



**THE MISSUS RING**  
**CHAPTER 31**

# FICTION

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## The Missus Ring 31

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I continued living my best life with Mom. We built back trust through solid communication and lots of sex.

We humped all over the house, mostly using the bell. We laughed, we cried. Or at least Mom cried when we used the technique the wife woman had taught us. That always sent Mom's orgasms through the roof.

It wasn't all fun and games, though. Mom finally broke down and told Dad about the pregnancy. He was shocked, but I don't think he was suspicious. He put on a brave face when they sat me down to tell me that I'd have a new brother or sister. I tried to act surprised. Afterward, Mom came to my room and complimented my acting. Of course, she blew me to show her appreciation.



Over the next week, we didn't hear from Ava, although I did see her at school. At first, she seemed happy. She even gave me a warm smile a few times as she passed me in the hall while surrounded by her friends. But as the week wore on, her face turned dark and brooding. She walked around alone. She didn't make eye contact. Part of me wanted to ask her what was going on. That was the kind, foolish part of me. The intelligent part kept my head down. I reminded myself that if she wasn't bothering Mom or me, that was a win.

I was starting to think that this might be the end of my Missus Ring saga. Ava had done whatever she'd done with the shopkeeper and had left us alone since. Mom and I were getting along swimmingly. The only thing I didn't have was a date to prom. And no, I wasn't going to ask Mom. But I could always go stag. With the amount of sex I was getting from a beautiful, loving woman, I was pretty sure my confidence could handle that.

Exactly one week after I'd last talked to Ava, she emerged from the bushes in front of me as I was walking home from a friend's house.

"You think you're funny, Evan?" She balled her fists. "You did this on purpose. You're an asshole." Her eyes got big. "Lie!" She blurted.

"Um ... what?" I took a step back and rubbed the back of my neck.



"I ... wish I had never met you." She held her stomach and looked like she was trying not to throw up. After a few seconds, she said, "Lie!"

"I ... have to get home, Ava." I tried to step around her, but she moved in front of me.

"Look ... look what the stupid man in the wizard hat gave me." She held up her left hand. She was wearing a silver and black ring.

"Oh, that's cool looking. The shopkeeper gave you that?" I squinted at the ring.

"I bought it from him." She sighed. "I guess he's not stupid. But he is sadistic." Her eyes darted, waiting for something that didn't happen.

"I can see that you're not the wife-woman right now. So, I guess that this ring does something else?" I held out my hand. "Can I see it?"

"I can't take it off," she snarled. "Not that I care about taking it off." She looked queasy again. "Lie!"

"Why do you keep barking the word 'lie'?" I cocked my head. Even for her, she was behaving strangely.

Ava grabbed my shoulder and pulled my face inches from hers. "The ring makes me blurt out the word lie, even when I'm not lying." She rolled her eyes and pressed her lips together. Her cheeks puffed out like a chipmunk. "Lie!"



“Oh ... shit.” I smiled in amazement. “It really does make you say when you’re lying. That’s awesome.”

“You’re such an asshole,” she growled. “Lie!”

“I am pretty great.” I chuckled. “See you.” I feinted left and dodged to the right, getting past her. I broke into a jog.

“Wait. You have to fix this. It’s your fault.” She jogged after me. “Lie!”

I sighed, came to a stop, and turned toward her. “I don’t *have* to help you, but I will. The shopkeeper isn’t a bad guy. He’s just eccentric. Let’s figure out –”

“Lie!” Ava grimaced apologetically. “The ring makes me do that even when I think things that ... um ...”

“That are lies?” I said.

She shook her head. “Lie!”

“Okay, I’ll walk you over to the shop. We can talk to the old guy together.” I shrugged. “That dude and I go way back, I’m sure I can get him to take that ring off.”

“Thank you, Evan.” Her shoulders slumped with relief. “You ... um ... are a good guy.”

“That’s true.” I changed directions, and we walked across town. I tried to steer the conversation in directions where she wouldn’t likely lie. I did this out of empathy, and also, because her blurting was getting annoying.

The shop was closed. There wasn’t any sign about when it would open again. We peered in the windows. All the creepy stuff was still in there. I told her to hang tight, and that we could visit the store tomorrow. She actually looked grateful. When we said goodbye, I thought there might be tears in her eyes. But I didn’t want to ask her about it and have her lie.

We turned in opposite directions, and she said, “Lie!”

I turned back to her. “What were you thinking?”

Without looking back at me she waved a defeated hand. “I ... um ... don’t want to tell you.”

“Oh ... cool. I can respect that.” I nodded. “See you tomorrow.” I watched her round ass rotate as she briskly marched down the sidewalk and turned out of view.



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“So ... ugh ... ugh ... that’s the latest ... she can’t ... lie anymore.” I was on top of my mom on my bed. She had her feet locked behind my butt, looking up at me with earnest intensity and lust. We were both naked, the bell was on my nightstand, and Dad was asleep.



“It sounds ... ooohhhh ... like she can lie ... but she just ... sort of ... admits it.” Mom’s smile was mischievous. “We could torture her ... uuuggghhh ... if we wanted.”

“Nah ... we can’t ... I’m a good person ... the ring made her say so.” My hips kept a slow, steady rhythm.

"You're ... my ... good boy." She patted my cheek with pride. "So ... ugggghhhh ... what are you ... going to do?"

"Well ... first ... I'm going to pound my mother ... until she's turned to ... quivering jelly." My hips sped up. Mom snorted a laugh and playfully ran her fingers through my hair.

"Then I'm going to ... cum ... in my mother's pussy." I put my hands on her shoulders. The position let me enjoy pinning her down, and it also helped me see her twisted face better.

She nodded and gave me a distant smile.

"Then ... I suppose ... I'll help Ava deal ... with the shopkeeper." I slammed into her, getting close. "Because I'm ... aaahhhh ... aaaaahhhhhh ... a good guy."

"My ... good boy ... my ... ooohhhh ... good boy ... oh ... sweetie ... I'm going to ... sssnnnoorrkkkkk." One of her eyelids closed, the other fluttered, and she had one of her adorable, snorting orgasms.

"Cumming ... Mom ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh." I emptied myself inside her, content with the world, as only a man can be when he's deep inside his mother.

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The next day, the shop was closed again. We peered in the windows. It was dark and dusty in there. I shrugged, said I'd try again later, and waved goodbye to Ava.



She said a series of caustic things directed at me, all lies by her own admission. Then, defeated, she asked me to keep her company.

"Why me? Go hang out with Gavin or something." I studied her pretty face. "Is this just about having what the wife-woman has?" I frowned at her as we stood on the sidewalk in front of the shop. "I'm helping you out because you're suffering, but I don't want to be the wife-woman's husband. Not with you. You're dangerous, Ava."

"I'm nnnn ..." She caught herself. "So, yeah, I *am* dangerous. Get over it."

I turned away from her and started walking in the other direction.

"I ... can see you haven't gotten over it." Her voice had a plaintive quality that was eerie coming from her.

I turned back to her and cocked an eyebrow.

"Yes ... um ... I want what the wife-woman has. We both know that." She waited. When nothing happened, she continued. "I can respect that you don't trust me." She groaned. "Lie!" She held up her hand. "This has been hell, Evan. And nobody else understands me. My friends all think I'm crazy. Gavin only liked me because I was ... wild. But you understand me. I want you because of what the wife-woman has. But also ... I ... um ... you ... well ... I feel less terrible when you're around."

"I don't trust you, Ava." I glanced at the closed shop. "I'll meet you here tomorrow after school. I'll help you with the shopkeeper, but then, I'm out." I waved and walked away from her.

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Ava wasn't at school the next day, but she met me at the shop like we'd planned. She only blurted out "lie!" a handful of times while we stood on the sidewalk looking at the closed store. I suppose it was progress. She offered to break in, but I wasn't sure what that would accomplish, since we were trying to reason with the shopkeeper. We agreed to meet there again tomorrow, and I said goodbye. But, she followed me like a puppy dog all the way home. When I told her she wasn't welcome in my house, she left. I suppose that was progress, too.

That night, Mom and I were cuddling on the couch watching a show. Dad was still up, so we were snuggling with our clothes on.



"Ava could be manipulating you." Mom rested her cheek on my shoulder, tenderly stroking my arm with her fingertips.

"I tried pulling the ring off her finger today. It really is stuck." I gently massaged Mom's perfect thigh. "And the way she says 'lie' isn't a trick. She hates it. I can tell."

"You always did have a soft spot for Ms. Roslin." Mom's voice was thoughtful.

"I've never even kissed her, Mom." I looked over my shoulder to make sure Dad wasn't around. "You ate out her ass."

"Right, because she manipulated me." She pulled her head away and gave me a wary glance. "Although, I take responsibility for not telling you. You know I'm sorry about that."

"I'm sorry I said that about her ass." I gave her a quick peck on the lips. Mom's face softened and her blue eyes sparkled. I glanced over my shoulder again. The coast was still clear, so I cupped her boob with my hand. "I think I can help Ava."

"I know. You're going to help her talk to the shopkeeper." Mom smiled at me. Our television show was completely forgotten.

"I think we can help her with more than the shopkeeper." I kissed her again, this time letting my lips linger on hers. "The lie-detector ring is calling out her bullshit each and every time."

"Language, Evan." She rubbed my hard dick through my pants.

"Well, it is bullshit, Mom. And I think she can do better." I pressed my lips together and gazed sincerely into my mother's eyes.

"You're so handsome when you have conviction." She gave my dick a squeeze, kissed me on the cheek, and stood up. "I'm going to go get the bell. Meet me in the basement bathroom in three minutes."



"Yes, ma'am." I raced to the bathroom to get naked. We could talk about Ava some other time.

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The next day, Ava wasn't at school again, but we met just like before at the store. To my surprise, it was open. I pulled my backpack higher on my shoulders and raised my eyebrow at Ava. "Are you sure you want to take the ring off? Maybe ... it could be helpful?"

"Fuck you, Gosling." Ava's face turned red with anger. "I'm fucking sure I don't want to shout 'lie' all the time." She didn't shout lie, so I guess that was true.

"Okay." I opened the door for her. "Let's see about getting you a refund then." She entered, and I followed her in.

