



THE MISSUS RING

CHAPTER 9

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Missus Ring 9

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!

“Darling! We’re in a hotel. Fantastic!” My mom smiled broadly. “And I’m naked, double fantastic!” She gave me a mock frown. “But you’re still dressed. That won’t do.”

“Um ... yeah.” I took off my shirt. Before I could get the rest off, she pounced on me and unbuttoned, unzipped, and pulled in a playful frenzy.

She paused with my underwear halfway down my thighs. “Wait ... we were at home. And that crazy lady tackled me. Who was she?”

“Um ...” I looked down at my hard dick, to avoid her eyes. It was ready to go. But first I had to think of something to say. “Um ... that’s the new neighbor. She’s been all up in our business, remember?”



My mom shook her head. "I must have forgotten. That's very Fatal Attraction. How exciting!" She gave me a mischievous smile. "She was cute. If she promises to stop stalking us, we could reward her. We haven't had a three-way in years."

"Oh ... um ... I think ... um ..." The wife-woman was so horny, I should have expected something like that. But it caught me off guard. Especially because she was still my mom, and she was saying that she wanted to sleep with my mom. My brain hurt thinking about it.

"Wait! Why on Earth did you call her 'Mom'?" My mom finished pulling off my underwear and curled up next to me, her face very close to my cock. She took hold of it with one hand and stroked gently while she waited for an answer.



“Oh ... that’s because we were pretending to be teenagers. Remember?” My mind raced to make up an acceptable explanation. “I was still playing our game. So, I pretended that she was my mom, and she caught us. Pretty hot, right?”

“Strange ... but hot.” She nodded her head in agreement. Apparently, she wasn’t going to dig too deeply into anything. Maybe that was the secret to her happiness. She looked around at the room while pumping me more vigorously. “This is a nice hotel. It reminds me of the time we stayed in Carmel. Speaking of threesomes, that was a wild weekend without the kids.”

“Yeah.” I wished I had been there! “So, I was thinking we should get the condoms out.”

She frowned at me. “Condoms again? What’s *with* you and condoms?” She held my dick tightly and pretended like she was strangling it out of frustration. She made little sounds like it was choking and then burst out giggling.



"We got interrupted last time. Let's be teenagers again. That's a fun game." I raised my eyebrows hopefully.

"Be real, Evan. Teenagers couldn't afford a place like this." My mom mounted me. "I'm wet and ready. Let's bang out a quick one and then go out to dinner. I'm hungry."

"No!" I said a little too loud.

Mom stopped before putting my dick in, looking down at me with startled eyes. "What?"

"I just thought of a really ... kinky game. Our pushy neighbor made me think of it." I scooted out from under her before she could slide onto my cock. I went over to the luggage and looked for the condoms. "I don't think we've ever played this game." I was pretty sure the wife-woman had said we hadn't ever roleplayed this. "What if you're my mom, and you've taken me out for a weekend of lust, leaving your clueless husband at home? The mom in that game would definitely want to use condoms."

"Wow! Even after all these years of marriage, you still surprise me." She was silent while I pulled the condoms out of the bag.

"What do you think?" I tossed them to her. "Ready to give *your son* the weekend he's been dreaming of?" I put "your son" in air quotes.

My mom let out a long, peeling laugh. "This is so dirty. Even for you. Even for us." She held the condoms next to her face and let them fall, dangling in a line. "You're eighteen?"

"Yes, of course I'm eighteen." I was eighteen, so that was easy.

"Perfect." She laughed again, a wonderful, high trilling sound that filled me with joy. "And you've been a good boy? I mean, I suppose we've been up to mischief before this weekend, but you must have done something really good to get a weekend alone with me." She rolled onto her back and spread her legs, her pussy pointing straight at me. Her lips were swollen and glistening. She tore one condom from the others and removed it from its foil packet.



“Yes ... there was a girl at school who was a bad influence on me. You asked me to break it off with her, and I did.” I climbed onto the bed and took the condom from her. Slowly, I rolled it onto my dick. My fingers trembled with excitement. I was about to be in my mom’s pussy again. The last few days were giving me whiplash.



“What did she do to you?”

“Um ... she’s sort of crazy and has blue hair.” I wanted to stop talking about Ava, but I suppose I had brought it up. I should have told her I deserved the weekend because I just aced a test or something.

“I had purple hair in high school. I was wild.” My mom cocked her head at me and gave me a curious expression. “In real life I mean. The mom in our game sounds sort of stuck-up.”

“Stay in character, Mom.” I rubbed the head of my dick on her pussy. It made wonderfully wet squishing sounds. “I think it’s hotter if you’re a little stuck-up. Don’t you?”



“Good point!” She wagged a finger at me. “I don’t want you seeing that awesome-sounding girl anymore. You need to find yourself a quiet, goody-two-shoes for a girlfriend. Until then, you can have Mommy’s pussy all you like.” She winked at me. “How’s that?” She whispered out of character.

“Great! Except she’s a little stuck-up, so she would probably say ‘vagina’ instead of ‘pussy.’” I pushed forward and entered her.

“Ooohhhhhhhh ... note taken.” Her gaze grew distant, and she gripped the blanket on either side of her. “Now bang Mommy’s vagina ... ooohhhhhhhh ... into submission. Make me a ... slave ... to teenage cock.”



I didn't point out that a stuck-up mother probably wouldn't say any of that. I didn't want to spend all night giving her notes on her performance. Instead, I plowed into her pussy, bottomed out, pulled almost all the way out, and slammed back in. I found a good rhythm, and soon I was banging her pussy into submission, just like she'd asked. "Mom ... can I ... um ... hold your boobs while I'm on top." It was such a gift to see her tits again. I needed to feel them, too.

"Yes ... of course ... my little angel." Her smile was vacant as her pleasure grew. "You've got your ... teenage needs ... and ... ooohhhhhhhhhh ... my body is here ... to satisfy them. You have me ... all weekend."

"Mom ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom ... your boobs are ... amazing." I squeezed her tits. They were so wonderfully heavy and pliant. I tried not to be too rough. "Ever since the first time ... we had sex ... I've dreamed about being back ... inside you. I've ... fallen in love with you ... Mom. If I can have you ... uh ... uh ... uh ... then I don't even care ... if I never see Ava ... again." I braced my hands on the bed.

"Uuuuggghhhh ... who's Ava ... baby?" My mom pointed her toes at the ceiling. Her face was twisted by ecstasy.



"The ... blue-haired ... girl." I looked down between her legs at my cock plundering her depths. The sight nearly made my heart burst with excitement and pride. The only thing holding back my orgasm was the condom.

"Oh ... her ... right." She pulled me down and held my head to her chest, my cheek on her breast. "Mommy ... will make you ... forget all ... about that ... uuuggghhhhhhhh ... oooohhhhhhhhhh ... you're deep ... your teenage dick is so ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii."

It was a little awkward with her holding my head to her chest, but I kept humping her right through her orgasm. When she was finished thrashing and moaning, she rolled me over, keeping my cock in her as she ended up on top.

"You made Mommy ... very ... happy ... baby." She gave me a lazy, stoned smile, clearly still riding the high from cumming. "Now ... I'm going to show you ... exactly how I created you ... with your father." The wife-woman really threw herself into a role. She dug her nails into my chest, tossed her head side to side, and undulated her hips in the most seductive, mesmerizing way. "Cum for me baby ... cum for Mommy."



