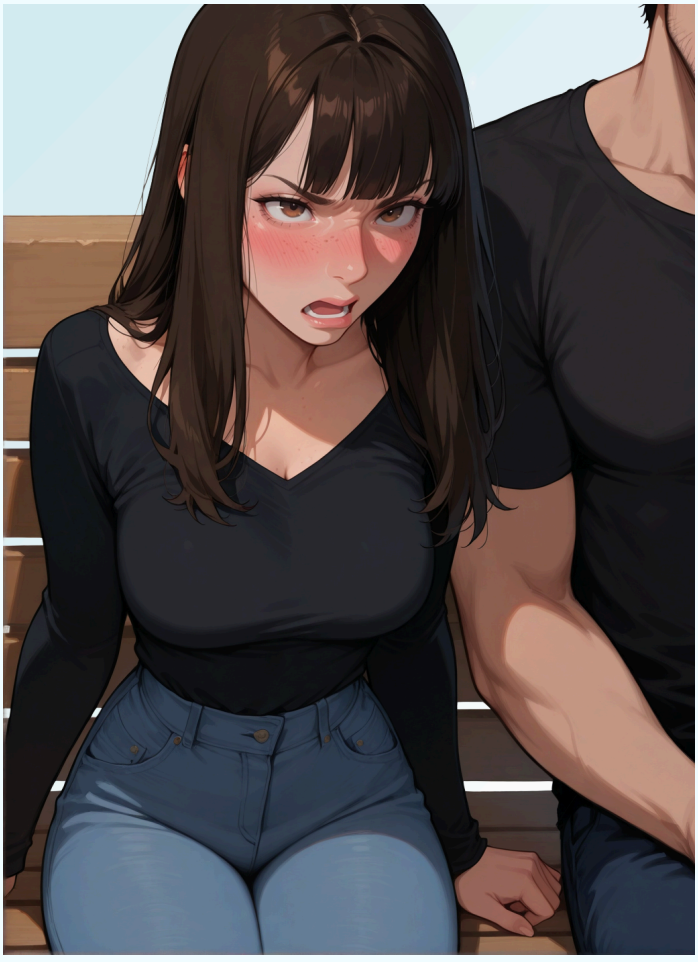
The Offer

Chapter 8

Alan and Madison froze on the bench, eyes wide, as if Rebecah's words had just slapped them across the face. The splash of the fountain suddenly felt deafening—an absurd soundtrack for a suggestion that had tipped straight into the surreal. Alan was the first to snap out of it, his voice cracking through the heavy air like a whip.

"What—what? No. Fuck no. Are you out of your mind?"



Madison, cheeks burning, shook her head hard, her body tensing like a drawn bow.

"Absolutely not. That's… that's disgusting. Just—impossible."

Rebecah, still laughing, wiped a tear from the corner of her eye, her giggles spilling out as if this were all some massive joke. But there was a sharp gleam in her eyes that said otherwise—raw hunger tucked beneath the playfulness. She straightened, setting her bags at her feet with careless ease.

"Relax. I was just throwing it out there."

Madison's heart was pounding. She sensed an opening—or maybe a trap—in that

apparent retreat. She drew a slow breath, trying to steady herself, and launched into an awkward negotiation, her voice low but set.

“Listen… about the kiss—we could maybe talk about that. A… a kiss between brother and sister… that’s already huge, right?”

Rebecah stared at her for a beat, then burst out laughing again, loud and mocking, loud enough to draw a curious glance from a passerby.

“A kiss? Seriously, Madi? After everything we’ve shared today? Nah. Sorry. That doesn’t do it for me anymore.”

Madison pushed on, cheeks flushing with creeping humiliation, determination winning out—she needed the money, fuck, with the car wrecked and the bills stacking up like dominoes ready to fall.

“Okay, then… half? Thirty-five hundred? Or even two grand, just for something quick…”



Rebecah shook her head, her smile widening, almost gentle, like she was explaining the obvious to a child.

“Madi… this isn’t about money. What I want is more than that. Something real. Intense. Not some shy little peck on a park bench.”

She leaned forward, eyes locked on Madison’s, then on Alan’s, dropping her voice for effect.

“Let’s be honest. Twenty-one thousand dollars. Each. For a threesome with me. Picture it—both of you, me, one night where I make you forget everything. Just the images, the touches… everything that gets you off.”

The number hit them like a sucker punch—twenty-one grand, holy shit, triple what they’d gotten last time. Enough to change everything: fix the car, wipe out debts, buy some breathing room in a student life that was squeezing them dry. Madison felt her pulse spike, dizziness washing over her. She turned to Alan, her look tight, almost pleading, already weighing the pros and cons in some dark corner of her mind. Twenty-one thousand… fuck.



Alan caught that look—the flicker of doubt in his sister’s eyes—and his stomach dropped.

“Wait—Madi? You’re not actually thinking about this, are you?!”

Rebecah laughed again, a sly sparkle masking her inner triumph, like she was already pulling the strings of a show she’d directed herself. Then, with a theatrically annoyed sigh, she added,

“Alright… my offer just dropped to ten grand. Because you’re taking way too long to decide.”

They both froze, stunned—the price slashed in half like a masterful bluff. Madison shot back

instantly, a reflex that betrayed her completely.

“What do you mean, half?! Fuck, Beca, that’s not—”

Rebecah had them right where she wanted them, and she laughed again, a victorious sound echoing through the arcade.

“Hurry up—”

Madison’s heart was hammering so hard it felt like it might crack her ribs. She didn’t even glance at Alan. The words spilled out of her on pure instinct, her voice low and rushed, a rough whisper meant not to draw any more attention in the busy arcade.

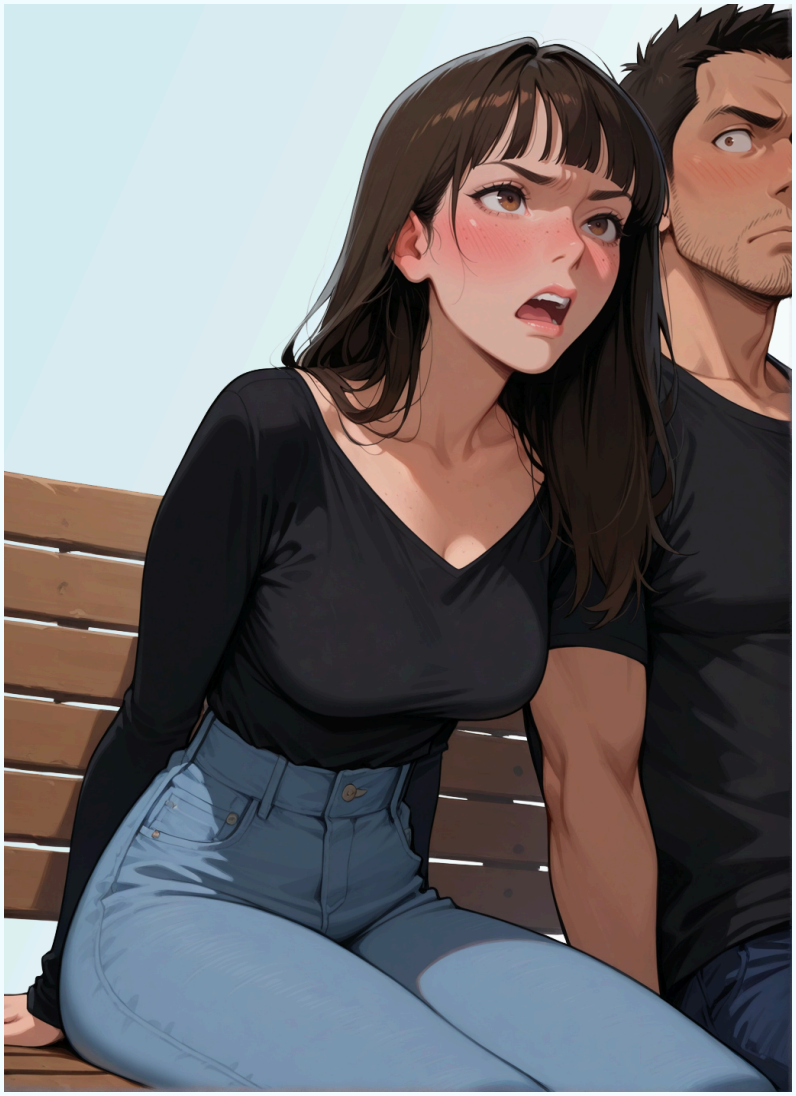
“Twenty-one thousand. We agree to the threesome—but Alan and I don’t touch each other. Ever.”

Alan just stared at her, stunned, a guttural sound clawing up his throat like he’d taken a punch to the solar plexus. His eyes flew wide, shock ripping through him like a jolt of electricity, and he opened his mouth to object, the words already colliding on his tongue. But Madison snapped around on him, eyes narrowed into a savage warning, a look that screamed shut the fuck up without a sound. Her lips pressed into a hard line, pinning him in place.

Rebecah, still leaning against the bench with calculated ease, pretended to think it over, tilting her head, tapping a finger against her chin as if weighing every detail on an invisible scale. Her eyes sparkled, but she kept her face serious—almost businesslike—letting the silence stretch just long enough to tighten the noose. Then, with a subtle shrug:

“Twenty-one thousand for both of you. I’ll agree to no penetration… but everything else—”

Madison shook her head violently, panic flaring, cheeks burning like she’d been dunked in boiling water, a sick, visceral knot twisting in her gut.



“No! Absolutely not! Nothing at all!”

Still reeling from his sister’s audacity, Alan tried to jump in, his voice rising for the first time, words tripping over each other.

“Wait, maybe I get a say—”

Madison cut him off cold, turning back to Rebecah before he could finish. Her voice cracked like an order, desperation driving her into one last reckless offer, like she was bargaining for her own survival.

“Twenty-one thousand dollars. One hour with both of us, but we never touch each other. You can do whatever you want to us.”

That’s when Rebecah smiled—slow, bright, victorious—like she’d been waiting for this exact moment. She straightened slightly, crossing her legs with practiced elegance, and countered in a soft but unyielding voice:

“Two hours. And you accept everything I want to do with you… and I’ll agree that you don’t touch each other directly.”

A cold shiver slid down Madison’s spine. The word everything blared in her head like a siren, a dull fear clamping around her throat—what did that even mean, everything? She swallowed hard, shaken, her eyes flicking briefly to the bags at their feet before returning to Rebecah.

“Fine. But only one hour.”

Rebecah shook her head, her smile widening, triumph gleaming in her eyes.

“Two hours or nothing.”

Madison froze, trapped, suddenly short of air, like the bench had closed in around her.

“Fuck,” she spat under her breath, fists clenched tight on her knees, the word slipping out like an admission of defeat.



Rebecah knew she had it in the bag. A thrill of excitement ran through her; without even sparing Alan a glance, she extended her hand toward Madison, palm open, sealing the deal like an unspoken pact.

“Okay. Two hours.”

Still reeling, Alan shot upright on the bench, muscles drawn tight like cables about to snap. His voice rose into a low growl that drew a fleeting glance from a couple passing nearby.

“Wait—what? No, Madi, fuck no, we’re not agreeing to anything! You didn’t—”

Madison spun on him like a blade, eyes narrowed to a razor slit, her voice low and sharp, an order hissed under pressure.

“Shut up, Alan. Just… shut up.”

Rebecah, glowing, her eyes sparkling with a triumph she no longer bothered to hide, watched the exchange with a widening smile, fingers still extended in the air as if sealing the deal. Seeing Alan boil, on the edge of blowing up, she stepped closer, her voice sliding through the cramped space of the bench like a taunting caress.

“You do realize you just agreed to the best fuck of your lives? And I’m paying you for it, on top of that.”



Alan opened his mouth, words already piling up—“This is bullshit, we—”—but Rebecah cut him off cold, planting a firm hand on his thigh. Her fingers brushed the denim of his jeans with subtle, insistent pressure.

Her gaze dropped shamelessly to his crotch, a dark glint in her eyes, then lifted to lock onto his. She leaned in, warm breath grazing his ear, her voice dropping to a rough whisper, thick with a vicious promise.

“I’ll give you the best blowjob of your life, and I’ll let you fuck me however you want… and you’re still protesting? What, you don’t find me attractive?”

Alan swallowed hard, his throat tight like an invisible hand had closed around it, the words dying on his lips. He stayed silent, frozen, a shiver ripping through him despite himself—a traitorous heat blooming low in his belly, his body betraying him with a rising erection he tried uselessly to hide by crossing his legs, his heart pounding out of sync.

Madison, forced to witness the scene, felt a sour knot twist in her stomach. Her cheeks burned as she looked away, fixing her eyes on the shopping bags at their feet like they were an anchor. Sensing the discomfort, Rebecah turned to her with a sly smile, a low, conspiratorial laugh rolling in her throat.

“I’m not forgetting you either, pretty thing. We’re going to have so much fun testing our new toys together…”

Rebecah cleared her throat, a sharp sound that cut through the charged air, like a reminder that the game was over. Her expression shifted instantly, playful excitement draining into something colder, more controlled, the corners of her mouth settling into a neutral line. She stood in one smooth motion, brushing imaginary dust from her skirt as if it were second nature, and looked down at them with a calm, almost administrative gaze.

“Perfect, then. I’ll send you a contract to sign, just in case. So everything’s clear. I’ll put the date and time of the appointment in it.”

Alan and Madison stared at her in silence as she pulled out her phone and fired off a quick message—probably to her driver, because a familiar figure soon emerged from the crowd, a man in a dark suit who scooped up all her shopping bags in one efficient motion, stacking them on his shoulders without a word. Rebecah gave them one last smile, brief and victorious, then nodded casually.

“See you soon, lovebirds. Take care of yourselves.”

And just like that, she walked away, heels clicking against the tiled floor of the arcade, her driver trailing her like a loyal shadow, leaving them stranded on their bench amid the distant splash of the fountain and the anonymous murmur of passersby. It felt like she’d tossed a grenade and vanished before the blast, leaving them to deal with the shrapnel.

They finally looked at each other, the silence stretching between them like a wire ready to snap. Alan broke first, his voice low and rough, packed with simmering anger and gut-deep unease, the words spilling out in a rush like they burned.

“Fuck, Madi, what did you just do? Seriously, what the hell is this mess?”

Madison didn’t answer right away. She was still frozen, eyes unfocused, replaying the scene on a loop in her head, her heart pounding so erratically it felt like her chest might burst. She swallowed, reality crashing back over her like cold water, and finally turned toward him, her troubled gaze meeting his.

“Fuck… she had it all planned from the start. The whole outing, the stores, the sex shop… It was—shit.”



Alan shook his head hard, hands trembling on his knees like he was trying to shake off a nightmare.

“I don’t care, Madi! We can just say no, end of story. It’s not—”

She cut him off, her voice rising, desperation flashing in her eyes, clinging to this like a lifeline.

“I need that money, Alan. I can’t just turn down twenty-one grand. It fixes everything—my student loan that’s killing me, the overdue rent, the car… all of it.”

He stared at her, incredulous, nausea rising like bile.

“It’s not worth it, damn it. Look at me, Madi.”

She looked away, fixing on some invisible spot on the floor, but he grabbed her by the shoulders, forcing her to turn back to him, his grip tight enough to hold her, not hurt her.

“It’s not worth risking ruining… us. Our relationship. You’re my sister, for fuck’s sake. My sister.”

Madison stayed cold, her expression hardening into armor, even though inside, that same acidic discomfort gnawed at her.

“It’s just two hours, Alan. And we don’t even touch each other. We’ll just… turn away when… I mean…”

She trailed off, the words sticking in her throat, cheeks flushing with embarrassment, unable to meet his eyes like saying it out loud made it too real.

Alan let go of her shoulders, but his voice stayed firm, urgent, trying to pull her back to reason.



“Rebecah’s going to trap us, Madi. We can’t trust her after this. She’s too… calculated. Listen—we ask for half upfront. Ten grand. Then we don’t do the rest. Boom. Cash in hand, no diving into her twisted fantasy.”

Madison thought it over, eyes narrowed, weighing his words like coins on a scale. Then she let out a long breath, a nervous laugh slipping out, strained and hollow, barely easing the tension between them.

“You’re right… fuck, you’re not wrong. She still has to agree, though—and she didn’t exactly look like the type to budge.”

They exhaled at the same time, a synchronized sigh that almost made them smile despite the weight crushing down on them, like two accomplices stuck in a bad job. Alan shook his head, a mocking edge creeping into his voice to mask his discomfort.

“You’re completely nuts, you know that? Who agrees to something like that without thinking?”

She laughed for real this time, a short but genuine burst, and rested a hand on his arm.

“I’m sorry. Really. I panicked, with that much money on the table. Sorry for dragging you into this without asking.”

He shrugged, still tense but softened.

“Yeah, well… I didn’t agree to anything anyway. Come on, let’s go home. I need a beer or something to forget this whole afternoon.”

