



THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 38

FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

The Missus Ring 38

Illustrations by Lexx228

Written by RawlyRawls

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“Look ... Mrs. Gosling ... Amy ... this is hot and everything, but I don’t need you to teach me how to take care of him.” Ava stood in my room with her hands on her hips. I was lying in bed under the covers. I was naked, and feeling a little shy. My mother was sitting next to me, wearing a dress and a tight smile. She had a bottle of lube in her hand.

“We don’t have to ...” My cheeks were warm. As the summer had been winding down, I had fantasized more and more about having the two women I loved more than anything in bed with me at the same time again. But the moment was somewhat more clinical and frosty than I’d hoped.

“Shh, Evan. This is between Ava and I.” Mom forcefully pulled down the covers. “See, Ava, he’s always hard in the morning. I just want to teach you some methods I’ve developed for taking care of him.”



“Duh. He’s eighteen. Of course he’s hard in the morning.” Ava shook her head. “How many dudes have you slept with, Mrs. Gosling?”

“I don’t see how that’s ...” It was Mom’s turn to blush.

“I’m guessing it’s like five or something?” Ava laughed at my mother’s shocked expression. “Less than that? Anyway, that’s my point. I’ve got you beat by orders of magnitude. I should be teaching *you* how to please *him*.”

That got my mother’s hackles up. She stood and I watched the women argue while my dick stood proudly in the air.

A little while later, my mother was seated on the edge of the bed again, watching Ava with a scowl.

Ava was kneeling on the other side of me with my dick in her hand. “It’s important to gently squeeze at the top of each stroke. The head is the most sensitive part.”

“All your slutty endeavors and that’s the best you have?” Mom pushed Ava’s hand away from my cock and took over with two hands. “I know that the glans is his most sensitive erogenous zone, Ms. Roslin. Did you know that with an organ Evan’s size, two hands are preferable?”

“For all my slutty adventures, I have a lot more knowledge than that. I was starting simple for you.” Ava frowned and folded her arms.

They carried on like that for about half an hour. On the one hand, I didn’t mind being the prop in their argument. On the other hand, once I came in Ava’s hands, we were done. Neither woman had taken off an article of clothing, and both were in a sour mood the rest of the day.



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“Evan?” Mom was lying naked next to me on my bed, cum was saturating the sheet under her hips as it leaked out of her ass. She rested her cheek on my naked, sweaty chest.



“Yeah, Mom?” I absentmindedly played with her silky, damp hair. It was the middle of the day, a week before I was scheduled to leave home.

“I have a complicated history with Ava.” She ran a finger over my abs. “I should never have let her get the upper hand. With you being you, I don’t really feel like I’m cheating on your father. But with Ava ... she’s not a member of this family. And I lied to your father and to you about it. And –”

“We’ve been over this before. I forgive you. And the way Dad stares at Ava, I bet he’d forgive you, too.” I chuckled. “He probably dreams about you and Ava doing stuff.”

“Do you ... dream about it?” Her voice suddenly went thin. I ran my hand down the curve of her lovely back, and felt the tension there. “Would you like to ...?” Her words trailed away.

“As long as we’re all being truthful, I think it could work.” I thought back to our time in Ava’s pool. “I think Ava would be on board.”

“Yes, I wouldn’t be too worried about her saying no to anything crazy.” Mom giggled, and I could feel the tension leave her muscles. She grasped my dick and pumped me back to hardness. “I already gave you your graduation present.” She tapped the cock ring on my dick. “But maybe, if you’re good, I’ll give you and Ava a going away gift.” She quickly mounted me, holding her round belly with one hand and my dick with her other. She slipped me into her sopping pussy and rode me with the passion of a mother whose son would soon be leaving her.

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"This is all so mysterious!" Ava sat in the passenger seat of the minivan. Mom was driving. I was in the back seat with our luggage.

"I think I know where we're going." I watched the scenery out of the window.

"You're always so clever, Evan." Mom laughed. "I hope it didn't take you until now to figure it out."

"I figured it out a few days ago when we had that conversation in bed." I smiled.

"Oooo ... sexy mysteries, my favorite." Ava clapped her hands with joy.

We arrived at the Okpaze Inyan Hotel in the late afternoon. I think the clerk recognized us. He asked my mother several times if she was sure we only needed a room with one bed. Mom laughed and told him that the teenagers were sleeping on the floor.

Once we were in the room, Mom took one of her bags and disappeared into the bathroom. Ava and I relaxed on the bed, both of us on our phones.

"So, what exactly are we doing here?" Ava kept her eyes on her phone. "I feel like I did some questionable things here ... Lie!" She shook her head. "I did some bad things here, and I'm ... a little worried your mom is about to punish me. Is she going to come out of that bathroom and torture me or something?"

"That's all water under the bridge, Ava." I glanced over at her. Even slumped on the bed staring at her phone, Ava was beautiful. My breath caught for a moment. I composed myself. "Mom likes you."

Ava looked over at me and pulled a face that said she thought my assertion was dubious.

"No, really. I mean ... she still thinks you're a bit crazy, but she likes you. And all that bad stuff is behind us." I nodded hopefully. "You apologized and I'm sure Mom just brought us here to ..." My dick was suddenly rigid. I was going to have a threesome with the two most beautiful women in the world. "She brought us here to ..."

The bathroom door opened and my mother stepped out. She was wearing awesome maternity lingerie which wonderfully highlighted her fertile body. She struck a pose and looked right at me. "This is my going away gift to you, Evan. I'll do whatever you want for the night. And ..." She glanced at Ava. "... if Ms. Roslin is game, all three of us can do ... stuff." She looked back at me and gave me a nervous smile. "What do you think?"

"I'm down to fuck for sure." Ava tossed away her phone and sat up. Her eyes blazed with sudden interest. "Did you bring your condoms, Evan?" Ava gave my mother an apologetic look. "He always makes us use condoms."

"I brought protection." Mom stepped into the bathroom and came out with a box of condoms. She tossed it onto the bed between Ava and me. "I figure we should have some fun before going to dinner. Where should we start?"



Twenty minutes later, I was on my knees, slamming my hips into Ava's backside. She was so wet that her pussy was burping and squelching. I let my eyes wander from her wide hips, to the curve of her narrow, delicate back, to the expanse of her blue hair between my mother's legs. My mother had both her hands wound in Ava's hair. Mom looked both fierce and ecstatic as she made eye contact with me, staring into my soul. "Do you like ... oooooohhhh ... having us ... together ... sweetie?"

"Yeah ... Mom." I gripped Ava's hips tighter and my body lost its rhythm. "Cumming ..."

"Mmmppphh ... mmmppphh ... mmpphhh!" Ava's cries were somewhat muffled by Mom's pussy.

"Yes ... Evan ... I want to see you ... do it ... I want to see ... eeeeeiiiiiiii." Mom's eyes rolled back, and we all came together.

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At dinner, we wore nice clothes and silly smiles on our faces. Ava and I sat on one side of the table, Mom sat on the other. The food was delicious, and Mom even let us have some wine. Ava said “thank you” and didn’t make any snide remarks about all the alcohol she’d consumed during her teenage years.



After dessert, we went out for a walk. I thought about the time Mom was giving me a blowjob and that couple caught us. There were no blowjobs on this walk, just pleasant conversation and crisp fall air by the lake.

When we were back in our room, we didn’t need to talk about it. The second the door closed, we were all stripping as quickly as our fancy outfits would allow. Ava was the first to be naked. She retrieved the condoms and jumped on the bed, her tits flopping and bouncing beautifully. I was naked next, but I waited for Mom. When she was ready, I picked her up and carried her to the bed.

Soon, my mother's toes were pointed at the ceiling as I smashed into her pussy. I didn't have a condom on this time. If Ava was jealous, she didn't let it show. She pressed her lips to mine and made out with me while I humped my mother. Ava's boobs were in perfect position, so Mom massaged them and tweaked Ava's nipples. We didn't get much sleep that night. But none of us looked bedraggled as we left the hotel the next day. Each of us had a spring in our steps and a beaming smile on our faces.



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“Oh ... my goodness. I can't believe it's finally time.” Mom and I stood on the front step of our house. She had her hands on my shoulders. A tear ran down her cheek.

Dad and Ava were finishing loading up the fancy SUV her parents had bought her.

“It'll be fine, Mom. I'll only be a few hours away. I'll come home for visits.” I tried to give her a reassuring smile. “Ava said you can stay at her apartment anytime you want to visit.”

“I'll bet she wants me in her apartment.” Mom rolled her eyes. We hadn't had another threesome since the hotel, but I hadn't given up hope. Mom took a deep breath. “You'll probably be staying at her place more than the dorm.”

“I mean ... I don't know ...” I caught her probing stare. “Yeah, you're right, I ...” I looked out to the street and saw the shopkeeper strolling toward us. He wore that same ridiculous outfit, and he was whistling a jaunty song. “Mom!” I pointed him out.

Mom's eyes went wide when she saw him. She turned and raced down the walk to my dad. “Greg ... I need you to run in and look for something in the house.” Mom got rid of Dad, and stood on the lawn waiting for the shopkeeper. Ava and I joined her on either side.

“What gloomy faces!” The shopkeeper cackled. “Upon seeing such unhappy customers, one might think I hadn't delivered on all my promises. But I did!” He took off his hat, bowed, and put it back on. He stood before us, smiling.

“We're not buying anything else from you.” Mom folded her arms, resting them on her prodigious belly.

“Oh, I'm not selling anything today.” The shopkeeper eyed Ava. “I'll take the ring back now, Ms. Roslin.” He held out his hand.

“What?” Ava blinked, looked down at her finger, and tugged the happiness ring. I was shocked to see it slide off. Suddenly, I felt queasy.

“You're happy, Ava. You don't need it anymore. Just like the missus, the happiness ring has served its purpose.” The shopkeeper waggled his eyebrows. “Mr. Gosling got the girl, you got happiness, I got a few sales. Hand it over.” He moved his hand closer to Ava.

Ava stared at the ring. She looked over at me and my mother, reading our faces. Her lips pressed together as she thought. "I bought this ring, and I'd like to keep it." She slid it onto the ring finger of her right hand.

"Really? I thought you'd be thrilled to be rid of it." The shopkeeper scratched his chin.

"I'm thrilled to be happy, little dude. I'm thrilled to ... um ..." Ava straightened her spine and blushed. "I'm thrilled to love Evan. I paid for it. I'm keeping it."

"Sure, sounds good to me." The shopkeeper tipped his hat to her. "Goslings." He tipped his hat to Mom and me and gave my mother's belly a wink. "I'll be seeing you." He turned and walked back the way he'd come.



We finished packing and got in the car. Tears were streaming down my mother's face by the time Ava pulled her SUV away from the curb. We waved to my parents and drove off. From the passenger seat, I held out my hand to Ava. She put her hand in mine, driving with the other. I ran my finger over the ring. Everything changed with my first visit to that strange shop. And everything was still changing. I squeezed her hand. "I don't think you need that ring anymore."

"Probably not." She nodded her head, keeping her eyes on the road. "But I like having it there. It'll keep me honest ... and happy." She glanced at me. "You're staring at my tits, aren't you?"

"I've been staring at your tits for years, Ava." I laughed. "They keep me honest."

“They keep you horny. Which is just the way I like you.” She was silent for a moment. “I really like you, Gosling. Let’s keep doing our thing, okay?”

“You got a deal, Ava.” I smiled and relaxed into the seat. In my head, I started to put together a glowing online review for the shopkeeper’s store. The man knew his craft. It hadn’t always been easy, but I had somehow ended up exactly where I was supposed to be.



THE END