



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 20

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

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Written by RawlyRawls

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"Hello?" My mom held my hand tightly as we walked toward the back of the shop. "Mr. Shopkeeper, are you here? It's me, Amy. With my son, Evan. The Goslings."

"I don't think he's here, Mom." I looked back longingly toward the door, wishing we could just leave.

We passed the pile of board games the crazy, little man had tried to sell us last time. The stack looked shorter than before. I wondered what was happening to the people who'd bought a game from him.

"He's got to be here somewhere, just waiting to pop out at us." My mother stopped in front of a statue of a curvy goddess. "*Sumerian fertility goddess, fun to have at parties,*" she read the label.

"Pop, pop." Said a wizened voice behind us. We turned to see the shopkeeper, wearing the same ridiculous outfit. Mom was right, he was waiting to pop out at us. "I love to see happy customers back to purchase more. Are you interested in that statue? I must say, it might be a little redundant in your case, so I'll give you a discount."



"We're not interested in the statue." My mother's grip tightened on my hand.

"Perhaps you're looking for some contraceptive powder? Never too late for some family planning," the man said.

"Wait ... what?" Was he talking about something we could use to avoid condoms all together?

"I don't know what that's supposed to mean." My mother's voice was sharp and tight. It was the tone that said *run ... run for your lives*.

The shopkeeper didn't run. He smiled instead. "I have a monkey's paw that -"

"The ring. What happened to the ring? A teenager has it. She's only eighteen, and she was crazy before the ring." My mom pointed a finger at the shopkeeper. "She's going to harm herself and others with it."

"No, she isn't." He shook his head.

"Yes, she is," my mom said.

"Isn't."

"Is."

"Isn't."

"You don't know her, you little weasel. She will use the ring for evil. The wife-woman will cause all sort of -" My mother was interrupted.

"I know her quite well, Mrs. Gosling. You're talking about Ava Roslin. She's the whole purpose for the ring. And the purpose is complete. No more ring. She doesn't have it. No one has it." He pointed at the door. "Now, if you won't be purchasing anything, you'll have to leave."

My mother growled, reached into her purse, and pulled out a hundred-dollar bill. "We'll buy something. Just give us whatever and tell us what the heck happened."

"Yes, yes. Very good." The shopkeeper snatched the money and walked down the aisle, looking at his products, presumably to give us our money's worth. "I told you the disclaimer. 'The ring will stay with its purchaser until it is no longer needed. Then it will ... poof.' Well, the stated purpose upon purchase was making Ava Roslin leave Gavin Carver in favor of Evan Gosling."

"But I thought ... it was about my finding happiness. To be as happy as the wife-woman." My mother frowned as we followed him.

"Why would you think that?" The man picked up a dreamcatcher and put it back down, shaking his head. "That's very egotistical of you, Mrs. Gosling."

"My mom and I thought that's what you meant by the disclaimer," I said.

"Well, I can't be held responsible for that." He shrugged. "Ah, here it is." He picked up a bell. "The bell of silence. This is a good value and should be useful. Ring this and no one will be able to hear you outside the room you occupy. You know, like nosy neighbors, visiting parents, husbands. That sort of thing. You'll be silent to them." He handed me the bell. "Now, off you go."

"But, Ava hasn't left Gavin. The ring isn't gone. It's -" It was my turn to be interrupted.

"Are you smarter than the Missus Ring, Evan?" He pushed us toward the door. "Now, don't come back unless you want to buy something else. Thank you and have a good day."

"But ..." My mother started. Her voice faded because, without going through the door, we somehow found ourselves on the other side of it. We were standing on the sidewalk looking at the shop. Which was closed for lunch.

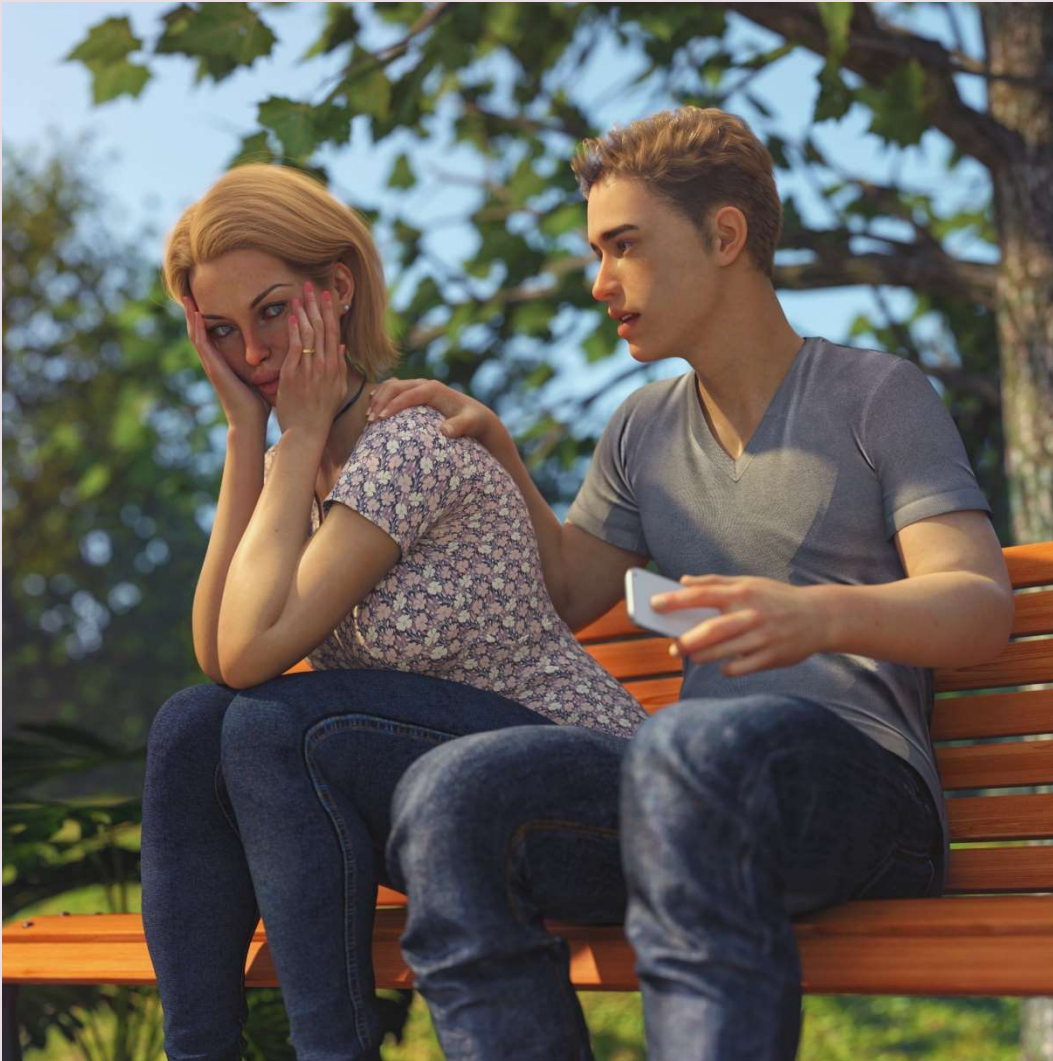


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We were driving home in stunned silence. Suddenly, Mom pulled off the road and parked the minivan next to a park. She got out without a word, so I followed her. We walked to a bench overlooking a lake. She sat and stared out at the water. I sat next to her.

"Everything we did was ... for nothing. I didn't have to ... cheat on your father or ... let you ..." Her voice trailed away.

I put a hand on her thigh. "It wasn't for nothing, Mom. I have a crush on you. You have a crush on me. Remember? It was ... an accident. But it's a good one ... right?"



"I don't know." She groaned and put her face in her hands. "Did Ava contact you since she stole the ring? What are you not telling me? Did she break up with her boyfriend?"

"I'm telling you everything. I promise." I pulled my phone out of my pocket and handed it to her. "You can look at whatever you want on there. Nothing from Ava. I haven't seen her. The old man was wrong."

My mom groaned again and put her head on my shoulder. Her hand worked its way over to my thigh, and she squeezed it. "I thought ... when you finished in me ... I don't know ... I was so happy ... I thought maybe that was why the ring didn't come

back. I mean, it was either that or Ava had it. And ... I was wrong about all of it. And now ... I've had your stuff in me." With the hand not squeezing my thigh, she rubbed her belly.

"It's hardly past noon, Mom. I'm skipping school. Let's go home and spend the day together." I stood up and pulled her to her feet. "We made a mistake. But the ring is gone like we wanted. And we have each other."

My mother looked into my eyes. "We should go back to the way things were. You're my son. I'm married to your father. My crush on you is ... wrong." She blushed.

My stomach dropped. I was suddenly very nervous that it was over. “Mom, I ...”

She put a finger on my lips. The wind rustled in the trees around us. My mother smiled at me. “But even though it wasn’t the point of this, I still have to ask myself, what would the wife-woman do? What would make me happy?” She paused, looking into my eyes.

“Mom, I don’t –” I was pleasantly cut off this time when her lips pressed against mine. She wrapped her arms around my shoulders, and we kissed for a long time. My hands slowly crept around to her ass and grabbed two wonderful handfuls.

My mother broke the kiss and smiled at me. “I can’t go back to the way things were. I’m crushing too hard on you, Evan.” She took my hand and pulled me back to the car. She drove us home in record time.



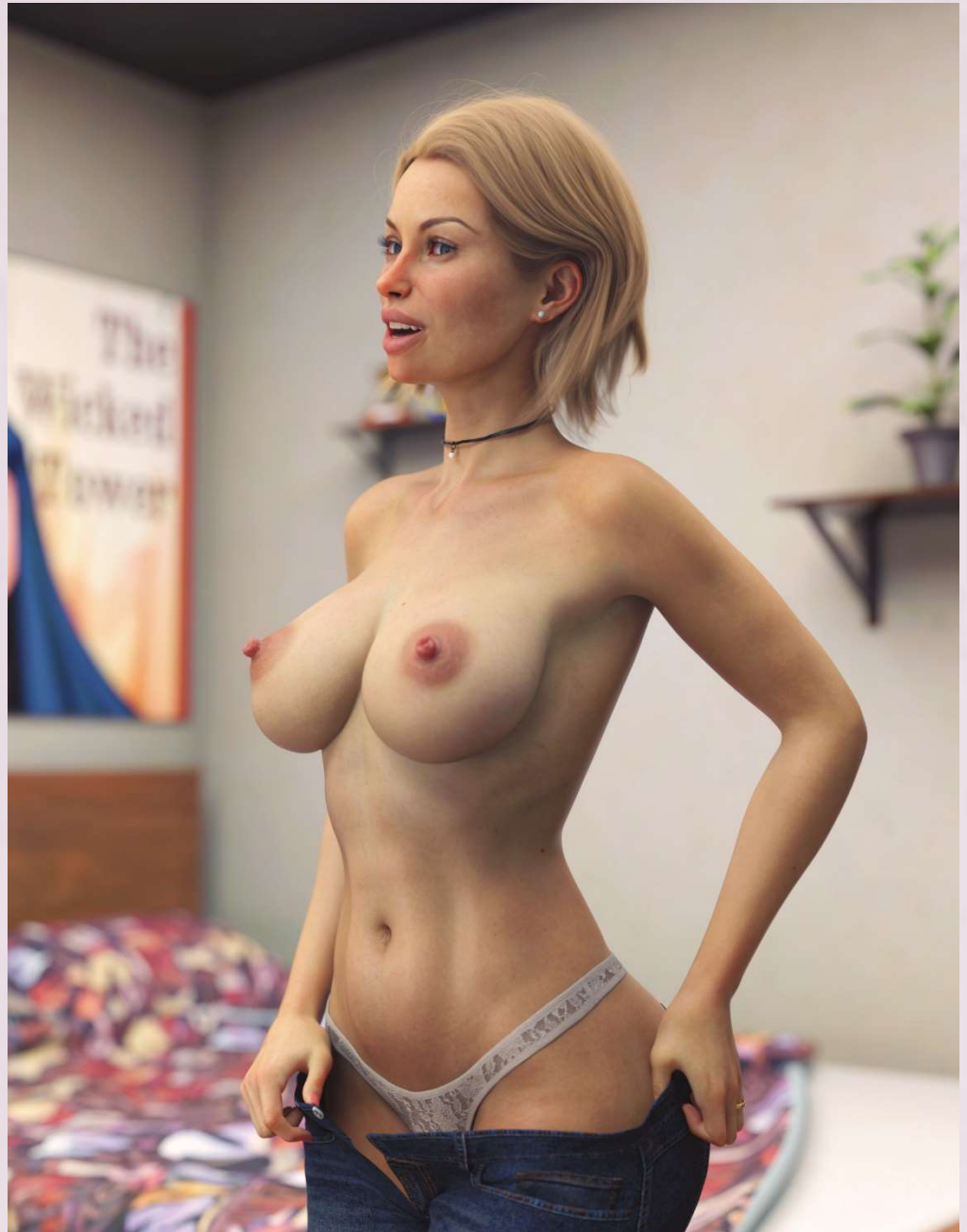
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“Should we use the bell, Evan?” My mother was quickly undressing. We were in my room. I stopped removing my clothes to stare at her. More and more of her gorgeous body came into view.

“When’s Dad getting home?” I said, my gaze gravitating to her jiggling tits. I loved the way she shimmied back and forth as she pulled her pants down.

“Around six. We’ve got all afternoon. So, I guess we don’t need the bell right now. But we should test it.” My mother pulled off her panties. She stood naked before me, wearing only her socks. “Is something wrong? You’re not naked.” She frowned at me and reflexively covered her breasts with her arm.

“No ... no ... you’re so beautiful, you distracted me. I’m crushing hard, Mom.” I went back to disrobing. “Sorry.” I stepped out of my pants.



“Let’s test the bell later. I want you to crush me hard, mister.” She flopped her belly onto the bed, her ass bouncing perfectly.



I laughed. “What did you just say?”

Lying on her stomach, she looked over her shoulder at me. “What’s so funny? It was sexy wordplay.”

“I love you so much, Mom.” Finally naked, I jumped on the bed next to her, grabbed one of my pillows, and put it under her hips. “Let’s call this the wife-woman position.” I mounted her and slipped into her sopping pussy.

“Oooooohhhhhhhh ... Evan ... I’m glad ... we misunderstood that horrible little man. This is ... what I want ... you are ... what I want ... uuuuggggghhhh ... ughh ... uggghh ... my perfect ... son.” Mom gripped the sheet and pushed her ass back at my thrusts. I could have been at school, but instead, I had my hands pressed into my mother’s back, and my hips were on autopilot. I glanced at the clock. I would have been in biology at that moment with Ava. I guess I was still learning about biology regardless.



“Aaaahhhh ... ooohhhhhh ... you’re hitting it ... uuugghhhh ... snooorrkkkkk.” My mother made that wild snorting sound she sometimes makes when she’s cumming. Her squelching pussy got louder, and I could feel her juices spreading on my hips and thighs. The wife-woman had wanted me to pull out when she squirted. I respected the wife-woman, but sometimes I’d rather just plow the cum right out of Mom. I humped her to several more orgasms before getting too winded to keep pounding her. Still inside her, I fell on my side and gently pumped my hips. We spooned like that for a while.



“Goodness ... Evan ... I think ... you might be ... getting better.” She exhaled loudly. “It was already ... so good.” She reached down and touched the puddle on my sheet. “It’s embarrassing how much I ... squirt ... with you.”

“I like it ... Mom.” I kissed her sweaty, delicate back.

“I’m glad ... you like it. It’s still embarrassing. I ...” My mother stopped talking and her muscles stiffened when the doorbell rang.

“Ignore it, Mom. Probably ... just someone leaving a package.” I continued to slowly slide my cock in and out of her pussy. The doorbell rang several more times. It eventually stopped.

“You’ve done all the work today. It’s Mommy’s turn.” She pulled her pussy off my cock, pushed me onto my back, and mounted me in reverse. She guided my dick back inside her, held my thighs, and started bouncing. “Oooohhhh ... gosh ... if you ... hadn’t gone to that shop ... we would have missed out ... on this. I ... uuuhhhgghhhh ... I ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” She was cumming again.



She was still bouncing on me when I heard a ping at the window. I ignored it. Maybe it was a big insect or something. But there was another ping and another. My mother's hips stopped abruptly, and she looked at the window. "What ... is that?" She dismounted me. "Go check."

"Um ... okay." I crawled out of bed, pulled open the curtain, and looked out. I flinched when Ava threw another pebble that plinked off the glass. I quickly ducked, letting the curtain close. "It's Ava, Mom," I hissed.

"That little tramp." My mother covered herself with my sheet.

"I saw you, Evan Gosling. I know you're up there." Ava's voice came in muffled through the glass. And if her voice could travel in, then Mom's screams ... "I can hear what you two are doing," Ava said. "I'm not leaving. I want to apologize."



“We should have used the bell.” I peeked out through the curtain again. Ava waved at me sarcastically. “Do we ignore her?”

“We can’t ignore her, Evan. We need to deal with her.” Mom pointed at my throbbing dick. “But you need to make that go down before we talk to her.”

“I can’t.” I shrugged.

“Fine.” Mom crawled across the floor to me. “I’ll do it.” She grabbed my dick and began blowing me with intensity.



With Mom out of Ava's sightline, I opened the window and looked down at my former crush. "Give us ten minutes. I'll meet you ..." I winced with pleasure as my mother rolled her tongue around my cockhead. "I'll meet you at the back door." I closed the window, not waiting for a response from Ava. I slid my fingers into my mother's hair and let her blow me to orgasm.

