

CHAPTER 1

THE MISSUS RING



FICTION

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The Missus Ring 1

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"Anyone here?" I gazed around the dimly lit store. Everywhere I looked, the shelves were overstuffed with dusty knickknacks and worthless miscellanea. I squinted into the shadows at the other end of the room. Motes hovered in the air around me, glistening with spooky iridescence. "Hello?" When no one answered, I mumbled to myself, "What am I doing here?"

"You, my friend, are finding what you've been searching for," a wizened voice said from somewhere nearby. I spun around when I heard the voice right behind me. "I haven't been searching –"

"You're looking for an answer to the Ava Roslin conundrum, are you not?" The voice belonged to a little old man dressed in fantastical theater attire, like a wizard in a school play. "You're looking to crack that little puzzle. She isn't going to fall for flowers or a box of chocolate. You already know that. She only has eyes for Gavin Carver."

"How do you know so much about –" He cut me off again.

"You can have something that Gavin does not." He held out a closed fist.

"Gavin has everything," I said bitterly.

"Not the Missus Ring." He opened his palm. I regarded a polished silver ring set with a dark black stone. Tiny red veins meandered across the mineral. I moved to pluck it from his hand, but he was quick for an old man. "Not so fast. You don't even know what it does."

"I just want to see it. I'm not buying it." What was I even doing here? "Maybe I should go."

"This ring will make the wearer your missus." The old man cocked his head at me.

"My what now?" It was clear the old man was off his rocker. I moved to walk around him so I could escape the store, but he deftly moved in front of me.

"I think you and Ava should be together. Just put the ring on her finger. When she takes it off, the spell will end." He frowned at me. "Since this is a charitable case, I'll give it to you for twenty dollars." He opened his fist and let me see the ring again. It was a pretty piece of costume jewelry. At that price, it was probably plastic.



"No, thanks. I just want to go." I made another move for the door, and he headed me off again.

"Okay, ten dollars." He shoved the ring at me. "But at that price, I won't give you my usual disclaimer."

"I don't think I have any cash." I reached into my pocket and fished around, just in case. My hand came out with a crisp ten-dollar bill. "It's your lucky day." I handed him the money just to get rid of him, but he wouldn't move until I took the ring. I stuffed it in my pocket and moved past him.

Just as I opened the door, he said, "Have a nice day!" Followed by uproarious laughter.

When I got home, I dropped my backpack in the hall and dropped the ring and my keys onto the console table. "I'm home, Mom," I yelled at the house and rushed up to my room. Some days I just had to fap. I wasn't ten minutes into my session when there was a knock on the door. I stuffed my dick away and pulled on a big sweatshirt to conceal the tent in my pants. I opened my door.

"Evan, dear, you're eighteen now. It's time you stopped dropping your things all over the house." My mom handed me my backpack.

"Sorry, Mom." I took it from her.

"And what's this?" She held up the ring.



"Oh, that? It's nothing." I didn't know what to say. Once you held it, you could tell the ring wasn't some cheap thing. It was metal and stone. I didn't know what that old man's deal was. I said the first thing that came to mind, "I was going to surprise you. I thought you'd like it."

A wide smile curved across my mother's pretty face. "For me? Thanks, sugar." I watched her try the ring on different fingers. It fit on her ring finger, she settled it just above her wedding ring.

"Um ... Mom?" I coughed, trying to get her attention. "Do you like it?"

She blinked her eyes several times and gave me a quizzical look. "Oh, Evan, dear. I didn't see you there." She leaned forward and gave me a quick kiss on the lips. I was speechless. My mom never kissed me on the lips. She leaned in and whispered conspiratorially, "we so rarely have the house to ourselves, darling. What if we got up to some mischief like we used to? Remember that thing I did for you in Tahoe?"

"Um ... Mom ... we're always home together after school. And we've never gone to Tahoe."

She leaned her head back and laughed like I'd made a magnificent joke. She ran her fingers through her hair and continued to giggle. She looked quite stunning. I wasn't used to seeing her like that.

"Come quick, darling. I know you need some time to get the old engine running. Tempus fugit, carpe diem, et cetera." She grabbed my hand and pulled me to her room. Her laughter echoed off the walls. When we arrived in my parents' room, she pulled off my sweatshirt and pushed me onto her bed.

I was quite confused. "What ... um ... what ...?"

"Remember when I used to dance for you?" She pulled up the hem of her dress, and rocked her hips back and forth slowly. "You loved it."

"I did?" My eyes went wide in bewilderment. All I could do was stare as she slowly lifted off the dress and stood before me in her bra and panties. I was still hard from my interrupted fap session. It was so stiff it hurt.

"You're hard already. I've still got it, eh?" She had a twinkle in

her eye as she dropped to her knees and pulled my pants down without even unbuttoning them. She then nearly ripped off my underwear. "Oh, my. Your wife really has you in a tizzy. This is the biggest I've ever seen you."



“My ... wife?” It clicked in my brain. The Missus Ring the old man had called it. My mom thought she was my wife. And she was very horny. I looked at the rings on her finger. The red veins in her newest stone glowed faintly. “Listen, Mom. I’m not your husband. You have to take off that ... oooooohhhhhh.” I lost my train of thought when she wrapped both hands around my dick and started pumping.



“Oh, I love when we role-play.” She giggled. “Remember that time when you were an apple thief and I was the cider frau?” Her handjob skills were excellent. My head fell back on the blanket. I sighed. I could see how the Missus Ring would have helped me with Ava.

“Want me to do that thing you like with my tongue, darling?” I felt her mouth envelop the head of my dick.

"Yeah ... ugh ... sure ... Mom." I groaned as her tongue swirled around the head.

After a few minutes, she lifted her mouth off me with an audible pop. "You're so naughty calling me 'Mom.'" She giggled as she stroked me. "You know what they say, all boys want their mommies."

"It ... ugh ... depends on ... the mommy ... I think."

"I suppose it does." She suddenly stood, straddled me, and grabbed my dick. "You've got me so hot. Let's do this." With her free hand, she pulled her panties to the side.

"Wait ... Mom ... maybe we should ... aaaaahhhhhh." The tension in my body instantly released. Her pussy was indeed hot ... and tight and wet. I looked up at her fluttering eyelids.





"You keep calling ... me Mom ... ugh ... silly." Her voice was faint and raspy. "If we're going to play this game, maybe I should ... take off my ring. I'm not ... uh ... uh ... your wife. I'm your ... ugh ... mommy ... right? So ..." Her hips undulated. Her smile was lopsided. It took me a second to realize she was pulling off her wedding rings old and new. I didn't have time to stop her. The second the ring came off, she went rigid and froze. She stared down at me with wide eyes. "What are we ...?" She blinked and locked eyes with me. "Evan? Are we ...?" She looked down at

her body straddling mine. She wiggled just a little to test our connection. When she had determined that I was indeed inside her, she screamed so loudly my ears rang.

"I ... I ... I ... can explain, Mom." I don't usually stutter, but my mind was tangled. The second she jumped off me, I covered my junk and scooted backward on the bed. "I ..."

My mother stood next to the bed, clearly trying to sort through her memories. "I don't know what came over me, Evan. I must have gone crazy. I am going crazy." She wandered over to the dresser and dropped the rings in a little jewelry box. "Did we really just do that?"

"It was the ring. I didn't mean -"

"We'll talk about this later, Evan." Her voice was suddenly cool. It was the voice she used when I was in trouble. "Please go to your room."

Still covering myself, I got off the bed and raced out of the room. I didn't even bother to pick up my underwear and pants. I was completely nonplussed. I had liked it. And she had liked it ... when she was my wife. I had seen a completely novel side of my mother. It was like a glimpse of heaven. I desperately wanted to see it again, but I was certain I never would. I closed the door to my room, got dressed, and waited for her to come talk. I needed to explain to her what had happened.