The Offer

Chapter 32

Madison froze for a second, fingers still white-knuckled around her cold cup of coffee.

“What the hell are we supposed to do?” Alan’s voice came out low, almost gravelly, thick with an urgency he was trying—and failing—to hide. “Do we just go for it… or wait for the right moment? Fuck, I don’t know. You got any ideas?”



Madison’s stomach twisted hard. Her mind kept short-circuiting, the memories from the night before slamming back in sticky, unwanted flashes—the couch, the heat, his mouth—memories she was shoving down with everything she had.

“Wait for what, exactly?” she whispered, throat tight. “Keep pretending? Is that what you’re saying?”

She lifted her eyes and locked onto his. The look was direct, almost accusing, but undercut by a raw vulnerability she couldn’t bury anymore. Alan felt sick, a sharp, acidic guilt boring straight through his guts.

He glanced away for half a heartbeat, then forced himself back to her.

“Nah… I don’t know… I…” He swallowed. “Look, she at least said she’d leave us alone this weekend…”

Madison went rigid, shock ripping through her.

“What? She knows we’re going to Mom and Dad’s?!”

Alan flushed, caught like a kid who’d just blurted out something stupid.

“Uh… yeah. I didn’t have a choice. If I hadn’t said something she was gonna give me another order. I had to bullshit about Grandma…”



Silence crashed down between them, thick enough to taste. They stared at each other without a word, yet everything was right there in their eyes: the shame, the fear, the crushing weight of the thing neither of them dared name out loud. No one had actually spoken about last night, about what had happened on this exact couch. That blowjob. Her lips wrapped around him. That taste. Those wet, filthy sounds still echoing in their skulls like a silent accusation. It hung between them, invisible and yet so heavy it filled every inch of the room.

Madison finally broke the quiet, her voice shaky, almost fragile.

“So… we’ve got the whole weekend to figure this out?”

Alan gave a short, mechanical nod. The awkwardness came roaring back, thicker than before. He felt claustrophobic in their tiny apartment, like the walls were closing in.

Madison glanced at her phone, saw the time, and jerked her chin toward the door in a subtle get-the-fuck-out gesture.

“I’ve got class soon… We’ll… talk about it this weekend?”

She paused, then added, softer, almost to herself:

“I can’t be late… I need a shower. I feel fucking disgusting. I haven’t even brushed my teeth…”



And just like that, they both froze.

Their eyes met for a split second—pure, mutual, terrifying understanding. Neither said the words, but the image hit them at the exact same moment: she hadn’t brushed her teeth since the blowjob. Since she’d had him in her mouth. Since everything had shattered.

Alan shot up from the couch too fast, like he was fleeing. He snatched his jacket off the chair, muttered a barely audible “Later,” and bolted for the door without looking back. The lock clicked shut in the heavy silence.

Madison stood alone in the middle of the room, frozen. Without thinking, she pressed two fingers to her lips, checking for something that wasn’t even visible anymore. Fuck.

The realization slammed into her full force: she'd had her brother's cock in her mouth. Her own brother's dick.

Later that morning, Alan was sitting in the back of the university library, a book open in front of him on an isolated table tucked between two dusty shelves. The soft glow of the reading lamps spilled across the pages, but the words blurred and danced in front of his eyes. He was supposed to be working on research for a materials science lab report—something about compressive strength. It should have taken him an hour tops. Instead, his mind was stuck on an endless loop.

His phone vibrated quietly on the table. A text from Bella, using that light, teasing tone she always put on to downplay things:

"So, did your big sister make it through okay? Thanks for looking after her last night, perfect little brother 😉"

Alan's stomach clenched hard. He typed out a quick, clumsy reply, fingers fumbling on the screen:



"Yeah, she's fine. No problem."

He hit send and shoved the phone away like it was burning his hand. No problem. The lie left a bitter taste in his mouth. He felt like absolute shit, a sticky guilt clinging to his skin like cold sweat. He had taken advantage of her. Of that moment of total vulnerability when she was drunk, lost, on her knees in front of him. And yet… fuck, it had felt so goddamn good. That image kept forcing its way back: her hot, greedy mouth swallowing him with an intensity he'd never experienced before. The way her cheeks hollowed out with every suck, her watery eyes looking up at him, pleading and yet so fucking intense.

He started breathing harder, jaw clenched tight to keep from making any noise in the dead-quiet library, where the only sounds were the soft rustle of pages and the distant clack of keyboards. Jesus Christ, it had been incredible. The way she'd sucked him with such raw hunger, like she needed it as badly as he did. The looks they'd exchanged this morning—that toxic mix of embarrassment, panic, and something else he didn't dare name. Did she remember how he'd fucked her throat like a savage, hands fisted in her hair, driving deep until he couldn't stop himself?

Fuck!



His cock hardened violently in his pants, a painful, throbbing erection that caught him off guard. He slid his hand discreetly onto his thigh, then higher, brushing over the bulge through the fabric. Just his thumb, slow and almost invisible, stroking himself lightly so no one would notice. He was hidden in the back, shielded by the tall shelves, but the risk made everything hotter, dirtier.

He replayed it all. The way she'd moaned his name between sobs and sucks, like she actually wanted him. Drunk or not, she'd wanted it. He was convinced of that. She had devoured him—rough tongue, swollen lips, throat convulsing around his shaft. And he… he hadn't hesitated for long. The scorching heat of her mouth, the way her firm tits swayed with every thrust, her scent—that filthy cocktail of sweat, spit, and something even more intimate, more forbidden. It was all burned into his brain like a brand.

And now he was supposed to drive her to their parents' house like this? Spend an entire weekend with her after that insane night? Sleep under the same roof, catch her eye over breakfast, act like nothing had changed?

He wondered if he should talk to her about it. If she… if she regretted it? Shit, he almost hated himself for even asking the question, because deep down he knew he didn't really regret it. He felt like a pathetic loser sitting there, hard as a teenager in the middle of the library. But honestly… did he actually regret it?

The silence of the reading room was suffocating him. He closed his eyes for a second, pressing his thumb harder against his cock through his pants, and let the memories flood him even deeper.



Madison sat way in the back of the lecture hall, tucked into the most secluded corner where the neon lights barely reached and no one was likely to notice her still-burning cheeks. The economics lecture dragged on in a flat, monotonous voice that washed over her without sticking. Her phone rested on her lap, screen locked. When it vibrated the first time, she startled, the sound seeming far too loud in the quiet, studious hall.

It was Alan.

She didn't check it immediately. She instinctively locked the screen again, her heart suddenly hammering against her ribs.

What if it was about last night? The thought sliced through her like electricity. Her face burned hotter. She dropped her head toward her notes, trying to disappear behind the scribbled lines. Thank God she was hidden in this corner. No one can see me. She wanted to vanish completely, to become invisible, to stop existing in this room where every breath felt obnoxiously loud.

She kept circling back to what he had said this morning… about Rebecah. Was all of it fake? Some kind of blackmail? A manipulation planned for weeks? Deep down, she hated herself for how much the idea disturbed her. She should have been relieved that it was all an act, a forced role to protect their secret. Instead, a nasty little voice kept whispering:

what if he wasn't really acting? It had felt so fucking real... His touch, his gaze, the way he had held her... Why had he done all that last night if it was nothing but a lie?

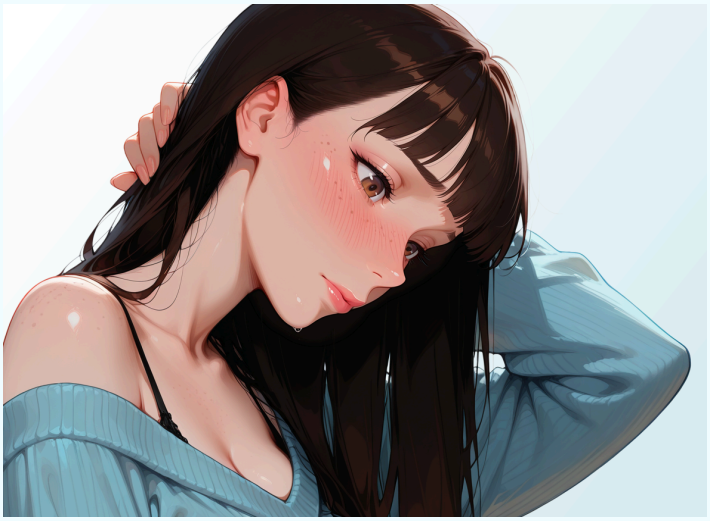


She couldn't see clearly anymore. All her inner turmoil, those nights spent tossing in bed, the shameful fantasies she had tried so hard to bury... all of it built on nothing? She felt almost betrayed. Betrayed for having let herself fantasize about him, for letting that forbidden idea seep into her like slow-acting poison.

Despite the blurry, alcohol-soaked haze, the memories came rushing back sharper than she wanted. His huge, heavy cock pulsing hot and thick against her palm when she had first wrapped her fingers around it.

The swollen, glistening head that had forced its way between her lips, sliding over her tongue with that salty, musky, slightly bitter taste that had flooded her entire mouth.

She remembered the intense heat, the veined texture rubbing against her palate as she took him deeper, all the way into her throat. That taste... fuck, that taste that had still lingered this morning even after showering. She was almost salivating again just thinking about it, a treacherous physical reaction that made her stomach twist.



Her breathing quickened. She swallowed hard, throat suddenly dry. She remembered that he hadn't stayed passive. Toward the end, he had... shit. He had taken control, hands fisted in her hair, hips driving forward, fucking her mouth with desperate, almost violent urgency. She had sucked her little brother's cock. Her own brother's cock.

And he hadn't just let her. He had wanted it. She clamped a hand over her mouth to smother a silent cry.

It hit her like a revelation she was only now allowing herself to feel… he had wanted it.

Her heart threatened to burst. With shaky fingers she grabbed her phone, unlocked it, and opened the message. It felt like a cold slap.

Just a simple, ordinary text:

"Hey… I'll pick you up after class? Mom's expecting us for dinner…"

Nothing else. No hidden meaning, no uncomfortable reminder, no "we need to talk." Just that. She had almost expected something worse—or something far more charged. Her pulse gradually slowed, but the confusion inside her only grew heavier.



Madison stood on the sidewalk, bag slung over her shoulder, when Alan's car slowed down in front of her. He lowered the passenger window, the engine idling in the cool late-afternoon air.

"Ready to go?"

His voice came out a little shy, almost hesitant, like he was carefully testing the waters. She nodded without a word, tossed her bag onto the back seat, and slid into the front. Alan turned the key, the engine rumbling to life with a low growl, and they pulled onto the road. Two hours of driving stood between them and their parents' house. For the first few minutes, the silence felt almost comfortable.

It didn't last.

Madison cleared her throat, eyes fixed on the white line flashing past.

“By the way… I stopped and bought a gift for Grandma.”

Alan pulled a comically confused face, eyebrows furrowed, until it clicked. She let out a soft laugh, a short, almost normal sound.

She teased him lightly, that familiar sibling banter slipping out naturally.



“I knew you’d forget.”

He jumped on it right away, visibly relieved to latch onto something so ordinary.

“Can we say it’s from me too?”

She rolled her eyes, a smirk tugging at her lips.

“Yeah, I already took care of it, don’t worry.”

They laughed together for a brief moment, the sound almost spontaneous. Then it died. The awkwardness slammed back in, thick and sticky. They both flushed at the same time, as if that small, light-hearted moment had suddenly become forbidden after what happened last night. Like laughing together now was somehow wrong.

Madison turned the radio up slightly and cracked her window open. Cool air rushed in, carrying the damp, earthy scent of the fields lining the highway. Time seemed to stretch, each kilometer pulling the tension between them tighter.

After a while, as the road unwound under a dull gray sky, Alan spoke, his voice low and cautious.

“Madi… uh… should we talk about—”

She answered almost instantly, throat tight.

“Last night?”

He finished his sentence at the exact same time, their words overlapping:

“Rebecah?”



The realization hit them both hard. Alan asked, embarrassed, eyes glued to the road so he wouldn’t have to look at her.

“You want to talk about last night?”

Madison spoke at the same moment, her voice pitching slightly too high.

“Uh… yeah, Rebecah!”

They glanced at each other for a split second, both red-faced and mortified. Madison recovered first, stammering.

“Sorry, I thought you were—”

Alan kept going, hands clenched tight on the steering wheel, eyes stubbornly locked on the white line.

“You want to talk about it?”

Madison shook her head quickly, cheeks burning.

“NO! I mean… I… fuck, I don’t know…”



Alan tried to ease the tension with a forced lightness that sounded completely fake.

“Okay, okay… later then? Or never?”

But she didn’t play along. She looked at him, cheeks flushed pink, and answered softly, almost under her breath:

“A later…”

Her gaze carried so much—embarrassment, confusion, fear, and something deeper that neither of them dared name.

Alan nodded, then tried to sound more in control, shifting the conversation back to safer ground.

“Alright… we’ve got time to kill anyway. Might as well talk about that witch, huh? What the hell are we gonna do… she’s got a video…”

Madison jumped at the opening he'd given her:



"Hm! Yeah, you're right... Might as well talk about it now..."

A short silence stretched between them, just long enough for the air inside the car to feel like it had turned to ice.

"What if we just stop answering her? Play dead?"

Alan shook his head slowly, eyes glued to the white line racing ahead. His voice came out low and mechanical, like he'd already worn the idea thin from turning it over and over.

"No... She's not stupid. That won't work. She won't drop it that easily."

Madison swallowed hard, throat tight. A fresh, even more desperate idea hit her.

"Go to the police...?"

Alan thought for a second, jaw clenched tight. The engine hummed steadily, almost mocking in the heavy quiet.

"Yeah... maybe..."

He paused, then added, voice dropping even lower:

"We've got that recording... But that would mean filing an actual complaint? Going in front of a judge or whatever?"

Madison's stomach flipped. Her heart slammed into high gear, a cold wave surging straight up to her throat.

"Fuck... having to tell the whole truth?..."

Just the thought made her nauseous: sitting in a police station, then in front of some magistrate, spilling everything—the video, the blackmail, that night, what happened on the couch. All of it. In front of strangers. Under eyes that would judge them.

Alan cleared his throat, awkward, scrambling for an escape hatch.



“Uh… or something off the books? We confront her, threaten her? Make her delete it right in front of us…”

He didn’t finish the sentence. The words hung there, heavy and unfinished.

Then, at the exact same moment, they both blurted:

“NO NO…”

They shot each other a split-second glance, startled by how perfectly in sync they were, before quickly looking away.

“Yeah, no… we can’t trust her… she’s vicious…”

“Yeah…”

“She’s completely fucking insane…”

“Yeah… hahaha…”

Their laughs burst out forced and hollow, two brittle sounds that rang empty inside the car. They both knew exactly what the other was thinking without saying it: if Rebecah was crazy… then what the hell did that make them? After everything they’d done, everything they’d let happen… The laughter died as fast as it had started, replaced by an even heavier, more suffocating silence.

They kept driving, desperately hunting for any idea, any solution, anything that could pull them out of this trap. The kilometers ticked by, but nothing came. No miracle plan. No obvious exit.

At least they agreed on one tiny, vital thing in the middle of all this chaos: in front of their parents, they had to act like everything was fine. Smile. Pretend. Not let a single thing slip. Not one word. Not one wrong look. Just… normal. For the whole weekend. So they didn't blow everything apart.