



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 29

FICTION

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“Mom ... I’ll be late for school ... Mom ... uuuggghhhhh.” It was hard to pull my eyes away from the blowjob, but I managed to check the clock on the kitchen wall. I was definitely going to be late. “Mom?” My pants and underwear hung on a nearby chair, I didn’t want to stain them before school.



“Mmmppphhhh.” She was on her knees on the floor, looking up at me imploringly. Her lips made little, bubbling suction noises. She held my cock with one hand, and gently rubbed my balls with the other. “Mmmppphhhh?”

“Yeah ... okay ... I’ll cum.” I grabbed hold of her hair. And forced her further down my cock. We didn’t ever plan to mess around in the mornings. But when Dad had left for work, she’d practically jumped me. She had been revving on a high gear for the past week. Ever since she’d had that new insight into the ring and given me access to her ass. “Gonna ... cum ... Mom.”



“Gaaaaagggghhhhhh,” she said. I eased off on her hair and let her find her own depth.

“Get ... ready ...” I gazed into her face. Her eyes were watering, but they were also filled with a mother’s unconditional love. The sight made my balls churn. “Almost ... there.” Thoughts of Ava popped into my mind. She hadn’t bothered us in the last week. Mom’s plan had worked. Ava didn’t want anything that was given to her. She especially resented permission. I blinked and pushed Ava out of my mind. I thought only of my love for my mother and how beautiful she looked with her face distorted by my dick. “Cumming ... aaaaahhhhhhhhh.” My hips bucked, and I blasted into her mouth.



“Ggglllmmmm ... ggglllmmmm ... ggglllmmmm ...” Mom gulped down my sperm, her eyelids fluttering with delight.

Five minutes later, I was cleaned up and heading for the front door. “Bye, Mom. Thanks for that.”

“You’re welcome, sweetie. Have a nice day.” She still had some cum dribbling down her chin as she waved goodbye to me.

I jogged down the sidewalk, my backpack bouncing with each stride. Quickly, I was huffing and puffing, a light sheen of sweat forming on my forehead.

Ava just about gave me a heart attack when she stepped out from behind some bushes. “You’re late, Gosling.”



I screeched to a halt in front of her. "Yeah ... I am late ... and so are you." I made a move to step around her, and she put her hand on my chest.

"Who cares if we're late?" She gave me a defiant smile.

"If you don't care, why'd you bring it up?" I ran my hand through my hair in frustration. "My mom cares." I winced at that. Technically, Mom was the reason I was late. "Doesn't your mom care? Or your dad or whatever?"

"Nope, nope, and nope." She shook her head, her hand still on my chest. "I want to talk to you."

"Can it wait? I need to get to school because of the ... whole being late thing." I brushed her hand away. And stepped around her.

"We're eighteen, Evan. We can write our own absence notes," she said to my back. "Wait, I really do want to talk to you."

I wasn't jogging any more, but I was walking at a brisk pace. I let her catch up. She fell in beside me. I glanced at her pretty, callous face. "Please don't fuck with my family anymore."

Ava laughed. "Oh, shit. You have to know that makes me want to fuck with you and Mommy more than anything."

"I mean, fuck off, Ava." I scowled.

"That's better." She clapped me on the backpack like we were old friends. "So, I've been thinking about what you said last week. I think I know what you meant, but I want to hear you say it."

"I meant what I said. You don't need freedom." I shrugged.

"The wife-woman gets you off because of how she feels about her husband." I expected a quick retort, but I got nothing. We walked a block before I glanced at her. She was chewing on her bottom lip, her brow furrowed with thought. "So ... can you leave me alone now?"

"No ..." She shook her head. "No ... I can't."

"Well, can you at least apologize for slapping me last week?" I checked my phone. We were already late for first period. Also, there was a text message from my mom that was nothing more than a line of emojis:

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"Nope." Ava laughed. "You deserved it."

"No, I didn't," I said.

"Yes, you did," she said.

"No, I didn't." I'm embarrassed to report that we went back and forth like that for way too long.

Finally, I changed course. "What do you want, Ava?"



"I want to feel like I did with the ring on. That was the best high I ever had ... the best sex of my life." She rolled her eyes. "Don't blush you idiot, it wasn't you, it was her. It was the wife-woman. It was better than drugs. Better than anything I've done with Gavin or anyone else." She raised her eyebrows at me. "Better than your mom."

I wasn't going to take the bait and get angry. "The ring is gone, Ava." I turned the corner with Ava right next to me. The school was up ahead.

"Fine. That's fine. I've been thinking about that. You were right when you said that your mom would have coughed it up." Ava sighed. "You should have seen the things that I had her do to -"

"Shut the fuck up!" I growled.

Ava raised her eyebrows. "Nice. I like that side of you." She shrugged. "Anyway, I believe you two now. The ring is gone. But that doesn't change anything. I want that high again. So, why did the wife-woman feel those feelings ... in here ...?" She put her hand over her chest. "... and here?" She lowered her hand to her pussy and gave it a squeeze.

"Oh, my God." I shook my head.

"You're right. It's because of how she feels about her husband." She glanced at me. "Stop fucking blushing, I told you it's not about you. It's about *her* and *him*. You might look like him, but you're not him. I don't feel that way about you at all. I don't feel that way about anybody."

"That's sad, Ava." I waved to her. "Now, I gotta go. I'm late." We were at school. I jogged away from her, looking back over my shoulder once. She had a forlorn, quizzical expression on her face. I almost felt bad for her. Almost.

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I jogged home after school. "Mom, I'm home." I dropped my backpack just inside the front door, took off my shoes, and went to hunt down my mother.

"In here, sweetie." Mom was in the laundry room. I found her folding some towels. With all the sex we'd been having recently, we'd been going through lots of towels. "How was your day?" Her smile was full of warmth.

"Actually, I talked to Ava this morning." I watched her smile fade as I told her about what Ava had said. When I was done, she stood holding a towel mid-fold, pressing her lips together in concern. "Did she demand anything from you?"

"No." I shook my head.

"Did she demand anything from me?" Mom finished folding the towel and put it on top of the stack on the washing machine.

"No. It seemed like she'd been thinking about what I told her last time. Maybe she'll mellow out and find a boy she can trust, the way the wife-woman did with her husband." I rubbed my chin. "Maybe the wife-woman was like Ava when she was a teenager?"

"Maybe." Mom took off her top and her bra. Her smile was back. "And maybe my son would like to use the time we have together before his father gets home." She moved with a little extra hip sway and closed the distance between us.

"Yes!" I pulled off my t-shirt and tossed it to the floor.



Mom giggled, putting her arms around my shoulders and kissing me on the cheek. Our bellies pressed up against each other. I thought about the baby growing inside her. "Why so serious all of a sudden?" She gazed into my eyes. "Thinking about Ms. Roslin?"



"No, I'm thinking about how you're going to have my baby. That's nuts." I kissed her. We made out for several minutes. She ran her hands through my hair. I gripped her ass through her yoga pants and squeezed. We broke apart, panting a little. "It's nuts. And totally wrong. And ... totally right. That ring really did turn everything upside down." She pushed away from me, stripping off her pants. "I need you inside me, Evan. Thinking about what I'm carrying of yours has got me ... really, really wet." She stepped out of her pants and pulled down her panties.

I undressed, too. "In the butt?" I was so excited, I started fapping.

"I want you in my vagina today." She put her hands on the washing machine and stuck her ass out at me.

"Okay, but you need to say, 'I want you in my pussy, mister.'" My grin went ear to ear.

"Evan. I'm not using that word." She looked over her shoulder and frowned.

I walked up behind her and slapped her ass cheeks with my cock. "What would the wife-woman say?"



"Um ..." Mom chewed her bottom lip, still looking back over her shoulder. Suddenly, her clouded face cleared. Her smile was angelic. "I want you in my pussy, mister."

“Perfect.” I laughed and entered her from behind. “I ... uuuggghhhh ... love you ... Mom.” I grabbed her hips and slammed into her hard and fast.



"I ... love you ... too." Mom's eyelids fluttered, and she turned her face forward. The muscles in her arms and shoulders were taut as she braced herself against my onslaught. "Ohhhh ... gggooosssshhhh ... Evan. I ... you're so deep ... I want to scream. We should have ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... used the bell." The stack of towels on the top of the washing machine fell to the floor. We didn't care.

"Go ahead ... and scream ... Mom ... we're alone." I slapped her ass cheek.



“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!” My mother’s high-pitched keening filled the room. Her wails elated me. It was a gift to fill her with ecstasy. My nerves buzzed, and my hips thrust harder as Mom threw her head side to side, riding out her orgasm.



I was so captured by the moment, that it took me a while to notice another odd noise in our laundry room. It sounded like ... clapping. With my hips still going on autopilot, my head slowly swiveled to the doorway. My jaw dropped.



Ava stood just outside the laundry room. She was clapping and bouncing on the balls of her feet, a bright smile shining on her face. "You were right, Evan. Look at you two. I'm sorry I didn't see it before. I need to feel about you the way she does!" She pointed to my mother.

"Whhaaaaa?" Mom was dazed, recovering from her orgasm. She turned her head to look at Ava. "Stop ... Evan ... stop ..." She pushed back at me.

"Sorry." I stopped my hips and held myself fully inside my mother. I could feel her pussy twitching. My cock jerked in reply. "You can't ... just come into ... our house," I said.



“Sure, I can.” Ava shrugged. “The back door was open. Anyway, I’m not here to bust your balls.” She folded her arms and gave us an appraising look. “I get it now. I understand what the ring showed me.” She nodded at my mother. “I want what she’s having.”

