The Offer

Chapter 12

Madison watched the scene from mere inches away from Rebecah, her face so close she could feel the heat of her ragged breathing, the subtle vibrations in her throat as she took him deeper.

She was shocked, outraged, caught off guard by this raw brutality in Alan—those sharp, violent thrusts driving his cock deep into Rebecah's mouth without any restraint. And Rebecah took it all without a flinch, eyes half-lidded, even moving on her own to meet him, picking up the pace as if she relished this twisted reversal of dominance.



She lifted her gaze to Alan, searching for his face above them, and what she saw hit her like a punch: his features twisted in ecstasy, mouth hanging open on guttural groans, veins bulging at his neck. In that moment, a strange compassion washed over her—almost pity, seeing him just as helpless under Rebecah's spell, reduced to this mindless beast lost in sensation, strung along like a puppet.

But it didn't last; disgust flooded in right after, tangled with a dull fear that knotted her gut.

She didn't recognize the man looming over them, or at least not this side of him—so intimate, so brutally exposed, something a sister should never brush against, let alone witness laid bare like this, unfiltered.

She stayed there on her knees on the carpet, embarrassment sinking into her bones, unsure what to do with her hands, her naked body that suddenly felt too exposed, too fragile.

At one point, Alan tore his focus from Rebecah—just for a second, his hips slowing—to lock eyes with her. Madison instinctively hoped to find her brother in that glance, to share some simple, knowing look, not necessarily tender or loving, just something familiar to ground this madness in reality.

But what stared back froze her in place: his bloodshot eyes raking over her with perverse hunger, scanning her face, her still-parted lips, then dropping shamelessly to her breasts, her kneeling naked form, as if she were nothing more than another object in the room.

No hesitation, no shame—just that raw lust pinning her down.

Rebecah had seized control of the blowjob again, her hand at the base guiding the rhythm, even daring to glance up and watch the exchange between them.



She almost smirked around his cock, a triumphant gleam in her eyes—she'd won her bet, and Madison realized it in the same instant, the truth twisting her stomach like a knife.

Madison pieced together what Rebecah had been aiming for all along—not entirely certain, but Alan's face and body screamed it clear: she could be next, that hazy line the three of them had been skirting had just shifted dangerously closer to her. She saw his gaze linger on her mouth, fixate on her heaving breasts as her panicked breaths made them rise and fall, all while he moaned under Rebecah's tongue, which was clearly toying with the moment, speeding up just to push him further over the edge.



Alan was gone, lost in that haze where nothing had names anymore, identity dissolved. And Madison knew full well she was reduced to a naked body in front of him, an unwilling offering, and the knot in her belly erupted—the unease exploding into visceral terror that multiplied until nausea clawed at her throat.

Rebecah finally slowed, releasing Alan's cock with a wet pop that echoed through the room like a temporary period at the end of a sentence.



She caught her breath, jaw aching—from Madison earlier, those endless minutes spent lapping at her until she shattered, and now from Alan, the prolonged thrusts that had left her lips swollen and the muscles in her neck taut.

She smiled at Madison, a wicked, conspiratorial glint in her eyes, before diving back one last time onto his throbbing shaft, her tongue diligently gathering as much of the slick mix of saliva and precum beading at the tip as she could, collecting the thick, sticky fluid without any rush.

Then she turned to Madison, still kneeling beside her, and leaned in to kiss her—mouth dripping, loaded with that heavy, salty load that spilled immediately onto Madison's lips on contact.

Madison jerked back instinctively, a sharp twist of her head, eyes wide with pure revulsion, but Rebecah gripped her hair firmly, pulling her close by force and deepening the kiss without giving her any way out.

Inside Madison's mind, everything blurred: Rebecah's tongue, hot and insistent, invading her mouth with treacherous wetness, then that salty taste exploding across her tongue—viscous, intimate, something she refused to name but recognized anyway as her brother's arousal, the precum harvested from Alan.

She could only respond timidly, lips trembling, a passive surrender heavy with gut-deep shame, feeling defiled to her core, as if that fluid branded her in some irreversible way.



Rebecah finally pulled back, grasping Madison's jaw in a firm but not brutal hold, fingers tight just enough to make the message clear: swallow.

Madison gulped it down, throat constricted, the lingering taste searing her tongue, a wave of nausea she forced back along with the tears welling up. Breathing hard, eyes shimmering with unshed tears, she lifted her head to Alan—and this time, his face showed raw surprise, embarrassment creasing his features, even as he kept jerking himself off frantically while watching her, hand sliding over his glistening cock without slowing, as if his body refused to heed what his expression betrayed.

He hadn't missed a thing, eyes glued to them like he couldn't even blink.

His lust had surged despite himself, a new sensation twisting his insides—this pure taboo, the adrenaline pumping alongside his blood, something he'd never felt before, raw and electric. He couldn't lie to himself: it was the hottest thing he'd ever witnessed, the

sight of his sister swallowing against her will, soiled by what he'd left on Rebecah's tongue. He was rock-hard to the point of pain, hand pumping furiously without pause, but some hazy awareness lingered—the fear in Madison's face, the sadness, tears at the corners of her eyes—and it plunged him into a conflicting storm, arousal and shame warring inside him like feral animals.

It was Rebecah's laugh that snapped them both out of it, a low, naughty burst that sliced through the thick air.

"Wow, just say the word if you want me to leave you two alone," she teased, voice playful, as she licked her lips slowly with the back of her tongue, like she was still savoring the flavor.

She turned to Madison, still on her knees, panting and frozen, and added with a smirk: "He was clearly eye-fucking you hard earlier. You noticed, right?"



Madison didn't know what to say, throat tight, unsure where to put herself—knees sore on the carpet, naked body feeling suddenly far too exposed.

She just shot Rebecah a dark glare loaded with silent fury, but that only deepened her dread: it wasn't just in her head; it was real, confirmed by that mocking voice.

Rebecah pressed on without missing a beat, amused: "He looked about two seconds from pouncing on you—" Alan cut her off sharply, voice shaking with shame, forcing out a hoarse shout: "Shut up!"

He added afterward, quieter, like he was trying to convince himself: "That's complete bullshit."

But even he barely believed it, and Madison knew it wasn't true—that averted gaze, the hand that hadn't slowed one bit, everything screaming the opposite.

Rebecah burst into a mocking laugh, head tipped slightly back, eyes sparkling with a cruel delight that sent a shiver through the already thick air of the room.

"You're putting up a fight now? Seriously?" she drawled, voice lazy and almost fond, like she was humoring a kid throwing a tantrum.

She shook her head, a crooked smile dimpling her cheeks, then dropped her tone to a victorious murmur.

"I'm going to prove you're full of shit."



Alan stiffened instantly, shoulder muscles knotting under damp skin, breath coming short as if he already knew what was coming.

He was perched on the edge of the bed now, legs dangling, utterly exposed in that position, and Rebecah didn't hesitate: she seized his cock in a firm grip, clamping the base before stroking him harder, faster, precise pulls that dragged a choked groan from his throat.

He was completely at her mercy, hips lifting on their own to chase the rhythm, head falling back for a moment before he caught himself, eyes skittering up to the cracked ceiling.

Rebecah never broke eye contact with him, her free hand stretching toward Madison—palm up, open, a silent but unrelenting command. The air snapped taut, thickening around them with a heavy charge that buzzed in Madison's ears.

Her heart slammed harder, dizziness sweeping over her as the meaning of that gesture hit—too fast, too sharp.

"Spit," Rebecah ordered, voice calm, almost gentle, but edged with steel that allowed no refusal.

Madison flinched, shock punching deep into her gut, eyes wide on that outstretched palm.

She understood immediately, the truth slapping her cold: the hand pumping Alan, the saliva being demanded… for him.

Instinctively she turned her head away, refusing to look at Alan, shielding herself from whatever might be in his face—an arousal she couldn't bear to acknowledge, or worse, a plea that would shatter everything. Rebecah kept stroking

Alan without missing a beat, movements smooth and relentless, wrenching ragged gasps from him. She asked again, softer but with a thread of impatience: "Madison… spit."

And Madison did—a thin, reluctant thread that landed in the waiting palm with a quiet, wet sound that rang like a sentence in the strained silence. Rebecah didn't stop there; she tightened her grip just enough on Alan, speeding up slightly to keep him teetering on the edge, and added in a playful, conspiratorial tone: "A little more. Alan needs more of your spit right now."

Madison spat again, thicker this time, shame scorching her cheeks, eyes fixed on the carpet as if she could vanish into it. The saliva pooled slowly in Rebecah's palm, mixing with what was already there.





Alan's voice cracked, pleading and hoarse: "No... please..." It came out broken, as if he were fighting his own body's betrayal—hips still rising helplessly, cock throbbing in that merciless fist.

Rebecah teased him outright, her voice dropping to a husky whisper, wicked and intimate against his ear, as her hand—loaded with that warm, sticky saliva—hovered just above his straining cock.

"It's your sister's spit, Alan... Feel that? It's gonna feel just like she's the one sucking you off, right this second."

With her other hand, she toyed with the fluid in her palm, swirling it between her fingers, stretching glistening strands that caught the dim light, making sure he saw it—making him fully grasp the sheer weight of the taboo she held, ready to drip all over him.

Madison, utterly lost, could only watch—kneeling there, rooted to the spot, eyes locked despite herself on that hand about to… fuck, no.

She wanted to bolt, to vanish, but her body wouldn't move, frozen in this living nightmare unfolding in real time. It hit her then, sharp and merciless: the bond with her little brother, the one thing they'd built solid since forever, shattering clean in two—irrevocably—under this layer of saliva she'd spat herself, forced into complicity in the horror.

Alan looked at her this time with a sudden rush of humanity, regret burning deep in his eyes—a gaze that almost begged forgiveness, his face twisted by shame eating him alive.

But it was too late; Madison saw the arousal he couldn't hide anymore, his body's betrayal throbbing plain as day.

Rebecah warned him in a playful, almost affectionate tone: "Here we go…" And her full hand wrapped around his shaft, spreading the saliva in one slow, slick stroke—coating the head first, then sliding down the length in wet, filthy pumps.



Alan growled, a raw animal sound ripping out of him, hips bucking hard at the contact—that warm, viscous fluid, not just any spit but Madison's, wrapping his cock like a

forbidden caress he never should have pictured. Rebecah worked the saliva over his swollen tip, rubbing right where it drove him wild, smearing that treacherous mix and making everything too real, too close to the thought he'd been shoving down from the start. And that broke him.

The image of her forbidden spit coating his dick—Madison's, spat by her, for him—slammed into him like lightning, the taboo too overwhelming, too gut-deep to fight another second.



He came with a hoarse, primal roar, grabbing his cock on instinct to milk himself dry, thick hot ropes shooting straight onto Rebecah—who'd positioned herself right in front, beaming, mouth open, face tilted up to catch it all—splattering her lips, cheeks, neck, like a trophy she savored with an ecstatic grin.

In a flash that seared Madison's mind, she understood: it was her own saliva that had pushed Alan over the edge—that buried fantasy, the taboo he'd let surface despite everything.

The realization hollowed her out from the inside, as if part of her detached to stare down the chasm opening between them, a psychic abyss where their sibling bond dissolved in silence, leaving only an empty echo no amount of regret could ever fill.