



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 16

FICTION

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All three of us were on the bed. Ava wore nothing but the ring. Mom still wore her wedding ring and stockings. I didn't have anything on. I breathed deeply. The pungent smells of sweat and our commingled cum filled the room. The scent drove me wild.

My mother lay on her back, biting her lower lip and staring nervously down at me. I was shoulder to shoulder with Ava between my mom's legs. She was pointing out various parts of my mother's pussy, giving me an anatomy lesson.



"And do you know where her clit is?" Ava was using an overly didactic voice. The wife-woman, Fania, was obviously enjoying the slow lesson, making my mom wait for her next orgasm.

"It's here." I put my index finger on the beautiful little button in front of me.

“Oh ... gosh,” my mom said.

“Head of the class.” Ava giggled to herself. “Now, you can make her go off big time, even squirt, just by rubbing that little boss. But after giving your mom’s pussy a thorough tune-up, I think her g-spot is where it’s at. She’ll be putty in your hands, Evan.” She leaned her head against mine and whispered, “How old are you supposed to be again?”

“Eighteen.” I ran my fingers gently along the inside of my mom’s thigh. That made her shiver.

“Right. So, stick a finger inside your mother. Slowly ... slowly.” Ava nodded as she watched me work. “Since you’re eighteen, I assume you still have homework on weeknights. If your mom is nagging you about math or something, just do what I’m about to show you, and she’ll forget all about it.”



"I don't nag him." My mom glanced at Ava.

"Sometimes you do, Mom." I shrugged.

"That's what all moms say, Mrs. Gosling." Ava gave her a smug smile. "If she wants you to practice piano, but you don't feel like it ... g-spot. If she wants you to do the dishes ... g-spot. Basically, this is your get out of jail free card."

"I don't play the piano, Fania." I wasn't receiving any instruction, so I gently ran the inserted finger over the ridges in my mom's pussy. Her eyes lost their focus when I did that.

"No piano?" Ava kissed me on the cheek. "You're usually so good at improv, darling. Remember, it's always 'yes, and', okay?"

"Yes, and I love that we're having a conversation while I'm stroking the inside of Mom's pussy." I laughed.

"Ohhhhh ... Evan." My mom leaned her head back on the pillow, gripping the sheet on either side of her hips. "This is ... surreal."



“Now, every woman is different. So, what I’m teaching you won’t be right for everyone. Fortunately, when I broke your mother a little while back, I got a good read on how her pussy works.” Ava’s voice was loud and clear, she was clearly performing and not actually teaching. She thought I knew what I was doing, but my finger was deep in a mystery at the moment. Ava continued. “Now, reach up toward her belly button and stroke along the ceiling with a come-hither motion. Good, good. Watch her face. See how her eye is twitching and her lips are twisted? Experiment with it. Try slightly different spots. Keep a nice steady rhythm. There! Did you see that? Your mother’s eyes crossed. Put a little more pressure on that spot. Don’t stop the beckoning motion.”

“Ugggh ... sssnnnnooooock!” My mom jerked and snorted like a pig. She lifted her feet into the air and moved them in little, desperate circles. Her eyes crossed even more. She seemed to be staring at her own nose. “Oooohhhhhh ... gosh ... Evan ... you found it ... you ...”



"Keep going. Damn, she looks hot writhing around like that." Ava giggled. "Can you imagine if you could do this to your real mom? Make her give you stupid expressions like that?" She pointed at my mom's face. I had to admit, my mother did look mentally challenged and it was spectacular.

"Yeah, I can imagine." I kept stroking that spot at the ceiling of my mom's pussy, refining my technique by judging her reactions to finger placement and movement.

"Ohhhh ... Evan ... uuuuggghhhhh ... ggghha ... uugh ... you're going to make me ... uuuggghhh ... a big one." Mom pointed her toes at the ceiling. Her boobs jiggled on her chest as her whole body shook.

Ava kissed the inside of my mom's thigh and then sucked. I don't think my mom noticed that she was getting a hickey. I doubted she would like that very much. How would she explain that to my dad when we got home?

"Fania ... no hickeys. Mrs. Gosling is married, remember?" I nudged her with my shoulder.

Ava pulled her mouth away from my mom's leg. "Oops. I forgot. Might be too late." She snickered. "I don't think she noticed."

"No, I don't think -" I said.



"Finger out! She's about to squirt. Let her spray!" Ava sat up and clapped her hands.

"Oooohhhhhhhhhh ... oh ... ooohhhhhhhhhh ..." My mother was howling, her hips jerking on the bed.

I removed my fingers and stared at her pussy. I barely had time to close my eyes before the first spray hit my face. My mother's warm cum was quickly all over me. I pulled back and let her squirt on the bed instead. Ava and I laughed with delight as I wiped my eyes clean. My mom continued to howl.

"Oooohhhhhh ... oooohhhhhh ... oooohhhh ... oooohh ... ohh." My mother's legs slowly lowered back to the bed. Her white-knuckled grip on the sheets loosened. Her gaze focused, and she looked at us. "Oh ... Evan ... you're a mess. Did I do that?"

"Yeah ... Mom." I nodded, still chuckling.

"You're a squirter, Mrs. Gosling." Ava smacked her on the thigh where the hickey was forming. "Congratulations."

"I ... never ... oh my ..." My mother gave me a dazed smile.

I fell on my side, still chuckling. Ava smacked my butt and howled with mirth.

"We can still hear you in the hall." A woman's muffled voice came through the door.

"We're laughing, we're not cumming, bitch." Ava yelled back at the woman.

That made us all laugh harder. When we finally recovered, my mother got us all water, and we sat on the edge of the bed in a line, drinking and collecting ourselves.

"So, what's next?" My mother sat to my left with her elbows resting on her thighs. Her body language looked tired, but her eyes were bright as she glanced at me. "You're still hard, Evan."

"How could I not be? This is the best day of my life." I smiled at her.

"Pretty sure the best day of your life was our wedding day." Ava said to my right. "Or maybe the time you got me those Swedish models for my birthday. Those guys were so tall ... and hot. Oh, or maybe it was the time we talked that married attorney into a three-way in her office ... and she dropped the case against us."

"Wow ... we've had some crazy times." I nodded thoughtfully.

"So ... um ... what's next?" There was hope in my mother's voice.



"Hmmmm." Ava rubbed her chin. "I guess I have to give your teenage son pointers on how to hit your g-spot with his dick. Ava gulped the rest of her water, stood, and put her glass back in the bathroom. She came back into the room and stood with her hands on her hips. "I bet you like doggy, don't you, Mrs. Gosling? I bet your lover sometimes hits that special spot with your ass in the air."

My mother's cheeks turned crimson, but she nodded.

"I'll show you a surefire way for Evan to nail that spot." Ava looked at me and waited.

"What? I don't know. I hardly have any experience with girls." I stood and jogged in place, my dick bouncing wildly. "But I'm ready for whatever."

"I feel like I should have a chalkboard for this." Ava giggled. She took the water glass from my mom, put it on the nightstand, and stood my mom up. She then had her lie flat on the bed with her legs hanging to the floor. "Now ... straighten your legs a little. Yes ... like that. Damn, you have a nice ass, Mrs. Gosling. I could bounce quarters off it. She slapped my mom's ass, and my mother let out a squeal.



"Now, I'll explain this clearly for your horny, teenage brain." Ava winked at me. "Put your feet on the floor next to the bed on either side of her ... farther apart ... yes ... now squat ... hold her hips ... here ... I'll help you put it in." Ava took hold of my cock.

"Ready, Mom?" My mom did have a gorgeous ass. And it was all mine. At least for the extended weekend. Although ... I might have to share with the wife-woman. I smiled at the thought.

"Yes ... sweetie." My mother's back was tense. The small muscles around her shoulders were bunched. She



was gripping the sheets again, her lithe arm muscles also taut. "I'm ready. Hit that spot ... please."

"You'll want to arch your back, Mrs. Gosling." Ava pushed my dick into my mom's pussy and stepped back. "No, Mrs. Gosling, push your belly into the mattress. Yes, that changes the angle of your hips. Good. Now, Evan, plow your mom." She slapped my butt to spur me on. It worked. I pushed into my mother with little resistance. All the sex that weekend had really loosened her up. She was a sloppy, squelching mess as my hips found their rhythm. Her pussy made the most wonderful damp noises.

"Oohhh ... I'm sorry ... about the sounds ... sweetie." My mother's voice was strained.

"I like them." I grabbed her hips and tried to angle my dick toward the roof of her pussy.

"Never apologize for a queef, Mrs. Gosling." Ava stood behind me, looking over my shoulder. "That's good, Mrs. Gosling. Dig your toes into the ground and push your butt a little higher. Do you feel it yet?"

"Uuuuggghhhhhhhh ... it's ... it's ... ssnnoock!" My mother snorted and shook under me.

I kept pummeling away at her pussy. I was pretty sure I was hitting the mark now. My mother was vibrating with a low, guttural wail. The muscles in her back were even tighter than before. "Is that ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... good ... Mom?"

"Ggggggaaaaahhhhhhhh ..." Was my mother's only reply.

"Nice work, you've turned her into a dumb, grunting beast." Ava giggled. "I love when that happens to me." I felt her hands on my ass, pushing me to smash my mom harder.

My mother's wailing grew louder, her entire body quaking. I wondered if maybe we shouldn't make so much noise. They could clearly hear us in the hall. It would be hard to explain to management what was going on. Especially after what had happened that morning. But I didn't stop my mother from screaming out her climax when it arrived. I was too wrapped up in giving her such an experience. Suddenly, there was next-level wetness on my dick as she squirted, her pussy making even louder slurping sounds. It was all too much. "I'm ... uuugghhhh ... I'm ... going to ..."

"Knock her up ... Evan. Knock up ... your own mother ..." Ava pushed my ass, thrusting me all the way in. I was no longer pumping, just pressed to my mother's flesh.



“No ... my ... real mother ... can't ...” I shuddered. My orgasm was so close.

“What ... what?” My mom was recovering from her climax. “No ... Evan ... uuuggghhhh ... not inside.”

“Mom ... Mom ... Mom ...” I used my grip on her hips to push back, dislodging myself from her pussy. I fell back on top of Ava on the floor.

My mother turned around and pounced on me. “Thank you ... thank you ... good boy. I'll finish ... you.” She sucked me into her mouth.

“That's ... good ... Mom ... uuggghhhh.” I was aware that we'd dodged a bullet there. The wife-woman was dangerous. As much fun as we were having, I was determined to take the ring off Ava. But first, I had to cum. “Aaaaaahhhhhhhh.” I held my mother's hair and exploded into her mouth.

“Damn ... you two ... get a room,” Ava said from underneath me.

I would have to deal with her, but first I'd have to finish feeding my mother cum.

