

THE MISSUS RING

CHAPTER 3



FICTION

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“Amy?” my dad said through the door.

“Who’s Amy?” my mom whispered to me, her eyes were wide. “What’s going on, dear?”

“Um ... just a minute, Dad.” I stood up and dressed frantically.

“Your father ... is dead.” My mom’s eyes widened.

“Is your mother in there with you?” My dad tried the knob and it rattled. Thank God, we’d locked it.

“This is too complicated.” I bent down and grabbed her left hand.

“What are you doing?” My mother looked up at me in distress. She was only wearing her bra, and I could see my cum leaking out of her pussy.



"I'm saying goodbye to my wife." I pulled the ring from her finger. "And hello to my mom. Time to face the music." I shoved the ring into my pocket and turned for the door.

"Evan?" She looked around the room bewildered. "Oh, no. We did it ... again." She saw I meant to come clean to Dad, and she scrambled to her feet. "Wait ... wait ..." she hissed. "He'll kill you." Frantically, she picked up her clothes that were strewn about the room and stuffed them into her arms. "I'll hide. You have to lie to him. Tell him I grounded you and left." She spoke just loud enough for me to hear. Her eyes pleaded with me to listen.

"Oh ... okay." I had expected her to be furious with me. Honestly, I thought they were both going to kill me. But she seemed more worried than anything else. I watched her heart-shaped butt disappear into my closet, the door closing after her. When she was gone, I unlocked and opened the door. "Sorry, Dad. I was just having some private time. Mom grounded me, so I was just ... making the best of it."



My dad looked puzzled. He breathed in and clearly caught a scent. Recognition settled on his face. I knew immediately he could smell the sex. I breathed in. I could clearly detect scents of my mom's arousal and my cum. "Did your mother say why she grounded you?"

"I got caught cheating." I glanced toward the closet.

"Ah, the trick is to not get caught." He winked at me. "Was it math?"

"No." I shook my head.

"Well, whatever it was. I hope your

mother didn't give it to you too hard." He breathed in again. "Grounded, huh? I know how you were passing the time."

"You do?"

“Sure, I was eighteen once.” He nodded, radiating all the wisdom of Solomon. In his mind, at least. “But you can’t spend all your time looking at dirty pictures. Read a book or something.” He shrugged. “See you later.” He left and closed the door behind him.

I stood, dumbfounded. At no time did I think I was going to get away with it.



The closet door opened and my mom poked her head out. "You got away with it." She reached a hand out of the closet and wagged a finger at me. "This is a onetime thing. You shouldn't lie to your father." She stepped out of the closet and started dressing.

I stared at her.

"Well, don't stand there gaping at me. Lock the door." She shooed me with her hand.

I locked the door and watched her dress. Watching her pull her panties up her long legs was almost as mesmerizing as watching her pull them down. I put my hand in my pocket. The ring had confused my mother, but it had corrupted me. Before the ring, I hadn't considered how hot my mom was. Now ... I craved her. I deserved to be punished, but my mother and father weren't going to oblige me.

"I know that look. You're feeling guilty." She finished dressing and straightened out her dress. "I get it now. It's the ring. I'm not stupid. Fool me once, shame on me, *et cetera*. I lost control because of the ring. And you're a ... horny teenager. It's not our fault. Don't feel guilty." She held out her hand. "Give me the ring."

"Why?" I hesitated.

"Because I'm your mother, and I said so, that's why." She impatiently wriggled her fingers.



Reluctantly, I pulled out the ring and handed it to her. "What are you going to do with it?"

"I'm going to throw it away." She shook her head. "We're lucky it's my safe time of the month." She looked into my eyes and grimaced. "I can't believe I had to tell you that. Sorry. Forget this ever happened. And continue lying to your dad. But only about this." She walked to the door and stepped into the hall.

"Sure, Mom." I followed her, my eyes down on the hallway floor. Why was I so upset? I had just avoided being murdered by both parents. I should have been happy. Loss. I was feeling loss. The time I was inside my mother had been the most astonishing and magical half-hour of my life. And it was gone.

"Where do you think you're going?" She looked back at me, hands on her hips.

"I don't know. Out?" I shrugged.

"You're grounded, remember?"

"But I thought you weren't mad at me." I was so confused.

My mother lowered her voice and stepped closer to me. "Your father thinks you're grounded for cheating, so you are. Until I decide you're not. Got it?"

"Got it." I nodded.

"And did any of what just happened ever happen?" She put her finger on my chin and raised it until my eyes met hers.

"No."

"And did this evil ring ever exist?" She searched my eyes, wanting to make sure I was on board.

"Did what ever exist?" I innocently met her gaze.

"Good." She nodded, adjusted her panties through her dress, and turned back down the hall. I watched her ass bounce away. I could pretend all day that none of this had ever happened. But it wouldn't change the fact that I was now in love with my mom and the wife she had briefly been. I hung my head again and returned to my room.



I spent the rest of the day in solitary. My mom brought me dinner, and I ate alone. I spent most of the time dreaming about marrying my mother. Idiotic and perverted, I know. But the taste of erotic ecstasy had hooked me. I now understood those dudes who find girlfriends or wives who look just like their mothers. Maybe I'd have to try that sometime.

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When I woke up the next day, the magic ring was on my bedside table next to the alarm clock. I stared at it while hanging half out of bed. Then, I fell with a thump to the floor. Slowly, I rose to my knees and looked. Yep, there were those intricate red veins set in black stone. It was the ring. She hadn't destroyed it. She'd brought it back to me while I was asleep. What did this mean? Did she want to be my wife? Relief flooded through me along with ... another wonderful feeling ... lust. I climbed back onto my bed, flopped on my back, and fapped, thinking about my mother-wife riding me. Whispering to me about places we'd never been and times we'd never had.

"Oh ... gosh!" My mother stood in the open door. "I'm so sorry for barging in. Put that away, your father's downstairs."



"Sorry, Mom." I stopped fapping and pulled the blanket over myself.



She averted her eyes, and her gaze went to my bedside table. "You pulled it out of the trash?" Her cheeks flushed and her brows furrowed with anger. She marched over to the table, picked up the ring, and waved it at me. "You're grounded for real this time!" She turned and stormed from the room, slamming the door behind her.

"Well ... fuck ..." My boner disappeared and my anxiety returned. I watched movies most of the day. My dad brought me food. He didn't say anything, but his expression was clear. I must have really fucked up to make Mom so angry. It was hardly dark out when I went to sleep.

The alarm woke me the next morning. It was a

school day, and I couldn't sleep in. My room was filled with pre-dawn gloom, but I caught the glint of metal on my bedside table. There was the ring. I snatched it and hid it under my mattress before my mom could come in, find it, and murder me. Cautiously, I got ready for school. My mom was in the kitchen, but she didn't greet me or even look in my direction. I thought about explaining to her what had happened, but decided it was hopeless. I scurried off to school without breakfast.

At school, I watched Ava fawning over Gavin in first and fourth periods. At lunch, my friends asked what was wrong, and I told them it was Ava. They rolled their eyes. They'd heard it all before. Ava was a good cover for the truth.

After school, I hopped off the bus and jogged straight home. I'd been grounded before and knew the drill. When I was inside, I didn't yell out my normal greeting. I hurried down the hall, hoping to avoid my mother.

"I'm in the kitchen, Evan," my mom called through the house. I froze. She'd heard me. I hung my head and went to the kitchen. She was sitting at our round kitchen table.

"Hi, Mom." I didn't look directly at her, instead I pretended the fridge was super interesting.

"I don't know how you found it this time." She shook her head.

"Found what?" I looked directly at her. She didn't look angry, she looked puzzled.

“Look ... I’m human, too. Being that other woman ... was amazing. But we can’t do that. You saving the ring isn’t going to make it happen.” She pointed to the center of the table. There was the ring. She must have searched my room while I was at school.

When I opened my mouth, I thought I was going to apologize or explain that I hadn’t retrieved the ring, but something else popped out. “Mom, the ring is the best thing that’s ever happened to me. Being with you ... even though you weren’t really you ... made me happier than I thought possible. I know I shouldn’t think it. I know ... you’re my mom. But you are the most kind, thoughtful ... sexy woman that I’ve ever shared air space with. I can’t get you out of my head.”



My mother put a hand to her mouth. “You’re talking about the other me, right? The wife-woman?” I noticed she’d put her wedding ring back on.

“I don’t know, Mom. I don’t know.” I tried and failed to control what came out of my mouth. “Both of you. I’ve always loved you, Mom. But now I’m in love with you. Both of you. And I’m probably going to hell for it or whatever.” My face was hot. I was panting. It felt good to vent. Maybe *now* she’d murder me. “You’re the most perfect woman on Earth, and that stupid ring made me see that. Now I have to live with it.” I pointed an accusing finger at the ring. “And ... I’m sorry, Mom. I swear I didn’t know what the ring was. And ... you’ll probably hate me forever now.”

"I could never hate you, sweetie." She pressed her lips into a tight line. Maternal concern filled her wide eyes. It was the same expression she used to make long ago when I'd crash my bike or fall out of a tree. "I'm so sorry this happened. Come here." She slid her chair out and patted her lap.

"Um ... okay." Awkwardly, I sat on her lap.

"I can never put that ring back on." She rubbed my thigh tenderly.

"I know."



"But ... I can't see you miserable forever. So ..."
She unzipped my pants and wiggled them down a little. She lowered my underwear, and took hold of my soft penis. "I know we already did everything, but you'll have to be happy with just my hand, okay?" She stroked me gently, my cock growing under her fingers.

I was speechless. I looked at her wedding ring glistening next to my cock.

"Okay?" she repeated.

"Yeah ... of course ... Mom." I was now fully hard. That didn't take long. I sat on her lap as she jacked me. I wanted to see her face, but she'd probably picked this position so she wouldn't have to look at me.

"And you'll have to lie to your father about this, too." Now that my dick was hard, she pumped me faster.

"Will do." I nodded.

"Does that feel good?" She worked the head for a bit.

“Yeah.” My cock felt amazing. It was a dry handjob but heavenly. “Mom ... I’m gonna ... I’m ...” I mentioned before that I don’t have the staying power of a porn star. “Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” I erupted all over my clothes, the kitchen floor, and her hand. Blast after blast flew into the air. When my orgasm subsided, I looked down. Her wedding ring was covered in cum. She finished with a few last strokes and then quickly withdrew her hand.

“There now.” She pushed me to my feet and turned me around with her clean hand. “There’s that smile. I’m so relieved to see you happy. I know this is all very confusing, but ...” Her eyes wandered down to my erection. “Put that away. After school tomorrow, same place, same time.” Her expression mirrored the elation and bewilderment that swirled in my soul. She stood and rushed to the sink, washing her hands.

“Thank you, Mom. I love you.” I pulled up my pants and ran upstairs to fap some more.

“I love you, too,” she called after me.

