



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 13

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

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Illustrations by Lexx228

Written by RawlyRawls

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"This is the best view ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... in the world ... Mom." I held her hips and watched her ass ripple with each of my thrusts. Her pink butthole stared up at me, its unseeing stare gave me a lovely reminder that my mother was baring all her secrets for me. This wasn't the wife-woman. This wasn't some other eighteen-year-old from school. They all paled in comparison to my mom.



I'd fallen in love with her earlier, when she'd given herself to me on the first go around ... before Dad almost caught us and ruined it. After that, I tried to cool my feelings. But now, I was falling harder than ever. I wouldn't trade humping Mom as she was on all fours for anything. Not even the incomparable Ava Roslin, with her blue hair, devil-may-care attitude, and pretty face. Although ... I wouldn't mind seeing what Ava's butthole looked like from this view. Oh well, you can't have everything.

"You really ... like me ... like this?" My mother looked over her shoulder, ecstasy and query written on her face. I tore my gaze from her ass and our eyes met. A pang of guilt hit me thinking about Ava at a time like this.

"I love ... every inch of you." I tightened my grip on her hips for emphasis. My hips didn't miss a beat. "I'm ... in love ... with every inch of you. I want to ... steal you from ... Dad." I offered a smile to let her know I didn't mean it.

"We're not ... going there ... Evan." Her face tightened. For a moment I thought she'd be cross with me. But then her eyes rolled upward, and her jaw went slack again. Her head lolled back and forth as she absorbed the impact of my thrusts. "This is ... what I want ... for the moment ... and I'm going for it ... like the wife-woman would. But ... this stops ... when the ring ...
uuuuuuggghhhhhh ...
when the ring ...
ooooohhhhhh ... when the ring ... maybe we'll stop ...
when the ring ... disappears ... maybe ...
eeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." She dropped her head, arched her back, and slammed back to meet my thrusts. She was cumming again.



Watching her convulse and writhe on my dick was too much to take. "I'm ... close."

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii," she said.

"Getting ... really close." I slammed into her harder. Her pussy was still tight despite all the sex we'd had at the hotel. Her body had gone loose with the orgasm. She wasn't shoving her butt back to meet my thrusts anymore. "Getting ... close."

"Oooohhhhhh ... ggghhhaaa ... ggghhhaaa ... gha ... gha ... oooooohhhhhhhh." She made noises that sounded like some sort of wounded animal.

"Gonna ... cum ... Mom ..." I tried to remember something important, but my mind couldn't quite catch it. Something about this moment. The pleasure was too great, it clouded my thoughts.

My mother finally descended far enough from the heights of her orgasm to make more than bestial sounds. "Not ... inside ... Evan!" She pulled off my dick, and I released her hips. She fell on the bed and rolled onto her back. "My breasts ... finish on my breasts."

"Sure ... Mom ... I wasn't going to ... do it ... inside." I took hold of my cock and fapped, staring at her sweaty breasts as they rapidly rose and fell with each panting breath.

"Good ... boy ... good ... boy." She stared at my penis with hunger. Maybe I was wrong earlier. Maybe *this* was the best view in the world.





“Cumming ... cumming ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Still on my knees, I let loose. I sprayed my mom’s tits with the first blast, and then turned my hips side to side, like I was a fireman trying to douse a spreading blaze. I covered her hair, face, boobs, belly, and hips with cum. I finished with one long, shuddering blast, and I fell to the sheets next to her. Complete bliss enveloped me.

A few seconds later, my cum-covered mother enveloped me in a hug. “That was wild ... sweetie.” She wiped sperm from her eyes and rested her head on my chest. I could feel her gently playing with my foreskin. It made me shiver.

“Yeah ... did it help ... with ... you know ... the ring stuff?” I felt like I was melting into the bed.

“Yes ... I think so.” She nodded into my chest, her voice soft and distant.

A thought occurred to me. “What if you could talk to the wife-woman? I mean ... you know ... be yourself, but ask her questions.”

“I suppose ... that would help.” She slapped the head of my softening cock playfully. “Are you going to put on the ring and be wife-woman for a day?” She giggled for a moment and suddenly stopped. “Oh ... gosh. What would the wife-woman do with your magical, eighteen-year-old penis? She’d hump everything. That wouldn’t be good.”

“No, Mom. I wouldn’t be the wife-woman.” I thought about it. She was right. We definitely didn’t want Gavin getting his hands on the ring again. No penises for a crazy horny woman possessing the body of a teenage man. “I was just thinking –”

“No.” She sat up and frowned her cum-covered face at me. It was clear she had anticipated my suggestion. “No, no, no, no. No way, young man. We are not going to let another woman wear this ring. We are not ...” She squinted her eyes at me, looking directly into my soul. “You want to give the ring back to that blue-haired girl, don’t you?”

"I wasn't thinking that ... exactly." I squirmed. I had always hated being interrogated by her. One might have thought that it would be easier to suffer her lethal stare while she was naked, sweaty, and bathed in my sperm. But it wasn't. "I was just ... thinking."

"Whatever you were thinking, you can shove it right up you know where, young man. This is my burden to bear." She crossed her arms.



"I thought you liked what we're doing. It's a burden?" I pressed my lips into a thin line.

"Look at me." My mother got off the bed and twirled in a quick circle. She waved her hands at her body. "Look at me. I'm covered in my son's stuff. I've just had the best sex in my life. I've taken you to the hotel where your father and I used to spend romantic weekends ... to cheat on him. I'm insane. I've gone insane."

And yes." She stamped her foot. "I like it. I like the freedom. I like going for what I want. I like feeling you all up in my business." She put a hand on her belly, showing me the depths my cock had hit. "I'm insane, and I like it. It's a burden. My life was normal before that ring. Do you think it will ever be normal again? Do you think mothers should parade around in front of their sons like I'm doing?" She did just that. She marched with her knees high back and forth across the carpet. As shocked as I was by her diatribe, I didn't miss that her ass looked especially hot while she was doing that. "It's a burden. I love it. I hate it. And I wouldn't wish it on any other woman."



"Um ..." Okay, so I might have been a little worried for her sanity. "But ... I thought you said things would go back to normal when the ring went away." I stared at her with wide eyes. I wasn't sure if she would explode

further, or if she'd gotten it out of her system. She didn't seem angry. Just frustrated and manically happy at the same time. Is happy-frustrated a thing?

"You're not upset by any of this, are you? You like ... frolicking under the sheets with your mother." She sat on the edge of the bed and let out a long exhale. Her body relaxed.

"We were on top of the sheets, Mom." My smile returned.

She leaned over and slapped my knee playfully. "Stop that ... goofball." She leaned closer and kissed my knee. She then kissed her way down my thigh.

"What are you doing?" I watched her tenderly plant little kisses on the inside of my thigh. Then she was gently making out with my balls. She never looked prettier than when her full lips were touching my overripe, wrinkly sacks.



"I'm ... bearing ... my ... burden ... Evan. Deal ... with ... it," she said between kisses.

"Wow ... Mom ..." I watched her lovingly suck one of my balls into her mouth. She was definitely manic. As I watched her spit out my ball and vacuum life into my cock with her mouth, I decided I could live with a slightly off-her-rocker mother.

Soon enough, I was hard again, and her cum-coated hair bounced as she gave me an energetic blowjob.



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"Well, hello, mister. You clean up nice." My mom gave me a smile. We were freshly showered. We'd missed lunch, so we'd dressed up nicely for dinner with the same outfits as the night before. She straightened my tie and tapped my nose with her finger. "Men are so funny. You've seen my free-range boobs all day and still you can't stop staring at my cleavage."

"Sorry, Mom." I met her gaze.

"Oh, and you blush, too. After everything we've done, I catch you checking me out and you blush." Her gentle laugh cascaded around the room. "You know what?"

"What?" I watched her closely. Her eyes looked a little wild.

"I feel happy. Really, really happy." She kissed my cheek and then made a big show of wiping off the lipstick she'd left on my skin with a tissue. "I'm getting close." She sounded like me when I was about to cum.

"Hmmmmmm?"

"I think it'll happen tonight," she said.

"You'll make the ring disappear?" I raised my eyebrows. She nodded, looped her arm in mine, and we walked out into the hall. "We're booked at the hotel for a few more days, right?"

"Yes, sweetie." She nodded. We walked down the hall arm-in-arm.

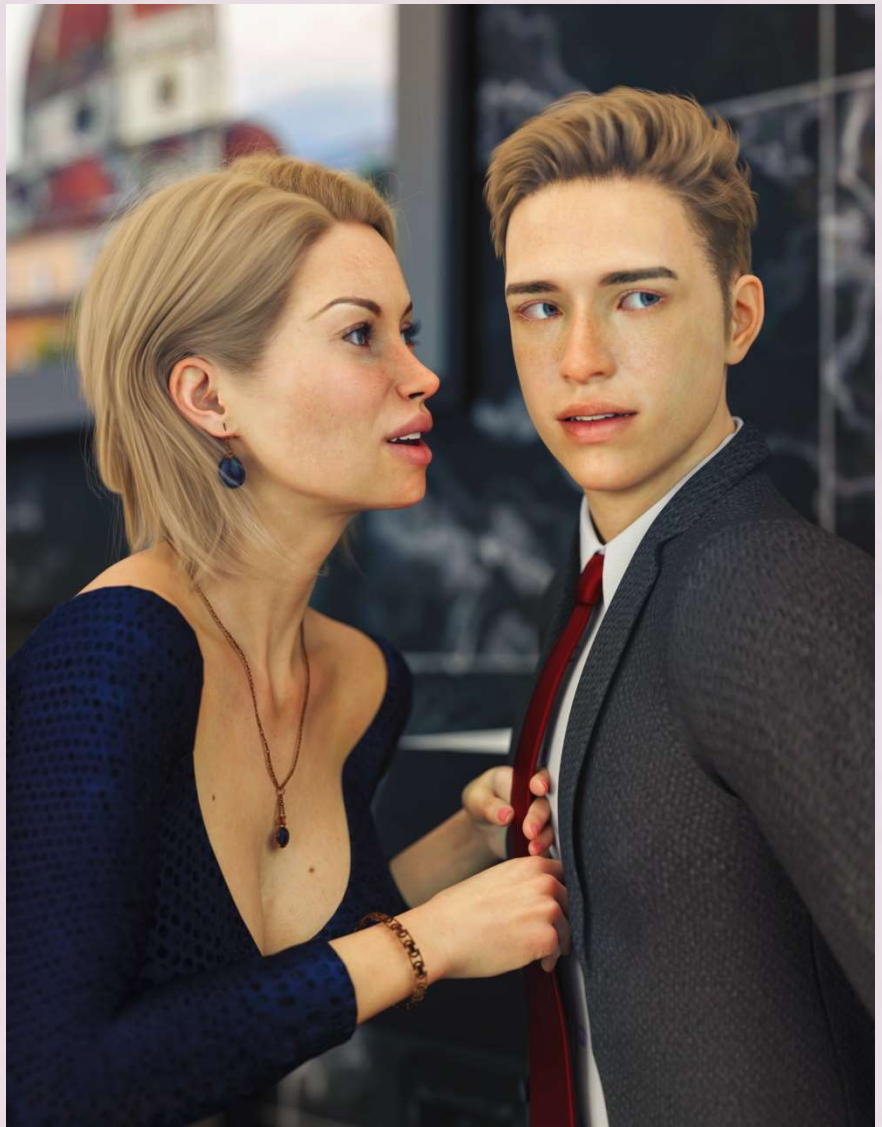
"If we make the ring disappear tonight, can we still stay here? I mean ... you know ..." A cloud of worry stormed into my mind. I wasn't ready for this to be over.

"We'll see ..." She squeezed my arm and released it. I could guess that she didn't want the lobby manager to see us walking like lovebirds. We passed through the lobby and were seated at the restaurant.

It was early in the evening, and it wasn't crowded. But I couldn't focus on anything but my gorgeous mother and the dinner. I was hungry from all the exercise I'd had today with no lunch. The food was delicious and plentiful.

My mother eyed me as I ordered thirds. "I guess you need to refuel for tonight."

"Honestly, I thought I was going to pass out during the last time we ..." I looked around to see if anyone was listening. I spotted something I did not expect.



My pulse quickened, and my heart dropped in my chest. Two tables over sat a lovely young woman with blue hair. She smiled and waved at me. I stared at her with wide eyes, trying to comprehend what Ava was doing at the hotel. We were way too far out of town for this to be a coincidence. She was wearing a normal dress for her, nothing fancy. Her table was set for one. It didn't look like she was on a date with Gavin. She waved again, like I hadn't seen her the first time. I waved awkwardly back.

"What is it, Evan?" My mom turned her head and scowled. "What is *she* doing here?"

"I don't know." I spoke the truth.



Ava stood, took her wineglass with one hand and pulled her chair over with the other. "Wow, funny seeing you here. Mind if I join?" She sat and looked back and forth between me and my mom. "What's up, bitches?" She held up her wineglass for a cheers. We didn't respond, so she clanked her glass against ours one at a time.



"You're too young to drink wine." My mother's frown deepened. She looked at me. "Did you invite her? Tell me the truth, Evan Mitchell Gosling."

"I swear, I didn't." I shook my head adamantly.

"They didn't card me, Mrs. Gosling." Ava shrugged. "At eighteen, I think I'm old enough for a glass of wine."

"Then what is she doing here?" My mother's happiness had vanished. Her stare went right through me. It was full of cold wrath.

"I don't know." I shrugged and sank deeper into my seat.

"So, what are we going to talk about?" Ava's voice had a chipper lilt. She happily ignored the tension between mother and son. "How about ... jewelry?" She looked at my mother's hands closely. "I love your wedding ring, Mrs. G. Got any other rings lying around?"

I shrank further from my mother's scathing gaze. If looks could kill, that lovely restaurant would have been a crime scene.