



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 37

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

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Written by RawlyRawls

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“Oh, my. What a lovely house.” Mom stood in Ava’s driveway. A warm, mid-summer breeze rustled the well-manicured shrubs nearby. Her loose dress billowed to the side, pulling against her growing belly. She had started to show recently. Her baby bump was sexy as hell. She caught my look, moved her beach bag to the side so I could have a better view, and smiled.



“I’ve never been inside.” I stood a few feet away, holding Ava’s hand.

“You’re not missing much. It’s like the rest of the universe.” Ava scowled at the mansion and led the way toward the front door.

“It’s infinite and ever-expanding?” I said.

“It’s devoid of life.” Ava pressed her thumb to a fingerprint reader and let us in. “My parents are in Italy for the month, and the servants aren’t here today. We have the place to ourselves. Let’s get changed and hit the pool.”

We spent a pleasant afternoon in Ava’s gigantic backyard. Ava and I played in the pool. She had one of those inflatable pool basketball sets. It gave us plenty of opportunity to grope each other under the water as we traded baskets. At first, I was surprised by how competitive she was. We hadn’t played many games together. As I thought it over, I was less surprised. Ava had been playing all sorts of competitive games with my family. At least those were mostly done, and now we could have fun together.

“You two are louder than a couple of hyenas.” Mom was in a one-piece bathing suit, sitting on a recliner. She put her book down and lowered her sunglasses to watch us horseplay.



“What?” I splashed some water toward my mom, while Ava rode my back, trying to dunk the plastic basketball.

“I just like to see you happy, that’s all.” She shoved her sunglasses back up her nose and watched us.

Ava slammed the basketball home. “Ha! I win. Suck it loser.” She playfully splashed me and then parted from me. While treading water, she looked over at my mom. “You could join us, you know?”

Mom shook her head. “Oh, my hair can’t really get wet and –”

“I mean, like with fucking and stuff. You could join us. You were awesome when I was doing that thing I shouldn’t have done.” Ava was babbling happily. “The golden Gosling tongue, right? I guess it runs in the family.” She glanced at me and caught my cut-throat sign. “Um ... I mean ... Evan and I aren’t even really fucking. We just go down on each other a lot. Which helps take the edge off. So, it’s not like you’re missing much. Although, I know he does more with you, so I guess I’m the one that’s missing stuff. But ... um ... yeah.” To her credit, Ava did notice the frowns on our faces, and accurately derived their significance. She swam to the edge of the pool and hoisted herself out. Her bikini was not nearly as conservative as my mom’s one-piece. “Sorry. It was just a thought.” Ava grabbed a towel and wrapped it around herself. “At least I wasn’t lying.”



“Well, Ava ... um ... thank you for the invitation.” Mom gave her a strained smile. “What Evan and I have is ... our own thing. I’m his mother. Do you understand?”

I could see Ava was about to say something she might regret, so I cleared my throat loudly. Ava looked over at me, cocked her head, and turned her gaze back to my mother. “Well, Mrs. Gosling, if you ever change your mind, I think it would be fun. I’ll get us some drinks.” She dropped her towel and sauntered into the house, swaying her hips to good effect.

Mom and I exchanged a glance. She shook her head. “This isn’t the girlfriend I imagined for you, Evan. But as long as you’re happy with her, I am too.”

“I am, Mom. And I’m happy with you. Come swim with me.” I beckoned her into the pool.

“My hair.” She took off her sunglasses and smiled warmly.

"Your hair will survive, I promise. Come in. I'm leaving for school soon. You need to take advantage of -" I laughed when she stood, leapt, and cannonballed right next to me, tossing me in an explosion of water.

When Ava came back out and saw us playing pool basketball, she put down the drinks. "It's so on." She ran across the pavement.



I thought about telling her not to run on the pool deck. But Ava is Ava after all. She dived in. All three of us played on our own teams for a while. Eventually, Mom tired and pulled herself out of the pool and went back to her recliner, grabbing one of the drinks. Ava ended up beating me again.

Mom and I left in the evening. Ava stayed behind, saying she was going to watch a movie. I put my arm around Mom as we walked down the driveway. "I feel like we brought a little life to Ava's house today."

"That's sweet, Evan. I'm sure we did." Mom unlocked the doors and we got in the minivan. "Um ... what did you think about what she said?" Mom started up the car and looked at me, searching my eyes. "You know, about all three of us ..."

"Crazy, right? That's Ava." I let out a nervous laugh.

"Yeah, crazy." Mom nodded and drove us home.

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I wasn't working or anything for the summer. My time was mostly split between my mother, Ava, and my friends. Mom liked us to spend time together every morning. She would wait until Dad left for work, then she'd come up to my room. Most mornings that summer, I didn't wake up until after the cock ring was already on.

One such morning, my mother was seated on the edge of the bed. She was wearing jeans, but she was topless. Her left hand was rapidly pumping my dick, bouncing against my cock ring at the bottom of each stroke. Her wedding ring glittered in the morning light, casting tiny rainbows around my room. "Good morning, sleepyhead." She had already put lube on my cock, so her hand made a wonderful squelching sound as she worked.



“Good morning, Mom.” I returned her smile.

“There is no way you’re getting better wake-up calls when you leave me for college.” She stood and removed her jeans and panties. Naked, she crawled up onto the bed. “And *my* mornings are going to be less interesting for sure.” She held her expanding belly as she mounted me and lined my cock up with her asshole. Her smile was all maternal warmth and tenderness. It changed when I entered her buttocks. Her face twisted into something that looked almost like surprise, but I knew she couldn’t be shocked by anything we did anymore.

“Maybe you’ll have to teach Ava the morning routine.” I watched her closely as she settled her ass on my cock.

“Is Ava ... uuuggghhhh ... going with you?” Worry passed quickly across her face, but it was quickly replaced with ecstasy. She put her hands on my chest, and her hips found a quick, steady rhythm.

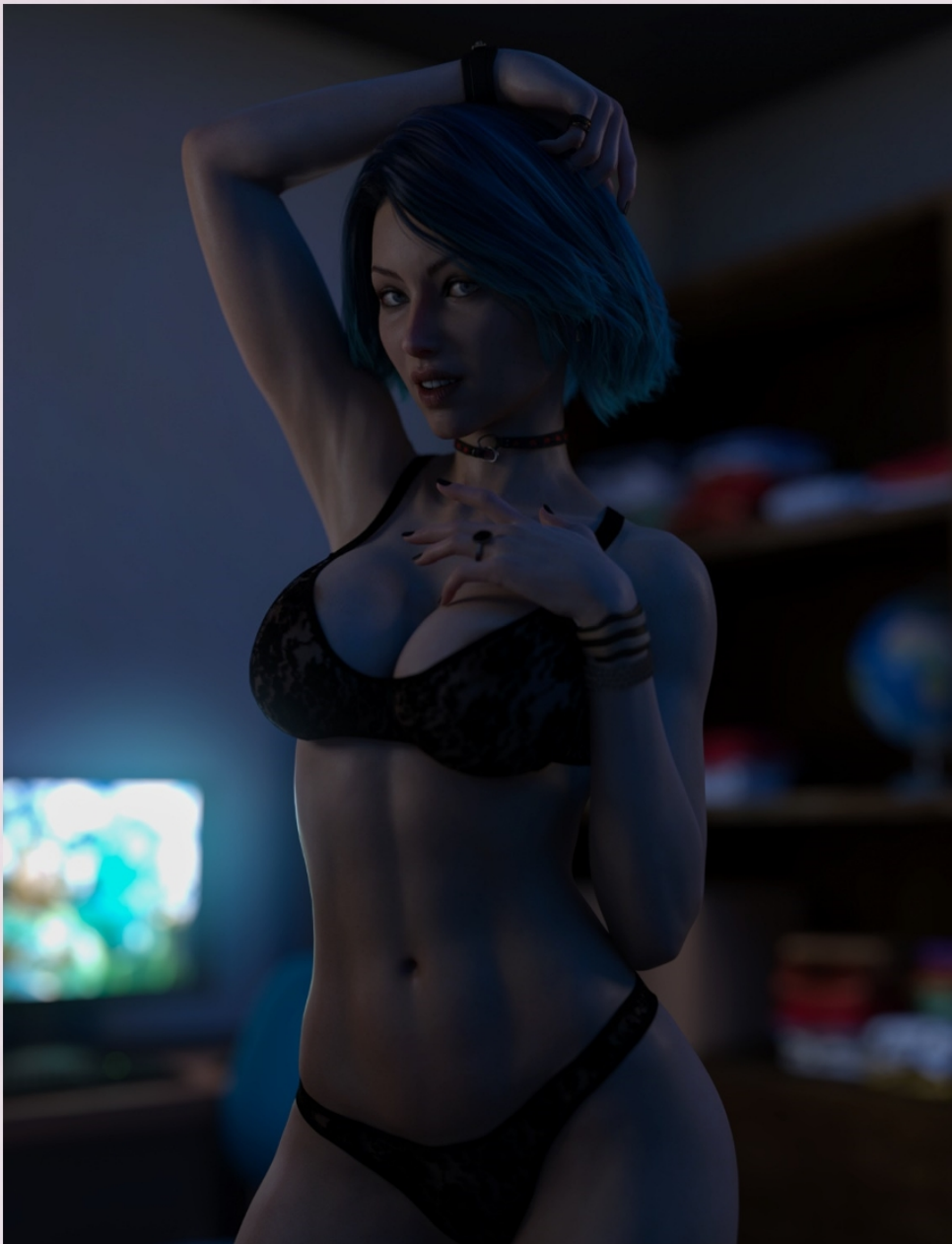
“Yeah ... ugh ... ugh ... she didn’t apply for school ... anywhere ... so she was thinking of ... just moving with me. Her parents are ... ugh ... ugh ... happy to buy her an ... apartment. I think they ... want her out ... of the house.” I reached for Mom’s hand and squeezed it reassuringly. “She’s a ... good person ... Mom. She ... just needed a chance.”

“I ... oooohhhhhhhh ... trust you to make ... the right decisions ... sweetie.” Mom arched her back, pushing her swelling belly out further. “Maybe ... I will ... show her ... aaahhhhhh ... how to take care of you. There aren’t ... going to be any ... other girlfriends ... that will know about us. I might ... as well ... ugh ... ugh ... uuuggghhhh ... make the most ... of the situation and ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.”

Mom’s eyes rolled back and she came. After that, we were too busy fucking to continue the conversation.



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"Tonight seems special." Ava struggled out of her dress. It was late, and we were in my room. I'd already rung the bell so that we wouldn't wake up my parents. Ava tossed her dress away and posed for me in her underwear. After all these years, I was still crushing on her hard. She gave me a crafty smile. "You bought me dinner at Gormandi's. Super fancy for someone without any money. You buttering me up for something?"

"As a matter of fact." I went to my nightstand, opened the drawer, and pulled out a condom. "Tonight is sort of special."

"Oh, tonight's the big night, huh?" Ava laughed. "You're finally going to turn your prim princess into a slut?"

I shook my head. "You were never my princess, Ava. I just needed to be careful with you. You've always had my heart, and ... well ... you know ... you stomped on it pretty good a few times."

"I know." Ava frowned. "I'm sorry about that." She stopped posing, and her shoulders slumped. "Did we just ruin the mood? I ... um ... still want to fuck you."

"I'm good if you are." I dropped my pants and underwear, letting my hard cock spring free. "See?"

Ava's eyes turned sultry, and she walked toward me, swaying her hips. "Did you tell your mom that you're going to finally fuck me tonight?"

“Summer’s almost over, she knows it’s bound to happen. Why?” I spun her around and unclasped her bra. She dropped it to the floor and backed up against me, pulling my hands forward and placing them on her tits. My dick pressed against her panty-clad ass.



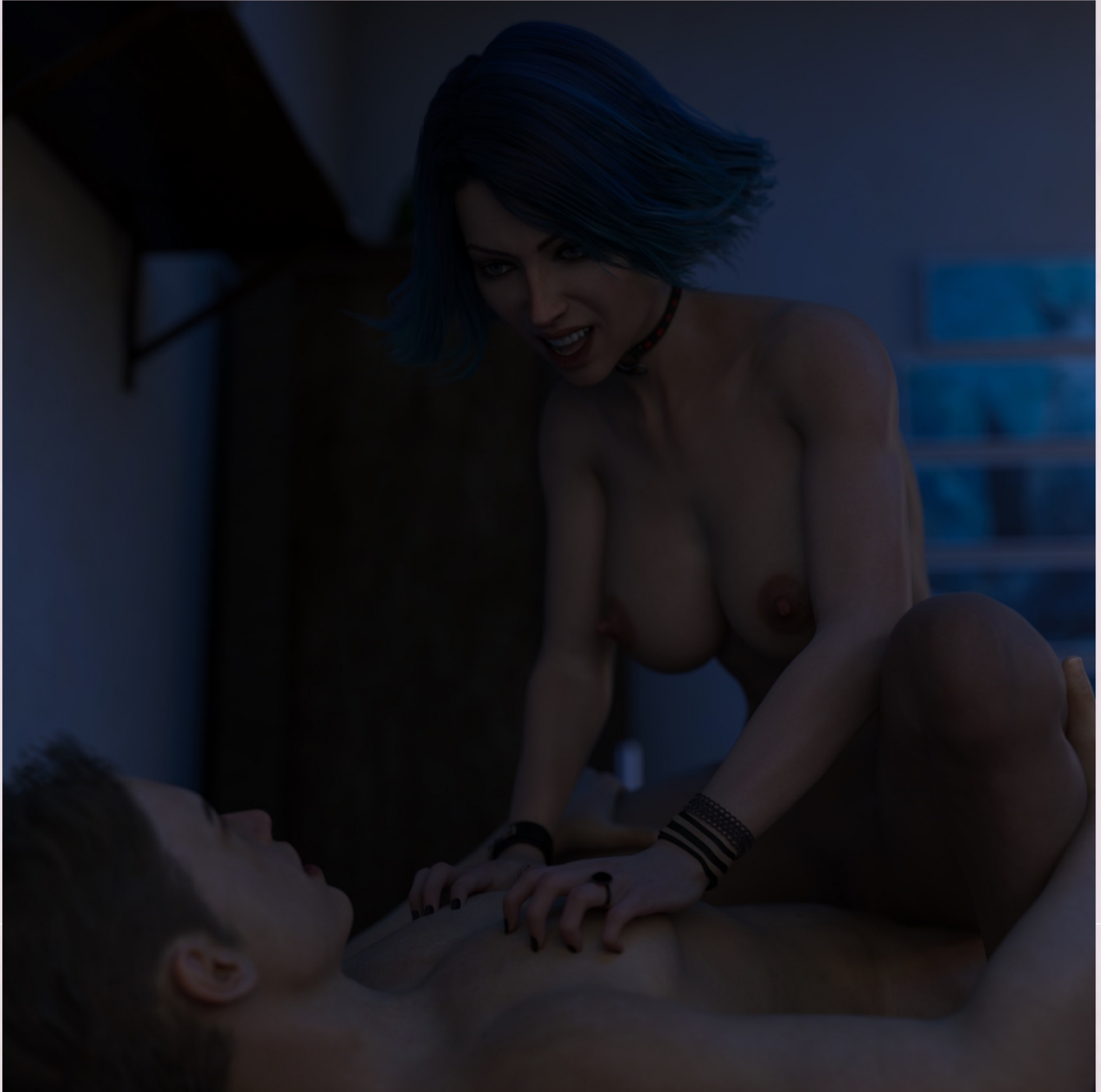
“No reason. I don’t care what you tell her.” She was silent a moment, then she barked out, “Lie!”

“You like my mom?” I brushed her blue hair aside and nibbled on her neck.

“I like her.” She shivered as I playfully bit her ear. “But more than that, I like the way you two love each other. Honestly, I would be jealous, but ... you and me ... we’re sort of ... developing ... I don’t know. It’s stupid.” She turned around and pushed me onto the bed. “Lie!” She took the condom from me. “Okay, it’s not stupid. But it’s confusing.”

Before I knew what was happening, she'd rolled the condom onto my dick and mounted me. I shouldn't have been surprised that she wouldn't pause on ceremony. "I looked up into her face as it contorted. My cock was already deep inside her pussy. "I love you, Ava."

"Uuuggghhhh ... just shut up ... Gosling." She pulled off my shirt and dug her nails painfully into my chest. "We're ... not that serious. Lie!"



"We're moving ... together." I grinned up at her.

"That's only ... ugh ... ugh ... because I ... don't have anything ... better to do." She rolled her eyes and puffed out her cheeks. Her hips were already moving at a good pace. "Lie!" She screamed.

"I ... love you ... too ... Ava." I pulled her hands off my chest and held them. I didn't want her to make me bleed all over my bed. Mom would have questions about that. "Your pussy feels ... ugh ... ugh ... really tight ... and wet."

"You've got ... a solid dick ... Evan ... it's hitting ... it's hitting a spot." Her eyes rolled, not out of frustration, but out of ecstasy. "We should ... have been doing this ... all summer ... it feels really good." She looked down at me in shock and bliss. "It's not just ... your dick ... I think it feels good ... uuuggghhhhhh ... because ... I love you ... Evan ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." She threw her head back and screamed, her body convulsing with her orgasm.

We loved each other. How about that?

I couldn't be happier. We fucked well into the morning, and it was perfect.

