



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 24

FICTION

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The Missus Ring 24

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It was a tense few weeks. Mom was still friendly with me ... she was still my mom ... but she spent a lot of time being icy, too. She wouldn't have sex with me after school. She would ask me about my day and tell me to get myself a snack and do homework. The first few days after the fake ring debacle, I repeatedly asked her what was wrong, but she'd only answer "Miss Roslin's what's wrong, Evan. You messed that up, and now I have to find a way to fix it." Or she'd say some variation on that theme.

Of course, we still had sex. I suppose there was no putting the genie back in *that* bottle. Mostly we humped in my room after Dad went to bed. She'd come in late, sometimes after I'd gone to sleep. She'd bring the bell with her, but I didn't get to see any lingerie or anything like that. She'd close the door behind her, ring the bell, and strip out of her pajamas, saying something like, "I really need this, Evan. This is what the wife-woman would do." Then she'd crawl into bed with me. Even in this icier phase, she never asked me to wear a condom, and she made sure I finished inside. Watching her ecstatic, snorting orgasms roll through her as I came, it was obvious she still loved it. But the next morning, she'd give me a distant smile and talk about the weather.



At school, Ava wouldn't talk to me. She also cut a bunch of classes during that time. I was so nervous she'd drop the bomb on my dad. But, thankfully, she didn't do anything more than give me scathing looks.



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"Gosling ... hey ... Gosling." Gavin stopped me in the hall one day. "Can we talk?"

I was walking with Raji. He gave me an eyebrow lift and kept walking to class. I gave Gavin a nervous smile. "What's up?"

"Let's ..." He grabbed my elbow and pulled me to the guys' bathroom. "Let's talk in here."

"You're not going to show me your tits are you?" My laugh was a little forced. His girlfriend had done just that in the same bathroom.

"Shut up, two-forks." Gavin checked under the stalls while I waited.

"Why do you call me that?" I tapped my foot. I didn't expect him to have good news for me. Maybe he'd tell me what Ava was planning. That would be bad news, but at least I'd know what to expect.

"Two ... forks ... get it?" When he was satisfied that we were alone, he walked over and leaned on the same sink where Ava had flashed her tits.



"No. I don't get it." I shook my head. "I never have." I waited, but he didn't say anything. We stared at each other for a long, awkward moment. I smiled uncomfortably. "So, are we going to kiss or something? The way you're looking at me ..."

"I didn't think you liked me, two-forks. You really want to kiss?" His smile was warm and broad.

"I was joking." I took a step back. "Anyway, I don't think Ava would want you kissing me."

"We were polyamorous, dude. That wasn't clear?" He cocked his head and gave me a pitying look. "What do you think we were going to do with the ring before we broke it?"

"You and Ava *were* polyamorous?" My heart skipped a beat. Ava had been in love with Gavin forever. "Past tense?"

"She broke up with me. It sucks, too, because after graduation we were planning on a shroom-fueled trip through ..." Gavin kept talking but I stopped listening.

The ring had disappeared because it thought Ava would dump Gavin for me. Was it actually happening? No, I thought it over. Ava was even more chilly toward me than my mother lately. *Waaayyyy colder when you factored in Mom's late-night visits.* I held up my hand to get Gavin to stop talking about his insane post-graduation plans. It seemed he'd already gotten another girlfriend from the way he was talking. "When did Ava break up with you?" I said.

"I don't know. About a week ago?" Gavin shrugged.

"Did she break up with you because of me?" I had to ask. Maybe the ring was right, it was just out ahead of events.

"No." Gavin screwed up his face like I was a moron. "No offense, two-forks, but you're a moron. No girl is going to dump me for you." He shook his head and laughed. "It was the stupid ring. Once we broke it, she couldn't get past it. She's obsessed. She said the real ring was out there, and you were some sort of mastermind, hiding it from her. I moved on to other things. There's this new pill ..." He shook his head again. "Can you believe that shit? She thinks you're clever enough to fool me. I know a broken ring when I see one. You know, the ring wasn't the first thing Ava and I broke together. But I suppose it was the last."



"I'm not a moron, Gavin. I get better grades than you." I frowned at him. "What did you want anyway? Why'd you pull me in here?"

"I just wanted to give you a head's up, dude. Ava is on the warpath. I feel bad for breaking the ring and setting her off." Gavin brushed off his sleeves. "Now, I'm guilt free. Watch out for her. I'm out." He walked toward the door.

"Don't you still ... love her ... or something?" I didn't know what else to say.



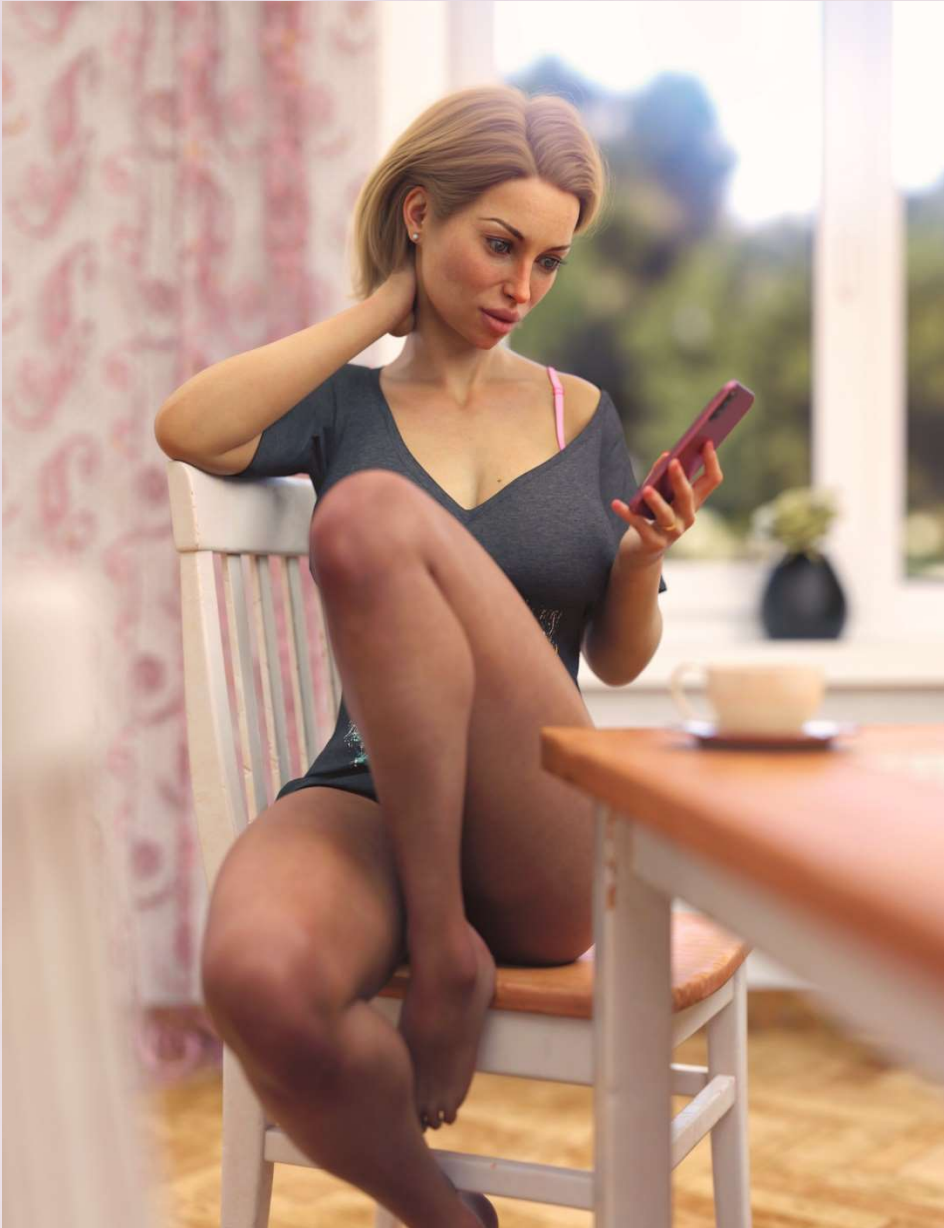
Gavin stopped and looked back at me. "Don't even think about getting with her, two-forks. She's like a fucking volcano. She would eat you up and spit you out. Apologize for making her do all those chores, see if there's any way to get her off your back, and then get as far away from her as you can. You ..." He waved his hand dismissively, gesturing from my shoes up to my head. "You aren't equipped to deal with a woman like her. Shit, I barely was." He left the bathroom.

I rubbed my chin. He might have been an asshole, but I was pretty sure Gavin was right.

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A couple more weeks passed. I tried talking to Ava like Gavin had suggested, but she scoffed at me, offered a few curses, and walked away. I kept waiting for the other shoe to drop with her, but she didn't strike. Dad still had no idea. Although Mom was still on edge.



Prom was coming up. Raji had a date already. Half my friends were already paired up. One morning, Dad was already at work. It was just Mom and me in the kitchen. She was scrolling on her phone, sipping coffee on the other side of the table. I had finished my cereal, and I was staring at her. She looked breathtakingly pretty in the morning light. If this was before we had tried the fake ring scam, I would have asked her for a pre-school quickie. But I knew she'd say *no* now. Instead, I tried to engage her in conversation. "Prom's coming up."

"Who's the lucky girl, Evan?" She asked without looking up from her phone.

"I haven't asked anyone." I frowned. I was hoping ... I don't know ... that she'd be jealous or something. But that was absurd. She still slept with Dad. *Shit ... are we polyamorous too?*

"Well, do you have someone in mind?" She put down the phone and sipped her coffee.

"Ava broke up with Gavin." I shrugged.

"I know." She nodded.

"I could ask her if ... wait ... how'd you know that?" I checked the clock. It was almost time to leave for school.

"It's a small town. Word gets around. People in the neighborhood have seen her around our house." Mom shrugged. "They know I know her. So ... gossip." She frowned at me. "You weren't going to ask her to the prom, were you? After everything that's happened?"

"I ... um ... was just making a joke. How could I ask Ava? She's got blue hair." I smiled.

Mom looked relieved. "Find a nice, funny girl and ask her. Maybe someone with brown hair or blond?" She studied my face. "Don't give me that look, Evan. You can't even think about asking me. I'm your mom. I'm doing my best to be *your mom*. You have no idea what I've sacrificed for this family."



"I wouldn't ask you. That would be weird. Sorry." I hurried off to school before she could slide into anger. Thankfully, when I got home that afternoon, she was in a fine mood. Still icy, but cheery. I was a little worried she wouldn't visit my room that night. But she showed up, stripped, rang the bell, and pulled the blanket off me. We had fallen into a blissful routine. It wasn't perfect, but I couldn't complain.

We were both naked. She straddled me and slipped my dick into her wet pussy. Her hips undulated slowly. "So, Evan, did you ... uuugghhhh ... find a nice girl to ask ... today?"



"I asked Jenny Lipscomb. She's ... aaahhh ... not blond or brunette, but she is ... ah ... ah ... ah ... funny." I reached up, hefted my mom's boobs, and rolled her nipples between my fingers. I watched her spasm in response and roll her eyes upward.



When she gazed back down at me, she looked a bit dazed. "She's ... got black hair?"

I nodded, still massaging her tits.

"And? What ... uuughhh ... ughhh ... did Miss Lipscomb ... say?" Her hips moved faster, rubbing her clit on the spot just above my dick.



“She ... uuugghhhh ... already had a date to prom.” I smiled at her. “It’s not too ... late for me to take you.”

“Stop ... sweetie.” She smiled and rolled her eyes. This time it wasn’t just in ecstasy, but it was also in fun. It was nice to see her smile and share a joke with me. “I’m not ... dating ... the man I made. We’re just ... doing this ... because it’s what we want ... and it makes us feel ... goooooood. Oh ... gosh ... Evan ... your penis really does ... feel good ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!” Her hips went into overdrive, and she came on me.

A few minutes later, I was behind her. She was halfway off the bed, and I stood on the floor, slamming into her. We liked to call this ‘the wife-woman position’, since that’s where we learned it. It always set Mom off. And I liked it, too. Even after all the sex we’d had, I felt incredibly lucky that I was the only one that got to see her ass shake like that. I was pretty sure Dad wasn’t ever railing her like this in their bedroom. The thought made me chuckle, despite the pleasure that surged through me.



“Oooooohhhhhhhh ... Evan ... when you’re back there ... I ... I ... Evan ... ssnnooorrrrkkkkk!” She had one of her snorting orgasms. At least she wasn’t so chilly with me when I was plowing her from behind.

Not long after, I erupted inside of her. We shuddered and shook together.

By the time she finally got herself up, I was lying on my side watching her dress. “I’ll ask someone else, Mom. Alice Montgomery is funny and pretty. She has blond hair.”

“Sounds good.” Mom slowly buttoned her pajamas. Her fingers were still trembling from her orgasms. “As long as her hair isn’t blue.” She gave me a stern look. “Sleep well, Evan. See you in the morning.” She bent over, kissed me on the forehead, and left my room.

I lay back in bed, thinking about her sleeping next to Dad with a womb full of my cum. I was still crushing hard on my mom. It was hard to imagine Alice Montgomery could compare to her in any way.

