The Offer

Chapter 27

The next morning, the campus looked grayer than usual, as if the sky had tuned itself to Madison's mood. She walked slowly along the main path, shoulders slumped, eyes glued to her shoes as they scraped over the damp gravel.

She'd made it on time for her first class, but her body and mind were dragging, like she'd spent the night running in place and never stopping.



In truth, she had barely slept. The hours had stretched out in the dark, sheets stuck to her skin with sweat, her thoughts looping endlessly like a stuck needle: what she'd done, what she'd felt, what she'd let crawl into her head.

Every time she closed her eyes, the memory slammed back in—hot, humiliating. Her own body had turned on her, and she hated herself for it. Bella was already waiting outside the lecture hall, coffee cup in hand and bag slung across her chest.
The second she spotted Madison, she frowned, half worried, half amused.

"Wow... you look like hell, babe. Did you sleep in a dumpster or what?"

Madison tried to smile, but it never reached her eyes.

She just shrugged and muttered something vague about insomnia before taking the coffee Bella held out.

Bella didn't push right away, but during class she kept leaning over, firing off quiet little questions: "You sure you're okay?"

"Is it still the job stressing you out?"

"Or is it Alan? You wanna talk about it?"

Each time Madison gave the same flat answer, eyes fixed on notes she wasn't even reading.

"Everything's fine. Just a bad night."

Inside, it was pure chaos. She disgusted herself. She kept repeating that she was insane, broken, that what she'd done the night before—that forbidden rush, that name she'd let flood her mind the second she came—was a line she should never have crossed. She was lost, completely lost, and the rage she felt toward herself was eating her alive. Bella saw it. She knew her too well.

After class she caught Madison gently by the arm.

"Madi… you're lying. I can tell. You can talk to me, you know."

Madison shook her head and forced a smile that sounded fake even to her own ears.



“It’s nothing. Really.”

The day dragged on like an endless gray smear. Classes blurred past without a single line sticking. She kept chewing on the same thoughts: no steady job, the car dead, bills piling up, and this… new tension. She felt dirty, guilty, and at the same time hollow, like something vital inside her had cracked open and she couldn’t seal it again. Late afternoon, when the pale sun was already sinking, she finally broke.

She grabbed Bella on the way out of the last class and blurted, almost on impulse, “Want to grab a drink? Just a quick one. With the girls from class if they feel like coming. I… I really need to unwind.”

Bella looked at her for a second, surprised, then nodded with a small, understanding smile.

“Yeah. Absolutely. I’ll text them.”



There were five of them in the end: Bella, Madison, and three other girls from their program—nice enough acquaintances, not close friends, but enough to keep the night light. They met at a small downtown bar, nothing fancy, where a local band was grinding through rock covers in the background. The place was already humming when they walked in: a few people dancing near the stage, glasses clinking, the thick smell of beer and fries hanging in the air. Madison bought the first round without hesitation.

She wanted to drink. Really drink. Forget. Everything.

The job that no longer existed, the dead car, the bills, and especially the knot in her stomach that hadn't left her since the night before—that self-directed anger, that disgust gnawing at her from the inside. The drinks came fast. She laughed a little too loud at the girls' jokes, danced a little too close to the stage when the band kicked into something with a heavier beat. She wanted to let go completely, drown in the noise, in the alcohol, in the illusion that everything could vanish for one night.

Bella watched her from the corner of her eye, concerned but quiet. She could see something was seriously off, that this wasn't just a casual need to blow off steam. But for now she let it happen. Madison needed it. And Madison drank. Without counting.

Glass after glass. As if every swallow could erase a little more of the memory of the night before, of what she had done, of what she had felt. She wanted to forget it all. Everything.

The same evening, early on, Alan's apartment was bathed in a cold, washed-out glow from the street neon bleeding through the half-lowered blinds. He paced the cramped living room, hands jammed deep in his jean pockets, heart slamming like a dull drum against his ribs. Since morning he'd barely eaten. His stomach was a hard knot, a sour fist that refused to unwind.

He'd spent the whole day piecing together his plan—one reckless, desperate move that could blow everything apart if he fucked up by a single millimeter. He'd reached out to a guy from his engineering program, a gadget freak who lived for video rigs, claiming it was "for a class project." The other dude hadn't asked questions, too thrilled to show off his gear.

He'd loaned Alan a tiny mic, no bigger than a lighter.

"You hide it somewhere, trigger it remotely through the app, and boom. No one spots it."

Alan had tucked it behind a stack of books on the low shelf, angled straight at the couch. Invisible mic. Silent trap.

If he got caught, if he blew it… it was over. The video, his life, their shared secret—everything.

He was risking it all. And still, he had no choice.



He wondered if Rebecah suspected anything. Had she caught the shift in his voice when he'd called her earlier that morning, telling her to come over? He'd made up some bullshit about wanting to go over Saturday night and offering her "reward" in return. She'd said yes, using that playful tone she always did, but something in her answer had felt cooler, more calculated.

Or maybe he was just imagining it. Either way, he had no cards left except this one. It was his only play. And at the same time… guilt gnawed at him. Because she had agreed. Because he knew exactly what was going to happen tonight. He was going to fuck her. And the worst part was that a sick slice of him actually wanted it. Not just for the plan, not just to trap her.

There was this treacherous heat already crawling up from his gut at the thought of owning her, of pounding her raw, of making her pay one way or another for everything she kept forcing on them. He hated himself for it, but he couldn't deny the low, throbbing hunger pulsing beneath the fear. A sharp knock cracked against the door.

Alan froze for a beat, breath caught, then went to open it. Rebecah stood on the threshold, dressed simply: black jeans hugging her legs, scuffed leather boots, and a plain long-sleeved top that still did nothing to hide her curves. No slutty outfit, no heavy makeup. Just her—beautiful, but more… neutral. More distant.

"Hey," she said, stepping inside without waiting for an invitation, like the place already belonged to her. She dropped her bag on the coffee table and sank straight onto the couch, crossing her legs with an ease that clashed hard against the tension vibrating through Alan.

He shut the door, throat tight.



“You… want something to drink?”

She shook her head, a small polite smile on her lips.

“Nah, I’m good.”

She looked comfortable, same as always, but something was off. Her eyes were colder, her movements more measured. Less playful. Less… her. Like she’d already figured out the night wasn’t going to unfold exactly the way he’d promised.

Alan stayed standing for a second, palms sweaty, heart jackhammering.

The mic was already rolling. He had to play along. Get her talking. Trap her.

But right now Rebecah just stared at him in silence, waiting for him to say something. And in that silence Alan could already feel everything starting to slide out of control.

So? Why am I here?” Alan remained standing for a second, palms slick, heart pounding so violently he could feel it thudding in his temples. He tried to answer casually, his voice a little too steady to sound real.

“Well… to go over Saturday night…” Rebecah gave him a strange look, head slightly tilted, eyes narrowed.

The silence stretched one second too long.

Then she repeated, slower and lower: “No. For real. Why did you ask me to come? The truth.”



A cold spike of panic raced up Alan's spine. Fuck, how does she know? His brain went blank. Had she spotted the camera? Figured out the mic? Been playing him this whole time? He stood frozen, throat dry, unable to come up with a single answer that wouldn't betray him.

Rebecah watched him a moment longer, then a low laugh escaped her—quiet, almost mocking, but heavy with an excitement she didn't even try to hide anymore.

"Pfff, Alan… I know why. You want to fuck me, right?"

It clicked for Alan instantly. She was talking about that. Not the trap. Not the recording. Just that. Some of the tension eased in his chest, but not all of it. He played along, deliberately awkward, cheeks flushed, shoulders slightly slumped.

"Yeah…"

He said it almost in a whisper, looking away as if ashamed. And he clearly saw the effect it had on her. Rebecah bit her lower lip, a pleased little “hmm” rising from her throat, her eyes shining with hungry greed.

But she didn’t give in right away. She sat up straighter, her gaze suddenly sharper.



“First, tell me. Did you really do what I asked?”

Alan knew the mic was catching every single word. Every syllable mattered. He needed her to say it out loud, to clearly admit what she’d been demanding from him since the beginning. He tried a hesitant, almost innocent tone: “What do you mean…?”

Rebecah frowned, surprised.

“What are you playing at, Alan?”

He shrugged, faking innocence, his heart hammering wildly. He wasn’t sure how to push her any further without making her suspicious. Stress twisted his guts; cold sweat slid down his back. He stayed silent, jaw clenched, waiting for her to speak again. Rebecah stared at him for a long moment, then repeated, her voice noticeably harsher: “Did you do what I asked you to do? Yes or no?”

Alan didn’t answer. He stayed mute, eyes lowered to the wooden table, his mind in overdrive. He was stressing hard.

Really stressing. One wrong move and everything could crumble.

Rebecah suddenly lost her patience, her eyes hardening as she slammed the flat of her hand down on the old coffee table.



“Fuck, Alan, I warned you. If you don’t do exactly what I tell you, I’m posting that video. I’m really going to do it—send it to all your…”

Bingo. The word cracked through the air like a whip.

A raw electric jolt ripped straight through Alan. There it was. Crystal clear, ironclad, undeniable.

The hidden mic behind the stack of books had just caught the raw, unfiltered confession. The threat. The blackmail. Everything he needed to nail her for good. His heart hammered so violently he thought she might actually hear it, but he kept his face blank.

Not yet. Not now.

He swallowed hard, forcing fake panic into his voice, and shut it down immediately, shoulders hunched, eyes sliding away like he’d been caught red-handed.

“Yeah! Yeah… I… I did everything… It was so fucking awkward… It was horrible…”

Rebecah relaxed in a single breath. A small sigh slipped out of her, almost relieved, and she leaned back against the couch, a satisfied smile slowly curving back across her lips. She was reassured. Exactly what he wanted.

They went over the details of Saturday night then, same as always. Alan told her everything—the stares, the calculated touches, the way his hand had lingered way too long on Madison’s thigh, the forced confessions in the bedroom, the thick, choking discomfort that had soaked into every second. He spoke in a low, almost mechanical voice, but inside it was a storm.

I've got you now, you bitch. This time I'm the one pulling the strings. He had to stay careful. Couldn't fuck it up now. Every word mattered. The mic was catching it all. Rebecah listened closely, nodding here and there, a vicious glint in her eyes.



Then, halfway through his story, she leaned forward a little, her voice dropping lower, almost greedy.

"You're gonna love the next part of my plan..."

Alan felt his stomach clench, but he kept his face neutral. She went on, curious: "So when are you seeing Madison again?"

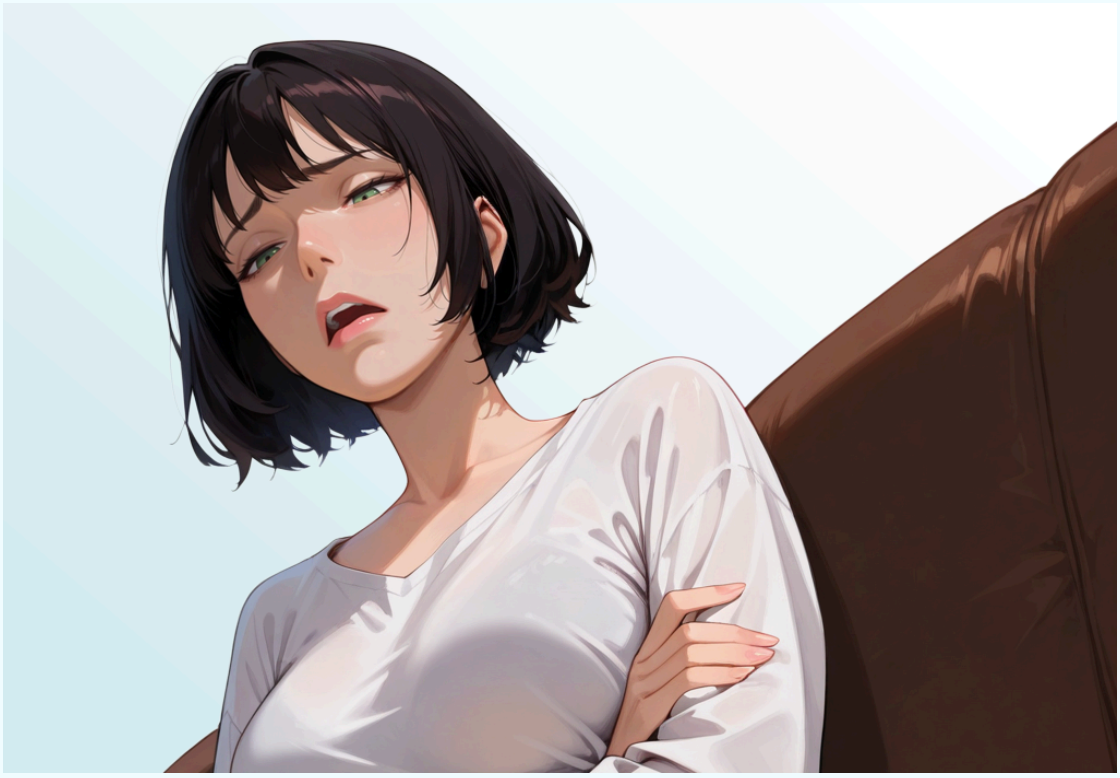
He hesitated. Lie? Or tell the truth? His mind was spinning at full speed. In the end he went with the truth—or at least part of it. He needed to buy time. As much time as possible to figure out what to do with the recording.

"This weekend we're supposed to go to our parents'. It's our grandma's birthday and..."

He realized it in a flash, pure reflex, and kept talking before she could interrupt, his voice suddenly more urgent, almost panicked: "No! Rebecah, my grandma's been pretty sick lately... you can't ask me for anything else... I... later, not this weekend!"

He was anticipating. He knew she was about to demand something, and he wanted to push it back as far as possible. Buy time. Time to think, to tell Madison everything, to find a way out of this nightmare. Rebecah stared at him for a long moment.

A flicker of something that almost looked like empathy crossed her face. She hesitated, biting her lower lip, as if she was genuinely weighing the pros and cons.



“That’s gonna mess everything up…” she finally murmured, almost regretfully.

“But… fine. You at least have to keep watching her. She needs to feel like you’re thinking about her. All the time. The looks, the texts, the little touches… You know what I want.”

Alan answered straight up.

“Okay… the bare minimum.” In his head it was crystal clear. He was going to tell his sister everything. Soon. Very soon. And this time, they were going to take back control. Together.

Rebecah rose from the couch with a lazy, satisfied slowness, a smug little smile playing on her lips that didn’t even try to hide her victory. She stretched her arms overhead like she’d just closed a deal on her own terms, then locked her gaze straight into Alan’s.

“So… okay. You’ve earned your little reward… don’t you think?”

Alan flushed hard, heat slamming into his cheeks all at once. He said nothing, throat tight, eyes dropping to the floor.

Rebecah let out a soft, amused laugh, then swept her gaze around the room, sizing it up like she already owned the place.

“Couch… or your bed?” Alan swallowed, mouth dry. He almost stammered.

“My… my bed.”

She smiled, amused and almost tender, and tilted her head in a quick follow-me gesture. Alan trailed after her, heart thudding heavy in his chest. In the bedroom Rebecah didn’t waste time. She stripped fast, tossing her clothes onto the chair without ceremony, keeping only her black panties. She turned to face him, eyes playful.

“I don’t really have much time today… so we’re gonna have to be quick,” she said with a wink.

Alan undressed too, movements mechanical, skin already burning.

Once he was naked, Rebecah hooked her thumbs into her panties and slid them down her legs, letting them pool at her feet. She laughed softly, low and conspiratorial, then turned her back to him.

She bent forward just enough, spread her ass with one hand, and tossed over her shoulder in a teasing voice: “Tada…”



Alan froze. Nestled tight between her cheeks, gleaming there, was the anal plug they'd bought together on that shopping trip. The same one, discreet, but impossible to miss now. His cock surged instantly, rock-hard and throbbing.

"I... for real?" he asked, voice rough, embarrassed, almost disbelieving. Rebecah dropped to all fours on the bed, back arched deep, glancing back at him over her shoulder. She stared him dead in the eyes, a wicked smile curling her lips.

"You get to fuck my ass..."

Something snapped inside Alan. He was feral.

He lunged forward, hands already gripping her hips, ready to take her right then. But Rebecah raised a hand, stopping him cold.

"Wait... you got lube?" Alan's brain flared for half a second, on fire. He answered, voice hoarse: "No." Rebecah exhaled, a small annoyed but resigned sigh.

"Fine... whatever. Go slow, okay? I didn't really prep..."

She arched even deeper, completely offered, ass spread wide, the plug on full display. And right then, one single thought sliced through Alan's mind—clear, cold, almost vengeful: he was going to wreck her.



He was going to fuck her raw, no holding back, make her pay in full for every single second of the nightmare she'd forced on them.

For Madison. For himself. For all of it.