

The Ring

Chapter 2

“Fuck,” I spat the curse out, shaking my keyring, searching for the right key for the front door like an idiot.

I had so many keys, and they all looked so damn similar. It didn’t help that the only light bulb outside was weak, and the sun had already colored the sky a dark orange.

Just when I finally located the right one, the front door opened, startling me backwards.

My sister rolled her eyes. “Just label your keys with stickers.”

She had been pestering me about that quality of life change, and it was about time I took my little sister’s advice. I gave her a small smile and a silent nod, my way of promising her I would do it tomorrow.

Emily disappeared inside. I entered our apartment, welcomed by the aroma of chicken broth.

“Dinner will be ready in three,” she called from the kitchen as I locked the door.

I shouted a reply and made my way towards my room, dipping my hands into my pockets to fish out my wallet, my keys, my phone, and—

The touch of warm metal stopped me in my tracks. I took out the ring, eyeing the ruby. It was still glowing a deep red, and so were the inscriptions, only much fainter.

“Logan, it’s done!”

“Yeah—okay!” I called back, breezing into my room and dumping the contents on my desk. With a final look at the strange ring, I shrugged and hurried out to dinner.

“How was work today?” my sister asked as we munched on our delicious dinner.

Emily was in her second year of culinary school and was already an excellent chef.

“Mmm.” I shrugged, looking down on my food to avoid eye contact. “It was fine.”

How should I respond to that?

By the way, I just saved a woman from certain death and she gave me this weird ring as a reward? Oh, and also the best blowjob of my life?

My sister blew a few strands of her brown locks away. Like me, she had natural brown hair.

“Just fine?” She poked her fork in my direction. “How’s Mrs. Bitchy Boss?”

I sighed. “Fine.”

She put down the fork and frowned. “Okay, what’s wrong? Why are you so moody today?”

I didn’t meet her gaze. “Nothing.”

“Tell me, Logan,” she pressed. “You know you can tell me anything.”

I propped my elbows on the table, my mind fabricating multiple lies.

My boss gave me a hard time today.

Oh, it’s nothing. It’s just—

“Why the fuck are your elbows like that?”

I glanced at them. Shit, I completely forgot.

Just as I recollected that my arms were bruised up, pain surged through me and I gritted my teeth, anchoring the sting.

“Logan.” My sister’s eyes narrowed. “What happened?”

“I fell down. It’s nothing.”

Emily got up and disappeared into her room. Moments later, she returned with a first aid kit.

“Give it,” she said, sinking to her knees beside me and gesturing for my arm.

Memories of Clara flashed in my mind. She had been kneeling down too, giving me the best blowjob of my life. I tried to shove the images away, but it was too late.

Clara was pretty, but Emily...

Fuck.

Luckily, my sister didn't notice the massive bulge between my legs, which was impressive because it was hard to miss.

Her frown deepened, and she gestured for my injured arm again.

I reluctantly turned to her and gave her my right arm. Emily immediately went to work, taking care of my elbow, her lips pursed and her warm brown eyes focused.

For a moment, I wondered if she would have that same intensity and dedication if she was giving me head.

No, stop it! She's your little sister, for fuck's sake.

Little sister.

Yeah, it was embarrassing for me to have my younger sister taking care of me and keeping the apartment in order.

She was just a year younger than me, but acted twice her age, even paying for her college tuition herself by working side jobs and spending her late nights hustling online.

My sister was talented and driven. She was going to go far in life. Definitely much further than I'd ever go.

I used to be jealous of that fact, blaming my demise and her ascent to her getting the premium genetics—she was smart, way more attractive than I was, and possessed social skills I could only dream of having.

She was always Mom and Dad's clear favorite, and I used to hate her for it.

But Emily was always nice to me and made a huge effort to be close. Eventually, I let my walls down and embraced her for the good sister she was.

Emily finished nursing my right elbow, and I automatically gave her my left.

She did this one quicker, but I still had to try my hardest to just keep my gaze leveled at her agile fingers—or anything really—rather than my view of her gorgeous tits. She always wore skimpy tops at home, never bothering to put much on.

Today, she had on a loose blouse that didn't really cover much. A fantasy sight for any man, and an uncomfortable one for her brother.

"There. Done." She got up and cleared her throat. "Just be careful next time, okay?"

I hurried back to my seat, in case she finally took notice of my raging boner. "Yeah, okay."

We finished dinner, and I cleared the plates, as per our agreement. Then I retired to my room and plopped down on my bed, laptop in one hand, my phone glued to the other. I checked my messages, only to stare at the familiar sight of no new notifications.

I didn't have many friends and Emily had plenty—her phone dings constantly. I only saw her with girlfriends, but I was certain she had plenty of male ones too, and that assumption had me seething with jealousy.

I discarded that thought with a sigh.

I had to face the truth. I was insanely attracted to my own sister. No use in denying it any longer. She was prettier than Clara, which was saying a lot.

Heaving another long sigh, I sat up and glanced at the ring on my table. The ruby seemed to be glowing brighter than before.

I was going to use the ring.

But not on Emily. She was too good for me.

But her tight ass... those breasts...

Fuck. Why was I even considering that damn ring to even work? It was probably junk.

But... what if it worked?

What if Clara wasn't bullshitting me? That chance, no matter how slim it might be... I could fulfill my every fantasy with Emily.

I shook my head. No. It had to be anyone but my sister.

Setting my laptop aside, I hopped out of bed to grab the ring, jarred by its unusual warmth compared to my cool air-conditioned room.

I am not going to use it on Emily.

I drilled the mantra into my head.

I am not going to use it on Emily.

I am not going to use it on Emily.

Alexandra Garcia—or Mrs Jones, as she kept telling us to call her—was the result of an exotic marriage of Latina and Italian. A sexy young woman who should have pursued a career in modeling instead of lecturing psychology.

I watched Mrs Jones cross the room, her strides long and confident. Like always, most of the class—particularly the guys—were only paying attention to her perfect ass and round tits.

I was so nervous, with butterflies in my stomachs and a thundering heart. I fingered the ring in my pocket, finding comfort in its warmth, feeling the strange inscriptions scraping against my skin.

Ten minutes passed. Twenty minutes. An hour passed until Mrs. Jones dismissed us.

I waited until everyone filed out. My friend, Blake, nudged me. “What are you doing? Let’s go.”

“You go. I want to give something to her,” I gestured to Mrs Jones with a nod.

Blake gave me a knowing smile, a slap in the back for luck, then left.

When the last person finally filed out, Mrs Jones was still at her desk, typing away on her laptop. Adrenaline had me nudging to my feet and striding towards her.

“H-Hey, Mrs Jones.”

She glanced up, her emerald green eyes gleaming under the bright lights. Holy fuck, she really should take up modeling, or acting—she would be perfect for a hot, female lead.

“Yes...?” She pursed her full pink lips. “... Sam?”

The stinging pain in my elbows was nothing compared to the dagger in my heart.

Still, I forced a smile. “It’s Logan.”

She offered an apologetic smile, numbing all the pain. “Ah, yes. I’m sorry. Too many students.” Her gaze went south, though not as low as I’d hoped. “What happened to your elbows?”

“Oh, it’s nothing. I fell down the stairs at home.”

“Be more careful next time.” When I just nodded, she peered back up at me. “So, what is it, Logan?”

“I want to give you something.” I pulled Mom’s wedding ring box out of my pocket.

When she narrowed her gaze, I quickly added, “I just thought since you’re such a brilliant lecturer, I wanted to give something back.”

Mrs Jones flitted her gaze between the ring box and me, not sure what to make of it.

“This isn’t a bribe, is it?” she asked, her voice laced with slight humor. “You know I can’t help you in your finals next week.”

Shit. I had completely forgotten about the finals. My part-time job as an office clerk had taken up all my mental capacity.

As I tried to respond with a suitable reply, she laughed.

“I’m just joking! What is that? A ring?”

“Here,” I said, handing her the box.

She accepted it, her facial features professional, but there was no mistaking the giddiness in her.

Mrs. Jones glanced at me once more before opening the box.

“This is an odd gift, Logan.” Mrs. Jones told me, gingerly taking out the ring, studying the glowing ruby and inscriptions closely like I had. “And... why is it glowing?” She paused. “And warm?”

I told her the truth. “I’m not sure.”

“I appreciate the thought, but this is very inappropriate.” She glanced up, looking at me with those green eyes. “I can’t accept this.”

For a second, I swore my heart stopped. “No, please. Take it. Please. I’m just trying to repay you.”

“Logan...”

“Please, Mrs. Jones. I—” I thought fast. “I already paid for it. It would suck if I went back to the store and begged for a refund.”

“Don’t you have someone else to give it to? Maybe one of your female friends?”

“I got it just for you.”

She sighed, clearly troubled and a little annoyed. Fuck.

She thought about it a little longer before nodding to herself. “Alright, Logan.”

Sighing again, she slipped it on her finger and showed her hand to me. “Thank you for the gift. You can go.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Jones. I just wanted to repay you.” I forced another smile. “Your... your lectures on... uh... cognitive process has helped me a lot.”

She nodded again. “Thank you. You can go.”

I didn’t go.

Nothing happened.

I tried to keep up with conversation, talking about bullshit, stalling, hoping the ring would take effect.

But... nothing happened.

It was just a stupid ring. A stupid, stupid ring. I got scammed. Except it cost me nothing, and I got a blowjob out of the deal.

So why do I feel cheated?

Whatever. I didn’t really lose anything. I would just forget what happened.

Clara, the ring, dreams of having a sex slave. Everything.

I finally left Mrs. Jones alone, trudging the twenty minutes walk back home.

At least I had no work today. Thank god.

My sister greeted me in the same fashion—a frown when she saw me fumbling around with my ring of keys.

“Just get stickers for them,” she snapped, then walked away. My eyes immediately lowered to her ass, which was nicely on display today. She was wearing an oversized t-shirt and midnight panties. Nothing else.

Lunch was carbonara topped with red bell peppers and served with delicious green beans.

I complimented the dish as we were eating, and Emily gave me a warm smile. My sister had let her hair down today, her golden hair ending just above her breasts.

I cleared my throat, trying to banish the butterflies. "You look good today."

"In this?" She scoffed, looking down at her baggy shirt.

"No, I mean your hair. I think you look better with short hair."

She arched a brow, smoothing down her golden locks. "You think so?"

"Yeah," I said. *You look so fucking hot.*

Damn it. Now I had a boner again.

I started to say something more, but her phone dinged. Emily scooped it up, then began typing away.

I waited for her to finish texting her friends, hoping to continue our conversation, but her fingers didn't stop. Finally, I finished my dish and cleaned up. The kitchen was behind the dinner table, so I had a view of her delicious backside all to myself. I gazed at her ass as I washed the dishes, knowing that I would have a great time in the shower in a few moments' time.

It was a sad routine. One month dedicated to Mrs Jones, two months to my sister. Rinse and repeat.

What has life come to live with an existence like this? Lusting after my own little sister?

Sighing, I headed to my room where I can escape my reality and live in my fantasy. My sister, on her knees, her pretty lips wrapped around my cock, her gorgeous brown eyes up on mine.

Classes, then work. Rinse and repeat. Fuck me.

Life shouldn't be like this. Life was about happiness, right? Chasing that ever fleeting feeling that nobody seemed to hold on to.

Yet we still chase and chase and chase. Like a dog in hot pursuit of a car.

The average life expectancy was sixty-eight years. Sixty-eight. Time slipped by before we even knew it, and many people don't even get that honor, leaving this spinning ball we call Earth way too soon.

I snapped out of my depressing thoughts and grudgingly got out of bed to get ready for class. Emily was already up and preparing breakfast. Judging by the scent, I could look forward to bacon and eggs.

My sister wore even less than yesterday. Just a flowy beige blouse that went to her knees, with the top two buttons undone.

I wasn't sure if she was wearing panties. But she was definitely not sporting a bra.

"Morning," she smiled at me, setting two plates down on the table and taking her usual seat—right opposite me.

I mumbled a reply, guilt forming in me as I stole a look at her top again. Yesterday had been a rollercoaster for me. I couldn't sleep, so I stumbled out of bed and into the bathroom, washing away my emotions with sinful thoughts of the girl sitting right across from me.

Emily was staring down at her phone, munching on scrambled eggs. The repetitive movement of her swaying her fork up and down made a gap in between her already open blouse, just a tiny one, but the edges of her nipples were now visible.

I tried to scoot to the left to get a better view, but my sister suddenly looked up, and I faked a cough.

"How's your elbow?" she asked.

"It's... it's fine."

She glanced at the clock, and I followed her gaze. “You’re going to be late, you know?”

Shit. I only had ten more minutes to spare. I had an urge to rub another quick one out, but I guessed that had to be postponed.

I wolfed down the rest of my meal, grabbed my keys, and kissed my sister goodbye. Unfortunately, I was only allowed to peck her cheeks, and I had to stiffen a moan when her scent greeted me.

My sister must’ve changed perfume because today she smelt like fresh strawberries, and now I had a thing for girls smelling like strawberries. Damn it.

Locking the door, I grimaced as I took the first step down the long flight of stairs. Being a psychology major meant carrying thick textbooks and memorizing words no other person would ever come across in their lifetime.

Classes were a chore too.

As I sat there in class, staring at the slideshow, hearing the words of a balding professor, I could only debate whether I made the right decisions in life.

No girlfriend, no friends, no money.

No life.

I felt a nudge on my side, making me scowl.

“Why do you look so down every day?” Blake asked me.

Well, okay. I had one friend.

I looked at him. “What makes you say that?”

“Logan, look in the mirror.”

I groaned, turning to the slideshow up front, but Blake nudged me.

“Mind if I come over to your place today?”

“Why?”

He couldn’t resist a smile. “You know why.”

“Emily has classes till five, then she’s going clothes shopping or something. No idea when she will be back.”

“Oh man.”

I glanced at Blake and hid a smile. He really looked disappointed.

He sighed, then rested his chin on the desk, whispering to me. “Does she have a boyfriend?”

I looked away. “Not that I know of.”

“Did she umm...” A hilariously fake cough. “Did she ever have one?”

“You have her number. Maybe you should ask her yourself.”

He ignored me, lowering his voice further, making me struggle to hear him. “Maybe she’s a virgin. Imagine taking her virginity. Oh god...”

Jesus Christ. *What is wrong with him?*

Then again, I was no better.

Class ended. It was time for social psychology. My favorite module—and all the other guys’ too, and it wasn’t because of the subject.

I packed up and waited for Blake, but he just shook his head.

“Dentist’s appointment,” he said, performing a ‘*kill me*’ gesture with a thumb swipe across his neck. “You go on ahead.”

With a nod, I walked out to the main hall and into a massive sea of bodies. I had to push and shove my way through until I reached hall seven, grudgingly making my way to my usual spot.

It was mine and Blake's favorite spot because all the hot girls were sitting at the front, and we could ogle them as much as we wanted. Apparently our secret was out, because the spot was taken, along with the surrounding seats, so I had no choice but to shuffle to the sides.

I could feel tension and hormones building up thick when Mrs Jones entered, dressed professionally in a black blouse and a tight black pencil skirt.

The curves of her breasts and ass showed, and those were where everyone's gazes would remain for the hour. I could see she was still wearing my ring, the ruby and inscription glowing, and even from here, I swore I felt the unusual warmth radiating from it.

Mrs Jones greeted us in her usual manner, a friendly 'Good Morning' and an even friendlier smile. Her gaze swept around the room as if looking for someone, and my heart froze when her piercing green eyes landed on me.

Awkwardly, I looked to my sides, behind, in front of me, everywhere, just in case I was mistaken. But no, my smoking hot teacher was staring right at me, and then she did the unthinkable... she winked.

Mrs Jones began her lecture, but my heart was pounding so loud I couldn't concentrate.

Okay... logically, she would stare at me because I gave her a gift yesterday. Maybe she just wanted to express her thanks or something. But a wink... and one so suggestive... it was completely unprofessional.

It must just be her thanking me, I decided, as I watched her sweep the room, making wild hand gestures as she babbled on about something. *No need to overthink it.*

And so I didn't. The thumping in my chest eventually returned to normal levels, and I tried my best to listen to her smooth, cultured voice talking about topics I wouldn't even remember.

"Logan."

I whirled around to see Mrs Jones leaning over my table, looking at me, her emerald eyes gleaming with... something.

I looked around. Class had already ended.

We were alone.

“Ma’am?” I said, trying to keep my voice leveled, but failing miserably.

“Logan,” she repeated, saying my name slowly, and if I wasn’t imagining things—with an underlying purr to it. “I just want to thank you for this.” She held out her right hand, showing me the ruby. “It’s such a thoughtful gift.”

“Sure.” I cleared my throat, which suddenly felt uncomfortably dry. “No problem.”

“I want to thank you,” Mrs Jones repeated, her breaths hot on my cheeks. Then she straightened herself and smiled, showing perfect white teeth. “Come with me.”

She left without waiting for a reply, her tight pencil skirt framing her curvy ass as she disappeared through the door. I could only stare after her in disbelief.

The ring. Did it work? Was she mine, like Clara had promised? Would I get to fuck her? Or did she just want to thank me in private?

Maybe I was overthinking things.

Or was I?

I gulped, then let out a long exhale. There was only one way to find out.

I followed her.