



**THE MISSUS RING**  
**CHAPTER 15**

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

## *The Missus Ring 15*

Illustrations by Lexx228

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/EqsVRBU> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

“Oooooohhhhhhhh ... nooooooo ... Evan ... Evaaaaaannnnnn ... she’s going to make me ... she’s going to ... make meeeeeeeeeeeee!” My mom was still pressed up against the wall. Ava’s mouth was clamped to my mom’s tit. Even though I couldn’t see Ava’s fingers, they were obviously plunging in and out of my mom’s pussy. My mother’s legs were spread, shaking uncontrollably. I stood in awe. The wife-woman, or Fania as we had just learned, was a maestro at strumming a woman to climax.



I had several thoughts as my mother’s words turned into incomprehensible screams. One, this was the hottest thing I’d ever seen. My crush was possessed by a sex maniac, and my mother was letting her have access to her closely guarded goods. Two, I needed to learn from Fania. I wanted to be able to make my mom go crazy with just my fingers. Three, I needed to release my dick and fap like never before.

"Mom ... can I touch myself?" I stepped back to the bed and sat on the edge of it, watching my mother cum.

"Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii," was my mother's only reply.

"We can still hear you in the hall, lady." A woman's voice came through the door. My mom didn't react. I don't think she heard the woman.

Ava didn't act like she cared. She spit out my mom's nipple and gave me a devilish smile. "You need Mommy's permission?" She laughed, lowering herself to her knees as my mom convulsed against the wall. "I don't think your precious uptight mother is going to be able to respond for quite a while, so you have my permission. Fap away, Evan. And watch as I break your sweet, repressed mother."

"Ohhhhh ... noooooooooo." My mom heard that apparently. She looked down at Ava with a mixture of fright and lust. When Ava's mouth clamped on my mother's pussy, the fright vanished, and my mom clutched Ava's blue hair. My mom's right eyelid fluttered, and her eyes rolled back.

"Mom ... are you okay?" I lowered my pants and underwear. If she wanted me to, I would still tackle Ava and wrestle away the ring. But my mother didn't ask for that. She didn't ask for anything. As I started fapping, she did open her eyes wide. Ava held my mother's ass cheek with one hand, and she had clearly just stuck a finger up my mom's butt with the other. "Mom?" I said.



“Oooohhhhhhhh ... Gosh ... I never ... I nneeevvveerrrrrrrrrr ... I ... iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” And my mom was cumming again.

I sat there and fapped while Ava had her way. Ava munched my mother to three more orgasms before she backed away and let my mother slide down the wall. My mother sat on the floor, with her legs spread, and her head lolling to the side. Her eyes were dazed and distant. It looked like she’d been dosed with some powerful drug. There was a puddle on the carpet between her legs where her pussy was gushing.



Ava smiled at me, her face glistening. "What do you think of your new and improved mom?"

"Did you ... really break her?" I was almost ready to cum.

"Mrs. Gosling. Hello? Mrs. Gosling, how are you feeling?" Ava waved a hand in front my mother's face.

My mom only grunted in reply.

"Yep, she's broken." Ava laughed and turned back to me. "Oh, my sweet husband is about to cum, isn't he? A wife's work is never done." She crawled over to me, discarding her dress along the way. She parked herself on the floor between my legs and took my cock into her mouth. In no time, her head was bobbing, and her hands were massaging my balls.



“Oooohhhhhh ... damn ... that’s good.” I arched my back. I was about to cum from Ava Roslin’s blowjob right in front of my mother. Although, I don’t think my mom was paying much attention. “Cuuummmiiiiinnngggg ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” It was my turn to grab Ava’s hair and cum into her mouth. My hips jerked as I unloaded down her throat. I could hear her greedily gulping my cum.



When I was done, I fell back on the bed. I let Ava finish cleaning me up with her mouth.

A minute later, Ava sat on the bed next to me and rolled her eyes playfully. “I’m the only one that hasn’t gotten any. Do you need to ask Mommy’s permission to fuck your wife?” She glanced at my mom and gave her a mocking frown.

“Mom ... can I ... you know ...?” I let Ava undress me as my mother’s eyes turned slowly toward us. She sluggishly shook her head. I guess she wasn’t ready for words yet.

“Please?” I said. I was naked now.

Ava wore nothing. She mounted me and looked over her shoulder at my mother. “Say yes, Mommy dearest. If you say yes, I promise to teach him how to do what I just did to you.”

My mother’s eyes went round. Her gaze darted between Ava and me. She nodded slowly. “One ... time ... and finish ... outside.”



“Okay, I get it about the condoms now. It does make it kind of hot to think about you knocking me up. Can you imagine having another kid at our age?” Ava giggled as she guided my cock into her pussy. “Damn ... I feel tight today.”

“We’re not ... ugh ... ugh ... going to have ... another ... kid ... Fania.” I looked up at Ava’s beautiful, twisted face as she rode me with short, fast thrusts. The snark had gone out of her eyes. Her gaze went right through me. Her lips twisted with pleasure.

“Evan ... maybe now would be a good time for a condom.” My mother was sitting up straighter. She pulled her legs together and lifted her dress back up over her boobs. “We can’t risk it. Not for your sake and Ms. Roslin’s.”

“Quiet ... Mrs. Gosling.” Ava looked over her shoulder at my mother, glaring at her. “You’re ruining the mood. Be good, or I swear I won’t teach him how to do that thing I did with my finger on the roof of your pussy.”



I looked around Ava’s bouncing tit at my mother on the floor. I had a lifetime of experience that told me she wouldn’t let herself be bossed around. I couldn’t imagine she would take orders from a blue-haired eighteen-year-old, possessed or otherwise. But to my surprise my mother didn’t demand I put on a condom.

“Can you really ... teach him how to do that?” My mother said.

Ava leaned in close to me, sweat and my mother’s cum dripping down her nose in little droplets. She shifted her hips to a grinding motion. “Like you don’t ... already know how to ... do that,” she giggled.

“I’m only a ... teenager ... remember?” I smiled up at her.

“Ohhhhh ... right ... how old are you supposed to be again?” Her hips moved faster. I think Fania liked the fantasy she thought we were playing.

“Eighteen,” I said. “Ughhhhh ... without much experience with ... girls.”

"Really?" She patted my cheek. "A handsome ... young ... man like you. I would have ... thought ... you'd be breaking plenty of hearts ... and pussies." Ava chuckled, but her laughter quickly died away when ecstasy seized her again. She dropped her lips next to my ear. "I'll pretend ... to teach you ... to hit her g-spot. We'll be opening ... a lifetime of pleasure ... for *your mom*."

It was all a joke to Fania, but I was beyond eager. What she said in jest was true. If I had the key to that lock, I'd be able to spread my mother's legs whenever I wanted. Even after the ring was long gone. My mother had already been softening her stance on what might happen between us once we'd sent the ring packing. Now, I could see all sorts of heavenly opportunities ahead. "Sure ... Fania ... you can walk me ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... through it."

Ava rose up, arched her back, and smiled. Still undulating her hips, Ava looked over at my mom. "Of course ... I can teach ... your dear son ... how to please you. With his fingers ... and I'll give him some pointers ... on how to use his dick ... too."

My mother stared at her with wide eyes. She was chewing on her bottom lip. "Okay," was all she said.

"I want you to get yourself ready ... ooohhhhhh ... for the lesson." Ava switched from grinding to bouncing. I watched her amazing tits dance. She was still looking at my mom and not at me.

"Ready?" My mom glanced at me and then back to Ava. I couldn't ever remember seeing my mom look this unsure of herself. I kept expecting her expression to darken and the mother I knew and loved to start bossing us around. But it didn't happen.

"Touch yourself ... Mrs. Gosling. Touch yourself ... while I fuck ... your son." Ava turned back to me, confident that my mother would follow her instructions without any need for supervision.

I supervised Mom anyway. It was just too delightful to see her nervously spread her legs again. Hesitantly, her hands went down to her pussy. We made eye contact while she began masturbating. Her eyes seemed to be pleading with me for something, but she didn't say what.

"Is she ... ahh ... ahh ... ahh ... doing it?" Ava bounced on me harder, her fingernails digging into my chest.

"Yes ..." I nodded and broke eye contact with my mom. I looked up at Ava's enthralling face.

"That's good ... ooohhhhhh ... that's really goooooood." Ava's eyes rolled up. "You always ... pick the very best ... women ... for our games ... ooohhhhhhhhh." She squeezed her eyes tight and lost her rhythm, flopping on top of me. Ava was cumming.

"Remember to finish outside." My mom's voice was strained. I looked at her as Ava's climax passed. My mother had pulled her dress back down and was rolling a nipple between her fingers. Her other hand was rubbing her clit in tight, rapid circles.



“Don’t worry ... Mom ... I got this.” But of course, I didn’t have it. Fania was in control of all three of us. If she wanted me to cum inside of Ava, I wondered if I would be able to resist. But I wouldn’t have to wait long. Ava was bouncing on me again and driving me to the edge. A few minutes later, I was ready. “Gonna ... cum ...”

“We ... uuuggghhh ... need to keep ... Mommy ... happy.” Ava jumped off me, grabbed my cock with her hands, and jerked me over the finish line. I erupted all over her pretty face, blue hair, and extended tongue. I know it wasn’t really Ava I was cumming on, but seeing her like this was the fruition of so many wet dreams. My mind nearly exploded.



When I returned to myself, my chest was heaving for air. Ava was smiling at me, her face plastered.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” My mom came watching us from the floor, her hand still moving between her legs. Seeing her pleasure herself was enchanting. When she finally calmed down, we stared at each other.

“Should I ... remove the ring, Mom?” I raised my eyebrows. Ava ignored us, she was toying with my deflating cock.

“Um ... well ... I think we’re making progress ... Evan.” My mother wiped sweat from her brow and stood on shaky legs. She removed her heels slowly. “Let’s see what we can learn from Fania.”

“Okay.” I nodded earnestly. This was going to be a long night.

