The Offer

Chapter 13

Alan let out one final raw, guttural groan, his hips arching in a last desperate thrust as he stroked his still-swollen cock. Weak spurts of cum dribbled out, beading at the tip before spilling over his clenched fingers and splattering across Rebecah's upturned face. She was still laughing, eyes narrowed in pure, unfiltered bliss.

In that moment, she looked almost ethereal, bathed in the dim glow of the hotel room light, her radiant smile cutting through the thick, sticky air heavy with shame and sweat that clung to everything. As if none of it was filthy. As if this was all just harmless fun.



She trailed a finger along her lips, scooping up a thick streak of white from her cheek, and licked it slowly, deliberately—her tongue dragging across her skin with exaggerated relish, a greedy "hmmmmm" humming deep in her throat, like she was tasting fresh frosting straight from the bowl.

But her eyes held nothing angelic. They locked onto Madison, kneeling there naked and shaking, with a twisted gleam full of dark promises, silently saying: your turn now.

Madison jerked back, her knees scraping the floor, heart slamming so hard she thought it might burst.

“N-no… no, no!” she stammered, voice cracking, high and frantic, words tumbling out in a strangled rush.

It hit her all at once, brutal and undeniable—what was coming next.

The horror she’d sensed lurking from the start, but refused to acknowledge.

Rebecah didn’t answer right away.

She just smiled wider, conspiratorial, then let out a lower laugh this time—vicious, intimate, rolling through the room like a shared secret. She flicked her gaze up to Alan, quick enough to make sure he wasn’t missing a thing, that he was fully present as the unwilling witness.

And he was: eyes wide, bloodshot, breath caught in his chest like he’d been holding it for minutes.



He’d figured it out too. Fuck, how could he not.

Rebecah gathered more cum in her cupped palms, the thick, warm fluid oozing between her fingers, and brought it to her open mouth—an exaggerated “aaaah,” tongue lolling out obscenely, theatrical and filthy, as viscous strands dripped down her chin, coating her swollen lips.

She chuckled again, a muffled, satisfied sound, and beckoned Madison closer with a crooked finger, commanding, like summoning a frightened pet.

Madison couldn’t hold back a sob—a sharp, tearing hitch that wracked her shoulders.

Tears stung her eyes already, but terror pinned her in place, muscles locked, body refusing to bolt. She stayed huddled there, naked, exposed, gaze dropping to the floor as if she could sink into it and disappear.

Then Rebecah moved toward her, almost crawling, smile unwavering, mouth still full and glistening.

Rebecah knelt over her, looming above Madison with full commanding presence, her face still smeared and glistening. She smiled, and in a gesture that was almost tender, almost maternal, she slipped her fingers beneath Madison's chin, gently but firmly lifting her head to pry open her clenched jaw.

Madison squeezed her eyes shut tight, eyelids fluttering wildly, as if darkness could erase it all, as if closing them might shield her from the nightmare unfolding.



The warm fluid came almost immediately, straight from Rebecah's mouth—a thick, sticky stream poured in a deliberate flow, splashing onto Madison's tongue with a wet, lewd sound. She coughed instantly, a violent spasm ripping through her chest, tears spilling from the corners of her sealed eyes.

But Rebecah held her steady, one hand gripping the back of her neck, the other cradling her chin, unyielding and merciless.

The first sensations hit like a blade twisting inside her—a brutal assault on every sense.

The taste came first: salty, sharp and bitter, laced with that unmistakable

raw, almost metallic edge that could only belong to cum.

Then the texture—thick and clingy, heavy as it spread across her mouth, coating the roof, seeping between her teeth, flooding every crevice while she pressed her lips together desperately, refusing to swallow, fighting the swelling horror already puffing out her cheeks.



Rebecah eased back just a fraction, enough to give her a pointed nod—insistent, her lips still slick and shining with that smile—and through the blur of tears, Madison caught a fleeting glimpse of Rebecah's hand sliding between her own thighs, fingers circling fast in tight, frantic motions, subtle but feverish.

She was touching herself, trembling with arousal, breath coming in shallow gasps, as if this twisted scene was the peak of her depraved ecstasy. Madison tried to protest—a low, muffled groan vibrating in her stuffed throat, a desperate "mmmh" that formed no words.

But deep down, she knew. No real choice.

Or at least, none that mattered—the money, that poisoned promise hanging over her, pinned her there more effectively than Rebecah's hands ever could. Obey, or lose everything. The longer it lingered, the more her brother's taste claimed her, sinking in like a permanent brand, scorching and inescapable.

The fluid seemed to swell, growing heavier, hotter, as if it were simmering in her sealed mouth, clinging to her tongue, saturating every taste bud with a flavor she'd never erase. Her stomach churned, nausea rising in sour waves, but she held it back still, jaws locked, body shuddering with silent convulsions.

Rebecah leaned in closer, her breath coming in sharp, ragged gasps, face hovering just inches from Madison's.

"If you want your money," she hissed in a rough, breathless voice, the words snapping like a command wrapped in a whisper, "swallow. Right now."

She had slid down to the floor, sitting cross-legged, thighs parted just enough for her hand to vanish between them, working in a discreet, frantic rhythm—a dull, barely audible friction that gave away her raw, primal arousal.



Madison lifted her eyes one last time, tears spilling over in silence, and met Alan's gaze. His expression was unreadable—a cracked mask, eyes red-rimmed and glistening with unshed tears, but laced with something else, a tangled mess she couldn't name, a knot that twisted her guts harder than anything.

Without waiting any longer, without breaking that visual tether binding them, she swallowed.

The fluid slid down her throat in a thick, warm mass, descending slowly, scorching as it went, leaving a sticky trail that clung to every surface. She gulped once, twice, the taste exploding even stronger now that it saturated everything—salty, deeply personal, irrevocably tied to him.



The seconds dragged on, endless, their eyes still locked as if the world had narrowed to this silent exchange.

Madison finally broke, a weak, pitiful sob escaping in a shattered breath: “I’m sorry… Alan…”

He answered immediately, his voice warm despite the grief choking it, low and trembling like an echo from better days: “Madison…”

And against all odds, a moan sliced through the heavy air of the room—high-pitched, unrestrained, followed by a breathless, hysterical laugh. Rebecah came right there on the carpet, body arching, hips bucking involuntarily, a raw cry of pleasure tearing the silence: “Fuck, that’s so hot! You two are fucking killing me!”

She caught her breath in a few spasms, still laughing between pants, then hauled herself up awkwardly, legs shaky and unsteady like after a fall. “That was insanely hot, seriously… That look between you two… It pushed me right over the edge.”

She laughed again, a genuine, absurd burst that cracked through the room like an unexpected slap—and for a fleeting moment, that raw mockery snapped Alan and Madison out of their sticky stupor, out of the grief swallowing them whole.

No time to wallow, no time to probe the void that had ripped open inside them; reality barreled back in, brutal and unrelenting, swept along by that laugh that erased everything in its path.

Rebecah shook her head with a wry little laugh, like she was in on some private joke, and tossed out in a light, almost sing-song voice: “Well, we’re having fun, aren’t we?”

Alan and Madison snapped out of their daze at the same time, heads lifting in unison.

Their eyes fixed on her—dark, weighted with raw disgust, a visceral hatred that clamped around their throats like an invisible fist.

No words, just that loaded silence screaming everything.

But Rebecah couldn’t care less, completely unfazed, as if their hostility slid off her without a mark. She glanced casually at her phone on the nightstand, the screen lighting up her face still flushed from her climax.

“Alright, we’ve still got a little time left,” she said cheerfully, flashing a bright smile like she was sharing good news about the weather.

She turned to Madison and patted the mattress lightly with the flat of her hand.

“Come join me on the bed, Madi.”

Madison complied timidly, movements slow and reluctant, every shift feeling like it weighed a ton. In some foggy corner of her mind, she wondered what fresh twist Rebecah had in store—a new way to drag them deeper into the abyss.

Rebecah reassured her almost gently, voice softened into a fake maternal tone that rang hollow in the sweat-soaked, shame-drenched room: “Don’t worry, I’m just going to kiss you…” Seeing Madison still frozen, eyes downcast, she added with a playful wink: “It’s the last thing you’ll have to do, I promise.”

Madison lay back as instructed, the mattress dipping under her, crumpled sheets sticking to her damp skin. Alan remained perched on the edge, motionless, watching despite himself—and in a surge of raw shame, Madison slid a hand between her thighs, covering her exposed pussy, as if it could still shield anything.



conspiratorial smile on her still-swollen lips.

“You get to fuck me now.”

Madison panicked in a sudden rush, an icy wave crawling up her spine despite the sticky heat clinging to her skin. Lying on her back, legs forced apart to make room—an unwilling invitation she never wanted—she was utterly exposed beneath both of them.

Alan loomed over her from his height, a towering shadow above Rebecah who pinned her down, and even with that woman’s

Rebecah chuckled softly, an amused spark in her eyes, and straddled her, knees planted on either side of Madison’s hips.

She leaned down, claiming her lips fiercely—a hungry, invasive kiss, tongue pushing in without hesitation, while her hands seized Madison’s breasts, kneading them greedily, pinching the hardened nipples with shameless enthusiasm, indulging like it was her own private playground. Then Rebecah arched her back slightly, spine curving, and glanced over her shoulder at Alan, a



insistent tongue probing deep into her mouth, muffling her breaths, Madison could think of nothing else.

Her wild eyes tracked Alan as he positioned himself behind Rebecah—on all fours above her, ass raised high, offered up—while the mattress dipped under his weight as he knelt between Madison's thighs, erasing any remaining space.

At one point, Madison's leg brushed against Alan's—a fleeting graze, skin on skin, warm and charged with electricity.

They both flinched inwardly, a shared jolt twisting their guts, before pulling away in instinctive, hurried jerks, as if that brief touch scorched them. Rebecah noticed nothing, too lost in her own ravenous kisses, her tongue still dragging lazily through Madison's mouth.

Impatient all the same, she lifted her head for a moment, breaking the slick kiss, and laughed breathlessly, voice teasing and playful: "So, is this happening today or tomorrow?"

Alan cleared his throat, a rough, choked sound that betrayed his turmoil. His cock was rock-hard, throbbing at the sight of that perfect ass presented to him—round, smooth, arched just right—but he couldn't stop his gaze from dropping lower, right beneath it.



Madison, thighs splayed wide to let him in, her pussy bare and glistening despite everything. He lingered too long, eyes glued there, taking in the slickness beading on her folds, her body betraying her in ways she couldn't hide.

Fuck, that's too sexy, the treacherous thought flashed through him like a gut punch, before he blinked it away hard.

Then, finally, he lined up his cock—the head brushing her wet lips first—and thrust into Rebecah in one smooth, deep stroke, a low groan rumbling from his chest as she arched back to take him, the mattress creaking under the building rhythm.