



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 12

FICTION

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Post-nut clarity can be a bitch. I released my mom's hair and stepped backward, pulling my cock out of her mouth. She smiled up at me, wiping her lips with the back of her hand.



"That was stupid. We shouldn't have done that." I shook my head. "I mean, anyone could have seen us ... like that. Mom is going to be livid ... and mortified!"

"Jeez, Evan. Cool down. We've done way worse." She stood and frowned at me.

"Give me the ring." My half-hard dick was still hanging out in the open.

"You want ... my ring?" She cocked her head at me, her expression nonplussed. "Is this another game?"

I leapt forward, grabbed her hand, and pulled the ring off her finger. She offered no resistance. I watched her face intently. The muscles around her jaw tightened and recognition dawned in her eyes.

"Oh, no ... Evan. We didn't ..." She looked down at my cock with wide eyes. "We did. I can still taste you on my tongue." She looked around to see if anyone was about. "Put that away before someone else sees."



"I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't know what she was planning. I thought ... she just wanted me to take an uncomfortable walk." I put away my dick, bracing for her fury and outrage.

"This is my fault, Evan. I shouldn't have put the ring on without telling you and giving you instructions." She gave me a wide-eyed glance. "We were lucky we weren't discovered by someone less understanding. We could go to jail for what we did."

"You have some ... um ... of my ..." I pointed to her chin. She wiped with her hand but missed the dribble of cum. I moved closer and cleaned her off with the sleeve of my hoodie.

"Thank you, sweetie." She looked tense and on edge, but

I could also see her thinking things through. This wasn't the big eruption and panic I had been expecting.

"Maybe we should go back to the hotel. I don't feel like finishing the walk." Awkwardly, I took her hand.

"Me either." She let me lead her back to the hotel.

We walked briskly through the lobby with our heads down. I kept waiting for someone to stop us, but we sailed right through. Neither of us said a word until we were back in our hotel room. My mom closed the door and put her back to it like there were monsters on the other side. She stared at me for several seconds.

"I'm sorry I let her do that. I should have -" I started.

"You're eighteen, Evan. I understand. It was my fault. And ... I think I gained some insight." She walked over to the bed, sat on the edge, and patted the mattress next to her. "Come, sit."

"Okay." I sat next to her and looked into her eyes. Those same eyes had gazed lovingly up at me while my cock was down her throat. What a strange juxtaposition with her searching gaze now.

"Before I go on about me and the wife-woman. I have to ask, are you okay? Was that traumatic for you? I mean ... " My mom put her hand on my thigh. "Strangers saw you with your mother in the most unnatural ... ahem." She cleared her throat. "Anyway, are you okay?"

"I mean ... I guess." I shrugged. If she wasn't going to freak out about it, I could get a whole new perspective on it. It was ... actually, kind of hot. Or maybe I was just losing my post-nut clarity.

"Well, we're in this crazy boat together, so you can tell me anything." Her smile was stiff. "About the

wife-woman. When we were discovered by those people, the wife-woman was completely relaxed. She knew it might be a hazardous situation, but she ... um ... trusted herself to handle it. She knows what she wants and she just ... goes for it. There are no worries about consequences because ... she can handle anything. She has so much confidence. And the crazy thing is, she's working with exactly what I have." My mom ran her hand up and down her body like a gameshow hostess.

"But she wants different things than you, right?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Yes, of course. She's so horny!" She nodded her head. "I think we're making progress here. Let's think things over and have some breakfast." She gave me a sudden startled look. "I mean, a real breakfast. What we did before doesn't count."

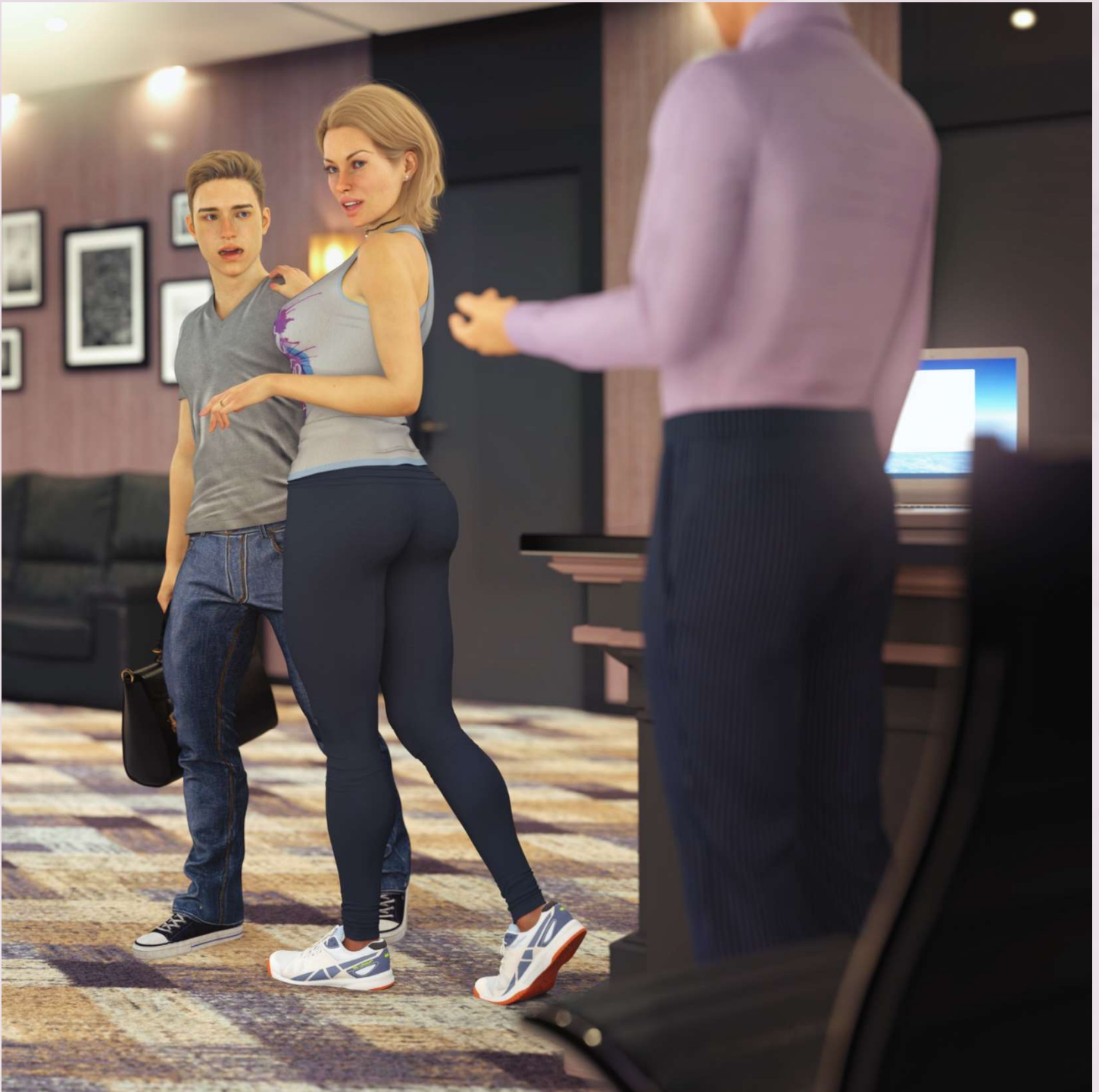
"Yeah, okay." My mind reeled as I tried to process everything she'd said. "Let's get changed. Just in case, so we don't match the descriptions of those perverts down by the lake."

My mother gave me a nervous laugh. "Yes, good thinking."

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"Excuse me ... excuse me ... ma'am ... can I have a word?" The manager flagged us down in the lobby.



My mom tensed next to me. Her hand gripped my upper arm. "You stay here, sweetie. I'll go talk to the man."

"But, Mom ..." My whole body tightened. This was definitely about the blowjob. The game was up.

"I'll handle this, Evan." She released my arm. "I'm going to do my best wife-woman impression. You stay here."

My mother walked over to the manager. With each step she took, she seemed to relax. I'm sorry to say, that even given the situation, I stared at her ass. She looked so perfect in yoga pants.

I couldn't hear what they said, but the manager waved his hands in an agitated way. My mom smiled and spoke calmly. After a few minutes, she pulled her driver's license out of her purse and waved me over.

"Get you your driver's license and hand it to the man, Evan." She handed hers to the lobby manager.

I did as she asked. The manager looked at both licenses.

"You see?" My mother said. "I'm his mother. There is no way we could have been doing what you described. It's someone else that looks similar."

"Um ... yes." The manager handed back our licenses. "Forgive me, but we have a strict policy at this hotel. And I needed to follow up."

"I'm here with my teenage son to do some bonding. Do you know how difficult that is without you embarrassing us with this? I mean, goodness. Just try to put yourself in my son's shoes. What sort of weekend will we have if he's worried that people think we're perverts?"



"Yes, I'm sorry." The manager gave me an uncomfortable look and then brought his gaze back to my mother.

"I'll hear no more about this. Do you understand? We're here to enjoy ourselves. We're your guests." My mother gave him a scathing look. It seemed she had handled things well. I couldn't guess what the wife-woman would have done differently. "We're going to have breakfast now."

"Of course. I'm so sorry." The manager nodded to us and hurried away.

When he was gone, my mom let out a long breath. "That was terrible and ... almost exhilarating." She turned to me. "The wife-woman isn't to leave our room again. Understood?"

"Yes, ma'am." I gave her a little salute and studied her. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were bright. She didn't look worried anymore.

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We ate breakfast, making small talk. It was surreal to think that the cum in her stomach was now joined by an English muffin and a smoothie. The food was good. I enjoyed avocado toast. She pestered me more about girls.

“Okay, other than Ava, who do you like at school? You’re so handsome and ... um ... gifted ... in bed.” She leaned forward and whispered the last two words so that only I could hear. “You’re going to break some hearts in your day.”

“Um ... thanks, Mom.” I guess she would know. “I’ve sort of been hooked on Ava for a long time. She’s so outgoing and ... pretty ... and crazy.” Recognition dawned in my eyes. “Sort of like the wife-woman.”

Mom shook her head. “She’s nothing like the wife-woman.”

“You don’t even know her.” I frowned.

“She has blue hair, and you think she’s crazy. I know enough.” She shook her head slowly. “You know what they say about crazy women. Never put your ... ahem ... in crazy,” She whispered.

“I know.” I’d heard it before. But I was surprised my mom knew the saying. I quickly pivoted the conversation to what I was learning in history class. We enjoyed the rest of our breakfast and headed back to our room.

Once inside our room, she stood with her back against the door. It didn’t look like there were monsters on the other side this time. Her expression was contemplative. I shoved my hands in my pockets. She looked so pretty, I wanted to jump her on the spot. But after everything that had happened that morning, I had no idea where we stood with our sex experiments.

“So ... what now?” I raised my eyebrows. “We could go for a walk around the lake. A real walk, I mean. Or ... a canoe ride? Or ... what else is there to do around here?”

My mother smiled. She opened the door, put the do-not-disturb sign on the exterior handle, and closed it. “I think I’m learning that I need to be a bit freer with things. With ... what I want.”

“Okay, what do you want?” I shrugged.

“I want to continue exploring how to be rid of the ring by ... spending time with my heartbreaker son.” My mother slowly lifted off her top. “I want to see if when you put it inside me, I have any more epiphanies about the wife-woman. I think we’re getting close.” She reached behind her and unclasped her bra. She carefully hung it from the door handle and turned toward me. I went stiff instantly. Seeing her naked would never get old.



“Okay ... okay ... I’ll get the condoms.” I moved toward the nightstand.

“Wait, sweetie.” My mother removed her sneakers. She lowered her yoga pants and pulled them off one foot at a time. “If I’m being honest about what I want ... um ... well ... I want you to feel me while we’re doing it. I know I shouldn’t but ... I’m trying to put what I should do, and what I want to do, into two different

categories. What do you think?" She slid her panties slowly down her long legs. Her socks were her only clothing now.

"Yeah ... okay ... right." I nodded enthusiastically. "No condoms. I can pull out. No problem."

She laughed. "What did I expect you to say?" She sauntered over to me and pushed me onto the bed. "I'm ready. Let's get started." She pulled off my shoes, pants, and underwear and mounted me. She held my cock under her but paused, looking down at me. "Don't ever have sex with the wife-woman unprotected. I don't trust her."



"Yeah ... okay." My head nearly rattled I nodded so hard. "Only with you, Mom."

"You're such a good son ... Evan ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Her face changed as she lowered herself onto my cock. She went from sweet and earnest, to lost and ecstatic. Her eyes rolled and her teeth clenched. She grimaced as she lowered herself all the way. "You're such ... a goooooooooodddd son ... Evan ... oooohhhhhhhh ... gosh ... so gooooooooood." She grabbed my hands and placed them on her boobs. "Hold them like you ... uuuuggghhhh ... want them."



“Okay.” I squeezed her tits and rubbed her nipples with my thumbs. She leaned her head back and shrieked. Her hips took off, undulating and pressing into mine.

“How ... does it feel? Do you like the way ... I feel ... bare?” She rode me harder. “I want you ... to be happy ... too ... Evan.”

“I’m happy ... Mom! I’m really ... happy!” I might have said those words too loud. I already knew people passing in the hall could hear us. But I didn’t care. We’d hit some sort of pivot point in our extended weekend together. I thought the morning blowjob would bring disaster, but instead, it had changed us for the better. I was ready for whatever happened next.

