



**THE MISSUS RING**  
**CHAPTER 11**

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

## *The Missus Ring 11*

Illustrations by Lexx228

Written by RawlyRawls

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We didn't do much talking that night. My mom took her shower, brushed her teeth, and then turned the bathroom over to me. By the time I was showered, brushed, and ready for bed, she was already asleep. I turned out the lights and slipped under the covers. I wore my boxers. When I reached over, I found that she was wearing pajamas. Also, she was sleeping with an extra pillow between her knees.

As I settled myself next to her, listening to her deep, even breathing, I felt closer to her than I ever had. I hadn't had any experience with sleeping next to a woman before, but I felt that it was almost as intimate as sex. She was completely vulnerable and trusting in her slumber. I drifted off to sleep with a smile.



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“Wake up, sleepyhead!” I was wrenched out of a dream by a hand vigorously shaking my shoulder.

“Jeez ... Mom ... what time is it?” I opened my eyes and saw her smiling face hovering over mine.



“Are we still playing that game?” She winked at me and swiped a hand over her face. As it passed, her smile disappeared. “Mommy doesn’t want you to be a lazy-bones. She wants you to eat her pussy for breakfast.”

“She ... what?” My eyes widened.

“Mommy ... wants you ... to eat ... her pussy ... for breakfast.” She said the words loud and slow like I was hard of hearing.

“Mom, is that you?” I looked at the time. It was five-thirty.

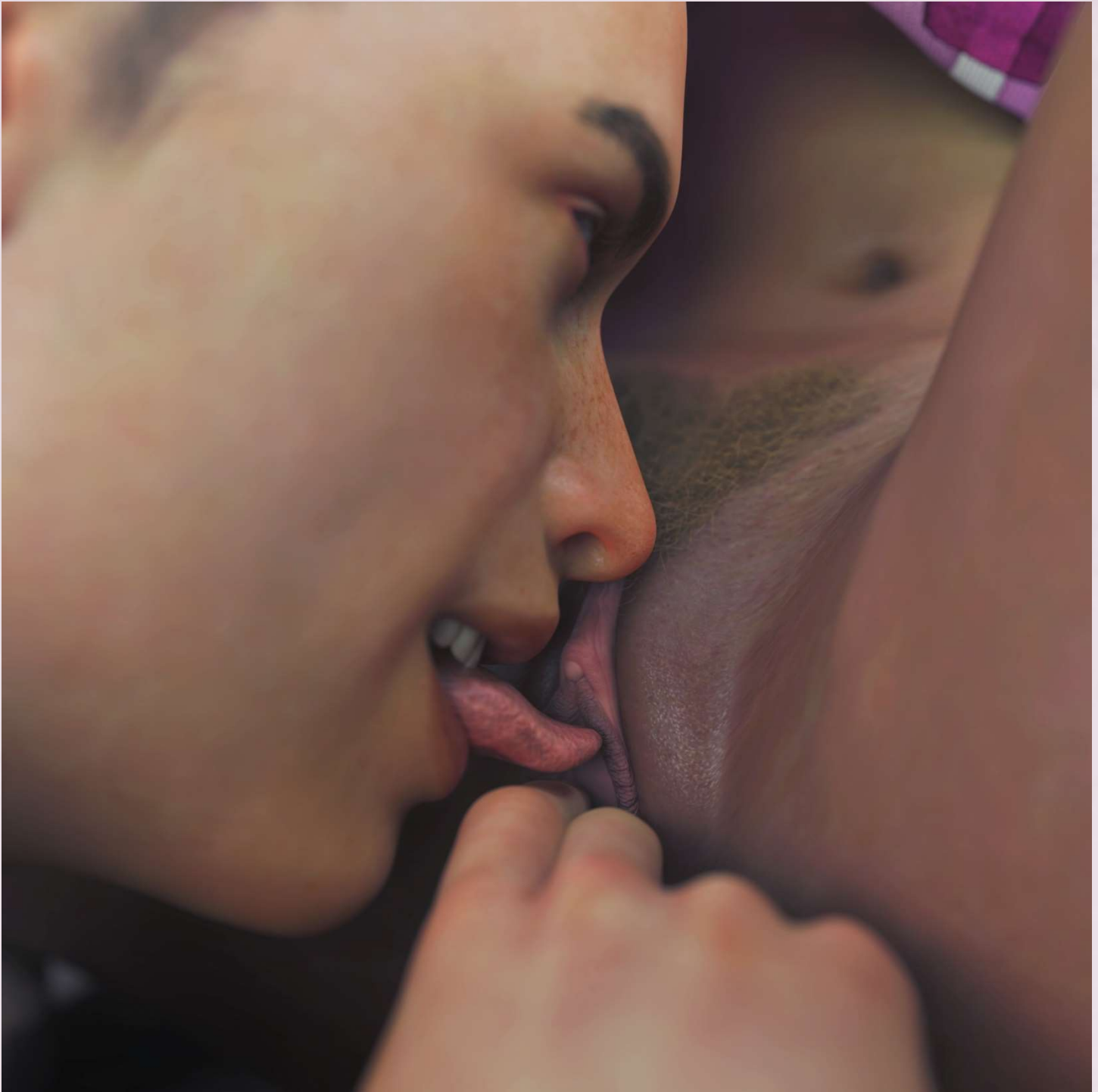
“I’ll play your game. I’ll even let you put on condoms. But you have to make me cum. I’m dying over here.” She flipped onto her back next to me, pulled off her pajama bottoms and panties, and spread her legs wide. Her lips were glistening.

“I’ve only ever done this once.” That was true. I looked at her left hand as she spread her pussy lips. She wore both my father’s ring and the Missus Ring. I have no idea why she’d put it on while I was sleeping. My mom had enjoyed oral sex the first time I’d tried it. But this wasn’t my mom. The wife-woman was going to wonder why I wasn’t good at eating pussy. “Maybe we could have sex instead?”

“Eat ... my ... pussy ... Evan.” She gave me a stern look between her legs. “Or so help me ...”



“Okay, Mom.” I got between her legs and dove in, lapping at her lips and clit. I plunged two fingers inside her and pumped.



She laughed. “I’m not an ice cream cone, Evan. Do your regular thing.”

I leaned away from her pussy. “I’m only eighteen. I’ve only eaten pussy once before. And ... the woman liked it then. I’m not sure what else to do.” Suddenly, I wasn’t very happy with the wife-woman. Nobody likes to be laughed at.

“Holy shit, you’re showing real commitment to this roleplay.” She laughed again. “It’s like the time the kids went to your parents’ for the week, and we did the Cider Frau and Apple Thief for five days.”

“Yeah.” I had heard about the Cider Frau and Apple Thief on the internet. For some reason, it had been popular for a few years. Actually, it did sound hot to me. I made a mental note to see if I could make it happen with my mom at some point. I went back to licking her pussy.

My mom was silent for a while. I was happy she wasn't complaining about my technique, but worried about the lack of heavy breathing or moaning. Eventually, she ran her fingers through my hair, gripped a handful, and guided my mouth to her clit. “You really are a hopeless teenager, aren't you? Bravo for commitment. I'll pretend that nobody has gone down on me in twenty years, and the sheer novelty of this is getting me off.” With a painful tug she lifted me off her pussy and gave me a wink. “Ohhhhhhhh ... you love Mommy so much ... you're munching pussy ... without a clue what to do.” She forced my mouth back to her clit.



I was insulted, but determined to make her feel something. I sucked her clit into my mouth and did my best to please her. My fingers still worked inside of her.

“Oooohhhhhh ... sweetie ... I can’t believe ... you’re slurping my ... snatch.” She seemed to be getting into it. Or maybe she was pretending for the roleplay.

“Mmmmmppphhhhhhhhh.” I didn’t point out to her that a straitlaced mom wouldn’t say ‘slurping my snatch.’

“That’s it ... oooohhhhhhhh ... that it ... clean Mommy’s box ...” My mom threw her head back on the bed. “I’m cumming ... on my sweet son’s ... tongue.”

When she was done, I lifted my face off her and looked up. She was smiling sweetly at me. She hadn’t even broken a sweat. I was ninety-nine percent sure she had just faked an orgasm.

“Want another breakfast?” She flopped off the bed. I watched her ass shake as she skipped to the bathroom. “I’m starving.”

“The restaurant isn’t open yet.” I rolled onto my back. My cock strained at my underwear. I was so hard it hurt. “If you’re hungry, maybe you could return the favor?”

My mom stopped in the doorway, turned around, and put her hands on her hips. “Mommy will not reward the poor showing you put into eating her snatch. When you improve, I’ll blow you.” She shrugged her shoulders. “Let’s go for a stroll. Get dressed.”

“But Mom, I’m still hard.” I pointed to my dick for emphasis.

“Well, in that case. You’ll just have to walk funny on our stroll. I suggest tucking it under the waist of your pants.” She gave me a condescending thumbs-up and disappeared into the bathroom.

“Hmmm.” I guess the wife-woman wasn’t perfect. I thought about asking her to remove the ring. Or wresting it off her if she said no. But my mom had put the ring on for a reason. So, I decided to let her wear it for the time being. Also, I may have been a little curious to see what sort of mischief the wife-woman would get into.

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“Come along, sweetie. Mommy doesn’t want anyone to see your raging boner.” My mother pulled me by the hand through the lobby. She was wearing a sweater, jeans, and sneakers. I was wearing the same, but a hoodie instead of a sweater.



“Someone could hear us, Mom.” I glanced around. The lobby was mostly empty this early in the day.

“True. And someone might see the outline of your giant dick. It’s hard to miss.” She looked over her shoulder at my crotch. “Think how mortified your mother would be if someone at the front desk filed a complaint about too much giant cock in the lobby.”

I thought about it, blushed, and hurried up. No one seemed to notice us. “Where are we going?”

“There’s a lake here, right? We’ll go for a walk along the lake.” She led us outside and followed signs for the lake, still pulling me along. When we arrived at the lake trail, she slowed down, breathing in the fresh air. “Oh, my. This *is* pretty. You picked a nice hotel.”



“You picked it. You’re my mom, remember? I’m only eighteen.” I followed her example and breathed in the fresh air. A mist hung over the lake and the sky was brightening in the east. There were a few people already paddling out from the dock in their canoes. The air carried a cacophony of birdsong and an early morning chill. I pulled my hood up over my head. “I think you and Dad used to come here for weekends away.”

“Oh, of course. How silly of me.” My mom released my hand, and we walked side by side in silence for a while. She looked thoughtful as she pondered the foggy lake. Eventually, she spoke. “How does it feel replacing your father in my bed?” She raised an eyebrow. “Do you get horny knowing that you can out-hump him? Does it make you hard stealing me away from him?”

“I ... uh ... um ...” I was so taken aback. It was part of our game she was playing, but it certainly hit the nail on the head. I love my dad, but what she said was absolutely true.

“You’re like a young gorilla pushing his way into the old silverback’s territory. What once was his is now yours.” She giggled and looked over at me. Her face fell into shadow as we walked into a copse of trees. “Are you happy with what you’ve taken?” My mom stopped, gave me a mischievous look, and lifted her sweater. She wasn’t wearing a bra. I stared at her tits. I couldn’t help it.



"Yes ... Mom." I nodded slowly.

"Good boy." She lowered her sweater and pushed me into the trees. We went off the trail a few feet, and she dropped to her knees on the forest floor. She lowered my pants and underwear. When my cock was out in the open, she pecked the head. "Mmmm. Precum." She licked it slowly, making eye contact with me. "You didn't really think I'd leave this poor guy hanging, did you?"



"Yes ... I did." My eyes were very wide. She had worked me up into an internal frenzy. I knew I shouldn't let her blow me in sight of the trail, but I didn't stop her.

My mom laughed, her voice cloistered by the trees. "You're a teenager. If I kept you hard too much longer, you'd explode. We need to let some pressure out of the system." With that, she swallowed my cock.

“Ohhhhhh ... Mom ...” My hands hung limply by my sides. My eyes were wide in the dim, early light. She could take more of my cock down her throat than my mother could. Which was odd, because it was the same throat. She held my balls in her hand and rotated her head left on the downthrust and right on the upthrust.

“Ummmmmmmm ... ggggaaaackkkk.” She was still making eye contact with me. It was incredible. I could see she wanted me to cum. She was going to get her breakfast after all. She blew me for five minutes before I became aware that we weren’t alone.



There was a couple standing on the trail, staring at us. In fright, I put my hands on my mom's head, like I meant to cover up what she was doing. Of course, I didn't actually cover up anything. She kept blowing me, and the couple continued to stare.



"M ..." I stopped myself before calling her Mom in front of these people. They looked like a perfectly nice man and woman in their twenties, out for a morning stroll.

Eventually, they seemed to get over their shock. "You probably shouldn't do that here," the woman said.

"But ... good for you, dude," the man said.

Hearing their voices, my mom popped her mouth off of me. I thought she'd panic, but instead she giggled. "Good for him indeed," she said. "I'm his mom, and I'm rewarding him for breaking up with his hussy girlfriend. Bet you wish your mom would do that for you." She winked at the man.



Both the man and the woman looked beyond shocked. Their mouths hung open. Then the woman pushed the man down the trail.

"She's not really my mom." I called after them. "And I'm eighteen." Before I could get the words out of my mouth, my mom continued the blowjob.

I felt bad for my real mom. She was going to be so angry and embarrassed when she came back to herself. At the same time, those people seeing us fired up my lust to even higher levels. I *really* was the young gorilla

