

CHAPTER 2



THE MISSUS RING

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Missus Ring 2

Illustrations by Lexx228

Written by RawlyRawls

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Every second that I waited for my mom to confront me about what happened was torture. My stomach knotted itself as I thought about what she'd say. Would she have me committed to an institution? Would she lock herself away? Would she tell my father? There were no good scenarios. Why had I been so weak? I could have simply pushed her away, or forcibly removed the ring. My urges had clearly gotten the better of me.

My freak-out was so bad that I barely thought about how I'd been blue-balled. First my fap was interrupted, then she'd pulled off me right in the middle of ... what we were doing. But I was in no mood to finish things myself. Anxiety is no aphrodisiac. I tried to be patient and waited in my room for the hammer to fall.

Around dinner time, my patience finally expired. Better she kill me sooner and get it over with than die a thousand deaths in my mind. I exited my room and quietly walked downstairs. My parents were talking in the living room. I crept down the hall and listened from out of sight.

"You won't answer my question. I'm not going to ground him without a good reason." My dad sounded angry. "What did Evan do? Was it drugs? Did he curse you out? Is this about a girl?" My father paused. "So, it's a girl then. Did he get her pregnant?"

"I ... I ... can't tell you." My mom's voice was so faint I had to strain to hear her.

"Fine ... you handle it then." I could hear my dad moving, so I retreated down the hall. "I'm going down to the basement to watch the game. If you need help, you know where to find me."

I rushed back upstairs. I was about to discover my fate.

When my mom softly knocked on the door, I opened it almost immediately. She didn't meet my eyes. She looked calm, but her fists were clenched. "Hi, Mom. About before, it was the ring that made us ... do that stuff. If we throw it away, we won't ever have to -"

"I'm going to do the talking, Evan." She stepped into my room, and I closed the door behind her. "You're an adult now. This is a time when things can get confusing between a mother and son."



I waited patiently as she spent more than fifteen minutes piling one platitude on top of another. Clearly, she wasn't prepared for the *we accidentally had sex* speech. I can't imagine they cover that in parenting books. When she finally ran out of steam, I raised my hand like I was hoping she'd call on me.

When she was silent, my words spilled out. "It was the ring, Mom. I got it from a creepy wizard guy. I can take you to his store, and he can tell you himself." I watched her hold out her left fist and open her palm upward. The Missus Ring gleamed in the light.

I noticed she hadn't put her wedding ring back on.

"As you can see, it wasn't the ring. We just had a moment of confusion and ..." She slipped the Missus Stone onto her ring finger and flexed her hand. "Oh my, darling. What happened? We were making love and then ... poof." She looked around my room, amazed. "Here we are." She stepped close to me and kissed my neck, trailing her tongue up to my earlobe. She sucked on it. I shuddered. "Let's finish what we started."

"I ... told you." I felt her hand slip into my pants. Why was she such a horny wife? Is this how she was with my dad? While I was deer-in-the-headlightsing, my blue balls were ready for her. "You need to take the ring off before we ..."

"Shh." She started pumping my cock in the confined space my pants offered.

"Dad is ... in the basement," I said weakly.

"I haven't heard you use that euphemism before," she purred in my ear. "Dad is certainly ready for me, isn't he? Let's free him from the basement." My mother pulled my pants and underwear down. "Marvelous." She clapped her hands when my cock came into view.



"I'm not your husband, I'm your ... mmmmmpppphhhhhh." I was cut off when she pressed her lips against mine. Her tongue playfully explored my mouth. I let her. She pumped me with her left hand while we kissed. I could feel heat where the Missus Ring pressed into my flesh.

It seemed like we made out for an eternity. Eventually, she broke the kiss and gave me a glistening smile. "I am so ready for you, darling. You make me so wet." She laughed. "I'm such a bad wife. Or maybe I'm a good wife. Who knows?" She shrugged, turned around, lifted her dress, and dropped her panties. "This is your favorite, right?" She wiggled her hips. "Hurry up." She leaned forward and placed her hands on my dresser.

I wish I could say that I had the stamina of a Greek god, but her orgasm was too beautiful, her pussy was too tight, and I was dealing with a bad case of blue balls. "Oooohhhhhh ... Mom ... I'm ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." She may have been trying to be quiet, but I let out a long, animalistic roar as I filled her.

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." My mother stood up straighter and wiggled her hips as I came. She reached back and caressed my hair. "Yes ... I love it when ... you finish." We stood like that for a while, both facing my dresser, her hips gently swaying as I shuddered through aftershocks.



"You're perfect." I breathed in the floral scent of her sensible shampoo. My hips started bucking again. I was still hard and ready for more.

"Again?" She laughed in delight. "It's been fifteen years since we've done it twice in one day." She lowered herself slowly to the floor, I went with her so that she wouldn't dislodge me.

Soon, she was on her hands and knees, and I was watching her wide ass ripple and shake. I pushed her dress up farther, so I could see the curve of her back. As I hit a rhythm, I thought about what I'd just done. I'd cum in my own mother. There was no way to stop the train of lust that had left the station, but I wanted some reassurance. "Is it a good ... time of month ... for this? I mean ... can you ... get ... pregnant?"



"Why do you ... uh ... uh ... uh ... care? You're ... snipped." She sounded like she was having to work hard to think.

"Never mind." I wasn't going to explain it to her. The ring had her in its power. But I wouldn't cum in her again.

A half hour later, fireworks exploded before my eyes. I could hear her whining through another climax. I slammed forward and planted another load deep inside her, holding her hips steady to get maximum penetration. The high moaning that came out of her sounded otherworldly. After our orgasms passed, we collapsed on the floor side by side. I took her left hand and kissed it gently, gazing at the faintly glowing red veins in the stone.

"I don't know if ... you're on Viagra ... or it's meditation ... or what ... but don't stop." She smiled lazily at me. "I could ... get used to this."

"Me ... too." I was hooked. There was no throwing the ring away now. But I had no idea how she'd react when she took it off. As I tried to plan it out, there was a knock on the door.

"Everything alright in there?" My dad was on the other side of the door. My whole body stiffened. Had I locked it?

"Who's that?" my mom whispered. She looked as worried as I felt.

I didn't know what to say. I couldn't move. I opened my mouth and only thing that came out was, "Oh, shit."

