

Chapter Eight

Showering didn't help. No matter how hard I scrubbed my skin, or how hot the water felt, I could still smell her on me. Still *feel* her around my cock.

Clara. I couldn't fucking get her off my mind.

The bathroom door opened, footsteps entering. There was only one person it could be, so I looked up. The visions of Clara evaporated, replaced by the gorgeous sight of teardrop tits and a beautiful shaven pussy.

Our eyes locked. Brown on brown. Emily's irises were lighter than mine, but I couldn't spot the usual glee inside them. It was like staring inside a void.

Clara returned, her words echoing in my head.

"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. We both know she doesn't deserve this fate."

I shut my eyes, the last words hitting me hard.

We both know she doesn't deserve this fate."

"I'm sorry," I told my sister, reopening my eyes, watching her walk towards me and entering the hot rainfall.

She said nothing and her deadpan expression gave nothing away. But Emily came close to me, and I felt her nipples pressing against my chest. I sucked in a breath when I saw her tip-toeing up.

I didn't stop her.

Instead, I dug my hands into her hair and forced her back against the tiled wall, kissing her hard, using my little sister as a tool to force all the tension out of me. I have never been dominated like that. Clara just had this unexplainable aura around her. She made me feel weak and I needed Emily to feel like a man again.

"I want you," I heaved, feeling her tongue stroke against mine. "I want to fuck you."

At first, my sister didn't respond. Her hands were on my back, nails digging into my skin, but then she broke the kiss to place her soft lips against my ear.

"Do it."

I knew this wasn't my sister. Emily would never say something like that. But with my lips tingling, my cock hard, my nose filled with her scent, I couldn't care less.

Gripping her hips, I lifted my little sister and pushed her up against the wall. Emily gasped, crossed her legs around me, just in time for me to crash my lips back onto hers. I didn't wait. I took my cock and guided myself into her pussy.

"Ah—" Emily retaliated by biting my lip, forcing me to swallow her moans.

"Fuck—" I pressed my hips forward, easing into my sister inch-by-inch. I could tell she was struggling to accept me—she tensed up tight, she whimpered, she clawed at my back—but I didn't care.

I pushed deeper and deeper, stretching Emily wider and wider until I couldn't anymore.

"You feel amazing," I gasped, dragging my cock out before ramming my entire length back into her heated depths, fucking my sister without mercy, wanting to release everything I had into the only person I ever loved.

"I love you." I thrust in.

She sucked in a breath, her tits bouncing from the force, her pussy clamping around me right.

I pulled out halfway.

"I love you." I slammed back in.

She bit me again, clutched me tight.

I didn't care if Emily didn't say it back. The fact she was moaning was enough evidence that she loved me back. At that point, I would take what I could get.

I pressed my lips against her neck, breathing her in, enjoying the music we were creating together. The beautiful sound of her ass slamming against the tiled wall, the sounds of our wet bodies joining, her little whimpers begging for more, my own moans as I came closer and closer to what I needed the most.

“Em—I’m going to cum.”

“Do—” She threw her head back, offering me her neck. “—it.”

The pressure was too overwhelming. Everything steamed forward in an overwhelming rush and I had to bite her neck and scream her out to stay sane. Alexandra could give me quick pleasure. Clara could make me forget who I was. But only Emily could make me feel what I felt right then.

She was my sister, and I loved her to death. More than ever now. And I told her that much as I filled Emily up to the brim.

“I’m sorry,” I gasped, breaking the kiss and pressing my forehead against hers. So much cum was leaking out of her pussy that it flowed down her legs, washed away by the shower.

“Logan.”

Her voice was choked full of emotions. I couldn’t tell exactly what she was feeling, but looking into her eyes made it obvious she was hurt.

“Y-Yeah?”

“Make me like it.”

I had to take a second to form words. “What?”

She showed me her finger—and the ruby attached to it.

“Make me like it.” Her eyes stung, tears burning their way to the front. “If you’re going to do this to me, at least make me like... this. Tell me to like it. Tell me to love it.” Her voice cracked. “Tell me to love you back.”

No.

“Em—”

“Do it.” I was still inside her, and she clutched my face, forcing me to not look away. “Say the words.”

“I...” I looked at her for what felt like forever. “Do you want me to?”

Her sob broke me. “Yes.”

I pulled out of her and steadied my sister. There was no doubt I had broken Emily. It was all my fault. I had to take full responsibility.

“Emily,” I started. She looked at me through her tears, and I noticed the shift in her eyes. She looked ready, yet resigned. She knew what I was about to say next would change her forever.

I didn’t think. I just said what felt right.

“Emily, from now on you will love having sex with me. You will always want it. You love pleasing me and making me happy.” I watched the ring glow and her brown pupils glazed over, sealing her fate. “You know what I did to you, and you accept it. You love me very much, but you will also keep loving yourself. You will stop being sad about what I did to you. You accept it, Em. You understand why I did what I had to do. It’s because I love you. I love you too much. I love you more than a brother should, and you love me the same way.”

I stopped talking and waited with bated breaths, as I watched the life in her eyes returning. She blinked, looked at where we were, looked back into my eyes, then it came through. Her smile. *That smile.*

“Thank you,” she whispered, stepping forward and wrapping me in a hug. “I feel... amazing now. Like—like I am back to normal again.” She paused. “No. I feel better than normal.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be.” She kissed me. “You did whatever you did because I know you love me.”

“Yeah.” To be honest, it felt such a relief to see Emily talking to me normally again. Well—this wasn’t normal. Nothing about siblings making out in the shower was normal. But Emily looked happy again, and that was all that mattered.

“What is this, Logan?” She gave me one more peck before releasing me and showing me her ring. “What is this ring? Why does it make me do what you say?”

“Let’s dry ourselves and then I’ll tell you everything.”

Her smile appeared once more, and my heart melted. “Okay.”

I gave my sister the rundown. Told her everything from the moment I saved Clara’s life to the moment I made the cursed decision to give her the ring.

We were still naked. My sister was sitting opposite me in bed, holding my hand as I talked, nodding understandably every once in a while.

When I was done, she let go of me and leaned back on her elbows, unknowingly pushing her tits forward as she absorbed everything I had said.

It took a few minutes before she spoke out.

“Mrs. Jones? Your psychology lecturer? Then... me?”

“Yeap,” I replied. “I used her as a test run because I didn’t believe what Clara told me.”

“And you’re having sex with her?”

“Well, I haven’t seen her in a while after I put the ring on you. But, yes.”

“Oh.” She looked away, and I had to ask.

“Why? What’s wrong?”

“Can...” Emily rubbed her shoulder. “Can you not have sex with her anymore? I don’t like that you’re having sex with another woman.” She glanced at her ring. “But I guess it doesn’t matter because you can make me okay with that.”

"I..." I rubbed my neck. "I kind of want to have sex with beautiful women. I'm sorry, Em. I won't force you to be okay with that, but I want you to be okay with that, if that's possible."

My sister looked away, clearly not happy. "You already forced me to enjoy watching you fuck someone else."

I apologized to her again, feeling like I must have said the words 'I'm sorry' a hundred times already.

"So..." Emily fingered her ring with her thumb. "I'm your slave now? Is this what it is?"

"I don't know," I said honestly. "I still see you as my sister. I still love you as my sister. I just—I guess I got carried away."

She thought about what I said. "When was the first time you first liked, liked me?"

I shrugged. "Too long ago. Way too long ago."

Emily sighed. "This is all fucked up, but... I'm okay with it. I'm guessing you made me okay with it, and I'm grateful for that." She sighed again. "The past couple of days have been..." A pause. "... hell."

"I know. I'm sorry."

"It's okay."

We were silent for a moment before her chuckles made me look up.

Emily shook her head in amazement. "Look at me, naked in front of you. And you took my virginity. My own brother. I... I can't believe this. It's..." She tried to find a clever word to describe it, but couldn't come up with anything "... crazy."

"Yeah. I can't believe we had sex."

Her smile disappeared. "That woman... Clara. Who is she?"

“I don’t know. But I guess she makes these magical rings. The ruby is for enslavement, and she has this black ring that gives her the power to know everything about you the moment she touches you. I’m guessing she has other rings too, but I haven’t seen them yet.”

“And she made a deal with you?”

“Yeah.” I sighed, recalling the moment I made a deal with the devil. “Honestly, I don’t know if it’s worth it. I ruined you, Em.”

“I told you—it’s okay. What’s done is done.” She blinked. “I’m just worried about you. So... she owns you now?”

“I guess so.”

“Can’t we do anything about it? Maybe...” She clicked her fingers. “Maybe you could use one of the rubies on her? Do an uno reverse card.” She laughed at the idea.

I didn’t laugh. “I thought about it. Honestly, that’s one of the two options I’ve been thinking about. One, find a way to make her wear the ring.”

My sister leaned forward, and I couldn’t help but stare at her tits. Fucking hell, every time I think about it, I get an urge to pinch myself. Emily was naked in front of me. We just had sex. What the fuck.

“And the second option?”

“We escape,” I told her. “We pack up and fly far away. Somewhere she can never find us.”

My sister nodded slowly. “Honestly, I like that option better. But what if she finds us, Logan? Didn’t you say if she will kill us both if you break the deal?”

“I don’t know, Em. I really don’t know.”

“We have to do something. I—I have a bad feeling about her,” my sister said. “She doesn’t look like a person who has good intentions.”

I chuckled. “She looks scary, huh?”

My sister shivered. “Yeah.”

I gathered my thoughts.

“I’ll do something,” I finally said. “I’ll get us out of this mess.”

“I hope so.” She moved forward, getting on her hands and knees to kiss me. “Now let’s stop thinking about it. We’ll worry about this later.”

I smiled, accepting this kiss, my hands on to her tits, squeezing, urging a whimper out of my gorgeous sister.

“Em?”

Her breaths tickled my lips. “Yes?”

“Your school uniform.” I couldn’t stop the moan leaking out of me, not when Emily was kissing me like *this*. “Do you still have it?”

“Yes.” She brought her lips down and I shivered when I felt her on my neck. ‘Why?’

“Wear it.”

“Okay.” Even if she said no, the ruby around her fingers glowed bright, and then she was off the bed and out of the room, heading towards hers.

Emily might already know that I loved her more than a brother, but she didn’t know how crazy she drove me every time she returned from school. She hasn’t worn her innocent school uniform since applying for culinary school, but my sister had matured a lot since then, so I expected the blouse to fit her much tighter, and for her skirt to be much shorter.

Fuck, I couldn’t wait to fuck her in it. It would be another one of my crazy Emily fantasies ticked off the list.

And it was a *long* list.

I heard my phone buzzing, and I fetched it from the table. My smile disappeared as soon as I saw the name on the screen, and the vision of Emily in her tight school uniform was swept away, replaced by something darker and far less innocent.

I opened the text.

Clara: Tomorrow. 10 a.m. Be there. There was a location attached to the message, and I took a minute to get my bearings on where she wanted me to go.

An hour's drive. To the middle of nowhere.

"Big bro?"

I looked up from my phone screen. Even though her uniform was all buttoned up and she had her hair tied up in a neat ponytail, like she used to do in school, Emily didn't have the innocent schoolgirl look she once had. Her white blouse was straining against her now larger tits and her navy blue pleated skirt was much, *much* shorter, ending far above her knees—a huge violation at our Christian high school.

My sister had grown up to be such a stunning beauty.

If my rock hard cock wasn't enough indication to Emily that I *wanted* her right then, the lustful look in my eyes must have been enough.

My little sister knew exactly what I wanted. Returning to me in bed, Emily smiled, pecking me on the lips. I tossed my phone away, watching with bated breaths as she slowly sank down onto my cock. Her navy school skirt covered the primal sin we were committing, but she couldn't hide the moans from both of us as I re-entered my sister once again.

I didn't know how many more times I came that night, but Emily was the perfect sister. She was so submissive, surrendering herself to me completely, letting me do whatever I wanted to do with her, fuck her in whatever position I desired, however long I liked.

And the best part? She loved every second of it. She didn't just moan like she did in the shower. She laughed with me, giggled when I tickled her, shrieked when I fucked her hard, whimpered when I went overboard.

Hours passed, and we were still going. I had my sister bent over the bed, ass cheeks spread out. Her uniform was covered in my cum and somehow the buttons on her blouse had become undone.

I had her navy skirt lifted up, exposing her pussy as I rammed my cock in and out of her abused cunt.

“I love you,” I moaned with her, gripping her hips tight and repeatedly hitting the hard spot that had my little sister shuddering.

“I love you too,” she whimpered. She turned around to look me in the eye and whimpered out the last word. “Master.

I grunted. “Say that again.”

The ring glowed.

“I love you, Master.”

I thrust in. “Again.”

“I love you, Master.”

I pulled back before sending my cock deep into my sister again. “Again.”

She moaned. “I love you, Master.”

I had her repeating it like a mantra until I couldn't hold it back anymore, pouring everything into my devoted sister. When we were finally done, a drained and exhausted Emily licked my cock clean before I called it a night. My sister laid next to me, still in her ruined uniform, and I knew she would be sore all over when she woke up.