



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 27

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Missus Ring 27

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!

I wanted to confront them. But not together. Not while Mom was munching on my high school crush's box. I tried to calm the conflicting rage and horniness that possessed me, leaving the house through the window.

I went for a long walk and got back to the house about an hour later. I wish I could say that the fresh air and sunshine calmed me. It didn't. When I opened the door, I was a twitching mass of clenched muscles. "Mom ... I'm home."

My mother called from the kitchen, "In here, sweetie."

I walked into the kitchen and sat down heavily in a chair.



"I was just making myself some lunch. Would you like some Japanese noodles?" She turned and gave me a forced smile. "You're home early again."

"Is Ava gone?" I said through clenched teeth. It was hard to believe that her pretty lips had recently been between Ava's ass cheeks. Mom was dressed in jeans again with a blouse. Her face looked freshly washed, with no hint of makeup.

"What do you mean?" Her smile flickered, and her eyes darted with guilt.

"Let's not play games, Mom. I know you were nose deep in Ava's ass about an hour ago." I dug my fingernails into the table.

"Evan!" Mom put her hand to

her chest, her eyes wide in shock. "You can't talk to me that way!"

"Why not? Ava called you a bitch and you let her. Ava punished you, and you let her."

"I ... I ... um ..." My mother stuttered. I could hear the water boiling on the stove, but she didn't tend to it. "I'm ... so sorry." Wisely, she didn't make my knowledge of the day's events an issue. She passed right by that. I'm sure she guessed that I'd somehow spotted them. "I'm so sorry, Evan. You're what's most important to me. This family is what's most important. But I was so bottled up before the wife-woman came into our lives. Now, whenever I ask myself what she'd do, or ... when Ava asks what the wife-woman would do, I just ... do that. The wife-woman is so free. She's unconstrained."

"She has a husband that she loves. And she's honest with him. They have an open, but ... straightforward marriage." I shook my head. "There are two parts to the wife-woman. She's a free spirit, but she's also closely tied to her husband. To me ... according to the ring."

"Gosh ... Evan ... you're right." Mom walked over to me and bent down to be at my eye level. "That's very wise." She frowned. "I can see that you're angry with me. And you have every right to be." She looked away. "Wait ... why do you think Ava wants the ring so badly? She's already as free as the wife-woman."

"Don't change the subject. I'm still mad at you." That was true enough, but my muscles were starting to relax. Just talking to her openly was such a relief. She had behaved so differently with Av. It was nice to see that she was still the mother I loved. "I know that you wearing the ring is this crazy event for us. I know that it was powerful enough for us to ... you know ... do all the things we've done. But Ava's been my crush for years. And ... you ate her fucking ass!"

"What I did was wrong, but I'm still your mother. You can't talk to me that way."

"She called you a bitch, and I can't say 'fucking'?" I stood up.

"I'm not responsible for her upbringing, Evan. I'm responsible for molding you into a fine young man." She unbuttoned her jeans. "And I've mostly succeeded. You're pretty great." It was the kind of thing she'd normally say with a smile, but her face was still pale and slack. She lowered her jeans and panties, stepping out of them. She turned off the stove. I stared at her perfect ass while she had her back to me.

"We're not going to have makeup sex. That won't make everything right." I folded my arms.

"Sit back down in that chair. We're not having sex, unless you want to." She turned back to me.

"But I messed up, and I am going to give you some satisfaction."

Nonplussed, I sat back down in the chair away from the table.



“I haven’t spanked you in over a decade. You had to do something really naughty to get that punishment. Well, I’ll admit, I shouldn’t have tried to lie to you about Ava. That’s bad enough that you get to turn the tables.” She leaned over my lap sideways, presenting her butt to me in prime spanking position. “Go ahead, let me have it.”

I ... I ... um ...” I stuttered. I stared down at the callipygian view.

“Go ahead, Evan. You’ll feel better once you ... ow! ... ow! ... yes ... ow!” My mom tensed when I whacked her butt with my palm. First one cheek, then the other.



“You shouldn’t have slept with Ava without telling me.” I brought my hand down. I wasn’t pulverizing her, but the slapping sound did reverberate around the kitchen, mixed with her shrieks. “If you’re wondering ... what the wife-woman would do ... she would talk to me ... about Ava.”

“Ow! ... yes Evan ... I’m sorry ... Ow! ... you’re right ... Ow!” My mother seemed genuinely remorseful. “You’re what’s ... important ... to me. Not ... Ava ... not freedom ... Ow!”

I stopped spanking her and ran my fingers over her red cheeks. “Freedom is fine, Mom. But we can’t lose sight of the other stuff.”

“Wise ... words ... sweetie. Are you done?” Mom didn’t wait for a reply. Slowly, she moved from her prone position, and sat in my lap, facing me. There were tears in her eyes. “I love you. I have a crush on you. I don’t want to do anything to mess that up.” She reached under her and pulled my pants and underwear down. She slid my dick into her pussy.



"I guess we are having makeup sex." I realized that my anger was fading to nothingness. Her punishment had really let me vent. But I wasn't going to let her off the hook that easily. I held her hips so she couldn't bounce on my dick. "You did butt stuff with Ava. I think it's only fair that you give me some, too."

Her eyes went wide. "I didn't do that sort of thing with her. She didn't put anything ... in my behind." She lowered her voice to a whisper. "You know no one's put anything back there, not even your father."

"Great! That way I know that you're really trying to make it up to me." I gave her my best stern look. It wasn't easy. I wasn't used to being strict with her, it was always the other way around. But I had just given her a spanking. "If it helps, you can ask yourself the question."

"What would the wife-woman do?" Mom pulled off me, went to get a bottle of olive oil, and returned to where I was sitting. "You're so big, Evan. I don't think it will even fit." She poured oil into her palms. My cock was already wet from her pussy, but she slathered it in oil anyway.

"If it doesn't fit, I guess you're off the hook." My body buzzed with expectation. Mom's betrayal with Ava seemed almost worth it if it was going to kick off the world of anal sex for me. "I'm sure the wife-woman would find a way to make it work for her husband."

"You're not my husband." Mom wiped off her hands on a towel and stood in front of me, facing her butt towards me. It was still quite red. I could even see some handprints.

"Same vibe though, right Mom?" I was tempted to slap her ass, but I didn't want to hurt her. I didn't know how sore her cheeks were.

Mom twisted a little and looked back at me. "You're my son. And I suppose, somehow, it *is* a similar vibe to ... being married to you. Oh ... gosh ... I can't believe you got me to say that." She squatted down and lined up her butthole with my dick. "I'm sorry I did those things with Ms. Roslin without telling you. I ... aaaaahhhhhh ... promise ... to do better ... to think about ... how the wife-woman ... is so committed to her husband ... how much happiness that brings her ... how much ... ooooohhhhhhhh." The head of my dick was pressing into her hole, but it wasn't going in. Maybe it wouldn't fit after all.



She looked up at the ceiling and moaned. "It won't go in ... aaahhhh ... it won't ... eeiiaiiiiiiiii."



With a plop, her sphincter gave way, and my dick entered virgin territory. "That's really ... tight ... Mom."

"It ... hurts ..." Mom hissed through clenched teeth. I could see her shoulders and back tense as she lowered herself onto my dick, working through the pain. I'm pretty sure she was channeling the wife-woman's gumption big time.

"You're a ... champ." I thought about calling her some dirty names, but didn't want to ruin the mood. It was clear she wanted to raise an exceptional young man. One who was almost all the way into her ass now.

"I'm ... a champ ... a champ ... for you ... for you ... Evan ... making up for ... screwing up ... and ... and ... ooooohhhhhhh." She was resting her rosy ass on my hips now, gyrating in little circles. "It hurts ... it hurts ... less." Her voice was thin and reedy.



"Really ... tight ... Mom." I held her hips, but didn't push her faster or into another motion. I let her work her tiny rotations and get used to me.

Ten minutes later, she switched to bouncing. "Evan ... Evan ... it's good ... surprisingly ... good." Her voice was still strained, but it sounded like a happier sort of constriction. "So different ... than anything else ... so strange ... that my fine, young man ... is back there ... so ... strange ... ooohhhhhh."

"Only ... you ... ooohhhhhh ... it's yours ... Evan ... no one else ... eeeeeiiiiii," she shrieked.

It was so strange looking down at her rippling ass. I was so used to seeing the eye of her buttock looking up at me. But now, it was bravely stretched around my dick. "Gonna ... cum ... Mom ... gonna cum ... in your ass."



"Yesssssssss ... aauuugghhhh." She let out several orgasmic snorts and whipped her hair as we came together.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhh." I held her hips tightly and finished inside. When my hips were done spasming, I leaned against her, panting. "I ... forgive you ... Mom."

"Thank you ... sweetie." She reached back and caressed my cheek.

I pulled out of her with a plop. Looking down, I could see my cum leaking out of her dilating asshole.



“Oh ... gosh!” She covered her butt with her hands. “That feels ... really strange!” She turned, gave me an alarmed look, and waddled quickly out of the kitchen, keeping her hands over her buttocks the whole way.

I sat back in the kitchen chair, exhausted. My mind was going in a million different directions. I tried to focus on the fact that Mom had given me something really special. We were going to be okay.

A few minutes later, I heard the shower turn on upstairs. I stumbled to my feet and headed to her bathroom to join her.