The Offer

Chapter 7

They had already been wandering the mall for over an hour, drifting from one store to the next without time ever seeming to drag. And strangely enough, everything was going well—too well, almost, to the point where it felt unsettling. Rebecah, with her infectious smile and casual remarks, had turned into the perfect shopping companion: sweet, easygoing, always ready to laugh at nothing. This time, she let none of her wealth show—no chauffeur lurking nearby, no offhand comments about outrageously expensive brands as if that were normal. She was just… approachable. Like a regular friend they might have met on campus, not the girl who'd casually dropped thousands for an incestuous kiss.



They stepped into another store, a trendy clothing boutique with pristine white walls and racks heavy with light fabrics, perfect for summer. Alan dragged his feet a little, stealing discreet glances at Madison.

What the fuck is she doing? he wondered, hands buried deep in his jeans pockets. She seemed to have completely forgotten the whole point of this outing—squeezing a bit of cash out of Rebecah for a quick kiss, like she'd insisted the other night. Instead, she was chatting with her like this was just a friends' hangout, laughing at

her jokes, running her fingers over the fabrics with genuine interest.

Alan didn't really understand why he was there, stuck in the middle of conversations about clothes that went right over his head, but Rebecah's constant humor kept him going. She had a real talent for killing any awkward silence, for turning a mundane afternoon into something fun, almost addictive.

"Look at this top, Madi! It's adorable, right? That V-neck and the subtle floral pattern... it would look amazing with your complexion," Rebecah said, pulling a white top off the rack and holding it up against Madison's chest, flashing her a playful wink.

Madison studied it for a moment, fingers brushing over the silky fabric, a smile tugging at her lips.

"Yeah, it's nice. Light, perfect for hot days. And that summer jacket over there? The one with the fringe—it's got kind of a boho vibe, don't you think?"



Rebecah spun toward the jacket, a flowy beige piece hanging there like an open invitation.

"Oh, totally! Picture it with denim shorts and sandals. You'd look like a pro festival girl. Try it on, come on!"

The two girls slipped into animated banter, teasing each other about which colors worked best, laughing when Rebecah struck an exaggerated model pose, hips thrown out, lips pursed dramatically.

"So tell me, Madi—would you wear this on a date or just around campus? Because if it's a date, I'm betting guys would be breaking their necks."

Madison burst out laughing, shaking her head.

“A date? With my schedule? But yeah… it’s tempting.”

Alan leaned against a wall near the fitting rooms, watching the scene with forced amusement. Rebecah was good—damn good. She asked the right questions, bounced off every answer like she’d memorized a handbook on perfect social skills. She complimented without overdoing it, teased without ever crossing a line, and within minutes, you forgot everything else: her creepy fixation, her insane propositions, the way she’d used money to manipulate them. She just seemed… normal. Charming. The kind of person everyone invited to parties because she effortlessly lifted the mood. It was hard to resent her—or even remember that she was the half-crazy girl who fantasized about seeing them together.

Rebecah turned toward him, jacket still in hand.

“Hey, Alan—what do you think? On Madi, it’d look amazing, right? Picture her wearing it this summer.”



Alan shrugged, answering honestly without any particular awkwardness—it was just clothes, after all.

“Yeah, definitely. It fits her style, not too busy. But the white top’s better. It looks more… I don’t know, fresh?”

Madison rolled her eyes, smiling anyway.

“Thanks for the expert opinion. Since when are you a fashion critic?”

Rebecah laughed, a bright, genuine sound that echoed through the shop.

“He’s not wrong, though! Come on, Madi—try them both on. We’ve got time.”

Madison hesitated, glancing at the price tag—not outrageous, but still more than she could afford right now, with her car in the shop and bills piling up. She shook her head, honest without making a big deal of it.

“Nah, it’s okay. I can’t really afford it at the moment. With the car and everything… it’ll have to wait.”

Rebecah tilted her head, surprised but not condescending.

“Wait, seriously? Let me get it for you, then! It’s nothing, and it suits you so well. Consider it a gift for today.”

Madison stiffened slightly, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment. Ironically, even though she’d come here with the idea of getting money out of Rebecah, having things paid for like this made her uncomfortable—as if it crossed some invisible line, made it too personal.

“No, Beca, that’s really sweet, but… I don’t like that. I’m fine, really.”

Rebecah insisted, gentle but persistent, resting a hand on her arm.

“Come on, it’s just a jacket! No need to make it a big deal. And it makes me happy. Think of it as an exchange—you gave me a great afternoon, I’m just returning the favor.”

Alan watched the exchange, a faint frown creasing his brow. Madison finally gave in, muttering a reluctant “Okay, but just this once,” with a tight smile. The mood stayed light, though, Rebecah already cracking another joke to smooth over the awkwardness.

Alan watched Madison give in with a mix of surprise and growing irritation. She thanked Rebecah in a slightly stiff tone, carrying the folded jacket over her arm like some kind of awkward trophy, and the two girls went back to wandering between the racks—now debating a pair of skinny jeans that, according to Rebecah, would “make your already endless legs look even longer, Madi—guys are gonna drool.”

Trailing behind them, Alan felt his frustration rise. What the hell was this circus?

They were chatting like longtime friends, and Madison seemed to have completely forgotten the original plan. He waited for a moment when Rebecah drifted away toward a

shoe display, absorbed by a pair of glittery heels, then grabbed his sister's arm and gently pulled her into a narrow aisle between two shelves stacked with cashmere sweaters.

"Hey, Madi," he murmured close to her ear, his voice low and urgent, glancing over his shoulder to make sure Rebecah wasn't watching.

"I don't get it. You were supposed to get money out of her, right? That was the whole point of coming here, for fuck's sake. And now you're just letting her buy you a jacket like it's no big deal?"



Madison stiffened instantly, her cheeks flushing with a burning embarrassment, almost like she'd been caught doing something wrong. She turned toward him, eyes darting away, and whispered back—her voice trembling with anger turned inward, a strange mix of frustration and self-blame that made her stumble over her words.

"I know, okay? I know. It's insane, I just… I can't. She's not the same person, Alan. How am I supposed to do that? I thought about it all week—how to bring it up—but now… she's so nice, so normal. I didn't plan how to say it without sounding like a leech. And now… I'm completely stuck."

Alan frowned, thrown off by her sudden vulnerability—Madison, usually so blunt, so in control. But before he could answer, Rebecah reappeared at the end of the aisle, a bag in hand, and they both plastered on neutral smiles, falling back into step as if nothing had happened.

A little later, as shopping fatigue began to settle in—bags growing heavier, feet protesting against the hard mall floor—Rebecah stopped abruptly in front of a small café wedged

between two stores, with white plastic tables and a counter stacked with wrapped sandwiches and steaming coffee cups.

“Hey, how about a break? Something to eat, something to drink? I’m starving—what about you?”

They agreed without hesitation, grateful for the pause after nearly ninety minutes of wandering. Rebecah didn’t offer to pay for them—she simply ordered her latte macchiato and a croissant, letting Alan and Madison pull out their wallets for a black coffee and a muffin each. No grand gesture, no my treat like last time. They sat down at a round table in the middle of the mall, surrounded by the low hum of shoppers and the distant clatter of escalators, their bags resting at their feet like forgotten prizes.

The conversation picked up again, smooth and harmless—nothing strange about it. Pure small talk, like a regular hangout between friends. Madison talked about her job, laying it all out without sugarcoating anything: how she’d been fired without warning, “budget cuts” as a bullshit excuse, and now resumes piling up with no answers.

“And the car is the cherry on top,” she added, sipping her coffee with a bitter laugh. “Got hit by some asshole who took off, and the shop says it’s done—frame damage, repairs that cost a fortune. I’m on foot, literally, until I figure something out.”

Rebecah listened closely, nodding, asking practical questions without a hint of judgment. “That’s rough. Have you looked into temp work, just to get by?”



Alan chewed on his muffin in silence, watching the exchange, sensing an opening. He hesitated, throat tightening, then finally dared to speak—not without effort, as if the words weighed a ton. He tossed it out casually, half-joking, testing the waters with a forced smile.

“That night at the bar was still pretty wild, though… I can’t believe you pushed us to do

that, Beca. I mean—us two, like that, for money."

The mood shifted instantly, the air crackling with a subtle charge, like a veil being lifted. They all laughed, but it rang hollow—nervous, slightly too loud, the kind of laughter that hides discomfort. Rebecah shook her head, eyes sparkling with polite amusement.

"Yeah, it was intense, not gonna lie… I loved it."

Then, softer, kinder, almost apologetic: "But I get that it's not your thing. I won't push it any further, I promise. Let's move on, okay?"

Her words landed like a door closing—gently, politely, but final—completely undercutting Madison's plans. Alan felt a knot tighten in his stomach. How were they supposed to turn this around now? Rebecah was playing with them, backing them into a corner without ever seeming to, forcing them to ask instead of offer. But in the moment, it just felt… normal. A polite ending to an awkward episode. They nodded, returning to their drinks, but the tension lingered—quiet, insidious, like a shadow slowly stretching.

They tossed their empty cups into a nearby trash can and resumed wandering through the mall, plastic bags crinkling against their legs. But this time, a thin tension had crept in—a faint sense of defeat weighing on their shoulders. Rebecah had shut the door so politely, so cleanly, that reopening the subject now felt impossible without forcing it. They were too polite to ask outright, too embarrassed to bring up money head-on, and now every step through the next stores felt heavier, more pointless.

Madison shot discreet glances at Alan, lips pressed tight, while he pretended to study jewelry displays he would never have looked at otherwise.

They passed a discreet sex shop tucked between a perfume store and an electronics gadget shop, its dimly lit window displaying stylized silhouettes and faintly flickering pink neon.

Rebecah stopped short, her eyes lighting up with mischievous excitement.

"Oh, wait! I love places like this. Want to go in? Just to look around, I promise—it's fun."

Alan and Madison exchanged a quick look, caught between reluctance and a shared, unspoken instinct—maybe this was an opening, a way to stir that perverse side of her again, the one that spent freely on twisted whims. Neither of them was enthusiastic, not even close, but the thought hung there without being said: if it pulled her back toward her obsessions, it might unlock the rest.



"Uh… yeah, why not," Alan muttered, shrugging to hide his discomfort.

Madison nodded along, a strained smile on her lips.

Inside, the air smelled of new plastic and scented lubricants. The aisles were laid out like any other store, except the items gleamed under LED lights: vibrators in every shape imaginable, brightly colored plugs, and darker accessories that challenged the imagination. Rebecah walked in confidently, lifting a neon-pink dildo from its hook with almost childlike enthusiasm.



"Look at this! I've got one pretty similar at home, with vibrations that ramp up in intensity. It's insane, honestly. Have you ever tried something like that, Madi? You know, with programmable pulses?"

Madison blushed up to her ears, casting a nervous glance at Alan, who suddenly found the textured-condom display fascinating.

“Uh… not really. I’ve never tried that kind,” she replied in a low voice—embarrassed but oddly honest, as if she were afraid of breaking the fragile balance that might still lead to money. Even with her brother standing right there, even though every word made her squirm inside.

Rebecah raised an eyebrow, setting the toy down only to grab another one, more curved, with a veined surface.

“Oh yeah? So what do you use, then? Come on, tell me—we’re among friends.”

Madison hesitated, swallowing hard, but answered anyway, almost forcing herself not to kill the momentum—not to lose this slim chance of steering things back toward money.

“Well… just something basic. A classic dildo. Nothing crazy.”

Alan felt a wave of heat crawl up his neck, like he’d been caught red-handed. He turned toward the lube shelf to avoid eye contact, but Rebecah had already noticed.

“That’s totally fine, Madi! But honestly, you’re missing out with the newer stuff—the textures, the modes… it changes everything.”



Then, with a teasing laugh, she turned to Alan. “Hey, does it bother you knowing what Madi uses? You’re turning red over there.”

Alan let out an awkward chuckle, scratching the back of his neck.

“Yeah… kinda. It’s a bit weird hearing that, not gonna lie.”

Rebecah shook her head, smiling kindly as she placed the toy back on the shelf with almost instructional care.

“Come on, there’s no need for taboos with this kind of thing. Everyone pleasures themselves—it’s normal. There’s no shame in it.

It's just the body talking, right? We're all the same there. No judgment, just healthy curiosity."

Her words flowed with disarming confidence, flattening the heavy atmosphere into something almost mundane, as if talking about sex toys in the middle of an aisle were no different from chatting about the weather. Alan and Madison nodded vaguely—still uncomfortable, but unable to argue. What she said made sense, even if it left them squirming.

They moved deeper into the store, into the men's section, where ergonomically shaped objects were lined up on matte black displays, lit by discreet spotlights that cast long shadows. Rebecah stopped in front of a shelf of textured silicone masturbators and turned toward Alan with a curious smile.

"And you, Alan? What do you use? Any preferences?"

He blinked, caught off guard by the blunt question, but answered without too much trouble, shrugging as if they were talking about the weather.

"Well... nothing, actually. I don't own anything like that. Never tried it. Not really my thing."



Madison listened without saying a word, eyes fixed on a plain, neutral package to avoid meeting his gaze, a diffuse heat spreading through her chest—hearing that from her brother, here, made everything feel even more surreal. Rebecah, meanwhile, pulled an exaggerated pout, as if she'd just been told some minor tragedy.

“What? Never? That’s sad!” She clapped her hands once. “Hold on, let’s ask for advice.”

Before either of them could react, she flagged down the clerk—a guy in his thirties wearing a black polo—who approached with a professional smile, clearly happy to help.

“So my friend here has never tried anything,” Rebecah said brightly. “What would you recommend as a beginner toy? Something simple, not too intimidating?”

The situation tipped into the absurd for Alan and Madison, frozen side by side like awkward statues in the middle of an aisle packed with forced intimacy—the brother and sister standing there, listening to a conversation about sex toys like it was a dental consultation. The clerk adjusted his glasses and started listing options enthusiastically, but not before asking a question that made them both flinch.

“Is this for solo play, or with one of the ladies you’re with? That does change the recommendations.”

Rebecah burst out laughing, a clear, mischievous sound echoing through the nearly empty shop, cutting through the hum of the neon lights. Alan and Madison said nothing, locked in embarrassed silence—she folded her arms, he shoved his hands into his pockets. Alan finally blurted out, just to shut it down:



“Solo. Just solo.”

The clerk nodded without batting an eye and launched into a detailed explanation, gesturing toward the products like a lecturer mid-lesson—five solid minutes describing a basic masturbator with a realistic entry and varied internal textures, then a vibrating ring to extend sensations, and finally a discreet prostate stimulator for the curious.

“Start with this,” he concluded. “It’s gentle, easy to clean, and affordable for testing things out.”

Rebecah listened with genuine interest, nodding along, while Madison maintained a stiff, forced neutrality. The atmosphere was weird—a blend of discomfort and absurdity that bordered on funny—as if they'd been dropped into an improvised sketch, the quietly vibrating boxes on the shelves acting as silent witnesses.

Clearly energized, Rebecah insisted on buying something for each of them, already grabbing the recommended masturbator for Alan and a curved vibrator for Madison, complete with the pulsing modes she'd praised earlier.

"Come on, it's my gift! Don't refuse—it'll change your life."

They both refused flat-out—Alan shaking his head with a firm, "No, seriously, that's too much," and Madison adding, "Really, Beca, we can't accept that."

Rebecah pouted theatrically, lips pursed, and without waiting for their consent, piled the items into her arms anyway, thinking out loud.

"And for me… what should I get? Something new, maybe?"

Alan and Madison exchanged a silent what the fuck look, eyes wide at the sheer absurdity of it all, but they let her continue, paralyzed by a strange inertia—as if resisting would shatter the fragile balance holding the moment together. She finally picked up a sleek, tapered black silicone anal plug, holding it out at arm's length to inspect it. Then, with a teasing wink at Alan, just to rile him up a little:



"Do you think it would look good on me?"

They laughed despite themselves, a nervous burst that loosened the air for a moment, and headed to the register. Rebecah paid for everything with a smooth swipe of her card, as casually as if she were

buying candy on the way out of a movie theater.

Once they stepped out of the sex shop, they emerged back into the mall with palpable relief, the cool blast of air conditioning a sharp contrast to the stifling atmosphere they'd just left behind. Their arms were loaded with bags—mostly Rebecah's, stuffed with clothes and accessories she'd picked up over the afternoon—while Alan and Madison carried only a few modest packages, including that gifted jacket, which now weighed on Madison like an ambiguous reminder.

They spotted an empty bench near an artificial fountain, the steady trickle of cascading water muffling the surrounding noise, and collapsed onto it, legs stretched out, bags dropped haphazardly at their feet.

Still buzzing with energy, Rebecah shook her head with a teasing grin, swinging the sex-shop bag like a trophy.

"You were so embarrassed in there, weren't you? And yet you kissed each other right in front of me the other night... Come on, that's hardly peak intimacy!"



Alan and Madison forced a laugh—awkward, strained, ringing false even to their own ears. It was meant to dispel the discomfort, but only deepened it inside. Madison crossed her legs, avoiding her brother's gaze, while Alan muttered a distracted "Yeah, yeah," staring at an invisible spot on the tiled floor.

Then, without any warning, Rebecah dropped it, casually, like she was suggesting coffee:

“So… feel like doing it again?”

They both turned toward her at the exact same time, staring straight at her, eyes wide—surprise mixing with a barely suppressed anticipation that betrayed them despite themselves. The moment stretched, heavy and charged, before Rebecah burst out laughing, a bright, mischievous sound echoing around them.

“Fuck, I swear you’ve been waiting for that question all along! The looks on your faces—too cute.”



Alan stammered, “What? No, not at all,” trying to deny it, but it fell flat—his voice shook, and Madison turned scarlet, staring fixedly at her shoes. Rebecah shook her head, a knowing smile curling her lips.

“Come on. I get it. No need to pretend.”

The silence that followed was thick and uncomfortable, like the air around the bench had grown heavier, no one quite daring to move.

Finally, Madison drew in a deep breath and spoke—direct, but soaked in shame, her voice low and hesitant, as if the words burned on the way out.

“I’m willing to do it again. For the same amount of money.”

Rebecah smiled slyly, a darker glint flickering in her eyes, and turned to Alan, tilting her head.

“And you? Would you like to kiss your big sister’s sexy, full lips… one more time?”

Heat rushed to his face. He avoided Madison’s gaze as she stared down at her shoes.

“For the same amount… if Madi’s okay with it,” he said simply, keeping his voice flat to hide the turmoil underneath.

They both looked at Rebecah then, waiting, hearts beating just a little too fast, the moment hanging in the air.

But she laughed again—softly this time, with a hint of triumph threaded through it.

“For a kiss… I can’t really promise you anything, unfortunately. That feels a bit too tame now.”

She paused, letting it sink in, then added smoothly:

“But… what if I offered you triple the amount for a threesome?”