



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 26

FICTION

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I pulled out of my mother and crawled backward away from her on the floor. My mind was reeling. "You and Ava?" The back of my head hit the wall, and I stopped, sitting on the floor and staring at my mother's wide-open legs. Ava had been in that pussy, too. "I ... can't think straight. I ..."



"I'm sorry to drop this all on you at once, Evan." She kept her legs open. "Come back inside me, and we can talk about it."

I shook my head. "What did Ava do to you?"

Mom closed her legs, sat up, and covered her boobs with one arm. "It was more my fault than hers. If you want to know, I'll tell you about it." There was a long, drawn-out silence between us.

I felt like I might be hyperventilating. It was a good thing I had the mental fortitude to withstand all this. I would never faint twice in one day. Otherwise, I might have been out cold on the floor.

My mother was having an affair with my crazy high school crush. *Oh, boy! Not good!*

Slowly, Mom stood. "I'll make you that tea. You wanted Sleepy Deepy, right?" She moved to the counter.

I stared at her perfect, round ass as she reached into the cabinet. Ava had grabbed that ass. I shuddered. "How could you do it, Mom?" I reminded myself that she wasn't my girlfriend. We weren't exclusive. She slept with Dad after all. She wanted me to find a nice girl to be my prom date. Someone who was ... not Ava.



But this was cheating on both Dad and me! And it was with Ava! Mom knew how I felt about Ava.

“Well ... um ... Ava came over while you were at school one day.” Mom didn’t turn around as she talked. She kept fiddling with the teabag and mug. “She was angry. She thought we were hiding the ring from her. She was screaming at me, getting in my face. I asked myself what the wife-woman would do. I was either going to slap her or ... um ... kiss her. And ...” She lowered her voice. “... I *kissed* her. And she kissed me right back. I should have expected that. Before I knew it, my hands were all over her, feeling her waist ... her hips ... her backside. I hadn’t ever really thought about how sensual a woman’s body ...”

I blacked out.

When I came to, I was on the sofa in the living room, still naked. Mom was sitting on the edge of one of the cushions. She was still naked, too, looking down at me with concern.

“What happened?” My tongue felt slow. My mind was moving like molasses.

“You fainted again, sweetie.” Tears welled in her eyes. I wasn’t used to seeing my mother cry. “I’m so sorry I did this. The pregnancy. Ava.” She shook her head. “The wife-woman opened something inside me, I think. You said the shopkeeper still has the ring? We need to tell him to destroy it!”



“I need to think.” I sat up. “Alone.” My legs were shaky, but I stood.

“We need to talk, Evan.” She reached out her hand to my arm. “You can’t -”

I brushed her hand away. “We can talk later.” Anger was slowly building inside of me. It was such a strange feeling. I was so rarely mad at Mom. “I ... don’t know what to say right now.” I stumbled out of the living room and headed upstairs.

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I avoided my mom for the rest of the day. I only talked to Dad at dinner. I pulled my dresser in front of my door before I went to bed. I didn't want her coming in for her usual late-night visit. It worked. I'm not sure if she tried to get in, but if she did, I slept through it.

In the morning, I deftly avoided her and sprinted out of the house. I checked my phone on my way to school. She sent several texts with various heart emojis. She also wrote: *I'm here for you. So sorry!*

I didn't reply.



At school, I was walking and talking with Raji about what he was planning on wearing to prom. All of a sudden, there was Ava. She walked toward us down the hall in the opposite direction. She stared right at me, made a V with her fingers, put them up to her lips, and flicked her tongue in the V. My eyes widened, but I kept walking, my mind in a haze.

"Did you see that?" Raji said. "Ava is so disgusting sometimes. What do you think it means? Is she taking a girl to prom now that she and Gavin broke up?"

I didn't answer.

"You did see that, right Evan?" Raji nudged my shoulder.

"Sorry ... I'm not feeling well," I said.

"Yeah, you look a little pale, dude." Raji nodded.

Ava was supposed to be in my next class, but her seat was empty. I stared at it for ten minutes, before getting up and heading for the door. "I'm sick today," I said, when the teacher paused to watch me go.

I was in such a rush that I didn't bother signing out at the office. I jogged home.

Sweaty and out of breath, I was about to burst in the front door. But I stopped myself. This was probably the only opportunity I'd have to eavesdrop on them. The window in my dad's unoccupied home office was open. I crawled in, took off my shoes, put my backpack down, and snuck into the hall.

"No, we can't do it anymore." Mom's voice was coming from the laundry room. "I hurt Evan. I feel terrible."

"He's not a baby, he can handle it." Ava didn't sound worried about me.

"No, he's not a baby. He's a man. And it's okay to be hurt if you're a ..." Mom sighed. "I don't know why I try to get through to you. Anyway, like an idiot, I dropped some other news on him at the same time. He wouldn't even talk to me."

I put myself against the wall and peeked into the laundry room.



“Waa waa, baby baby.” Ava pretended to cry. “I cut school for you today, Mrs. Gosling. You can’t just kick me out.” She moved in, backing my mother against the running washing machine. Their noses were inches apart. “The only way you’re going to keep me happy is to give me the ring or your pussy.”

I almost barged in. I thought about telling her that the shopkeeper had the ring. But that was complicated. I wasn’t sure I should send her to him. That might be like sending fire to a powder keg. I pressed my lips into a thin line and watched.

“Have you heard anything I’ve said, Ms. Roslin?” My mother put her hands on Ava’s shoulders, ostensibly to keep the eighteen-year-old at bay. “I hurt Evan. I ... um ... I ...” She looked into Ava’s eyes. “Why do you have to be so pretty? I can’t believe I’m going to ...” She sighed heavily.

“Mother and son both crushing on me.” Ava laughed. “But only mommy gets my pussy.”

“Don’t talk like that. You know I don’t like it.” My mother frowned.

“Haven’t you learned anything yet? I don’t care what you don’t like, Amy.” Ava kissed my mom’s cheek. “I only care what you *do* like.” She pecked my mom’s lips. “So, I guess you aren’t going to give me the ring today? It’ll be the other thing?” She kissed Mom again. “Don’t close your lips. What’s that you always say? ‘What would the wife-woman do?’”

“She would kiss you back,” Mom whispered. She was speaking so softly I could barely hear her over the whirring washing machine.

“I like you, Mrs. G. But you can’t tease me and then toss me out.” Ava pulled off my mom’s blouse. She reached behind Mom, and expertly unclasped her bra. I wasn’t quite as suave at undressing my mother. Ava pinched my mom’s nipples and sucked on the left one.



“Ohhhhh ... Ava.” My mother ran her fingers through Ava’s blue hair.

I stared at them. Mom hated Ava’s blue hair. And here she was cupping Ava’s head the way she did with me, pressing Ava to her breast.

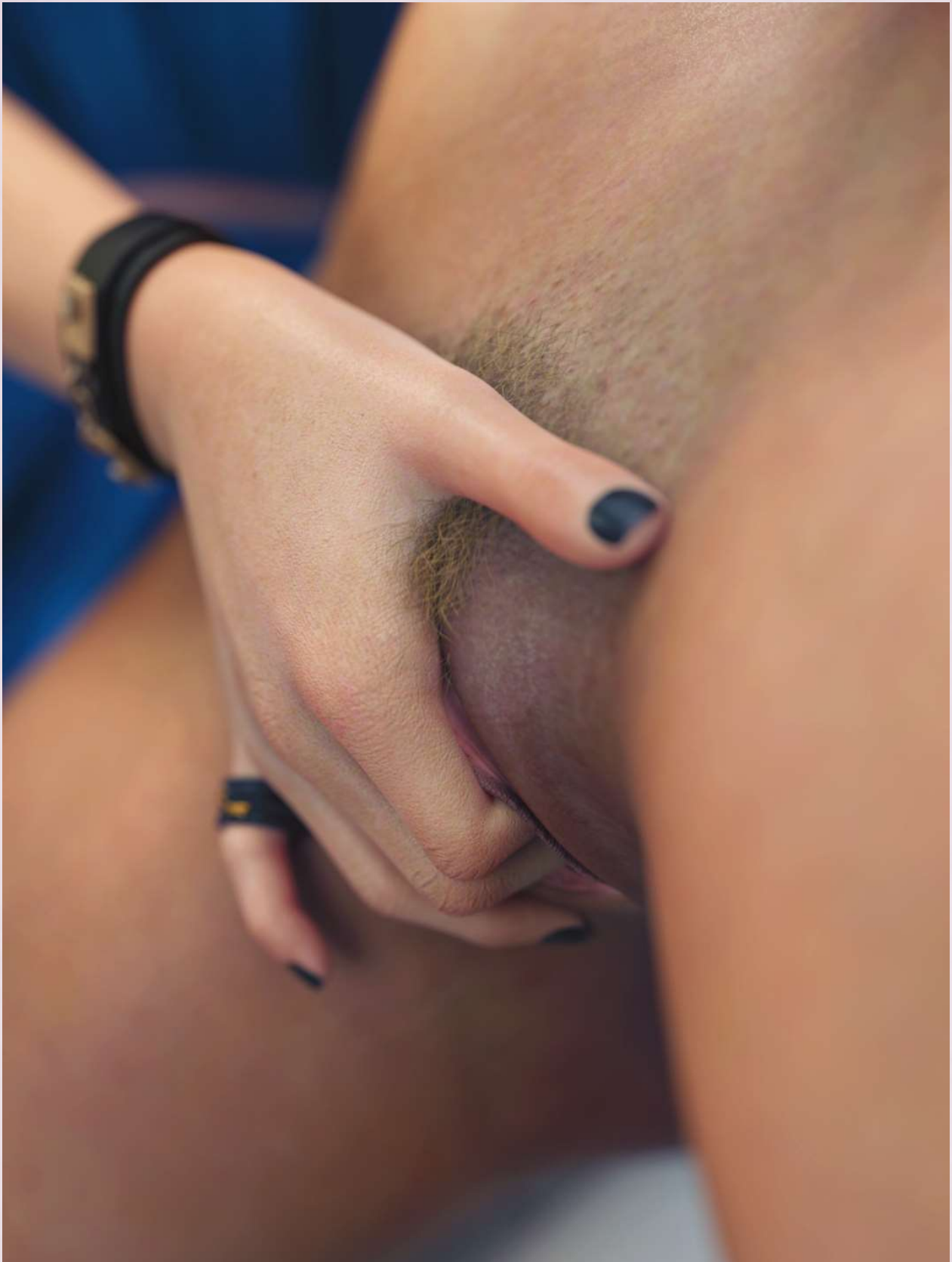
“At least ... can this be the last time?” Mom said. “I’m sorry I started all of this. It’s just so confusing ... with the wife-woman ... and ... ooohhhhhhhh ... Ava.”

Ava shook her head against Mom’s tit. She was telling Mom: *no, this wouldn’t be the last time*. Ava kissed her way down my mother’s belly. She then unzipped Mom’s jeans and pulled them down, kissing lower and lower as Mom stepped out of her jeans. Next came Mom’s panties. Now, my mother was standing in front of a teenage menace in only her birthday suit.



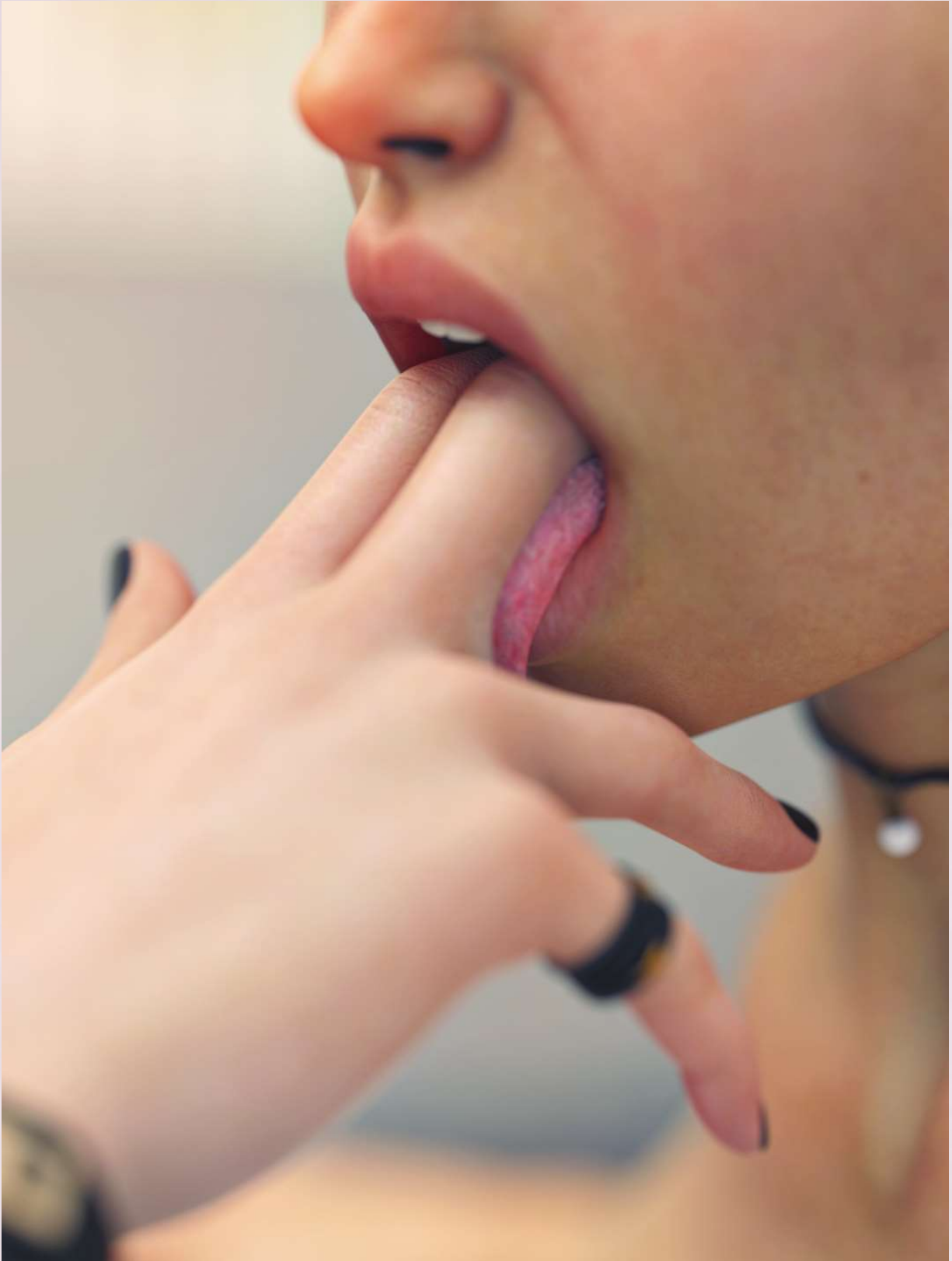
It seemed that this was the moment of truth. If I was going to put a stop to this, I had to act. But I found myself doing nothing more than peeking at them around the doorway.

“Don’t tell Evan ... about today ... I don’t want to hurt him any more than I ... ooohhhhhhh.” My mother shivered when Ava slipped a finger into her pussy.



I was confused about what I was witnessing. But I sure as heck didn't like Mom asking Ava to keep secrets from me. It was too late to announce myself. It was too late to save Mom. She's already dove into this black hole. My cock strained in my pants, but I wasn't going to fap where they could catch me.

"I'm going to punish you, Amy. You shouldn't have tried to kick me out today." Ava pulled her wet finger from my mom's pussy. She slid it effortlessly into Mom's mouth.



My eyes nearly bugged out of my head.



“Punnniiisshhhhh?” Mom said around the finger.

Ava pushed Mom out of the way, pulled her own dress over her head, and lowered her panties. With only her bra on, she faced the washer, put her hands on it, and spread her legs. “Eat my ass, Mrs. Gosling.”

“Oh ... I don’t know.” Mom stood staring at Ava’s ass. I could tell she was thinking about it. This was beyond crazy. I’d asked Mom for butt stuff before, and she’d roundly rejected me. “You know I don’t like that,” Mom said to Ava.

“I don’t care what you don’t like.” Ava wiggled her butt. “Don’t worry. I showered this morning. I’m just a little sweaty from the walk over here.”

“Ava?” Mom slowly lowered herself to her knees behind my classmate crush.

“What would the wife-woman do?” Ava giggled.

My mother put her hands on Ava's ass and spread her teenage cheeks. "Okay ... if you think I need to be punished. But then you have to leave. Evan could come home early again today. He would be so mad ..."
Mom leaned forward and licked Ava's crack. "... if he caught me ..."
She licked again. "... doing this ... with you."
She thrust her tongue into what I assumed was Ava's buttole. I couldn't quite tell from my angle.



Mom was right. I was pissed. But I was also insanely turned on. And ... incredibly bewildered.

"Ha! If Evan could only see his mommy-girlfriend now." Ava laughed.

Mom pulled away from her ass. "Don't say that."

"Back to work, bitch." Ava wiggled her butt.

Mom complied. I couldn't imagine someone calling my mother a bitch and living to tell the tale. But I suppose my imagination was lacking. Because not only was Ava living, she was getting her ass eaten out.

That moment might have been the right time to slink away, slam the front door, and announce that I was home. I really should have put a stop to it. But I continued to watch.

Mom worked on Ava's backside for a while. Then, with a smoothness that demonstrated some amount of practice, she turned herself underneath Ava, and started eating teenage pussy. She held Ava's ass tightly in both hands. I could see her wedding ring halfway buried in Ava's supple flesh.



This ... this was wrinkling my brain. How much therapy would I need to deal with this week? Years probably. First, the pregnancy. Then, learning about Ava. *Then*, finding out that Mom seemed to like being Ava's bitch. It was so far outside the bounds of what I understood. At least when Mom and I were having sex, she was still the loving, but firm mother I'd always known. This woman, who was currently lapping pussy, was ... a stranger.

Finally, I pulled myself away from the scene and moved back to my dad's office. I stood in the quiet room, with a raging hard-on, trying to figure out what to do next.

