

THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 91 No. 91

Mathew,

“Why the fuck are you calling me?”

I snarled at her on the phone; we have ended everything and there is nothing between us to talk about, so why the fuck is she calling me?

“Wow, at least say a simple hi or how are you doing? You are treating me as if I was a nobody to you, Mathew. We were engaged and I think we can't end things like this. We have a lot to discuss, and I have an offer for you.”

“There is nothing between us to discuss and I'm sure as fuck that I told you last time that we are done,

engagement or business wise. We are fucking over.”

I said snarling at the woman and she went silent for a moment, but then she burst out laughing, making me grit my teeth.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 92 No. 92



Mila,

I groaned, then I turned around huffing because I felt like being suffocated in my bed and I tried to just stretch.

But then nothing happened, and I tried again to do it, this time with some force, and I groaned in relief when I was able to stretch my legs and arms.

I felt like my head was about to split open and my stomach was hurting me so badly that I curled around myself again when I felt the pain.

God, I really need something for the pain and just some cold water because I was very thirsty and my tongue was sticking to the top of my mouth.

“If you fucking need something, get your ass out of the bed or give us some space and I will gladly do it for you. But please take your knees away. You are smashing my fucking balls.”

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Chapter 93 No. 93

Chris,

I smiled as I watched Mathew move around the kitchen as he was preparing breakfast for all of us while entirely clothed this time.

He has been careful ever since that incident with Peter and I didn't let him forget about it as well. I kept on nagging him whenever I could.

So as a result, no sexy back or sexy abs for me which sucked, but it can't be helped. We have a young kid with us.

“Of course, your highness, you always do ask for those every and each morning and as the dutiful servant that I am, I do them for you.”

My brother said sarcastically, making me laugh behind my hand because he was fuming inside but couldn't say anything to the poor kid.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 94 No. 94



Mathew,

I knew that he will get mad at me but again some

things can't be helped and in order to keep him safe I need to do that.

I didn't ask Mila to come and honestly; I don't want her to be with me there because I will be worried all the time and I won't focus on anything.

I will be worried about her safety, I will be worried that anyone might notice her, and I will fucking be angry if that happened.

All these thoughts have been floating around in my mind unanswered, but I couldn't speak them out loud.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING



Mila,

I started to bite my fingernails, then stopped because I was ruining the freshly painted nail polish that Mathew had paid a lot for.

I went back to my mirror and gasped in horror because this was not me. The woman that is staring back at me is someone entirely different in that dress and this makeup.

I didn't give it much thought because I was tired; I have spent the day going to spas, then did my hair and my nails. I was being pampered all day and by night. I felt tired.

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Chapter 96 No. 96



Mathew,

My hands clutched Mila's tightly the moment we entered that door and everything around us assaulted my senses.

The loud noises of music and chattering people, the lights that kept flickering and changing colors, and the scents that packed the place varied from sweet and sugary to the ones of drugs.

The man that was guiding us walked forward, then he stopped beside a leather couch, one of many that

littered the place.

And every few couches were looking at a platform that has a couple or more doing different sexual performances.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 97 No. 97



Mila,

What did I just watch right now and why is my heart thudding violently against my chest?

It is like a dream come true. I have always imagined

these scenes and scenarios in my mind and I just forgot all about them when I went to the UK.

But all these thoughts, all those images, and all those scenes I used to draw in my mind and on paper came out to life.

So I just went back to the scene as I gulped some of my drink and started to pant as I saw Mathew fuck Chris hard, making him thrust violently inside of me.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 98 No. 98



Mathew,

“I see, then you have a type if we considered that woman over there to be your new girlfriend. Ok then, you can look as much as you like, but you can’t touch.”

Mila said drunkenly as she leaned back against my chest and her hands started to stroke both of my legs seductively, then she looked back at me.

“I like you, sweetheart, but sadly you are taken and your man is already in love. I can see it in his eyes. I swear if you two were here just to have funned I would have stolen you from him, but I’m not that man. I don’t know if I should be proud of myself or just feel stupid.”

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Chapter 99 No. 99

Chris,

I stayed in the kitchen for a while then when I felt nervous I went to the living room then went to my room and tried to relax but this didn't work so I just went back to the living room.

Arthur was sitting there typing something on his laptop while Peter was sleeping on the couch with his head in his father's lap.

I pushed my wheelchair forward then I opened the tv and made the volume so low in order not to wake up

Peter and tried to find something to watch.

And I settled on the sports channel that was running an old football game, so I just started watching the game blankly.

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Chapter 100 No. 100



Mathew,

I carried the half sleeping woman in my arms when I got out of the car and into the house and found Arthur sitting on the couch watching a football game while drinking beer.

The man gave me a nod, and I just ignored him and went to Chris's room, only to find him hugging that fucker on his bed.

I watched my brother silently as he walked on shaky legs like a toddler with a frown of pain on his face, but I was proud of him because he was improving.

“No, she is fine, just drunk and you know her when she drinks.”

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