



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 6

FICTION

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We continued our mutual masturbation for most of the week. On Wednesday, I got her to cum twice. On Thursday, four times. When I got home from school on Friday, she greeted me in the open front doorway with a big smile on her face. She must have seen me walking down the sidewalk and raced to the door.

"How was school?" She wore jeans and a casual blouse. Her skin glowed, and her eyes shone brightly. She was practically bouncing on the balls of her feet as she waited for me to come down the front walk. Her grin was so big, it was goofy. It made me love her all the more.

"You look happy, Mom." I gave her a kiss on the cheek and walked past her. She closed the door and gave my butt a pat as I put my backpack down and took my shoes off.

"I am happy." I saw that she was wearing socks, so I grabbed her hands and pulled her across the hardwood floor. She took a couple awkward steps. I shook my head and smiled. "No, Mom. Slide. Remember when you used to pull me around? Let me pull you. It'll be fun."

"I don't know, Evan." She put her hand against the wall to keep me from dragging her away.

"This is exactly the sort of thing that the wife-woman's husband would do," I said.

"I thought what we've been doing up in your room is -"

"You know what I mean, Mom. You need to have fun!" I smiled encouragement. She let go of the wall, planted her feet, and let me pull her around the first floor. Her smile was a bit patronizing at first. But as I laughed and hollered like a crazy person, she started giggling. After five minutes, I was out of breath, and we were cackling together. I dragged her to the base of the stairs, threw her over my shoulder, and carried her up to my room.

"Evan ... sweetie ... put me down." She kicked her legs playfully.

"Me caveman ... you prize ..." I held her butt tightly so I wouldn't drop her.

"Stop it, Evan. That's silly." My mom was still laughing.

"The wife-woman totally roleplays with her husband. I was reading about how to keep a marriage spicy, and that was one of the most important tips." I entered my room. "Me caveman ... you take off pants." I dropped her on my bed.



“Okay, Mr. Caveman.” Her nipples were poking through her blouse. I had learned that was one of the telltale signs she was horny. The other big one, of course, was her gushing pussy. She unbuttoned her jeans and pulled them down. “What are you going to do with your prize?”

“Take what want!” I was getting into my role. I pulled off her panties and roughly spread her legs.



“Oh.” My mom stared at me with wide eyes. She looked startled but didn’t tell me to stop.

I hadn’t gone down on a woman before and was maybe a little hesitant. But the caveman character was a pro. He’d steal women and eat them out like a savage. So, I leaned into the character. “Me ... hungry!” I jumped between her legs and rubbed my face on her pussy. She was wet with a zesty and thrilling taste. It took me a few minutes to get my bearings, but soon I had two fingers in her while I lapped at her clit.

“Oooohhhhhhhhhh ... Mr. Caveman ... Mr. Caveman ... you’re an animal.” My mom ran her fingers through my hair and pressed her hips up into my mouth. When I looked up, she was making her O face and staring down at me in disbelief. “Oohhhhhh ... Mr. Caveman ... I’m yours ... I’m yours ... I’m ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Her eyes rolled back, and she came on my tongue. Maybe it was beginner’s luck, but I’m pretty sure I nailed my first foray into giving oral.



“Must ... catch ... breath.” I wasn’t sure how long to go with the roleplaying, but she seemed to be having fun with it.

“Thank you ... oh ... thank you ... Mr. Caveman.” She fanned her face with her hand, coming down from her climax. Once her eyes opened, that was my cue to dive back in. I’d learned over the last few days that she

needed a moment after her orgasm, but I could get her revved back up quickly if I didn't wait too long. "Oooooohhhh ... Evan ... it's been so long ... since ... oohhhhhhhh."

"Me ... Caveman." I tried gently sucking on her clit. The results were excellent; her thighs started shaking.

"Mr. Caveman ... drink ... your prize ... devour meeeeeeeeeee." My mom convulsed as she crested another climax.



After I took her to two more orgasms, we switched places. She bobbed her mouth on my cock. I looked down at the concentration on her pretty face, and thoughts swirled in my head.



Who needed the Missus Ring? My mother was starting to loosen up with me. Yes ... she was doing all this to get rid of the temptation the ring offered. But that was silly. If I truly made her as happy as the wife-woman, how could we stop when the ring disappeared? We weren't about to tack up a mission accomplished sign and call it a day. Nope. We were both lured further and further by our mutual happiness. Nothing could derail the Amy-Evan Express!

"Hello, anybody home?" My father's voice came in through the open door.

My mom shot to her feet, frantically looking around the room. She still had her blouse and socks on. She picked up her jeans and held them to her chest. When we heard him coming up the stairs, she snorted with fright and ran into the closet. Ring or no ring, here we were again in a familiar situation.



I picked up her panties off the floor and was about to stuff them under my blanket when my dad walked into the room.



“Whoa! What the hell, Evan?” He quickly averted his eyes.

“I’m sorry, Dad. I didn’t think anyone was home.” I quickly covered my softening cock with my blanket.

“Look, I was a teenager, too. I get it. But you have to use your brain, Evan.” He took a quick glance at my fist, eyes zeroing in on what I was still stupidly holding out in the open. “But you can’t use your mother’s panties, for Christ’s sake.”

“I’m so ... so ... sorry.” I didn’t know what else to say.

“Put them in her laundry. I won’t tell her what you did as long as you never do it again.” He walked out of my room and closed the door. It was a good thing he hadn’t gotten a closer look at me. He might have wondered why I had Mom’s cum all over my face.

“He’s gone,” I said.

My mom emerged from the closet. She was wearing her jeans again. She gave me a withering look. “You need to get dressed, go out in the hall like you’re putting my panties in my hamper, and give me the all clear if you don’t see your father. If he finds me in here ...”

“He’ll be suspicious if you walk down the stairs, Mom,” I whispered as I dressed. “He came up here to look for you. He thinks you’re not up here.”

“Shit.” My mom hardly ever swore.

“The lattice outside my window is sturdy. I’ve climbed it before when I ...” I didn’t want to get in more trouble.

“When you snuck out after curfew?” She exhaled and shook her head. “Why did I think this thing between us was going to work?” She opened my window as quietly as she could. “I’m going to tell him I went out for a walk. We need to have a long talk later. This is not making me happy at all. I doubt the wife-woman had to

deal with this stuff because she wasn’t cheating on anyone. She was doing everything with her husband. We made some pretty big mistakes, Evan. It’s better to ignore the ring.”

“Mom ... I ...” I watched her awkwardly climb out the window onto the lattice.

“Later ... Evan. This is a mess. You know it is. It’s not going to work.” She lowered herself down to the backyard. I watched her go. I immediately started thinking of arguments for when we had our conversation.



Dinner was tense. I had trouble looking either parent in the eye for very different, but related, reasons. After my dad went to sleep, my mom came into my room. We had our talk, and it went horribly. Eventually, I fell back on her logic of trying to wean me off the ring. It was her rationale for messing around with me in the first place. But she wasn't buying it. She left my room without so much as a kiss on the cheek. And I was grounded again for sneaking out after curfew. My dad grounded me, too. It really was a mess.



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That was it. My father almost catching us threw a bucket of cold water on our faces. Our after-school sessions had reached a Hindenburg moment. We didn't talk about it again, although I tried to bring it up several times. She wasn't going to risk her marriage. And she was probably right. What was I going to do, replace Dad? Obviously, that was crazy. The sexual train that had been picking up steam was off the tracks. Despite the ring's presence, I would never ride the Amy-Evan Express again. Pick your metaphor. It was over.

I fapped constantly, relying heavily on memories we'd created. Over the next couple of weeks, I stayed in my room, even when my grounding ended. I ignored friends and forgot about homework. I was a mess. And the stupid ring rested on my nightstand, taunting me with its existence.

After school one day, I gave it one last try with my mom.



I found her in the kitchen. "Mom, it's been almost a month. Can I try to make you happy again?"

"It didn't happen, Evan. The ring doesn't exist." She turned toward me with her arms folded, her face a mask of severity. "You need to find yourself a girlfriend. End of story."

Factual inaccuracies aside, what she said came through loud and clear. I couldn't pine after what I'd lost forever. She was my mom. The wife-mother she'd been was in the past. Ava was my future.

The next day, I plucked the ring off my nightstand and slipped it into my pocket. I wasn't sure how I would use it on Ava, but I'd figure it out. She and Gavin were in my first and fourth periods. Maybe if I got her alone, I could gift her the ring.

My mom would not have understood the reasoning. She wouldn't want me to use the Missus Ring on purpose. She'd also probably be jealous of Ava. So, I didn't mention anything as I breezed by her on my way out the door that morning. Ava was the girl for me, and I was going to make it happen.