The Offer

Chapter 11

Rebecah didn't lift her head right away, her tongue keeping at its deliberate pace, lapping broad strokes over Madison's sex that sent tremors racing through her entire body. Without warning, she slid two fingers deep inside, curling them to grind against that sensitive spot, building a steady rhythm that swelled like an unstoppable tide.

Madison gripped the sheets until her knuckles went white, staring fixedly at the ceiling, trying to tell herself this was purely physical, just for the money—but fuck, it felt incredible, overwhelmingly so, and she could already feel her body giving in, her hips lifting subtly to meet each thrust. Rebecah pulled back for a moment, her lips glistening.



She took one nipple into her mouth, sucking hard, grazing it lightly with her teeth before moving to the other, all while resuming the fingering—deep, relentless, for what felt like an eternity, maybe five minutes of unyielding pumping that stoked an unbearable heat coiling low in Madison's belly. She fought to hide it, to hold back—biting her lip,

turning her face away from Rebecah's triumphant gaze.

But it was no use; when that mouth returned to her pussy, licking relentlessly, devouring the slickness that betrayed her no matter how she tried to stop it, a rough moan tore from Madison's throat, low at first, then louder, impossible to swallow down.

Her body arched under the persistent onslaught of that tongue, utterly surrendered, at the complete mercy of Rebecah who was forcing this unexpected pleasure on her—raw and overwhelming in its force.



Alan sat close on the edge of the bed, watching in silence, his eyes tracing the intertwined bodies of the two women.

His gaze lingered on the curve of Rebecah's arched back, on her perfect ass swaying with each motion, then shifted back to Madison—her back bowed, breasts heaving, thighs spread wide and quivering under the precise flicks of tongue.

He barely moved, hardly breathed, completely mesmerized.

Madison turned her head, desperate for something to cling to in the chaos, and met his eyes. Goddamn it, Alan, she thought, a deep shame burning across her face even as the pleasure surged higher. Here she was, crumbling under this girl's touch, hating the ecstasy even as she craved it—and he was staring at her with that stunned look, a mix of shock and an arousal she didn't want to acknowledge.

His eyes would drift to Rebecah bent over her, but they kept returning to Madison's chest, to her glistening sex exposed beneath that hungry mouth, lower still… He took it all in, absorbed completely. And then, inevitably, Madison's gaze dropped lower, to his cock—rigid and throbbing against his stomach.

The humiliation hit her like a punch; she shot him an accusing glare, almost pleading for him to stop staring. But he didn't react, just sat there watching them both as if time had frozen.



Then, almost instinctively, Alan wrapped his hand around his shaft, gripping it tight, and began stroking slowly, eyes never leaving the scene. That pushed Madison over the edge.

Between the moans she could no longer control, she spat out in a broken, disgusted voice: "What the fuck are you doing? Stop that right now!"

Alan let go of his cock instantly, as if it had scorched him, his hand dropping limply onto his thigh. Heat flooded his face all the way to his ears; he stared down at the rumpled sheet, suddenly aware of how absurd this all was—fuck, what the hell had he been doing?

“Shit…” he muttered under his breath, voice choked with embarrassment.

Then he lifted his eyes to Madison. Their gazes locked for one raw, shame-filled second.

“…I… fuck, sorry.”

Rebecah lifted her head from between Madison’s thighs, lips slick and shiny, a playful smirk tugging at the corners of her mouth.

She let out a low, almost mocking laugh.

“Oh, I’d almost forgotten you were over there, you’re so quiet,” she said breathlessly, fingers still tracing slow, teasing circles over Madison’s soaked pussy—just enough to keep her trembling on the edge. She turned toward Alan, triumph flashing in her eyes.

“Come behind me. Lick my ass.”



Alan froze for half a heartbeat, brain short-circuiting at the blunt command. He risked a glance at Madison—she was staring at him, pupils blown wide, a mix of disgust and silent pleading that twisted his gut—but he didn’t linger on it.

Something snapped inside him, something raw and unexamined.

He shifted across the bed, kneeling behind Rebecah as she arched deeper, presenting her round, firm cheeks like an unmistakable invitation.

His tongue brushed her asshole first—tentative, barely there—and she jolted, a guttural moan

rumbling out of her that vibrated straight into Madison's clit. Rebecah laughed again, low and proud, mouth still tasting of Madison's arousal.

The sound spurred him on. Alan pressed in harder, lapping openly now, pushing his tongue inside to explore, hands gripping her ass cheeks and spreading them wide. He'd wanted this without admitting it, ever since he'd watched that perfect ass sway in front of him—and now he devoured it, growling against the hot skin despite himself, wet, filthy sounds filling the room, impossible to hold back.



Madison heard everything: Rebecah's muffled moans as she dove back onto her pussy with renewed hunger, Alan's low grunts behind her, the syncopated rhythm that made the mattress shake. Then moments of dead silence—heavy, suffocating—when the full horror sank in: her own brother eating this girl's ass while the girl ate her, tongue plunging deep without shame, fingers digging into flesh.

The scene was intoxicatingly obscene, unthinkable—a twisted tableau that turned her stomach even as it stoked a treacherous heat low in her belly, shame gnawing at her just as fiercely.

Then it hit her, sudden and savage, a crashing wave that swallowed her whole without warning. Madison's hands fisted in Rebecah's hair, pulling hard, the sheets bunching under her body as it bowed violently off the bed. A raw cry tore through the room—she came, the fiercest orgasm of her life ripping through her in relentless surges, her inner walls clenching tight around the fingers and tongue that refused to relent, drawing out the exquisite torment.

Alan jerked his head up on instinct, mouth still slick, eyes wide as he stared at Madison convulsing beside him—back arched high, eyes rolling back, lips parted on that endless, guttural scream.



He watched her, transfixed, the rest of the world fading for a moment, his heart slamming against his ribs.

Rebecah, smug to her core, finally eased off, letting Madison drift down slowly with feather-light strokes along trembling thighs, lazy laps of her tongue that still wrung aftershocks from her spent body.

Then she slithered up the sweat-damp skin, claiming Madison's mouth in a deep, hungry kiss—lips and tongue still coated with her release. Against every instinct, Madison kissed back, parting for her, seeking her tongue in a dazed, desperate tangle, body still quivering in the hazy aftermath where nothing made sense anymore.

Rebecah took full advantage, deepening the kiss, owning it without force, reveling in the complete surrender.

She pulled away at last, lips swollen, and turned to Alan with a wicked smile, dark mischief gleaming in her eyes. Wordlessly, she trailed her fingers one final time through Madison's soaked folds, coating them thickly in her slick arousal, then crawled toward him on all fours.

She lifted her hand, opening her mouth in an exaggerated "aaaah," glistening fingers hovering at his lips.

Alan barely hesitated—a flicker of an eyelid—and leaned in, taking them into his mouth, sucking greedily at his sister's essence, tongue swirling to lap up every trace, the sharp, intimate tang flooding his senses.



Rebecah let out a low, triumphant laugh, pulling her fingers free with a soft, wet pop before turning a teasing glance to Madison—who had seen it all, eyes wide, chest still heaving, shock punching deep into her gut at what her brother had just done.

A sick, twisted heat coiled in her belly, rising unbidden, leaving her speechless and adrift in the cottony fog of her climax, exposed and defenseless.

Rebecah straightened up slowly on the bed, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand in a lazy swipe, her eyes sparkling with mischief that left no doubt about what was

coming next. She pointed straight at Alan's cock, still rock-hard against his stomach, throbbing and beaded with precum at the tip.

"I'm gonna take care of that big thing," she said in a husky, teasing voice, dragging her tongue slowly across her lips.

She crawled toward him on all fours, her naked body sliding over the tangled sheets, then rose up to kiss him—deep and ravenous, tongues tangling as her hands cupped his face to hold him there.



Alan kissed back before he could stop himself, a low growl rumbling in his throat, eyes half-lidded. She pulled away just enough to breathe against his lips: "You want me to suck you?" He nodded without a second thought—a silent, desperate yes, breath ragged, completely caught in the heat swallowing him whole.

Rebecah's smile was pure triumph. She slipped off the bed in one fluid motion, sinking to her knees on the thick carpet, gazing up at him with a mock-submissive look that barely hid how fully she owned the moment.

Then, to everyone's shock, she turned to Madison—still sprawled and panting on the bed—and held out her hand.

"Come on, Madi. Join me. Get down here beside me, on your knees, just like this." Madison blinked, mind still fogged from the aftershocks of her climax, but she obeyed anyway—legs shaky, hesitant as she slid off the bed and knelt next to Rebecah, so close their bare shoulders brushed, skin grazing skin in the thick, charged air.

She looked up, panic flaring, at Alan towering over them, cock gripped in his fist, his gaze darting wildly between the two women as if he couldn't believe what he was seeing.



Rebecah laid a possessive hand on Madison's thigh, smirking sideways, and said calmly: "You're gonna help me suck your brother, okay?"

Alan flinched hard, a visible shudder running through him, his shaft twitching in his grip.

At the exact same moment, Madison shrieked, voice high and cracking with shock.

“No! Fuck—that wasn’t part of the deal!”

Rebecah burst out laughing, a full, mocking peal that echoed through the room, head thrown back.

She waved it off with one hand, wiping a tear of amusement from the corner of her eye.

“I’m kidding, relax! Just wanted to see your faces.”

Madison flushed crimson to the roots of her hair, mortified, eyes dropping to the carpet as if she could vanish into it, knees pressed tight together, heart still hammering from that brief spike of terror. Rebecah kept going, tone playful but edged.

“But damn, we disappointed someone… I think he believed it for a second. And deep down, he wanted it.”

Alan clenched his jaw, looked away toward the wall, cheeks burning, and muttered, “That’s bullshit, cut it out,” voice tight, embarrassment sinking into his bones.

But something buried in him—a confusion he wouldn’t name—told a different story, a treacherous pulse throbbing even harder.

Even Madison, still on her knees, stole a quick glance up at him, wondering against her will if it was true, if behind that averted stare there’d been a flicker of hope, quickly smothered.

Rebecah let out one last laugh, low and conspiratorial, as if she were already savoring the scene she’d scripted in her mind.

She turned to Madison, still kneeling beside her, cheeks burning from the earlier joke, and murmured in a voice soft yet unyielding: “Scoot closer, Madi. Do what I’m doing.”

Madison hesitated, heart pounding wildly, but she complied—a tiny shift on the carpet, their shoulders pressing together now, bare skin radiating heat against bare skin.

Rebecah opened her mouth wide then, tongue lolling out flat and eager like an obedient bitch, eyes lifted to Alan in exaggerated submission that barely concealed her inner triumph.



A fresh wave of panic crashed over Madison, but she had no fight left—not after everything, not with the lingering haze still clouding her mind. Slowly, shame scorching her throat, she mirrored the gesture: lips parting, tongue slipping out timidly.

Naked, on her knees, mouth open in front of her own brother—fuck, what the hell was she doing?

Alan loomed over them, cock gripped tight in his fist, rigid and veined, pulsing with need.

His gaze darted frantically between Madison and Rebecah, lingering on Madison—her lips spread, tongue offered against her will, eyes pleading in a way she hadn't meant to show.

He squeezed himself harder, as if holding back, but hunger burned in his stare, predatory and torn between the two waiting mouths at his feet. Rebecah's smirk deepened.



This was exactly what she wanted: him lost in this forbidden choice, the taboo throbbing between all three of them.

The silence stretched, thick and unbearable.

Rebecah said nothing, gave no orders—just that heavy quiet broken only by Alan's ragged breathing.

Madison's stomach twisted with raw terror. She watched him hesitate, eyes flicking back and forth, actually weighing it, actually considering... the worst. Fuck, he might do it, she thought in a flash, an icy shiver racing up her spine despite the heat in the room.

She was naked, kneeling, mouth open for him—exposed, vulnerable, an invitation she never meant to extend.



And the realization sliced through her: he could choose her, shove his cock between her lips, his big sister's lips, and shatter everything forever. Suddenly it was crystal clear what Rebecah was proving—forcing her to see this hidden side of Alan, the buried desire

she'd sensed from the start, the darkness he denied even to himself.

Rebecah wanted her to feel the taboo full in the face, that razor-thin line they were all teetering on… maybe already crossing.

Alan finally growled—a rough, animal sound that shattered the hush—and stepped closer, his straining cock inches from their faces.

Right until the last second, he didn't choose outright.

He positioned himself between the two open, waiting mouths, savoring the twisted power, the impossible decision.



Madison recoiled instinctively, head jerking back a fraction, eyes wide in silent, desperate plea: no, not me, please.

As if that tiny retreat decided it for him, Alan lunged toward Rebecah, driving his cock deep into her open mouth in one sharp thrust.



He groaned instantly, a guttural surge of pure relief as that hot, wet heat swallowed him whole.

He started fucking her mouth—fast, brutal strokes, hips snapping forward like he'd lost all restraint, hands fisting her hair to control her, to dominate her in return. Madison slumped slightly, a shaky, involuntary sigh of relief escaping her lips—trembling, freeing. He'd turned to Rebecah. He hadn't picked her.

She'd escaped the final violation, the absolute taboo that had hovered so close, so terrifyingly real. She wasn't the one being used like Rebecah was—mouth fucked with raw violence, the room filling with wet sucking sounds and savage grunts.



But she watched it all, inches away: Alan pounding into that girl's throat with feral intensity, eyes half-shut, utterly lost in pleasure he no longer held back. And beneath the relief, a sharp, confusing sting lingered—a tangled mix of shame and that nagging question: what if he'd really hesitated?

What if, deep down, he'd almost chosen her? The room seemed to hold its breath around them, the quiet broken only by those harsh, obscene noises marking yet another fracture in the bond between them...