



THE MISSUS RING

CHAPTER 32

FICTION

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The Missus Ring 32

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“Welcome ... welcome ... what can I get you today?” The shopkeeper was wearing the same insane outfit I’d seen him in before. He paused when he came around the board game corner and saw us. “Well, it’s the couple of the moment. You’ve come to thank me, no doubt.”

“What ...? No. We’re not a couple.” I gave him a worried look. I didn’t want him to go on about how I had wished that Ava would be my girlfriend. I tried to signal him with my eyes not to elaborate.



“I don’t even like Evan.” Ava twisted up her face. She looked like she was trying to hold in a huge burp. Then she spat out, “Lie!” Her face fell. “It’s not true ... I don’t ...” She let out a resigned sigh. “Lie!”

“What can I do for you, then?” The shopkeeper turned his wicked smile on me. “If Ms. Roslin is looking for a refund, you know my policy on those from your little incident with your mother.”

“He knows about that?” Ava’s jaw dropped.

“He doesn’t know anything.” Now I was signaling Ava with my eyes not to elaborate. “He just knows that Mom tried to get a refund.” I shook my head to clear it and returned my gaze to the shopkeeper. “Look, you tricked Ava. It’s been funny. But this has to end. If there are no refunds, fine. But can you take the ring off her? She can keep it in a box or something.”

“Like the missus ring, the happiness ring will persist at its mission until its work is done,” the shopkeeper said.

“The missus ring didn’t finish its ...” I let my voice trail away.

“Oh?” The shopkeeper raised an eyebrow.

“What was the missus ring supposed to do?” Ava looked very curious.



“What was this happiness ring supposed to do? Why’d you buy it?” I pointed a finger at her ring.

“I don’t know,” she said. “Lie!” She shook her head. “He said it would make me as happy as the wife-woman.”

I looked at the shopkeeper. “Dude, that’s never going to happen. You have to take it off her.”

“I’m powerless.” He shrugged.

“Is it money? My parents have a lot of money. We could buy this whole fucking shop.” Ava’s cheeks flushed with anger. I waited for her to bark out *Lie*, but all she did was clench her fists. I guess I did know her family was wealthy.

The shopkeeper’s eyes flashed with what looked like greed, but he shook his head. “There’s nothing I can do. When the ring is finished, it will come back to me.”

“Look, she’s miserable. You’ve been messing with us this entire time. My mom and I nearly ... um ...” My voice shook with anger. “Just take the fucking ring off.”

Ava gazed at me with a new expression on her face. Was that ... approval? I’d never seen that in her eyes before.

“I’m growing tired of this conversation.” The shopkeeper looked at Ava and spoke very slowly. “The only way to true happiness is through truth. It’s right there in the phrase: *true* happiness. You asked, and I gave you the right tool. The perfect tool.”

Ava picked up a board game. I didn’t catch the title. It might have been *Murder at Some Lodge* or something. She held it up. “Take the ring off, and I’ll buy this for a thousand dollars. Lie! My parents will buy this for a thousand dollars.”



Suddenly, Ava and I were standing out on the sidewalk. The board game was no longer in her hands.

“What happened?” Ava looked around. “Did he drug us?”



“I don’t know how he does that.” I pressed my lips together. “He’s got magic rings ... so ...” I shrugged. “Well, we gave it our best shot. Sorry, Ava. Try to be honest and good luck.” I walked away from her.

“That’s it!?” Ava screamed after me. “My life is ruined. And you’re like ... ‘Try to be honest and good luck!?’” Her voice was full of anguish. “I hate you, Evan.” There was a brief pause. “Lie!”

"Your life isn't ruined. Just be a better person. If you ..." I looked over my shoulder, expecting her to look furious like she did the day she slapped me. But instead, she looked pitiful. She was crying. I'd never seen her do that before. She was trying to hold it in, but I could see there was sobbing right around the corner. "I ... shouldn't forgive you for what you did with my mom. But, if you promise to be nice, you can come over today, and I'll help you learn how to be more honest."

"I'm ... I'm ... way more honest than you ... asshole," she said between sobs. "Lie!"

"Promise to be nice." I beckoned her over.

"I'll be nice." She hustled over to me. The relief on her face quickly twisted. "Lie!"

"Oh, no. I'm not going to help you if you're going to fuck with me or my family." I held out my hand. She stopped right in front of it. I watched her closely. I could see the wheels turning in her head. I wasn't sure if she was going to hit me or flash me her tits.

Ava did neither. She took a deep breath. "You're the only one that knows I'm not crazy. And ... you're sort of ... a nice guy." She scowled. "I promise I'll be nice, too."

I waited, but she didn't bark out any admission of guilt. "Okay," I nodded. "Come back home, and my mom will make us some tea, and we can talk about how to deal with this. I'm sorry I couldn't help with the shopkeeper."

"You should ..." Ava bit her lip. "Lie!"

"What were you going to say?"

"I don't want to tell you." She shook her head. "I don't like tea. I like coffee."

"I'm not surprised." I made room for her on the sidewalk next to me and headed home. "I'm sure Mom can make you some coffee."



Ava was true to her word. We went to my house, and she behaved. Mom gave me some serious side-eye, but she didn't kick Ava out of the house. We talked in the kitchen for a while.

"So, I think focusing on someone that loves you and that you trust will help. It's easier to be honest with the people we love." I sipped coffee, looking across the kitchen table at Ava. Mom stood with arms folded over her chest, leaning against the counter. I smiled at Ava. "One thing about the missus ring is that it made Mom and I closer."



Mom burst into a fit of coughing.

"I mean ... um ... well ... we love each other. And even if we make mistakes, we're there for each other. We're not perfect, but ..." I raised my eyebrows. "I know she'll love me no matter what. Who do you have in your life like that? I mean the love stuff ... um ... not ..." I glanced at my mom's reddening cheeks. "I mean ... how about your mom or dad?"

"I wouldn't fuck them even if I could." Ava didn't follow this up with any blurting, so I guess it was true. Of course, I had thought that about my mom before the whole missus ring thing started.

"But do you trust them? They must love you." I regretted saying it the second it was out of my mouth. The look on her face turned tempestuous. "Oh, I see," I said. "You don't have any siblings, right? So ..."

"That's right, Gosling. Laugh it up. I've got fucking no one." Ava furrowed her brow in anger. I waited, but she didn't say anything else. She really didn't have anyone.

"Well, I'll be your friend." I stuck my hand across the table.

"Oh, Evan." Mom put her face in her hands and shook her head.

Ava looked at my hand like it might bite.

"If you can be honest with me, maybe that will be enough." I didn't withdraw my hand. "It's not quite the wife-woman's happiness, but having a good friend really does make you happy. You should see when Raj and I hang out, we -"

"I'm not sure why you're doing this, but I'll try." Ava shook my hand.

We sent her home a little while later. I couldn't be sure, but I think she looked less brooding than usual. Mom and I stood at the living room window, watching her walk away.

"This family has had a very odd time of it with that girl." Mom put her arm around my shoulders. "From the hotel, to the chores, to ... the other stuff. Anyway, I'm proud of you for helping her. But if she tries any shit, I swear to God ..."

I smiled and leaned into her. "Mom, you just swore."

She laughed. "Like you said to Ava, I'm not perfect."

"You're as close to perfect as any mother could be." I pulled her into an embrace and kissed her forcefully on the lips.

She tried to push me away, which wasn't easy because I was tightly holding her ass. "Evan, sweetie, we're standing in the window. Anyone can see us."



“Mom, no one is looking at ...” I turned my gaze out the window. Ava must have come back for something, because she was standing on our lawn, giving us a big thumbs up. For the first time in days, she had a smile on her face. I took a hand off my mom’s ass and awkwardly waved at Ava.



Ava enthusiastically waved back at me.

“What is she doing?” My mother frowned at Ava through the glass.

“I think she’s trying ... to be friendly?” I shooed Ava with my hand. She caught on and turned away again. I guess whatever she’d come back for could wait.

My mother took my other hand off her ass. “Now imagine that was someone that didn’t know about us. Like, you know, the rest of the world.”

“You’re right, I’m sorry.” I gave her a salute, pulled the curtains closed, and playfully tickled her belly. “It’s just so hard to keep my hands off you.”

“You’re my son, we’re not newlyweds.” Mom laughed and scampered away from me.

“Maybe we’re a little of both?” I chased her. She squealed and giggled as we ran around the sofa, and she headed toward the stairs. I caught her before she could ascend. We had a while until Dad got home, so I pushed her up against the wall and lowered her yoga pants. My pants quickly followed.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Evan ... why do I like it when you’re so aggressive?” She pushed her butt out toward me. “You were so confident with Ms. Roslin today. You’re so handsome when you’re confident. I ... uuuuggghhhhhh.” She grunted as I entered her pussy. “I ... actually think ... you can help her ... and that you’re doing ... uuuuggghhhh ... the right thing.”



“We ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... will help her ... Mom.” I grabbed her hips and slammed into her. “We ... won’t fall ... for her shenanigans ... this time. We know her ... well enough.” I tried not to think of how well my mother knew her.

We humped without words for a while. She hung her head, her fingers pressing into the drywall.



After she came, she pulled my dick out of her, turned around, and slid me back inside. She looked deep into my eyes. One of her legs was wrapped around the back of my thigh. Her hands rested on my shoulders. "I want to ... look at you ... ugh ... ugh ... when you ... shoot your stuff in me. I'm so ... proud ... of you. I ... love you ... Evan. You really do have ... all those things with me ... that you said earlier."



"I know ... Mom." I grabbed her ass and slammed into her. "I love you ... too. Together ... we can do ... anything." A few minutes later, I was nose to nose with my wailing mother as we both climaxed in the hall.

As we came down from our high, I thought about Ava. I knew she wasn't going to turn over a new leaf all at once, but it did feel like Mom and I had gotten through to her today.