



THE MISSUS RING

CHAPTER 4

FICTION

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"I'm home!" All week I'd rushed home and found my mother ready for me in the kitchen. She'd given me a dutiful handjob each day. When it was over, she'd send me to my room. After all, I was still grounded.

On Friday, it occurred to her that maybe the kitchen wasn't the best place for our new routine. What if Dad came home early? We were both fairly certain he wouldn't understand. So, we went up to my room.

"I ... ugh ... love you ... Mom." I was on my back in bed. My mom sat next to me, both her hands pumping my dick.

"I love you too, sweetie." Usually, she smiled at me when she said that, but while giving me handjobs, she always looked so serious.



"No ... I mean ... I'm ... in love with you. I wish you could still ... be my ... wife ... sometimes." I knew it was a mistake the second I said it. I watched her forehead wrinkle in thought. She removed her hands from my dick. *Uh oh.* I'd pushed her too far. "Mom?"

"Maybe we should stop this." She frowned at me, wiping her lotion-covered hands on a towel. "I started helping you with this because you were so confused. I was hoping to ease you back into our regular relationship. But it's not working. I told you before, I can't put that ring back on."

"I'm sorry. You're just so beautiful, smart, and kind." I was desperate to have her forget what I'd just said and to have her hands back on my cock. "I'm eighteen, Mom. Sometimes my hormones get the better of me."



“That’s why I think we should stop.” She sat with her hands in her lap. I was relieved that she hadn’t left yet. I didn’t want to make matters worse, so I didn’t say anything. I lay on the bed, my shorts around my shins, my chest bare, my dick pointing toward the ceiling. She wore her yoga pants and a top. We stayed like that for a while.

Eventually, I had to say something. “Mom?”

“Hmmm?” She blinked as if coming out of a reverie, and her left hand automatically went back to my dick. She slowly pumped me, staring at my cock. There was a faint squishing sound of lotion between her fingers. “Who do you think the wife-woman is?”



“What?” My muscles relaxed, pleasure flowing from her hand. She worked just under the glans for a few minutes, making my toes curl.

“When I put the ring on, I was some other woman. It’s like I stepped into her life. You, obviously, aren’t her husband, but I thought you were. Or did she? It’s confusing.” She was silent for a time; the only sounds my heavy breathing and her hand pumping my dick. “I wonder, who is she? Who’s her real husband? What’s he like? How has she kept things so ... spicy with her husband? And ... um ...” She looked into my eyes.

“Yeah?” I smiled encouragement.

“What would she do if she dropped into my life? Instead of the other way around.” She raised an eyebrow.

“That last question is easy, Mom. She’d put it in her mouth.” I held my breath. Had I pushed her too far again?

My mother nodded thoughtfully. “You’re right. But I’m not her.”

“No, you’re not. But it might be fun to pretend to be her for a few minutes. That way we can both get a taste of the ring, without putting it back on.” I glanced at the ring on my bedside table. It showed up there every morning no matter what my mom did with it.

“The wife-woman is really happy with her life.” My mom took the towel and carefully wiped the lotion off my dick. “I think ... um ...” Satisfied that she’d wiped me clean, she put the towel down and leaned her lips toward my cock. I think I was turning blue at this point; I still didn’t dare to breathe. She chastely kissed the bulbous head. “I think she wouldn’t worry. She’d throw herself into what feels right. She would ...

mmmmpppphhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” She opened wide and took my cockhead into her mouth, swirling her tongue around it.

What a rollercoaster. I sucked in a deep breath. I’d gone from thinking our handjobs were over, to watching her distort her pretty pink lips around my dick. “Wow ... Mom ... I can’t believe ... you’re doing this.”

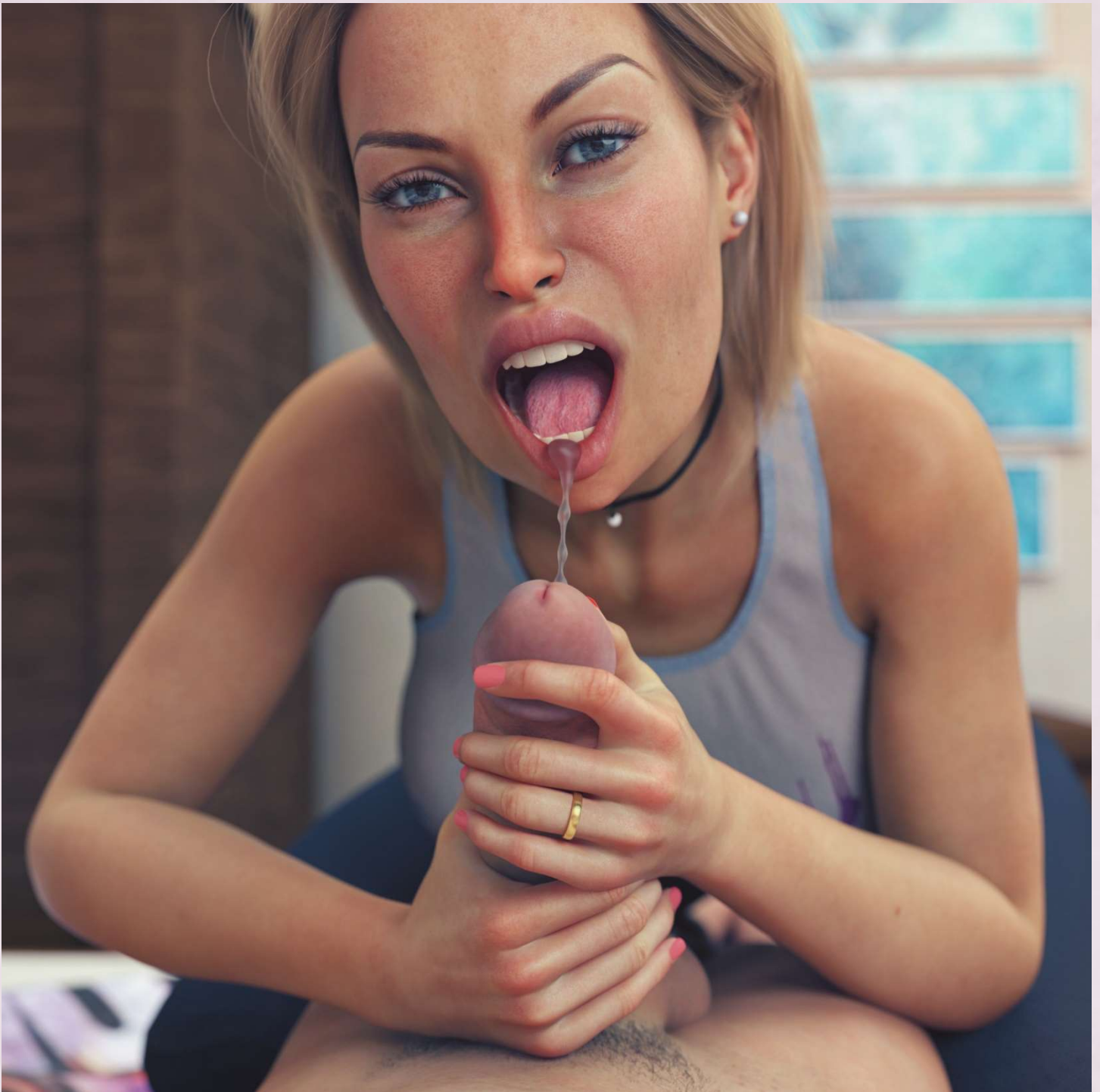


“Mmmppppphhhhhhhhh.” She closed her eyes and swallowed a bit more of my cock. She held the base with her left hand. She gagged when her lips hit the halfway point. I just about died when I heard that. My sweet mother was gagging on my cock. The ring wasn’t tricking her. This was her. She wanted this. Or ... at least she wanted a taste of the happiness the ring had shown her. Good enough!

“The wife-woman would ... ugggghhhhh ... probably do ... what you do ... with Dad,” I said.



My mom slowly lifted her mouth off my cock and looked up at me, a long strand of saliva still connecting her lips to my dick. "I just tried to do what I do with your father. You're too big." She kissed the head, tenderly this time. "But I think ... the wife-woman ... would find a way ... to work with ... your tool," she said between kisses.



“Yeah ... she would ... I wish ... oooohhhhhhhhhhhhh.” I lost my train of thought as she took me back into her mouth, slid my cock into her throat, and bobbed her head just above where her gag reflex kicked in. I brushed her hair back behind her ear so I could watch her work. I barely recognized my mother. She moaned and hummed around my dick, occasionally making popping sounds as she pulled off me. She always went right back to work. This pure ecstasy went on for twenty minutes. “Mom ... I ... Mom ... I’m going to ...” My mouth hung open as I stared at her breathtaking vulgarity. She knew I was going to cum, but she wasn’t stopping.

“Mmmmmmm ... mmmmmmmmm ... mmmmmmm.” My mother’s head bobbed faster. When I erupted, she took my dick out of her mouth, placed my cockhead on her extended tongue, and let me cum. She was finally smiling as my spunk splashed into her mouth.



“Aaaaahhhhhhhh ... Mom ... Mom ...” My hips jerked, and my muscles spasmed. If I was in love with her before, I was completely under her spell now. She could have asked me to walk off a cliff, and I would have done it, no hesitation. Knowing that this was my mom, not the wife-woman, that was laughing and gargling cum heightened my orgasm to stratospheric levels. It was even better than the sex we’d had when she wore the ring. Very slowly, I came down from the high.

When I stopped spurting, she turned and spit it all into the towel. “Wow ... wow ... Evan ... that was a lot ... even for you.” She stood, cum dripping from her chin. “I have to get cleaned up before your father gets home.” Still smiling, she shook her head and pointed at my hard cock. “If that wasn’t enough to get that thing tired, that’s not my fault. You’ll have to take care of it on your own.”



"Are you ... happy ... like her ... Mom? The wife-woman ... I mean?" I felt more relaxed than I thought possible. I melted into the bed.

"I ... um ... I understand her better ... I think." Still smiling, she shook her head in bewilderment. "We'll have to take a break from all this for the weekend. You understand that?"

I nodded.

"Good." My mom left. I watched her fantastic butt disappear as she closed the door after her.

"Holy shit." I picked up my pillow, held it over my face, and screamed. Before the ring, I'd had no idea I wanted her. Now, I wanted no other woman. Well ... that wasn't completely true. I tossed the pillow off my face and took hold of my cock. I looked over at the ring as I fapped. "Well ... Ava ... maybe." I imagined Ava doing the same things my mom had just done. I imagined her doing it in concert with my mom, their two gorgeous faces crowded over my dick. I imagined them both riding me. I imagined Gavin's stupid face when he realized I'd stolen Ava's heart. "Aaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh." I came again all over my bed.

When I calmed down, I told myself there was no way I could use the ring on purpose. It was wrong. A voice in my head piped up: *If it's so wrong, why is my mom so happy? Why am I so happy?*



My mom stuck her head in the door. "You're still naked? I ... oh ..." She saw the cum splattered over my bed, chest, and legs. "You really did need to take care of yourself. Well, that's enough for today. Your dad just texted to say he'll be home soon. I want all this cleaned up." She gestured toward all the cum.

"Sure, Mom." I slowly sat up, my cock finally going soft.

"And, Evan?"

"Yeah, Mom?"
Something in the tone of her voice made me hopeful.

"I want you to take me to the store where you bought that ring. I ... have some questions." She smiled. "Is tomorrow good for you?"

I wasn't expecting her to say that. I couldn't imagine her having a conversation with that crazy old man. Oh, God. That shop owner would know something was going on between me and my mom. That would be awkward. But I didn't say no. If she asked me to walk off a cliff, I'd do it without question. I smiled when we locked eyes. "Sure, Mom. Tomorrow works."

"Great. Get cleaned up." She disappeared, closing the door behind her. I took a deep breath, and started cleaning.

