



**THE MISSUS RING**  
**CHAPTER 18**

# FICTION

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## *The Missus Ring 18*

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For the second time that night, I woke in the dark. "Mom?" I reached out and felt around on her half of the bed, but she wasn't there. "Mom?" I sat up, worried that Ava had somehow stolen my mother, too.



The bathroom door opened. I squinted at the sudden light. My mother stood backlit in the doorway. She was naked and glorious. "What's wrong, sweetie?" My eyes were still adjusting to the light, so I couldn't read her face at all. The tone of her voice said that everything was all right.

"Nothing's wrong. I woke up, and you weren't there. I was worried." I stared at the lovely, curving outline of her body.

"Your mother won't be sleeping next to you forever, Evan. You better get used to that." She didn't move from the doorway.

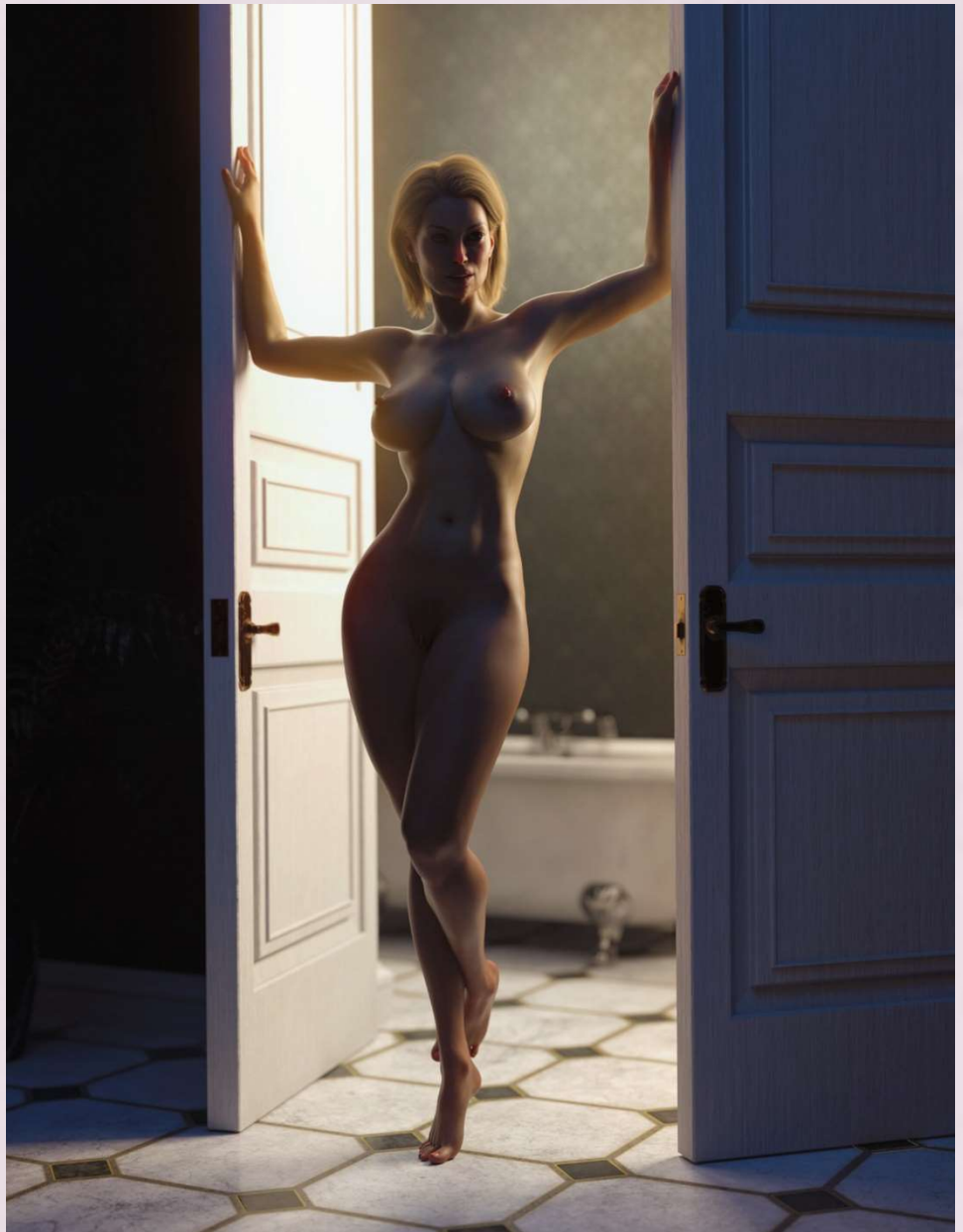
"I know ... I know. When we go home, you'll sleep with Dad again. I was just ... worried for a second." I rubbed my eyes. "What are you doing up?" I dropped my head back down onto the pillow.

"Well ... I woke up a little while ago, turned over, and wrapped my arms around you. I held you for a while," my mom said. "Your thing was hard and poking into me. That made me think about what I want.

I was trying to take the wife-woman's lead. I *am* trying to take her lead. We've had some ... misadventures over this weekend. But all through it, I think we're both learning and growing. And we're getting closer to each other. And after what happened with Ava, I know we're checking out early tomorrow. So, while I was holding you, I asked myself, 'what do I want?' And you know what? To my surprise, I had an answer. It was crystal clear. I wanted to end this trip on a peak. So, I got out of bed, showered off your sperm, and got myself ready. And here I am." She lifted her arms in a *ta-da* gesture.

"I'm confused. What do you want? It's not crystal clear to me." I was sleepy and couldn't follow exactly where this was going.

"I still have a crush on you, Evan. And I want to be as close to you as a mother can be to her son." She gives me a dramatic pause. "I want you to shoot your stuff inside me. Just this once. I think I'm pretty safe. It's worth the risk. I ... need to feel it. What do you think? That's what I want. I wonder what you want. Some things are ... well ... the wife-woman is ... um ... decisive. I'm rambling. Sorry." Her cheeks turned crimson, and she dropped her gaze to the floor.



“Yes!” I wasn’t sleepy anymore. “Just this once, sure. I want this, too. I’m head over heels for you.” I jumped out of bed and pulled off my underwear. My dick was as hard as it’s ever been, pointing directly at her.



“Don’t say you’re ‘head over heels’. It’s okay to have a crush on your mother, but let’s not go crazy. I’m still your mother.” She walked across the room toward me, her hips swaying. “And I’m doing this as your mother. I want this as your mother. I want to *feel* it inside me. Your stuff. Gosh, that’s liberating to say.” She stopped in front of me, my cock pressing into her thigh. She put her arms over my shoulders. “This is what I want. And I have a crush on you, too. And I love you, too. But as your mother. Understand?”

The lines that had governed my life had become blurred. But I did understand her. "It's about connection. You want my cum so that we'll be connected." I thought it over. "Once it's inside you, it will ... sort of ... always be inside you. You'll have me inside you forever." I kissed her, but she pulled back, smiling.

"You totally get me, Evan. I love you so much." She booped my nose with her finger. Leaning back toward me, she planted her lips on mine, her tongue gallant and eager in my mouth. We made out for a long time, the light from the bathroom streaming over us. I worked my cock between her thighs, grabbed her ass, and rocked her back and forth on it. She moaned into my kiss.



The anticipation grew inside me. I was going to get to cum in my mom. I had done this before with the wife-woman, but this was vastly different than that. She wanted me to plant my seed as some sort of capstone to our wild time at the hotel. I was pretty sure it would be the capstone to my entire life. I wasn't sure how I'd ever top it. I promised myself that I would remember every detail.

I lost myself in the make-out session and promptly couldn't remember how we'd ended up on the bed with me on top of her. We broke the kiss. We were both panting.

"I ... really want to make you ... squirt again. But I also want to put it ... inside right now." We stared into each other's eyes. My hand worked down over her belly and found her pussy. I wasn't surprised to find her sopping wet. I played with her labia and clit, causing her to arch her back under me.



"I know ... what I want. I want you ... to make me gush ... *with* your penis." She rolled onto her belly, grabbed a pillow and put it under her hips. "This should be ... just like what the wife-woman showed us."

She was right. It was a similar position. "It feels weird not mentioning a condom before putting it in." I straddled her thighs. Her ass was downright magical from this angle. I committed every subtle curve to memory.

"It's what I want, Evan." My mom turned her head to the side. I brushed her hair back so I could see half her face as I entered her.

"I am crushing ... so hard." I lined up my dick.

"Oh, Evan. You're almost in. I'm going to let you ... uuuuggghhhhhhh." She clutched the sheets as I entered her. "This is ... what I want ... this is ... what I want ... this is ... what I want." She repeated the mantra over and over to the cadence of my thrusts, the only punctuation she needed was the slap of my hips on her ass. "Oohhhhhhh ... it's already ... happening ... eeeeeiiiiiii." I heard her kicking the mattress behind me. Her shriek went higher and higher, until I was worried her voice might break all the glass in the room.



Suddenly, my dick was more than frothy. It was completely flooded. The wife-woman had said I should pull out while she was squirting, but I didn't feel like that doing that. Instead, I grabbed her hips and humped her harder. "Mom ... Mom ... Mom ..." It was my turn to chant a mantra to the cadence of our slapping skin. "Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ..." I was head over heels for her. Her pussy was the single greatest thing on Earth, and I wanted to lose myself in it. I forgot about the wife-woman, Ava, the ring, Dad, Gavin, the suspicious hotel manager, caution, control, and everything else in the

universe that wasn't my mother's round ass, wailing voice, and tight pussy. Time itself was swallowed by that act. I slammed into my mother for what felt like an ecstatic eternity.

“Evan ... Evan ... I feel it ... you’re almost going to ... Evan ... yesssss ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... you’re so deep ... you’re going to ... put your stuff ... so deep ... Evan.” My mother continued to babble as she clutched the sheets. Her small back muscles spasming with each impact she absorbed.

Lights flashed before my eyes, almost like fireworks. “Mom ... I’m ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.” I slammed one last time into her, pushing her hips and the supporting pillow into the mattress. I held myself buried inside her. She was screaming again, but I could barely hear her. I was too busy unloading into her womb. I shuddered through my eruption, and then I collapsed onto my mother’s back, still embedded in her.



We both panted wordlessly for a long time. She was slick with sweat, or maybe that was all me dripping onto her. It was one of the many ways I was having a hard time telling where she ended and I began. So many lines were blurred.

Eventually, she summoned the strength to talk. "I ... um ... think you ... broke my brain ... Evan. I can't think ... straight." She squeezed her pussy on my cock.

"I was worried ... you were going to say ... I broke your vagina." I wasn't ready to stop, slowly I pulled almost all of the way out of her and slid back in. I humped at a nice leisurely pace, her vagina burping out cum around my dick.

"You broke my vagina ... a while ago ... I think." She turned her head and tried to look back at me, but I was still lying on her, so it was difficult for us to make eye contact. I didn't feel like lifting myself up yet, so I kissed and sucked on her exposed neck. She shuddered under me. "I thought ... it was a one-time thing," she said. "Shouldn't we ... go back to sleep ... rather than ..." She let the squelching sounds of our mating finish the sentence for her.

"I've already ... ugh ... ugh ... cum in you ... Mom." My hips accelerated. "It doesn't matter ... if I add a little more. It's ... ah ... ah ... ah ... a *one-night* thing. We've already ... taken the risk ... right?"

"You're right ... Evan." My mom nodded. "But I want to ... be on top of you the second time."

We switched places. Soon, she was riding me with swiftly undulating hips, her fingers clawing at my chest. I had a hard time deciding where to look. Her tits wobbled exquisitely. But her face was even more enthralling. She had the strangest expression: a mix of concentration and stupefaction. I could see she desperately wanted my cum. Of course, that had a deleterious effect on my staying power.

"Evan ... Evan ... eeeeeiiiiiiii." My mother threw her head back and screamed again. I could hear someone knocking on the door, asking us to keep it down. But that didn't worry me at all in my ecstatic state. Instead of stopping, I shot another batch of cum into my mother.



“Ahhhhhhhhh.” I reached up, grabbed her hair, and pulled her toward me. Her tits pressed into my chest as I filled her pussy. She was howling so loudly next to my ear, I heard ringing afterward. We stayed like that for a while. She was trembling on top of me, her slick chest pressed to mine.



We quieted down after that, and the person stopped knocking on our door.

Sweaty and exhausted, we cuddled on top of the sheets. I was still floating on my post-orgasmic high. I wondered if I'd ever come down. Neither of us bothered to get up and turn out the bathroom light.

“I don't care if the ring is back on our nightstand in the morning. I don't need to be the wife-woman anymore.” My mother's voice was dreamy and distant. “I have what I need right here.”

"But Ava ..." I said.

"We'll figure out how to deal with Ms. Roslin ... later." My mother squeezed me tightly. "Together, we can do anything."

I believed her. "I love you, Mom." I squeezed her back.

"I love you too, Evan. I'm going to close my eyes now." My mother's breathing slowed, soft and even. I could tell she'd fallen asleep.

I wasn't quite ready to join her in dreamland. I felt too good. I replayed the night's events over and over in my mind. Before I knew it, I was asleep in her arms, dreaming of seeding her pussy.

