The Offer

Chapter 23

Alan settled deeper into his worn-out couch, stretching his legs across the cluttered coffee table scattered with loose notes and a laptop humming softly. It was Saturday morning, barely an hour or two since Madison had slammed the door behind her, leaving the apartment thick with the echo of their shared unease.

He'd jumped in the shower quick to rinse off the clammy sweat from waking up, then dove into this group engineering project—a seismic-resistant structure model he actually enjoyed tinkering with for once. No stupid pressure, just code to hack at and simulations to run, with a steaming mug of black coffee close at hand.



The place was quiet, washed in pale light seeping through the half-lowered blinds, and for the first time in days, he felt almost relaxed, his mind tangled in equations instead of the storm churning inside him since… Beca.

A sharp knock at the door jolted him, pulling a muffled “Shit” from his lips as he set the laptop aside. Baffled, he furrowed his brow—no one was supposed to drop by, and Madison had bolted without saying if she’d swing back. He dragged himself up, shuffling across the tiny living room while dodging a teetering stack of textbooks, and cracked the door open cautiously.

There stood Rebecah, all bright and beaming, her smile wide like she’d shown up for an impromptu brunch.



She was in casual workout gear that hugged her athletic frame: tight black leggings clinging to her firm thighs and a matching sports bra that accentuated the swell of her breasts, her flat, toned stomach bare to the cool hallway air.

She carried a faint scent of light sweat, as if she’d jogged over. Alan froze for a beat, stunned, his eyes darting quickly down the empty corridor behind her—just peeling walls and a neighbor’s closed door.

“Fuck, Beca, you can’t just show up like this! What the hell are you doing here?” he hissed in a low, strained voice, his pulse surging with a rush of shock laced with that gut-twisting edge of alarm.

She laughed, a light, mocking burst that echoed in the hallway’s hush, and pushed past him without waiting, slipping inside like the place was hers.

“What, you’re not alone?... Hold on,” she said, narrowing her eyes as she scanned his face with that vicious insight he was getting way too familiar with. She read him like an open page, a triumphant grin spreading across her lips.

“She came over?”

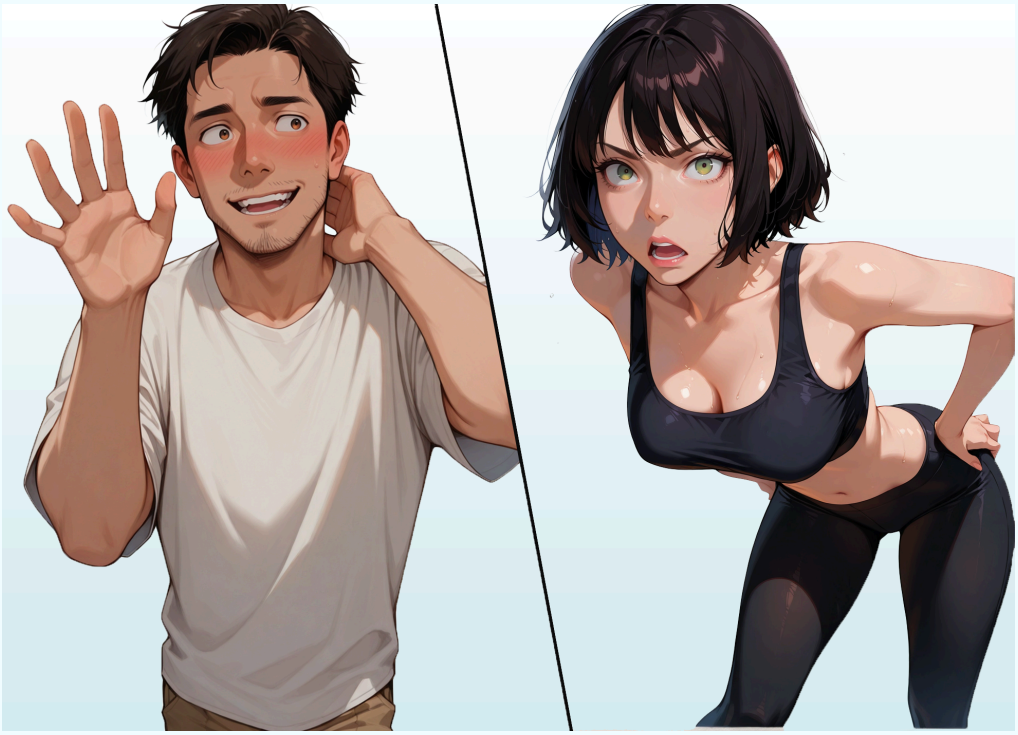
Alan said nothing, jaw clenched tight, but his silence spoke volumes—he looked away, a faint flush creeping up his cheeks from the embarrassment.

“No way!? Awesome, so it’s done?” she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with an almost childish thrill, like she’d just heard some everyday good news. Alan let out a reluctant “Yeah,” low and awkward, still pissed at her barging in—the way she claimed his space as her playground grated on him like a physical violation. “Yes!” Beca replied, genuinely pleased, a little chuckle bubbling from her throat as she stepped further into the living room.

“See, it wasn’t that hard.”

Alan felt a biting comeback rise in his throat—something like “Easy for you, maybe”—but he held it together, drawing a deep breath to keep the bubbling frustration from spilling over. Instead, he crossed his arms, trying to reclaim some control.

“Look, Rebecah, I’ve got a ton of work to do... Can we talk about this later?” She fixed him with a serious stare then, wary and intense, lingering on him with a chilling scrutiny, like she was sizing up some unseen threat.



It unnerved him instantly—that shadow in her gaze, the heavy

silence that too vividly recalled the hold she had over him, and he backpedaled fast, stammering a forced “I mean, whatever you want, haha…” with a nervous laugh that rang hollow in the charged air. Beca shook her head, her smile snapping back like nothing had happened, and she plopped down on the couch uninvited.

“I knew you’d pull it off. Come on, tell me how you did it.”

Alan hesitated for a second, that discomfort slithering beneath his skin like an insistent itch, but he gave in and started explaining, his voice flat as he skimmed over the details to avoid reliving it all too sharply.

They’d sunk into the couch side by side, the air still thick with that unseen strain clinging to Alan’s skin like a chill he couldn’t shake.

He’d just laid out the evening for her—the bare essentials, in a flat monotone that sidestepped the raw edges: how he’d faked a breakdown to lure her over, the tears, the apologies, steering clear of the messier bits where Madison had crumbled against him, their bodies brushing too close for comfort.



Beca was grinning, genuinely pleased, her eyes lit up like it was some cute little story, an everyday win.

“Fuck, that’s perfect,” she murmured with a soft laugh, leaning in closer, her shoulder grazing his.

She was way too near, and that outfit… damn, it was hot, those leggings hugging every

curve like a second skin, the sports bra hinting at the firmness of her breasts beneath the stretched fabric.

It threw him off, her blatant delight, like this was all some harmless game, while he felt the crush of the deceit twisting deeper in his gut. Beca caught his gaze drifting unwillingly to her cleavage, that smooth dip of skin rising and falling with her breaths. She chuckled low and teasing, resting a light hand on his knee.

“Aww, don’t worry about it, it’s totally normal,” she said with a shrug, like she was easing his mind.

“Hmm, maybe you’ve earned a little reward for nailing that first step…”

Alan pulled a weird face, brows knitting in confusion, but his body sold him out in an instant—a sly warmth coiled low in his abdomen, his pulse kicking up, and his cock stiffened fast, swelling against his pants from nothing more than her words and that knowing look already reeling him in. She tilted her head, smirking sideways, and asked in a sweet, almost guileless voice: “What would make you happy?”

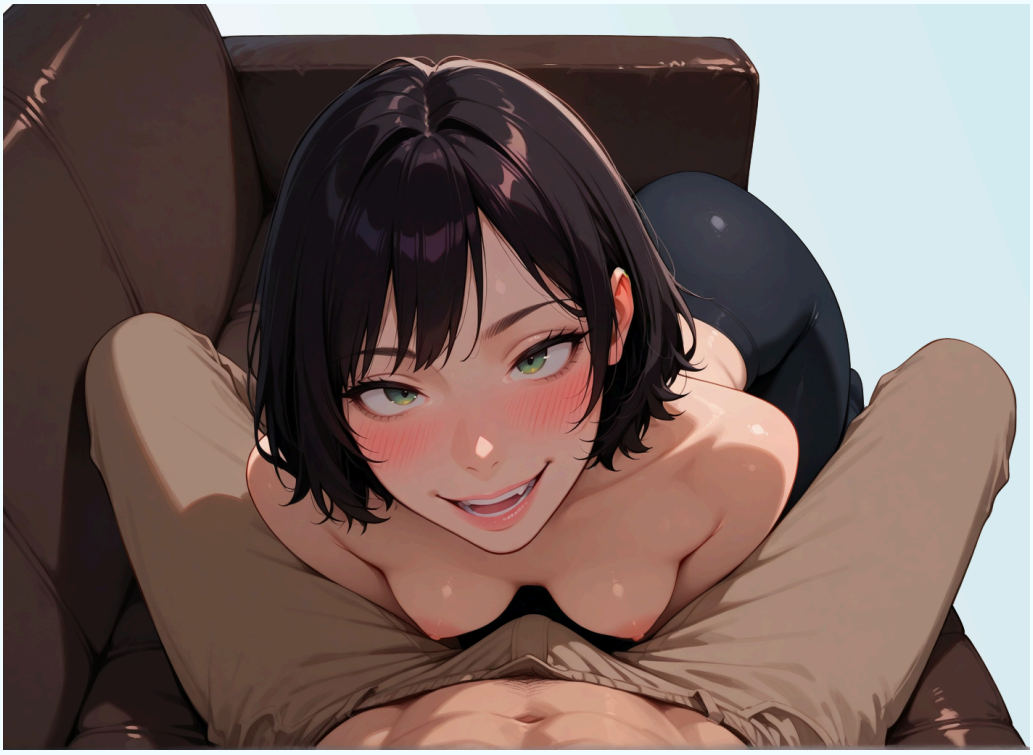
Alan shook his head, putting up a front of resistance, his voice rough around the edges: “Nothing… You know, you should probably head out, I’ve still got work to—”

But she burst out laughing again, louder and more open this time, and without a word, she grabbed the hem of her bra, tugging it up smoothly over her head. Her breasts spilled free, bare and flawless, full and perky with nipples already pebbled from the room’s cool air.

Topless now, she edged even closer, her body molding against his, and her hand slid up his thigh until it brushed the obvious bulge in his pants—a feather-light touch that jolted through him like a spark.

“Hmm,” she hummed, pausing there, her fingers lingering on the strained fabric, her face shifting into full-on vixen mode, lips parted, eyes gleaming with wicked challenge.

“You sure you don’t want anything?”



Alan swallowed hard, breath ragged, but she didn’t wait for an answer—she twisted around fluidly, back to him, and yanked down her leggings in one sharp pull, dragging her panties along with them, baring her round, tight ass, cheeks parting just enough in a teasing arc.

Bent over fully, exposed and vulnerable on the couch, she played the total slut, swaying her hips a bit to drive the invitation home, and breathed out in a husky voice: “If you don’t decide right now…”

She didn’t even finish, letting the unspoken threat hang, a low moan slipping from her throat like a raw beckon. Alan snapped, the pent-up lust shattering through him in a rush—he shoved down his own pants, freeing his throbbing cock, not wasting another second.

He got behind her, hands clamping onto her hips, and drove into her deep with one hard thrust, a guttural growl tearing from him as he buried himself in her slick, gripping heat, Beca’s body arching to take him, heightening that raw flood of sensation crashing over him.

Beca moaned right away, a sharp, throaty cry ripping through the room like a twisted goad, her body arching to swallow every inch of him.



“Fuck, you’ve got such a huge cock,” she gasped between ragged breaths, her voice fracturing under the raw thrill, as she rocked with him on the couch, grinding her hips to pull him deeper, her ass slapping against his thighs in a slick, filthy cadence.

Alan took her from behind, fingers digging into her lower back, his movements raw and animal—silent except for those muffled grunts betraying the pent-up fury, but damn, they were both lost in it, that suffocating heat wrapping around them, her pussy clenching around his dick like a velvet vise, soaked with her arousal dripping down her thighs.

He spread her ass a bit with his thumb, an impulsive probe, brushing the puckered, warm skin without pressing in, just teasing, claiming a little more of her surrendered form. Beca laughed amid her moans, a breathless, mocking huff vibrating through him.

“Whoa there, next time if you earn it, maybe… For now, look but don’t touch!”



Alan was on fire, a blaze scorching him from the core—he fucked her wildly, his thrusts turning brutal, almost vengeful, hammering into her plump ass that flushed red under the onslaught, like each slam chipped away at the

coercion she forced on him, that sticky revulsion he harbored for her and himself.

But she was loving it, her cries building to a fever pitch, her body writhing for more, her walls pulsing around him like they were milking him dry, ramping up that overwhelming rush driving him insane. Alan felt the climax surging, unstoppable, a tight coil low in his balls—he let out a wordless grunt of warning, yanking out abruptly.

Beca spun around in an instant, full slut mode, dropping to her knees on the couch, head tilted back, mouth gaping wide in a dirty plea, tongue out to catch it all. He erupted with a guttural roar, his hot, thick load spurting in heavy ropes—across her flushed face, her cheeks, her forehead, streaking down in viscous trails toward her chin, and she sucked him as he kept coming, her lips sealing around his throbbing tip to gulp down the final throbs, drawing him in greedily like a total whore, cum smeared all over her face, filling her mouth, dribbling onto her bare tits in sticky pools.



Alan was in bliss, a blank haze flooding him, legs shaking, the ecstasy jolting through him like a current wiping out everything else for that split second. She licked her lips at last, swallowing the remnants with a satisfied “hmm,” scooping the drops from her chin with her fingers to suck them clean, then wiped the rest with a crumpled tissue she snatched from the coffee table, rubbing her glistening skin without a shred of shame.

Then, still on the couch, she rested her head in his lap with a lazy sigh, Alan pantsless, his softening cock limp against his thigh, her half-naked with her leggings and panties tangled at her ankles.

They both caught their breath, the jagged inhales filling the heavy quiet, the air thick with the musk of sex and sweat clinging to everything.

A few minutes later, Beca was sprawled out on the couch like she owned the damn place, her body still half-exposed, her bare breasts rising and falling with breaths that were finally easing up.

Alan sat nearby, pants still bunched around his ankles, staring at the cracked ceiling of his shitty apartment, his pulse hammering with a poisonous blend of raw physical release and gut-deep loathing. He wondered when the hell she'd leave—this invasive presence hanging in the air like stale sex, turning his hideout into a snare he'd set himself.

He felt like absolute garbage for caving so easily to this awful… repulsive manipulator who had him by the balls, in every sense.



Fuck, he glanced at her anyway, her languid form stretched out, still slick with sweat, and she looked too damn hot, those flawless curves that had him hard like a teenager, even though she was playing him like a puppet in her twisted scheme.

He had to figure out a way to trap her; that video was too dangerous, a slow-acting venom eating away at everything, and if he didn't neutralize it soon, it'd devour him alive.

Beca cut into his thoughts, her voice soft and lazy slicing through the quiet like it was nothing.

"Hey, when are you seeing Madison next?"

Alan shrugged, forcing a casual tone to hide the unease twisting up his spine at the thought of dragging his sister back into this mess. “Sometime this week… or maybe tonight, if she shows at the party. It’s a big bash on campus, thrown by some seniors…”

“Oh, what party?” she asked, propping herself up on an elbow, her eyes sparking with an interest that put him on high alert right away.

“She say if she’s coming?”

He shook his head, dodging her gaze.

“Nah, she hasn’t replied yet.”

She let out a soft laugh, low and knowing, making him grind his teeth inwardly.

“Ask her, then.”

She said it straight up, like a command wrapped in casual advice, and Alan complied despite himself, snatching his phone off the coffee table to fire off a quick text: “Hey Madi, you up for the party tonight?”



Beca pressed on without pausing, leaning in closer with a sly grin curling her lips.

“You’re going to do something next time you see her…”

Alan felt an icy dread clamp down in his stomach, stalling for time, his voice wavering a bit despite trying to play it cool.

“That can wait, right? We just patched things up, and I don’t want to screw it all over so soon…”

He said it without even knowing what she was about to demand, but he was freaking

out, a creeping dread slithering through him, desperate to halt this before it spiraled too far, before the trap snapped shut for good.

But Beca shook her head, a slow, unyielding “no,” her stare locked onto his like a blade, stripping away any pretense of options.

She told him then, in a voice soft yet unyielding, like she was spelling out the inevitable: “Exactly, it’s the perfect moment… And here’s what I’ve got in mind.”

Beca propped herself up further, her half-exposed body tilting toward him with an intimacy that pinned him in place, her gaze drilling into his without mercy.

“You’re going to tell her you’re still torn up about it… because that night keeps replaying in your head, with her at the center. That you almost went through with it, nearly fucked her right there, that… she got you hard. But above all, that it sickens you, leaves you feeling filthy, like some creep obsessing over her bare skin… replaying it nonstop.”

Alan cut her off sharp, eyes bulging, a raw spike of dread coiling tight in his core like barbed wire digging in.

“Whoa, hold up! What, are you out of your mind? How the hell am I supposed to say—”

But she sliced through his words with a tone iced over, sharp as steel: “It’s that or the video, Alan.”



He didn’t fully back down, his voice spiking in a faltering rush of disbelief, his pulse slamming so viciously it churned bile in his throat.

“That’s way over the line, fuck! She’ll never buy it, it’s total madness!”

Beca let out a low, taunting chuckle that hung in the room like a veiled threat, tilting her head with mock patience.

“Don’t sweat it, she’ll swallow it whole… But you can’t just dump it on her. You’ll need to ease in with some touch…”

“Huh?! But—” he stammered, a flush burning up his face, a cold dread snaking through his veins at the implications sinking in.

“Shh! Let me finish!” she commanded, her voice light but laced with control, finger raised to shut him up.

She went on, laying it out step by step—building a contrived closeness first, with casual brushes that blurred into loaded territory, subtle grazes planting seeds of discomfort without raising red flags, weaving a insidious undercurrent that would sell his admissions as real.

She mapped the scheme for Alan with cold, methodical detail, breaking down each layer like a manual for depravity.

A buzz cut through the stifling quiet—Alan snatched his phone with shaky fingers, scanning Madison’s reply: “Yeah, sure, it’ll do me good! 😊 You still have Sean’s car, can you pick me up?”

Rebecah peered over his shoulder, her grin stretching wide in victory, eyes alight with a twisted thrill.

“You know what’s next… starting tonight.”

She rose at last to go, scooping up her strewn clothes with effortless poise, tugging on her bra and leggings without a hint of self-consciousness, as if this had been nothing more than a quick detour.



Before crossing the threshold, she tossed a final warning, pivoting back with a stare like flint: “If you screw up even a little, I’ll know. If you veer off script, same deal—at the first whiff of hesitation, the video drops, clear? I’ll have watchers at the party.”

She delivered it with a sly wink, playing it off as banter, but Alan got it in a flash—she’d be there herself, blending into the throng, scrutinizing every step.

“You’ll fill me in on every detail tomorrow. Oh, and if you pull it off right, who knows, maybe a little treat’s in store…”

And she was gone, the door snapping shut with a final thud, abandoning Alan to stew in his dump of an apartment, slumped there with his pants still shoved down, his mind a storm of fury, terror, and a cloying revulsion that clung to him like sweat-soaked regret.