



THE MISSUS RING

CHAPTER 7

FICTION

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The bell rang and I followed Ava, Gavin, and their friends out of chemistry class.

“Wanna walk to second period?” My friend Raji slowed down as he passed in the hall.

“Next time, Raji. I have to ... do something.” I gave him what I hoped was a friendly but dismissing smile.

Raji looked over at Ava’s behind as she walked away from us. “I hope you’re not going to ask her to the Spring Fling dance, dude. She and Gavin are in love. Jessica said they did it for the first-time last weekend.”

That wasn’t what I wanted to hear. “Tough-love received, brah. I’ll see you in second period.”

Raji narrowed his eyes suspiciously. He leaned closer to me. “Ava and Gavin have been drinking and skitching on the weekends. That’s how Clair broke her arm. They’re not like us, Evan. They’re ...” He twirled his finger in a circle next to his head to show they were crazy.

That’s what I like about her! But I didn’t tell Raji that. “Got it. I won’t bother her.” I waved goodbye to Raji and followed Ava. She was almost to her next class when I caught up to her. Gavin pushed her playfully with his hip, she stumbled, and dropped her books.

Gavin’s friend, Travis, laughed at Ava.

“It’s not funny, T-Bone.”

Gavin turned to Ava.

“He didn’t mean it. I’ll see you later.” He left without helping her with her books. Ava bent down to pick them up, and I quickly dropped to a knee to help her.

“Oh, hey, Evan.” She smiled absently at me. “Thanks for the help. Gavin would have helped, but he was late for class.” The bell rang.

“Sounds like we are, too.” I gave her a wan smile. Books back in her arms, we stood.

“Okay, anyway, see you around.” She turned to go.

“Wait ... wait ...” I pulled the ring out of my pocket, holding it in my fist. “I have to tell you something.”



"Yeah?" Ava stopped and regarded me with curiosity. Several excruciating seconds passed. "Did you ... tell me already?" She smiled again. She was so full of warm, easy charm. My stomach did cartwheels.

"I ... um ... I ..." I couldn't trick her with the ring, could I? The last few late students passed us in the hall. A few more seconds, and we'd be alone. If ever there was a time to give her the ring, this was it. I kept my fist closed tight.

"If this is about Spring Fling, I'm going with Gavin. He's my boyfriend now." Ava smiled patiently and waited for me to say something. "Is there something in your hand?" She asked helpfully.

I couldn't do it. I couldn't use the ring on my crush. If I couldn't get her without magic, I didn't deserve her.

"Oh, hey. Why aren't you in class, babe?" Gavin sauntered up to us in the empty hall. "Is Evan bothering you?"

"We were just talking, Gavin." Ava turned her smile on her boyfriend.

"Whatcha got there, two-forks?" He eyed my closed fist. I don't know why he called me that. He started in second grade and never stopped.

"Don't call him that, Gavin." Ava rolled her eyes.

"Nothing." I moved my hand toward my pocket, but Gavin caught it before I could stow the ring away.



"Not so fast." He pried my fingers open and took the ring.

"Give it back, Gavin." I stared with wide eyes as he held the ring up. I should never have brought it to school. I held out my hand, but he brushed it away.

"Are you giving my girl gifts, two-forks?" He raised an eyebrow at me. "That's ... super creepy."

"You boys." Ava shook her head. "I'm late for class." She hustled off and left me alone with her boyfriend.

"Give it back." I reached again, but Gavin pushed me back.

"It's mine now. Let's see, it'll fit on my pinky perfectly." He placed the ring above his fingertip.

"No, Gavin don't ..." I watched him slip it on. A change came over him. His scowl disappeared, and an amazed expression took over. He spotted me and smiled. I'd never seen Gavin with such a warm smile before.

"Okay, this is so strange, darling. One minute we're at home ... relaxing together, the next, we're ... at a school?" Gavin's voice wasn't pitched higher, but it had a strange lilt and cadence that I recognized as the wife-woman.

"Oh ... shit." I took several steps back.

"What's wrong, Evan?" Gavin's body language was distinctly more feminine. He glanced at the bathroom nearby. "Do you remember when we used to do it in the bathrooms in college? Want to have a quicky while we're here?" He wagged his eyebrows conspiratorially. The wife-woman was nothing if not incredibly horny.

"Um ... no." I took a deep breath. If I didn't get the ring off him soon, this was going to end very badly for me.

"Can I have my ring back ... um ... dear?" I tried to give him a warm smile.

"What's gotten into you?" He walked closer. "You look like you've seen a ghost?"

"It's just ... dear ... can I see your left hand for a moment? You have such pretty hands," I said through clenched teeth.

"Sure." He held out his hand. I pounced and wrenched the ring off his pinky. His expression darkened the moment it was off. He wavered on his feet and reached his hand out to the wall for support. "Whoa ... what the fuck?"





I turned and ran.

“Evan? Evan? Two-forks? What the fuck was that?” Gavin called behind me. I didn’t stop to explain.

I didn’t stop running until I got home, panting. I flung off my shoes and ran upstairs. When I was in my room, I flung the ring at my bedside table, listened to it ricochet around the room, and stood with my hands on my knees, catching my breath.

A few seconds later, my mom appeared in my doorway with a worried expression on her face. “What happened? Why aren’t you at school?”

“I’m ... not feeling ... well.” I wasn’t lying.

“Is that why you obviously ran home at full speed? You’re not sick, so don’t even try.” She crossed her arms and looked me up and down. “Were you in a fight?”

“Sort of.” Again, I wasn’t really lying.

“Want to tell me about it?” Her face softened.

“Not really.” I shook my head and took off my backpack.

“Okay, I understand.” She nodded her head. She seemed to settle into herself. After what we’d been through, I could tell it was grounding for her to get to mother me some. “You can stay home, but no video games. Read a book, or do homework, or something. And tomorrow you’re going to school.”

“Sure, Mom.” I nodded.

“I’m going to go make you some hot chocolate.” She gave me a concerned, motherly smile and left.

“Thanks, Mom,” I called after her.

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At around four o'clock there was a soft knock on my door. "Yeah, Mom. I'm decent." I was reclined on my bed, reading Portnoy's Complaint. I put the book down as the door opened.

"There's a young woman here to see you." My mom's eyes searched mine for clues. But I had no idea what she was talking about. Satisfied with my ignorance, she continued, "It's Ava Roslin."

I sat up and swung my legs over the edge of the bed, combing my hair with my fingers. "Um ... is she ... with anyone?" It goes without saying that Ava had never visited my house before, and this social call couldn't be a coincidence. I did not want to see Gavin, ever again if possible.

"She's alone." My mom nodded. "Are you two dating?" She lowered her voice conspiratorially.

I shook my head emphatically.

"I'll send her up." She gave me a knowing smile and disappeared downstairs.

A few moments later, Ava was standing in my room, looking around. "Hello, Evan." She closed the door behind her.



"Hi, Ava." I sat on the edge of my bed, fidgeting with my fingers.

"Your room is so ... neat. Gavin's is ..." Something flickered across her face when she said her boyfriend's name. I had no idea what to expect. "I thought all boys were messy."

When she didn't say anything more, I held up my book. "I was just reading."

She squinted at the title. "Isn't that the one with the guy that can't stop fapping and thinking about his mother?" Her face pinched into a dubious expression.

"It's supposed to be a classic. I got it from a list of top one-hundred American novels. It's funny." I sounded like an idiot.

“You had a hundred novels to choose from and you pick that one?” She giggled. “Maybe boys are all the same. My friend told me about that book. The guy uses his sister’s panties to ...” Ava motioned with her fist like she was pumping an imaginary penis.



“I ... haven’t gotten to that part yet.” This was too weird. I’d wanted Ava in my room for a long time. Now, I wanted her out. I just wanted the day to end.

“Soooooowooooo.” Ava took a few more steps into my room. “What did you do to Gavin today? He was acting really strange ... saying some really strange things.”

“I didn’t ...” I shrugged helplessly and put down the book.

"From what I gathered, he put on that ring he took from you, and had the biggest high of his life." She looked at the floor, bent down, and picked up the ring from where it had landed when I'd thrown it earlier. "It was this ring, right?" She glanced at me and back at the ring. "He couldn't stop talking about how amazing he felt. How happy he was. 'Fucking euphoria', he kept saying." She pressed her lips together as she examined the ring. "Is it some kind of drug?"

"Ava, I can explain." I had nothing. I didn't explain. Silence drew out between us.

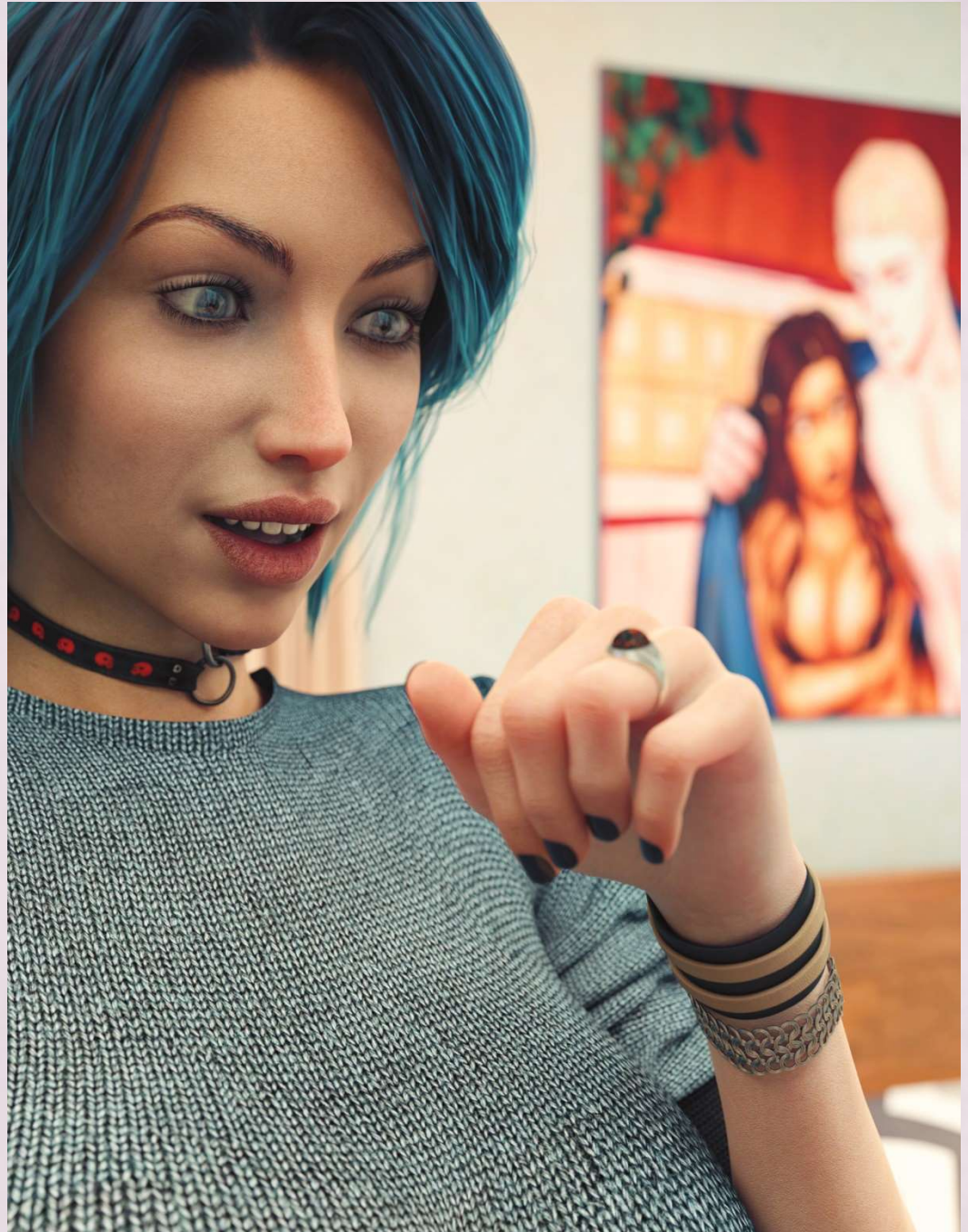
"Can I try it? I mean, it won't mess me up or anything, will it?" She hovered the ring over the ring finger on her left hand. "Gavin said the high stopped when it came off, so I'll just put it on for a minute. Cool?"

I stared at her.

"Were you going to give this to me today? Was that what you wanted to ask me?" She gave me a devilish smile. "I didn't know you were into getting high, Evan. I thought you were a boring goody-two-shoes." She waited for me to say something. When I didn't, her face set in an expression of determination. "Okay, just for a minute. I have to know what Gavin was talking about. It won't hurt me, right?"

I nodded dumbly.

"Okay." Ava slipped the ring onto her finger. "Oh, my, darling! When did we get home? And we never did it in the bathroom." She gave me a mock frown, and put her hands on her hips. "You owe me one, Evan." She walked toward me seductively. "And I intend to collect ... right ... now." She sat on my lap and curled her arms around my neck. "What do you think? Medium roughness ... fast tempo?" She kissed my nose.



"I really don't think I should say yes ... *honey.*" I realized that I didn't know the wife-woman's name, but I guessed she wouldn't like me calling her Ava.

"Well, it's a good thing you don't have a choice ... *honey.*" Ava quickly pulled off her top and unclasped her bra. Her boobs were large, perky and gorgeous. Her hands were on my zipper in a heartbeat, frantically working to pull my cock out of my pants. I buried my face in her cleavage. She laughed. "Easy there, tiger. It's like you've never seen tits before. I love how you never get tired of my body." She successfully brought my cock out into the open, and held it against the crotch of her yoga pants. She undulated her hips, rubbing my dick between her hand and pants. My cockhead poked again and again at her bare bellybutton.

"Can I suck on them?" I looked up into her playful eyes.



"Of course. Why would you even have to ask?" She lifted herself off my lap.

"There's a condom in the drawer there." I tried to keep some of my wits about me.

"You don't need a condom with me, silly." Ava rolled her eyes at the person she thought was her husband.

"Better safe than sorry." I pointed at the drawer.

Ava shook her head.

"It's ... um ... a game. Using a condom makes me feel like when we were eighteen." I was eighteen, and so was Ava, so it was exactly like that.

"We didn't meet until I was twenty, dummy." She gave me a wink. "But we can play the game." She retrieved the condom from the drawer, tore the foil, and dropped to her knees in front of me. "Let's see if I remember how to put one of these on." She dropped the rolled condom on my bed, took hold of my dick, and lowered her mouth over the head. "Mmmmmmm ... gggggghhhhhhhhhhh."

"Oohhhhhh ... honey ... that's not how you ... put on a condom." I wasn't complaining. I wound my fingers in her hair, and listened to her breath whistle through her nose. She moaned and gagged in the most delightful ways.

The blowjob lasted a solid ten minutes, and then she pulled off me with a plop. "I love how big you are, darling. Your cock never ceases to excite me. I'm gushing. Let me get out these clothes." She stood again, and hurriedly removed her pants, panties, and socks. "That's better."



She rolled the condom onto my dick, but didn't climb on. She looked startled, her eyes wide.

"What is, what's wrong?" My muscles tightened.

"Did I get the game wrong?" She said. "Are we supposed to be meeting for the first time?"



"Yeah ... yeah ... this will be the first time we're having sex." I nodded.

"Kinky." She smiled. "I love it." She got on my lap and guided my dick into her pussy. "Ohhhhhhhh ... you feel huge ... Evan. This is the first time ... uuuggghhhhh ... I've been with a guy so big."

I reminded myself that the wife-woman was talking, not Ava. I grabbed her ass, but she didn't need any help guiding her movements. I buried my face in her tits again, sucking on her fat nipples. She'd said I could, so I figured I might as well. Her undulations sped up. Her moaning growing louder and louder. "Um ... not so loud ... okay?" My voice was muffled by her boobs.



“Why not? You feel ... uuughhhh ... amazing.” Her hips switched from rocking to bouncing. Ecstasy shot through me. I never wanted that amazing moment to end.

“So deep ... so deep ... oh ... Evan ... I’m going to cum ... oooohhhhhhhhhh ... I’m cumming ... I’m cumming ... oooohhhh ... God ... Evan ... I’m ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii!” Ava rode me like a crazed woman, shouting at the top of her lungs.

I wasn’t aware that my mom had entered the room until I heard her scream. “Evan Mitchell Gosling! What on Earth do you think you’re doing?” She looked furious.

Ava’s hips stopped. Coming down from her high, she looked over her shoulder at my mother. “Who’s ... she ...? She panted.

“Oh ... shit ...” Was all I could think to say.

