

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 10

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Gianna

+15 Bonus

I stayed frozen on the floor, my eyes glued to the pattern of the rug. I couldn't look up, I literally couldn't force my neck to move. The heat in my face was so intense I felt like I was actually burning alive. I just wanted to disappear, to turn into dust and blow away under the gap in the door.

"If you wanted to watch, you should've just asked," Raphael's voice sliced through the silence.

It was low, smooth, and absolutely dripping with a smirk I didn't need to see to feel.

A cold shiver raced down my spine, clashing with the heat in my cheeks. please, just let the floor open up, I prayed. Just let me sink into the foundation of this house.

I forced myself to stand, my legs feeling like they were made of lead. I kept my gaze fixed on the wall, “I wasn’t... I didn’t mean to...” I started, but the words died in my throat.

There was no way to explain this that didn’t make me sound like a creep.

I spun around, desperate to get out of that room. I reached for the handle, but before my fingers could even touch the metal, the heavy door slammed shut with a deafening thud. A sharp click followed immediately.

My heart did a painful somersault in my chest. I rattled the handle. It didn’t budge. “What the hell?” I

breathed.

“You came in here snooping around like a little mouse,” Raphael said, “It’s rude to leave before the ending, don’t you think? Why don’t you stay for the whole show, stepsister?”

The way he spat that last word made my stomach turn. He made it sound like a slur, something dirty he

wanted to smear all over me.

He wasn't just embarrassed that I'd seen him, he was enjoying the fact that he now had me trapped.

I turned around slowly, my back pressed against the locked wood, finally meeting his eyes.

He looked at me like I was a toy he was about to pull the legs off of.

"You look like you're going to faint," he mocked.

I found my voice, though it was shaking, "Open the door. This isn't funny."

"I'm not laughing," he said.

He spread his legs wide. Without even looking at the girl, he reached out, grabbed her by the back of her neck, and yanked her back down onto him.

The girl gasped, her eyes going wide, but she didn't fight him. She looked like she was under a spell. He

forced her back between his legs.

+15 Bonus

“Get back to work,” he ordered her, “And do it better this time. You have an audience now.”

She leaned in immediately, like she was desperate to make him happy. She started moving again, her eyes fluttering shut as she tried to give him exactly what he wanted.

I felt sick, my stomach churning with a mix of horror and a weird, hot pulse I couldn't explain. I wanted to look away, to scream, to kick the door down, but I was frozen.

“Unlock this door,” I snapped, my eyes fixed on a spot on the wall because looking at him made my skin crawl, “Right now. Because if you don't, I am going to scream. I'm going to scream so loud your family will think someone's being murdered, and when your father comes up here to see what's going on, I'll make sure he sees exactly what kind of 'show' you're putting on.”

A muscle in his jaw jumped. For a second, a flash of genuine fury spread across his face. He looked like he wanted to lung across the room and wrap his hands around my throat to silence me himself.

He let out a sharp, disgusted sound and without even getting up from the chair, he reached out and

clicked a small remote with a bored flick of his thumb.

The heavy electronic bolt slid back with a thud.

“Get out,” he spat, turning his attention back to the girl as if I were nothing more than a nuisance he’d finally swatted away. “Before I change my mind and give you a reason to actually scream.”

I didn’t wait for a second invitation. I spun around, ripped the door open, and bolted.

I ran like a bat out of hell, my feet barely touching the floor as I flew down the hallway. I didn’t look back, I just needed to put as many walls as possible between me and that room.

My vision was a blur of expensive wallpaper and gold frames as I rounded a sharp corner at full speed.

I didn’t even see the shadow stepping out from a side door.

“Oof-!”

The impact was like hitting a brick wall. I slammed into a broad, solid chest, the force of the collision knocking the air right out of my lungs. My socks slipped on the polished floor again, and I went down hard, the person I'd hit falling right on top of me.

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Ruby Walker