My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 971

Then I pulled back until only my tip remained inside her, and slammed right back in.

The sound of my hips crashing into her echoed through the space. I started a full-on, relentless, hard pounding, driving into her again and again with thrusts that shook her entire frame against the tree.

Her tight heat clamped around my thick cock with every deep slide, wrapping around me like a vice, driving me completely out of my mind.

We lost ourselves completely in each other. The world around us vanished. The cold forest, the glowing screens, the forest fog, and the weeping man hanging in the iron cage above us were completely wiped out.

There was nothing left in the universe except the friction of our bodies, the rough wood against her back, and the heat crashing between us.

Gianna threw her head back, her face flushed red, her eyes half-closed as she rode every single thrust. Her hands moved to my face, her fingers gripping my jawline tightly as she looked down into my eyes.

“I love you, Raphael Capone...” she cried out, her voice breaking over the sound of our skin slapping together, “I love you so much! You’re everything to me!”

My heart hammered against my ribs like a trapped beast. I leaned in, slamming my hips forward even harder, trying to bury myself to the very root, feeling her tight inner walls pulse around my thick length.

“You’re my everything, Gianna,” I said, my voice rough from everything I was trying to keep inside,” You’re the part of my life that made the rest of it make sense.”

I held her gaze, unable to look anywhere else.

“I spent years thinking I knew exactly what I wanted. I was wrong,” My thumb brushed slowly along her cheek, “I don’t want a life that simply has you in it. I want the life I build from here to have you at the center of every decision I make.”

I drew a breath, but even that felt too small for everything I needed to say.

“You changed what home means to me. You changed what tomorrow means. When I picture my future, I don’t see an empire or a name or everything I’ve spent years building,” my voice dropped, “I see you.”

I leaned closer, my forehead almost touching hers.

“So understand me when I tell you this, Gianna. I’m not loving you because I need something from you. I’m loving you because somewhere along the way, you became the one person I can’t imagine choosing a life without.”

I pulled back and rammed into her again, faster, harder, deeper, pounding her against the tree until her sweet, breathless moans filled the space in my head.

“My ballerina... you aren’t a piece of my life. You’re the life I chose.”

Every single thrust driving her body higher against the rough bark of the tree. I couldn’t stop. I couldn’t

Chapte slow down even if I tried. She was so tight, clutching around my width so hard that every deep slide felt ke pure torture and absolute heaven rolled into one.

Gianna’s hands flew up to tangle in my dark hair, her legs tightening their grip around my waist as she met my heavy pounding with everything she had left. Her chest was heaving, her bare shoulders slick with a thin sheen of sweat, her lips parted in endless, breathless cries.

“Raph... harder... please, Raph!” she sobbed out, her small hips rolling into mine, chasing the deep friction.

“I’ve got you, baby,” I rasped, “I’m right here.”

I grabbed her ass tighter, lifting her an inch higher to hit that sensitive spot inside her with every single downward tilt of my hips.

Leone’s pathetic presence didn’t exist anymore. Vance didn’t exist. The past was gone, crushed to dust beneath the power of what we were building together right here in the dark.

Gianna’s inner muscles suddenly began to contract, pulsing violently around my shaft in tight, hot spasms. Her head fell forward onto my shoulder, her teeth sinking into the skin near my neck as her second release hit her.

+15 Bonus Bonus

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aph!” she screamed into my skin, her whole frame shaking uncontrollably as her body exploded around me once again.

Her tight, pulsing heat was the final straw for me.

The pressure at the base of my spine snapped. A blinding surge of heat rushed through my veins, and I drove myself into her, burying my cock deeper, locking her body against the tree.

I let out a grunt that tore right out of my chest, my arms locking around her waist as my body went completely rigid.

I came deep inside her, wave after wave of thick, hot release pouring straight into her tight pussy while she held onto me for dear life, her breath shuddering against my neck as we slowly came down together.

“We’re so fucked up,” she whispered against my ear, letting out a tired, breathy laugh.

I smiled against her skin. “Exactly. That’s why you and I make perfect sense.”

I slowly pulled myself out of her, the slick, wet friction making a soft sound in the clearing. I kept my hands under her thighs, holding her pinned against the trunk so her legs stayed wrapped tight around my waist.

My head popped free from her tight pussy, and I watched as a white stream of my release immediately began to leak out of her swollen core, dripping slowly down.

“Look at that,” I whispered low in my throat, “Push it out for me, baby. Push it all out.”

Gianna let out a soft, breathy moan, her lower stomach tightening as she obeyed, squeezing her inner muscles to push more of my seed out.

I reached down with my right hand, my thumb finding her red, swollen clit as I began rubbing slowly.

“It looks so fucking beautiful on you,” I murmured, feeling her heels curl around my back as my thumb kept working over her sensitive spot, “So fucking beautiful.”

Gianna gasped, her fingers digging tighter into my shoulders as she looked down at me, her chest heaving for air. A sudden flicker of real worry crossed her features, her eyes searching mine.

“Raph...” she whispered, her voice trembling slightly, “I’m... I’m not on the pill anymore.”

I stilled my thumb for a fraction of a second, looking into her face.

“I haven’t taken any since I left for Philadelphia,” she continued quickly, her breath catching in her throat as she looked at my face, waiting for my reaction, “I stopped taking them back then.”

A smile touched the corner of my mouth. I leaned forward, pressing a slow kiss to her temple, my hand going back to rubbing those slow, sweet circles over her clit.

“It’s okay, baby,” I whispered gently against her skin, “You don’t have to worry,” I pulled back just enough so she could see the complete calm in my eyes, “I got a vasectomy,” I told her quietly, “You don’t have to take those pills again.” 1

She didn’t wait for me to answer. She began pressing fast, feverish kisses all over my face-first to my w, then my cheekbone, the bridge of my nose, and down to the corner of my lips.

Her hands cupped the back of my head, her fingers tangling in my hair, holding me close as if she could never get enough of me.

“I love you,” she murmured against my skin, her breath hot and sweet as she kissed my forehead, “I love you, I love you, I love you. You always think of everything, don’t you?”

I leaned in, pressing my forehead gently against hers, letting my thumb wipe away the tear on her cheek, “I’ve got you, baby,” I murmured softly, “Always.”

Enjoy!

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Gianna

Therapy helped me more than I ever expected, but there was something else that made an even bigger difference, the antidepressants my mother had spent years begging me to take.

I hadn’t taken them back then because I didn’t trust doctors, and after everything I had been through the idea of putting something into my body because someone told me it would make me better terrified

This time was different.

I had taken my time, found a doctor I trusted, learned what the medication was supposed to do, and gave myself a chance to see whether it could help.

They helped quiet the constant noise in my head enough for me to actually use everything I was learning in therapy.

I was sleeping better. I had more energy. I could focus for longer without feeling like my mind was fighting me every step of the way. The bad days hadn't disappeared, and I still had things I was working through, but they no longer swallowed up the good days.

I felt like I was getting better, not magically, not all at once but steadily. And I was finally healthy enough to enjoy the life I was working so hard to build.

The first few weeks of work were not glamorous.

There were no headlines, no investors knocking on my door, no miraculous idea that suddenly turned into a billion-dollar company. Most days, it was just me, my laptop, a ridiculous number of research papers open across different screens, and a notebook that became messier every time I learned something new.

I spent mornings rebuilding what I had forgotten.

Python.

Machine-learning theory.

Data structures.

Statistics.

Model evaluation.

The parts of my degree came back slowly, and the parts I had never completely understood forced me to stop pretending I did. There were days when I stared at a problem for three hours before realizing I had been approaching it from the wrong direction.

I hated those days but I also loved them because nobody was standing over me telling me I was stupid.

If I didn't understand something, I went back and learned it.

wrote bad code, I fixed it.

If an idea didn't work, I changed it.

For the first time in my life, failure was just information. That changed more about me than I expected.

I started keeping a proper schedule. Therapy remained part of my week, and so did my work. I stopped treating rest like something I had to earn and stopped expecting myself to understand an entire field in a month just because I was impatient to catch up.

Raphael noticed the difference before I did, “You’ve stopped apologizing,” he said one night.

I looked up from my laptop, “For what?”

“For not knowing something.”

I stared at him for a second.

He was sitting across from me in his office, reading through a report while I worked on my own project beside him. We’d been doing this more often lately. Not because he understood everything I was working on, and certainly not because I needed him to supervise me, but because I liked having him there.

“I used to think if I didn’t know something immediately, it meant I wasn’t smart enough,” I admitted.

“And now?”

I looked back at my screen, “Now I think it means I don’t know it yet.

His mouth curved slightly, “Good girl…”

And those words stayed with me for the rest of the night.

A few months passed before I had anything I was willing to show another person.

My first prototype was ugly.

It was also mine.

The system wasn’t anything close to the technology I imagined building one day. It was a small pattern- recognition project, built around a limited dataset, with plenty of flaws and more limitations than I wanted to admit.

But when I ran it and watched the model identify patterns I had deliberately left buried inside the data, I sat there staring at the screen for several seconds.

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men I laughed.

Raphael looked over from his desk, “What?”

“It worked.”

He closed his laptop, “Show me.”

I turned the screen toward him and started explaining what I had built, what I wanted it to do, where t failed, and what I thought I could improve.

And Raphael being himself couldn’t stop asking questions, he asked about the goal, the assumptions, the risks and what would happen if the system was wrong.

By the end of the conversation, I had another six things written down that needed fixing.

I looked at him. “You just gave me even more work.”

He pushed his glasses back up his nose, “You’re welcome.”

I threw a pen at him.

He caught it.

I smiled.

It was such a small moment, but I think that was when I realized I was no longer simply trying to become the woman I had once imagined being.

I was becoming her.

The work continued.

I started speaking to people outside my old university circle. Researchers. Developers. Founders.

The first time I joined a technical meeting with people I had never met before, I spent twenty minutes beforehand checking my notes because I was convinced someone would ask a question I couldn’t answer.

They did.

I didn’t know the answer.

So I said, “I don’t know yet.”

Nobody laughed, nobody looked disappointed.

One of them simply said, “Fair enough. Find out and send it over.”

I walked out of that meeting and sat in the car for several minutes.

Raphael was waiting for me, “How did it go?”

“I didn’t know something.”

He glanced at me, “And?”

said I didn’t know.”

“And?”

I smiled, “They didn’t kill me.”

His expression went completely still, “They’d better not have even thought about touching a hair on your head. Anyone who does will have a much bigger problem than your meeting to worry about.”

I laughed, “You know that’s not exactly how normal boyfriends respond.”

“I’m not exactly a normal boyfriend.”

Eventually, I stopped working from whatever room happened to be available in the mansion.

I needed space.

My own space.

So one afternoon, I sat across from Raphael with a folder on the table.

He opened it, “What is this?”

“Property documents.”

He looked at the first page, then at me, “You’re selling them?”

“Some of them.”

The properties had been left to me after my father died. For a long time, I hadn't known what I wanted to do with them. Keeping them because they were mine had never felt like enough.

Now I knew.

"I don't want buildings sitting there just because Giovanni left them to me," I said. "I'd rather turn some of them into something I built myself."

Raphael studied me for a moment, "You want to sell them? Done."

That was it. He didn't offer to buy me an office. He didn't tell me he would fund the company. He didn't quietly arrange anything behind my back.

He simply supported my decision.

The properties were sold.

The money became mine to invest, and for the first time, I wasn't looking at an inheritance as something left behind by my father. I was turning part of it into something he could never take credit for.

The office wasn't enormous. I didn't need a glass tower with my name across the top when I didn't even

CNY have a company yet. I needed somewhere I could work.

first time Tunlocked the door, Raphael, was beside me.

The office was almost empty. A few desks, computers, whiteboards, boxes that hadn't been opened yet. A small conference room. A kitchen that still smelled like fresh paint.

I walked inside slowly, then I looked around, "This is mine."

Raphael slipped his hands into his pockets, "Yes."

I smiled, "Just me."

His expression softened, "Just you."

I walked to the largest empty wall and picked up a marker. I wrote the name I had finally settled on across the whiteboard.

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Hazel AI

Then I stepped back. Raphael came up behind me and looked at it, “She’d be so proud of you.”

I stared at my mother’s name on the board, my fingers tightening slightly around the marker, “I hope so.”

He moved closer, standing beside me instead of behind me, “She would.”

I looked at him, “How do you know?”

“Because she knew you before you knew yourself.”

My eyes burned, and I looked back at the whiteboard before the tears could fall.

Hazel AI.

My mother’s name.

My company.

Something I had built with my own hands, using the mind I’d once been taught to hate. And now seeing her name didn’t make me think about what I’d lost. It made me think about everything I still had left to build.

I turned away from the whiteboard, my blue summer dress brushing softly against my legs as I moved. I walked past the row of empty workstations, my heels clicking lightly against the hardwood floor.

Raphael stayed where he was for a second, his hands tucked deep into his trousers pockets, his dark eyes following every single move I made.

I stepped into the corner office and Raphael followed, I stopped in front of the largest desk in the center of the room, the broad, dark oak desk that would officially belong to me.

I leaned back against the edge, gripping the smooth wood with both hands. I tilted my head, looking up at him through my lashes with a smile.

“This is a really sexy desk,” I murmured.

Raphael’s eyes darkened instantly. He slowly pulled his hands from his pockets, stepping toward me with that confident pace that always made my pulse spike.

“Is it?” he asked.

“It really is,” I whispered.

I didn’t break eye contact as I slowly shifted my weight, lifting myself up to sit directly on top of the smooth wood. I reached down, gathering the light fabric of my white summer dress in my fingers, pulling the hemline slowly up my thighs.

I opened my knees, spreading my legs wide right in front of him, letting the cool air touch my bare skin

๘ Bonus while my white dress bunched around my hips.

Raphael stopped directly between my knees, his tall frame blocking out the light from the large windows behind him.

I reached forward, my fingers hooking into the front of his jacket, tugging him an inch closer/until his crotch was inches from my core.

“I was thinking,” I whispered, rolling my hips forward just enough to brush against him through his tailored pants, “maybe we should do a little opening party... right here. Just the two of us.”

A smirk spread across Raphael’s face, his dark eyes flashing with a heat that made my breath catch in my throat.

“A party?” he asked softly, leaning down until his lips were brushing the shell of my ear.

“Mmhmm,” I hummed, my hands sliding up his broad chest to his shoulders, “To celebrate the new office.”

Raphael didn’t answer with words. He slid his hands under the white fabric of my dress, his fingers digging hard into the flesh of my bare inner thighs, pressing my legs even wider apart.

“Gianna,” he rasped out, his hot breath soaking into the skin of my neck as his thumbs stroked agonizing circles over the thin fabric covering my heat, “You are completely out of your mind if you think you’re walking out of this office today with your dress intact.”

He reached over to the silver ice bucket sitting on the desk-the one with the celebratory bottle of champagne we hadn’t even opened yet.

His long fingers dipped into the slush, pulling out a single, sharp cube of ice. He didn’t look away from my face as he raised the ice to his own mouth, running his wet tongue slowly over the cold edges, making his lips slick before looking down at my body.

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He reached for the front of my summer dress. He unbuttoned the small buttons down the front one by one until the fabric parted completely.

He pushed the cloth off my shoulders, exposing my bare breasts to the quiet, sunlit room.

His eyes stayed glued to my chest, watching my nipples harden instantly in the cool air.

“So fucking perfect,” he whispered low in his chest, “I could spend the rest of my life just starving for these.”

He brought the wet, melting ice cube down to my skin. I gasped, my entire body jumping as the freezing edge touched the valley between my breasts.

He trailed the ice slowly over the curve of my left breast, drawing a freezing ring around the hardened tip before pressing the ice directly against my nipple.

I let out a high, breathy cry, my back arching off the desk as the contrast of freezing ice and his burning heat made my nerves scream.

He repeated the motion on my right breast, circling the center, dragging the melting water all over my skin until my nipples were rigid, wet, and standing hard for him.

He threw the rest of the ice on the floor, leaned down immediately, and took one dripping, ice-cold nipple into his hot mouth.

I gasped, my fingers flying into his hair as he sucked hard, his tongue swirling wildly over the freezing skin. He bit down softly, pulling the tip tight before releasing it with a loud, wet sound, only to attack the other breast.

While his mouth stayed locked onto my chest, devouring my nipples like he couldn’t get enough, his right hand slid down between my spread thighs.

He didn’t pull my underwear off. He hooked two fingers into the thin fabric, tugging the cloth tightly to the side, exposing my swollen core.

He reached back into the bucket, grabbing another fresh piece of ice.

Before I could ask what he was doing, Raphael leaned down, wedging the cold, hard cube of ice directly against my opening, pushing the freezing edge slightly into my entrance.

A laughing, shocked scream tore from my throat as the intense cold hit my hottest, most sensitive flesh. My legs twitched violently, my whole body shaking on top of the oak desk as the melting ice sat trapped inside my heat, flooding my insides with a crazy, overwhelming sensation I had never felt before.

He looked down, watching my body react. His thumb rubbed over my swollen clit, driving the melting cold deep into my folds while his other hand clamped around my breast, squeezing it tight.

He suddenly pulled me off the edge of the desk, my feet barely touched the hardwood floor before Raphael spun me around, shoving my upper body flat onto the desk.

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The wood pressed against my bare face, my breasts squished against the surface while my dress hung ompletely open, tangled around my waist.

“Spread your legs,” he rasped into the back of my neck, his hand coming down with a hard, stinging smack across my bare ass cheek.

My skin stung, hot and burning. I gasped against the desk, my hands gripping the far edge for balance, and forced my thighs wide apart behind me.

The cool air hit my wet, freezing, hypersensitive core, making every nerve ending in my body tremble.

Behind me, I heard the heavy clatter of glass as he lifted the champagne bottle again.

I barely had time to draw a breath before the smooth, cold neck of the glass bottle pressed straight against my opening.

“Raph-“I gasped into the wood.

Without giving me a single second to adjust, he lined up the tip and drove the neck of the champagne bottle straight inside my dripping, ice-numbed entrance.

A sharp, shocked scream tore from my throat, muffled against the desk as the freezing glass filled me completely. My inner walls clamped tight around it, trying to reject the cold.

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gripped the heavy base of the bottle and began to push and pull it in slow thrusts.

Slide. Push. Slide.

He drove the bottle deep, hitting my spot over and over until my vision went completely white.

Raphael leaned over my back, his chest crushing me into the wood, his mouth coming right to the shell of my ear as his hand kept pumping the glass bottle inside me.

“I fucking love you,” he rasped out, his voice dark, ruined, and completely out of his mind, “So flexible... so tight... taking every inch of this glass just like a good girl.”

“Oh God, Raph!” I moaned, my toes curling against the floor, my fingers clawing at the desk and the freezing, smooth bottle stretching my insides broke my mind into a million pieces.

He sped up his rhythm, driving the bottle in faster and harder, the wet, suctioning sound filling my empty office alongside the ragged sound of my breathless cries.

His mouth locked onto the side of my neck, his teeth nipping the skin while his hand worked the bottle deep into my body. “Look how easily you take this for me, ballerina. You’re swallowing the whole fucking neck.”

“Oh God, Raph, it’s so good!” I sobbed out, my knuckles turning white as I gripped the desk.

My hips began to push back against the glass, rolling into his thrusts, meeting the cool, smooth weight as he drove the bottle deeper and deeper until the thick curve stopped at my entrance.

The feeling was mind-meltingly hot. Every time the freezing glass scraped against my swollen walls, a wave of intense, electric pleasure crashed straight through my core.

Raphael let out a dark laugh, his thumb reaching down between my legs to find my clit, grinding over it in tight circles while he kept fucking me with the glass, “Ride it for me. Show me how much you love what we’re doing to your new desk.”

My back arched violently, my head falling back as a wave of overwhelming, shattering climax built up like a storm in my lower belly.

“Raph!” I shrieked into the empty room, completely out of my mind as my inner muscles clamped down tight, clutching around the cold glass bottle in a series of violent spasms.

Raphael pulled the bottle all the way out of my center with a loud, wet pop.

I let out a breathless whimper, my forehead resting flat against the desk as my body trembled from the sudden emptiness.

I listened to his breathing behind me, expecting to feel his hands lift me up or his hard cock align with my entrance.

Instead, I heard a faint, wet sound.

I turned my head slightly on the desk, looking over my shoulder through my messy hair.

Raphael was standing right behind me, holding the glass bottle in his hand, then my eyes trailed down the bottle itself, and my breath hitched.

Rolled over the top half of the champagne bottle, protecting the glass from coming into direct contact with my body, was a clear condom.

I stared at it for a full two seconds before my shoulders began to shake with disbelieving laughter.

Even in the middle of a totally out-of-control moment on top of my brand-new desk, Raphael was still Raphael. The possessive, overly cautious, meticulous man couldn't help himself.

I rolled my eyes at him, letting out a soft, teasing sigh, "A condom on a champagne bottle, Raph? Really?

Raphael's eyes flashed up at me, completely unbothered, "I'm not putting raw glass inside my woman without protection, ballerina. Safety first."

Without breaking eye contact with me, he reached down with two fingers and pinched the top of the condom, deftly rolling the rubber off the neck of the bottle and tossing it onto the floor.

He gripped the silver foil at the top of the champagne bottle. With one hard twist of his wrist, he popped the cork free with a sharp, echoing BANG that bounced off the empty office walls.

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Aloud of cold vapor spilled from the top. Raphael didn't bother grabbing a glass. He raised the heavy bottle straight to his mouth and took a long, deep gulp, the cold, sparkling champagne spilling slightly over his lips and running down his jaw and throat.

He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, his dark eyes locked onto mine. He leaned down over my back, wrapping one hand around my jaw to tilt my head up while bringing the mouth of the cold bottle right to my lips.

“Drink, baby,” he whispered, “Celebrate your new beginning.”

I opened my mouth and let him tilt the bottle back. The freezing, bubbly champagne poured over my tongue, sharp, sweet, and burning hot all at once against my throat.

I swallowed greedily, taking three big gulps as a little bit of the sparkling champagne trickled down the side of my chin, dripping onto the wood of my desk.

I pushed myself up off the desk. My legs were shaking so violently that I almost stumbled, but I gripped the edge of the wood, straightened my spine, and stood tall.

I turned around to face Raphael, taking a slow, step toward him.

He stayed right where he was with the champagne bottle held loosely in his left hand.

“My turn,” I whispered.

Before he could say a word, I reached out, grabbed his broad shoulders, and shoved him down hard into the armchair. Raphael let out a low, surprised grunt as he hit the leather cushion, but he didn’t fight me. He sat back, his knees spread wide, his chest heaving.

I dropped to my knees right between his open legs.

My hands flew to his dark trousers, my fingers popping his belt buckle open. I yanked his zipper down, hooked my hands into his underwear, and yanked his massive, rock-hard cock free into the air.

He was thick, throbbing, and completely swollen, a drop of pre-cum glistening at the broad tip.

I wrapped my fingers around his broad width and began to stroke him fast.

Raphael’s head snapped back against the top of the chair, a groan tearing straight from his chest.

“Fuck, Mess...” he rasped out, his dark eyes flashing open to look down at me.

“Shh,” I commanded softly.

I stood up, stepping right over his legs, and hitched my white dress up past my waist. I grabbed the sides of the armchair for leverage, lifted my hips, and lined up his thick tip right against my opening.

With one downward drive, I plunged my hips straight down, taking his length into me.

“Fuck!” Raphael roared out, his hips jerking upward.

I didn’t give him a second to adjust. I slammed my hands onto his shoulders, locked my legs around his ips, and started bouncing on him.

I lifted myself up until just his broad head remained inside, and then crashing straight back down, driving him deep into my tight heat again and again.

The leather chair creaked loudly beneath us, the wet sound of our bodies smashing together echoing through the empty office space.

Raphael reached up to grab my waist, to take over the rhythm, but I slapped his hands away.

“No,” I gasped out, my head thrown back, my breasts bouncing wildly with every heavy drop, “I’m riding you, Raph. You just sit there and take it.”

I slowly rubbed my clit, and then raised the same hand, covered in my own wetness, and jammed two of my fingers straight into his mouth.

Raphael’s eyes went wide for a split second before he opened his mouth wide, wrapping his tongue around my fingers, sucking on them hard while I continued to pound myself down on his cock.

“That’s it,” I whimpered against his ear, my hips rolling into him at the bottom of every thrust, forcing him deeper into me while he sucked my fingers, “Taste how good I am for you... taste what you do to me.

HK

+15 Bonus Bonus

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bit down gently on my knuckles, his left hand tightening around the neck of the champagne bottle, then I watched as he tilted the bottle forward directly over my chest.

The remaining ice-cold, sparkling champagne poured over my bare breasts in a splash of sweet, bubbling liquid.

“Ah!” I shrieked into the empty office, my entire body jumping as the freezing shock hit my nipples.

My hips twitched, driving down even harder as the cold wine flooded over my skin. The freezing liquid trickled down the curves of my chest, pooling in the valley between my

breasts before running down my ribcage and soaking into the thin white fabric of my dress bunched around my waist.

He set the bottle on the floor beside the chair, his hands flying up to cup my champagne-soaked breasts. He squeezed my soft flesh firmly, his thumbs grinding in slow, circles over my wet, rock-hard tips.

“Raph... oh God,” I gasped out, my head falling back as I kept bouncing on his lap.

He leaned his head forward to bury his face straight into my soaking wet chest.

He licked the cold champagne off my skin with long, strokes of his tongue, then he clamped his mouth over my right nipple, sucking hard and fast while his thumb kept flicking over the left.

The contrast was absolute insanity-the freezing champagne dripping over my skin while his mouth burned hot over my breast, all while his rock-hard length slammed deep inside my core with every drop of my hips.

“Yes! Fuck, Raph, yes!” I whimpered, my hands digging into his hair, holding his face clamped against my chest while I rode him faster, harder, completely out of my mind with the wild, sweet pleasure crashing over us.

My screams cut through the empty office as my climax hit me so hard. My tight center squeezed around his thick cock again and again, sending pure heat crashing through my whole body.

And Raphael completely lost control.

His dark eyes rolled back into his head, and a deep, broken moan tore straight out of his throat, it was a loud, raw sound he couldn’t stop if he tried.

He threw his arms around my waist and my back, locking me against his hard chest in a grip so tight it crushed the air right out of my lungs.

“Raph-“I gasped, but I couldn’t even catch my breath.

He squeezed me like he was trying to pull me inside his own body. His broad arms clamped around me like iron bands, pinning my ribs tight while his whole body went rigid beneath me.

Wave after wave of thick, burning heat shot deep inside of me. His hips slammed upward into me twice, three times, locking himself as deep as he could go while he came so hard his muscle twitched wildly under my skin.

EXIL

He didn’t speak, he just held me crushed against his chest, his face buried deep in the crook of my neck, etting out long, shaking moans as his release poured into me without stopping.

The room spun as the air left my lungs, but I didn’t care. I wrapped my arms around his neck, holding onto him just as tight, feeling his heart hammering like crazy against my chest while we both came down from the wild, dark high together.

His grip finally loosened just enough for air to rush back into my lungs. He kept his arms wrapped around my waist, holding me securely on his lap.

He leaned back against the leather cushion, looking down at me with dark, soft eyes. He reached up, his thumb tenderly wiping away a drop of champagne that had trickled down to my jaw.

“Congratulations on your new office, baby,” he murmured, his voice raspy, and full of pride, “You buil something incredible here.”

I smiled, resting my cheek against his shoulder as the initial exhaustion of our release settled over us.

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 980

Then Raphael glanced down at my bare breasts, champagne-soaked dress and the dirty, disheveled mess we both were right now.

A faint, amused smirk tugged at the corner of his mouth, “Though...” he added quietly, his eyes sparkling with dry humor, “I think I overreacted earlier.”

I pulled my head back slightly, looking up at him, “What do you mean?”

“I said she’d be proud of you,” he rasped out, gesturing loosely toward the wet desk, the discarded champagne bottle, and the condom wrapper on the floor, “I don’t think Hazel would be too proud if she saw this.”

The sheer ridiculousness of the moment hit us both at the exact same time.

A sudden, loud laugh burst out of my chest, and Raphael couldn’t hold it back either. His deep, rumbling laughter echoed off the empty walls of the office, his whole chest shaking under me as I buried my face in his neck, both of us laughing uncontrollably.

“Don’t bring my mother into this!” I gasped, trying to look outraged while sitting completely naked on his lap, sticky with expensive champagne, and thoroughly ruined,

“She was a dignified woman, Raphael! She didn’t raise me to use her name as a backdrop for softcore tech-startup pornography!”

Raphael held me tighter against his chest, his eyes brimming with pure, wicked amusement, “She raised a CEO, baby,” he rasped, “I’m just helping you manage the company assets. Consider this an aggressive tax write-off.”

“Pretty sure the IRS doesn’t accept ‘desk-staining with malice aforethought’ under operational expenses,” I wheezed, my chest aching as another laugh bubbled up.

“They do if the documentation is detailed enough,” he murmured, his thumb lazily tracing a damp trail of champagne over my ribcage, “I’ll handle the paperwork. I’ll mark it down under ‘stress management and heavy machinery testing’.”

“Heavy machinery?” I raised an eyebrow, tilting my head back to glare at him through my messy hair,” Is that what you call it now?”

“You were the one riding it, ballerina,” he pointed out, his dark mouth curving into a crooked grin, “I was just the heavy equipment.”

I let out a breathless snort, resting my forehead against his collarbone while he chuckled, his deep chest rumbling under my cheek.

“We need to clean this up,” I whispered into his skin, though neither of us moved a muscle, “I have a meeting with an investor on Tuesday. If he smells Dom Pérignon and sheer corruption the second he walks in, he’s going to think I run a cartel, not a software firm.”

Raphael’s arms tightened around my waist, his lips brushing the side of my neck in a slow kiss, “Not a cartel, Mess,” he said into my skin, “The Outfit, though? Absolutely. The brains of the whole damn operation are sitting inside of you right now.”

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I pulled back slightly, raising an eyebrow at him. I pointed a single finger first to my head, then tapped it down against my lower belly, right where his thick length was still lazily resting inside me.

“Which end are we talking about, exactly?” I asked dryly, “This brain, or… that brain?”

Raphael looked between my forehead and where our bodies connected, his eyes sparkling with unholy amusement, “Let’s just go with both,” he murmured, “You’re doing-the heavy strategic thinking, and I’m just supplying the raw capital to keep the board satisfied.”

“I don’t think the board approves of the CEO being held hostage by organized crime during business hours,” I muttered, resting my chin against his shoulder.

“I am the board,” Raphael rasped softly, pressing a deep kiss to my jaw, “And as Chairman, I’m declaring this meeting extended.”

Swipe up!