My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

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A giant ball of fire and thick black smoke shot high into the air, the extreme heat blasting against my face and blowing my hair back. The metal frames of the pumps twisted and melted in the bright orange light, destroying every single piece of evidence left behind.

Raphael tucked his glock back into his holster with a smooth slide. The roaring heat from the burning gas station painted his face in bright shades of orange and yellow, but he did not give the fire another single glance.

He swung his long leg over the motorcycle, settling onto the leather seat. He didn't put his helmet back on. Instead, he reached out with both of his hands, wrapping them gently around my waist. With one easy lift, he picked my entire body up off the pavement.

Instead of putting me behind him, he pulled me straight onto the wide, cold metal of the fuel tank right in front of him. He positioned me so that I was facing him completely, with my legs wrapped around his waist and my back to the handlebars.

Panic instantly flared up in my chest. I scrambled to balance myself, my hands shaking as I tried not to drop the big bag of potato chips and the two heavy blue slushies squished between our chests. My heart started drumming fast against my ribs again as I looked at how high up and exposed I was.

"Raphael, wait!" I cried out. I gripped his broad shoulders tightly with my elbows, my eyes wide with fear, "This isn't safe..."

His hands stayed locked against my hips, holding me so securely against his chest that I felt like a part of the bike itself. He leaned forward slightly, bringing his handsome face just inches away from mine.

"You are safe whenever I am around you, Gianna," he said and squeezed my waist just a little tighter, "Never doubt that, not for a single second."

I looked into his eyes, and just like before, the wild panic in my brain began to quiet down. The weight of his hands and the absolute certainty in his deep voice made the fear melt away. I let out a long breath, my muscles. finally relaxing as I settled against the metal tank, realizing he would never let me fall.

Raphael kept his eyes on mine for a moment longer, making sure I was completely calm. Then, his gaze drifted down to the two plastic cups squeezed between us. The bright blue, icy liquid was swirling inside the clear plastic.

A small, curious look passed over his face. He leaned his head down, wrapping his lips around the plastic straw of the slushie closest to him. He took a long, deep sip, his throat moving as he swallowed the freezing cold liquid.

Instantly, his entire face twisted up.

His dark eyebrows slammed together, and his lips pulled back into a disgusted grimace. He let out a loud, rough cough, hacking slightly as his chest jerked against mine. He turned his head to the side, shaking his head violently like he had just swallowed poison.

“Fucking hell,” Raphael choked out, his voice rough and raspy as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand,” That is terrible. It is too much sugar. It tastes like pure, chemical syrup.”

I stared at him for a second, completely stunned by his dramatic reaction, and then a loud, bright laugh bubbled right out of my throat.

I shook my head, holding the cups tightly as I looked at the deadly monster who had just destroyed a whole store, now completely defeated by a sweet convenience store drink.

The sound of my own laughter felt strange in the warm morning air, I looked at Raphael’s handsome, twisted

+15 8mus face, and before my brain could even think about it, my fingers simply let go.

The two heavy plastic cups and the large bag of potato chips slipped right out of my hands. They hit the cold pavement below with a loud, wet splat. The blue slushie spilled out, and the bag of chips popped open, scattering the salty white pieces everywhere.

GEIT

BON

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 352

I didn’t care about the food anymore.

I threw my arms wildly around Raphael’s neck, burying my face deep into the warm skin of his throat. let out another loud, bright giggle, my body shaking against his solid chest as I thought about everything.

“I told you that you had to eat it!” he laughed into my skin.

But then, right in the middle of my laugh, a strange, heavy knot tightened deep inside my chest. The happy sound in my throat suddenly hitched, catching on a broken breath. My smile crumbled away in a fraction of a second, my lips trembling violently as a sudden wave of heat rushed behind my eyes.

The laugh died completely, turning into a loud, broken sob.

The tears came back all at once, bursting from my eyes and soaking straight into the dark collar of his shirt. didn't mean to do it. I tried to stop it, but the crying just ripped out of me. My whole body began to shake with deep, hard gasps, my chest jerking against his wide chest as I wept.

It wasn't because I was scared of the fire anymore. It wasn't because of the fresh, painful burn on my skin, or the terrifying memories of the doctor, my father, and Leone.

It was because I had been carrying a cold stone inside my chest. I had spent every single day waiting for the next blow, waiting for another man to call me stupid, waiting for another man to look at my scarred legs with total disgust, or waiting for a hot flame to teach me a lesson. I had always been entirely alone in the dark, fighting to keep my head above water.

But right now, sitting on this bike, I felt the warmth of Raphael's body against mine. I felt the grip of his strong hands locked tightly around my waist, holding me so close that not even a single drop of rain could touch me.

For the first time in my existence, the heavy stone inside me completely shattered. I felt a deep, overwhelming sense of absolute safety, a beautiful shield of protection that wrapped around my entire soul.

With him, I didn't have to be strong anymore.

With him, I didn't have to hide my flaws.

With him, I didn't have to run.

I clung to him with every ounce of strength left in my fingers, burying myself deeper and deeper into his chest like I was trying to climb inside his very skin.

I squeezed my eyes shut, my nails digging into his shoulders as I let the tears pour out, clinging to the only man in the world who had ever made me feel like I was something truly worth protecting.

And right then, I knew I was falling in love with him. I knew it in my heart, and it was a scary thought. It could cause so many problems for us. He might not want me back, and he might reject me, but as I felt his strong arms around me, I realized I didn't care about the

danger. I was falling completely for Raphael Capone, because no one had ever made me feel this safe before, and I knew with absolute certainty that no one else ever would.

For the rest of the ride, I just held onto him for dear life. I kept my eyes squeezed shut against his chest, completely burying my face in his jacket. He didn't try to move me or push me away. He just let me hold him, keeping one big, solid arm wrapped around my waist to lock me against his body while he steered the bike with the other.

The cold wind whipped all around us, but I barely felt it. After what felt like forever, the bike slowed down, turning sharply. I could feel the change in the air as we entered the massive gates of his mansion. The loud roar of

the engine suddenly got deeper and bounced off the walls as he pulled straight into his private garage. The heavy garage doors rolled down behind us, cutting off the rest of the world.

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He cut the engine. The loud rumbling died instantly, leaving the garage completely quiet except for the sound of our breathing.

But I didn't move. I didn't loosen my grip, and I didn't slide off the metal tank. I just stayed right there, clinging to his chest like a child. We sat together in the garage for a few long moments, completely still in the dark. Then, I felt his bare hand move up to the back of my head. His fingers were surprisingly soft as he gently stroked my hair.

"Mess," he murmured, "I know you were terrified out there. But you're good now. We're home."

The simple words made something shift inside me. I sucked in a slow, shaky breath and finally, very slowly, began to pull my upper body back.

I leaned away just enough so I could look at his face. Looking at him right now, made my chest ache. It was a beautiful, overwhelming feeling that completely filled my soul. I didn't care about the rules, I didn't care about the danger, and I didn't care if he didn't love me back. I just needed to be closer to him.

I didn't think about it. I just let my eyes drop to his mouth, and then I leaned forward.

I pressed my lips straight against his.

He went perfectly still for a fraction of a second, shocked by my sudden movement, but he didn't push me away. I parted my lips slightly, deepening the kiss, and that was when I

tasted it, the faint, icy sweetness of the blue slushie still lingering on his tongue. The artificial sugary taste mixed with the hot, raw warmth of his mouth, sending a shiver straight down my spine as I completely lost myself in him.

His hand moved from the back of my head down to the nape of my neck, his long fingers tangling in my hair to hold me there as he began to kiss me back.

He leaned into it, his mouth moving against mine. The soft, sweet taste of the blue slushie melted between us, turning into a hot, addictive fire that made me forget how to breathe. He pulled my body even closer against his chest, his grip on my waist so tight it almost hurt, but it only made me cling to his shoulders harder. I completely lost myself in the warmth of his mouth, floating in a world where only the two of us existed.

“Ahem.”

A loud throat-clearing noise cut through the quiet garage.

The beautiful bubble popped instantly. Raphael’s lips stopped moving against mine, his entire frame freezing solid. My heart did a violent flip in my chest, and a sudden wave of panic washed over me as the reality of where we were came rushing back.

We both pulled away slowly, our lips parting with a soft, quiet gasp for air. I was panting, my cheeks burning hot with bright red color as I turned my head over my shoulder to look toward the dark corner of the garage.

Standing a few yards away, right next to a sleek black sports car, was Adriano.

He stood perfectly straight, his arms crossed tightly over his chest. His jaw was clenched so tightly that a muscle was twitching wildly in his cheek, and his dark eyes were locked directly onto Raphael, glaring at him with a look of pure, dark fury.

Janedoewritings

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 354

JANEVERSE IS OFFICIALLY OPEN

My loves, I finally made a F*a*c*e*b*o*o*k group for all of us and I’m genuinely so excited about this

It’s called JANEVERSE and it’s a public F*a*c*e*b*o*o*k group where we can:

Discuss daily chapter updates

Scream over plot twists & cliffhangers

Share theories, memes, edits & favorite moments

Talk about all my books and characters together

Suffer emotionally as a family

And honestly... one of the biggest reasons I made it is because GN keeps hiding comments so many of your messages disappear before I can even see or reply to them.

So if you ever want to:

Talk to me directly

Share your reactions and theories

Yell at me over cliffhangers

Tell me your favorite scenes/characters

Discuss chapters freely with other readers

...then come join us there>>

To join:

Go to F*a*c*e*b*o*o*k and search:

“Janeverse”

The group is PUBLIC, so it should pop right up!

This is going to be our little chaotic dark romance home and I honestly cannot wait to hang out with all of you there every day

Come join the madness.

Your fictional mafia husbands are waiting.

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 355

Raphael

“Ahem.”

The loud throat-clearing noise cut through the quiet garage.

My lips stopped moving against hers, my entire frame freezing solid. My jaw clenched, a sudden wave of dark irritation tightening in my chest at the interruption.

We both pulled away slowly, our lips parting with a soft, quiet gasp for air. Gianna was panting, a bright, hot red color rushing into her cheeks as she turned her head over her shoulder to look toward the dark corner of the garage.

I didn’t have to look to know who it was. I kept my hand on her waist, turning my head slowly toward my Pagani Utopia parked a few yards away.

Adriano.

He didn’t even glance at Gianna. His eyes were locked directly onto mine, glaring at me.

My expression stayed perfectly smooth, cold, and confident as I looked right back at him, my shoulders relaxed.

Then, I felt the sudden change in the girl sitting on my fuel tank.

Gianna’s body went completely rigid. I could feel the fast drumming of her heart right through my tactical vest. She tried to shrink back, her fingers nervously clutching at my jacket as her face flushed a deeper, burning red.

She looked so small, so exposed, and so incredibly uncomfortable under Adriano’s stare. A dark protective instinct flared up deep in my gut.

I didn’t take my arm off her waist. Instead, I pulled her just a fraction of an inch closer, tucking her against my chest to shield her from his sight.

I turned my head slowly toward Adriano, my voice dropped low, “Do you mind?” I asked smoothly.

My eyes locked onto his, Adriano didn’t move an inch. He didn’t drop his crossed arms, and he didn’t lower his gaze. He took a slow step forward.

He leaned his head down slightly, his jaw clenching so hard the skin turned white around his mouth, “Yes, I do mind,” Adriano gritted out, “Very fucking much.”

I didn’t let the anger show on my face. I just tightened my grip on Gianna’s hip, the heat of my body shielding her completely from his sight. I kept my eyes fixed on Adriano.

“Adriano,” I said softly, “Turn your back. We are going to have a talk, man to man, but she doesn’t need to see your face right now. Turn around.”

Adriano’s chest rose and fell in a angry rhythm. His eyes burned into mine for three long seconds. Then, with a curse muttered under his breath, he spun around on his heel. He faced the dark wall of the garage, his hands now shoved deep into his pockets.

The moment his eyes were off her, I looked at Gianna. The panic was still bright in her wide eyes.

“Go upstairs, mess,” I murmured.

Raphael

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She didn’t argue. She nodded quickly, her hands letting go of my vest. I gripped her waist one last time to guide her carefully down off the high fuel tank, making sure her boots hit the floor safely. She didn’t look back at Adriano. She just kept her eyes down and hurried toward the door that led into the main house, the soft click of her footsteps disappearing as the door shut quietly behind her.

I sat on the idling bike for a few seconds, then, I reached down, flicked the key, and cut the engine completely.

I swung my leg over the leather seat and stepped off the motorcycle and stood up to my full height, stretching my shoulders. I pulled off my riding gloves, tossing them onto the seat, and checked the glock resting against my hip making sure it was secure.

Adriano didn’t wait for me to take another step. He spun around, his chest heaving as he stared at me.

“You know, you are incredibly lucky that everything in this city passes through my hands before it ever reaches Vincenzo,” Adriano hissed, as he stepped closer. “So imagine my fucking surprise when the alerts hit my phone saying Raphael Capone completely lost his goddamn mind at some local gas station, beating people to a pulp and burning the entire place to the ground with them inside. I am the one who has to deploy the cleanup crews to scrub messy traces off the streets.”

He paused, his jaw clenching so hard a muscle twitched violently in his cheek, his dark eyes boring into mine.

“I came down here to this garage ready to demand answers,” he added, “I wanted to know what could possibly piss you off that badly. You never lose your composure, Raph. Never. But I am not an idiot. I put two and two together the exact second I walked in here and saw you lip-locked with our little stepsister on the front of your bike. I didn’t even have to ask. I found the fucking reason.”

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I slowly raised a single eyebrow, my face remaining perfectly calm, "And your point is?"

Adriano let out a harsh, pissed-off laugh, "My point? My fucking point is that out of all the women in the world, Raphael?" he spat, his deep voice shaking with absolute rage as he took a step closer, his eyes burning into mine, Out of all the beautiful women that surround you on a daily basis, out of every single fucking girl in our entire circle, you had to go on and touch our stepsister? Are you fucking kidding me right now, Raph?"

I didn't offer him an apology, and I didn't raise my voice. The fury vibrating off my brother could have set the room on fire, but to me, it was just background noise.

"We want who we want, Adriano," I said, "The other women in our circle don't interest me," I continued, " Gianna is the one in my house, she is the one in my space, and she is the one I wanted today. It is really that simple. So drop the lecture. You are wasting your breath."

Adriano's chest heaved as he stared at me, "What if it was Vincenzo who answered that call, Raph?" Adriano asked, "What if Vince was the one who looked at the street cameras first? What if he was the one who caught you down here with your mouth all over her?"

He leaned his face in closer, his jaw tight as he spat the words right at me.

"Vince would kill you," Adriano hissed, "He would put a bullet right between your eyes without even thinking about it. You know the rules of this family. You know what he does to anyone who touches what is supposed to be protected under our roof."

"But it wasn't Vince who answered," I said, "It was you. And I know you aren't going to go running to him like a dog."

Adriano let out a harsh, dark laugh that sounded totally dead. He shook his head, his lips pulling back into a grimace as he looked at me.

"No, I am not going to snitch on you, Raph," Adriano hissed, "I am not a rat. But this shit needs to stop right now. It ends today."

He paused, his eyes narrowing as a look of pure disgust washed over his face. He tilted his head back, looking toward the door where Gianna had just disappeared.

"She is a kid, Raph," Adriano said, "She doesn't know anything about the world. And I think, you just took total advantage of her because she doesn't know any better."

The words hit my ears, and something inside my brain completely snapped. My vision turn spotted and dark. My large hands curled into fists at my sides, the muscles in my arms and neck swelling until they looked ready to burst through my clothes.

I got right into Adriano's space, "Watch your fucking mouth."

I was completely pissed off. The thought of taking advantage of Gianna made my blood boil like hot acid. My jaw was locked so tight it ached, my veins popping against the skin of my neck.

"I would never take advantage of her," I hissed through my clenched teeth, "Never say that shit again. She wanted me just as much as I wanted her. Gianna and I are two adults who made a mutual decision. I haven't lied to her about anything. I have never lied to her, not once. We both know exactly what this is, and we both chose it."

Adriano stood his ground, his broad chest rising and falling heavily as he glared right back at me, his face showed how pissed-off he was. But then, he let out a short, cold breath.

"Look, I have nothing against you wanting her, Raph," Adriano said, "But she is our family. There are lines we just don't cross, especially not when it comes to family. If this was any other girl in the city, I would have literally kidnapped her and brought her

straight to you myself. You know I would. But not Gianna, Raph. This shit needs to end right now."

"We will decide when we choose to end it," I shot back, "It is none of your fucking business."

Adriano tilted his head, a dark laugh bubbling out of his throat. He looked at me like I had completely lost my mind, his eyes wide with disbelief.

"Oh, really?" Adriano spat, leaning in even closer until we were nose-to-nose, "And how exactly do you see that happening, Raph? What's the end game here? You guys have kids, and what-are the children supposed to call you 'Uncle Dad'? Are we seriously doing this? What is your actual plan?"

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My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 357

"There is no plan," I said, "And you need to lower your fucking voice before I lower it for you."

"I won't lower shit, Raph," Adriano hissed back, "You are acting like a fool. You are risking everything we have built. This whole thing cannot happen. Have you even spent one single second thinking about how this would impact dad's marriage with Hazel? She's fucking dying."

"What the fuck do you think is actually happening here, Adriano?" I asked, "This isn't some long-term romance, alright? Gianna and I both know exactly what this is. We both know the risks we are taking. We are not in love."

I paused, letting the words sink into his stupid mind.

"This isn't anything like what you had for Maddie," I stated, "Don't you dare mistake it for that. I met Gianna way/ before she ever became our stepsister. I knew the exact second I laid eyes on her that I wanted her. It is just my fucking bad luck that she turned out to be Hazel's daughter. But even if she wasn't, this isn't anything deeper than just a simple arrangement between two people. Alright?"

I rubbed a hand across my jaw, thinking back to our deal.

"Today, tomorrow, next week, we will end it, and we will both do it mutually," I continued, "If she decides she wants to go out and marry some other man tomorrow, I will

happily let her go. And she will do the exact same thing for me when the time comes. No one else has to know a single thing about it. It stays in this room."

Adriano stood perfectly still, his eyes boring into mine as he listened to my words. He could see that I meant every single word.

Slowly, Adriano let out a long, hissing breath through his teeth. He shook his head, a tired look washing over his face.

Adriano stared at me, "That is fucked up, Raph."

"You want to talk about what's fucked up, Adriano?" I murmured, "Fucked up is lying about who you really are just to trap a girl into a marriage. Fucked up is hiding your dark side and playing pretend to keep someone bound to you. That is not what is happening here."

I paused, watching the way his eyes flashed with fury.

"Gianna and I are two people who are completely honest with one another," I continued, "She knows exactly what I am, and I know exactly what she wants. There are no lies between us. So leave us alone. You didn't see anything tonight, Adriano."

He gave me a slow, reluctant nod, finally absorbing my words, but he didn't back down completely.

"And what if she catches feelings?" he asked, "What if she falls for you, Raph?"

I shook my head instantly, a confident smirk touching my lips.

"She won't," I said, completely sure of myself as I leaned back against the motorcycle, "She loves someone else. She still loves her ex. She was actually the one who made that rule between us in the first place, and I trust her. She's a woman of her word, and she has way too much pride to ruin it by falling for... someone like me."

"Vincenzo will not tolerate this," Adriano muttered, "If a single whisper of this gets out, if he even suspects what you are doing with her under this roof... For your own sake and hers, you need to end this shit sooner than later."

I let out a laugh, "Vincenzo won't know. That guy couldn't even see Claire when she was standing right in front of his face in a wedding dress crying out for him. He was completely blind to it."

I shrugged confidently.

"If he couldn't see what was happening with the woman he loves right in his own space, how the hell is he going to notice anything between me and Gianna?" I asked, "He is too

busy looking at the business. He isn't looking at us. So stop worrying about Vince. He won't find out unless you open your mouth."

Adriano closed his eyes for a brief second, rubbing the bridge of his nose as if he could physically wipe away the massive headache I was giving him.

"You are a goddamn idiot, Raph," Adriano muttered.

He looked at me for a long time, measuring the hard lines of my face. He knew that look. He knew there was no changing my mind.

"Fine," Adriano said, "But I'm only doing this to protect the family," he warned, "Do not make me regret this. Because if this whole thing blows up in our faces, if Vincenzo finds out and goes on a rampage, he isn't just going to kill you. He is going to kill me first for covering for your stupid ass."

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My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 358

The garage door that led to the main house clicked and swung open.

Maddie stood right there in the doorway. The bright morning light shone behind her. Her long curly hair was a bit messy from sleep, and her eyes were blinking against the darkness of the garage.

She wasn't looking at me. Her eyes immediately swept past my shoulders, searching for her husband.

"Adriano?" Maddie called out, as she took a small step into the garage, "Baby, I was looking for you. Come to Bed It's freezing out here."

The moment Adriano heard her voice, he softened like a pathetic puppy. The mobster vanished, replaced instantly by a man who loved his wife.

He walked right past me, but as his shoulder brushed mine, his voice dropped into a tiny, deadly whisper meant only for my ears.

"One last warning, Raph," Adriano hissed, "End it before it spreads. If this burns us, I will be the one to light the fire under you."

He didn't wait for my answer. He stepped right up to Maddie. Maddie smiled up at him, her small hands immediately reaching out to rest against his broad chest.

“Where were you?” she whispered, leaning into his warmth, “I woke up and the bed was cold.”

“Just handling some business with Raph, baby,” Adriano murmured.

He leaned down, his hands gripping her waist, and captured her lips in a kiss that made her let out a soft sigh. Before she could even step back, Adriano scooped her right up into his arms, lifting her off the cold floor. Maddie wrapped her arms around his neck, burying her face into his shoulder with a quiet laugh.

Adriano turned and carried her through the doorway, as he took her back into the warm house.

The garage was totally silent again.

I stood there for a beat, then, I turned and walked toward the back stairs that led straight up to my private wing of the house.

I reached the top of the stairs, walked down the hallway. My bedroom door was already half-opened, throwing a thin slice of warm light onto the dark floorboards. I stepped inside, pushing the door open wider, and found Gianna waiting there.

She was sitting flat on the floor, her knees pulled up to her chest, She had washed up, her skin looking clean and flushed, and she was wearing an oversized black t-shirt.

She was sitting right in front of the massive glass enclosure where Medusa lived.

Gianna didn’t look scared at all. She had her hand inside the cage, her fingers gently moving against the smooth scales of the snake. Medusa’s body was moving slowly, sliding around Gianna’s small wrist, the snake’s black tongue flicking out into the air. Gianna was completely calm, as she played with the dangerous creature.

I closed the bedroom door behind me with a soft click, my dark eyes locking onto her.

She slowly stopped petting Medusa, her hand staying relaxed inside the enclosure as she turned her head to look up at me. The warm, low light from the glass cage hit the side of her face, making her eyes look incredibly large and deep.

for 1-5

She looked at my face, her eyes searching mine for a second, trying to read the mood I brought back from the garage. She didn’t ask about Adriano, and she didn’t ask about the noise downstairs.

“Can I sleep in here tonight?” she asked, catching me off guard.

Janedoewritings

Author

Enjoy the update, drop your comments here, and if you can't, I'm always waiting for you over at Janeverse on Face–book!

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 359

Gianna | Age 16

The cold metal of the chair dug hard into the backs of my legs. Thick leather straps were wrapped tight around my wrists and my ankles, holding me down so I couldn't move a single inch. My heart was beating so fast and hard against my ribs it felt like it was going to burst right out of my chest.

I was wearing my favorite light blue summer dress. It had small white flowers all over it, but right now, the fabric was crumpled and messy. The doctor had forced my knees wide apart, leaving my legs parted while he stood right in front of me, shining a bright, blinding light down at me. He had a thick clipboard in one hand and a shiny black pen in the other, his cold gray eyes studying me like I was an animal in a cage.

"Let us talk about your focus, Gianna," the doctor said. He didn't look at my face; he just stared down at his notes He adjusted his big glasses with one long, pale finger, "Tell me about your reading this week."

A heavy wave of dread washed over my skin, making me shiver even though the room was hot.

"I... I am focusing much better, Doctor," I whispered, as I tried to pull my wrists against the heavy leather straps, but they didn't budge, "I worked really hard on the pages you gave me."

"Did the letters stay still?" he asked, finally snapping his eyes up to look at me.

"Yes," I lied quickly, nodding my head so hard my hair fell over my shoulders, "They stayed still. When I looked at the big black letters, they didn't flip upside down like they used to. I could see the line clearly from left to right. My eyes didn't get tired."

"And your hand?" he asked, taking a step closer and pointed the black pen right at my face, "When you tried to write your name, did the fingers obey the brain? Or did the ink still turn into a messy web of lines?"

I kept my eyes wide, trying to look honest even though my tummy was twisting with pure fear, “I wrote the letters in a straight line. I didn’t mix up the ‘b’ and the ‘d’ this time. The paper looked very neat. I am getting much better, I promise. The shocks... the lights... they are helping me focus.”

His long, pale fingers wrapped around a heavy black handle. When he lifted it, I saw the two metal prongs at the end.

My eyes went wide, and a cold sweat broke out all over my skin. The fear in my chest turned into a choking horror. I tried to pull against the leather straps with all my strength, “Doctor, please,” I begged, “I told you, I am better. I am doing good!”

He didn’t listen. He didn’t even look angry. He just flipped a switch on the side of the handle, and a loud, ZZZTT sound filled the quiet room. A bright blue spark danced between the metal prongs.

“The brain forgets its lessons without a proper reminder, Gianna,” the doctor said.

He leaned forward and pressed the cold metal prongs straight against the bare skin of my right thigh.

An explosive, blinding pain crashed through my entire body. A massive wave of electricity ripped through my legs and shot straight up my spine. My whole body went completely stiff, my back arching violently off the chair as my muscles locked up into a hard, tight knot. I couldn’t breathe. I couldn’t even scream. My jaw slammed shut so hard my teeth clicked, and my vision went totally white.

My limbs shook and seized against the leather straps for three long seconds before he pulled the metal tool away.

I fell back against the metal chair, gasping for air, my chest heaving up and down. My legs were trembling violently, the skin on my thigh burning where the metal had touched me. Tears leaked out of the corners of my eyes, blurring the sight of the white ceiling.

“You see,” the doctor continued, “We must create a strong path between the eye and the hand. Pain is a very good teacher for a lazy brain.”

He took a step closer, his eyes studying the way my legs were shaking.

“Now, tell me again about the letters,” he murmured, his thumb resting right on the black switch, “pid they really stay still on the page, or are you just telling me what I want to hear?”

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Chapter 360

“They stayed still!” I sobbed, the words tumbling out of my mouth as I stared at the black tool in his hand. I was shaking so hard the metal chair was rattling against the floor. “They stayed still, I swear! Please, don’t-”

ZZZTT.

He pressed the prongs against my left thigh this time.

The shock hit me even harder. My whole frame seized up instantly, my head snapping back against the metal frame of the chair. Every single muscle in my body turned to stone as the electricity tore through me, making my arms and legs shake out of control against the tight leather bands. The pain was a hot, blinding fire that filled my brain until I couldn’t think, couldn’t feel, couldn’t do anything but shake.

When he finally pulled it back, my head dropped forward, my breath coming in ragged wheezes.

“You are lying to me,” he whispered.

He raised the black handle. He didn’t flip the switch yet. Instead, he lowered the metal prongs, sliding them slowly up the inside of my thigh. I flinched, my whole body shaking as I tried to pull away, but the leather straps held me perfectly still.

He didn’t stop as I struggled. He pushed the cold metal higher, right between my legs, pressing the prongs hard against the thin fabric of my underwear.

A horrific, choking wave of dread froze the air in my lungs. My heart hammered violently against my ribs, and I squeezed my eyes shut, a tear slipping down my cheek.

The doctor looked down at where the tool was resting, a sickening, wide smile pulling at his lips. He looked completely thrilled by my terror. He tilted his head, his thumb slowly brushing against the black power switch, ready to send the blinding fire straight into the most sensitive part of my body.

“I wonder,” he whispered, “I really do wonder if you will finally be fixed if I do this.”

The cold metal prongs bit harder into the sensitive skin between my legs, I sucked in a sharp, ragged breath, my entire body locking up in sheer terror.

But the shock didn’t come.

Instead, he just pushed down harder. The heavy black handle leaned into my skin, the blunt metal points digging deep.

“Would you look at that? The mere thought of the current makes your lazy little brain panic, doesn’t it? Tell me the truth now. Tell me you’ve been lying to me, or I will flip this switch for real.”

A quiet, choked sob escaped my throat, my chest heaving up and down.

“I’m lying!” I screamed, “I’m lying to you! The letters still jump! They still flip upside down! I can’t read them straight! I can’t do it! I lied about the scores. I memorized the lines before the test. Please... I’m a liar. Just take it away. Please take it away.”

I heaved for air, my chest shaking violently as I stared up at him through my blurred vision, begging with my eyes.

“Good girl, Gianna,” he whispered, “Honesty is the very first step toward a cure.”

ZZZTT.

A loud, blinding crack of blue electricity tore through me. The shock hit me right in the most sensitive, unprotected center of my body. It wasn’t just pain, it was an absolute explosion of blinding, agonizing fire that shot straight into my core and ripped up through every single nerve in my spine.

Every muscle from my toes to my neck turned to solid stone, vibrating violently as the massive current dumped straight into me. The world went completely black and white, spinning out of control as the electricity cooked my nerves for three endless, agonizing seconds.

When he finally flipped the switch off and pulled the cold metal away, my body crashed back down into the chair. My legs fell wide apart again, trembling and shaking completely out of control. My chest was heaving in short, broken gasps, a thin line of spit running down my chin because I couldn’t even swallow.

“Excellent,” the doctor murmured, “The brain will remember that. We will try again next week, Gianna.”

The of the lab didn’t just open, it exploded inward. Through the haze of my tears, I saw a massive, furious shape storm into the room.

It was my father.

His face was completely red, his veins popping out against his neck. He took three giant, angry strides across the floor, before the doctor could even turn around fully, my father’s large, scarred hand shot out. He grabbed the front of the doctor’s clean white coat, his

grip so tight the fabric ripped. He lifted the doctor right off his feet and slammed him hard against the wall.

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Chapter 361

The glass jars on the shelves rattled and smashed onto the floor. The doctor let out a choked gasp as the air was knocked completely out of his lungs. The black cattle prod flew out of his hand, clattering uselessly across the room.

“How dare you?” my father roared, “How dare you touch my daughter like that?”

My father didn’t wait for an answer. He pulled his fist back and smashed it straight into the doctor’s jaw.

The sound of bone hitting bone was loud and wet. The doctor’s head snapped to the side, blood immediately spraying out of his mouth and painting the white wall red. The doctor tried to put his thin hands up to shield his face, crying out in terror, but Daddy was twice his size and completely blinded by rage.

Daddy grabbed him by the throat and threw him to the floor, then brought his boot down right into the doctor’s ribs. The doctor curled into a tight ball on the floor, whimpering and begging, his nose broken.

“I brought you here to get her fixed!” my father screamed, kicking him again, harder this time, right in the stomach. The doctor gasped, spitting out a tooth. “I paid you to fix her brain, you sick piece of shit! I never allowed you to touch her like that! Never!”

The another set of fast, clicking footsteps hurried into the room.

It was my stepmother, Perla.

She stopped dead in her tracks just inside the doorway, her hands flying up to cover her mouth. Her eyes went completely wide as she took in the messy room, the smashed glass on the floor, the doctor bleeding and groaning in a heap against the wall, and my father standing over him with bloody knuckles.

Then, her eyes landed on me. She saw my legs forced wide apart, the leather straps biting into my skin, and the wet tears covering my shaking face.

Perla let out a loud, horrified gasp. “Oh my god,” she whispered, her voice trembling as she rushed over to the side of the metal chair. She didn’t look at the doctor or my father anymore. She reached down, her hands shaking as she quickly started to unbuckle the heavy leather straps around my wrists.

I couldn't even answer her. My jaw was still tight from the shock, and my whole body was shivering so hard my teeth clicked together. As soon as the leather bands came off my wrists, I pulled my arms tight against my chest, trying to hide myself in the crumpled blue summer dress.

"The bastard went too far," Daddy spat out, "He is lucky I don't end him right now."

Perla finally got the straps off my ankles. She immediately pulled me into her arms, wrapping her soft sweater around my shaking shoulders to cover my legs.

"What is this, Gio?!" Perla said, looking up at my father with rage, I had never seen her this protective of me, You said she was being treated, not tortured! Throw him out, he will never touch her again!"

"No," Daddy said, as he glared down at the whimpering doctor, "I have paid this man millions of dollars. Millions. We have spent years of treatment on this, and I am not going to end up with absolutely nothing to show for it. She still needs to be fixed. The reading, the writing, it has to be perfect. He has to continue his work."

Perla opened her mouth to scream at him, but my father held up a hand, cutting her off instantly.

"But from now on, things change," Daddy sneered, his eyes locking onto Perla, "Every single time Gianna is in this room, every single time he speaks to her or touches her for a test, you will be sitting right here. You will be in this room every second she is alone with that doctor. If he even looks at her wrong again, Perla, you call me, and I

16 Bonus will finish the job."

Perla's face turned completely white. She shook her head, her grip tightening around my shoulders as she stared up at my father.

"Are you insane?" Perla cried out, "Look at her! Look at what he just did to her! I don't care about the money. We cannot leave her in the hands of this monster!"

"I said it is done, Perla," Daddy barked back, he was stubborn and he only did what he thought was right, "She will finish the treatment. You will watch him. That is my final word."

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He turned on his heel, his leather shoes crunching over the broken glass on the floor, and stormed out of the room without looking back once.

Perla didn’t waste another second arguing with the empty room. She leaned down and scooped her arms under my knees and my back, lifting my trembling body right out of that horrible metal chair.

“Come here, sweetie,” Perla whispered softly against my hair, her arms warm and tight around me “I’ve got you. Let’s get you out of here right now.”

My body felt completely broken. The burning pain from the electricity was still tingling under my skin, and my muscles were so weak I couldn’t even hold my own head up. I buried my face into her shoulder.

“Wait,” I choked out, my small hand weakly reaching back toward the dark corner of the lab, “My... my bear. Please. Don’t leave him.”

Perla stopped walking. She turned her head, her eyes searching until they landed on a high wooden shelf. Sitting right there was the bear my mom had given me, it was recording... everything.

Perla walked over to the shelf, keeping me tucked securely against her chest with one arm. She reached up with her free hand and gently grabbed the small toy.

She held the bear up, staring down at its sweet, simple face for a long moment. A soft, sad look came over her eyes, and she looked down at me.

“This is the one your mother gave you, right?” Perla asked very softly.

I couldn’t speak through the thick lump of tears in my throat. I just nodded my head against her shoulder, a fresh wave of hot tears soaking into her sweater. I reached out with a trembling hand and tightly squeezed the small bear against my chest, burying my face into its soft, familiar fur.

It smelled like home, it smelled like mom.

“Okay,” Perla whispered, wrapping her arms even tighter around me and the bear, “Let’s go, Gianna.’

I sat on the edge of the mattress, my legs trembling so hard I could barely keep my feet flat on the ground. The crumpled blue summer dress was pulled up past my knees, showing the angry, red, and blistered marks where the cold metal prongs had burned into my skin.

Leone was on his knees in front of me. His large hands, usually so strong and rough, were incredibly gentle as he dipped his fingers into a small white jar of cooling cream.

The moment his cool fingers touched the burning skin of my thigh, a sharp gasp caught in my throat, and I buried my face straight into his shoulder. I sobbed openly, my chest

heaving against his chest, my hot tears soaking into his dark shirt. I wrapped my arms around his neck, holding onto him like he was the only safe thing left in the entire world.

“Shh, I’ve got you, little one,” Leone whispered, and kept his left arm wrapped tight around my waist, holding me steady while his other hand gently spread the thick cream over the burns, “It’s okay. I’m right here, just breathe.”

Even though his words were sweet, I could feel the terrifying ridge of muscle in his jaw. He hated the doctor. He hated what had been done to me.

“That sick piece of trash,” Leone growled under his breath, “He is going to pay for this. I swear to you, Gianna, he won’t get away with touching you.”

“It’s okay,” I wept into his neck, trying to comfort him. I squeezed my eyes shut, my fingers gripping the fabric of his shirt. “It will end soon, Leone. The pain... all of it. It’s almost over.”

Leone paused and he pulled back just an inch, his dark eyes searching my wet face.

“What do you mean?” Leone asked, “How is it going to end?”

I let out a shaky breath, reaching down with a trembling hand to pick up the small brown teddy bear sitting on the mattress beside me. I hugged the toy tight against my chest, feeling the small, hard lump hidden deep inside its plush belly.

“My mom,” I whispered, a tiny, watery smile breaking through my tears as I looked at him. “When we... met, she gave me this bear. But it’s not just a toy, Leone. Look.”

I pressed a tiny, hidden button beneath the bear’s soft ear. A tiny, faint red light blinked deep inside the fabric of its chest.

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“It’s a recorder,” I told him, “I have been recording every single session. Every single scream, every test, every word that horrible doctor said to me. I’ve been doing it for six months. And in two days, I am going to meet my mother again. I am going to give her this bear. She is going to save me.”

Leone stayed completely still on his knees, his face turning incredibly tense.

“She is building a legal case,” I rushed out, the words tumbling out of my mouth as I leaned closer to him, wanting him to share my happiness, “She has a lawyer. With these recordings, she will have total custody of me, She will take me far away from daddy, and that doctor will go straight to prison forever. Daddy won’t be able to stop her this time. The pain will finally be gone.”

He stared at me, his breathing suddenly becoming shallow and heavy.

“Your mother,” Leone repeated, “She is going to take you away? Far away from this house?”

“Yes,” I nodded, wiping a tear from my cheek with the back of my hand.

“Away from me?” Leone asked, his dark eyes locking onto mine with a look that suddenly terrified me, “She is going to take you away from me, Gianna?”

My breath hitched, and I immediately reached out, grabbing his face with both of my hands, forcing him to look at how much I loved him.

“No,” I promised him, “No, Leone. Never. I will never leave you. We will find a way. I won’t ever let her take me away from you.”

He surged up from his knees, his chest heaving as he stared down at me, his fists clenching so hard his knuckles turned completely white.

“No!” Leone roared, “No one is taking you anywhere, Gianna! Your mother has no right over you. None! You are my wife. You are my girl. You belong here, with me, in this house!”

“Leone, please listen to me,” I begged, “Don’t you want me to be fine? Don’t you want me to be free of the pain?”

“Not like this,” he hissed.

“This has to happen!” I cried out, my voice cracking as I reached up to touch his chest, trying to make him understand the nightmare I lived in every single day, “There is no other way, Leone! If I stay here, that doctor will keep hurting me. My father will keep letting him. Do you want them to keep burning me? Do you want them to break my brain until there is nothing left of me?”

Leone let out a harsh, angry breath through his nose, his eyes darting down to the red burns on my thighs before snapping back to my face.

“I will never leave you,” I promised, and threw my arms around his thick neck, pulling my body tight against his warm chest, “I swear to you, Leone. I will never leave your side. My

mother will take me away from the pain, but I will come back for you. We will grow up, I will marry you, and we will be together forever and ever. Nobody can keep us apart."

I buried my face deep into his shoulder, sobbing into his neck, holding onto him with every ounce of strength I had left in my arms.

Leone stood there completely stiff for three long beats. Then with a defeated sound, Leone slowly raised his arms. He wrapped them around my waist, reluctantly hugging me back, pulling me into his chest.

Janedoewritings Author

Swipe up!

NOTE

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 364

Gianna

I lay flat on the mattress, the black sheets pulled all the way up to my shoulders to keep out the chill of the night air. I wasn't cold at all, though. I was tucked tightly against the side of his warm body, wrapped completely in his arms.

Raphael was fast asleep. His long, thick eyelashes were closed tight against his high cheekbones, and his chest rose and fell calmly. My head rested right on the center of his strong, hard bicep. It felt like a solid block of marble beneath my cheek, but it was the most comfortable pillow I had ever known in my entire life.

A small, soft smile pulled at the corners of my lips as I looked up at his face.

Raphael was a very deep sleeper, and that thought made my heart swell with a sweet, secret happiness. In the daytime, he was always so guarded. His eyes were constantly scanning the room, his jaw was always clenched tight.

But right now, he was sleeping so deeply, I could finally do what I always wanted to do. I could just look at him. I could touch him without him pulling away.

Slowly, carefully, I used just the very tip of my index finger. I started at the very top of his brow, right where his dark eyebrow began. I dragged my finger slowly across the soft hairs, following the sharp arch all the way to his temple. He didn't move. He just let out a long, deep sigh through his nose, his chest expanding against my side.

I smiled wider, feeling a warm, sweet bubble of happiness rise up in my chest.

Next, I slid my finger down the high, straight bridge of his nose. It was a strong, perfect nose, and the skin was smooth and warm under my touch. From there, I moved my hand lower, tracing the edge of his cheekbone down to his jaw. My fingertips brushed against the rough, scratchy feel of his dark stubble. It tickled my skin, but I didn't pull away.

I loved the contrast... how rough and hard he was, and how soft and safe I felt sleeping right next to him.

I pressed my cheek closer into his hard muscle, breathing in his familiar scent, dark soap, and the clean, fresh smell of the night air. With every single beat of his heart against my side, I could feel myself sinking down. I was falling deeper and deeper into a place where nobody could ever hurt me again.

I looked at his calm, sleeping face one last time, my heart aching with something so big it made it hard to breathe. I closed my eyes, letting his warmth pull me down into a deep, safe sleep.

I must have drifted off to sleep, because the next thing I knew, a wet heat woke me straight out of my dream.

My eyes snapped open in the dark. The sheets were kicked all the way down to the bottom of the mattress, and the cool night air was hitting my bare skin but I wasn't cold.

Between my legs, it felt like a burning hot fire.

I looked down immediately, my heart hammering violently against my ribs. In the morning light of the bedroom, I saw his dark head buried right between my thighs. Raphael wasn't sleeping beside me anymore. He was wide awake, his hands gripped tight around my hips, his fingers digging so hard into my flesh they were going to leave bruises.

And he was eating me out with a hunger that made my whole body go completely stiff with shock. His face was pushed deep into my wet slit, his tongue moving fast and hard. Every time his tongue licked straight up over my clit, a sharp, electric jolt shot right up my spine, making my toes curl into the dark sheets.

"Raphael," I gasped out, my voice coming out as a high, breathless whine. I tried to pull my hips back, but his grip on my waist was like a pair of iron handcuffs. He wouldn't let me move a single inch away from his mouth.

He let out a deep growl against my wet skin, the sound vibrating right inside my pelvis. He pushed his face in even deeper, his nose rubbing hard against me. He was sucking on my clit so hard it hurt, a good, messy kind of pain that made my mind go totally blank.

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My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

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I looked down through the dark hair falling over my eyes. I could see the dark stubble on his jaw scratching against the inside of my thighs, turning my skin a bright, angry red. He was breathing heavy through his nose, his chest heaving up and down against the mattress as he devoured me. He was treating me like a piece of meat he wanted to rip apart with his teeth.

He slid two fingers straight inside my hole, stretching me open while his tongue kept slapping and rubbing against my clit.

“Oh god,” I screamed out, my back arching violently off the bed as the pleasure hit me too hard. I grabbed a fistful of the dark pillows, my knuckles turning white as I tried to hold onto something.

He didn’t stop. He got crazier, his tongue licking me faster and harder, forcing me to take every single bit of his wet, aggressive mouth until I was dripping all over his face.

The pleasure inside my lower belly grew into a huge, tight knot that was spinning completely out of control. It felt like a hot wave was about to burst right through my skin.

“Raphael, please,” I sobbed out, my hands flying down to grip his dark hair, pulling him even closer against me. I’m going to... I’m going to-”

He let out a deep, rough grunt against my skin and sucked on my clit one more time, harder than before.

That was it. My whole body went completely rigid, and a massive, blinding orgasm crashed over me. My hips jerked up off the bed, shaking uncontrollably as the wet heat spilled out of me all over his face.

I screamed his name into the quiet room, my eyes squeezing shut as my walls clamped down tight around his fingers. I couldn’t breathe, couldn’t think, just riding the long, heavy waves of pure pleasure until my legs turned to complete jelly.

He stayed down there for a few more seconds, slowly lapping up the last of me, making sure he tasted every single drop of my release.

Finally, he pulled his wet face away from my thighs.

I opened my eyes and looked down. Raphael was staring up at me, his dark eyes glowing with a dangerous pride. His lips were completely soaked and shiny with my slick, and a thin line of my wetness ran down his dark stubble. He looked so completely pleased with what he had just done to me.

Slowly, like a large predator stalking its prey, he crawled his way up the mattress.

He didn't use his hands to wipe his mouth. Instead, he leaned over my body, his chest pressing down against mine, trapping me beneath his weight. He dipped his head down, his hot breath brushing against my skin as he kissed his way up the inside of my thigh. He left a trail of wet, biting kisses along my stomach, making me shiver all over again.

He kept moving my t-shirt up, his lips brushing against my ribs, then the valley between my breasts, and finally up the soft skin of my neck.

When he finally reached my face, he hovered just an inch away. His dark eyes locked onto mine, "You taste so fucking good, birthday girl," he said and then, he leaned down and smashed his lips straight against mine.

The kiss was so deep, and hot. He pushed his tongue right past my parted lips, claiming my mouth the same way he had just claimed the rest of my body. I wrapped my arms tight around his neck, pulling him down into me, melting completely into his taste as he kissed me over and over again.

I pulled my face back just an inch, my lips still tingling from the kiss. My breath was short and hot against his chin. Even though my body was completely melting from the orgasm, a thought suddenly popped into my head, cutting straight through the beautiful fog.

"Raphael," I whispered, my voice shaking a little as I looked into his dark eyes. I reached up, my hand resting against his neck, "What about Adriano?"

Raphael's face didn't change at all. He just let out a low, bored huff through his nose, looking completely dismissive. He acted like Adriano was just a tiny bug.

"What about him?" Raphael grunted.

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Chapter 366

"What did he say to you?" I pushed, my heart giving a small, nervous twitch. I needed to know, last night, he took a shower and slept almost instantly the moment I lay in his arms, "Raphael, please. Tell me what he said."

Instead of answering with words, Raphael's eyes went dark. He slid his hand down between our bodies, his fingers wrapping around his huge cock. It was fully hard, pulsing with heat against my stomach.

He didn't give me a warning. He just lifted his hips, lined himself up with my wet opening, and pushed down in a single stroke.

"Oh!" I gasped out, my head snapping back into the pillow.

He didn't go all the way inside me. He couldn't. He was way too big, his thick length stretching my hole until it felt like a burning, tight glove around him. Only half of him fit inside always, but it was enough to make my mind completely explode. He grabbed my hips with his hands, pinning me flat against the mattress, and began to thrust.

He moved with a slow power, pulling out until he was almost gone, then slamming back in, stretching me wide over and over again.

"Ah... Raphael," I moaned loudly, my fingers digging deep into the muscles of his shoulders as he moving inside me. The pleasure was thick that it made me arc my back with every single push. But I forced myself to focus through the heat, "Tell me... what did... Adriano say?"

Raphael let out a deep, rough groan, his chest slamming against mine as he pushed deep again.

"He is my problem, Gianna," Raphael choked out, his breath coming in gasps against my ear as his hips kept slamming into mine. Slap. Slap. The sound of our skin hitting was loud and wet in the room. "He is my... fuck... my problem to fix. Not yours."

He thrust harder, his thick fingers bruising my waist as he forced his huge cock a little deeper into my slick heat, making me let out a high, broken sob of pure pleasure.

"You don't have to worry... about him," Raphael muttered, his voice rough with lust as he groaned into my neck. He kept pushing into me, completely erasing every other thought from my body, "I am the one... who takes care of things here. You just focus on me."

My face burned with a hot wave of shame. The pleasure of his thick cock moving inside me was overwhelming, but the dark thought of the outside world wouldn't let me go. I clutched his shoulders, as he pushed into me again, half-filling me with that agonizing stretch.

"But Raphael..." I gasped out, my voice high and broken as a loud moan slipped past my lips. My head thrashed against the pillow. "I feel so... so embarrassed. How am I supposed to look him in the eye? How will I face him tomorrow at breakfast?"

Raphael grunt-groaned into my neck, his hips driving forward.

“What if he tells Maddie?” I sobbed out, and he pulled back almost all the way, then slammed back in, making my vision go blurry, “Oh god, if Maddie finds out, she will tell Claire... And they both will look at me like I’m disgusting. I will never be able to show my face to anyone ever again. I’ll have to run away!”

Raphael’s fingers dug deeper into my hips, as he suddenly stopped his thrusts, freezing deep inside me. He lifted his upper body, his dark eyes looking down at me with a hard, annoyed frown. He let out a rough, angry breath through his teeth.

“What happens between us is our business, Gianna,” he snapped as he started to thrust again, harder this time, ”

Not Adriano’s. Not Maddie’s. Why the fuck are you acting like this right now?”

“Ah! Raphael-“I choked, the pleasure hitting me so hard I could barely form words.

“Why do you act like a quiet little mouse in front of the family?” he muttered, as he kept driving his huge size into my wetness. He leaned down, his hand wrapping gently around my throat, not to hurt me, but to pin me down, making my breath hitch as I looked up into his face, “When we are out there, you won’t even look at me. But the second we are alone in this room, you turn into a wildcat. You rip me to shreds with your mouth. You try your absolute best to make me lose my fucking shit, Gianna. You are incredibly annoying.”

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Chapter 367

15 Bang

“No... no, I am not!” I cried out, my hands flying up to wrap around his wrist where he was holding my throat. Another heavy thrust hit me, and a long, shameless moan tore out of my mouth, my inner walls clenching down tight around his cock, “I don’t... I don’t do that!”

Raphael let out a dark, breathless chuckle. He let go of my throat and grabbed both of my wrists, pinning them flat against the mattress above my head, leaving my body completely open to him. He started thrusting faster, making me shake from head to toe.

“Yes, you fucking do,” he groaned out, his head dropping down to bite softly at the skin of my shoulder, making me whine, “Have you seriously not noticed it? You only act like this when you are alone with me”

He pulled out until the tip of his cock was barely touching my wet lips, then plunged back in with a deep force that made my toes curl.

“It’s like you hide from everyone else,” Raphael whispered fiercely against my lips, his dark eyes locked onto mine as he moved inside me over and over again, “But the second the door closes, the little mouse disappears. It’s like you are only your real, crazy self when you are alone with me. You only let me see the real Gianna.”

I lay pinned beneath his weight, my wrists held tight against the mattress above my head, my legs forced wide but suddenly, the noise faded away inside my ears.

A sudden realization cut straight through the thick fog of pleasure in my brain.

My chest heaved as I looked up into his face. He was right. Outside of this room, I was always on guard. I wore a mask every single day, playing the quiet, perfect girl so no one would look at me too closely, so no one would see the broken, ugly pieces inside me. I was terrified of what people would think, terrified of being judged, terrified of the past catching up to me.

But with Raphael... I didn’t hide. I mean I tried to hide, but I couldn’t.

I argued with him. I snapped at him. I pushed his buttons until he looked like he wanted to break things, and I let him see every single drop of my messy, chaotic mind. I didn’t have to pretend to be perfect when I was with him.

He already knew how ruined I was, and he didn’t care. He just wrapped his heavy arms around me and kept the world away.

“Raphael...” I choked out, a soft, breathless sob escaping my lips as he gave another deep thrust that made my hips shudder.

“What?” he asked as his chest slammed hard against my breasts.

“It’s... it’s because of you,” I whimpered, as I squeezed his shoulders with my hands the second he let go of my wrists, pulling him down closer to me, “You make me... you make me feel comfortable.”

Raphael paused for a split second, his thick cock freezing deep inside my tight wetness.

“You make me comfortable enough to be myself,” I whispered, as another shameless moan slipped past my lips as my inner walls clamped tight around him. “With everyone else, I have to be careful. I have to hide. But with you... I can just be me. Even when I’m being annoying. You’re the only one who makes me feel safe enough to do that.”

Raphael’s hard face finally broke. A slow, dark smile curved his lips, his eyes gleaming with a wicked heat that made my heart stop. He let out a rough chuckle that vibrated deep inside his chest.

“Fuck, Gianna,” he whispered, “That is the hottest fucking thing a woman has ever said to me.”

The pride in his voice was massive. He looked down at me like I was a prize he had won, like the fact that he was the only man who could break my walls was the best thing he had ever heard.

“Open your mouth,” he said, “Because I’m going to cum deep in your throat for saying that.”

Before the words could even fully register in my brain, he gripped my hips and pulled his thick cock out of my hole. The sudden loss of his heat made me gasp, my inner walls clenching around nothing but empty air.

GET hapte

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 368

He moved fast, and crawled up the mattress, his shadow blocking out the morning light of the bedroom. He hovered over me, his knees settling on either side of my face, pinning my head between his thighs.

I looked up through the dark strands of my hair. His cock was standing completely straight, pulsing with heat just inches from my lips, the tip dripping with clear, shiny slick.

Instead of pulling away, a desperate wave of love and eagerness washed over me.

I immediately reached up, my hands wrapping tightly around his thighs. I tilted my head back against the pillow, parting my lips wide, and eagerly took the thick head of his cock straight into my mouth.

“Ah, fuck, yes,” Raphael roared out, his hands flying down to grip my hair, his fingers tangling in the messy strands as his hips gave a violent jerk forward.

He didn’t just slide inside, he pushed deep, his thick length filling my mouth completely, stretching my lips and pressing hard against the back of my throat. The taste of him exploded on my tongue. I swallowed hard, my eyes watering from the sheer size of him, but I didn’t back down. I sucked on him hard, my hands gripping his thighs even tighter as his muscles went completely rigid beneath my fingers.

His hips snapped forward in a desperate thrust, holding himself deep inside my mouth as his body completely locked up.

A torrent of cum shot straight down into the back of my throat. He pulsed inside me over and over again, flooding my mouth with his release. I closed my eyes, swallowing eagerly, taking every single drop of his warmth down my throat, holding onto him tight until the very last twitch of his release faded away in the room.

The cool fabric of the cotton crop top felt completely different against my skin, but it didn't do anything to stop the cold sweat dripping down my spine. I adjusted the waistband of my dark trousers, pulling the button tight against my stomach. My fingers were shaking so badly I could barely get the zipper up.

Every single step I took down the hallway felt like a step towards hell. The closer I got to the end of the hall, the louder the clinking of silverware and plates became.

They were all in there. Eating breakfast. Waiting.

What if Adriano told them?

What if he told everyone?

I stopped right outside the archway of the grand dining room, my heart hammering so violently against my ribs I was terrified they would hear it before I even stepped inside. I closed my eyes, taking one deep breath, "Just look normal," I told myself, "Just act like the quiet, invisible girl you always are. Raphael will handle it."

I forced my legs to move, stepping past the white doorframe and into the bright, sunlit room.

The exact second my shoe hit the hardwood floor, the clinking of forks instantly stopped. The entire room went dead silent.

I froze in place, my hands clenching into tight fists at my sides. Slowly, I lifted my eyes, and my stomach completely dropped into a bottomless, icy pit.

Every single person sitting at the long table turned their head. Every single pair of eyes in the family locked straight onto me.

Nobody greeted me. Nobody passed a plate. They just stared, pinning me to the floor with their collective fury.

Except for one person.

At the far end of the table, Adriano leaned back lazily in his chair. He didn't look angry. He slowly lifted a cup of coffee to his mouth, his dark eyes locking onto my terrified face, and a slow smirk spread across his lips. It was a knowing smile that made the blood completely drain from my face.

They know.

Everyone in this room knew the shameless truth... that I was fucking my stepbrother.

Janedoewritings Author

Hey, guys! I also posted an illustration for today's chapter over on Janeverse!

See you guys there! I'll definitely try to take some time out of my schedule to reply to everyone there too....

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 369

Gianna

My knees shook so badly under my dark trousers that I had to press my palm against the cool wooden doorframe just to keep myself from collapsing onto the floor.

I took a tiny, hesitant step forward, the soles of my shoes making a small scraping sound against the wood. Nobody blinked. Nobody shifted in their seats.

"Good... good morning," I whispered, my voice coming out as a tiny, pathetic squeak.

Nothing. No one answered.

My mother slowly picked up her cloth napkin, wiped the corner of her mouth with slow movements, and looked right past me, staring at the window. I turned my desperate eyes toward my little sister, Jules. Usually, the second I walked into a room, Jules would jump up, her bright eyes shining as she ran over to wrap her arms around my waist. But today, she kept her head down. She picked up her heavy silver spoon and began tracing the edge of her bowl over and over again, completely ignoring me, her little face hard and tight.

A hot, stinging burn rushed up behind my eyes. The tears were right there, blurring my vision until the entire dining room looked like a wavy, dark nightmare. My chest felt so tight I could barely draw a single breath of air into my lungs.

"Did I..." my voice broke, "Did I do something wrong?"

At the middle of the table, Claire slowly set her fork down against the porcelain plate with a loud clink that made me jump. She leaned back in her chair, crossing her arms over her chest. She tilted her head, her eyes cutting right through me.

"I don't know, Gianna," Claire said, "Did you?"

My heart completely shattered inside my chest. My lungs gasped for air, but it felt like there was no oxygen left in the room. Huff. Huff. I began to hyperventilate again, my chest heaving up and down rapidly under my crop top. My vision started to go fuzzy at the edges, dark spots dancing in front of my eyes. I looked back at my mother, my eyes begging her to say something, to defend me, to tell me why everyone hated me so much. But she just sat there, her face blank.

I felt completely mortified. I wanted the floor to crack open and swallow me whole. I wanted to die right there on the spot.

I forced my heavy legs to move again. I stumbled three steps further into the dining room, moving past the large white pillar that blocked the view of the main table.

I blinked, my gasping breath suddenly catching in my throat.

The entire rest of the room was completely different. High above the long table, giant pink and silver balloons floated against the ceiling, trailing long, curling ribbons.

The wood was completely covered in massive silver platters stacked high with everything I loved, fluffy pancakes dripping with sweet syrup, plates of fresh strawberries, and a massive chocolate cake sitting right in the center with a single, unlit candle.

Before my brain could even understand what my eyes were looking at, the cold look on everyone’s faces instantly melted away.

Jules jumped out of her chair, a bright smile splitting her face open as she threw her hands high into the air. Claire started laughing out loud, clapping her hands together. Even Adriano’s cruel smirk turned into a chuckle.

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY!” Claire, Maddie and Jules all yelled together, their voices exploding into the room.

A shaky breath rushed out of my lungs, making my whole body go completely limp with relief. I let out a soft, watery laugh, my lips stretched into a wide, bright smile, my cheeks burning from the sudden shift from pure terror to total happiness.

They didn’t know, right?

“Oh my God,” I gasped out, my voice still a little shaky as my heart finally slowed down its wild, frantic beating.” You scared me. I thought you all hated me.”

“Never, birthday girl,” Claire laughed, her eyes sparkling as she pulled out the chair right next to her, “Now come on, get over here and sit down before the food gets cold.”

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I moved forward, my legs feeling much lighter now, and took my seat at the long table. I was sitting right in the middle, perfectly tucked between Claire on my left side and Maddie on my right side.

The moment I sat down, I didn't even have time to look at the food.

Claire leaned over immediately, throwing her slender arms around my neck from the left. At the exact same time, Maddie leaned in from the right, wrapping her soft arms tight around my waist. They both squeezed me at once, hugging me from the side so tightly that I was pressed right into the middle of them like a sandwich.

"Happy birthday, sweetie," Maddie whispered softly against my hair, giving my shoulder a gentle, loving pat.

"Happy birthday, Ginny," Jules grinned as she came up behind me and hugged me from behind, her hug full of tight, bouncy energy as she shook me gently, "You are officially a year older, and we are going to make sure you have the absolute best day ever."

"Happy birthday, Gianna," Adriano stated, smiling at me weirdly.

"Thank you..." I said, my smile faltering.

Sunlight poured through the giant windows overlooking the gardens. Plates covered every inch of the surface. Pancakes stacked high with berries dripping syrup down the sides. Bowls of fresh fruit. Eggs. Pastries. Tiny jars of jam lined up perfectly beside silver trays of bacon and sausages.

Claire and Maddie were arguing over whether Dante had secretly stolen pieces of bacon from the kitchen before breakfast. Dante sat slouched lazily in his chair,'scrolling through his phone while occasionally reaching across the table to steal food directly off Silvio's plate.

Silvio looked one second away from stabbing him with a fork.

Jules was stuffing her face with pancakes, syrup dripping down her chin, while my mother poured fresh orange juice into my glass. I finally started to relax, the tight knot in my stomach completely untangling as I took a bite of my food.

And then they asked me to cut cake in breakfast, it was a little weird, but I loved it.

Maddie suddenly gasped loudly beside me, "Oh my God, wait!"

Everyone looked at her.

She pointed dramatically across the table toward me, “We didn’t even sing properly!”

Claire’s eyes widened, “You’re right!”

Before I could even react, both women started loudly singing happy birthday again and Jules immediately joined them.

And they were completely off-key.

I burst out laughing so suddenly coffee almost went down the wrong pipe.

Dante groaned, covering his ears, “Jesus Christ. Somebody shoot me.”

“You’re just jealous because nobody sings to you,” Claire shot back.

“Nobody sings to me because I inspire fear and respect.”

“You inspire restraining orders,” Maddie muttered.

Adriano choked on his drink laughing. I smiled harder into my coffee cup. The warmth spreading through my chest felt unfamiliar, dangerously unfamiliar.

Someone stepped into the dinning room and every nerve in my body instantly recognized him before my brain even caught up.

Raphael walked in adjusting the cuffs of his black dress shirt, his dark hair still slightly damp like he had just showered. Even behind those perfect glasses, his eyes looked tired, not normal tired. The deep kind.

The kind that sat beneath his eyes after an entire night without sleep.

My stomach tightened immediately. God. I didn’t like how aware of him I had become. Raphael barely glanced up from his phone as he walked toward the table.

“Why is everybody screaming this early in the morning?” he muttered.

Claire blinked at him dramatically, “We’re celebrating.”

Raphael finally looked up, “Celebrating what?”

Maddie slowly lowered her coffee cup, Dante outright started grinning and Claire looked deeply offended.

“Raphael Capone,” she said slowly, “Are you serious right now?”

Raphael frowned slightly, clearly confused by the sudden hostility, “What?”

Maddie stared at him in horror, “You don’t know?”

He looked around the table once then his eyes landed on me and my pulse instantly stumbled. Raphael’s expression shifted almost invisibly.

The memory from earlier this morning flashed hot through my chest. Us on the bike, him bumping his helmet into mien and whispering, “Happy birthday, stepsister.”

15 Benut

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 371

He had been the first person in this family to say it to me.

The realization settled somewhere painfully soft inside me. And God, that stupid little fact made me happier than it should have.

Raphael leaned casually against the chair across from me, completely calm despite Claire looking ready to attack him with a butter knife.

“Right,” Raphael muttered, “Happy birthday, Gianna. How old are you again?”

Before I could answer, Adriano lifted his coffee cup without looking up from his plate, “Old enough to start making catastrophically bad decisions,” he muttered.

Claire rolled her eyes, “That applies to literally everyone at this table.’

Adriano finally glanced up then, his dark gaze sliding lazily toward Raphael for half a second before landing on me.

“Some people,” he added smoothly, “just happen to make theirs look more illegal than others.”

My stomach dropped instantly. Heat flooded straight into my face. Raphael’s expression didn’t change at all, but I saw the tiny twitch near the corner of his mouth.

I cleared my throat way too fast, “Twenty-two.”

Claire narrowed her eyes suspiciously at Adriano, “Why are you smirking like that?”

Adriano took another calm sip of coffee. “No reason.”

Maddie looked at her husband accusingly, “You are being weird.”

“I’m always weird, sweetheart.”

Maddie shook her head before suddenly clapping her hands together loudly, “Okay! Present time.”

Claire straightened in her chair so fast she nearly knocked over her orange juice, “Yes!”

Pure dread instantly settled in my stomach.

Absolutely not.

“No,” I blurted out immediately, shaking my head hard, “Nobody should’ve bought me anything.”

Claire rolled her eyes dramatically, “Too late.”

“I’m serious,” I said quickly, already feeling uneasy, “I don’t… really do well with gifts.”

The words sounded awkward coming out because it wasn’t really about the gifts themselves. It was the feeling underneath them.

The feeling of taking something I hadn’t earned.

Life had taught me that everything came with conditions. Everything had to be deserved. Worked for. Paid back somehow. Nothing was simply given because someone cared. So every time somebody handed me something nice, guilt crawled up my throat instead of gratitude.

“I don’t need anything,” I muttered more quietly, curling my fingers tightly together beneath the table, “Really.”

+15 Barius

Claire practically vibrated in her chair. “Ours first.”

Vincenzo stared at me with the exhausted expression of a man already anticipating an argument. Which meant he clearly knew me too well already.

Claire reached beneath the table and placed a small black velvet box in front of me.

I blinked, then slowly opened it. Inside sat a sleek black key fob with a silver emblem.

My entire brain stalled, “…What is this?”

Claire looked excited enough to explode.

Vincenzo smiled, “A car.”

I nearly choked, “A WHAT?”

Claire beamed proudly, “Your car.”

“No.”

The answer flew out of me instantly.

Absolutely not.

I shoved the box back toward them, “No. Nope. That’s insane.”

“It’s really not,” Claire argued.

“It absolutely is!”

Vincenzo crossed his arms calmly, “Gianna.”

“No,” I repeated, “Do you know how expensive cars are?”

“Yes,” Adriano deadpanned, “That’s generally how buying them works.”

I glared at him.

Claire pushed the box right back toward me, “You cannot reject a birthday gift.”

“Yes, I can!”

“No, you literally can’t,” Maddie chimed in, “It’s rude.”

I looked helplessly toward my mother for support. And it was a huge mistake because she looked amused.

Traitor.

“Bus stations are dangerous,” Vincenzo said quietly, “You won’t have to take public transportation anymore,” he continued. “Which means I won’t spend half my day wondering if something happened to you.”

Emotion caught me off guard so fast my throat tightened. Vincenzo leaned one hand against the back of Claire’s chair.

“If anything happened to you while you were under this family’s protection…” He shook his head once. “I wouldn’t forgive myself for it.”

My fingers curled slowly around the velvet box again.

Claire’s voice softened, “Just say thank you, baby.”

My eyes burned slightly. So I looked down quickly before anybody noticed.

15 Bern

15 Borns

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 372

“…Thank you,” I mumbled.

Claire Immediately squealed in victory, “Yes!”

Maddie practically bounced in her seat next, “Okay, our turn. So,” she said excitedly, “a little birdie told me somebody loves to dance. So, I did some research.”

“A lot of research,” Adriano muttered darkly.

Maddie ignored him then she slid a thick cream-colored folder across the table toward me.

Confused, I opened it and stopped breathing. Inside were printed schedules, training plans, travel arrangements, and contracts. My eyes scanned the elegant gold lettering at the top of the page. The name hit me so hard my vision blurred.

I looked up at Maddie in complete shock, “You hired him?”

Maddie bit her lip excitedly, “He’s one of the best ballet coaches in the world. He trained principal dancers for the Royal Ballet and Paris Opera.”

I couldn’t even process the words.

“He’s flying here privately twice a week starting tomorrow only for you,” Maddie continued quickly, “And if he thinks you’re ready…”

Her smile widened slowly.

“There’s a showcase in three months in New York.”

The entire room disappeared around me. I looked back down at the papers with shaking hands.

Three months.

A real performance.

A real stage.

My chest hurt so badly I could barely breathe, “I-” No words came out.

Maddie’s voice softened immediately, “You just deserve the chance to love something without anybody ruining it for you.”

I pressed my lips together hard because suddenly crying in front of everyone felt dangerously possible.

And across the table, I felt Raphael watching me the entire time.

“Okay, my turn before somebody starts crying again,” Silvio said smoothly as he adjusted the sleeves of his dark sweater.

Dante snorted, “That somebody is definitely gonna be her.”

“I am literally not crying,” I muttered, even though my eyes still burned from Maddie’s gift.

Silvio reached into the inside pocket of his jacket and slid a slim black envelope across the table toward me.

I stared at it suspiciously, “Why does that look expensive?” I asked quietly.

“Because it is,” Dante answered immediately.

Silvio ignored him, “Open it.”

I slowly pulled out the card inside, then blinked and then blinked again. It was matte black with platinum lettering embossed across the front with no spending limit.

My stomach dropped instantly, “Silvio,” I whispered in horror.

Claire leaned over excitedly, “Oh my God, is that the Centurion card?”

Silvio took a sip of his coffee calmly, “Among other things.”

I looked back at him completely alarmed, “Absolutely not.”

“Yes,” he replied simply.

“No!”

“You enjoy arguing with rich people too much,” Dante muttered.

I shoved the card back toward Silvio across the table, “This is insane. Why would I ever need unlimited shopping?”

Silvio looked completely unbothered by my panic, “Because,” he said calmly, “You dress like… such a broke college girl.”

Claire nodded immediately, “It’s actually getting concerning.”

“And,” Silvio continued smoothly, “I like efficiency. If you need something, you buy it. You don’t ask permission. You simply get it. You are family, Gianna,” he said quietly, “Act like it. Us Capones have impeccable taste in clothes.”

Dante blew out a breath, “Alright, mine next.

I looked up just in time for him to toss something small directly at my face. I yelped and barely caught it.

“What the hell?!” I gasped.

Dante looked deeply pleased with himself. I looked down at the object in my hands. Then immediately started laughing.

It was a pink taser.

A glittery pink taser covered in tiny rhinestones.

My jaw dropped, “Dante.”

He leaned back proudly in his chair. “It has your initials engraved on the side.”

I turned it over. Sure enough, G.T.

Right beneath a tiny carved skull. A shocked laugh escaped me, “You gave me a weapon bedazzled like a teenage girl’s phone case.”

“It’s called personality.”

Adriano grabbed it from my hands to inspect it. “Jesus Christ, Dante.”

“What?” Dante defended. “Now she can electrocute people in style.”

The second he said electrocute, I noticed Raphael’s eyes flick toward me immediately, “For creeps,” he said quietly, “Not... Anything else.”

15 Bgra

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 373

Luca reached into the chair beside him next. Unlike everyone else, he didn’t say much. He simply held out a long black box toward me. I took it carefully and opened it. Nestled inside dark velvet was the most beautiful dagger i had ever seen.

The handle was matte black wrapped with dark leather, elegant and deadly at the same time. Slowly, I lifted it from the box. It balanced perfectly in my hand. My thumb brushed over something carved near the base of the blade.

Gianna.

My name.

Actually engraved into the steel.

“It’s custom-made,” Luca said quietly. “Balanced specifically for your grip.”

Raphael glanced over at his brother with narrowed eyes, “When exactly were you studying her grip?”

Luca looked completely unfazed, “When she eats.”

I carefully slid the dagger back into its sheath, my fingertips lingering over my engraved name. Jules suddenly smiled softly from beside Salvatore.

“We have ours too, sweetheart,” my mom reached over and handed me a flat package wrapped carefully in cream paper.

The wrapping alone looked too pretty to open. I peeled it back slowly. Inside was a scrapbook. My throat tightened instantly, it was not just any scrapbook. It had pictures of my life with my mom and Jules and the photos from the last few months.

Small handwritten notes written by my mom filled the empty spaces between the photographs, little memories, little moments I hadn’t even realized mattered to anyone else.

I turned another page and froze.

A photo of me sitting beside Mom and Jules during movie night, smiling softly without realizing that mom was taking the picture.

My vision blurred immediately, “Oh no,” Claire whispered dramatically, “She’s definitely crying now.”

“I am not,” I choked out instantly.

A tear literally fell onto the page.

Dante pointed at me, “Evidence says otherwise.”

Before I could recover, Salvatore cleared his throat. Salvatore reached into the inside pocket of his suit jacket and placed a thick set of keys on the marble table in front of me.

I frowned slightly, “...What’s this?”

“A deed,” he answered simply.

My stomach dropped instantly, “No.”

Salvatore looked calm, “You haven’t even heard what it is.”

*15 BEPHUS

“I already know it’s too much.”

“It’s an apartment.”

I stared at him, “A what?”

“One of the penthouses,” he continued evenly. “Fully renovated. Private security. Your name is already attached to the property.”

The entire blood supply left my body, “You bought me a penthouse?”

Claire looked impressed, “Okay, wow, you win. Papa Capone.”

Salvatore’s expression never changed as he looked at me, “I don’t want you to ever feel trapped by us. If you want independence,” he continued, “Then you should have a place that is just yours whether you stay there or not.”

Nobody spoke for a second after that. I stared down at the keys in complete silence.

Then Claire suddenly gasped loudly, “WAIT.”

Everyone looked at her. She pointed dramatically toward Raphael.

“You didn’t give her anything!”

Raphael looked completely unbothered as he took another slow sip of coffee.

“I forgot.”

Claire looked personally offended, “How could you?! We talked about this yesterday!”

Raphael shrugged lazily. “I’ll make it up to her at the office.”

I narrowed my eyes suspiciously.

Raphael looked directly at me then, “Maybe I’ll reduce your workload.”

The entire table groaned at once, “THAT is your idea of a birthday gift?” Maddie snapped.

Claire looked horrified, “She’s not a middle-aged accountant, Raphael!”

Raphael ignored everyone but I caught it. The tiny twitch at the corner of his mouth when he looked at me.

And somehow...

That stupid almost-smile made my stomach flip harder than everything sitting in front of me.

Janedoewritings Author

Swipe up!

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 374

Raphael

Three screens glowed in front of me.

Lines of code scrolled endlessly down black backgrounds. Security architecture, adaptive recognition systems, predictive correction patterns, font rendering adjustments and eye-tracking response timing.

I leaned back slightly in my chair, adjusting my glasses higher on the bridge of my nose while another test simulation ran across the left monitor.

FAILED.

My jaw tightened.

“No,” I muttered quietly.

I reached forward immediately, rewriting the response delay. Again. The simulation reran. This time the words stabilized correctly.

I watched the text shift across the screen carefully. I dragged one hand down my face slowly, exhaustion pressing heavily behind my eyes. I honestly couldn’t remember the last time I slept properly.

Probably before she walked into my life like a damn hurricane.

The memory of her crying in the woods last night flashed through my head again.

Páin helps me focus.

My chest tightened instantly. Fuck. I hated that sentence. I stared at the code running across the screen again.

Ever since she told me about her dyslexia, I hadn’t been able to let it go. Most dyslexia tools on the market were garbage. Cheap overlays, bright colors, childish interfaces designed by people who treated intelligent adults like children just because they learned differently.

It pissed me off.

Gianna wasn’t stupid.

Her brain simply processed information differently.

And after watching her work, I was beginning to suspect her brain processed certain things better than most people alive.

Which meant the problem wasn’t her.

The systems around her were just poorly designed. So I built her a new one from scratch. My fingers moved quickly again across the keyboard. The app opened on the center monitor.

BLACK VEIL.

The name sat cleanly across the startup screen.

It was minimalistic, dark interface, no sensory overload.

I clicked run.

Immediately the system activated. A document appeared on screen. Then the app adjusted it automatically in real time. The spacing shifted subtly. The letters stabilized. Specific commonly confused characters separated further apart. Sentence tracking softly highlighted one line at a time without disrupting focus.

I activated the second function.

Voice-sync.

Then the third feature.

Predictive handwriting correction.

I grabbed the digital pen beside my desk and scribbled quickly across the tablet screen. Even with messy, half- finished strokes, the system recognized the patterns instantly. The distorted handwriting transformed into clean text beside it.

I watched the conversion happen. My jaw finally loosened slightly.

There you are.

A slow breath left my chest, for the first time in two weeks-the damn thing finally worked perfectly.

I leaned back in my chair quietly, staring at the finished interface.

And unexpectedly, I found myself thinking about the way Gianna looked when she accomplished something.

That tiny flash in her eyes like nobody had taught her how to be proud of herself yet.

I closed the laptop carefully and stood from my desk, rolling my sleeves down before buttoning the cuffs of my black shirt properly. Then I grabbed the tablet containing the app and headed downstairs.

In the basement, the men moved quickly between stations while keyboards clicked nonstop around the room.

And in the center of it, there she was.

Gianna sat cross-legged in one of the oversized desk chairs, completely focused on the six monitors surrounding her.

Her hair was tied messily up with a pencil shoved through it. One sleeve of her sweater hung slightly off her shoulder while she typed rapidly.

She looked beautiful.

The kind that crept under your skin slowly before you realized you were completely ruined. I stopped walking for half a second just watching her.

One of the programmers beside her looked stressed enough to collapse.

“I’m telling you the breach makes no sense,” the guy groaned.

Gianna didn’t even look away from the monitor, “Because you’re staring at the wrong access point,” she muttered quickly, “Look at the timestamps.”

The programmer frowned, “I did.”

“No, you looked at them individually.” She pointed toward the screen, “Look at the pattern repetition.”

The man blinked, “Oh shit.”

A smug little smile tugged at her mouth, “There,” she said simply.

A small grin pulled at my mouth too.

She had no idea how brilliant she actually was.

One of the men noticed me standing there instantly and straightened, “Boss.”

Gianna finally looked up. The second her eyes landed on me, something softer flickered across her face.

I tilted my head once toward the hallway, “Come with me.”

Her eyebrows pulled together slightly, confused, but she stood anyway. I led her through the quieter lower corridors toward my private office. The moment the heavy door shut behind us, the noise outside disappeared completely.

Gianna looked around slowly before crossing her arms, “What’s happening?”

I set the tablet down on my desk, “Happy birthday again, Mess.”

Something warm instantly softened her face, “You already gave me a birthday present,” she said quietly.

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I leaned back against the desk slightly, “Yeah,” I pushed the tablet toward her, “This one’s better.”

She looked confused but stepped closer anyway then she looked down at the screen.

BLACK VEIL.

Her brow furrowed, “What is this?”

“Open it.”

She tapped the screen carefully. The interface expanded smoothly. I watched her expression shift immediately Confusion first, then focus and then curiosity.

She started reading the sample text on screen, then stopped. Her eyes widened slightly. Her fingers moved hesitantly over the settings. The text shifted, adjusted and stabilized.

I saw the exact moment she realized what it was.

Slowly, she looked back up at me, “What... is this?”

I crossed my arms loosely, “It’s yours.”

She stared at me silently.

I nodded toward the screen. “The app analyzes how your eyes track language patterns in real time. It adjusts spacing, movement density, visual clutter, predictive sequencing, and handwriting conversion based on your specific processing habits.”

She looked back down at the tablet like it might disappear.

I continued quietly.

“It also has audio synchronization for reading overload days. Voice-to-text correction calibrated specifically to your speech rhythm. Handwriting prediction. Pattern isolation for coding. Adaptive overlays. The system learns the more you use it.”

Gianna’s fingers trembled slightly against the edges of the tablet, “You... built this?”

I looked away briefly, adjusting my cuff, “It needed to exist.”

Gianna slowly sat down in the chair behind her like her legs suddenly couldn’t hold her anymore then she started testing it. Opening documents. Typing random things. Switching functions.

And the entire time, her expression kept changing. Shock. Disbelief. Confusion. Then finally, something far worse. Her eyes started filling with tears.

Ah.

Fuck.

I straightened immediately, “Gianna-”

“No,” she whispered quickly, shaking her head hard while staring at the screen, “No, I’m okay.”

She absolutely wasn’t okay.

Her fingers moved shakily over the handwriting converter again.

She scribbled something messy onto the screen.

The app translated it perfectly and instantly. Her breath caught so sharply it physically hurt to hear.

“Oh my God,” Gianna looked back up at me slowly, “You made something around my brain,” she whispered shakily.

I walked toward her slowly then crouched slightly beside the chair.

“There’s nothing wrong with your brain, Gianna,” I said quietly, “People just kept forcing it through systems that were never built for someone like you.”

A tear slid down her cheek then another. Gianna looked back down at the tablet in her hands like it was something fragile. Something impossible.

Her fingertips brushed carefully over the edge of the screen, almost hesitant, like she was afraid the app would suddenly disappear if she touched it too hard.

“You really made this for me?” she whispered.

I leaned one hip against the desk beside her chair, crossing my arms loosely, “You needed it,” I said simply.

Her throat moved as she swallowed. Then she laughed softly under her breath, but the sound came out shaky, ” Thank you.”

Gianna looked back down at the app, opening another feature. The handwriting converter adjusted instantly to the messy rushed sentence she scribbled across the screen.

Her eyes widened all over again, “You even fixed the letter drifting,” she whispered.

“I adjusted the stabilization algorithm three times.”

She blinked up at me, “Three?”

“Actually seven.”

That made her stare at me for a long second. Then something softer spread slowly across her face. It was not gratitude, I couldn’t understand this new look on her face at all. It was softer than anything I have ever seen before. Something warm enough to make my pulse shift slightly beneath my skin.

I looked away first.

Because if I kept holding that eye contact much longer, I was going to do something profoundly stupid.

My jaw flexed once before I straightened slightly, “There’s one condition.”

Her eyebrows pulled together immediately, “Condition?”

I nodded once, “The dagger Luca gave you,” I paused. “And Dante’s taser.”

Instantly, I saw the change happen in her posture. Gianna lowered the tablet slowly into her lap. “What about them?”

I kept my voice even, “I’m taking them.”

She stared at me, confusion flickered across her face first, then embarrassment and then something more defensive, “You think I can’t handle them?”

“No,” I said calmly. “I think you can handle them too well.”

Her eyes dropped immediately after that. And that alone told me everything. I pushed away from the desk slowly and crouched in front of her chair again so she didn't have to crane her neck upward to look at me

"I'm not controlling you," I said quietly.

I could practically see the war happening inside her head. Part of her understood. The other part probably felt ashamed that I even had to ask.

"I know what those things can became for you," I continued carefully. "And I'm not interested in leaving tools around that your brain already associates with hurting yourself."

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Her fingers tightened slightly around the tablet, "I wasn't planning to," she whispered.

"I know."

But I couldn't trust her, the urges didn't ask permission first, "You spent years training yourself to reach for pain every time your brain got overloaded." I watched her carefully. "That doesn't disappear overnight just because somebody finally helped you for once."

Her eyes immediately flicked up to mine after that. The sadness in them hit harder than I expected.

I exhaled slowly through my nose, "Mess," I murmured quieter now, "you told me yourself that sometimes you don't even realize what you're doing until afterward. Until the blood is already there."

She gave a tiny, almost invisible nod, her lower lip trembling.

"I'm not taking your control away from you," I said softly. "I'm trying to help protect you while your brain learns different, better habits. That's it."

Her chin trembled slightly at that, "So what?" she whispered weakly. "You're just gonna confiscate sharp objects from me forever?"

Despite myself, the corner of my mouth twitched slightly.

“No.” I tilted my head. “You’d probably start throwing forks at people.”

A startled laugh escaped her before she could stop it.

“When you’re in a better place.... mentally,” I said quietly, “you can have them back.”

Her eyes searched my face carefully then, probably looking for judgment. She wouldn’t find any of it because the truth was-I didn’t look at Gianna and see weakness.

My hand moved before I could think better of it. I brushed one loose strand of hair carefully back behind her ear.

“You trusted me enough to tell me the truth,” I murmured, “So trust me enough to help with this too.”

Her breath caught softly. And after a long moment, Gianna nodded again and leaned into my hand, giving me that look again.

I didn’t understand it. I wanted to.

I had spent my entire life learning how to read people. I knew what a man looked like right before he pulled a trigger. I knew the exact look of raw terror in an enemy’s eyes when I gripped their throat. I knew what greed looked like, what submission looked like, and I certainly knew the heavy, dirty look of lust when a woman wanted me in her bed. Those were simple things. Those were things I could use, things I could control.

But this look from Gianna? It made absolutely no sense to my brain.

It felt like an entirely different language that nobody had ever bothered to teach me how to read. it felt like there was nothing soft inside me to match the warmth shining out of her eyes right now.

“What?” I said, my voice coming out much rougher and deeper than I meant it to. I didn’t move my hand from her cheek, my thumb still resting against her soft skin, but my eyebrows pulled together in a frown, “Why are you looking at me like that, Mess?”

Her lips parted, and she opened her mouth to say something. She squeezed her fingers against my arm, her breath hitching as if she were finally about to put words to the look on her face.

But before a single sound could leave her throat, a vibration cut straight through the silence of the office.

BZZZ. BZZZ.

I straightened up immediately, my hand dropping back to my side as my eyes tracked the noise. Her phone was lying flat on the desk, right beside the white tablet displaying the new app. The screen lit up bright, a banner notification popping up at the very top from a social media app.

We both looked down at the glowing glass at the exact same time.

My eyes locked onto the name at the top of the message preview, and the blood in my veins instantly turned to pure ice.

Leone Caruso.

Right below the name, the short message text sat cleanly against the white background.

“Gianna, my love, is this you?”

The word “love” stared back at me from the screen. I slowly turned my head, my eyes dropping down to the top of Gianna’s head as she stared at the flashing screen, her body going completely rigid.

“Who the fuck is Leone?” I snarled.

Gianna’s head snapped up, her beau green eyes lifting from the glowing phone screen to look straight into my face. The second her gaze met mine, all that beautiful, soft warmth from before completely vanished. It was like someone had pulled a plug inside her, every single drop of color instantly drained out of her face, leaving her skin looking completely pale and white as paper.

Her lips trembled, parting slightly as she stared at the pissed-off anger taking over my features.

“That’s...” she whispered, “Raphael... that’s my ex-fiancé.”

Janedoewritings Author

Let me know what you think.. because things are about to go a little crazy in the next few chapters!

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Chapter 377

Gianna

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My mind went completely blank as I stared down at the glowing screen of my phone.

The small, neat letters of the message blurry before my eyes.

“Gianna, my love, is this you?”

The name Leone Caruso burst through the floorboards, tearing up everything beautiful we had just built in this room. My chest felt tight, the air completely stuck in my throat. I couldn’t breathe. I couldn’t think.

Slowly, I forced my eyes away from the screen and looked up at Raphael.

The muscles in his neck were stretched tight, a thick vein pulsing, and his eyes were darker now. He looked so pissed off it made my stomach drop into a freezing pit of ice.

“Your ex-fiancé?” Raphael repeated, his deep voice dropped into a hiss that made the hairs on my arms stand straight up, “It’s the same man you love, right? The one you couldn’t forget.”

“Yes,” I gasped out automatically, the panic making my brain short-circuit. Then, my eyes widened as I realized what I had just said, and I shook my head violently, my hair tumbling around my face, “No! No, Raphael, wait—”

I was so confused, the words tripping over each other as I tried to force them out of my mouth. Leone had been my past, he had been the person I thought I was supposed to be with, but everything was different now.

Raphael didn’t give me a chance to fix it. He let out a harsh, mocking breath through his nose, his jaw clenching so hard I could hear the bone snap.

“I thought we had a deal, Gianna,” he stated, “I thought we weren’t allowed to see other people.”

“Yes! Please, we do!” I choked out, my hands flying up to grab the rough fabric of his black sleeves. I shook my head hard, my heart hammering so violently against my ribs I was terrified it would burst right out of my crop top, “I am not seeing Leone! I haven’t talked to him in years! There is absolutely nothing between us, Raphael. 1 swear to you, there is nothing going on!”

An insane, desperate urge suddenly exploded inside my chest. It was a wild, frantic panic that clawed at my throat, making me squeeze his arms with all the strength in my fingers.

I needed him to understand. I needed him to look at me. The thought of Raphael believing I was with someone else while we were together, or the thought of him thinking I still wanted another man, made me feel like I was physically dying.

Because the truth was, over the last few weeks, during those quiet, dark moments he held me and kept the monsters away, something had changed.

My feelings were different now for him, and I hadn't even found the courage to tell him yet. He was the only person who filled my mind now, occupying my thoughts much more than I wanted to admit. He was the only one who made me feel completely safe, safe enough to drop my guard and show him who I really was.

I found myself waiting for our quiet time together all day long, looking forward to being alone with him every single minute. I hadn't felt this kind of deep, excited happiness with anyone in years.

Raphael stood up straight, pulling his arms away from my hands. He stepped back just an inch, but it felt like he

15 BOA was moving a million miles away from me. The angry red color in his face slowly cooled down, turning back into that hard mask of stone.

"I won't stop you from seeing other people, Gianna," he said.

I frowned, my heart dropping all the way to my feet as a cold wave of panic rushed through me. Does he want me to date other people? Does he actually want me to go to someone else?

"But after this arrangement between us is over, you can go right back to him or whoever else you want," Raphael continued, "Until we are completely done, though, you belong here. You can't touch another man. And you sure as hell can't let anyone else call you those... names."

GET I

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I sat frozen in the chair, my breath catching in my throat as I looked up at him.

"We made a deal," Raphael continued, "And both of us will mutually decide when this arrangement finally ends. Neither of us can singlehandedly just walk away and break this thing between us. We started it together, and we will finish it together. Do you understand me?"

A sudden, sharp pain sliced right through the middle of my chest. It felt like he was pushing my heart away and rejecting my feelings, even though I knew the truth... he couldn't actually reject them because he had no idea how I truly felt about him.

I stared up at him through my eyelashes, my eyes stinging as a wave of deep hurt washed over me so fast it made me feel physically sick to my stomach.

A deal.

He was still calling it a deal. He was still talking about it like it was just a cold piece of paper, an arrangement with rules and a specific end date.

The realization hit me so hard I could barely keep my spine straight under my crop top.

But he was right, wasn't he? I was just imagining things. I was letting my foolish heart dream up a beautiful story that didn't exist.

He was my stepbrother.

We were just each other's dirty little secret, hiding in the dark corners of his house. This was exactly how it was always going to end... as a secret that would eventually be buried and forgotten when the time ran out. Right?

It couldn't change. It could never become anything real.

If we ever dared to step out into the light, everything around us would completely explode.

I could already see the horrible scenario playing out in my mind, each detail more terrifying than the last. I imagined the exact moment our family found out.

I saw my mother looking at me with pure disgust and shame in her eyes, completely heartbroken that her own daughter could do something so forbidden.

And what about the outside world? The rumors would spread like a fast, ugly fire. People would whisper behind our backs, pointing at us with nasty smiles.

Raphael would end up hating me for destroying his life and his position in the family. He would look at me with regret, wishing he had never let me into his bed.

No, it was impossible. We could never tell a single soul about us. We were trapped in this beautiful, painful cage forever, and the moment the time ran out on our deal, we would have to walk away and I'd pretend like my heart hadn't completely broken in the process.

"Gianna, look at me."

I forced myself to lift my chin. He was watching me, his eyes trying to read every single flicker of emotion passing through my face.

“I need to hear you say it,” he muttered, “Tell me you understand the rules. Tell me you aren’t going to answer him.”

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“I corrected him softly.

Raphael just gave his head a rough shake, as he dismissed the man entirely, “I don’t care. Whatever his name is, he doesn’t exist to you.”

I nodded with a small, soft smile. A dark, rare smile actually broke across his face in return before he finally stepped back, giving me some space. He reached down and tapped the glowing screen of the tablet, drawing my attention back to the work we had been doing.

“Make yourself familiar with the app,” he said, “Look through everything. Tell me if anything needs fixing, onit you want me to add something. Whatever feature you want, if it matters to you, I’ll make it happen.”

I nodded again, forcing myself to look at the screen even though the heavy ache in my chest was making it hard to focus, “Yeah. I’ll check it out.”

He looked completely satisfied with himself, proud of the system he had built for me, while I felt like I was/ completely dying inside.

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“Go on another hunt with me,” he muttered.

Inside my chest, my heart felt like it was breaking into a thousand pieces. He always felt so incredibly good, so sweet and perfect, but it felt like a cruel trick. It was a beautiful drug I knew I could never truly keep, a physical reminder of the forbidden wall between us.

He could kiss me until my lips were bruised, but at the end of the day, we were still just a secret transaction.

“I can’t, Raphael,” I whispered, my chin trembling as I shook my head slowly against the chair. “I can’t go on another killing spree so soon. My mind... my soul is still too heavy from the last time. I can’t look at that much blood right now.”

It was a lie.

I wanted a little space from him.

A slow, dark smile tugged at one corner of Raphael's mouth, but his eyes stayed completely serious, locked onto mine.

"It's not that kind of hunt, Mess," he murmured, "It's a sex hunt. The one you snuck into and got caught in once."

My breath caught flat in my throat. "Oh..." I managed to whisper, my cheeks instantly heating up as the wild memories of that night flashed through my mind.

"Luca, Silvio, and Dante are leaving for Vegas tonight. They're going to be gone for a few days. There will be no family around to watch us. No secrets to hide from the people in this house. Just you and me, completely alone in the woods full of masked strangers who don't know our names. We can do whatever we want, and nobody will ever find out."

He leaned his face down so close our noses almost brushed, blocking out every single thing in the room until there was nothing left but him.

"For once," he whispered, "I want to be free with you, Gianna. I am sick of looking over my shoulder every time I want to put my hands on you in my own house."

He leaned in a fraction of an inch closer, his hot lips grazing mine as he spoke.

"Come with me, Mess. Let me have you without the walls for just one night."

Even with the unease ripping through my chest, I knew I couldn't say no to him. I wanted his touch so desperately, even if it was just for one fake, beautiful night in the dark.

Slowly, I let out a shaky breath, my fingers tightening against the dark fabric of his shirt.

"Okay," I whispered against his lips, "I'll go with you."

Raphael's jaw flexed, a dark, satisfied look flashing across his face. He didn't waste another second. He leaned down and claimed my mouth again, harder this time, as if he were sealing another promise between us.

When he finally pulled away just an inch, his hot breath brushed against my lips, "No Carson, Gianna..."

I frowned, completely confused by the name, "Who is Carson?"

"The ex," he muttered, his face hardening as if even saying the title made him angry.

Despite the tight panic in my chest, a small, breathless laugh escaped my lips, "Caruso. His name is Leone Caruso,

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Raphael turned and walked over to the office door. But right before he opened it, he stopped. He stood there for a quiet moment, his back to me, before he slowly turned around to look at me one last time. He looked unusually hesitant, his broad shoulders shifting as he cleared his throat.

“Do you...” he started, his voice uncharacteristically soft and uncertain. He rubbed the back of his neck, struggling to find the words, “Do you... would you like a.. a therapist, Gianna?”

The word felt like a splash of freezing water straight to my face.

I didn’t let my expression change. I kept my face perfectly still, my jaw locked tight so he couldn’t see the sudden panic crashing through me. But inside, my chest shrank until it felt totally hollow.

A dark wave of shame washed over my mind.

A therapist.

I didn’t want him to look at me and see a fragile, damaged thing. I didn’t want him to think I was a lunatic who couldn’t handle her own dark thoughts.

While I had been sitting here falling completely in love with his strength, he was looking at me like I was a sad patient who needed to be handled with kid gloves.

I swallowed the bitter taste in my mouth, forcing a cold laugh past my lips as I leaned back against the seat.

“Why would I need a therapist, Raphael?” I asked, as I picked up the white tablet, pretending to look at the screen just so I wouldn’t have to meet his dark eyes, “Do you think I’m losing my mind?”

Raphael slowly lifted his broad shoulder in a casual shrug, “It’s not a bad thing, Gianna,” he said, “Going to talk to someone... it doesn’t mean you’re crazy. It just means you have a lot of heavy things inside your head, and it could help you with a lot of those things. It could give you a safe place to put the mess.’

Mess.

Mess.

Mess.

The word echoed in my ears, sounding louder and uglier each time it bounced around my brain.

A sudden, burning fire exploded right in the center of my chest, completely burning away the ache from moments ago.

My blood turned into boiling acid. First, he treats me like some business partner in a cold deal. Now, he's standing by the door acting like my doctor, trying to ship me off to some stranger to fix my head.

I suddenly wanted to grab the heavy white tablet off the desk and throw it right at his stupid face. I wanted to hit him with something hard enough to wipe that superior look right off his jaw.

I snapped my head up, I looked at him through my eyelashes, all my softness completely gone.

"I don't need a damn therapist, Raphael," I spat out, "And I certainly don't need you acting like my worried daddy. If my head is such a disaster to you, then just stop looking at it. Go fix your own problems and leave mine alone."

For the first time since I had known him, the coldness on his face completely cracked. He looked totally taken aback, his eyes widening in pure surprise as my words smacked him right in the chest.

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"Gianna," he said quickly, "That's not what I meant. I didn't mean it like that, Mess. I'm not trying to say you're-

"

"I don't care what you meant," I snapped, cutting him off before he could even finish his sentence.

I didn't want to hear his excuses. I didn't want to see him try to patch up the giant, bleeding hole he had just ripped into my feelings with his talk about deals and crazy people.

The anger inside me was the only thing keeping me from bursting into loud, embarrassing tears right in front of him, and I needed to get away from his scent before I lost my mind completely.

I stood up from the chair so fast it rolled backward, the wheels squeaking loudly against the floor. I didn’t look at his face, and I didn’t look at the white tablet still resting on the dark wood. I grabbed the hem of my crop top, pulling it down with a tug, and marched straight toward the door.

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My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 381

“Gianna, let me explain what I meant,” Raphael said as he reached out an arm to block my path.

I dodged his hand with a twist of my shoulders, completely ignoring his touch like he was nothing. I slammed my palm against the wooden door, threw it open, and stepped out into the hallway without giving him a single backward glance.

I sat down in my seat, pulling my laptop open and staring hard at the bright screen, my heart pounding a wild, furious rhythm against my ribs as I forced myself to pretend he didn’t exist.

Fuck him, and fuck his therapist.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw him walking away. I didn’t turn my head. I kept my eyes glued to the computer screen, but I could feel his gaze locked onto me as he walked toward the elevator to head back up to the executive floor.

He was moving slow, probably waiting for me to look up, waiting for me to give him an opening. I didn’t give him a damn thing. A moment later, the soft ding of the elevator echoed through the space, and the metal doors slid shut, finally taking him away.

The second he was gone, the tight breath I had been holding rushed out of my lungs. I grabbed my phone off the desk, my hands shaking.

Before I could even unlock the screen, the display lit up. His text immediately popped up, a bright white box against the glass.

Raphael: It’s completely logical that you’re angry right now, Gianna. It is a defense mechanism to push back when someone points out a vulnerable spot. But we are under a massive amount of stress keeping this secret inside this house, and having an objective, professional outlet to process everything isn’t a sign of weakness, it’s just a rational step

to make sure you're protected. I'm not judging you. I'm trying to help you manage the load.

I stared at the glowing words, my jaw clenching so hard it throbbed.

And now he was acting like I was just some sad, wounded little bird he needed to shield from the world. It made me want to scream. I didn't want his excuses, and I definitely didn't want him being nice to me right after he had completely crushed my heart with his talk about our deal.

I stared at Raphael's text, my blood boiling. He wanted to take care of me. He wanted to fix the mess.

With a swipe of my thumb, I cleared his message from the top of my screen. I dragged the notification bar all the way down, my eyes searching for the one name.

Leone Caruso.

The notification had been sitting there. My heart did a wild, dangerous flip against my ribs. My stepbrother wanted to remind me that we just had a cold deal? He wanted to treat me like a fragile, broken patient who couldn't handle the real world?

Fine.

I tapped on the notification, the chat window opening up instantly. My fingers didn't hesitate this time. The anger flowing through my veins made me bold, wiping away every single second thought I'd ever had about safety or rules.

I quickly typed out the words, each letter a sharp stab against the screen.

Yes, it's me, Leone. And I miss you.

I pressed send before I could talk myself out of it, watching the message fly across the screen.

Janedoewritings

Author

Gianna's mental health is in shambles...

So, what are we thinking about Raphael's words today? Drop your thoughts in the comments, and if you can't, you know I'm always waiting for you over at Janeverse on Face–book! Happy reading!

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 382

Gianna

The glowing white screen of the tablet was the only light left burning in my dark bedroom.

It was way past midnight, and the rest of the house was completely dead and silent. I sat curled up in the middle of my mattress, my legs crossed tightly, staring down at the beautiful software Raphael had built for me.

With a soft swipe of my finger, a new page of my study notes glided into view. Everything was perfectly organized. The complex, heavy layout of the book had been broken down into clean, simple charts that my brain could actually understand without freezing up. There were no confusing walls of text, no crowded paragraphs to make my eyes swim. He had even color-coded the different algorithms, matching them to the exact way my memory worked.

I let out a low, shaky breath, a hot ball of anger tightening in my stomach.

I hate him. My fingers gripping the edges of the tablet a little too hard. I absolutely hate him.

I was still so incredibly pissed off at the way he had talked down to me in his office, treating our connection like a cold piece of paper and he had looked right through me, treating me like a crazy, fragile little girl who needed a therapist to survive. The burning sting of his rejection still made my blood run hot.

But as I scrolled to the next clean page, a heavy, painful ache swelled right behind my ribs, completely melting the anger away.

My throat went tight. The truth was, nobody in my entire life had ever done something like this for me. Nobody had ever sat down for hours and hours, staring at a computer screen, just to build a whole digital world specifically designed to help my struggling brain. My mother never cared how hard I drowned in school, she thought I was perfect the way I was that I didn't need fixing but I did need help. But Raphael... Raphael had looked at my silent struggles, and quietly built me a lifeline.

Because of him, the fog in my head was finally clearing. Learning wasn't a nightmare right now. It was easy. I felt a deep, terrifying pull toward him that I couldn't stop, a desperate warmth that made me want to run straight to his room, even though I knew he would never truly be mine.

A sharp buzz against the bedsheets broke the quiet.

I jumped slightly, my heart leaping into my throat. I turned my head toward the corner of the mattress where my phone lay face-down. It buzzed again. And again. The small device was vibrating against the fabric.

Slowly, my hand trembling just a little, I reached out and flipped the phone over.

The bright screen flared to life, and a sudden, heavy wave of pure dread pooled deep in my belly, turning my stomach completely sour.

The notifications were stacking up so fast they were practically running over each other.

Leone. Leone. Leone.

There were thirty unread text messages flashing in a long row on the screen. Right beneath the texts, a string of missed video calls stared back at me. He wasn’t stopping. He was pushing his way back into my life, and I had no one to blame but myself.

I stared at his name, and the warmth I had felt just a second ago evaporated into freezing ice.

15 8grius

My mind flashed back to that horrible night-the night my entire world had been ripped away from me. Leone had been my person. He was the one guy I had trusted with every single piece of my soul. I had genuinely believed, with everything inside me, that he was the one person in the entire world who would never, ever hurt me.

And then he had smiled, turned his back, and betrayed me in the worst way possible.

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 383

The memory made me feel physically sick. The cold weight of his old betrayal pressed down hard on my chest, making it difficult to breathe in the quiet bedroom.

I looked back down at the tablet Raphael had made to protect me, and then back at the flashing red alerts from the boy who had ruined me.

I was trapped between a beautiful, forbidden secret and a ghost from my past who refused to stay dead.

A sudden knock against the heavy wood of my bedroom door cut through the silence.

I gasped, my head snapping up from the tablet as my heart did a violent leap against my ribs. I scrambled to pul the blanket higher over my legs, my eyes wide as the door slowly swung inward.

Raphael was standing there.

The breath completely left my body, my mouth suddenly going dry before water pooled under my tongue. He was so massive he completely filled the entire entrance, blocking out the light from the hallway. Because of his towering height, he reached up carelessly and grabbed the top of the wooden doorframe with one large hand, leaning his heavy weight against it like it was nothing.

The simple movement made the thin fabric of his tight white t-shirt ride up his torso. My eyes glued themselves to the smooth skin of his stomach. The bright light from the hall hit the deep lines of his washboard abs, highlighting every single hard ridge of muscle that shifted as he breathed. Below his shirt, a pair of black, baggy tactical pants hung low on his heavy hips, making him look like something I wanted to eat.

My heart started hammering against my chest. I swallowed hard, a sudden heat blooming deep in my stomach just from looking at the pure masculine sight of him standing in my private space.

Raphael didn’t step into the room right away. He kept his arms raised, his dark eyes locking onto mine through the dim light of the bedroom. A slow, wicked look crossed his handsome face as he took in the sight of me curled up on the bed.

“I thought we had a date planned, Little Mess,” he said, his deep voice dropping into a low, rumbling purr that vibrated straight through the floorboards and into my bones.

I snapped my eyes away from his hard stomach, jerking my chin to the side so I was staring at the blank wall instead of his handsome face. I let out a harsh laugh, tossing the tablet onto the sheets.

“A date?” I scoffed, “We can’t date, Raphael. Remember? We have a cold contract. We are a secret transaction behind closed doors.”

He frowned at my words and then the heavy thud of his boots echoed against the floor as he finally stepped across the threshold. He didn’t ask for permission. He reached back, grabbed the edge of the door, and pushed it shut, locking us into the room together.

He walked over to the edge of my mattress, his massive frame towering over me for a second before he completely let his weight go. He slumped down onto the mattress right at the foot of my bed, his big body sinking into the covers near my feet. He leaned back against the wooden footboard, a lazy, dark smile breaking across his rugged face as he looked up at me.

Panic suddenly shot through my veins.

My phone was still lying face-up on the sheets, the screen glowing bright with Leone's unread messages and bleeding red missed calls. Before Raphael's eyes could slide down and catch the name, I snatched the phone up, flipped it face-down against the blanket, and shoved it under my thigh.

"Leave me alone, Raphael," I snapped, glaring down at him, my arms crossing tightly over my chest.

Raphael didn't move away. Instead, he leaned forward, his hand sliding over the blanket to wrap firmly around my ankle, his fingers squeezing the small bone just enough to make me feel the immense power in his wrist without hurting me.

GETU

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 384

"I didn't mean it in a bad way, Gianna," he said softly.

I didn't answer. I just narrowed my eyes, glaring at him through my eyelashes with all the anger I had been holding onto since this afternoon.

"I wasn't trying to say you're crazy," he murmured, "I wasn't implying you need to be fixed, or that there's something wrong with your brain."

Slowly, his heavy palm shifted. He released my ankle, and the rough skin of his hand began to slide slowly up my bare calf, sending a wild, electric shiver straight up my spine. He moved with slowness, his touch warm agains my cool skin. His hand traveled up past my knee, sliding higher and higher up my thigh until his large fingers slipped right under the hem of my loose sleeping shorts.

He kept moving until the tips of his fingers pressed gently against the raised, ruined skin on the inside of my upper thigh and I sucked in a sharp breath.

He stopped there, his thumb sweeping back and forth over the tiny scars with a lightness that made my breath catch flat in my throat.

"I suggested it for this," he whispered, his face softening as he looked down at his own hand on my skin. He looked up, "It is completely normal to feel overwhelmed, Gianna. And I know I can't just stand here like a dictator and tell you to stop doing this to yourself, because it doesn't work that way. You can't just switch it off."

His thumb smoothed over a deep scar, and a strange, aching warmth bloomed right where he was touching me, making my body want to melt toward him even though my mind was fighting it.

“Everybody needs help sometimes,” Raphael continued, “A therapist isn’t a judge. They are just an objective person who can help you look at the pain. Maybe they can help you understand the exact reason why you do what you do to your own body, so you don’t have to bleed to feel okay.”

A tear slipped down my cheek, but I quickly brushed it away, shaking my head. I swallowed the thick lump in my throat, forcing my voice to stay even as his touch made my heart ache.

“I don’t need a stranger to tell me anything,” I whispered, “I already know exactly why I do it. Now leave.”

Raphael let out a long sigh, the deep sound vibrating through the mattress. His broad shoulders slumped just a fraction of an inch, looking suddenly tired under his tight white t-shirt.

“I don’t know how to do this,” he whispered, his deep voice sounding rough and completely frustrated with himself. He shook his head, his eyes dropping down to look at his hand where it still rested against the ruined skin of my thigh, “I don’t understand how to make you see it. I don’t know how to explain it to you so it makes sense.”

He paused, his jaw clenching and unclenching as if the words inside his mouth were heavy stones he was hesitant and reluctant to spit out. He looked so uncomfortable, so completely out of his element, that I found myself holding my breath.

“You look at me every day,” he began, his voice uncharacteristically quiet, “And I know what you see, Gianna. You think I am perfect at everything I do. You think I have every single piece of my life figured out, that I built this empire and this whole house without ever stumbling.”

He let out a short, dry chuckle that had absolutely no humor in it. Slowly, his thumb resumed its gentle path, caressing my scars with a touch so soft it made my skin tingle.

“But I’m not,” he murmured, looking up to lock his serious eyes back onto mine, “Ever since I was a boy, I’ve had this... difficulty. I cannot put what I am feeling into words. My brain... it doesn’t work that way.”

Chapter 385

My eyebrows drew together, a deep frown settling onto my forehead. I stared down at him, my heart skipping a beat. He was opening up to me. For the very first time, Raphael Capone was showing me the messy, broken parts underneath his flawless surface.

“I try to say one thing,” Raphael continued, his words coming out slow, as if he were carefully picking each one from a minefield, “I try to tell you that I want to protect you, that I want to help you carry the heavy things. But when the words actually leave my mouth, they come out looking completely different. They come out harsh. They sound cold and unfeeling, like a machine.”

He slid his hand just a tiny bit higher, his warm palm pressing against my bare skin.

“Do you know that I have never cried,” he whispered, his eyes dropping to the dark sheets, “In my entire life, I don’t even know what it feels like to cry. I didn’t cry when my mom died. Vince cried for the first time right in front of me that day, and Adriano couldn’t even breathe. But I didn’t do anything. I didn’t shed a single tear. I was just... blank. I couldn’t put into words what I felt on that day, or anything that came after that.”

With a careful movement, he pushed the hem of my loose sleeping shorts up higher so he could look at the hidden marks. He traced the lines over and over with the tip of his thumb, his touch lighter than a feather.

“But I’m not a robot, Gianna,” he murmured, “I feel things. I’m just... I’m just not wired right in the head to tell people about it.”

I kept my face perfectly still, my jaw locked tight, but inside, my mind was spinning in absolute circles. The cold, logical king of the executive floor was sitting at the foot of my bed, telling me his own brain was flawed.

“And if you haven’t noticed,” he added, a small, sad twist tugging at the corner of his mouth, “and I’m pretty sure you haven’t, because you don’t seem to notice anything about me at all... I am a bit of a loner. I don’t have friends, Gianna. I have acquaintances, but not friends.”

He stopped moving his hand entirely, his fingers just resting quietly against the scars on my thigh. He swallowed hard, his thick throat bobbing as he looked up and met my eyes with a vulnerability that completely terrified me.

“You’re my first friend,” he said softly, “The very first one. And I’m sorry if I said something that was out of line earlier, but that’s just how I am. That is how my brain works.”

He shifted his weight closer, his eyes holding mine so intensely I couldn’t even blink.

“But I haven’t lied to you about anything, Gianna,” he murmured, “I don’t hide things from you. And I don’t know if we ever actually made a rule in our deal about not being friends, but it doesn’t matter anymore. You’re my best friend now, whether you like it or not.”

A suffocating weight dropped straight into the center of my chest, pressing down until it was hard to breathe.

Looking at him right now, with his body slumped so carefully at the edge of my mattress and his hand resting gently over my scars, my heart cracked wide open.

A deep, painful wave of warmth rushed through me. I wanted to reach out, wrap my arms around his neck, and pull him against my chest until all his cold, quiet loneliness melted away.

But right behind that warmth, an icy blade sliced deep into my stomach.

Friend.

It stung worse than the harsh rejection from this afternoon, worse than his logical explanation about the therapist. He had just bared his entire soul to me, and then he had shoved me right into a neat, safe little box.

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 386

I was a secret arrangement in the dark, and now... a buddy.

My throat felt completely dry, like it was coated in sand. I swallowed hard, forcing my trembling jaw to move as I stared at him through the dim light.

“Friends?” I whispered.

The word sounded incredibly small, a tiny, broken sound that completely gave away how much it hurt to say it out loud. I hated how weak it made me sound, but I couldn’t stop it from slipping past my lips.

Raphael didn’t notice the ache hiding in my voice. Instead, a slow, bright grin spread across his face, his eyes crinkling at the corners as if a massive weight had just been lifted off his shoulders.

He gave his head a nod, his fingers giving the skin of my thigh another gentle, reassuring squeeze.

“Friend,” he said, his deep voice sounding light and totally satisfied with himself, like he had just solved the hardest puzzle in the world.

I forced my jaw to lock tight, fighting with everything inside me to pull my crumbling pieces back together.

I took a deep, slow breath through my nose, forcing the burning tears back down into my throat before they could spill over my eyelashes.

I swallowed the thick, bitter taste of my own heartbreak, burying the pain so deep under the surface that he wouldn’t be able to catch even a glimpse of it. I couldn’t let him see how much that single word had just destroyed

I pulled my leg away from his touch, letting my bare skin slide out from under his warm palm. The loss of his hand felt instantly freezing, but I kept my face completely blank and smooth.

I slid off the opposite side of the mattress, my feet hitting the cold floorboards as I stood up. I smoothed down the hem of my loose sleeping shorts and turned my head just enough to look at him over my shoulder, forcing a tiny, tight smile onto my lips.

“Okay,” I said, “I’ll go change for the... date.”

I paused slightly on the word, the taste of it awkward on my tongue, before I turned on my heel and walked straight toward my closet without looking back.

I stepped inside the walk-in closet and shut the door behind me. The instant the lock clicked into place, the tight mask I had been forcing onto my face completely smashed to pieces.

A choked, breathless sob ripped out of my throat.

I stumbled forward and threw my weight against the long rack of my clothes, burying my face deep into the soft fabrics hanging on the rack. I grabbed handfuls of the dresses and shirts, pulling them tightly around my head to muffle the sounds of my breaking heart so Raphael wouldn’t hear me through the walls.

The hot, heavy tears finally spilled over, soaking straight into the clothes.

He had broken his own rules for me. He had bared his soul and called me his best friend. It was the most beautiful, fragile thing anyone had ever given me, and it was the ultimate rejection all at once.

He was close enough to touch my scars, close enough to fix my mind, but he was completely out of reach.

He would never love me the way I had started to love him.

I pressed my forehead harder into the clothes, the fabric scratching against my skin as I wept in the pitch black, letting the cold truth wash over me in the dark.

Janedoewritings

Author

No matter what happens around them, this is still Gianna and Raphael’s story first and foremost. That’s the main thing I want you all to remember.

But honestly, I love seeing how invested you all are in them and in this world. Enjoy the cha

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 387

Gianna

The bass from the speakers thudded so hard it shook the soles of my shoes. The Void was packed to the brim, a sea of flashing lights and the scent of alcohol and perfume. The party was in full swing, a wild, loud blur moving all around us, but I barely felt like I was a part of it.

Because Raphael had me completely locked against his side.

His arm was wrapped tightly around my waist, his hand resting flat against my hip. His grip pressed my body right into his hard flank. Every time I tried to shift or take a step back to breathe, his fingers would tighten, pulling me right back against his ribs. He didn’t let even an inch of space from between us.

He was standing tall, his head held high as he talked with a circle of men. The noise of the music was loud, but Raphael’s deep voice cut through it easily as they discussed the upcoming sex hunt.

I kept my face smooth, looking out at the crowd, but my skin burned everywhere his body touched mine. He talked about the rules, the territory, and the hunt with a calm look on his face, like he was born to rule a place this dark.

Suddenly, one of the guys in the circle shifted his gaze, his sharp eyes sliding away from Raphael and landing squarely on me. The other men stopped talking, their eyes following his, looking me up and down like I was a shiny new prize in the room.

Before anyone could even open their mouth to ask a question about who I was, Raphael's arm moved. With a jerk, he proudly pulled me even closer, dragging my hip hard against his thigh. The lazy, calm look vanished from his face.

"She's mine," Raphael said.

The men in the circle froze.

"Keep your eyes off her, and keep your hands off her," Raphael continued, his dark eyes narrowing into slits as he stared the men down one by one. His grip on my waist was so tight it left no room for doubt, "Even if you just think about her, I will put a bullet right between your eyes before you can finish the thought."

A silence fell over, the men quickly shifting their eyes down to the floor, nodding with tight faces. They knew he wasn't making an empty threat. He meant every single word.

Then one of the guys leaned in with a small, knowing smile. He cleared his throat, trying to bring the conversation back to the business of the night.

"Will Silvio be joining the hunt this time around?" he asked, raising a perfectly shaped eyebrow.

Raphael didn't relax his grip on my hip for even a second. His face remained completely dark and serious as he gave, a short, tight shake of his head.

"No," Raphael replied coldly, "He is in Vegas. He won't be participating."

Raphael didn't wait for the men to say another word. He turned on his heel and dragged me right out of the flashing lights and away from the thumping music of the crowded party. He moved fast, his long legs eating up the floor, forcing me to walk quickly beside him as he led me down a hallway where the bass finally faded.

He pushed open a door, pulling me inside before shutting it behind us.

The control room was massive, and filled with a blue glow. I gasped softly, my eyes widening as I looked up at the wall of giant computer screens stretching from the floor to the ceiling.

The monitors showed a live, clear view of the entire hunting grounds outside. I could see the thick woods, the dark trails, and the detailed digital maps flashing with bright red lines.

Raphael had everything laid out perfectly. On the screens, I could see the smart traps he had built, the hidden cameras, and the strange, exciting obstacles he had set up all over the grounds to make the game much more wild for the hunters. It looked like a giant, dangerous playground.

GET T

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 388

Raphael finally let go of my waist, stepping up to the main desk. He leaned his hips against the edge of the console, crossing his arms over his chest as he studied my face in the blue light.

“Parties aren’t really your thing, are they?” he asked, his deep voice sounding incredibly soft now that we were alone.

“Not these kinds of parties,” I admitted in a low voice, “I only like them when it’s just girls around. It feels safer that way.”

Raphael’s eyes dragged slowly down my body, and I felt my spine straighten without meaning to

I had spent almost an hour getting ready tonight. Which was ridiculous, honestly, because I never cared this much before. My closet was full of oversized hoodies, jeans, crop tops and clothes that helped me disappear into the background.

But tonight, I had pulled on a black dress that fit my body like it had been sewn onto me. Soft fabric clung to my waist and hips, tracing every curve without making it hard to breathe. Thin white straps rested over my shoulders tied into tiny bows that made the dress look sweeter than it really was. The hem stopped high on my thighs, leaving my legs completely bare.

And the truth was ugly and embarrassingly simple.

I dressed like this for him.

Not for the party.

Not for attention.

Not even for myself.

He took in every inch of the fabric before they hooked onto the small white details at my shoulders. He reached out, his rough fingers surprisingly gentle as he touched the silk of one little bow, brushing the skin of my collarbone.

“I really like these,” he murmured, his thumb tracing the loop of the ribbon, “You look like you’re gift-wrapped, Gianna. Just sitting here waiting for me to unwrap you.”

A sudden wave of deep, helpless ache for him rushed through my chest, so strong it made my throat ache. I wanted to tell him right then how much I wanted to belong to him, but I forced myself to swallow the heavy feelings down, hiding them behind a playful smile. I leaned in just an inch closer, tilting my chin up to meet his intense stare.

“Maybe you have it backward,” I teased, “Maybe you’re the one who is gift-wrapped for me instead.”

Raphael let out a rough chuckle, his eyes darkening. He didn’t drop his hand. Instead, his fingers slid from the bow to the back of my neck, his thumb lifting my chin higher.

“Is that so?” he whispered, his hot breath brushing against my lips as he leaned down, his body completely blocking out the rest of the room, “And what exactly are you planning to do with your present, Ms.Toricelli?”

The blue light from the screens washed over us. I didn’t pull away from his touch. Instead, I stepped closer, my heels clicking against the floor until the front of my black dress brushed against him. I felt the dark energy of the club outside bleeding into my veins.

Raphael reached into his pocket, his hand coming out with a long strip of soft pink ribbon. Without a word, he benught his hands behind my head He slowly wrapped the pink body 9 enough to press against my skin, turning me into his own private prize

I let out a soft, hot breath against his lips, as I looked up at him, “I think.” I whed “1 gumy time with you. I arts going to rip the heavy paper away slowly, piers by piers, covering you up”

His jaw clenched, his breath hitching as my hands slid slowly top tes hain mode antyping int

“I’m going to start right here,” I murmured, my thumb tracing the hard line of his grise grant fending has every rushing hot under the skin, “I’ll taste every single inch of your throat until and then I’ll move town.

¡ dragged my palms down his chest, feeling the solid muscle bunch under my touch Raphael leaned bark the desk, his hands tightening on the ends of the pink ribbon around my neck, holding me close as dominated space. I slid a single finger under the fabric of his shirt, finding the ridge of his nipple. I traced a slow cherie around it, watching his dark eyes grow completely wild in the blue light

Shore

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 389

“I’m going to bite you right here,” I whispered, my teeth brushing against his jawline to show him exactly what 1 meant, “I want to leave my marks all over your chest so you can’t forget me.”

My hand didn’t stop. I slid my palm lower, moving past his ribs to the hard, deep lines of his washboard abs. I let my fingers follow every single dip and carved groove in his stomach.

“Then I am going to use my tongue,” I said, “I will trace every single line down your stomach, following the heat until I reach the very bottom.”

Raphael let out a grunt, his grip on the ribbon tightening just enough to make my heart race.

I sank down slightly, my knees bending as I dropped my hand lower, past the waistband of his black pants. I reached out and cupped the length of his hard dick through the fabric, feeling the intense, burning heat of him radiating right into my palm. I squeezed him gently, making him slightly jump against the desk.

“And then,” I whispered, looking up at him through my eyelashes, “I am going to drop to my knees, and I will worship this all night long until you can’t even remember your own name.”

I smiled as the words left my lips. I let the heat flare in my eyes. I acted like it was normal. I acted like my world hadn’t just smashed into pieces inside that dark closet only twenty minutes ago. I acted like the word “friend” hadn’t left a bleeding hole right in the center of my ribs.

I simply... acted. I was the perfect actress, putting on the greatest show of my life just to keep him from seeing how much I was actually drowning inside.

Raphael let out a deep, rough groan from the back of his throat. His hands tightened on the pink ribbon around my neck, his knuckles grazing the sensitive skin of my throat as he pulled me upward, forcing me to stand flat on my feet again.

A hot, dizzy rush of desire flooded my belly. My body wanted him so bad it ached. But as he wrapped his arms around my waist and crushed my chest against his, the icy chill of reality stayed locked in my heart.

He wanted my body. He wanted the heat, and the sex. He wanted the secret transaction. He could stand here and threaten to kill any man who even looked at me, but at the end of the night, I was still just his “best friend”

I let out a soft, breathy laugh against the rough skin of his throat, tilting my head back to look up at his face. I forced the sadness all the way down, locking it tight behind my bright, teasing eyes so he wouldn’t see the break in my soul.

Then, in a sudden flash of movement, his hands gripped my waist and spun me around.

My back crashed hard against his solid chest as he forced me to face the giant wall of monitors. He lifted one arm, his long finger pointing toward the glowing blue screens where the dark woods were moving under the wind.

“The hunt is about to start, my little virgin,” he whispered in my ear.

A thick lump formed in my throat. I swallowed hard, my eyes glued to the dark trees on the screen, “Yeah...”

“It’s not gonna be our usual thing tonight, Gianna,” he whispered, his hands sliding up my sides. He wrapped his arms around my shoulder blades from behind, locking me into his hold and keeping my body crushed completely flat against his, “It’s gonna be different.”

I felt the sudden shift in him, “Different how?”

He leaned down, his lips brushing the sensitive skin of my neck right where the pink ribbon sat, “Because I’m

15 Bars going to hunt you,” he whispered against my skin, sending a wild, electric shiver straight down to my thighs, And then I’m going to eat you alive. Once you step foot into those woods, Gianna, you lose your voice. You cannot tell me no for a single thing I do to your body. That is the ultimate rule of the Hunt. The prey doesn’t get a choice. The prey just gets to be... the prey. You will belong to me, every single part of you.”

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 390

My heart did a violent leap, slamming hard against my ribs until it felt like it was jumping right up into muy throat. I gave a slow, trembling nod, my eyes wide as I stared at the digital maps of the playground he had built,

“Yeah,” I breathed, as I tilted my head back against his shoulder, looking up at his beautifully deep eyes, “Are you going to tie me up?”

Raphael’s grip on my shoulders tightened, his fingers digging into my skin with a force that made me gasp. A wicked look crossed his face, his eyes dropping to my mouth.

“Maybe,” he murmured. “Maybe I’ll tie you up so pretty you won’t even be able to fight me anymore.”

A shiver rolled down my spine.

“And if I do?” he whispered against my ear, “You gonna behave for me?”

I smiled softly, “No.”

A low laugh rumbled from his chest. I let my eyes drift back toward the giant screens showing the dark woods outside. Endless trees. Empty trails. Moonlight cutting through branches.

For a second, the ache inside my chest pressed hard against my ribs again.

Friend.

The word still hurt.

But I shoved it down deep where he couldn’t see it. Maybe tonight was all I would ever get from him. Maybe one day he would wake up tired of me. Tired of my mouth. Tired of my body. Tired of always finding me waiting for him and decide to end our... deal.

So I would take tonight instead.

I would take every look.

Every touch.

Every second he gave me.

Even if it destroyed me later.

Raphael brushed his nose slowly against the side of my neck, “You’re getting quiet again.”

I forced a teasing smile onto my lips and turned slightly in his arms, “I was just thinking,” I whispered.

“Dangerous.”

“Very.”

His mouth twitched.

I lifted my chin a little higher. “And I should warn you right now...” I said softly, “I’m not gonna be easy to catch.”

Raphael’s eyebrows lifted slightly, “Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

His hands slid lower, settling against my waist as he pulled me tighter against him, “You saying my prey is planning to fight back?”

1 looked up at him through my lashes, “I’m not gonna run around like some scared little deer.”

“No?”

I shook my head slowly, my lips brushing near his jaw, “I’m gonna be a fox.”

Raphael went still for half a second, “A fox?” he repeated, amused.

“Mhm,” I smiled, “Pretty enough to distract you. Smart enough to trick you. And fast enough to disappear before you can get your hands on me.”

A dark look crossed his face instantly, “Oh,” he murmured, gripping my waist harder, “that sounds like a challenge.”

“It is.”

His eyes locked onto mine like we were already out there in the woods tearing each other apart.

Raphael leaned down slowly until his mouth hovered right beside mine, “You know what happens when hunters finally catch foxes, right?”

My heart slammed hard against my ribs but I smiled anyway, “Only if the fox gets sloppy.”

Janedoewritings Author

Swipe Up!

i

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 391

Gianna

The second I crossed into the woods, I took off running.

Cold air rushed against my face as the lights from The Void faded farther and farther behind me. The loud music slowly disappeared until all I could hear was my breathing, the snapping of twigs beneath my heels, and the wind moving through the trees above me.

The pink ribbon around my throat fluttered behind me while I pushed deeper between the trees/my dress riding higher against my thighs every time I moved.

Branches scratched lightly against my bare skin. Mud splashed against my ankles. I barely noticed any of it./ Because for the first time all night, my head felt quiet.

No overthinking.

No aching.

No horrible voice reminding me what I really was to him.

Friend.

The word slammed into me anyway.

My chest tightened instantly, but I shoved the feeling down hard before it could ruin this. I wasn't going to think about that tonight. I couldn't.

Tonight I just wanted him.

This version of him.

The version that chased me through dark woods like he would lose his mind if I escaped him.

A laugh almost escaped me at the thought. I slowed near a narrow trail, quickly ducking behind a thick tree trunk. My chest rose and fell hard while I peeked around the bark carefully.

There was no sign of him. A nervous thrill crawled down my spine.

"Raphael?" I called softly into the dark.

"Already looking for me?" his deep voice drifted through the woods around me. I jumped so hard I nearly screamed.

A breathless laugh burst from my mouth instead as I spun around, trying to figure out where the hell he was hiding.

"You're creepy," I called back.

A low chuckle echoed somewhere to my left, “You won’t think that when I catch you.”

Heat curled low in my stomach. I smiled despite myself and backed away slowly before taking off down another trail.

This time, I moved quieter. I slipped behind trees instead of running straight ahead. I ducked beneath low

+15 Barut branches. Twice, I deliberately snapped twigs in the wrong direction before sneaking another way.

Fox.

That’s what I told him I’d be tonight.

I bit back a grin as 1 hurried through the woods. My heel sank into mud suddenly, nearly twisting my ankle.

“Shit,” I muttered, grabbing a branch.

I looked down at my shoes with annoyance then an idea hit me. I slipped one heel off quietly and held it in my hand for a second before tossing it toward another path nearby.

The shoe landed loudly against the leaves. Then I quickly darted the opposite direction, ducking behind a fallen tree just as heavy footsteps approached.

Raphael stepped into view seconds later. My breath caught instantly. Moonlight filtered through the branches above him, catching against his clothes and sharp jawline. He looked completely unfair standing there in the middle of the woods like some dangerous thing dragged out of the dark.

His eyes dropped to the abandoned heel. Then slowly, he bent down and picked it up.

A grin touched his mouth, “Oh, you sneaky little liar,” he murmured softly.

I pressed my hand harder over my mouth to stop myself from laughing. He turned slowly, studying the woods around him.

For one horrible second, I thought he spotted me then his gaze moved away.

I smiled triumphantly and shifted backward-

CRACK.

The branch beneath my foot snapped loudly.

Raphael’s head turned instantly.

Our eyes locked.

“Oh, fuck,” I whispered.

His grin widened slowly, “There you are.”

I grabbed my other heel and threw it at his head then I shrieked laughing and bolted out from behind the tree. Leaves flew everywhere beneath my bare foot as I sprinted deeper into the woods again. Behind me, I heard Raphael laugh under his breath before his footsteps thundered after me.

Adrenaline exploded through my chest. I ducked sharply around another tree, nearly slipping in mud before catching myself again. My breathing came out harder now. I could hear him gaining on me.

“Raphael, stop cheating!” I yelled breathlessly.

“You threw a shoe at me!”

I laughed despite myself and grabbed onto a low branch, swinging around another path sharply enough to disappear briefly into darkness again.

Then suddenly, strong arms wrapped around my waist from behind. I gasped loudly as my back slammed against a hard chest.

15 Bar

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“Found you,” Raphael breathed against my ear.

My pulse went completely insane. His hand flattened against my stomach while the other grabbed both my wrists easily, pinning them above my head against a tree trunk.

The bark scraped lightly against my skin. Raphael pressed closer behind me, breathing harder now from the chase.

“You’re fast,” he murmured.

I tilted my head slightly toward him, trying not to react to how good his body felt against mine, “You sound surprised.”

“You kept disappearing.”

“You’re slow, old man.’

A dangerous laugh vibrated against my neck. Then his hand slid down my side and my body jerked instantly.

Raphael froze.

Oh no.

His mouth slowly curved against my throat, “Was that a weak spot?”

“No.”

“You just jumped.”

“I slipped.”

Before I could argue, his fingers dragged lightly against my ribs again. A startled laugh ripped out of me.

“Raphael!”

“There it is.”

“Stop!”

He did it again.

I twisted hard, laughing helplessly while trying to kick him backward, “You are SUCH an asshole!”

I was still laughing when I slammed my knee hard between his legs and it was enough to distract him for one second.

That was all I needed. I ripped one wrist free and ducked under his arm before sprinting away again.

“Gianna-”

My laughter echoed through the trees while I ran blindly deeper into the woods, adrenaline and heartbreak and excitement crashing together so hard inside my chest I couldn't separate any of it anymore.

All I knew was that Raphael was chasing me.

Branches whipped past me while I ran between the trees, my bare foot slipping over leaves and damp roots. Somewhere behind me, I could hear Raphael crashing after me now instead of stalking quietly.

15 Bar

I wanted him worked up enough to stop thinking clearly. A wicked little idea slid into my head suddenly.

I slowed near a narrow clearing, glancing around quickly before spotting one of the giant trees with thick low branches hanging overhead.

I grabbed the branch above me and pulled myself upward quickly, my dress catching against my thighs as I climbed onto the wide branch just high enough to hide in the darkness.

My heartbeat pounded wildly then I waited. A few seconds later, Raphael's footsteps approached then he stepped directly beneath the tree.

Moonlight caught against his shoulders while he scanned the woods around him slowly, "Gianna?" he called calmly.

I bit my lip hard to stop myself from laughing. He turned slightly, studying the trail ahead.

"You're getting cocky now," he said into the darkness.

I smiled silently above him then very carefully, I leaned down and dropped a twig straight onto his head. Raphael froze. The twig landed across his shoulder before sliding slowly down his chest.

Then his head tilted upward slowly and our eyes met through the branches.

"Oh, you little shit," he said softly.

I burst into laughter instantly. Raphael lunged for me at the exact same moment I jumped off the branch.

I shrieked laughing as I hit the ground and bolted again, barely escaping his hands by inches.

“You are SUCH a brat!” he yelled after me.

“You’re just slow!” I shouted back breathlessly.

A dark laugh echoed behind me, “I’m gonna regret letting you talk this much.”

Heat rushed straight through me and I ran harder. My chest hurt from laughing now while I pushed through another patch of trees. Suddenly I spotted one of the hidden camera poles tucked beside a trail.

Another idea hit me which meant I absolutely had to do it. I grabbed the pole quickly and spun toward the darkness behind me just as Raphael appeared between the trees again.

“Found yo-”

I cut him off by blowing him a dramatic kiss directly into the camera.

Then I grabbed the pole and whispered sweetly into it, “Hi, Raphael.”

His eyes narrowed instantly.

Oh no.

“You better start running right now,” he said calmly.

I laughed nervously then immediately sprinted away.

“Gianna,” he called after me almost too gently, “when I catch you now, you’re done.”

I was still laughing while running blindly through the woods until suddenly I spotted another trail splitting off ahead. Without thinking, I darted left only to run directly into a wall of solid muscle.

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A gasp flew out of me.

Strong arms caught me instantly before I could fall backward. My hands slammed against Raphael’s chest while he stared down at me with a look so smug I almost screamed.

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“What-how did you-

“You forgot,” he interrupted calmly, barely out of breath, “I built the fucking trails.”

My mouth dropped open then before I could even think, I shoved him backward hard and tried to run again. Raphael caught the back of my dress this time.

The fabric stretched tight and I looked back over my shoulder.

Raphael stood there, one fist wrapped in the back of my black dress while he stared at me like he was seconds away from losing every bit of control he had left.

And somehow, instead of being scared, I smiled.

Raphael’s fist stayed tangled in the back of my dress while both of us stood there breathing hard beneath the trees.

“Got you,” he said quietly.

Heat rushed through my stomach but then another terrible idea sparked in my head. Which meant I absolutely loved it.

I let my expression soften suddenly, letting my breathing shake a little harder while I looked up at him through my lashes.

Raphael’s grip loosened just slightly, “Finally behaving,” he murmured, stepping closer.

I swallowed hard and took one tiny step toward him instead of away.

His eyes darkened instantly, “Good little girl,” he said softly.

The words hit me like a shot straight to the chest. For one dangerous second, I almost forgot the game completely. Then I reached up slowly like I was about to touch his face and shoved both freezing cold hands straight under his shirt.

Raphael jolted so hard he cursed loudly and I burst into laughter immediately.

“You little DEMON-”

That one second was enough.

I ripped myself free from his loosened grip and sprinted away again while he was still trying to recover from the freezing attack. My laughter echoed wildly through the woods.

“Oh my God,” I gasped between laughs, nearly tripping over roots while running blindly forward again.

Behind me, Raphael laughed once too but it sounded darker this time.

“You are making this so much worse for yourself!”

I looked over my shoulder while still running, “You’re the one who let me go!”

Big mistake.

The second I looked back forward again, a thick branch blocked my path. I yelped and ducked under it badly, the branch catching in my hair hard enough to yank me backward.

“OW-”

hap

I stumbled clumsily while trying to untangle myself, laughing and cursing at the same time.

“Oh my God, are you serious right now-”

Raphael appeared from the darkness behind me and immediately stopped.

Then the asshole started laughing. He bent slightly at the waist while watching me fight for my life against a tree branch.

“This isn’t funny!” I snapped while trying to free my hair.

“You got taken out by a leaf, Gianna.”

“It attacked me!”

His grin widened as he walked closer slowly, “That’s embarrassing for you.”

I finally ripped my hair free with a dramatic gasp. Then immediately threw a handful of leaves directly into his face.

Raphael blinked.

I blinked.

Then I ran again before he could retaliate.

“Oh, you are dead now,” he called after me.

I was laughing so hard my stomach hurt at this point. The woods blurred around me while I sprinted deeper through the trails. My lungs burned. My legs ached. My heart felt completely out of control.

Á sudden beam of light flashed across the trees ahead of me. I slowed slightly, confused. One of the motion- triggered floodlights. I darted directly beneath the hidden light and spun around dramatically just as he came charging through the trees after me.

The floodlight exploded on above us, bright white light flooded the woods suddenly.

Raphael stopped short.

And I burst out laughing again because he looked genuinely offended by the spotlight hitting him like some criminal documentary interview.

“There you are!” I shouted dramatically, pointing at him. “Caught in 4K!”

“Gianna,” he warned.

I could barely breathe from laughing, “Oh my God, your face-”

Then suddenly his expression changed and my laughter weakened immediately.

“That look is concerning,” I admitted.

Raphael started walking toward me slowly through the bright light, “Keep laughing.”

My heartbeat instantly sped up again.

I backed away carefully.

Then turned and ran screaming into the darkness once more while his laughter chased after me through the

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Raphael

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I could hear her laughing somewhere ahead of me.

The sound moved through the trees, slipping just out of reach every time I got close enough to touch her. Moonlight flashed against the black of her dress disappearing deeper into the woods.

A slow grin pulled at my mouth as I followed after her.

She thought she was winning.

That was the cute part.

I stepped over a fallen branch, the cameras hidden high in the trees tracked every second of her movement across my phone screen. A flashing red dot blinked right toward the northern side of the grounds. 1

Right towards... the trap.

My grin widened.

My poor fucking girl.

She had spent the last ten minutes teasing me like she forgot whose woods she was running through. Every path. Every hidden wire. Every trap buried beneath the leaves.

Mine.

And Gianna...

Gianna ran exactly where I wanted her to.

I could already picture the look on her face when it happened. The thought alone made heat settle low in my stomach.

Another burst of laughter echoed ahead before I caught sight of her between the trees again. Her dark hair flew behind her while she ran.

She glanced behind her for one second, just one and that was all it took. Her foot hit the hidden wire buried beneath the leaves.

A sharp snap echoed through the woods. Then suddenly, “Raphael-!”

The rope yanked tight around both her ankles so violently it ripped a scream from her throat. Her body flew upward through the air before she could even catch herself.

Leaves exploded everywhere.

The branch above her groaned hard as she shot upside down into the air, hanging several feet above the ground by both ankles.

I stopped walking, looked up.

And laughed.

A shocked sound tore out of her as she swung wildly from the tree branch, her hair hanging down while her dress

15 Bonus slid straight over her stomach from gravity. The black fabric bunched around her waist, exposing the soft skin of her thighs and the tiny strip of black underneath.

“Oh my God!”

Her hands grabbed at the rope around her ankles while she twisted violently, trying to pull herself upright again.

“You asshole!” she yelled.

I shoved my hands into my pockets and walked toward her slowly through the leaves, unable to stop smiling.

The moonlight hit her perfectly.

Upside down.

Flushed cheeks.

Breathing hard.

Looking absolutely fucking insane hanging there.

And somehow still the prettiest thing I had ever seen.

“This is cheating!” she snapped, swinging slightly as she pointed an angry finger at me, “You trapped me!”

I stopped right in front of her dangling body, “Did I?” I asked calmly.

“Yes!”

A laugh almost broke out of me again, “Sweetheart,” I murmured, stepping closer until her upside down face hovered inches above my head, “the only rule was that I had to catch my prey.”

Her eyes narrowed furiously, “You didn’t catch me. The trap did.”

I tilted my head slightly to look up at her, “And who built the trap?”

That shut her up for half a second. Then she groaned loudly and smacked my shoulder upside down, “I hate you.”

“No,” I said softly, looking straight into her burning face, “I don’t think you do.”

The night air moved through the trees around us while she struggled again, twisting hard enough to make the ropes creak above her. Her dress stayed pooled around her waist no matter how much she tried tugging it down.

Her cheeks turned darker when she realized I noticed, that only made my smile worse.

“You’re enjoying this way too much,” she muttered.

“I really am.”

I pulled my phone from my pocket and tapped the screen casually and adjusted the rope holding her upside down.

A soft clicking sound echoed above us. Then slowly, the rope began lowering her downward from the branch.

Gianna gasped softly as her body descended inch by inch until her upside down face finally stopped directly in front of mine.

Level with me.

Close enough that I could feel her warm breath against my mouth. Close enough to see anger and excitement fighting inside her eyes at the same time. And she looked furious.

Turned on.

Humiliated.

Beautiful.

I lifted my hand slowly and brushed a strand of hair away from her upside down face, “You should’ve stopped teasing me when you had the chance,” I murmured.

Gianna swung lightly in front of me, glaring so hard it only made me want to laugh more.

“You are genuinely the worst person alive,” she snapped.

“Mhm.”

“I mean it.”

“I know.”

Her eyes narrowed even more at my calm voice. She looked completely ridiculous while trying to act intimidating. And somehow she still looked hot enough to ruin my self-control.

I reached out slowly and caught one of her swinging wrists before she could smack me.

“Stop moving so much,” I said lazily.

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“Then put me down!”

“No.”

“Raphael.”

“Gianna.”

Her mouth fell open, “Oh my God, I actually hate you.”

A grin pulled at my face as I stepped even closer, “You keep saying that while looking at me like you want to climb me.”

Her cheeks flushed instantly, “That is not what I look like.”

“It absolutely is.”

She struggled harder out of pure annoyance, swinging slightly from the rope again. The movement made her laugh breathlessly for one second before she immediately tried covering it up with another glare.

I noticed and she noticed I noticed that only made her more irritated.

“You think this is funny?” she demanded.

“I think you look cute angry.”

Her eyes flashed before I could react, she grabbed a fistful of my shirt upside down and yanked me closer to her face.

“You know what I think?” she shot back.

“What?”

“I think you got emotional because I kept escaping.”

A low laugh left my throat, “Babe, you ran straight into my trap.”

“Because you CHEATED.”

“There’s no cheating in hunting.”

“That is literally cheating!”

I shrugged casually, “Sounds like prey talk.”

“Oh, shut up.”

I laughed right in her face this time. I let my gaze drag slowly over her upside down form again before looking back at her face.

“You abandoned your shoe back there,” I said. “Very Cinderella of you.”

“That was strategy.”

“That was stupid.”

“It worked.”

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“You’re hanging from a tree.”

She groaned loudly. Gianna twisted again, trying to grab the knot around her ankles. I slapped her hand away lightly, “Hey!”

“Don’t hey me!” she snapped.

“You’ll hurt yourself.”

“You trapped me upside down like a hunted animal!”

“You liked it.”

Her mouth opened, closed and then opened again, “That is not the point!”

“It kinda feels like the point.”

She smacked my chest upside down this time. I caught both her wrists easily before she could do it again, pinning them gently against her stomach.

For one second we just stared at each other.

Moonlight filtered through the trees above us, catching in her dark hair and across the ribbon around her throat. Her lips were swollen from biting them so much during the chase.

She looked wrecked already and we hadn’t even started. The thought nearly snapped something inside me. Gianna noticed the shift in my face instantly.

Her expression softened for half a second and then she ruined it immediately by kicking one leg hard enough to swing herself sideways again. I cursed under my breath as I grabbed her waist to steady her.

“Would you relax?”

“No!”

“You’re acting feral.’

“You literally hung me from a tree! How many times do I have to say that!”

I slid one hand down her side to keep her from spinning again. The second my fingers brushed over her ribs, she jerked violently again like she did before. A startled laugh burst out of her mouth.

I froze.

Slowly, my eyes lifted to hers and Gianna’s eyes widened.

“Raphael,” she warned immediately.

My grin came back fast.

“Oh, no way.”

“Raphael.”

“You’re ticklish?”

“No, I’m not.”

“You absolutely are.”

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“I swear to God if you-”

I dragged my fingers lightly over her side again. She shrieked. Actual shrieking laughter exploded out of her as her body twisted wildly upside down.

“Raphael!” she gasped, laughing so hard her words broke apart, “Stop-stop it!”

I was laughing now too.

Hard.

Watching her lose her mind upside down beneath the tree was the funniest thing I had seen in months.

“You evil little liar,” I said through my grin, dragging my fingers over her stomach again.

Gianna kicked helplessly while laughing breathlessly, her hands trying to shove me away even though she could barely stop squirming long enough to fight back.

“YOU ARE SUCH AN ASSHOLE!”

“There she is,” I laughed, “That’s the real Gianna. I was wondering what happened to you back then.”

“Stop tickling me!”

“Or what?”

“I hate you!”

“You already used that one.”

She swung herself suddenly and managed to smack the side of my head.

I blinked.

She blinked.

Then we both burst into laughter at the same time. The kind that hurt your chest. The kind that made your stomach ache.

Gianna was still laughing breathlessly when I caught both her wrists again, pinning them lightly against her stomach before she could swing herself into another escape attempt.

“You are a little menace,” I told her.

She pushed hair out of her face upside down and glared at me, “You’re the one hanging women from trees in the middle of the woods.”

“Correction,” I said calmly, “I’m hanging one woman from a tree.”

The wind shifted softly through the trees above us. Moonlight flickered across her upside down face while she glared at me like she wanted to kill me.

I stepped closer until there was barely any space left between us. Gianna’s breathing slowed slightly as she looked at me upside down through dark lashes.

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Then her eyes narrowed again suspiciously, “What are you thinking about?”

“You.”

Gianna noticed the shift in my face immediately. Her teasing expression softened slightly. I reached up slowly my hand sliding around the side of her neck. My thumb brushed lightly beneath the pink ribbon still tied there.

Gianna’s breath caught, her body stopped moving completely. Even upside down, she leaned into my touch without thinking. My fingers tightened slightly against her throat as I tilted her face closer to mine.

“So pretty,” I murmured softly.

Her lashes fluttered then slowly, I leaned in. Her breath mixed with mine first and then her lips touched mine. It was careful for half a second before Gianna kissed me back harder instantly, upside down in my hands while the ropes creaked softly above us.

A rough sound left my throat as I pulled her closer by the neck, deepening the kiss while she laughed breathlessly against my mouth from the awkward angle.

“Your blood is probably rushing to your head right now,” I murmured against her lips.

“You’re still kissing me shamelessly.”

“Yeah,” I said quietly, brushing my mouth against hers again, “because I’m clearly not very smart around you either.”

I pulled back just an inch, my thumb sliding over the pulse point on her neck. I reached into my pocket, my fingers finding the cold screen of my phone again. I hit the release button on the app once more.

The mechanism high up in the tree branch let out another click.

Gianna gasped as her body began to drop again. She descended inch by inch, sliding down. Her short black dress stayed bunched completely around her waist, leaving the bare skin of her stomach and thighs entirely exposed to the moonlight.

I stopped the rope with another tap.

Now, she was hanging so low that her upside-down face was leveled perfectly with my cock. Her nose was inches away from the zipper of my black tactical pants, her hot, rapid breaths hitting the fabric right over the thick length of my hard dick. She froze completely, her eyes widening to the size of saucers as she realized exactly where she was positioned.

I reached down, my hands gripping her jaw to keep her face there, forcing her to look up at me from between my thighs.

I leaned down slightly, my thumb forcing her mouth to part open just a little bit.

“I am going to unbutton my pants right here,” I whispered, “And I am going to fuck your throat while you are hanging upside down from my tree. You are going to take every single inch of me in the dark, and you aren’t going to say a single word until I am completely done with you.”

A shaky, uneven breath left her parted lips.. Her throat bobbed as she swallowed hard, her mind trying to process the absolute control I had over her body right now.

“Raphael...” she whispered, “How... how am I supposed to breathe like this?”

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hapter Te

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I didn’t let go of her jaw. My fingers tightened just a fraction against her soft skin, keeping her tilted up toward me. A dark, slow smile pulled at the corner of my mouth.

“You’ll breathe when I let you, Mess,” I whispered, “But if it gets to be too much, you just tap my thigh. Use your hand and hit my leg whenever you can’t take it anymore. I’ll pull out, let you catch your breath, and then I’m going right back in.”

I reached down to the waistband of my tactical pants. The sound of my metal zipper ripping downward cut through the night. Gianna’s eyes followed the movement instantly, her gaze locking onto my hands as I parted the fabric.

I reached inside and pulled my dick out into the cool night air. It was completely hard, thick and throbbing with a pulse under the moonlight.

I leaned over her slightly, holding the base of my shaft as I slowly stroked it right in front of her face. The head of my dick brushed against her lips, leaving a smear of moisture.

Gianna let out a soft, helpless gasp. She stared at it, completely frozen, her eyes glued to the thick veins wrapping around the length just inches from her mouth.

Her tongue slid out to taste me before she pulled her bottom lip between her teeth, biting down hard enough to leave a mark.

I didn’t give her another second to think about it.

I gripped the back of her head, my fingers tangling deep into her dark, silky hair to hold her completely still. With my other hand, I guided the head of my cock right against her parted lips.

“Open up for me, Gianna,” I ordered.

Janedoewritings Author

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Raphael

“Open up for me, Glanna,” I ordered.

She let out a soft, whimpering sigh, her jaw relaxing as she opened her mouth wide. I pushed forward slowly, letting the wide head of my shaft slide past her teeth and sink deep into the tight, wet heat of her throat.

Gianna's eyes flew wide open, watering instantly from the sudden invasion. A choked, breathless/gasp caught in the back of her throat as my thick length filled her completely, stretching her mouth to the absolute limit. Hanging upside down made everything tighter, the gravity forcing her to take the weight of my body in a completely helpless way.

Her hands flew to my thighs, her fingers digging desperately through the fabric of my pants to find a grip as her body shivered from the intense shock.

I stayed perfectly still for a long moment, letting her throat stretch and adjust to the size of me. The heat inside her mouth was incredible, a tight, squeezing vice that made my own jaw lock hard as I fought the urge to just slam into her.

I looked down, watching her beautiful face flush a deep, dark red under the moonlight, her dark lashes wet with tears as she stared back up at me.

"Good girl," I rasped, my voice completely ruined by the feeling of her, "Just like that."

Slowly, I pulled back until I almost cleared her lips, and then I pushed right back in, sliding deeper into her wet throat, beginning the slow thrust that was going to ruin her all night long.

The heat inside her throat was absolute heaven, squeezing tighter and tighter around me with every slow, deep stroke. I kept my hand locked in her hair, guiding her head as she sucked me off, her mouth slick and incredibly warm against my skin.

I looked down at the rest of her body hanging beneath me. Her black dress was still pooled completely around her waist, leaving her smooth stomach and the long line of her thighs completely bare under the moonlight. Right between her legs, the tiny strip of black lace was soaked through, clinging tightly to her skin.

I couldn't take just looking at it anymore.

I leaned down farther, my free hand reaching between her hanging thighs. I hooked two fingers into the edge of her panties, pulling the soft black fabric firmly to the side to expose her completely. She was dripping wet already, her swollen folds glistening.

While she kept her mouth locked around my shaft, moving her head in a gasping rhythm, I pressed my face right between her legs.

I pressed my lips flat against her sensitive flesh, planting multiple sucking kisses right onto her pussy. Gianna let out a muffled, vibrating groan deep in her throat, her entire body jerking hard against the ropes as my mouth made contact with her wet skin. The sound of her choked pleasure against my dick made my own blood turn to fire.

I didn’t stop there. I opened my mouth wide and slid my tongue out, licking her pussy all over. I dragged my tongue from the bottom all the way up to her hard little clit, lapping up while she continued to take every single inch of my length.

She was drowning in the pleasure, her fingers clawing frantically at my thighs as she tried to handle the dual

+15 Bgr assault on her body. I swirled my tongue around her center, and then, looking right up at her flushing face, I nipped her softly with my teeth, biting the sensitive outer lip of her pussy.

Gianna’s eyes rolled back, a loud, ruined whimper escaping past my dick as her hips gave a helpless, violent twitch in the air.

I pulled my face away from her wet heat for a split second, my chest heaving as I took a deep breath of the cool night air.

I stood tall over her, looking straight down at the incredible view between my thighs. Gianna was still working on me, her lips wrapped tightly around the thick shaft of my dick, sucking me down with a desperate, beautiful pace. Her green eyes were completely glassy, watering from the depth of me as she stared up at my face through her long eyelashes, totally helpless.

While her mouth kept moving on my length, I slid my large hand back down between her hanging thighs.

I parted her completely with two fingers, finding her slickness. I began to rub my fingers up and down against her wet skin, smearing her own hot wetness over her swollen folds. I pressed deep, feeling how tight and ready she was for me. Gianna let out a muffled, shaking groan into my shaft, her small hands clawing frantically at the fabric of my tactical pants as the friction of my fingers drove her wild.

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I couldn’t stay away for long. The urge to taste her again was a physical ache in my gut.

I pulled my fingers back, and I leaned all the way down and went right back in between her legs. I opened my mouth and sank my teeth gently into her soft mound-the sweet, sensitive skin right above her pussy/I bit down just hard enough to make her gasp, marking her as mine in the dark.

A breathy shriek tore out of her nose, her hips giving a violent, unhinged jerk against the thick ropes holding her ankles.

I locked my jaw, and then I began to cover every single inch of her pussy with sucking kisses. I pressed my lips hard against the tender skin of her inner thighs, her outer lips, and the soft mound above, sucking her flesh deep into my mouth.

I didn't stop until the dark, bruising marks began to form under the moonlight. I left dark, purple hickeys afl around her swollen center, branding her skin so she would look completely ruined and taken the next time she looked in a mirror.

Gianna's whole body was trembling now, a continuous, breathless whimper vibrating through her throat as she struggled to keep sucking my dick while my mouth completely devoured her down below.

I couldn't get enough of her. The taste of her was a drug, and I was completely addicted. I buried my face entirely into her wet heat, pressing my mouth so hard against her skin that there wasn't a single inch of space left between us.

I began to eat her pussy like a starving man, my tongue moving in long strokes. I lapped at her dripping slit, and then I hooked my thumb right over her swollen, hard little clit, applying a pressure that made her entire frame go completely rigid.

Gianna let out a muffled, frantic squeal around my length. She suddenly twisted her head to the side, and my slick dick finally slid right out of her mouth, "Raphael-!" she tried to gasp, but I didn't give her room to breathe.

I swirled my tongue right around her center, sucking her deep into my mouth while my fingers kept rubbing her wet spot fast. I ate her faster, harder, devouring her like she belonged entirely to me.

She reached up with a slippery hand. Her small fingers wrapped tightly around the base of my hard shaft. She began to stroke my cock, her palm sliding back and forth the length for a few agonizing seconds, letting out a loud, ruined moan.

Then, before I could even draw a breath, she pulled me and shoved my dick right back into her wet mouth. She took me deeper this time, her tight throat clamping down around the wide head of my shaft so perfectly it made my whole body shatter. I locked my jaw, my knuckles turning white as my fucking toes literally curled inside my boots.

Her body also went completely taut. I felt the sudden, violent tremor ripple through the tight walls of her throat, her mouth clamping down hard around my shaft as her climax hit her like a freight train.

Gianna lost her mind. She came violently, her pussy pulsing and contracting frantically against my tongue, spraying a wave of her orgasm straight into my mouth. Her hips gave unhinged jerks in the air, twisting and thrashing against the ropes as the intense pleasure ripped through her veins.

She tried to pull her face away from my groin, her head shaking back and forth as the climax turned too intense for her to bear.

But I didn’t let her go.

I kept my hand locked in her dark hair, pinning her head between my thighs so she had to take the full weight of my length while she drowned in the pleasure.

The intense, clamping heat of her climax pulsing around my shaft was the absolute end of my control. The tight, wet walls of her throat were squeezing me so hard it dragged me straight over the edge.

I let out a low growl that shook my entire chest.

I gripped her dark hair even tighter, my fingers keeping her head firmly against my cock so she couldn’t move an inch. I drove my length deep into her wet throat, bottoming out against the very back of her mouth as my own orgasm ripped through me.

I came violently. Thick, hot waves of my cum shot straight down into her throat, filling her completely. Gianna s eyes flew wide open, watering instantly. Her throat muscles swallowed automatically, taking every single drop poured into her as my hips shuddered heavily against her face.

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 399

I stayed locked inside her for a long moment, breathing hard, my chest heaving as the last of the pulses faded.

Slowly, I pulled my dick out of her mouth. A string of slick saliva connected us for a second before snapping. I stepped back slightly, letting my hands drop to my sides as I looked down at the absolute wreck I had made of her.

Gianna hung there, completely ruined under the moonlight. Her face was flushed a dark, bruised red from the rush of blood and sheer exhaustion. Her dark eyes were heavily bloodshot, the whites of them mapped with tiny red lines, and fat tears of pure overstimulation were spilling over her temples, soaking into the damp hair near her ears. The pink ribbon around her neck was twisted, and a messy smear of white was painted across her chin

“Clean me up, Mess,” I rasped.

Gianna’s body moving on pure instinct. She leaned her head forward, her tongue sliding out between her swollen lips. Slowly, carefully, she began to lick my shaft, dragging her

tongue up the length to clean off the remaining heat and moisture, her eyes staying locked on mine through her wet lashes.

I reached into the pocket of my tactical pants one more time. I tapped the release icon, and the electronic lock at the top of the tree branch opened completely.

The thick ropes went entirely slack.

With a soft gasp, Gianna's ankles slid free from the cuffs, and gravity took over. I didn't let her drop hard into the dirt. Instead, I lunged forward, my arms reaching out to catch her before she could hit the ground. The sudden momentum of her falling weight slammed right into my chest, knocking my balance completely off.

We both tumbled backward, crashing hard onto the forest floor.

We rolled together over the damp leaves. I landed flat on my back with a thud, and Gianna collapsed completely flat on top of my chest. Her long, messy hair spilled all over my face, smelling like sweet perfume and wild woods.

Gianna lifted her head slowly from my shoulder. Her face was still incredibly flushed, her dark eyes bloodshot and wide as she looked down at me, blinking away the last of her tears. She looked at the giant tree branch above us, then down at my open pants, and then right into my eyes.

"I cannot believe I just did that," she whispered, her voice sounding totally shocked and completely wrecked.

I stared up at her beautiful, messy face, the absurdity of the last twenty minutes finally hitting my brain. A slow grin broke across my mouth.

"I can't believe I just did that either," I rasped out.

A tiny, breathless bubble of a sound escaped her throat, and then, without any warning, Gianna burst out laughing again. Hearing her, a deep rumble started in my own chest, and I let out a laugh right along with her.

I reached down, my hand sliding over her hip to push her gently off my body. I sat up on the ground, but my skin was burning far too hot to care. Gianna rolled onto her side in the leaves, her bare legs curled up as she watched me through her messy, wet eyelashes.

I wrapped my fingers around the base of my shaft. My dick was already throbbing, growing completely rock-hard again. I began to stroke myself right in front of her eyes, my palm sliding up and down.

Gianna's breath caught in her throat. Her green eyes widened as she watched my hand move, her bottom lip sliding right back between her teeth.

“You think that was it?” I asked.

She swallowed hard, her chest moving fast under the short black dress, “Wasn’t it?” she whispered.

“Not even close,” I rasped.

I moved instantly, shifting my weight until I was hovering over her. I gripped her hips with both hands, my fingers digging hard into her soft flesh as I forced her body around. I hauled her up onto her hands and knees, pushing her down onto all fours right in the middle of the forest floor.

“Keep your hands flat in the ground,” I ordered, slapping her thigh lightly to make her arch her back.

She obeyed instantly, her palms pressing into the leaves, her head hanging down as her long, dark hair spilled toward the ground. Her black dress was bunched all the way up around her waist, leaving her round ass completely bare and lifting high into the cool night air. The purple hickeys I had just left around her wet slit were glowing under the moonlight.

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Chapter 400

I reached back into the pocket of my pants. My fingers wrapped around a small, square wrapper. I ripped it open with my teeth, spitting the plastic to the side. I pulled out the condom, rolled the tight rubber all the way down the throbbing length of my shaft, and stepped right between her parted knees.

I gripped her waist, locking her hips in place. I leaned all my weight forward and drove my dick straight into her from behind. I buried half of myself inside her wet heat in one single thrust so hard the impact made a loud, fleshy smack echo through the woods.

Gianna let out a shriek of pure shock and pleasure, her back arching as her forehead crashed straight down into the dirt.

“Raph!” she screamed, her fingers clawing deep into the ground to hold herself up.

I grabbed her hips even tighter, my knuckles turning white under the moonlight, and began to fuck her hard and fast. I pulled nearly all the way out, letting her tight slit squeeze the head of my dick, before slamming back inside with everything I had.

I was hitting her so hard her entire frame was jerking forward with every single push, her hands slipping in the mud as she struggled to stay on all fours. I leaned over her from

behind, my chest slamming against her back, my hot breath over her bare shoulder blades.

Gianna lost all her control. She was crying out continuously, loud, ruined whimpers and breathless moans ripping from her throat with every deep stroke I delivered.

The wet, slapping sound of my groin colliding with the cheeks of her ass echoed loudly against the trees around us. Every single time she tried to collapse forward from the force of my weight, I would yank her right back up by her waist, forcing her spine to curve into a steep, helpless arch.

“Raph, please—” she choked out, her voice splitting apart as I buried my length even more into her, stretching her tight opening to the absolute maximum.

“Please what?” I asked right against the shell of her ear, my chest heaving, “Tell me exactly what you want.”

She couldn’t even form a real word. A loud, unhinged whimper was the only answer she could give me, her head shaking frantically from side to side as her long hair dragged through the dirt.

I reached around her body with one hand, slid my free hand under her belly, my fingers finding her swollen, slick little clit from behind. I began to rub her fast and hard.

The double stimulation was too much for her body to take. Gianna let out a high-pitched, piercing shriek that cut through the dark woods. Her internal muscles clamped down around my dick, convulsing violently as another massive, shattering orgasm hit her.

Her pussy pulsed against me in tight, desperate waves, and seeing her break down beneath me only made my own blood boil hotter. The extreme heat of her climax squeezed my shaft so hard it pushed me straight to the edge. I let out a curse, my jaw locking completely as my vision went dark around the edges.

I gripped both sides of her waist again, white-knuckled hold, locking her hips so firmly against my thighs that she couldn’t move an inch. I delivered three final, incredibly deep, heavy slams, bottoming out against her cervix with everything I had left.

Then I came inside the condom. My hips shuddered uncontrollably against her bare ass, my chest crashing completely flat onto her back as I pinned her into the ground, both of us panting, sweating, and completely ruined under the bright moonlight.

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Author

Damn… they really 69’ed while she was hanging upside down from a tree. At this point, I don’t even know what to say about these people anymore.

Anywayyy… let me know what you think!…