

THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 41 No. 41

Mila,

I looked down at my dress nervously, then my hand touched my loose hair and I bit my lower lip.

Ok, this isn't the first time I have met with Arthur's family, but this time I'm nervous and scared of their judgemental eyes.

I took a deep breath as I looked at the big house in front of me and then at Arthur, who was smiling at something on his phone.

So I just focused on my breathing and tried to be calmer. I wasn't like this when he proposed goddammit.

I shrieked silently when a big hand held mine and I looked at him glaring and he just grinned childishly.

“I’m sorry, but you look so nervous and I don’t know why? This isn’t the first time that you meet my parents. Besides, Peter is so excited to see you tonight, he keeps sending me these emojis and happy grammatically wrong messages.”

He said chuckling, then he showed me his son’s messages, and I laughed as well.

It was so cute and you can actually see it in his sentences. I wasn’t sure if he was just giddy or if he needs a new English teacher, but seriously, this calmed me a bit.

“It might have been a week or so, but I’m so excited to see him again. You know how much I love Peter.”

I told him honestly, and my friend smiled, then he kissed the top of my head.

“I’m sorry to put you in this hard situation, but you know that I wouldn’t do it if I could. You are the only one who understands how hard it.....”

He started to say, and I grinned at him then stood on my tiptoes, or at least tried with these freaking heels, and hugged him tightly.

“It is ok besides it is about time you pampered me, dude. I mean, I don’t mind being spoiled with presents and gifts which, by the way, I will send you the list of after this dinner.”

I said, then pushed him away and walked toward the door that has been open for us for a while now.

Arthur's family was a very rich one, and they actually are related to the royal family.

His parents have a royal title as well, and Arthur, their only son, will inherit everything after they pass away.

Even Peter will have all of this in the end, so it was making me nervous because it felt like a commoner meeting royalty.

Elizabeth, his mother, was already waiting for us and she rushed to hug her son the moment she noticed us coming her way.

“Oh Arthur, it has been a while. I have missed you.”

She said softly as she hugged him and my friend smiled tenderly as he hugged her back.

And the dinner went well after making me relax. But

when we were sitting in a cozy living room having a drink and watching Peter play with his toys for a while before going to bed, Arthur announced our engagement.

“Actually, I came here to tell you that Sofia had accepted my marriage proposal, but we have decided to have a two years engagement before actually doing it.”

He said easily, and I looked up at him, then at his parents who were watching us, shocked.

But seconds later, they both hugged me and congratulated us, and then were drinking wine.

“I’m so happy that it was you, Sofia. I have been praying that you two would end together.”

Elizabeth said while she was in her husband’s arms,

looking at us happily.

“Yes, but mostly I’m happy that this happened to shut all these talking tongues and that awful ex of yours. She is still blabbering about you with everyone.”

I swallowed harshly and looked away, not meeting Arthur’s face because I knew how sensitive he was about this issue.

“Just let her be father, besides this is the twenty first century. Who cares about anyone’s sexuality nowadays?”

He said nonchalantly and acted as if he can’t care less, but I can see that he was angry from the tightness of his eyes.

“For us it is, and that is why she is telling everyone that she divorced you because you are gay. Fucking

cunt.”

The man swore under his breath, then his wife whispered something in his ear and the conversation turned toward simpler topics.

After three more hours, we excused ourselves and I was with Arthur in his car, driving me back to my small apartment.

“I’m sorry for everything that had happened tonight and sorry to put you in this situation.”

My friend said, and I felt sad for him but I wasn’t forced. I did because I wanted to.

“It is ok. You don’t have to be annoyed. Besides you know I have promised to never be involved romantically with anyone, so if I can help you with this problem, then why not?”

I said to him, and he gave me a small smile and then focused on the road.

“By the way, someone has asked me a favor and I think it might be good for us both to have a change of scenery, so you are coming with me, too.”

My friend said, and I frowned at him when he was grinning stupidly. Now, what is the new shit you are dragging me in, Ar?

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 42 No. 42



Mathew,

I stood frozen in my place, looking at the small house they have bought for Chris and w was overlooking the sea.

I guess they thought that the view might help with his problem, but they don't know how much he hates the ocean.

He has bad memories about it and the times when his father had forced him to learn how to swim.

The fucker used to throw him in the swimming pool and just let him try not to drown. He even did it once when they were in Hawaii as well.

Chris almost drowned that time, and he still remembers the taste of the salty water that filled his lungs and stomach.

Later, I was able to help him overcome this phobia. Despite that, he hated the sea, pools, and swimming as well.

I got out of my car and gritted my teeth in annoyance. They didn't even bother to ask him what about what he wanted.

He always wanted to have a penthouse in one of those skyscrapers. He wanted to live among the clouds, staring at the stars every night.

That is why I'm living in one right now. It is my way of torturing myself and being reminded of what I did to my brother. I'm a fucking masochist, but I earned it.

I took a couple of steps toward the door, then stopped again with my hand on the smart lock door.

I already know the passcode and everything, I know that he is there with the housekeeping.

But still, I was afraid to enter even though I know that he was sleeping by now; it was late.

I drove directly from the office, and it took me three hours to get there. It was past four in the morning.

I took a deep breath, then opened the door softly and walked to the right to where his room was.

The door was half open and there was a faint light coming out of the room.

I thought about leaving again, but it has been over six years since I have seen him.

I just can't leave like this at least. I need to make sure with my own eyes that he was doing well.

I walked softly inside the room and took a look around me and gritted my teeth at how empty it was.

But I guess it was necessary to allow him to use his wheelchair freely around the room.

I crept to the big bed and my chest clenched when I saw the said wheelchair at the end of it.

I held my breath when I saw a movement on the bed, then there I heard Chris's groans and moans.

"Look, I know that your father had called you and that you feel obligated to take care of him, but you don't. He has me and I will help him overcome this and recover from this setback. I don't think showing up like this in his life might help him. You have hurt him, Mathew, and it took me years to make him come to terms with everything. And I will be fucking damned if

I let you ruin all of my hard work.”

Owen growled at me, then he threw his cigarette in the sand and wrapped his arms around his naked chest, waiting for my answer.

But my mind was still stuck on the fact that he was Christopher’s boyfriend.

The mere thought made me feel sick, and I want to fall to my knees and scream. No, this can’t be true.

“Think this through. But know this I will fight tooth and nail for Chris because I love him. I will never let you hurt him again, Mathew. I will kill for that too, so you need to be careful about what you will do next.”

Owen said before turning around and leaving, but I sneered and stopped him, making him turn around.

“You saying this thinking that I might be intimidated, Owen? But I see that there are things you don’t know about me or Chris yet. But our bond is fucking bigger than just mere words. You are threatening me saying that you will kill for Chris but I have already done it before and I’m not afraid to do it, again and again, Owen. It is you who should be afraid of me because you have taken something that doesn’t belong to you and I always get back what is mine, no matter what.”

I snarled, then turned around, heading back to my car to leave this place. My chest was clenching, and I didn’t want to break down in front of him.

But after half an hour, I called my lawyer and that man from before, telling them to finalize the fucking paper today.

I want to be the owner of this team, no matter what. I will be back in Chris’s life, whether he liked it or not.

I will dig my way back to his heart even if he didn't want to. I have left him before thinking that it was for the best, but now no.

His best is with me, not with anyone else. Chris was mine since that day we met when we were just kids and I won't let some fucker like Owen take him from me.

He is mine to care for, mine to protect, mine to torment and mine to..... love.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 43 No. 43





Chris,

something must have happened because this isn't normal.

I know that Owen might have a little bit of a temper, but he was always cheerful and smiling in front of me and with me.

So seeing him drive the car angrily and snarling at anyone who even dares to look his way makes me nervous.

I have tried to talk to him a couple of times and when his answers came out clipped and short, I just shut my mouth.

He was especially ominous when he asked me to change the house passcode to something I prefer.

But he made me fucking puzzled when he asked not to use any of my family birthdays or something like that, so I ended up using his jerseys and mine numbers.

This seemed to lighten up his mood a little, and he gave me a sweet kiss, but then when he got a phone call after, he was even angrier than before.

We stopped to get coffee and, of course, he had a fight with someone simply because he made us wait.

“Spill it out. What the fuck is wrong with you today?”

I asked him because I can't take it anymore and honestly; I wanted something to take my mind away from this team meeting.

It has been a while since I saw them and I don't like

the thought of them seeing me use my wheelchair. I don't want their pity.

Owen gripped the steering wheel tightly, and I saw how white his knuckles turned before he answered me.

“Nothing. It is something related to my brother and the shit he is doing.”

He said in a clipped tone and I huffed, then looked outside through the window, watching the people in the street.

Liar, I know that his brother is the boss of something illegal and he always does shit.

But he had never been like this and he always was fine with it, so this is a big fat lie.

“Brother my ass, this has something to do with me, I’m sure. Did my mom call you? Did you two have another fight? Because changing the passcode and asking me to change the housekeeping as well isn’t something normal.”

I said, narrowing my eyes at him. And he parked the car, then closed his eyes, sighing.

“Just promise me one thing, Chris. Just tell me that you won’t forget about me.”

Owen said hoarsely and even though his face was threatening, his hands that were still holding the steering wheel were shaking in.... fear.

I held his hands in mine and pulled him to me and kissed his clenched jaw, then his closed lips, and hugged him.

My teammates stopped when they noticed me, and I swallowed harshly to ready myself for the pitying eyes.

But then they cheered and rushed to me and I was spun around and they all spoke at the same time.

“Enough, and stop playing around. Let Chris go and let us start this thing. I have someone to introduce to you. He is basically the new owner of the team now.”

The coach bit out sourly and we all frowned at him. I looked up at Owen and found him gritting his teeth.

So this is why he was angry? But why would this matter to him?

I barely finished the thought when I saw a familiar face coming our way with his eyes pouring into mine.

It felt like a fucking punch to the guts. My breath staggered, my chest squeezed, and I felt like I was seconds away from fainting.

When Mr. Cullum told me that he will contact my brother, I always assumed that he will refuse to even see me, but here he was walking toward me purposely after buying my team.

His body is wider now, he has gained a lot of muscles. I gritted my teeth at the stupid thought, then glared at him.

Owen crouched beside me and I flinched away when his hand held mine.

“Breath Chris. You look pale and you barely breathed since he came out. Please breathe.”

Owen whispered softly in my ear and I shudder after I

took a deep breath. I didn't notice that I stopped from the shock.

“Ok everyone, let us all welcome, Mr. Derek Cullum. The gentleman who owns fifty five shares of the team. Your new owner.”

The coach said, and my teammates shrugged and then shook hands with him.

All that happened with his eyes never leaving me, and I was almost hyperventilating.

Mathew ignored the rest of the formal greeting they were giving him and he kneeled in front of making Owen stand up.

He looked at my face, then down my chest, then at my feet. His big hands touched my feet, my legs, and knees, then up to my chest and settled on my face.

“How have you been, Coco?”

He whispered softly in a shaky voice, and I shivered. It has been over six years since I heard his voice.

And it has been six years since I heard him calling me this stupid pet name.

“Oh, you know Chris?”

The coach asked Mathew, who was still looking me in the eye.

“Of course, he is the most important person in my life.”

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 44 No. 44

Mathew,

I felt my hands shake as they touched Chris's body. I might have been away for years, but I can tell that he had lost weight and some of his body muscles.

Is it because he doesn't eat well or was it because he was depressed and lost his passion for life and the sport he loves?

With each time I touch a different part of him, I felt like breathing easily and suffocating at the same time.

I wanted to smile in his face and I wanted to weep and throw myself at him for him to hold and comfort me.

I have never been weak; I have never felt insecure or shaken, but at this moment I felt like a little child scared of rejection.

I always was the strong one, the shoulder that Chris leaned against. The one who always protected him from the world and even from himself.

But now I feel like the smallest thing in this universe when he looked at me with those sad hateful eyes.

I tried to smile at him, but I couldn't do it. I tried to make my grip firm, but it kept on shaking.

It was a miracle that I was able to answer his coach when he asked me about him.

But I felt better when I saw the reaction on Owen's face after. It gave me some courage to stand up and squeeze Chris's shoulder.

“What the hell are you doing here, Mathew? I know they called you, but this doesn't mean you had to buy my team.”

Chris snarled at me and I looked down at his angry face even though there were barely contained tears in his eyes.

I knew this was too much for him and I should have contacted him first to inform him, but I'm just a coward.

I knew that he would throw a fit and he might say things that will destroy me.

So I just did it that way, because I'm a fucker who deserves the heartache, and to be punished, I can't handle it.

"Buying the team was strictly business, and I did it actually before Cullum's call. But please let us stop here. We can discuss this privately."

I said, giving him a genuine smile, and he threw his head back, chuckling coldly, making me frown.

"Why? Are you embarrassed by my teammates or by Owen? Maybe you are afraid that I might cuss and curse you, but you don't have to because fuck you, Mathew. You can go fuck yourself. I don't need your help and I don't need you in my fucking life. Seeing you makes me sick. I HATE YOU."

"Who the fuck gave you the right to choose for me? Who are you to hide something like that, Owen? I'm

tired of people interfering in my fucking life always and choosing for me.”

He snarled at him, and I grinned when I saw Owen fall apart right in front of me. Good, the fucker deserved it.

“Ahem....ummmm. It doesn’t look like it is a suitable time to say this, but I have another person to introduce to you all. She actually came all the way from England. She is the new team physician.”

The coach said, catching our attention and Chris pushed his chair, passing still kneeling Owen and me to stop beside his teammates.

And I opened my mouth to call his name because we are not done yet, but then I noticed the small figure that was standing beside the team coach and speaking to him.

She might look different, and more mature, but I know who she is. Six years wasn't enough for me to forget her.

I even still remember who she smelt, how she laughed, how she bit her lower lip nervously, and how fucking did she even breathe.

I walked toward her on shaky legs without her noticing me or Chris.

I stood in front of her, looking down at her face and her small figure.

She laughed at something the man said, then she bit her lower lip nervously like she used to do.

I felt Chris's wheelchair stop beside me and even though I didn't want to look away; I looked at my

brother and found him shocked, the same as me.

Mila said something to the man with her eyes still focused on him, but then her phone dinged and she looked away.

“Anyway, here is Sofia, our new physiotherapist.”

The coach introduced her, and she put her phone back in her bag, then turned around to greet us.

“Hello everyone, my name is Sofia Lorenzo. It is nice to meet you all and I wish that we will get along and.....”

She stopped when her eyes met mine, then she looked down at Chris.

She staggered back and her hand shook as she put them above her mouth and wobbling lips.

“What the hell are you doing here, Mila?”

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 45 No. 45



Mila,

I was nervous as I waited outside the basketball court.

When Arthur told me that his medical opinion was needed, and someone had asked him to recommend a good physiotherapist.

I thought it might be another one of these athletes

kinda a thing who come to our hospital here because it is the best of the best.

He asked me once, and I told him that because after my grandmother passed away, I don't have anyone there now.

I might have mentioned that I had a very awful romantic experience, but I had never elaborated.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 46 No. 46



Mila,

I have run away from this place after my phone call with Arthur.

I know that they were all waiting for me and we might have another fight and this time there is no one who can stop it.

So I just ran away like a coward; it wasn't the first time I have done it and I have a feeling that it won't be the last.

I wasn't afraid to face any of them because I did what I felt was the best for them both.

I prefer to be called a coward or even a liar and selfish bitch than just broke apart in front of them.

Because if this happened, then why did what I did in the first place?

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 47 No. 47

Mathew,

“I need to know because this will help me to assess his condition and find a solution for it as well. You two seem to have a great impact on Chris and this deep depression and cold view toward his life and his future.”

And it was as if the asshole shrink had heard me because he chuckled faintly and then spoke.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 48 No. 48



Chris,

I stared at the big swimming pool sadly and even though a cold shiver ran through my feverish heated body; I chuckled.

It has been a while since I felt this fear of water. Is it because I'm at my lowest at this moment?

Or is it because some nasty thoughts are filling my head and, to be honest with myself, they were pretty

tempting?

I chuckled again but then went silent when I heard the door open and there were sounds of fights.

I guess he had paid me a visit again today, even though I told him that I don't want to see his face.

But Mathew has been always stubborn even more when it came to me.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 49 No. 49



Mila,

I sobbed softly as I watched Mathew trying to perform CPR on Chris.

I can't believe what happened. One moment I was watching him stare at nothing in particular, then he just fell into the water.

I called for Mathew and Owen before I jumped in after him, and even though I wasn't a good swimmer; I was able to reach him.

Mathew was better than me, and he acted quickly. He put him on his back and then opened his airway.

He checked his breathing and like I thought, there was none, so he quickly performed CPR.

He did the thirty chest compressions, then the two

rescue breaths.

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THEIR DIRTY PLAYTHING

Chapter 50 No. 50



Mathew,

I hugged my brother's feverish body as we sat in the bathtub that was filled with cold water.

And even though his body was burning up, he was shivering from time to time, so I tried to hug him harder to me.

The moment I came out entirely naked from the

bathroom and into the room, Mila and Owen stared at me in shock.

I'm back and I will have my brother back, my best friend and the most precious man to me.

Chris groaned and his body thrashed a little, so I wrapped my legs around him and pulled him to my lap.

He buried his face in my chest while he was asleep, then sighed and settled down.

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