The Offer

Chapter 30

Madison locked eyes with her little brother, her gaze piercing and almost feverish, as a thick, heavy strand of saliva slowly dripped from her parted lips onto the swollen head of Alan's cock.

She lingered only on the tip, her rough tongue sliding with deliberate slowness over the sensitive crown.

Hmmmm... A low, vibrating hum rose from her throat as her hot, wet tongue wrapped around the head, licking it in slow, lazy circles.

The moist heat of her mouth enveloped him instantly, scorching and almost suffocating.



That slightly textured surface rubbed against every sensitive nerve, making Alan twitch hard despite himself. He groaned, a deep, guttural sound ripping out of him without any control. He was completely lost.

Pleasure crashed through him in burning waves, but somewhere deep down a cold voice whispered the truth: he was loving every second of this. It was his own fucking sister, and he was letting her do it without any real fight.

Guilt knotted tight in his gut, yet he didn't move an inch.

He still couldn't understand what the hell was pushing Madison to go this far—was it the alcohol? The confusion? Or something darker he didn't even want to name?

Madison suddenly sucked his cockhead with brutal force, her cheeks hollowing sharply. Slurrrp…



A filthy, wet sucking noise echoed through the silent apartment. She pulled him in hard, the hot, slippery pressure milking every nerve, then yanked him free with a sharp, obscene pop, thick strings of drool still connecting them.

“Ahhhh…” she breathed, panting, her voice thick and slurred. Alan stared, mouth hanging open, breath stolen, heart hammering like a war drum.
“It’s… it’s you… your… fucking… big… it’s all… your fault… Alan… shit…” she mumbled, the words tumbling out in a drunken, broken mess—confused, accusatory, and lost all at once.

He shuddered violently, an electric jolt ripping from the top of his skull to the soles of his feet. Madison kept going, pressing his cock against her cheek and rubbing it slowly over the soft, warm skin of her face. She seemed to be playing with it, sliding the thick shaft along her jaw, pressing it to her lips. Schlick… schlick… Wet, sloppy sounds filled the air as she toyed with him, her tongue lapping greedily at the sensitive slit. She pulled back for a moment, mouth overflowing with spit and saliva, lips swollen and shiny, breathing in short, ragged gasps.



The contrast was insane for Alan—the enveloping heat of her mouth against the cool apartment air, the rough drag of her tongue scraping every ridge of his cockhead, the thick saliva dripping in hot, sticky strands, turning everything slick and viscous, sharpening every touch until the pleasure bordered on exquisite pain.



“It’s… you… always you… fuck…” she muttered again, before her trembling hand grabbed his shaft and shoved it back between her lips. Alan moaned in raw pleasure, a desperate, broken sound tearing out of him.

“Madi… fuck…” She started licking his cock from base to tip, her flat, broad tongue gliding slowly up the entire length in one long, wet schliiiiick, before taking him fully into her mouth again, deeper this time.

Madison took his cock deeper into her mouth, her lips stretched tight around the thick shaft, sliding down inch by inch until the swollen head nudged the back of her throat with a wet, choked gluck. She sucked him like a pro, with a brutal intensity Alan had never felt before—not even from the most experienced girls he’d ever been with.

Every movement was precise, ravenous: her rough tongue swirling around him while she sucked hard, creating a scorching, slippery pressure that made his teeth clench.

Slrrrp… hmmmm… gluck… The sounds were filthy, obscene, swallowing the silence of the apartment whole. Alan couldn’t wrap his head around it.



It was too intense, too fucking perfect. The slick heat of her mouth, the way her cheeks hollowed viciously with every pull, the thick ropes of saliva pouring down his shaft and dripping heavy onto his balls…

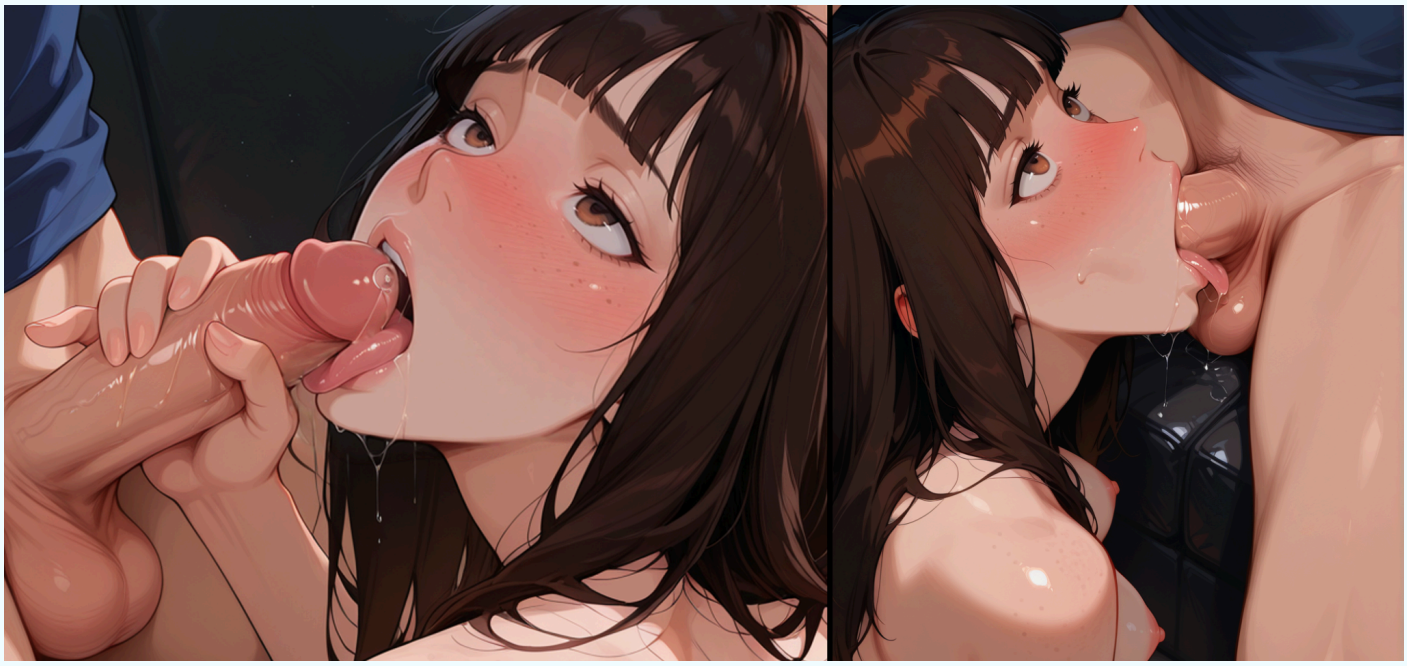
He groaned, hips jerking, completely drowning in it. She looked so goddamn filthy and hot like that. Kneeling between his spread thighs, her heavy, perfect tits swaying gently with every bob of her head, hard nipples pointing straight at him like they were begging for attention. Her gaze, blurred by the alcohol but still locked on his, short-circuited his brain.

Everything about it was wrong, dirty, forbidden… this was his big sister, for fuck's sake, yet it felt so insanely good his head was spinning.

Between raw, broken groans, he muttered, voice cracked and hoarse: "Fuck… you're so… good… Madi…"

He still couldn't believe how skilled she was. No girl had ever taken him like this.

Every hard suck, every slow drag of her tongue made his whole body shake.



Madison kept going, forcing him even deeper, her throat squeezing tight around his cockhead in a muffled gluck before she dragged back up to the tip and sucked hard again, tongue flicking wildly over the sensitive slit.

Slurrrp… hmmm… pop… After a moment she pulled off, gasping for air, mouth hanging open wide, a long, thick string of drool still bridging her swollen lips to his throbbing cock. She panted hard, eyes glassy and unfocused, completely lost in the haze of booze.

“It’s… it’s what you wanted, right…?” she slurred, the words tumbling out clumsy and tripping over each other.

“You big… pervert… you disgust me… how can you… do this… to your own sister…”

Alan could barely make sense of what she was saying; everything came out jumbled, chopped up by the alcohol.

Suddenly soft sobs started spilling from her, silent tears sliding down her flushed cheeks. His cock still rested against her face, and she kept licking it slowly, almost on autopilot, her hot tongue gliding over the head while the tears fell.

“Forgive me… A-Alan… hmmm…”



She sucked him gently, a slow, wet schlick, tears still streaming.

“I never should’ve… hmmm…”

She kept at it like that, switching between soft little laps of her tongue and light, needy sucks while she cried.

“You f-forgive me…? I’m the worst big sister… hgmmgm…”

Alan stayed frozen, unable to process any of it. His big sister was right there on her knees, quietly crying while she kept licking and sucking his cockhead with this desperate, almost tender hunger, her tears soaking his shaft and mixing with her spit.

It was too twisted, too confusing, and yet he couldn’t move a muscle, completely paralyzed by the sight.

Madison kept licking his cockhead in slow, deliberate strokes, her hot, rough tongue gliding over the sensitive skin with wet, lazy schlicks while silent tears slipped down her flushed cheeks. Alan slid a gentle hand over the top of her head, fingers threading through her tangled hair, stroking slowly like he was trying to soothe her.

It was fucked up—completely, twistedly fucked up—but he was doing his best to calm her, his voice raw and broken.

“It’s okay, Madi… it’s nothing… fuck… goddamn…” She sucked softly on the head, blowing little bubbles of spit that popped against his skin in tiny, wet, obscene plops. Thick saliva poured everywhere, hot and sticky, running in heavy rivulets down his shaft.



“I… I forgive you… hmm yeah…”

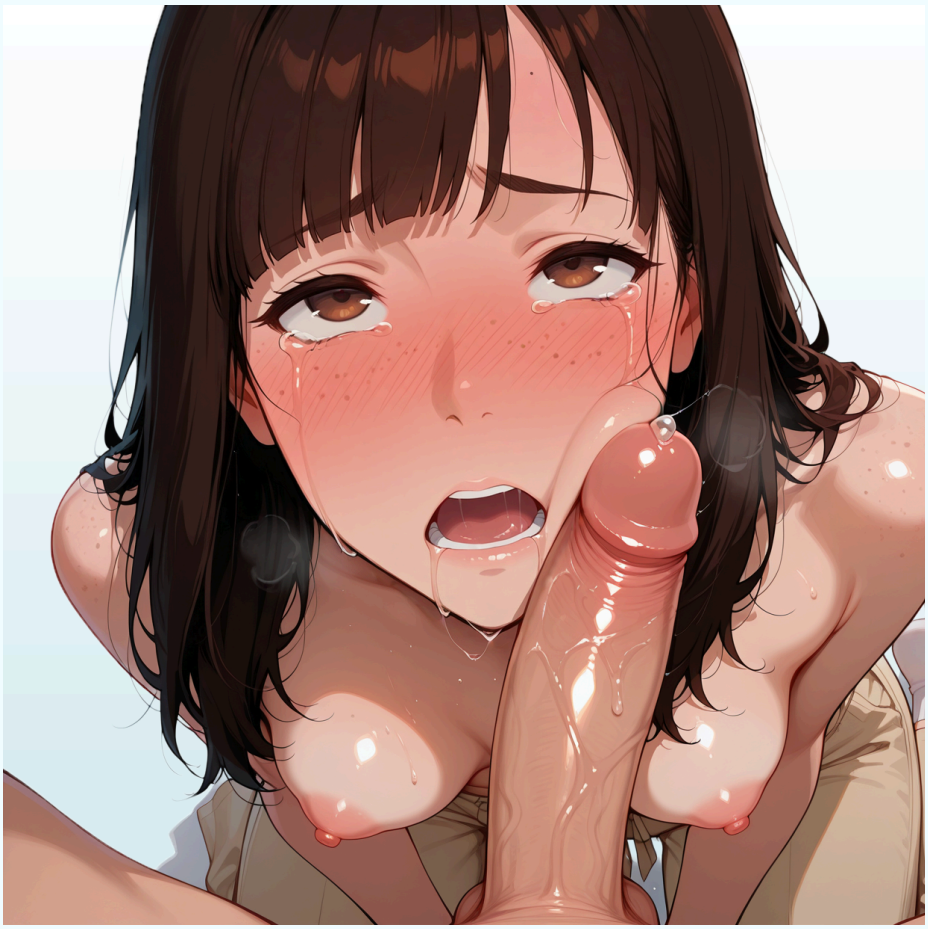
She lifted her eyes to his, those big, wounded puppy-dog eyes shining with tears, pleading and completely lost. It was too fucking hot.

Alan felt his chest tighten and his cock throb harder inside her mouth. Madison slowly pulled his dick from between her lips, leaving a thick, heavy rope of drool stretching from her open mouth to the glistening head.

“It’s… it’s true?” she whispered, her voice thick and slurred, completely hammered.

Alan stared down at her, unable to look away. She was waiting for an answer, tears still streaming.

“Uh… yeah… I forgive you, Madi…”



She started crying softly again, letting his cock slip free so it stood straight up, aching and throbbing painfully against her face. And then she launched into a confused flood of words, everything tumbling out in a messy rush like she couldn’t stop herself.

“I’m… relieved… really… I… I never should’ve… but it’s you… I… I just cracked… I’m drunk… it’s all… it’s all my fault… no… your fault… I don’t know… I’m the worst… the worst big sister… I didn’t want to… but it was… so hot… and now… I’m… I’m crying… fuck… why am I crying… Alan… tell me… tell me it’s nothing…”

She kept babbling nonstop, her voice choppy and drunk, jumping from one thing to the next with zero logic. Alan couldn’t follow any of it anymore. She had completely flipped again. He sat there, cock still rock-hard and hurting, pulsing and straining, while she wasn’t even touching him anymore—like the whole thing had just ended for her. She started laughing, then crying again, a chaotic mix that made her words impossible to understand.

Alan wasn’t really hearing her anymore. He wasn’t listening.

He was just watching her tear-streaked, spit-smeared face, the way her round tits rose and fell with every shaky breath. He realized she had stopped sucking him entirely, that for her it was like the moment had passed. He couldn’t take it anymore. He stood up in

one sharp movement, planted a firm hand on the back of his sister's head, his cock hovering right against her face, the head brushing her wet cheek.



"M-Madi... you need to finish what you started."

Madison seemed completely out of it, utterly dwarfed by Alan's tall frame as he towered over her. Kneeling between his legs with her face tilted upward, she blinked slowly, lost in her thick alcoholic fog, and let out a small, confused, almost childlike "Huh...?"

Alan's breathing came in harsh, ragged bursts. He placed a firm hand on the back of her head, fingers sliding into her tangled hair. His voice was raw, cracked, almost pleading: "Open your mouth... wide."

She hesitated for a second, lips trembling, eyes glazed.

"Hmm... Alan...?" she slurred.

But she obeyed, opening her mouth wide and even sticking her tongue out in an unconscious invitation.

"Fuck yeah..."



Alan growled, his voice shattered by lust and guilt.

“I’m sorry, Madi… open wide… stick your tongue out… yeah… hmmm…” He gripped his rock-hard, throbbing cock and slapped it several times against her warm, wet tongue. Tap… tap… schlick… The wet, obscene sounds rang out in the silent apartment.

Alan groaned in pleasure, a deep, animalistic sound vibrating through his chest. Madison let out a soft, drunken giggle, lost and confused, as if she no longer fully understood what was happening.

“I can’t just stop like that… forgive me…” she mumbled between hazy little laughs.

Alan didn’t wait any longer. He shoved his cock deep into her throat in one powerful thrust, gripping the back of her head with both hands and forcing her down as far as possible. Madison let out a choked, strangled moan—a wet, guttural gluck that vibrated around his shaft as her throat spasmed violently around his cockhead. He didn’t stop.

He started moving, fucking her mouth with slow but brutal strokes, forcing every inch deeper, feeling the tight, pulsing heat of her throat clamp down on him like a slick, wet vice.

“Fuck… shit… stay just like that, Madi!”



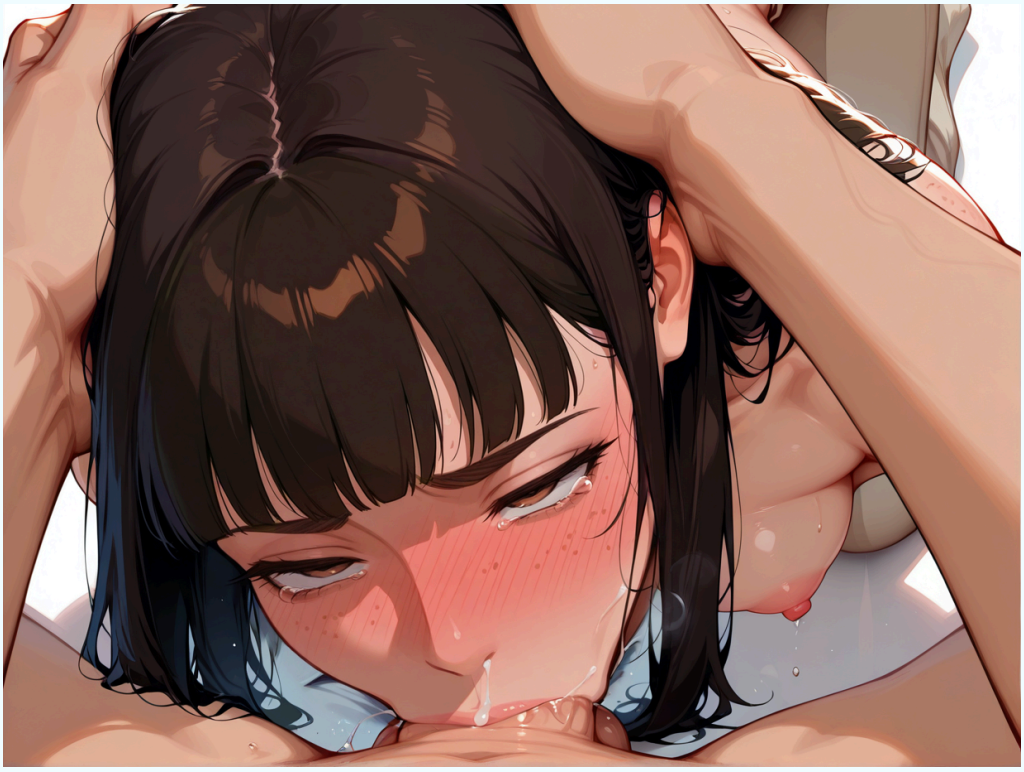
His hips rolled with increasing force, each thrust making his heavy balls slap softly against her spit-soaked chin. The sounds were filthy: deep, rhythmic gluck... gluck... gluck, interrupted by muffled gurgles whenever she tried to breathe. Madison's throat squeezed him mercilessly with every push, thick strands of saliva pouring down her chin and over her tits, making everything slick, hot, and dripping.

Alan growled with each thrust, fingers tightening in her hair, holding her firmly in place as he fucked her throat harder, deeper, trying to bury himself to the hilt. Madison moaned around him, the muffled, vibrating sounds only making him throb harder.

Her tear-filled eyes occasionally flicked up at him—lost, pleading—but he didn't let go. He kept pounding into her like that, with slow, savage thrusts, savoring the incredible sensation of her throat contracting and relaxing around his cock, the wet heat sucking him even deeper with every stroke.

"Fuck yeah... it feels so fucking good!"

He could feel his orgasm building, unstoppable, a burning wave tightening in his balls. He pushed harder on the back of her head, desperate to get as deep as possible. His cock was buried completely in her throat, locked in place by his strong hands holding her still.



And he came. A raw cry tore from his throat as violent spasms ripped through him.

He unloaded in long, powerful, thick jets of burning cum, shooting straight down her throat.

“Fuck yeah! Madi… shit! Ahhhhhh…”



He held her head firmly locked against him as his cum kept spurting in heavy pulses, flooding her throat until it overflowed. Madison whimpered and gagged, trying to pull back, her hands pressing against his thighs, but Alan was too strong, lost in his orgasm, shaking from head to toe. When he finally pulled out with a wet, nasty gluck, Madison started coughing violently, doubling over.

Thick ropes of cum poured from her open mouth and dripped heavily from her chin, running down onto her bare breasts. Tears streamed down her flushed cheeks, her eyes dazed, glassy, completely lost in another world.

Madison slowly pushed herself upright, her body still wracked with aftershocks. Alan dropped back onto the couch on pure reflex, his back slamming against the cushions with a heavy thud. A choked, raw gasp tore out of him as he shook from head to toe, breathing fast and ragged. Had he really just done that? His cock, still rock-hard and

glistening with saliva, lay heavy against his stomach, twitching with the final pulses of his orgasm.

“Shit… wow… Madi… fuck… I’m sorry…” he muttered, voice shattered, eyes wide as he stared at her.

Then Madison’s face twisted strangely. Her features suddenly tightened, eyebrows furrowed, mouth hanging open in a deep grimace of discomfort. She blinked slowly, like the world was spinning faster than she could track.

“A-Alan…” she stammered, her voice thick and weak. “I… I don’t feel good… I think I drank too much… I… I’m gonna throw up…”



Alan felt like the floor had dropped out from under him, reality finally slamming into him full force.

His sister needed him. On pure instinct he shot to his feet, cock still out and swinging, and grabbed her arm to help her up.

“Shit, come on… let’s go, Madi…” he whispered, voice trembling.

Madison followed shakily, legs wobbling, leaning heavily against him.

“Hmm… ahh… gonna… gonna puke, Alan… I hate throwing up…”

They stumbled the few steps to the bathroom. The second they reached it, Madison bent violently over the toilet and started vomiting hard, violent heaves that shook her whole body. Alan instinctively gathered her

hair and held it back, keeping it out of the mess. He stood right behind her, completely naked, his cock still hard and heavy, one part of him totally detached from reality—like his body was running on autopilot while his mind desperately tried to catch up with what had just happened.

When she finally finished, Madison slumped against the toilet bowl, exhausted, her body limp like a rag doll. She mumbled something barely audible: "...bed..."

Alan helped her up, sliding an arm around her waist to support her. She staggered against him, barely conscious. He guided her to her bedroom and laid her down on the bed. But she collapsed like dead weight, arms spread out. In the blink of an eye everything had spiraled so fast. Alan found himself sitting beside her on the bed, half-naked, watching her in the dim light.

He stared for a moment, his gaze sliding involuntarily over her chest.

He fixated on her full, generous breasts that rose and fell gently with her now-calmer breathing, nipples still hard and pointing straight up at the ceiling. The perfect curve of her naked, vulnerable body laid out right there in front of him... Fuck... Alan got painfully hard again, guilt and raw desire twisting together in a toxic storm that knotted his guts. He stood up abruptly, heart slamming against his ribs, and rushed out of the room.

"Fuck... what the hell just happened!"