The Offer

Chapter 16

Alan gripped the steering wheel so tightly his knuckles turned bone-white under the dashboard's sickly glow. The car hurtled down the empty road. Headlights sliced through an ink-black night, thickened by fog that clung to the windows like a clammy second skin. No sound but the engine's low rumble and the wind's whistle against the mirrors. The silence roared in his ears. It echoed inside his skull, turning every heartbeat into a pounding drum.

He'd climbed in without thinking. Without a word. Without Madi. Just a silent nod to Rebecah, a muffled "see you," and he'd grabbed the keys like a robot. Now he fought it. Fought not to break, eyes locked on the blurred white line streaking through the mist.



Stay cool, he repeated to himself, jaw clenched tight. Breathe.

Focus on the road. But deep down, he knew.

Fuck, he knew damn well: what he'd just done was massive. Something so huge, so forbidden, it lodged in his throat like a scorching knot, thick and choking. Whenever his mind slipped back to that hotel room—the rumpled bed, the stink of sweat and

sex—the panic spiked hard. Bile burned up his esophagus. So he did everything to stay steady: flicked on the radio to some mindless pop station, cracked the window for a blast of cold air, told himself it wasn't the biggest fuck-up of his life.

That it wouldn't cost him his bond with his big sister. That it wouldn't shatter everything.

The road stretched on forever. Thoughts crept in anyway. Suddenly, he pictured Madi heading home with a stranger—that driver of Beca's, some guy in a dark suit whose face he hadn't even caught. It nagged at him a bit: what if the dude was a creep? What if she was too rattled to handle it? But thinking that cracked the door open. And everything flooded through.

Flash: Madison naked on the bed, legs splayed against her will, her body slick with sweat under the dim light.



Her breasts rising with each ragged breath. Beads of perspiration tracing the curves, dripping slow toward her hardened nipples.

Lower still: her pussy juices leaking out, betraying her, glistening on the insides of her thighs, soaking the sheets beneath.

Her eyes, finally—sharp, wide, locked on his as he fucked her with his gaze. That look said it all without a sound: the shame, the fear, and something else he couldn't name.

Headlights burst from nowhere, right at him. Twin beams stabbed through the fog like knives.

A horn blared, shattering the night, followed by the jolt—the shock of it hitting home.

A car barreled straight at him, veered off its lane, too fast, too close.

He yanked the wheel on pure instinct. Tires screeched on the wet pavement. The car skidded wildly.

It all happened in a blur: the near-miss impact, a graze that rattled the frame, then almost a concrete wall on the side, scraping the guardrail in a metallic shriek. He straightened it out at the last second, heart in his throat, hands shaking like dead leaves.

Then it sank in. He'd almost smashed into someone because of him—an innocent driver, maybe a family, wiped out by his distraction. He shoved that down too, on top of the rest. Teeth gritted until his jaw ached.

He floored it toward his apartment, a heavier weight twisting in his gut, like the whole world crushing his shoulders.

When he crossed the threshold, keys still jittering in his grip, Alan locked the door with a mechanical twist. The metallic click echoed like a full stop in the cramped apartment's hush. The air hung cold and stale, laced with that familiar whiff of forgotten laundry and microwaved leftovers—a mundane hideout that tonight felt alien, too tight to hold the turmoil churning inside him. He kept shoving those thoughts down, jamming them deep like slapping a lid on a simmering pot, telling himself if he just left them alone, they'd cool off eventually.

He flicked on the living room light with his shoulder, tossed his coat over the back of a wobbly chair, and zeroed in on mindless tasks: emptying his pockets, setting his phone on the scratched coffee table. Anything to keep his mind from drifting back to that hotel room, to what had just gone down.

But he cracked eventually—not in a dramatic burst, no scream or theatrical collapse. It was subtler, a slow crumble. It took time to sink in that he'd done something truly fucked up. Part of his brain flat-out refused it, throwing up mental walls, clinging to flimsy excuses like "that wasn't really me" or "Rebecah forced the whole thing."



The other part burned to break free, pressure building like a fever, ready to blow and sweep everything away.

He dropped heavily onto the fold-out bed. The mattress sagged under his weight with its usual creak. Elbows on knees, head in hands. His breathing picked up without him noticing—short, jagged, like he'd run an unseen marathon.

Panic hit hard. This was bad, really bad.

A dizzy wave twisted his insides, left him utterly lost, the ground vanishing beneath him.

He forced his mind elsewhere: tomorrow's class, that materials lab waiting for him, or even the laundry piling up in the basket. Anything to banish the shadow.

But the images crept back—first in fleeting shards, then in merciless barrages. And that was just the start.

Madison posing in lingerie before him, curves highlighted by the purple fabric, hesitant but exposed under Rebecah's gaze.

Then Rebecah sucking him off, her mouth hot and demanding, those wet sounds still ringing in his skull.

Him fucking her after, thrusts raw and pounding, the mattress groaning in sync. It all blurred together—a whirlwind of skin, breaths, moans—but his sister's eyes kept haunting him more, those looks filled with tears or worry. When she was on her knees, fully naked, vulnerable, her chest heaving with panicked breaths, thighs quivering.



And damn, he got rock-hard at that treacherous memory, the ache catching him off guard, a sharp throb clamping his groin. He adjusted his cock under his boxers with a hesitant hand, cold fingers brushing hot flesh, and it slammed into him like a gut punch. He spat a curse—

"Fuck…"

—then another—

"Shit, no…"

He jumped up in fresh panic, pissed at himself, pacing the room in tight loops. It hit him now, what he hadn't admitted all evening: that raw, forbidden desire pulsing through him despite everything. He nearly puked—not from pure disgust, but from shame, a gut-deep fear—of crossing a line no brother should even near.

The rest of the night turned into a walking nightmare.

He circled the apartment, footsteps thudding on the worn floorboards, flipping a lamp on then off, opening the fridge without hunger to stare at empty shelves—like these motions could tether his mind somewhere else. But he relived the evening anyway, or what stuck:

the forced kisses, Madison's spit on his dick—that obscene detail stabbing back—the grunts he'd let out while eye-fucking her, unloading on her. It all ramped up his worry, a vortex dragging him down: what if it was permanent?

He thought of Madison, knew it had to be worse for her—that vulnerability he'd exploited without meaning to, her body he'd seen, touched indirectly, defiled.

He wondered if she'd caught it in his eyes at times, when he was lost, when he wanted her completely, that treacherous fire consuming him against his will. Alan didn't kid himself; shame clung sticky, coating his skin like clammy sweat.

He was angry—at Rebecah for puppeteering them with cash and vicious smirks. Betrayed by her, by his own body reacting anyway, hardening to images he should've hated. Betrayed by the night that cracked everything: their sibling bond, that easy closeness he'd always taken for granted, now stained by a taboo he couldn't erase.

Exhausted, unable to bear the silence that amplified every thought like a hellish rebound, he snapped on the TV roughly, flipping to his current series—some bland Netflix thing, predictable plots that usually distracted him.

He slumped on the bed, volume cranked to drown the void, forcing his focus on dumb dialogue, obvious twists, anything to shove the flashes aside. Weariness won out eventually. His heavy lids dropped despite him. He drifted off right there, screen flickering in the dimness, body curled tight like warding off an unseen foe.

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As soon as the taxi door clicked shut, Madison broke down—hot tears streaming, an unstoppable flood that shook her shoulders, sobs heaving from her chest in violent gasps, muffled against her hand clamped over her mouth. The world outside—the city's blurred lights streaking past the window, the engine's quiet hum—faded into her inner storm. She curled up on the back seat, knees pulled tight to her chest, as if that could dam the wave crashing over her. She'd shattered completely right there, in that confined space reeking of fake leather and recycled air. Nothing left to hold her together.

The driver, a guy in his forties with an ordinary profile lit by the dashboard glow, glanced back in the rearview mirror, worry creasing his face. His hands tightened on the wheel. He hesitated, then asked in a low, careful tone, not wanting to pry too hard:



"Miss… you okay? Need help, or… I don't know, want me to call someone?"

Madison shook her head fiercely, tears carving tracks down her flushed cheeks. She murmured between hitches:

"Just… drop me home. Please."

Her voice cracked on the last words, raw and telling. She said nothing more. Stared at the floor between her feet. Dug her nails into her palms to ground herself.

The ride turned into pure hell—a fight every second against the sobs threatening to surge back, against the tremors rattling her from toes to scalp, her muscles rebelling outright. She felt it all: the knots in her shoulders, twisted like ropes about to snap.

The chill seeping in despite the heater. And worst, that outer sensation, gut-deep—she felt filthy, utterly filthy, like an invisible film of grime clung to her skin, soaked in scents she didn't want to name, sweat and something heavier, more private. She tried to steady her breathing, drawing air in jerks. But the tears kept coming, impossible to halt fully. She bit her lip until it bled to stifle the sounds.

The driver, too decent to ignore it, tried to help without pushing:

"Okay, miss, almost there. Try breathing with me, yeah? In slow through the nose… one, two, three… out through the mouth, easy."

He led the impromptu exercise in a steady, almost fatherly voice, checking the mirror often. It worked a bit in the moment—her breaths evened out some, the shakes easing on the surface. Enough to hold until they arrived. There was her building, looming in the night like a mundane ghost. The taxi eased to a stop.



She stumbled out of the prepaid cab, legs wobbling like the ground pitched beneath her. Mumbled a muffled "thanks" without meeting his eyes. The car pulled away, leaving her alone on the damp sidewalk.

She dragged herself to her apartment, keys jittering in her hand as she climbed the creaky stairs. Halfway up, she collapsed again into sobs before even getting inside—back against the door, sliding slow to the floor, knees tucked up.

The cries hit harder, a raw mix of despair that stole her breath.

She tried to block the images, shove them away like locking a door—stop,

stop, think of something else—but they rushed back fierce: sounds first, Alan's rough grunts echoing in her ears, those wet slaps of skin on skin.

Then the visuals, hazy but relentless—Rebecah bent over her, tongue everywhere, invading.

Alan above, muscles taut, his gaze lost in something she refused to grasp. And the feelings: that sticky heat on her belly, marking her like a burn. It all swirled into a knot twisting her guts, left her gasping, adrift in bottomless anguish.

Finally inside, after fumbling the door open, she grabbed her phone from the entry table, fingers shaking over the screen. She pulled up her mom's number—the call started with that familiar beep—but panic surged. She hung up before it rang. Heart slamming like a hammer.



She was lost: what could she say? "Mom, I did something awful with Alan"?

The words wouldn't form, even in her head.

She replayed it all—the forced kisses, bodies tangled, that hot cum splattering her—and tears burned fresh, blurring her vision. Wondered if she could tell anyone—Bella? Sean?—but the thought terrified her, like speaking it would make it too real, too permanent.

She slumped to the floor, back to the cold wall, knees to chest. Felt abandoned and alone, a vast emptiness sucking her in, like the

whole world had pulled away, stranding her there, broken.

A moment later—or maybe minutes, time dissolving in the haze—she bolted up, rushing to the bathroom, footsteps thudding on the worn floor. Stripped fast, hurling clothes in a heap like they were tainted.

Stood naked before the mirror under the harsh bare bulb, staring at her reflection.

Tried not to cry, teeth clenched, breathing deep to hold back the sting—but no luck.

A sob escaped, then another, twisting her face into a pained grimace. And there, on her skin, she spotted dried cum streaks—whitish, cracked traces on her belly and between her breasts, overlooked in the chaos. Panic hit like an icy wall: if her mind tried to forget, her body screamed the reminder, this tangible mark shouting what she wanted to erase. Her stomach churned, sour nausea rising. She looked away, hands trembling on the sink.



She dove under the shower, cranking the faucet full blast. Scalding water poured down like welcome punishment. She scrubbed… scrubbed, spending forever at it, soap foaming thick layers she rinsed endlessly, nails scraping her reddened skin until it stung.

She cried under the stream, tears mixing with the flow, barely daring to touch certain spots—her belly, her thighs, those defiled areas that felt alien now, like they belonged to someone else.

Distress washed over her in waves, a deep self-loathing she half-suppressed, a spike of shame she couldn't fully name, letting it hover

like toxic fog. She denied it, blaming Alan and Beca—it's their fault, they ruined everything—thinking of her little brother with a dull rage, feeling almost violated by that look he'd given her, that raw want she'd seen without wanting to. And yet, the disgust spread to herself, to this body that had responded anyway, to those moans she'd let slip.

The images looped relentlessly, shards slicing through her mind despite the water streaming down her face. She kept flashing back to Beca all over her—that insistent, greedy tongue probing her mouth, her breasts, her belly, her… treating her body like territory to claim. But mostly Alan… especially him. She couldn't even put words to it, to those moments when he loomed over her, his shadow heavy like a silent threat.

She remembered his stare—piercing, feral, stripping her down to raw flesh, ready to devour whatever raged inside him, no holds barred.

It terrified her.

Revolted her to her core. A nausea churned her insides raw.

The sounds haunted her, those wet smacks of his hips against Rebecah echoing like a nightmare refrain. And then, betraying her, his body—shoulders rippling with each



thrust, abs etched sharp under glistening sweat. She snapped herself out of it, a brutal mental shove, muttering under her breath—

“Fuck…”

—and the tears surged back, scalding and sharp, mingling with the endless cascade.

Then, inevitably, she fixated on the hot cum that had landed on her, thick and searing, its bold taste flooding back like bile—that salty, musky tang she’d swallowed earlier, forced by Rebecah. The thought stabbed deep. She hurled in the shower, a violent retch tearing her throat, spasms rattling her bones. She wouldn’t look. Eyes squeezed shut. Avoided the drain like glimpsing traces of what she’d ingested would make it all too solid, too irreversible. The disgust spread, hazy, turning inward—her body that had yielded, responded anyway, a flicker of shame she shoved down fast, too hot to touch.

She denied it all, refused to see straight. Drew no hard lines. Just raw revulsion—at herself, at Alan who’d wrecked everything with that hungry gaze, at Beca who’d engineered the mess. It blended into a sticky sludge coating her soul, leaving her hollow, furious at her little brother for eyeing her like that, making her feel stripped bare, cornered.

She staggered out of the shower at last. Skin raw and inflamed from endless scrubbing. Wrapped in a towel that rasped like sandpaper. In the fogged mirror, she wiped a weary streak clear.

But the reflection stared back as a stranger—puffy eyes, drawn features, a fragility she despised. She grabbed her toothbrush. Loaded it with paste four times over. Scrubbed mechanically, viciously.

Tears still flowing, salty on her tongue, as if that could scour away the lingering taste in her throat. With each stroke, she sobbed harder. Gulps interrupted by frantic rinses. Until her gums bled faintly, metallic tang finally overriding the other.

She’d hit rock bottom. An endless drop where every breath dragged like lead. The outside world—the sleeping campus, distant friends—felt unreachable. Pointless. Sensations hit in bursts: the room’s humid heat, the reek of sweat and cum still clinging to her nostrils,

Rebecah's hands on her, owning, and Alan… that primal grunt as he emptied himself, that warm stain on her skin defiling her.

Disgust drowned her—for this body that had allowed it, moaned despite herself, for Alan who'd crossed that unseen boundary, leaving her betrayed, almost assaulted in her deepest self. She resented Beca, that trap baited with cash and twisted grins, but mostly herself—for giving in, for that weakness she wouldn't probe deeper.

Finally, drained, she dragged herself to bed. Curled fetal under the thick comforter. Knees to chest. Like a kid seeking shelter. Sobs came in fits, broken by heavy silences where the images tried to creep back. But exhaustion claimed her mid-night—a fitful sleep, chopped up. The dark offered no relief. Just a brittle pause before dawn.