



**THE MISSUS RING**  
**CHAPTER 25**

# FICTION

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## *The Missus Ring 25*

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I was sitting in chemistry class, daydreaming about Mom and looking out the window. I knew I should have been paying attention to the teacher, but lately it had been hard to focus. I looked around the room. All the other students lived normal lives. They had boring, normal parents, I assumed. Well, they all led normal lives except Ava. She was a bit insane. I looked at her empty seat. She was cutting again. I shook my head and returned my gaze to the window. Why was I still into her? She had some sort of magnetism I couldn't quantify or qualify.



Looking out the window, I had to do a double take. Standing out in the rain was the shopkeeper that had sold me the ring and sold my mom the bell. He stood with the same ridiculous hat and clothes, twirling a dark umbrella over his head. He smirked at me when we made eye contact and nodded. It was clear that he wanted to meet.

My hand shot up. "Bathroom, please."

The teacher pointed her finger at the door and continued the lesson. I got up, left the room, and found the shopkeeper outside. "What's going on?"



"Well, greetings and salutations to you too, Mr. Gosling." He bowed, almost knocking me with his umbrella.

"Sorry." I waited, but he only stared at me. Finally, I returned his bow. "Greetings and salutations, Mr. ... Shopkeeper."

"And how are your mother and Ms. Roslin?" He smiled solicitously.

"Do you ... have something else to sell me?" I had to admit, I really liked the bell. I was interested.

"Not today." He shook his head.

"Well, Mom is great. Things are still going great with her." I knew he'd catch my meaning. "And Ava won't give me the time of day. So, I guess the ring was wrong about her. But that's cool." I shrugged.

"The ring has something to say," he said.

"Um ... I have to get back to class." I was starting to get wet from the rain, which would be suspicious since I was supposed to be in the bathroom.

The shopkeeper held out his fist and opened it. The Missus Ring sat on his palm.

I blinked at it in surprise. "I thought it disappeared."

He rolled his eyes. "Why would it do that? It returned to my shop. But it alerted me today, that you've been dragging your feet. So, it had something to say."

I stood in the rain, waiting for the ring to say something. "Did it ... say it already?"

"Well, yes. But I suppose you can't hear it." He nodded and put the ring in his pocket.

"So ..." I took a step back toward my classroom.

"It wants you to go home." The shopkeeper pointed in the direction of my house. "Now."

"But I have class. I'll -"

"Now, Mr. Gosling." The shopkeeper turned and strolled away, twirling his umbrella.

"That ... dude ... is ... nuts." I hurried back to class, grabbed my stuff, and blurted an apology. "Sorry, feeling sick. I'll sign out at the office." I raced out of the room before the teacher could respond. I supposed I owed it to the ring to listen if it had something to say.

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I walked up the street, nearing my house. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught a sudden flash of blue bouncing through my backyard. I stopped in my tracks, hoisted my backpack higher on my back, and rushed behind the nearest tree trunk. When I peeked out, I saw her. Ava Roslin was jauntily walking over my lawn with a wide smile on her face. She didn't seem bothered by the rain. There was something about that grin that said she was up to no good. And whatever she was doing, she had been doing it at *my house!*



Ava was wearing a nice dress. I'd seen her in something similar when she'd stalked us at the hotel. I watched her walk down the street. When she was safely in the distance, I ran the rest of the way home and burst in the door. "Mom? Mom!?" I was worried.

Dropping my backpack, I did a sweep of the ground floor. I didn't find anyone, so I ran upstairs. I stopped in the hall. Mom was just coming out of her room with a concerned look on her face. She wore a towel on her head like she'd just come out of the shower, and she wore another towel wrapped around her body.

"Evan? You're not supposed to be home." Mom frowned. "What's wrong?"

"The shopkeeper showed up at school, and the ring said I needed to go home, and then I saw Ava leaving our backyard." I furrowed my brow. "What's going on?"

A horrified expression crossed her face. "I was just in the shower ... because ... I wanted to be ready for you when you got home from school." She unwrapped the towel around her head and tossed it into her room. She did the same with the towel around her body. "I have such a crush on you, Evan." She struck a seductive pose in the hall.

"We never have after-school sex anymore. What's going on?" I narrowed my eyes.

Mom pressed her lips into a thin line and studied me for a moment. She folded her arms over her boobs. "I'm pregnant, Evan. I wasn't ... always ... having safe days. I messed up. I'm sorry."

"What!?" My head nearly exploded. It's lucky I can handle crazy stuff, because otherwise I might have fainted. I steadied my hand on the hallway wall near a family portrait from a few years back of me, my sister, and both parents. I glanced at it. How would I explain to the Evan in the picture that he'd one day knock up his own mother? How would I explain to the Mom in the picture that she wouldn't use birth control while humping her own son? What had the ring done to us?



“You look pale, Evan.” She walked over to me and put an arm around my shoulders, guiding me downstairs. “Let me make you some Sleepy Deepy tea.”

“Okay.” My mind spun and whirled. I had assumed that she’d known what she was doing. But I guess she was just following the wife-woman’s lead. I wondered how many kids the wife woman had.

“This was a big goof on my part.” She sat me in the kitchen. She was still naked as she went about boiling some water. I stared at her belly, trying to see if it was bulging at all. *Bulging with my baby!* A chill went down my spine. What had we done? What about Dad? “What about Dad?” I said.



"I've been intimate with your father, too. So ... he won't know." She frowned. "The baby is yours, so it will look like your father, too ... I guess."

At those words, I felt like my brain was literally exploding.

The next thing I knew, I was lying on the floor next to the kitchen table. "What ... happened?"

My mom was hovering over me with a concerned look on her face. "I think you fainted, sweetie." She put a cool hand on my forehead. "I'm so sorry. Let me make you feel better." Her hand slipped into my pants. I was in a considerable amount of shock, so I didn't harden for her. After a minute, she frowned. "That bad, huh?" Giving me a brave smile, she pulled down my pants. "It will be easier to have this conversation while I'm making you happy."



“Conversation?” I watched her suck my soft cock into her mouth and bob her head quickly.

“Mmmmmm ... gaackkk ... gaackk.” She raised her eyebrows and looked up at me while continuing the blowjob. It was working, and my dick was springing to life despite the news she’d hit me with.



“That’s ... a strange conversational style ... Mom.” I stared at her, my mind still dazed. I know, I should have been prepared to hear that my mother was pregnant. It just hadn’t seemed possible. It still didn’t seem possible.

Mom lifted her mouth off my cock and straddled me, holding my dick in her hand. She guided me into her pussy and settled her hips on mine.

"We should have tried the pill. Or ... anal," I said, staring up at her pretty face. My mother hadn't changed that much towards me since this had all started. She was really more of a mother with benefits than anything else. I wasn't her boyfriend. I certainly wasn't her husband. "What about Dad?" I blurted.

"Well, that's one of the things I wanted ... uuuggghhh ... to talk to you about." Her eyes lost a little focus as her hips undulated. She stretched out her arms, running her fingers down my shirt. Her nails dug into my stomach. "You're only eighteen ... being a dad would ruin ... your future. Also ... I'm your mom ... so it would be ... complicated. I love ... your father ... and he wouldn't understand. This baby ... will be your brother ... or sister. Ugh ... ugh ... uuuggghhh ... do you understand?" She rubbed one of her hands on her belly.



I let out a long, relieved breath. I put my hand over hers on her belly.

“You’re okay ... ooohhhhh ... with all that?” She was trying to give me a reassuring smile, but her face was too twisted by pleasure.

“Dad did ... okay raising me.” I nodded. “I can’t imagine ... raising my own ... sibling-slash-kid. We really ... messed up ... Mom.”

“It’s okay ... we’ll make the best of it.” She leaned forward and kissed me on the lips, her tongue dancing with mine. We didn’t often kiss, so this added another surprise upon everything else. I didn’t mind it. When she was done making out with me, she sat up again, grinding her pussy. “To tell you the truth ... uughh ... now that the little thing ... is inside me ... I’m looking forward ... to having another one. I love you ... and your sister ... and I have enough love to add one more. Plus, I like having ... secrets with you.” She put a finger to her lips. “Shh ... don’t tell the world ... it’s our baby.”



"Shit ... Mom." I had to admit, having a baby with her was hotter than I'd first thought.

"And ... uuugghhhh ... don't swear." She waved a finger at me.

"So ... you *are* having ... the baby?" It was a dumb question, but I really wanted it to be crystal clear.

"Yes." She leaned forward, grabbed my shoulders, and rolled us over. She was now on her back on the floor, and I was on top of her. My hips knew what to do, thrusting into her. She looked lovingly into my eyes. "I wanted you ... on top ... for this part of the conversation."



"There's more ... Mom?" I put my hands on the floor next to her, lifting myself up so I could see more of her. Her tits jiggled and bounced as she absorbed each of my lunges. Her face twisted, but I could see she was trying to keep her composure. I didn't accelerate my hips, giving her a chance to talk without cumming.

She bit her bottom lip. "I might as well ... come clean."

"What?" My brain was still dazed and slow. I realized that I had been completely derailed. The pregnancy had thrown me off the other surprise of the day. My hips stopped and looked down at my mother. "What did ... Ava do this time?"

"I think following the wife-woman's example ... might be causing ... complications ... in my life." Mom looked up at me earnestly.

"What did she do?" I wasn't sure if I was referring to the wife-woman that lived on in my mom's mind or Ava.

My mother held up her hand, placing the tips of her thumb and index finger close together. "I may have ... ummm ... gotten myself ... into a teensy, tiny affair with Ms. Roslin."

My jaw dropped. I lay motionless on top of my mother with my cock buried deep inside her. I was dumbfounded.

