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THE MISSUS RING

CHAPTER 23

FICTION

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The Missus Ring 23

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It took Mom and me a little more than a month to put together the fake ring. During that time, we strung Ava along with more chores. I could have been wrong, but I think Ava was enjoying her half-naked manual labor around our house. Mom even had her clean the gutters. While she was up there, in a thong, there was a gallery of neighborhood boys standing on the sidewalk, watching her every move up on that ladder.



Of course, Mom and I didn't slow down our sex. She still kept telling me pretty much every day was a safe day. It was getting ridiculous. But I didn't want to say anything. I was hoping she'd gotten birth control and didn't want to tell me. Even if it wasn't that, I was hoping she had it figured out some other way. She was a grown woman and my know-it-all mother. I assumed she wasn't going to let her son knock her up.



Finally, the day came to give Ava the manufactured ring. I slipped it into my pocket and delivered it to her in the hall between classes.

She looked ecstatic when she plucked it from my palm and stuffed it between her boobs. "Finally! Oh, my God. Gavin and I are going to have so much fun with this." She frowned at me. "I suppose you and your mom have some rules for me? How many days can I keep it?"

"Oh ... rules ... yes ... Mom has rules." If we had been giving her the real ring, Mom would have had so many rules. "You can only have it for two days a week. And only you can put it on."

"Gavin is going to be pissed." She crossed her arms, and her frown deepened.

"I mean ... only you and Gavin can put it on." I nodded. "And ... you know ... don't forget to sleep and eat and ... you know."

"Thank you, Mommy." Ava turned and dashed away.

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That night, I regaled my mother about my day while we were in the bath. Dad was home, but Mom and I weren't doing anything noisy. I was reclining between her legs, resting my back on her tits. She was languidly washing my chest. The water was warm and perfect.

We did have the bell nearby in case we decided to make some more noise.

"Has she texted you?" Mom playfully raked her fingernails over my belly.



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There was a knock on the door. "Can I use the bathroom, Amy?" It was Dad.



"No, Greg. I'm taking a bath." Mom said loudly. She splashed the water around us for corroboration on the bath.

"Are you talking to someone on the phone?" Dad didn't seem like he wanted to leave her alone.

"I'm listening to an audiobook. I'm having some me time. You need to respect my time, Greg." My mother's voice was a little harsh.

"Go easy on him," I whispered.

"He can be so annoying sometimes, Evan." She reached down and squeezed my hard dick. She knew how to keep me quiet.

"What was that?" Dad said.

"Nothing, Greg." Mom began stroking my dick. "Use one of the other bathrooms."



“Okay,” Dad said.

“Ring the bell, Evan. And tell me more about Ms. Roslin.” My mother was now pumping my dick hard. It was a fantastic reach around.

I stretched my arm over and rang the bell. We were protected now. “There’s not much to tell. Ava took the ring. She cut fifth period. I haven’t heard from her.”



“Good boy, Evan. I’m really proud of you for ... making that ring ... and listening to me ... and giving it to her.” She sucked on my earlobe for a minute and then kissed my shoulder. “With any luck ... that will be the last we hear of her. No more ... Ava Roslin ... or her weird boyfriend. It will be just the two of us. Just what the wife-woman would want. Just me ... and my eighteen-year-old son ... and his big ... stiff ... penis.”

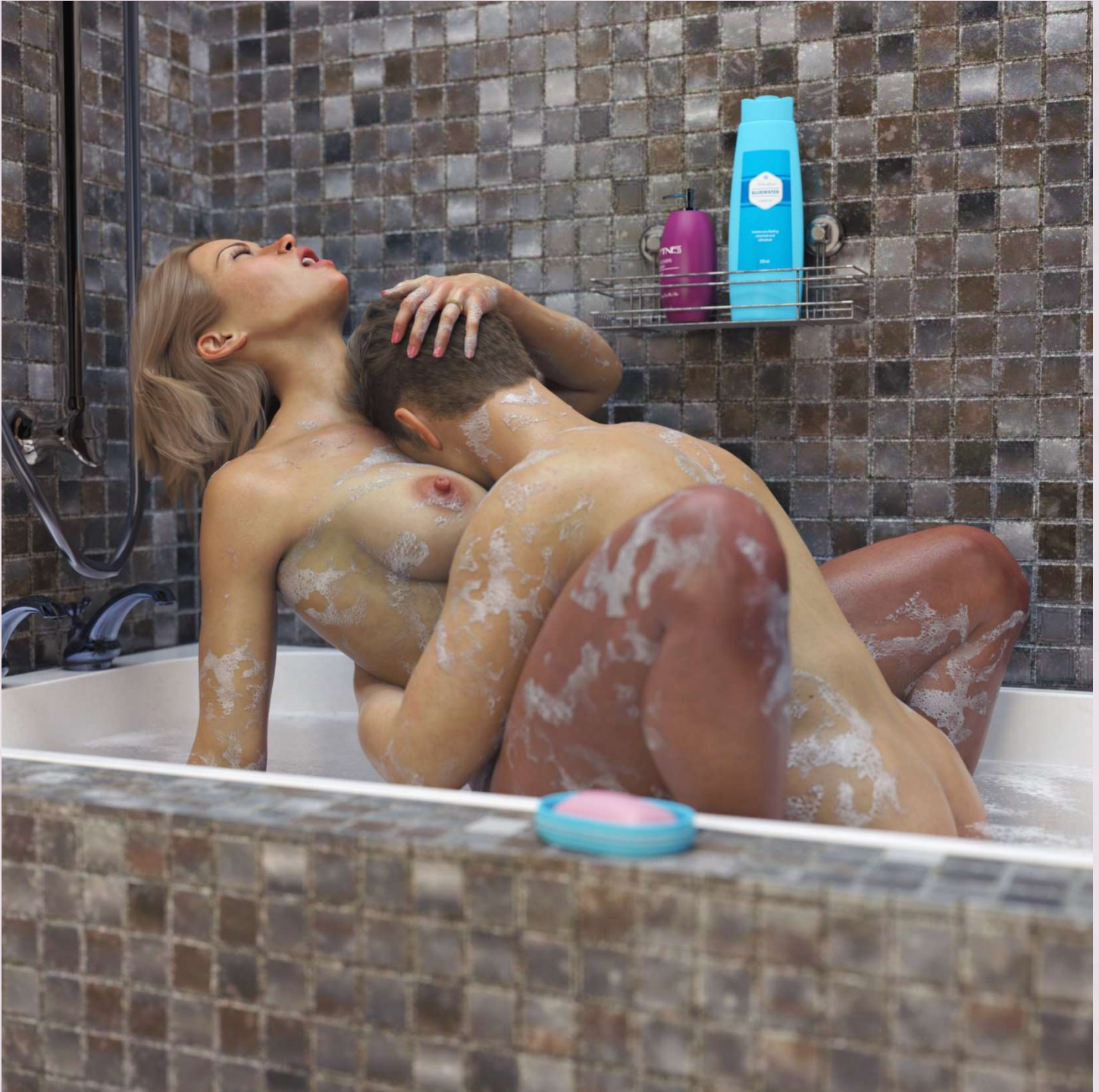
“I’m ... uuugghhhh ... going to cum ... Mom.” I watched her hand work my dick. Water splashed and sloshed around the tub as her slender arm pumped with all its might.

“You deserve it ... Evan ... you deserve to shoot it all over ... you’re such a good son ... oooooohhhhhh ... look at that ... it’s like a volcano.” Mom watched over my shoulder as I erupted onto my belly, chest, and thighs. “Wow ... Evan ... you’re like a never-ending fountain.”



A while later, I was glad we had the bell. The old man at the shop must have known we'd get into trouble without it. Water was splashing and sloshing out of the tub. The wet slap of our bodies was loud. I was between my mother's legs, slamming away.

Mom held my head to her chest with both hands. "Ohhhhhh ... Evan ... I'm so happy ... I now know ... what I want ... what a mother ... wants ... from her handsome ... son ... I ... I ... I ... ooohhhh ... sssnnnooorrrrrkkkkkkkk!" She convulsed under me, lost in one of her wonderful, snorting orgasms.



"I love you ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... I love you ... ugh ... ugh ..." I groped her tits and my hips fell out of rhythm.

"Oooohhhhhh ... Evan ... I'm ... I'm ... I'm ..." Mom couldn't seem to get the words out.

"I know ... Mom ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... you're ... uuuughhhh ... safe ... today ... aaaaaaahhhhhhh." I unloaded deep into her pussy, as was my habit.

Later, I helped her towel up the water on the bathroom floor. We were both still naked, and I was having a hard time keeping my eyes off her ass. "I have such a big crush on you, Mom."

She paused toweling the floor and looked over her shoulder at me. "I'm crushing on you too, Evan." Her smile was wide and satisfied. "I know we can't do this forever. But ... we've taken care of the Ava problem ... we have each other ... and we've got a good long while before you leave for college."



My dick was hard again. I crawled over to her and dug my fingers into the flesh of her ass. "I can't believe I get to have this ... all the time."

"Me either." She giggled. "We're going to go again, aren't we?" She put a wet towel under her knees for padding, got on all fours, and arched her back.

"Yeah, Mom. We are." I positioned myself behind her and slipped into her wet warmth again. "This is ... uuugghhhh ... the only pussy ... that I need."



Mom drew in a sharp breath. "It's yours ... Evan ... it's yours ... I ... oooohhhhhhhhhhh."

A while later, I came in her one more time before we finally exited the bathroom. Life was good.

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The next day, I was walking down the hall, late to fourth period, when a piece of metal clanged at my feet. I stopped. Ava strode in front of me. Her arms were folded, and she looked like she was doing an impression of my mom whenever Ava's name came up.

She looked angry.

"Gavin thinks we broke it," Ava said.

I bent down and picked up the fake ring. "It's broken? You broke it?" This was going to be easier than I'd hoped.

"Gavin thinks we broke it. But I think you're trying to pull a fast one on us." Ava shook her head slowly. The last few late students rushed past us as the bell rang. "It's your mom, right? She did this? She hates me. She made me do all that stuff, and then she's keeping the real ring for herself. She probably puts the real one on every night and spreads her legs for you. Are you enjoying the wife-woman, Evan?"

"Shh." I looked around. We were alone. I pulled her into the nearby guys' bathroom.

"If you brought me in here to blackmail me for sex, you're going to be disappointed." She leaned her butt on a sink while I checked under the stalls. We were alone.

"Jesus, Ava. I'm not going to fucking blackmail you." I turned to her with a frown. "Especially not in the bathroom."

"Gavin and I do it in the bathrooms all the time."

I curled my lip in disgust. "I'm not Gavin."



"I know." She nodded in agreement. "He would have promised me the real ring in exchange for a blowjob." She rubbed her chin. "Actually, he'd probably ask for anal."

"Look, Ava, I'm not interested in your butt." That wasn't entirely true. I reminded myself that my mom's butt was all the butt I needed. *Would Mom go for anal?*

"Earth to Evan? You're spacing, dude." Ava lifted an eyebrow.

"Sorry." I held up the fake ring. "I was thinking about how you and Gavin broke this." I studied her incredulous expression. Mom's plan wasn't going to work. But I was committed now. "My mom's going to be so angry at you two."

"Oh, stop. Just give me the real ring." She studied me for a few more seconds. "Fine." She raised her shirt and lowered her bra. "Be a good boy and give me the ring, Gosling."

I stared at her perfect tits.



The door opened and Cal Bollinger walked in. He stopped in his tracks when he saw us. He looked at me with a quizzical expression. Then he looked at Ava's tits. His eyes didn't wander after that.

"Okay, Cal. You've seen enough. Run along." There was an edge to Ava's voice.

Cal turned and ran out of the bathroom.

"That's not going to help the rumors about us." I watched her put her tits away.

Ava pressed her lips together. "Look, honestly, I liked doing those chores around your house. It was fun upsetting your mom and making your dad all ... stiff. But I was doing it for the ring. And this is blatantly unfair. You don't know what it's like to put it on, Evan. It felt ... incredible

to be that woman. Like, crazy good. She was so in love, and so willing to seize life by the nuts." She reached out her hand and clutched it into a fist.

"I'll let you know if the ring still works for my mom." I took a deep breath. "If it's broken, I can't -"

"Gavin doesn't think you have it in you to trick us like this." Ava pointed a finger at me. "But I ... well ... I'm not messing around anymore. Tell your mom I'm not messing around." She stormed out of the bathroom.

I stood for a while, trying to catch my breath. "We might have a problem," I whispered to myself.



When I got home after school, I found my mother wearing lingerie, waiting for me in the living room. She wanted to celebrate our scamming Ava and Gavin. Her smile fell when I told her about what had happened. She sat on the sofa heavily, propping her elbows on her thighs. I stood, waiting to see if she'd be angry.

"It's not like she has any pictures of us together. If she tells your father, it's just her word against ours." Mom chewed her lower lip. "And she's a crazy, blue-haired teenager."

"Maybe we could just explain to her that the ring is gone?" I was somewhat hopeful.

"I don't think she trusts us, Evan." Mom shook her head.

"Well, I don't blame her." I was still holding my backpack. I nervously moved its weight from shoulder to shoulder.

My mother picked up a knitted sofa throw and covered herself. "Why don't you go do your homework? I'll think about what to do next. I really wish you hadn't brought Ms. Roslin into all of this."



"I ... didn't ..." It was better not to argue. "I'll be in my room." I hustled off before either of us said anything we might regret.

Mom was probably getting changed back into normal clothes, thinking about how to deal with Ava. And I was in my room, not doing homework, trying to come up with a plan for dealing with both my mother and Ava. There was a lot to navigate.