

A scene from a video game showing a man and a woman looking at a mannequin in a cafe. The mannequin is wearing a grey crop top with purple trim and light blue denim shorts. The man is on the left, wearing a grey t-shirt and blue jeans, looking at the mannequin with a surprised expression. The woman is on the right, wearing a blue blazer and a black choker, looking at the mannequin with a concerned expression. There are coffee cups on the table in front of them.

THE MISSUS RING

CHAPTER 30

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Missus Ring 30

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“It isn’t about sex, it’s about love and trust.” My mother served us coffee in the kitchen. She had thrown on a robe rather than taking the time to dress after Ava had interrupted us.



“Right, exactly.” I agreed with her, even though it *was* also about the sex. I was dressed again, sitting across the table from Ava.

“That’s bullshit, Mrs. Gosling.” Ava took the coffee and shook her head. “You cheated on Evan here. Where’s the trust?”

“Well ... um ... I ... made a mistake.” Mom’s face turned very cold. She hated admitting mistakes. She sat down at the table, giving Ava an icy stare. “You were a mistake, Ms. Roslin.”



Ava laughed. "I've heard that before." She shrugged. "So, what did you do to build up trust again? How did you say sorry?"

Mom and I looked at each other uncomfortably.

"Oh, it *was* a sex thing! You made it up to him by giving Evan something no mother should ever give her son." Ava put her hand over her mouth in mock surprise. "Was it your butt?"

"My mom is about to strangle you," I said. "Knock it off."

"Sure, whatever." Ava rolled her eyes. "My point is that this is how people communicate." She lifted her shirt and lowered her bra, pointing her tits at me, and then at my mother. "See? You're both captivated. I've finally got your attention."

"Put those away." I looked over at the clock. "The only thing you're proving right now is that I'd never date you."

"You're such a loser, Evan." Ava cackled in an unkindly way. Her tits jiggled with her belly laughs.

"Don't you talk to him like that." Mom waved a finger at her.

Ava lowered her shirt and stopped laughing. "My point is, I want to have what you have with Evan, Mrs. Gosling. How do we make that happen?"

Mom stared at her with wide, incredulous eyes. "I'm his mother. You could never have what I have with -"

"I know, I know. Yadda yadda." Ava sipped her coffee. "Love and trust. Just give me the cheat code, and we can have a merry, little three-way."

“Get out, Ava.” I pointed to the back door.



“Yes, it’s time for you to go, Ms. Roslin.” Mom’s voice wavered with rage.

“I want what the wife-woman has.” Ava stood. “And I *will* get it.” Her gaze was threatening.

“You can’t force your way into a trusting relationship.” Mom stood, walked to the back door, and opened it. “You’re not equipped to have what the wife-woman has. You’re just ... not a very nice person.”

Ava stood, cocked her head, and stared at my mother. She looked more confused than hurt.

“What my mom means is, you need to go find someone else. Some other boy ...” I got up and stood next to Mom. “... or girl that you can build trust with. You’ve burned your bridges here.”

"Where did you get the ring? Maybe your dealer has more?" Ava folded her arms and waited. "I'm not leaving until you tell me that at least."

Mom and I looked at each other.

"The shopkeeper and Ava deserve each other." I shrugged. "Let's just tell her."

Mom nodded to me.

I gave Ava the shop's address. "Can you go now?"

"Later, Goslings." Ava walked past us.

Mom shut the door and hugged me. "I'm so sorry, Evan. I should have never kissed her. I shouldn't have lied to you about her. I made it worse."

"It's okay, Mom. We've already been over this. It led us to a good place. We understand the wife-woman better now." I put my arms around her waist and squeezed her. "We'll figure out how to deal with her. It's Ava's fault that she's like this. Not yours."

"I raised such a good boy." Mom nuzzled my neck.

"I have an awesome mom." I slapped her ass pretty hard, making her yelp.

Soon, we were making out in the kitchen. A while later, her robe was open, and I was bent over, sucking on her nipple.

"Ms. Roslin is so stupid ... so ... stupid." Mom ran her fingers through my hair. "How could she ever think she could have this with you? Only a mother could feel what I feel when you're at my breast."

"Mmmmmppphhh." My dick was hard again. It hurt, probably because Ava had blue-balled me earlier when she let herself in. Since Mom's robe was open, I reached down and slid two fingers into her pussy, running them along the wonderful ridges inside her.

"Amy ... Evan ... I'm home." Dad's voice came from the front of the house.



Mom and I lurched apart. She wrapped her robe tightly around her. I wiped spit from my chin with the back of my hand and turned away from the door so Dad wouldn't see the erection in my pants.

"There you are." Dad came into the kitchen wearing a suit with his tie loosened. He took off his jacket and handed it to Mom.

Mom and I exchanged nervous looks, but he wasn't interested in us. Dad grabbed a beer from the fridge and rummaged in a drawer, looking for a bottle opener. "You know that girl who was mowing our lawn for a while? The blue-haired one, I mean."

"Yes, I know her." Mom cringed.

"She's crazy, Dad. I wouldn't believe anything she says." I tried to sound confident. *What did Ava do now?*

Dad looked up from the drawer and gave me a confused expression with his eyebrows raised. I was still standing with my back to him, making eye contact over my shoulder. I must have looked a bit odd.

"Are you looking for the bottle opener?" Mom walked over to him, reached into the drawer, and pulled out the opener.



"Thanks. Don't know where that was hiding." Dad popped the top to his beer and took a couple gulps. "That blue-haired girl ran across the street right in front of my car a few blocks from here. I nearly ran her over. She does seem a bit crazy. I don't want her mowing our lawn anymore. Even if she is hot."

"Greg! She's eighteen." Mom playfully slapped his shoulder. "She's young enough to be your daughter."

"Yeah, Dad. She's eighteen. Gross." I gave Mom a pointed look. She rolled her eyes at me. I was, of course, also eighteen and look what we were doing.

"I'm going to unwind in the backyard. You want to grab a beer and join me, Amy?" Dad walked toward the back door.

"Thanks, Greg. But I was helping Evan with something before you came home." Her wooden smile barely curved her lips. "I can't leave him hanging."

“Sounds like a pain in the ass,” Dad said.

I snickered at that.

Dad gave me another quizzical look. He had the expression of someone who’d always suspected I was an idiot, and now the evidence was mounting.

“Yep, Evan can be a real pain in the butt.” Mom let out a constricted laugh. She went to the fridge, grabbed a couple more beers, put them in a bowl with ice and the bottle opener, and handed the bowl to him. “Are you going to sit in the gazebo and listen to the game?” She lovingly pushed him out the back door.



“Yep,” Dad said.

“Enjoy!” Mom closed the door. “We have at least an hour. I’m going to get the bell. Meet me in your room.”

We were both laughing as we raced through the house. It was reckless. It was stupid. But after all the tension with Ava, I think we both needed to blow off steam. I undressed, got the lube out of my nightstand, and began slathering my hard dick.



Mom opened my door, stepped in, and furtively closed it behind her. She looked over at me. “Oh ... you’re already oiled up.” A shiver shook her so violently the bell in her hand rang. “Can you believe your father is lusting after Ms. Roslin? What is it about that girl that gets men so riled up?” She put the bell down and let her robe fall to the floor.

“Mom ... you ate her ass.”

Mom frowned at me. “Don’t talk to me like that.”

“Well, you were really bad with Ava.” My mood dropped even as my dick stayed upright.

“I’m sorry, I was a bad mom.” Mom turned and put her hands on the wall next to a poster. She pushed her bare ass back toward me. “Do you want to punish me?”



I laughed. “You know how to turn my mood around. Can you imagine what Dad would do if he came in here right now?” I walked over to her and gave her butt a solid spank.

“Ow!” She looked at me over her shoulder with gritted teeth. “Ow ... ow ... I’d rather not imagine it. We both love him. Ow! And we don’t want to hurt him. He just wouldn’t ever ... ow ... understand the special bond we have. I have such a crush on you ... ow ... Evan ... ow ... that I let you spank my bottom. Okay, that’s enough.” She moved her butt out of the way of my swinging hand.

“No more spanking. But your punishment isn’t over.” I pulled her over to my desk chair. I sat down, and I backed her onto my cock. It slid right into her asshole. I remembered the first time we’d tried it. Her sphincter had so valiantly defied my dick. Now, it was like her butt was made for sex.

“I was a bad mommy, Evan. I was ... ugh ... ugh ... so very bad. I deserve your thing ... up my butt.” She put her hands on my knees and rode me in reverse. “Bad Mommy ... I wasn’t careful with your seed ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... and now I have a penis in my ... behind ... and a baby in my belly.”



What a world I lived in! Mom was talking dirty to me while plugging her ass on my cock. And this was right after I had denied Ava and sent her packing. I was a million light years away from the innocent teenager with a crush on Ava that had walked into that strange shop not that long ago.

“I love it when ... you’re bad ... Mom.” I held her delicate shoulders and forced her to arch her back as she humped back into me. Her ass shook, the ripples of each impact disappearing into the perfect curve of her lower back.

“Why ... sweetie?” She twisted to look back at me with genuine bewilderment on her face. Her movement brought her bouncing side-boob into view. She was so beautiful that my heart and dick nearly seized up. “I hurt you ... and I’m so ... sorry,” she said.

It was a mammoth moment of cognitive dissonance for me. My mother’s face showed warring parts lust and remorse. I would have thought those expressions would have been incompatible, but there they were. At the same time, her hips didn’t slow. She continued to propel her ass back on my cock with force.

“We’re playing a game ... Mom. You’re not really ... a bad mommy ... ugh ... ugh ... you just made ... some mistakes.” I smacked her rippling ass to punctuate the thought. “We don’t need ... to *really* talk about it ... now.”

“Oh ... right ... I ... ooohhhhhh ... knew that.” Her smile returned, bright and happy. Her hips switched from bouncing to rotating her ass on my lap. Her smile faded, replaced by a rictus of ecstasy. “Buttgasm ... I’m about to have a ... ooohhhhhhhh.”



We fucked for about forty minutes, switching positions at one point so that she was prone on the floor, and I railed at her from behind. I came in her ass like that, with her wailing about taking her punishment.



After we were done, she raced off to get cleaned before my dad ran out of beer. I dressed, and went downstairs to help her make dinner. We had a flirty, fun time in the kitchen. I kept grinning like an idiot, thinking about my cum in her butt and my baby in her belly. Dad eventually came back in for dinner, but his return didn't dim my mood. I felt great. And Ava was the only one who could mess that up. With any luck, she would find herself a nice boyfriend she could trust and leave us alone.