The Offer

Chapter 10

Alan pulled the car into the hotel parking lot, the engine coughing one last time before dying into a heavy silence. The smoked-glass facade reflected the streetlights, and the place reeked of understated luxury—valets in uniform circling the few parked cars like efficient shadows. Madison got out first, slamming the door a little too hard, her legs stiff from the tense drive.



Alan followed, locking it absentmindedly, and they stood in front of the main entrance, on the paved steps leading to the automatic doors. The cool evening air slapped their faces, but it did nothing to ease the knot in their throats.

Alan pulled out his phone, fingers hesitating over the screen, and called Rebecah. It rang once, twice.

“Hello? Yeah, Rebecah, it’s Alan… We’re at 42 Rivage Street, right in front of the entr—” The glass doors slid open smoothly, and Rebecah appeared on the threshold, a radiant smile on her lips, waving as if she’d been watching them through the transparent wall.

“Hello! You’re here! Come in, come in quick!”

Alan hung up abruptly, his mouth still open mid-sentence, and exchanged a glance with Madison—what, was she spying on us?

She was dressed casually, almost too ordinary after all the buildup in their minds: slim black jeans, a beige cashmere sweater that looked soft to the touch, and pristine white sneakers. No provocative outfit, no over-the-top makeup.

“Come on, come in! God, you two look tense as hell! Relax a bit, it’s going to be fine, we’re going to have so much fun, you’ll see!” she chirped in an overly cheerful voice, grabbing each of them by the arm and dragging them inside, like it was just a spontaneous night out with friends.



Her perfume lingered around them, light and expensive, contrasting with the scent of polished marble and fresh flowers in the vast lobby. Madison nearly stumbled over the threshold, her heels clacking awkwardly on the gleaming floor, while Alan felt his legs turn to jelly. Rebecah led them straight to the elevators, bypassing the front desk entirely—of course, she’d arranged everything.

“Want something to drink? Water, champagne? I’ve got everything upstairs. It’s a studio I booked for the occasion, you’re going to love it.”

The elevator doors opened with a discreet ding, and they rode up to the top floor.

When Rebecah unlocked the door to the suite—or “studio,” as she called it—Alan and Madison stood there speechless for a moment.

It was enormous, at least four times the size of their crappy apartments combined: an open living room with cream leather sofas, a high-tech kitchenette, floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the glittering city,

and minimalist yet luxurious decor, with abstract art on the walls and thick carpeting that swallowed the sound of their footsteps.

It screamed money, subtle but overwhelming. But Rebecah didn't give them time to linger or explore.

"This way!" she said brightly, pushing them toward a door at the far end. She opened it with a theatrical flourish, revealing the bedroom: a spacious room bathed in dim light from electric blinds, dominated by a king-size bed in the center, with pristine white sheets and plush pillows that practically screamed "this is where it's going to happen."

The air was cool, subtly scented with vanilla, but the atmosphere suddenly weighed down like an anvil—a brutal reminder of why they were there, of that hastily signed contract, of the debt that had led them straight into this gilded trap. Alan's throat tightened. He tried awkwardly, staring at the floor: "Uh, about the payment... is there any way to—" Rebecah cut him off sharply, her dazzling smile turning firm as she raised a hand like a teacher silencing a student.

"Hey, we already talked about this, Alan! It's all in the contract. No advance, no negotiations—it makes things less exciting, remember? Come on, relax!"



She pulled her phone from her pocket, still smiling, her eyes gleaming with barely contained excitement. Her fingers flew across the screen, and she tapped a button with an audible little "click." The timer appeared, the numbers starting to tick.

"Alright, we've got two hours starting... now!"

Silence crashed down like a blade.

Alan and Madison stood frozen at the foot of the bed, unsure what to do with their bodies, hands hanging limp and eyes darting away.

Rebecah watched them for a moment, her smile widening, almost tender.



“You’re not going to forget this anytime soon, I promise you…” she murmured, her voice thick with dark promises.

Rebecah let them stew in that thick silence for a moment, her gaze sliding from one to the other as if she were already savoring the show. Then, in a light, almost playful voice, she pointed straight at Alan.

“Alright, we’ll start with you. Drop your pants, Alan. And your boxers, obviously. Right here in front of us.”

Alan’s mouth opened, a silent “what?” lodging in his throat, his lips trembling.

A rush of heat flooded his face—shock mixed with that sticky resignation that had dragged them here in the first place. Fuck, straight to it like that? He shot a glance at Madison, standing beside him with her arms crossed tight over her chest like some flimsy shield. She was already flushed crimson to her ears, eyes fixed on the plush carpet, carefully avoiding his.

Fine—they’d come for this, after all.

Twenty-one grand didn’t just fall into your lap without a healthy dose of humiliation. He swallowed hard, fingers fumbling at his belt, and did as he was told, letting the crumpled jeans pool at his ankles before yanking his boxers down in one sharp tug. The cool air of the room prickled his skin, and there he stood, bare from the waist down, arms hanging useless at his sides so he wouldn’t cover himself like some busted kid. Rebecah’s eyes went wide, a genuine “wow” slipping out, followed by a delighted laugh, like a kid unwrapping something better than expected. “Damn, Alan! You’re packing some serious heat, aren’t you? Even soft, that’s… impressive.”



She was laying it on thick, hands clasped under her chin, eyes sparkling with a childlike excitement that made the whole thing feel even more twisted. She turned to Madison with a wicked grin, tilting her head.

“Tell me, Madi… have you ever seen anything bigger than your little brother’s? Come on, be honest—I’m dying to know!”

Madison flinched, outraged, her mouth opening on a vague, defensive “yeah, maybe” that rang hollow even to her.

Heat scorched her cheeks, spreading down her neck.

Rebecah narrowed her eyes, the playful mask hardening for a second into something sharper, more demanding.

“No, seriously. Tell me the truth.”

Madison swallowed, stealing a quick glance at Alan—standing right there beside her, exposed and vulnerable, his cock hanging heavy between his strong thighs.

Her gaze dipped for a fraction of a second, just long enough for the image to burn itself in despite her, then she jerked her head away like it stung.

“No… no, I haven’t seen anything bigger,” she muttered, voice rough with pure embarrassment, the words dragged out against her will.

Then, maybe to break the tension or to hide behind it, she forced a nervous laugh and added, “No wonder—it’s a hell of a piece!”



Rebecah burst into delighted laughter, clapping her hands like it was the punchline of the night, her enthusiasm infectious yet unnerving.

“Perfect! Alright, Alan, sit on the bed, facing us. That way we get the full view.” Alan obeyed without a word, the mattress springs creaking faintly as he settled on the edge, legs parting instinctively so nothing got crushed, hands resting awkwardly on his thighs.

He stared at an invisible spot on the opposite wall, feeling the weight of both women’s eyes on him like a blanket that was far too warm.

Rebecah glided closer with effortless steps, her sneakers silent on the thick carpet, and settled right beside Alan on the edge of the bed. The mattress dipped just enough for their thighs to brush—a touch that seemed casual, but it shot a jolt straight up his spine. She leaned in, her lips grazing the shell of his ear, and whispered in a low, sultry voice thick with secrets: “Tell me, Alan… do you want to see Madi naked?”

He flinched, throat tightening, and shook his head too quickly.



“No… no, not at all,” he mumbled, voice rough and timid, the words scraping out.

He couldn’t look at her, eyes locked on his own hands resting on his bare thighs. Rebecah straightened with a wicked smile, turning to Madison, who still stood rigid at the foot of the bed, arms clamped to her sides.

“Come on, Madi. Strip for us. Nice and slow, okay? Make it sensual… I love watching the reactions.”

Her eyes sparkled, flicking between them with clear delight, like she was directing her own private show. Madison swallowed hard, fingers shaking as they gripped the hem of her thin sweater. She pulled it up and over her head in a hesitant motion, revealing full, heavy breasts cradled in a sheer mauve lace bra—insanely sexy, the delicate fabric doing nothing to hide the pale skin beneath or the stiff peaks of her nipples pressing against it. Rebecah raised a hand, palm out.



“Keep that on for now. Fuck, Madi, you’re stunning… Seriously, that mauve looks incredible on you.”

Madison drew a shaky breath, avoiding Alan’s eyes entirely, and moved to her flowing black skirt. She eased it down her hips with forced slowness, the fabric whispering as it slid, exposing opaque tights

that clung to her endless legs and every dangerous curve—firm thighs, flared hips. Then, fingers hooking into the waistband, she rolled the tights down inch by inch, unveiling the matching thong: tiny, provocative, barely there, framing an ass that could stop traffic—round, flawless, glowing under the dim light.

“Turn around a little, go on,” Rebecah ordered softly but firmly, tracing a small circle in the air with her finger.



Madison obeyed, pivoting slowly, arms half-raised as if to shield herself but too afraid to try. Rebecah’s eyes widened, a genuine “holy shit” slipping out, clearly floored by the body on display—toned and lean from years of running and student stress, not a single ounce out of place. Alan felt his cock betray him, thickening and rising hard against his stomach, impossible to hide.

Madison caught the movement from the corner of her eye, grimaced, and instinctively crossed her arms over her chest, trying to cover what was already exposed. A small, embarrassed huff escaped her—”pff”—giving everything away. Rebecah laughed outright, a bright, triumphant sound that filled the room, like she’d just claimed a major victory.

“There we go! Looks like Alan loves your lingerie, Madi… and the goddess body underneath it. Right, Alan?” He flushed crimson to his hairline, hands clenching on his thighs to hide the evidence.

“It’s… just a biological reaction,” he muttered flatly, refusing to meet either woman’s gaze.

Madison’s throat tightened with fear and fury; she opened her mouth, desperate to say something—a protest, a question, anything to shatter the suffocating tension.

“Fuck, how can you… shit!”



The words tumbled out half-formed, choking off unfinished. Alan didn’t answer, eyes down, a sharp twist of self-disgust tightening his chest—like his own body was the worst traitor in the room. Rebecah, meanwhile, was clearly reveling in it all, her smile curving wider in pure victory, savoring every second of the chaos she conducted so flawlessly.

Rebecah’s hand moved without warning, her slender fingers wrapping around Alan’s shaft with casual confidence.

The touch was light, almost warm, yet he jerked anyway, a stifled gasp catching in his throat, the muscles in his thighs flexing hard. He stayed frozen, breath shallow, as she began stroking him slowly—long, deliberate pulls that sent treacherous heat pooling low in his gut.

“Madi, on all fours,” she said brightly, never loosening her grip on Alan.

“Show your brother that perfect ass. Come on, like a good girl.”



Madison shot her a venomous glare, eyes narrowed with raw fury and shame, but Rebecah answered with a playful wink, as if this were all harmless fun. Madison dropped to her knees on the thick carpet, hands braced in front of her, round ass tilted high toward Alan—the mauve lace of her thong stretched tight between her cheeks, hiding nothing of the lush curves beneath.

Rebecah quickened her rhythm just enough for his foreskin to glide over the swollen head, then leaned close to Alan's ear.

"Look at your big sister. Tell me… you like what you see?"

Alan swallowed hard, gaze locked despite himself on Madison's body—the ass he'd never seen displayed like this, open, defenseless. A bead of precum welled at his tip, glistening proof that his body wasn't lying. He gave a weak shake of his head, words failing him.



everything—smooth shaved pussy, ass cheeks spread, pale skin flushing crimson under the weight of exposure.

Alan was gone, eyes tracing every forbidden inch: heavy breasts swaying beneath her, flared hips, the slick folds he was never meant to see. Madison felt his stare like a brand—shocked, hungry, undeniable.

Why is he looking at me like that? The thought twisted her stomach.

“Now strip the rest, Madi. Completely naked. Crawl closer… spread your thighs, open those cheeks. Show him everything.”

Madison surged upright, cheeks blazing.

“You’re fucking insane!” The words tumbled out in a furious jumble, half-swallowed curses and choked rage.

She tore off the bra and thong in furious jerks, flinging them aside, then dropped back to hands and knees. She inched forward, thighs parting wide as ordered, baring



It’s not just the handjob, he… fuck, he actually likes this? Seeing me like some— “You’re insane, Rebecah,” she spat, voice shaking. Rebecah, delighted, pressed a soft kiss to Alan’s cheek—almost tender, making him flinch—then scooped the shining dropdrop of precum onto her fingertip. She brought it to her lips theatrically, slow enough for them both to watch, then turned to Madison with a crooked smile. Madison’s eyes flew wide in horror.



“No, no, no—please, not that!” Rebecah’s expression iced over, sharp as a blade.

“You don’t do what I say… no money. Simple.” Madison hesitated, tears brimming, then opened her mouth.

She grimaced as Rebecah slid the finger inside, the salty, intimate taste flooding her tongue. She swallowed, a shudder rippling through her.



Alan stared, stunned, cock throbbing harder in Rebecah's fist, mouth slack as the scene sank in. Madison broke—hot, silent tears spilling down her cheeks.

"I'm sorry, Alan… I'm sorry," she whispered, voice cracking.

He snapped out of his daze when she gave him a small, desperate wave. Their eyes finally met—truly met—a wordless exchange of shared anguish, his own apology shining back at her, a silent it's not your fault that steadied her for one fragile second, a thin thread of connection in the wreckage. But Rebecah, merciless, cooed mockingly, "Aww, you two are so cute like this." Then, eyes gleaming:

"Still… look at this cock. Harder than ever." Madison's gaze flicked down involuntarily, face burning at the blatant evidence, and Alan fumbled to cover himself with both hands, just as mortified, cheeks aflame.

Rebecah let go of Alan's cock with deliberate slowness, her fingers trailing away like it was nothing, and turned to Madison with a softer smile—almost tender, a chilling shift after everything she'd just put them through.

"Hey, Madi… it's okay, I promise. Just breathe. We're here to have fun, that's all."

Her voice was genuinely kind now, low and soothing, like an older sister comforting someone after a bad fall. She crawled forward on the carpet, unhurried, and cupped Madison's tear-streaked cheek with a light touch. Madison flinched as Rebecah leaned in and kissed her—soft lips against lips, no force, just enough to stun. Madison stiffened, eyes wide, but she didn't pull away immediately, frozen in shock.



Rebecah drew back slightly, curiosity sparkling in her gaze.

“Ever done this with a girl?” Madison shook her head, her voice barely a whisper, still reeling.

“No… never.” “Come here,” Rebecah murmured, taking her hand and guiding her to the bed.

They settled right beside Alan—close enough that their bare thighs brushed, skin radiating heat in the warm room. Rebecah stripped in one fluid motion, peeling off her sweater and jeans to reveal a body that could stop hearts: tanned skin, subtle defined abs, and perfect, perky breasts with pale pink nipples already stiff from arousal.

Alan couldn’t look away, transfixed. Two naked women inches from him on this massive bed—Rebecah’s sculpted perfection, Madison’s lush, real curves… too much. He fought to stay in control, to remember this was his sister, for fuck’s sake, but it was useless: his eyes devoured them both, cock still rigid against his stomach, betraying every desperate thought. Madison caught him staring, discomfort twisting through her like a knife, and shot him a fierce glare—pleading, furious, the kind that screamed stop, it’s me, damn it! No use, of course. Rebecah chuckled softly, a fond sound, glancing between them.



“It’s adorable, isn’t it? He’s completely mesmerized by the view.”

She eased Madison onto her back with firm but gentle hands, parting her thighs confidently. Madison barely had time to react before Rebecah dove in, tongue flicking over her pussy in one slow, deliberate lick that tore a sharp cry from Madison’s throat—high-pitched, startled, laced with shock and a pleasure she hadn’t braced for. Alan missed nothing, eyes locked on the unreal close-up: Rebecah’s flawless ass, round and toned, swaying right in front of him as she ate Madison out, cheeks flexing, everything exposed and quivering with each movement.

His breathing ragged, cock twitching helplessly, utterly captivated by the twisted scene unfolding within arm’s reach.

