The Offer

Chapter 26

Sunday afternoon, the pale sun filtered through the bare branches of the campus trees, casting long, cold shadows across the gravel paths. Alan wandered aimlessly, hands buried deep in the pockets of his hoodie, shoulders hunched under the lingering weight of the night before, as if it had seeped into his very skin.



He'd woken up late with that clammy, unrested feeling, his mind still churning with jagged fragments of the party—sharp, acidic flashes that twisted in his gut.

Every word he'd let slip to Madison, every coerced confession, every deliberate stroke along her thigh... it all looped endlessly in his head like slow-acting poison.

Fuck, what the hell did I do? he repeated silently, jaw clenched tight. Anger rolled through him in waves, first aimed at himself—that spineless coward who'd gone along with Rebecah's scheme with barely any pushback, spilling those words to manipulate her, to pile on the guilt.

Then at her, that vicious slut who'd been yanking their strings from the very

beginning, holding that video over them like a knife to the throat.

He crossed part of the campus without really registering the familiar buildings, the clusters of laughing students, or the empty benches beneath the dark lampposts.

His footsteps fell heavy and mechanical, as though he could stomp the rage out into the ground beneath him. The video. That goddamn video. It had haunted him for days now, a ghost that jolted him awake drenched in sweat at night and knotted his stomach with every buzz of his phone. If she caught wind that he'd slipped up, that he'd confessed everything to Madison… she'd blast it everywhere.

To his parents, his friends, his professors. Their whole lives shattered and laid bare like an open, festering wound. He was trapped, and the thought made him physically sick—that deep, visceral stress that refused to loosen its grip, the constant paranoia of being watched even here, in the middle of nothing.

He eventually dropped onto an isolated bench near a small grove edging the main walkway. The cold wood bit through his jeans, but he barely noticed. Elbows on his knees, head cradled in his hands, he stared blankly ahead.

She thinks she's untouchable, he thought through gritted teeth. Rebecah with her sweet, innocent smile, her lawyer daddy, and the money that let her buy whatever the fuck she wanted. She literally had them by the balls, and she knew it.



How could he trap her? How could he flip this nightmare, get solid proof of the blackmail and the twisted control she'd exerted over them for weeks? An idea began to take root, smoldering like an ember in the dark.

Record her.

Get a clear, undeniable confession—her admitting to the video, the whole plan, the manipulation.

Maybe even threaten to take it to the cops, or at least use it as leverage to force her to back down. He wasn't sure yet how to pull it off or if it would even hold up legally… but fuck, it was better than doing nothing. It might be enough to pressure her, make her destroy the original, and finally leave them the hell alone.

He was done. Completely at the end of his rope. This simmering fury, the exhaustion eating away at his bones… he needed it to stop.

He had to tell Madison everything before she wrote him off for good as some kind of psycho, the monster he wasn't.



Lay out the full truth—the blackmail, the orders, the way Rebecah had pushed him to touch her, to break her down. She'd understand.

She had to. He knew exactly what he needed to do now.

He pushed up from the bench, legs heavy but his resolve sharper than it had been in days, and started walking back toward his apartment.

The campus felt grayer and more oppressive around him, but for the first time in what felt like forever, a faint outline of a plan was beginning to cut through the chaos.

The evening had settled like a heavy veil, smothering the last echoes of student laughter drifting from the neighboring dorms. In her cramped apartment, Madison stood in front of the small stovetop, mechanically stirring a pot of pasta that bubbled listlessly.

The salted water lapped weakly, and the bland smell of overcooked spaghetti filled the stale air, mixing with the musty scent of damp laundry drying on the radiator.

She was exhausted—not just physically, but with a bone-deep weariness that clung to her like a second skin. All day she had planned to make progress on her job search: polishing her résumé, scouring listings for those small finance firms where she could finally get a foot in the door after her aborted internship. But nothing. Not a single line written, not one extra click.

Her mind had been elsewhere, held captive by intrusive flashes from the night before that kept ambushing her, sneaking into every corner of her thoughts. She leaned her elbows on the tiny table, the wooden spoon forgotten in the pot, and let her gaze drift to the cracked wall across from her. Alan's hand… Fuck. That memory came back the most often, raw and burning.

His palm on her thigh through the thin fabric of her tights, sliding up slowly—too slowly—his fingers pressing in just enough to feel the heat of her skin. That forbidden touch that had lingered one second too long, then two, then more.

She closed her eyes for a moment, heavy lids drooping, and shook her head with a forced laugh that came out more like a choked gasp.

"No, no… stop it, Madi."

He couldn't possibly want her like that. Not her little brother. Not Alan.

It was the stress, Rebecah's manipulation, the alcohol… anything but that. She couldn't process it, couldn't fit it into any logical box.

It stayed there, sticky, impossible to swallow. And yet, creeping alongside that denial were her own insidious doubts.

That night with Rebecah… had she wanted it too, even for a moment? No, no. She shook her head harder, letting out a short, dry laugh that sounded false in the apartment's silence.

It had all been forced. Everything was forced.

But with her eyes still closed, the images flooded back against her will, warm waves crashing over her. The weight of Alan's body pressing against hers on the bed, that suffocating closeness, and the treacherous heat that had risen inside her despite the panic. Shit... maybe?

Just for an instant, a split second where her body had responded, where something forbidden had stirred low in her belly.

Her eyes snapped open, breath short, and she stirred her pasta with a sharp, violent motion, as if she could chase the thought away.

"How the hell am I supposed to deal with this... this is insane... I'm actually losing it..." she muttered to herself, her voice low and hoarse, barely audible beneath the bubbling water.

The phone suddenly rang on the counter, making her jump. It was her mom.

Madison answered, forcing a light tone she didn't feel.



"Hey, sweetie!" came the cheerful, always-rushed voice.

"Tell me, are you and your brother coming home next weekend? It's your grandmother's birthday—we can't skip it, right?"

She laughed softly, that maternal laugh that didn't really leave room for no.

"And by the way, have you two made up? Alan sounded a bit off the last time I spoke to him..."

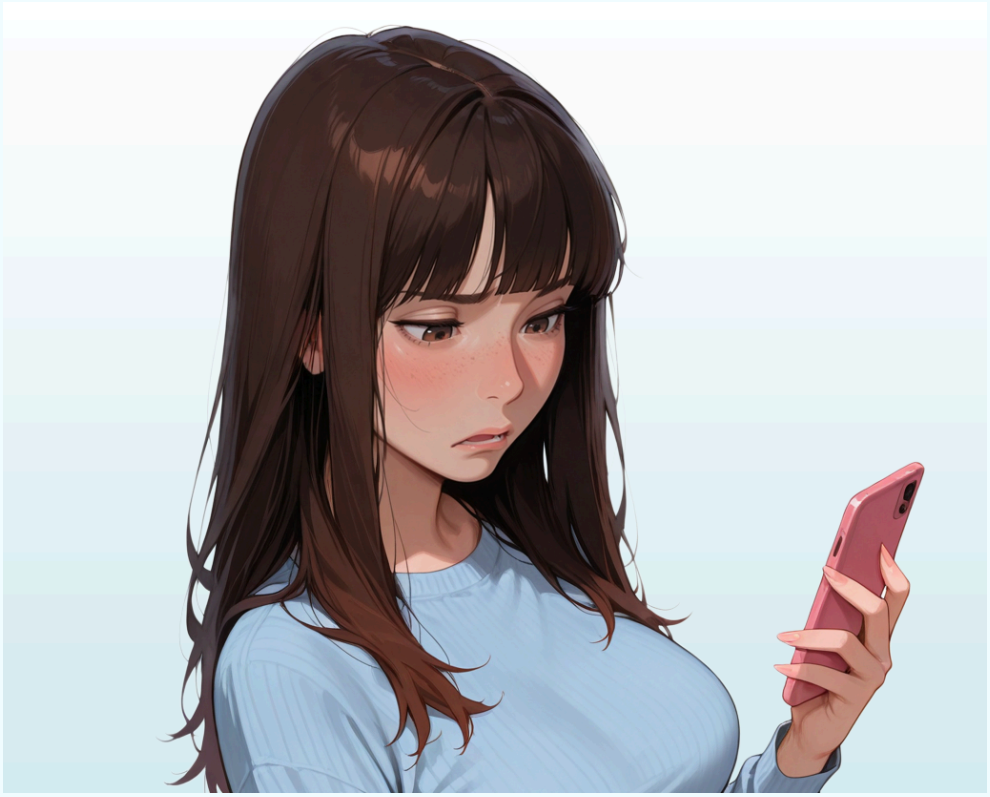
Madison froze for a split second, her cheeks flushing hot despite herself. The image of Alan's hand flashed back, searing,

and she almost stuttered: “Uh… yeah, yeah, we… we made up. Everything’s fine.”

Her mother didn’t give her time to say more, already continuing: “Perfect! See you next week then—we’ll expect you Friday night. Kisses, my love!” And she hung up without letting Madison get another word in.

Madison stared at the dark screen, the phone still warm in her hand.

“Fuck… that’s all I needed…” she grumbled under her breath, tossing the device onto the table with a dull thud.



Grandma’s birthday. Her and Alan together, in the family house. After everything that had happened last night… How the hell was she supposed to survive two full days without cracking, without all of it spilling out like poison?

She gave her pasta one last mechanical stir, stomach twisted with a fresh wave of anxiety piling on top of everything else. She turned off the burner, dumped the pasta into a plate with zero appetite, and sat alone at the table, fork stabbed into the steaming pile as if she could drown her thoughts in it. But they kept coming back, insistent, and the night ahead felt endless.

The night had thickened into a deep, oppressive darkness that wrapped around Madison's apartment like an extra weight pressing down on her chest. She lay in bed, tossing and turning for what felt like hours, the rumpled sheets clinging to her damp skin despite the window cracked open.

The digital clock on the nightstand blinked from 1:17 to 1:42 to 2:05—each glowing number a fresh stab through her already pounding skull. Tomorrow she had a mandatory lecture at 8 sharp, a huge amphitheater where absences were noticed and dozing off on the bench would brand her as that struggling student.

She needed to sleep. Badly. But sleep refused to come, just like the last several nights, chased away by the relentless whirlwind gnawing at her mind since the night before.

A hesitant, almost shameful idea slipped into her head. She remained motionless for a long moment, fingers clenched tight on the sheet, before convincing herself it might help—just enough to knock her out. She sat up slowly, heart thudding harder, and opened the drawer of her nightstand. The pink dildo slid into her palm, heavy and cool to the touch. She stared at it for a second, cheeks burning in the darkness, then lay back down, legs parting slightly under the comforter.

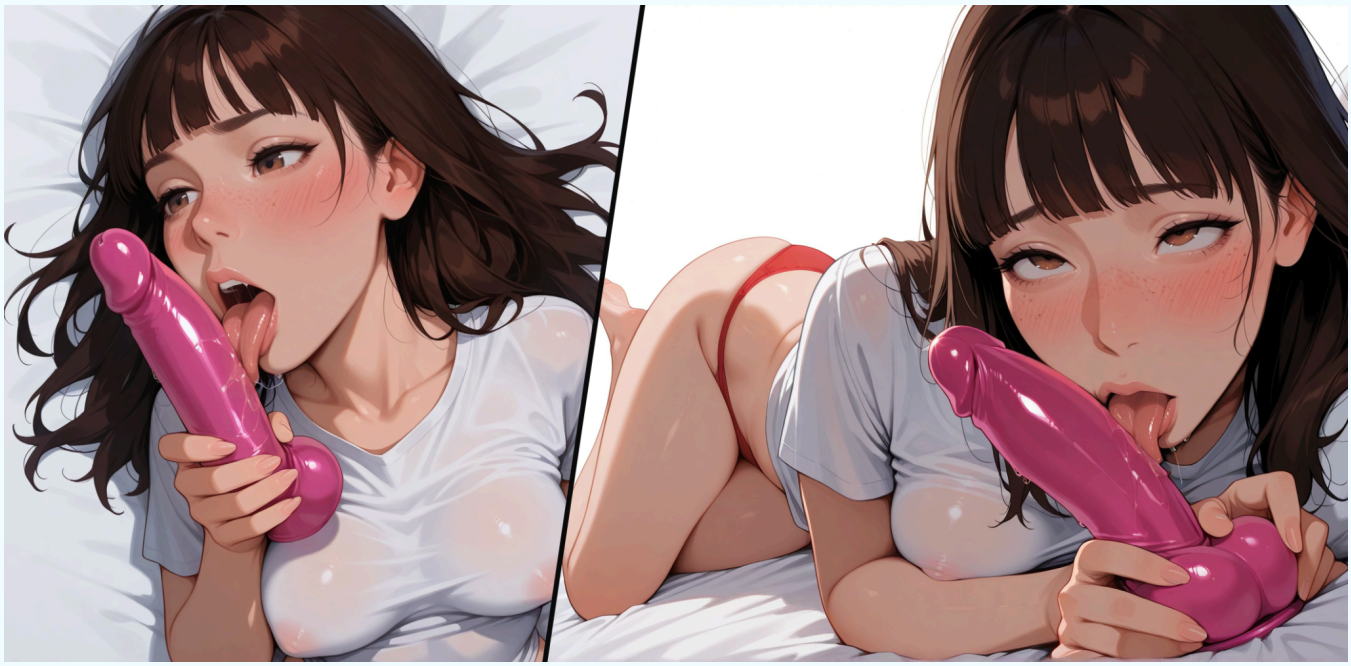
She started by touching herself with just her hand, fingers gliding over her already slick pussy, the timid contact making her shiver. She got wet fast—too fast—and the thought cut through her like a reproach: It's been forever since I've been properly fucked...



She deliberately avoided thinking about that night with Rebecah, shoving the image away before it could take shape.

She wanted to think about nothing. Absolutely nothing.

She picked up the toy, brought it close to her face, and pressed it to her lips. She licked it shyly at first, tongue brushing the smooth head while her other hand kept working slow circles between her thighs.



Don't think about anything… she repeated inside her head like a mantra. She sucked the thick head into her mouth, cautiously at first, then with growing abandon as heat pooled low in her belly and her fingers sped up. The pleasure spread, soft and almost mechanical… until, for a split second, a fleeting thought ghosted through her mind—not named, not pictured, just a blurry shadow, a silent warning: don't go there.

But of course that only made her think about it anyway. A sharper, almost electric heat surged through her. She pushed the thought away as fast as it had come, pausing for a moment, breathing hard.

She looked at the dildo, eyes half-lidded in the dim light. No no no… don't think about it, fuck… I'm thinking about nothing…



She took it deeper into her mouth this time, tongue swirling around it with a new hunger, as if half-acknowledging the taboo had excited her against her will. All the while she forced herself: she never uttered his name, never let any clear image form. But it was precisely because she was trying so hard to think of nothing that she knew exactly which forbidden thought she was blocking.

Occasionally she slipped—a fleeting sensation, an echo of forbidden heat flashing through her mind before she shoved it toward anything else, anything at all. And each time, her pleasure intensified, a stronger wave that tore a soft, stifled moan from her throat against the silicone.

At her breaking point, Madison yanked her panties off in a jerky motion, the fabric sliding down her trembling thighs before dropping to the foot of the bed. She spread her legs wide, knees bent, completely exposed in the warm darkness of the room, and pressed the thick head of the dildo against her slick entrance.

The cool silicone met her wet heat, and her breathing turned ragged, coming in short, desperate gasps.

Don't think about it, fuck... don't think about it... she repeated inside her head like a desperate mantra, her inner voice cracked and almost pleading. But the contact pulled a raw little "hmm" from her throat anyway, already betraying the pleasure building inside her.

She pushed it in slowly, inch by thick inch, feeling her pussy stretch and open around the heavy intrusion. Once it was buried to the hilt, she started fucking herself with deep, powerful strokes, her hand gripping the base tight. Her back arched hard, hips lifting off the mattress to meet every thrust, the sheets bunching under her clenched fists. Each plunge sent hot waves radiating through her core, and she bit down on her lip to choke back a deeper moan.



Her mind kept slipping despite every effort to stop it. She forced herself to believe it was purely mechanical—just friction and pressure, nothing more. Just that. Nothing else. But every time the smallest sliver of her brain betrayed her—a split second where she sensed a familiar presence, a heat that wasn't only from the silicone—her pleasure spiked

violently. A sharper spasm tore through her, making her moan louder, thighs shaking uncontrollably.

“No… no… I…” she whimpered between panting breaths, trying to talk herself down, her voice shattered by the increasingly frantic, deep thrusts. But the harder she fought, the more the forbidden thought pushed back, insistent, and the more her body responded, as if that half-buried taboo was pouring gasoline on the fire.

In one fleeting flash she caught herself thinking the dildo must be roughly the same size as…

Shit! What the fuck am I doing… Yet the very idea made her groan louder, a guttural sound that had her fisting the sheets even tighter.

The images started flickering through her mind—blurry, forbidden—her brother there instead of the toy, his solid body, his real warmth—and she violently shoved them away, shaking her head in panic against the pillow. But they kept returning, stronger each time, and every return made her cunt clench hard around the dildo, the pleasure exploding hotter and deeper.



She was right on the edge, the dildo slammed deep inside her, her thrusts fast and erratic, her entire body drawn tight as a bowstring. She finally surrendered, stopped fighting the thoughts, stopped resisting.

She kept telling herself she was thinking about nothing at all, and yet when her final cry ripped through the silent room—a long, shattered moan that tore the darkness apart—it was unmistakably Alan at the center of the violent, guilty wave that crashed over her.

Not named outright, not pictured clearly, but he was there. The orgasm slammed into her like an electric shock, hips bucking wildly one last time as her body convulsed in powerful, uncontrollable spasms.

Then she collapsed, breathless and trembling, onto the sweat-drenched sheets.

Madison slowly caught her breath, her body still trembling with faint aftershocks, heart thudding heavily against her ribs. She remained lying there for a moment, eyes fixed on the ceiling in the darkness, the dildo still buried deep inside her, her pussy pulsing around its thick length. She hadn't fully processed it yet—or maybe she was refusing to—letting the lingering pleasure rock her for a few more seconds. Then, like a cold wave surging up without warning, reality slammed into her full force.



She gripped the toy with shaky fingers around its slick base and slowly pulled it out, an involuntary moan slipping free despite herself.

No... no no no, fuck no! she repeated desperately inside her head as pure panic flooded her chest.

In a sharp, almost angry motion, she hurled it toward the foot of the bed. It landed with a dull, obscene thud on the hardwood floor.

That's when it truly hit her. Even though she had fought so hard to push the images away—she had clearly been thinking about him. About Alan. Her own brother. And deep down, she knew that was exactly what had gotten her off so intensely, that this half-repressed taboo, barely even acknowledged, had amplified her pleasure until she came harder than ever before.

The forbidden had made everything explode.

She reached for the bedside lamp and clicked it off with a sharp snap, plunging the room into total blackness. Silence descended again, heavy and oppressive, broken only by her ragged breathing. Lying flat on her back, eyes wide open staring into the void, she finally began to confront what she had just done. Really confront it. With no filters.

A hard, acidic knot formed in her stomach, slowly climbing toward her throat. Disgust washed over her. At least, she convinced herself it was disgust—she forced herself to believe it, as if admitting it could somehow erase the horror. I'm losing my fucking mind, she thought as hot tears welled up uncontrollably. I'm seriously fucked up. God, I'm terrified. Her entire body was shaking now, not from pleasure anymore but from a visceral terror that pinned her to the mattress. She was in for one of the worst nights of her life, eyes fixed on the invisible ceiling, completely unable to close her lids.

For the first time, she let herself replay everything without hypocrisy. The way he had looked at her in that bedroom, that raw, blatant desire she hadn't wanted to name. The night with Rebecah, and how her own body had betrayed her, the moans she had tried to stifle. The recurring dreams these past few days—those forbidden flashes that woke her drenched in sweat, stomach in knots. It all came rushing back unfiltered, and she felt lower than she'd ever felt—dirty, broken, lost in a pit she had dug herself.

She rolled onto her side, curling her knees tightly against her chest like a frightened child, tears slipping silently onto the pillow. Sleep wasn't coming. Not tonight. Only these thoughts, looping endlessly, merciless and devouring. And at the very center of it all was Alan. Her little brother. The horrifying thing she had just done, something she could no longer pretend to ignore.