



THE MISSUS RING

CHAPTER 22

FICTION

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The Missus Ring 22

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“There’s a young woman mowing our lawn.” Dad walked into the kitchen where I was reading my phone and Mom was baking. “She’s practically naked.”



My mother scowled at me. “I thought you were supposed to tell her to keep her clothes on!”

“She told me she’d wear a t-shirt and shorts.” I held up my hands in surrender. “It’s not my fault.”

“This is not going well.” My mother wiped her hands on a towel, straightened her apron, and went to the living room to look. My dad and I followed her.

Ava *was* wearing shorts. The shortest shorts I’d ever seen. And she *was* wearing a t-shirt, but it was tied under her boobs. Technically, she hadn’t lied.

"I have to say, Amy, I'm surprised you'd hire someone ... like her." My dad watched Ava's mowing with deep concentration.

"Gosh, Greg, she's only eighteen. Don't stare at her like that." My mother slapped my dad's shoulder. She then looked at me. "Goodness, Evan, stop staring too."

"I'm sorry, Mom. I'm not interested in her." I watched my mom storm off.

"You should be interested in her, Evan." My dad nudged me with his elbow. "She's hot."

"Gross, Dad." I shook my head.

Ava noticed us in the window and beamed at us, giving us a friendly wave as she passed by with the mower.

My return wave was somewhat more tepid than my father's.

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I begged my mom to give up on her humiliation plan. Ava was beyond shame. But my mother kept trying. We had Ava trim the shrubbery. We had her do our grocery shopping. We had her do every menial chore Mom could think of. Ava did all of these in various stages of undress with a smile on her face.



At school, Raji stopped me in the hall. “What’s with you and Ava Roslin?” He said. “Word around school is that she’s your maid or something?”

“It’s complicated.” My cheeks flushed. I could have told him about the Missus Ring and how I was fucking my mother, and Mom was trying to use these stupid tasks as leverage against Ava. But, I decided not to. “It’s really complicated.”

“You’d tell me if you were dating her, right?” Raji eyed me suspiciously.

“Would she be mowing my lawn if I was dating her?” I shrugged.

“I hear she’s kinky, man. Could be, could be she’d do that.” He studied my face for clues.

“I’m not dating Ava. Whoever is saying that is wrong.” This was true even of magic rings, which were notoriously wrong on this subject.

“Cool.” Raji held up his hands. “You coming to Roan’s place tonight? His mom is ordering pizzas.”

“I can’t. My dad’s going out tonight, so my mom and I are ... hanging out.” I should have thought of a better cover.

“When did you become such a momma’s boy?” Raji frowned. The bell rang. “I’ll catch you later.” He rushed off to class.

“Yeah, later.” I shook my head and turned toward my English class.

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"I'm getting very frustrated, Evan!" My mother pushed me onto the kitchen chair. "Take out your penis. I need to vent!" She had been venting a lot via my dick lately. It was an odd sexual situation for me. Historically, there was nothing I feared more than my mother's wrath. But now, with her anger focused on Ava, it meant some wild sex. Especially when my dad was out of the house, and we didn't have to use the bell.

"Okay, Mom." I hurried to bring my erection out into the open.

"Gosh ... that little b-word has me riled up." Her eyes lit up when she saw my cock. Hiking up her skirt, she pulled her panties to the side and mounted me on the chair. Her eyelids fluttered as I slid into her sopping pussy. "That's ... ooohhhhhh ... better."



Maybe I should note here that we were having daily sex at this point, and it wasn't all of the Mom-is-frustrated variety. My mom had decided that humping me is what the wife-woman would do, and she was going to live life to the fullest. So, if I got an A on a test, we had sex. If she got in a fight with Dad, we had sex. If she liked the way I was looking at her, we had sex. If I was extra helpful with chores, we had sex. And, as I mentioned, if she was pissed at Ava, we had sex. Mostly we waited for Dad to be asleep or out of the house. But sometimes we didn't. We did have the bell, and some doors in our house locked.



She hadn't mentioned condoms in a long time. She often told me she was having a safe day whenever I was getting close to cumming. I'm no biological expert, but looking at the calendar, I doubted there were that many safe days.



"Gosh ... Evan ... she ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... really ... gets ... under ... my ... skin." Mom paced her words in time to her bouncing hips. Her hands were on my shoulders, and she still looked mad. Or maybe ... sexy-angry. Is that a thing? Her expression was really doing a number on me.

"Maybe we ... should just ... forget about ... Ava?" My hands were holding onto the chair. I wanted to grab her boobs through her dress, but I dared not grope her when she was angry-humping me.

"Maybe ... I don't want her ... ruining my marriage." My mother pumped herself on my dick even more savagely than before. Now her anger was directed at me.

"It's just ... she's done all the chores ... she'll want the ring ... soon. And we ... don't have it." I tried to shrug, but it was hard with her fingers digging into my shoulders.

"There ... has to be ... a solution ... ughhhhhhhh." Mom slammed her hips down on mine and undulated her body. "Sssnnnnnoooooorrrrrkkkkkkk." She made that orgasmic snorting sound and came. I watched her twisted face closely. When she arrived on the other side of her climax, she didn't look so angry anymore. She humped me for a while in silence.

After she came two more times, she dismounted me, turned around, and lifted her dress. She lowered her panties and presented her ass to me.

"Feel ... better ... Mom?" I got behind her, slid back in, and let my hips go on autopilot.



“Yesssssssss.” She gripped the counter with both hands and let me plow her. “Ooohhhhhh ... I always feel ... more relaxed ... after an orgasm ... with you. Let me arch my back ... oooooohhhh ... that’s the wife-woman’s ... secret spot ... right there ... oooooohhhhhh ... nooooooooooooo ... you’re going to make me squirt ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.”



Ten minutes later, I was still slamming into my mother. “Mom ... Mom ... gonna ... cum ... Mom ... uuugghh.”

“It’s okay Evan ... it’s my ... ooohhhhhhhh ... safe day.” She looked over her shoulder at me with longing and sincerity. I think for the moment, she actually believed it was a safe day. Or maybe it really was. Maybe she’d been safe eleven days this month. Maybe ...

“Cummming ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhh ... oh ... Mom ... cummmmingggg.” My hips fell out of rhythm, and I emptied my balls inside her.

A while later, we were both on the floor, cleaning the puddle we’d left behind. “I feel so much calmer, Evan.” Mom looked thoughtful as she scrubbed with a dishtowel. “I feel ... more ... like changing direction with Ava.” She smiled at me.

“So, we can forget about her?” I smiled back.

“That’s not what I meant.” She shook her head, finished with the mess, and stood up. “I mean, maybe we’re going about this all wrong.”

“That’s what I’ve been saying.” I stood too, eyeing her quizzically.

“We need to try something new. I’ve got a plan.” My mother walked off to the laundry room to toss our cum-soaked things in the wash.

I scratched my head. I was sort of wishing my mom wouldn’t come up with any more plans.

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Later that night, it was just the two of us for dinner. We sat at the table, my mother sipping her wine. "I don't know." I shook my head. "She won't go for it."



"She's not exactly your school's deepest thinker, Evan." Mom shook her head and smiled pleasantly. I wasn't sure if she was still riding her high from before, or if the new plan really made her that happy. The earlier anger was nowhere to be seen. "She'll fall for it."

"I don't know. We might piss her off." I pressed my lips into a thin line, pushing food around on my plate.

“We can ask the storekeeper if he has something that looks just like it. If not, how hard can it be to make a new one?” Mom shrugged and chewed on a forkful of food. “I remember what it looks like. So do you. We can make a fake. It was what, polished silver set with a dark black stone?”

“The stone had tiny red veins. It would be hard to find something like that.” I kept on frowning.

“You’re a smart kid, Evan. You’ll think of something.” She toasted me with her wine glass and drank.

“Maybe we could use a 3D printer to make the stone? Then take it to a jeweler?”

“That’s my young Einstein.” Mom gave me a knowing smile. She slowly lowered herself in her chair until just her eyes were above the table. “We’re going to give her a useless ring, and we can say that she broke it. It’s perfect. You deserve a reward.” She slipped all the way under the table.

“Mom ... I’m not sure I ... ooohhhhhh ... Damn.” She quickly had my pants and underwear down and my dick in her mouth. “I suppose ... I ... uuughhhh ... did have a good idea.” I forgot about my dinner and relaxed in my chair as she blew me.



A half-hour later, I stood between mom's legs while she sat on the dining table, her butt was practically on my plate. "Mom ... Mom ... I love you ... so muuuuuccchh."



"Yesss ... yesss ... I love you too ... Evan." Her face was twisted and rapt. "Go ... ahead and finish ... it's still ... a safe day."

"I know it is ... Mom ... I know ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhh." I came inside her for the second time that night.

When Dad got home, we had cleaned up after ourselves and showered. We were fully clothed again, cuddling on the sofa and watching a movie.

"It's a Friday night, Evan. Why aren't you out with your friends?" Dad stopped a few feet away and gave us a disapproving glance.



My mother glanced at him and put her head back on my chest. "Because we're spending some quality time together, Greg."

"Why aren't you out with *your* friends, Amy?" Dad cocked his head at Mom.

"Mom and I had some problems to solve, Dad." I winked at him. "I'm a genius by the way."

"You solved problems by watching a movie?" Dad shook his head.

"We did other things." Mom giggled.

Dad's eyes narrowed. It occurred to me that maybe we were a little drunk on sex, and not acting with due caution. "You know, it's not too late for me to go to Roan's house. I'll ride my bike over there." I got up off the sofa.

"You should be going over to that blue-haired girl's house." Dad called after me as I left the room.

"She has a boyfriend, Dad." I called back. And if Mom was right about her little plan, soon Ava and Gavin would be out of our hair. That would be good. I didn't like the way Gavin stared at me in the halls. Although, I suppose I didn't mind Ava's smiles. I had to remind myself that I no longer had a crush on her. I had a crush on my mom. And happy mother, happy life, as the saying goes.