



**THE MISSUS RING**  
**CHAPTER 33**

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

## The Missus Ring 33

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Over the next couple days, Ava was friendly to me in the halls at school. She almost looked happy to see me at times. It was always hard to tell with her, but maybe she appreciated my going to bat for her with the shopkeeper. Maybe she was just planning how to manipulate me. Who could tell?

I sat across the table from Raj at lunch. I was listening to him, but also daydreaming about Mom.

“So, I’m thinking, after prom we’ll go to Dania’s house.” Raj was very excited about prom. It’s all he’d talked about the whole week.

“Sure.” I nodded and ate my sandwich, watching the other students in the cafeteria.

“Dania’s older sister offered to buy us beer and stuff. I ... um ...” Raj stopped talking when Ava slid onto the bench next to me.



“Howdy, boys. Nice to see you.” Ava looked down at the table. She hadn’t brought a food tray with her. “Lie!” She shook her head, took a moment, and said, “I ... would like some company for lunch.”

“Sure, Ava.” I shrugged.

“Um ... sure.” Raj stared at her while Ava scrolled her phone. He kept making eyes at me like he wanted an explanation. I shrugged at him. Eventually, Raj spoke. “So ... Ava.” Raj took a gulp of water. “Who’s your date to prom?”

“Nobody, loser.” Ava sneered at him and put her phone in her cleavage. “I don’t want to go to prom.” Her eyes went wide. She put both hands to her mouth as her cheeks puffed out. “Lie!”

“Um ... what?” Raj was confused.

I understood. “Well ... um ...” I started. My mother was going to kill me. Mom would think that there’s no way I could trust Ava enough to invite her to prom.

Ava scowled at me. Whatever she was thinking wasn’t true. “Lie!”

“Um ... Ava?” I watched her closely. She was so pitiful now. I took a deep breath. Of course, even a sad Ava was a beautiful Ava. I reminded myself that that made things more dangerous, not less. “I don’t have a date to prom, would you like to be my date? It’s okay if you don’t want to.” I said the words in one fast run-on sentence.

“Yeah, fine, whatever.” Ava shrugged, picked up my sandwich, and took a bite.

“Um ... what’s going on?” Raj nervously chewed his lip as he looked back and forth between us.

“Can Ava come to the after-party at Dania’s house?” I raised my eyebrows hopefully.

“Evan.” Raj leaned across the table and whispered, even though she could very much hear us. “This is Ava Roslin, she will fuck up Dania’s house. We like Dania.”

“I promise I won’t ruin your loser evening, losers.” Ava finished off my sandwich.

I waited, but she didn’t admit deceit. The happiness ring was turning out to be useful. “I trust her on this, Raj. I won’t drink, so I can keep an eye on her.”

“Are you two like ... dating now?” Raj still looked shocked.

Both Ava and I burst out laughing, perhaps a little too loud.

“We are not dating.” Ava shook her head.

“We’re just friends,” I said.

“We’re not friends, Gosling.” Ava sighed. “Lie!” She rolled her eyes in embarrassment. She’d just admitted we were friends.

The bell rang, and we hustled off to class. Raj looked confused. And Ava looked relieved.



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When I got home, I didn't announce myself as I normally would. I snuck into the house, took off my shoes, and dropped my backpack. I found Mom reading in the living room. Using every ounce of stealth in my possession, I crept toward the sofa.

Without looking up from her book, Mom said, "I hope you're not thinking about scaring me." She looked over at me through her reading glasses and smiled.



"No, I wanted to give you a happy surprise." I sat down on the sofa next to her and reached for her feet, pulling them into my lap. I did my best to knead her soles. The movement pulled the hem of her dress up her thighs. My gaze lingered on her long, slender legs.

"Oh, a *happy* surprise?" She laughed. "You haven't massaged my feet in ages, Evan. Oooohhhh ... that feels good. Yeah ... right there." Mom leaned back and rested her head on the arm of the sofa. "I must have done something right as a mother ... ooohhhhhh ... yeah, that's the spot."

I continued the massage for a while, listening to her moan and purr. Eventually, my hands worked up her glorious legs, I bent over, and my head went under the hem of her skirt.

"Oooohhhhhh ... Evan ... you don't have to do that." She was writhing on the sofa now. "Just to warn you ... I'm already really wet ... I hope you won't be ... aaaahhhhhhhh." Her moans grew louder when I moved her panties to the side and went to work on her clit. "Ggggaaaaaaa ... sssnnoooooorrrkkkkk!" Pretty soon, she was having one of her amazing, snorting orgasms. Not long after that, she was having more of them.



I came out from under her dress about twenty minutes later with a shiny face and a big smile.

Mom gave me a dreamy gaze. Her body looked like it had poured onto the sofa. "Well ... you must have ... had a good day at school."

"It was interesting." I got a towel, wiped off my face, and told her about lunch. To no one's surprise, she wasn't thrilled with the situation. After everything we'd been through with Ava, it seemed reckless to her. But after a long talk, she went along with it without anything more than making me promise I'd be careful.

With that settled, we went up to my room. I got the lube out, we undressed, and she sat her asshole down on my cock. We spent the next hour in ecstasy. I was happy that she trusted me to handle Ava. And I suppose giving me her ass was another way for her to show her faith in me.



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My parents let me use the minivan, so I offered to pick Ava up at her house for prom. She declined, insisting on coming over to my house. She walked over, showing up barefoot, carrying her shoes in one hand. My dad answered the door. "Wow ... um ... wow ... you look nice ... um ... Ava, was it?"

I was in the kitchen.

Mom was adjusting my bowtie. "You look so handsome, sweetie." She beamed at me.



I could hear Dad blathering by the front door as Ava gave him one-word answers.

"I should probably go rescue Dad." I kissed Mom on the cheek.

"Right. Now, you can call me if she tries anything ... nefarious. You don't owe her anything." My mother pressed her lips together in sudden worry.

"Mom, I haven't even kissed her. You're the one that ..." I looked toward the front of the house where Dad was regaling Ava about his new table saw that he never used. I turned my eyes and met Mom's gaze. "It's fine, Mom," I said. "I'm just trying to be a good friend to someone that needs a friend. That's all. Plus, she can't lie to me. If I feel like she's going to cause trouble, I'll send her home."

"Okay." Mom nodded with a modicum of confidence.

We walked to the front of the house. I had seen Ava walking down the street through the window, but hadn't gotten a good look. Her gown was startling but not the least bit surprising. She had chosen an outfit that revealed a ton of cleavage and a good amount of leg.

"Oh, my." Mom was probably feeling the same as me. Of course, those sorts of sartorial decisions were expected from Ava. Still, it was shocking.

"Hey." Ava waved to me like I was the most boring person on Earth.



“Let’s get pictures!” Dad set us up in the front hall like we were a normal prom couple. Mom watched us with a tentative smile while wringing her hands. Soon enough, we were out the door and in the minivan.



It was an awkward drive to prom. She mostly stared out the window. Eventually, I put some music on to fill the void.

We met up with my friends. And I had a great time with everyone. It became clear that Ava's friends were ignoring her. I didn't see Gavin there at all. Ava mostly sat at a table moping. I wasn't sure why she'd wanted to come in the first place. I thought about leaving her to wallow, but again, I took pity on her. Later in the evening, I brought her a cup of punch and sat with her.



"Knowing you, I thought you would like to dance." I sipped my own cup of punch.

"You don't know me, Evan." She rolled her eyes in disgust. "Lie!"

"You're bummed about your friends?" I said.

She didn't say anything.

"My friends are pretty cool." I smiled. "I mean, we're all losers and everything, but we have fun together. We like each other. Good friends make you happy. I think they'd like you. Maybe that's how you get rid of that ring?"

"That's stupid." She frowned at me.

"You want that ring off. It might be worth a try." I put down my punch, stood, and held out my hand to her. "Come dance with us."

"They're going to think I'm crazy when I keep shouting 'Lie!' They won't like me." Tentatively, she put her hand in mine.

"Just say nice, honest things to them. Compliment them when you can. Stay quiet when you can't," I said.

"Yeah, okay. I can do this." She stood and started nodding her head to the beat of the music. "Let's dance."

And we did. And I think we actually had a good time together.

After prom, we got back in the minivan to head over to Dania's house. As I was putting my seatbelt on, I looked over and saw that Ava was smiling. "See, that was fun."

"You've been trying so hard all night not to look at my tits, Gosling. It's kinda sweet." Ava laughed and put on her seatbelt, making sure to shake her boobs around as she did. "After everything, you really do want to be friends with me. It's weird. I ... um ... I ..." She suddenly looked discomfited. "I'm going to try to be honest here. I sort of ... um ... like you ... now."

My eyebrows furrowed as I started the car. "Are you trying to manipulate me?"

"No." She shook her head and didn't contradict herself.

I smiled. "Well then, I like you too, Ava." I pulled out of the parking lot. "Let's go have some fun with our friends."





A little while later, we arrived and exited the minivan. On Dania's front lawn, Ava grabbed my arm and stopped me. We stood in the moonlight. She turned me toward her. "Are we ... um ... supposed to kiss or something? I thought you were going to kiss me in the car. But you didn't."

"Ava, I've had a crush on you since third grade. But there's no way I would kiss you." I lowered my voice and looked around. "You made my mom eat out your ass. I'm pretty sure you did it just to fuck with us ... or get the missus ring ... or whatever. The point is, I'm not an idiot. I like you ... tonight ... as a friend. I want to be your friend. But I'm not going to kiss you."

"Right, cause your mom is your girlfriend or something?" Ava smiled sarcastically for a split second, then her face fell. "I'm sorry. It seems like you and your mom ... have something special. And ... I'm sorry."

"I accept your apology." I took her hand. "Now, let's go party. Be nice to our friends." I pulled her toward the front door.

"I will," she said. And it wasn't a lie.