

The Ring

Chapter Four

“Logan, I—I have classes,” Alexandra whispered, her knuckles white as she gripped the edges of her teacher’s desk.

I stepped back, admiring the sight of her gray pencil skirt ridden up, exposing a full ass that had been the star of all my classmates’ wet dreams.

“Logan...” my lecturer started to say again, but I slammed a wooden ruler across one of those juicy ass cheeks, silencing her words and making her squeal out.

I circled around the desk to face my teacher, staring at her quivering lips and at those stunning green eyes. She whimpered and I smiled, my gaze traveling down her arms, towards the glowing ruby on her finger.

"L-Logan?"

Raising a hand, I tilted my little pet’s chin up. “From now on, you address me as...”

‘Sir’ was the first word that popped into mind, but I knew what I would truly like to be called.

My grin widened. “... Master.”

“*Master*,” my teacher whimpered, not offering a single bit of resistance. A single tear slipped down from her eyes. I must have hit her too hard.

“And stop making so much noise.” I looked around for something to help me with that.

“I-I really have classes to get to, Master.”

“Not until I’m done with you,” I told her. “Do you understand, my slave?”

Alexandra nodded defeatedly.

I found a handkerchief in one of her drawers and rolled the silk fabric up. With a command, Alexandra parted her lips, allowing me to gag her.

Today, my pet was dressed up as my wet dream. I sent her pictures yesterday of exactly what I wanted to see her in, and Mrs Jones delivered perfectly.

A tight white blouse stretched over her chest and an even tighter gray pencil skirt served as the only barrier to her wet pussy. No panties for my pet. Alexandra now portrayed the 'naughty teacher' look to a T. Especially with her tidy ponytail, new black-framed glasses, and a black leather choker wrapped around her neck to complete the look.

Her outfit didn't cross any of the college's rules, but the reactions she received today were amazing. Nobody could stop staring at her.

I loved the color black, and that's exactly what I was going to dress my sister in once she was my slave. I smiled dreamily, imagining her in black lingerie, on her knees, servicing my cock.

I brushed the fantasy away with a sigh. I needed five million to get another ring for Emily. Removing Mrs Jones' ring didn't work—it was like the silver was a part of her skin now. So the only solution was to use my sexy teacher to earn the money. Get her tight, tight pussy to work. But no matter how young and hot she was, there was no way Alexandra was earning me anywhere close to five million.

Why didn't I use the ring on Emily in the first place?

Fuck.

That fact depressed me, but at least I have a sex slave now. And Mrs Jones was certainly not lacking in the looks department. With perfectly symmetrical facial features that held piercing green eyes and full pink lips, it would be decades until I would be bored with her.

And that body of hers... her figure was a series of elegant curves that seemed too perfect to be real. Alexandra Jones was considered the sexiest teacher in the school and a frequent topic among the testosterone filled halls.

And she was all *mine*.

Was she, though?

I made my way back to her and pulled down her gag. “Alexandra?”

“Master?”

“Just how much do you love me?”

I could swear the ruby glowed even brighter just then.

“With all my heart, Master! All my thoughts are dedicated to you, all my—”

“Would you do anything for me?”

I already knew the answer to that, but it was so much hotter hearing it from those lips. For months, all she spewed was psychology. It would be refreshing to hear a different take.

“Yes!” Alexandra nodded so fast. “Yes, Master!”

I set the handkerchief back into place and pulled down my jeans. Time to get my daily fuck in. Today, I was going to take her anal virginity. I almost laughed as I flipped open the bottle I brought from home and started lubing up my cock. Her husband was a religious man and believed penetrating *there* was a ‘sin’.

What he failed to realize was that all the wrong things in life always felt the best.

Alexandra gasped loudly as I probed my index finger into her tight ring of muscle.

“Relax,” I said, and miraculously she did.

Catching my breath, I pushed in deeper, circling around and lubing her up. Mrs Jones was loud, and I half wished somebody would barge in and catch us red handed.

I withdrew my finger and lined up my cock to her forbidden hole. Rolling up her tight pencil skirt further, I spread those delicious cheeks apart, and with a sharp exhale, pushed forward.

God, she was tight. So... fucking tight.

Alexandra bit down on her cloth hard, growling as I forced my way in deeper, gasping as I breached her insanely cramped muscles.

My teacher was visibly struggling not to scream—her groans and growls were growing in volume as I rolled my hips and pounded back and forth, both of our release building up quickly.

I knew Mrs Jones had an ass to die for, but as I gave her the command to cum with me, visions of Emily swarmed into my mind. Although Emily's ass was smaller than the one I was pounding into, I still preferred my sister's—smaller, curvier, probably way tighter.

Fuck, just imagining Emily prolonged my orgasm. I bit down on my lips as our muffled groans and long moans filled the room.

“Turn around, bitch.” I pulled out of her, enjoying the feel of the cool air against my cock.

She obeyed instantly, and I removed her gag. I wiped my cock clean with the damp silk handkerchief, then folded her pencil skirt back down. Cum was still dripping down her legs, but I didn't bother cleaning that up. She would just have to teach while having my mark on her.

My slave noticed that too, staring nervously at her legs, then at me.

“Master...” she began, but I shut her up by placing my finger against those exotic lips.

“Go to your classes,” I said, replacing my finger with my lips, giving myself a long sampling of her before pulling away. “We will continue this tonight.”

My teacher nodded once, smiled that sexy smile of hers, then walked away, perfectly at home in those three-inch heels, and making sure I had a prime view of her ass as she did so.

I stood there in her office, enjoying her retreating perfume. For a brief moment, I felt bad for her husband. From what she told me, he was a good and honest guy.

Well, too bad. Sometimes nice guys do finish last.

I would make Alexandra file for divorce. She would move in with me as my live-in maid and sex slave.

Just imagining never doing the dishes again had me all riled up.

But Emily was an issue. How would I explain things to her? That I enslaved my super hot teacher with a ring I received from another super hot woman who collected my blood and gave me the best blowjob of my life?

Even to me, all of this still felt like a fantasy.

“Absolutely not.”

“Please,” I begged.

“I like you, Logan,” Clara said. “But, no.”

“Please.”

I knew I sounded desperate as hell. But in front of Clara and her hazel eyes?

Back in Mrs. Jones office, I was king, but in her shop? I was a little boy again.

Clara pursed her lips. “Do you have five million?”

I scowled at her. “You already know I don’t.”

“And I also know the ring worked, and that smoking teacher of yours is completely under its power now.” She walked forward, making me chase after her. “I kept my end of the deal. I told you, you should have used it on your sister.”

“You didn’t tell me that!”

“No? Well, you should have. After all, you’re completely obsessed with her.”

I had to try one more time.

“Clara, please. I’m begging you.” I waved towards the countless shelves that had been freshly stocked with silver rings. “You have so many of those damn things. Just spare me one more. Please!”

She stopped and sighed. “Logan, I have a business to run. I can’t just give you another one just like that.” She punctuated her point with a snap of her fingers.

“I know, I just...” I sighed with her. “What do I have to do? I will pay the money back. It will take years, but—”

I frowned. Clara was laughing as if I’d just told her a joke.

“What?” I said.

“Nothing.” She was still chuckling. “You just remind me so much of myself. You’re as stubborn and insanely greedy as I am.”

I started to defend myself, but she held up a hand.

“You saw what the ring does to its victim. It takes over their mind. In a way, it kills them. You already ruined your teacher’s life, and now you want to take your innocent, hard-working, loving sister?”

When I kept silent, Clara smiled. “Okay, Logan. I’ll offer you a deal, just because I kind of want to see how everything will turn out in the end.”

I knew what she was going to say next would change my life forever.

“I’ll give you another ring for your sister.”

My heart rate jumped at that, but I knew there was a catch, so I maintained my silence.

She leaned in closer and tipped my chin up with a finger.

I could only stare into those hypnotizing hazel voids, but when she leaned in closer and closer, I squeezed my eyes closed and accepted her lips.

If Emily was the perfect ten out of ten, Clara was just a point lower—almost perfect in every way. She stroked her tongue in and began caressing mine for a few beats before pulling back, but just barely—we were still grazing lips.

“I’ll give you another ring,” she repeated, biting down on my lower lip. “But with my blood... and my cum.”

I shook my head, already knowing where she was going with this.

Clara saw it in my eyes. “Yes. Emily will be mine. I will lend her to you, mmm... maybe twice a week. You can do whatever you want with her during that time. I’ll transfer ownership to you once you pay off your loan, but until then...”

She didn’t need to finish her sentence. I backed off, suddenly feeling woozy, and I had to lean against the wall for support.

No. *No, no, no.*

“It’s not a bad deal, Logan. You get to fuck her, and I don’t lend my girls to other people. Like you, I’m very possessive, so you don’t need to worry about other men having a go at her.” She blew a sharp exhale through her nose, chuckling as she thought of something. “Though Emily will certainly be having regular sex with her new sisters.”

I paled. “No.”

She scowled. “Logan. Think it over—like I said, it’s a good deal, probably the best you will ever get.”

“Take Alexandra.”

Clara pursed her lips. “I prefer Emily.”

“Please.”

She licked her lips but said nothing.

I had to try again. “There has to be another way.”

“Like what? Wait for another car to try and run me over?”

“We will share her. Half ownership. Besides, you have enough girls to keep you entertained as it is.”

She frowned, but took a while before answering. “I have no idea why I’m even considering this.”

That boosted my confidence. “Half ownership,” I repeated firmly. “One week with me, one week with you. That goes on until I pay you back.”

“That’s the thing, Logan,” Clara whispered. “You and I both know that you can never pay me back.”

“I will try, I can—”

“No. You can’t.”

“There—”

“It’s too much money for you.”

I furrowed my brow. “Then what else do you propose?”

“Your soul,” she said simply.

“If you think I’ll wear one of those rings...”

Clara laughed. “No, not that.” Then she grew serious. “Daddy expects a lot from me. I’m an only child. He not only expects me to one day take over the business, but also to have my children do it after me.”

I frowned. “You have children?”

“No.”

I stayed silent.

“I’m a lesbian, Logan,” she finally said. “Papa was frustrated at first. I kept refusing to enslave a man—they are really not my type. Adoption is off the table since he demands

his grandchildren to be of flesh and blood. And there's no way I'm going to a clinic to take sperm off a guy I don't know."

She sighed, but took a step forward, invading my space. I was so fucking close to her, her delicious breasts were crushed against my chest and my boner was somewhere deep between her legs.

She was wet.

"I'm a lesbian," Clara repeated, as if to convince herself. "But now I don't know."

An awkward lull followed, but she finally looked back up at me. "My new deal is this. You get full ownership over Emily. You don't need to pay me back. In return, I get ownership over *you*. Aside from your girls and mine, you will fuck no other woman. Hell, you will never ever talk to another woman. Papa can finally shut the hell up, and then in the future, you will give me kids."

I returned her unblinking gaze. "What?"

"Have you gone deaf, Logan?" She tilted her head. "Do you need to go to the ER?"

My head was spinning. "You want... me?"

"Yes."

"You're crazy if you think I'll wear a ring."

She shook her head, her golden ponytail bouncing along with the movement. "No rings. Just your promise. Of course, if you break your promise, I will kill your girls, then kill you."

"I... what?"

"You would be stupid to not take this, Logan. And my mind is made up. This is the only deal you will get. Yes or no?"

"Can, I—can I think about it first?"

"No." She took a small step back, giving me much needed air. "You're taking this deal. We both know there's no way you can live knowing you could have had Emily, but

decided not to. The regret would destroy you. And just so you know..." She ran her knuckles along my cheeks. "I'll treat you well. Men would die for somebody like me. You're a very lucky man."

She was right. The guilt would consume me. I would literally do anything to have my sister as my sex slave.

But this was my life she was talking about. My livelihood. My soul...

I leveled my gaze back at her. "I need more information. If I accept this, what do you expect of me? Will I be your slave?"

Clara smiled and shook her head. That ponytail was really turning me on. "I will have the power over our relationship. You would have guessed by now that I'm a dominant, but so are you. We can experiment. Maybe change roles once in a while."

She leaned back in, whispering in my ear. "It kind of turns me on to try being a submissive, at least for a short while. Being in control all the time.... it can be so unbearably tedious. Since I know *everything* about you, Logan, I know you can be trusted and..." Her voice went lower still. "I'm very interested in the things you will do to me."

"You won't be my slave," she continued. "At least not in the same way as my girls. But you'll be one hundred percent committed to me. If it doesn't work out and you don't fall in love with me through some fault of mine, then it's not on you. You get to keep Emily and I'll let you go. But if I decide that the relationship is going south because of you..." She smiled as she let her words sink, but only one side of her lips curved upwards. "It's a win-win for you. Yes or no?"

What else could I do? A chance to be inside my sister in exchange for my soul?

"Yes."

"Great!" She took my hand and led me towards the shelves with rings and gingerly took one off its placeholder. "Just so you know, once you put this on Emily, yes, she will do anything you tell her to do, but she won't be able to truly love you like she does now. You'll be taking her love for you away."

I frowned at that, but she continued.

“She won’t really be ‘Emily’ anymore. She won’t be able to feel real emotions, think normal thoughts, be herself. She will turn hollow, become an empty shell living only to please you, be whoever you tell her to be. Think of it like turning her into a robot. We both know she doesn’t deserve this fate.”

“What do you mean?” I asked. “Would she not act like a human anymore? She won’t be able to feel any emotions?”

I thought of my sister in a permanent trance-like state, not smiling, glassy eyed, her voice permanently monotoned...

“No. It’s hard to explain. She would still get to feel emotions, but only emotions you want her to feel. It’s like—never mind. I just wanted to lay out everything for you. Honestly, you won’t even notice anything. Basically, Emily won’t be your sister anymore, but she will be the sister you always wanted her to be.”

“Okay...”

“You still want to do this?”

“Will she be like Mrs Jones? Become my slave? Do absolutely everything I tell her to do?”

The leer in her hazel eyes was evident. “Oh, yes.”

“Then yeah, let’s do this.”

She smiled. “That’s why I like you, Logan. You’re as fucked up in the head as I am.”

Mrs Jones was a loud screamer. I thought Clara would be worse, given how crazy she was, but I was surprised. Aside from the occasional grunts as I fingered her, she was deathly quiet. Unnaturally so.

But as I inserted another finger into her tight confines, stretching her open and gently pulsing my fingers back and forth, she finally gasped. And when I made use of my thumb to rub her clit, Clara threw back her head and I was rewarded with a throaty moan.

“Oh fuck,” she breathed as she looked back at me, her hazel eyes ablaze with lust.
“Do that again.”

“Do what?”

“That.”

I rubbed her clit again, faster this time. “This?”

“Yes! Fuck. Don’t stop. Don’t fucking stop.”

I tried not to blink. “Don’t cum.”

That had her chuckling.

I didn’t stop or slow down my rhythm, plunging into her depths, thrusting my fingers in and out of her pussy.

“Logan!” Her pussy clamped around me, squeezing so tight, I wished it was my cock instead.

“Jesus,” Clara exhaled, her orgasm ebbing away. I watched her get up from the couch we were laying on and walked towards the coffee table where she had left the ring—and the knife. “Okay, your turn. Would you rather have me cut or blow you first?”

I fidgeted. “I rather you not cut me at all.”

She shrugged. “If you want the ring to work and for Emily to be bonded to you, then your blood is required.”

“Pleasure first then.”

Clara smiled, set the knife down, then slowly ran her tongue along her bottom lip. God, I never thought I would be so turned on by a woman other than Emily, but here we were.

“Good choice.”

“You should really get stickers.”

“Yeah.” I rubbed my neck, not daring to bring my eyes up. “Sorry I’m late.”

“Whatever.” My sister rolled her eyes, then walked away. Emily was not in her usual skimpy home attire, sporting a white cotton shirt and blue shorts. Her hair was done up too. Made into a single French braid that was driving me nuts.

I walked in and locked the door, dropping beside Emily on the couch where she was watching a movie.

“I left your dinner in the kitchen,” she told me, her voice heavy.

“Bad day?” I asked.

She made a sound with her tongue, sinking further back into the couch. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

We watched the movie in relative silence before I gathered up the courage to tell her. “Hey, sis?”

She still didn’t look at me. “Yeah?”

“I got a present for you.”

“What?” Emily straightened and turned to me. “You got me a present?”

“Yeap.” I still couldn’t look at her. Not now. Probably not ever.

“It’s not my birthday.”

“No.” I took out the box from my left pocket. “It’s not.”

Emily gasped, then gingerly took the box from my trembling fingers. She gasped again when she opened it, finally seeing the cursed ring for the first time.

She plucked it out. “Why is it so warm?”

At least I got to tell her one truth. “I don’t know.”

“And why a ring, Logan?”

I shrugged again. Finally, I managed the courage to look my sister in the eye. “Why don’t you try it on? I hope it fits you.”

Why am I doing this? I’m the worst brother in the world.

Emily didn’t deserve this. I was taking her future away just for my own selfish greed. All of this just so I could fuck my dream woman, and have her collared and chained to me for life.

I’d imagined this moment like in the movies. Emily putting the ring on, but in slow motion, unknowingly condemning her soul. Then, at the last possible moment, someone would come barging in, telling her not to do it.

But this wasn’t a movie.

Emily slipped the ring on her left ring finger. The inscription glowed, and she inhaled sharply, looking up at me, eyes wide.

“I’m sorry.” I told my little sister. “I’m so sorry.”