

THE MISSUS RING
CHAPTER 5

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Missus Ring 5

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!

To see more of Lexx228's art: <https://www.patreon.com/Lexx228>

“Anyone here?” I gazed around the dimly lit store, holding my mom’s hand as she stood beside me. She squeezed my fingers tightly. Everywhere we looked, the shelves were overstuffed with dusty knickknacks and worthless miscellanea. I saw her squint into the shadows at the other end of the room. Motes hovered in the air around us, glistening with spooky iridescence.

“Hello?” My mom’s sweet voice seemed to die unnaturally fast. When no one answered, she mumbled to me, “What are we doing here?”



“I see you’ve found what you were looking for.” The old shopkeeper appeared out of nowhere next to a stack of board games. The stack was as tall as he was. He looked just as ridiculous as last time. In fact, he was wearing the same clothes.

“Oh ... um ... I’m Mrs. Amy Gosling.” My mother started to extend her right hand toward the small man, but then clearly thought better of shaking hands with such an odd fellow. She lowered her hand and fidgeted with her dress. With her left hand, she squeezed my fingers tighter. “And you are ...?” Her tight smile seemed etched in stone. She barely blinked.

“I am the purveyor of all you see about you.” The old man waved his arm in a circle, finishing with a flourish. “Welcome, ha!” He walked down an aisle, brushing his fingers along a row of animal skulls. “You were so happy with your purchase, that you wish to see what else I have? This happens all the time. I don’t have anything as potent as The Missus Ring.” He stopped and pointed back at the stack of games. “But I do have a great board game from the 80s. You two could invite Ava Roslin over and play it with her.” He winked at my mother.

“No ... I ...” I rubbed the back of my neck. “Ava?”

“Oh, dear me! You haven’t given the ring to Ava?” The man pantomimed fainting. “She’s still in the clutches of the vile Gavin Carver?”

“I ... um ...” I glanced at my mom with innocent eyes. She nodded to me firmly, telling me *Don’t worry, Evan. I’ve got this.*

My mother cleared her throat. “Mr. Shopkeeper. I demand to know more about the ring my son purchased.”



“Oh, I’m sorry. I can’t disclose that information.” He cocked his head at my mother. “Didn’t he tell you? He waived the disclaimer when I cut the price from twenty to ten dollars.”

“Okay ... okay.” My mother let go of my hand and rummaged in her purse. She pulled out ten dollars and held it out to the old man. “What’s the disclaimer?”

He waved away the money. “It’s too late for that. But ...” He moved very close to us. “I have a dildo from ancient Samaria that is said to –”

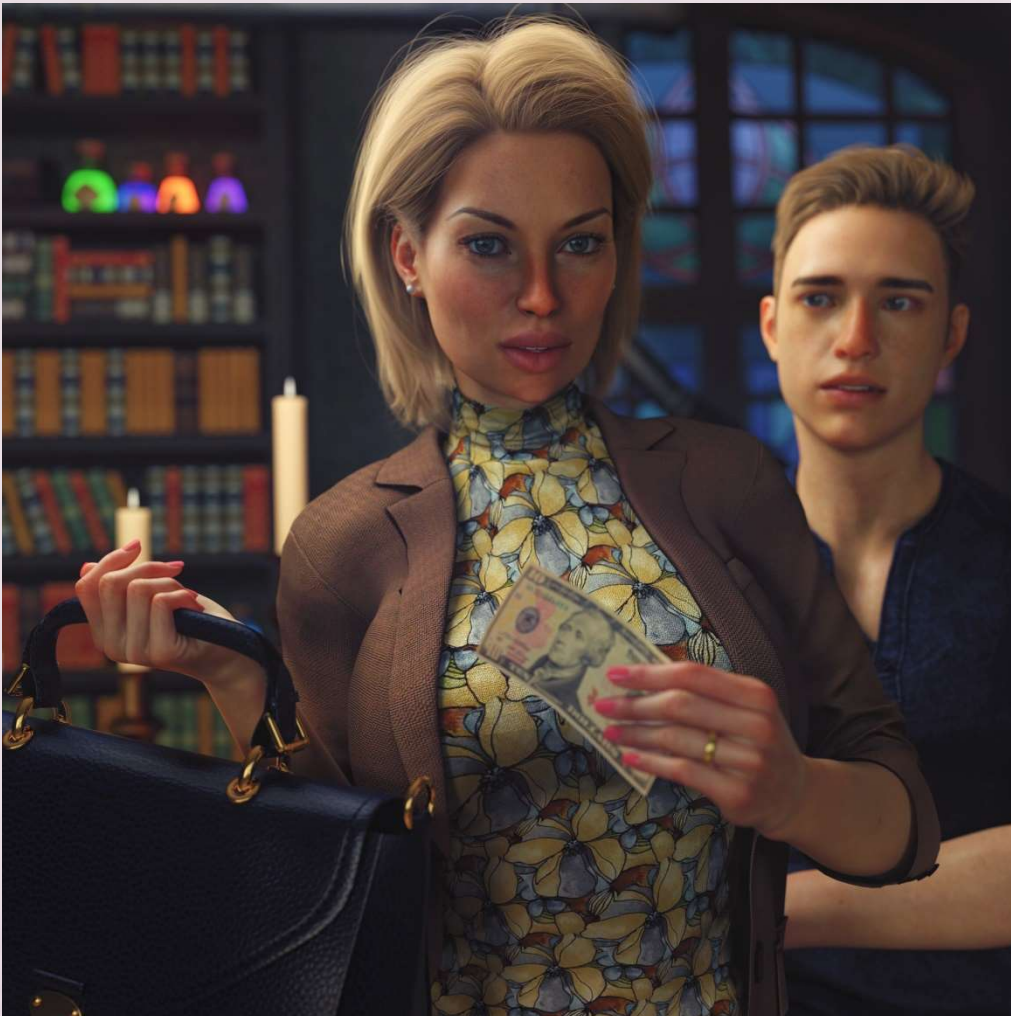
“Goodness!” My mom put her hand to her mouth, her cheeks flushing. “I’m not ... not ... a slut.”

“Fine.” He gave me a wink. “How about a dream catcher? It’s guaranteed to give anyone sleeping under it the wettest of dreams.”

“Here, take back the ring.” My mother reached into her purse and held out the ring to the old man. “We don’t want it.” She gave me a knowing look. “We don’t need it.”

“I cannot.” The shopkeeper looked around at nearby merchandise like he was searching for what we might be willing to buy.

“Tell me about the wife that I ... um ... that a woman turns into when she puts the ring on.” My mom spoke hurriedly, her words tumbling over one another. “Who is she? Why is she ... so happy?”



“Okay, I’ll give you the disclaimer.” He sighed in an exasperated fashion and held out his hand for the money. My mother gave him the ten-dollar bill. The old man nodded gravely. “The ring will stay with its purchaser until it is no longer needed. Then it will ...” He made a fluttering motion with his hands. “Poof.”

“But we don’t need the ring.” I shook my head.

“If you’re not going to purchase anything else, run along. I’ve got other customers to get to.” The old man walked back to the register to deposit his money. There was nobody else in the store.

“But ...” My mom stared at him, brow furrowed. She put the ring down on the stack of board games. “What about the wife? You didn’t answer my question. Who is she?”

“Out you go.” He shooed us with his hands.

“Come on, Mom. I told you he was weird.” I took her hand and led her from the store. I was grateful the old man hadn’t made things too uncomfortable. I got the feeling he knew exactly what my mom and I had done.

~~

There was no handjob that day. My father was home, and neither of us wanted to mess around directly behind his back. We’d gotten very lucky the last time. He’d almost caught us. My mom did come up to my room to talk about what the old man’s disclaimer had meant. We spent over an hour hashing it over.

“Why do we even care, Mom? It’s just going to sit on my bedside table.” I glanced at where the ring would surely return tomorrow. “We can ignore it.”

“It will try to tempt us, Evan. With your hormones, and my ... experience as the wife-woman ...” My mother’s eyes grew distant. She absentmindedly rubbed my thigh through my pants.

“We’ll use willpower, Mom.” I smiled at her. “I don’t need anything more than what we’re doing in the afternoons after school.”

“Shh.” She held up a finger. “Remember, don’t mention that while your father’s home.”

In the end, we didn’t come up with a plan, other than to ignore the ring.

On Sunday morning, the ring was back on my bedside table. No matter what we did, it always came back.



~~

After school on Monday, my mom and I were back in my room. She was on her knees in front of me, bobbing her blond head on my dick. I glanced at the ring and knew she was right about the temptation. I wanted to have sex with her again. With that ring on, she'd mount me in a heartbeat. An idea hit me like a thunderbolt. I was shocked ... it was actually a good one. "You know ... ugh ... Mom ... I've been ... thinking."



“Mmmmmmm?” She looked up at me with my cock still stretching her pink lips. Her expression was priceless. A surge of pleasure moved from my dick throughout my whole body.

“You asked the shopkeeper ... why the wife-woman is so ... uggghhhhhh ... happy. I bet her ... husband has a lot to do with it.” I ran my fingers through her silky hair, and then grabbed a handful. Slowly, I pulled her off my cock.

“What ... what are you doing?” She looked at me with surprise. I hadn’t really meant to manhandle her, but I was starting to behave more like her husband than her son.



“I don’t think Dad ... treats you the same ... as the wife-woman’s husband.” I released her hair and scooted back on the bed. “Take off your pants and panties and sit next to me.”

“Why?” She stood, but didn’t do as I’d asked. Her eyes narrowed with suspicion.

“A thought just occurred to me. The ring showed you the wife-woman’s life. And you were happy there. What if we made you just as happy in *your* life? I think the ring wouldn’t be needed anymore. The temptation would go away. ‘Poof.’” I raised my eyebrow like Sherlock Holmes. Of course, I doubt the greatest detective was ever naked in front of his mother with her saliva all over his cock. His loss. “Show me how to make you happy, Mom. I was thinking we could start by ... you know ... touching each other at the same time.”



“You’re my son, Evan. Not my husband. It’s not your job to make me happy.” Despite her words, she slowly peeled off her yoga pants. “Only touching?” Even more slowly, she lowered her panties down her long legs.

“Yeah, only touching. Or, actually, whatever makes *you* happy. It’s how we get rid of the ring, I’m sure of it.” I *was* actually sure of it.

“Maybe I should have your father do this.” She climbed up onto the bed and sat next to me.

“Maybe he can make me happy like the wife-woman’s husband.” Tentatively, she spread her legs. It was obvious that she knew my father

wasn’t the man for the job, so I didn’t say anything. She took hold of my cock with her left hand and stroked it. “You’re eighteen, so I imagine you know what women like?”

“Maybe?” I could see her nipples poking through her top. That was a good sign, right? I put my hand on the inside of her thigh and rubbed. It felt wrong to go straight for her pussy. I inched my way up her leg, almost like the game she used to play with me where she pretended her fingers were a spider. I smiled at the memory.

“What are you smiling about?” Her eyes were filled with worry.

“Just remembering how you used to have the ‘spooky spider’ crawl all over me.” I walked my fingers on her inner thigh, just like she used to do.



The worry left her face. My mom burst out laughing. “I can’t believe you’d think about that now. That was so long ago. You were ...” Her laughter died when my fingers reached her pussy. She was sopping. Another good sign. I did my best, trying to remember what the girls I’d been with liked. I ran my fingers gently just inside her swollen lips. When I slipped two fingers inside her, her body tensed next to mine, and she gripped my dick hard, no longer pumping. I slid inside her, gently at first, feeling the ridges inside her pussy. Her body relaxed, and she continued the handjob.

“Do you like it, Mom?” I did my best to ride the line between gentle and forceful.

“Yes ... yes ... sweetie.” She nodded, biting her lower lip. “Can you ... give some attention to my button ... too?” Her hand moved faster on my cock. I wasn’t that far away from cumming.

“Like this?” I pulled my fingers out of her pussy, found her clit, and rubbed it with little circles. Her hips jerked in response.

“Not ... so hard.” She looked into my eyes. Our faces were close, I could have kissed her. I wanted to but didn’t want to overstep the moment.



“Sure ... Mom.” I released some pressure from the quick little circles. “I’m ... going to cum ... really soon.”

“I ... sssnnnooooooohhhhh.” My mother started to say something, but snorted instead, and her eyes rolled back. Her whole body jerked next to me. “Eeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” She let out a high-pitched scream. She was cumming. I’d made my mother cum. Not the wife-woman, but my actual mother. The thought hastened my own orgasm. Her hand stopped pumping my dick, so I put my left hand on top of hers and helped her finish me off.

“Cumming ... Mom.” I won’t lie, I did angle my dick toward her as it erupted, shooting jets of sticky stuff onto her legs. As her scream faded, I stopped rubbing her clit. She convulsed a few more times next to me and was still. My orgasm lasted a little longer than hers, but eventually the last blasts of cum splattered on her milky thighs.

We lay side by side panting for a long time. Eventually, I had to say something. “So ... are you as happy as the wife-woman?”



“No ... sweetie.” She leaned her face toward me and kissed my cheek. “But that was incredible.” She climbed off the bed and picked up her pants and panties. “Maybe we should do that again sometime?” The smile she gave me was sweet and pure.

“Tomorrow?” I grinned back at her. “I know I can make you that happy, Mom.”

She shook her head slowly in disbelief. “We’ll try again tomorrow. I’m headed to the shower. Get yourself cleaned up before your father gets home.” I watched her gorgeous bare butt roll from side to side as she exited my room. The thought occurred to me that if we were doing this to get rid of the ring, the ring was still pulling our strings. But I didn’t care.