



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 21



FICTION

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The Missus Ring 21

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I opened the back door. "Come in, Ava." She entered our house and followed me into the kitchen. My mom was waiting for us with her arms crossed, leaning her shoulder on the fridge. She looked so pissed. It was such a scary expression for me, I had a hard time making eye contact with Mom. And she wasn't even mad at me.

"Hi, Mrs. Gosling." Ava gave a friendly wave to my mother. "You look nice."

"You shouldn't pretend to be friendly, Ava. Look how mad my mom looks." I sat down at the kitchen table.

"Yes, angry-mom vibe. That whole thing stopped working on me years ago." Ava shrugged and sat across the table from me. "Are you going to sit with us, Mrs. Gosling?"

My mother didn't say anything. She continued to glower at Ava.

"I suppose it's not easy sitting down after what Evan just did to your backside." Ava gave my mother a saccharine smile.

I winced.

My mother ground her teeth. "What do you want, young lady?" Her voice dripped with venom. Just hearing her like that froze my blood. I reminded myself her rage wasn't directed at me.

"I came here to apologize," Ava said. She turned away from my mother and looked at me. "Where's the ring? I got home, and it was gone. I was going to share it with Gavin. He's so angry that I lost it. But I know I didn't lose it. I know it was in the cup holder. And then ... it wasn't. I looked everywhere. So, I'm guessing you know how to retrieve it. It's fucking magic, right? I shouldn't have tried to steal it. I'll give you anything, Evan. Just share it with me."

"The ring is g—" I started.

"Hold on, Evan. We should talk." My mother pushed off from the fridge and beckoned me out of the room. She frowned at Ava. "Stay here, Ms. Roslin. And don't steal anything."

"I wouldn't dream of it." Ava smiled beatifically.

When we were in the living room, my mom whispered, "Get the bell."



I ran upstairs, grabbed the bell, and jogged back down a few seconds later. "Here."

My mother took the bell from me and gave it a ring. It resounded around the room. "Ms. Roslin, I have the ring for you. Come here and you can take it back to your degenerate boyfriend," my mom said. We waited. Ava didn't arrive.

"So, I guess the bell works." I smiled.

"No smiling, Evan Mitchell Gosling. This is serious business." My mom put the bell down on the mantle and eyed the doorway. "We

can't tell her it's gone. She could make trouble for us if we don't use it against her. We need leverage here."

"Honestly, Mom. I think we should just tell her it's gone. She'll go chase some other high and forget about us. She's very good at forgetting about me. Years of practice." I suppressed my inclination to smile at my scowling mother.

"I hear what you're saying, but I'm overruling you. No, sorry, Evan." She held up her finger to silence me before I could protest. "I can't let her ruin my marriage. We'll tell her she can have another turn with the ring if she ... um ... " She rubbed her chin. "We'll make her do some embarrassing stuff for us. And then ... we'll record it. This will give us mutually assured destruction."

"Like ... what kind of stuff?" I looked toward the doorway. I could see one of Ava's eyes peeking around the frame.

"No way, don't get any ideas," Mom said. "I'm all for you having a girlfriend, Evan. But not that little, blue-haired thief." My mom shook her head, her brows furrowed. "There's no way."

"I wasn't thinking that. I just didn't know what we're going to do?" This seemed a bit crazy to me. But Mom really didn't like Ava. Maybe I could somehow just stay out of it.



“Let’s start by having her wash our car in the driveway. She won’t like that. We can tell her you’ll text her with the next task in a couple days. We’ll think of something by then.” Mom picked up the bell from the mantle. “You can come in now, Ms. Roslin.” She glanced at where Ava was still peeking at us. “The bell still works, I guess. That’s good.” My mother rang the bell and put it back on the mantle. “You can come in now, Ms. Roslin.”



Ava bounded into the room. “So, where’s the ring?”

“It occurs to me that you said you came here to apologize, but you haven’t actually said anything of the sort.” My mother folded her arms.

“I’m so sorry, but I thought you were going to keep it away from me. I really need the ring.” Ava beamed at us. I could tell, of course, that she wasn’t being sincere. But she was good at faking it. “Let me just have a turn with it. Maybe once a week or something?”

“A real apology isn’t ‘sorry, but’, Ms. Roslin.” My mother sighed.

“I’ll tell your husband if you don’t let me have it.”

Ava was still smiling. The incongruity of her expression and words was jarring.

I shook my head.

“Oh, Ava.”

“I’ll make a deal with you, young lady.” My mother gave her the terms of our fake agreement.

“You want me to wash your car ... like now?” Ava finally lost her grin.

“Do enough chores and we’ll give you a turn with the ring at some point.” My mother’s smile was frigid.

“Fine.” Ava turned and left the room. I walked her out of the house. She happily tried to make small talk with me as I helped her get set up in the driveway. Then, I left her to wash the car.



“What did you say to her?” Mom was standing by the front window when I found her inside the house.



“Nothing. She was talking to me about people at school and stuff. Why?” I walked up next to my mother and looked out at the front driveway. Ava had taken off her pants, shoes, and socks. She was vigorously scrubbing our car with a sponge, wearing only a pair of boring panties and a top. Her ass was shaking ridiculously as she worked. “Oh ... I ... um ... didn’t know she was going to do that.”

Ava saw us watching her from the window. She beamed at us and waved.

“What will the neighbors think?” My mother facepalmed.

Ava started dancing around the car like she was listening to music. At least she was actually cleaning it.

“Do you want her to stop?” I stared at Ava’s shaking ass. I was over my crush on her, but she was exceptionally pretty.

“No. At least it’s early enough that most people are still at work. Stop staring.” She grabbed my ear and pulled me away from the window. “I want you in the basement playing games or something.”

“What are you going to do?” I rubbed my ear when she let go.

“I’m going to make sure she doesn’t get completely naked. Then I’ll send her home when she’s done,” my mother said.

“Okay.” I frowned and headed down to the basement. I had been hoping to hump my mom at least once more that day. That was off the table now. Ava seemed to have a way of messing things up for me.

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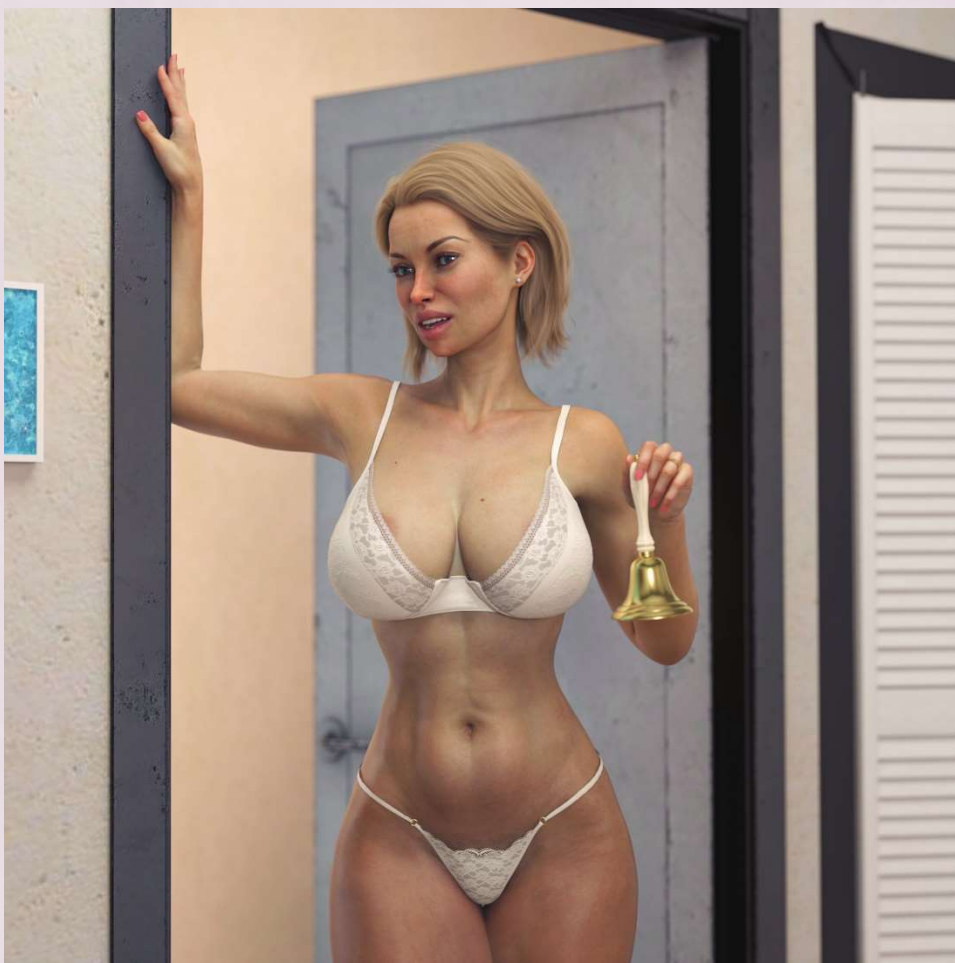
My mother did take pictures of Ava washing our car, but we both agreed that it wasn't leverage we could use against her. She *had* taken off her pants in our driveway. If anything, it was leverage she could use against us. Ava left a few minutes before my dad got home. Which was good, because I'm sure he would have had questions about the eighteen-year-old whipping her wet, blue hair back and forth as she cleaned the minivan.

On a brighter note, it turned out that my sex life for the day wasn't as hopeless as I'd assumed. After my basement time was over, I caught up on homework, we had a normal dinner, and I got ready for bed. I was lying down, reading a book on top of my covers, when there was a light knock on the door.

"Evan ... your father's asleep," my mother poked her head in.

"Hey, Mom. You want to talk about Ava?" I finished reading the paragraph and put the book down. I heard the door quietly shut behind her. I was wearing a t-shirt and underwear. My dick was soft, and my body relaxed. When I looked over at my mother, my eyes went wide. I had expected her to be wearing pajamas, but she was in lingerie. And she was holding the bell.

"I don't want to talk about *her*. Not now." My mother scowled. She took a deep breath, and her face brightened. "I thought we could test the bell out some more. It seemed to work well earlier today." She walked over to me, put the bell on my chest, and walked back to the door. I watched her ass wiggle in that amazing outfit. "I'm going to step outside. Ring the thing. Make some noise. Ring it again. Make some more noise. But not enough to wake up your father. Got it?" She smiled when she caught me ogling her gussied boobs.



When she left the room, we ran our tests. It was just like we thought. One ring for silence. I could hear her in the hall, she couldn't hear a thing inside the room. The second ring of the bell put sound back to normal. She could hear me again. The next ring brought silence again, and so on. It worked perfectly. The Missus Ring was a complete fuckup. It hadn't even fulfilled its stated purpose. There was no way Ava was ever going to leave Gavin for me. But the Bell of Silence seemed to work as advertised. I guess that old, crazy shopkeeper was good for something.

"I suppose by now you've realized that I wouldn't have dressed up like this just to test the bell." Mom was back in my room again. She rang the bell and put it on my desk, giving us our shield of silence.

"I ... was hoping ..." My dick was no longer soft. I could see her eyeing the outline of it through my underwear.

"We were interrupted today by that little hussy. Earlier tonight, while I listened to your father falling asleep, I asked myself what I wanted." She stood in the center of the room and posed for me. It goes without saying that she was beautiful. But she was also so at ease with me. I felt like we'd really turned a corner at the hotel. She glanced at my poorly hidden erection. "I'm guessing you want the same thing?"

"I love you so much, Mom." I scooted over and patted the mattress next to me.

"I love you too, Evan." She hopped onto the bed, giggling.



Twenty minutes later, I was plowing my mother from behind.



“Snnnoorrkkkkkkk!” She made that wild, pre-orgasmic snorting sound I’d become familiar with. We didn’t need to worry about the noise. That was good because my bed was squeaking like a raging mouse, and she was screaming her head off. “Oooohhhh ... my hair ... Evan ... pull my hair ... ow ... not that hard ... yes ... yes ... like that ... hold me ... uuuggghhhhhh ... how you want me ... I ... I ... sssnnnookkkkkk.” Her ass shook perfectly, her back arched, her shiny blond hair meandered through my fingers. She wailed as she came.



Fifteen minutes later, my mother was riding me in reverse. We were in a completely different position, but I was still staring at her magnificent, quaking ass.

“I can tell ... uuugghhhhhh ... that you’re ... ready ... Evan.” My mother bounced on me with long, powerful strokes. The smell of her pussy and our sweat filled the room. I reached out and held her ass cheek firmly. She looked over her shoulder at me. “I’m ... uuughh ... uuugghhhh ... uuggghhhh ... safe ... enough ... today ... finish inside me. That’s what I ... want.”



“Okay ... Mom.” I needed no more encouragement. “Cumming ... aaaahhhhhhhhhh!” I unloaded deep inside her. It felt like the orgasm lasted forever. In that moment, I had no worries about whether the bell would work. About my dad discovering us. About Ava messing up what I had with Mom. There were no fears about knocking up my mother. I was lost in that ecstatic moment. “Looooooveeee ... yooooooooooooo ... uuuuggghhhhhh.” I dug my fingers into the flesh of her ass cheek, probably leaving a mark.

“Looovvvveee ... you ... ttooooooooooooo.” My mother jerked her head back and orgasmed again as I filled her.

