The Offer

Chapter 28

Alan positioned himself behind her, his heart pounding heavily in her chest. Rebecah was on all fours on the bed, back arched high, the plug still lodged deep inside her, glistening under the room's soft, dim lighting.



He rested one hand on her hip, the other gripping the base of the plug, and pulled it out slowly, his excitement bordering on feral. The plug slid free with a wet, obscene little pop. Rebecah released a long, shaky sigh—part relief, part eager anticipation.

Alan didn't hesitate for even a second.

He pressed the swollen, glistening head of his cock against the slightly parted ring of her asshole and began pushing forward, gentle at first. Rebecah moaned right away, a throaty sound where pain tangled with pleasure from the very start.

"Fuck… Alan… you're way too big…" she gasped, her voice hoarse and cracked.

He was far too aroused to truly hold back. The vise-like tightness of her ass gripped him almost painfully, a scorching, intense pressure throbbing around his cockhead, but he wasn't thinking about that.

He sank in inch by inch, jaw locked tight, fingers digging hard into the soft flesh of her hips.

"Easy..."

Rebecah panted, nearly begging.

"Slower, Alan... please..."



He barely registered her words. Instead, he started making tiny, shallow thrusts, just enough to stretch her open, to coax her body into accepting his thickness. Rebecah's ass was perfect—round, firm, and plush—and every small movement tore louder, needier moans from her throat.

Fuck, this feels incredible... Her perfect ass, those slutty little whimpers... And then, suddenly, he remembered the hidden microphone tucked behind the stack of books, still

recording everything. Shit… whatever. In a flash of ice-cold, vengeful clarity, he recalled exactly what a conniving bitch this girl was. How she'd been holding him and Madison by the throat for weeks.

And right now, she was right there beneath him. Completely at his mercy. Without any warning, he rammed his entire cock into her in one vicious thrust, burying himself to the hilt. Rebecah screamed. A raw, gut-wrenching cry that filled the room.

Alan didn't pause. He instantly clamped a hand over her mouth, smothering the sound, and began pounding into her ass with savage force.

His hips slammed against her cheeks with unrestrained violence.



He fucked her like he meant to wreck her, each powerful stroke deep, brutal, and merciless.

He was in heaven. He was destroying her.

For the first time in far too long, he was finally seizing back control.

Alan withdrew his cock, then gripped her ass cheeks and spread them wide apart, exposing her reddened, dilated asshole that was still twitching and pulsing around the empty void he'd left behind. He spat on it—a thick, heavy strand of saliva that slowly trickled down between her spread cheeks.

“You slut…” he murmured, his voice low and dark, almost surprised by how rough it sounded. Without asking permission, he flipped her onto her back with a sharp yank. Rebecah went limp, letting him move her like a broken ragdoll.

He shoved her legs apart, bent them back, and positioned them exactly the way he wanted. She was utterly exposed. He felt like the master of a body he could use however he pleased.

He pressed the head of his cock against her still-gaping entrance and drove inside her with one brutal thrust. Rebecah jerked violently, a raw cry tearing from her throat. But she didn’t protest. She started moving with him again, moaning shamelessly, her fingers clawing desperately at the sheets as if clinging to them so she wouldn’t completely lose her mind.

Alan was brutal. Merciless. He pounded her with his full length, deep, punishing strokes that speared into her ass with overwhelming force. Each violent thrust made his hips crash against her cheeks and shoved her body up the mattress.



He fucked her like he wanted to punish her, like he was finally taking back everything she'd stolen from him. When he felt his orgasm surging up, unstoppable, he leaned even further over her, burying himself to the hilt. One hand slid up to her throat. He didn't really choke her, but he held her with firm, possessive pressure—just enough for her to feel completely owned. Rebecah moaned nonstop, her whole body jolting with every savage thrust.

Then he came inside her. He didn't slow down for a second. He kept slamming into her hard and deep while thick, powerful jets of cum flooded her ass, filling her wrecked hole until it overflowed.

He came long and violently, growling against her neck as he emptied himself completely. Finally, he yanked his cock out in one rough motion. Rebecah's asshole stayed wide open, thick white cum slowly leaking out and running down between her cheeks onto the sheets.



She lay there limp and trembling, struggling to catch her breath.

Without a word, Alan stood up, quickly pulled on his boxer briefs and pants, and left the bedroom. In the living room, he headed straight for the low bookshelf. With a discreet, almost casual motion, he retrieved the device from behind the stack of books.

He checked it: the recording was still running, capturing every sound from the very beginning. A cold smile stretched across his lips. He pressed stop, turned the device off, and slipped it into his pocket.

He cleared his throat lightly, then called out in a calm, almost neutral voice from the living room: "...You okay, Rebecah...?"

He knew exactly what he had just done to her. He had brutally fucked her ass without holding back, and the thought made him laugh darkly inside—a low, victorious laugh that he kept to himself. From the bedroom, Rebecah's voice reached him, weak and breathless: "Yeah... yeah..." Alan dropped onto the couch, legs stretched out, one arm draped over the backrest.



A few minutes later, Rebecah appeared in the living room.

She walked slowly, almost limping. Her cheeks were still flushed, her hair a mess, and she shot him a strange look—half surprised, half unsettled.

"You were really... brutal," she murmured, her voice still hoarse. Alan shrugged, a crooked smile on his lips.
Rebecah stayed quiet for a moment, then a small, almost shy smile appeared on her lips.

"I didn't know you could be so..." He shrugged again without answering.

Rebecah slowly approached the front door, grabbing her bag on the way. She placed her hand on the doorknob, then half-turned back toward him.

"I have to go..." she said, before adding more quietly: "But I loved it. We should do that again sometime."



Alan was surprised. A mix of shock and deep satisfaction ran through him: Holy shit, she actually fucking loved it… Hell yes! He simply gave her a small nod, keeping his expression neutral. Rebecah waved goodbye without quite meeting his eyes and left the apartment. The door clicked softly shut behind her.

Alan sank deeper into the couch, legs spread wide, and let out a short, stunned laugh: “Wow… fuck… what the hell just happened…”

A moment later, he got up and walked over to the window. He carefully parted the blinds just enough to make sure Rebecah had really left. The street was empty; her figure had disappeared around the corner. Perfect.

He sat back down, turned the device back on, and hit play. There was no video, of course—just the audio, crystal clear and almost too sharp in the silence of the apartment. He skipped forward a bit until the moment Rebecah had arrived, her familiar voice filling the small speaker. He listened intently. The conversation played out: his own tense voice, then Rebecah’s… and suddenly, the crucial part. She confessed everything, raw and direct.

“Fuck, Alan, I warned you. If you don’t do what I ask, I’ll release the video. I’ll really do it, I’ll send it to all your…” Bingo.

A jolt of electricity shot through Alan. Fuck, I’ve got her. He had done it. He had trapped that bitch. A triumphant, almost feral smile spread across his lips. A low, rough laugh escaped him—raw and liberating.



He was overjoyed, almost euphoric for the first time in weeks. The recording was there, undeniable, the proof he had been waiting for. He immediately grabbed his phone. His fingers hovered over the screen for a second.

Shit, how do I even say this? How do I tell her without making her completely freak out? Then he typed quickly, almost feverishly: “Madi, it’s urgent. Can we talk? I have something to tell you about Rebecah, about everything that’s happened these past few days. I really need to speak to you!” He sent it.

He waited a few seconds, phone gripped tightly in his hand, heart pounding.

Then it truly hit him: it was over.

Or at least, the beginning of the end. He could finally see light at the end of the tunnel. He had no idea yet how he would explain everything to her… but right now, all that mattered was telling Madison the truth. A slow smile spread across his face.

An hour later, Alan was still sprawled on the couch, legs stretched out, his mind still foggy with the adrenaline rush of everything he'd just done. He hadn't expected a reply tonight. Not this fast. Not after all that.

His phone vibrated on the coffee table. He grabbed it with a crooked little smile, certain it was finally Madison. But the name that flashed across the screen caught him off guard: Bella. Intrigued, he answered.

The first few seconds were pure chaos. Loud music throbbed in the background, voices shouting, laughter drowning in the noise.

Bella's voice cut through in bursts, but he couldn't make out a word. He laughed, a tired little chuckle.



"Bella? I can't hear shit. It's a total madhouse wherever you are!"

There was the sharp slam of a door, hurried footsteps, and then the sound shifted—muffled, quieter. She must have ducked into the bathroom. "Can you hear me now?" she asked, sounding a little out of breath.

Alan sat up straighter on the couch, amused.

"Yeah, that's better. What's going on?" Bella wasn't laughing.

Her tone was dead serious, almost worried.

"It's about Madi."

Alan sat bolt upright, back straight, attention snapping into focus.

“What? What’s wrong with her?”

Bella exhaled heavily, like she was searching for the right words.

“She’s completely drunk, Alan. We went out for drinks after class with the girls from the program… and she let loose way too hard. Like, really too hard.” Alan sighed, dragging a hand down his face. He was still in his living room, relaxed, body heavy from what he’d just put Rebecah through. The last thing he wanted was to move.

“Why are you calling me? Isn’t Sean with you?”

“He is. He’s gonna drive us back. But the thing is… Madison won’t listen to anyone. She refuses to get in the car with us. She keeps repeating your name, slurring it like crazy, but it’s clear she only wants you to come get her.”



Alan frowned, surprised.

“Wait, she said that?”

Bella hesitated.

“Not exactly like that… I can barely understand her, she’s trashed and mixing everything up. But your name keeps coming out. She sounds pissed off and… I don’t know. Lost.”

He could hear how overwhelmed Bella was. Her voice was tight, almost embarrassed.

“If you’re already in bed, we’ll figure something out… but she’s totally out of control right now.
Like that time six months ago, remember? The party at Lucas’s when she ended up crying in the bathroom saying everyone hated her… She’s in pretty much the same state.”

Alan let out another sigh, heavier this time. His voice came out tired: “Fine… I’ll come get her.”

Bella breathed out in obvious relief.

“Phew… thank you. You’ll see, she’s really… well, you’ll see.”

Alan let out a short, mocking little laugh, almost affectionate despite everything.

“Yeah, I know her. Tell me which bar you’re at. I’ll be there soon.”

Bella gave him the name of the place—a small downtown bar they sometimes hit after classes. Alan mentally noted it, hung up, and sat there for a moment on the couch, phone still in his hand. He shook his head, a weary smile tugging at his lips.

“Fuck, Madi…” He stood up slowly, grabbed his keys, and headed for the door. He didn’t have a choice. She was his sister.