My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 991

Ganna

1&1

The next morning, by the time I finally made it downstairs, I was still trying to convince myself that this was real.

I kept looking at my left hand.

The ring was still there.

Every few seconds, my eyes would fall to the diamond sitting on my finger, and every single time, the same ridiculous smile would spread across my face.

Raphael had already announced the engagement to his family. He had wanted to be the one to tell Vincenzo himself, mostly because, apparently, getting a pat on the back from Vincenzo meant everything to him.

The moment I stepped inside, every conversation stopped. Vincenzo was the first one to notice. His eyes dropped to my hand, then his entire face changed.

“Finally, your last name will be Capone.”

I laughed and he was already coming toward me. I nodded, barely getting the word out before he pulled me into his arms.

“Congratulations, Picolina.”

“Thank you.”

He held me for another second before letting go and immediately grabbing Raphael by the shoulder,” You finally did it.”

Raphael gave him a dry look. “Apparently.”

“Apparently?” Dante repeated from behind him. “That’s all you’ve got?”

Silvio laughed.

Adriano came over next, hugging me and then shaking Raphael's hand before pulling him into a quick embrace, "I knew you two were going to get there eventually."

"I didn't," Dante said. "I thought Raphael was going to spend the rest of his life glaring at people and pretending he didn't have feelings."

"I still might," Raphael replied.

Maddie reached me next, taking my hand and staring at the ring, "Oh my God, Gianna," she turned my hand toward the light, "This is beautiful."

"I know."

Chapte at

+15 Bonus Bonus

"You're actually getting married.'

e words made my eyes sting again, "I know."

Claire hugged me tightly, and then Jules came rushing over. She didn't say anything at first. She just threw her arms around me. I hugged her back, laughing softly as she squeezed me.

When she finally pulled away, she looked at my ring, then she looked at Raphael, then back at me.

A huge grin spread across her face, "I've been waiting for this."

I blinked, "For what?"

"This," she pointed at my hand, "Because I have a very special gift for you both!"

Raphael looked suspicious immediately, "Jewel"

She ignored him, "Wait here."

She ran off before either of us could ask another question.

I looked at Raphael, "What does she have?"

"I have no idea."

I laughed at his place expression, "You look worried."

“I’ve learned that whenever Jules says she has a surprise, I should be concerned.”

A few moments later, we heard her footsteps coming back down the hallway. She was carrying a small case in both hands. She set it down near the television, opened it, and pulled out a flash drive.

My smile disappeared.

Something about the way she was holding it felt different.

Jules looked at me then she took a breath, “A long time ago, someone left something very special for both of you.”

The room went quiet, “Who?”

Jules looked at me for a moment before she gave me a small, sad smile, “She left it with me.”

I shook my head slowly, “Jules...”

“She made me promise not to show it to anyone until I knew the time was right,” her fingers tightened around the flash drive, “I asked her how I was supposed to know when the time was right.”

My eyes were already burning, “What did she say?”

Jules smiled through tears, “She told me I’d know when I saw my sister smiling like she had finally found what she’d been looking for... and when I saw a big diamond on her finger but only if it was Raphael who was standing beside her.”

The room disappeared around me.

Chapter yar

I stared at my little sister, “No,” I whispered.

Judes nodded, “She told me that would be how I knew.”

I shook my head again, tears already falling, “No, no, Jules.”

She walked toward the television, “She wanted you to have this.”

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 992

She plugged the flash drive into the television, the screen went black for a moment, then a video appeared.

And then I saw her.

Mom.

My knees almost gave out. Raphael's hand immediately found mine. I gripped his fingers so tightly they hurt.

Mom was lying in bed.

She looked thinner than I remembered.

Her face was tired, and there was a softness in her expression that made my chest ache because I knew what that tiredness meant now. I could see the effort it took for her even to lift her head.

For a few seconds, the camera seemed to be recording an empty room, then Mom turned her face toward the doorway.

Her eyes brightened, "Come here, sweetheart."

A tiny Jules appeared in the frame. She was ten years old at the time. She ran straight toward the bed. Mom opened one arm as far as she could, and Jules climbed carefully onto the mattress and curled herself against her.

Mom kissed the top of her head, "There you are."

Little Jules giggled. I covered my mouth. I remembered that girl. I remembered Mom but seeing them together like this was different.

It was a moment I had never been meant to see.

Mom looked toward the camera, "Gianna," she said softly, "This is for you and... Raphael."

My breath left me.

Raphael stood completely still beside me, "I left this with Jules because I wanted her to keep it safe. I told her not to show it to you until she knew the right time had come."

Mom looked down at Jules.

"And she's very good at keeping secrets."

Little Jules nodded proudly.

Mom laughed softly, then she looked back at the camera, “If you’re watching this, then I suppose finally decided it was time. I wish I could be there when you see this.”

I started crying. The tears simply came.

she

Mom took a slow breath, “There are so many things I want to tell you, Gianna, and I’m not sure I could ever fit all of them into one message. You have always been difficult to explain.”

Aweak laugh escaped her.

“Not because there was anything wrong with you. Quite the opposite. You were always so much more complicated than people gave you credit for.”

My eyes closed. I could almost hear her saying it to me when I was little.

“You have always felt everything deeply. You questioned everything. You wanted to understand why people did things instead of simply accepting that they did them. You could be stubborn. Very stubborn.”

Jules giggled beside her.

Mom smiled, “I loved that about you.”

My hand covered my heart.

“I loved your mind, Gianna. I loved the way you noticed things other people missed. I loved how you could spend hours trying to understand something simply because you couldn’t stand not knowing the answer.”

She paused to catch her breath.

“And I am sorry that somewhere along the way, you were made to believe those things were weaknesses.”

Raphael’s fingers tightened around mine.

Mom continued, “I hope one day you understand that you never needed to become someone else to deserve love. You never needed to be easier, quieter, smarter, less sensitive, less stubborn, or anything else. You were always my perfect daughter, just the way you are.”

I couldn’t stop crying.

“And then there is Raphael.”

Mom’s expression softened and I looked at him. He hadn’t moved.

She continued, “I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone understand Gianna the way you do. From the very beginning, I noticed the way you looked at her, the way you seemed to notice the things she never said out loud. And then, in my final days, I saw what you were like with her. You made her life easier. Happier. Lighter. I tried so hard to do that for her, but I couldn’t make her smile the way you do, Raphael.”

Mom looked down at Jules.

“Because Gianna…” Mom’s smile became sadder, “She has always needed more patience. More understanding. She has spent too much of her life believing she has to earn the right to be loved. So if you’re beside her when she watches this, Raphael, I want you to know something.”

Chao V

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 993

The room was completely silent.

“Don’t ever make her feel like she has to earn your love.”

Raphael lowered his head for a moment.

Mom continued, “Love her when she’s strong. Love her when she’s frightened. Love her when she’s stubborn and impossible and convinced she can solve everything by herself. And please remind her to drink water.”

A few broken laughs came from around the room.

I laughed through my tears.

Mom smiled too, “She forgets.”

Raphael whispered, “She does.”

I looked at him through my tears.

The video continued, “I don’t know what the future will look like for either of you. I don’t know what life will ask from you. There may be difficult days. There may be people who don’t understand you. There may be moments when you question whether you’ve made the right choices. But if you are standing beside each other when you watch this, then I know one thing.”

Her eyes softened.

“You found your way to each other. And that makes me happy.”

Mom looked down at Jules, who was still curled against her.

“I’ve spent so much time worrying about what will happen to my girls when I’m not here. But when I see Jules surrounded by people who love her, I know she will be protected.”

Jules sniffled in the video.

Mom smiled at her, “And Gianna… You have always been harder for me to reassure. But whenever I see you with Raphael, I feel something I can’t explain.”

She paused.

“Peace.”

That one word broke something inside me.

“I don’t know if it’s because he understands you, or because you make him softer in places he never lets anyone see. Maybe it’s both. But when you’re with him, I don’t feel like I’m leaving you completely alone.”

She looked down again.

“I wish I could have watched you grow into the woman you’re becoming. I wish I could have seen you

+15 Bonus Bonus build your life. I wish I could have watched you fall in love and complain about you Raphael and make m crazy. Actually, knowing you, you probably already do that.”

The family laughed softly behind me. I couldn’t. I was crying too hard.

Mom’s expression became gentle again, “Whatever happens, Gianna, please remember this.

She looked directly at the camera.

“You were loved.”

My lips trembled.

“You are loved.”

Another tear slipped down her cheek.

“And nothing that happens after I’m gone can change that.”

She glanced toward little Jules.

“I love both of my girls more than anything in this world,” then she looked back at the camera, “So live, sweetheart. Don’t spend your whole life being afraid of losing people. Don’t spend your whole life trying to prove that you’re worthy of staying. Let yourself be happy.”

The screen stayed on her face for several seconds.

“And if you’re watching this because you’re getting married…” her smile grew, “Then congratulations, my beautiful girl.”

I broke.

I bent forward, covering my face as a sob tore through me. Raphael immediately pulled me against him.

Mom’s voice continued through my tears, “I wish I could kiss your forehead. I wish I could hold your hand. I wish I could see that ring for myself but if you’re smiling right now, then that’s enough for me.”

She paused, looking at the camera for a moment as though she were gathering the strength for one more thing.

“There is something else I left for you, Gianna. I wanted to give it to you myself after your wedding, but I knew I might not get that chance. So I put it somewhere safe. I left it in a safety-deposit box at the bank, and I’ve made arrangements for you to have access to it when the time comes. All you have to do is contact my lawyer.”

Mom’s eyes crinkled slightly as she looked down at Jules, but there was so much pain behind that small smile that I couldn’t bear to watch.

Then she lifted her gaze back to the camera.

Chapter 994

nd Gianna, when you look at it, I hope you think of me smiling. Goodbye forever, my darling girl. My firstborn. My first love."

The video ended, the screen went black. Nobody spoke. I stayed against Raphael, crying into his chest while his arms held me tightly.

Jules came closer. I reached for her without saying anything. She threw herself into my arms, and I held my little sister against me.

For years, I had thought Mom had left me with so many unfinished things.

Questions.

Regrets.

Words I never got to say.

I closed my eyes. For the first time since Mom died, hearing her voice didn't feel like losing her all over again.

It felt like finding her all over again.

Raphael

The first thing I noticed was that my hands were cold.

That was irritating.

I had spent most of my life being able to control my body under pressure. Gunfire, negotiations, threats, blood, men twice my size trying to put a bullet in me, I knew what happened to my body in those situations. My pulse increased. My attention narrowed. My breathing changed. Those were predictable responses to danger, and predictable things could be managed.

This was different.

There was no danger in front of me.

There was a priest standing several feet away, a room full of people I trusted, music playing somewhere behind me, and the woman I loved was about to walk through a set of doors.

Yet my hands were cold.

I flexed my fingers once and looked down at them, nothing was wrong. No injury, no numbness, no reason for the slight tremor I could feel in my fingertips.

I straightened my cuffs and looked toward the altar again.

The chapel had been transformed for the occasion. White flowers lined the aisle, climbing around the

Chapter dark wooden pillars and spilling from tall arrangements near the altar.

Candlelight flickered between them, softening the stone walls and making everything look warmer than it normally did. Sunlight came through the tall windows behind us, cutting across the floor in pale gold.

It was beautiful.

I had no particular interest in beautiful things. At least, that was what I had always believed, then I looked at the empty aisle.

Apparently, I had been wrong about myself more often than I cared to admit.

I shifted my weight slightly.

Nervous.

That was the closest word I could find. I tested it in my head.

Nervous.

It fit.

There was a strange pressure beneath my ribs. My thoughts were moving faster than usual, but they weren't solving anything. I had spent the last thirty minutes mentally reviewing details that had already been handled.

The rings were there.

The documents were signed.

The security arrangements were in place.

The guests had arrived.

The schedule was running on time.

Nothing required my attention.

And yet my mind kept finding reasons to check everything again.

I glanced toward Ciro.

He was standing with the other men, dressed in a black suit, looking far too amused by my discomfort.

I gave him a warning look.

His straightened and immediately focused on the security of the venue.

I looked away as the music changed. Every conversation in the room disappeared beneath it. My attention went straight to the doors at the far end of the chapel.

They opened.

And there she was.

Gianna.

several seconds, my brain stopped doing anything useful.

She stood alone at the beginning of the aisle, holding a small bouquet of white flowers in both hands. Her dress fell around her in soft layers, catching the light every time she moved. Her hair was pinned back from her face, leaving a few loose strands around her cheeks, and there was something about the way she looked at me that made the entire room feel irrelevant.

She wasn’t being walked down the aisle by anyone. She didn’t need to be. She had chosen to come to me herself.

Gianna took the first step, then another.

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 995

watched her walk toward me, and for once I didn’t analyze anything. I didn’t think about the people watching. I didn’t think about the photographs that would be taken. I didn’t think about what came next.

I only watched her.

She smiled.

That smile was the one thing I had never learned how to defend myself against.

My fingers moved at my sides, the slight shaking had returned. She continued down the aisle until she was only a few steps away. Her eyes stayed on mine, and the smile on her face grew softer.

I took one breath, then she reached me. I held out my hand immediately, she smiled at it before she placed hers in it.

The moment our hands touched, something inside me settled and something else became worse.

My fingers were shaking. Gianna looked down at our hands, then back at me. Instead of saying anything, she moved closer and wrapped both of her hands around mine.

Her thumbs brushed slowly over my knuckles, “I’m right here.”

The words were quiet enough that nobody else could have heard them.

She squeezed my hands, “I’m right here, Raph.”

I nodded once.

That was all I trusted myself to do.

She smiled again, and I felt the tension leave my shoulders. The priest welcomed everyone, and I barely heard the first few words.

Gianna stood beside me, close enough that I could feel the warmth of her hand against mine. Every few seconds, my thumb moved over her fingers without me consciously deciding to do it.

It was habit now.

A need, perhaps.

Another thing I hadn’t known about myself until she came along.

The ceremony began. The priest spoke about marriage, commitment, patience, trust, and choosing one another every day.

I listened.

I actually listened.

Most of my life, I had considered promises inefficient when actions could accomplish the same thing. Words were easy. Anyone could make them.

But standing there beside Gianna, I understood why people said them anyway.

Some things deserved to be spoken.

When it was time for the vows, Gianna turned toward me.

She looked nervous now.

That made two of us.

She took a slow breath and smiled, “I spent a long time believing I had to become someone else to be loved,” she said, her voice unsteady at first. “I thought I had to be better, smarter, easier, stronger. I thought if I made enough changes, maybe one day I’d finally be enough.”

Her eyes stayed on mine.

“Then you came into my life and made me understand that I didn’t need to become someone else. You saw me exactly as I was. Even when I didn’t like what I saw.”

My throat felt unbearably tight.

“I can’t promise that I’ll never be scared,” she continued, “I can’t promise I’ll always know what I’m doing. I’m probably going to make mistakes. A lot of them.”

A small laugh moved through the room.

Mine almost followed it.

“But I can promise that I’ll keep choosing you. I’ll keep coming back to you. I’ll keep building my life beside yours without ever forgetting who I am. And I’ll love you through every version of yourself too.”

I looked down at our joined hands for half a second, then I looked back at her. The priest gave me the signal.

I had prepared my vows.

I knew exactly what I wanted to say.

Still, when I opened my mouth, the words didn’t come as neatly as I had planned.

“Gianna.”

Her eyes softened.

“I don’t know if I’ve ever understood what people mean when they talk about fate. I’ve always believed outcomes come from choices, circumstances, probability, and consequence.”

A few people smiled.

Gianna’s smile grew.

“That hasn’t changed,” I paused, “But you changed the variables.”

Her eyes filled immediately.

I continued before I lost my train of thought.

You entered my life and changed what I wanted from it. You made me want things I had never considered important. A home. A future. Ordinary mornings.”

Chante

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 996

She laughed through the tears.

“I don’t know what the perfect marriage looks like. I don’t think anyone does. But I know what I want mine to look like,” I squeezed her hand, “You.”

My voice was steadier now, less shaking, less nervous.

“You when you’re happy. You when you’re angry. You when you’re impossible. You when you’re afraid. You when you’re standing on your own and don’t need me for anything. You when you do need me.”

I looked directly into her eyes.

“I will never ask you to become smaller so I can feel bigger. I will never ask you to give up the person you are so you can fit into my life. I’ll make room.”

Her tears slipped down her cheeks.

“I’ve spent most of my life believing control was the same thing as safety. You taught me it isn’t. Sometimes loving someone means giving them the freedom to choose you when they don’t have to,” my voice lowered, “And I choose you too.”

The room was completely silent.

“I choose you today. I’ll choose you tomorrow. I’ll choose you when things are easy and when they aren’t. I can’t promise you perfection, Gianna. I can promise you that I’ll be here.”

She stared at me for a moment before whispering, “That’s all I ever wanted.”

The rings were brought forward. I took hers first. Her hand was trembling slightly now. That made me feel better, not because I wanted her nervous, but because suddenly I wasn’t the only one.

I slid the ring onto her finger.

She looked down at it, then back at me. When she placed mine on my finger, her fingers lingered for a second.

“There,” she whispered.

I raised an eyebrow, “What?”

She smiled, “My husband.”

Something about hearing her say it made the word feel real in a way paperwork never could. The priest continued with the final part of the ceremony.

Then came the words we had been waiting for, “You may kiss your bride.”

I reached for her waist and pulled her toward me. Her hands settled against my chest as I kissed her.

Her fingers curled into the fabric of my jacket, and I felt her smile against my mouth.

When we finally separated, she laughed softly, “You were nervous.”

“No.”

She gave me a look, “Your lips were shaking.”

“They weren’t.”

“Raph.”

I looked at her.

She smiled, “They were.”

I leaned closer, “Don’t tell anyone.”

She laughed again. The applause began around us, loud enough that Gianna jumped slightly. I looked at her and couldn’t stop the smile that came to my mouth.

My wife.

The word settled somewhere deep, not as an obligation, not as a title.

As a fact.

My wife.

We walked back down the aisle together, her hand tucked securely into mine. Gianna kept looking at me as we walked, smiling like she still couldn’t believe this was real.

Neither could I.

Outside, the afternoon had turned warm and bright.

The garden had been prepared for the reception, with long tables covered in white linen, candles tucked between flowers, and strings of small lights hanging above us. Music played softly while people moved between the tables, talking, laughing, raising glasses.

The Capones had apparently decided subtlety was unnecessary.

There were flowers everywhere.

Gianna loved it.

That was enough for me.

Jules was the first person to reach us. She threw herself at Gianna, nearly knocking the bouquet from her hands, “You’re married!”

Gianna laughed and hugged her, “I am.”

Jules looked at me, then at Gianna, then at our rings, “You guys really did it.”

“I told you I would.”

Jules pointed at me, “You better take care of her.”

“I intend to.

She narrowed her eyes, “And if you make her cry-”

“I know.”

“Good.”

She nodded with satisfaction before hugging Gianna again.

Across the garden, Dante was already holding a glass and arguing with Luca about something nobody seemed interested in hearing.

Silvio was laughing at something probably stupid or he was thinking of playing a stupid prank.

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 997

Adriano had one arm around Maddie.

Vincenzo and Claire stood near the center of it all, watching us. When our eyes met, he smiled, then he raised his glass.

I nodded back.

Gianna slipped her arm through mine, and I looked down at her. There were too many things happening inside me at once to separate them cleanly. Happiness, relief, attachment, something that felt dangerously close to peace.

I couldn’t give each feeling a proper name, so I stopped trying. For once, I didn’t need to understand everything before I could accept it.

Because I knew one thing with absolute certainty.

For the first time in my life, I wasn’t standing at the beginning of something I needed to control, calculate, or prepare myself for.

I was standing at the beginning of something I actually wanted to live.

Gianna was still smiling when I leaned closer, lowering my voice so only she could hear me, murmured, “are you going to dance for me tonight?”

Her entire expression changed.

“So,” I

She turned her head slowly, staring at me as if I had just asked the most scandalous question imaginable in the middle of our wedding reception.

“Raphael.”

I kept my face straight, “What?”

“You mean... dance?”

I nodded, “For me.”

She narrowed her eyes, then gave a small shake of her head, the corners of her mouth already betraying her, “You just wanted a dance?”

“Yes.”

She looked almost disappointed, “Oh,” then she sighed dramatically, “Well, that’s unfortunate.”

My eyebrows lifted, “Why?”

“Because I spent an embarrassing amount of time preparing something special for you,” She leaned closer, lowering her voice, “I had planned a whole little striptease.”

I stared at her.

She stared back.

Chopr

Then she gave me the sweetest smile imaginable, “But apparently you only wanted a dance,” she shook her head again, as if mourning the loss of an important opportunity, “So I suppose I’ll just dance.”

“No.”

Her smile widened, “No?”

“I didn’t say you had to-”

“You said you wanted a dance.”

“I did.”

“So that’s what you’re getting.”

I looked at her for a long second, then I leaned closer, “Actually, I’ve reconsidered.”

She laughed softly, “Already?”

“Yes.”

“And what have you decided?”

I glanced around the reception as though checking whether anyone was listening, then looked back at her, “The striptease sounds perfectly reasonable.”

She burst out laughing, rolling her eyes, “Of course it does.”

“It was your idea.”

She shrugged, “You rejected it first.”

“I was given incomplete information.”

“You’re changing your mind because you got scared of getting only a dance.”

I scoffed, “I wouldn’t call it scared.”

She raised an eyebrow.

I corrected myself, “Concerned.”

1 “Concerned,” she repeated sardonically.

“Yes.”

She laughed again, resting her head against my shoulder, “Don’t worry, husband. You’ll get your dance.”

I looked down at her, “And the other one?”

A wicked little smile appeared on her face, “Let’s just keep the other one…” She paused, pretending to consider it seriously, “Platonic.”

I stared at her, “Platonic?”

Chapter o

“Yes.”

our wedding night.”

She nodded, “Yes.”

“That’s usually when people become less platonic.”

“I like to be unconventional.”

I leaned closer, “Gianna.”

“Yes, husband?”

“You’re going to regret teaching me patience.”

Her smile widened, “I don’t think you have any.”

“I’ve had to develop some because of you.”

She laughed and tucked herself closer against my side, “Then consider tonight your final exam.”

I stared ahead at the reception, wondering how exactly I had gone from being a highly respected man with a carefully controlled life to being threatened with a platonic wedding night by my own wife.

I decided marriage was going to be considerably more difficult than I had calculated.

Now swipe up one last time for Raph and Gianna!

Janedoewritings

My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret

Chapter 998

And just like that... Raphael and Gianna’s story is over.

I honestly don’t know how to put into words what this book has been for me.

There were points while writing it when I genuinely wondered if I was going to make it to the end. This/ book was incredibly difficult to write at times, and there were moments when the story, the characters, and everything I was trying to bring together felt heavier

than I expected. There were chapters I struggled with, scenes I rewrote more times than I can count, and periods where real life made it almost impossible to give the book the time and attention I wanted to.

And if I'm being completely honest, I know I could have done better with this one.

There are things I would change if I went back and wrote certain parts again. There are scenes I wish I had given more time to, things I would probably handle differently now, and moments where I can see exactly where I could have pushed myself further as a writer.

But despite all of that, this book means an incredible amount to me.

Because you were here.

Through the difficult chapters. Through the delays. Through the times when I disappeared because life got overwhelming. Through the moments when I wasn't feeling confident about the story or even about myself as a writer.

You still showed up.

You read. You commented. You waited. You laughed with these characters, cried with them, got angry with them, defended them, questioned their choices, and somehow made Raphael and Gianna feel like they belonged to more than just me.

The love and support I've received for this book has honestly been overwhelming in the best possible way. That kind of support is something an author doesn't forget.

So if you made it all the way here, thank you.

Thank you for giving Raphael and Gianna your time. Thank you for letting them live in your imagination. Thank you for every comment, every reaction, every theory, every message, every time you told me that a chapter made you laugh or cry, and every time you patiently waited for me when I wasn't able to update as quickly as I wanted.

And now, before you leave them behind, I have one small favor to ask.

Please leave a review on the main page of the book if you enjoyed Raphael and Gianna's story.

It genuinely helps more than you probably realize.

Reviews help the book reach more readers, help new people discover the story, and help the platform understand that there are people who are actually reading and enjoying it.

And selfishly, after all the hours, late nights, stress, rewrites, frustration, excitement, and everything se that went into finishing this book, seeing your review waiting there feels like a tiny reward at the end of the road.

So if you have a few minutes, leave me a little something.

Tell me what you thought.

Tell me which character stayed with you.

Tell me what made you laugh, what made you cry, what annoyed you, what you loved, or simply tell me that you made it to the end.

I read them.

I really do.

And they mean more to me than I can properly explain.

Raphael and Gianna may have reached their ending, but I hope a little piece of their story stays with you.

Thank you for reading them.

Thank you for loving them.

And most importantly, thank you for staying until the very last page.

Until the next story.

– JD

You're all caught up with My Stepbrother's Dirty Little Secret.