The Offer

Chapter 15

She stayed frozen, utterly unable to move, as though her body had made the decision for her—locked in that wide-open, defenceless position, offered up like something already surrendered.



Now she was alone with him—or nearly alone, since Rebecah had pulled away sharply, leaving a sudden cold gap between their bodies. Madison didn't have time to think, didn't have time for the thoughts to rush in.

A hot splash landed on her stomach—thick, scalding—followed immediately by Alan's low, guttural cry, a raw animal sound that drilled straight into her skull.

She watched him convulse with pleasure, every muscle strung tight, hips jerking in helpless spasms as rope after rope of cum kept striking her skin. It felt like molten droplets, stinging her breasts in thin, sticky trails that slid sideways toward her ribs; heavier spurts pooled on her belly, building a slow, viscous heat that refused to cool.

The last thick bead hung trembling at the slit of his cock before it finally broke free and dropped onto her with a soft, obscene pat.

For several long seconds her mind simply refused to register it.

Some part of her brain had thrown up a wall, delaying the full impact, shielding her from the reality that was already drying on her flesh.

Then Alan choked out her name, the syllable fractured and wet.

“Madi…” His voice cracked, pleading, before the apologies started tumbling out in a frantic, childish loop.

“Sorry… fuck, sorry… I’m sorry, Madi…”

He tried to explain himself, words tripping and clogging in his throat.

“I didn’t mean to… it just happened, it was a reflex, I didn’t want to finish on you like that… shit, I… I couldn’t hold it back, it just came out…”



But he slowly realised she wasn't really responding. She was staring—blank, unblinking—at the scene in front of her: first at his cock, still glistening, still twitching faintly as the last drops clung to the head; he noticed where her gaze had locked and tried to cover himself with a shaking hand.

Then her eyes drifted downward to her own body—to the white streaks already cooling on her flushed skin, forming uneven little puddles that she made no move to wipe away. Real panic clawed up Alan's chest, sour and sharp. His heart slammed so hard he thought it might rupture. She wasn't there—not really.

That hollow silence was far more terrifying than any scream could have been. At that moment Rebecah stepped in. She laid a cool, gentle hand on his arm, fingers soothing against skin still slick with sweat.

"Come on, Alan," she murmured, her voice low and almost tender, like a mother coaxing a frightened child.

"You can wash up or get dressed in the bathroom next door—the one off the bedroom. Take your time."

He didn't really understand it in the moment—why she was sending him away like that, why right now, when the chaos still hung thick in the air, heavy with the raw smell of sweat and sex.

But he obeyed anyway. Legs unsteady, he shuffled toward the bathroom attached to the hotel bedroom: a cramped white-tiled box lit by a merciless fluorescent bulb that stabbed at his eyes.

He dressed quickly, fumbling the boxer briefs on with shaking hands, then dragged on his jeans and T-shirt.

His mind was still fogged, hollowed out by the orgasm that had drained him and at the same time flooded him with a sick, gnawing worry for his sister—that vacant stare, that silence louder than any accusation, as though she had retreated to some unreachable place inside herself.

Once clothed, he hesitated at the half-open door, then leaned just far enough to peer back into the room without stepping fully into view.

Deep down he already knew he'd crossed too many lines tonight; barging back in now would be like grinding salt into raw flesh.

Rebecah was speaking to Madison in a soft, childish singsong, soothing and almost lullaby-like, completely at odds with what had just happened.

"It's okay, sweetheart, it's nothing—just a really intense moment, right? You're safe here with me..."



Madison still looked lost, stretched out on the bed like a wax figure, eyes unfocused, body perfectly still.

Alan watched Rebecah wipe his cum off her skin—methodical, almost clinical—pulling a tissue from the nightstand and rubbing in slow, careful circles over the cooling streaks

on Madison's belly and breasts. Madison let her, offering no resistance, no help, arms limp at her sides like they belonged to someone else.

Rebecah kept murmuring, reassuring, erasing the evidence.

"Look, it's all gone now, nice and clean. You were amazing, really…"

The whole scene felt wrong, dreamlike, a tableau where the roles had flipped without warning or reason.

Then Madison's gaze flicked up and locked with his for a split second—a glassy, wounded flash that sliced straight through him like cold steel. The next instant she lifted one arm, crossed both hands over her bare chest, suddenly shielding her breasts as though the awareness of being exposed had slammed back into her all at once, brutal and immediate.

Rebecah caught him watching. She lifted her eyes to his without anger, voice flat and even.

"Alan, can you give us a minute? Wait for us in the living room. We'll be right there."

He pulled back instantly, closed the door with a soft click, heart thudding low and heavy as he crossed the suite to the adjacent sitting area and collapsed into a cold leather armchair, fingers gripping the armrests to stop the trembling.

Fifteen minutes later they finally appeared.

Rebecah first, back in her flowing dress, that familiar easy smile locked in place as though nothing had gone off the rails.

Madison followed, but eyes glued to the floor, feet moving in small mechanical steps across the thick carpet. Rebecah tapped at her phone for a few seconds, fingers swift and practiced.

Almost immediately two sharp notification chimes cut through the silence.

"There we go—the transfer's done! Twenty-one thousand each, just like we agreed," she announced brightly, almost cheerfully, slipping the phone back into her bag.



Neither of them reacted.

Alan kept staring at an invisible spot on the wall. Madison remained statue-still, a shadow of herself.

The money—the amount that should have grounded them, anchored them back to reality—simply floated there between them now, weightless and irrelevant in the widening emptiness that separated them.

Rebecah settled onto the sofa beside Alan, her body still radiating that lazy, post-pleasure glow, as though the entire evening had been nothing more than a mildly diverting interlude. She crossed her legs with casual grace, her voice quieter now, stripped of the manic edge that had fueled her earlier provocations—almost thoughtful, almost vulnerable.

“It was incredible, honestly… I wasn’t wrong about you two. That connection, that thing between brother and sister—it’s so fucking real, so thick you could touch it. You felt it too, didn’t you?”

She even dared to ask, soft and curious, like she genuinely wanted to know: “Did it feel good? Even just a little?”

Madison didn’t make a sound.

She sat rigid, gaze nailed to the floor, hands clasped so tightly in her lap her knuckles blanched white, as though any movement might shatter what little remained of her composure.

It was Alan who answered, voice low, thick with revulsion that twisted his guts.

“You’re fucking insane, Beca. Completely.”



She laughed it off—a light, brittle sound meant to deflate the tension.

“Come on, don’t be dramatic…”

But he caught something flicker across her face: a quick, unguarded flash of unease, maybe even shame, a hairline crack in the polished mask she wore so effortlessly.

Then, as though trying to smooth over the suffocating weight that had settled on the room, she offered in a neutral tone: “Drink? Anything from the minibar if you want?”

Alan shook his head, chest tight.

“No. I’m leaving.”

He rose in one smooth motion, glanced at Madison, then spoke her name gently—almost begging.

“Madi? We’re going?”

She gave no reply, wouldn’t even meet his eyes. Her stare stayed locked on the carpet, shoulders hunched, as though the pattern beneath her feet might open and swallow her whole.

The silence coming off her was deafening, louder than any shout. Sensing the air had turned solid with discomfort, Rebecah surprised him with unexpected gentleness. “If you’d like, my driver can take you—” Madison cut her off before the sentence finished, the word flat and mechanical. “OK.”



Alan felt it like a shard of glass lodged under his ribs—sharp, sudden, acidic. She didn't want him to drive her home. The thought of sitting side by side in a car after what they'd just done, after what they'd let happen between them, was unbearable now.

He understood why, and that understanding hurt worse than anything else: the shared shame, the sacred line they'd crossed and smeared with filth. It lodged in his throat like a stone.

Still, he headed for the door. He paused on the threshold, voice dropping low and uncertain.

"You sure? It's really okay if you go alone?"

She nodded without lifting her head, the murmured "Yeah… don't worry" sounding hollow, rehearsed, a flimsy partition thrown up between them. Of course he was going to worry.

The idea of leaving her here—with her—after everything, turned his stomach like a rusted blade twisting slowly.

But he was the intruder now, an unwelcome weight in the charged quiet they'd created without him.

So he gave a vague nod—more farewell than goodbye. "Later." Then he walked out, footsteps heavy on the corridor carpet, mind already drowning in the kind of regret that doesn't fade, only deepens.