

Chapter Seven

Clutching my sister's hand, I brought her inside, greeted by the ringing bell and the fresh smell of lavender.

Ding.

"Logan." The receptionist, Linda, welcomed us with her brightest smile. "Please take a seat. My Mistress will call for you shortly."

"Yeah, okay." I guided my sister to the nearest set of sofas and we sat down.

Linda picked up the phone receiver and dialed a number, probably informing Clara of my arrival. As she nodded and talked, I caught a glimpse of red reflecting from her ring finger.

A ruby. She had the same ring Emily was wearing. I looked around the reception area and spotted two girls to our right, stacking trinkets onto metallic shelves.

They had rubies wrapped around their fingers, too.

Were they all Clara's slaves? Didn't she mention she only had four?

Had she been lying?

I shuddered at the thought and glanced over at my sister. She hasn't said a word since this morning. She had her head down, hands clasped on her lap, looking defeated.

I felt terrible. Emily had been the greatest sister, and what did I do to repay her? Enslave her. Fuck her until she became a whimpering mess.

And yet, despite the heavy pit in my gut, having Emily acting so docile and submissive... I have to admit, it was hot having her like that.

“I’m sorry, Em,” I whispered, placing my hand over hers and offering a gentle squeeze.

She didn’t respond. Her eyes were still on the ground. I was about to say something when I heard footsteps, and then a voice—one that I knew all too well.

“Sure, no problem.” Clara appeared around the corner, followed by a man and a woman walking hand-in-hand.

I only needed a quick glance to know the man was one of her clients. He was overweight, short, and his barber needed to do him a favor and mow what remained on his head.

The woman in his hand, though... She was probably half his age, not much older than us, and she looked completely in love with him. Laughing loudly at his jokes, clutching his arm tight, smiling back whenever he so much as glanced over at her.

I didn’t even bother to look if she also had a ruby wrapped around her fingers too. The answer was obvious.

Clara led them to the front entrance and opened the door for them. *Ding.*

“I’ll be in touch,” Clara informed the man, then nodded politely as they left.

The door closed. *Ding.*

Clara exhaled, then turned around.

“Come.” The word whipped out like a snap. She didn’t even bother to glance at us.

Standing up, I followed after her, Emily in tow. We passed a couple of hallways before Clara made a hard right and walked into a room.

I frowned when I entered. It was a bedroom. Then I saw Emily at the side of the room, perched on the edge of an enormous bed.

“Emily.” Clara patted her thigh, her hazel eyes pinned on my sister. “Come here, sweetheart.”

My sister stiffened.

“Logan.” Her gaze fell on me, and like Emily, I sucked in a breath. Why was she so intimidating? “I’m used to being obeyed.”

“What do you want with her?” I asked, not liking the way Clara was looking at my sister. “In the message, you told me to bring her here. Why?”

“I wanted to get a good look at her.” Clara whistled. “And my, my, she’s a *beauty*.”

I could feel my muscles tensing up, my protective instinct over Emily kicking in.

“It’s a little unfair, don’t you think?” Clara bit her lower lips, her hazel eyes gleaming with desire. “That you’re the only person in the world that gets to have her. I think I deserve a little taste, too.”

I clench my fists. “That was not part of the deal.”

“The deal.” Clara hopped off the desk, then strode over to me. There was a shift to her eyes. Her hazels were colder now, and I shivered when she reached over and trailed a finger up my arm, forcing me to relax my fists. “The deal was that I give you the ring and you give me your soul.”

“Not Emily’s soul.”

“Emily’s yours now. And what’s yours is mine.”

“That’s not—”

“Shh...” Her finger reached my lips, silencing me. “I know you’re very stubborn but don’t compete with me.”

She walked forward, forcing me back until I felt solid wall.

“I’m going to fuck your sister,” she whispered. “If you like, you can watch.”

“Or I can lend you one of my girls.” Her next words were in my ear, her lips nibbling. “What do you think?”

Every part of me wanted to shove her back. Tell her to fuck right off. But my body had other plans. I stayed frozen as her lips slid down, burning a trail towards my neck.

“Do you fancy any of my girls, Logan? How about Linda? Or Phoebe?” She sucked on my neck, and then her hands were on me. She pried my shirt away, exposing my body to the cool air-conditioned room, and then her hands were on my pants. “Which of my girls do you fancy the most?”

Shit, I was being seduced, and there was nothing I could do but let Clara have her way. Because I knew the result would *fee*/good.

And I wanted to feel good.

“Or do you prefer me?” Clara kissed my neck, then slowly sank to her knees, kissing her way down, trailing feather light kisses on my collarbone, my chest, my abs. When she reached my hips, she ripped my boxers down, and before I knew it, warm wet lips surrounded the head of my cock.

“Fuck...” I groaned, closing my eyes, a prisoner to the sensations.

“I love your cock, Logan.” She sucked hard, swallowing all the pre-cum, sending tingles all over my body. Clara hummed a happy tune, and I gasped when I felt her tongue gliding along my length, coating my entire cock with her saliva.

When she lubricated me up enough, she pulled back, then stood up on her feet.

“Come.”

This time, she didn't snap at me. The word came off softer, more affectionate. She took my hand, leading me towards the bed.

I turned back to look at Emily. She was still at the exact spot where I had left her, but her eyes were on us, her face a mixture of confusion and horror.

“Ignore her,” Clara said, getting on the bed. “Her turn comes later.”

“No.”

“I'm going to fuck her, Logan. You first, then her.”

“This... this wasn't part of the deal.”

“You still own her.” She placed her hands on my shoulders and pushed, forcing me down on the bed. She was surprisingly strong. Unusually strong. “Are you really going to complain if I have her once in a while?”

“She's mine.”

“Yes.” She set one foot on either side of my waist, straddling me. Clara smiled, then leaned forward and down until our lips were just an inch apart. “But since we are a couple now, don't you think we should share?”

My eyes went wide. “A... couple?”

I didn't know how Clara was doing it. She had full control over the situation and she was somehow making me follow her lead. She didn't even have a ring on me. But maybe she had other trinkets that had me obliging to her every demand.

That would explain everything. But maybe I just had to admit I liked Clara taking the lead.

“You don’t remember our deal?” She tutted. “You’re *mine* now. You’ll show your face around all the dull events I have to attend to. You’ll let my Daddy know I’m in good hands. You’ll do your job. Then when the time comes... you’ll give me children.”

I was silent, not sure how to respond. I remembered the terms about our deal, but I haven’t actually actualized them in my mind yet. I had been too busy with Emily.

“I gave you everything you wanted, Logan,” Clara continued. She leaned down, kissed the corner of my mouth. “Mrs. Jones. Emily. *Me*. You knew what you were getting yourself into. It’s time to pay the price.”

My mind was split apart, at war with each other.

I knew Clara wasn’t a good person. She made no attempts to hide her true nature. I knew I should get the fuck away from her. Risk everything and run away with my sister. Even though I knew Clara was dangerous. Hell, she even threatened mine and Emily’s lives before.

But on the other hand... Clara was *fucking* hot. And she knew my weaknesses. When it came to lust and desire, I couldn’t control myself.

I had to be truthful with myself. I *wanted* Clara. Badly. Even though she was the furthest thing from being good for me. Even though it was certain she would be my undoing.

“Do you want to fuck me?” Her breaths tickled my lips.

I breathed her in. Her perfume was smooth and smelled really expensive.

I couldn’t lie to her. Not like this.

“Yes.”

Her mouth met mine.

Our breaths met, tongue meeting, moans colliding.

“We’re going to have sex.” She surged forward, deepening our kiss. “Then you’re going to watch me fuck Emily.”

“Fuck you.”

“You have no say in the matter.” Her mouth felt so fucking good and she was an amazing kisser, knowing exactly how and where to suck and lick. Holy fuck. I groaned as our tongues intertwined, and then Clara was sucking my lips hard, teeth sinking into my bottom lip.

“No,” I gasped.

“I admire your resistance.” With a final lip bite, she broke the kiss apart, then rolled away, getting off the bed. “Too bad it won’t do you any good.”

I sat up, my lips tingling with a sensation I have never felt before. Clara had her back turned towards me and I sucked in a breath when she started peeling her clothes off. Her blouse came off first, revealing a surprisingly toned back.

I wanted to continue staring, but Emily was still on my mind. I turned to look at my sister and my heart sank when I saw her. She still looked disgusted.

Why wouldn’t she be? What was I expecting?

“You can have Emily join us,” Clara offered.

I grit my teeth. “I told you—no.”

“Do you really want her to remain like this? Look at her. She’s disgusted by you. With just a few words, you can change her view of everything.”

Clara was right. Even from across the room, I could feel her contempt and my heart sank at the harsh realization. Emily probably hated me now, and there was no way of going back to where things were.

“Em.” It was a weird sensation, feeling so guilty yet so horny at the same time. I nodded at a chair in the corner of the room. “I want you to sit on that chair. I want you to start touching yourself. I want you to enjoy what you’re seeing.”

Emily started walking towards the corner of the room, and I caught a glimpse of her ring glowing red.

The guilty feeling was almost crushing. I almost spoke up to retract what I said, but the sharp voice behind me had me freezing up.

“Good decision.”

Turning around, I expected to see Clara in a smug smile, but instead, I saw perfection.

I didn’t realize Clara was already fully nude, but frustratingly, her back was still turned towards me, refusing to reveal all her best bits.

All my attention was glued to the woman bared in front of me, Emily pushed to the back of my mind.

She had an even better figure than Mrs Jones or even Emily, with crazy curves and shredded back muscles. But the main draw of the show was her ass. She had the greatest ass I have ever seen. Plump cheeks, soft skin.

What the hell.

I wanted to pinch myself. The entire week felt like a crazy lucid dream. Over the days, I had been fulfilling fantasies after fantasies. Fucking the hottest lecturer in school, then my sister. And now... Clara.

Men would die for any of them. And I had all three.

“I haven’t had sex with a man in a long while.” Clara whispered, still painstakingly refusing to turn around. “Do you think I’m tighter than Emily?”

“Clara.” I couldn’t even recognize myself. My voice was so hoarse. “Just fucking turn around.”

“Say please.” She giggled, a high-pitched girly sound—so uncharacteristic of her. “Say please, Mistress.”

I frowned. “Fuck off.”

“Logan.” She tsked at me, shaking her head in disapproval. “Is this how you treat—”

“Clara.” My voice was strained, my cock hard, throbbing in agony at the very thought of being inside *that*. I haven’t had sex with Emily since we had woken up, and my body had been reconditioned for constant sex.

I *had* to fuck her.

Clara met my gaze. For what felt like hours, we just stared at each other. Her hazels to my browns. Finally she sighed, obliging to my demand. When she turned around, time stilled.

Her tits were like Emily’s, natural teardrops, but they were larger than my sister’s, and a little smaller than Alexandra’s. The perfect middle-ground. I sucked in a breath as I stared at her tits, areolas pink and large, nipples hard.

With an exhale, I made a slow journey down her curves. Clara had the tiniest waist ever. It was actually crazy to witness. Every time she exhaled, abs would appear.

“Do you like what you see?”

I snapped out of my trance, only to return to her eyes. They were so hypnotic, and I *loved* the color of her irises. They looked almost golden, matching her hair. Clara was no doubt an extremely attractive woman, and she knew that. Even if I ignored the little smirk playfully pulling at the corner of her lips, her eyes told the full story.

She was confident. Stubborn. Sexy.

Dangerous.

“Yeah,” I schooled my breaths, affording myself another once over down her body. Just to make sure my eyes weren’t lying. *God*. Her body was pure fucking fantasy material. “You’re... um... very fit.”

“I take very good care of my body.” She returned to bed, crawling towards me.

Planting her hands on my shoulders, she forced me back down to the mattress. I tried to glance at my sister at the side of the room, just to check on her, but Clara stopped me, her fingers on my chin.

“Don’t look at her.” She climbed back up on top of me, straddling my hips, and I hissed when she grind her bare cunt over my saliva-drenched cock. “Look at me, Logan. Only me.”

I didn’t like being in this position—pinned down against the bed with her hands on my shoulders and her full weight bearing down on me. I felt so vulnerable.

“Relax,” Clara purred, moving her hands down my chest, and I responded by taking her hips, feeling up her crazy waist. “All you need to do is submit. It’s simple.”

“Have you submitted to someone before?”

The wink she gave me told me everything.

“I think—”

“Shh...” She placed a finger over my lips. “Don’t think. Don’t talk. *Just feel.*”

With that, her finger left my lips. She raised her hips, took my cock, then slowly lowered herself onto me.

I felt tightness over the tip of my cock, then warmth, then—

“Ahh...” Her eyelids fluttered.

I saw stars.

She was tight. *Shit... tighter than Emily?* Maybe. I don't know. I could only feel Clara as I stretched her out.

“Fuck.” Clara spat the curse, slowly taking all of me in. She threw her head back, then moaned, a low, guttural sound that had me gritting my teeth as I entered her inch by inch.

“You're bigger...” Clara opened her eyes, and we locked gazes. “Bigger than I thought. God...”

I wanted to turn and look at Emily. See if my sister still had that disgusted look on her face. Or maybe she was enjoying herself. But Clara had me trapped under her spell, and we both groaned in unison as I went deeper still. Halfway inside. Then with a grunt, Clara slammed herself down, taking my entire length in one swoop.

“Logan—” Her full lips parted. “So good...”

“Clara...” I moaned her name back as she tried to find the perfect rhythm for us, bouncing up and down on my cock.

Why did this feel so good? Why did fucking her feel so much better than fucking Emily?

A rough groan escaped me as I re-entered her over and over. Clara was enjoying it as much as I did, arching her back, curving her spine, cries dragging from her lips every time my balls slammed against her.

“Don't you dare cum yet.” She finally found the right tempo, fucking me harder, filling the room up with the sounds of our fucking. Flesh hitting flesh, my

balls slapping against her ass, her tits bouncing up and down. With another thrust, she growled another warning. "Don't you dare fucking cum."

"I'm trying—" I grit my teeth so hard, pain flashed across my temple. "—not to."

But it was almost impossible. Her pussy was so warm, so tight. Her cunt pulsed, pulling me as deep as I could physically go. I hit a hard spot inside her and she shrieked, but she never once broke eye contact with me.

"I cant—" I tried to say, but my words were drowned out by her cries. She was still maintaining the insane rhythm, pumping our hips together with savage thrusts.

"Wait." She panted. "Wait."

I watched as a bead of sweat dripped across her neck, rolling down her tits.

"Clara—"

"Now!" Her cunt clamped around me so tight, my body broke.

I tried to hold the roar back but it was impossible. It clawed from my throat, then burst free.

"FUCK!" I squeezed her waist harder, and she threw her head back and screamed with me, her pussy squeezing my spasming cock, goading more and more cum out of me even as I poured my entire being into her.

I swore I was seeing stars by the time we were done. Clara slumped down against me in a heap of sweat and tears. Her eyes were watering, and she tried to hide it by digging her face against the crook of my neck.

"Fuck you," she panted. I could feel her every breath, molten against my neck. "Fuck you, Logan."

I was still inside her. I never wanted to leave.

But my yearning was short-lived when Clara pulled herself out of me.

I tried to look at her, but she wasn't showing me her face.

"Get changed and go," she said with a sniff. She tried to sound like her usual demanding self, but her voice was all choked up.

When I laid there, thinking about what the hell happened, she shoved me away with a simple push and the force almost had me falling off the bed.

The fuck? She was *strong*.

"Go!" She sounded *pissed*, and her sudden change of tone had me rushing out of bed. I caught a glimpse of my sister with one of her hands underneath her shorts, her cheeks flushed.

"Let's go," I whispered to Emily, bending down to pick up my clothing, feeling nothing but shame. Not only was I getting kicked out for whatever reason, my sister had to watch everything.

I got changed as quickly as I could and took Emily towards the door. I had a strong urge to look back at Clara, but I resisted the temptation, exiting the room and shutting the door behind us.

Why was Clara suddenly so emotional? And worse of all, why did I care?

I forced the thought out of my mind as I guided Emily through the hallways, trying to backtrack where we had come from. My sister was like a doll, hand in mine, silent and unreactive, just following me.

Why was Clara crying? Did I do something? Trigger a memory? She mentioned I was the first guy in a while she had sex with, so maybe the last man had hurt her or something.

Why did I care? Seriously. *Just forget about her.*

She wasn't a good person. She enslaved other women and ruined lives. Who knew what other tragedies she had done?

But it wasn't like I was any different. She once mentioned that when she looked at me, she saw a mirror.

Maybe she was right. Maybe I was as evil as her.

Was evil even the right word? If the ring fell into anyone's hand, I had no doubt the vast majority of people would use it for selfish gains.

But maybe I was just viewing the world through my own pessimistic lens.

Either way, there was more to the blonde beauty than she let on.

And I intended on digging up her secrets.

All of it.