

THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 31 No. 31



Mila,

It was like my world turned upside down in seconds and I was standing there watching it happen.

I walked into my school like I normally do, minutes before my first lecture for the day started.

I have noticed the looks, smirks, and whispers. I noticed how odd the atmosphere felt.

But I didn't care because this is college life and I have no one to ask about what is new.

But then I felt the air escape my lungs and my vision turn hazy when I reached my seat.

The one I always occupied in this lecture hall. My legs shook and my heart thudded quickly inside of my chest.

Twins Whore.

Fucktoy to the twins.

A hole for the twins.

Players' slut.

Gay shit addict.

I used my hoodie's long sleeve to wipe away those words, but they were written by permanent marker and it was hopeless.

And even though my hand started to hurt and my

tears were blocking my sight, I didn't stop.

But when the professor entered, and the class started, I had to swallow my tears and hold myself together till it ended and I can escape this hell.

And even though it were whispers, they kept talking and looking at me discreetly during the lecture.

My shaky hand went for my phone and I opened it, trying to call Mathew or Chris, but again it was sent to voice mail.

I was about to put my phone down when it dinged and then the rest of the class's phones did the same.

I heard gasps, then chuckles and giggles, so I opened the unread message on the screen and stared in horror at the picture there.

It was a picture taken in the dark at the cinema when I was in Mathew's lap kissing and Chris between my legs.

I looked up and found out everyone looking at me whispering about the whore that I am. Even the professor was staring at me in disbelief.

And why won't they? My face wasn't showing in the picture, but my name and Mathew's and Chris's were written brightly down there.

I stood up and ran out of the lecture hall. I ran away while still hearing the murmurs and laughs after me.

I put my hand above my mouth as I tried to escape this nightmare.

I ran until I reached the small garden that was between the gym and the fields where the games

happened.

I wanted to see Mathew or even Chris because if they were anywhere on the campus it would be here.

“Oh, look what we have here. Are you looking for my captain or his brother? Or are you looking for both? I have heard and seen the pictures and girl, you surprised me. I didn’t know that you can take both of them together. I’m seriously considering trying you with my friend here.”

The asshole from that incident at the dining hall said as he crowded me with his friend close behind.

“Please let me go. I need to see someone.”

I said while I was still crying, but he just chuckled and pushed his body against me.

“Come on, we can have a little chat waiting for your important person until they come.”

He said, smirking, and I wiped away my tears and glared at him, but he didn't seem fazed at all.

“She said to stay the fuck away from her, Sean. This time, I won't stop either Christopher or Mathew from fucking you up.”

Someone tall, said then he pushed this Sean to the side then looked down at me.

“The captain isn't here, and neither is Mathew. They actually didn't show up today and their phones are closed.”

He told me softly, then I just slumped against a big tree and began to weep.

It wasn't just what happened back in the lecture hall; it was more than this.

Something must have happened, and this thing led to this shit today.

I need to see them, any of them, to make sure that they were fine.

"Come, I will drive you to their house. I know you have a lot to discuss."

He said, then he offered me a tissue then turned around to snarl at the two fuckers who were still standing watching us.

"When I'm back, we will have a serious talk, Sean, because this shit is too much."

He said, then he turned around, giving me a small

smile before he walked in front of me.

“Wow, I thought that you swung the other way, Owen? But yeah, this little thing is tempting us all, isn’t she?”

Sean said sarcastically and Owen stopped, turned around, punched the asshole in the face, making him cry out, then grinned at me.

I followed him to his sports car, then we headed to the mansion I visited once.

And when the car stopped in front of the huge doors, my hand hesitated on the car’s door handle.

“Look, it is your choice if you knocked on that door or not, but know this whatever faces you behind it won’t be easy. You can stay in the car and I will take you back to your dorm. You can sit and wait for the boys

to find you. There is no shame in doing that.”

I closed my eyes as I thought about Owen’s words, but then I looked at him.

“You aren’t disgusted by what is everyone saying about us three?”

I asked him in genuine confusion because, in everyone’s eyes, this isn’t normal.

“You are asking me this? I’m gay, sweetheart. Some people treat me as if I got rabies or something. But you are one lucky girl to be able to tap that. I mean, the twins are so hot.”

He said, seriously confusing me, then he winked and grinned, and I smiled at him.

Oddly enough, now I’m calmer and I really wanted to

make sure they were ok.

So I knocked on the huge door and waited for someone to answer, but when I saw Chris's mom's angry face, I wanted to turn around and run away.

“What the hell do you think you are doing here? Can't you see that you had done enough to ruin this family already?”

The woman snarled at me, and I swallowed harshly as I looked at her angry face.

“Please, I need to see them. Are they here? Are they ok?”

I said in a shaky voice, but then the woman stared at me in disbelief. Then she threw her head back and chuckled humorlessly.

“You should be worried about yourself and your grandmother after she heard about what you have done. The poor thing went silent after I had told her everything you had done with my boys.”

She sneered, and my world spun and I felt like fainting. But then I felt strong arms wrap around me.

“Good afternoon, Mrs. Cullum. I take it that they are not here at the moment.”

Owen asked her, and she huffed and looked at him down her nose before answering him.

“No, they are not, and please pick up the trash on your way out.”

She spat out, then slammed the door in our faces.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 32 No. 32



Chris,

I kicked the door violently, making it rattle and the hinges squeak, and this simple reaction made my anger rise in volumes.

They had lost their fucking damn mind to think of putting me and my brother in here.

We were confined in these small and separate rooms and it didn't matter how much I cried out or called for someone, nothing happened.

I called for Mat a couple of times, but it was hopeless. I knew the drugs had worn him out.

He had been struggling against them so they had to drug him, especially when he snapped when he knew that they will separate us.

But it was expected this wasn't the first time we become guests of this place.

They call it a place for chilling and having some peace of mind, but this shit is a glorified mental institution.

We have come here after what had happened to my fucker father and a while later when something happened, then we both were triggered.

I heard some noise coming from behind the door and I stood up, breathing heavily when I heard the door click and then open.

A huge burly man entered with my food and he looked me up and down, followed by a couple of men.

“Where is my brother? What have you done to him, you fuckers?”

I asked the man as I breathed harshly, and my chest began to rise and fall.

He put the food tray on the small table in my sparse furniture room, then he sighed.

“Look kid, your brother has been giving us hell since yesterday, and honestly it is creeping me out because we had given him drugs that will make an elephant sleep for two damn days but still he wakes up after a couple of hours and do the same shit you are doing right now. So please spare us the agony and just be nice. Maybe you will see him tomorrow. What do you

say?”

He said hopefully, but my mind was still stuck at the moment he mentioned drugs and he was knocked out now more than twice.

I snarled at the man, and before he could see it, I jumped him. I kicked him in the stomach, then jumped on the second one, then out of the door.

“Mathew! MATHEW WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU?”

I called for him several times and tried to read the name tags on the closed doors that I found.

But before the men could reach me after they recovered from their shock, I found his room.

And I was able to look through the small window on the door and I felt like throwing up when I saw his

body slumped on the small bed.

“Ma.....Mathew.....MAT.”

I called his name in a shaky voice and felt tears drop down my cheeks when he didn't answer.

His breathing was harsh, and his complexion was pale. I punched the metal door a couple of times, making him groan, but still, his eyes didn't open.

But then I was tackled to the floor and the big man was on me while one of his friends tried to reach my arm.

The third one opened Mathew's door and checked on him, then he joined the rest, trying to pin me down as well.

“What have you done to him, you assholes? I swear

to god that I will kill you all for hurting him. No one touches my brother and lives. I will fucking kill you.”

I growled at them as I tried to shake them off of me, but they were damn heavy and they almost overpowered me.

But then I heard some shuffling and one of them was thrown away and the other was screaming in pain.

I stopped my struggling as I looked up and found Mathew standing on shaky legs glaring at the man above me.

He was holding something metal and sharp in his right hand and I gasped in fear when I saw it bleeding vigorously on the floor.

“You better get off, my brother. I have killed for him once before and it was only because someone did

less than that to him.”

Mathew said, and the man jumped away and took a few steps back as he watched my brother stagger after saying his slurred words.

I tried to stand up, and he looked down at me, his unfocused eyes and dilated pupils looked hazy.

But after he made sure that I was fine, he walked toward the huge man and swiped at him.

“Now fuck off and let us be before I fucking kill you and your little sluts here.”

Mathew said, but this time his voice was more clear, then he opened his other hand for me.

I took it, then we went to his room and closed the door behind us, but then he fell to the floor and I fell with

him in my attempt to catch his heavy body.

“I have promised to protect you, Coco. And I won’t stop now. Just let me get some rest, then I will kick these fuckers’ asses.”

My brother said, calling me by his old nickname for me and I hugged him to my chest as my tears fell down my face freely.

There was a knock on the door and the ugly big man from before entered and I hugged my sleeping brother closer to my chest as I snarled at him.

“Look, I don’t want any trouble. I just wanted to look at his bleeding hand and clean the wound. I’m afraid he might need some stitches or else he will keep on bleeding.”

The man said, and I nodded my head, then watched

him with narrowed eyes as he began to examine the cut on Mat's hand.

"God, you two are too much to handle. You act like damn twins or something, even though you two look nothing alike. I have never seen such a thing in my life."

The man murmured as he cleaned Mat's hand, then he started to bandage it. I guess he won't need stitches then.

"Look, I don't know why you two are here, but I know that it is against the rules for you two to be in the same room like this. But I will talk with the administration if this was the best for you. You just need to promise me that you won't cause any trouble after."

The man said and waited for me to answer him, so I

just nodded my head silently and he left.

I pulled the comforter from Mat's bed, then I wrapped him in it and hugged him to my chest as he slept the drugs off.

My mind went back to Mila and wondered about what she was doing now.

I really wanted to see her face. No, I needed it, so I must keep calm and try to play nice these few days during my visit here.

We need to go back to her because I had a feeling that if we didn't get out of here soon, we will lose her forever.

This was my last thought as I buried my face into Mat's neck and slept, hugging him to my chest after making sure that he was still breathing.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 33 No. 33



Mila,

I put my hand above my mouth to try to prevent my sobs as I watched my grandmother through the wide glass of the ICU.

Yesterday, the hospital called me and told me that she was there and I was the only contact she had and the only one our neighbors provided.

This happened when I was in the car with Owen and

on our way back to my dorm.

I was in shock for a long moment, then my wails broke the silence around me.

Owen was stunned at first, but then he helped me to calm down, then he helped me to book the next flight back home to California.

He was kind enough to offer to accompany me, but I asked him to stay here and search for Mathew and Chris for me.

I don't know how I was able to stay calm during the flight and how I willed myself to be composed as I watched my Abuela in that state.

"Miss Miguel, May I have a word with you, please?"

Someone said softly from my back, startling me and I

jumped, shrieking silently as I turned around.

The doctor looked at me sheepishly and I sighed before nodding my head and following him when he started walking.

We entered a room, and he sat behind a huge desk and eyed me as I sat on a chair and looked down at my fingers.

“Your grandmother came to us yesterday suffering from a severe heart attack. We treated her quickly and did what was needed, but then she went into a coma due to cardiac arrest.”

I gasped and then started crying as I listened to what the doctor was saying.

The older man offered me a tissue, then he sighed and stood heading somewhere.

Then he was back with a small bottle of water.

“Look, I know that it is hard for you, but I’m obliged to tell you the truth. Some of our patients wake up after a few hours, others after a few days, but from what I’m seeing here, this won’t be the case for your grandmother. So I must advise you to be prepared for everything mentally and...financially. I’m sorry to bring that up right now, but your grandmother doesn’t have healthcare, so you need to pay for everything.”

He said with a pitying voice and eyes and I took a deep breath, then wiped away my tears as I nodded my head silently.

“Ok then. I need to continue my rounds. You can stay here as long as you needed.”

The doctor said then he left me alone in the room but

I just couldn't bear it anymore and went back to watch my Abuela.

She looked peaceful as she slept, but seeing these tubes and machines coming and going out of her body broke my heart.

After a couple of hours, I went back to our small house and just dropped onto my bed, feeling tired and drained.

What might have happened to my grandmother to trouble her like this?

The doorbell rang, and I went to answer it, still in my clothes from the day before.

Our neighbor, Mrs. Jonah, was standing there with a big covered bowl in her hand.

She was one of my Abuela's closest friends and the woman was always around, especially because her house was next to ours.

"Hey my sweet child, it must have been tough on you to hear this bad news about your grandma. I have thought about handling this alone, but you need to know stuff like this. You two have only each other."

My grandmother's friend said as she leaned to give me a hug, which I welcomed.

I felt like I needed to be embraced and needed someone to tell me that everything was going to be alright.

I stood aside, allowing her to get in, then she headed directly to the kitchen.

I sat on a small chair and watched her move around

comfortably as she opened the cabinets and drawers.

She was someone who used to visit us a lot, and she was familiar with where everything was.

“I was with your Abuela when it happened. We were talking and gossiping about Ema and her new husband, then there was a number calling her. She ignored them at first because she didn’t know who was the caller, but when she found them persistent, she accepted the call.”

Mrs. Jonah said as she opened the fridge and brought something out, then put it on the stove and started to cook it.

I frowned as I listened to her, but I didn’t comment, waiting for her to finish her story.

“Then I heard this snooty woman’s voice, and she

began to shriek at your granny. At first, I thought that she called the wrong number, then I heard her call your name so your granny listened to the angry woman. But suddenly her face changed, and she began to gasp for breath while she clenched her chest. Then I called an ambulance for her.”

I felt my stomach knot then the food from my yesterday’s breakfast rose up to my throat.

I ran to the bathroom downstairs and started to heave, even though my stomach was empty.

I sobbed and cried out as I emptied my already empty stomach. Now I understand Chris’s mother’s words.

She told me I should worry about myself and my grandma’s reaction when she knew about the things I had done.

But I had never thought that she might be able to reach her and just tell her about my relationship with her sons.

“Are you alright, sweetheart? Do you need me to bring you some water?”

I shook my head violently as I tried to stand up, then wash my face and clean my mouth.

“Hey dear, your phone has been ringing nonstop now.”

The woman called from the kitchen and I staggered to her and accepted the call.

“Is this miss Miguel? I’m so sorry to inform you that ten minutes ago we have lost your grandmother, Sofia Miguel. Please come to the hospital to handle some paperwork and discuss what to do next. Again, sorry

for your loss.”

The phone dropped from my hand as I screamed, I have lost her. I’m the reason she died.

I had killed my only relative in this world. The only person I had, the only one who cared for me.

Because I was selfish and chose to live for myself. I have killed her and her blood is only on my hands.

I held my hair in my hand and tore it as I wailed, from now on I will be alone.

There won’t be love in my life, no one to care for me, nothing.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 34 No. 34



Mila,

“I know that it is hard for you, Miss Miguel, to handle this at the moment, and honestly, I thought that you might have some time to come to terms with your grandmother’s situation, but here we are. I might look inconsiderate and just plain rude, but it is best for you to handle the financial situation first. Think about what you are going to do with your dear one. I’m sorry as I mentioned yesterday. These are the rules here. My apologies.”

The doctor from yesterday said while we were

standing in the corridor. This time, we weren't speaking somewhere private.

My neighbor squeezed my hand tightly, and I looked at her through my tears, trying to look strong, but I was failing miserably.

I have killed my grandmother with my pathetic choice.

“Ok then, I must go back to my patients. A nurse will be here with you, and she will help you finalize everything.”

The man said after looking at his phone, then he left me shaking and leaning against a cold wall, still processing how my life changed only in forty eight hours.

“Honey, it might not be a lot, but I have a small amount of money put on the side for rainy days. You

can gladly have it, but I'm afraid it might not be enough."

Mrs. Jonah said and now I couldn't hold my sobs and I broke down as I fell to the floor, holding my head between my hands and crying.

"Oh baby, I'm so sorry for everything that is happening to you, but this is life and you can't help it. I just know that Sofia would be sad to see you suffer like this after she passed away. So please be strong for her."

She tried to comfort me with her sweet words, but she has no idea that with every word she said she stabbed me in the heart.

My grandma must have hated me in her last moments for her to leave me like this so suddenly.

She must have regretted raising me after she had lost her only son and after my mother just left us.

Mrs. Jonah's hand that was stroking my back stopped suddenly, and she stood up straighter.

"Who are you? I have noticed that you have been standing here observing us for a while now."

The older woman said to someone, and seconds later, I heard the clanking of high heels walking on the hospital marble floor.

Then black and red bottom pumps came into my view and stopped a few feet or so away from me.

"I have handled all the financial issues and paid for all the expenses of the funeral. I even found a pleasant spot for her in a cemetery here. The only thing that needs to be dealt with now is just you. So stand up

and let us finish this pathetic situation we have here.”

A familiar aggressive voice said, and I looked up slowly at Jennifer’s angry, cold face.

I wiped away my tears and sniffled a little as I stood up and looked at her in confusion.

“What are you doing here, and why would you pay for anything?”

I asked her in a shaky voice, but the woman huffed, then she turned around, walking somewhere.

I watched her as she left, but then a couple of huge men stood on each side of mine and urged me to follow her.

“Hey, child, are you ok? Do I need to call the police?”

My neighbor said in a shaky voice, and I just looked at her with a faint smile.

“No, don’t worry, she is someone I know, and as you can see, she had already helped me. You can go home and when I’m back, I will call you.”

I tried to shout as the two men kept on pushing me forward till I reached Jennifer’s car where she was waiting for me.

When she saw me, she leaned down and then handed me a big file, which I just held it stupidly.

“Open it and see what is inside. I don’t have much time. I have other issues to handle.”

I opened the big file and found my name written on all the papers there, but what startled me was the acceptance letter to join the University of Birmingham.

I gaped at Jennifer, who was standing impatiently and waiting for me to say something.

“What is this? And how did you do that without my consent?”

I asked her, feeling really confused, but the woman huffed and took off her sunglasses to glare at me.

“This is your last chance or else I will ruin you, girl. You have done much damage already and I will never let the likes of you run my sons’ life. I have been through hell to raise them this well and you won’t just come and ruin it.”

Jennifer snarled at me as she took a couple of steps closer, then her painted pointy fingernail poked me in the chest.

I looked down at the papers, and then it clicked. I think my mind wasn't comprehending the situation because it was still processing losing my grandmother.

“Are you paying me to just disappear from Chris's and Mathew's life? Do you think of me like this? I love them. I'm not with them to ruin their lives or play around. I love them.”

I said while my body was shaking with anger and the woman huffed. Then she slapped my right cheek, stunning me.

“I had enough of this talk of love from you all. How can be there a relationship between three people? This is disgusting and I will never accept it, do you hear me? I have dealt with my wayward sons and now it is your turn. Take my offer or I will fucking end you.”

The woman snarled, and I just swallowed my sobs as I looked at her angry face.

“What have you done to them?”

I asked her because this is the most important thing right now, not me or her threats.

The woman cocked a brow at me, then she threw her head back and chuckled humorlessly.

“Look at you playing your part very well. So far, what I did is nothing compared to what I might do if you don’t listen to me and take my offer. I can end them the same as I can to you. I’m still young. I can have other kids and those ones, I will raise right. So it is your choice, Miss Miguel. You can save them and yourself if you just disappeared from their life. It is not bad really. In the end, I will help you live more comfortably

from now on.”

Jennifer said, and I looked down at the wrinkled paper in my hand.

This woman doesn't look like she is lying. She can do what she is saying and she can hurt her son if she needed to.

So I just nodded my head, and she gave me one last look before she sat in her car.

“You have a week to wrap things up. I have already prepared everything for you and everything is ready for you in the UK as well. Just know this, Miss Miguel, there won't be next time for you. If I even saw you near them again, I swear I will kill you.”

Jennifer said softly, then her window was raised, and she left me in the parking lot.

I fell to the ground, hugged the paper, and cried out.
This is for their good.

I only brought them pain and trouble since meeting
them, no it was since starting this stupid manga.

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content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter >
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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 35 No. 35



Mathew,

“So tell me, do you still think about that dreadful night
when you had to save your brother, I mean friend,
back then?”

The shrink said while he stared at me expectantly and I glared at the man who was trying to act as if this was a simple chat we were having.

This wasn't the first time I had to sit with a psychiatrist, but this was the worst one of them all.

I had learned through the years to be calm and act obedient around them, but this time I can't do that.

I must get out of here and find Mila. I have no idea what Jennifer might have done to her.

I know she will never harm the girl, but she might do things worse than this.

I know the woman. I have lived with her all my life and I know how she can be when things don't go her way.

“What would have you done if you were in my place, doctor?”

I asked the man who gave me a soft smile when he finally heard my voice after sitting here silently for fifteen minutes.

“Oh, a lot Mathew. I might have done a lot, maybe not the same thing you have done, but yeah, I would have tried to save my best friend, too. But you know, after reading the police report, I think you have been planning for that thing before actually doing it. I don’t know if I should be fascinated or scared of your young mind back then.”

The man said with a thoughtful frown on his face and I gritted my teeth and willed myself to be calm for five minutes more.

“They always say psychopaths are incapable of love,

but I think they are wrong, don't you think? Or I might be a sociopath, hm I wonder?"

I said sarcastically, and the doctor chuckled, then he closed the small notebook he was holding in his hand.

"I don't think that you are limited to these two definitions, Mathew. You have sociopathic traits as well as psychopathic ones, but surprisingly enough, you are neither. Because I'm definitely sure that you love Christopher so much, neither brotherly love nor romantic one. Your relationship amazes me, but I think in the future it will evolve."

The man said, smirking, and I stood up and headed to the door without saying anything.

"It was nice chatting with you, Mathew, and I hope to see you again. That is, of course, if you wanted to keep on staying in the same room as your brother."

I turned around to sneer at the doctor, but he grinned at me, so I just left before killing him. Fucker.

One of my burly nurses was waiting for me outside, and he accompanied me to my room.

The man was silent all the way till we reached the door, but before he opened it, he handed me a small piece of paper and a small cell phone.

I took them then went inside and found Chris reading a book on the bed, but when he saw me coming, he closed it and sat more properly.

“Well, how did it go? Is he still an asshole to you? It is weird because he is always nice to me.”

Chris said, and I just dropped on the bed and put my head on his thighs and he started to stroke my hair,

which always helped me to calm down.

“Still the same fucker. I swear it takes all my willpower to not just jump on him and break his damn neck.”

I said tiredly and Chris chuckled softly and, even though I was annoyed, I smiled as well.

I opened my eyes and looked at the paper and the ancient phone then opened the paper and read what was written on it.

Hello, Chris or Mat,

It depends on who will receive this letter first. It took me some time, but I was able to find your whereabouts. But I'm sorry to be the bringer of bad news. After your disappearance, things didn't go well with Mila.

She had lost her grandmother and now she was wrapping things up here and planning to leave the country next Friday.

I hope this message would reach you sooner.

Owen

P.S., my number is already programmed on the phone. Call me, please. I'm worried about you two.

"What the actual fuck? Where is she going and without telling us?"

Chris snarled after he read the small letter, then he snatched the phone I was clutching in my hand.

"What the fuck is this, Owen, and why did you wait all of this time to tell us? Today is Thursday."

Christopher growled at his friend and I was able to hear Owen's sigh, then he answered my brother.

"I sent you this message on Monday. I guess it took them some time to deliver it. That place is a fortress man. But the good news is I know the doctor responsible for you two and I had my brother talk to him. You two will be discharged by tomorrow morning."

Owen said, trying to look cheerful, but his voice came out worried and a little sad.

I snatched the phone from my stunned brother and just asked the most important question.

"Where is she heading?"

I asked him without any finesse and my brother's teammate on the other end of the phone sighed.

“Trust me, I have tried to get this info, but I couldn’t. She had a lot of tickets booked and many reservations under her name. My brother tried to ask around and collect a few favors, but he wasn’t successful. I’m sorry.”

I gritted my teeth and began to pace the small room, trying to think. This is all Jennifer’s work, I’m sure of it.

And if Owen couldn’t find anything, especially with his brother’s shady connections, then we will never be able to do anything about it.

“Anyway, I have my eyes on her here, and I have been with her most of the time. She asked me about you two and I told her where you are. I even offered to help her contact you, but surprisingly she refused and just handed me a piece of paper and asked me to deliver it to you. I’m sorry, man, but you know this is

just it. I can't do anything else."

My brother's friend said, and I stopped closing my eyes. He had done much already.

"Thank you."

I said then I disconnect and turned around to find Chris broken apart and staring at nothing.

No one would even understand what Mila is to us. We might be new acquaintances, but to us, she is just more than that.

She is the missing piece we have been looking for, since forever, and we can't be without her here with us.

I sat on the bed and hugged my brother to my chest and he shudder softly so I hugged him tighter.

“It is going to be ok, we will get her back even if I have to kill for it.”

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 36 No. 36



Mila,

“Haven’t I told you, Mila? I told you that this day will come, and you didn’t listen to me. Look, I can help you settle things down with them and help you find another school in another state. I will help you.”

Alan said as he held my hands tightly, and I looked

down at them and then at him.

“I know this is hard for you, especially after losing your grandmother, but we can do it. I will be with you always and help you achieve your goals. Let me help you, Mila please.”

I pulled my hands away softly and nodded my head at him, then turned around to get out of the office.

I thought about saying goodbye to him. He was the only one I know here at the school, but I think I was wrong to do it.

Before I got out of the door, Alan's arms wrapped around me and hugged me tightly, and buried his face in the crook of my neck.

I looked forward and saw Owen leaning against the wall with his hands wrapped around his chest and

frowning at us.

He has been following me since this morning, actually; he has been following me for almost a week now.

And honestly, I didn't mind him as my shadow. It was comforting because he felt like having Mat....

I swallowed the thought harshly and closed my eyes, trying to breathe through the pain.

"Please, Alan, you can't do this. People are watching us. I might be leaving the school, but you still work here and everyone will gossip about you. Let me go, please."

I said in my robotic voice without even blinking. I have been feeling numb since meeting Jennifer, and why wouldn't I?

I have lost everything, my Abuela, my boys, and my life. I should seriously consider ending this torture.

But I need to hold on for a bit, I can't do it here and cause them much pain. I must leave first.

“That is enough, Alan. You are causing a scene besides stopping this innocent and kind man's act. It doesn't suit you at all.”

Owen growled at Alan, startling me, and I looked at Chris's friend, then away.

It doesn't matter what his words meant, I'm leaving here and maybe the entire world.

Alan let me go, then he walked toward Owen, then his hand wrapped around his neck, choking him.

“You better learn to talk to me properly. It doesn’t fucking matter who you are or who is your family. You don’t disrespect me.”

The man growled, and I looked at him in confusion. He is usually calm and sweet, but I guess I was wrong about this as well.

“Here you are. I was getting worried about your mental state, dude.”

Owen chuckled humorlessly, then he pushed Alan away and nodded for me to follow him.

I walked silently after him as we headed to my dorm room to get my suitcase and leave.

My flight is in a few hours and I must go now if I didn’t want to be late..

“Mila, please listen to me. Don’t do this. They are on their way right now and they would be devastated if you just disappeared like this.”

He tried to convince me again, but I just shook my head and turned to face him.

“We can’t see each other again, Owen. Us was wrong from the start. I have ruined their lives and the best thing I should do right now is to just leave silently. They will forget, I promise. We only knew each other for a couple of months so it will be ok.”

Owen growled, then he rubbed his face angrily, and I sighed, then pushed his hand away and wrapped mine around his face.

“Thank you for everything. You have no idea how much comfort and peace you have provided for me during this week, and I don’t care that it was because

they asked you, not because you wanted to. Thank you for being here for me.”

I said, then I stood on my tiptoes and kissed his cheek softly, then went up to my room and got my pack, then down to find him still waiting for me.

“At least let me take you to the airport myself, ok. Please.”

I nodded my head because I felt like my tears were about to fall and I didn’t want to cry right now.

He took my bag and put them away in the car trunk while I waited for him to open the car for me.

But the moment he started the engine, and we were moving, another car came quickly and stood blocking our way.

“Thank fuck.”

Owen groaned, then he stopped the engine and got out. But I stayed in my place when I saw the two boys who came out of the other car.

Chris froze in his place, watching me with his sad eyes while Mathew got out, slamming the door, then stomped toward me.

He opened my door and pulled me outside of Owen’s car, then he glared down at me.

The tears I was holding for almost a week ran freely down my face as I looked up at his angry face.

“WHY?! TELL ME FUCKING WHY, MILA?”

He snarled at me and one of my hands shook as it stretched out to touch his face, but then I put it down.

I pushed his hand that was holding mine painfully away, then took a few steps back.

He snarled, then advanced on me, but then Chris stood in his way in between us.

“Easy, Mat. We were not here to fight, we came to talk. Take a deep breath and calm yourself.”

I put my hands above my mouth as I tried to sob silently while giving them both my back.

Owen bit his lower lip and came my way, but I shook my head, making him stop.

“There is nothing to talk about. I’m leaving and that was my choice. Thank you for everything you have done for me. I had fun while it lasted.”

I said, then I walked away, not daring to wait or look behind, but then firm but gentle hands stopped me.

“What happened, Mila? This is not you. I know something happened for you to act like this. Is it your grandmother? Or is it my mom? Tell me, please?”

Chris’s sweet but hurt voice said, and I felt like I was suffocating. I don’t deserve their love and kindness.

I’m a disease that kills everyone that gets close to me.

“Chris, what the hell do you think you are doing?”

Jennifer’s angry voice screamed, and I turned around to find her standing beside Mathew while two men were holding him in his place and he was fighting them.

I took a few steps toward them, but Jennifer glared at

me, then nodded to another couple of men and they did the same with Chris.

“We had an agreement, Mila. Don’t disappoint me, especially now, girl.”

The woman whispered in my ear and I stood in my place as I watched them drag Mathew and Christopher away.

I looked back at Owen and opened my hand for him. He frowned a little, then he handed me the letter I had written for the boys.

“Give them this.”

I said after handing her the piece of paper, then I sat in Owen’s car crying as I waited for him to take me to the airport.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 37 No. 37



Chris,

I called Mila's name as I was dragged to the black SUV while Mathew fought with the men that were trying to drag him as well.

I tried to see her; I tried to call her name. I just wanted to understand what had happened to change her like this.

But all what I saw were my mom's disapproving eyes

and her firm resolve as we drove back home.

Mathew shouted and cursed while he kicked the huge men around us, unlike me, who just sat in my place silently.

Because I knew that nothing will matter now or change what had happened and what was about to happen.

She is gone, and we have lost her forever.

We reached home and again Mathew was dragged kicking and screaming while I walked behind him like a zombie.

But when one of the men tried to retaliate when he punched him in the stomach, I woke up from my haze and attacked him.

“Don’t fucking touch him, you bastard.”

I growled as I kicked the man in his kidney, making him double over while Mathew tackled the second one to the ground.

“That is enough. There is no point in fighting. She had left already. Good riddance.”

My mom said and both I and my brother froze in our place and the men took the chance to get away.

“And why the fuck did she leave, Jennifer? TELL ME WHO FORCED HER TO LEAVE.”

My brother growled at my mother and she just looked at him, bored and unimpressed.

“How many times did I tell you to fucking behave yourself, Mathew? Respect your fucking mother.”

Mathew's father said, making me more alarmed, and I just crept slowly to stand beside him.

I have seen these two fight once in high school and god it was scary.

I don't think I might bear another time. I thought that they were going to kill each other.

"It ok darling. I understand that he is angry. The girl he loves just dumped him and left without any kind of explanation. Here, she left this for you two."

My mother said, handing Mat a piece of paper and he glared at her as he took it.

I leaned toward him to see what was written.

Hello boys,

It has come to this, ha? I know I should have said my goodbyes face to face, but I didn't want to make it more awkward than it was already.

I just wanted to thank you both for the great semester that we had together.

It was fun and all but suddenly I felt like being suffocating and found out this thing you two want would be a big obligation for me.

I thought about trying it but yet I couldn't. I'm so young for such a thing. Besides, I need to meet new people and enjoy my life.

You might think that I'm an awful person, but this is the best for you two. You have your future ahead and I'm sure that you will find the perfect matches for yourselves.

Please don't try to find me and make this more awkward than it is already. And again, thank you for the sweet memories.

Mila.

Mathew clenched the piece of paper and then tore it while he was shaking with anger.

No, this was more than simple anger. This was fear, disappointment, disbelief, and hurt.

"See, I have nothing to do with it. I'm innocent."

My mother said, and his body froze for a moment, then he advanced on her.

I cried out his name, then I threw myself between the both of them, but I was late because his father was

there and punched him in the face, making his neck snap a little and his lips were busted.

“You dare to stand in front of me and lie to my face, Jennifer? What have I ever done to you to do such a thing? What has Chris done to you to ruin the only thing good in his life? Do people and your circle of friends matter that much to you? Were you ashamed to see your son be in a relationship with a girl he shares with his brother?”

Mathew snarled at my mother and she was startled for a moment, then she pushed her husband to the side and growled at my brother.

“Did you hear yourself talking? This thing you are talking about is unheard of. This thing is taboo. How do you think people will react? If you don’t care about your reputation or your brother’s, think of ours. You have ruined Chris’s future. Don’t you have any

sympathy for my son? He has suffered enough already.”

She finished huffing and Mathew looked at me for a second, then he looked back at my mom and his father.

“Don’t you fucking dare draw that thing between us in a such dirty way. No one on this fucking earth loves my brother the same as I do. No one will fucking care for him the way I do. And no fucking one will bleed for him the same as I did. The problem is you, Jennifer. It has been you from the start. You and your fucking ego.”

Mathews’s father growled, and he was about to hit him again and this time my brother growled back, getting ready to fight him this time.

I put myself right in front of him, blocking his way, and

Mathew snarled at me, then his wild eyes met mine.

He began to pant and his chest rose and fell violently as his eyes kept staring into mine.

Then he closed his eyes and his forehead leaned against mine, his hot breath fanned my face.

We stayed like that for a couple of seconds, then he opened his eyes while his hands wrapped around my face.

He kissed my forehead while breathing harshly, and I shuddered. This doesn't look good.

"You were afraid that Mila might be the reason I will fight with Chris or even hate him for her, but you were wrong, Jennifer. You are the reason we will be strangers from this moment forward."

Mathew said after taking a few steps back and away for me and I looked at him in horror.

“Ma....Mat....”

I called his name softly while my hand tried to reach him. Mathew gave me a sad look and when my hand reached him, he held it, kissed my palm, then he let it go.

“You have won, Jennifer. I will be out of your life and your son’s.”

He said, then turned around and left us. I kept on watching his retreating figure, but the moment he disappeared, I fell to the ground.

My hot tears began to fall down my cheeks while my unblinking eyes kept looking at the door he went through.

Is what had happened right now real? Have I lost Mila and Mathew forever?

Have I become alone? No, it can't be. Mathew will never do that to me. He had promised. NO.

"Oh baby, give him some time. He will be back soon."

My mom said as she crouched beside me and her hand touched my shoulder softly.

"Don't fucking TOUCH ME."

I roared at her and she flinched away, but I ignored her as I headed upstairs to Mathew's room.

I dropped onto his bed and hugged his pillow and buried my face in it, smelling his scent while I cried.

No, I refuse to believe that is the end of it. NO, he promised to be with me forever. He promised to protect me from everything, even myself.

I won't ever forgive him. EVER.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 38 No. 38



Six years later.....

Mila,

I closed my eyes as I felt them drop. I put my head on my desk and yawned so loudly that I heard my jaws

crack.

I have been here for forty eight hours shift and I don't know why and what am I doing here still.

This isn't what my job entitles. I'm a freaking physiotherapist, for god's sake.

But I guess I had to. I need to work with a stubborn Olympic swimmer who thinks that he is perfectly fine.

I mean, he had been in a damn cast for two months and his right shoulder still needs some work.

But no, he is saying that he is doing fine, even though he winces when he tries to raise his arm.

I can see it, he can see, and the freaking entire world can. But no, he wants to make my life a living hell.

And I need to be here because he must be in perfect condition by the end of this week to join his team in their camp or whatever the fuck it is.

I cursed him more under my breath when I felt myself drift to sleep.

The sun was up in the sky and I should be ready to see the bastard now after I gave him fifteen minutes' rest, but I can't help it.

I just need to sleep. Maybe ten minutes will be perfect, yes it is.

But then it happened again, that awful dream when I stand in an empty dark place while I hear someone groan and another gasp of pain.

At first, I was scared, no; I was terrified, but then I creep slowly to the source of the sound.

I stumble upon something on the floor and when I reach what seems to be someone's body; I try to blindly reach them.

But then there is some faint light, and I gasp in fear when I see Chris's bloody face twisted in pain.

I throw myself at him after calling his name several times and when he doesn't answer me; I try to check his vitals.

After making sure that he was still alive, I just search his body to find the source of this blood and why he kept moaning in pain.

But then a painful grip had me by the shoulders and I'm thrown away.

"How dare you touch him and look like as if you care

for him? You have left him, left us. See what that had caused him? See what you have made me do, Mila. SEE WHAT HAVE YOU DONE.”

Mathew’s voice roars and I flinch away from the big scary shadow that was looming over me.

I tried to look at him closely, but his face was always dark and hidden behind shadows.

But this time I stood up and walked on shaky legs and my uncertain hands rose to touch his face.

He took a few steps back and away from me, but I followed him. I will see his face this time. I have missed him.

But when I was able to touch his face, I felt my heart break when my hands were drenched in his tears.

“I’m....m... sorry... I had to leave....This was the only solution. I have ruined your life and if I ever chose to stay with you, I might have killed you as I have done to my grandmother. Please Mathew understand.”

I said softly and his body shook with his sobs and I cried harshly, but then I felt another body behind me and I knew it was Chris.

“You thought wrong. We have been dead since you left. We have been no more since you abandoned us. You have killed us, Mila. You might not have put the knife in, but you certainly drew blood. So don’t ask for forgiveness that will never be given. You are dead to us Mila and I hope that you suffer the same as we did and still, thanks to you.”

Chris snarled from behind me, and I dropped to my knees as I wailed.

I can't believe this. My sweet and kind Chris would never say such a thing.

I watched them as they both left. Each one was in the opposite direction, and they didn't even look at each other.

I put my hand over my chest when I felt like suffocating and, even though I was breathing perfectly fine, I felt like dying.

“Sofia..... Sofia.....SOFIA!!!”

Someone called my name, and I was startled and woke up. I looked at the nurse that was calling me by my second name that I have been using for six years now and never gotten used to it.

“Your patient is waiting for you and doctor Arthur asked for you as well, something about your next

patient.”

I nodded my head at the nurse who was frowning at me, but by now they are used to this scene.

Me sleeping after a long day and waking up with tears on my face.

I washed my face quickly, then looked at my reflection in the mirror to make sure that I was presentable, then I headed to my stubborn patient.

And after spending two more agonizing hours with him, I went to see Arthur, who was waiting for me in his room.

He was the talented orthopedic surgeon in the hospital here in Birmingham and we had a lot of work cooperation if I might call it that.

Or work is always tangled and I handle a lot of his patients after surgeries, so we have been friends for a couple of days now.

So when I knocked on the door and he allowed me to enter, he smiled and got up from behind his desk and hugged me tightly.

“How have you been doing, love? You look horrible.”

He said after kissing the top of my head and I chuckled, then slapped his shoulder, making him laugh softly.

“Again, you need to work on your flirting technique, Ar. If I was someone else, I would have slapped you on the fucking face.”

I said after he let me go and guided me to the comfy couch on the corner.

Then he brought me a steaming mug of coffee and handed it to me.

I accepted the thing gladly and began to sip it as he sat beside me and held me to his side softly.

“Then thank god that you are not any other girl, darling.”

He said then he went silent for a long moment and I frowned and then put my half empty mug on the small coffee table in front of me.

“What is it?”

I asked him softly after I sat slightly at the side to be able to see his face clearly.

He sighed, then held both of my hands in his, and

then looked me straight in the eye.

“I’m in deep trouble, and you are the only one who might help me, Sofia.”

He said, and I nodded my head, not saying anything, and waited for him to finish.

“I’m sorry to ask you in that way, but would you marry me?”

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[THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING](#)

Chapter 39 No. 39



Chris,

“Get the fuck out of my damn room? I have told you a million times to never come here ever again. I don’t want to fucking see you. Get out.”

I roared at the infuriating man, who was still sitting on his chair with his small notepad in his hand and he was busy writing on it.

I gripped the armrests tightly and felt my nails dig into the soft leather.

“Mr. Izaak, I told you that I’m here to help you and you need to allow me to do such, so please refrain from being aggressive with me, please.”

The shrink said coldly, and I snarled at him then looked around my room searching for something to throw at the fucker.

But I found nothing. The room was empty, only the bed was there, to make it easy for me to move around with no accidents.

“I told you to fuck off.”

I gritted out, and the man sighed, then he stood up, gave me a calculating look, then smirked.

“If you hate seeing me this much, then throw me outside yourself, what is stopping you?”

The fucker said as he glanced down at my feet and the wheelchair I was sitting on.

And I swallowed harshly at the invisible slap. He was using my disability against me.

“Sweetheart, do you want me to break both of his

knees and throw him in the street like a crippled dog? Just give me the order and I will do it for you, babe.”

Owen said softly and even though his voice was low but the look on his face was murderous.

He pushed the door open forcefully, then entered the room, and he gave me a small kiss on the lips after leaning down.

I sighed against his lips, closing my eyes, and our foreheads leaned against each other for a couple of heartbeats.

“What the hell is going on here? Owen, you know that this is the time for his meeting with his psychiatrist. And you can’t treat him like that.”

My mother shrieked at Owen, who huffed, then opened his eyes to whisper.

“Your mother doesn’t like me. I wonder why?”

He said softly, and I huffed a little smile as I watched him stand to his full height and give my mom a cold smile.

“How are you doing, Jennifer? I came here to give my BOYFRIEND a bath. You know that I’m a very jealous man and I don’t like it when others looked or touched what is mine. Besides, I think Chris and me deserve some alone time, don’t you think?”

Owen said, throwing the boyfriend’s word at my mom because he knows how much it angers her.

Actually, our relationship can’t be defined as boyfriends and it can’t be best friends.

This thing I’m sharing with Owen is very different, and

it is not friends with benefits kind of this as well.

We just find comfort in each other's arms, and that is enough for us for now.

We had an agreement when we find someone else we shouldn't feel sad or sorry about it because this isn't a real thing.

"Look, Chris needs these sessions because we all know that his illness is not physical anymore. It's psychological, and he needs to admit it before he starts to walk again and resume his life normally. That is if he wanted to be back on the basketball court again."

The fucking doctor said, and I just pushed my wheelchair aiming to fucking kick his ass, but Owen stopped me smiling and he did it for me.

“You can’t keep on living like this, son? You can’t put your life on hold for what...I have no idea.”

Jennifer cried out, and I looked at her, not feeling anything. I have lost any affection for her for six years now, since that day.

“What are you doing here, Jennifer? You know I don’t want to see your face.”

I snarled at her, and she flinched away, but I kept glaring at her pathetic reaction.

“I’m here to give you a woke up call, Chris. You are perfectly fine. Yes, you had an accident, and you had a couple of surgeries, but now you are perfectly fine. Why act like....as if you are.....”

She said, then shut up without finishing her last sentence, so I threw my head back and finished her

sentence for her.

“As if I was crippled? Because Jennifer, that is what I am now. I’m not an NBA player, I’m not a functioning man anymore. I will spend the rest of my life like this, on this stupid chair.”

I spat out at her and she put her hand above her mouth and cried softly, but then her husband came into the room and pulled her to his chest, and then looked at me.

“We came to tell you that we will be away for a couple of months, or maybe more. So your brother will be in charge of you. We are leaving tomorrow.”

I felt a painful tug at my chest when he mentioned my brother, and I gritted my teeth as I answered him.

“I have no brothers, Cullum. I’m an only child. Maybe I

once had one, but he is dead for years now.”

I said, then I turned my wheelchair around, giving them my back and telling them that we were done here.

“Don’t you think that you were harsh on them? They are assholes, but they actually are worried about you.”

Owen said after he crouched beside me and I closed my eyes and my taut muscles eased.

“Ok then, I have prepared your bath. Let me clean you up. Unfortunately, I can’t stay for long.”

He said as he guided my wheelchair to the bathroom beside my room.

He helped me to take off my clothes, then held my

waist, then slowly lowered me into the warm water.

He smirked at me, then took off his clothes as well, then he sat behind me, and his hands wrapped around my waist and sighed.

“I have missed you. I really want to spend more time with you, but you know that it is almost the season, and the coach is kicking our asses right now.”

I swallowed harshly because I felt jealous. If I was not like this, I would have been practicing with him.

We have been on the same team for years now, actually; we have been together long before.

Owen hadn't left me ever since that night, I have lost everything. He was my rock from that day.

“It is ok, you still have the time to join us. I have faith

in you, babe. I will wait, so don't take long."

He said while he kissed my neck softly and I leaned to the side, giving him more space.

I hissed when he bit my earlobe, then his hands crept down and he began to stroke my cock, which responded to his touch instantly.

"Oh, hello there. I see little Chris has missed me, too."

He said teasingly, and I chuckled softly because I know that he was trying to annoy me.

"Fucker, you know that he isn't so little. Besides, my cock is bigger than yours."

I said to him but then moaned when his dick began to rub against the small of my back.

“Oh, we will see about that in a few seconds. I just hope that little Chris won’t get tired quickly. ”

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 40 No. 40



Mathew,

“I don’t give a fuck how the market did him dirty or how fucking did he lose most of his fortune. He owes me millions and I won’t sit here waiting for the bank to take the rest of his assets as a payment. Look into it and find me something that is enough payment for what he owes me. I don’t care what the fuck it might be.”

I snarled at my lawyer, and the head of my financial team and they frowned at me.

I took off my damn tie and drank some of my whiskey because I was fucking tired.

We have been here for three hours and so far these two and their teams have been talking without providing me with anything worth my time.

That fucker had taken some money from me and now he had fucking lost everything he got.

It is not my fucking problem. I was generous enough to give him the money and wait for two years for it, but now I need it.

I'm a businessman and I need that money. This isn't a fucking charity.

“I...I might have a suggestion for you.”

Some guy said from the end of my office room, I think he is from my financial team. I’m not sure.

But his manager glared at him and the man looked down and then looked away, afraid.

“Speak!”

I ordered the man making him flinch, but then he walked slowly to my desk and showed me a picture on his phone, making me frown, then cock a brow at him.

“He owns fifty five percent of the shares in this team. He basically owns this basketball team.”

I leaned back and narrowed my eyes at the man, who

was sweating nervously now.

“You might not know them, but they won the championship several times and they are amazing.”

The man said, looking at me expectantly, thinking that I was a big stupid asshole who knows nothing about basketball.

But I know this specific team. This is where Chris is playing. I have watched a couple of his games and felt relieved when I saw Owen there with him.

It made me feel more at ease because I thought that he was not alone, but at least he has a friend with him.

“If you demanded the shares and claimed them for yourself, it will be a huge investment for you, sir. I know that there were a couple of stupid articles

talking about their star player and his small accident and how it might affect them. But I'm sure that Chris Izaak we will join this season and it would his best so far."

The man spoke quickly with so much enthusiasm as if he had forgotten his fear.

But then a few words registered in my mind and I stood up abruptly, then pulled the man to my face over my desk.

"What the fuck did you say? What the fuck happened to Christopher? I didn't see anything on the news or heard about any kind of injuries."

I snarled at the man who stared at me with big wide eyes, then I felt like he was about to faint, so I let him go.

I began to pace my office as they all watched me, trying to control my breathing, and I stopped myself from bashing the man's head.

He was taking so fucking long to answer me.

“Six months ago, he had an accident in one of his games and he had a hip fracture. He had a couple of surgeries and they say that he will be fine and join his team this season..”

I kept on pacing after hearing the man's answer, thinking about it. He had an accident, and I didn't fucking know.

My phone rang, and I ignored it, but when it kept on ringing, I just snarled and looked at the caller ID and found Cullum's name.

“Do as this man said and I want those shares as soon

as possible, but first I want to see all the records and get a grip on the financial situation of the team and how much profit it will get me. Get out of my office.”

I snarled at all of them and they ran out of my office before I dropped into my chair.

I accepted the call and said nothing, waiting for my father to talk first, but when he didn't say anything, I spoke instead.

“This isn't our monthly call time to discuss business.”

He sighed on the other side, then I heard him walk and then close a door.

“This isn't about work, this is about your family.”

He said firmly, and I chuckled humorlessly for a long moment before responding to him.

“I don’t have a family, Cullum. You better say what you have before I disconnect.”

“I will take Jennifer away for a while. She has been depressed since Chris’s accident, so the doctors advised us to spend some time away. And because your brother is giving us hell, and he listens to no one, then I thought about you. He is your responsibility now, Mathew.”

My father said firmly, making me clench my fist tightly. Who the fuck he thinks he is to order me like that?

And why the fuck didn’t he tell me about Chris before? Why did he choose now?

“As I said, I have no family and I have no obligation toward Chris or either of you.”

I snarled at him and he sighed, then spoke softly before disconnecting.

“I don’t care what choice you would make, Mathew. We are leaving tomorrow morning. I have sent you an email with all the accident details, medical information and report, his psychological situation, and everything else about where he is staying now. You can do whatever you want with this information.”

My father said then he was gone. I stared at my phone for a while, then threw it against the wall, shattering it into a million pieces.

I sat behind the desk, and my laptop screen flashed when I received a new email.

I opened the email and my heart thudded violently in my chest when I read the doctors’ report about my brother’s physical health before and after the

surgeries.

Then I almost wailed when I saw the psychological report about how he was using his accident to punish himself for something.

He thinks that this was the karma he needed and now he thinks a life of a crippled wheelchair man is the best for him.

I held my hair in my hands and began to tug on it, tearing my hair in the process.

What the fuck Chris? I had left for you to make your life easier because I know Jennifer very well.

After she got rid of Mila, it would be my turn. She has been always afraid of us and the definition and meaning of our relationship.

She was afraid that it might be more than being best friends and brothers. That is why I left.

To spare you the pain and heartache, I didn't want you to lose your mother as well.

Because I knew that you would have to choose one day either her or me and I was fucking afraid.

Not because you won't choose me, but because I was sure of it. I'm more important to you than her.

But that scared me shitless because one day you will hate me too because I would be the reason why you lost your father and mother as well.

And this would have killed me, Chris. I can endure anything but see that hateful look in your eyes.

That is why I have left because I'm a coward, Chris.

So why the fuck this is happening to you, why?

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