



**THE MISSUS RING**  
**CHAPTER 17**

# FICTION

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## The Missus Ring 17

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“Wow ... wow ... thank goodness you pulled out ... Evan.” My mom took a corner of the bedsheet and wiped the cum dripping from her chin. “I can’t believe ... sex is actually ... this good. And ... I’m having it with you.” Naked, she sat on her butt, catching her breath.



“I think it’s time you pounded me, dear.” Ava still sat behind me, hugging me around the neck. “What do you think, should we do a number eight?” I could see the ring on her hand right in front of my face.

“We weren’t supposed to have sex. I just wanted to ask her some questions.” My mom shook her head.

“Are you mad, Mom?” I casually put my hand on Ava’s, ready to pull the ring off if my mother was so inclined.

"I'm not mad. I'm confused and ... eerily satisfied." My mother shook her head. "I suppose it was for the best. I'm sure we're closer to our goal." My mother was talking cryptically so that Ava and Fania wouldn't know that we were trying to make the ring disappear. "We've learned enough for one night, though. Ready, Evan?" She nodded toward the ring.

I pulled the missus ring off Ava's finger before she knew what was going on. She quickly withdrew her arms from around my shoulders and stood.

"You motherfucker! I was soooooooooo right about you two. Holy shit! I can't believe Evan Gosling is a motherfucker!" Ava pointed a finger at me. "Not to leave you out, Mrs. Gosling, but sonfucker doesn't have the same ring to it. Ha! I made a pun."



“Very funny, Ms. Roslin.” My mom slowly got to her feet, went to the bathroom, and put on a hotel robe. She turned on the bathroom faucet and waited for it to get warm. “Evan, come here for a moment.”

I got up and went to the bathroom.

Behind me, Ava was still talking. “The things she knew. The way she saw the world. The way she handled you two. It’s like ... she was so in tune with the world. Like she was dancing to the beat of creation. She was at *the* frequency. *The* frequency! I can’t believe ...” Ava paced the room, talking a mile a minute.

“What is it, Mom?” I leaned in close to her.



"I'm glad that thing is finally cooled down." My mom pointed at my dick. "I want you to take my credit card, go to the front desk, and buy Ava a room for the night." My mother moved her face closer to mine and whispered, "I don't think she's fit to drive tonight."

"I agree." I could still hear Ava jabbering away behind me. "Also, your breath smells like cum, Mom. That's awesome."

My mother grimaced at me, but I thought I detected a hint of a smile. "I'm about to wash my face and brush my teeth." She blew out a long breath. "Can we trust Ava to keep this all a secret?"

"Yes, if we promise to let her wear the ring again, I'm sure she'll do whatever we want." I nodded.

"Okay, make that promise. Even if it's not true." She leaned closer and kissed my cheek. "You're a good kid, Evan. I'm sorry I thought you brought her here. You wouldn't do that. Now go, get dressed, and find her a room." She smacked my bare butt to get me moving.

"I'm not a kid, Mom." I splashed some water on my face and scrubbed. I didn't want to walk around with my mom's cum on my forehead.

"Yes, you're right. You're eighteen. An adult. And you do ... very adult things." She shrugged and smacked my butt again. "Now go."

And I did exactly as she asked. It was late, but we found Ava a room. I left her there with a promise not to tell anyone. Not even Gavin. I immediately returned to the room I shared with my mother. I used my card to enter and found her in her pajamas in bed.

"Is Ava taken care of?" My mom looked exhausted. She was adorable.

"Yep, she's good." I gave her a thumbs up. "I'm going to brush my teeth and come to bed."

"Maybe a quick shower, too?" She smiled, rolled onto her side, and put a pillow between her knees. "I'm going to sleep like a rock tonight."



“Me too, Mom.” I returned her smile and went to the bathroom. By the time I returned to bed, she was already asleep. In my underwear, I spooned her. Reaching around and gently holding a handful of tit. I checked for the missus ring, and it was on the nightstand, safe and sound. I then turned out the lights, pressed my nose into her hair, and drifted off to sleep.



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The click of the door handle woke me sometime in the middle of the night. "Mom?" I didn't open my eyes. I was still spooning my mom's amazing body.

"Mmmmmmm ... Evan?" My mom wiggled her butt into me. It was a delicious feeling.

Something felt wrong. I opened my eyes. There was a shadow moving in our room. "Hello?"

"Oh, shit." The shadow had Ava's voice.

I shot up in bed, reaching over my mom for the light. My mom shot up, too, and we bumped heads.

"Ow!" We both said.



"Shit, shit, shit!" Ava said in the dark. "Where is it?" There was a sudden blinding light as Ava turned on the flashlight on her phone. "Gotcha!" Ava snatched the ring off the nightstand, sprinted across the room, and ran out into the hall. I leapt out of bed and chased her, but stopped in the doorway. I couldn't go running after her in my underwear. Could I? I looked back into the room.

My mother sat up in bed with wide, shocked eyes. "She ... stole the ring?"

"Yeah." I nodded. "Do I ... go after her?" I looked down at my underwear.

"No." My mother shook her head. "Even if you had clothes on, we can't

fight her for it in public. Come back into the room." She beckoned me in.

"But ... we should do something." I turned on the light and stood in the center of the room, my heart thumping in my chest.

"She must have stolen my keycard when I was talking to you in the bathroom. That girl is trouble." My mom patted the sheet next to her. "Come back to bed. The ring will come back on its own. Hopefully before she has a chance to use it."

"Yeah, that's true." I sat on the bed next to her, feeling deflated. "I let you down, Mom. I had a crush on her for so long, I didn't think she'd do this to me."

"She does seem like a loose cannon. I hope you have a crush on a nicer girl next time." She slipped her hand into mine.

"I think I already do." My heart wasn't slowing down. It tried to beat out of my chest. I stared into my mom's pretty eyes.

"That was ... fast." She leaned her head against my shoulder. "Are you thinking about someone from school?"



"I have a crush on you, Mom," I said.

"Oh ... ohhhhh." She put her free hand to her mouth as she thought about what I'd said. "A while ago if you'd said you had a crush on me, I'd have signed you up for a shrink within minutes. But now ... I have to ask myself what I want. That's what the wife-woman, Fania, would do."



"What do you want?" I really hoped she was thinking what I thought she was thinking. *Please, please, please.*

"I want you to have a crush on me. I'm flattered. And it makes my tummy flutter. You're such a good person." She slipped her hand out of mine. "And you're so handsome. I want you to want me, Evan. And I want you to not worry about the ring. It'll come back. In the meantime, I'm going to take your mind off it."

"You are?" I watched her slowly remove my underwear. I was already hard again. "Because this is what the wife-woman would do?"

"No." She shook her head, leaned forward, and kissed my cock. "I learned from the wife woman to follow my own heart, no matter what. This is what *I* want to do." She kissed her way down the shaft and back up. "My ... you have a marvelous penis, Evan. I ... have a confession ... to make," she said between kisses. "I have ... a crush ... on you ... too." With that, she opened her jaw wide and took my cockhead into her mouth.

"Oooohhhhhhh ... Mom. You're amazing. I love you ... so ... uggghhh ... much." As I said those words, her head bobbed faster on my dick.

"Mmmmmppphh!" She said. I was pretty sure that meant she loved me, too. *And* that she had a crush on me, too.

With what the wife-woman had taught me, I was going to make her happy. But it seemed it was my turn first. I laced my fingers into her hair and listened to her gurgle and hum on my dick. I prayed this wasn't a *what happens at the Okpaze Inyan Hotel stays at the Okpaze Inyan Hotel* kind of thing.

"Yes ... like that ... with your tongue. Ohhhhhh ... God ... Mom ... I hope ... Ava ... uuggghhhh ... chokes on that ring. I only ... need you." I pushed on her head. Ava could choke on the ring, but my mother was choking on my dick. It was a sweet, sweet sound. She put everything she had into the blowjob. While she was working, I pulled down her pajama bottoms and panties and massaged her pussy.

"Mmmppphhh!" She was sopping wet. I inserted a finger and beckoned with a come-hither motion on the ceiling of her pussy. She stopped bobbing her head, her body stiffened, and she trembled. It hadn't taken me long to find that special spot.

"Don't stop blowing me, Mom." I kept up my beckoning motion in her vagina.

With a pop, she lifted her mouth off my cock. "It's ... ummmm ... hard to concentrate ... when you do ... that." She pumped my shaft with her left hand, her wedding ring glittering. Her eyes looked into mine, but they looked glazed. "I



... have a crush ... on my son." Her hips started bucking. Her face twisted. "I have ... oohhhh ... a crush on my ... son." Her pumping motion on my dick was arhythmic. Her eyes rolled up. "Crush on ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." She came on my hand, squirting all over it and the bed. I'm sure our hotel neighbors weren't happy with us.

"You look so pretty when you cum like that," I said.

"Uuggghhhhhh," she said.



When she was done cumming, my mom moved my hand away from her pussy and went back to the blowjob with gusto. She rolled onto her stomach, so naturally I grabbed her perfect ass. And since she had lubed up my hand, I wriggled a finger into her butt. "Mpppffff." She didn't tell me to take it out, so I pumped her butt while she blew me. It was all too perfect. I couldn't last forever.

"Mom ... Mom ... Moommmmm." My hips jerked, and I came down her throat, listening to her eager gulps. Afterward, I removed my finger and flopped onto my back. "That was ... amazing."

"Yeah." She nodded. "I seem to perpetually have your sperm on my chin." My mother got under the covers.

"Are you going to wipe it off?" I spooned her again.

"Why bother? You're just going to put more there in the morning." She yawned. "When the ring comes back. In the morning." She wiggled her butt into me.

"Yeah, good point." I was still hard, but I managed to work my way toward sleep. I hoped she'd be right about there being more cum in the morning. I never doubted her about the ring. Why would I? It was supposed to return to me. But when we woke up in the morning, it wasn't there.

That was when we thought we might have a problem on our hands ... a cute, blue-haired problem.