



THE MISSUS RING

CHAPTER 28

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

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“Morning people.” I walked into the kitchen to find my dad drinking coffee and my mother making waffles.

“Good morning, sweetie.” Mom gave me a warm smile. I searched my feelings, but found whatever anger I had wasn’t directed at her. I did, however, grind my teeth thinking about Ava.

“Morning,” I said and sat down.

“Why the long face, buckaroo?” Dad stood, downed the rest of his coffee, and straightened his tie.

When I didn’t say anything, Mom chipped in. “Evan’s having girl trouble.”

“Plenty of fish in the sea.” Dad walked behind Mom and slapped her on the rump.

“Eeeii!” She jumped at his touch.

“Whoa, what’s up with you, Amy?” Dad put on his suit jacket.

“I’m just a bit sore, Greg.” She gave him a sheepish look. “Evan and I were exercising yesterday, and it’s tough to keep up with a teenager.”

Dad rolled his eyes. “Go easy on your mother.” He pointed a finger at me. “I’m off to work.” He picked up his briefcase.

“I don’t mind if Evan’s a little hard on me. Sometimes I deserve it.” Mom gave me a sly smile.

Dad looked back and forth between us. “What’s the joke?”

Mom and I both shrugged.

“You two are so strange sometimes. I’m off.” He gave us a wave and left.



Mom and I stared at each other, locking eyes. When we heard the door to the garage close, we both burst out laughing. It was a little while before our cackling died down. Eventually, Mom spoke, wiping tears from her eyes. "What did I say? I don't like lying to your father. What I said was ... mostly true." She brought me a plate of waffles.

"It was still a lie. Just an odd one." I shook my head. "After what happened with Ava and you, I feel more sympathy for him."

My mother's residual giggles died immediately. "Do you mean yesterday was the last ... with us ... having the ... um ... married vibe?" Her face fell.

With a knife and fork, I dug into my waffles. "No, Mom. I just have more sympathy. Anyway, Dad's wrong. There aren't plenty of fish in the sea. You're my white whale."



"It's not polite to call your mother a whale." Her face relaxed with relief. She even ventured a smile. "But I get it." She came over and kissed me on the cheek. "I know what you're saying about your father." She leaned her lips close to my ear. "That ring really turned things upside down."

"Yeah ... it did," I said between bites of waffle.

She sighed and sat down to eat with me. We made small talk over our breakfast.

When I finished, I got up and slung on my backpack. "I'm going to talk to Ava today. I'll set her straight."

Mom rubbed her chin. "What we talked about yesterday gave me an idea about what you can say to her. It's possible it might finally get her out of our hair."

"Really? What do you have in mind?" I was all ears.

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"Hey, Ava. Let's talk." I intercepted her in the parking lot before class.

"Uh woh ... is Ewan Gowsling angwy wiff me?" She said in a baby voice. She waved on the flock of friends she was walking with and stepped over to me. She had a smug smile on her face.

"Look ..." I walked behind some trees for a little privacy, and she followed. I tried not to give her a once over. Even after everything, I still found her hot. I no longer had a crush on her. God's honest truth. But the sight of her still wound up my insides. I tapped into my anger, hoping it would drive away my horniness. "Look, I *am* angry. You're messing with my family."

"She was already cheating on your dad with *you!*" She poked my chest with a finger. "That's a fucked up family. Hard to mess up something that's already broken." I think she saw the hurt look on my face because there was an actual glimmer of remorse in her eyes. But it was quickly gone. "Anyway, she came onto me. I have so many mom jokes to hit you with, asshole. Your mom is a horny bitch." She turned and walked away.

"You're right."

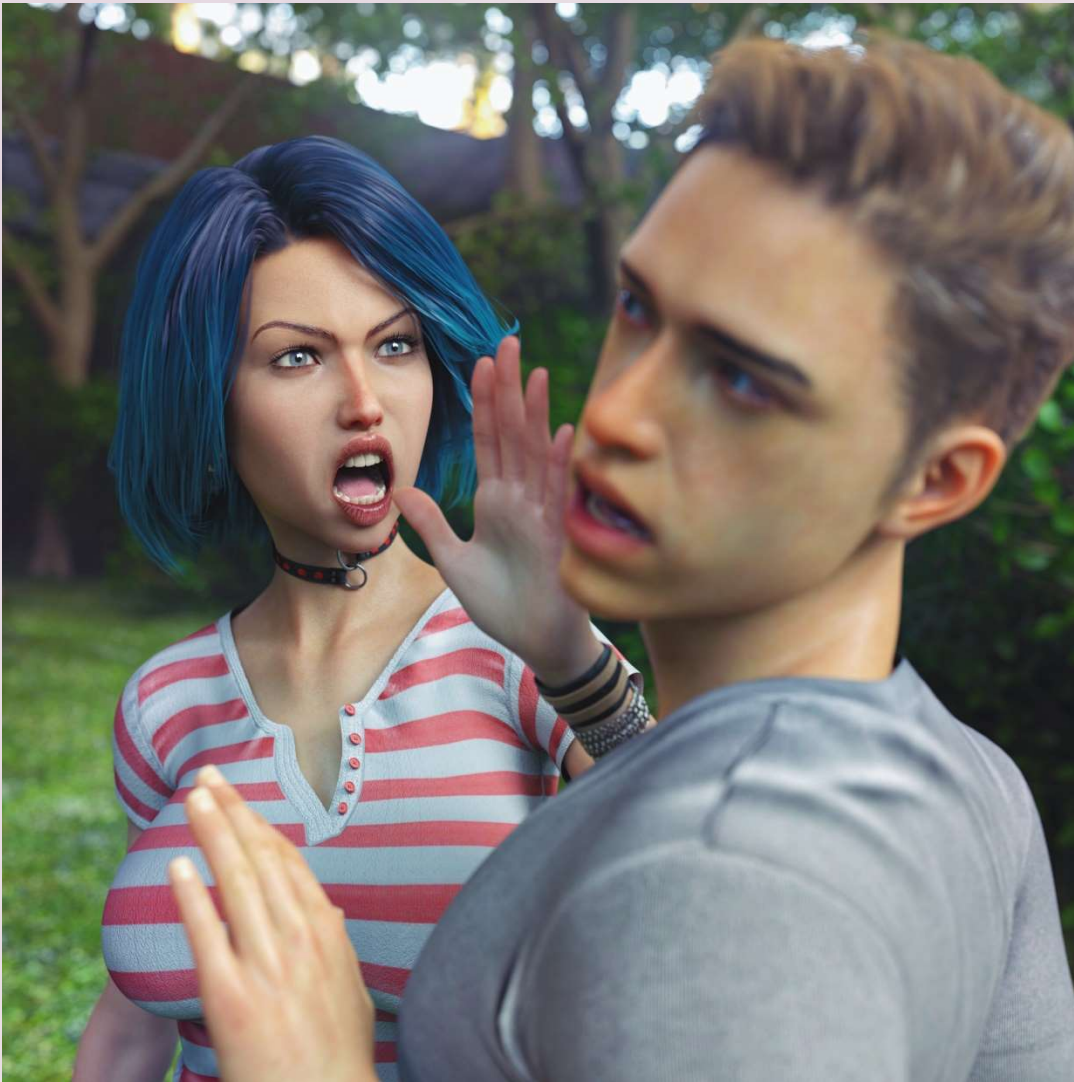
Ava paused and looked back at me. "I'm what?" Slowly, she walked back and stood right in front of me, hands on her hips.

"My mom's insanely horny. Mom and I had a good talk yesterday." I nodded.

"You ... did?" Her frown was extravagant.

"Yeah. I punished her." I worked hard to keep a smile off my face. "I spanked her and everything. Then ... I gave her permission to keep seeing you. She said I could even watch."





"But that's ... that's ..."
Ava shocked me by slapping my face. I saw stars for a moment. "That fucking takes the fun out of it, Gosling. You ruined it!"

I took a deep breath to clear my head, but didn't respond to the slap. I was about to dig the metaphorical knife in, and I didn't want to be distracted. "It's for the best that you keep doing stuff with my mom, punishing her and stuff." I held her gaze. "Mom and I agreed that it really seems like you need it."

"What the fuck does that mean?" She went to slap me again, but I caught her wrist this time. "All I want is the ring," she hissed.

"Look, you must have figured that if my mom had the ring, weeks of 'what would the wife woman do?' means she'd have told you that we had it. You're not stupid." I dropped her wrist. "You know we don't have it. I'm not even sure why you want the ring. Mom wants it because she felt free with it. But you're already free. You're too free. So why do you want it?" Finally, I smiled. "Never mind, I know why you want it." This was Mom's idea.

"I want it because it's a high, moron. I like getting high." Ava turned and walked away.

"What are you getting out of the ring, Ava?" I called after her. "It's not freedom. Where's the thrill come from?"

She didn't answer me. I watched her perfect ass stalk off out of sight. When she was gone, I rubbed my cheek. It was hot where she'd slapped me.

I was only a little late for my first period class.

Later in the day, when Ava wasn't in class, I texted my mom. Mom texted back that Ava hadn't shown up.

Are you telling me the truth? Me.

What would the wife woman do? She wouldn't lie to her son. Who ... has the same vibe as her husband. Mom.

Me: *Ava was pissed this morning* 🙄 *... I'll tell you about it when I get home.*

Mom: *You said what we talked about?*

Me: *Yeah. Are you sure she isn't there?*

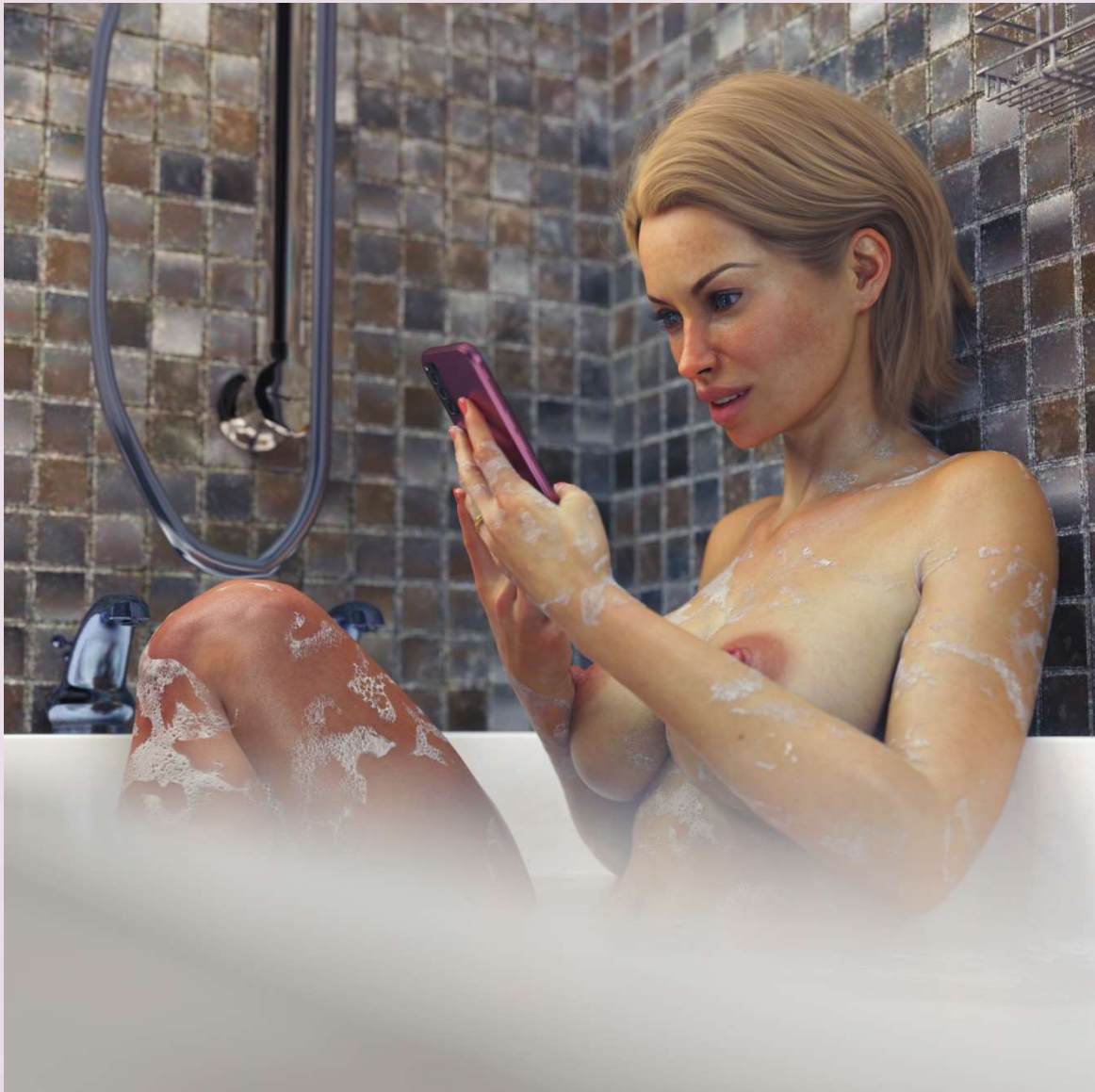
Mom: *I promise. I feel terrible that I breached our trust. You can punish me again when you get home. If you want. I won't lie to you again.* 😊

Mom: 👍

I smirked and put my phone away.

Wherever Ava was, she was probably finding a different kind of high to distract herself from our conversation.

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“Ow ... I was a bad ... ow ... Mommy ... ow!” Mom was on my lap again. I was sitting on the edge of my bed. We were both naked, and her bottom was red from the spanking I was giving her.



I laughed. "This is fun, Mom." I gave her ass one final spank.

"Ow! Fun for you. You're not in trouble." She twisted and smiled back at me, lowering her voice. "This is fun for me, too. I like when you take charge ... a little." She crawled off my lap and giggled.

"Well, in that case, I'm going to take your butt again today." I winked at her.

She stood with her hands on her hips, looking down at me. "I don't know. I'm still sore from yesterday and -"

"Your butt is mine, Mom." I pointed to the bed. "Assume the position."



“Oh ... I see.” She cocked her head and gave me an appraising look. “Well, in that case, let me go get a few things.” She jogged out of my room, her ass jiggling wonderfully with each stride. A minute later she returned carrying the bell, and a small bottle. She held up the bell. “I don’t want the neighbors to hear me screaming.”

My hard dick lurched at her words.

Mom held up the small bottle. “I bought us some lubrication when I went out earlier today. I thought you might want to go back there again, and kitchen oil should stay in the kitchen.” She tossed me the bottle, and I caught it. “You can keep that in your nightstand drawer. I don’t want your father finding it, okay?” She rang the bell, put it on my desk, and jumped on my bed. She quickly put herself on her hands and knees, her ass pointing right at me. “Should we try it in this position?” She looked over her shoulder with her eyebrows raised in question.



“Yes ... please.” I was already slathering my cock with lube.

"Remember, I'm still sore. So, go sloooooowwwwwwwwwww." Mom tensed as I pushed my dick up against her asshole. I could see all the little muscles in her back ripple and her shoulders bunch. "Oh ... gosh ... I can't believe we're going to do this again. It feels like it won't go in ... it feels like ... my butt wants to keep you out and ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... there it goes," she said through clenched teeth.

"Your ass ... is so tight." I grabbed her hips and humped her, starting slow at first. Even with the gentle pace, she wailed like a banshee. Not for the first time, I was glad we had the bell. Eventually, I worked up to a robust rhythm.

"It feels good ... Evan ... it feels good again," she screamed. "It's so ... special ... that I get to share this with you ... that I ... oooooohhhh ... my ... I'm going to ... have a butt orgasm ... I'm going to ... eeeeeiiiiiii." She tossed her head back and forth as she came. Her arms and legs gave out, and she collapsed to the mattress.

"It is ... uggghhhh ... special." I pressed her legs together and humped her ass while she was prone. I went slower so I could tell her about what happened with Ava.

When I finished my story, Mom looked over her shoulder at me. "She ... slapped you? Who ... raised that girl?"

"She would have ... ughhhh ... turned out differently ... if she'd had a mom like you." I kissed her sweaty back.

"Oohhhhhh ... Evan ... you are the sweetest." She turned her face forward and nodded her head in agreement. "I did do ... a great job ... of

raising you and your sister. Oooohhhhhh ... I think I'm getting sore again ... do you think ... you'll finish soon?" Her hands clenched the sheets.

My hips sped up. "I'll finish ... if you tell me ... who else is getting your ass."

"No one ... Evan ... not your father ... not that blue-haired girl ... uuugggghhhh ... it's yours." She thrust her ass back at me. "Yes ... yes ... finish inside my butt. It's your butt ... Evan ... finish ... in it."



“Aaaaaahhhhhhhh.” And that’s just what I did.

