



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 36

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

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"There now ... was that ... so bad?" Ava looked up at me with a grin on her face. She wiped dribbling cum from her lips with the back of her hand. Her bare tits swayed as she sat up in the minivan's back seat.



"I ... um ..." The blowjob had been glorious. I tried to wrap my mind around it. My mother poured all her love for me into oral. I detected some affection from Ava, too, but Ava's skill was in timing and technique. It made me realize how little experience I had had outside of my mother.

"Cat got your tongue?" Ava laughed. "Cock got mine." She winked at me playfully, placed my feet on the seat so my knees were in the air, and rested her chin on my knee. "I forget, did I blow you at the hotel?" She giggled. "No, never mind. We didn't do that there. I would have remembered. You taste like ... um ... like salty parsley. I would have remembered that."

"Salty ... parsley?" My post-orgasmic brain was having a hard time dealing with Ava's ... *Avaness*. "I ... um ..."

"Usually you're so clever, Evan. Right now you sound like a fucking idiot." She tilted her head on my knee and gave me a sweet smile. "See, I didn't say 'lie.' You really are an idiot." Her smile faded as she puffed her cheeks. "Lie!" She exhaled, and her smile returned. "Well, you might not be an idiot, but you do sound like one."

"Thanks ... Ava." I met her smile with my own.

"Anyway, I know from the hotel that you're not one of those one-and-done guys." She sat up again and glanced around the gloomy car. "Knowing you, you'll get all high and preachy about a condom. And you know what? I don't care. It's your cock that loses sensation with a rubber. Feels the same to me, especially when my pussy's flooding like it is right now." Not seeing a condom lying around in the dark, she glanced back at me. "What? Oh, you think you're some special guy that makes me wet when no other guy has ever ... blah ... blah. Women get horny, too. Boys aren't the only ones popping boners in class or ... you know what I mean."

"Right ... actually, I'm not ready to have sex with you." I was collecting myself enough to slow the Ava train down.

"What ... still? That's not fair, I just blew you and what ... you're going to get dressed and drive me home?" She stomped her foot on the car floor. I could just see the pale of her cheeks redden with anger in the gloom.



"No ... that's not my plan." I sat up and removed her jeans. It wasn't easy in the confines of the backseat, but I got it done. Then, I removed her panties, revealing her trim bush. I could easily smell her excitement. I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised, it's not like she could have lied to me about the flooding.

"I'm confused. You just said no sex, and now you're all intent on getting at my pussy." She raised an eyebrow. "What gives, Gosling?" She raised an eyebrow and spread her legs as I crawled to the car floor in front of her seat.

"I like you, Ava." I pulled her hips so that her pussy was hanging off the edge of the seat.

"I like you too, Evan," she whispered. I think she was catching on to my plans.

"I've gotten a lot of practice at this, but it was just with one person. So, I ... um ... hope it translates." I kissed the inside of her thigh, and she shivered.

"You say ... the strangest things ... oooooooohhhhhh." Her whole body stiffened when my lips went to work on her pussy. She arched her back off the seat and grabbed two fistfuls of my hair. "Yesssssssss ... keep doing that ... and I won't ... complain about how you treat me ... oooooooohhhhhh ... like a ... dumb princess ... oohhhhhh ... like a ... oooohhhhhhhh." Her body trembled as she had her first climax.

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"How was your date?" My mother was waiting up for me in the living room. When she caught the goofy grin on my face, she rolled her eyes. "Oh, it was like that, was it? I hope you didn't stain the minivan."

"Your car's fine ... just a little steamy. I left the windows down." I pulled the book from Mom's hands and the glasses from her face. I put them down on the coffee table. Mom was already in her pajamas and thick socks.

"Is Dad asleep?"

"Yes, but I don't think I want to do it with you after you just did it with her, Evan." Mom frowned at me. "I just stayed up to see how it went. Did she do anything crazy?"

"She was lovely, Mom. Let me tell you about it." I connected my phone to the living room speaker and played some of the soft jazz Mom likes. "But I don't feel like just sitting and talking." I held out my left hand, and she gave me her right hand dubiously. I pulled her to her feet, my left hand still clasped with hers, I put my right hand firmly on her lower back. In time to the music, I slowly danced her around the living room. Watching her smile fight through her frown was like watching a rainbow vanquish the storm.



We danced, and I told her every detail from the evening. When I finished, she stared into my eyes for a while. "Evan ... I had a weird thought, but ... I shouldn't ..."

"It's okay, I'm not mad about what you did with her anymore. It sucked, but we're in a better place now." I gave her a reassuring smile. "What is it?"

"Oh." She shook her head in disbelief, no doubt thinking about how my lips had now gone where hers had on Ava. "Um ... Evan ... did she say anything about how ... um ... I compared to you?" Her question ended with an uncharacteristic squeak in her voice.

I continued to slowly dance my mother around the room to the mellow music, trying to judge the curious look in her blue eyes. "Do you ... want to be good at eating pussy, Mom?"

"Oh, Evan." She blew me a raspberry. "Stop. I was just ... you know ... not many people have had that with a mother *and* a son. I just wonder if we're similar at doing that naughty thing, since you know, you're mine and everything."

Still dancing, I kissed my mother on the lips. We were in the living room. The curtains were closed, but we hadn't used the bell. Discovery was possible. Perhaps thinking along similar lines, Mom resisted me for a moment. But she melted when our tongues met. We made out and danced in the living room for a long while, rocking to the music. Eventually, I pulled away and lifted her into the air. "I didn't have sex with Ava."

"But you did other stuff." She rolled her eyes at me.

"When I first got home, you said, 'I don't think I want to do it with you after you just did it with her, Evan.' Well ..." I turned off the music and the lights, carrying her upstairs. "... what do you want now?"



Mom leaned her lips close to my ear. "I want to use the bell," she whispered.

"Me too." I carried her into my room. We got ready. By the time I jumped onto the bed, Mom only had her socks on. She was on all fours, presenting me her ass like it was the prize of the evening. Which, even against stiff competition, it was.

"In my butt, Evan." She looked over her shoulder with purpose. "Get the lube."

"Why?" I grabbed her ass cheek and pressed my fingers into her wonderfully spongy flesh.

"A mother doesn't always have to explain herself, sweetie." She gave me her flat, *I'm serious* smile. "I want you in my butt, not my vagina."

I saluted her. "Yes, ma'am." I got the lube, and we went at it like a well-oiled machine. I pounded Mom from behind, each of us knowing the other's moves. When she screamed out an orgasm, I held myself thrust all the way up her butt. Later, when she pushed back on me, we instantly found a familiar cadence. We fit together perfectly in every way. When I thought about it, Ava didn't really have a chance of wedging herself between us. And now that Ava was being honest, maybe she would be the only person that would understand how well Mom and I fit together. She would certainly be the only one I'd tell.



A half-hour later, my mother was riding me in reverse on the bed. My balls were boiling as I watched my cock disappear into her ass again and again. "Mom ... Mom ... I wish you could see ... this ... aaaaahhhhhhh." I gripped the covers tightly. "Your ass ... was made ... for my dick."



"No ... no ... no ... Evan." Her trembling made me think she was going to cum again. I could tell from the way she was moving her arm that she was rubbing her clit furiously. "No ... Evan ... I wasn't made ... for you." She shook her head, tossing her blond hair side to side. "I ... made you ... for me. The perfect ... oohhhhhh ... son ... in my butt ... I ... ssnnoorrkkkkkkkkkk."

Her snorting orgasm pushed me over the edge and came inside her. "Aaaaahhhhhhhhh." Life was good.

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Time passed. Ava and I continued to go on dates, although I held the line on sex with her. I think the fact that we happily swapped oral took the edge off for her. We even got a lot of practice in on sixty-nines. Surprisingly, that was something Mom and I hadn't spent a ton of energy on.



My mother slowly relaxed around Ava. The big blowup she expected from the tempestuous teenager never happened. Neither Mom nor I minded the occasional lie or insult that slipped out of Ava's mouth. Ava was trying. And she was getting better and better at laughing at herself.

Finally, graduation day arrived. It was awesome. My sister, Lillian, actually made the trip home to be there. After the ceremony, I gave Raj and some other friends hugs, found Ava, and learned that her parents were traveling and couldn't make it to graduation. She was trying to keep a stiff upper lip about it, or maybe a sardonic upper lip Ava-style, but there was hurt in her eyes. I took her hand. "You're with the Goslings today, and we're lucky to have you." I kissed her on the cheek.



Ava scowled at me, but I could see relief smooth some of the lines on her face. We found my family. Dad had us pose for pictures. When he took one with me on one side of Mom and Ava on the other, I wondered what Dad would do if he knew what Mom had done with the eighteen-year-olds pressed to her sides. Then, I wondered if Mom would ever do anything with Ava again. Maybe in the right circumstance ...

"Smile, Evan! You're making a weird face," Dad yelled at me as he took more pictures. Eventually, we moved toward the parking lot. Ava and Lillian seemed to be getting along well, laughing together.

"We took two cars here. You're riding with me to the restaurant," Mom whispered in my ear. "Ava can ride with your sister and father." And so it was.

I was in the passenger seat of the minivan, looking out the window and thinking about my friends and how many of them I'd stay close with. I was startled out of my reverie when Mom pulled the minivan into a weedy, vacant lot behind the closed Dairy Queen. "Hey, what are we doing here?"

"I wanted to give my special man a present." She turned toward me in the driver's seat, smiled, and presented a small wrapped box on her palm. I had no idea what it was.

"It's ... um ... not a ring is it?" The box looked like a ring box! "You didn't go back to the shop, did you?"

Mom's laughter rang around the minivan. "Can you imagine?" She leaned closer, a sparkle in her eye. "It is a ring, but I got it from a naughty store online. No crazy shopkeeper involved. It's your special graduation present, but you can't tell anyone about it." She thought for a moment. "You can tell Ava if you want, I guess."

Still mystified as to what sort of ring she had gotten me, I took the box and opened it. I stared at a black, silicon circle. It was too big to fit on any of my fingers. "It's ... um ... nice."



“It’s a cock ring, Evan. It’s supposed to make you feel even better during sex.” She quickly pulled my pants and underwear down to my knees. “Oh, good. You aren’t all the way hard yet. Let’s try it out!” She went to work putting spit on the ring and sliding it into place. “Put your graduation cap back on. I’m going to take care of my awesome, special guy now.”



Dutifully, I put my cap back on and watched her lean over and suck my dick into her mouth. She threw all her love and pride into the blowjob. And she was right, the cock ring did make things feel even better. It only took me about ten minutes to explode into her mouth. The orgasm was so nice, I think it broke my brain for a while. Ten minutes after cumming, we were back on our way to the restaurant, two enormous smiles on our faces.