

# **The Ring**

## **Chapter Six**

I swear I loved my sister

But there was no denying that I was hurting her. I watched as Emily cried and groaned, twisting her body and arching her sweat-soaked back, the pain of having her virginity taken proving too much for her.

Fuck me, I wanted to cum. But I couldn't—not until I got at least a few dozen strokes in.

Gritting my teeth, I rolled my hips and pushed in deeper, feeling heavenly bliss as her tight, greedy cunt enveloped my cock. The mere fact that I was the first to enter my sister was almost too much to handle. Almost.

Finally, Emily's cries of pain died out and desire took over. I watched as her eyes became focused, staring intently at me. My dear sister wrapped her legs around my hips and began pushing against me, taking more of my cock into her, both of us moaning as her walls closed even tighter, milking me for everything I was worth.

I was fully inside her now. I was in a fantasy that had become a reality.

"Don't cum until I tell you to," I told her, breathing in her fresh strawberry scent. She nodded as the ring glowed bright at my command.

Leaning forward, I flushed our lips together once again. Emily arched her back as I rolled my hips backwards, exposing half of my slick cock to the chilly night air. Then with a sharp exhale, I pushed back in, prompting my sister to sigh happily, and I used the opportunity to slip my tongue into her. I made love to her like I had never made love to any other woman, not even Clara.

Was love even the right word? I had been completely obsessed with my sister since as long as I could remember. It had to be love. A love that was sick and twisted, but love nonetheless.

We will be together forever. One happy family.

She would be happy as my servant. I would treat her well. After all, she was kind to me throughout the years—it was the least I could do for her.

Emily broke the seal of our mouth. I watched as she threw her head back, a cry escaping her lungs, her hips increasing their rhythm, pounding against me with unrestrained abandon. She sounded wild. It was like I had awakened an animalistic part of her that the world never saw.

The sight of it sent me over the edge. I came hard, my entire load erupting into my sister.

“Now!” I screamed, a second too late. I felt her walls tightening, milking my spurting cock in welcoming squeezes. For the first time ever, my room was thick with the scent of sweat and sex, the sounds of our combined moanings filling the apartment.

I was almost sad to feel my orgasm ebb away, rolling down in waves. Emily was already done with hers. She laid completely still, her heavy breathing audible, still taking more of me in like the cum slut I was going to transform her into. Finally, I went dry.

We lay in complete silence. I was still balls deep inside her. What was my sister going to do now that she had achieved the goal I implanted in her mind? Would the spell break? Would she still want me?

I never really got my answer, because Emily gently pushed me off and rolled onto her side. I was now staring at her sweaty, toned, and oh so curvy back. I shifted forward until my arm was around her and pressed my still hard cock into the seam of her ass, just enough so that a quarter of me was poking in. I had no energy left to take her there.

Tomorrow, then.

Emily didn't complain, and soon after, sleep overtook both of us.

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*Was it all a dream?*

That was my first thought as I woke up alone in my room, just like every other morning.

But no. I could smell my sister's perfume beside me, lingering there like a dreamy haze. But best of all, I could smell the fresh scent of strawberries on *me*.

It wasn't a dream. I kissed my sister last night. I *fucked* my sister last night. But where was she now? It was Sunday, so neither of us had classes. She should be in bed with me, so I could use the ring to fuck her again, and again, and again. I'd probably only allow her to crawl out of my room when Monday came.

Was I an evil person for doing this?

It didn't matter. In truth, I really believed that given the chance, every person with a set of balls and raging hormones would do the same.

I groggily got out of bed and wandered into the living room to look for my sister. Not there. Into her room. Not there. Everywhere in the house. Nowhere.

I called her phone but it went directly to voicemail. Finally, I sent a text asking her where she was and if she was okay.

I had a bunch of texts from Mrs Jones, most of them nude pictures. I smiled. I was sure Emily was okay, probably going for the weekly grocery haul or something. I just needed to take a shower, get dressed and go to a certain teacher's house.

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It was a familiar sight to see my sexy psychology teacher on her knees in front of me, taking my cock into the back of her throat. But I was not *used* to it. Not yet.

The way her tongue expertly surrounded my entire length, licking across every pulsing vein... I came quickly, sending a burst of hot liquid jetting into her mouth. She swallowed every drop.

When I was done, Alex gave my cock a once-over with her warm tongue, lapping the excess cum that was pooling at my tip before she slowly licked along my entire length once more. Out of the two women that have given me head recently, there was no contest to who was better. I gave myself a mental reminder for her to give blowjob lessons to my sister. After all, she was a teacher.

I wondered what it would be like once Emily became a master at pleasuring me? My sister, on her knees, servicing my cock with her cute little mouth, all the while looking up at me with those warm brown eyes filled with utter worship. There was no doubt she would be my favorite slave.

God, I almost came again just visualizing that. And I would do whatever it took to make that a reality very soon.

"You taste so good, Master," my slave said, lifting her chin and smiling brightly at me.

I smiled back. Her husband wasn't home. Maybe I should stay until he returns. It would be so much easier filing the divorce papers if you found your wife on her knees with her face covered with another man's cum.

Mrs Jones stayed on her knees in front of me, an expectant expression on her pretty face. Unlike my sister, I didn't need to implant commands into her. All I did was treat her like a slave, and she naturally became one.

I laid back on her couch, my hands in an open, relaxed position at the back of my head. I looked sideways at her, still kneeling on the ground. "Ride me, bitch."

Mrs Jones' grin widened, and she was on top of me before she could even complete her '*Yes, Master*'.

With our eyes still locked, her emerald ones full of desire and lust, my slave took my cock in one hand and positioned it just below her dripping sex. She looked at me again for confirmation, and I gave her a quick nod.

Slowly, Mrs Jones lowered herself, my cock disappearing inside her inch by inch. We both moaned as her tight, needy pussy enveloped me, sending shivers of delight racing throughout my entire body.

My gaze raked over her entire body as she rode my cock. Her breasts were larger than Clara or Emily's, and they were bouncing delightfully in front of my face. Very tempting to grab, but my arms went to her hips, steadying her, trying to gain some semblance of control over her insane rhythm.

My slave arched her back and lifted her head, moaning when one of my hands glided up and down her back, feeling up all those lush curves. She was still speeding up, riding my cock like there was no tomorrow, grunting in between every thrust.

Everything seemed to get blurry as pleasure overtook me. The next thing I knew, I was squeezing one of her breasts with one hand, the other feeling up her firm ass cheeks. She gasped, her green eyes going wide.

I came harder this time, but Mrs Jones didn't stop. Instead, she met my gaze as I exploded into her, her lips parting to breathe the three words I never thought I would hear from a woman.

"I love you."

That made me orgasm even harder, and soon enough it was all over, with her laying in a breathless heap on top of me, both of us in a sweaty, tangled mess, gasping for breath.

My head was spinning. She loved me? Obviously, it wasn't genuine. The ring forced her to love me. It was all artificial. But did it bother me?

The answer was clear when I felt her lips on mine, her tongue gliding in quickly and slowly sparing with mine, the taste of her filling up my mouth.

Something animalistic inside me snapped. I broke our loving kiss and rolled her over so that I was on top of her.

Still inside her, I slowly withdrew. Mrs Jones gasped, arching her back against me, breasts pressed hard against my chest as I dragged through all those sensitive nerves, then moaned loudly when I thrust back in, hard.

It was going to be a long morning.

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Emily didn't open the door for me as I fumbled for my keys, so I just assumed she wasn't home yet. But as I entered our shared apartment, I could hear noises coming from her room.

I was surprised at what I saw when I peeked inside my sister's room. It was as if a hurricane had swept through—clothes were scattered everywhere, furniture was overturned, and Emily was pacing mindlessly around the mess, dressed up sexy, a pink bra in one hand and an empty suitcase in another. She looked confused.

"Em?"

She started, then turned to face me, dropping all her items. Her face was a mess and her eyes were red from crying.

I took a tentative step forward. "What are you doing?"

She parted her lips but no sound came out. I took another step forward and she took a step back. The ring was still on her finger and it was glowing dimly.

Finally, she spoke, but her words were choked up and barely audible. "What did you do to me?"

I played dumb. "What?"

She pointed her trembling ring finger at me. "You—you gave me this ring."

I nodded, taking another slow step forward. "I did."

Tears began rolling down my cheeks. “The voices... they all started when I first wore this. And now I can’t take it off. I—she told me to fuck you and...” She couldn’t finish her sentence, bursting down in tears.

I was so close to her now, and I slowly reached out to grab her arm. “It’s okay, Em. It’s okay.”

She didn’t stop me when I pulled her into an embrace. I had never seen my sister break down like this before. I felt bad. She trembled against my shoulder while repeating a sentence over and over. I had to strain to realize she was begging for mercy.

I stroked the back of her head. Now was not the best time to get a boner, but having a hot girl begging in your arms was not helping. “You will be okay,” I said, trying to keep my voice as calm as possible.

“Make it stop,” she sobbed.

“Make what stop?”

“The voices. They are saying—” My sister broke down again, going to her knees.

“Em.” I squatted down with her, running my knuckles over her cheeks, wiping away tears. “What do the voices say?”

She looked at me, the warmth of her eyes nowhere to be seen. My sister looked completely broken. “To submit to you.”

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A minute later, I was inside my sister again.

I had tried to calm her again, but midway through, Emily shoved her lips against mine, backing me up against the wall, tasting me in wild, heavy strokes. Seconds later, we were naked on the ground.

I didn't waste any more time. She was already dripping wet so it was an easy process to slide inside her, producing a startled gasp from her and a low moan from me.. She churned her hips, goading my cock in deeper.

I was in heaven again. Fuck, she was tight.

Emily was still sobbing. She had a weird look on her face. It was as if wanted this, yet she also didn't want to—like she had no choice but to do this. I had completely broken my sister.

Did I feel bad? Yes, a little bit. But all thoughts soon subsided as I rolled my hips and thrust back and forth against her trembling frame. I leaned forward to claim her sweet lips, swallowing her sobs.

I pulled back to look at her gorgeous face as she arched her back, curving her toned body against mine, her breasts feeling so damn good. Emily closed her eyes, a cry escaping those beautiful lips as I gave a hard thrust forward.

"Don't cum until I say you can," I growled. The ring glowed and I knew my command had been accepted.

I increased my rhythm, putting my full weight behind every wild thrust now, fucking my sister harder than I have ever fucked any other woman. At this point, I didn't care if I was hurting her—I was having the best fuck of my entire life and that was all that mattered.

But Emily was enjoying it, more so than I expected. She met every single thrust with her own, her breathing rampant and her inner muscles clenching and gripping onto me impossibly tightly. Her eyes were still snapped shut, and she started moaning my name over and over.

I couldn't last a second longer. I tried to make eye contact with her but my sister still had her eyes closed. There was nothing to say anyway except for the single command.

"Cum!" I yelled, then leaned forward, wrapping my lips around hers, her exotic taste exploding in my tastebuds.



Her cunt tightened, then trembled around my cock as I finished inside her, both of us moaning into each other's mouths. Emily was biting my lips again, moaning something unintelligible, but I was certain she was saying my name.

I shivered and pounded the last remnants of my orgasm into my moaning sister. Unbelievably, she took it all, her cunt rippling as she orgasmed with me. Emily was a sex goddess, and she wasn't even experienced yet.

When we were finished, Emily was clearly exhausted. She was breathing hard and she could barely open her eyes. But I wasn't done yet. I was still rock hard and I needed her pussy.

"Stand up," I ordered her, standing up myself.

The ring glowed and my sister struggled up to her feet.

"Come with me," I said, taking her hand and leading her out of her room—towards mine. "I'm not done with you yet."

Emily sobbed once, but she submitted to my will, following me as I led my naked sister to my bed.

I fucked her nonstop until late into the night, only taking a break because I had no cum to spill inside her anymore.

"I'm sorry, Em," I whispered into her ear as I shot my last load of the night into her sore cunt. We didn't use protection and I didn't care if she got pregnant. My lust for her had overtaken my mind, and there was no going back. "I'm sorry."

My sister didn't reply. Her eyes were closed and her hair was a wild mess around her face. My cock was burning up, sore from all the hours of fucking we did.

"Em." I touched her cheek. "Can you hear me? Answer me."

The ring glowed.

"Yes..."

She could barely speak, but I needed to hear her words.

“Say you forgive me,” I told her. “Mean it.”

The ring glowed.

She lifted her eyelids, her eyes unfocused, her lips only slightly ajar. She could only whisper the words.

“I forgive you.”

She sounded so genuine, but I’d never know if she really meant it. Sighing, I allowed my sister the rest she deserved.

“Sleep now, my love.”

The ring glowed once more.

Her eyes snapped shut.