The Offer

Chapter 29

Alan pulled the car up in front of the small downtown bar, a discreet little place wedged between two aging buildings. Its red neon sign flickered weakly overhead. He killed the engine, letting silence settle over the cabin for a moment.

Through the windshield, he spotted the small group already waiting on the sidewalk: Bella and Sean leaning against the damp wall, and Madison a little apart, propped against the building's facade like she needed it just to stay upright.



He stepped out, slamming the door shut with a crooked smile to hide his unease.

"So, you assholes are getting shitfaced without me?" he called out teasingly as he approached, hands shoved into the pockets of his hoodie.

"I barely show up and you're all standing there like statues. Bella, you look like you're doing just fine."

Bella let out a laugh that was a little too loud, her cheeks flushed from the alcohol.

She was clearly buzzed, swaying unsteadily against Sean.

“Yeah, well, we tried to slow her down, but…”

Sean shrugged with an awkward smile and jerked his thumb toward Madison.

“She wouldn’t listen to shit. Kept repeating your name like some kind of mantra. Sorry for dragging you out, man, but she was completely out of control.” The three of them shared a short, forced laugh, trying to cut through the heavy tension of the night.

Bella nodded exaggeratedly, her eyes glassy and bright. Alan moved slowly toward his sister. Madison was slumped against the wall, shoulders hunched, her gaze unfocused and lost in the distance.

She swayed slightly, as if the ground kept shifting beneath her. When she finally registered him, her eyes widened a fraction and she straightened up clumsily.



“Alan…” she slurred, the words tumbling out in a messy rush.

“It’s… it’s your fault… Why did you tell me all that… why did you… I’m sorry… I… I’m…”

The sentences spilled out incoherently, a jumbled flood mixing fragments of accusation and desperate pleas.

Bella and Sean exchanged a puzzled glance, completely lost. But Alan caught the drift—echoes of their recent conversations, the mounting tension over the past few days, Rebecah, and the uncomfortable weight that had been crushing both of them for weeks. His stomach knotted instantly. Fuck… she’s not like this because of me, is she? he thought, a cold spike of panic tightening his throat.

He freaked out inside, imagining the worst: that everything he'd done under Rebecah's influence had driven her to drink herself into oblivion. He reached out to her with a simple, almost protective gesture, playing the big brother for once—the one who usually leaned on her.

Madison took his hand timidly, her cold, trembling fingers wrapping around his like she was searching for something solid in the fog.

"Come on," he murmured softly.

He nodded goodbye to Sean and Bella.

"Thanks, guys. I've got her."

Sean clapped him on the shoulder.

"Good luck, man. And keep an eye on her, yeah? She really put a lot away tonight..."

Bella nodded, offering a sympathetic smile.

"Yeah, take care of her."



Alan carefully settled Madison into the passenger seat, buckling her in like a child. She let him, limp and glassy-eyed. The car pulled away into the damp night. On the road, Alan tried speaking to her in a calm, steady voice.

"Madi, I'm taking you home, okay? You need to sleep this off."

But she didn't seem to register it, just muttering incoherent things and repeating his name like a broken chant.

"Alan… Alan…" Then, without warning, she started crying—quiet sobs at first, then heavier, tears streaming down her cheeks as she made no move to wipe them away. Alan felt a sharp twist in his chest.

He tried to soothe her the way you'd calm a kid, his voice gentle and a little awkward.

"Hey, it's gonna be okay… Breathe, Madi. I'm right here."

But she kept going, her voice cracking, the words tumbling out messy and loaded with guilt: "It's your fault I did that… I'm fucking disgusting… you're my brother, fuck…"

Alan's stomach twisted even tighter, panic rising as he gripped the steering wheel harder, the headlights cutting through the empty road ahead.

Alan pulled up in front of Madison's building, a drab gray slab bathed in the sickly orange glow of the streetlights.



He killed the engine, and the silence crashed back down inside the car like a weight. Madison was slumped in the passenger seat, eyes half-closed, her body limp as if every last drop of strength had drained out of her.

He got out, circled the car, and eased her door open with care. She blinked slowly, disoriented, when he slid an arm around her waist to help her out.

"Come on, Madi… easy." She let him, legs wobbling, barely finding the sidewalk.

Alan held her steady all the way to the entrance, taking the steps one at a time, his arm locked around her like an anchor. In the

narrow hallway she mumbled something unintelligible, head lolling against his shoulder.

He fished her keys from her bag, unlocked the door, and guided her inside. The apartment was sunk in shadow. He helped her sink onto the couch, the worn fabric giving under her weight.

Madison collapsed, legs splayed, staring blankly at some invisible spot on the wall. She blinked slowly, like she was trying to piece reality back together.

“A… A-Alan?” she slurred, her voice thick and almost childlike.

He knelt in front of her for a second, making sure she wasn’t about to slide off.

“Yeah, it’s me. Stay put, I’ll grab you some water.”



He stood and moved to the tiny kitchenette, twisting the faucet on autopilot. Cold, clear water rushed out.

Inside, he caught himself thinking she looked kind of cute like this—not in any twisted way, just… vulnerable, almost breakable, with her messy hair and that lost stare that made her seem like a little girl again. He came back, set the glass on the coffee table, and sat beside her.

“Here, drink a little. It’ll help.”

Madison took the glass with a shaky hand and sipped clumsily, a thin trail of water slipping down her chin.

They talked for a bit—or rather, Alan spoke softly, telling her she was safe, that he was right there, that tomorrow everything would feel better.

She gradually calmed, her sobs slowing, her breathing evening out. Exhaustion was settling in hard, weighing down her shoulders and dragging her eyelids heavy. Then, suddenly, she really looked at him.

A long, strange stare that had nothing to do with her usual sisterly glance. No awkward sibling distance, no tiredness.

Something deeper, darker, an intensity that made Alan pause. It was weird, that look… like she was seeing him differently, like the alcohol had lifted some curtain in her eyes. Uncomfortable, he stood up a little too stiffly.

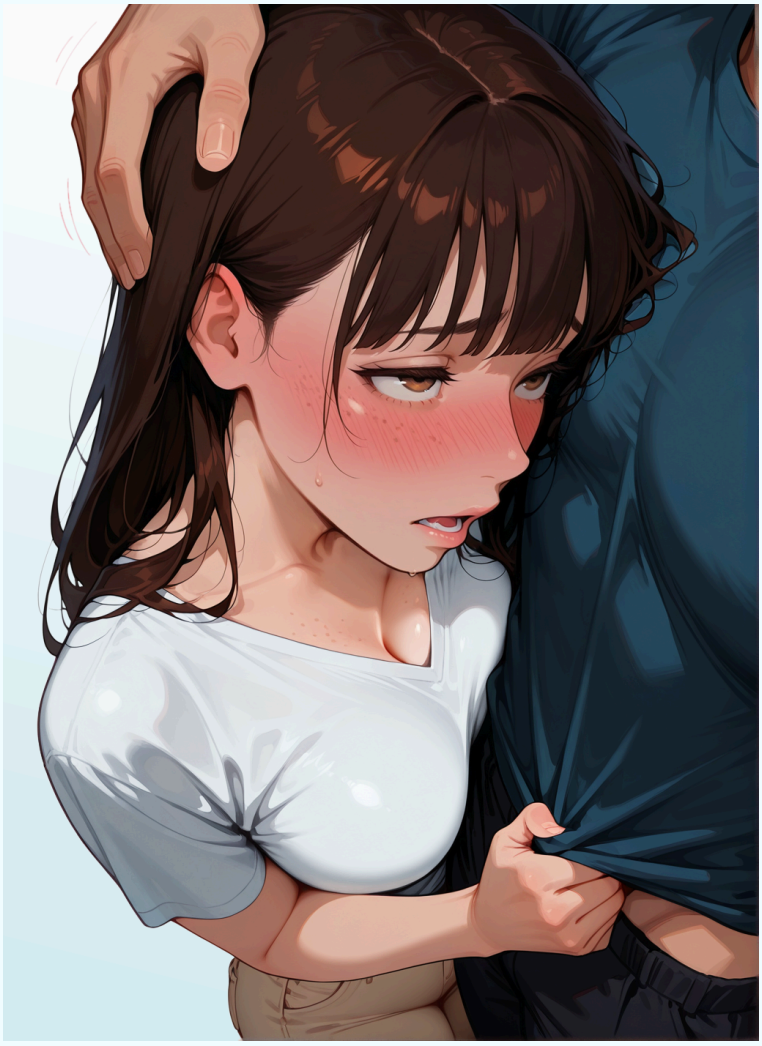
“I… I’ll get you some fresh water.”



He walked to the sink, turned on the tap, back to her. The cold stream filled the glass. He was bent over the basin, focused on the simple motion, when he felt two arms slide around his waist from behind. Alan startled, heart slamming against his ribs.

“Hey… what are you doing?” he blurted with an awkward, nervous laugh, trying to play it off as the unease spiked hard inside him.

He set the glass down fast and turned. Madison was still pressed against him, arms locked around his waist. He towered over her, his solid frame against her smaller, unsteady one. She tilted her face up, and what he saw froze him: an unexpected fever, a low-burning flame in her eyes, something hot and uncontrollable that had no business being there.



“Madi?” he whispered, voice uncertain, almost a plea. She didn’t answer. Instead she squeezed tighter, burying her face in his chest in a sudden, desperate hug. Alan stood there a moment with his arms hanging useless at his sides, stunned. They hardly ever hugged—even as kids, and never like this, so close, so intimate.

Hesitantly, almost clumsily, he wrapped his arms around her, one hand resting uncertainly on her back.
Madison let out a soft, muffled groan against his t-shirt, babbling words he couldn’t make out, the sounds lost in the fabric.

She clung even harder, like she was terrified he might vanish. Alan forced a nervous laugh, trying to defuse it.

“You really had way too much to drink…” he murmured, half-teasing, half-worried, while he reached for the glass with one hand to gently break the embrace. He stepped back, glass in hand, and returned to the couch.

“Here, drink some more. For the hangover tomorrow.”

Madison followed without a word and sat right beside him, close. She never took her eyes off him. That same burning intensity lingered in her gaze, that flame refusing to die.

He stayed seated right beside her on the couch, the half-empty glass of water perched between them like a flimsy little barrier. His eyes stared into nothing, deliberately avoiding hers.

“Madi… you should… uh… go lie down,” he murmured, voice hesitant.

“I won’t stick around much longer, okay. And you need to sleep.” He turned to look at her, checking that it had sunk in.



Madison had one hand slipped inside her pants. Her fingers were moving slowly under the fabric, deliberate and unashamed.

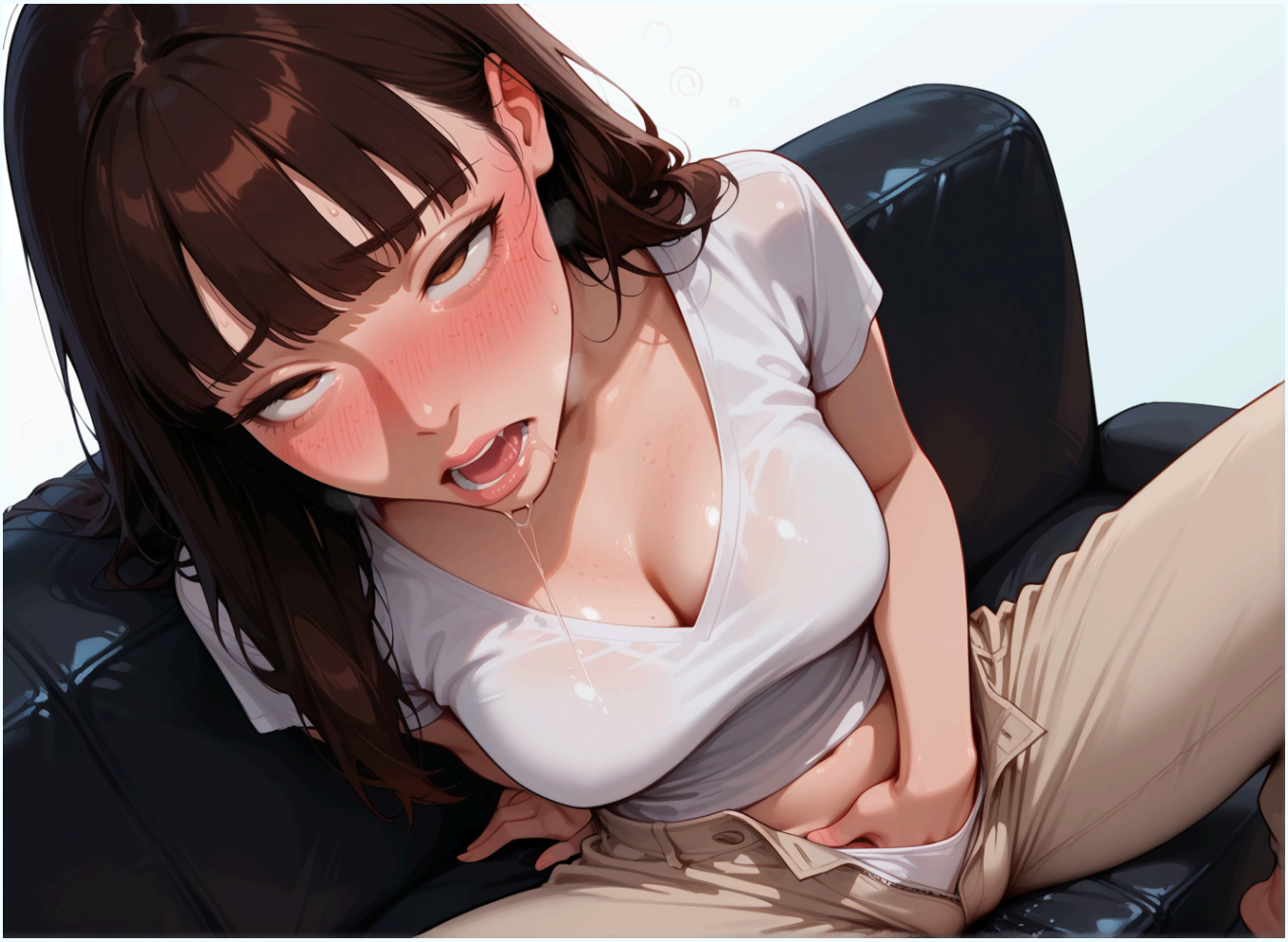
Her gaze was locked dead on his—direct, alcohol-glazed, yet burning with an intensity he had never seen in her before.

A low, raw moan tore out of her, almost involuntary, thick and muffled.

Everything happened in a blur. Alan froze for a split second, brain short-circuiting, eyes blown wide. Then reality slammed into him like a slap across the face.

“M-m-Madi! What the fuck…” he stammered, voice cracking, words choking in his throat. He scooted back on the couch, heart hammering so hard it felt like it would burst. She grabbed his arm on instinct, fingers clamping tight around his wrist like she refused to let him go anywhere. Alan didn’t process it right away, panic spiking, voice shooting up an octave: “I… I’m leaving, Madi… you can wait till I’m gone, right…”

“A-Alaaaan!”



The cry ripped out of her like pure agony, hoarse, desperate, his name mangled by the booze and something far darker. It nailed him to the couch, paralyzed. She kept working her hand inside her pants, eyes never leaving, his breath coming in sharp, ragged bursts.

“Huh?!” he choked out.

He was only just grasping—barely grasping—that she was half-thinking about him. Or at least that freezing, vertiginous impression sliced through him in a heartbeat.

Madison frowned hard, her stare turning sharper, almost angry. She muttered in a thick, drunken slur, the words tumbling out in a filthy, jumbled mess: “You’re a fucking… why the hell did you… shit… it’s you who…”

She was half-pissed now, the words dissolving into incoherent growls, but Alan could feel the raw fury simmering just beneath the alcoholic fog. Alan tried to push up off the couch, legs shaky, but Madison was faster.



In a flash she climbed onto him, swinging a leg over and settling herself straddling his lap. The moment locked in place, suspended, almost unreal. Madison was on top of him now, towering from that position, staring down with furrowed brows and a feverish, intense glare. Alan panicked hard, heart pounding like a war drum in his chest, but he didn’t dare move, hands raised like he was afraid to touch her.

She gripped his shoulders, fingers digging deep into the fabric of his hoodie, and kept talking, voice hoarse and broken between heavy breaths: “That big cock of yours… fuck… why did you…”

The words came out hot, confused, almost incoherent from the drink, but they landed like accusations soaked in something filthier, something nastier. Alan tried to ease her off gently, hands settling on her hips to push, but she snatched his wrists in a quick motion and slammed his palms straight onto her tits, pressing them hard against her through the thin material of her top.

A startled cry escaped him—he felt his cock stiffen instantly beneath her, throbbing against his will.

Alan tried to steady himself, voice rough, almost pleading.

“Madi, what the fuck are you doing…”

Both his hands were plastered to her tits. She was squeezing them herself, kneading them almost, crushing them hard against his fingers. Alan was stunned, everything moving way too fast, his brain struggling to keep up, a cold vertigo tightening in his throat.

“You’re a fucking pervert…” she spat suddenly, voice venomous, brows knotted in anger.



She was getting worked up, words chopped apart by the alcohol, but a second later a deep, raw moan tore out of her, involuntary and thick, as she kept rubbing her breasts against Alan’s hands.

He finally managed to break free, pushing gently at her shoulders, breathing hard.

But Madison used the moment to rip her top off in one jagged motion, still straddling him.
The fabric slid away, revealing her black bra.

Her eyes stayed locked on his—half-perverse, half-starved—lips parted. Alan panicked.

“Madison, stop, for fuck’s sake…”

He tried to stand, to get away, hands shaking on her hips. But she was faster, grabbing his head with both hands and slamming his face straight into her chest, burying him between her tits. Alan froze dead, nose pressed into the warm, soft flesh of his sister. He realized he was rock-hard, harder than he’d ever been, throbbing painfully against her.

He didn’t dare move anymore. Madison’s grip loosened, then eased off slowly, like she was giving him a little breathing room. Alan took it as a moment of relief. She released him from the hold. But in the next heartbeat her bra was gone, unhooked and flung aside.

She was topless in front of him, still perched on his lap. He could only stare, hypnotized by their heavy roundness, the way they swayed, nipples stiff and pointing right at him.



“It’s your fault…” she whispered, voice hoarse.

Madison arched her back and started grinding on his lap, chasing friction against his crotch. Alan groaned despite himself, a low, uncontrollable sound. His hands landed instinctively on her hips, sliding down her thighs. He fought it, fingers clenched tight, breath ragged, body strung so tight it hurt.

In one last desperate burst of resistance, Alan let out a raw, almost animal cry and shoved her violently off his knees. His hands trembled against her shoulders, chest heaving like he'd just sprinted miles.



Madison slid to the floor, landing on her knees between his spread legs. Her eyes were glued to the massive bulge straining in his pants, that swollen outline giving everything away. Her gaze was fixed, alcohol-hazed but burning with a dark, hungry need. Alan begged in a broken whisper, words tumbling out, stuttering hard: "No… f-fuck… shit… Madi…"

He added, voice cracking, "You're wasted…"

Madison looked up at him, brows furrowed, almost angry. Their eyes locked, intense and unblinking. Both of them were breathing hard, ragged.

A minute stretched out, suspended, time pulled taut like a bowstring ready to snap.

Then, suddenly, Madison's hands were on Alan's zipper.

His own hands, on reflex, went to his waistband.

In a shared, almost mechanical push, they dragged his pants down together, fabric sliding off his thighs. His cock sprang free, thick, heavy, standing like a barrier between them. Alan spread his legs a little wider, making room for her. Madison moved instinctively between them, her face now inches from his dick. Her hot breath brushed the tight skin. Alan's heart hammered so hard it hurt.



He didn't know where to put his hands, didn't know what the fuck to do, arms hanging useless and shaking at his sides. It was Madison who finally wrapped her fingers around her brother's cock. She held it firm, studying it like a prize, almost contemplative, lips parted. Alan was at his limit, letting her, body wired to the breaking point.



But inside he kept repeating that this was a mistake, a huge fucking mistake. Madison finally leaned in, her soft lips brushing the head of his cock in a gentle, warm, almost reverent kiss. Alan let out a strangled, guttural cry that tore through the quiet of the apartment.