



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 14

FICTION

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"So, what sort of mischief have you two been getting up to?" Ava smiled innocently at my mother. "I've been here all day, and this is the first I've seen you. Just chilling in your room? Some mother-son bonding perhaps?" She sipped her wine.

"That's enough, Ms. Roslin." My mom furrowed her brow, narrowed her eyes, and her cheeks reddened. If I could have, I would have run for cover. Instead, I sunk lower in my seat. "It's not what you think."

"I think you brought your son here ..."

Ava looked around to make sure no one was listening. Satisfied, she leaned forward, exposing more cleavage. I must confess that I peeked. Maybe I took more than one peek. She lowered her voice to a whisper. "I think you brought him here to try out the ring. You needed to go where your better half wouldn't catch you. I think you've been up in your room boinking like rabbits all weekend. Tell me I'm wrong."

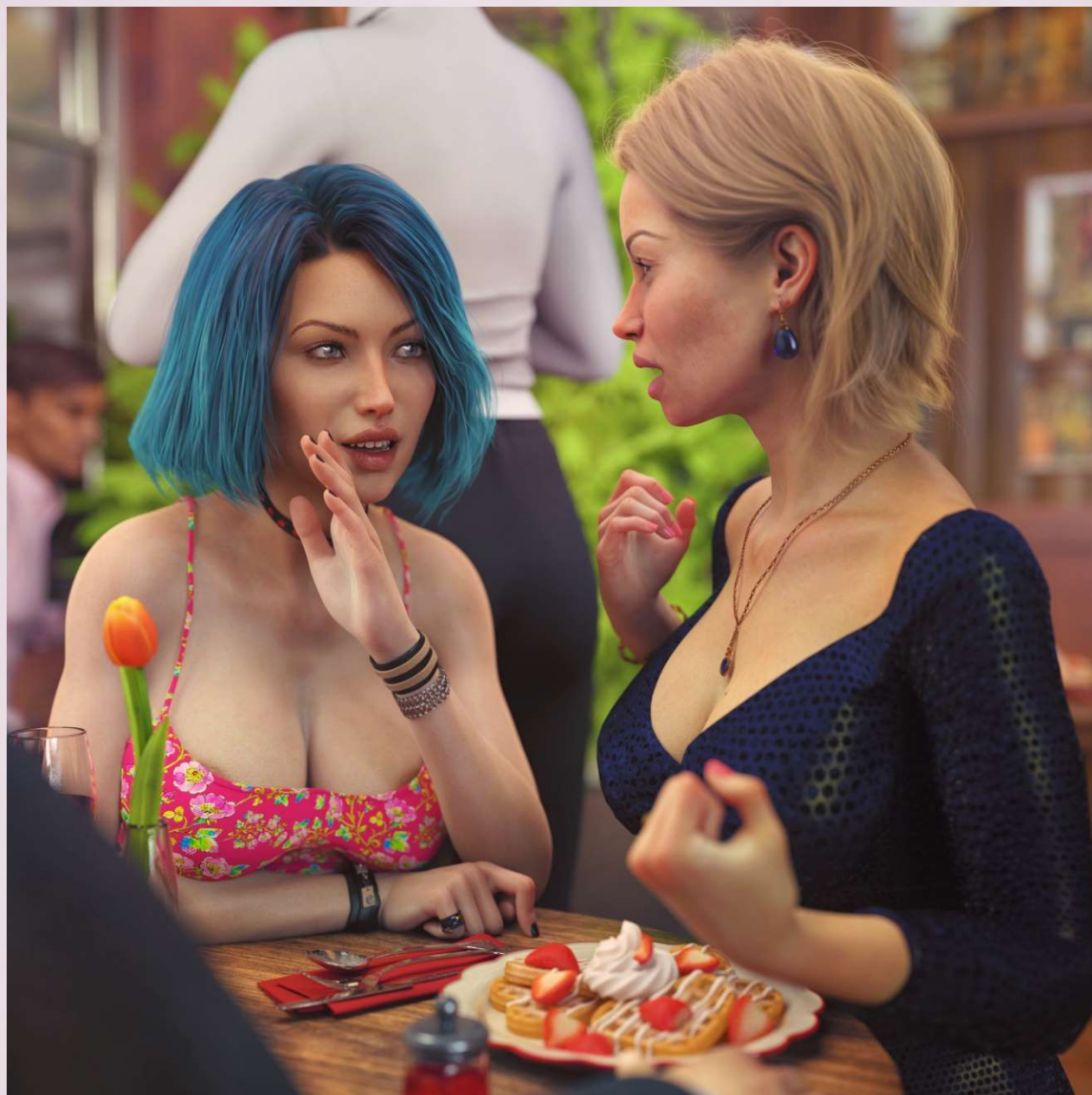
"You're wrong." I was pleased and surprised with how steady my voice sounded.

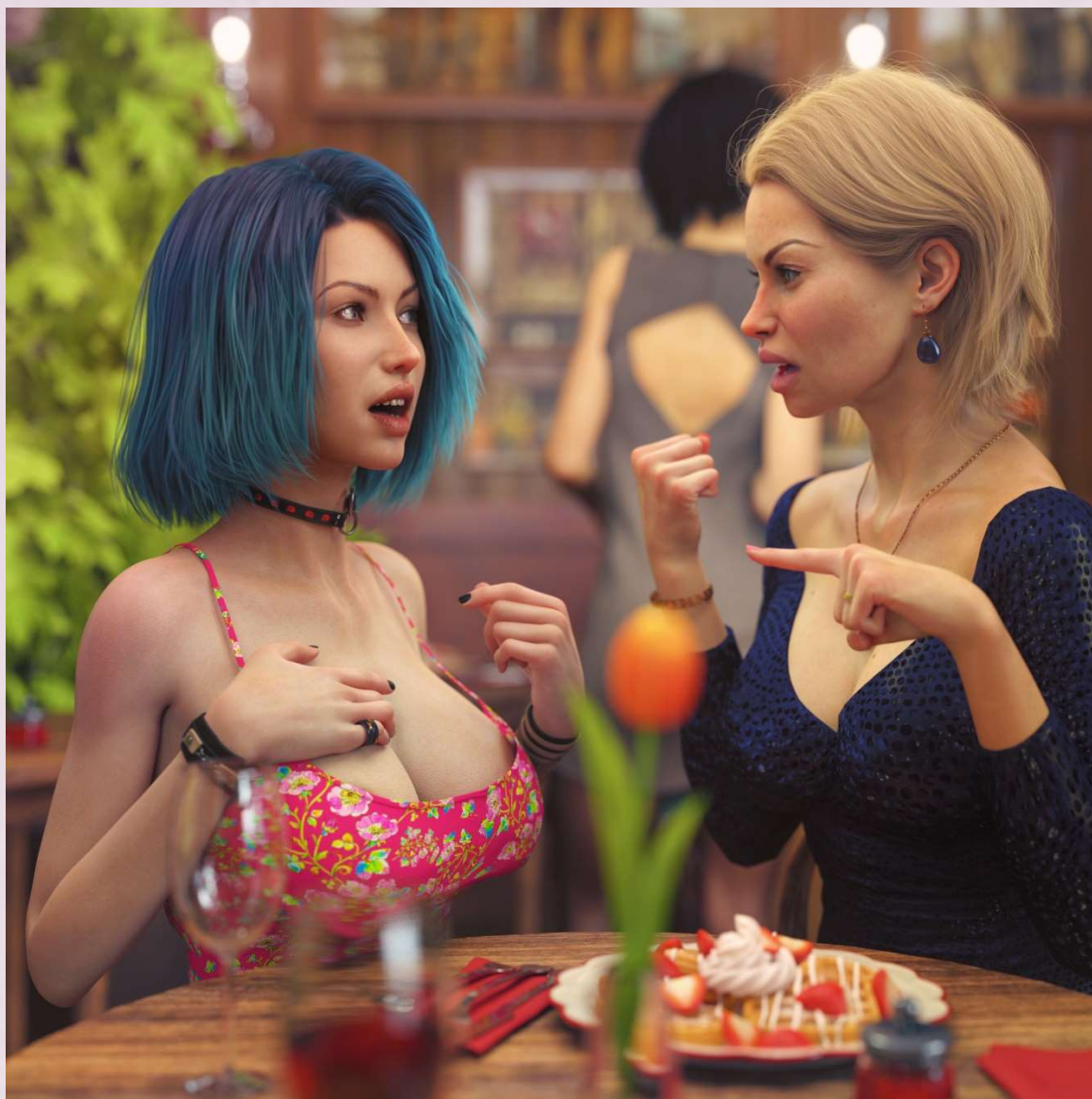
"You're wrong." My mother pressed her lips together, leaned forward, and stared at Ava. I could practically see the steam shooting from my mom's ears. "Leave this table at once, young lady," Mom hissed.

"Or you'll tell my boyfriend that I've been putting on a magic ring and humping Evan?" Ava shrugged. "I don't care if he knows."

"Where is Gavin?" I said.

"Is this blackmail?" My mom hissed. "You can't tell my husband. He wouldn't understand."





Ava put her hand to her chest, looking affronted. She chose to answer my mother's question. "This is *not* blackmail. I would never ruin a marriage. Although, if your husband is all hung up about you sleeping with other people, maybe you should rethink things."

"What ... do ... you ... want?" My mom said through gritted teeth.

"Your husband doesn't understand the situation. But I do." Ava leaned back and relaxed. She chugged the rest of her wine and smiled at the

waiter. She waited for him to refill her glass and leave before continuing. "I understand perfectly what it's like to be the ring lady. I can see you're confused about everything. Let me help."

"Check please." My mother waved at the waiter and scowled at me. "You said that thing about talking to the wife-woman and ... now this? I'm not a fool, Evan Mitchell Gosling."

"Uh oh, Evan. She used all three names." Ava smiled at me. For the first time in my life, I didn't feel kindly toward her. She looked at my mother. "I don't know what you think is going on, but I'll show you." Ava went back to her original table, retrieved her bag, and pulled out her phone.

The check came and my mom signed off. She stood to leave. I could see I was in for the silent treatment now. That would change when we got back to our room. She'd really let me have it. In a strange reversal from not long ago, I didn't want to go back to our room. I stayed seated.

"Evan ... now." My mom nodded at the door.

"Here." Ava handed my mom her phone.

My mom read the message. "Staying at the Okpaze Inyan Hotel with my mom for a while. I'm not around. We're getting rid of the ring. Just forget about it." She looked over at me with a softer expression. I exhaled. Suddenly, Ava was back in my good graces.



"He told me off." Ava nodded. Her face unusually earnest. "You can scroll, Mrs. Gosling, but that's the last message. He probably shouldn't have mentioned the name of the hotel. But he didn't know how determined I am to ... um ... see this trough."

"I'm sorry I jumped to conclusions, Evan." My mom wasn't relaxed enough to smile, but her glance conveyed contrition. She handed Ava back her phone. My mother stood straighter. "Evan and I are going back to our room to get some rest. I hope we won't see you again tomorrow." She turned and headed for the exit.

Hurriedly, I got up and followed her.

Ava quickly tossed some cash on her table and hustled after us. "Wait ... wait ... Mrs. Gosling. Remember what I said about being determined?"

"Goodnight, Ms. Roslin." My mother hurried her steps and waved for me to keep up.

"I think you better go, Ava." I shrugged at her as we quickly traversed the lobby.

My mother was in heels, and I don't think she wanted to jog back to our room.

Ava *did* jog and headed us off in the hall. When she stood in front of us, my mom and I came to a halt. There was no one else in the hallway.

"Look ... I'm not leaving until I get one more chance with the ring. I'll camp outside your room all night." Ava held her arms wide like she was defending us in basketball.



"You will not." My mother shook her head. "You're drunk. You'll go to your own room and sleep it off."

"I can't afford a room in this place." Ava laughed. "Maybe you're right. Maybe I'll drive home."

My mother turned to me. "You like this girl? She's trying to manipulate us."

"Mom!" I put my hand on my face.

"Awwww ... Evan Gosling has a crush on me?" Ava's laugh turned into a giggle. "Don't worry, Mrs. Gosling, all the boys have crushes on me."

My mother crossed her arms and stared Ava down for a long time, tapping her foot as she thought. "You can wear the ring in our room. But nothing ..." She

lowered her voice. "... nothing sexual. We'll ask the wife-woman some questions. You'll take the ring off. Then you'll hang out in the lobby until you sober up. Deal?"

Ava's smile could have launched a thousand ships. "Deal!"

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“I feel like it’s Christmas morning.” Ava stood in our room, holding the ring and gazing at it lovingly. My mom never looked at the ring that way. But maybe my mom wasn’t as used to chasing the next high as Ava was. “Here goes.” Ava slipped on the ring. Her body stiffened and relaxed. A broad smile parted her lips when she saw me. She then looked to my mother and frowned. “You ... invited the crazy neighbor to our hotel room?” She shrugged. “No offense, crazy neighbor.”



“My name is Mrs. Gosling.” My mom frowned at her and folded her arms.

“My name is Mrs. Anelar.” Ava mimicked my mother’s folded arms.

My mom and I exchanged a glance. *The wife-woman has a last name.*

“So, did you come to murder us or what?” Ava moved next to me and placed her arms around me protectively.



“I ... um ... have some questions for you.” My mom watched Ava’s hands grip my chest. “Get your hands off him.”

“He’s *my* husband.” Ava brushed my tie over my shoulder and dug her nails into my shirt.

“He’s *my* son.” My mom gave me a look that said *uh, oh*. Perhaps we should have planned this better.

“Oh, you sly dog.” Ava took hold of my tie and spun me toward her. She held the tie

tightly, pointing with her other finger at my nose. I could smell the wine on her breath. “You got the nosy neighbor to play along with this kink? You really are going full bore on the mommy stuff lately.” She eyed my mother speculatively. “You know, I can see why you picked her. You two do have a resemblance.” She kissed me while making eye contact with my mom and pulled back. “You got me drunk and sprung her on me. What a masterful plan. I say, yes! Let’s do it.” She kissed me passionately, running her fingers through my hair.

“Stop ... stop kissing him. You’re supposed to be answering questions.” My mother took a step toward us and stopped. I could tell she didn’t want another wrestling match with Ava. If we started fighting with the wife-woman, she wouldn’t answer any of our questions. “Stop her, Evan.”

“Mmmmmppphhhhhh.” I never closed my eyes during the kiss, even though Ava Roslin’s tongue was down my throat. I watched my mother’s face darken out of the corner of my eye.

“Mmmmmppphhh.” I pushed Ava away. “No ... that’s not why I invited Mrs. Gosling over,” I said to Ava. “She has some questions for you. She’s been re-evaluating her life, and she really admires you. It turns out that’s why she’s stalking us. You just have to answer some of her questions, and ... she’ll go.” I raised my eyebrows at my mother. She nodded toward me with pride. I’d nailed that adlib.

“Yes, just a few questions, Mrs. Anelar.” My mother forced a smile onto her face. “What’s your first name, dear?”

Ava looked back and forth between us. “The mommy thing was better. This other fantasy is ... stupid.” She stalked toward my mother, her hips swaying.

“Evan?” My mother backed up.

I didn’t know what to do, so I stayed rooted to the floor.

“You do look an awful lot like Evan.” Ava prowled after my mother. “He brought his mother to our little love nest because she’s so uptight, and he needs his wife to loosen her up. Is that it?” Ava turned her head and winked at me.

“Evan?” Mom raised her voice. She backed into a wall.

“What year were you born, Mrs. Anelar?” I blurted out the first thing that came to my mind.



"You should know. You married me, Mr. Anelar." Ava leapt at my mother and corralled her in her arms.

"Sssshhhhhhh ... sssshhhhhhhhh ... Fania is here. Your son needs me to loosen you up so that he can have his way with you." She kissed my mother's cheek and pressed their boobs together. My mother's backside was firmly against the wall. "Oh, she's trembling. What great acting. You always do pick the very best women, Evan."

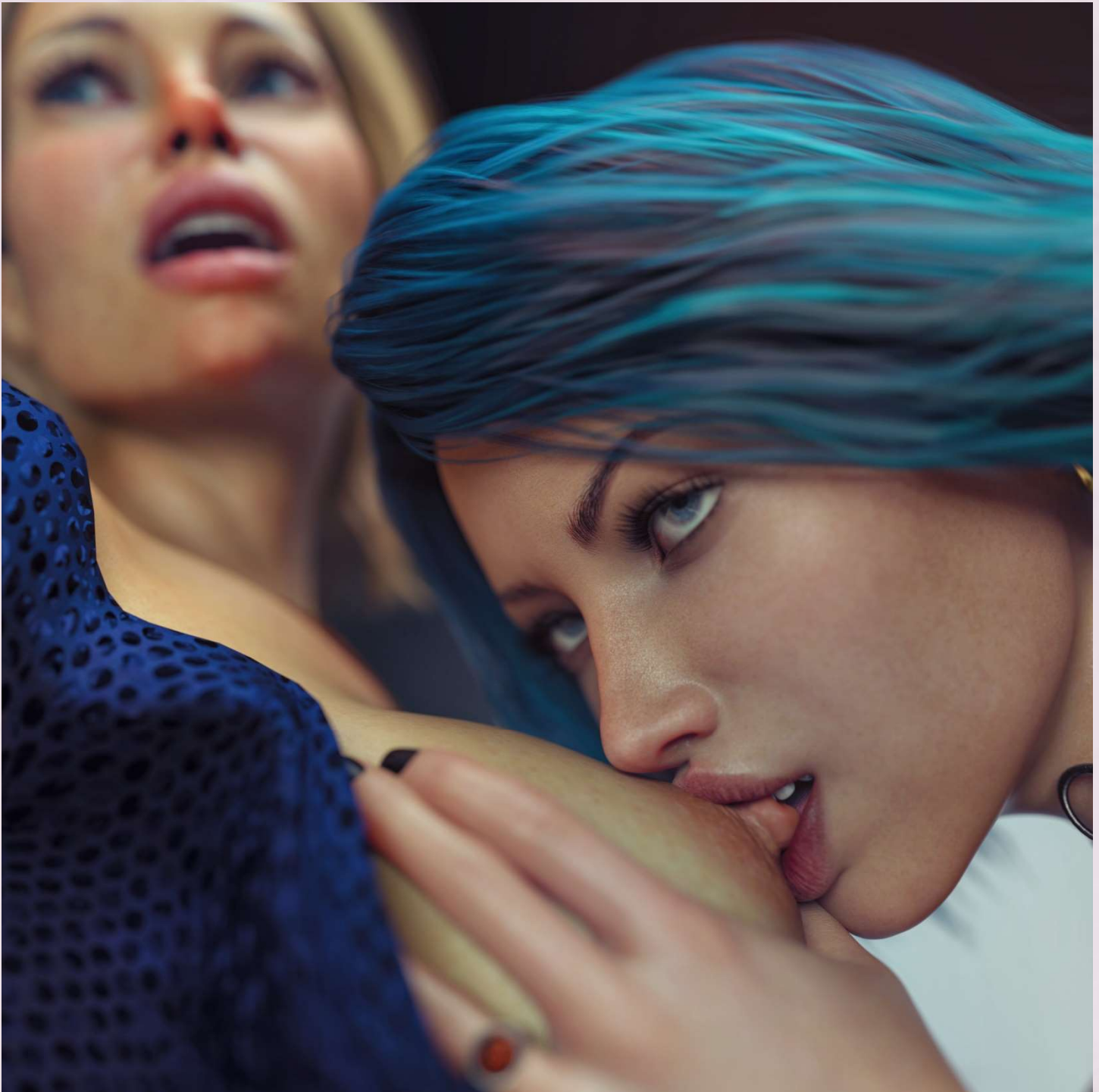
"Evan, control this tramp." My mother was stiff as a board, turning her face away from an onslaught of pert little kisses on her jaw and neck.



"Do you want me to tackle her, Mom?" I took off my jacket and readied myself in case she said yes.

"No ... not yet. Let's try to reason with her. We need answers. I'll ... make her listen to me." My mom's face was very red as Ava kissed her way down her chest. "Stop that ... Fania ... I really am Evan's mother ... and you have to stop ... doing that. Please ... just tell me ... why you're so happy. Fania ... please? No ... you may not lower my dress. I told you not to ... Fania ... Mrs. Anelar ... are you listening to me? Not my bra ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh ... now you've done it."

I stood with my mouth agape. Ava was sucking my mother's nipple and from the expression on my mother's face, the wife-woman had real skill. Or Fania Anelar, I corrected myself. I would have to look that name up. Maybe we could find her out in the real world.



As I was thinking through next steps, my mother's hands reached out to the wall, and she dug her nails in. "Oooohhhhhhhh ... my ... you can't do that too ... I'm married ... and my son is standing right there. No ... don't ... not that ... oooooohhhhhhhh."

I couldn't see what Ava was doing because her body was in the way, but my mom widened her legs, and her eyes went round as saucers. It was pretty clear that Fania was now fingering my mom while sucking on her tit.

“Should I tackle her now, Mom?” I suppose when you play with fire, you’re likely to get burned. Mom and I should have known.

“Not ... yet ... uuuugggghhhh ... Evan ... I think ... I’ve got this ... under ... control.” My mom was now humping herself up against Ava.

I was pretty sure we had absolutely nothing under control. But if Mom wanted to get fingerbanged by Ava-freaking-Roslin, I wasn’t going to get in the way. My erection pulled at my pants, wanting desperately to be set loose. I stood and stared, because I didn’t know what else to do.

