



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 8

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

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Illustrations by Lexx228

Written by RawlyRawls

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"Get off him, you harlot!" My mom moved toward Ava and shooed her with her hands like the way she might try to frighten a squirrel from our bird feeder.



"Get out of my house, crazy lady!" Ava stayed on my lap. "You're ruining my husband's erection."

"Oh, Evan. You didn't ..." My mom put her face in her hands. "You tricked that poor girl."

"I'm hardly a girl. Now kindly leave." Ava glanced at me. "Do you know her?"

"Mom, I didn't trick her. She put the ring on all by herself." I tried to look around Ava's large boobs to make eye contact with my mom. When I did, I regretted it. She had put her fists on her hips and looked absolutely livid.

“You’re lying ... Evan ... You’re lying to me.” My mom looked like she was about to combust.

“Why did you call her ‘Mom’? What’s going on, darling?” Ava looked down at me in confusion. While she was distracted by me, my mom grabbed her and pulled her off my lap. I helplessly watched as they fell to the floor, my mother trying to wrestle the ring off Ava’s finger. “Darling ... help me ... she’s hurting me.” Ava looked up at me with pleading eyes as my mom got the upper hand.



I sat on the bed, my soft dick with the condom still on sitting out in the open. I didn’t know what to do.

“Evan, if you don’t help me get the ring off this poor girl’s finger ...” My mom didn’t need to finish the sentence.

I jumped from the bed, pinned down Ava, and my mom pulled off the ring. She tucked it into her cleavage, sat back, and watched Ava closely. "Are you okay, dear?"

"Holy ... shit." Ava sat up with a wide smile on her face. "That was ... fucking amazing. Gavin didn't tell me it'd be like that." She was still naked, but didn't seem to care.

"Are you okay, Ava?" I tucked my dick away and buttoned my pants.

"Am I okay? Oh, my God. I'm fucking ecstatic. I was a different woman. And I was so happy!" Ava looked back and forth between me and my mother. After a moment, she covered her tits with her arm. "Why did you tackle me, Mrs. Gosling?"



"To get the ring off you. I can't believe Evan tricked you like that. I thought I'd raised him better." My mom sighed and leaned her back against the wall. Clearly, she was exhausted from everything that'd happened since she entered my room.

"He didn't trick me, Mrs. Gosling." Ava smiled at her, stood, and picked up her clothes. She started by putting her panties on. "My boyfriend put the ring on this morning. He said it gave him a crazy high. So, I came here to try it out. I put it on before Evan could stop me." She put her bra on.

"Wait, do you think Gavin wanted me to become that woman? To jump Evan the way I did?"

"The wife-woman is really happy. I can see how you'd

think it was a high." My mom's brow was furrowed. She was used to interacting with my polite friends, not blunt eighteen-year-olds like Ava.

"It was all a misunderstanding, Mom." I was relieved that the anger had left my mother.

"You didn't have to let her ... you know ... how I found you." My mom shook her head slowly.

"Have sex?" Ava pulled on her pants. "Give him a break, Mrs. G. He's a teenager, and a hot woman jumped him. Actually, you should know that he tricked ... what did you call her? The wife-woman? He tricked the wife-woman into wearing a condom. You have a very responsible son." Ava winked at me like she'd just done me a big favor.

“What a mess.” My mom sighed.

“Wait.” Ava pulled on her sweater and stared at me. “How does your mom know about the ring? And ... what the fuck is it?”

“Okay, that’s enough excitement for one day.” My mom rose to her feet and ushered Ava to the door.

“Can I borrow the ring? I want to try it with Gavin.” Ava let herself be pushed out into the hall.

“No,” my mom and I said in unison.

“You stay here.” My mom pointed at me.

I stayed in the open doorway. I could hear Ava pleasantly asking to borrow the ring again, my mom asking her to keep everything a secret, and then the front door slamming.

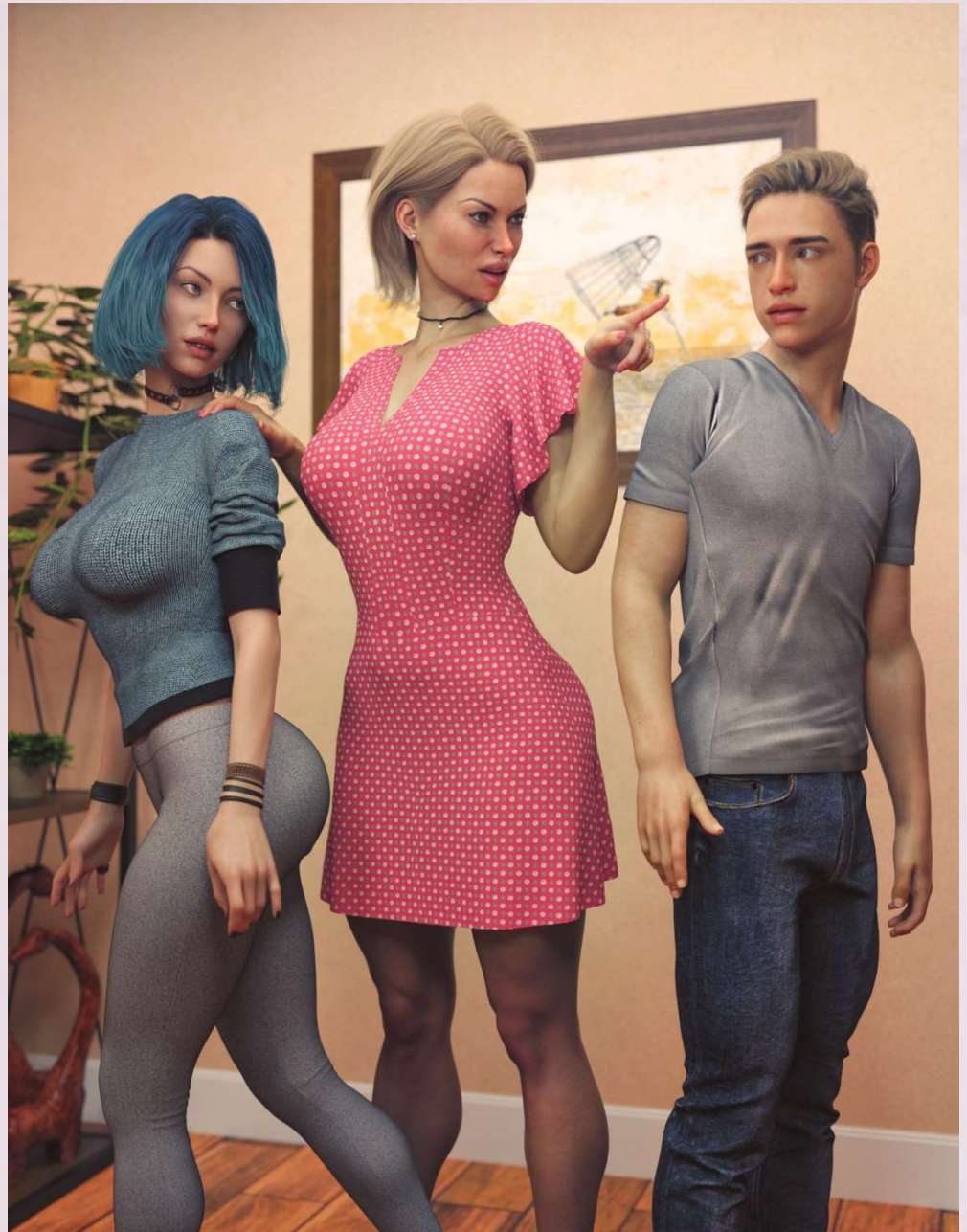
A few seconds later, my mom called me downstairs. I found her in the kitchen, getting two hot chocolates ready. “Tell me everything,” she said without looking at me.

So, I did. We sat at the kitchen table, sipped from our mugs, and I laid out everything that had happened that day. When I was done, the kitchen fell into silence. My mom contemplated her empty mug. Outside, oranges and pinks filled the western sky.

“So ... what do you think, Mom?” It was lame, but I couldn’t handle any more silence. I hated disappointing her.

“I think that this is exactly what I should have expected to happen.” She shook her head slowly. “The ring is dangerous, and now you’ve confused poor Ava and Gavin. If only I could lock it away somewhere.”

“I’m sorry I brought it to school. I love Ava, and I thought ...” I shrugged.



"You don't love her. This wasn't what I was talking about when I said you needed a girlfriend. She has blue hair and a boyfriend for Pete's sake." She got up, collected our mugs, and moved to the sink. I watched her butt as she slowly washed dishes. I was in love with her, too. My own mom. Yet another hottie that I would never again get with.

"Are you mad at me?" I never liked that question, because what if she said yes?



She looked over her shoulder, catching my gaze on her ass. "I'm disappointed in you, Evan. But what did I expect? I'm partly to blame, too. I got caught up in the wife-woman. I wish ..." Her voice trailed away. She turned off the water, picked up a dishtowel, and carefully dried the mugs.

"What do we do?" After the latest string of disasters, I was very open to suggestions.

"I don't know. We're clearly in a pickle. The ring is dangerous, but we can't get rid of it. I'll go visit that strange shop again. Maybe I can talk some sense into the owner." She sighed heavily.

"I'll go with you." I stood up, ready to be helpful.

"No, I'll go while you're at school tomorrow." She shrugged. "Other than that, stay away from Ava and Gavin. Don't let the ring out of the house. We'll figure something out." My mom frowned at me and fished the ring out of her cleavage. I thought she was going to give it back to me, but she regarded it instead.

"Mom?"

"Back to your room, Evan. Your father will be home soon. I don't want him to know about any of this. It would destroy our marriage. Do you understand?" Her scowl deepened.

"Yes, ma'am." I quickly retreated to my room. I had no idea what would happen next. All I knew was that the ring would be on my bedside table in the morning.

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The next morning, my mom was already in the kitchen when I arrived downstairs. She was wearing some mom jeans and a sweater, busy making herself coffee. Nervously, I approached her from behind. "About yesterday, I'm so sorry. I didn't -"

"Your father's home," she whispered. "Don't say anything."

So, I didn't. I ate breakfast, brushed my teeth, and left early for school. I didn't know which was worse at the moment, school or home. I dreaded seeing Ava and Gavin. But I wouldn't have to wait long. They were in my first-period class.

Both Gavin and Ava spent the entire class glancing at me. Gavin looked confused. Ava had a smirk on her face. After class, they cornered me in the hall.

"I want to start off by apologizing for the two-forks thing. Honestly, I don't know why I call you that. It's been going on for so long." Gavin was uncomfortably close to me. "I was thinking we could hang out sometime."



Ava laughed and positioned herself so that she was even more uncomfortably close to me. Her boobs pressing against my arm. "We could both come over after school, if you're into that sort of thing," she whispered in my ear.

My eyes went wide. I looked at Gavin. He was nodding his head enthusiastically. I cleared my throat. "I'm ... sorry. I'm not really into ... that sort of thing. And my mom knows all about what happened. She's one step away from murdering me."

"Okay, let me come over by myself then. Or you could come to my house." Ava gave me her most seductive smile. Mission accomplished. It was very seductive. If my mom hadn't been about to murder me, I would have definitely said yes.

"Hey." Gavin frowned at his girlfriend. "We're a package deal."

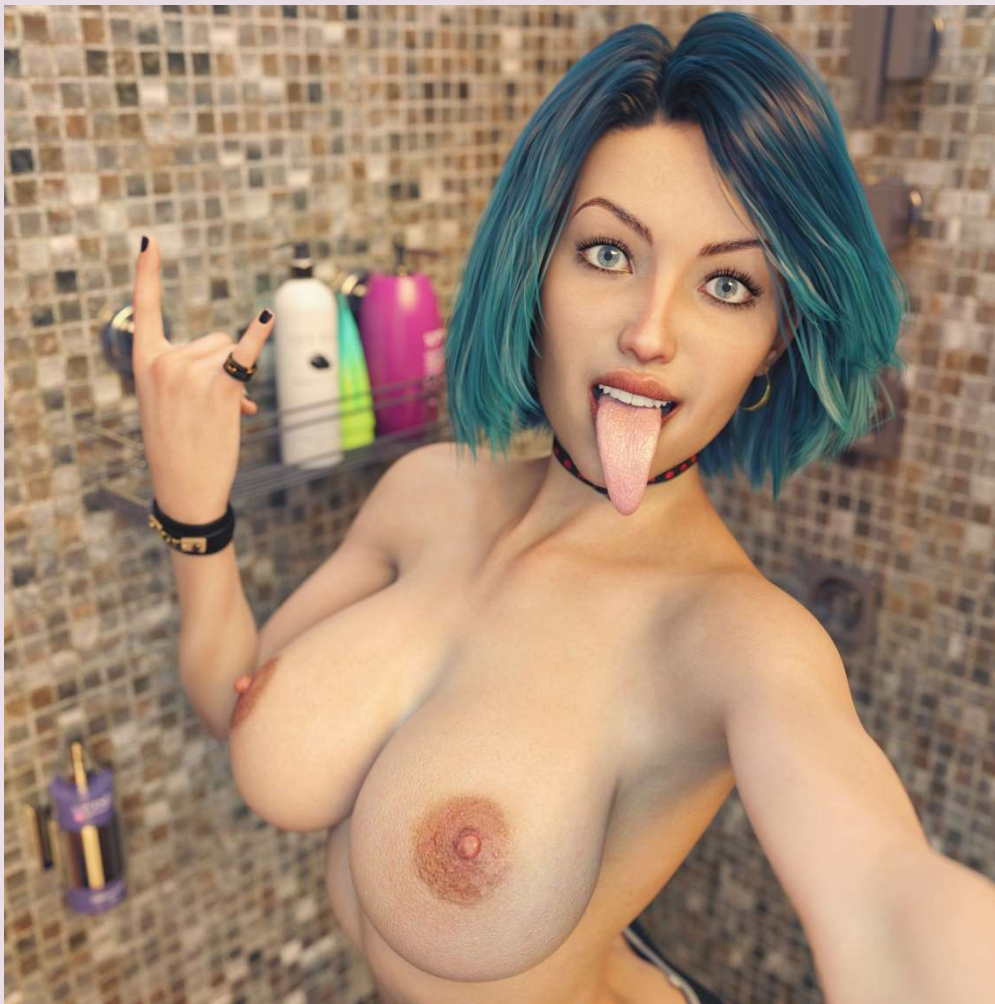
“No packages,” I said, slipping away from Ava. “No packages, thank you.” I saw Raji. “Hey, wait up.” I ran after my friend.

Behind me, I heard Ava say, “Great job. You scared him off.”

Thank God it was Friday. I only had to make it to the end of the day, then I wouldn’t have to deal with them for the weekend.

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I had several more interactions with Ava and Gavin. It was painfully hard to tell off Ava. I had been lusting after her for years. But giving her the cold shoulder was made somewhat easier by the fact that she offered herself in a package deal with Gavin. They didn’t even know what the ring was, and they were both desperate to become the wife-woman again. I had really fucked up by bringing the ring to school the day before.



When I got home after school, I stopped just inside the front door to check my phone. I had a message from Ava. It was a picture of her topless, giving the camera a tongue-out-rocker pose. I stared at it for a solid two minutes, my dick rigid. The ring was like some cursed monkey’s paw. Ava wanted me now, and I couldn’t have her.

“Evan, is that you?” My mom called through the house.

“Yeah, Mom.” I followed her voice to her bedroom. I found her packing luggage. “What’s ... going on?” This was disconcerting.

“Pack your bags, Evan.” She glanced over at me. “We’re going on a trip for several days. You’ll have to miss some school next week.”

"We are?" I was confused. This was the first I'd heard about a trip.

"Pack ... your ... bags." She gave me her toughest glare.

"Is Dad coming?"

"Just you and me, sweetie." She went back to organizing her suitcase. "I told your father that you were having difficulty deciding on a college, so I'm taking you on a trip to visit campuses."

"But I'm not having trouble deciding. I'm -"

"Get ... packed," she said. "And bring that ring. I don't want it unsupervised."

I was in enough trouble, so I didn't argue. At least this way Ava and Gavin couldn't show up at my house this weekend and make a scene. I packed, we said goodbye to my dad when he got home, and then we got in the car. My mom turned up the volume on NPR, so I couldn't pester her with questions. I slumped in the passenger seat and looked out the window. Was I being punished? Would I have to pick a new college now? I felt queasy as I looked at the darkening countryside.

We drove a couple hours and stopped at a secluded hotel on a lake. It was fancier than the ones we usually stayed at on family trips.

"What college is near here?" I helped my mom get her bags out of the car. She certainly hadn't under-packed.

"We're not looking at colleges." She frowned at me as she took her smallest bag. I carried the rest and my own bag, too.

"But you said we were." I would have rubbed my head in confusion if I'd had a free hand.

"I said I told your father that." She walked through the parking lot. I struggled behind her.

"You lied to Dad?"

She looked back at me. "Just wait until we get to our room. Then I'll explain everything."

"We're sharing a room?" I really couldn't wrap my head around all this. Maybe because the place was so fancy we could only afford one room?

They took our bags at the front door. I looked around at the lobby while my mom checked us in. It was certainly the nicest place I'd ever stayed in. I knew my mom and dad went to some fancy hotels by themselves for a weekend here and there. But I'd never seen anything like this. When we got to our room, I whistled.



"You like it?" My mom still wasn't smiling. She was all business. Although, I couldn't fathom what business she was all about.

"It's really nice. But I don't understand what's going on." I sat on the edge of the only bed in the room.

"I went to the shop today, remember?" My mother slowly started undressing.

"Mom?" I watched her closely as she pulled off her shoes and jeans. Her gorgeous legs came into view. My dick sprung to attention in my pants. "What does that have to do ...?" The wheels turned in my head.

"I couldn't get the owner to take the ring back. But he did say that we were right. Once the person who wears the ring is as happy as the woman in the ring, the damn thing will go away." She pulled off her sweater and stood before me in her bra and panties. "That ring is dangerous. Look what it did to that poor girl, Ava, and her boyfriend." She took a deep breath and slowly let it out. "I'm going to wear the ring this weekend, learn its secrets, and then we'll be done with the thing."

"Why ... the hotel?" I watched her remove her bra matter-of-factly. Good God, I had really missed her tits.



"I won't break your father's heart, Evan. He won't accidentally catch us in the act here." She slid her panties down her legs. "And this is a romantic spot your father and I have stayed in before. I'm hoping it will help with everything we need to accomplish." Naked now, she held out her hand. "Now, be a dear and give me the ring."

"Sure, Mom." I fished the ring out of my pocket and placed it in the palm of her hand.

"There's a box of condoms in that bag over there." She nodded her head at the smallest of her luggage. "Make sure you always wear a rubber."

I gulped and nodded.

"And don't let me wear the ring the whole time. Make sure I take it off." My mom hovered the ring over her finger. "Okay, here ... we ... go."

