about me. You just used me to anger Mathew, for what I’m still not sure.”

Mila said as she glared at the man with her hands fisted beside her and against myself I smiled.

“No, Mila. Listen to me, I was trying to anger him, yes, but not in that way. I wanted you to see his truth. To understand that he isn’t a good person. You need to stay away from him. He is not good for you.”

Alan said as he took a few steps toward Mila and tried to hold her hand, but she slapped it away.

“Who gave you the fucking right to think for me or chose anything on my behalf? Who the fuck do you think you are?”

My girl snarled at him angrily, then she just turned around and went to her dorm.

I glared at Alan one last time, debating if I should stay and beat him into a pulp or follow Mila and Chris.

But then I followed them silently. My blood is still boiling and my head is screaming at me to go back.

I want to kill the fucker because I know that this isn't the end of it. He will try something else and so soon.

I could see it in his eyes he really wants her and fuck me if I ever give him the chance to steal her away from me.

“Are you going to keep pacing my room all day or just sit down and talk to me?”

Mila said, huffing from where she was sitting in her desk’s chair and I stopped suddenly glaring at her.

She swallowed harshly when she saw me advance on her angrily, then push her against the desk.

“I warned you before, Mila. I told you to stay the fuck away from him. When I saw him touch you in that way, god, I wanted to just tear him apart and drink his blood. You are mine, Mila. You belong to my brother as well. No one has the right to touch you but us.”

I snarled in her face, and her big eyes looked at me in horror. She was scared, as she should be.

I wrapped my hand around her neck and felt my cock give a twitch.

Fuck, I love the feeling of my fingers wrapped around her neck.

“I should collar you. You must be put on a leash so you would never stray again.”

I growled whispered in her ear as I closed my eyes and inhaled her scent that somehow calmed me.

I felt her swallow harshly, then she shuddered under me, making my cock go full hard in one second.

“Are you... going to be...be this angry.....all day? You need to calm down.”

She hitched out, and my eyes opened, and I raised my head to look into her eyes.

“At moments like this, I have two options, little red.

Fuck or fight.”

I said, licking my lips while stroking her slim neck and my eyes were drawn to it as she swallowed again.

I felt her hand move down slowly, then she put it between us, then her small little fingers wrapped around my cock.

I closed my eyes and buried my face in her hair and inhaled harshly as she began to rub and tug on my dick softly, then harshly, making me snarl.

“Then you chose what you really want to do right now. Do you want to fuck or fight? For me either way, I think I will enjoy it, master.”

Mila whispered seductively in my ear and I pulled my hand away, then I bit her neck harshly, making her scream in surprise.

Then I stood up and looked down at her flustered face and disheveled state.

“Don’t you ever forget who is the one with the leash end in his hand? As you said, I’m the master, little red. Not the other way around, sweetheart.”

I said, then I left the room and went to the small bathroom and opened my pants, and held myself in my hand.

I closed my eyes as I began to tug on my cock, and it didn’t take long for me to come.

Not yet. We can’t have her just yet.

I cleaned myself and went back to the room and found her pouting as Chris was talking to her softly.

“Get your ass up and get ready. You are having dinner with us tonight. Jennifer wants to meet you.”

I said tiredly as I dropped onto the bed, closing my eyes and wishing that the day was finished already.

But I felt like there was a new battle about to begin.

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## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 24 No. 24



Chris,

Mathew dropped the bomb on Mila and just left her standing in her room, confused.



I love my brother to death but he can be an asshole sometimes and Mila doesn't know this yet, but he is kind hearted she just needs to give him a chance.

I sighed, standing up and wrapping the flustered girl in my arms, making her turn around to look at me.

“Is he serious about meeting your mom? I heard it right, right?”

She asked me in confusion, and it was so cute that I leaned down and kissed her softly.

She sighed against my lips, closing her eyes, and I can't describe the euphoria that engulfed me.

I won't lie, but I was still having my doubts about her interest in me even after our little scene, but feeling her reaction to my kiss made me over the moon.

“She heard about what happened with my teammates, Alan. The asshole actually called her and she was pissed, so she demanded to see you. I guess she wanted to hear the truth from the source.”

Mila groaned, closing her eyes, then she leaned her forehead against my chest, making me smile and hold her closer to my chest.

“Isn’t it a little early for me to meet your parents?”

She said, chuckling, and I joined her because it was so funny and so true at the same time.

“Look, this is just a simple dinner at our house. Don’t be nervous. Treat it as if you were meeting your friend’s parents, that is all.”

She shook her head and then looked up at me,

frowning even though I was grinning at her.

“You know that your body doesn’t match your attitude?”

Mila said, smirking, then she pushed me away and dived into her small closet and I wrapped my arms around my chest, glaring at her.

“And what does that supposed to mean exactly?”

I said sassily while narrowing my eyes because I have a feeling that I won’t be going to like what I’m about to hear.

She came out of her closet holding a long skirt and a small creamy colored t-shirt.

She made a sign with her hand asking me to turn around and I rolled my eyes but did as I was told.

She was shy about changing her clothes in front of me, but not when I had my fingers on her pussy.

“I mean, you are big and strong, but when you talk and act, you are just like a big puppy. You are like a giant golden retriever that is super affectionate and keeps jumping on people without realizing his force and size. It is cute, honestly, and somehow I feel like you contradict your brother’s aura, and you two complete each other.”

I hummed thoughtfully after hearing her words because I don’t know if I should be offended or happy and consider it as a compliment.

But she is wrong about one thing; I’m not a golden retriever. I’m a pit bull.

“Ok, you can turn around now. Tell me, is this ok, or

I'm overdoing it?"

I turned around and chuckled when I saw her standing awkwardly in her semi formal outfit.

I pulled her against my chest, then kissed the top of her head, making her groan.

"You look perfect as if you are coming to our house asking for my hand."

I said and chuckled when she glared at me and pushed me away, then she searched for something.

And when I saw her put her sneakers on, I toppled onto the floor, unable to stand on my feet.

Mila huffed, then she just left my cackling ass in her room as she went outside.

I calmed myself, then followed her, and found her sitting in the back seat of Mat's Jeep. He must have gone back to bring it.

I sat on the passenger seat still laughing softly and Mat cocked a brow at me but said nothing as he started the car.

The journey to our house didn't take much and when we stopped there, we turned to look back at Mila.

She was looking at the house with an open mouth and awe all over her face.

She turned to look at the garden, then the gates we crossed, then she looked at us in disbelief.

"You live in a mansion?"

She croaked out, and I looked outside, trying to see

everything from her perspective.

I guess she may be shocked, but because I was used to everything now, I saw it as normal and not that big of an issue.

“All of this doesn’t matter, actually. Just try to enjoy your time here tonight, that is all. We are a simple family, like everyone else, to be honest.”

Mat said, and she gaped at him as if he sprouted a second head or something.

“No, I want to go back. You can just tell her that I was sick or something. No, just tell her that I’m dead.”

I frowned at her, then at Mat, who just got out of the car, then opened her door and leaned down.

“Get your ass outside, Mila or I will drag you outside

myself.”

My brother said firmly with narrowed eyes and our little red huffed, rolled her eyes, then she got out.

My brother smiled softly at her, then he looked at her face and pushed a stray strand of hair behind her ear.

“You look beautiful and she will love you. I’m here and I will never let anyone hurt you. NEVER.”

He whispered, then he kissed her lips softly, and she nodded her head, took a deep breath, then looked at me expectantly.

We followed Mathew inside as he headed to the family living room.

I guess he wanted the place to be more friendly and cozy for her after her first shock.



“Ok, I will go and inform her that you are here.”

He said, then he left, and I just sat beside her and waited for her to take everything in.

“Your family is very rich, ha?”

She murmured softly and I don't know did her words worry me; she felt down.

“You can say that Mathew's father is rich and my mom was too, even before her divorce from my dad. But we never thought about it, really. Money is nothing to us.”

I said as I held her hand in mine and she gave me a small smile, then nodded her head.

“I see that you are already here. Thank you for

accepting my invitation.”

My mother said as she came into the living room and I frowned when I saw her wearing one of her expensive dresses.

I thought that this was going to be a friendly dinner.

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## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 25 No. 25



Mila,

For the millionth time today, I looked at the gorgeous woman with my mouth wide open and my eyes wide

with awe.

She was so beautiful and I was lost in the deep pools of her brown sparkling eyes.

I stood up when I saw her smiling at me and coming my way and even though I was taken aback by her beauty, I managed to clasp her hand and shake it.

“Oh wow, the boys didn’t tell me that you are a pretty little thing.”

She said, chuckling softly as she sat on a comfortable chair and put a leg over the other.

I felt my cheeks get red, then I sat as well and just nodded my head and whispered a small thank you.

“don’t embarrass her mom. Mila is shy and all of this is too much for her.”

Chris said as he kissed his mother's cheeks and I had the chance to really look at the woman.

She was what you could call an ebony queen. Her soft looking brown skin was glowing whenever she breathed.

Her sweet and soft features were stunning along with her curvy but hourglass body was one of a model.

In conclusion, I can see why Mathew's father forgot the entire world after marrying this woman, not just his problems.

And yes, I knew about them now because everyone was talking about it after my manga blow up.

It was like common knowledge to the entire campus. I don't know if it was because they were rich or

because they were the superstars there.

“Oh sorry, Mila. I didn’t mean to make you feel uncomfortable here. But I can’t stay silent when I met a gorgeous girl such as you. But if you may let me ask, what is your ethnicity exactly? You look like a Latina, but I have never met a redhead one before.”

I chuckled softly because this wasn’t the first time I have heard this, but it felt weird coming out of her.

“Jennifer, how come you are trying to make her feel comfortable here and at the same time ask her this weird question?”

A man’s deep voice said, and I blushed when I saw an older version of Mathew standing in the corner and watching me.

Ok, if this is how he is going to grow and what he will

look like at his father's age, then I need to put a ring on it seriously.

If the father wasn't married, I might have a problem ignoring him.

“Wipe off your drool while looking at my father, Mila. I'm a jealous man and you don't need to see how I might act. The only one I can tolerate is my brother, and that's it.”

Mathew whispered in my ear and I shrieked after jumping a little on the couch I was sitting on.

Everyone in the room laughed at my reaction because it was impossible for them to hear his words.

And I seriously wished that the floor would open and swallow me whole after embarrassing myself like this.

But at least the atmosphere was nice and everyone was talking and chatting and I didn't feel pressured anymore.

But I guess I spoke too soon because when I was invited to the table I found some other guests waiting for us there.

Alan nodded his head and then smiled at me when he saw me coming with Chris and Mathew.

I smiled back awkwardly, and I almost gasped in fear when I heard Mathew as he ground his teeth beside me.

And again I saw that dark expression take over his handsome face for the second time in one day.

“Oh, Alan dear, you are here. I'm glad that you were able to make it with so little time.”

Chris's mother whose name is Jennifer, said as she kissed Alan's cheeks and hugged him warmly.

I guess he was someone closer to the family more than I thought.

“Thank you for the invitation. It was a welcome change. As you know, I'm living alone now because my parents are enjoying themselves and visiting everywhere and anywhere. Honestly, I lost track of them and don't know actually where they are now.”

Alan said as I pulled a chair for Jennifer, who smiled at him and sat beside her husband at the head of the table.

While I took my seat between the twin and opposite to Alan, who had his eyes on me, agitating Mat further.



“You didn’t tell me that you invited him as well!”

Mathew said through gritted teeth, and I swallowed harshly when I felt his body get tense beside me.

“Oh, really?! it just slipped my mind, sorry.”

She answered him absently as she looked at what might be a butler or something who was followed by a few men and women while holding plates of food.

I looked down at my clasped hand, then saw as Chris holding one and squeezing it tightly. I guess he felt how uncomfortable I become.

“You didn’t answer my question, miss.....?”

Jennifer said, smiling at me, and I looked up at her, trying to remember her question.

“Miss Lorenzo. Mila is one of our intelligent students. She joined Harvard with a scholarship at a 4.3 GPA. She is studying health science and technology.”

Alan said, smiling at me and Jennifer hummed as she listened to him intently.

“Oh wow, that is great. Your parents must be proud of you, sweetheart. Anyway, let us eat.”

And with that, we started to eat silently, even though I really wanted to leave.

The evening continued smoothly after even when a few times I stopped Mathew from bouncing on Alan.

He was really testing him tonight, and he was going crazy, but between me and Chris, we managed to calm him.

When I was ready to leave, Alan offered to drive me back to my dorm, but of course, Mathew and Chris refused, so it was Jennifer who was the one to take me back.

So here I was sitting beside her in the car, awkwardly, while the driver headed to my room.

I jumped out of the car the moment it stopped, but I stopped myself from running to my room and turned around to say goodbye to her.

“Thank you for the meal and thank you for your kindness.”

I said, smiling softly, and she nodded her head, but her head stretched forward to put my unruly hair behind my shoulder.

“You are welcome. I had fun tonight, and I have seen

what I wanted to see, but still, I don't truly figure out who is interested in you. Is it Mat or Chris? But anyway, it doesn't matter because they both are my boys and I will look after them.”

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## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 26 No. 26



Chris,

“So you won't tell me who is into her? I have tried to think about it and from what I saw, it is like you two boys are drooling over her.”

My mother said in frustration as she put my plate in

front of me while I was gobbling my orange juice quickly.

Mat gave me a side glance after he finished his coffee and I knew that he needed to leave.

I stood up and gave my mom a tight hug, then kissed her cheeks and left, silently following my brother.

My stepfather gave me one of his raised eyebrows look, and I grinned at him.

The man can pass as his son's older brother and it was creepy.

“For how long do you think she would stay so fixated on Mila's issue? It has been like a couple of days and she still didn't drop it yet.”

I said in frustration as I sat on the passenger seat and

Matthew started the car and headed to our school.

“Jennifer is one stubborn woman and you know that. But this isn’t the important issue right now, we haven’t seen Mila since this awkward dinner and she hasn’t updated her manga yet. I’m afraid that your mother might have said something to upset her.”

My brother said with narrowed eyes, and I frowned as well. He might be right because I know how Jen could fight when it comes to any of us.

She won’t hesitate to play dirty and she might scare our little red away.

“Don’t worry about it, and let me handle this. I know that you have some training to do for your next game, so I will handle Mila. But be ready at nine because we will have a date tonight.”

I said as I got out of the car and winked at Mat, who gave me an uncertain raised brow that matched his father's and I suppressed a shudder.

The day went by quickly. I attended my separate classes and the ones I shared with my brother and he didn't ask me once about my plans.

Mat is like this, he never breaks his character as a calm, calculated person even if his curiosity might kill him while doing it.

I chuckled as I leaned against the closed doors of one of Mila's lecture halls and waited for her patiently.

And when it hit eight thirty, the doors opened, and the student came out making loud noises as they discussed their plans for the night.

I waited for a while and when I didn't see her coming

out; I entered the room and frowned when I saw her talking with a couple of boys.

One of them was looking at her from up to down. While the other had this faraway look as he listened to something she was saying.

Our girl's face was dark red as she said something, then she nodded her head and took a few steps away from them.

But then one of the boys held her hand and stopped her and she turned around, startled, and pulled her arm away. Good.

At least she showed some boundaries between them or else I might have thought that something was going on here.

Ok, I will admit that I'm a jealous man but my jealousy



isn't the sweet kind, similar to Mathew's, but way....untamed.

“Come on, Mila. Let us go out and have a drink. We will work on this project for a while and we need to be more acquainted.”

One of the fuckers said and my fiery redhead girl looked up at the man down her nose even though she was way shorter than them both.

“And who told you that this thing here might be more than just that? A project! Look, I'm not looking for friends, and trust me, if I was, you will be so different from the ones I might like to hang out with.”

Mila said, or to be more precise, spat out at the two boys, who were shocked by her stinging words.

“Oh, so you have claws, it seems. I have always

thought of you as the type to be more timid and shy. Now I'm intrigued, Mila."

The other one said and my little red threw her head back and chuckled humorlessly, then turned around without saying anything.

Her face was red and dark with anger, but the moment she saw me, her face brightened and she surprised the hell out of me when she ran my way and threw herself at me.

I chuckled loudly after catching her, then I gave a dirty look at the two boys who were watching the scene.

But fortunately, they got the message and left us while I had my girl in my arms and headed outside.

"Hey, where have you been, you two? We didn't exchange our phone numbers, and I didn't see you

anywhere around here.

Mila said, pouting, and I couldn't help it and kissed her puckered lips and she huffed, then looked away.

I chuckled again as I headed for the parking lot where I knew Mat was waiting for us.

“We are sorry, Red. We had some stuff to attend to at the house. Did you miss us?”

I asked her with a smirk and she rolled her eyes and then huffed again and I wanted to kiss those red luscious lips.

I stopped and looked around me, searching for my brother's Jeep, but when Mila saw him, she patted my chest to stop me again because I was heading his way.

I looked down at the girl that was smiling like a cat who stole some milk and she demanded silently to be put down.

I frowned at her but I did as I was told and she didn't waste a second as she crept my brother's way.

I grinned when I saw how comical it looked when she moved so silently and her hands were up, ready to attack.

My clueless brother was talking on the phone while his back to us and I debated what should I do.

Should I call his name to alert him, or should I just let Mila have her fun?

But the little red didn't give me much time to think it over because she just ran and then jumped on my brother's back while her arms wrapped around his

neck.

Mat's phone fell to the ground and in one move he turned around and she was under him with her back on the car's hood.

Yeah, he wasn't a fan of being startled or taken by surprise like this, so I ran to them.

But I stopped when I saw Mila grinning at him, then giggling for a little while as he glared down at her.

"Don't you ever do such a thing again! I might have hurt you, Mila."

Mat snarled at her through gritted teeth, and the girl's smile didn't falter. She wasn't fazed by his hostility.

But her small hands framed my brother's face, and she pulled him down for a small kiss, then she

whispered.

“I missed you too.”

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## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 27 No. 27



Mathew,

“I missed you too,”

Mila whispered softly, her warm breath fanning my face and her beautiful honey eyes engulfing me.

I leaned down and hugged her tightly to my chest and

breathed her in.

I didn't know I have missed her this much and missed hearing her voice, but we had to wait till Jennifer lost all her interest in red.

But God, I had missed her. I feel like breathing better now and just every dark thought vanishes into thin air.

I pulled back while dragging her with me, then I looked at Chris, who was watching us with a soft, warm smile on his face.

“Now where?”

I asked my brother as I opened the back door for Mila and then closed it after she sat.

Chris grinned at me, then he took his seat in the front, waiting for me to start the car.

“To the cinema, of course. We are having a date today, but we will go to the one we used to visit.”

I nodded my head as I started the car and went there. We always hung there when we felt pressured or needed to disconnect.

It is away from our parents, friends, and anyone that might know us. It is empty most of the time, which is a bonus as well.

“What did she tell you when she drove you home?”

I asked Mila as I focused on the road and when she was silent for a long moment; I gave her a side glance in the rearview mirror and I saw the frown on her face.

So she said something to upset her as I thought.



“She was nice to me and from what I gathered, she loves both of you equally, so don’t worry about that. I just decided to do what I want and enjoy my life. I’m doing nothing wrong here.”

Mila said after a long sigh, and Chris turned around to look at her, making her chuckle.

“Don’t look at me like that and whine like a damn puppy. I’m here, right? I didn’t go anywhere.”

She said giggling, making Chris huff, and I chuckled softly, making him punch my side.

“It is true, you act like a damn huge puppy sometimes. She isn’t blind, Chris.”

I said, smirking, and he just flipped me off and sulked as he looked outside.

Mila giggled again, then she stuck her head to the front seat, then kissed his cheek, making him grin like an idiot.

“See a puppy.”

She said after patting his head and I chuckled loudly this time because my brother groaned, then he glared at me.

“Mila is mean to me and she needs a spank to behave.”

He said after wrapping his arms around his wide chest and I nodded my head even though she shouted in outrage a ‘hey.’

We reached our destination, and we got out of the car. I paid for our movie tickets while Chris bought the snacks.

Mila stood beside me silently as she watched the few people around us, then the place that was a little old.

“We like to come here to calm our minds and enjoy an old movie. You will like it here. It is a quiet and nice change from the city’s busy, loud life.”

I whispered to her as we waited for Chris to be back, then we went inside to watch the movie.

And as I thought, it was only us because we choose to watch a black and white movie.

We took our seats and looked forward as the room got dark and the movie started.

Mila was sitting between the two of us and she was eating her popcorn as she watched the movie absently.

And when I couldn't take it anymore, I just wrapped my hands around her waist and brought her to my lap.

Mila looked up at me with big wide eyes, then she looked around her in horror.

“What are you doing? Someone might see us.”

She whispered, still looking around her, but then Chris grinned and he just kneeled at her feet.

Mila backed against my chest, then she looked between me and my brother.

My right hand began to slither over her chest, which was hidden under one of her hoodies, then sneaked beneath.

She bit her lower lip harshly, closing her eyes when I

started to stroke her nipple and knead her firm chest.

“W.....we ca..don’t do this. PPPlease. stoooo.”

I pinched her puckered nipple, shutting her down, then my other hand began to open then lower her leggings.

Chris was watching us as he licked his lips impatiently, so I just helped him by getting my hold on Mila’s thighs and opened them for him as an invitation.

Chris looked up at me as if he was making sure that was it and when he found me just watching him, he jumped on Mila like a bloodhound.

She moaned loudly this time, and her eyes popped open when my brother buried his face between her thighs.

“Chris.... What are you doing?”

I put my right hand over her mouth, then the left one was over her pussy.

I started to stroke her soft wet flesh softly at first, marveling at how quickly wet it become.

Mila moaned again and this time she relaxed against me, then tried to open her legs wider.

Chris tried to help her get off her tight leggings while I was playing with her soft, hot pussy lips, then stroking her small nub.

And when she was naked down there and Chris was eagerly waiting, I just withdrew my fingers from there and offered him the wet hand.

He looked up at me, then at her, then my brother began to suck my fingers clean.

Mila's breath began to quicken as she watched the scene, so I held her neck tightly in my right hand and kissed her lips as I choked her.

Then Chris went down on her. My brother started to eat her pussy as a starved man and Mila began to move and push against my hard cock, making me hiss.

I hissed when it became too much and whispered harshly into her ear.

“Imagine us three on the bed as we pleased you, Mila. Imagine me fucking your mouth while my brother fucked your heat. Imagine then joining him and we both fucked you at the same time. And after a long night you will be panting, sweating and full of our

come that would be coming out of you, but then I will just stuff you full with my still hard cock to prevent that. You would sleep with me still inside of you, Mila.”

I said, closing my eyes as I imagined the scene vividly inside of my head and I almost came from the image that it created.

My hand tightened around her neck as she began to shudder above me, and I knew that she was close.

“Tell me, would you enjoy that, Mila? Would you be able to handle both of us or not?”

I asked her as my left hand resumed kneading and stroking her breasts.

Mila looked up at me gasping for air and her pupils were dilated so much that you can barely see her honey colored eyes.



I groaned, then claimed her lips again. This was the first time for me to kiss a girl on the lips and she will be the only one I would ever kiss.

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### THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

#### Chapter 28 No. 28



Mila,

I stretched with my eyes still closed and sighed, then hugged my pillow and turned around.

My smile was filling my face, and again I sighed dreamily when I remembered what happened last

night.

I was still living my high from the events and I wanted to just continue sleeping and dreaming about this night again.

Never in my life, I have ever thought that I might be pampered by two hot men whose only goal was to satisfy me.

I got wet when I remembered the feeling of Chris licking my sex while Mat was holding me tightly and whispering those words in my ears.

God, I have never come this hard in my life and it was just perfect.

I even was this close to just surrendering to them and letting them have their way with me.

When I came back to my dorm room, I couldn't sleep until I had everything happened drawn and uploaded.

I put everything out there with annoyingly vivid details and now I wanted to scream to the entire world that this isn't fiction anymore.

I want to confess that I was in a relationship with the two most handsome boys here and I was proud of it.

But is this an actual relationship, or we were just having fun?

I opened my eyes, frowning, then I sat on my bed looking down at my old torn shirt, and just shook my head.

This isn't the time to think about stuff like this. I wasn't lying when I told Mat that I have decided to do whatever I want and fuck anyone else.

But now, after having a little taste of this heaven, I find myself hoping for more and just craving it.

I have been alone my entire life and even though I'm grateful to have my Abuela with me; I was just that alone.

Especially now, after losing my only friend.

I slapped my face harshly and shook my head, trying to chase away those dark thoughts, and opened my laptop.

I checked my schedule for the day, then my now famous website. I shrieked when I saw the comments and gifts there.

But I blushed when I saw a certain comment that I knew it belonged to Mat.

My phone dinged, and I smiled at it softly when I saw that it was a message from Chris reminding me of tonight's match.

After the fun, we had in the cinema and after driving me back here we exchanged the numbers and Chris made a group chat for us three.

It was a simple thing and some might see it as cringing, but for me, it was everything.

Because after we parted we kept chatting on the phone till the sun was in the sky.

I mean, I was multitasking and drawing my new episode, but still; it was an amazing night, and it ended perfectly.

I looked at my phone and after gripping something to

eat; I took a quick shower and got ready to head to the field.

Chris met me with a tight hug, a kiss on top of my head, then held my hand, dragging me behind him.

We headed to the locker room and even though I was confused and embarrassed about following him; I was excited as well to see Mat.

He was standing with his teammates and discussing the game plan with the coach.

We waited a couple of minutes until they were done, then they left.

Mat smiled at us and like Chris, he gave me the same greetings.

“When the game is finished, we will celebrate alone.

This time you choose where.”

He said seriously, and I grinned, clapping my hands like an excited girl, making him chuckle before giving me a small peck on the lips and leaving to join his team.

We then followed everyone as we headed to the field and I stood beside Chris, watching everything.

“He might not show it, but he really likes you. My brother might come out as offish and cold, but this isn’t the truth. You are the first girl I have ever seen him kiss.”

Chris said as we sat on the bench when the game started and the two teams were fighting for the ball.

I looked at him, thinking about his words, and said nothing, but after a while, I looked at Chris seriously

as I asked him a question.

“Then what about you?”

Chris huffed a thing I become to find cute now then he held my hand tightly and brought it over his right thigh.

“What do you think? Believe it or not, but I have never gone down on a girl before. My brother has his limit, and so do I.”

He said, smirking at me and I just looked away when I felt my cheeks heat and just focused on the game.

Tonight, when Mathew wins the game, we will go to my room and we will do it.

I nodded my head to feel more confident about my choice, then cheered Mat along with Chris and the



rest of the people around me.

And when the game ended with our win, we stood up clapping and cheering like crazy.

Mat looked up as if he was searching for someone and when our eyes met, he nodded his head, then joined his friends.

Chris held my hand and pulled me away from the students that were talking and shouting, planning to go to the locker room, but then he suddenly stopped making me hit his back.

“Oh, I looked for you. We always watched the games together. But sweet Madison here told me that you were with your..... friends.”

Jennifer said sourly, and I swallowed harshly when I saw my ex best friend standing beside her and

smiling at us innocently.

“Yes, I was watching the game with Mila. She isn’t aware of the game and the rules and I thought about helping her and I couldn’t do that with my rowdy friends around.”

Chris said that and I pulled my hand away from his discreetly, but then found out that Madison caught on to that.

“Ok then, let us go. We will join your brother and have dinner together. Madison and her mom will join us, too.”

Jennifer said after giving a once over look, then she glared at her son, daring him to say anything.

Chris opened his mouth to object, and I did the same and just said an excuse to prevent that.

But I jumped in the air when someone's arm wrapped around my shoulders and pulled me against them.

“Here you are. I have been looking for you all over the place.”

Alan said cheerfully, and I stared at him with wide confused eyes, but then I swallowed harshly when I heard Chris's violent breathing.

“It was nice of you to walk me through the game and congratulate your brother for me. See you.”

I said in a shaky voice, then turned around to look at Alan, who gave me a broad smile, then we walked away before Chris can say anything.

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## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

### Chapter 29 No. 29

Mathew,

I gritted my teeth and clenched my two damn fists as I sat beside Chris around the dining table.

This wasn't what I was planning to do. I should be at somewhere quiet with Mila and Chris, chilling and just enjoying each other's company.

But for the love of god, I don't know why am I here to have this silly dinner with these two.

"I really enjoyed your game tonight, Mathew. My

Madison has told me a lot about you two athlete boys before, but I have never thought that you were this good. I have always thought that you play sports for fun.”

Madison stuck up mother's said, and I just glared at her, making her frown.

She doesn't understand my hostility toward her, but right now, I felt like smashing something.

I growled under my breath and was ready to say something to her, but then Chris's hands held mine tightly and I looked at him with narrowed eyes.

“Yeah, some might think the same, but we take our sports seriously. As a matter of fact, I was thinking about joining New York Knicks. I already had someone approaching me about it and I'm considering joining. I always wanted to play in the

NBA.”

Chris said with a forced smile and all the voices hushed around us.

I knew about his decision, of course, and I had encouraged him to follow and pursue his dreams, but he said he will inform the rest of the family later.

I have no idea why he chose to drop the damn bomb right now, but I'm grateful that he did. Now I can focus on the fight. I'm certain it was coming.

Jennifer almost choked on her red wine and father frowned at the smiling Chris, but he started to stroke his wife's back soothingly.

“You didn't tell me about this? You didn't even consider my opinion.”

The woman said while she was still coughing and Chris gave my hand a last squeeze before he retracted it.

“Mom, this is my future, and basketball is my passion. You know that besides, I will have my degree in business while doing it. Don’t worry, your son will be a college boy still.”

He said with an awkward chuckle and Jennifer glared at him, but then my father tapped her hand and she closed her open mouth.

“Oh, that is great that you always consider your future along with your passion. You can pursue both. For a minute, I was afraid that being a friend with this girl might blind you a little. She is infamous for her playing around. I always warned my Madi about her, but we took pity on the orphan girl.”

Madison's mom said again and this time I couldn't help the snarl that escaped me and startled the oblivious woman.

"What do you mean by these words and who are you talking about?"

I asked through gritted teeth and when Chris tried to hold my hand again; I snatched mine away.

"Behave yourself, Mathew. And don't talk to our guest in such a tone, PLEASE."

Jennifer snarled at me, but I totally ignored her. My narrowed eyes were on the woman who now was looking at me challengingly.

"I meant, Mila. I know the girl since she was so young. After her mother left her and her immigrant father passed away, I took pity on the girl and tried to treat



her well. Madison was her only friend, even though there was a big difference in our status. But this girl is out of control with her debauchery. She has this awful website with pictures of men doing abnormal things together. Even you boys didn't get away from her nonsense."

The woman said nonchalantly as if she was unaware of the impact of her words.

Jennifer's eyes grew big while my father looked between me and Chris, waiting for our answer.

"You have no right to speak of her like this. Besides, who told you that we were oblivious to any of this? She asked us before and we said we were ok with it."

Chris said in a firm voice, startling all of us, but then he looked at Madison, whose cheeks blushed.

“And you, how could you sit here and let your mom talk shit about your best friend? She did nothing wrong to you, Madison.”

My brother snarled at the girl, who looked down at her hands and began to clasp them tightly.

“What the fuck are you saying? This girl made some sexual drawings and fantasies about you and your brother and this is all you had to say about it? Defending her? As if this shit doesn’t affect any of you and your reputation? She makes you two look gay!”

Chris’s mother shrieked, and he stood up and glared at his mom, then wrapped his arms around his broad chest.

“And what makes you think that neither of us is gay? We might be in a relationship already and that is why we didn’t mind all of this shit you are talking about.”

Chris said chuckling humorlessly and Jennifer gasped in outrage, then she stood up and her hand rose up in the air.

I pushed Chris away and the slap that was meant for him landed on my left cheek.

Jennifer staggered back, then she held her arm to her chest as she stared at me in disbelief.

“No, this can’t be the truth. I raised you two and I know the signs when any of you is interested in a girl. You two aren’t gay, you two are in love with this girl, but how could you fight between yourselves for this girl?”

Jennifer said in a shaky voice and almost fell to the ground, but my father supported her against his chest.

“You are right. We both are interested in her, but we will never fight among ourselves for a girl no matter what, so we will share her.”

I said coldly, and the shock on all of their faces was like a balm to my flaring anger.

“Are you out of your fucking mind? Did you finally lose your shit, boy?”

My father roared at me and Chris came and stood beside me as if he was afraid that my father might hurt me.

I gave him a sad smile because I felt pathetic. I have always been the one to do that.

I have protected him since we were just children and I felt sad that he thought now that I might need his protection.

“I said what we will do, father, and trust me, nothing you will ever do or say would change my mind.”

My father took off his glasses, then he made Jennifer sit on a chair behind her and took a few steps my way.

Chris’s face went pale because he knew my father was sweet and nice all the time, but when he lost his shit, he was a different person.

I got my temper from someone, right? And he is the one responsible for it.

“Ok then, I think we should take our leave. Thank you Jenni for this delightful dinner.”

The awful woman said as she bent down and kissed Jennifer’s cheek, then whispered something in her ear

and left.

But before she left, she made sure that our eyes met, and she gave me a devious smile.

She wanted to tell me everything that had happened tonight was intentional, and now she was done and happy with the outcome.

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## THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 30 No. 30



Mila,

I paced my room while biting the inside of my mouth

and when I tasted blood; I had to actually swallow it, then I turned to bite my fingernails.

Alan sat on my bed watching me silently for over fifteen minutes, but I heard him sigh from time to time.

I was worried, no I was scared to death thinking about all the things Madison and her mother might tell Mathew's and Christopher's family.

I know I had nothing to hide, and I have been a good person all my life, but our situation is complicated.

I don't know what might be said and I don't know what are the consequences of it after.

I dropped onto my bed beside Alan and hide my face with my bleeding hands.

He sighed again, and I felt the bed dip, then his hands

pry my hands open and he was frowning at me.

“What is it you are so worried about? They are big boys and they can protect themselves.”

He said calmly, even though he looked angry for some reason and I closed my eyes and nodded my head twice.

“I know, but I also know Madison and her mother. No, I don't know them anymore after what happened between us. She was totally a different person from the friend I used to know.”

Alan pulled my hand to his lap and smiled at me brightly, and I frowned at his reaction.

“See, something happened between the two of you and that is why she left the room. I won't push you and ask you about the real issue here, but again,



don't worry. It is making me angry actually and a little bit jealous to see you worried about them like this."

I pulled my hand away from him, making him sigh for the millionth time tonight, and hugged myself after pulling my knees to my chest.

"You won't understand. We might be new... acquaintances, but it feels like I have known them for so long. It is like finding a missing piece of your soul. One you didn't even know that it wasn't there. I have been happy and content, safe and secure since meeting both of them, and the weird thing is that this can't happen without them both. I can't imagine losing Chris or Mat. I need them both, Alan. I know it is weird, but I have no words to describe it."

I said, then choked on some tears and I just shut my mouth and tried to control myself.

I can't embarrass myself in front of him further. It is enough that I even talked about the boys like this with him.

Alan gritted his teeth so harshly that I heard it actually, so I looked up at him in confusion.

But he just stood up and began to pace my room as I did a few minutes ago.

What is his problem?

“Wow, so it is right. There is something going on between the three of you. I have thought that it might be only Mathew who had feelings for you because I can see the way he is looking at you. I even thought you had feelings for him too as well. I actually felt sorry for Chris for his unrequited love. But I guess it is my fault.”

He murmured to himself even though his voice was loud, and I heard him clearly.

My heart thudded so harshly in my chest when he stopped, then his piercing eyes poured into my frightened ones.

He crouched in front of me and his hands held mine harshly and pulled me toward him.

“Is it too late to consider my feelings for you? I thought about being close to you and trying to show you how much I like you, but now I guess I should confess.”

He whispered softly as his eyes looked at me with a fragility that it was hard to believe it was written on Alan’s always confident and smiling face.

I tried to pull my hand away, but this time he didn’t let

me. He pushed me back and slowly his body covered mine.

“Alan, what are you doing? I don’t feel comfortable with this conversation anymore, please.”

I gasped out when his weight pushed against my small body and for the first time since meeting him; I was scared.

His eyes seemed wild, and his features were tortured as if he was battling something in his mind.

“Tell me, Mila. Did you have sex with any of them, with both of them? Is this your thing before coming here or it is something you considered after meeting them? Do they fuck in front of you as well? Is it what it takes for you to be interested in them?”

I looked at him in horror and his eyes sought my

reaction and when nothing came out of my mouth; he huffed and then let me go.

“You should stay away from them, Mila. These two are bad news and you don’t want to be involved in their shit. Mathew is unstable and he hurt people before and for Chris, he is his brother’s bitch and now I think it might be literary. His family won’t let you be and your future will be ruined.”

Alan said as he looked down at me with his hands wrapped around his chest and his brow was cocked.

The always smiling and kind man was staring at me coldly and disgust was written all over his face.

I shivered violently, then swallowed harshly as I tried to sit more properly.

“I can believe anything you might say and you might

be entirely right. But I'm sure they won't let anything or anyone hurt me. They might be everything you had said right now, but they will never do anything to me, Alan."

I said firmly, even though deep inside I was shaking violently. Alan was silent for a moment, then he threw his head back and chuckled loudly.

"Wow, this is so.....pitiful. I'm sorry darling, but you will get hurt and they will be the ones to do it. Trust me on that. And when I said that your Mat hurt someone, I meant it. This boy is mentally fucked up and the sweet cheerful Chris isn't far behind, so you should rethink your life choices."

He said, then he went to the door and opened it and I held my breath because I was this close to pushing him out and closing the damn thing.

Alan isn't cute and kind as he tries to show everyone. He is saying Mat and Chris are mentally unstable but he is the same, maybe more fucked up than them combined.

“You know where to find me. I'm sure soon you will seek me, sweet Mila. I just hope that you won't be entirely broken when the time comes.”

I closed the door behind him, then I fell to the ground when my legs didn't support me anymore.

I tried to call them but their phones were closed. I sent a message, but they didn't get it in the group chat and I started to cry. What had happened to them?

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