

THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 51 No. 51



Mila,

What am I actually still doing here?

He is fine, his brother is taking care of him and his doctor said that he is perfectly good, so why did I insist on staying?

Because I'm a fucking masochist, that is why? I knew that this all happened because of me and I chose to stay.

If I was a normal person, I would have just left and gone back to England.

I opened the fridge and found it empty as well. That is

weird. What does he eat? I have heard that he has a housekeeper and stuff, but is all his food takeaways only?

I went back to the living room to search for my phone, then I texted Owen asking him about the passcode and the closest store.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 52 No. 52



Chris,

I looked around, then hugged myself tightly. It feels empty, quiet, and cold.

It has been years since I felt like this, but I always was busy practicing, playing, or out drinking with my friends. I kept myself that way.

And the rest of the time I was with Owen, I was never alone and it was on purpose.

At some point, I was always drinking and fucking all types of girls. Sometimes it might be more than one at the same night.

And when I felt that I was sucked into this repetitive, harmful, and toxic cycle, Owen interfered.

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[THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING](#)



Mathew,

During the car ride and she gave me her address, we said nothing, and it was fine by me.

But when we stopped in front of her building. I frowned at the state of the place because this shit looks it needed some work.

“Stay here.”

I ordered her then got out and looked around the place, the back alley, and even some other areas and I didn't like what I was seeing at all.

They might take advantage of her, they might hurt or they might even try to.....

I shook my head to get rid of the last thought. Why would I care if someone here might be interested in her?

I need to focus on my brother, and that is it. She can do the fuck she wants.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 54 No. 54



Chris,

I panted after shouting at them both. Why are they so stupid, so dense to understand what I want, what I

need?

I looked away from Owen's hurt eyes and Mathew's angry ones and crawled to my room.

This time no one stopped me and even though it fucking hurt like hell, I didn't show it.

It was humiliating to crawl like a fucking animal in front of them. I don't need their pity as well.

I hit his face and stomach, asking him silently to let me go and fuck off, but he didn't budge.

Then I just hit his face harshly. I actually heard something snap, so I froze entirely and then looked at him.

His head was looking to the side and there was a little cut on his lower lip, and it was actually bleeding.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 55 No. 55



Mila,

I woke up startled, then I looked around me in confusion when I didn't recognize the surrounding place.

But then I dropped back and sighed, closing my eyes while I put my arm over my eyes.

I forgot to close the curtains and now it was sunny and the sun was hitting me in the face.

The phone ringing that woke me stopped, and I closed my eyes, tired of thinking about going back to sleep.

Not because I was afraid or some pushover but because I was mentally and physically drained.

Because now I understood that this thing is bigger than me, and it will be hard to handle.

I was still fucking shaking from the inside, and this wasn't professional at all.

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[THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING](#)



Mathew,

I sent the last email, then closed my eyes and groaned loudly. I have been sitting here for five hours sending emails and closing deals.

I need to have an open schedule for a couple or a few months in advance.

I need to be there for Chris and in order to fix all of this shit; I need to be with him twenty four / seven.

I groaned, then started to massage my temples because I had a mean headache and it was even hard to open my eyes.

It fucking hurt.

But I need to handle this last damn thing first, then go

back to Chris. It has been a couple of days and I was worried.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 57 No. 57



Chris,

“Look, you will talk to me eventually, so you better start now. I have been moping around like a kicked puppy for a few days now, but know this, I won’t give up.”

Mila said, huffing as she watched me drink my juice while I watched the sunset.

It was amazing, and the warm orange and red colors calmed me. I even wasn't bothered by Mila's nagging.

The coach even has given me an earful because he doesn't like me slaking here and gaining weight.

His exact words not mine, but I ignored them all like I'm doing with her now.

They might think what I'm going through just right now is mental, but I was aching deep inside.

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[THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING](#)

Chapter 58 No. 58





Mila,

I stood in a corner watching the new man hoisting Owen up, then put him in our car.

I put my hand above my mouth and held my breath because fuck, that was scary.

We rushed here without talking after the phone call Chris had received.

I thought something bad had happened to someone he knew, but then I found us stopping in front of a busy nightclub even though it was still early.

I looked around me at the people who were wearing beautiful sparkly dresses and dancing.

I have never been to one of those nightclubs because

I didn't have the time.

I was busy studying and having a part time job to help with my living expenses.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 59 No. 59



Mathew,

I pushed the brakes when my phone rang for the sixth time. This was too much. He should understand by now that I won't pick up.

Someone honked at me as his car zoomed passing

me and I flipped him off, even though I know he won't see it.

The phone rang again, and I growled loudly after holding it and thought about chucking it away and getting rid of it, but I fucking need it.

My father said, and I gritted my teeth. I fucking hate him. I hate everything about him.

He stood there and watched me and my brother fall apart. He did nothing as Jennifer pushed the only woman we loved away.

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[THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING](#)



Mila,

I groaned loudly and then stretched while I tossed on the soft, warm bed.

It has been a while since I felt this great after a long, peaceful night of sleep.

I smiled with my eyes still closed and decided to get some sleep before my alarm went off.

Chris was feeling bad after what Owen had done, so I need to be there for.....

Was it Mr. cold and rude J or Owen? It can't be Chris and it can't be Owen. The man was out cold and I know he will take a lot to sober up.

I shook my head, then went to the bathroom to do my

business, then washed my face.

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