# The Offer

## Chapter 17

Alan twisted in his bed, the sheets tangled around his legs like invisible restraints, his body arching under a surge of sensations that crashed over him. Hoarse grunts escaped his throat, low and animalistic, moans he couldn't hold back, as if his whole being was swept away by a scorching tide. Then came the sounds—those wet, muffled noises of deep suction, a throat opening and tightening around something hard, alive. Rebecah's voice drifted in the air, soft and teasing, whispering vicious encouragements:

"Go on, Alan... let her do it... look how gorgeous she is like that."



In the dream, Rebecah always flashed him that sly little grin, her eyes sparkling with mischief as she gently but firmly pushed Madison's head down. Madison—his sister, for fuck's sake—kneeling there, her lips stretched wide around his cock, swallowing him whole in one smooth, deep motion until the head bumped the back of her throat.

She nearly gagged on it, a wet gurgle echoing in the imagined room, her eyes watering but locked on his, that intense stare, the same one from their hellish night, right before he came: pleading, exposed, laced with a shared disgrace that sliced through him like a blade.



That look said it all—the betrayal, the buried craving, the forced surrender—and it tipped him over the edge. He gave in, hips bucking on instinct, a raw growl ripping from his chest as the convulsions hit him, fierce and unstoppable.

He jolted awake, body still bowed, shuddering through the fading ripples of phantom pleasure, his breath ragged like he'd just sprinted a mile. His hand fumbled wildly for the bedside lamp switch, flooding the room with harsh light that made him blink hard.

He yanked the comforter off in one sharp motion, and reality slammed into him like ice water: his boxers were soaked, clinging to his skin, filled with a sticky warmth that left no room for doubt. He'd come. In his sleep. Because of that dream.

“Fuck, no… no, no, no,” he muttered, eyes wide, piecing together the fragments that were already dissolving like smoke.

The images lingered for a moment—Rebecah laughing, Madison…

Madison swallowing, her eyes boring into his, his dick buried in her mouth, choking back her moans. “Goddamn it,” he swore louder, sitting up in a rush, his heart pounding like a hammer against his ribs. He couldn’t believe it, wouldn’t believe it—this was his sister, for Christ’s sake, not some twisted erotic hallucination from a nightmare.

The memories faded fast, but that look… that look stayed etched in, searing, twisting his guts with a raw revulsion.

“Stop thinking about it, stop,” he scolded himself silently, brushing away the flashes like crumbs off a table.

His gaze landed on the digital clock: 8:47. “Shit!”

He hissed, leaping out of bed, legs wobbly, staggering toward the bathroom while trying not to smear the sticky evidence everywhere. He ripped off his boxers in a furious yank, the damp fabric sticking to his thighs, releasing a musky scent that turned his stomach. He tossed it into the laundry basket and jumped under the shower, letting the hot water pound his skin as if to wash away not just the cum, but the shame seeping into him. It’s nothing, he told himself, eyes squeezed shut under the scalding stream. Just a gross dream, some random brain glitch. It means nothing.



Absolutely nothing. But deep down, a sour knot lingered, gnawing at his stomach, reminding him that nothing was random after what had gone down with Rebecah.

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The morning was pure hell, a suffocating haze that clung to Alan's thoughts like wet spider silk, refusing to lift. He stumbled into class twenty minutes late, hair still dripping from the rushed shower, pulse slamming against his ribs under a crumpled hoodie.

Structural mechanics—normally a giant satisfying puzzle—turned into meaningless scribbles sliding off the board. Every equation dissolved into flashes of the dream: Madison's eyes locked on his, watering, desperate, his cock buried to the hilt in her throat.

Fuck no. An unrelenting acidic knot roiled deep in his gut, equal parts visceral revulsion and guilt that chewed him raw from the inside.

He felt poisoned, like the betrayal had seeped into his pores and left a visible stain. It's nothing, he kept chanting silently, biting the inside of his cheek until he tasted copper. Just a fucked-up dream, brain short-circuiting after… after that night. The nausea never eased.



He spent the rest of the morning staring through the desk, hands trembling on blank pages, willing the clock to burn faster.

The cafeteria was its usual chaos—clattering trays, bursts of laughter, the heavy stench of greasy fries and scorched coffee thick in the air. Alan dropped into a seat with Sean and Larry, mechanically stabbing at a lukewarm burger, trying to disappear into the routine and scrape the shame off his skin. One bite in, Sean hit him with the grin and the jab:

“Rough night, princess? You missed Harlan’s entire lecture—showed up like a goddamn rookie.”

Before Alan could snap back, Bella and Madison clattered in with their trays and collapsed into chairs. Bella’s eyes went wide.

“No fucking way—Madi rolled in at eleven too and completely bombed her econometrics midterm!”

The table erupted. Larry slammed a fist, choking on his sandwich:

“Jesus, did you two pull an all-nighter together? Spill it—was there a secret afterparty we weren’t invited to? Or did you finally decide to murder each other for real?”

Questions flew thick and fast—Sean winking, Bella leaning in hungry for details, Larry piling on with crude brother-sister jokes.

Alan’s gaze flicked up involuntarily and collided with Madison’s for the first time since the night everything shattered. No warmth, no conspiracy. Just raw, probing unease, each of them scanning the other for the same invisible damage. He looked away first.



“Nothing special. Insomnia.”

Madison shrugged, voice flat and unconvincing even to herself.

“Yeah. Same. Too much shit on my mind.”

The rest of lunch became a tightrope act. They both stayed quiet, answering in monosyllables or fake smiles while the others roasted their “zombie faces” and “mysterious secret lives.”

The space between Alan and Madison crackled with unspoken electricity, a silence louder than any shout, yet nobody else seemed to notice over the noise and gossip.

Near the end, Larry swallowed a gulp of soda and suggested cheerfully:

“Hey, guys, small chill night at my place tonight? Haven’t been out all weekend. Just beers, some dumb movie, no big deal.”

Sean slapped his palm:

“Hell yeah!”

Bella nodded.

“I’m in. Need to decompress after that midterm.”

Alan hesitated, stomach still churning, but muttered:

“Sure, why not.”

Madison shut it down instantly, tone clipped:

“Not tonight. Got catch-up work—seriously behind.”

The refusal was too sharp. Bella’s eyes narrowed, catching it, but she let it slide for the moment.



Just before the next class, Bella dragged Madison into the girls' bathroom. The door banged shut.

"Wait— I saw you two dodging each other's eyes the whole meal. What the fuck is going on, Madi?"

Madison startled, heart slamming.

She tried to play it cool, scrubbing her hands under the tap with mechanical fury, but the tears came anyway—hot, unstoppable. She collapsed against Bella, body shaking with muffled sobs.



"It's… it's nothing, really."

Bella held her tight, stunned by the raw fracture in her friend.

"Come on, tell me. Is it bad?"

Madison shook her head, swiping at her cheeks.

"Just… we had a massive fight. Really massive. That's all."

Bella frowned, clearly unconvinced, but didn't push. Before heading into lecture she fired off a text to Alan, fingers stabbing the screen:

"Fuck Alan what did you do?! Madi just told me you two had a massive fight!!"

The afternoon dragged on like a rubber band stretched to its limit, every second weighted down by an invisible load crushing Alan's shoulders. He stumbled out of class with his head still throbbing, equations on composite materials blurring into darker shards—fragments of that dream that clung stubbornly, leaving a sticky residue twisting in his gut.

Sean caught up to him in the crowded hallway, slapping a friendly hand on his shoulder with a grin that screamed eagerness to hang out.

"Hey, man, straight to Larry's? My car's parked nearby—we can chill before the others show."

Alan shook his head, the refusal instinctive, his body craving a solo breather before diving into the group chaos.



"Nah, gotta swing by my place first. Forgot some stuff—like, change clothes, or… yeah, just need a minute to myself."

It was a flimsy lie, but Sean didn't push, shrugging with an "Alright, see ya" before heading to the lot, leaving Alan alone amid the flood of students spilling outside, laughing and yelling under a gray sky threatening to split open.

On the walk back, the campus streets felt narrower, the bare autumn trees standing like silent watchers eyeing him. He trudged mechanically, hands jammed in his jeans pockets, trying to shake off the persistent knot low in his stomach—that toxic brew of shame and confusion he wouldn't dare

unpack. His phone buzzed once, but he ignored it at first, preferring the crunch of his footsteps on the damp pavement.

Only a few blocks later did he pull it out, spotting an unread message from hours ago. From Bella. He tapped it, and the words hit like a gut punch: “Fuck Alan what did you do?! Madi just told me you two had a massive fight!!”

The opener sent ice flooding through him—Shit, did she spill everything? he thought instantly, his pulse slamming as if their shared secret, that unspeakable mess with Rebecah, had just burst into the open.

As if Madison had cracked, dumping the whole twisted horror on Bella, laying their tainted connection bare under harsh light. He swallowed hard, fingers shaking on the screen, scrolling down to the next: “You better explain tonight I’ve NEVER seen her like this!”



Alan frowned, a spike of irritation cutting through the initial panic.

What the… I didn’t do shit.

He hadn’t fought with Madison—not really. Their last interaction was that loaded silence after the hotel, the separate exits screaming louder than words.

He shoved the phone away with a sharp motion, annoyed by this storm in a teacup, telling himself it was just a dumb misunderstanding.

I’ll sort it at Larry’s, over a beer.

She probably made something up to cover her ass, that's all.

He pushed open the door to his dingy apartment, the stale air wrapping around him like a worn-out coat. He changed quick—a clean pair of jeans, plain black tee, nothing special—and grabbed a jacket on the way out, just to kill time, delay the inevitable showdown.

Minutes blurred by, his mind drifting unwillingly to Madison, to that uneasy glance traded in the caf, probing and awkward, like they were both already corroded by a secret eating them from within. Then he slammed the door and headed to Larry's, the evening streets lighting up one by one under the streetlamps.

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Larry's place was a modest escape, the cramped apartment plastered with cult movie posters and laced with the scent of reheated pizza hanging in the air. Alan showed up to find Sean and Larry already sprawled on the sagging couch, cold beers in hand, a basketball game droning on the TV in the background. For the first time that day, he felt a hint of release—hanging with his buddies, cracking up at their stupid jokes about the latest campus disaster, even if he couldn't spill what was really gnawing at him.

It was a temporary balm, a reprieve where he could almost forget: forget the dream, forget the hotel, forget the shattered bond with Madison haunting him like a ghost. For a while, it didn't even cross his mind, the cold beer sliding down his throat, numbing the knot in his gut.

But not for long. Bella burst in half an hour later, greeting everyone with a cheerful "Hey losers!" as she swiped a beer from the fridge, her ease barely masking the undercurrent of strain.

She took a swig, eyes narrowing at Alan, and dropped it in a tone that brooked no argument: "Alan, come with me for a sec."

The guys cracked up immediately, Larry choking on his sip while Sean wagged a finger with a mocking grin: "You're fucked, dude. Good luck."



Alan shrugged, playing it cool, but followed her into the next room—a messy bedroom with an unmade bed and clothes strewn across the floor—closing the door behind them with a click that echoed like a lock snapping shut.

And then it was fireworks. Bella unloaded without warning, words flying like bullets: “What the fuck did you do to Madi, Alan? She was in tears earlier, totally wrecked, and all she says is you two fought? Seriously, what happened? She won’t tell me more, but I know her—this isn’t some petty bullshit. What did you do to get her like that?”

Alan kept his cool, letting the accusations roll off him like water on stone, arms crossed, gaze fixed on some blank spot on the wall. He waited her out as the tirade poured on—about their sibling bond, how he should protect her instead of hurting her, that weird distance she’d clocked in the caf. When the storm finally ebbed, he replied in a flat, almost weary voice: “You done?”

Bella didn’t back down, her gaze locked onto his with a ferocity that pinned him right where he stood, arms folded tight like an unbreakable wall.

“No, seriously, Alan—think about how wrecked she was! Real tears, not some fake sniffle for show. And you’re just standing there like nothing happened?”

Alan raised his palms in a steadying gesture, keeping his tone even, careful not to fan the flames.

“Listen, Bella, it’ll be fine. It’s just… something between us. We’ll handle it, like always. No need to blow it up.”

But she jerked her head side to side, refusing to let it go, her foot drumming an anxious rhythm on the cluttered floor.

“You don’t want to explain? Fine, I get it—it’s sibling stuff. But at least make up, for fuck’s sake. Text her. Right now. Show me you’re not a total asshole.”

Alan felt a sly discomfort worm its way up his back, a unwelcome heat prickling his skin—why did the idea of messaging his sister twist him up like this?

It was stupid, everyday stuff they’d done a hundred times before… before everything. But with Bella staring him down like a teacher waiting for homework, it turned weirdly personal, like typing those words cracked open a door he’d bolted shut.

He pulled out his phone anyway, fingers unsteady on the screen, and fired off: “I don’t get what you told Bella. We need to meet up, okay? She thinks we fought…”



He hit send, dodging Bella’s prying lean even though she couldn’t see the display.

She exhaled long and slow, a flicker of triumph crossing her face, like she’d scored a point in her own made-up game.

“Good, at least you took a step. Feels better knowing I played matchmaker—you two are too stubborn to fix it on your own.”

They headed back to the living room with the guys, the air a bit lighter for her, but for Alan, it piled another layer onto the sour knot already churning in his stomach.

Sean and Larry were slumped on the couch, beers in hand, cracking up at some dumb joke about the game flickering on the screen. Alan sank down, grabbing his can to occupy his hands, but his phone buzzed almost right away—a reply from Madison, curt and bare: "OK."

It irked him for no good reason, that clipped response hitting like a slammed door, throwing him back to the heavy quiet after the hotel.

He typed back fast, grip tight: "When?"

Her answer shot right back: "Whenever you want."

Alan blinked, caught off guard, a unwelcome shiver rippling through him—the awkwardness surged back, gripping his throat like unseen fingers.

This would be the first real talk since… since that night shattered everything, the mess with Rebecah leaving jagged scars in their sibling bond. He stared at the screen, mind racing, already picturing the confrontation, the weight in her eyes he'd have to face, loaded with everything left unsaid.

Bella, sharp as ever, picked up on his tension—the rigid shoulders, the white-knuckled hold on his phone.

"What'd she say?"

Alan paused, then relayed the basics in a flat voice, avoiding her eyes. "She said 'OK,' then 'whenever you want.'"



Bella didn't hesitate, springing up with a fierce glint in her gaze.

"Go now. Seriously, just do it—this is the perfect time to hash it out."

He tried to push back, voice rising in surprise: “What? Right this second? Hold on, that’s not—”

But Bella was already on her feet, smacking her hands together like swatting away excuses.

“Nope! No arguing. Get moving!”

The guys chuckled from across the room, Sean hoisting his beer with a smirk: “Better listen, dude. She doesn’t quit when she’s on a roll.”

Alan let out a defeated breath, the group pressure shoving him toward the door.

He thumbed one last message to Madison, fingers heavy: “OK I’m coming.”