The Offer

Chapter 14

The first stroke was pure instinct—violent, unstoppable.

Rebecah cried out at the exact same moment, a sharp, desperate sound that died against Madison's lips because she still hadn't broken the kiss. Their mouths stayed fused, tongues sliding and twisting in a frantic, sloppy tangle while Rebecah's back bowed sharply under the impact. "Fuck..." Alan hissed through clenched teeth, voice ragged, almost pleading. His hands clamped down on Rebecah's firm, rounded ass, fingers digging deep into the flesh, and then he really started to move.



The rhythm took over fast and hard, no hesitation, as if his body had seized control.

Rebecah's pussy was tight, scorching hot, and every pull back, every slam forward dragged another rough growl from him.

The mattress was already creaking beneath them, a steady, heavy beat that matched the wet, sharp slap of his hips against her ass.

For Madison, lying on her back with her legs spread wide to make room, it was sensory hell.

There was no escape from the sounds. Alan's low, animal grunts.

The rhythmic, slick smack of his pelvis crashing into Rebecah's cheeks. Rebecah's high, broken moans spilling straight into Madison's mouth because she refused to stop kissing her.



Rebecah's tongue pushed deeper, greedy, claiming, as if trying to swallow every muffled cry.

Madison could barely breathe; each inhale was stolen between bruising kisses, each exhale smothered by the mouth covering hers. And yet, even with the panic twisting tight in her throat, she kept her eyes wide open.

She saw everything. Alan loomed above them—tall, overwhelming, muscles taut and gleaming with sweat. Broad shoulders flexing, arms bulging with every thrust, abs clenching hard on every withdrawal.

His face was twisted in raw pleasure, mouth open on hoarse groans, eyes half-lidded. He was lost in it, completely unrestrained, and the sight hit her like a slap. Every thrust rocked both their bodies.



Madison felt the shockwaves travel up her spine as if she were the one taking the full force of him. It was a sick, shameful illusion—she felt like he was fucking her.

Not Rebecah. Her.

Even though nothing of him actually touched her, even though it was Rebecah's body absorbing every brutal stroke. Still, the power of his movements rolled through her. The mattress dipped and rose, shaking her in perfect sync with him.

Worst of all, she couldn't look away. Rebecah kept devouring her mouth, but her moans were growing wilder, less controlled.

At one point she almost broke the kiss, just long enough to let a choked cry escape against Madison's lips before diving back in, unable to stop herself.

Her focus was fracturing—split between the thick cock filling her and the mouth she was ravaging.

Madison couldn't think anymore. Too much noise. Too much sensation.



Too many stolen glances at her brother looking this feral, this unhinged, this utterly primal.

The thought terrified her as much as it seared through her. She was pinned beneath them, naked, exposed against her will, jolted by her brother's relentless thrusts through another woman's body—and powerless to close her eyes.

Madison kept getting rocked like a broken doll, the mattress passing on every brutal jolt without mercy. Rebecah had completely come undone—she wasn't herself anymore, just a bowed, surrendered body riding the surge that tore through her.

The kisses slowed to scattered brushes, then stopped entirely; she slid sideways, chest still crushed to Madison's, head hanging loose, mouth wide as raw, piercing moans spilled out unchecked, jagged and helpless.



The shift opened everything up.

Alan was right there, inches away, his whole frame owning the space above them.

He drove into Rebecah with unrelenting force—hips snapping forward like machinery, thighs flexing hard with every deep plunge, veins standing out on his forearms as he clamped tighter on her ass. His growls rolled low and guttural, swallowing almost every other sound.

Each thrust shoved both women backward in perfect time, a rolling motion that ground Madison's breasts against his chest and forced her spine into an unwilling arch.

It was unreal—this rhythm that chained them together, unbearable in its closeness, yet thick with a sick strangeness that clung like cold sweat. As if Alan were hammering into both of them at once, his pelvis dictating the tempo for their stacked bodies.

Then, without warning, Alan's thigh grazed Madison's.

Barely a touch at first—just a shift of weight as he angled deeper into Rebecah, a simple, mechanical adjustment.

But skin on skin, slick and fever-hot, turned the moment razor-sharp. Forbidden heat.

She felt the rigid muscle of his thigh press against the soft inside of hers, right at the most tender stretch of flesh. No one else registered it—Rebecah too lost in her own cries, Alan too locked in his rhythm—but for Madison it was an electric shock, a brand that pinned the nightmare to her body. Still, she didn't move her leg.



Not yet. Some invisible thread held her in place; she let the pressure build with every stroke.

The friction settled into a steady pulse—his thigh sliding along hers on the withdrawal, grinding harder on the drive in, smearing shared sweat between them. She realized, with a jolt, that she'd been staring at him for minutes: eyes fixed on his flushed face, on the sweat tracing down his clenched jaw, on shoulders working like pistons.

Caught in the thick haze, rocked by her brother's relentless hips, she'd forgotten to blink, forgotten to breathe.



Then his gaze locked on hers. Sudden, piercing, pupils blown wide in the middle of a growl.

Madison yanked her leg away in one sharp jerk, heart slamming into her throat.

The contact broke, but the ghost of it burned.

Too late. He'd seen.

His eyes flicked down for an instant to the place their thighs had met, then lower—lingering on Madison's exposed sex, glistening against her will under the harsh light.

When he dragged his gaze back to her face, holding the stare she couldn't break, his rhythm stuttered—just a heartbeat—hanging in the raw, wordless current between brother and sister.

A treacherous jolt—unintended, undeniable—slammed into Alan's gut. In one blinding instant he knew exactly what he had brushed, what he had kept pressed against his skin.

The knowledge speared straight through him. He lifted his eyes. Madison hadn't looked away once.



Her pupils were huge, glistening with tears she refused to let fall and something else she wouldn't name.

They stared at each other, suspended in a silence that roared louder than everything else.

Alan's rhythm faltered. His thrusts turned slow, deliberate, as though he wanted to stretch this moment where nothing existed but their locked gazes.

Less savage. Deeper. Each stroke lingered, almost aching in its restraint.

Rebecah didn't agree.

A frustrated, almost whining moan escaped her, and she started rocking her hips herself—faster, greedier—chasing the lost pace. She arched harder, driving herself onto him with frantic urgency.

Madison felt her brother's gaze drifting, returning, lingering on her heaving breasts, on the clench of her stomach, on her face flushed with shame and surrender.

It was as if the two of them were sealed inside a thin, trembling bubble—Rebecah there, moaning, pinning them together, yet somehow not breaking the spell. The bubble wasn't airtight, but it made everything feel even more unreal.

Then Alan shifted his angle. He picked up speed again, but differently—no more sharp jerks, just raw, sustained power. Each thrust sank deep and long, controlled force that rattled the entire bed. With every drive a low, masculine growl rose from his chest—deep, guttural, edged with pain. He couldn't stop looking at Madison.

His eyes snapped back to hers again and again, pulled by something magnetic.

He was fucking her with his stare as much as he was fucking Rebecah with his cock, and she couldn't tear her gaze away.

Every thrust rocked all three of them. Rebecah's moans climbed higher, her body jolting like a rag doll under the onslaught.



One final adjustment: Alan gripped Rebecah's ass with both hands, spread her almost brutally, and buried himself deeper, harder than before. And then—without meaning to—his thigh pressed against Madison's again.

Skin to skin, hot, slick, searing.

A sharp, involuntary cry tore from Madison's throat, slicing the air.

Alan looked at her. Just for a second. Eyes dark, fierce, locked on hers.

He didn't pull away. He kept going. Harder. Deeper. Holding that forbidden patch of skin against his sister's like an anchor in the storm.

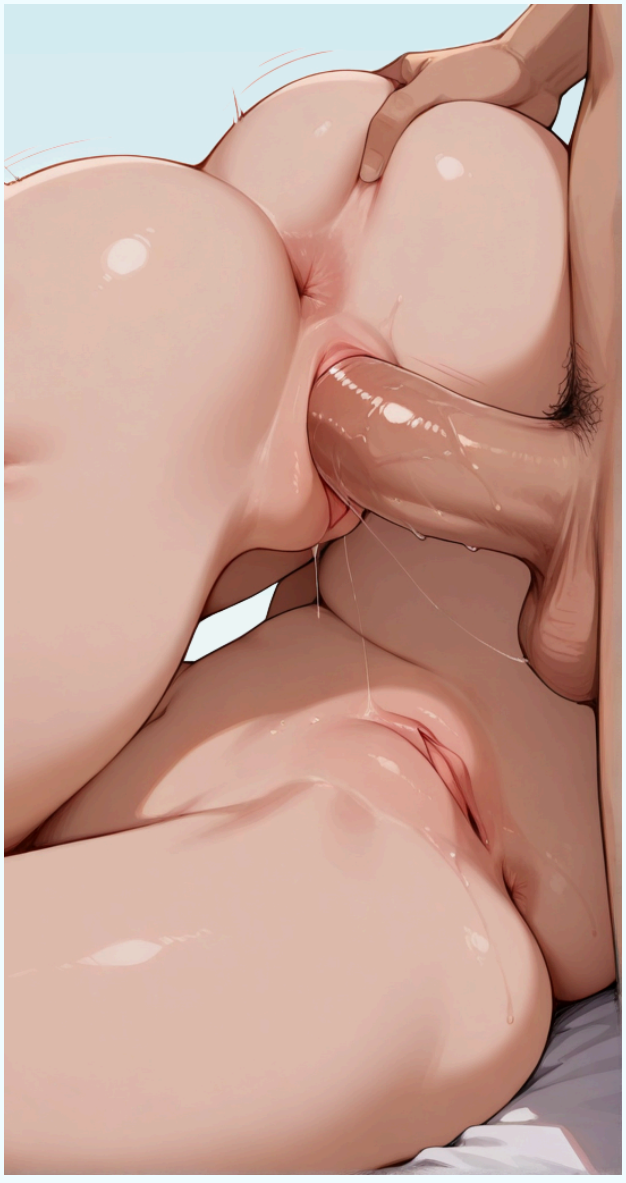
He knew now—fully, completely.

Every stroke dragged their thighs together in a slow, steady grind, electric current crackling through him. He took his pleasure in it without trying to control it; it felt natural, primal, animal.

His gaze kept returning to Madison: to her breasts swaying with the force of his thrusts, to her flushed, lost face, to her parted lips spilling ragged breaths she could no longer trap.

She had been frozen solid for minutes. Every time Alan's eyes flicked to hers—even a heartbeat—it knifed straight through her gut. He didn't waver. Sometimes he held it, long, defiant, hips still pounding Rebecah without mercy. In those hanging seconds Madison heard only him. Rebecah's moans had turned shrill, frantic, but they melted into the room's roar.

The only sounds that truly reached her, that sank into bone, were Alan's—deep, male, guttural. Growls dragged up from his chest with every thrust, raw as an animal in rut.



She could do nothing but take it. Naked, legs forced open, offered up against her will, pinned by the sick certainty—almost physical—that he was fucking her. Her little brother.

And the worst, the most terrifying part: it wasn't pure disgust. Not entirely. Something else had cracked open. A sly, shameful acceptance sliding warm and wet between her thighs.

She had felt it for a while—the slow, treacherous leak of her own arousal tracing down her skin, soaking the sheets under her ass, creeping toward her crack. Each new drop twisted her stomach, but not like normal sickness. Deeper. More perverse. That low, pulsing heat was the taboo itself taking root inside her flesh.

And threaded through it, tiny but undeniable: a sliver of filthy pleasure. Unspeakable.

Drowned in the storm, she almost missed Rebecah.

“Madison…”

Breathless, shredded by moans.

“Madison!”

She surfaced, blinking.

“What?” Barely a whisper, voice broken.

Rebecah—still skewered, body jerking with every slam—turned her head. The smile was pure corruption: swollen lips, eyes glittering with diseased joy.

Between thrusts: “Moan his name.”



Madison’s blood froze.

Rebecah screamed again, then finished in a hoarse snarl: “Alan!”

Then, eyes locked, almost furious: “I want him to think he’s fucking you. I want him to hear his name in your mouth while he’s tearing me apart!”

Another long, rapturous cry ripped out of her.

Alan maybe hadn’t heard. Or maybe he had—his body never stopped. Jaw clenched, forehead gleaming, relentless.

Madison swallowed.

Trapped. Rebecah’s stare nailed her in place, cruel and almost maternal.

So she obeyed.

First time barely audible, shaking: “A… Alan…”

It hit Alan like a live wire. He froze—one single heartbeat—then crashed back into Rebecah twice as hard. Eyes speared into Madison’s—black, blown, starving.

Hearing his name from his sister’s lips flooded him. A savage, uncontrollable surge.

He ground his teeth until they hurt, an animal growl tearing free, and fucked harder, as if trying to punch through Rebecah to reach Madison.

Rebecah, triumphant, gasped between cries: “Again! Say it again!”

Madison trembled. The first few times she had to wrench it out like a confession.

“Alan…”

Then louder, faster, riding the rhythm: “A-Alan!”

The more she cried it, the darker, more possessive his stare became. Strokes turned vicious, deeper; every time his name left her mouth he answered with a punishing thrust, as if he were truly inside her.

Rebecah crowed, moaned louder, but it didn’t matter.



Only Alan and Madison existed.

She screamed his name.

He fucked her with his eyes.

And in that hellish loop the taboo hardened, became flesh—his name repeated like a depraved prayer.

“Alan!”

“Alan!”

Each time easier. More natural. More like she was letting him fuck her.

And him—like he really was.

It was too much.

The climax roared up Alan’s spine—unstoppable, violent—like a train ripping off the tracks. He almost forgot he was buried in Rebecah. There was only Madison. His big sister. Naked. Drenched. Flushed raw. Shattered.



Screaming his name like it was the last thing anchoring her to the world.

He clenched his jaw until it cracked. A primal growl tore out.

“Madi…”

Voice wrecked, desperate.

“Madi… I’m gonna… fuck… Madi…”

Rebecah felt it. She took two, three more devastating thrusts—just enough to tip him over—then ripped herself off him in one cruel yank. Her pussy left his cock with a wet, obscene slurp.



Alan knelt there—rigid, shining, pulsing on the edge.

Rebecah rolled away, panting, a lunatic, victorious smile slicing her face.

“Finish on her,” she breathed, voice low, dripping sweet poison.

It happened in a heartbeat.

Alan didn’t think. His body took over. He gripped his cock—still burning, still coated in Rebecah’s juices—and jerked hard, two, three strokes, eyes locked on Madison.

She lay open. Legs spread. Belly bare. Breasts slick with sweat. Eyes clouded, lost, mouth parted on ragged breaths.



He exploded.

A raw shout ripped from his throat.

First jet fired like a gunshot—thick, white, scalding—splattering across her stomach just below her breasts.

Second followed instantly, higher, streaking the valley between her breasts, sliding slow and heavy toward her sternum.

Third hit hardest—pooling in her navel, then spilling sideways in sticky trails over flushed skin.

He kept spilling, growling her name again and again, hips jerking through violent spasms until the last thick drops beaded and fell onto his sister's belly like a final mark.

A final claim.

Silence slammed down—thick, sticky, saturated with sex and sweat.

Only their three ragged breaths.



Madison stared at the ceiling, belly and breasts painted with her brother's hot, clinging cum—still throbbing with his heat.

Alan stayed on his knees between her thighs, cock half-hard in his fist, unable to look away.

He didn't want to.

Rebecah smiled beside them.

Victorious.

Drained.

Utterly depraved.

And in that silence you could almost hear something break—irrevocably.

