

The Ring

Chapter 3

Kittens. Kittens everywhere.

I stared at all the paintings on the wall. Every single one were cats and whiskers.

“Do you like them?”

I shivered as I felt her words brushing against the back of my neck. I didn’t even notice she was so close to me, but now that I was aware, my heart went into overdrive, melting me from the inside.

Fuck, she smelled incredible. Even though it was a professional scent—clean, sweet, fruity—Mrs. Jones turned it sexy.

“Y-Yeah...” I said.

She waltzed past me and her fingers brushed against my thighs, almost making me crumble to the ground from my weakening knees.

“Coffee? Tea?”

“N-No thanks.” I cleared my throat. “No, thank you.”

Get a grip, Logan.

I watched her sit down, as gracious as ever, sinking into her chair behind her teacher’s desk.

Mrs. Jones was very organized, I realized, as I took another once-over at her office. Her pens were on one side of the table, staplers and pins aligned on the other side. Hell, even the wire management of her computer was perfect, revealing a side of my teacher that everyone already knew.

Professional and mature. A real grown up. Yet she was so young.

I took a seat and twiddled my thumbs, my mind racing with all sorts of thoughts.

“I have been thinking about you, Logan,” my teacher started, her tone low and breathy. “A lot.”

“Oh.” I cleared my throat, not sure what to make of that. Maybe there was some hidden meaning behind those words. “Really?”

“Yes.” She clasped a hand on top of mine. They were soft. So soft. “Really.”

“O-Okay.”

“I wanted to thank you for your gift.”

My heart was thundering again, and I had to really focus to hear her.

“Oh.” I stared at her emerald green eyes. “It’s no big deal.”

“But I wanted to thank you.” Mrs Jones leaned over her desk, bringing her lips close to mine.

I didn’t even think. I completed our connection.

As soon as we touched lips, I gasped. Her lips felt even softer than her hands, but then Mrs Jones grabbed the back of my head, deepening our connection, flooding me with a sea of sensations.

Holy fuck. This was happening. This was actually happening.

I was actually kissing Mrs Jones.

I groaned and she stroked her tongue past my lips, greeting mine. We kissed for what seemed like an eternity, and I didn’t even realize my hands were on her breasts, squeezing them through her blouse until I heard my name leaking out of those sweet lips.

She finally broke the seal of our mouths, allowing both of us to pant heavy breaths. I opened my eyelids and saw her deep green eyes lidded with lust.

Mrs Jones hopped off her now messy desk and circled over to me. “You’re not going to tell anyone about this, Logan. Understand?”

I could only nod. My lips had frozen over, tingling with all sorts of sensations.

“Good. Here’s what’s going to happen.” She propped my chin up with one finger, nailing our gazes together. “We’re going to fuck, Logan. Very, very regularly. In exchange for your compliance, I’m going to give you straight A’s on all your tests.” She searched my eyes. “Agreed?”

I wouldn’t say ‘no’ for a million dollars.

“A-Agreed,” I panted out.

“This will be our dirty little secret.” I looked on as Mrs Jones started unbuttoning her blouse. “I’ve been thinking about you a lot, Logan.” Three buttons came undone, revealing half her breasts. She paused, looked at me, a sexy smile etching her lips. “I can’t seem to get you off my mind.”

Each word was punctuated with another button popping out, and the sudden reality of my situation hit me.

The ring worked. Holy shit.

She wasn’t wearing a bra. Her breasts were so big. So fucking full.

“Do you like them?” she giggled, jiggling her tits in the most wonderful way possible.

My mind went blank when she swayed her perfect breasts again, almost hypnotizingly.

“Y-Yeah…”

Her black pencil skirt came down next, revealing a cleanly shaven cunt that was already leaking desire. So ready for me.

“I wasn’t wearing any underwear in class just now,” she whispered in my ear, her fingers trailing down to the hem of my shirt. “It was so difficult lecturing while I was fantasizing about how I was going to fuck you later.”

My shirt went tumbling to the ground. My pants were next and I tried to stand up to make it easier for her.

“No,” my teacher said, pushing me back down. “I want to fuck you here, on this chair.”

I could only nod as she discarded my jeans, then my underwear. We were both naked now. Mrs Jones and me. In her office. With the door—

I swirled my head around and breathed a sigh of relief when I saw the door was closed. I was so distracted I didn’t even realize when she had shut it closed.

“No one will see us, Logan.” She reached between my legs and before I could react, Mrs. Jones wrapped my cock in a firm grip, the ring burning against my thinly veined skin. “I want this inside of me. Now.”

Holy shit. *Okay. Okay.*

I choked the word out. “O-Okay.”

It was so hard to breathe. The air between us was so thick and electrifying.

“You have no idea how much I want this, Logan.” Mrs Jones was panting too, her breasts rising and falling in uneven motions. “I couldn’t sleep last night. All I could think about was fucking you, pleasuring you.” My teacher leaned forward and extended her tongue.

I moaned as I felt her tongue stroking my cock, lapping up all the pre-cum that was oozing from the tip.

“You taste so good, Logan. So fucking good.”

Then it happened. It was so quick, I didn’t have time to think or react. Mrs Jones sat on my lap, straddling me, and with one swift, smooth motion—a blur to me—she thrust her hips forward and that was that.

I was inside my teacher.

Fuck.

She was *tight*, and she felt even better as I buried myself deeper into her. I thrust and thrust, going in and in, only stopping when I hit something firm.

Mrs Jones pulled back, her eyes wide, hips buckling, then she pushed forward again, her slick heat gripping onto me, squeezing me in deeper until I was fully into her.

She began to ride me on the chair, thrusting wildly on my cock, and soon enough, I was moving my hips in sync with hers, my hands on the full curve of her ass.

“Oh, shit—oh fuck. Logan...” Her gaze returned to mine, her frenzied eyes glassy and unfocused. She looked at me as if from far away, then leaned forward and claimed my lips, making me thrust harder and faster. Thrust after thrust after thrust until I exploded into her.

The orgasm rushed over me in powerful spasms, then a scream lit the air. But it wasn't from me. I felt the walls of Mrs Jones' cunt tightening as she orgasmed.

Her shrieks were too loud, as if she had forgotten there could be people outside, so I acted on my first instinct and bit down on her lower lip, swallowing her screams and inhuman moans, both our thrusts still in sync, my balls hitting the curve of her ass, producing music.

I finished before she did, and I slumped back into my chair, enjoying the sight of her beautiful body. All those curves, those perfect tits, those round, hard nipples. I watched as she threw her head to the heavens and moaned out my name, her cunt tightening around my pulsing cock, trying to squeeze more out of me.

Mrs Jones fell forward in a heavy heap, head on my shoulders, body on mine, breasts pressing delightfully on my chest. She was just breathing and I was still inside her.

And right then, even though I just experienced the best sex of my life, I just knew my sister would be better.

Emily. I should have put the ring on her instead.

“That was great, Logan,” my teacher mumbled against my lips as she gave me a sweet peck. “Take me again, baby.”

The ring. It worked. It actually worked. Magic or whatever voodoo shit, it was real. Clara actually told the truth.

I was sick of not being in control, being bossed around, being frail. Weak. At home, in school, my whole damn life. I needed control, and I could start with her.

“Alex,” I started, my voice unsteady at addressing my teacher with her first name. “Hands on the table.”

Mrs Jones—Alex—frowned at the command. With shaky feet, I pulled out of her, standing up.

“Hands on the table,” I said, firmer, gesturing to the table in front of us. She stood up, but didn’t make a move, just staring at me.

Fuck it.

Growling, I backed her up until her ass hit the table, then whirled her around and pushed a hand between her shoulder blades, forcing her to lean forward until her breasts touched the cold surface.

She finally got the message and placed both her palms on the table. “What are you going to do to me, Logan?” There was a naughty hint to her voice that had all my blood flowing back south.

In response, I dipped my hands down and squeezed her ass cheeks, savoring their plumpness beneath my palms. She made a sound of annoyance. “Fuck me, Logan. Don’t wait. I need you.”

I gave her ass a few light slaps, watching as they jiggled.

“Beg.”

“What?”

“Do you want this or not?” I lined my cock and pushed forward, just a little, enough to graze her freshly fucked cunt.

“Yes... please.” She started gyrating her hips backwards, but I pulled back before she could make me enter her.

“Then beg.”

Alex was always very professional and strict, so when she opened those lips and begged, I couldn't be more surprised. “Please, Logan. Please. Please. Please.”

I slapped her right ass, making her squeal. “You will address me as Sir.”

A pause, then a reluctant exhale from her. “Please, *Sir*.”

I slapped the same cheek again. “Again.”

She whimpered. Actually *whimpered*.

“Please, Sir.”

“Do you want me?”

I pushed through her entrance again, then just as quickly, pulled out.

“Yes, Sir,” Alex gasped. She turned a little to look at me, and I could see tears in her eyes.

“Tell me how much you want it.”

“I want it so much, Sir.” Her voice became high and shrill, tears springing out of her green eyes, all her self control and patience lost. “Please, please, please, please, please.”

Without warning, I pushed inside her, and her walls immediately tightened around me. Alex gasped, but I kept going, pushing deeper and deeper, making my teacher moan and grip the side of her table with one hand, the other hand squeezing a bundle of test papers, crumbling them up.

“Oh, God,” she breathed, her voice throaty. I started hammering away, pushing my sore cock to the limit. Three orgasms last night dedicated to Emily, two for Alex. I could manage that.

“Don't stop, baby. Harder. Go harder.”

I didn't think it was possible to go any harder, but I tried anyway, slamming into her with a fury I didn't know I had in me until I couldn't hold it in anymore. My cock exploded.

The orgasm felt stronger than the last one. It rolled over me, seeping into my very bones, curling my toes inwards and forcing her name to claw its way out of my throat.

"Yes, baby. Oh god..." Mrs Jones bit down on her lips as I came into her, filling her up.

I could practically see the teeth marks on her lower lip as she parted those sweet reds to release an earth shattering moan. I claimed those beautiful lips again, slamming into her, imagining she was my sister. Over, and over, and over, until her grip on the furniture couldn't take the pressure any longer, and she collapsed on the ground, bringing me with her.

I climbed out of her with a groan, cum dripping out of my cock, watching my work below me. Mrs Jones laid on the floor, unmoving, her hands on her sides, the ruby ring shining as bright as ever, inscription glowing.

"Tomorrow," I told my teacher. She was still laying on the ground, her eyes half-closed. "After class, I'll fuck you again. Right here."

The only reply was a small nod, and a barely audible 'Yes, Sir.'

I got changed and walked out of my psychology teacher's office feeling like a new man. A different Logan. My first taste of being in control. I felt like a God.

Then I remembered what Clara said, a figure repeating over and over in my head.

Each of these rings cost five million dollars. Five million dollars. Somehow, I needed to get the money.

I needed a ring for Emily.