



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 34

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Missus Ring 34

Illustrations by Lexx228

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/EqsVRBU> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

Have questions about a story? Need to look up characters or past plot points? Check out the comprehensive Rawlyverse wiki page <https://wiki.rawlyrawls.net/x/ujrplw>

The party was great. I was chatting with Dania, and her boyfriend, Chris. Across the living room, laughter erupted, rising loud enough to hear over the music. I looked over to see Ava with a crowd of my friends around her. They were all hooting and cackling over something she'd said. It was odd. I wasn't used to seeing genuine joy on her face. She had a plastic cup of beer in her hand. When she saw me looking, she saluted me with it and continued regaling my friends.



“Excuse me.” I politely removed myself from Dania and Chris, wandering over toward Ava’s group. I arrived just as she rocked my friends with another round of laughter. I wasn’t having any beer so I could keep two sharp eyes on Ava. I soberly sipped my cup of water and listened. She was telling a story about how she once filled up her parents’ bathroom with water when she was thirteen. Apparently, there was enough water in there for her to take a swim. Which, you know, is an insane thing to do to your house. Also, how big was her parents’ bathroom that she could swim around in it?

When the story was over, Ava stood and walked away from the group without excusing herself. She took my hand and led me over to the bottom of the stairs. She leaned on the railing and raised an eyebrow. “These nerds have led a sheltered life, Evan.” She shook her head. “I pity them.” After a moment, she added, “Lie!”



"Yeah, they're pretty great." I smiled and clacked my plastic cup against hers. "Cheers to that. I'm glad you're getting along with them. They all seem to like you, too."

"Whatever." She narrowed her eyes. "Your friend Raj took his date upstairs about twenty minutes ago." She nodded her head up toward the house's bedrooms.

"Good for him." My smile widened. "And good for her, too. Whitney is awesome. She and Raj deserve each other."

Ava rolled her eyes. "I wasn't mentioning it so you could be all happy your friends are getting some."

"Why were you mentioning it?" I let the bass from the music rattle my insides as I took a sip of water.



"I thought ... you know ... it's getting late and I thought ... you'd want to show me one of the bedrooms or something." Ava looked away from me and pretended to study one of Dania's family photos on the wall.

"Ava." I sighed. "We've been over this."

"Fine ... I don't like you anyway." Her eyes went round, she puffed out her cheeks, and she blurted, "Lie!"

My cheeks flushed. "I'm flattered. But how could I after everything you've done?"

"I wouldn't mess with you anymore, Evan. I don't care about the missus ring." She sighed. "Lie! But I really wouldn't mess with you or your mom anymore." She didn't blurt anything else out, so I guess she was telling the truth about that.

"I'm relieved to hear it."

"So?" Ava looked back upstairs.

"So?" I shrugged.

"So ... are we going to leave this boring-ass party, go upstairs, and fuck?" She glanced back at me with narrowed eyes. "Or what?"

"This is taking all my willpower, Ava, but no. We're going to stay down here and enjoy hanging with my friends." I shook my head.

Ava folded her arms and matched my frown. "I want to go."

“Not everything has to be transactional. We don’t need to have sex like ... I don’t know ... like it validates the night. We can just enjoy hanging with each other.” I could tell she was getting angry.

“Thanks for the lecture, Karl Marx. I’ll walk home.” She strode past me toward the front door.

“Okay, fine.” I put my cup back in the kitchen, said goodbye to Dania and a few friends, and followed her out into the front yard.

“This sucks.” Ava stood on the front walkway. She chugged the rest of her beer and tossed the cup onto the landscaping.



"Yeah, I suppose it does." I picked up her cup and held it since there wasn't a trash can anywhere. "Let me give you a ride home."

She looked down at her shoes. They were not made for walking. "Fine, you can drive me home."

We got in the minivan. She made a big show of bouncing her cleavage when she put on her seatbelt, but I ignored it. Or, at least, I tried. I put on music and drove without talking. When we got to her house, I pulled up at the end of a long driveway. I craned my neck and looked at where she lived. "You could fit three of my houses inside yours."

Ava looked out the window at the mansion. "It's big and empty." There was something in her eyes that broke my heart a little.



"I ... um ... I'm sorry." I didn't know what to say.

"No, I'm sorry, Evan. I'm sorry I did those things with your mom just to mess with you. I'm sorry I tried to steal the ring from you at the hotel. I'm sorry I'm constantly mean to you." Ava barely stopped for a breath. "I wish I could see the world the way you do. I wish I could just fuck my mom and everything would be alright. But things are complicated for me. The world doesn't work for me the way it does for you." She turned toward me with a look of accusation on her face.

"It could," I said gently.

"Ha!" She snorted a laugh.

Maybe it was that she'd just apologized to me, or maybe it was that my heart was breaking for her, or maybe it was that her laughing snort reminded me of my mom's orgasmic snorts. Whatever it was, I found myself doing something I wasn't supposed to. I leaned over to her and placed my lips on hers.

Ava pulled away. "What's that for?"



"You said all those things, and didn't say 'lie' once. I think the happiness ring is working." I kissed her again. This time she didn't pull away. It shouldn't have surprised me that Ava was an amazing kisser. While my mom was almost innocent in her exuberance when we made out, Ava's tongue was clever and skilled. She knew just how to play with my tongue and lips. My first thought was that this was part of Ava's manipulative games. But I suppose that was because I was contrasting her with the most genuine woman in the world. Ava was Ava. She wasn't my mom. After a few minutes, I decided I liked kissing her. Eventually, I pulled away, and we sat in the minivan staring into each other's eyes.

Ava broke the silence. "Lie!"

"What were you thinking?"

"I ... um ... was thinking that the happiness ring wasn't working. But ..." She shrugged. "I guess I sort of do feel happy tonight." She opened the door. "Thanks, Evan." She unlatched her seatbelt, got out, and bent over to look in at me. Her cleavage was on full display, but I bravely met her gaze. She had a hint of a smile on her face. "I meant what I said. I'm sorry for what I did. I promise I won't mess with you again. You're ... not that bad a guy. I feel ... differently about you than other dudes."

"Well, I'm different. I'm the first guy you know that banged his mother." I shouldn't have tried to make a joke out of the moment, but things felt too tense for me.

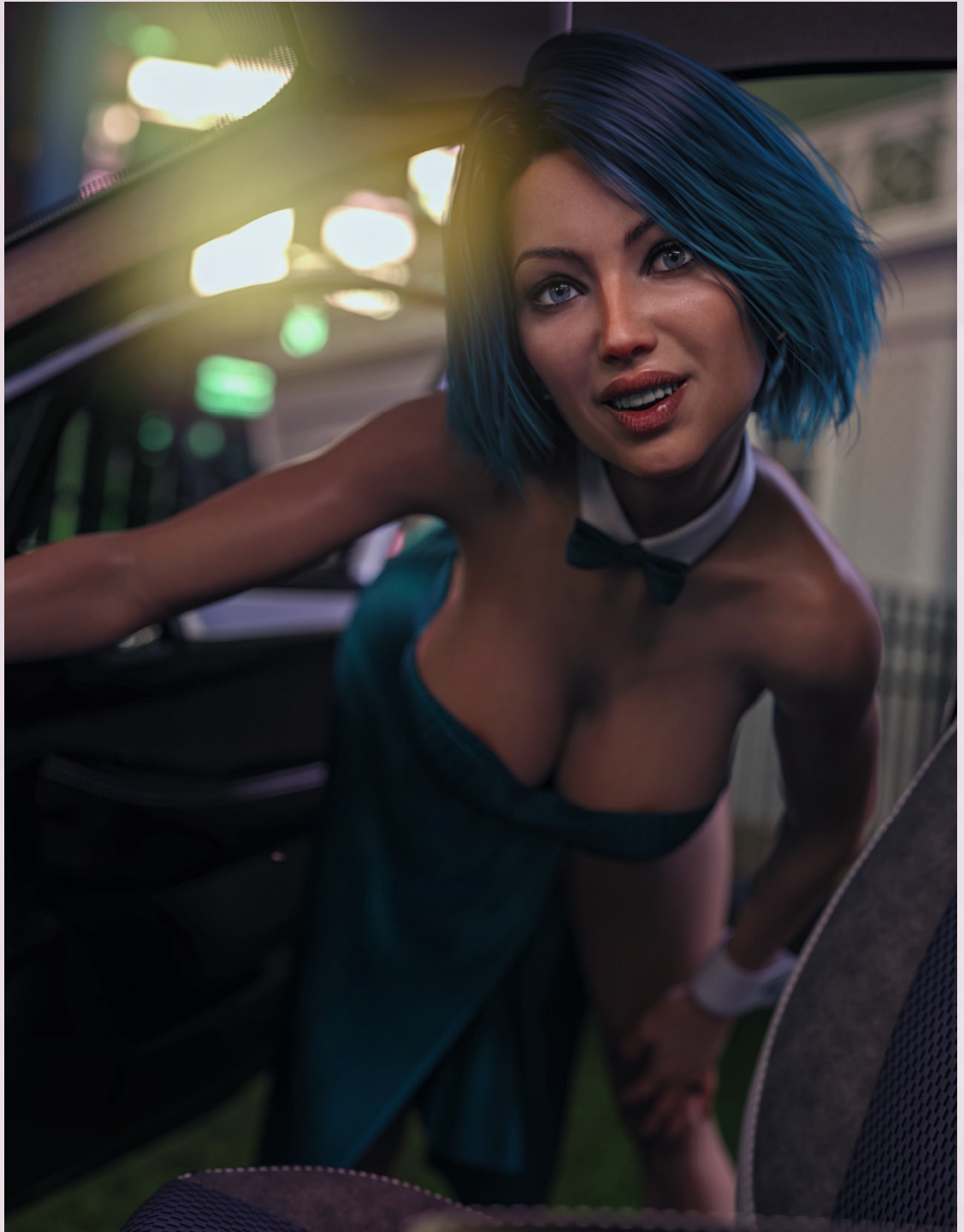
"That's not true." Ava laughed. "But that's a story for another time." She pressed her lips together thoughtfully. "You think we'll have another time, Evan? Or is this it?"

"Yeah, let's hang out again." I nodded.

Ava leaned back into the car. She kissed me briefly on the lips again and pulled away. She closed the door and started walking up her driveway. I rolled down the passenger window and watched her ass roll as she moved from one lamplight to the next.

"Goodnight, loser," she called back without looking around.

"Goodnight, Ava," I called after her.



When she was safely inside her house, I started up the minivan and headed home.

~~

It was late when I pulled the minivan into the garage. Dad was asleep, but Mom was waiting up for me. She turned the TV off when I walked into the living room, and looked at me expectantly. She hadn't yet dressed for bed, still wearing a blouse and jeans. "Well, how was prom?"

I told her everything. When I was done, she was watching me closely. I reached out and took my mother's hand, running my fingers along her soft knuckles.



“Do you think people can change?” I felt strangely apprehensive. I was worried that she’d shoot Ava down. But, of course, Ava deserved to get shot down. That was just facts.

“Yes ... sweetie. People change. But ...” My mother thought things through. I could just about see the gears turning in her head. “I don’t know ... I want you to have a girlfriend. But Ava Roslin?”

“Whoa, I didn’t say anything about a girlfriend. I was just wondering if maybe I should ask her on a date.” I smiled at the scrupulous look on my mom’s face. “Just give her a chance, you know?”

“I don’t suppose this has anything to do with how pretty she is.” Mom shook her head slowly.

“You’re one to talk about Ava, Mom,” I said with a smile, so she’d know I wasn’t still nursing that anger.

“I suppose I am.” Mom laughed. “Just go slow, and be careful. More likely than not, she’ll explode at some point, and that will be it.”

“More than likely,” I agreed.

“Now, Evan, let’s put all that stuff to the side for now.” Mom stood, my hand still laced with hers, and pulled me upstairs. When we got to my room, she closed the door. “You look so handsome in that tux. My big, strong man. All grown up.” Mom beamed at me. She picked up the bell and rang it. We now had some privacy.

I got the idea and quickly began undressing. “I love you so much, Mom.”



“Not so fast.” She reached and grabbed my hands after I’d untied my bowtie. “I’d like you to take me while wearing this.” She carefully retied the tie and gave me a peck on the lips. “You can take off your pants, though.”

Soon, my mother was naked on all fours, and I still had the top of my tux on. I was behind her on the bed, holding onto her hips. My dick smashed into her pussy over and over. She looked back at me over her shoulder with loving adoration. “My ... uuuggghhhhh ... handsome ... man ... Evan ... you are my ... aaaaauuuuggghh ... sssnoooooorrrkkkkkk.”

And then her eyes were rolling back, and she was cumming.

Mom rode me after that, running her fingers up under the shirt of my tux. She screamed out several more climaxes. We didn't have to worry about the noise, so she went wild. A while later, I came in her when we were in missionary. We were both sweaty and panting, her hands pressed into my ass. "I couldn't be ... happier ... anywhere other ... than under my ... glorious son ... with his penis wedged deep ... inside me."



"I love ... love you ... Mom." I flexed my dick inside her, and she squeezed it with her pussy.

"I ... love you ... too." She sounded almost wistful.

We lay in each other's arms for a while. Then she left to get cleaned up and ready for bed. I didn't think about Ava in her big lonely house the whole time I was with Mom. But as I slowly took off the rest of my tux, I wondered what Ava was doing. I hoped she was still happy from prom night. I certainly was.