

The Ring

Chapter Five

It's been twenty-four hours since Emily wore the ring. And I was still not inside her yet.

Maybe it didn't work. Maybe Clara had tricked me and gave me a fake ring. But she also mentioned that everyone reacted differently to it. That it might take some time.

But I was impatient. Emily wasn't kneeling at my feet and sucking my cock yet. A full day has passed and she hasn't changed in the slightest.

Except...

I was sitting on the couch, having already fucked Mrs Jones twice that day—once in her office, and once in an empty classroom, just because it felt naughtier fucking her in there. The adrenaline I received as I rammed my cock in and out of her ass while glancing over my shoulder was well worth the risk.

I watched as Emily breezed past me, wearing an oversized white T-shirt, hair damp from the shower, the slave ring still wrapped around her finger. There it was again. A sneaky glance towards me.

She never did that before. I was sure of it.

And when I caught her staring at me, she would quickly glance away with a blush cresting along her pretty cheeks, making it obvious—she liked what she saw.

Just then, she sneaked another peek at me again, and I knew it was time to capitalize.

"Hey," I spoke out just as my little sister glanced away, her cheeks turning that cute pink. "Em?"

“H-Huh?” I tried my hardest not to laugh when she jumped at the sound of my voice. She looked at me, words stammering out of those lips. “Y-Yeah? Yeah, what is it?”

I patted the spot beside me. “Watch the movie with me.”

She glanced away. “I need to do the laundry. Maybe later?”

That wouldn’t work. I couldn’t wait any longer.

“No. You can do the laundry later. Watch this with me now.”

My sister thought about it for a few moments, but it was painfully obvious what she wanted. She slowly nodded, offered an innocent smile, then plopped down beside me.

Fuck. She smelled so... good. Light and sweet. Feminine and fruity. Like fresh strawberries.

We weren’t touching, so I remedied that, shifting to the right and laying against her shoulder. Emily had to forgive me if she heard me sniffing, because my god, she smelled like an angel.

I could tell that Emily wasn’t the biggest fan of our sudden closeness. She wasn’t complaining, but it was evident from her forced coughs and the little shifts, she wasn’t exactly pleased.

Five minutes passed. Ten minutes.

I began moving.

“Logan,” Emily gasped. “What... what are you doing?”

I looked at her. “What?”

She frowned at me. “You’re touching my ass.”

“So?”

Emily shoved me away and straightened herself.

“What do you mean ‘so’?” she snapped. “Why did you do that?”

I stole a glance down at the ring. It was glowing as bright as ever.

Looking back at my sister, I offered a half-hearted apology. “Sorry?”

“Fuck off, Logan.” My sister stalked towards her room. “Do your laundry yourself.”

Was I just imagining her stealing glances at me? Was the ring not working at all?

Before I could say anything, Emily paused, then turned back around for a bitter parting statement.

“You’re disgusting.”

“Logan, be patient.”

“Patient?” I glared at my phone. “The ring isn’t working.”

“Sometimes it just takes a while for the ring to affect her mind. You just have to wait.”

I sighed, then laid back down on my bed, pressing the phone closer to my ear. “Are you sure the ring will work?”

“Yes.”

I blew out another sigh. “Okay.”

An awkward silence followed. I used the opportunity to pull my shorts down and touch myself. An hour later, I was still rock hard, replaying the memories over and over in my mind. Emily's scent... how soft and plump her ass felt...

"So," Laura cleared her throat. "Meet me tomorrow?"

"Sure." I started pumping faster. "What time?"

"After you're done with school and fucking your teacher."

Mrs Jones. With all my thoughts dedicated to my sister, I'd completely forgotten about her.

"Uh, sure."

"Alright. Remember, be patient with Emily. You'll get in her panties sooner or later. Don't worry."

I grunted in reply and killed the call.

"Fuck," I muttered, clicking open Instagram and navigating to my sister's profile. I was so used to the gesture by then, it only took me ten seconds before I got to her bikini photos.

Knock, Knock.

Knowing it could only be one person, I jumped out of bed and pulled my shorts back on.

"Hey." The innocent, beautiful face of my sister greeted me when I opened the door. I tried my hardest not to stare at the ring.

I held the door open a crack with my hands, only peeking my face out. "What is it?"

My sister nervously played with her fingers before glancing up. “Can, I uh—can I come in?”

I paused for a moment before making my decision. Stepping back, I allowed her in and the fresh scent of delicious strawberries filled my room.

What did she want? Emily never came into my room before.

My sister looked around my room and slid her fingers into her pockets—she was wearing denim shorts now—before deciding to perch herself on the edge of my bed. Her hair was tied back into a neat ponytail, reminding me of Mrs Jones.

“You should really clean up your room,” she told me as I closed the door and locked it, even though nobody else was at home.

I shrugged and sat down beside her. My room wasn’t a mess, but by my perfectionist sister’s standards, it probably was.

“Can’t sleep?” I asked her.

“Yeah.” She nodded, looking worried. “I don’t know why. I honestly don’t even know why I came here.”

“You can sleep with me if you want,” I offered. I was surprised by how genuinely I meant it. Emily needed her sleep, and if sleeping with me would help her in any way... my bed was big enough for two.

I wouldn’t try anything. Maybe.

Emily was silent for a moment. “Logan?”

I gave her a look, wondering what was on her mind. “Yeah?”

“Were you masturbating?”

“What?”

She looked at me, her brown eyes filled with anxiety and... fear? “Were you?”

“No.”

She looked down at her feet. “Are you sure?”

“Em.” I scooted closer to her, placing a palm on her thigh. Fuck, her tanned skin felt so soft. So fucking smooth. “Why do you say that?”

“I don’t know. I just—” She shook her head, her golden hair swaying with the movement. “It’s nothing.”

“Em,” I said firmly, causing her to peer up at me again. “Tell me.”

My sister went silent for a long moment. I thought she wouldn’t answer me, but she finally spoke. “There’s this voice in my head.” Before I could say anything, she cut in. “I’m not crazy.”

“I didn’t say you were.”

Emily didn’t reply. My sister just looked down, interlacing her fingers and curling them inwards.

“Em, what does the voice say?”

“She.... she tells me that you were masturbating and that...”

“And what?”

She couldn’t look at me. “I had to help you.”

Well... I would like that. I would like that *very* much.

Emily suddenly grabbed my arm, eyes wide. “Do you hear the voice, too? Is that why you acted that way just now?”

“Em...”

Tears pooled around her eyes. "I'm not crazy."

I hugged her. "You aren't."

We stayed like that for a few minutes, with Emily crying into my shoulder and me feeling shittier and shittier by the second.

She finally pulled away, her next words barely a whisper. "Take off your pants."

Even though this was exactly what I wanted, her words felt foreign to me.

I flinched. "What?"

She looked at me, tears dripping down her cheeks. "Please. It's the only way she will stop talking."

I didn't protest when she slowly began pulling off my pants. Thank God I wasn't wearing any underwear. My cock sprang out air, pre-cum already pooling at the crown and oozing off the tip.

My sister gasped at the sight of my cock, then slowly, gingerly, she began to extend her delicate fingers.

I said nothing. Did nothing.

But my facade crumbled when she finally touched flesh. A loud moan escaped my lips and I almost lost it when she wrapped her hand around my cock, embracing my entire length with a warmth I had never felt from another woman. It felt even better than Clara.

Emily began stroking me lovingly, slowly, before leveling her gaze back with mine. "I'm sorry."

As if she needed to apologize...

But her soft tone and innocent expression were what sealed the deal for me. I was done holding back.

“Em...” I croaked out. “S-Stop.”

She didn’t stop. “Logan, please, I have to—”

“Take...” I gasped, and gripped my sister’s wrist, forcing her to halt her wonderful movements. “Take off your clothes.”

Even with the inanity of what we were doing, she was shocked. “W-What?”

But even as she parted those sweet lips to speak, her hands were already moving on their own, leaving warm tingles all over my cock as they departed. Emily pulled her oversized white shirt over her head, exposing rich, silky skin, breasts that were pure fantasy material.

Holy shit. Her tits... they were... fuck, they were... perfect.

Teardrops. Not too large, but nothing to scoff at too.

I savored the sight, focusing on her two nipples—round and already erect.

Jesus... I shouldn’t be allowed to touch something as perfect as those, but I couldn’t help it. As my gaze raked over those stunning breasts, I reached out to cup them.

Firm yet soft.

God.

When I finally managed to bring my focus back, Emily was already nude, her athletic body on full display, her sex so wet and inviting. Emily was looking at me as if she didn’t recognise me.

“Logan...” my sister whispered, bringing her palms up to cover her tits. “Why... why am I doing this?”

"I don't know." *And I don't care.*

I reached out to flick her nipple again, watching in delight as it bounced, crumbling the last of my resolve.

"Em, are you a virgin?" I asked.

"Logan—"

"Are you a virgin?" I repeated.

The ring glowed. My sister's eyes dulled and her lips parted.

"Yes."

I had to be dreaming. Holy shit.

The ring dimmed. Emily shook her head, seemingly snapping out of her split second trance. "Logan—"

"Be quiet."

She obeyed, but a sob leaked out from her sealed lips. I knew I was a monster for doing this. But if that meant being inside my sexy little sister, I would take that trade.

I was going to fuck Emily. But for some odd reason, I wanted her to enjoy it too. I didn't want to fuck a silent robot. How much power did I have over her right now? Could the ring change her mental state? Rewire her thoughts with a single command?

I didn't need to command Mrs. Jones to do anything. One day she was normal, and the next she was my slave. But Clara had said that the ring affected each individual differently. Maybe all Emily needed was a push in the right direction?

There was only one way to find out.

“Emily,” I started, staring intently at the ring. “You can speak now, but I want you to remain calm at all times.”

The ring glowed. My sister opened her lips.

“Logan.” It was weird seeing her speak. She was speaking in a calm, relaxed manner, but her eyes were wide with panic. “What? W-Why? I don’t understand. I don’t understand.”

I exhaled a breath and looked at her. Time to do the unthinkable. “Sleep.”

I didn’t know why I said it, but I was shocked when her eyes snapped shut and her head lolled to the side.

The ring was glowing as brightly as ever, and was it...? I reached over to touch it, gasping when I did. Yeap. It was burning hot.

I focused my attention back on my new fuck toy. “Emily,” I said, my voice surprisingly steady despite being the horniest I had ever been in my entire life. Coupled with a pounding heart, it was a wonder how I was keeping my shit together. “When you wake up, you...”

I paused. I didn’t know how to continue. If I really had complete control over her, I could transform her into my sex slave right then. Wasn’t that everything I wanted?

Except I didn’t know how to go about it. One wrong command and she would be like Clara had warned. A lifeless shell of her former self. An emotional robot.

I would think about how to change her later. For now, all I wanted was to be inside her, and for her to want me as badly as I wanted her.

“Em,” I started again, slowly this time. “When you wake up, all you remember is waking up from a dream, and being the horniest you have ever been in your entire life. And all you want to do is fuck. Fuck me. Only me. That’s all you want

to do when you open your eyes. You came into your brother's room to make love with him."

Was that all I wanted to say? It checked all the boxes of 'wanting to have sex with Logan.'

No, there was still more.

"You will also always be in a constant state of horniness. But you only want to have sex with your brother. You're happy when you fuck Logan. You want to please him, Emily."

There. That ensured her loyalty towards me.

Was that all? Would that even work?

I blew out a long breath. "Wake up."

The ring glowed. Emily opened her eyes. I tensed myself for anything.

Her pink lips curled up into a sexy smile. "Hey."

I returned her smile, suddenly feeling my nerves crashing down. "H-Hey."

I started stripping my shirt off, but stopped when Emily scooted forward, placing her palm on my arm.

Was she going to—

"Let me," Emily whispered, and I groaned at her words. She sounded like pure sex.

Just a few days ago, I would never ever have imagined those words coming out of my sister's lips. But here we were. I was about to finally achieve my ultimate fantasy.

Emily was desperate. She almost ripped my clothes off trying to get me naked too, and when we were both freed from our restraints, my sister closed her eyes and leaned forward, tilting her head slightly.

I welcomed the kiss, my hand banding around her back and stroking all her delicious curves.

She tasted heavenly. Nothing really specific—just sweet and really fucking good.

Emily told me she was a virgin, and I was inclined to believe it. Although she had a lot of friends, my sister was still shy and only kept to her group.

How was this possible? Emily was the sexiest woman alive. So many people had crushes on her. Her guy friends would die just to get a taste of these lips I was sampling.

I was the first one to break the kiss. She was clearly inexperienced, but the mere fact that I was making out with my sister made it special.

Memorable.

Emily stared at me, her brown eyes hazy and unfocused. There was no mistaking the raw desire that filled them. “Logan...”

“Em,” I replied, and she went in for another kiss, but I held her still. “Have you ever kissed anyone before?”

She rubbed her lips with a thumb and giggled. An uncharacteristic, high-pitch girly giggle. “Yes.”

“I mean... before this.”

“No,” she said, taking her thumb away biting down on her bottom lip. “Never.”

“Why?”

She shrugged and looked at my cock again, obviously not interested in conversation. “Logan, your cock...”

“Yeah?”

She licked her lips. “I want it.”

I froze. This was not Emily. I made her—

Emily leaned into me again, curving her body against mine and giving me another taste of heaven. I paced myself this time, exploring her mouth, feeling the erotic slide of her tongue along mine.

Yeap, this certainly was not my sister. But in the moment, it didn’t matter. Right then, all I wanted was the woman in front of me. I would fix her later.

Emily yelped when I put my full weight against her, forcing her back against the mattress. I felt the bed bow under our combined weight. Even though my sister was inexperienced, she wasn’t clueless. Emily automatically spread her legs apart, giving me an unrestricted view of her shaven cunt. She was *drenched*.

This was it. I was going to take my sister’s virginity. And without protection.

I locked eyes with the woman I had known for over twenty years now, making sure she was ready.

She was.

I pushed in. Emily screamed.