

THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 81 No. 81 Part 1



Mathew,

Seriously, for fuck's sake! What is this circus?

This morning I woke up in an excellent mood and happy with my almost reconciliation with Chris. I was trying to lighten up the mood and goof around then, Bam!

In a second, everything changed, and all of it happened because of this little shit and his father. I thought, narrowing my eyes as I looked at the little brat sitting on Chris's lap.

I pinched the bridge of my nose, feeling myself seconds away from exploding and just going on a

fucking rampage. And it would be in my own right.

But instead, I just stomped to where my Chris was sitting, feeding the little shit and chuckling at something the kid said, planning to just throw him away.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 82 No. 82 Part 2

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Mathew,

My hands clenched around the steering wheel as I drove my car to Owen's brother Oliver's house.

After I demanded that he call him and he eventually did and opened the speaker for us to hear their conversation, but his brother asked us to give him a visit.

He said things like this can't be discussed over the phone, so now I'm heading to his house with that doctor with me, even though I told him no.

I asked the man after taking a left turn following Owen's car as it lead our little convoy to our destination.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING





Chris,

This is fishy, something is happening and they don't want me to know about it!

I thought as I watched Peter play outside with his father's guards, checking the place as if someone will jump out of nowhere to kidnap the kid or something.

I know now that they are nobility or whatever, but still; they are miles and miles away from England and why would anyone want to hurt either of them? It is weird.

The entire thing was really weird. First, Owen showed up, then he went outside with Mathew and J.

Then Arthur followed them and half an hour later, my brother told me he has something to do and all of them left.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 84 No. 84



Mathew,

I drove back home silently and this time the doctor didn't say anything and he was deep in thought as well.

Meeting Oliver didn't add much to our situation, and it didn't help to get closer to the truth, but I knew one thing.

What happened to Chris was bigger than I actually

thought in the beginning, and the issue might not be just because of Owen.

I guess he needed to discuss this new relevance with them as well, so I just sent J to give them more depth about this shit.

As of now, no one here is safe because we don't know what does this Carlos really wants from my brother. So we all need to be more careful.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 85 No. 85



Mila,

I hobbled on my foot as I took the stairs one at a time and so painfully slowly, which killed me.

I have never been clumsy, and I always was careful with anything I do, but what happened two days ago was so embarrassing.

I was trying to put the first aid kit back in its place, but then my feet slipped and I fell on my right foot, almost breaking it.

I just freaking hurt, even though the swelling and the bruising were starting to vanish. It still hurt whenever I tried to stand on it.

Arthur told me to be patient and take some time to heal, but now I knew what my patients felt when I told them those words.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 86 No. 86



Chris,

I pushed my wheelchair harshly, heading to my room.

Who the fuck does he think he is to tell me that? It has been months since I had some happiness in my life.

I have been living like a cripple for months and I hated every second of it. He doesn't know how many times I wished to die.

Or how many times I did actually try to and failed miserably, which added to how shit I felt about myself.

I snarled harshly as I pushed to the dresser and threw everything I was able to reach on the floor. I growled as I watched it shatter.

But this wasn't enough. I pushed the fucking wheelchair away and stood on my shaky legs panting and breathing harshly like an angry bull.

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[THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING](#)

Chapter 87 No. 87



Mathew,

“I knew that you enjoy a little pain, but I’m planning to know your limits today, Chris. I won’t take it easy or patiently. I will just fucking use you, brother, and this is your punishment for all this fuss you made.”

I said those words, and I meant them, even though I was never been the man to give or take the pain and consider it a pleasure.

But it is the hard way with Chris always. He just loses his shit and then finds out that he was exaggerating or acting childishly.

Though I can understand why he was angry and even furious. He has been confined to this wheelchair life for long and now he can just leave all of this behind.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 88 No. 88



Mila,

I stood in my place with my hand still up in the air. I was about to pound on that door after I heard Chris and Mathew fight.

But then suddenly what I was hearing wasn't fighting noises, and I was frozen in my place didn't know if I should turn around and leave silently or just keep standing here and listen to whatever that was.

But thank god Arthur was here to help me. He basically pulled my frozen statue back to the kitchen,

which looked comical.

My friend said, making me shake my head and drop onto the chair that was thankfully closer to me, still shell shocked.

I went there dragging my leg behind me when I heard the sound of shattering glass and screaming. I kept on knocking on the door, calling their names, but they didn't stop.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 89 No. 89



Mila,

“Seriously, you are wearing this? We need to buy you a sexier dress, especially if you want to go on that adventure of yours with Mathew.”

Arthur said from where he was sitting on my bed in his suit while he watched me fix my makeup a little and looking lost.

Ok, makeup and dolling up were never my expertise, and I have never given them much thought. Unlike other women, I barely put it and it shows.

“Just shut up and get out of my room. What are you doing here criticizing me? Besides, it’s just an intimate party from what I heard, so I guess it is you who is overdressed.”

I said, glaring at him in the mirror and cursing after

because my eyeliner is crocked again and it doesn't match the other side.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 90 No. 90



Chris,

I started to feel suffocated.

I was happy to see my friends and talk to them again. It reminded me of our time in the court but it was too much.

I felt overwhelmed by all the laughs, lights, and

noises. It was too much for me to take all at once.

And even though Mathew had noticed it so he stuck around, still it wasn't helping my situation. It felt like one of those panic attacks I get from now and then.

I said, getting his attention, but he shook his head and his angry eyes landed on me, making me frown at the man.

“Ok, spit it out. You have been acting as if there is a stick stuck to your ass since we were back home. You went to get Mila but then you stomped downstairs huffing and buffing.”

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