# The Offer

## Chapter 19

Alan stepped out of Madison's place with a heaviness crushing his chest, his shoulders slumped like every stride dragged him down, replaying the words that had slammed between them like bolted doors.

The walk back to his building stretched into a haze of bottled-up anger, the dark campus streets blurring past without registering, his mind churning with a toxic brew of frustration and guilt that twisted his guts into knots.



He finally reached the base of his building, a nondescript tower with bricks weathered raw by the elements, and paused under the harsh glare of a streetlamp, his keys jingling in his shaking hand. He was pissed—fuck that, he was furious—and the words spilled out in a hoarse mutter to the empty night.

"Goddamn it, what's her deal? She's the one who basically pushed me into it, shit... And fuck... I know what I saw... She's acting like I'm the only one who got played... We should just forget the whole mess, move on... instead of slinging blame like idiots..."

He shook his head, shoving away the images that flooded in unbidden—Madison's accusing

stare, that awkwardness thickening the air between them like poison smoke—and climbed the steps to his door, his heart still pounding with a dull fury.

He unlocked it on autopilot, but something felt off: the door was already ajar, a thin sliver of light seeping through the crack.

Instantly on edge, a chill prickling up his spine like icy fingers, he scanned the hallway—the empty corridor, the still shadows—before easing the handle down, his pulse racing like a silent alarm.

When he pushed inside, the room was lit up, the living room lamp casting a warm glow over the familiar walls, turning his sanctuary into some bizarre setup.

And there on the couch, lounging like she owned the place, Rebecah was watching TV, legs crossed, a casual smile playing on her lips. Alan's brain skidded to a halt on the impossible sight, barely processing it, when Beca looked up at him, all innocent, like this was perfectly normal. "Oh, Alan, you're back!?" He stammered, his voice pitching up in a rush of shock and rage that clamped his throat.



“Fuck, ho—how the hell did you get in here? You’re fucking insane!”

She replied with mock regret, shrugging dramatically, her eyes sparkling with a malice that sent a cold wave through him.

“Sorry, I told the building manager I was your girlfriend…”

Alan roared, his voice booming through the room, fists clenched until his knuckles went white.

“There’s no fucking manager, what the—goddamn it, I’m calling the cops!”

His trembling fingers yanked his phone from his pocket, dialing emergency with desperate urgency, his heart hammering like it might burst. But Beca’s tone shifted sharp, low and threatening, a steely glint in her eyes.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you.”

Startled, he froze for a beat, his finger hovering over the screen, a sharp dread slicing through him.

Rebecah rose from the couch with a sleek, predatory ease, her sly grin curling her lips as if this were all just some harmless prank, a little tease between buddies. She closed in on him slow, her eyes gleaming with that twisted glee, and handed over his phone without a word—nothing more than that simple move, loaded with an unseen threat that set off a warning bell deep in Alan’s skull.

He sensed the trap, a cold prickle racing up his back, but caught up in the raw shock of her being here, invading his space, he just took the device, his fingers brushing hers on instinct, without pausing to question how she’d gotten in, why she was planted in his territory like she’d already claimed it all.

Fuck, his mind blanked out for a second, slamming to a halt when the screen lit up under his thumb, the audio leaking from the speaker like venom straight to his ears—his own voice, rough and shattered, moaning “Aahh, Madi… fuck, Madii…” as he called out his big sister’s name like a forbidden plea.

Him coming all over her, thick hot spurts splattering her bare skin, captured from above by some hidden camera, merciless.



Shit, the clip looped those few seconds relentlessly: him unloading on her while he groaned, their eyes locked in a raw stare-down, loaded with shared revulsion and that buried hunger slicing right through the footage.

Alan dropped the phone in a knee-jerk flinch, like the thing was searing his palm, letting it thud to the floor in the thick silence.

“What the—fuck, fuck!”

Rebecah bent down to scoop it up, cool as ever, her calm face a stark slap against the storm raging inside him, like none of this even grazed her. Alan lost it completely, his breaths coming in ragged gasps, questions firing off like shots.

“What the hell does this mean? We agreed no cameras in the deal! No—”

His brain kicked in before he could finish, a brutal flash of insight jolting through him, shoving him back until he hit the wall, cornered, towering over Rebecah’s slim frame but utterly terrified of her, like she was some demon wrapped in an angel’s skin.

This time, he actually dialed the cops, his shaky fingers punching in the emergency number, back pressed to the cold wall, heart pounding so hard it churned his stomach.

Before he could connect to a dispatcher, Rebecah just said it, her voice soft but cutting sharp: “If you do that, I’ll send the video to your parents, your friends, everyone.”

Alan picked up the line to a dispatcher's steady voice asking, "Emergency services, what's your situation?" But he couldn't get a word out, fury and terror locking him up tight, choking off every sound like an iron grip around his throat.

The words jammed in his throat, a wild storm swirling in his head—the video overlaying everything, that nightmare ready to wreck his life with one tap. He finally hung up without speaking, the phone nearly slipping from his sweaty palm, a deafening quiet crashing back into the room. Beca just added a soft, taunting "Good boy," like she was praising a well-trained pet, her smile stretching a bit wider, a triumphant spark in her eyes that sent a deep chill straight through him.

Still seething, Alan staggered toward her, grabbing her shoulders with raw force, his fingers digging into her slim flesh, giving her a slight shake—as if to snap her back to sense, or maybe to convince himself this wasn't some twisted dream.

"You're fucking crazy! If you do this, Madi and I will turn you in, you'll lose everything! It's two against one… We signed that goddamn contract!" Beca laughed then, a sharp, icy sound that cut through him like a blast of winter wind, raising goosebumps along his back despite the heat of his anger.

She spoke at last, her tone even, almost melodic, like she was spelling out the obvious to a kid.

"That contract… it was bullshit. And you saw the video? I'm not even in it…"

The realization hit him hard, a guttural "Hah!" escaping in a muffled grunt that twisted his insides; he knew she was right—in those looping seconds,



it was just them, him and Madison, exposed and raw, no sign of her, like she'd never been in that room at all.

"What proof do you have that I had anything to do with it? It's your word against mine," she went on, all pleased with herself, that victorious gleam in her eyes, like she was relishing every syllable.

Alan tried to fire back, stammering a "But we—we can testify, together, we—", but she shut him down quick, laying it out with this almost playful glee.



"My dad's got the biggest law firm in Glasgow, you know? You two don't stand a chance… Either way, if you try anything, I'll sue you for defamation, and you'll be shelling out for lawyers for months, maybe years, racking up insane bills… You'll be broke before it even starts."

She broke him down, bit by bit, her words landing like targeted strikes that shredded what little hope he had left, leaving him hollowed out, gasping, the truth slamming into him like an unbreakable barrier.

She wrapped it up by saying she had nothing to lose, tossing in a casual shrug, then finally got to why she'd shown him the thing: she kept it straightforward, her voice flat but edged.

"If you tell anyone about the video, I'll send it to everyone. Cops too. Even Madison."

Bottom line, he was the only one who knew, stuck carrying this secret that was already eating him alive from the inside, a ticking bomb he had to handle solo.

Alan was seething, a raw fury churning inside him that clamped down on his chest like it was caught in a vise, but it was the fear that overpowered everything—a gut-deep dread, sharp and corrosive, twisting his insides and setting his hands to shaking.

That video… fuck, it would destroy everything.

His life, Madi's, their already strained bond, all the fragile pieces they'd pieced together shattered under the stares of their parents, their friends, the whole damn world.

He could already picture the judgmental glares, the hushed revulsion, the complete isolation that would swallow them whole.




His mind raced in circles, those looping images haunting him like a waking nightmare, and he tried to force the words out, his voice cracking, stumbling over itself as if they were lodged in his tightened throat.

"Wh… what the fuck do you want!"

Rebecah smiled then, a slow curl of her lips that came off almost tender, clashing with the cold calculation sharpening her gaze—a glint of pure triumph, like she was drinking in every moment of his breakdown.

She stepped closer with deliberate ease, tilting her head just a fraction, and answered in a smooth, velvety tone laced with an authority that sent a shiver racing through him, bone-deep.

“That you do exactly what I say, no questions asked. One slip-up… and I send the video.”

Alan felt his legs give way, the room spinning as if the floor had dropped out from under him. He crumpled to the ground, knees hitting hard, breath coming in short, ragged bursts.

Hot tears welled up, stinging at the edges of his eyes, a toxic mix of helpless anger and sheer despair that choked him. He struggled to get the words out, mumbling them in a hoarse, fractured whisper, each one feeling like it ripped something vital from him.

“Rebecah… please… why are you doing this?”

She looked down at him, unmoved, almost entertained by his raw exposure, and shook her head with a hint of patronizing pity.

“I haven’t finished playing with you two yet.”

Then, oddly, she softened her voice, turning it cryptic, a fleeting spark crossing her eyes—like a twisted lure dangled in the void.

“And who knows… you might end up getting something out of it.”

She left it at that, the words hanging there like a murky shadow, veiling whatever she really had in mind.

Panic surged through him now, his heart slamming against his ribs like a trapped animal, breaths jerking unevenly, flashes of the video hitting him like physical blows—him and Madi, laid bare, tainted forever.

Beca rolled her eyes with an exaggerated sigh, as if his misery was more annoying than anything, and tossed out in a placating, almost mocking drawl: “Oh, come on, Alan… I’m not gonna ask you to kill anyone or jump off a bridge, geez.”

She paused, her smile stretching a touch wider, laced with malice, before dropping her voice low, heavy with implication: “I just want to… watch you and your sister…”

Alan got it instantly, a jolt ripping through his chest, heat flooding his face despite the wave of revulsion—a treacherous warmth tangled with horror that knotted his stomach. He looked away, eyes wide, refusing to meet the insinuation head-on, this snare tightening around them like an unseen noose.



Rebecah settled back onto Alan’s couch, sinking into the cushions with regal ease, like she owned the damn place. She beckoned him over with a commanding flick of her finger, her gaze locked on his with an intensity that pinned him in place. Powerless, he complied, hauling himself up stiffly, muscles coiled tight like they might snap.

A part of him still boiled over, a simmering rage screaming inside—he couldn’t just get played like this, not like some fucking puppet jerked around by this psycho—but the fear won out, crushing him under its weight, compelling him to obey anyway.

Beca crossed her legs, a knowing smile playing on her lips, and asked in a gentle, almost inquisitive tone: “Tell me about your day, Alan. Everything. And did you talk to your sister…?”

Alan sank down beside her on the couch, body stiff as a board, dodging her gaze that raked over him with raw hunger, like she was starving for every scrap.

The video still loomed over them, a constant threat ready to slice through his life with one wrong move, and every word he was about to spit out felt like another surrender. But he had no options—not with that bomb ticking, primed to blow everything to hell. He drew in a shaky breath, hands jittering on his knees, and started spilling it all in a low, halting voice, each detail scorching his throat on the way out.

He laid out most of the day—the rough wake-up after that restless night, classes dragging on in an endless fog, those lone breaks where his thoughts kept circling back to Madison, that unease seeping in between them like slow rot.

He mentioned Bella’s text that dragged him over there, the thick tension hitting him the second he stepped inside, and how it all blew up like a sudden storm.

He described Madison turning on him, hurling sharp words like daggers— that disgusted glare she shot his way, pinning all the blame on him, as if she’d forgotten her own role in the mess. He talked about his clumsy pushback, reminding her how she’d pushed for the cash, for that nightmare evening, but it spiraled into a full-blown fight, tears and shouts carving out this gaping void between them.



He skipped the dream, obviously—that raw, shameful one where flashes of Madison had driven him to come without meaning to; he buried that deep, too incendiary to drag into the light, even under duress.

Rebecah soaked it all in with rapt focus, eyes gleaming with a feverish spark, leaning forward like she was guzzling down every word. She was clearly loving it—a faint smile tugging at her lips, the occasional nod urging him on, as if their shared misery was her personal high.

At one point, she cut in with a soft, pressing edge, her fingers grazing his arm lightly to draw him deeper.

“But how exactly did you two fight? What did you say? Come on, give me the details, Alan… I want it all.”

He swallowed hard, throat tight, but he gave in anyway, diving back into the bitter back-and-forth—Madison’s jabs about his twisted stares, the revulsion she couldn’t shake, and his own snapback, throwing in her face how she’d gotten wet despite herself, her body selling her out too. Reliving it as he spoke, he saw her tears again, his anger flaring up like a shield, and the heavy silence that crashed down when she kicked him out.



Rebecah was even more into it now, her smile stretching into a grin of sheer delight, almost euphoric; she nibbled her lower lip, eyes half-lidded, like she was picturing every raw emotion, every word, and it was turning her on hard. A muffled chuckle even slipped out, this wicked little sound that sent a ripple through Alan, hammering home how he was just a puppet in her twisted setup.

Then she summed it up in a flat, almost clinical tone, like she was piecing together some intriguing riddle.

“So, you two are kinda on the outs now, huh? And like, major awkwardness? That must suck, right? All that strain eating away at everything between you…”

Alan nodded without thinking, a grudging mumble slipping out, his chest tight with how spot-on she was—that icy distance settling in, the discomfort making every thought of Madison sting like fresh salt in a cut.

“Hmmm, I know what you’re gonna do to start…” she murmured, a sly glint in her eyes, but she trailed off, her gaze drifting down over him slowly, like a fresher urge had just hit her.

“But first…”

Out of nowhere, she slid her hand across his pants, a smooth, claiming move that made him jolt hard, a gasp ripping from his throat. He tried to shove her off on reflex, fingers clamping around her wrist to pull it away, body wired with shock and flat-out rejection.

“What the— no, stop!”

But she just shook her head with a mocking “tss tss,” eyes locked on his with a command that froze him solid, like she already had him strung up. She brushed off his protest, nimble fingers popping his fly with practiced ease, dipping inside to tease him slow, a playful stroke that sent a betraying spark racing through him.

“You get a little reward for being good… okay?”

Alan got rock hard against his will, his cock stiffening under her persistent touch, a treacherous heat building like a blaze he couldn’t douse.

He hated it—this betrayal from his own flesh, the unwanted rush of arousal making him gasp even as fury still simmered deep in his gut, tearing him apart in a silent war between raw disgust and that base urge he couldn't shove down.



His pants strained tight, betraying him with a throbbing hardness that pulsed under her skilled fingers, sliding along his length through the fabric, teasing and owning him like she already had claim.

Without warning, she freed his cock, the tip already slick with pre-cum, swollen and flushed under the harsh lamp light, and took him straight into her mouth, hot and wet, swallowing him down in one smooth, deep plunge.

Alan let out a muffled grunt, a raw sound slipping free despite himself, his hips bucking on instinct as her lips stretched around him, sinking to the base in an instant deep throat, her throat clenching like a slick vise, warm and tight.



She sucked like a pro, no holds barred, her tongue swirling viciously around his shaft, lapping at every raised vein, drawing slow, insistent circles over the head before diving back in, over and over, the room filling with wet, filthy sounds—deep, sloppy slurps where strings of drool slid down his cock, glistening and hot, spilling from the corners of her mouth as she picked up

speed, her head bobbing with a near-feral hunger.



She took him all the way each time, nose brushing his pubes, choking back a gurgle when she pushed deeper, her throat opening wide to take him fully, muscles squeezing and releasing to milk him from inside, a feeling that had him shaking from head to toe, forced waves of pleasure crashing over him.

Alan twisted on the couch, fingers digging into the cushions, trying desperately to hold back, but his body sold him out, hips thrusting forward to bury himself deeper in that drooling heat, her mouth working him relentlessly, switching between slow, deep holds where she kept him lodged in her throat, humming faintly to amp up the buzz, and fast, frantic pumps where her tongue lashed the underside of his cock, catching every drop of pre-cum with a muffled “hmm” of smug delight.

Drool poured out now, a sticky mess making everything slick and obscene, heightening every glide of her lips over his sensitive skin.

And to his shock, Alan came just minutes in, a brutal climax ripping through him like a surge, thick hot spurts flooding her throat, pulsing against the tight walls. She gagged a bit, a wet gurgle echoing as she swallowed it all down, pushing through to catch every bit, coughing lightly as she finally pulled off, a strand of spit and cum still linking her swollen lips to his twitching tip, red and gleaming.

She laughed then, a breathless, taunting burst, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, eyes sparkling with wicked amusement.

“How’d you blow so fast? Seriously, Alan…”



But he looked just as stunned, eyes wide, breath ragged, a flush of shame creeping up his face—he hadn’t seen it coming that quick, like his body had cracked under the built-up strain, the evening’s tension, the fear and mind games betraying him yet again, leaving him spent, heaving, with that sticky revulsion clinging to his skin like the cooling drool on his softening cock.

She wiped her mouth one last time, rising with casual grace.

“Hum, alright. Here’s what you’re gonna do: make up with your precious big sister. Play the lost little brother card, the one who can’t handle being without her, got it? Cry, whatever, I don’t care. But get her feeling guilty, make her see you as wrecked… Push till she apologizes, okay? So really go all in.”

Alan tried to push back, incredulous, his voice stumbling up in shock: “But… but why? This is—”

She cut him off sharp, her tone hard and unyielding: “Alan, just do what I say, period. Screw up, and the video goes out.”

“I’ll text you to confirm, see ya!”

And she was gone, striding across the room with light steps, slamming the door behind her with a final click that echoed in the heavy silence, leaving Alan alone on the couch, drained, his body still quivering from the aftershocks of that coerced release, his mind drowning in a pit of control he couldn’t escape.