



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 10

FICTION

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When I came out of the bathroom, my mom was wrapped in a sheet. She leaned on the wall, waiting to use the shower. "Gosh, Evan. You can't go strutting around the hotel room naked."

"I can't?" I was showered and dry. Being naked felt good. I'd just had momentous sex, and I didn't mind strutting a little.

"I'm not the wife-woman, sweetie. You still need to treat me like your mother." She stepped around me into the bathroom, pausing before closing the door. "Why did you roleplay with the wife-woman that she was your mother? Do you actually ... um ...?"



"I needed to get her to use a condom, Mom. I was pulling out all the stops." I smiled apologetically. I probably should have just told her I was madly in love with her. I was now hers, mind, body, and soul. But I didn't mention it.

"Well, that was good thinking." She returned my smile. "You'll need a tie and jacket for dinner."

"I didn't pack that," I said.

"I packed your suit for you. It's in my suitcase. I'm starving, so be ready in twenty." She closed the door and took her shower.

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She wasn't kidding about twenty. She quickly showered, put on her makeup and jewelry, and slipped into an elegant dress. I barely had time to figure out how to tie my stupid tie before it was time to go. We walked down the hall as mother and son, not as lovers. The ring was in my pocket.

"I've never seen that dress before, Mom." I tried not to stare at her. She looked gorgeous. It wasn't exactly a news flash, but I was quite sure she was the most beautiful woman in the world.

"I wear it for date nights with your father sometimes." My mom frowned at that. We fell into silence until we were seated in the restaurant at a table for two.

We made small talk about how nice the hotel was and how elegant some of the other diners looked. When the waiter brought us wine, he served both of us. My mom didn't say anything, so I didn't remind her that I was only eighteen. After the appetizers arrived, I could see by her serious expression that we were going to talk about the ring.



“My head is still spinning from what happened in our room.” She leaned closer to me, inadvertently showing me more cleavage. I valiantly made eye contact. Why would I have to peek at her cleavage when I’d just grabbed her boobs while driving her to an orgasm? My teenage brain did some strange things.



“Did you get any insight into her happiness, Mom?” I took a tentative bite of my beet salad. I relaxed once it hit my tongue. It was delicious. I shoveled forkfuls into my mouth while she thought about my question.

“I don’t know. Maybe.” She raised her wineglass and gave it a pensive sip. “I’m probably out of my mind, but I think we should do it after dinner without the ring. I need to compare.”

“You mean *do it* do it?” I couldn’t hold a stupid grin from taking over my face.

“Shh.” She looked around. We had some distance from the other tables. No one was looking at us. “Yes, that’s what I mean. What do you think, am I crazy?”

“You want my opinion on this?” I raised my eyebrows. I couldn’t decide what part of all this was most shocking. That she wanted to have sex with me as herself again, or that she wanted my advice.

“We’re in this together, Evan.” She gulped the rest of her glass and put it down. I refilled it for her. She picked it up and sipped at it some more. “I’m losing my mind. The ring is making me lose my mind.”

“No, Mom.” I put down my fork so that I wouldn’t keep shoveling the salad into my mouth. I looked deep into her liquid blue eyes. “We are in this together. I love you so much, Mom. I’m happy you want my opinion. I really am.” I took a deep breath. “If you think it’s a good idea to compare, I think we should. Whatever it takes to help. We need to be rid of the ring. I know you can find that happiness.”

My mother watched me closely with the wineglass covering the lower part of her face. I could tell from her cute crow’s feet that she was smiling. “Can you go again after dinner? Will you be too tired?”



"I'm a teenager." I shrugged. "I haven't really found a point where I can't go again. But I guess I probably have a limit somewhere."

"Oh, gosh. You're a teenager and my son." She gulped the rest of her wine. "Let's talk about school now. I want to enjoy my dinner. Any girls without blue hair that strike your fancy?"

We talked about normal stuff for us all the way through dessert.

On the way back to our room, my mother put her arm around my waist. She leaned her head against my shoulder as we walked.

"Dinner was excellent, wasn't it?" She gave me a squeeze.

"Yeah. It's amazing getting to share this place with you." I paused. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, sweetie." She burped demurely. To be honest, she'd had a lot more wine than me. She might have been a little drunk.

We got to our room, closed the door, and she pulled me into her arms. I was surprised when she kissed me. But I certainly didn't fight it. We made out, standing just inside the door for what felt like forever. When the kiss broke, we both started undressing.

"Do you want me to keep my shoes on, Evan?" My mom wiggled out of her dress. "We don't wear shoes inside at home. But in a hotel ..." She arched an eyebrow.

"Yes, please." I unbuckled my belt. "Do you want me to keep anything on?"

"Um ... all you need to wear is the condom." My mom pulled her panties down her long legs. "I was thinking ... um ... what if we continued the roleplay from before? So that I can make an accurate comparison."

"But ... you *are* my mom." I pulled off my underwear. My dick sprung out into the open.



"But I'm not your *dirty* mom." She took a slow, deep breath. "Not the way the wife-woman roleplayed. But I could pretend to be a dirty mom. And you could pretend ... that you were in love with me."

"I do love you, Mom." I didn't point out that as far as dirty moms go, she was standing in front of her son, wearing only her nice jewelry, bra, stockings, and high heels.

"Yes, but not like how you were pretending during the roleplay. You know what I mean." She went to grab a condom from the nightstand. I finished undressing and took a keen interest in her butt as she bent over. "Do you want to try roleplay or not?"

"Sure, Mom." I nodded. "I'll never go back to my blue-haired girlfriend after this weekend. I'll find a nice girl to date. And until I do, I get to have your pussy whenever I want, right?"

"Yes, sweetie." My mom bit her lip. She wasn't the greatest actor. I could see her searching for her lines. "You get to hump my vagina all weekend. And ... also when we get home. Um ... as long as your father isn't there." She wiped her forehead like it was sweaty, but she wasn't perspiring. Not yet. "How was that, Evan?"

"Good. I really felt like you were my dirty mother." I nodded enthusiastically.

"Since I'm such a dirty mother, you better take me now. My vagina is wet and ready for you." She handed me the condom, put her hands on the wall, and stuck her ass back. I nearly died seeing her like that with her heels on.

I tore the foil and rolled the condom on my dick. "In a minute, I won't even remember Ava's name. I bet you'll forget all about Dad when I'm inside you." I stood behind her and smacked her ass with my dick.

"Don't talk about your father." She looked over her shoulder at me with her brows knitted in anger.

"It's not me, Mom. It's the son in the roleplay. That's what he would say. They're the dirty versions of us, remember?"



“Oh ...” Her face softened. “In that case ... make me forget about your father. Make it so that I can’t even remember his face. Make me ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” She screeched and dug her fingers into the wall when I entered her. “Yes ... yes ... yes ... make your mother ... scream.” The artifice dropped out of her voice. She didn’t sound like she was acting anymore. “Make me ... only think ... about ... ugh ... ugh ... about ... your penis. Oh ... gosh ... Evan ... I’m only ... thinking about ... your penis.”



"I'm ... only ... thinking ... about ... your ... pussy ... Mom." I held her hips tight and smashed into her ass. There was so much happening. It was almost too much to take in. The lean muscles in her arms flexed as she pressed her fingers into the wall. The tiny muscles on her back spasmed with each thrust she absorbed. Her back arched, accentuating the curve of her lower spine. Her ass shook and rippled with the onslaught. "Are you ... ugh ... ugh ... thinking about ... Dad ... now?"

"Who? Ughhhhh ... ughhhhh ... uuugghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Her head swung from side to side. "I don't ... even know ... who you're ... talking about. My whole world ... is my son's ... big ... penis." She still didn't sound like she was acting, but those weren't my mom's words.

This put me into a frenzy. I turned us away from the wall, and walked us across the room, all the while humping her backside. It was difficult to move, so we shuffled as we smashed together. "Damn ... Mom ... I love ... that we're doing this. You're the best ... Mom ... ever."

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh ... Evan ... I'm going to ... have a big one ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." My mother shook violently in my arms as she came. I stopped our shuffling so we wouldn't fall and held her butt pressed to my hips. When she was done shaking, we continued across the floor.

"We can hear you in the hall." A muffled woman's voice came through the door, followed by laughter.

My mom looked over her shoulder at me in wide-eyed fear. Her lips made a rictus.



“It’s okay, Mom. People have sex in hotels all the time.” I was pretty sure that was right. This was, of course, the first day that I’d ever had sex in a hotel. Still locked together, I pushed her onto the bed and got her on her hands and knees. I stood next to the bed and hammered away at her pussy.



“Oooooohhhhh ... Evan.” The fear in her eyes faded, and the rictus turned from fear to ecstasy. “I’m a bad ... bad ... Mom. I’m going to ... have another orgasm ... on your big thing.” She dropped her head forward.

“I’m going to ... ugh ... ugh ... cum ... too ... Mom.” I slapped her ass, and she shrieked, but didn’t tell me to stop. So I slapped it again. “Let’s ... cum ... together.”

“Evan ... Evan ... Evvvvvaaaaannnnnnnnnnnnnn.” My mom threw back her head and came again.

Despite the condom’s best efforts to desensitize my dick, I came along with my mom. “Aaaaaahhhhhhhh ... Mom ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” I blasted into the condom and fell on her back, pinning her to the bed. I could hear her squealing and grunting under me as we both rode out our pleasure. Sweaty and out of breath, we lay like that for several minutes. Eventually, she pushed me off and stood. She was wobbly on her feet. “We both need showers. Me first this time. Then, we need a good night’s sleep. We’ll talk about all this in the morning.” She bent down, pecked me on the lips, and then marched to the bathroom. I watched her ass sway until it disappeared.

What a first day at the Okpaze Inyan Hotel. I couldn’t wait for more.

