



THE MISSUS RING

CHAPTER 35

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Missus Ring 35

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>

“You sure you’re not dating her?” Raj looked over at Ava as she waited to walk home with me. “Ever since prom ... since before prom ... she’s been following you around like a puppy dog.” It had been a week since prom, and Raj was mostly right. He looked over at Ava and caught her ferocious stare. “Not a puppy, a feral wolf.”

“We’re not dating. But we are going on a date tonight.” I clapped Raj on the shoulder. “Cut her some slack. She’s turned over a new leaf.”

“Yeah, she’s different.” Raj glanced at Ava again with disquiet in his eyes. Then, he put on a brave smile, gave me a high five, and left to catch up to Whitney.



I didn't blame him. But things were changing.

"He doesn't like me," Ava said as I walked up to her.

"Can you blame him?" I gave her a pleasant smile and walked past her. She fell in next to me as we left the high school.

"Yes, I can blame him." Ava took several deep breaths. "Lie!" She rolled her eyes and smiled. I'd been seeing her laughing at her own lies more and more often. "No, I can't blame him. He's your friend and ... wait ... did you tell him about your mom?" She looked at me with wide eyes.

"No, Ava. That would be *crazy*. But you've done enough stuff that I did tell him about." I rolled my eyes back at her. "Raj is a rule follower like me. He's not like you or Gavin."

"Whatever." She shrugged. "Can I come over after school today? I don't want to go home."

"But we're going on a date tonight." I turned onto the street leading back toward my house. This is where our paths would normally diverge.

"So?"



"So, don't you want to go home and get changed or something?" Sometimes I didn't understand her at all.

"No, I don't want to." She waited for a split second, but she didn't contradict herself. She nodded an affirmative.

"Okay, you can come over." I stopped, and she stopped next to me. I hiked up my backpack and looked into her eyes. "But, you haven't apologized to my mom yet. I'd like you to apologize to her."

"No way, I won't do it." Ava scrunched her mouth like she'd just sucked a lemon. "Lie!" She sighed. "Fine, but that whole thing with her wasn't my fault. Lie!"

"Just be honest with her. She'll appreciate it." I smiled at Ava.

She ground her teeth. "Whatever." But when we continued toward my house, she walked right beside me with a spring in her step.

~~

“Well ... that was certainly an apology.” Mom stood in the kitchen with, her thumbs in her jeans pockets. Her fingers drummed on her thighs. “I ... um ...” Her face was red and her forehead creased with anger.

“Right?” Ava happily nodded, oblivious to my mother’s temper.



“One sec, Mom.” I grabbed Ava’s hand and pulled her into the living room, where I gave her a pep talk.

Two minutes later, we were back in the kitchen. I stood a little behind my mom, Ava stood with her hands clasped in front of my mother.

Ava took a deep breath. "Amy ... Mrs. Gosling ... I manipulated you because I was jealous of Evan. You're such a great mom. And I don't even like my mom a little. She sucks. And I knew that even though you and Evan were doing kinky shit, you were still so close. And I wanted the ring. So, I did what comes naturally to me. I wedged myself between you. I tried to cause trouble. I did cause trouble. I'm really sorry. I won't ever do that again." She didn't blurt out 'lie.'

The tension eased from my mother's shoulders.

"And I really liked all the naughty stuff we did." Ava smiled.

I frantically drew my finger across my throat, silently pleading with Ava not to go down that road.

"I've slept with a few of my friends' parents. And you were definitely the best." Ava nodded. "See, I didn't say 'lie.' It's true."

My mother's shoulders hunched with tension again. "Ms. Roslin ..." I could practically hear my mother grinding her teeth together. "That was ... a mistake."

"Yeah, I know. But I thought you'd want to know how good a mistake it was." She held up her hand and pointed to the truth ring. "You were really hot. And -"

I coughed loudly. "She's trying to be nice, Mom. This is her way of being nice." I put my hand on my mother's delicate shoulder and squeezed. I could feel her relaxing again.

"I suppose you're being sincere," Mom said with sibilance. "I ... um ... appreciate the compliment."

"Oh, goodie!" Ava jumped up and down, clapping her hands. Her tits bounced forcefully, straining her top. Both my mom and I couldn't help but stare at them. Ava didn't let on that she noticed. "I sort of wish you were my mother rather than that b ..."
Ava's face fell, and her words trailed away. She stopped jumping.

My mother stepped back to me, leaned her lips against my ear, and whispered, "Are you sure about her, Evan?"

I nodded, kissed Mom on the cheek, and held out my hand to Ava. "Come on, let's hang out in my room before it's time to go out." When she tentatively put her hand in mine, I pulled her back to my room.



We were on our phones for a while, both sitting on my bed. Our bodies didn't quite touch. I could hear Mom cleaning downstairs. The vacuum cleaner was running. Eventually, I put down my phone and looked at her. My breath caught in my chest. Even when she was grumpy - which was often - she was remarkably pretty. "So, that apology went well."



"You think?" Ava put her phone down. "I never know with your family, Evan. Things don't work here like I'd expect. You're fucking your mom behind your dad's back. You should all be miserable." She rubbed her chin in thought. "Do you think I should give your dad a pity fuck? You know, he's always gawking at me. Maybe that would even things out for him with your mom. At least ... a little."

"No!" I sat up straight. "He's fine, Ava. Maybe Mom and I will tell him at some point. But ... you know ... he's fine. He loves us, and he doesn't really sleep with my mom anymore by his own choice so ..."

Ava shrugged. "You spend a lot of time doing naughty things, but you don't want me to do naughty things."

"I ... um ... well ..." I leaned closer to her. "Maybe we should just kiss. We can do naughty things together, cool?"

"I suppose." She rolled her eyes and pressed her lips to mine. She feigned disinterest at first. But quickly, she was making out with cunning and urgency. When her hand grasped my hard dick through my pants, I let her hold on. I figured she'd earned it. When she pulled off her top and lowered her bra, I grabbed a handful of boob. I figured I'd earned it.



When we finished smooching, I kicked her out of my room so I could shower and change. Twenty minutes later, I was dressed and ready. I found Ava in the kitchen cracking jokes and laughing with both of my parents. My father was, of course, captivated. But Mom seemed to be having fun, too.

Mom handed me the keys to the minivan, I pulled Ava out of the kitchen, and we headed out to the movies.

While I was buying popcorn, she squeezed my hand. "Gavin never took me to the movies. Now that I think about it, no boy has taken me to the movies. I'm not sure what I'm supposed to do."

"Oh ... we just sit next to each other and watch." I gave her a reassuring smile.

"I feel like we should do shrooms first or something." When she saw me shake my head, she raised an eyebrow. "Okay, no drugs. Like, do I give you a handjob during the show or something?"

The woman behind the counter stared at her with wide eyes.

"She's joking," I said to the woman, taking the popcorn from her. "We might hold hands, but that's it," I said to Ava. And true to my word, I took her hand and led her into the theater.

Afterward, we got some fast food and ate it sitting on a park bench in the dark. The talk was light, mostly her asking questions about my friends, trying to get to know them better without seeming too interested.

We got back in the minivan, and I drove her home. When we were a few blocks away from her house, she put her hand on my arm. "I'm not ready to go home yet, pull over and park over there."

I pulled us off onto a side road, parked, and turned the minivan off. I looked around. The street was mostly empty, since the big houses in the neighborhood had a lot of space between them. We were under the canopy of several stately trees. "I bet you take all your dates here."



“No, never.” Ava puffed out her cheeks in frustration. “Lie! I once made out with Gavin in his mom’s Lexus not far from here. We were high, though, and I don’t remember much about it.”

“Sounds nice.” I should have felt stung by the admission, but I liked the truth enough that it didn’t bother me.

“What are you doing with me, Evan?” Ava put her finger on my chin and turned my face until we were eye to eye. “You love your mom. Like ... you really ... really love her. You should be with her. Or with some nice girl from school, like Whitney ... or whatever.”



“My mom isn’t my girlfriend, Ava. She’s still my mom. We just have ... a special relationship.”

“Fuck, I know, dumbass.” She rolled her eyes. “The point is, what are you doing with *me*? You don’t seem to want to fuck me. You treat me like a princess or something. I’m not a princess.”

“Maybe you’re too hard on yourself.” I shrugged. “Anyway, I like you. I can’t help it. I’ve always liked you. And maybe you pushed me away with some of the things you did, but you’re making up for it now. Being with you just feels right. How does it feel to you?” I held my breath and waited for an insult that wouldn’t arrive.

“It ... um ... feels right, Gosling. It feels like if I hadn’t ignored you for all those years, my life would be better right now.” Ava’s eyes caught the faint light from a streetlamp farther down the road. “I ... um ... like you ... too ... Evan.”

I ran my fingers through her hair, gently closing my grip over a handful of blue strands. I pulled her lips to mine and kissed her with real passion. It won’t surprise anyone to learn that she released her tits almost immediately. Before I knew it, she was topless, forcefully pulling my head to her breasts. I sucked on her nipples and kissed her supple flesh. It was strange playing with boobs that weren’t my mom’s. It was stranger having that thought. I delighted in the way she sucked in her breath and shivered when I gently nibbled on her nipple. I spent a long time playing with her tits. When I looked up and made eye contact, I could tell we were both thinking the same thing.



“Backseat?” We both said at the same time. We burst out laughing.

I thought about Mom waiting up for me back home. Hopefully, she wouldn't mind. We awkwardly climbed into the back. Our clothes went flying around the minivan. Mostly naked, I sat in the backseat and watched her mouth descend to my cock. The last thought I had before the blowjob started was that the stupid shopkeeper had been right all along. I was getting my wish.

