My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 161

These strange, dark feelings I had for him were a sickness. It was a black knot tied tight in my chest, and no matter how much I clawed at it, I couldn't cut it out.

Please... Please let him be as blind as Silvio.

I stood there, frozen. My brain was trying to read the situation. If Silvio didn't see Gianna under this mask, maybe Raphael wouldn't either. He was looking for a toy to play with, not a sister. He wouldn't expect me to be in a place like this, especially not after what happened last time.

He didn't say a word. He just sat there with his legs spread wide, taking up the whole world. His eyes crawled over my body, from my silver hair down to my shaking knees. It felt like he was skinning me alive with just a look.

Don't cry. Don't shake. Don't be a mess.

I remembered Morgan. I remembered the bathtub. I remembered that I was a failure who had lost everything. If I broke now, I was dead. If he saw me, my life was over.

"Perform," the guard said again, nudging me.

I moved toward the pole in the center of the booth. I reached out and touched the cold metal, my fingers trembling so hard I almost missed. I didn't look at his face. I couldn't. If I looked into those dark eyes, I would fall apart.

I forced my body to move. I took all the fear, the panic, and that weird, hot ache in my chest and I pushed it all into my muscles. I swung my leg up in a wide, smooth arc, sliding against the pole and trying to be the beautiful, empty thing that men liked to see.

I was dancing for the man who owned the house I lived in. I was dancing for the man who haunted my every dream. I was dancing for the man I thought about when I was alone, touching myself shamelessly in the dark. I was dancing for the man I had begged God to let me have just once but not like this. Not in a way that would ruin my mother or destroy what was left of me.

I forced my mind to go quiet.

I gripped the pole and hauled myself upward. I didn't just dance, I arched my back until I could feel the blood rushing to my head, my hair sweeping the floor like a curtain of moonlight. I wrapped my legs around the cold metal and slid down inch by inch, keeping my eyes locked onto his.

He didn’t move or blink. He sat there like a statue made of stone and muscle, his hand wrapped around a glass of bourbon. The blood on his jaw was dark and dry now.

I got closer. I dropped to my knees on the table right in front of him. I moved my hips in a slow circle, my hands sliding up my own body, tracing the curves he was devouring with his eyes.

I looked straight into those dark eyes. I waited for the spark of recognition. I waited for the anger, or the disgust, or any sign that he knew who I was at all but there was nothing.

His gaze was hungry, yeah. It was hot. But it was the way a man looks at a stranger. A wave of relief hit me so hard I almost lost my rhythm. He didn’t know. He didn’t recognize me.

The weight that usually sat on my chest lifted, just a little and I felt a surge of confidence. I leaned back, my spine a perfect curve, and let out a breath that was almost a moan.

I ran my tongue over my bottom lip, never breaking eye contact. I saw his grip tighten on the glass until his knuckles went white. I saw the muscle in his jaw twitch.

hapter 161

+15 Banys

I was doing this to him.

Me.

I felt a giddy laugh bubbling up in my throat.

I dropped to my hands and knees and crawled to the very edge of the table. I moved slow, making sure I gave him a perfect view of my breasts almost spilling out of the thin lace of my lingerie. I crawled until I was only inches from his face. Up close, I could see the dark, rough stubble on liis skin and the way the black shirt stretched tight across his heavy chest.

He looked like a god made of violence and money.

He set his glass down.

“Get off the table,” he said, “Sit on me. Give me a lap dance.”

A flash of panic spiked through me. My mind started to spin again, the letters of his name turning into a warning No, no, is this a trap? Does he know? Is he just waiting for me to get close so he can rip this mask off?

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“I don’t touch,” I whispered. I tried to make my voice sound different, “I dance. I don’t touch the customers.”

Raphael let out a short, dry sound that might have been a laugh. He didn’t look offended, he looked amused.

“I’m not a customer, and you’re here because you need money,” he said. His dark eyes tracked the way my throat moved when I swallowed. “And everyone has a number. A number that makes them do things they said they wouldn’t.” He trailed off, his eyes darkening. “Tell me yours. I’ll double it.”

I shook my head, “There isn’t a number in the world that will change my mind.”

He leaned forward just a fraction. The scent of him, the smoke, the woods, and the expensive bourbon and blood hit me like a physical blow.

He looked so fucking good it hurt to breathe.

“How about this,” he said, “You can touch me. You can put your hands anywhere you want. But I won’t touch you I’ll keep my hands right here.”

He raised his hands for a second, then dropped them to the sides of the velvet couch. He spread his legs even wider, opening himself up to me.

“Ten thousand,” he offered.

He watched me, a slow grin pulling at his lips. Ten thousand dollars. I thought of the ticking clock. I only had a twenty-four-hour window to save my life. He let out a dark chuckle when he saw the hesitation in my eyes

“Fine. Twenty thousand for one dance. Does that sound better, or are you going to keep pretending you don’t like the money?”

Twenty thousand.

The number hit my brain and stayed there. I thought of Morgan. I thought of Cole and the hundred thousand dollars he wanted. Twenty thousand wouldn’t fix everything, but it was a start. It was a step out of the dark. For Morgan, I could do this. For Morgan, I could sit on the lap of a monster and pray to a God, that he wouldn’t recognize me.

I swallowed hard, my throat feeling dry. I gave him a small, slow nod.

Raphael leaned back into the couch, his big shoulders sinking into the velvet. He looked completely relaxed, yet he felt like a bomb about to go off. He opened his legs even more, taking up every inch of space, inviting me into the heat of his body.

“Good girl,” he rumbled.

I stepped off the table. My legs felt like they were moving through deep water. I walked into the space between his knees. I could feel the warmth coming off his pants.

I reached out, my fingers trembling as I placed them on his shoulders. The fabric of his shirt was soft, but the muscle underneath was like stone. My heart was screaming, but I forced my hips to move.

I turned my back to him, hiding my face, and lowered myself into the space between his thighs, gripping his thighs, almost sitting on his lap and I felt a shiver run down my spine that had nothing to do with the cold.

I started to move.

It was a slow grind. I pushed my hips forward, feeling the hard, thick ridge of him through his cargo pants. Holy

+15 Banys

shit. Oh God, he was huge. He was monstrous. I swallowed hard, keeping my back to him, praying the silver wig and the mask were enough to keep him blind. I moved my hips in a slow circle, my skin sliding and burning against the rough texture of his clothes.

Raphael’s head snapped back against the velvet. A low, vibrating sound started in his chest, a moan so deep it felt like it was coming from the floor.

“Fuck,” he choked out.

I leaned back, my head resting over his shoulder, my lace mask almost touching his ear. I could feel his hot breath on my neck. I arched my back, pushing my chest out, and let my hands travel down to his waist. I gripped his belt loops and pulled myself tighter against him. I was moving my hips like I was trying to melt into him, a press that made my own blood catch fire.

The scent of him was everywhere now, the wild scent of whatever he had done in those woods mixed with the smell of a man who knew he was being worshiped.

I slid upward, then dropped back down with a heavy thud of my weight, never breaking the contact. I heard his breath hitch. He kept his hands flat on the couch, just like he promised, but his fingers were digging into the velvet so hard I thought he’d rip the

fabric. His knuckles were white, and the muscles in his arms were bulging, thick and hard.

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+15 Banys

“Turn,” he ordered.

I squeezed my eyes shut, if he recognized me, he would have dragged me out of here by now. He would have treated me like he did when he found me in the woods with anger and disgust. He wouldn’t be moaning for a sister.

But maybe he would... just like he did at the office.

I turned slowly and moved my legs so I was straddling one of his thighs, grinding my center right against the side of his leg. I leaned back, my silver wig falling in a messy pile over his knees, and I watched him through the holes in my mask.

His eyes were hooded, dark with a hunger that looked like it could swallow the whole room.

“Yes, faster,” he ordered.

I gave him what he wanted. I moved faster. I wasn’t just dancing, I was using him. I was rubbing myself against him until the friction made my skin sting.

I ground myself against him one last time, a long, slow press that felt like it lasted forever, before I finally slowed down, panting. What the hell am I doing? This isn’t... that’s wasn’t a dance.

Then, the sound of the room was cut in half.

Rrrrrip.

The sound of tearing velvet was loud, like a bone snapping. Raphael’s hands, which had been flat and still on the couch, suddenly clenched. He didn’t touch me, but his fingers finally won the fight against the furniture. He shredded the expensive fabric of the booth.

I gasped, the sound high in my throat. My eyes flew open, and for a second. I scrambled back, my heels catching on the edge of the table as I pulled away from his lap. I felt cold the second the contact was gone. My heart was thumping so hard I thought it would burst out of my chest. I stood there, shaking, my chest heaving, looking at the two long gashes he had torn into the velvet right where his hands had been.

Raphael looked down at the ruined couch, his fingers still buried in the shredded velvet. Then, those dark, bloodshot eyes snapped up to mine.

He looked like he had just realized he didn't want to hunt anyone in the woods anymore. He wanted to hunt me.

I gripped the silver pole behind me so hard the metal bit into my palms. It was the only thing keeping me from falling. I was terrified. My brain was a mess of jumping letters and static.

He knows. He knows. He knows.

I waited for him to reach out, grab me by my hair, and scream my name. I waited for him to tell the whole room that his stepsister was a filthy, lying stripper.

But instead, he just stood up. He towered over me, blocking out the light. I had to tilt my head back just to see his face. For a second, everything went quiet. It was the perfect moment for him to break me. It was the perfect moment for him to say my name.

But he didn't say a word.

He just walked past me. I turned my head fast, my eyes following him. He leaned in and whispered something to the guard standing in the corner of the booth, and then he just walked away. He disappeared without looking back.

+15 Bangs

What the hell was that?

What did I do? My head was spinning. I couldn't make sense of anything. Was I safe? Was I caught?

Before I could move a muscle, the same big guard was right in my face.

"The boss wants you in a private room. Now," he said.

My soul left my body again. He knows, Gianna. He knows it's you. My mind started screaming at me to run. I needed to get out of this house, get out of Chicago, and never look back. I needed to disappear before my stepbrother decided how he wanted to ruin me.

I looked toward the exit, my legs twitching, ready to bolt into the crowd. But the guard stepped into my path and cleared his throat.

"I'm not asking you, sweetheart," he sneered, "I'm telling you. You're standing on Capone ground. In this house, you either do exactly what a Capone tells you, or we bury you under

the floorboards. You aren’t going to the exit. You’re going to his room. Now move your ass before I carry you there myself.”

Janedoewritings Author

Hey, guys!

So tell me... do you think he knows the truth? Or is he genuinely not recognizing her?.....

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Gianna

+15 Bahus

The guard didn’t wait for me to agree. He reached out and snagged my upper arm with a hand that felt like a set of industrial pliers. His fingers dug deep into my skin, right through the thin lace of my sleeve, and he yanked me forward.

“Wait-“I stumbled, my heels skidding on the slick floor. “I... I have to get my bag. My friend, she’s waiting for me. I can’t just ”

“Shut up,” the guard stated.

He didn’t even look back at me. He just kept walking, dragging me through the wall of people like I was a piece of trash he was clearing out of the way.

“Please,” I tried again, my voice trembling. The letters in my head were screaming, a bright red mess of R-U-N and H-I-D-E, “I don’t do private rooms. I told the boss. I told him I don’t touch. I need to leave. I’m sick, I think I’m going to be sick-”

“You’ll be a hell of a lot sicker if I have to tell you to move again,” he snapped. He turned a corner, pulling me into a long, dim hallway where the music from the club became a muffled thumping like a heart beating behind a wall.

He didn’t listen to a word I said. Every excuse I threw at his back just seemed to bounce off.

We stopped in front of a dark wood door. The guard reached out, twisted the handle, and shoved me inside. I wasn’t ready for it. I flew forward, my feet tangling, and I hit the carpeted floor with a soft thud.

Slam!

The door clicked shut behind me. I scrambled to my feet, my heart hammering against my teeth. I lunged for the handle and yanked on it.

Nothing.

I twisted it, pulled it, threw my whole weight against the wood, but it didn't budge. The heavy thunk of the lock echoed in the small space. I was trapped.

I spun around, my back pressed against the cold door, my eyes wide and stinging.

It wasn't a normal room. It was built for one thing only. The walls were covered in black that seemed to soak up all the light. A low, golden glow came from hidden lamps in the ceiling, making everything look hazy and warm. In the center of the room was a wide, circular bed, piled high with silk pillows.

To my left, a wall was made entirely of glass, showing the dance floor below, but it was tinted so dark that I knew no one could see it. Then I looked up and noticed the entire ceiling had mirrors. It felt like being inside a jewel box. A small bar sat in the corner, filled with crystal bottles.

Everything was designed to make a person forget the world outside existed.

I scanned the darkness, my breath coming in short gasps. I expected to see him. I expected to see Raphael sitting in a chair, waiting to tear my mask off and tell me I was basically dead. I expected to see his light brown eyes burning through me.

But the room was empty.

+15 Bghus

There was no one on the bed, no one at the bar. I stood there in my silver wig and my lace mask, shivering in the heat of the room.

I stayed there, my spine pressed hard against the locked wood of the door. My hands were still shaking, but my skin... my skin felt like it was humming.

I could still feel his thighs beneath me. I could still feel the way his hard, heavy muscles had twitched/under my

touch.

For a second, a dark, warm thought pushed through the panic: It felt good. It felt better than anything had felt ina long, long time.

Being held by that much power, made me feel so protected.

I squeezed my eyes shut and shook my head hard, the silver strands of the wig whipping against my cheeks.

Stop it, Gianna. Snap out of it. He’s a Capone. He’s your stepbrother. This could ruin your mother’s happiness. Don’t lose your mind over a man. The heat in my belly turned into a cold, sharp stone of fear. I had to get out. I had to find a window, a vent, a way...

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Chapter 165

C

+15 Banys

A click sounded from the far corner of the room.

My head snapped toward the sound. A hidden door I hadn’t noticed,.blending perfectly into the black walls swung open.

Raphael stepped out.

And the air in the room suddenly felt twice as hot. He was wet. Droplets of water clung to his skin, catching the dim golden light like tiny diamonds. He had clearly just stepped out of a shower, the scent of soap and steam followed him into the room.

He didn’t have a stitch of clothing on his body except for a single, thick white towel wrapped low around his hips.

Without the shirt, he was even more terrifying. His chest was a broad map of hard muscle and dark tattoos that bled down his arms and over his ribs. Every time he took a step, the muscles of his abs flexed.

He didn’t look at me. He didn’t even acknowledge I was standing there.

He walked nonchalantly across the plush carpet, his bare feet making no sound as he reached the small bar in the

corner.

When he reached for the decanter, the light hit his back, and I actually forgot how to inhale.

Sprawled across his skin was a massive, hyper-realistic tattoo of Medusa. It was the most beautiful thing I’d ever seen. The snakes on her head didn’t just look like ink, they looked like they were writhing, winding down his spine and over the hard shelf of his shoulders.

Her eyes were a haunting, icy pale, the only bit of color in the black- and-grey work and they seemed to stare right through me.

As he poured the drink, the muscles in his back shifted and rolled, making the snakes on the tattoo look like they were actually moving, coiling and uncoiling over his skin.

He didn't even look back as the liquid splashed into the glass. He just stood there, letting me stare at the art on his body, knowing exactly what the sight of him was doing to my pulse.

He took a slow, deep drink, his throat moving as he swallowed. He stood there for a moment, looking out through the tinted glass at the club below, his back still turned to me. He looked so calm, while my heart was trying to kick its way out of my chest.

Finally, he spoke.

"Take off the wig," he rumbled, still not turning around.

I just stood there. I blinked, my eyelashes fluttering against the lace of my mask. I tried to speak, but my tongue felt like a piece of dry wood in my mouth.

He turned then, slowly. He leaned back against the bar, the glass held loosely in one hand. His wet hair was pushed back, revealing those piercing, honey-brown eyes. They locked onto mine, and the air in my lungs just vanished. He looked me up and down like he was already touching me.

"Take it all off," he ordered, "The hair. The mask. Your dress. Everything. I want to see what's underneath."

My heart slammed against my ribs. I took a half-step back, my spine hitting the cold wood of the locked door. I shook my head fast, the silver strands of the wig whipping across my shoulders. No. I couldn't.

If the mask came off, Gianna came back. If the mask came off, I was dead.

+15 Bahus

+15@gmy

"I want a striptease," he said, his eyes darkening as he watched my chest heave, "I want to see every inch of you while you move."

I shook my head again. I didn't say a word.

Raphael's jaw tightened. The muscle there jumped, and the snakes on his shoulders seemed to hiss as his arms flexed.

“Don’t make me ask again,” he warned. The honey in his eyes was turning into fire. “If you don’t take them off, I’m going to walk over there and rip them off myself.”

A spark of something, anger, fear, pure desperation shot through me.

“You won’t,” I whispered.

Raphael paused. Then, he let out a laugh. It was a dark, dry sound that sent a chill straight down my spine. /

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He walked away from the bar and sat down on the couch. He sank into the cushions and spread his long, powerful legs wide, the white towel slipping just a little lower on his hips.

“You think so?” he asked, he set his glass on the table and leaned back, “I’ve been looking for you. I’ve been looking for you for months: Do you have any idea how many clubs I’ve burned through trying to find a girl who moves like a dream?”

My blood went cold. My knees felt like they were going to turn into water.

“You don’t remember me?” he asked. He tilted his head, his gaze pinning me to the door. “The Gold Room. Two months ago. You were wearing black then. You didn’t stay long, but I don’t forget a body that moves like yours.”

I felt the room start to spin. He remembered that. He remembered our first meeting. He had been hunting me since that night in the Gold Room.

All this time, he had been carrying the memory of me under his skin.

He knew my movement. He knew the way I turned. And now, he had me locked in a room where there was nowhere left to hide.

Raphael leaned his head back against the couch, a slow smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth.

“I spent weeks wondering if I’d actually seen you, or if the bourbon had finally started rotting my brain,” he rumbled, the glass clinking against his teeth as he took a slow swallow. “I went back the next night. And the night after that. I checked the books, the payroll, every inch of the security footage. Nothing. It was like you were a ghost I’d made up just to haunt myself.”

He let out a low, dark chuckle that felt like a serrated blade dragging over my skin.

“And then, imagine my surprise,” he said, his eyes darkening to the color of burnt sugar. “I walk into my own club, my own house, and there you are. I’d know those hips anywhere. Even though I’ve always been more of a tits guy…”

His gaze dropped to the lace straining over my chest, like he was weighing me in his hands. He leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. The white towel shifted dangerously, revealing the muscles of his thighs and the black ink of the tattoos that disappeared under the towel.

“I want you,” he said, “And I don’t care about the cost. A blank check. Whatever number it takes to buy your time. I just want to fuck… you.”

I stood frozen, the “blank check” offer ringing in my ears. For a second, I thought of the hundred thousand dollars Cole wanted. I thought of Morgan’s face. I could end the nightmare right here. I could save her in a single night.

But the price wasn’t just money. It was my soul. It was the risk of him looking into my eyes while he was inside me and finally seeing the girl who sat across from him at breakfast and dinners.

“I’m a dancer, not a whore,” I whispered, as I tried to sound cold, tried to sound like someone who didn’t want him.

A traitorous heat started to bloom low in my belly. My own lust was a heavy, shameful thing, a dark animal waking up in the cage of my ribs.

I wanted to scream no, but my body was screaming yes. I wanted to feel those tattooed arms wrap around me and

crush the breath out of me.

+15 Banys

“I never called you a whore,” he rumbled, “Let’s call it a mutually beneficial agreement. You get what you want. I get what I want.”

I shook my head, my hair whipping against my shoulders. I couldn’t let him know. No matter how bad I wanted to sink into him, no matter how much my skin ached for his, I couldn’t do it. The risk was too high. The secret was too big.

“I can’t…” I breathed, the words barely making it past my lips.

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+15 Banys

Raphael's brow furrowed, a dark frown settling on his face. He looked at me with those honey-fire eyes.

"What is it? Do you want me to beg? Is that it?" he asked. He let out a short, rough breath. "I have never begged for sex. I've never had to. But if that's what you need to hear... I'll drop to my knees right here. It'll be our little secret," he whispered, "Just you and me in this room. No one else has to know what happens behind this door"

"I'd know..." I said stupidly and then I noticed a strange smile on his face, I couldn't make sense of that one look and it terrified me even more.

He lifted one hand, crooked a finger, "Come here," he ordered.

I stood frozen against the door. My heart was a frantic drum, but my feet were betraying everything I knew was safe and took a small, sliding step forward.

"Closer," he rumbled.

I moved again. One inch or two. The heat coming off his wet, tattooed body was reaching out to me, pulling me in like a tide.

"Closer," he whispered.

I took another step, my heels sinking into the plush carpet. I was close enough now to see the way the golden light danced in his eyes and the way the water was still drying in the dark hair on his chest.

"Closer."

I took the final step. I walked right into the V of his legs, my thighs nearly brushing against the hard muscle of his

knees.

Raphael tilted his head back, looking up at me. From this angle, he looked even more like a predator, sharp jaw, dark stubble, and those eyes are going to be the death of me. He reached out, his large, warm hands hovering just an inch away from my hips, keeping his promise not to touch me unless I wanted it.

“We can do this however you want,” he said, “On your terms. You call the shots. You tell me when to move, when to stop, and when to take you.”

I stood there, my legs shaking as I looked down into his face. The power coming off him was almost too much to

handle.

“Why?” I whispered, “Why are you being like this? Why are you so desperate? You’re a Capone. You can have any girl in this city. You could walk out that door right now and find a hundred women who would do anything you asked.”

Raphael’s eyes darkened, “I don’t want another girl,” he said, “I’ve had other girls. Now I want you.’

Before I could even draw my next breath, his hands moved. They weren’t slow this time. He reached out and gripped my waist, his large fingers digging into my skin, and he yanked me forward.

I let out a sharp gasp as I was pulled off my feet. One second I was standing, and the next, I was falling onto him. He settled me right onto his lap, my legs straddling his tattooed thighs.

As I landed, the white towel shifted and bunched up between us. I froze. My eyes went wide behind the lace mask. I could feel the hot, rock-hard weight of him pressing directly against the thin fabric of my panties. He was huge, a solid, pulsing heat that made my own blood throb in response.

+15 Bahus

He was so hard it felt like a weapon.

1 gripped his shoulders just to stay upright, my fingers sinking into the damp muscle of his back.

“You feel that?” he whispered, his hands sliding down to my hips, pinning me against his length. He tilted his head up, his mouth just inches from mine, “That’s what you do to me. Now tell me again why I’d want anyone else.”

He suddenly buried his face in the crook of my neck, his stubble grazing my sensitive skin, sending a violent jolt of electricity straight to my core.

He didn’t wait for me to say yes. He pressed his lips to the pulse point below my ear, sucking a bruise into the skin. I let out a broken whimper, my head falling back, exposing the long line of my throat to him.

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“Stop, please, stop...” I breathed, but the words had no weight.

They were airy, weak, and betrayed by the way I arched into him.

He ignored my half-hearted plea. His mouth traveled lower, trailing hot, wet kisses along my collarbone. He bit down gently on the sharp bone, his teeth grazing me just enough to make ine gasp.

“Your body is so tight,” he growled against my skin, “I can feel how much you want to let go.”

He shifted under me, and I felt the blunt heat of his cock nudge against my center through the shifted towel.

“Just the tip,” he whispered, his breath hot and ragged against my ear, “Let me feel you.”

I shook my head, my fingers tangling in his damp hair, but I didn’t push him away. The dark lust was a fog in my brain, making every “no” feel like a lie.

“Please,” he rasped, “Give it to me. Just a taste. I’ll be good. I’ll do whatever you want, but I need inside you. Now”

He moved his hips, a slow, upwards thrust that made my vision go white. My breath hitched, the sound caught in the back of my throat.

As he moved beneath me, the friction pulled at the skin of my legs, and a stinging memory flashed through my mind. I remembered the bruises, the dark, ugly marks on my thighs from where I basically tried to electricute myself. They were a map of my breaking point, a secret written in purple and black across my skin. If he touched me there, if he moved the lace or saw the way my skin was marked, he’d know.

If we did this, if he really took me, there was no way the disguise would hold. The mask would slip. The wig would fall. And then I wouldn’t be the stranger he was hunting; I’d be the sister he’d have to destroy.

“I can’t,” I choked out, my hands flat against his chest, trying to create even a sliver of space.

“Just the tip,” he begged again, he kept his hands locked on my hips, pinning me to the hard, pulsing heat of his lap.

I wanted him so badly it felt like a physical ache in my bones. But I couldn't lose the mask. I couldn't lose the only thing protecting the people I loved.

I leaned my forehead against his, our noses brushing. I was shaking so hard I could barely speak.

"I" I whispered, every word feeling like a sin on my lips. "I... I can't. Not that. I can't let you... not all the way."

He let out a frustrated groan, his hips giving another slow, heavy tilt that almost made me lose my mind. "Then what? Tell me what?"

I swallowed, my throat dry. I looked down at his mouth, then at the way the white towel had fallen away. I wanted to touch him. I needed to touch him or I was going to scream.

"Can I..." I started, as I felt a flush of heat, "Can I get you off in another way? I don't want to stop, I just... I can't do that."

I slid off his lap, my knees hitting the plush carpet between his spread legs. I looked up at him through the lace of my mask, my hands hovering over his tattooed thighs.

"On my knees," I breathed, "Or with my hands."

Janedoewritings Author

I'll be updating the next chapter in a few hours, but until then, tell me-what do you think about Raphael and Gianna's desire for each other so far? I'd love to hear what you think.

XOXOI

+15 Bahus

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Gianna

"Can I..." I started, as I felt a flush of heat, "Can I get you off in another way? I don't want to stop, I just... I can't do that."

I slid off his lap, my knees hitting the plush carpet between his spread legs. I looked up at him through the lace of my mask, my hands hovering over his tattooed thighs.

"On my knees," I breathed, "Or with my hands."

I looked up at him from the carpet, my heart trying to beat its way out of my throat. The power he held over me was terrifying, but the hunger in my own gut was worse. It was a deep, aching void that only he could fill, and I was starving for even a piece of him.

I couldn't explain the madness taking hold of me, but the logic didn't matter anymore. I was starving for him. It was a mutual destruction, and for the first time, I was more than willing to let it burn me alive.

"But there are rules," I whispered, as I reached out, my fingertips trembling as I barely brushed his thighs, "You can't touch me. You keep your hands on the couch just like before."

He didn't say yes, but he didn't say no either. He just watched me with those honey-fire eyes, waiting for the rest.

"You don't take off my clothes," I added, "And I want the lights down. Dimmer."

He reached over, his arm muscles rippling as he hit a switch on the side of the sofa. The golden glow faded, sinking into a deep crimson.

"And the mask stays on," I added, my voice shaking. "It doesn't move. You don't try to see me. You just... you let me do this."

I was craving him so deeply it felt like a physical ache in my bones. I wanted to crawl back onto his lap and forget my name, forget my life, forget everything but the way he looked at me.

Raphael let out a long breath that sounded like he was annoyed. He leaned back, his arms stretching out wide until his hands gripped the armrests.

"Darkness and no touching," he rasped, his eyes glowing like embers in the red light, "Fine. I'm waiting."

I reached for the knot of the towel, my knuckles brushing against the heat of his stomach. I could feel the power vibrating off him, a dark, heavy energy that made my vision blur with lust.

I didn't even care about the money anymore. I didn't care about the risk or the ticking clock. I just wanted to do this. I needed to see him break for me.

I pulled the edge of the white fabric, and the towel fell away, pooling around him.

Raphael sat there completely naked before me, bathed in the glow of the red lights. He didn't move. He didn't try to cover himself. He just sat with his legs spread wide, letting me look at every inch of him.

My eyes went wide, and I felt a sharp jolt of shock hit me so hard I forgot how to breathe. I stared, my mouth falling open.

He was... massive.

Chapte: 169

+15 Banys

I had never seen anything like it, not that I had seen many cocks in my life. His erection stood straight up, pointing toward his chest. The vein that ran along the side of it was thick and pulsing.

The sheer size of him was terrifying. He was long, so long he touched his own stomach and the base of him was so thick I knew my hand wouldn't even be able to wrap all the way around it.

A wave of fear washed over me, but right behind it was a surge of heat so violent I thought I might faint. My stomach did a slow flip.

I looked up at him, my breath coming in short, tiny gasps. Raphael was watching me through his lashes.

"You like what you see?" he rasped.

"It won't..." the words died in my throat. I stared at the sheer, impossible scale of him, my brain refusing to process the geometry of it, "There's no way. I can't... you won't fit."

Raphael just leaned back further, his chest expanding with a slow, heavy breath, "I'll make it fit," he rasped, "I'l stretch you nice and slow. I'll make every inch of you learn exactly how to take it."

The way he said it chilled me to the bone. It didn't sound like a passing comment or a bit of dirty talk meant for a stranger. It sounded like a long-term promise, a vow spoken by a man who had already made up his mind about keeping me.

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 170

He was claiming a tomorrow I had never intended to give him. I had every plan to disappear the second I walked out of this club, to melt back into the city and never look him in the eye again. But hearing that dark confidence in his voice made my pulse flutter with a new kind of heat. Raphael didn't just want a night, he wanted a permanent seat at the table of my life, and he was already rearranging the furniture.

My heart did a violent somersault against my ribs. The fear was there, but the craving was louder. It was a roarin my ears. I reached out, my fingers looking pale and fragile against the heat of his thighs.

I let my palm glide over the smooth, burning skin of his length. I wrapped my fingers as far as they would go, my thumb grazing the thick, vein that throbbed under the surface.

I started to move.

I slid my hand down to the base, and then dragged it back up. I watched the way the slickness at the tip smeared over my skin.

Raphael's entire body went rigid. His head fell back, his throat working as he swallowed a groan. I didn't stop. I tightened my grip, using the heat of my palm, I moved, my eyes locked on the way he reacted to my touch.

"Fuck," he choked out, his hands clenching the armrests so hard the fabric underneath began to scream again.

His hips bucked upward, a thrust that slammed his cock hard against my palm. He wasn't just letting me touch him, he was trying to bury himself in my hand, his body searching for a release that wasn't coming fast enough. Every time he surged against me, the thick muscles in his thighs flexed, and I could feel the heat radiating off him

in waves.

My own body was a mess. My pussy was soaking wet, the fabric of my panties clinging to my skin, and my nipples were so hard they felt like they were bruising against the fabric of my dress. I wanted him. I wanted all of him.

I leaned in and opened my mouth wide, my breath hot against the dark, sensitive head of his cock. I watched a fresh bead of pre-come leak from the tip, and without thinking, I swiped my tongue across it, tasting him.

Then, I surged forward.

I wrapped my lips tight around the wide, pulsing head. I swirled my tongue around the rim, tasting the slick heat of him, and then I sucked. I pulled as hard as I could, my cheeks hollowing out as I tried to draw the soul right out of his body.

"God... damn," Raphael hissed as his fingers dug so deep into the armrests I thought he'd rip the fabric again.

I kept going, my hand working the base in a fast, tight rhythm while my mouth worshipped the top. I could feel his cock twitching against the back of my throat, pulsing with a life of its own.

I sucked one last time, pulling hard, and then I pulled away quickly.

I looked up at him, my lips wet and glistening, a string of silver saliva stretching between us. Raphael looked like he was in agony. His eyes were blown out, the honey-brown irises almost swallowed by black. He was panting, his chest heaving, his skin slick with a fine layer of sweat that made his tattoos shimmer.

He looked down at me, his gaze landing on my wet mouth, and his cock gave a violent, desperate throb. I went back to work, determined to make him scream my name, even if he didn't know which one it was.

I leaned back for a second, my eyes traveling over the length of him. He was beautiful in this light.

I reached out with my tongue, starting at the very base where the skin stretched tight over the heavy muscles of

his groin. I licked him. A long, slow, upwards stroke that went from the base all the way to the tip. I used the flat of my tongue, dragging it over the thick, pulsing vein that ran along the underside.

Raphael let out a low sound, not a word, but a animalistic groan of pure pleasure. His hips twitched, his cock jumping against my chin.

I didn't make him wait. Fopened my mouth wide again, tilting my head to find the best angle for his size. I slid my lips over the head, letting the slick heat of my throat take him in. I went deeper this time, pushing past the initial ache in my jaw, feeling the weight of him slide down my throat.

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Chapter 171

I used one hand to grip the base, my fingers squeezing tight, while the other hand reached back to stroke his balls. They were tight and drawn up, a sign of just how close he was getting to the edge. I sucked hard, my tongue swirling around the sensitive ridge beneath the head, while my hand pumped the base.

He was pulsing inside my mouth. I could feel every beat of his heart through his cock.

I knew exactly what I was doing. I had been trained well to learn every trick and every rhythm back when I was stil just a girl. My fiancé had been the same age as me, but by sixteen, his mind was already sexually twisted. He craved things no one should have to know, and he had made sure I was perfect at giving them to him.

He taught me the art of it-how to move, how to touch, and how to take control while appearing to surrender.

It wasn't forced in any way. I was his creation as much as I was my own, and now, I was using every lesson he'd burned into my brain to destroy my brother.

Step.

Stepbrother.

Raphael reached down, his hands hovering just inches from my silver hair, his fingers twitching as he fought the urge to grab me and shove himself deeper. He was shaking, a fine layer of sweat making his tattooed chest glisten in the red light. Every time I pulled back to the tip and then plunged down again, a wet, sloppy sound filled the air.

I took him as deep as I could, my eyes watering. I wanted to swallow him whole. I wanted to feel him hit the back of my throat over and over until he couldn't remember his own name.

I didn't give him the release he was begging for. Instead, I slowed down, my mouth lingering at the very top, teasing the sensitive opening with the tip of my tongue. I watched him through my lashes, savoring the way his jaw was locked so tight the bone looked ready to snap.

I slid my hand down to the very base, my palm slick with his heat, and I began to rotate my grip, twisting my hand as I pulled upward. At the same time, I took him back into my mouth, but only halfway. I used my lips like a ring, squeezing him hard.

The wet sounds filled the room, competing with the heavy thumping of my own heart. Raphael's hips were off the couch now, his heels dug deep into the carpet as he tried to force himself deeper into my throat.

I pulled back and focused on the underside of his cock, the part where the skin was thinnest and most sensitive. I licked him with long, flicking strokes, my tongue tracing the heavy vein from bottom to top, over and over. Every time I reached the ridge, I gave it a sharp suck that made his stomach muscles coil and jump.

He was leaking heavily now, the clear fluid coating my lips and chin. I took the bead of moisture on my thumb and smeared it down the length of him, making the friction even more intense, even more slippery.

I plunged back down, taking him as deep as I could manage, my eyes squeezed shut. I stayed there for a moment, letting him feel the heat of my internal muscles clenching around him.

His breath was coming in broken gasps now. He was making tiny, desperate sounds in the back of his throat, his hands white-knuckled where they gripped the sofa.

I reached down with one hand, my fingers sliding over the smooth skin of his inner thighs until I found his balls. I let my fingers graze over them, rolling them gently in my palm.

Raphael let out a sound that was half-pleasure, half-pain. His head was thrashed back, his neck muscles standing

out.

“Take them,” he choked out, “In your mouth.”

I slid my mouth off the long, pulsing length of his cock and moved lower. I licked the soft skin underneath first, my tongue tracing the line. Then, I opened my mouth wide and took one of his balls inside.

He was impeccably clean, the scent of expensive soap and just him... was an intoxicant all on its own, and that alone made my stomach flip with a fresh wave of heat.

I sucked gently, my tongue swirling around, while my hand stayed busy stroking the rest of him.

“Yeah... just like that,” he rasped.

I took both of them into my mouth in turns, as far as I could, my tongue working over the sensitive skin while hummed low in my throat. The vibration made him jump, his hips bucking up off the seat.

I moved back and forth, from his balls to the thick base of his cock, licking and sucking every inch I could reach. I wanted him to feel everything. I wanted him to be so lost in the feeling that he forgot who he was, forgot where

we were.

He was panting now, his breath coming in loud bursts. I looked up and saw his face twisted in a mask of pure pleasure. He looked like he was in pain, the good kind of pain that only comes when you’re seconds away from losing control.

I moved my mouth back up to the head of his cock, giving the tip a long, slow lick before taking the whole thing back inside.

Raphael was at his limit. I could feel it in the way his thighs were shaking and the way his cock was pulsing inside my mouth. He wasn't just hard anymore; he felt like he was made of liquid fire, ready to melt.

"I'm going to... fuck, I'm going," he rasped.

His hips gave one violent surge upward, burying himself as deep as he could get into my throat. I felt his body go completely rigid, every muscle in his tattooed chest and arms locking tight. A low, animalistic roar ripped out of his throat, echoing off the walls.

Then, he came.

It hit the back of my throat in thick, hot bursts. It was a flood of heat, so much of it that I had to swallow just to keep from choking. He kept pumping, his body twitching with every heavy shot he fired into me. I gripped his thighs, holding on tight as he spilled everything he had, his cock throbbing and surging against my tongue over

and over.

The heat of it was everywhere. I didn't pull away. I stayed right there, sucking hard, taking every drop of his release as he shuddered and groaned, his head falling forward until his forehead was resting against my silver wig.

He was spent. The aggressive power in him seemed to drain away, leaving him heavy and limp. He let out a shaky breath, his chest heaving. I pulled back slowly, the slick, white evidence of what we'd just done coating my lips and chin in the dim red light.

Raphael looked wrecked. His eyes were unfocused, his hair a mess, and his skin was covered in a fine sheen of

sweat.

I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, the taste of him still heavy on my tongue, and stared back at the man who had no idea he'd just given everything to the one person he was never supposed to touch.

Raphael didn't move for a long moment, his eyes searching mine as if trying to see through the silver wig and the lace. Then, despite my warning, his hands moved.

He didn't grab me this time. He didn't pull or push. Instead, he reached out and cupped my face with a tenderness that terrified me more than his rage ever could. His palms cradled my jaw, his thumbs grazing the edge of the

mask.

He leaned in, his forehead resting against mine for a heartbeat. Then, he began to kiss me.

He pressed a soft, lingering kiss to the top of my head, his lips warm against the silver strands of the wig. I felt the heat of his breath against my skin as he moved lower, his mouth grazing my forehead before finding my temple. He kissed my cheek, his stubble scratching gently against the lace, and then moved to the tip of my nose.

I wanted to pull away, to remind him of the rules, but my body was frozen under the weight of his touch because it

+15 Bus

wasn't the kiss of a monster. It was the kiss of a man who was worshiping something he thought was a dream.

Finally, he stopped. He hovered right at my mouth, his lips brushing against mine but not quite taking them. He stayed there, suspended in the dark, waiting for me to bridge the final gap, his hands soft where they held my face.

"Now that we've finally got that out of our system," he murmured, "When are you planning to come back to the office? I'm getting bored without you around, little sister."

He tilted his head, a dark, knowing smirk playing on his lips as he watched the horror drain the blood from my

face.

Janedoewritings

Author

Was it hot? Did it make you feel... things?

Do you like how open Gianna is about what she feels and what she wants? She isn't afraid of much... except her mother, really....

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 173

Raphael

@griye

"Now that we've finally got that out of our system," I murmured, "When are you planning to come back to the office? I'm getting bored without you around, little sister."

I tilted my head, watching her through the dim lights. The effect was instant. It was like watching a candle get blown out. The color drained from her face, leaving her skin a ghostly, sickly white behind that ridiculous lace mask. Her eyes went wide, frozen in a look of pure, paralyzing horror. She didn't move. She didn't even breathe. She just stared at me, her mouth slightly open, completely stunned.

Did she honestly think a cheap silver wig and a scrap of lace could hide her from me? I had known it was her the second her scent hit me, that specific, soft perfume she always wears. I had known the moment her weight hit my lap and she started that little dance.

I knew the exact curve of her jaw and the slope of her shoulders. I knew the taper of her waist and the way her body moved through the air. I had spent twenty minutes the other night watching her from afar in our garden while she danced, unaware I was even there, reading into the movement of her body.

All I needed was one more look, one more second, to realize where I had seen this stranger before.

And here she was. My stepsister. Stripping in a place like this. The thought made a dark, poisonous anger claw at my throat.

She was better than this place, better than the wandering eyes of the losers in the dark, and yet here she was, offering herself up for a handful of cash. The disrespect she was showing herself and, by extension, our name, made my blood boil.

I sat there, totally naked and unashamed. Even though she had just sucked the life out of me, I could feel the heat rising in my blood again. My cock was already stirring, twitching against my thighs as it surged back to life. I was still hard for her and the sight of her terror only made the pulse between my legs stronger.

She gasped, the strength leaving her limbs as she scrambled backward. Her heels caught in the carpet, and she collapsed, landing hard on her ass between my knees. She braced herself on her palms, her arms locked behind her to keep from folding completely. Her eyes were fixed on mine, huge, glassy, and terrified.

I watched her struggle to find her voice, the muscles in her throat working as she swallowed against the dryness of her mouth. The blue of her contacts looked vivid and fake against the real horror bleeding through her expression.

Finally, she managed to push the words out, her voice nothing more than a fragile, broken thread of sound.

"You knew..."

I leaned forward, my elbows resting on my knees as I towered over her. The proximity forced her to tilt her head back, exposing the frantic pulse in her neck.

“Since the moment you touched me,” I replied, nodding. I wanted her to see the lack of surprise in my gaze. “I knew when you sat down. I knew when you started to move. I know your voice. Did you really think I wouldn’t recognize you, Gianna? After I’ve spent months wondering exactly where I had seen you before?”

The shock in her eyes was beautiful, “You let me…” she trailed off, her face heating up with a sudden, fierce flush of shame that stained her neck and chest.

“I let you do exactly what you came here to do,” I countered, “And you did a very good job. You were perfect, weren’t you? So practiced. So eager.”

I leaned forward, my shadow looming over her until she was forced to shrink back against the floor. The heat in my blood wasn’t just lust anymore, it was a cold, sharp fury. I looked at the blue contacts, the silver wig, the sheer, trashy fabric that barely covered her.

“Do you have any idea how much I want to break you right now?” I hissed, my hand snapping out to grip her chin, forcing her to look at me, “You walked in here thinking you were so clever, right? You thought you could put on a mask and sell yourself to the highest bidder, and it just happened to be me. But what if it hadn’t been, Gianna? What if some animal had sat in this chair and asked for exactly what you just gave me? Would you have been just as ‘perfect’ for him?”

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 174

+15 Bgys

I squeezed her jaw, my eyes boring into hers. The thought of her kneeling on this carpet for anyone else-tasting anyone else-made my vision go dark.

“This is where you disappear at night? Because it’s definitely not the fucking library you kept telling your mother about,” I gritted out.

I reached behind her head, my fingers working the silk knot of her mask until it gave way. I ripped it off and tossed it aside like trash. She watched the fabric flutter to the floor for a split second before I grabbed her chin again and forced her gaze to snap back to mine.

The horror in her eyes didn’t last as long as I expected. I watched the shame flicker, then vanish, replaced by a sudden spark of anger. She didn’t shrink away. Instead, she grabbed my wrist, her small fingers digging into my skin as she tried to pull my hand back, her chin lifting with an arrogant tilt that made my blood boil but I didn’t let her get away.

“Now you want to act high and mighty, Raphael,” she snapped, “You didn’t seem to care about it while your eyes were rolled back in your head. You didn’t stop me. You sat there and took every bit of it.”

She sat up straighter on the carpet, her knees splayed open in that shameless outfit, throwing my own anger back at me. My eyes dropped to the thin, useless strip of lace that barely covered her pussy, and the sight of it made my cock twitch with a violent ache. I wanted to bury my face between her thighs and suck that sweet, forbidden heat right out of her until she forgot her own name.

“It’s my body,” she snapped, those fake blue contacts gleaming like ice under the red lights. “I can do whatever the hell I want with it. If I want to dance, I’ll dance. If I want to be here, I’ll be here. You don’t get to play the protective big brother or the moral authority after you just let me wrap my mouth around your cock.”

She leaned in, and I caught the tiny, frantic tremors in her eyelashes, the only sign she was actually terrified.

“You have no right to tell me a goddamn thing,” she whispered, “You’re not my father, and you’re sure as hell not my keeper. Keep your lectures to yourself. I’m an adult, Raphael, and if I want to sell my time to these animals, that’s my business. Not yours.”

A cold, hard laugh barked out of my chest. leaned down, my face inches from hers, my shadow completely pinning her to the floor. I reached out, my fingers hooking into the strap of her lingerie and tugging just enough to make her gasp as my knuckles dragged roughly over the swell of her breast.

They were perfect. I was a man who appreciated a woman’s chest, and hers were a goddamn masterpiece of soft skin and hard, reactive nipples, and seeing them offered up in this shithole made my blood turn into fire.

“Listen to me very carefully, Gianna. You are done. You will never set foot on a stage again. You will never put on a show for strangers, and you will never-ever-strip another piece of clothing off your body unless I am the one watching you do it.”

“What the fuck?! You can’t stop me,” she hissed, her lower lip wobbling even as she tried to look tough.

“Watch me,” I countered, “From this second forward, your nightly study sessions are over. You’re going to be in that office, under my eyes, where I can keep track of every move you make. If I even hear a rumor that you’ve been near a place like this, I’ll burn it to the ground with you inside.”

I shifted my hand, reached down, my fingers hooking into the lace at her hip, a reminder of just how little she was wearing.

“You’re going home. You’re going to scrub that cheap makeup off your face, and you’re going to remember that

+15 Bgnus

you don’t belong in places like this. Do I make myself clear, or do I need to find a more permanent way to keep you off the stage? The Capone name means something. And if you think I’m going to let you drag that name through dirt like this, you’re even dumber than I thought.”

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Chapter 175

+15 Banys

Gianna snapped. Her hands slamming against my chest to push me back, though I didn’t budge an inch.

“I am not a Capone!” she screamed, “I’m a guest in your house. My mother married your father. That makes us a legal convenience, nothing more. I don’t have your blood in my veins. I am not a Capone woman, and I don’t owe your family a single thing.”

I tilted my head, my chest heaving with a mixture of adrenaline and cold fury. My eyes didn’t move from her face at first, but slowly, inevitably, they traced the shape of her body. In that lingerie, she was.... something. Every curve of her hourglass figure was highlighted by the red light, and despite the rage vibrating through me, my body reacted with a mind of its own.

I looked at her inner thighs, and I knew exactly how to break that bratty streak. I could push my head between those legs and eat her out so thoroughly, so relentlessly, that she’d lose the ability to speak, let alone argue. I could make her forget her own name, let alone her mother’s maiden name, until the only word she could scream was mine.

I wanted to show her that while she might not have Capone blood, she was currently trapped in a Capone’s cage... and I was the only one with the key.

I again hooked my fingers into the strappy neckline of her lingerie, the delicate fabric straining as I reeled her in. I pulled until her body was almost pressed against mine and we were breathing the same air, “Talk to me, Gianna,” I said, “Really talk to me.”

My eyes searched hers, past the fake blue of the lenses, looking for the girl I knew.

“Is it the money?” I asked. I kept my tone level, stripped of the earlier bite. “Is this for school? Are you trying to buy your way out from under our thumb? Because if it’s just

about the cash, you know you only have to ask. You wouldn't even have to give me a reason. I'd fill your hands and never ask why."

I tilted my head, studying the way she bit her lip. I moved a fraction closer, until I could feel the warmth of her breath on my chin.

"Tell me what you're looking for here, little sister. Because I can give you a hell of a lot more than a wad of crumpled bills from a stranger's pocket."

Her face twisted, she shoved against my chest, her eyes blazing with an insulted fire, "I'm not a whore!" she snapped, "If you think I did what I just did for a paycheck, then you're even stupider than I thought. I don't need a single cent from you for what happened between us. I didn't do it for the money, Raphael. I did it because I wanted to."

I went still.

"You wanted to," I repeated.

The anger was still there, but it was being drowned out by a wave of pure need that crashed over me. If she didn't want my money, and she didn't want my protection, then there was only one thing left she was after.

My hand, still hooked in the strap of her lingerie, tightened. I watched her eyes drop to my mouth, and that was it. My self-control snapped like a dry twig.

I let go of her neckline only to grab her waist, my fingers digging into her soft skin as I hauled her upward until she was back onto her knees between my legs.

She hadn't been a victim of circumstance, she'd been a willing participant in her own ruin.

@grys

Or rather, in ours.

"If you wanted this," I hissed, "then you have no idea how much trouble you're in. Because I don't do things halfway, Gianna. If you want me, you get all of me... and the part of me that fucked your mouth comes with the parts that will protect you."

I tightened my grip, but she shoved against my chest with a desperate burst of strength.

"No," she gasped, "No, we aren't doing this. This was a mistake, Raphael. A one-time... lapse in judgment. We're going to walk out of here and forget any of this ever happened. You go back to your office, and I go back to my life.

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Chapter 176

+15 Bgnus

She shook her head, her silver wig sliding further askew as she found her footing.

“It’s my life. I’ll dance where I want, and I’ll be whoever I want to be. I was curious about you. That’s all you were… a curiosity,” she paused, her eyes dropping to the heavy bulge beneath my towel with a look of feigned boredom, “And honestly? I’m not impressed.”

Before I could wrap my fingers back around her throat and teach her a lesson about lying, she twisted out of my grip with a desperate agility.

“You don’t get a vote in how I live my life, Raphael,” she spat, “Keep your nose out of my business and your hands off my skin.”

She scrambled toward the door, her heels clicking unevenly against the floor in a panicked staccato. I sat there for a heartbeat, watching her fumble with the lock. I stood up slowly, my muscles coiled with tension. Reaching for the white towel discarded on the seat, I snapped it around my waist, tying the knot with a violent jerk that nearly shredded the fabric.

“I’m going home,” I said, my voice dropping into a flat monotone that cut through her rage, “And I’m going to tell your mother everything. I don’t give a shit if my father’s marriage burns to the ground or if your mother cries her eyes out until she’s blind. I’ll tell everyone.”

That stopped her. Her back went rigid, her hand freezing on the handle.

I took a step toward her, “I’ll tell Jules exactly how talented her older sister is. I’ll describe, in detail, how good you are at taking a man’s cock.”

If she wouldn’t listen to reason, I’d use the only language I was born to speak: ruin. I’d torture her into submission with the truth, and I’d enjoy watching her break.

She turned slowly, her face twisted in a deep, horrified frown as if she were seeing a monster for the first time.

“You wouldn’t…” she whispered, her voice trembling.

“Why wouldn’t I?” I countered, “We don’t owe each other loyalty, Gianna. You don’t play by my rules, so I don’t play by yours. I will burn your world down starting with the things you love most.”

She took a desperate step in my direction, her hands balled into fists at her sides, “What do you want from me?!”

“Submission,” I hissed, “Quit this pathetic job. Get your ass back to the office where I can see you. Tell me the number you’re chasing. How much you think your dignity is worth and I’ll write the check. And if I ever see you in a place like this again, the secret of what happened tonight will be the least of your worries.”

She swallowed hard, her chest heaving under the lace as the reality of my threat finally began to settle in. The anger in her eyes wavered, replaced by a desperate, trapped look.

She let out a short, bitter laugh and closed the distance between us until she could poke a trembling finger into the center of my chest.

“I am not taking your money, Raphael, not a single cent. Whatever... happened between us. I did it because I chose to. To suggest I’d take payment for... for that...” she choked on the words, her throat working as she fought back the insult.

I looked down at her finger against my skin, then back into her eyes.

“I’m not paying you for that,” I countered, “I’m ordering you to tell me what you need. You’re coming back to the

+15 Barwas

office, and I’m putting you back on the payroll. I pay my junior analysts fifteen thousand a month, is that enough? I will pay you to do your job, Gianna. I will pay you for your mind, your time, anything to get you out of this filth, but you are done here.”

Silence stretched between us. I watched the gears turning behind those fake blue lenses. The reality of the corner I had backed her into was clear on her face. She looked away for a moment, her jaw tight, she looked at the discarded mask as if she were mourning the secret life she was about to lose.

P

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 177

+15 Bangs

When she looked back at me, the vulnerability was gone, that reminded me exactly why she was a match for me.

“Fine,” she whispered. She didn’t pull her hand away, instead, she pressed her finger harder into my chest, “I want six months’ salary,” she said, her tone clinical, as if we were negotiating a merger rather than her life, Upfront. All ninety thousand. You put it in my account tonight, and I’ll be at my desk at eight o’clock Monday morning.”

I didn’t even blink. Ninety thousand was a rounding error to me, a cheap price to pay for the leash was about to put on her.

“Done,” I told her, but my focus was already fracturing, I really wanted to fuck her.

She didn’t let up, her finger still digging into my skin as if she could drill right through my ribs. “That’s not all. You’re the CEO of Orion Vector Technologies, Raphael. You have the power to make or break careers with a single phone call.”

She swallowed, the sharp line of her throat working as she stared me down.

“My credits for the semester depend on this internship. If I just quit, the university will pull my scholarship and my degree will be in the trash. You’re going to call the dean personally. You’re going to tell them I’m such a ‘vital asset’ to your firm that you’re fast-tracking me into a senior role.”

A slow, dark heat climbed the back of my neck. She was smart, I’d give her that. She was making sure that even while I was dragging her back into my world, I was the one cementing her future.

“You want me to lie for you,” I mused.

“I want you to use your influence to fix the mess you’re making of my life,” she countered, “You want me to leave this job, then you’re going to make sure Orion Vector is the reason I graduate with honors.”

I looked at her and realized she was bargaining with the devil and holding her own, “I’ll make the call, Gianna. By Monday morning, you’ll be the university’s golden girl,” I said.

I raised my hand, my fingers wrapping slowly around the elegant column of her neck. I squeezed, just enough to feel the frantic jump of her pulse against my palm.

“And you’re not going to say a word about this to anyone,” she stated, her voice straining against my grip. “Not my mother, not Jules. No one in the family is ever going to know what happened between us.”

I clicked my tongue, a slow, mocking sound, “Nope. All this was for you to quit the job, Gianna. It wasn’t for my silence.”

I tightened my hold, my thumb pressing firmly into the soft dip of her throat, cutting off her air until her eyes went wide and her hands flew to my wrist. I watched the way her

face began to flush, the panic mingling with that spark of heat I knew was there. I loved the way she struggled, the way her body fought for the very air I was choosing to ration.

“What do you mean?” she wheezed, her chest heaving as she glared up at me through the haze of restricted breath. “What more... could I possibly... do for you?”

I didn’t answer with words at first. Instead, I used my grip on her neck to roughly wrench her head to the side, exposing the taut line of her jugular. I leaned in, my mouth pressed so hard against her ear that I could feel her trembling.

“The only reason I will keep your dirty little secret, stepsister,” I hissed, “is if you become my dirty little secret in

return.”

Janedoewritings

Author

Hence the title of this book... now you all finally get it!

I swear I’ve been holding onto that line like a little gremlin, just waiting for the perfect moment to throw it at you. And now that it’s finally out there!...

+15 Benus

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 178

Raphael

“The only reason I will keep your dirty little secret, stepsister,” I hissed, “is if you become my dirty little secret in return.”

My hand was still locked around her throat, the heat of her skin bleeding into my palm. I could feel her pulse telling me everything I needed to know.

She hated me, yes, but her body was a traitor.

I leaned in closer, my nose and lips pressed harder against the side of her face and she let out a shocked gasp. She swallowed, the movement of her throat restricted by my grip. She looked like she wanted to spit in my face, but her hands were still clutching my forearm, not pushing me away, but holding on.

I shifted my weight, pressing her back against the door until there wasn't a single inch of air between us. My towe -covered cock was rock hard, prodding at her stomach, and I saw her eyes dip down for a split second before she snapped them back to mine.

I moved my hand from her neck, my fingers sliding down the center of her chest, trailing over the swell of her breasts. Her chest heaved as she tried to pull away, but the door was at her back and I was her only horizon.

I hooked my thumb into the center of her little scrap of a bra-calling it lingerie was a stretch; it was barely a string-and tugged it downward. I watched her pupils blow wide, a dark shadow of lust swallowing the fake blue of her lenses.

She wanted this. She wanted the ruin I was offering, even if it cost her everything.

"I don't know if you're going to hate every minute of it or love it," I stated, I whispered against her cheek, "You're going to sit at that desk and wonder when I'm going to call you into my office. You're going to walk down the halls and feel my eyes on you, knowing that at any moment, I could take you back to a place like this."

"I could still say no," she hissed, but her voice lacked its earlier bite. It was soft, breathless. Her head tilted back, exposing more of that long, pale line of her throat... an invitation she didn't even realize she was giving.

"You can't," I countered, "It's either this, or I tell everyone. I'll make sure your mother knows exactly how her ' perfect' daughter pays the bills."

A dark, haunted look crossed her eyes. "So, you're going to force me into it? You're going to blackmail me into your bed?"

I roughly wrenched her face back to mine, my teeth grazing the shell of her ear with a sharp nip. "After the way you just sucked the soul out of me, I don't think I need to force you into anything, you little deviant. You're already halfway there."

I stepped back, finally giving her air, though the lack of her heat made the room feel suddenly freezing. She looked small, disheveled, and completely wrecked.

"So, what do you say, Gianna?"

She raised an eyebrow, trying to muster a glare. "I don't think I really have a 'say' in this, do I? You've made sure every exit is locked."

"I need to hear the words before I fuck you," I stated, my eyes raking over the exposed skin of her thighs, "I want

to hear you agree to the ruin."

She let out a laugh that grated against the silence, “Oh, wow. That’s incredibly presumptuous of you. You really think I’d say yes and you’d just get into my pants? Even if I do become your secret, Raphael, you’re not going to get me that easily.” She gestured vaguely to her nearly naked body.

“But I already had you,” I countered, and cupped her face, my palm heavy against her jaw as I pressed my thumb roughly against her plump, reddened lips. I felt them part instinctively under my pressure. “I had the most exquisite part of you for free, Gianna. After that, do you really think the rest is going to be difficult?

A slow, mocking smile spread across her face..

“When I told you I did it because I wanted to, I was being quite literal,” she said, “What happened tonight was an act of self-indulgence. It was for my pleasure, my curiosity. You possess the impulse control of a common street animal. You’re remarkably easy, Raphael.”

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My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 179

+15 Banys

She tilted her head, her gaze raking over my towel-clad frame.

“It’s hardly my fault that you’d open your legs for just... anyone. Don’t expect me to be as desperate for a touch as you clearly are.”

I felt the muscle in my jaw tic. She stood there, barely reaching my shoulder, yet she still had the gall to look down her nose at me.

“You’re the one to talk?” I repeated, “You put on a costume to come here and beg for attention from men you don’t even know. If I’m easy, Gianna, what does that make you?”

I leaned down, my hand coming up to bracket her head against the wood of the door.

“You can lie to yourself all you want but we both know the truth. You didn’t just do it for your pleasure... You wanted to see if you could do it to me.”

I let my eyes drop to her mouth, watching the way her lips parted. I could see the edge of her real, brown hair peeking out from under that silver wig, a reminder of the girl she was trying to hide.

“And now you’re going to pay for that curiosity. Every single day. In my office. In my house. Under my thumb. Because if you are going to call me common then you have to

remember that common things are the ones you use every single day until they're worn out. And I'm going to use you, Gianna, like I have never used a woman in my life."

To prove the point, I didn't wait for her to snap back with another clever insult. I reached down, my hand moving with a sudden, violent speed that made her flinch. My fingers hooked into the waistband of that pathetic lace and forced my way inside.

If she wanted to use me for her pleasure, then I was more than happy to use her for mine.

She froze. Her back hit the door with a dull thud, her eyes going wide and glassy as she stared up at me. She didn't move to stop me. I expected her to fight, to scream, to shove at my chest with those small, useless hands. But she just stood there, paralyzed, her fingers clutching the door handle behind her as I forced my palm flat against her heat.

I shoved my hand deeper, my fingers found the soaking, slick reality of her. She was wet- drenched for me- despite the venom she'd just spat.

I pushed two fingers inside her, a harsh intrusion that made her head loll back against the wood. She let out a broken, high-pitched whimper, her knees buckling slightly, but I held her up with my hand between her legs.

She wasn't some innocent virgin, I'd known that the second she wrapped her mouth around me. Virgins didn't have that kind of hunger, and they sure as hell didn't give head like p**n stars.

She didn't try to close her thighs either. She just stayed there, pinned between the door and my frame, taking my fingers as I claimed the very thing she'd called off-limits.

I leaned in, my mouth hovering a fraction of an inch from hers, so close I could feel the frantic heat of her gasps. We were breathing each other's air.

Gianna's hand flew to the back of my neck, her fingers fisting in my hair as she pulled my face that final millimeter. She didn't kiss me, she bit me. Her teeth sank into my lower lip, drawing the metallic tang of blood as

a moan tore from her throat.

I thrust deeper, my thumb grinding into her clit with a force that turned her bite into a desperate, needy suck.

+15 Banys

Suddenly, a digital trill sliced through the silence of the room.

My phone.

It was vibrating violently on the marble bar counter behind us. We both froze, our chests heaving in unison, eyes snapping toward the intrusion.

I pulled my mouth back, and glanced at the screen, my jaw tightening as I recognized the caller ID.

“It’s Vince,” I rasped.

Gianna’s eyes went wide, the pupils still blown out from the pleasure I was forcing into her, “Vince?” she whispered, her voice a wrecked, fragile thing. She looked at the phone, then back at me, her face contorting with a sudden, panicked realization, “You... you can’t possibly think of leaving me here like this. Not after...”

Baniya

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 180

I looked down at where my hand was still buried to the hilt inside her, feeling the way her internal muscles were twitching, trying to milk my fingers for one more hit of friction.

A slow smirk pulled at my bloodied lip.

“Who said anything about leaving?”.

I didn’t pull my hand out. Instead, I straightened my back, forcing her to move with me. I took a backward step toward the bar, and then another, my fingers continuing their thrusting inside her with every stride I took.

“Walk,” I ordered.

Gianna let out a strangled cry, her hands flying out to claw at my shoulders for balance, but I leaned back just out of reach, denying her the stability. I didn’t want her touching me for support, I wanted her only focus to be the intrusion of my hand. I forced her to walk the distance on her own trembling legs, each step she took driving my fingers deeper into her heat.

She stumbled, her heels clicking unevenly on the floor. Every time she tried to stop, I gave a sharp, upward hook of my fingers. She was forced to follow my hand, her body arching and folding as she tried to keep up with my backward pace toward the bar.

She moved like a broken doll, her thighs trembling as she tried to keep up with my pace while I kept her impaled, the wet sound of my fingers echoing around us. Every step she took was a victory for me and a disaster for her.

We reached the bar, the phone still ringing against the wood like a persistent insect. I didn't let go of her. I leaned back against the counter, hooking my elbow over the marble while my other hand continued to work inside her.

I picked up the device, the screen glowing bright against the red light of the room. Vincenzo.

"Raphael?" Gianna gasped, her voice a wrecked whisper as she slumped against my chest, her forehead resting against my collarbone. "Please... you can't... not while..."

"Shh," I silenced her, my thumb pressing hard against her clit while I swiped the screen to answer. I felt her entire body seize, a violent tremor racking her frame as she tried to stifle a moan against my bare skin.

I put the phone to my ear, my expression turning back to ice, as if I weren't currently knuckle-deep in my stepsister.

"Speak," I said into the receiver.

"Gianna is missing," Vince's voice snapped through the line, "Her mother is losing her mind. I didn't want to kill the mood at your party, so I had one of the guys track her phone. The signal is dead, it's pinging from a goddamn sewer pipe somewhere. Find her, Raphael. Now."

I looked down at the girl pinned against me. Gianna was a wreck, her head lolling back, her fake blue eyes swimming with a volatile mix of tears and lust. Her mouth was parted, her breath coming in broken, shallow hitches as she tried to process the fact that the head of the family was on the other end of the line, hunting for her.

I didn't slow down. If anything, my fingers curling inside her. I felt her internal muscles spasm in shock, a strangled whimper dying in her throat as she realized she had to stay silent.

"Are you sure she isn't rotting right next to the phone in the fucking sewage?" I replied, my tone was almost bored. I drove my fingers in a deliberate thrust that forced her hips to jerk uncontrollably against my hand.

Gianna's eyes snapped to mine, flashing with a sudden, murderous rage. She heard the way I was talking about

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her, like she was trash, like she was an after-thought.

She tried to pull away, her fingers digging into my forearms, but I only increased the pressure, my thumb finding that sensitive, swollen bud and grinding against it. She froze,

her jaw locked tight to keep from screaming out his name, her body vibrating with a furious pleasure.

“Considering how stubborn she is,” I continued, savoring the way she shuddered under my touch, “and how she refuses to let us assign men for her safety, I’d say she probably got exactly what she wanted.”