



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 19

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

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Illustrations by Lexx228

Written by RawlyRawls

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"The ring isn't back, Evan." My mother's voice pulled me from sleep. I slowly sat up and rubbed my eyes. The curtains were open and sunlight flooded into the hotel room.



"The ... ring?" I blinked my eyes. My mother was already dressed, standing next to the bed. She pointed at the nightstand. "Ava still has the ring. It didn't come back. We ... we can't let her have it."

"It's early, the ring probably hasn't come back ... *yet*." I shrugged and put my head back on the pillow.

"It's after ten. You've been sleeping like a ... well ... like a teenager." My mother pressed her lips together with worry. "It isn't coming back this time." She shook her head. "I wanted to be rid of it so many times. It came back from the trash. From the lake. From the forest. But it won't return from Ms. Roslin's theft?"

I sat up again. The news about the time worried me. The ring should have been back by now. “So ... Ava still has the ring?”

“Get dressed. We’re checking out. Maybe the ring went back to your bedroom at home.” She picked up my clothes and tossed them onto the bed. I could see that she’d already packed.

“Shouldn’t I shower first? I’m feeling pretty crusty after last night.” I got out of bed, still naked. The scents of stale sweat and sex wafted off me and spread about the room.

“No time for jokes, mister. We have to go.” She scowled at me, picked up my t-shirt, and pulled it over my head.



Soon, we were in the car heading to the crazy old man's magic shop. We spent most of the trip in silence, although I did navigate for her.

When we arrived at the store, we found that it was closed.

My mother cupped her hands on the window and peered in. "Are you hiding in there, little man?"

"The sign says it's closed on Mondays." I pointed to the sign hanging inside the window.

"Monday? Gosh, I'd forgotten it was Monday." She looked over at me. "Since our trip was cut short, you should go to school."

"No way, Mom." I lifted my arm and pointed to my pit. "I stink."

She nodded slowly. "Okay, no school today. We'll go home, get you a shower, check your room for the ring, and talk about what to do with Ava." And that was our plan.

I took a shower, and then my mom and I searched my room thoroughly. We were almost finished, and the Missus Ring was nowhere to be found. My mother was on her hands and knees, looking under my dresser. She was wearing yoga pants and the sight of her stopped me in my tracks. My anxiety about the ring faded, and before I knew it, I was on my knees behind her. My hands roamed the curves of her ass.

"Stop that, Evan. Now is not the time." She pulled several hidden magazines out from under my dresser and continued looking. I was too smitten by her butt to even care about the porn she'd found.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I'm head over heels for you." I squeezed her ass cheeks playfully.

"Don't say that. And don't touch me ... there. I ..." Her voice drifted away as my hand rubbed her pussy through her pants.



Seizing the moment, I pulled down her pants and panties, leaving them around her knees. "Wow ... Mom ... how could I not?" I slid two fingers into her pussy. She was already wet. I tried to find her g-spot as the wife-woman had shown me, but the angle was all wrong from the back.



"Evan ... the ring ... we ... um ... need to find it ... I ... um ... what do I want?" Her hips rotated in little circles, matching the motion of my fingers inside her.

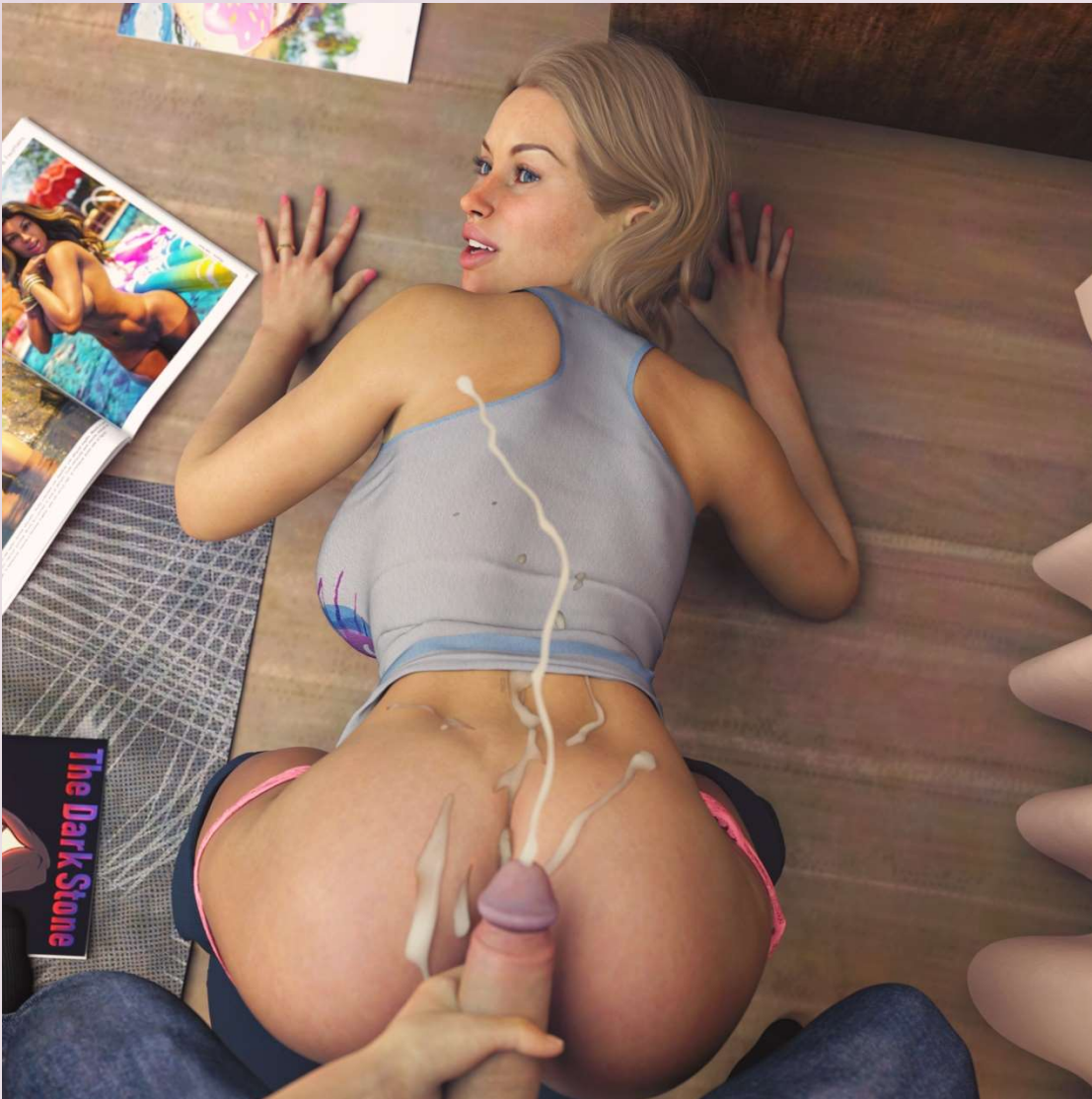
"Let's take a break. If the ring is here, it'll turn up. But we only have one chance to be close to each other. You want to be close to me ..." I phrased it in the way I knew would make her most happy. "... before Dad gets home. We can deal with Ava and the ring later."

“Yes ... yes ... hurry and put it in.” She stopped her search under the dresser and looked over her shoulder at me. “But remember to ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... pull out.” Her eyes crossed a little and went wide when I removed my fingers and inserted my cock into her pussy. “Finishing inside ... was a one-time ... thing. Only at the hotel ... uuuuggghhhh ... okay?”

“Sure ... got it.” My hips knew what to do. Soon, I was slamming into her and pulling her ass back to meet my thrusts with a solid grip on her hips. “No ... babies ... I know. What happens at ... ah ... ah ... ah ... the Okpaze Inyan Hotel ... stays at the ... Okpaze ... Inyan ... Hotel.”



“Yes ... yes ... yessssssss.” My mother screamed out those words. I wasn’t sure if she was agreeing with me or trying to encourage me. Either way, it was nice not to worry about our noise. We could get as loud as we wanted. “You’re not quite ... hitting that ... special place ... uuuggghhhhhh ... but it’s wonderful ... to have you ... back there. I ... uuuggghh ... ugh ... ugh ... have a crush on ... yoooooooooooooooooooo.” Her body jerked, and she made a strange snorting sound. I was pretty sure she was cumming already.



We humped on my floor for more than forty minutes. We’d had so much sex recently that my staying power had peaked. I was also, maybe, starting to tire out. I would need to rest eventually. It’s not like the ring had given me a magic dick. But rest was for later. Eventually, I pulled out of my mother, fapping my dick over her ass.

“Ooohhhhhhh ... yes ... yes ... Evan ... spray it on me.” My mother pushed her ass high in the air for me.

“Cumming ... Mom ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.” I released all over her pale butt and the back of her cotton top.

“Wow ... wow, wow, wow ... wow.” My mother shivered as she sat up and turned toward me. She eyed my penis speculatively. “Is this what it’s going to ... be like now? Sudden ... unexpected ... mind-blowing sex when you’re around ... and your father isn’t?”

“I mean ... I can’t promise anything ...” I laughed. She shook her head slowly, looking at me with an amazed expression. By the time we got ourselves and my room cleaned, Dad was home. So we didn’t get a chance to plan for Ava.

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That night at dinner, I couldn't take my eyes off my mother. She would often glance at me, but her gaze would quickly turn to my father. The quick flickers of guilt on her face made me adore her all the more. I knew what she was risking for me. She loved my dad, and didn't want to mess things up with him. I knew that. I could accept that. I loved him, too. But despite all that, I was the one she desired. I was the one she would risk it all for. I was the one ...

"What are you smirking at, Evan?" My dad sipped his wine and studied my face.

"I wasn't smirking, Dad. I was smiling. Mom and I had a great time on our trip. I was thinking about how we bonded." I shrugged.

"You bonded while checking out campuses?" He said.

"Yes," my mom said.

"No," I said at the same time.

My father looked at us quizzically. "So ... did you look at colleges or not?"

"I ... um ... we ... well ..." I was cool under pressure.

"We did visit colleges. Of course we did." My mother nodded, perhaps too enthusiastically. "But maybe we bonded over other things on the trip?"

"What other things?" My dad narrowed his eyes and looked back and forth between us.

"Ping pong." I'd seen a ping pong table at the hotel. It popped into my head.

"Hiking," my mom said at the same time. "We ... um ... went hiking, and we played ping pong."

"You played ping pong?" My father stared at my mother, his voice incredulous.

"It was fun." My mother nodded. "How about you? How was your weekend? How many holes did you shoot?"

"Thirty-six." My father smiled and launched into a long recap of his weekend on the links. It was a good save by my mom. Golf could distract him from just about anything. I decided we'd have to get our stories straight about the hotel.



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Late that night, I was reading in bed. There was a soft knock, and my mother entered my room. She smiled warmly and shut the door behind her. She was wearing pajamas and her face had been scrubbed of makeup. She was ready for bed, but didn't look sleepy to my eye. "Hey, Mom." I smiled back at her.

"Your father's asleep." She walked over to me and sat on the edge of my bed, patting my knee through the blanket. "We need to talk about a few things. We should probably get on the same page about what we did at the hotel, in case he asks again. And we need to deal with Ms. Roslin. There's no magic ring here, which means



that she has it. And who knows what mischief she's up to with it? She could be doing something perverted at this very moment."

We talked about the hotel first. It took us about ten minutes to come up with a make-believe itinerary. We practiced it a few times. I quizzed my mom, and then she quizzed me. After that, we turned to the topic of Ava Roslin.

"Perhaps I should phone her parents and warn them about the ring?" My mom stood, removed her bottoms, and folded them over my chair. She then wiggled out of her panties.

"You can't call her parents, Mom. She'll rat us out to them if you do. Or she'll call Dad." I stared at the beguiling triangle of hair between her legs. "Are we going to do *something* with Dad home?"

"It's okay, he took one of his sleeping pills. And I'll be quiet." She pulled down my blanket. I was only wearing underwear, and she pulled them off. "I'll be on top to control the pace. It'll be a nice and steady ride while we talk. Nothing crazy." She mounted me and quickly slipped me into her sopping pussy.

"Uuuuummmmm." The sound she made as her hips got going was something between a moan and a satisfied sigh. True to her word, my mother kept her hips in a slow, steady rhythm. "So, we won't ... tattle on her."



My

mother said. "Do we confront her somewhere? Do we ... wait until we can talk to the shop owner to make a plan? Do we text her? Do we ... just let her have the damn thing?"

"I don't know, Mom." I was too focused on the enveloping tightness of my mother's pussy to think straight. I kneaded her tits through her pajama top while trying to gather my thoughts. I opted for the path of least resistance. "Let's wait to talk to the shop owner. Then we can decide. And maybe ... I shouldn't go to school tomorrow. I can go to the shop with you."

"If you skip ... you'll go to the shop with me ... and do ... other things. I see your schemes, mister." She booped my nose with a finger. "But I don't want you ... seeing Ava at school before we ... have a plan. So ... maybe you should skip." Her hips were speeding up. "Uggghh ... ugggghh ... uuuuggghh ... we're going



to ... uuuggggghhhh ... have a busy day ... tomorrow." My mother was now making quick, serpentine movements on top of me.

I handed her my underwear. "Put these ... ugh ... ugh ... in your mouth ... so you don't scream." She did as instructed. There was no more planning in my room after that. But we humped for more than an hour.



When she finally stumbled toward my door, her face and pajama top were covered in cum. She turned out the light on her way out. We said goodnight, I rolled onto my side, and I thought about how we would deal with Ava.

