

The Ring

“Why?”

I frowned. I expected a thank you, maybe a smile of gratitude—or hell, even a small nod of appreciation.

A ‘why’ was the very last thing I expected from the woman I just risked my life for, pushing her out of the incoming traffic.

Chaos ensued around us. Horns were blaring, people were shouting, and cars were screeching to a stop. I glanced around, watching people getting out of their cars, but only a few came to help. Most had their cellphones out.

I was still laying on top of the woman. With a groan, I pushed to my feet, wincing when my elbows burned. I took a moment to check my arms. My left elbow was only a little bruised, but the right was bleeding, and I knew it would only get worse once the adrenaline died down.

“Are you okay?” I finally asked the woman, offering a hand to help her up. I knew I shouldn’t have dashed across the road to save her. I could have died. But if I didn’t risk it all, I would be staring at a corpse right then, not a living, breathing human.

The woman said nothing. She stayed on her back, staring at my outstretched palm with wide eyes. She was probably in shock.

Understandable, given that she had been seconds away from an eternity of darkness.

Finally, she shook her head, snapping out of whatever trance she’d been in, reaching for my hand.

The moment we touched, I gasped, almost letting go when I felt a shock. It was a weird, ticklish sensation, followed by a jolt of electricity that had me a little woozy.

Cringing, I pulled her up to her feet. She was quite pretty, I realized, as she brushed dirt off her tight pencil skirt.

Young, about my age, slender with a hourglass figure, blonde, gorgeous hazel eyes, clearly works out. Fuck me, she was perfection.

Should I ask her out?

I almost laughed. Ask her out? What was I going to do? Ask for her number after saving her from almost getting run down by a car? She owed me, but sex in return was a bit of a stretch.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” the woman said, twenty seconds too late. She was still staring at me, hazel eyes searching mine.

Strange. I expected a cute, soft-spoken voice. But she spoke with unnatural authority, confident and firm, not a hint of embarrassment in there. She sounded like she was used to giving orders and expecting them to be carried out.

“Oh... okay.” I coughed. “I... I guess I’ll be on my way.

I turned to leave.

“You’re welcome,” I said, even softer, so she wouldn’t hear it.

She grabbed my arm. “Wait. Logan.”

I turned to her, my eyes wide. How did she know my name? Have I met her before?

I shook my head. “How do you know my name?”

“Come,” she said firmly, ignoring my question and dragging me through the crowd of onlookers.

I allowed myself to be pulled away. Maybe she wants to go somewhere quiet and give me a thank you blowjob or something. If not, the slim chance was worth it anyway.

But the woman brought me to a parking lot behind a nearby building. And my eyes widened when I realized she was taking me to the most expensive car in the lot—a dark blue Porsche. I watched the woman open the driver’s seat and slid inside.

“Well?” she said, arching a pretty eyebrow at me expectantly. I forced a sheepish smile and rounded over to the passenger seat, ducking in. Somehow, if a person was wealthy, you tended to trust them more.

“How did you know my name?” I asked again as trees whipped by, the sound of the Porsche beating in my eardrums. “And where are we going?”

She stayed silent, focused on the road ahead. I shrugged and leaned back into the leather seat, growing annoyed at the lack of answers I was receiving.

Well, at least I was in a supercar with an attractive woman, and if I pushed high enough against the seat, I had a pretty nice view of her cleavage.

After about a full fifteen minutes of uneasy silence, we reached our destination. She didn't say a word, killing the engine and hopping out. I was expecting an upscale neighborhood, but we had stopped in a quiet rural area with a litter of rundown shops decorating the street.

I hopped out of the Porsche, the vehicle so out of place for the area we were in. I took a brief moment to let my eyes wander around, but it was all the same sights: old shops and empty streets. So after a few beats, I followed after my strange new companion.

Of course, she had a really sexy walk I thought as I tracked her swaying ass in that ungodly tight pencil skirt.

We journeyed for a while, breezing through more shophouses, walking past an empty football field, edging through a quiet marketplace. She maintained a good pace, and I was struggling to keep up, already out of breath as we trudged through more ground.

I started getting worried when she detoured into an alleyway.

Murder and blood flashed through my mind. But I followed her anyway, eyes open wide and hands clenched into fists. I breathed a sigh of relief when we finally exited the dark alleyway. She stopped in front of a musty little shop that looked ancient even when compared to the rest.

She had her arms crossed, and she was tapping her feet impatiently on the concrete when I finally reached her.

“Come.” She snapped the command and pushed through the entrance, disappearing inside. I heard a bell ring.

The bell rang again when I opened the door, and an unexpected aroma of strawberries and lavender greeted me. Judging by the state of the shop from the outside, I was fully resigned to a sour, foul odor, not a place that smelled like a hotel reception—no, even better.

I stared in wonder at the clean, polished interior. On the far right of the massive room were metallic shelves stacked high with unusual trinkets and expensive looking jewelry.

As we walked through the reception area, I almost slipped a couple a times. My sneakers were slippery from all the dirty gravel it had collected outside, and I took extra slow steps until we stopped in front of a huge, stylish desk. Behind it was a very attractive receptionist who looked no older than nineteen.

The sexy receptionist was talking to my strange companion, who had perched herself on the edge of the desk as if she owned the place.

As I got closer, I could make out the conversation.

“...it is unwise to do that, Mistress,” the receptionist was saying, eyes kept low, hands clasped in front of her. “Master would be displeased.”

My companion shrugged. “I will speak to Daddy. But this man saved my life. I owe him. I’m sure Daddy won’t mind.”

The girl bowed. “As you wish, Mistress.” She withdrew to a room in the far corner, but not before receiving a swat on the ass from the woman.

“She’s pretty, isn’t she?” my companion said to no one in particular. When she turned to face me with a raised eyebrow, I realized she was talking to me.

“Umm... yeah. I mean, yes.” I said, not knowing how to reply to that.

My companion gestured in the direction the receptionist had just left, a smile on her face. “Just got her last month. I knew I wanted her from the moment I set my eyes on the pretty little thing sitting alone in a bar.” She laughed. A short, harsh laugh. “Crazy in bed. Really surprised me, and now she’s all mine.”

I shifted uncomfortably. “Umm...”

She turned to face me again. "I owe you, Logan, for saving my life. I was surprised, really. Still am. For what I've done, I deserve far worse than death." She paused, pursing her lips, her intense hazel eyes on me. "It was fate, no doubt about it. Especially when I learnt of your true desires. We're quite similar in that regard."

True desires?

The woman must have caught the shift in my eyes. "Don't be afraid, Logan. I'm here to offer you help. If you wish to leave, you are free to do so. But don't you at least want to hear what I have to say?"

"How do you know my name?"

I was surprised when she finally answered that, but it was not the answer I expected. "I knew as soon as I touched you. I know pretty much everything about you now." Her voice went lower. "Even about Emily."

I stilled at the mention of my little sister. "What are you talking about?"

"Logan." She laughed that cruel laugh of hers. "No need to play games with me."

I inched towards the exit. "I'm going now."

I didn't even know why I told her that. I should have bolted straight away.

She gave me nothing but a wry smile, so I turned around, striding towards the door.

"I guess you don't want to fuck Mrs. Jones, either."

I stopped dead in my tracks. I heard her whistling innocently behind me. "Smoking hot teacher, isn't she?"

This crazy woman must have been stalking me or something. It was the only explanation.

When I turned to face her again, she had a wide smile. "Like I said, you can leave anytime you want. No one's going to stop you. But I can give you the power to have any woman you desire. Including the psychology professor you have been busying yourself off to in the shower three times a day." She paused, gazing upwards and chewing a

polished fingernail. “Actually, only twice a day for the past week.” She refocused back on me, tsking disappointedly. “Logan, you’ve been slacking.”

My growing curiosity kept me glued to the floor, forcing me to not act on the increasing—and logical—urge to run. “H-How do you know all of this?”

She ignored me, staring deep into my eyes. Fuck, her hazels were so intense.

“I can give you the power to own any woman,” she repeated. “But you can only choose one. For saving my life, I’ll offer you a single ring.” She chuckled. “And you certainly cannot afford another. But honestly, I’m just curious what you would do with such power, who you would choose. The lecturer you have been lusting for over two years now... or your sweet little sister.”

I started to say something, but she held up her hand. “Don’t say anything. Your secret’s safe with me.”

When I said nothing, just stared at her confused and horrified, she sighed and blew out a breath.

“My sweet, innocent child, your dirty little secret isn’t as horrific as you think. I’ve done worse, and I can’t count the number of clients I’ve had who made even me... shiver.” She offered a small smile, the first genuine one. “You don’t need to be scared of your impulses, Logan. Lusting over an attractive young woman is perfectly normal, even if she’s your sister.”

She pointed to where the receptionist had disappeared. “That was Linda, my newest slave. She was free and living her own life just last month. But I wanted her, so I made her mine. She was unwilling at first, of course, but look at her now. Completely owned. I can offer you that power.”

The word jumped out of my throat before I could hold it back. “How?”

My companion hopped off the desk, then gestured for me to follow her. “Come. I’ll show you.”

With one last glance back at the exit, I sighed, turned back around, and resigned myself to fate.

“My name is Clara,” she said, without looking back. “But sometimes I forget my own name. I’m so used to ‘My Lady’ or ‘Mistress’.” She giggled at that, but I just frowned, still uneasy around her and unsure of the situation I had gotten myself into.

We walked towards a shelf that was filled with silver rings. They looked plain and cheap, the kind people who couldn’t afford overpriced diamond rings would get. But as we got closer, I realized they all had strange symbols and words engraved on them.

Clara took one and held it out for me. As soon as I opened my hand for her, she dropped it. I frowned, squinting at the strange ring. It wasn’t the cheap kind like I had initially thought—it felt expensive, heavy, and there was a small ruby in the middle that I hadn’t noticed before.

“It’s a ring of power,” Clara whispered, as if sharing a secret. “It has the power to enslave the mind of anyone who wears it.”

I looked at the ring, at her, back at the ring.

Was she crazy? A lunatic? She sure sounded like one.

She eyed me. “You may think I am crazy,”

Okay, either she really had magical powers to read my mind, or she’s just paranoid. Lunatics always were, right?

I was betting on the latter.

“But action speaks louder than words,” Clara continued. “I want you to take it. Use it on anyone you desire.”

Clara held out one hand. I reluctantly gave the ring back.

“Of course, it’s just a normal ring now. I need to activate it first.” She walked away. “Come.”

I followed her, growing confident with each step that she was one of those lunatics selling snake oil—magical trinkets in this case—claiming big words and trying to scam people.

Judging by the interior of this place, Clara was doing well. Very well. She probably knows she was selling bullshit, but there were always plenty of dumb people in the world to scam.

But so far, she hasn't asked me to take out my wallet. And if she follow through with her promise of giving me this 'power ring' for free, then what did she stand to gain?

We went back to the extensive lobby, passed multiple hallways. The place was huge, way larger than I had initially thought.

Finally, Clara stopped in front of a door and opened it for me. I walked inside.

It was a small room with a table and two chairs facing each other, reminding me of an interrogation room. I looked back at Clara and was relieved when she followed me in. For a moment, I had the wild thought that she would lock the door behind me, trapping me in here forever.

She pointed at one chair. "Sit."

I did, and she pulled the ring out of her pocket, and in another hand... a knife.

"It's alright, Logan" Clara said calmly, when I bolted up from the chair.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"I just need a small drop of your blood," Clara said simply. "To activate the ring."

She is crazy. I need to get out. Now.

"Get away," I shouted, as she stepped closer, her beautiful hazel eyes shining with an evil gleam... or at least that was what I was imagining.

She clicked her tongue in annoyance, but thankfully stopped advancing. "Look, I'm doing you a huge favor here. I just need a drop of your blood to activate the ring. Do you have any idea how much this service would normally cost?"

"Nevermind," she said before I could reply. "But one of these rings is five million dollars, and they always sell out. We only just restocked, and most of them are already reserved. You're lucky I'm able to spare you one."

Five million? What kind of rich asshole would pay five million for a dumb snake-oil ring?

“Look.” She held out her right hand, drawing attention to a black ring on her index finger. “I have four slaves. The newest being Linda, the girl you just saw. This black one is a knowledge ring. Whomever I touch, I can will knowledge out of them. That’s how I know so much about you. I know you think I’m some lunatic, but I also know all your deepest, darkest secrets.”

She crossed her arms. “I can prove it. Ask me anything about yourself.”

I stayed silent. If she had been stalking me for months, maybe years... then she would know everything.

Except...

“What’s the deepest regret in my life?” I asked her, almost smugly. She couldn’t possibly know this. No one—

“That you didn’t kiss Charlotte when you were in high school,” she answered almost immediately. “She’s a model now, isn’t she? You could have had a shot with her, a stunning supermodel. Instead, you missed your chance.”

I froze. “How—”

“I told you, I know everything.”

“That doesn’t prove anything,” I muttered, still refusing to believe her.

This is crazy. This is fucking crazy. She is fucking crazy.

“It doesn’t,” she agreed. “So use the ring. I know you won’t believe anything I say unless you see it with your own eyes.” She showed the pocket knife again. “I still need a drop of your blood.”

I hesitated, eyeing the door out of the corner of my eye. If I could outrun her...

“Look, I’ll give you a handjob after I take your blood,” Clara said, eyeing me. “Or I could have Linda do it, your choice. Because I also need a drop of your semen to mix

with the blood. Normally I have Daddy's slaves do it, but for you..." Her hazel eyes glimmered. "I kind of like you, Logan. Knowing what I know about you..." She licked her lips. "... you're just my type."

I shifted on my feet. "Umm."

A handjob...

Aside from masturbation, I hadn't had any sexual release for almost a year. I was desperate, but was I desperate enough to let crazy under my pants?

Yes. Yes, *I was*.

"Okay," I finally said. "You're just going for a nick, right?"

"Just a small cut."

"Then you are going to give me a handjob?"

"Yes, or Linda will, if you prefer. Now hold out your hand before I change my mind."

I held out my arm to her. She was quick. Before I could have second thoughts, she cut the skin of my forearm, near the elbow. It was a light cut, but droplets of blood were already beginning to form around the wound.

Clara titled my arm sideways, and red began rolling down the side. She positioned the ring under me, and quickly withdrew the trinket once a single drop splashed on the ruby, the rest splattering on the ground.

As I watch her, she carefully laid the ring on the table. I was shocked to see that the surrounding inscriptions were glowing a dim red.

Was she telling the truth? No, it couldn't be. Maybe it was some kind of LED ring or something.

"Okay." Her hazels returned to me. "Pull down your pants."

I did so without hesitation, my face turning bright red when she giggled at my underwear that was decorated with doodles of puppies.

“A gift from your sister on your eighteenth birthday, right?” She was still giggling as she pulled the garment down between my legs, making my cock spring out.

“Yeah,” I mumbled, trying not to sound too weirded out that she knew that.

Clara didn’t waste time. She went to her knees and dipped out her tongue, tasting my head with slow, savoring licks. I moaned my approval.

Holy fuck, this was happening. It was like a dream. Crazy or not, none of my exes were as hot as her.

“I’ve changed my mind,” she whispered below me. “For being such a good boy, I’m going to give you the best blowjob of your life.”

I could only moan as her warm, wet tongue ran along the underside of my cock, dragging gently against my sensitive skin. Then her mouth enveloped me in one smooth motion, pushing her tongue down to guide the firm tip onto her mouth, sliding up and down my cock, her cheeks hollowing while her gorgeous hazel eyes held my gaze with a scorchingly look.

I grabbed the back of her head, pulling on her hair, and she started bobbing on my cock. Both her hands were down low, kneading and squeezing my balls, drawing me dangerously close to release.

Sensing I was close to orgasm, Clara pulled out and began jerking me off with one hand, the other still working on my balls, racing me to a fever pitch.

Her fucking tongue was still goading me on, licking my tip with delicate grace, then changing rhythm and swirling her tongue around my cock.

I came with a loud groan. She quickly tried to swerve her head sideways, but it was too late. I came all around her face, but her hands didn’t stop. One was still kneading my balls, the other jerking me off with delicious strokes, milking more out of me, giving me the best orgasm of my entire life.

“Holy shit,” I gasped when I was done.

Clara wasn’t paying attention. She scooped semen off her face, stood up, then positioned her hand over the ring until one drop finally slid off her finger and onto the ruby.

The inscriptions glowed a darker shade of red.

“It’s done,” she said, turning and handing me the ring.

I was still breathing hard. “What do I do with it?”

“Just put it on anybody,” she said simply. “Once you do, they’re yours. The ring cannot be taken off and the change will happen either gradually or quickly, depending on the subject.”

“What do you mean, ‘they are yours’?”

“They will be madly in love with you, driven completely by lust for you, and only you. Many of my clients stop there, either to win the heart of a woman or to fix a broken marriage. But I know you have a kink for domination.” She winked. “A man after my own heart.”

When I fidgeted, she followed through with a chuckle. “After the ring takes over her mind, just give her whatever conditions you want. If she resists, tell her she must follow through with those condition or you won’t be with her. She will accept it, and voilà, you have a slave.”

“Just put this on their finger?” I asked, making sure.

“Simple, right?” She eyed me. “Trust me, Logan. This isn’t some fantasy.”

“Okay,” I said hesitantly, pocketing the ring, wanting nothing else but to get out of here.

I stood up and quickly pulled my clothes back up.

“You have a big, tasty cock, you know?” Clara giggled, licking her fingers.” She exited the room. “Come, I’ll drive you home.”

I was silent throughout the drive back. I didn’t know what to say and was still doubtful about the whole ‘slave ring’ concept.

Logically, it made no sense, and I cursed myself for being a fool to even consider that it might be real. But then, how did she know everything about me?

“We’re here,” Clara said suddenly, startling me. I looked around. She was right. We were already in front of my apartment building, and the Porsche was bringing in a lot of double takes from passbyers.

“Okay,” I mumbled, getting out of the car and bristly walking away. almost jogging.

“Logan.”

I turned around.

“Who are you going to pick? Mrs Jones or Emily, or some random hottie? I’m really curious.”

“I don’t know,” I mumbled back.

She winked before speeding away.

That was a lie.

She didn’t know me that well, after all. Of course, I knew who I was going to pick.

What’s the harm anyway? I thought, as I jogged up the stairs and reached the front door of the little studio apartment I shared with my sister. Sighing, I dip my hand into my pocket and fingered the ring, gasping when I felt its strange warmth.

If this was all bullshit, then no harm done.

It would be a great souvenir for *her*.