

The Missus Ring

By Rawly Rawls © 2022

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

"Anyone here?" I gazed around the dimly lit store. Everywhere I looked, the shelves were overstuffed with dusty knickknacks and worthless miscellanea. I squinted into the shadows at the other end of the room. Motes hovered in the air around me, glistening with spooky iridescence. "Hello?" When no one answered, I mumbled to myself, "What am I doing here?"

"You, my friend, are finding what you've been searching for," a wizened voice said from somewhere nearby.

I spun around when I heard the voice right behind me. "I haven't been searching –"

"You're looking for an answer to the Ava Roslin conundrum, are you not?" The voice belonged to a little old man dressed in fantastical theater attire, like a wizard in a school play. "You're looking to crack that little puzzle. She isn't going to fall for flowers or a box of chocolate. You already know that. She only has eyes for Gavin Carver."

"How do you know so much about –" He cut me off again.

"You can have something that Gavin does not." He held out a closed fist.

"Gavin has everything," I said bitterly.

"Not the Missus Ring." He opened his palm. I regarded a polished silver ring set with a dark black stone. Tiny red veins meandered across the mineral. I moved to pluck it from his hand, but he was quick for an old man. "Not so fast. You don't even know what it does."

“I just want to see it. I’m not buying it.” What was I even doing here? “Maybe I should go.”

“This ring will make the wearer your missus.” The old man cocked his head at me.

“My what now?” It was clear the old man was off his rocker. I moved to walk around him so I could escape the store, but he deftly moved in front of me.

“I think you and Ava should be together. Just put the ring on her finger. When she takes it off, the spell will end.” He frowned at me. “Since this is a charitable case, I’ll give it to you for twenty dollars.” He opened his fist and let me see the ring again. It was a pretty piece of costume jewelry. At that price, it was probably plastic.

“No, thanks. I just want to go.” I made another move for the door, and he headed me off again.

“Okay, ten dollars.” He shoved the ring at me. “But at that price, I won’t give you my usual disclaimer.”

“I don’t think I have any cash.” I reached into my pocket and fished around, just in case. My hand came out with a crisp ten-dollar bill. “It’s your lucky day.” I handed him the money just to get rid of him, but he wouldn’t move until I took the ring. I stuffed it in my pocket and moved past him.

Just as I opened the door, he said, “Have a nice day!” Followed by uproarious laughter.

When I got home, I dropped my backpack in the hall and dropped the ring and my keys onto the console table. “I’m home, Mom,” I yelled at the house and rushed up to my room. Some days I just had to fap. I wasn’t ten minutes into my session when there was a knock on the door. I stuffed my dick away and pulled on a big sweatshirt to conceal the tent in my pants. I opened my door.

“Evan, dear, you’re eighteen now. It’s time you stopped dropping your things all over the house.” My mom handed me my backpack.

“Sorry, Mom.” I took it from her.

“And what’s this?” She held up the ring.

“Oh, that? It’s nothing.” I didn’t know what to say. Once you held it, you could tell the ring wasn’t some cheap thing. It was metal and stone. I didn’t know what that old man’s deal was. I said the first thing that came to mind, “I was going to surprise you. I thought you’d like it.”

A wide smile curved across my mother’s pretty face. “For me? Thanks, sugar.” I watched her try the ring on different fingers. It fit on her ring finger, she settled it just above her wedding ring.

“Um ... Mom?” I coughed, trying to get her attention. “Do you like it?”

She blinked her eyes several times and gave me a quizzical look. “Oh, Evan, dear. I didn’t see you there.” She leaned forward and gave me a quick kiss on the lips. I was speechless. My mom never kissed me on the lips. She leaned in and whispered conspiratorially, “we so rarely have the house to ourselves, darling. What if we got up to some mischief like we used to? Remember that thing I did for you in Tahoe?”

“Um ... Mom ... we’re always home together after school. And we’ve never gone to Tahoe.”

She leaned her head back and laughed like I’d made a magnificent joke. She ran her fingers through her hair and continued to giggle. She looked quite stunning. I wasn’t used to seeing her like that.

“Come quick, darling. I know you need some time to get the old engine running. Tempus fugit, carpe diem, et cetera.” She grabbed my hand and pulled me to her room. Her laughter echoed off the walls. When we arrived in my parents’ room, she pulled off my sweatshirt and pushed me onto her bed.

I was quite confused. “What ... um ... what ...?”

“Remember when I used to dance for you?” She pulled up the hem of her dress, and rocked her hips back and forth slowly. “You loved it.”

“I did?” My eyes went wide in bewilderment. All I could do was stare as she slowly lifted off the dress and stood before me in her bra and panties. I was still hard from my interrupted fap session. It was so stiff it hurt.

“You’re hard already. I’ve still got it, eh?” She had a twinkle in her eye as she dropped to her knees and pulled my pants down without even unbuttoning them. She then nearly ripped off my underwear. “Oh, my. Your wife really has you in a tizzy. This is the biggest I’ve ever seen you.”

“My ... wife?” It clicked in my brain. The Missus Ring the old man had called it. My mom thought she was my wife. And she was very horny. I looked at the rings on her finger. The red veins in her newest stone glowed faintly. “Listen, Mom. I’m not your husband. You have to take off that ... ooooohhhhhh.” I lost my train of thought when she wrapped both hands around my dick and started pumping.

“Oh, I love when we role-play.” She giggled. “Remember that time when you were an apple thief and I was the cider frau?” Her handjob skills were excellent. My head fell back on the blanket. I sighed. I could see how the Missus Ring would have helped me with Ava.

“Want me to do that thing you like with my tongue, darling?” I felt her mouth envelop the head of my dick.

“Yeah ... ugh ... sure ... Mom.” I groaned as her tongue swirled around the head.

After a few minutes, she lifted her mouth off me with an audible pop. “You’re so naughty calling me ‘Mom.’” She giggled as she stroked me. “You know what they say, all boys want their mommies.”

“It ... ugh ... depends on ... the mommy ... I think.”

“I suppose it does.” She suddenly stood, straddled me, and grabbed my dick. “You’ve got me so hot. Let’s do this.” With her free hand, she pulled her panties to the side.

“Wait ... Mom ... maybe we should ... aaaaahhhhhh.” The tension in my body instantly released. Her pussy was indeed hot ... and tight and wet. I looked up at her fluttering eyelids.

“You keep calling ... me Mom ... ugh ... silly.” Her voice was faint and raspy. “If we’re going to play this game, maybe I should ... take off my ring. I’m not ... uh ... uh ... your wife. I’m your ... ugh ... mommy ... right? So ...” Her hips undulated. Her smile was lopsided. It took me a second to realize she was pulling off her wedding rings old and new. I didn’t have time to stop her. The second the ring came off, she went rigid and froze. She stared down at me with wide eyes. “What are we ...?” She blinked and locked eyes with me. “Evan? Are we ...?” She looked down at her body straddling mine. She wiggled just a little to test our connection. When she had determined that I was indeed inside her, she screamed so loudly my ears rang.

“I ... I ... I ... can explain, Mom.” I don’t usually stutter, but my mind was tangled. The second she jumped off me, I covered my junk and scooted backward on the bed. “I ...”

My mother stood next to the bed, clearly trying to sort through her memories. “I don’t know what came over me, Evan. I must have gone crazy. I am going crazy.” She wandered over to the dresser and dropped the rings in a little jewelry box. “Did we really just do that?”

“It was the ring. I didn’t mean –”

“We’ll talk about this later, Evan.” Her voice was suddenly cool. It was the voice she used when I was in trouble. “Please go to your room.”

Still covering myself, I got off the bed and raced out of the room. I didn’t even bother to pick up my underwear and pants. I was completely nonplussed. I had liked it. And she had liked it ... when she was my wife. I had seen a completely novel side of my mother. It was like a glimpse of heaven. I desperately wanted to see it again, but I was certain I

never would. I closed the door to my room, got dressed, and waited for her to come talk. I needed to explain to her what had happened.

Chapter 2

Every second that I waited for my mom to confront me about what happened was torture. My stomach knotted itself as I thought about what she'd say. Would she have me committed to an institution? Would she lock herself away? Would she tell my father? There were no good scenarios. Why had I been so weak? I could have simply pushed her away, or forcibly removed the ring. My urges had clearly gotten the better of me.

My freak-out was so bad that I barely thought about how I'd been blue-balled. First my fap was interrupted, then she'd pulled off me right in the middle of ... what we were doing. But I was in no mood to finish things myself. Anxiety is no aphrodisiac. I tried to be patient and waited in my room for the hammer to fall.

Around dinner time, my patience finally expired. Better she kill me sooner and get it over with than die a thousand deaths in my mind. I exited my room and quietly walked downstairs. My parents were talking in the living room. I crept down the hall and listened from out of sight.

"You won't answer my question. I'm not going to ground him without a good reason." My dad sounded angry. "What did Evan do? Was it drugs? Did he curse you out? Is this about a girl?" My father paused. "So, it's a girl then. Did he get her pregnant?"

"I ... I ... can't tell you." My mom's voice was so faint I had to strain to hear her.

"Fine ... you handle it then." I could hear my dad moving, so I retreated down the hall. "I'm going down to the basement to watch the game. If you need help, you know where to find me."

I rushed back upstairs. I was about to discover my fate.

When my mom softly knocked on the door, I opened it almost immediately. She didn't meet my eyes. She looked calm, but her fists were clenched. "Hi, Mom. About before, it was the ring that made us ... do that stuff. If we throw it away, we won't ever have to—"

"I'm going to do the talking, Evan." She stepped into my room, and I closed the door behind her. "You're an adult now. This is a time when things can get confusing between a mother and son."

I waited patiently as she spent more than fifteen minutes piling one platitude on top of another. Clearly, she wasn't prepared for the *we accidentally had sex* speech. I can't imagine they cover that in parenting books. When she finally ran out of steam, I raised my hand like I was hoping she'd call on me.

When she was silent, my words spilled out. "It was the ring, Mom. I got it from a creepy wizard guy. I can take you to his store, and he can tell you himself." I watched her hold out her left fist and open her palm upward. The Missus Ring gleamed in the light.

I noticed she hadn't put her wedding ring back on.

"As you can see, it wasn't the ring. We just had a moment of confusion and ..." She slipped the Missus Stone onto her ring finger and flexed her hand. "Oh my, darling. What happened? We were making love and then ... poof." She looked around my room, amazed. "Here we are." She stepped close to me and kissed my neck, trailing her tongue up to my earlobe. She sucked on it. I shuddered. "Let's finish what we started."

"I ... told you." I felt her hand slip into my pants. Why was she such a horny wife? Is this how she was with my dad? While I was deer-in-the-headlightsing, my blue balls were ready for her. "You need to take the ring off before we ..."

"Shh." She started pumping my cock in the confined space my pants offered.

"Dad is ... in the basement," I said weakly.

"I haven't heard you use that euphemism before," she purred in my ear. "Dad is certainly ready for me, isn't he? Let's free him from the basement." My mother pulled my pants and underwear down. "Marvelous." She clapped her hands when my cock came into view.

"I'm not your husband, I'm your ... mmmmmpppphhhhh." I was cut off when she pressed her lips against mine. Her tongue playfully explored my mouth. I let her. She pumped me with her left hand while we kissed. I could feel heat where the Missus Ring pressed into my flesh.

It seemed like we made out for an eternity. Eventually, she broke the kiss and gave me a glistening smile. "I am so ready for you, darling. You make me so wet." She laughed. "I'm such a bad wife. Or maybe I'm a good wife. Who knows?" She shrugged, turned around, lifted her dress, and dropped her panties. "This is your favorite, right?" She wiggled her hips. "Hurry up." She leaned forward and placed her hands on my dresser.

I stood staring at her backside. I could see her pussy lips puffing out. She wasn't kidding, she was soaking.

"What's wrong?" She looked back at me with her eyebrows furrowed. "Are you worried about waking the kids? I've got a solution." She stepped out of her panties, picked them up, and put them in her mouth.

I wanted to tell her that I was her eighteen-year-old son. My sister was off at college. There were no other kids. But I bit my tongue.

“Nowff I won’ff maff too muff noiff.” Her voice was muffled by her underwear. She put her hands on the dresser again and turned her face forward.

“I can’t help it.” I was so, so weak. The way her waist flared out to her hips and rounded out with the curve of her ass was too much. I stepped up behind her and tried to find her hole.

“Whoaff therff biff guyff.” She giggled. I could barely understand her through her frilly gag. “Diff youff forgeff wherff iff goeff?” She reached under her and guided my dick inside her. Just like before, she was perfectly tight, wet, and warm. My hips had a mind of their own and started bucking. I held on to her hips and let my body do what it wanted. Clearly, it wanted to smash my mother.

“Oooohhhhhhhffffffffff ... darlifffffff.” Her knuckles turned white on the dresser as she braced herself. “You’rffff reallyfff ... intfff ifff ... tonighfffff.” She looked at me over her shoulder with deep adoration, her panties hanging from her teeth. She spit them out. “You’re deeper ... than ... usual ... ohhhhh ... it feels ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... *gooooooooood.*” Her eyes rolled back, and she came, her head bouncing with each impact.

I wish I could say that I had the stamina of a Greek god, but her orgasm was too beautiful, her pussy was too tight, and I was dealing with a bad case of blue balls.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Mom ... I’m ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” She may have been trying to be quiet, but I let out a long, animalistic roar as I filled her.

“Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” My mother stood up straighter and wiggled her hips as I came. She reached back and caressed my hair. “Yes ... I love it when ... you finish.” We stood like that for a while, both facing my dresser, her hips gently swaying as I shuddered through aftershocks.

“You’re perfect.” I breathed in the floral scent of her sensible shampoo. My hips started bucking again. I was still hard and ready for more.

“Again?” She laughed in delight. “It’s been fifteen years since we’ve done it twice in one day.” She lowered herself slowly to the floor, I went with her so that she wouldn’t dislodge me.

Soon, she was on her hands and knees, and I was watching her wide ass ripple and shake. I pushed her dress up farther, so I could see the curve of her back. As I hit a rhythm, I thought about what I’d just done. I’d cum in my own mother. There was no way to stop the train of lust that had left the station, but I wanted some reassurance. “Is it a good ... time of month ... for this? I mean ... can you ... get ... pregnant?”

“Why do you ... uh ... uh ... uh ... care? You’re ... snipped.” She sounded like she was having to work hard to think.

“Never mind.” I wasn’t going to explain it to her. The ring had her in its power. But I wouldn’t cum in her again.

A half hour later, fireworks exploded before my eyes. I could hear her whining through another climax. I slammed forward and planted another load deep inside her, holding her hips steady to get maximum penetration. The high moaning that came out of her sounded otherworldly. After our orgasms passed, we collapsed on the floor side by side. I took her left hand and kissed it gently, gazing at the faintly glowing red veins in the stone.

“I don’t know if ... you’re on Viagra ... or it’s meditation ... or what ... but don’t stop.” She smiled lazily at me. “I could ... get used to this.”

“Me ... too.” I was hooked. There was no throwing the ring away now. But I had no idea how she’d react when she took it off. As I tried to plan it out, there was a knock on the door.

“Everything alright in there?” My dad was on the other side of the door. My whole body stiffened. Had I locked it?

“Who’s that?” my mom whispered. She looked as worried as I felt.

I didn’t know what to say. I couldn’t move. I opened my mouth and only thing that came out was, “Oh, shit.”

Chapter 3

“Amy?” my dad said through the door.

“Who’s Amy?” my mom whispered to me, her eyes were wide. “What’s going on, dear?”

“Um ... just a minute, Dad.” I stood up and dressed frantically.

“Your father ... is dead.” My mom’s eyes widened.

“Is your mother in there with you?” My dad tried the knob and it rattled. Thank God, we’d locked it.

“This is too complicated.” I bent down and grabbed her left hand.

“What are you doing?” My mother looked up at me in distress. She was only wearing her bra, and I could see my cum leaking out of her pussy.

“I’m saying goodbye to my wife.” I pulled the ring from her finger. “And hello to my mom. Time to face the music.” I shoved the ring into my pocket and turned for the door.

“Evan?” She looked around the room bewildered. “Oh, no. We did it ... again.” She saw I meant to come clean to Dad, and she scrambled to her feet. “Wait ... wait ...” she hissed. “He’ll kill you.” Frantically, she picked up her clothes that were strewn about the room and stuffed them into her arms. “I’ll hide. You have to lie to him. Tell him I grounded you and left.” She spoke just loud enough for me to hear. Her eyes pleaded with me to listen.

“Oh ... okay.” I had expected her to be furious with me. Honestly, I thought they were both going to kill me. But she seemed more worried than anything else. I watched her heart-shaped butt disappear into my closet, the door closing after her. When she was gone, I unlocked and opened the door. “Sorry, Dad. I was just having some private time. Mom grounded me, so I was just ... making the best of it.”

My dad looked puzzled. He breathed in and clearly caught a scent. Recognition settled on his face. I knew immediately he could smell the sex. I breathed in. I could clearly detect scents of my mom’s arousal and my cum. “Did your mother say why she grounded you?”

“I got caught cheating.” I glanced toward the closet.

“Ah, the trick is to not get caught.” He winked at me. “Was it math?”

“No.” I shook my head.

“Well, whatever it was. I hope your mother didn’t give it to you too hard.” He breathed in again. “Grounded, huh? I know how you were passing the time.”

“You do?”

“Sure, I was eighteen once.” He nodded, radiating all the wisdom of Solomon. In his mind, at least. “But you can’t spend all your time looking at dirty pictures. Read a book or something.” He shrugged. “See you later.” He left and closed the door behind him.

I stood, dumbfounded. At no time did I think I was going to get away with it.

The closet door opened and my mom poked her head out. “You got away with it.” She reached a hand out of the closet and wagged a finger at me. “This is a onetime thing. You shouldn’t lie to your father.” She stepped out of the closet and started dressing.

I stared at her.

“Well, don’t stand there gaping at me. Lock the door.” She shooed me with her hand.

I locked the door and watched her dress. Watching her pull her panties up her long legs was almost as mesmerizing as watching her pull them down. I put my hand in my pocket. The ring had confused my mother, but it had corrupted me. Before the ring, I hadn’t considered how hot my mom was. Now ... I craved her. I deserved to be punished, but my mother and father weren’t going to oblige me.

“I know that look. You’re feeling guilty.” She finished dressing and straightened out her dress. “I get it now. It’s the ring. I’m not stupid. Fool me once, shame on me, *et cetera*. I lost control because of the ring. And you’re a ... horny teenager. It’s not our fault. Don’t feel guilty.” She held out her hand. “Give me the ring.”

“Why?” I hesitated.

“Because I’m your mother, and I said so, that’s why.” She impatiently wriggled her fingers.

Reluctantly, I pulled out the ring and handed it to her. “What are you going to do with it?”

“I’m going to throw it away.” She shook her head. “We’re lucky it’s my safe time of the month.” She looked into my eyes and grimaced. “I can’t believe I had to tell you that. Sorry. Forget this ever happened. And continue lying to your dad. But only about this.” She walked to the door and stepped into the hall.

“Sure, Mom.” I followed her, my eyes down on the hallway floor. Why was I so upset? I had just avoided being murdered by both parents. I should have been happy. Loss. I was feeling loss. The time I was inside my mother had been the most astonishing and magical half-hour of my life. And it was gone.

“Where do you think you’re going?” She looked back at me, hands on her hips.

“I don’t know. Out?” I shrugged.

“You’re grounded, remember?”

“But I thought you weren’t mad at me.” I was so confused.

My mother lowered her voice and stepped closer to me. “Your father thinks you’re grounded for cheating, so you are. Until I decide you’re not. Got it?”

“Got it.” I nodded.

“And did any of what just happened ever happen?” She put her finger on my chin and raised it until my eyes met hers.

“No.”

“And did this evil ring ever exist?” She searched my eyes, wanting to make sure I was on board.

“Did what ever exist?” I innocently met her gaze.

“Good.” She nodded, adjusted her panties through her dress, and turned back down the hall. I watched her ass bounce away. I could pretend all day that none of this had ever happened. But it wouldn’t change the fact that I was now in love with my mom and the wife she had briefly been. I hung my head again and returned to my room.

I spent the rest of the day in solitary. My mom brought me dinner, and I ate alone. I spent most of the time dreaming about marrying my mother. Idiotic and perverted, I know. But the taste of erotic ecstasy had hooked me. I now understood those dudes who find girlfriends or wives who look just like their mothers. Maybe I’d have to try that sometime.

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When I woke up the next day, the magic ring was on my bedside table next to the alarm clock. I stared at it while hanging half out of bed. Then, I fell with a thump to the floor. Slowly, I rose to my knees and looked. Yep, there were those intricate red veins set in black stone. It was the ring. She hadn’t destroyed it. She’d brought it back to me while I was asleep. What did this mean? Did she want to be my wife? Relief flooded through me along with ... another wonderful feeling ... lust. I climbed back onto my bed, flopped on my back, and fapped, thinking about my mother-wife riding me. Whispering to me about places we’d never been and times we’d never had.

“Oh ... gosh!” My mother stood in the open door. “I’m so sorry for barging in. Put that away, your father’s downstairs.”

“Sorry, Mom.” I stopped fapping and pulled the blanket over myself.

She averted her eyes, and her gaze went to my bedside table. “You pulled it out of the trash?” Her cheeks flushed and her brows furrowed with anger. She marched over to the table, picked up the ring, and waved it at me. “You’re grounded for real this time!” She turned and stormed from the room, slamming the door behind her.

“Well ... fuck ...” My boner disappeared and my anxiety returned. I watched movies most of the day. My dad brought me food. He didn’t say anything, but his expression was clear. I must have really fucked up to make Mom so angry. It was hardly dark out when I went to sleep.

The alarm woke me the next morning. It was a school day, and I couldn’t sleep in. My room was filled with pre-dawn gloom, but I caught the glint of metal on my bedside table. There was the ring. I snatched it and hid it under my mattress before my mom could come in, find it, and murder me. Cautiously, I got ready for school. My mom was in the kitchen, but she didn’t greet me or even look in my direction. I thought about explaining to her what had happened, but decided it was hopeless. I scurried off to school without breakfast.

At school, I watched Ava fawning over Gavin in first and fourth periods. At lunch, my friends asked what was wrong, and I told them it was Ava. They rolled their eyes. They’d heard it all before. Ava was a good cover for the truth.

After school, I hopped off the bus and jogged straight home. I’d been grounded before and knew the drill. When I was inside, I didn’t yell out my normal greeting. I hurried down the hall, hoping to avoid my mother.

“I’m in the kitchen, Evan,” my mom called through the house. I froze. She’d heard me. I hung my head and went to the kitchen. She was sitting at our round kitchen table.

“Hi, Mom.” I didn’t look directly at her, instead I pretended the fridge was super interesting.

“I don’t know how you found it this time.” She shook her head.

“Found what?” I looked directly at her. She didn’t look angry, she looked puzzled.

“Look ... I’m human, too. Being that other woman ... was amazing. But we can’t do that. You saving the ring isn’t going to make it happen.” She pointed to the center of the table. There was the ring. She must have searched my room while I was at school.

When I opened my mouth, I thought I was going to apologize or explain that I hadn’t retrieved the ring, but something else popped out. “Mom, the ring is the best thing that’s ever happened to me. Being with you ... even though you weren’t really you ... made me happier than I thought possible. I know I shouldn’t think it. I know ... you’re my mom.

But you are the most kind, thoughtful ... sexy woman that I've ever shared air space with. I can't get you out of my head."

My mother put a hand to her mouth. "You're talking about the other me, right? The wife-woman?" I noticed she'd put her wedding ring back on.

"I don't know, Mom. I don't know." I tried and failed to control what came out of my mouth. "Both of you. I've always loved you, Mom. But now I'm in love with you. Both of you. And I'm probably going to hell for it or whatever." My face was hot. I was panting. It felt good to vent. Maybe *now* she'd murder me. "You're the most perfect woman on Earth, and that stupid ring made me see that. Now I have to live with it." I pointed an accusing finger at the ring. "And ... I'm sorry, Mom. I swear I didn't know what the ring was. And ... you'll probably hate me forever now."

"I could never hate you, sweetie." She pressed her lips into a tight line. Maternal concern filled her wide eyes. It was the same expression she used to make long ago when I'd crash my bike or fall out of a tree. "I'm so sorry this happened. Come here." She slid her chair out and patted her lap.

"Um ... okay." Awkwardly, I sat on her lap.

"I can never put that ring back on." She rubbed my thigh tenderly.

"I know."

"But ... I can't see you miserable forever. So ..." She unzipped my pants and wiggled them down a little. She lowered my underwear, and took hold of my soft penis. "I know we already did everything, but you'll have to be happy with just my hand, okay?" She stroked me gently, my cock growing under her fingers.

I was speechless. I looked at her wedding ring glistening next to my cock.

"Okay?" she repeated.

"Yeah ... of course ... Mom." I was now fully hard. That didn't take long. I sat on her lap as she jacked me. I wanted to see her face, but she'd probably picked this position so she wouldn't have to look at me.

"And you'll have to lie to your father about this, too." Now that my dick was hard, she pumped me faster.

"Will do." I nodded.

"Does that feel good?" She worked the head for a bit.

"Yeah." My cock felt amazing. It was a dry handjob but heavenly. "Mom ... I'm gonna ... I'm ..." I mentioned before that I don't have the staying power of a porn star.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." I erupted all over my clothes, the kitchen floor, and her

hand. Blast after blast flew into the air. When my orgasm subsided, I looked down. Her wedding ring was covered in cum. She finished with a few last strokes and then quickly withdrew her hand.

“There now.” She pushed me to my feet and turned me around with her clean hand.

“There’s that smile. I’m so relieved to see you happy. I know this is all very confusing, but ...” Her eyes wandered down to my erection. “Put that away. After school tomorrow, same place, same time.” Her expression mirrored the elation and bewilderment that swirled in my soul. She stood and rushed to the sink, washing her hands.

“Thank you, Mom. I love you.” I pulled up my pants and ran upstairs to fap some more.

“I love you, too,” she called after me.

Chapter 4

"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 ... mmmppppphhhhhhhhhhhhh." 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."

"Mmmpppppphhhhhhhhhhhh." 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 ... uugggghhhhhhh ... 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 ... ooohhhhhhhhhhhhh." 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. "Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." 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.

Chapter 5

“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 shoed 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.

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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."

"Mmmmmmmmm?" 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 ... uughhhhhh ... 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.

Chapter 6

We continued our mutual masturbation for most of the week. On Wednesday, I got her to cum twice. On Thursday, four times. When I got home from school on Friday, she greeted me in the open front doorway with a big smile on her face. She must have seen me walking down the sidewalk and raced to the door.

“How was school?” She wore jeans and a casual blouse. Her skin glowed, and her eyes shone brightly. She was practically bouncing on the balls of her feet as she waited for me to come down the front walk. Her grin was so big, it was goofy. It made me love her all the more.

“You look happy, Mom.” I gave her a kiss on the cheek and walked past her. She closed the door and gave my butt a pat as I put my backpack down and took my shoes off.

“I am happy.” I saw that she was wearing socks, so I grabbed her hands and pulled her across the hardwood floor. She took a couple awkward steps. I shook my head and smiled. “No, Mom. Slide. Remember when you used to pull me around? Let me pull you. It’ll be fun.”

“I don’t know, Evan.” She put her hand against the wall to keep me from dragging her away.

“This is exactly the sort of thing that the wife-woman’s husband would do,” I said.

“I thought what we’ve been doing up in your room is –”

“You know what I mean, Mom. You need to have fun!” I smiled encouragement. She let go of the wall, planted her feet, and let me pull her around the first floor. Her smile was a bit patronizing at first. But as I laughed and hollered like a crazy person, she started giggling. After five minutes, I was out of breath, and we were cackling together. I dragged her to the base of the stairs, threw her over my shoulder, and carried her up to my room.

“Evan ... sweetie ... put me down.” She kicked her legs playfully.

“Me caveman ... you prize ...” I held her butt tightly so I wouldn’t drop her.

“Stop it, Evan. That’s silly.” My mom was still laughing.

“The wife-woman totally roleplays with her husband. I was reading about how to keep a marriage spicy, and that was one of the most important tips.” I entered my room. “Me caveman ... you take off pants.” I dropped her on my bed.

“Okay, Mr. Caveman.” Her nipples were poking through her blouse. I had learned that was one of the telltale signs she was horny. The other big one, of course, was her

gushing pussy. She unbuttoned her jeans and pulled them down. "What are you going to do with your prize?"

"Take what want!" I was getting into my role. I pulled off her panties and roughly spread her legs.

"Oh." My mom stared at me with wide eyes. She looked startled but didn't tell me to stop.

I hadn't gone down on a woman before and was maybe a little hesitant. But the caveman character was a pro. He'd steal women and eat them out like a savage. So, I leaned into the character. "Me ... hungry!" I jumped between her legs and rubbed my face on her pussy. She was wet with a zesty and thrilling taste. It took me a few minutes to get my bearings, but soon I had two fingers in her while I lapped at her clit.

"Oooohhhhhhhhh ... Mr. Caveman ... Mr. Caveman ... you're an animal." My mom ran her fingers through my hair and pressed her hips up into my mouth. When I looked up, she was making her O face and staring down at me in disbelief. "Oooohhhhh ... Mr. Caveman ... I'm yours ... I'm yours ... I'm ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Her eyes rolled back, and she came on my tongue. Maybe it was beginner's luck, but I'm pretty sure I nailed my first foray into giving oral.

"Must ... catch ... breath." I wasn't sure how long to go with the roleplaying, but she seemed to be having fun with it.

"Thank you ... oh ... thank you ... Mr. Caveman." She fanned her face with her hand, coming down from her climax. Once her eyes opened, that was my cue to dive back in. I'd learned over the last few days that she needed a moment after her orgasm, but I could get her revved back up quickly if I didn't wait too long. "Oooooohhhhh ... Evan ... it's been so long ... since ... ooohhhhhhhhh."

"Me ... Caveman." I tried gently sucking on her clit. The results were excellent; her thighs started shaking.

"Mr. Caveman ... drink ... your prize ... devour meeeeeeeeeeee." My mom convulsed as she crested another climax.

After I took her to two more orgasms, we switched places. She bobbed her mouth on my cock. I looked down at the concentration on her pretty face, and thoughts swirled in my head.

Who needed the Missus Ring? My mother was starting to loosen up with me. Yes ... she was doing all this to get rid of the temptation the ring offered. But that was silly. If I truly made her as happy as the wife-woman, how could we stop when the ring disappeared? We weren't about to tack up a mission accomplished sign and call it a day.

Nope. We were both lured further and further by our mutual happiness. Nothing could derail the Amy-Evan Express!

“Hello, anybody home?” My father’s voice came in through the open door.

My mom shot to her feet, frantically looking around the room. She still had her blouse and socks on. She picked up her jeans and held them to her chest. When we heard him coming up the stairs, she snorted with fright and ran into the closet. Ring or no ring, here we were again in a familiar situation.

I picked up her panties off the floor and was about to stuff them under my blanket when my dad walked into the room.

“Whoa! What the hell, Evan?” He quickly averted his eyes.

“I’m sorry, Dad. I didn’t think anyone was home.” I quickly covered my softening cock with my blanket.

“Look, I was a teenager, too. I get it. But you have to use your brain, Evan.” He took a quick glance at my fist, eyes zeroing in on what I was still stupidly holding out in the open. “But you can’t use your mother’s panties, for Christ’s sake.”

“I’m so ... so ... sorry.” I didn’t know what else to say.

“Put them in her laundry. I won’t tell her what you did as long as you never do it again.” He walked out of my room and closed the door. It was a good thing he hadn’t gotten a closer look at me. He might have wondered why I had Mom’s cum all over my face.

“He’s gone,” I said.

My mom emerged from the closet. She was wearing her jeans again. She gave me a withering look. “You need to get dressed, go out in the hall like you’re putting my panties in my hamper, and give me the all clear if you don’t see your father. If he finds me in here ...”

“He’ll be suspicious if you walk down the stairs, Mom,” I whispered as I dressed. “He came up here to look for you. He thinks you’re not up here.”

“Shit.” My mom hardly ever swore.

“The lattice outside my window is sturdy. I’ve climbed it before when I ...” I didn’t want to get in more trouble.

“When you snuck out after curfew?” She exhaled and shook her head. “Why did I think this thing between us was going to work?” She opened my window as quietly as she could. “I’m going to tell him I went out for a walk. We need to have a long talk later. This is not making me happy at all. I doubt the wife-woman had to deal with this stuff

because she wasn't cheating on anyone. She was doing everything with her husband. We made some pretty big mistakes, Evan. It's better to ignore the ring."

"Mom ... I ..." I watched her awkwardly climb out the window onto the lattice.

"Later ... Evan. This is a mess. You know it is. It's not going to work." She lowered herself down to the backyard. I watched her go. I immediately started thinking of arguments for when we had our conversation.

Dinner was tense. I had trouble looking either parent in the eye for very different, but related, reasons. After my dad went to sleep, my mom came into my room. We had our talk, and it went horribly. Eventually, I fell back on her logic of trying to wean me off the ring. It was her rationale for messing around with me in the first place. But she wasn't buying it. She left my room without so much as a kiss on the cheek. And I was grounded again for sneaking out after curfew. My dad grounded me, too. It really was a mess.

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That was it. My father almost catching us threw a bucket of cold water on our faces. Our after-school sessions had reached a Hindenburg moment. We didn't talk about it again, although I tried to bring it up several times. She wasn't going to risk her marriage. And she was probably right. What was I going to do, replace Dad? Obviously, that was crazy. The sexual train that had been picking up steam was off the tracks. Despite the ring's presence, I would never ride the Amy-Evan Express again. Pick your metaphor. It was over.

I fapped constantly, relying heavily on memories we'd created. Over the next couple of weeks, I stayed in my room, even when my grounding ended. I ignored friends and forgot about homework. I was a mess. And the stupid ring rested on my nightstand, taunting me with its existence.

After school one day, I gave it one last try with my mom.

I found her in the kitchen. "Mom, it's been almost a month. Can I try to make you happy again?"

"It didn't happen, Evan. The ring doesn't exist." She turned toward me with her arms folded, her face a mask of severity. "You need to find yourself a girlfriend. End of story."

Factual inaccuracies aside, what she said came through loud and clear. I couldn't pine after what I'd lost forever. She was my mom. The wife-mother she'd been was in the past. Ava was my future.

The next day, I plucked the ring off my nightstand and slipped it into my pocket. I wasn't sure how I would use it on Ava, but I'd figure it out. She and Gavin were in my first and fourth periods. Maybe if I got her alone, I could gift her the ring.

My mom would not have understood the reasoning. She wouldn't want me to use the Missus Ring on purpose. She'd also probably be jealous of Ava. So, I didn't mention anything as I breezed by her on my way out the door that morning. Ava was the girl for me, and I was going to make it happen.

Chapter 7

The bell rang, and I followed Ava, Gavin, and their friends out of chemistry class. I tried not to stare at her irreverent blue hair and mesmerizing curves.

“Wanna walk to second period?” My friend Raji slowed down as he walked into the hall.

“Next time, Raji. I have to ... do something.” I gave him what I hoped was a friendly but dismissing smile.

Raji looked over at Ava’s behind as she walked away from us. “I hope you’re not going to ask her to the Spring Fling dance, dude. She and Gavin are in love. Jessica said they did it for the first time last weekend.”

That wasn’t what I wanted to hear. “Tough love received, brah. I’ll see you in second period.”

Raji narrowed his eyes suspiciously. He leaned closer to me. “Ava and Gavin have been drinking and skitching on the weekends. That’s how Clair broke her arm. They’re not like us, Evan. They’re ...” He twirled his finger in a circle next to his head to show they were crazy.

That’s what I like about her! But I didn’t tell Raji that. “Got it. I won’t bother her.” I waved goodbye to Raji and followed Ava. She was almost to her next class when I caught up to her. Gavin pushed her playfully with his hip, she stumbled, and dropped her books.

Gavin’s friend, Travis, laughed at Ava.

“It’s not funny, T-Bone.” Gavin turned to Ava. “He didn’t mean it. I’ll see you later.” He left without helping her with her books. Ava bent down to pick them up, and I quickly dropped to a knee to help her.

“Oh, hey, Evan.” She smiled absently at me. “Thanks for the help. Gavin would have helped, but he was late for class.” The bell rang.

“Sounds like we are, too.” I gave her a wan smile. Books back in her arms, we stood.

“Okay, anyway, see you around.” She turned to go.

“Wait ... wait ...” I pulled the ring out of my pocket, holding it in my fist. “I have to tell you something.”

“Yeah?” Ava stopped and regarded me with curiosity. Several excruciating seconds passed. “Did you ... tell me already?” She smiled again. She was so full of warm, easy charm. My stomach did cartwheels.

"I ... um ... I ..." I couldn't trick her with the ring, could I? The last few late students passed us in the hall. A few more seconds, and we'd be alone. If ever there was a time to give her the ring, this was it. I kept my fist closed tight.

"If this is about Spring Fling, I'm going with Gavin. He's my boyfriend now." Ava smiled patiently and waited for me to say something. "Is there something in your hand?" She asked helpfully.

I couldn't do it. I couldn't use the ring on my crush. If I couldn't get her without magic, I didn't deserve her.

"Oh, hey. Why aren't you in class, babe?" Gavin sauntered up to us in the empty hall. "Is Evan bothering you?"

"We were just talking, Gavin." Ava turned her smile on her boyfriend.

"Whatcha got there, two-forks?" He eyed my closed fist. I don't know why he called me that. It was something he started calling me in second grade and never stopped. It always mystified me. I don't think it was friendly.

"Don't call him that, Gavin." Ava rolled her eyes.

"Nothing." I moved my hand toward my pocket, but Gavin caught it before I could stow the ring away.

"Not so fast." He pried my fingers open and took the ring.

"Give it back, Gavin." I stared with wide eyes as he held the ring up. I should never have brought it to school. I held out my hand, but he brushed it away.

"Are you giving my girl gifts, two-forks?" He raised an eyebrow at me. "That's ... super creepy."

"You boys." Ava shook her head. "I'm late for class." She hustled off and left me alone with her boyfriend.

"Give it back." I reached again, but Gavin pushed me back.

"It's mine now. Let's see, it'll fit on my pinky perfectly." He placed the ring above his fingertip.

"No, Gavin don't ..." I watched him slip it on. A change came over him. His scowl disappeared, and an amazed expression took over. He spotted me and smiled. I'd never seen Gavin with such a warm smile before.

"Okay, this is so strange, darling. One minute we're at home ... relaxing together, the next, we're ... at a school?" Gavin's voice wasn't pitched higher, but it had a strange lilt and cadence that I recognized as the wife-woman.

“Oh ... shit.” I took several steps back.

“What’s wrong, Evan?” Gavin’s body language was distinctly more feminine. He glanced at the bathroom nearby. “Do you remember when we used to do it in the bathrooms in college? Want to have a quickie while we’re here?” He waggled his eyebrows conspiratorially. The wife-woman was nothing if not incredibly horny.

“Um ... no.” I took a deep breath. If I didn’t get the ring off of him soon, this was going to end very badly for me. “Can I have my ring back ... um ... dear?” I tried to give him a warm smile.

“What’s gotten into you?” He walked closer. “You look like you’ve seen a ghost?”

“It’s just ... dear ... can I see your left hand for a moment? You have such pretty hands,” I said through clenched teeth.

“Sure.” He held out his hand. I pounced and wrenched the ring off his pinky. His expression darkened the moment it was off. He wavered on his feet and reached his hand out to the wall for support. “Whoa ... what the fuck?”

I turned and ran, my backpack bouncing against my back.

“Evan? Evan? Two-forks? What the fuck was that?” Gavin called behind me. I didn’t stop to explain.

I didn’t stop running until I got home. Panting, I flung off my shoes and ran upstairs. When I was in my room, I tossed the ring at my bedside table, listened to it ricochet around the room, and stood with my hands on my knees, catching my breath.

A few seconds later, my mom appeared in my doorway with a worried expression on her face. “What happened? Why aren’t you at school?”

“I’m ... not feeling ... well.” I wasn’t lying.

“Oh? Is that why you obviously ran home at full speed?” She crossed her arms and looked me up and down. “You’re not sick, so don’t even try. Were you in a fight?”

“Sort of.” Again, I wasn’t really lying.

“Want to tell me about it?” Her face softened.

“Not really.” I shook my head and took off my backpack.

“Okay, I understand.” She nodded her head. She seemed to settle into herself. After what we’d been through, I could tell it was grounding for her to get to mother me some. “You can stay home, but no video games. Read a book, or do some homework, or something. And tomorrow you’re going to school.”

“Sure, Mom.” I nodded.

"I'm going to go make you some hot chocolate." She gave me a concerned, motherly smile and left.

"Thanks, Mom," I called after her.

~~

At around four o'clock there was a soft knock on my door. "Yeah, Mom. I'm decent." I was reclined on my bed, reading Portnoy's Complaint. I put the book down as the door opened.

"There's a young woman here to see you." My mom's eyes searched mine for clues. But I had no idea what she was talking about. Satisfied with my ignorance, she continued, "It's Ava Roslin."

I sat up and swung my legs over the edge of the bed, combing my hair with my fingers. "Um ... is she ... with anyone?" It goes without saying that Ava had never visited my house before, and this social call couldn't be a coincidence. I did not want to see Gavin ever again, if possible.

"She's alone." My mom nodded. "Are you two dating?" She lowered her voice conspiratorially.

I shook my head emphatically.

"I'll send her up." She gave me a knowing smile and disappeared downstairs.

A few moments later, Ava was standing in my room, looking around. "Hello, Evan." She closed the door behind her.

"Hi, Ava." I sat on the edge of my bed, fidgeting with my fingers.

"Your room is so ... neat. Gavin's is ..." Something flickered across her face when she said her boyfriend's name. I had no idea what to expect. "I thought all boys were messy."

When she didn't say anything more, I held up my book. "I was just reading."

She squinted at the title. "Isn't that the one with the guy that can't stop fapping and thinking about his mother?" Her face pinched into a dubious expression.

"It's supposed to be a classic. I got it from a list of the top one-hundred American novels. It's funny." I sounded like an idiot.

“You had a hundred novels to choose from, and you pick that one?” She giggled. “Maybe boys are all the same. My friend told me about that book. The guy uses his sister’s panties to ...” Ava motioned with her fist like she was pumping an imaginary penis.

“I ... haven’t gotten to that part yet.” This was too weird. I’d wanted Ava in my room for a long time. Now, I wanted her out. I just wanted the day to end.

“Sooooooooooooo.” Ava took a few more steps into my room. “What did you do to Gavin today? He was acting really strange ... saying some really strange things.”

“I didn’t ...” I shrugged helplessly and put down the book.

“From what I gathered, he put on that ring he took from you, and had the biggest high of his life.” She looked at the floor, bent down, and picked up the ring from where it had landed when I’d thrown it earlier. “It was this ring, right?” She glanced at me and back at the ring. “He couldn’t stop talking about how amazing he felt. How happy he was. ‘Fucking euphoria’, he kept saying.” She pressed her lips together as she examined the ring. “Is it some kind of drug?”

“Ava, I can explain.” I had nothing. I didn’t explain. Silence drew out between us.

“Can I try it? I mean, it won’t mess me up or anything, will it?” She hovered the ring over the ring finger on her left hand. “Gavin said the high stopped when it came off, so I’ll just put it on for a minute. Cool?”

I stared at her.

“Were you going to give this to me today? Was that what you wanted to ask me?” She gave me a devilish smile. “I didn’t know you were into getting high, Evan. I thought you were a boring goody-two-shoes.” She waited for me to say something. When I didn’t, her face set in an expression of determination. “Okay, just for a minute. I have to know what Gavin was talking about. It won’t hurt me, right?”

I nodded dumbly.

“Okay.” Ava slipped the ring onto her finger. “Oh, my, darling! When did we get home? And we never did it in the bathroom.” She gave me a mock frown and put her hands on her hips. “You owe me one, Evan.” She walked toward me seductively. “And I intend to collect ... right ... now.” She sat on my lap and curled her arms around my neck. “What do you think? Medium roughness ... fast tempo?” She kissed my nose.

“I really don’t think I should say yes ... *honey*.” I realized that I didn’t know the wife-woman’s name, but I guessed she wouldn’t like me calling her Ava. For some reason, she always thought I was her husband, she knew my name, and she thought my house was *our* house. But she didn’t recognize anything else from my life.

“Well, it’s a good thing you don’t have a choice ... *honey*.” Ava quickly pulled off her top and unclasped her bra. Her boobs were large, perky and gorgeous. Her hands were on my zipper in a heartbeat, frantically working to pull my cock out of my pants. I buried my face in her cleavage. She laughed. “Easy there, tiger. It’s like you’ve never seen tits before. I love how you never get tired of my body.” She successfully brought my cock out into the open and held it against the crotch of her yoga pants. She undulated her hips, rubbing my dick between her hand and pants. My cockhead poked again and again at her bare belly button.

“Can I suck on them?” I looked up into her playful eyes.

“Of course. Why would you even have to ask?” She lifted herself off my lap. “But first, let me get out of these clothes.” She stood again, and hurriedly removed her pants, panties, and socks.

“There’s a condom in the drawer there.” I tried to keep some of my wits about me.

“You don’t need a condom with me, silly.” Ava rolled her eyes at the person she thought was her husband.

“Better safe than sorry.” I pointed at the drawer.

Ava shook her head and started to mount my lap again.

“It’s ... um ... a game. Using a condom makes me feel like when we were eighteen.” I was eighteen, and so was Ava, so it was exactly like that.

“We didn’t meet until I was twenty, dummy.” She gave me a wink. “But we can play the game.” She retrieved the condom from the drawer, tore the foil, and dropped to her knees in front of me. “Let’s see if I remember how to put one of these on.” She dropped the rolled condom on my bed, took hold of my dick, and lowered her mouth over the head. “Mmmmmmmmm ... gggggghhhhhhhhhh.”

“Ooohhhhhh ... honey ... that’s not how you ... put on a condom.” I wasn’t complaining. I wound my fingers in her blue hair and listened to her breath whistle through her nose. She moaned and gagged in the most delightful ways.

The blowjob lasted a solid ten minutes, and then she pulled off me with a plop. “I love how big you are, darling. Your cock never ceases to excite me. I’m gushing.” She rolled the condom onto my dick, but didn’t climb on. She looked startled, her eyes wide.

“What is it? What’s wrong?” My muscles tightened.

“Did I get the game wrong?” She said. “Are we supposed to be meeting for the first time?”

“Yeah ... yeah ... this will be the first time we’re having sex.” I nodded.

“Kinky.” She smiled. “I love it.” She got on my lap and guided my dick into her pussy. “Ohhhhhhhh ... you feel huge ... Evan. This is the first time ... uuuggghhhhhh ... I’ve been with a guy so big.”

I reminded myself that the wife-woman was talking, not Ava. I grabbed her ass, but she didn’t need any help guiding her movements. I buried my face in her tits again, sucking on her fat nipples. She’d said I could, so I figured I might as well. Her undulations sped up. Her moaning grew louder and louder. “Um ... not so loud ... okay?” My voice was muffled by her boobs.

“Why not? You feel ... uuughhhh ... amazing.” Her hips switched from rocking to bouncing. Ecstasy shot through me. I never wanted that amazing moment to end.

“So deep ... so deep ... oh ... Evan ... I’m going to cum ... oooohhhhhhhhhh ... I’m cumming ... I’m cumming ... oooohhhh ... God ... Evan ... I’m ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii!” Ava rode me like a crazed woman, shouting at the top of her lungs.

I wasn’t aware that my mom had entered the room until I heard her scream. “Evan Mitchell Gosling! What on Earth do you think you’re doing?” She looked furious.

Ava’s hips stopped. Coming down from her high, she looked over her shoulder at my mother. “Who’s ... she ...? She panted.

“Oh ... shit ...” Was all I could think to say.

Chapter 8

“Get off him, you harlot!” My mom moved toward Ava and shooed her with her hands like the way she might try to frighten a squirrel from our bird feeder.

“Get out of my house, crazy lady!” Ava stayed on my lap. “You’re ruining my husband’s erection.”

“Oh, Evan. You didn’t ...” My mom put her face in her hands. “You tricked that poor girl.”

“I’m hardly a girl. Now kindly leave.” Ava glanced at me. “Do you know her?”

“Mom, I didn’t trick her. She put the ring on all by herself.” I tried to look around Ava’s large boobs to make eye contact with my mom. When I did, I regretted it. She had put her fists on her hips and looked absolutely livid.

“You’re lying ... Evan ... You’re lying to me.” My mom looked like she was about to combust.

“Why did you call her ‘Mom’? What’s going on, darling?” Ava looked down at me in confusion. While she was distracted by me, my mom grabbed her and pulled her off my lap. I helplessly watched as they fell to the floor, my mother trying to wrestle the ring off Ava’s finger. “Darling ... help me ... she’s hurting me.” Ava looked up at me with pleading eyes as my mom got the upper hand.

I sat on the bed, my soft dick with the condom still on sitting out in the open. I didn’t know what to do.

“Evan, if you don’t help me get the ring off this poor girl’s finger ...” My mom didn’t need to finish the sentence.

I jumped from the bed, pinned down Ava, and my mom pulled off the ring. She tucked it into her cleavage, sat back, and watched Ava closely. “Are you okay, dear?”

“Holy ... shit.” Ava sat up with a wide smile on her face. “That was ... fucking amazing. Gavin didn’t tell me it’d be like that.” She was still naked, but didn’t seem to care.

“Are you okay, Ava?” I tucked my dick away and buttoned my pants.

“Am I okay? Oh, my God. I’m fucking ecstatic. I was a different woman. And I was so happy!” Ava looked back and forth between me and my mother. After a moment, she covered her tits with her arm. “Why did you tackle me, Mrs. Gosling?”

“To get the ring off you. I can’t believe Evan tricked you like that. I thought I’d raised him better.” My mom sighed and leaned her back against the wall. Clearly, she was exhausted from everything that’d happened since she entered my room.

“He didn’t trick me, Mrs. Gosling.” Ava smiled at her, stood, and picked up her clothes. She started by putting her panties on. “My boyfriend put the ring on this morning. He said it gave him a crazy high. So, I came here to try it out. I put it on before Evan could stop me.” She put her bra on. “Wait, do you think Gavin wanted me to become that woman? To jump Evan the way I did?”

“The wife-woman is really happy. I can see how you’d think it was a high.” My mom’s brow was furrowed. She was used to interacting with my polite friends, not blunt eighteen-year-olds like Ava.

“It was all a misunderstanding, Mom.” I was relieved that the anger had left my mother.

“You didn’t have to let her ... you know ... how I found you.” My mom shook her head slowly.

“Have sex?” Ava pulled on her pants. “Give him a break, Mrs. G. He’s a teenager, and a hot woman jumped him. Actually, you should know that he tricked ... what did you call her? The wife-woman? He tricked the wife-woman into wearing a condom. You have a very responsible son.” Ava winked at me like she’d just done me a big favor.

“What a mess.” My mom sighed.

“Wait.” Ava pulled on her sweater and stared at me. “How does your mom know about the ring? And ... what the fuck is it?”

“Okay, that’s enough excitement for one day.” My mom rose to her feet and ushered Ava to the door.

“Can I borrow the ring? I want to try it with Gavin.” Ava let herself be pushed out into the hall.

“No,” my mom and I said in unison.

“You stay here.” My mom pointed at me.

I stayed in the open doorway. I could hear Ava pleasantly asking to borrow the ring again, my mom asking her to keep everything a secret, and then the front door slamming.

A few seconds later, my mom called me downstairs. I found her in the kitchen, getting two hot chocolates ready. “Tell me everything,” she said without looking at me.

So, I did. We sat at the kitchen table, sipped from our mugs, and I laid out everything that had happened that day. When I was done, the kitchen fell into silence. My mom contemplated her empty mug. Outside, oranges and pinks filled the western sky.

“So ... what do you think, Mom?” It was lame, but I couldn’t handle any more silence. I hated disappointing her.

“I think that this is exactly what I should have expected to happen.” She shook her head slowly. “The ring is dangerous, and now you’ve confused poor Ava *and* Gavin. If only I could lock it away somewhere.”

“I’m sorry I brought it to school. I love Ava, and I thought ...” I shrugged.

“You don’t love her. This wasn’t what I was talking about when I said you needed a girlfriend. She has blue hair and a boyfriend for Pete’s sake.” She got up, collected our mugs, and moved to the sink. I watched her butt as she slowly washed dishes. I was in love with *her*, too. My own mom. Yet another hottie that I would never again get with.

“Are you mad at me?” I never liked that question, because what if she said yes?

She looked over her shoulder, catching my gaze on her ass. “I’m disappointed in you, Evan. But what did I expect? I’m partly to blame, too. I got caught up in the wife-woman. I wish ...” Her voice trailed away. She turned off the water, picked up a dishtowel, and carefully dried the mugs.

“What do we do?” After the latest string of disasters, I was very open to suggestions.

“I don’t know. We’re clearly in a pickle. The ring is dangerous, but we can’t get rid of it. I’ll go visit that strange shop again. Maybe I can talk some sense into the owner.” She sighed heavily.

“I’ll go with you.” I stood up, ready to be helpful.

“No, I’ll go while you’re at school tomorrow.” She shrugged. “Other than that, stay away from Ava and Gavin. Don’t let the ring out of the house. We’ll figure something out.” My mom frowned at me and fished the ring out of her cleavage. I thought she was going to give it back to me, but she regarded it instead.

“Mom?”

“Back to your room, Evan. Your father will be home soon. I don’t want him to know about any of this. It would destroy our marriage. Do you understand?” Her scowl deepened.

“Yes, ma’am.” I quickly retreated to my room. I had no idea what would happen next. All I knew was that the ring would be on my bedside table in the morning.

~~

The next morning, my mom was already in the kitchen when I arrived downstairs. She was wearing some mom jeans and a sweater, busy making herself coffee. Nervously, I approached her from behind. "About yesterday, I'm so sorry. I didn't –"

"Your father's home," she whispered. "Don't say anything."

So, I didn't. I ate breakfast, brushed my teeth, and left early for school. I didn't know which was worse at the moment, school or home. I dreaded seeing Ava and Gavin. But I wouldn't have to wait long. They were in my first-period class.

Both Gavin and Ava spent the entire class glancing at me. Gavin looked confused. Ava had a smirk on her face. After class, they cornered me in the hall.

"I want to start off by apologizing for the two-forks thing. Honestly, I don't know why I call you that. It's been going on for so long." Gavin was uncomfortably close to me. "I was thinking we could hang out sometime."

Ava laughed and positioned herself so that she was even more uncomfortably close to me. Her boobs pressing against my arm. "We could both come over after school, if you're into that sort of thing," she whispered in my ear.

My eyes went wide. I looked at Gavin. He was nodding his head enthusiastically. I cleared my throat. "I'm ... sorry. I'm not really into ... that sort of thing. And my mom knows all about what happened. She's one step away from murdering me."

"Okay, let me come over by myself then. Or you could come to my house." Ava gave me her most seductive smile. Mission accomplished. It was very seductive. If my mom hadn't been about to murder me, I would have definitely said yes.

"Hey." Gavin frowned at his girlfriend. "We're a package deal."

"No packages," I said, slipping away from Ava. "No packages, thank you." I saw Raji. "Hey, wait up." I ran after my friend.

Behind me, I heard Ava say, "Great job. You scared him off."

Thank God it was Friday. I only had to make it to the end of the day, then I wouldn't have to deal with them for the weekend.

~~

I had several more interactions with Ava and Gavin. It was painfully hard to tell off Ava. I had been lusting after her for years. But giving her the cold shoulder was made somewhat easier by the fact that she offered herself in a package deal with Gavin. They didn't even know what the ring was, and they were both desperate to become the wife-woman again. I had really fucked up by bringing the ring to school the day before.

When I got home after school, I stopped just inside the front door to check my phone. I had a message from Ava. It was a picture of her topless, giving the camera a tongue-out-rocker pose. I stared at it for a solid two minutes, my dick rigid. The ring was like some cursed monkey's paw. Ava wanted me now, and I couldn't have her.

"Evan, is that you?" My mom called through the house.

"Yeah, Mom." I followed her voice to her bedroom. I found her packing luggage. "What's ... going on?" This was disconcerting.

"Pack your bags, Evan." She glanced over at me. "We're going on a trip for several days. You'll have to miss some school next week."

"We are?" I was confused. This was the first I'd heard about a trip.

"Pack ... your ... bags." She gave me her toughest glare.

"Is Dad coming?"

"Just you and me, sweetie." She went back to organizing her suitcase. "I told your father that you were having difficulty deciding on a college, so I'm taking you on a trip to visit campuses."

"But I'm not having trouble deciding. I'm -"

"Get ... packed," she said. "And bring that ring. I don't want it unsupervised."

I was in enough trouble, so I didn't argue. At least this way Ava and Gavin couldn't show up at my house this weekend and make a scene. I packed, we said goodbye to my dad when he got home, and then we got in the car. My mom turned up the volume on NPR, so I couldn't pester her with questions. I slumped in the passenger seat and looked out the window. Was I being punished? Would I have to pick a new college now? I felt queasy as I looked at the darkening countryside.

We drove a couple hours and stopped at a secluded hotel on a lake. It was fancier than the ones we usually stayed at on family trips.

"What college is near here?" I helped my mom get her bags out of the car. She certainly hadn't under-packed.

"We're not looking at colleges." She frowned at me as she took her smallest bag. I carried the rest and my own bag, too.

“But you said we were.” I would have rubbed my head in confusion if I’d had a free hand.

“I said I told your father that.” She walked through the parking lot. I struggled behind her.

“You lied to Dad?”

She looked back at me. “Just wait until we get to our room. Then I’ll explain everything.”

“We’re sharing a room?” I really couldn’t wrap my head around all this. Maybe because the place was so fancy we could only afford one room?

They took our bags at the front door. I looked around at the lobby while my mom checked us in. It was certainly the nicest place I’d ever stayed in. I knew my mom and dad went to some fancy hotels by themselves for a weekend here and there. But I’d never seen anything like this. When we got to our room, I whistled.

“You like it?” My mom still wasn’t smiling. She was all business. Although, I couldn’t fathom what business she was all about.

“It’s really nice. But I don’t understand what’s going on.” I sat on the edge of the only bed in the room.

“I went to the shop today, remember?” My mother slowly started undressing.

“Mom?” I watched her closely as she pulled off her shoes and jeans. Her gorgeous legs came into view. My dick sprung to attention in my pants. “What does that have to do ...?” The wheels turned in my head.

“I couldn’t get the owner to take the ring back. But he did say that we were right. Once the person who wears the ring is as happy as the woman in the ring, the damn thing will go away.” She pulled off her sweater and stood before me in her bra and panties. “That ring is dangerous. Look what it did to that poor girl, Ava, and her boyfriend.” She took a deep breath and slowly let it out. “I’m going to wear the ring this weekend, learn its secrets, and then we’ll be done with the thing.”

“Why ... the hotel?” I watched her remove her bra matter-of-factly. Good God, I had really missed her tits.

“I won’t break your father’s heart, Evan. He won’t accidentally catch us in the act here.” She slid her panties down her legs. “And this is a romantic spot your father and I have stayed in before. I’m hoping it will help with everything we need to accomplish.” Naked now, she held out her hand. “Now, be a dear and give me the ring.”

“Sure, Mom.” I fished the ring out of my pocket and placed it in the palm of her hand.

“There’s a box of condoms in that bag over there.” She nodded her head at the smallest of her luggage. “Make sure you always wear a rubber.”

I gulped and nodded.

“And don’t let me wear the ring the whole time. Make sure I take it off.” My mom hovered the ring over her finger. “Okay, here ... we ... go.”

Chapter 9

“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.

“Uuuuggghhhhh ... 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 ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.”

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.”

“Shit ... Mom ... uuugggghhhhhh.” Even with the condom, it felt incredible. And she was so incredibly hot. I held onto the blanket and let her ride me for about ten minutes. She continued to whisper a mother’s encouragement to her son, only pausing to orgasm around the five-minute mark. By the end of it, my hips were bucking up into her. “Mom ... Mom ... I love you ... so much.”

“I love you ... too ... baby ... now cum ... for me.” She bounced her hips. The wet smacking sounds of our junk filled the room.

“Cumming ... Mom ... uuuuugggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” I saw shooting stars as I found my blissful end.

When my orgasm finished, she settled her hips on me and leaned forward, pressing her boobs into my chest. She rested her head next to mine, and gently ran her fingers through my hair. “Wow ... Evan ... that was ... hot. We should have ... tried that ... ages ago.” She was still panting. The feel of her sweaty skin pressed into mine was sublime.

“We have all weekend ... to continue.” I reached up and took hold of her hand. Carefully, I slipped the ring off her finger.

“Ohhhhhh ... Evan.” She rolled off me and lay on her back next to me, her leg dangling over mine. She looked exhausted. “That was intense.”

“Mom?” I said.

“Yeah, it’s me.” She nodded, fanning her face with her hand. “Give me a few minutes, and then we can get dressed and go to dinner.”

“Sure Mom.” I slowly removed the condom from my dick.

“I mean, go take a shower while I recover. I’ll hop in after you.” She nudged me with her elbow.

“Do you want to talk about it?” I got up and stood next to the bed. My cock softening.

“We’ll talk later, sweetie.” She shooed me with her hand. “I need to collect myself. Go take a shower.”

“Sure, Mom.” I nodded and headed to the bathroom, leaving her lying on her back with a dazed expression on her face.

I checked my phone when I closed the bathroom door. There were several messages from Ava asking to hang out. I quickly texted her back: *Staying at the Okpaze Inyan Hotel with my mom for a while. I’m not around. We’re getting rid of the ring. Just forget about it.* Naming the hotel was a bit of a brag, but I figured I deserved to brag a little. I turned off my phone and put it in a drawer. I stepped into the shower and sighed. This weekend would be amazing.

Chapter 10

When I came out of the bathroom, my mom was wrapped in a sheet. She leaned on the wall, waiting to use the shower. “Gosh, Evan. You can’t go strutting around the hotel room naked.”

“I can’t?” I was showered and dry. Being naked felt good. I’d just had momentous sex, and I didn’t mind strutting a little.

“I’m not the wife-woman, sweetie. You still need to treat me like your mother.” She stepped around me into the bathroom, pausing before closing the door. “Why did you roleplay with the wife-woman that she was your mother? Do you actually ... um ...?”

“I needed to get her to use a condom, Mom. I was pulling out all the stops.” I smiled apologetically. I probably should have just told her I was madly in love with her. I was now hers, mind, body, and soul. But I didn’t mention it.

“Well, that was good thinking.” She returned my smile. “You’ll need a tie and jacket for dinner.”

“I didn’t pack that,” I said.

“I packed your suit for you. It’s in my suitcase. I’m starving, so be ready in twenty.” She closed the door and took her shower.

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She wasn’t kidding about twenty. She quickly showered, put on her makeup and jewelry, and slipped into an elegant dress. I barely had time to figure out how to tie my stupid tie before it was time to go. We walked down the hall as mother and son, not as lovers. The ring was in my pocket.

“I’ve never seen that dress before, Mom.” I tried not to stare at her. She looked gorgeous. It wasn’t exactly a news flash, but I was quite sure she was the most beautiful woman in the world.

“I wear it for date nights with your father sometimes.” My mom frowned at that. We fell into silence until we were seated in the restaurant at a table for two.

We made small talk about how nice the hotel was and how elegant some of the other diners looked. When the waiter brought us wine, he served both of us. My mom didn’t

say anything, so I didn't remind her that I was only eighteen. After the appetizers arrived, I could see by her serious expression that we were going to talk about the ring.

"My head is still spinning from what happened in our room." She leaned closer to me, inadvertently showing me more cleavage. I valiantly made eye contact. Why would I have to peek at her cleavage when I'd just grabbed her boobs while driving her to an orgasm? My teenage brain did some strange things.

"Did you get any insight into her happiness, Mom?" I took a tentative bite of my beet salad. I relaxed once it hit my tongue. It was delicious. I shoveled forkfuls into my mouth while she thought about my question.

"I don't know. Maybe." She raised her wineglass and gave it a pensive sip. "I'm probably out of my mind, but I think we should do it after dinner without the ring. I need to compare."

"You mean *do it* do it?" I couldn't hold a stupid grin from taking over my face.

"Shh." She looked around. We had some distance from the other tables. No one was looking at us. "Yes, that's what I mean. What do you think, am I crazy?"

"You want my opinion on this?" I raised my eyebrows. I couldn't decide what part of all this was most shocking. That she wanted to have sex with me as herself again, or that she wanted my advice.

"We're in this together, Evan." She gulped the rest of her glass and put it down. I refilled it for her. She picked it up and sipped at it some more. "I'm losing my mind. The ring is making me lose my mind."

"No, Mom." I put down my fork so that I wouldn't keep shoveling the salad into my mouth. I looked deep into her liquid blue eyes. "We are in this together. I love you so much, Mom. I'm happy you want my opinion. I really am." I took a deep breath. "If you think it's a good idea to compare, I think we should. Whatever it takes to help. We need to be rid of the ring. I know you can find that happiness."

My mother watched me closely with the wineglass covering the lower part of her face. I could tell from her cute crow's feet that she was smiling. "Can you go again after dinner? Will you be too tired?"

"I'm a teenager." I shrugged. "I haven't really found a point where I can't go again. But I guess I probably have a limit somewhere."

"Oh, gosh. You're a teenager and my son." She gulped the rest of her wine. "Let's talk about school now. I want to enjoy my dinner. Any girls without blue hair that strike your fancy?"

We talked about normal stuff for us all the way through dessert.

On the way back to our room, my mother put her arm around my waist. She leaned her head against my shoulder as we walked.

“Dinner was excellent, wasn’t it?” She gave me a squeeze.

“Yeah. It’s amazing getting to share this place with you.” I paused. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, sweetie.” She burped demurely. To be honest, she’d had a lot more wine than me. She might have been a little drunk.

We got to our room, closed the door, and she pulled me into her arms. I was surprised when she kissed me. But I certainly didn’t fight it. We made out, standing just inside the door for what felt like forever. When the kiss broke, we both started undressing.

“Do you want me to keep my shoes on, Evan?” My mom wiggled out of her dress. “We don’t wear shoes inside at home. But in a hotel ...” She arched an eyebrow.

“Yes, please.” I unbuckled my belt. “Do you want me to keep anything on?”

“Um ... all you need to wear is the condom.” My mom pulled her panties down her long legs. “I was thinking ... um ... what if we continued the roleplay from before? So that I can make an accurate comparison.”

“But ... you *are* my mom.” I pulled off my underwear. My dick sprung out into the open.

“But I’m not your *dirty* mom.” She took a slow, deep breath. “Not the way the wife-woman roleplayed. But I could pretend to be a dirty mom. And you could pretend ... that you were in love with me.”

“I do love you, Mom.” I didn’t point out that as far as dirty moms go, she was standing in front of her son, wearing only her nice jewelry, bra, stockings, and high heels.

“Yes, but not like how you were pretending during the roleplay. You know what I mean.” She went to grab a condom from the nightstand. I finished undressing and took a keen interest in her butt as she bent over. “Do you want to try roleplay or not?”

“Sure, Mom.” I nodded. “I’ll never go back to my blue-haired girlfriend after this weekend. I’ll find a nice girl to date. And until I do, I get to have your pussy whenever I want, right?”

“Yes, sweetie.” My mom bit her lip. She wasn’t the greatest actor. I could see her searching for her lines. “You get to hump my vagina all weekend. And ... also when we get home. Um ... as long as your father isn’t there.” She wiped her forehead like it was sweaty, but she wasn’t perspiring. Not yet. “How was that, Evan?”

“Good. I really felt like you were my dirty mother.” I nodded enthusiastically.

“Since I’m such a dirty mother, you better take me now. My vagina is wet and ready for you.” She handed me the condom, put her hands on the wall, and stuck her ass back. I nearly died seeing her like that with her heels on.

I tore the foil and rolled the condom on my dick. “In a minute, I won’t even remember Ava’s name. I bet you’ll forget all about Dad when I’m inside you.” I stood behind her and smacked her ass with my dick.

“Don’t talk about your father.” She looked over her shoulder at me with her brows knitted in anger.

“It’s not me, Mom. It’s the son in the roleplay. That’s what he would say. They’re the dirty versions of us, remember?”

“Oh ...” Her face softened. “In that case ... make me forget about your father. Make it so that I can’t even remember his face. Make me ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” She screeched and dug her fingers into the wall when I entered her. “Yes ... yes ... yes ... make your mother ... scream.” The artifice dropped out of her voice. She didn’t sound like she was acting anymore. “Make me ... only think ... about ... ugh ... ugh ... about ... your penis. Oh ... gosh ... Evan ... I’m only ... thinking about ... your penis.”

“I’m ... only ... thinking ... about ... your ... pussy ... Mom.” I held her hips tight and smashed into her ass. There was so much happening. It was almost too much to take in. The lean muscles in her arms flexed as she pressed her fingers into the wall. The tiny muscles on her back spasmed with each thrust she absorbed. Her back arched, accentuating the curve of her lower spine. Her ass shook and rippled with the onslaught. “Are you ... ugh ... ugh ... thinking about ... Dad ... now?”

“Who? Ughhhhh ... ugghhhh ... uuugghhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Her head swung from side to side. “I don’t ... even know ... who you’re ... talking about. My whole world ... is my son’s ... big ... penis.” She still didn’t sound like she was acting, but those weren’t my mom’s words.

This put me into a frenzy. I turned us away from the wall, and walked us across the room, all the while humping her backside. It was difficult to move, so we shuffled as we smashed together. “Damn ... Mom ... I love ... that we’re doing this. You’re the best ... Mom ... ever.”

“Oooooohhhhhhhh ... Evan ... I’m going to ... have a big one ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” My mother shook violently in my arms as she came. I stopped our shuffling so we wouldn’t fall and held her butt pressed to my hips. When she was done shaking, we continued across the floor.

“We can hear you in the hall.” A muffled woman’s voice came through the door, followed by laughter.

My mom looked over her shoulder at me in wide-eyed fear. Her lips made a rictus.

“It’s okay, Mom. People have sex in hotels all the time.” I was pretty sure that was right. This was, of course, the first day that I’d ever had sex in a hotel. Still locked together, I pushed her onto the bed and got her on her hands and knees. I stood next to the bed and hammered away at her pussy.

“Oooooohhhhh ... Evan.” The fear in her eyes faded, and the rictus turned from fear to ecstasy. “I’m a bad ... bad ... Mom. I’m going to ... have another orgasm ... on your big thing.” She dropped her head forward.

“I’m going to ... ugh ... ugh ... cum ... too ... Mom.” I slapped her ass, and she shrieked, but didn’t tell me to stop. So I slapped it again. “Let’s ... cum ... together.”

“Evan ... Evan ... Evvvvvaaaaannnnnnnnnnnnn.” My mom threw back her head and came again.

Despite the condom’s best efforts to desensitize my dick, I came along with my mom. “Aaaaaahhhhhhhh ... Mom ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” I blasted into the condom and fell on her back, pinning her to the bed. I could hear her squealing and grunting under me as we both rode out our pleasure. Sweaty and out of breath, we lay like that for several minutes. Eventually, she pushed me off and stood. She was wobbly on her feet. “We both need showers. Me first this time. Then, we need a good night’s sleep. We’ll talk about all this in the morning.” She bent down, pecked me on the lips, and then marched to the bathroom. I watched her ass sway until it disappeared.

What a first day at the Okpaze Inyan Hotel. I couldn’t wait for more.

Chapter 11

We didn't do much talking that night. My mom took her shower, brushed her teeth, and then turned the bathroom over to me. By the time I was showered, brushed, and ready for bed, she was already asleep. I turned out the lights and slipped under the covers. I wore my boxers. When I reached over, I found that she was wearing pajamas. Also, she was sleeping with an extra pillow between her knees.

As I settled myself next to her, listening to her deep, even breathing, I felt closer to her than I ever had. I hadn't had any experience with sleeping next to a woman before, but I felt that it was almost as intimate as sex. She was completely vulnerable and trusting in her slumber. I drifted off to sleep with a smile.

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"Wake up, sleepyhead!" I was wrenched out of a dream by a hand vigorously shaking my shoulder.

"Jeez ... Mom ... what time is it?" I opened my eyes and saw her smiling face hovering over mine.

"Are we still playing that game?" She winked at me and swiped a hand over her face. As it passed, her smile disappeared. "Mommy doesn't want you to be a lazy-bones. She wants you to eat her pussy for breakfast."

"She ... what?" My eyes widened.

"Mommy ... wants you ... to eat ... her pussy ... for breakfast." She said the words loud and slow like I was hard of hearing.

"Mom, is that you?" I looked at the time. It was five-thirty.

"I'll play your game. I'll even let you put on condoms. But you have to make me cum. I'm dying over here." She flipped onto her back next to me, pulled off her pajama bottoms and panties, and spread her legs wide. Her lips were glistening.

"I've only ever done this once." That was true. I looked at her left hand as she spread her pussy lips. She wore both my father's ring and the Missus Ring. I have no idea why she'd put it on while I was sleeping. My mom had enjoyed oral sex the first time I'd tried it. But this wasn't my mom. The wife-woman was going to wonder why I wasn't good at eating pussy. "Maybe we could have sex instead?"

“Eat ... my ... pussy ... Evan.” She gave me a stern look between her legs. “Or so help me ...”

“Okay, Mom.” I got between her legs and dove in, lapping at her lips and clit. I plunged two fingers inside her and pumped.

She laughed. “I’m not an ice cream cone, Evan. Do your regular thing.”

I leaned away from her pussy. “I’m only eighteen. I’ve only eaten pussy once before. And ... the woman liked it then. I’m not sure what else to do.” Suddenly, I wasn’t very happy with the wife-woman. Nobody likes to be laughed at.

“Holy shit, you’re showing real commitment to this roleplay.” She laughed again. “It’s like the time the kids went to your parents’ for the week, and we did the Cider Frau and Apple Thief for five days.”

“Yeah.” I had heard about the Cider Frau and Apple Thief on the internet. For some reason, it had been popular for a few years. Actually, it did sound hot to me. I made a mental note to see if I could make it happen with my mom at some point. I went back to licking her pussy.

My mom was silent for a while. I was happy she wasn’t complaining about my technique, but worried about the lack of heavy breathing or moaning. Eventually, she ran her fingers through my hair, gripped a handful, and guided my mouth to her clit.

“You really are a hopeless teenager, aren’t you? Bravo for commitment. I’ll pretend that nobody has gone down on me in twenty years, and the sheer novelty of this is getting me off.” With a painful tug she lifted me off her pussy and gave me a wink.

“Ohhhhhhhh ... you love Mommy so much ... you’re munching pussy ... without a clue what to do.” She forced my mouth back to her clit.

I was insulted, but determined to make her feel something. I sucked her clit into my mouth and did my best to please her. My fingers still worked inside of her.

“Oooohhhhhh ... sweetie ... I can’t believe ... you’re slurping my ... snatch.” She seemed to be getting into it. Or maybe she was pretending for the roleplay.

“Mmmmmppphhhhhhhh.” I didn’t point out to her that a straitlaced mom wouldn’t say ‘slurping my snatch.’

“That’s it ... oooohhhhhhhh ... that it ... clean Mommy’s box ...” My mom threw her head back on the bed. “I’m cumming ... on my sweet son’s ... tongue.”

When she was done, I lifted my face off her and looked up. She was smiling sweetly at me. She hadn’t even broken a sweat. I was ninety-nine percent sure she had just faked an orgasm.

“Want another breakfast?” She flopped off the bed. I watched her ass shake as she skipped to the bathroom. “I’m starving.”

“The restaurant isn’t open yet.” I rolled onto my back. My cock strained at my underwear. I was so hard it hurt. “If you’re hungry, maybe you could return the favor?”

My mom stopped in the doorway, turned around, and put her hands on her hips.

“Mommy will not reward the poor showing you put into eating her snatch. When you improve, I’ll blow you.” She shrugged her shoulders. “Let’s go for a stroll. Get dressed.”

“But Mom, I’m still hard.” I pointed to my dick for emphasis.

“Well, in that case. You’ll just have to walk funny on our stroll. I suggest tucking it under the waist of your pants.” She gave me a condescending thumbs-up and disappeared into the bathroom.

“Hmmm.” I guess the wife-woman wasn’t perfect. I thought about asking her to remove the ring. Or wresting it off her if she said no. But my mom had put the ring on for a reason. So, I decided to let her wear it for the time being. Also, I may have been a little curious to see what sort of mischief the wife-woman would get into.

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“Come along, sweetie. Mommy doesn’t want anyone to see your raging boner.” My mother pulled me by the hand through the lobby. She was wearing a sweater, jeans, and sneakers. I was wearing the same, but a hoodie instead of a sweater.

“Someone could hear us, Mom.” I glanced around. The lobby was mostly empty this early in the day.

“True. And someone might see the outline of your giant dick. It’s hard to miss.” She looked over her shoulder at my crotch. “Think how mortified your mother would be if someone at the front desk filed a complaint about too much giant cock in the lobby.”

I thought about it, blushed, and hurried up. No one seemed to notice us. “Where are we going?”

“There’s a lake here, right? We’ll go for a walk along the lake.” She led us outside and followed signs for the lake, still pulling me along. When we arrived at the lake trail, she slowed down, breathing in the fresh air. “Oh, my. This *is* pretty. You picked a nice hotel.”

“You picked it. You’re my mom, remember? I’m only eighteen.” I followed her example and breathed in the fresh air. A mist hung over the lake and the sky was brightening in

the east. There were a few people already paddling out from the dock in their canoes. The air carried a cacophony of birdsong and an early morning chill. I pulled my hood up over my head. "I think you and Dad used to come here for weekends away."

"Oh, of course. How silly of me." My mom released my hand, and we walked side by side in silence for a while. She looked thoughtful as she pondered the foggy lake. Eventually, she spoke. "How does it feel replacing your father in my bed?" She raised an eyebrow. "Do you get horny knowing that you can out-hump him? Does it make you hard stealing me away from him?"

"I ... uh ... um ..." I was so taken aback. It was part of our game she was playing, but it certainly hit the nail on the head. I love my dad, but what she said was absolutely true.

"You're like a young gorilla pushing his way into the old silverback's territory. What once was his is now yours." She giggled and looked over at me. Her face fell into shadow as we walked into a copse of trees. "Are you happy with what you've taken?" My mom stopped, gave me a mischievous look, and lifted her sweater. She wasn't wearing a bra. I stared at her tits. I couldn't help it.

"Yes ... Mom." I nodded slowly.

"Good boy." She lowered her sweater and pushed me into the trees. We went off the trail a few feet, and she dropped to her knees on the forest floor. She lowered my pants and underwear. When my cock was out in the open, she pecked the head. "Mmmm. Precum." She licked it slowly, making eye contact with me. "You didn't really think I'd leave this poor guy hanging, did you?"

"Yes ... I did." My eyes were very wide. She had worked me up into an internal frenzy. I knew I shouldn't let her blow me in sight of the trail, but I didn't stop her.

My mom laughed, her voice cloistered by the trees. "You're a teenager. If I kept you hard too much longer, you'd explode. We need to let some pressure out of the system." With that, she swallowed my cock.

"Ohhhhhh ... Mom ..." My hands hung limply by my sides. My eyes were wide in the dim, early light. She could take more of my cock down her throat than my mother could. Which was odd, because it was the same throat. She held my balls in her hand and rotated her head left on the downthrust and right on the upthrust.

"Ummmmmmmm ... ggggaaackkkk." She was still making eye contact with me. It was incredible. I could see she wanted me to cum. She was going to get her breakfast after all. She blew me for five minutes before I became aware that we weren't alone.

There was a couple standing on the trail, staring at us. In fright, I put my hands on my mom's head, like I meant to cover up what she was doing. Of course, I didn't actually cover up anything. She kept blowing me, and the couple continued to stare.

“M ...” I stopped myself before calling her Mom in front of these people. They looked like a perfectly nice man and woman in their twenties, out for a morning stroll.

Eventually, they seemed to get over their shock. “You probably shouldn’t do that here,” the woman said.

“But ... good for you, dude,” the man said.

Hearing their voices, my mom popped her mouth off of me. I thought she’d panic, but instead she giggled. “Good for him indeed,” she said. “I’m his mom, and I’m rewarding him for breaking up with his hussy girlfriend. Bet you wish your mom would do that for you.” She winked at the man.

Both the man and the woman looked beyond shocked. Their mouths hung open. Then the woman pushed the man down the trail.

“She’s not really my mom.” I called after them. “And I’m eighteen.” Before I could get the words out of my mouth, my mom continued the blowjob.

I felt bad for my real mom. She was going to be so angry and embarrassed when she came back to herself. At the same time, those people seeing us fired up my lust to even higher levels. I *really was* the young gorilla taking over territory. And having people see it happen validated it in some strange way. My hands were still loosely on my mom’s head. I gripped her hair tighter and forced more of my dick down her throat. “You’re ... so bad ... Mom. I’m ... uuuugghhhhhh ... going to cum. Aaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

It was lucky we were in the trees, because if we’d been right on the water, I’m sure my moans would have echoed all over the lake. I unleashed down her throat and listened to her eagerly gulp down her breakfast.

Chapter 12

Post-nut clarity can be a bitch. I released my mom's hair and stepped backward, pulling my cock out of her mouth. She smiled up at me, wiping her lips with the back of her hand.

"That was stupid. We shouldn't have done that." I shook my head. "I mean, anyone could have seen us ... like that. Mom is going to be livid ... and mortified!"

"Jeez, Evan. Cool down. We've done way worse." She stood and frowned at me.

"Give me the ring." My half-hard dick was still hanging out in the open.

"You want ... my ring?" She cocked her head at me, her expression nonplussed. "Is this another game?"

I leapt forward, grabbed her hand, and pulled the ring off her finger. She offered no resistance. I watched her face intently. The muscles around her jaw tightened and recognition dawned in her eyes.

"Oh, no ... Evan. We didn't ..." She looked down at my cock with wide eyes. "We did. I can still taste you on my tongue." She looked around to see if anyone was about. "Put that away before someone else sees."

"I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't know what she was planning. I thought ... she just wanted me to take an uncomfortable walk." I put away my dick, bracing for her fury and outrage.

"This is my fault, Evan. I shouldn't have put the ring on without telling you and giving you instructions." She gave me a wide-eyed glance. "We were lucky we weren't discovered by someone less understanding. We could go to jail for what we did."

"You have some ... um ... of my ..." I pointed to her chin. She wiped with her hand but missed the dribble of cum. I moved closer and cleaned her off with the sleeve of my hoodie.

"Thank you, sweetie." She looked tense and on edge, but I could also see her thinking things through. This wasn't the big eruption and panic I had been expecting.

"Maybe we should go back to the hotel. I don't feel like finishing the walk." Awkwardly, I took her hand.

"Me either." She let me lead her back to the hotel.

We walked briskly through the lobby with our heads down. I kept waiting for someone to stop us, but we sailed right through. Neither of us said a word until we were back in

our hotel room. My mom closed the door and put her back to it like there were monsters on the other side. She stared at me for several seconds.

"I'm sorry I let her do that. I should have –" I started.

"You're eighteen, Evan. I understand. It was my fault. And ... I think I gained some insight." She walked over to the bed, sat on the edge, and patted the mattress next to her. "Come, sit."

"Okay." I sat next to her and looked into her eyes. Those same eyes had gazed lovingly up at me while my cock was down her throat. What a strange juxtaposition with her searching gaze now.

"Before I go on about me and the wife-woman. I have to ask, are you okay? Was that traumatic for you? I mean ..." My mom put her hand on my thigh. "Strangers saw you with your mother in the most unnatural ... ahem." She cleared her throat. "Anyway, are you okay?"

"I mean ... I guess." I shrugged. If she wasn't going to freak out about it, I could get a whole new perspective on it. It was ... actually, kind of hot. Or maybe I was just losing my post-nut clarity.

"Well, we're in this crazy boat together, so you can tell me anything." Her smile was stiff. "About the wife-woman ... When we were discovered by those people, the wife-woman was completely relaxed. She knew it might be a hazardous situation, but she ... um ... trusted herself to handle it. She knows what she wants and she just ... goes for it. There are no worries about consequences because ... she can handle anything. She has so much confidence. And the crazy thing is, she's working with exactly what I have." My mom ran her hand up and down her body like a gameshow hostess.

"But she wants different things than you, right?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Yes, of course. She's so horny!" She nodded her head. "I think we're making progress here. Let's think things over and have some breakfast." She gave me a sudden startled look. "I mean, a real breakfast. What we did before doesn't count."

"Yeah, okay." My mind reeled as I tried to process everything she'd said. "Let's get changed. Just in case, so we don't match the descriptions of those perverts down by the lake."

My mother gave me a nervous laugh. "Yes, good thinking."

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“Excuse me ... excuse me ... ma’am ... can I have a word?” The manager flagged us down in the lobby.

My mom tensed next to me. Her hand gripped my upper arm. “You stay here, sweetie. I’ll go talk to the man.”

“But, Mom ...” My whole body tightened. This was definitely about the blowjob. The game was up.

“I’ll handle this, Evan.” She released my arm. “I’m going to do my best wife-woman impression. You stay here.”

My mother walked over to the manager. With each step she took, she seemed to relax. I’m sorry to say, that even given the situation, I stared at her ass. She looked so perfect in yoga pants.

I couldn’t hear what they said, but the manager waved his hands in an agitated way. My mom smiled and spoke calmly. After a few minutes, she pulled her driver’s license out of her purse and waved me over.

“Get your driver’s license and hand it to the man, Evan.” She handed hers to the lobby manager.

I did as she asked. The manager looked at both licenses.

“You see?” My mother said. “I’m his mother. There is no way we could have been doing what you described. It’s someone else that looks similar.”

“Um ... yes.” The manager handed back our licenses. “Forgive me, but we have a strict policy at this hotel. And I needed to follow up.”

“I’m here with my teenage son to do some bonding. Do you know how difficult that is without you embarrassing us with this? I mean, goodness. Just try to put yourself in my son’s shoes. What sort of weekend will we have if he’s worried that people think we’re perverts?”

“Yes, I’m sorry.” The manager gave me an uncomfortable look and then brought his gaze back to my mother.

“I’ll hear no more about this. Do you understand? We’re here to enjoy ourselves. We’re your guests.” My mother gave him a scathing look. It seemed she had handled things well. I couldn’t guess what the wife-woman would have done differently. “We’re going to have breakfast now.”

“Of course. I’m so sorry.” The manager nodded to us and hurried away.

When he was gone, my mom let out a long breath. "That was terrible and ... almost exhilarating." She turned to me. "The wife-woman isn't to leave our room again. Understood?"

"Yes, ma'am." I gave her a little salute and studied her. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were bright. She didn't look worried anymore.

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We ate breakfast, making small talk. It was surreal to think that the cum in her stomach was now joined by an English muffin and a smoothie. The food was good. I enjoyed avocado toast. She pestered me more about girls.

"Okay, other than Ava, who do you like at school? You're so handsome and ... um ... gifted ... *in bed*." She leaned forward and whispered the last two words so that only I could hear. "You're going to break some hearts in your day."

"Um ... thanks, Mom." I guess she would know. "I've sort of been hooked on Ava for a long time. She's so outgoing and ... pretty ... and crazy." Recognition dawned in my eyes. "Sort of like the wife-woman."

Mom shook her head. "She's nothing like the wife-woman."

"You don't even know her." I frowned.

"She has blue hair, and you think she's crazy. I know enough." She shook her head slowly. "You know what they say about crazy women. *Never put your ... ahem ... in crazy*," She whispered.

"I know." I'd heard it before. But I was surprised my mom knew the saying. I quickly pivoted the conversation to what I was learning in history class. We enjoyed the rest of our breakfast and headed back to our room.

Once inside our room, she stood with her back against the door. It didn't look like there were monsters on the other side this time. Her expression was contemplative. I shoved my hands in my pockets. She looked so pretty, I wanted to jump her on the spot. But after everything that had happened that morning, I had no idea where we stood with our sex experiments.

"So ... what now?" I raised my eyebrows. "We could go for a walk around the lake. A real walk, I mean. Or ... a canoe ride? Or ... what else is there to do around here?"

My mother smiled. She opened the door, put the do-not-disturb sign on the exterior handle, and closed it. "I think I'm learning that I need to be a bit freer with things. With ... what I want."

"Okay, what do you want?" I shrugged.

"I want to continue exploring how to be rid of the ring by ... spending time with my heartbreaker son." My mother slowly lifted off her top. "I want to see if when you put it inside me, I have any more epiphanies about the wife-woman. I think we're getting close." She reached behind her and unclasped her bra. She carefully hung it from the door handle and turned toward me. I went stiff instantly. Seeing her naked would never get old.

"Okay ... okay ... I'll get the condoms." I moved toward the nightstand.

"Wait, sweetie." My mother removed her sneakers. She lowered her yoga pants and pulled them off one foot at a time. "If I'm being honest about what I want ... um ... well ... I want you to feel me while we're doing it. I know I shouldn't but ... I'm trying to put what I should do, and what I want to do, into two different categories. What do you think?" She slid her panties slowly down her long legs. Her socks were her only clothing now.

"Yeah ... okay ... right." I nodded enthusiastically. "No condoms. I can pull out. No problem."

She laughed. "What did I expect you to say?" She sauntered over to me and pushed me onto the bed. "I'm ready. Let's get started." She pulled off my shoes, pants, and underwear and mounted me. She held my cock under her but paused, looking down at me. "Don't ever have sex with the wife-woman unprotected. I don't trust her."

"Yeah ... okay." My head nearly rattled I nodded so hard. "Only with you, Mom."

"You're such a good son ... Evan ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Her face changed as she lowered herself onto my cock. She went from sweet and earnest, to lost and ecstatic. Her eyes rolled and her teeth clenched. She grimaced as she lowered herself all the way. "You're such ... a goooooooodddd son ... Evan ... oooohhhhhhhh ... gosh ... so gooooooood." She grabbed my hands and placed them on her boobs. "Hold them like you ... uuuuggghhhh ... want them."

"Okay." I squeezed her tits and rubbed her nipples with my thumbs. She leaned her head back and shrieked. Her hips took off, undulating and pressing into mine.

"How ... does it feel? Do you like the way ... I feel ... bare?" She rode me harder. "I want you ... to be happy ... too ... Evan."

“I’m happy ... Mom! I’m really ... happy!” I might have said those words too loud. I already knew people passing in the hall could hear us. But I didn’t care. We’d hit some sort of pivot point in our extended weekend together. I thought the morning blowjob would bring disaster, but instead, it had changed us for the better. I was ready for whatever happened next.

Chapter 13

“This is the best view ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... in the world ... Mom.” I held her hips and watched her ass ripple with each of my thrusts. Her pink buttocks stared up at me, its unseeing gaze gave me a lovely reminder that my mother was baring all her secrets for me. This wasn't the wife-woman. This wasn't some other eighteen-year-old from school. They all paled in comparison to my mom.

I'd fallen in love with her earlier, when she'd given herself to me on the first go around ... before Dad almost caught us and ruined it. After that, I tried to cool my feelings. But now, I was falling harder than ever. I wouldn't trade humping Mom for anything. Not even the incomparable Ava Roslin, with her blue hair, devil-may-care attitude, and pretty face. Although ... I wouldn't mind seeing what Ava's buttocks looked like from this view. Oh well, you can't have everything.

“You really ... like me ... like this?” My mother looked over her shoulder, ecstasy and question written on her face. I tore my gaze from her ass and our eyes met. A pang of guilt hit me thinking about Ava at a time like this.

“I love ... every inch of you.” I tightened my grip on her hips for emphasis. My hips didn't miss a beat. “I'm ... in love ... with every inch of you. I want to ... steal you from ... Dad.” I offered a smile to let her know I didn't mean it.

“We're not ... going there ... Evan.” Her face tightened. For a moment I thought she'd be cross with me. But then her eyes rolled upward, and her jaw went slack again. Her head lolled back and forth as she absorbed the impact of my thrusts. “This is ... what I want ... for the moment ... and I'm going for it ... like the wife-woman would. But ... this stops ... when the ring ... uuuuuuggghhhhhh ... when the ring ... oooooohhhhhh ... when the ring ... maybe we'll stop ... when the ring ... disappears ... maybe ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” She dropped her head, arched her back, and slammed back to meet my thrusts. She was cumming again.

Watching her convulse and writhe on my dick was too much to take. “I'm ... close.”

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii,” she said.

“Getting ... really close.” I slammed into her harder. Her pussy was still tight despite all the sex we'd had at the hotel. Her body had gone loose with the orgasm. She wasn't shoving her butt back to meet my thrusts anymore. “Getting ... close.”

“Oooohhhhhh ... ggghhhaaa ... ggghhhaaa ... gha ... gha ... oooooohhhhhhhhh.” She made noises that sounded like some sort of wounded animal.

“Gonna ... cum ... Mom ...” I tried to remember something important, but my mind couldn’t quite catch it. Something about this moment. The pleasure was too great, it clouded my thoughts.

My mother finally descended far enough from the heights of her orgasm to make more than bestial sounds. “Not ... inside ... Evan!” She pulled off my dick, and I released her hips. She fell on the bed and rolled onto her back. “My breasts ... finish on my breasts.”

“Sure ... Mom ... I wasn’t going to ... do it ... inside.” I took hold of my cock and fapped, staring at her sweaty breasts as they rapidly rose and fell with each panting breath.

“Good ... boy ... good ... boy.” She stared at my penis with hunger. Maybe I was wrong earlier. Maybe *this* was the best view in the world.

“Cumming ... cumming ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Still on my knees, I let loose. I sprayed my mom’s tits with the first blast, and then turned my hips side to side, like I was a fireman trying to douse a spreading blaze. I covered her hair, face, boobs, belly, and hips with cum. I finished with one long, shuddering blast, and I fell to the sheets next to her. Complete bliss enveloped me.

A few seconds later, my cum-covered mother enveloped me in a hug. “That was wild ... sweetie.” She wiped sperm from her eyes and rested her head on my chest. I could feel her gently playing with my foreskin. I shivered.

“Yeah ... did it help ... with ... you know ... the ring stuff?” I felt like I was melting into the bed.

“Yes ... I think so.” She nodded into my chest, her voice soft and distant.

A thought occurred to me. “What if you could talk to the wife-woman? I mean ... you know ... be yourself, but ask her questions.”

“I suppose ... that would help.” She slapped the head of my softening cock playfully. “Are you going to put on the ring and be wife-woman for a day?” She giggled for a moment and suddenly stopped. “Oh ... gosh. What would the wife-woman do with your magical, eighteen-year-old penis? She’d hump everything. That wouldn’t be good.”

“No, Mom. I wouldn’t be the wife-woman.” I thought about it. She was right. We definitely didn’t want Gavin getting his hands on the ring again. No penises for a crazy horny woman possessing the body of a teenage man. “I was just thinking –”

“No.” She sat up and frowned her cum-covered face at me. It was clear she had anticipated my suggestion. “No, no, no, no. No way, young man. We are not going to let another woman wear this ring. We are not ...” She squinted her eyes at me, looking directly into my soul. “You want to give the ring back to that blue-haired girl, don’t you?”

“I wasn’t thinking that ... exactly.” I squirmed. I had always hated being interrogated by her. One might have thought that it would be easier to suffer her lethal stare while she was naked, sweaty, and bathed in my sperm. But it wasn’t. “I was just ... thinking.”

“Whatever you were thinking, you can shove it right up you know where, young man. This is my burden to bear.” She crossed her arms.

“I thought you liked what we’re doing. It’s a burden?” I pressed my lips into a thin line.

“Look at me.” My mother got off the bed and twirled in a quick circle. She waved her hands at her body. “Look at me. I’m covered in my son’s stuff. I’ve just had the best sex in my life. I’ve taken you to the hotel where your father and I used to spend romantic weekends ... to cheat on him. I’m insane. I’ve gone insane. And yes.” She stamped her foot. “I like it. I like the freedom. I like going for what I want. I like feeling you all up in my business.” She put a hand on her belly, showing me the depths my cock had hit. “I’m insane, and I like it. It’s a burden. My life was normal before that ring. Do you think it will ever be normal again? Do you think mothers should parade around in front of their sons like I’m doing?” She did just that. She marched with her knees high back and forth across the carpet. As shocked as I was by her diatribe, I didn’t miss that her ass looked especially hot while she was doing that. “It’s a burden. I love it. I hate it. And I wouldn’t wish it on any other woman.”

“Um ...” Okay, so I might have been a little worried for her sanity. “But ... I thought you said things would go back to normal when the ring went away.” I stared at her with wide eyes. I wasn’t sure if she would explode further, or if she’d gotten it out of her system. She didn’t seem angry. Just frustrated and manically happy at the same time. Is happy-frustrated a thing?

“You’re not upset by any of this, are you? You like ... frolicking under the sheets with your mother.” She sat on the edge of the bed and let out a long exhale. Her body relaxed.

“We were on top of the sheets, Mom.” My smile returned.

She leaned over and slapped my knee playfully. “Stop that ... goofball.” She leaned closer and kissed my knee. She then kissed her way down my thigh.

“What are you doing?” I watched her tenderly plant little kisses on the inside of my thigh. Then she was gently making out with my balls. She never looked prettier than when her full lips were touching my overripe, wrinkly sacks.

“I’m ... bearing ... my ... burden ... Evan. Deal ... with ... it,” she said between kisses.

“Wow ... Mom ...” I watched her lovingly suck one of my balls into her mouth. She was definitely manic. As I watched her spit out my ball and vacuum life into my cock with her mouth, I decided I could live with a slightly off-her-rocker mother.

Soon enough, I was hard again, and her cum-coated hair bounced as she gave me an energetic blowjob.

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“Well, hello, mister. You clean up nice.” My mom gave me a smile. We were freshly showered. We’d missed lunch, so we’d dressed for dinner with the same outfits as the night before. She straightened my tie and tapped my nose with her finger. “Men are so funny. You’ve seen my free-range boobs all day and still you can’t stop staring at my cleavage.”

“Sorry, Mom.” I met her gaze.

“Oh, and you blush, too. After everything we’ve done, I catch you checking me out and you blush.” Her gentle laugh cascaded around the room. “You know what?”

“What?” I watched her closely. Her eyes looked a little wild.

“I feel happy. Really, really happy.” She kissed my cheek and then made a big show of wiping off the lipstick she’d left on my skin with a tissue. “I’m getting close.” She sounded like me when I was about to cum.

“Hmmmmm?”

“I think it’ll happen tonight,” she said.

“You’ll make the ring disappear?” I raised my eyebrows. She nodded, looped her arm in mine, and we walked out into the hall. “We’re booked at the hotel for a few more days, right?”

“Yes, sweetie.” She nodded. We walked down the hall arm-in-arm.

“If we make the ring disappear tonight, can we still stay here? I mean ... you know ...” A cloud of worry stormed into my mind. I wasn’t ready for this to be over.

“We’ll see ...” She squeezed my arm and released it. I could guess that she didn’t want the lobby manager to see us walking like lovebirds. We passed through the lobby and were seated at the restaurant.

It was early in the evening, and it wasn’t crowded. But I couldn’t focus on anything but my gorgeous mother and the dinner. I was hungry from all the exercise I’d had today with no lunch. The food was delicious and plentiful.

My mother eyed me as I ordered thirds. “I guess you need to refuel for tonight.”

“Honestly, I thought I was going to pass out during the last time we ...” I looked around to see if anyone was listening. I spotted something I did not expect.

My pulse quickened, and my heart dropped in my chest. Two tables over sat a lovely young woman with blue hair. She smiled and waved at me. I stared at her with wide eyes, trying to comprehend what Ava was doing at the hotel. We were way too far out of town for this to be a coincidence. She was wearing a normal dress for her, nothing fancy. Her table was set for one. It didn’t look like she was on a date with Gavin. She waved again, like I hadn’t seen her the first time. I waved awkwardly back.

“What is it, Evan?” My mom turned her head and scowled. “What is *she* doing here?”

“I don’t know.” I spoke the truth.

Ava stood, took her wineglass with one hand and pulled her chair over with the other. “Wow, funny seeing you here. Mind if I join?” She sat and looked back and forth between me and my mom. “What’s up, bitches?” She held up her wineglass for a cheers. We didn’t respond, so she clanked her glass against ours one at a time.

“You’re too young to drink wine.” My mother’s frown deepened. She looked at me. “Did you invite her? Tell me the truth, Evan Mitchell Gosling.”

“I swear, I didn’t.” I shook my head adamantly.

“They didn’t card me, Mrs. Gosling.” Ava shrugged. “At eighteen, I think I’m old enough for a glass of wine.”

“Then what is she doing here?” My mother’s happiness had vanished. Her stare went right through me. It was full of cold wrath.

“I don’t know.” I shrugged and sank deeper into my seat.

“So, what are we going to talk about?” Ava’s voice had a chipper lilt. She happily ignored the tension between mother and son. “How about ... jewelry?” She looked at my mother’s hands closely. “I love your wedding ring, Mrs. G. Got any other rings lying around?”

I shrank further from my mother’s scathing gaze. If looks could kill, that lovely restaurant would have been a crime scene.

Chapter 14

“So, what sort of mischief have you two been getting up to?” Ava smiled innocently at my mother. “I’ve been here all day, and this is the first I’ve seen you. Just chilling in your room? Some mother-son bonding perhaps?” She sipped her wine.

“That’s enough, Ms. Roslin.” My mom furrowed her brow, narrowed her eyes, and her cheeks reddened. If I could have, I would have run for cover. Instead, I sunk lower in my seat. “It’s not what you think.”

“I think you brought your son here ...” Ava looked around to make sure no one was listening. Satisfied, she leaned forward, exposing more cleavage. I must confess that I peeked. Maybe I took more than one peek. She lowered her voice to a whisper. “I think you brought him here to try out the ring. You needed to go where your better half wouldn’t catch you. I think you’ve been up in your room boinking like rabbits all weekend. Tell me I’m wrong.”

“You’re wrong.” I was pleased and surprised with how steady my voice sounded.

“You’re wrong.” My mother pressed her lips together, leaned forward, and stared at Ava. I could practically see the steam shooting from my mom’s ears. “Leave this table at once, young lady,” Mom hissed.

“Or you’ll tell my boyfriend that I’ve been putting on a magic ring and humping Evan?” Ava shrugged. “I don’t care if he knows.”

“Where is Gavin?” I said.

“Is this blackmail?” My mom hissed. “You can’t tell my husband. He wouldn’t understand.”

Ava put her hand to her chest, looking affronted. She chose to answer my mother’s question. “This is *not* blackmail. I would never ruin a marriage. Although, if your husband is all hung up about you sleeping with other people, maybe you should rethink things.”

“What ... do ... you ... want?” My mom said through gritted teeth.

“Your husband doesn’t understand the situation. But I do.” Ava leaned back and relaxed. She chugged the rest of her wine and smiled at the waiter. She waited for him to refill her glass and leave before continuing. “I understand perfectly what it’s like to be the ring lady. I can see you’re confused about everything. Let me help.”

“Check please.” My mother waved at the waiter and scowled at me. “You said that thing about talking to the wife-woman and ... now this? I’m not a fool, Evan Mitchell Gosling.”

“Uh oh, Evan. She used all three names.” Ava smiled at me. For the first time in my life, I didn’t feel kindly toward her. She looked at my mother. “I don’t know what you think is going on, but I’ll show you.” Ava went back to her original table, retrieved her bag, and pulled out her phone.

The check came and my mom signed off. She stood to leave. I could see I was in for the silent treatment now. That would change when we got back to our room. She’d really let me have it. In a strange reversal from not long ago, I didn’t want to go back to our room. I stayed seated.

“Evan ... now.” My mom nodded at the door.

“Here.” Ava handed my mom her phone.

My mom read the message. “Staying at the Okpaze Inyan Hotel with my mom for a while. I’m not around. We’re getting rid of the ring. Just forget about it.” She looked over at me with a softer expression. I exhaled. Suddenly, Ava was back in my good graces.

“He told me off.” Ava nodded. Her face unusually earnest. “You can scroll, Mrs. Gosling, but that’s the last message. He probably shouldn’t have mentioned the name of the hotel. But he didn’t know how determined I am to ... um ... see this trough.”

“I’m sorry I jumped to conclusions, Evan.” My mom wasn’t relaxed enough to smile, but her glance conveyed contrition. She handed Ava back her phone. My mother stood straighter. “Evan and I are going back to our room to get some rest. I hope we won’t see you again tomorrow.” She turned and headed for the exit.

Hurriedly, I got up and followed her.

Ava quickly tossed some cash on her table and hustled after us. “Wait ... wait ... Mrs. Gosling. Remember what I said about being determined?”

“Goodnight, Ms. Roslin.” My mother hurried her steps and waved for me to keep up.

“I think you better go, Ava.” I shrugged at her as we quickly traversed the lobby.

My mother was in heels, and I don’t think she wanted to jog back to our room.

Ava *did* jog and headed us off in the hall. When she stood in front of us, my mom and I came to a halt. There was no one else in the hallway.

“Look ... I’m not leaving until I get one more chance with the ring. I’ll camp outside your room all night.” Ava held her arms wide like she was defending us in basketball.

“You will not.” My mother shook her head. “You’re drunk. You’ll go to your own room and sleep it off.”

"I can't afford a room in this place." Ava laughed. "Maybe you're right. Maybe I'll drive home."

My mother turned to me. "You like this girl? She's trying to manipulate us."

"Mom!" I put my hand on my face.

"Awwww ... Evan Gosling has a crush on me?" Ava's laugh turned into a giggle. "Don't worry, Mrs. Gosling, all the boys have crushes on me."

My mother crossed her arms and stared Ava down for a long time, tapping her foot as she thought. "You can wear the ring in our room. But nothing ..." She lowered her voice. "... nothing sexual. We'll ask the wife-woman some questions. You'll take the ring off. Then you'll hang out in the lobby until you sober up. Deal?"

Ava's smile could have launched a thousand ships. "Deal!"

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"I feel like it's Christmas morning." Ava stood in our room, holding the ring and gazing at it lovingly. My mom never looked at the ring that way. But maybe my mom wasn't as used to chasing the next high as Ava was. "Here goes." Ava slipped on the ring. Her body stiffened and relaxed. A broad smile parted her lips when she saw me. She then looked to my mother and frowned. "You ... invited the crazy neighbor to our hotel room?" She shrugged. "No offense, crazy neighbor."

"My name is Mrs. Gosling." My mom frowned at her and folded her arms.

"My name is Mrs. Anelar." Ava mimicked my mother's folded arms.

My mom and I exchanged a glance. *The wife-woman has a last name.*

"So, did you come to murder us or what?" Ava moved next to me and placed her arms around me protectively.

"I ... um ... have some questions for you." My mom watched Ava's hands grip my chest. "Get your hands off him."

"He's *my* husband." Ava brushed my tie over my shoulder and dug her nails into my shirt.

"He's *my* son." My mom gave me a look that said *uh, oh*. Perhaps we should have planned this better.

“Oh, you sly dog.” Ava took hold of my tie and spun me toward her. She held the tie tightly, pointing with her other finger at my nose. I could smell the wine on her breath. “You got the nosy neighbor to play along with this kink? You really are going full bore on the mommy stuff lately.” She eyed my mother speculatively. “You know, I can see why you picked her. You two do have a resemblance.” She kissed me while making eye contact with my mom and pulled back. “You got me drunk and sprung her on me. What a masterful plan. I say, yes! Let’s do it.” She kissed me passionately, running her fingers through my hair.

“Stop ... stop kissing him. You’re supposed to be answering questions.” My mother took a step toward us and stopped. I could tell she didn’t want another wrestling match with Ava. If we started fighting with the wife-woman, she wouldn’t answer any of our questions. “Stop her, Evan.”

“Mmmmmppphhhhhh.” I never closed my eyes during the kiss, even though Ava Roslin’s tongue was down my throat. I watched my mother’s face darken out of the corner of my eye. “Mmmmmppphhh.” I pushed Ava away. “No ... that’s not why I invited Mrs. Gosling over,” I said to Ava. “She has some questions for you. She’s been re-evaluating her life, and she really admires you. It turns out that’s why she’s stalking us. You just have to answer some of her questions, and ... she’ll go.” I raised my eyebrows at my mother. She nodded toward me with pride. I’d nailed that adlib.

“Yes, just a few questions, Mrs. Anelar.” My mother forced a smile onto her face. “What’s your first name, dear?”

Ava looked back and forth between us. “The mommy thing was better. This other fantasy is ... stupid.” She stalked toward my mother, her hips swaying.

“Evan?” My mother backed up.

I didn’t know what to do, so I stayed rooted to the floor.

“You do look an awful lot like Evan.” Ava prowled after my mother. “He brought his mother to our little love nest because she’s so uptight, and he needs his wife to loosen her up. Is that it?” Ava turned her head and winked at me.

“Evan?” Mom raised her voice. She backed into a wall.

“What year were you born, Mrs. Anelar?” I blurted out the first thing that came to my mind.

“You should know. You married me, Mr. Anelar.” Ava leapt at my mother and corralled her in her arms. “Ssshhhhhhh ... ssshhhhhhhhh ... Fania is here. Your son needs me to loosen you up so that he can have his way with you.” She kissed my mother’s cheek and pressed their boobs together. My mother’s backside was firmly against the wall. “Oh, she’s trembling. What great acting. You always do pick the very best women, Evan.”

“Evan, control this tramp.” My mother was stiff as a board, turning her face away from an onslaught of pert little kisses on her jaw and neck.

“Do you want me to tackle her, Mom?” I took off my jacket and readied myself in case she said yes.

“No ... not yet. Let’s try to reason with her. We need answers. I’ll ... make her listen to me.” My mom’s face was very red as Ava kissed her way down her chest. “Stop that ... Fania ... I really am Evan’s mother ... and you have to stop ... doing that. Please ... just tell me ... why you’re so happy. Fania ... please? No ... you may not lower my dress. I told you not to ... Fania ... Mrs. Anelar ... are you listening to me? Not my bra ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... now you’ve done it.”

I stood with my mouth agape. Ava was sucking my mother’s nipple and from the expression on my mother’s face, the wife-woman had real skill. Or Fania Anelar, I corrected myself. I would have to look that name up. Maybe we could find her out in the real world.

As I was thinking through next steps, my mother’s hands reached out to the wall, and she dug her nails in. “Oooohhhhhhhh ... my ... you can’t do that too ... I’m married ... and my son is standing right there. No ... don’t ... not that ... oooooohhhhhhhh.”

I couldn’t see what Ava was doing because her body was in the way, but my mom widened her legs, and her eyes went round as saucers. It was pretty clear that Fania was now fingering my mom while sucking on her tit.

“Should I tackle her now, Mom?” I suppose when you play with fire, you’re likely to get burned. Mom and I should have known.

“Not ... yet ... uuuugggghhhh ... Evan ... I think ... I’ve got this ... under ... control.” My mom was now humping herself up against Ava.

I was pretty sure we had absolutely nothing under control. But if Mom wanted to get fingerbanged by Ava-freaking-Roslin, I wasn’t going to get in the way. My erection pulled at my pants, wanting desperately to be set loose. I stood and stared, because I didn’t know what else to do.

Chapter 15

“Oooooohhhhhhhh ... noooooooo ... Evan ... Evaaaaaannnnnn ... she’s going to make me ... she’s going to ... make meeeeeeeeeeeee!” My mom was still pressed up against the wall. Ava’s mouth was clamped to my mom’s tit. Even though I couldn’t see Ava’s fingers, they were obviously plunging in and out of my mom’s pussy. My mother’s legs were spread, shaking uncontrollably. I stood in awe. The wife-woman, or Fania as we had just learned, was a maestro at strumming a woman to climax.

I had several thoughts as my mother’s words turned into incomprehensible screams. One, this was the hottest thing I’d ever seen. My crush was possessed by a sex maniac, and my mother was letting her have access to her closely guarded goods. Two, I needed to learn from Fania. I wanted to be able to make my mom go crazy with just my fingers. Three, I needed to release my dick and fap like never before.

“Mom ... can I touch myself?” I stepped back to the bed and sat on the edge of it, watching my mother cum.

“Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii,” was my mother’s only reply.

“We can still hear you in the hall, lady.” A woman’s voice came through the door. My mom didn’t react. I don’t think she heard the woman.

Ava didn’t act like she cared. She spit out my mom’s nipple and gave me a devilish smile. “You need Mommy’s permission?” She laughed, lowering herself to her knees as my mom convulsed against the wall. “I don’t think your precious uptight mother is going to be able to respond for quite a while, so you have my permission. Fap away, Evan. And watch as I break your sweet, repressed mother.”

“Ohhhhh ... noooooooooo.” My mom heard that apparently. She looked down at Ava with a mixture of fright and lust. When Ava’s mouth clamped on my mother’s pussy, the fright vanished, and my mom clutched Ava’s blue hair. My mom’s right eyelid fluttered, and her eyes rolled back.

“Mom ... are you okay?” I lowered my pants and underwear. If she wanted me to, I would still tackle Ava and wrestle away the ring. But my mother didn’t ask for that. She didn’t ask for anything. As I started fapping, she did open her eyes wide. Ava held my mother’s ass cheek with one hand, and she had clearly just stuck a finger up my mom’s butt with the other. “Mom?” I said.

“Oooohhhhhhhh ... Gosh ... I never ... I nneeevvveerrrrrrrrrr ... I ... iiiieeeeeeeeeeeeeee.” And my mom was cumming again.

I sat there and fapped while Ava had her way. Ava munched my mother to three more orgasms before she backed away and let my mother slide down the wall. My mother sat on the floor, with her legs spread, and her head lolling to the side. Her eyes were dazed and distant. It looked like she'd been dosed with some powerful drug. There was a puddle on the carpet between her legs where her pussy was gushing.

Ava smiled at me, her face glistening. "What do you think of your new and improved mom?"

"Did you ... really break her?" I was almost ready to cum.

"Mrs. Gosling. Hello? Mrs. Gosling, how are you feeling?" Ava waved a hand in front my mother's face.

My mom only grunted in reply.

"Yep, she's broken." Ava laughed and turned back to me. "Oh, my sweet husband is about to cum, isn't he? A wife's work is never done." She crawled over to me, discarding her dress along the way. She parked herself on the floor between my legs and took my cock into her mouth. In no time, her head was bobbing, and her hands were massaging my balls.

"Oooohhhhhh ... damn ... that's good." I arched my back. I was about to cum from Ava Roslin's blowjob right in front of my mother. Although, I don't think my mom was paying much attention. "Cuuummmiinngggg ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." It was my turn to grab Ava's hair and cum into her mouth. My hips jerked as I unloaded down her throat. I could hear her greedily gulping my cum.

When I was done, I fell back on the bed. I let Ava finish cleaning me up with her mouth.

A minute later, Ava sat on the bed next to me and rolled her eyes playfully. "I'm the only one that hasn't gotten any. Do you need to ask Mommy's permission to fuck your wife?" She glanced at my mom and gave her a mocking frown.

"Mom ... can I ... you know ...?" I let Ava undress me as my mother's eyes turned slowly toward us. She sluggishly shook her head. I guess she wasn't ready for words yet.

"Please?" I said. I was naked now.

Ava wore nothing. She mounted me and looked over her shoulder at my mother. "Say yes, Mommy dearest. If you say yes, I promise to teach him how to do what I just did to you."

My mother's eyes went round. Her gaze darted between Ava and me. She nodded slowly. "One ... time ... and finish ... outside."

“Okay, I get it about the condoms now. It does make it kind of hot to think about you knocking me up. Can you imagine having another kid at our age?” Ava giggled as she guided my cock into her pussy. “Damn ... I feel tight today.”

“We’re not ... ugh ... ugh ... going to have ... another ... kid ... Fania.” I looked up at Ava’s beautiful, twisted face as she rode me with short, fast thrusts. The snark had gone out of her eyes. Her gaze went right through me. Her lips twisted with pleasure.

“Evan ... maybe now would be a good time for a condom.” My mother was sitting up straighter. She pulled her legs together and lifted her dress back up over her boobs. “We can’t risk it. Not for your sake and Ms. Roslin’s.”

“Quiet ... Mrs. Gosling.” Ava looked over her shoulder at my mother, glaring at her. “You’re ruining the mood. Be good, or I swear I won’t teach him how to do that thing I did with my finger on the roof of your pussy.”

I looked around Ava’s bouncing tit at my mother on the floor. I had a lifetime of experience that told me she wouldn’t let herself be bossed around. I couldn’t imagine she would take orders from a blue-haired eighteen-year-old, possessed or otherwise. But to my surprise my mother didn’t demand I put on a condom.

“Can you really ... teach him how to do that?” My mother said.

Ava leaned in close to me, sweat and my mother’s cum dripping down her nose in little droplets. She shifted her hips to a grinding motion. “Like you don’t ... already know how to ... do that,” she giggled.

“I’m only a ... teenager ... remember?” I smiled up at her.

“Ohhhhh ... right ... how old are you supposed to be again?” Her hips moved faster. I think Fania liked the fantasy she thought we were playing.

“Eighteen,” I said. “Ughhhhh ... without much experience with ... girls.”

“Really?” She patted my cheek. “A handsome ... young ... man like you. I would have ... thought ... you’d be breaking plenty of hearts ... and pussies.” Ava chuckled, but her laughter quickly died away when ecstasy seized her again. She dropped her lips next to my ear. “I’ll pretend ... to teach you ... to hit her g-spot. We’ll be opening ... a lifetime of pleasure ... for *your mom*.”

It was all a joke to Fania, but I was beyond eager. What she said in jest was true. If I had the key to that lock, I’d be able to spread my mother’s legs whenever I wanted. Even after the ring was long gone. My mother had already been softening her stance on what might happen between us once we’d sent the ring packing. Now, I could see all sorts of heavenly opportunities ahead. “Sure ... Fania ... you can walk me ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... through it.”

Ava rose up, arched her back, and smiled. Still undulating her hips, Ava looked over at my mom. "Of course ... I can teach ... your dear son ... how to please you. With his fingers ... and I'll give him some pointers ... on how to use his dick ... too."

My mother stared at her with wide eyes. She was chewing on her bottom lip. "Okay," was all she said.

"I want you to get yourself ready ... ooohhhhhh ... for the lesson." Ava switched from grinding to bouncing. I watched her amazing tits dance. She was still looking at my mom and not at me.

"Ready?" My mom glanced at me and then back to Ava. I couldn't ever remember seeing my mom look this unsure of herself. I kept expecting her expression to darken and the mother I knew and loved to start bossing us around. But it didn't happen.

"Touch yourself ... Mrs. Gosling. Touch yourself ... while I fuck ... your son." Ava turned back to me, confident that my mother would follow her instructions without any need for supervision.

I supervised Mom anyway. It was just too delightful to see her nervously spread her legs again. Hesitantly, her hands went down to her pussy. We made eye contact while she began masturbating. Her eyes seemed to be pleading with me for something, but she didn't say what.

"Is she ... ahh ... ahh ... ahh ... doing it?" Ava bounced on me harder, her fingernails digging into my chest.

"Yes ..." I nodded and broke eye contact with my mom. I looked up at Ava's entrancing face.

"That's good ... ooohhhhhh ... that's really goooooood." Ava's eyes rolled up. "You always ... pick the very best ... women ... for our games ... ooohhhhhh." She squeezed her eyes tight and lost her rhythm, flopping on top of me. Ava was cumming.

"Remember to finish outside." My mom's voice was strained. I looked at her as Ava's climax passed. My mother had pulled her dress back down and was rolling a nipple between her fingers. Her other hand was rubbing her clit in tight, rapid circles.

"Don't worry ... Mom ... I got this." But of course, I didn't have it. Fania was in control of all three of us. If she wanted me to cum inside of Ava, I wondered if I would be able to resist. But I wouldn't have to wait long. Ava was bouncing on me again and driving me to the edge. A few minutes later, I was ready. "Gonna ... cum ..."

"We ... uuugghhhh ... need to keep ... Mommy ... happy." Ava jumped off me, grabbed my cock with her hands, and jerked me over the finish line. I erupted all over her pretty face, blue hair, and extended tongue. I know it wasn't really Ava I was cumming on, but

seeing her like this was the fruition of so many wet dreams. My mind nearly exploded. When I returned to myself, my chest was heaving for air. Ava was smiling at me, her face plastered.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” My mom came watching us from the floor, her hand still moving between her legs. Seeing her pleasure herself was enchanting. When she finally calmed down, we stared at each other.

“Should I ... remove the ring, Mom?” I raised my eyebrows. Ava ignored us, she was toying with my deflating cock.

“Um ... well ... I think we’re making progress ... Evan.” My mother wiped sweat from her brow and stood on shaky legs. She removed her heels slowly. “Let’s see what we can learn from Fania.”

“Okay.” I nodded earnestly. This was going to be a long night.

Chapter 16

All three of us were on the bed. Ava wore nothing but the ring. Mom still wore her wedding ring and stockings. I didn't have anything on. I breathed deeply. The pungent smells of sweat and our commingled cum filled the room. The scent drove me wild.

My mother lay on her back, biting her lower lip and staring nervously down at me. I was shoulder to shoulder with Ava between my mom's legs. She was pointing out various parts of my mother's pussy, giving me an anatomy lesson.

"And do you know where her clit is?" Ava was using an overly didactic voice. The wife-woman, Fania, was obviously enjoying the slow lesson, making my mom wait for her next orgasm.

"It's here." I put my index finger on the beautiful little button in front of me.

"Oh ... gosh," my mom said.

"Head of the class." Ava giggled to herself. "Now, you can make her go off big time, even squirt, just by rubbing that little boss. But after giving your mom's pussy a thorough tune-up, I think her g-spot is where it's at. She'll be putty in your hands, Evan." She leaned her head against mine and whispered, "How old are you supposed to be again?"

"Eighteen." I ran my fingers gently along the inside of my mom's thigh. That made her shiver.

"Right. So, stick a finger inside your mother. Slowly ... slowly." Ava nodded as she watched me work. "Since you're eighteen, I assume you still have homework on weeknights. If your mom is nagging you about math or something, just do what I'm about to show you, and she'll forget all about it."

"I don't nag him." My mom glanced at Ava.

"Sometimes you do, Mom." I shrugged.

"That's what all moms say, Mrs. Gosling." Ava gave her a smug smile. "If she wants you to practice piano, but you don't feel like it ... g-spot. If she wants you to do the dishes ... g-spot. Basically, this is your get out of jail free card."

"I don't play the piano, Fania." I wasn't receiving any instruction, so I gently ran the inserted finger over the ridges in my mom's pussy. Her eyes lost their focus when I did that.

"No piano?" Ava kissed me on the cheek. "You're usually so good at improv, darling. Remember, it's always 'yes, and', okay?"

“Yes, and I love that we’re having a conversation while I’m stroking the inside of Mom’s pussy.” I laughed.

“Ohhhhh ... Evan.” My mom leaned her head back on the pillow, gripping the sheet on either side of her hips. “This is ... surreal.”

“Now, every woman is different. So, what I’m teaching you won’t be right for everyone. Fortunately, when I broke your mother a little while back, I got a good read on how her pussy works.” Ava’s voice was loud and clear, she was clearly performing and not actually teaching. She thought I knew what I was doing, but my finger was deep in a mystery at the moment. Ava continued. “Now, reach up toward her belly button and stroke along the ceiling with a come-hither motion. Good, good. Watch her face. See how her eye is twitching and her lips are twisted? Experiment with it. Try slightly different spots. Keep a nice steady rhythm. There! Did you see that? Your mother’s eyes crossed. Put a little more pressure on that spot. Don’t stop the beckoning motion.”

“Uugggh ... sssnnnnooooock!” My mom jerked and snorted like a pig. She lifted her feet into the air and moved them in little, desperate circles. Her eyes crossed even more. She seemed to be staring at her own nose. “Oooohhhhhh ... gosh ... Evan ... you found it ... you ...”

“Keep going. Damn, she looks hot writhing around like that.” Ava giggled. “Can you imagine if you could do this to your real mom? Make her give you stupid expressions like that?” She pointed at my mom’s face. I had to admit, my mother did look mentally challenged, and it was spectacular.

“Yeah, I can imagine.” I kept stroking that spot at the ceiling of my mom’s pussy, refining my technique by judging her reactions to finger placement and movement.

“Ohhhh ... Evan ... uuuuggghhhhh ... ggghha ... uugh ... you’re going to make me ... uuuggghhh ... a big one.” Mom pointed her toes at the ceiling. Her boobs jiggled on her chest as her whole body shook.

Ava kissed the inside of my mom’s thigh and then sucked. I don’t think my mom noticed that she was getting a hickey. I doubted she would like that very much. How would she explain that to my dad when we got home?

“Fania ... no hickeys. Mrs. Gosling is married, remember?” I nudged her with my shoulder.

Ava pulled her mouth away from my mom’s leg. “Oops. I forgot. Might be too late.” She snickered. “I don’t think she noticed.”

“No, I don’t think –” I said.

“Finger out! She’s about to squirt. Let her spray!” Ava sat up and clapped her hands.

“Oooohhhhhhhhh ... oh ... oooohhhhhhhhh ...” My mother was howling, her hips jerking on the bed.

I removed my fingers and stared at her pussy. I barely had time to close my eyes before the first spray hit my face. My mother’s warm cum was quickly all over me. I pulled back and let her squirt on the bed instead. Ava and I laughed with delight as I wiped my eyes clean. My mom continued to howl.

“Oooohhhhhh ... oooohhhhhh ... oooohhhh ... oooohh ... ohh.” My mother’s legs slowly lowered back to the bed. Her white-knuckled grip on the sheets loosened. Her gaze focused, and she looked at us. “Oh ... Evan ... you’re a mess. Did I do that?”

“Yeah ... Mom.” I nodded, still chuckling.

“You’re a squirter, Mrs. Gosling.” Ava smacked her on the thigh where the hickey was forming. “Congratulations.”

“I ... never ... oh my ...” My mother gave me a dazed smile.

I fell on my side, still chuckling. Ava smacked my butt and howled with mirth.

“We can still hear you in the hall.” A woman’s muffled voice came through the door.

“We’re laughing, we’re not cumming, bitch.” Ava yelled back at the woman.

That made us all laugh harder. When we finally recovered, my mother got us all water, and we sat on the edge of the bed in a line, drinking and collecting ourselves.

“So, what’s next?” My mother sat to my left with her elbows resting on her thighs. Her body language looked tired, but her eyes were bright as she glanced at me. “You’re still hard, Evan.”

“How could I not be? This is the best day of my life.” I smiled at her.

“Pretty sure the best day of your life was our wedding day.” Ava said to my right. “Or maybe the time you got me those Swedish models for my birthday. Those guys were so tall ... and hot. Oh, or maybe it was the time we talked that married attorney into a three-way in her office ... and she dropped the case against us.”

“Wow ... we’ve had some crazy times.” I nodded thoughtfully.

“So ... um ... what’s next?” There was hope in my mother’s voice.

“Hmmmmm.” Ava rubbed her chin. “I guess I have to give your teenage son pointers on how to hit your g-spot with his dick. Ava gulped the rest of her water, stood, and put her glass back in the bathroom. She came back into the room and stood with her hands on her hips. “I bet you like doggy, don’t you, Mrs. Gosling? I bet your lover sometimes hits that special spot with your ass in the air.”

My mother's checks turned crimson, but she nodded.

"I'll show you a surefire way for Evan to nail that spot." Ava looked at me and waited.

"What? I don't know. I hardly have any experience with girls." I stood and jogged in place, my dick bouncing wildly. "But I'm ready for whatever."

"I feel like I should have a chalkboard for this." Ava giggled. She took the water glass from my mom, put it on the nightstand, and stood my mom up. She then had her lie flat on the bed with her legs hanging to the floor. "Now ... straighten your legs a little. Yes ... like that. Damn, you have a nice ass, Mrs. Gosling. I could bounce quarters off it. She slapped my mom's ass, and my mother let out a squeal.

"Now, I'll explain this clearly for your horny, teenage brain." Ava winked at me. "Put your feet on the floor next to the bed on either side of her ... farther apart ... yes ... now squat ... hold her hips ... here ... I'll help you put it in." Ava took hold of my cock.

"Ready, Mom?" My mom did have a gorgeous ass. And it was all mine. At least for the extended weekend. Although ... I might have to share with the wife-woman. I smiled at the thought.

"Yes ... sweetie." My mother's back was tense. The small muscles around her shoulders were bunched. She was gripping the sheets again, her lithe arm muscles also taut. "I'm ready. Hit that spot ... please."

"You'll want to arch your back, Mrs. Gosling." Ava pushed my dick into my mom's pussy and stepped back. "No, Mrs. Gosling, push your belly into the mattress. Yes, that changes the angle of your hips. Good. Now, Evan, plow your mom." She slapped my butt to spur me on. It worked. I pushed into my mother with little resistance. All the sex that weekend had really loosened her up. She was a sloppy, squelching mess as my hips found their rhythm. Her pussy made the most wonderful damp noises.

"Oohhh ... I'm sorry ... about the sounds ... sweetie." My mother's voice was strained.

"I like them." I grabbed her hips and tried to angle my dick toward the roof of her pussy.

"Never apologize for a queef, Mrs. Gosling." Ava stood behind me, looking over my shoulder. "That's good, Mrs. Gosling. Dig your toes into the ground and push your butt a little higher. Do you feel it yet?"

"Uuuuggghhhhhhhh ... it's ... it's ... ssnnoock!" My mother snorted and shook under me.

I kept pummeling away at her pussy. I was pretty sure I was hitting the mark now. My mother was vibrating with a low, guttural wail. The muscles in her back were even tighter than before. "Is that ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... good ... Mom?"

“Ggggggaaaaahhhhhhhh ...” Was my mother’s only reply.

“Nice work, you’ve turned her into a dumb, grunting beast.” Ava giggled. “I love when that happens to me.” I felt her hands on my ass, pushing me to smash my mom harder.

My mother’s wailing grew louder, her entire body quaking. I wondered if maybe we shouldn’t make so much noise. They could clearly hear us in the hall. It would be hard to explain to management what was going on. Especially after what had happened that morning. But I didn’t stop my mother from screaming out her climax when it arrived. I was too wrapped up in giving her such an experience. Suddenly, there was next-level wetness on my dick as she squirted, her pussy making even louder slurping sounds. It was all too much. “I’m ... uuugghhhh ... I’m ... going to ...”

“Knock her up ... Evan. Knock up ... your own mother ...” Ava pushed my ass, thrusting me all the way in. I was no longer pumping, just pressed to my mother’s flesh.

“No ... my ... real mother ... can’t ...” I shuddered. My orgasm was so close.

“What ... what?” My mom was recovering from her climax. “No ... Evan ... uuugghhhh ... not inside.”

“Mom ... Mom ... Mom ...” I used my grip on her hips to push back, dislodging myself from her pussy. I fell back on top of Ava on the floor.

My mother turned around and pounced on me. “Thank you ... thank you ... good boy. I’ll finish ... you.” She sucked me into her mouth.

“That’s ... good ... Mom ... uugghhhh.” I was aware that we’d dodged a bullet there. The wife-woman was dangerous. As much fun as we were having, I was determined to take the ring off Ava. But first, I had to cum. “Aaaaaahhhhhhhh.” I held my mother’s hair and exploded into her mouth.

“Damn ... you two ... get a room,” Ava said from underneath me.

I would have to deal with her, but first I’d have to finish feeding my mother cum.

Chapter 17

“Wow ... wow ... thank goodness you pulled out ... Evan.” My mom took a corner of the bedsheet and wiped the cum dripping from her chin. “I can’t believe ... sex is actually ... this good. And ... I’m having it with you.” Naked, she sat on her butt, catching her breath.

“I think it’s time you pounded me, dear.” Ava still sat behind me, hugging me around the neck. “What do you think, should we do a number eight?” I could see the ring on her hand right in front of my face.

“We weren’t supposed to have sex. I just wanted to ask her some questions.” My mom shook her head.

“Are you mad, Mom?” I casually put my hand on Ava’s, ready to pull the ring off if my mother was so inclined.

“I’m not mad. I’m confused and ... eerily satisfied.” My mother shook her head. “I suppose it was for the best. I’m sure we’re closer to our goal.” My mother was talking cryptically so that Ava and Fania wouldn’t know that we were trying to make the ring disappear. “We’ve learned enough for one night, though. Ready, Evan?” She nodded toward the ring.

I pulled the missus ring off Ava’s finger before she knew what was going on. She quickly withdrew her arms from around my shoulders and stood.

“You motherfucker! I was soooooooooo right about you two. Holy shit! I can’t believe Evan Gosling is a motherfucker!” Ava pointed a finger at me. “Not to leave you out, Mrs. Gosling, but sonfucker doesn’t have the same ring to it. Ha! I made a pun.”

“Very funny, Ms. Roslin.” My mom slowly got to her feet, went to the bathroom, and put on a hotel robe. She turned on the bathroom faucet and waited for it to get warm. “Evan, come here for a moment.”

I got up and went to the bathroom.

Behind me, Ava was still talking. “The things she knew. The way she saw the world. The way she handled you two. It’s like ... she was so in tune with the world. Like she was dancing to the beat of creation. She was at *the* frequency. *The* frequency! I can’t believe ...” Ava paced the room, talking a mile a minute.

“What is it, Mom?” I leaned in close to her.

"I'm glad that thing is finally cooled down." My mom pointed at my dick. "I want you to take my credit card, go to the front desk, and buy Ava a room for the night." My mother moved her face closer to mine and whispered, "I don't think she's fit to drive tonight."

"I agree." I could still hear Ava jabbering away behind me. "Also, your breath smells like cum, Mom. That's awesome."

My mother grimaced at me, but I thought I detected a hint of a smile. "I'm about to wash my face and brush my teeth." She blew out a long breath. "Can we trust Ava to keep this all a secret?"

"Yes, if we promise to let her wear the ring again, I'm sure she'll do whatever we want." I nodded.

"Okay, make that promise. Even if it's not true." She leaned closer and kissed my cheek. "You're a good kid, Evan. I'm sorry I thought you brought her here. You wouldn't do that. Now go, get dressed, and find her a room." She smacked my bare butt to get me moving.

"I'm not a kid, Mom." I splashed some water on my face and scrubbed. I didn't want to walk around with my mom's cum on my forehead.

"Yes, you're right. You're eighteen. An adult. And you do ... very adult things." She shrugged and smacked my butt again. "Now go."

And I did exactly as she asked. It was late, but we found Ava a room. I left her there with a promise not to tell anyone. Not even Gavin. I immediately returned to the room I shared with my mother. I used my card to enter and found her in her pajamas in bed.

"Is Ava taken care of?" My mom looked exhausted. She was adorable.

"Yep, she's good." I gave her a thumbs up. "I'm going to brush my teeth and come to bed."

"Maybe a quick shower, too?" She smiled, rolled onto her side, and put a pillow between her knees. "I'm going to sleep like a rock tonight."

"Me too, Mom." I returned her smile and went to the bathroom. By the time I returned to bed, she was already asleep. In my underwear, I spooned her. Reaching around and gently holding a handful of tit. I checked for the missus ring, and it was on the nightstand, safe and sound. I then turned out the lights, pressed my nose into her hair, and drifted off to sleep.

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The click of the door handle woke me sometime in the middle of the night. “Mom?” I didn’t open my eyes. I was still spooning my mom’s amazing body.

“Mmmmmmm ... Evan?” My mom wiggled her butt into me. It was a delicious feeling.

Something felt wrong. I opened my eyes. There was a shadow moving in our room.

“Hello?”

“Oh, shit.” The shadow had Ava’s voice.

I shot up in bed, reaching over my mom for the light. My mom shot up, too, and we bumped heads.

“Ow!” We both said.

“Shit, shit, shit!” Ava said in the dark. “Where is it?” There was a sudden blinding light as Ava turned on the flashlight on her phone. “Gotcha!” Ava snatched the ring off the nightstand, sprinted across the room, and ran out into the hall. I leapt out of bed and chased her, but stopped in the doorway. I couldn’t go running after her in my underwear. Could I? I looked back into the room.

My mother sat up in bed with wide, shocked eyes. “She ... stole the ring?”

“Yeah.” I nodded. “Do I ... go after her?” I looked down at my underwear.

“No.” My mother shook her head. “Even if you had clothes on, we can’t fight her for it in public. Come back into the room.” She beckoned me in.

“But ... we should do something.” I turned on the light and stood in the center of the room, my heart thumping in my chest.

“She must have stolen my keycard when I was talking to you in the bathroom. That girl is trouble.” My mom patted the sheet next to her. “Come back to bed. The ring will come back on its own. Hopefully before she has a chance to use it.”

“Yeah, that’s true.” I sat on the bed next to her, feeling deflated. “I let you down, Mom. I had a crush on her for so long, I didn’t think she’d do this to me.”

“She does seem like a loose cannon. I hope you have a crush on a nicer girl next time.” She slipped her hand into mine.

“I think I already do.” My heart wasn’t slowing down. It tried to beat out of my chest. I stared into my mom’s pretty eyes.

“That was ... fast.” She leaned her head against my shoulder. “Are you thinking about someone from school?”

“I have a crush on you, Mom,” I said.

“Oh ... ohhhhh.” She put her free hand to her mouth as she thought about what I’d said. “A while ago if you’d said you had a crush on me, I’d have signed you up for a shrink within minutes. But now ... I have to ask myself what I want. That’s what the wife-woman, Fania, would do.”

“What do you want?” I really hoped she was thinking what I thought she was thinking. *Please, please, please.*

“I want you to have a crush on me. I’m flattered. And it makes my tummy flutter. You’re such a good person.” She slipped her hand out of mine. “And you’re so handsome. I want you to want me, Evan. And I want you to not worry about the ring. It’ll come back. In the meantime, I’m going to take your mind off it.”

“You are?” I watched her slowly remove my underwear. I was already hard again. “Because this is what the wife-woman would do?”

“No.” She shook her head, leaned forward, and kissed my cock. “I learned from the wife woman to follow my own heart, no matter what. This is what *I* want to do.” She kissed her way down the shaft and back up. “My ... you have a marvelous penis, Evan. I ... have a confession ... to make,” she said between kisses. “I have ... a crush ... on you ... too.” With that, she opened her jaw wide and took my cockhead into her mouth.

“Oooohhhhhhh ... Mom. You’re amazing. I love you ... so ... uggghhh ... much.” As I said those words, her head bobbed faster on my dick.

“Mmmmmppphh!” She said. I was pretty sure that meant she loved me, too. *And* that she had a crush on me, too.

With what the wife-woman had taught me, I was going to make her happy. But it seemed it was my turn first. I laced my fingers into her hair and listened to her gurgle and hum on my dick. I prayed this wasn’t a *what happens at the Okpaze Inyan Hotel stays at the Okpaze Inyan Hotel* kind of thing.

“Yes ... like that ... with your tongue. Ohhhhhh ... God ... Mom ... I hope ... Ava ... uggghhhhh ... chokes on that ring. I only ... need you.” I pushed on her head. Ava could choke on the ring, but my mother was choking on my dick. It was a sweet, sweet sound. She put everything she had into the blowjob. While she was working, I pulled down her pajama bottoms and panties and massaged her pussy.

“Mmmmmppphhh!” She was sopping wet. I inserted a finger and beckoned with a come-hither motion on the ceiling of her pussy. She stopped bobbing her head, her body stiffened, and she trembled. It hadn’t taken me long to find that special spot.

“Don’t stop blowing me, Mom.” I kept up my beckoning motion in her vagina.

With a pop, she lifted her mouth off my cock. "It's ... ummmm ... hard to concentrate ... when you do ... that." She pumped my shaft with her left hand, her wedding ring glittering. Her eyes looked into mine, but they looked glazed. "I ... have a crush ... on my son." Her hips started bucking. Her face twisted. "I have ... ooohhhh ... a crush on my ... son." Her pumping motion on my dick was arhythmic. Her eyes rolled up. "Crush on ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." She came on my hand, squirting all over it and the bed. I'm sure our hotel neighbors weren't happy with us.

"You look so pretty when you cum like that," I said.

"Uuuggghhhhhh," she said.

When she was done cumming, my mom moved my hand away from her pussy and went back to the blowjob with gusto. She rolled onto her stomach, so naturally I grabbed her perfect ass. And since she had lubed up my hand, I wriggled a finger into her butt. "Mpppfffff." She didn't tell me to take it out, so I pumped her butt while she blew me. It was all too perfect. I couldn't last forever.

"Mom ... Mom ... Mooommmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm." My hips jerked, and I came down her throat, listening to her eager gulps. Afterward, I removed my finger and flopped onto my back. "That was ... amazing."

"Yeah." She nodded. "I seem to perpetually have your sperm on my chin." My mother got under the covers.

"Are you going to wipe it off?" I spooned her again.

"Why bother? You're just going to put more there in the morning." She yawned. "When the ring comes back. In the morning." She wiggled her butt into me.

"Yeah, good point." I was still hard, but I managed to work my way toward sleep. I hoped she'd be right about there being more cum in the morning. I never doubted her about the ring. Why would I? It was supposed to return to me. But when we woke up in the morning, it wasn't there.

That was when we thought we might have a problem on our hands ... a cute, blue-haired problem.

Chapter 18

For the second time that night, I woke in the dark. “Mom?” I reached out and felt around on her half of the bed, but she wasn’t there. “Mom?” I sat up, worried that Ava had somehow stolen my mother, too.

The bathroom door opened. I squinted at the sudden light. My mother stood backlit in the doorway. She was naked and glorious. “What’s wrong, sweetie?” My eyes were still adjusting to the light, so I couldn’t read her face at all. The tone of her voice said that everything was all right.

“Nothing’s wrong. I woke up, and you weren’t there. I was worried.” I stared at the lovely, curving outline of her body.

“Your mother won’t be sleeping next to you forever, Evan. You better get used to that.” She didn’t move from the doorway.

“I know ... I know. When we go home, you’ll sleep with Dad again. I was just ... worried for a second.” I rubbed my eyes. “What are you doing up?” I dropped my head back down onto the pillow.

“Well ... I woke up a little while ago, turned over, and wrapped my arms around you. I held you for a while,” my mom said. “Your thing was hard and poking into me. That made me think about what I want. I was trying to take the wife-woman’s lead. I *am* trying to take her lead. We’ve had some ... misadventures over this weekend. But all through it, I think we’re both learning and growing. And we’re getting closer to each other. And after what happened with Ava, I know we’re checking out early tomorrow. So, while I was holding you, I asked myself, ‘what do I want?’ And you know what? To my surprise, I had an answer. It was crystal clear. I wanted to end this trip on a peak. So, I got out of bed, showered off your sperm, and got myself ready. And here I am.” She lifted her arms in a *ta-da* gesture.

“I’m confused. What do you want? It’s not crystal clear to me.” I was sleepy and couldn’t follow exactly where this was going.

“I still have a crush on you, Evan. And I want to be as close to you as a mother can be to her son.” She gave me a dramatic pause. “I want you to shoot your stuff inside me. Just this once. I think I’m pretty safe. It’s worth the risk. I ... need to feel it. What do you think? That’s what I want. I wonder what you want. Some things are ... well ... the wife-woman is ... um ... decisive. I’m rambling. Sorry.” Her cheeks turned crimson, and she dropped her gaze to the floor.

“Yes!” I wasn’t sleepy anymore. “Just this once, sure. I want this, too. I’m head over heels for you.” I jumped out of bed and pulled off my underwear. My dick was as hard as it’s ever been, pointing directly at her.

“Don’t say you’re ‘head over heels’. It’s okay to have a crush on your mother, but let’s not go crazy. I’m still your mother.” She walked across the room toward me, her hips swaying. “And I’m doing this as your mother. I want this as your mother. I want to *feel* it inside me. Your stuff. Gosh, that’s liberating to say.” She stopped in front of me, my cock pressing into her thigh. She put her arms over my shoulders. “This is what I want. And I have a crush on you, too. And I love you, too. But as your mother. Understand?”

The lines that had governed my life had become blurred. But I did understand her. “It’s about connection. You want my cum so that we’ll be connected.” I thought it over. “Once it’s inside you, it will ... sort of ... always be inside you. You’ll have me inside you forever.” I kissed her, but she pulled back, smiling.

“You totally get me, Evan. I love you so much.” She booped my nose with her finger. Leaning back toward me, she planted her lips on mine, her tongue gallant and eager in my mouth. We made out for a long time, the light from the bathroom streaming over us. I worked my cock between her thighs, grabbed her ass, and rocked her back and forth on it. She moaned into my kiss.

The anticipation grew inside me. I was going to get to cum in my mom. I had done this before with the wife-woman, but this was vastly different than that. She wanted me to plant my seed as some sort of capstone to our wild time at the hotel. I was pretty sure it would be the capstone to my entire life. I wasn’t sure how I’d ever top it. I promised myself that I would remember every detail.

I lost myself in the make-out session and promptly couldn’t remember how we’d ended up on the bed with me on top of her. We broke the kiss. We were both panting.

“I ... really want to make you ... squirt again. But I also want to put it ... inside right now.” We stared into each other’s eyes. My hand worked down over her belly and found her pussy. I wasn’t surprised to find her sopping wet. I played with her labia and clit, causing her to arch her back under me.

“I know ... what I want. I want you ... to make me gush ... *with* your penis.” She rolled onto her belly, grabbed a pillow and put it under her hips. “This should be ... just like what the wife-woman showed us.”

She was right. It was a similar position. “It feels weird not mentioning a condom before putting it in.” I straddled her thighs. Her ass was downright magical from this angle. I committed every subtle curve to memory.

“It’s what I want, Evan.” My mom turned her head to the side. I brushed her hair back so I could see half her face as I entered her.

“I am crushing ... so hard.” I lined up my dick.

“Oh, Evan. You’re almost in. I’m going to let you ... uuuuggghhhhhhh.” She clutched the sheets as I entered her. “This is ... what I want ... this is ... what I want ... this is ... what I want.” She repeated the mantra over and over to the cadence of my thrusts, the only punctuation she needed was the slap of my hips on her ass. “Ooohhhhhh ... it’s already ... happening ... eeeeeiiiiiii.” I heard her kicking the mattress behind me. Her shriek went higher and higher, until I was worried her voice might break all the glass in the room.

Suddenly, my dick was more than frothy. It was completely flooded. The wife-woman had said I should pull out while she was squirting, but I didn’t feel like that doing that. Instead, I grabbed her hips and humped her harder. “Mom ... Mom ... Mom ...” It was my turn to chant a mantra to the cadence of our slapping skin. “Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ...” I *was* head over heels for her. Her pussy was the single greatest thing on Earth, and I wanted to lose myself in it. I forgot about the wife-woman, Ava, the ring, Dad, Gavin, the suspicious hotel manager, caution, control, and everything else in the universe that wasn’t my mother’s round ass, wailing voice, and tight pussy. Time itself was swallowed by that act. I slammed into my mother for what felt like an ecstatic eternity.

“Evan ... Evan ... I feel it ... you’re almost going to ... Evan ... yesssss ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... you’re so deep ... you’re going to ... put your stuff ... so deep ... Evan.” My mother continued to babble as she clutched the sheets. Her small back muscles spasming with each impact she absorbed.

Lights flashed before my eyes, almost like fireworks. “Mom ... I’m ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” I slammed one last time into her, pushing her hips and the supporting pillow into the mattress. I held myself buried inside her. She was screaming again, but I could barely hear her. I was too busy unloading into her womb. I shuddered through my eruption, and then I collapsed onto my mother’s back, still embedded in her.

We both panted wordlessly for a long time. She was slick with sweat, or maybe that was all me dripping onto her. It was one of the many ways I was having a hard time telling where she ended and I began. So many lines were blurred.

Eventually, she summoned the strength to talk. “I ... um ... think you ... broke my brain ... Evan. I can’t think ... straight.” She squeezed her pussy on my cock.

“I was worried ... you were going to say ... I broke your vagina.” I wasn’t ready to stop, slowly I pulled almost all of the way out of her and slid back in. I humped at a nice leisurely pace, her vagina burping out cum around my dick.

“You broke my vagina ... a while ago ... I think.” She turned her head and tried to look back at me, but I was still lying on her, so it was difficult for us to make eye contact. I didn’t feel like lifting myself up yet, so I kissed and sucked on her exposed neck. She shuddered under me. “I thought ... it was a one-time thing,” she said. “Shouldn’t we ... go back to sleep ... rather than ...” She let the squelching sounds of our mating finish the sentence for her.

“I’ve already ... ugh ... ugh ... cum in you ... Mom.” My hips accelerated. “It doesn’t matter ... if I add a little more. It’s ... ah ... ah ... ah ... a *one-night* thing. We’ve already ... taken the risk ... right?”

“You’re right ... Evan.” My mom nodded. “But I want to ... be on top of you the second time.”

We switched places. Soon, she was riding me with swiftly undulating hips, her fingers clawing at my chest. I had a hard time deciding where to look. Her tits wobbled exquisitely. But her face was even more enthralling. She had the strangest expression: a mix of concentration and stupefaction. I could see she desperately wanted my cum. Of course, that had a deleterious effect on my staying power.

“Evan ... Evan ... eeeeeiiiiiiii.” My mother threw her head back and screamed again. I could hear someone knocking on the door, asking us to keep it down. But that didn’t worry me at all in my ecstatic state. Instead of stopping, I shot another batch of cum into my mother.

“Ahhhhhhhhhh.” I reached up, grabbed her hair, and pulled her toward me. Her tits pressed into my chest as I filled her pussy. She was howling so loudly next to my ear that I heard ringing afterward. We stayed like that for a while. She was trembling on top of me, her slick chest pressed to mine.

We quieted down after that, and the person stopped knocking on our door.

Sweaty and exhausted, we cuddled on top of the sheets. I was still floating on my post-orgasmic high. I wondered if I’d ever come down. Neither of us bothered to get up and turn out the bathroom light.

“I don’t care if the ring is back on our nightstand in the morning. I don’t need to be the wife-woman anymore.” My mother’s voice was dreamy and distant. “I have what I need right here.”

“But Ava ...” I said.

“We’ll figure out how to deal with Ms. Roslin ... later.” My mother squeezed me tightly. “Together, we can do anything.”

I believed her. “I love you, Mom.” I squeezed her back.

“I love you too, Evan. I’m going to close my eyes now.” My mother’s breathing slowed, soft and even. I could tell she’d fallen asleep.

I wasn’t quite ready to join her in dreamland. I felt too good. I replayed the night’s events over and over in my mind. Before I knew it, I was asleep in her arms, dreaming of seeding her pussy.

Chapter 19

“The ring isn’t back, Evan.” My mother’s voice pulled me from sleep. I slowly sat up and rubbed my eyes. The curtains were open and sunlight flooded into the hotel room.

“The ... ring?” I blinked my eyes. My mother was already dressed, standing next to the bed. She pointed at the nightstand. “Ava still has the ring. It didn’t come back. We ... we can’t let her have it.”

“It’s early, the ring probably hasn’t come back ... *yet.*” I shrugged and put my head back on the pillow.

“It’s after ten. You’ve been sleeping like a ... well ... like a teenager.” My mother pressed her lips together with worry. “It isn’t coming back this time.” She shook her head. “I wanted to be rid of it so many times. It came back from the trash. From the lake. From the forest. But it won’t return from Ms. Roslin’s purse?”

I sat up again. The news about the time worried me. The ring should have been back by now. “So ... Ava still has the ring?”

“Get dressed. We’re checking out. Maybe the ring went back to your bedroom at home.” She picked up my clothes and tossed them onto the bed. I could see that she’d already packed.

“Shouldn’t I shower first? I’m feeling pretty crusty after last night.” I got out of bed, still naked. The scents of stale sweat and sex wafted off me and spread about the room.

“No time for jokes, mister. We have to go.” She scowled at me, picked up my t-shirt, and pulled it over my head.

Soon, we were in the car heading to the crazy old man’s magic shop. We spent most of the trip in silence, although I did navigate for her.

When we arrived at the store, we found that it was closed.

My mother cupped her hands on the window and peered in. “Are you hiding in there, little man?”

“The sign says it’s closed on Mondays.” I pointed to the sign hanging inside the window.

“Monday? Gosh, I’d forgotten it was Monday.” She looked over at me. “Since our trip was cut short, you should go to school.”

“No way, Mom.” I lifted my arm and pointed to my pit. “I stink.”

She nodded slowly. “Okay, no school today. We’ll go home, get you a shower, check your room for the ring, and talk about what to do with Ava.” And that was our plan.

I took a shower, and then my mom and I searched my room thoroughly. We were almost finished, and the Missus Ring was nowhere to be found. My mother was on her hands and knees, looking under my dresser. She was wearing yoga pants and the sight of her stopped me in my tracks. My anxiety about the ring faded, and before I knew it, I was on my knees behind her. My hands roamed the curves of her ass.

“Stop that, Evan. Now is not the time.” She pulled several hidden magazines out from under my dresser and continued looking. I was too smitten by her butt to even care about the porn she’d found.

“I’m sorry, Mom. I’m head over heels for you.” I squeezed her ass cheeks playfully.

“Don’t say that. And don’t touch me ... there. I ...” Her voice drifted away as my hand rubbed her pussy through her pants.

Seizing the moment, I pulled down her pants and panties, leaving them around her knees. “Wow ... Mom ... how could I not?” I slid two fingers into her pussy. She was already wet. I tried to find her g-spot as the wife-woman had shown me, but the angle was all wrong from the back.

“Evan ... the ring ... we ... um ... need to find it ... I ... um ... what do I want?” Her hips rotated in little circles, matching the motion of my fingers inside her.

“Let’s take a break. If the ring is here, it’ll turn up. But we only have one chance to be close to each other. You want to be close to me ...” I phrased it in the way I knew would make her most happy. “... before Dad gets home. We can deal with Ava and the ring later.”

“Yes ... yes ... hurry and put it in.” She stopped her search under the dresser and looked over her shoulder at me. “But remember to ... ooooohhhhhhhhh ... pull out.” Her eyes crossed a little and went wide when I removed my fingers and inserted my cock into her pussy. “Finishing inside ... was a one-time ... thing. Only at the hotel ... uuuugghhhh ... okay?”

“Sure ... got it.” My hips knew what to do. Soon, I was slamming into her and pulling her ass back to meet my thrusts with a solid grip on her hips. “No ... babies ... I know. What happens at ... ah ... ah ... ah ... the Okpaze Inyan Hotel ... stays at the ... Okpaze ... Inyan ... Hotel.”

“Yes ... yes ... yesssssssss.” My mother screamed out those words. I wasn’t sure if she was agreeing with me or trying to encourage me. Either way, it was nice not to worry about our noise. We could get as loud as we wanted. “You’re not quite ... hitting that ... special place ... uuuggghhhhhh ... but it’s wonderful ... to have you ... back there. I ... uuugghh ... ugh ... ugh ... have a crush on ... yooouuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu.” Her body jerked, and she made a strange snorting sound. I was pretty sure she was cumming already.

We humped on my floor for more than forty minutes. We'd had so much sex recently that my staying power had peaked. I was also, maybe, starting to tire out. I would need to rest eventually. It's not like the ring had given me a magic dick. But rest was for later. Eventually, I pulled out of my mother, fapping my dick over her ass.

"Ooohhhhhh ... yes ... yes ... Evan ... spray it on me." My mother pushed her ass high in the air for me.

"Cumming ... Mom ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." I released all over her pale butt and the back of her cotton top.

"Wow ... wow, wow, wow ... wow." My mother shivered as she sat up and turned toward me. She eyed my penis speculatively. "Is this what it's going to ... be like now? Sudden ... unexpected ... mind-blowing sex when you're around ... and your father isn't?"

"I mean ... I can't promise anything ..." I laughed. She shook her head slowly, looking at me with an amazed expression. By the time we got ourselves and my room cleaned, Dad was home. So we didn't get a chance to plan for Ava.

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That night at dinner, I couldn't take my eyes off my mother. She would often glance at me, but her gaze would quickly turn to my father. The quick flickers of guilt on her face made me adore her all the more. I knew what she was risking for me. She loved my dad, and didn't want to mess things up with him. I knew that. I could accept that. I loved him, too. But despite all that, I was the one she desired. I was the one she would risk it all for. I was the one ...

"What are you smirking at, Evan?" My dad sipped his wine and studied my face.

"I wasn't smirking, Dad. I was smiling. Mom and I had a great time on our trip. I was thinking about how we bonded." I shrugged.

"You bonded while checking out campuses?" He said.

"Yes," my mom said.

"No," I said at the same time.

My father looked at us quizzically. "So ... did you look at colleges or not?"

"I ... um ... we ... well ..." I was cool under pressure.

“We did visit colleges. Of course we did.” My mother nodded, perhaps too enthusiastically. “But maybe we bonded over other things on the trip?”

“What other things?” My dad narrowed his eyes and looked back and forth between us.

“Ping pong.” I’d seen a ping pong table at the hotel. It popped into my head.

“Hiking,” my mom said at the same time. “We ... um ... went hiking, and we played ping pong.”

“*You* played ping pong?” My father stared at my mother, his voice incredulous.

“It was fun.” My mother nodded. “How about you? How was your weekend? How many holes did you shoot?”

“Thirty-six.” My father smiled and launched into a long recap of his weekend on the links. It was a good save by my mom. Golf could distract him from just about anything. I decided we’d have to get our stories straight about the hotel.

~~

Late that night, I was reading in bed. There was a soft knock, and my mother entered my room. She smiled warmly and shut the door behind her. She was wearing pajamas, and her face had been scrubbed of makeup. She was ready for bed, but didn’t look sleepy to my eye. “Hey, Mom.” I smiled back at her.

“Your father’s asleep.” She walked over to me and sat on the edge of my bed, patting my knee through the blanket. “We need to talk about a few things. We should probably get on the same page about what we did at the hotel, in case he asks again. And we need to deal with Ms. Roslin. There’s no magic ring here, which means that she has it. And who knows what mischief she’s up to with it? She could be doing something perverted at this very moment.”

We talked about the hotel first. It took us about ten minutes to come up with a make-believe itinerary. We practiced it a few times. I quizzed my mom, and then she quizzed me. After that, we turned to the topic of Ava Roslin.

“Perhaps I should phone her parents and warn them about the ring?” My mom stood, removed her bottoms, and folded them over my chair. She then wiggled out of her panties.

“You can’t call her parents, Mom. She’ll rat us out to them if you do. Or she’ll call Dad.” I stared at the beguiling triangle of hair between her legs. “Are we going to do *something* with Dad home?”

“It’s okay, he took one a melatonin. And I’ll be quiet.” She pulled down my blanket. I was only wearing underwear, and she pulled them off. “I’ll be on top to control the pace. It’ll be a nice and steady ride while we talk. Nothing crazy.” She mounted me and quickly slipped me into her sopping pussy. “Uuuuummmmmmm.” The sound she made as her hips got going was something between a moan and a satisfied sigh. True to her word, my mother kept her hips in a slow, steady rhythm. “So, we won’t ... tattle on her.” My mother said. “Do we confront her somewhere? Do we ... wait until we can talk to the shop owner to make a plan? Do we text her? Do we ... just let her have the damn thing?”

“I don’t know, Mom.” I was too focused on the enveloping tightness of my mother’s pussy to think straight. I kneaded her tits through her pajama top while trying to gather my thoughts. I opted for the path of least resistance. “Let’s wait to talk to the shop owner. Then we can decide. And maybe ... I shouldn’t go to school tomorrow. I can go to the shop with you.”

“If you skip ... you’ll go to the shop with me ... and do ... other things. I see your schemes, mister.” She booped my nose with a finger. “But I don’t want you ... seeing Ava at school before we ... have a plan. So ... maybe you should skip.” Her hips were speeding up. “Ugghhh ... ugggghhh ... uuuuggghhh ... we’re going to ... uuugggghhhhh ... have a busy day ... tomorrow.” My mother was now making quick, serpentine movements on top of me.

I handed her my underwear. “Put these ... ugh ... ugh ... in your mouth ... so you don’t scream.” She did as instructed. There was no more planning in my room after that. But we humped for more than an hour. When she finally stumbled toward my door, her face and pajama top were covered in cum. She turned out the light on her way out. We said goodnight, I rolled onto my side, and I thought about how we would deal with Ava.

Chapter 20

“Hello?” My mom held my hand tightly as we walked toward the back of the shop. “Mr. Shopkeeper, are you here? It’s me, Amy. With my son, Evan. The Goslings.”

“I don’t think he’s here, Mom.” I looked back longingly toward the door, wishing we could just leave.

We passed the pile of board games the crazy, little man had tried to sell us last time. The stack looked shorter than before. I wondered what was happening to the people who’d bought a game from him.

“He’s got to be here somewhere, just waiting to pop out at us.” My mother stopped in front of a statue of a curvy goddess. “*Sumerian fertility goddess, fun to have at parties,*” she read the label.

“Pop, pop.” Said a wizened voice behind us. We turned to see the shopkeeper, wearing the same ridiculous outfit. Mom was right, he was waiting to pop out at us. “I love to see happy customers back to purchase more. Are you interested in that statue? I must say, it might be a little redundant in your case, so I’ll give you a discount.”

“We’re not interested in the statue.” My mother’s grip tightened on my hand.

“Perhaps you’re looking for some contraceptive powder? Never too late for some family planning,” the man said.

“Wait ... what?” Was he talking about something we could use to avoid condoms all together?

“I don’t know what that’s supposed to mean.” My mother’s voice was sharp and tight. It was the tone that said *run ... run for your lives.*

The shopkeeper didn’t run. He smiled instead. “I have a monkey’s paw that –”

“The ring. What happened to the ring? A teenager has it. She’s only eighteen, and she was crazy before the ring.” My mom pointed a finger at the shopkeeper. “She’s going to harm herself and others with it.”

“No, she isn’t.” He shook his head.

“Yes, she is,” my mom said.

“Isn’t.”

“Is.”

“Isn’t.”

“You don’t know her, you little weasel. She will use the ring for evil. The wife-woman will cause all sort of –” My mother was interrupted.

“I know her quite well, Mrs. Gosling. You’re talking about Ava Roslin. She’s the whole purpose for the ring. And the purpose is complete. No more ring. She doesn’t have it. No one has it.” He pointed at the door. “Now, if you won’t be purchasing anything, you’ll have to leave.”

My mother growled, reached into her purse, and pulled out a hundred-dollar bill. “We’ll buy something. Just give us whatever and tell us what the heck happened.”

“Yes, yes. Very good.” The shopkeeper snatched the money and walked down the aisle, looking at his products, presumably to give us our money’s worth. “I told you the disclaimer. ‘The ring will stay with its purchaser until it is no longer needed. Then it will ... poof.’ Well, the stated purpose upon purchase was making Ava Roslin leave Gavin Carver in favor of Evan Gosling.”

“But I thought ... it was about my finding happiness. To be as happy as the wife-woman.” My mother frowned as we followed him.

“Why would you think that?” The man picked up a dreamcatcher and put it back down, shaking his head. “That’s very egotistical of you, Mrs. Gosling.”

“My mom and I thought that’s what you meant by the disclaimer,” I said.

“Well, I can’t be held responsible for that.” He shrugged. “Ah, here it is.” He picked up a bell. “The Bell of Silence. This is a good value and should be useful. Ring this and no one will be able to hear you outside the room you occupy. You know, like nosy neighbors, visiting parents, husbands. That sort of thing. You’ll be silent to them.” He handed me the bell. “Now, off you go.”

“But, Ava hasn’t left Gavin. The ring isn’t gone. It’s –” It was my turn to be interrupted.

“Are you smarter than the Missus Ring, Evan?” He pushed us toward the door. “Now, don’t come back unless you want to buy something else. Thank you and have a good day.”

“But ...” My mother started. Her voice faded because, without going through the door, we somehow found ourselves on the other side of it. We were standing on the sidewalk looking at the shop. Which was closed for lunch.

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We were driving home in stunned silence. Suddenly, Mom pulled off the road and parked the minivan next to a park. She got out without a word, so I followed her. We walked to a bench overlooking a lake. She sat and stared out at the water. I sat next to her.

“Everything we did was ... for nothing. I didn’t have to ... cheat on your father or ... let you ...” Her voice trailed away.

I put a hand on her thigh. “It wasn’t for nothing, Mom. I have a crush on you. You have a crush on me. Remember? It was ... an accident. But it’s a good one ... right?”

“I don’t know.” She groaned and put her face in her hands. “Did Ava contact you since she stole the ring? What are you not telling me? Did she break up with her boyfriend?”

“I’m telling you everything. I promise.” I pulled my phone out of my pocket and handed it to her. “You can look at whatever you want on there. Nothing from Ava. I haven’t seen her. The old man was wrong.”

My mom groaned again and put her head on my shoulder. Her hand worked its way over to my thigh, and she squeezed it. “I thought ... when you finished in me ... I don’t know ... I was so happy ... I thought maybe that was why the ring didn’t come back. I mean, it was either that or Ava had it. And ... I was wrong about all of it. And now ... I’ve had your stuff in me.” With the hand not squeezing my thigh, she rubbed her belly.

“It’s hardly past noon, Mom. I’m skipping school. Let’s go home and spend the day together.” I stood up and pulled her to her feet. “We made a mistake. But the ring is gone like we wanted. And we have each other.”

My mother looked into my eyes. “We should go back to the way things were. You’re my son. I’m married to your father. My crush on you is ... wrong.” She blushed.

My stomach dropped. I was suddenly very nervous that it was over. “Mom, I ...”

She put a finger on my lips. The wind rustled in the trees around us. My mother smiled at me. “But even though it wasn’t the point of this, I still have to ask myself, what would the wife-woman do? What would make me happy?” She paused, looking into my eyes.

“Mom, I don’t –” I was pleasantly cut off this time when her lips pressed against mine. She wrapped her arms around my shoulders, and we kissed for a long time. My hands slowly crept around to her ass and grabbed two wonderful handfuls.

My mother broke the kiss and smiled at me. “I can’t go back to the way things were. I’m crushing too hard on you, Evan.” She took my hand and pulled me back to the car. She drove us home in record time.

~~

“Should we use the bell, Evan?” My mother was quickly undressing. We were in my room. I stopped removing my clothes to stare at her. More and more of her gorgeous body came into view.

“When’s Dad getting home?” I said, my gaze gravitating to her jiggling tits. I loved the way she shimmied back and forth as she pulled her pants down.

“Around six. We’ve got all afternoon. So, I guess we don’t need the bell right now. But we should test it.” My mother pulled off her panties. She stood naked before me, wearing only her socks. “Is something wrong? You’re not naked.” She frowned at me and reflexively covered her breasts with her arm.

“No ... no ... you’re so beautiful, you distracted me. I’m crushing hard, Mom.” I went back to disrobing. “Sorry.” I stepped out of my pants.

“Let’s test the bell later. I want you to crush me hard, mister.” She flopped her belly onto the bed, her ass bouncing perfectly.

I laughed. “What did you just say?”

Lying on her stomach, she looked over her shoulder at me. “What’s so funny? It was sexy wordplay.”

“I love you so much, Mom.” Finally naked, I jumped on the bed next to her, grabbed one of my pillows, and put it under her hips. “Let’s call this the wife-woman position.” I mounted her and slipped into her sopping pussy.

“Oooooohhhhhhhh ... Evan ... I’m glad ... we misunderstood that horrible little man. This is ... what I want ... you are ... what I want ... uuuugggghhhhh ... ughh ... uughh ... my perfect ... son.” Mom gripped the sheet and pushed her ass back at my thrusts. I could have been at school, but instead, I had my hands pressed into my mother’s back, and my hips were on autopilot. I glanced at the clock. I would have been in biology at that moment with Ava. I guess I was still learning about biology regardless.

“Aaaahhhhh ... oooohhhhhh ... you’re hitting it ... uuughhhhhh ... ssnooorrrkkkkk.” My mother made that wild snorting sound she sometimes makes when she’s cumming. Her squelching pussy got louder, and I could feel her juices spreading on my hips and thighs. The wife-woman had wanted me to pull out when she squirted. I respected the wife-woman, but sometimes I’d rather just plow the cum right out of Mom. I humped her to several more orgasms before getting too winded to keep pounding her. Still inside her, I fell on my side and gently pumped my hips. We spooned like that for a while.

“Goodness ... Evan ... I think ... you might be ... getting better.” She exhaled loudly. “It was already ... so good.” She reached down and touched the puddle on my sheet. “It’s embarrassing how much I ... squirt ... with you.”

“I like it ... Mom.” I kissed her sweaty, delicate back.

“I’m glad ... you like it. It’s still embarrassing. I ...” My mother stopped talking and her muscles stiffened when the doorbell rang.

“Ignore it, Mom. Probably ... just someone leaving a package.” I continued to slowly slide my cock in and out of her pussy. The doorbell rang several more times. It eventually stopped.

“You’ve done all the work today. It’s Mommy’s turn.” She pulled her pussy off my cock, pushed me onto my back, and mounted me in reverse. She guided my dick back inside her, held my thighs, and started bouncing. “Oooohhhh ... gosh ... if you ... hadn’t gone to that shop ... we would have missed out ... on this. I ... uuuhhhgghhhh ... I ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” She was cumming again.

She was still bouncing on me when I heard a ping at the window. I ignored it. Maybe it was a big insect or something. But there was another ping and another. My mother’s hips stopped abruptly, and she looked at the window. “What ... is that?” She dismounted me. “Go check.”

“Um ... okay.” I crawled out of bed, pulled open the curtain, and looked out. I flinched when Ava threw another pebble that plinked off the glass. I quickly ducked, letting the curtain close. “It’s Ava, Mom,” I hissed.

“That little tramp.” My mother covered herself with my sheet.

“I saw you, Evan Gosling. I know you’re up there.” Ava’s voice came in muffled through the glass. And if her voice could travel in, then Mom’s screams ... “I can hear what you two are doing,” Ava said. “I’m not leaving. I want to apologize.”

“We should have used the bell.” I peeked out through the curtain again. Ava waved at me sarcastically. “Do we ignore her?”

“We can’t ignore her, Evan. We need to deal with her.” Mom pointed at my throbbing dick. “But you need to make that go down before we talk to her.”

“I can’t.” I shrugged.

“Fine.” Mom crawled across the floor to me. “I’ll do it.” She grabbed my dick and began blowing me with intensity.

With Mom out of Ava’s sightline, I opened the window and looked down at my former crush. “Give us ten minutes. I’ll meet you ...” I winced with pleasure as my mother

rolled her tongue around my cockhead. "I'll meet you at the back door." I closed the window, not waiting for a response from Ava. I slid my fingers into my mother's hair and let her blow me to orgasm.

Chapter 21

I opened the back door. “Come in, Ava.” She entered our house and followed me into the kitchen. My mom was waiting for us with her arms crossed, leaning her shoulder on the fridge. She looked so pissed. It was such a scary expression for me, I had a hard time making eye contact with Mom. And she wasn’t even mad at me.

“Hi, Mrs. Gosling.” Ava gave a friendly wave to my mother. “You look nice.”

“You shouldn’t pretend to be friendly, Ava. Look how mad my mom looks.” I sat down at the kitchen table.

“Yes, angry-mom vibe. That whole thing stopped working on me years ago.” Ava shrugged and sat across the table from me. “Are you going to sit with us, Mrs. Gosling?”

My mother didn’t say anything. She continued to glower at Ava.

“I suppose it’s not easy sitting down after what Evan just did to your backside.” Ava gave my mother a saccharine smile.

I winced.

My mother ground her teeth. “What do you want, young lady?” Her voice dripped with venom. Just hearing her like that froze my blood. I reminded myself her rage wasn’t directed at me.

“I came here to apologize,” Ava said. She turned away from my mother and looked at me. “Where’s the ring? I got home, and it was gone. I was going to share it with Gavin. He’s so angry that I lost it. But I know I didn’t lose it. I know it was in the cup holder. And then ... it wasn’t. I looked everywhere. So, I’m guessing you know how to retrieve it. It’s fucking magic, right? I shouldn’t have tried to steal it. I’ll give you anything, Evan. Just share it with me.”

“The ring is g—” I started.

“Hold on, Evan. We should talk.” My mother pushed off from the fridge and beckoned me out of the room. She frowned at Ava. “Stay here, Ms. Roslin. And don’t steal anything.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it.” Ava smiled beatifically.

When we were in the living room, my mom whispered, “Get the bell.”

I ran upstairs, grabbed the bell, and jogged back down a few seconds later. “Here.”

My mother took the bell from me and gave it a ring. It resounded around the room. “Ms. Roslin, I have the ring for you. Come here and you can take it back to your degenerate boyfriend,” my mom said. We waited. Ava didn’t arrive.

“So, I guess the bell works.” I smiled.

“No smiling, Evan Mitchell Gosling. This is serious business.” My mom put the bell down on the mantle and eyed the doorway. “We can’t tell her it’s gone. She could make trouble for us if we don’t use it against her. We need leverage here.”

“Honestly, Mom. I think we should just tell her it’s gone. She’ll go chase some other high and forget about us. She’s very good at forgetting about me. Years of practice.” I suppressed my inclination to smile at my scowling mother.

“I hear what you’re saying, but I’m overruling you. No, sorry, Evan.” She held up her finger to silence me before I could protest. “I can’t let her ruin my marriage. We’ll tell her she can have another turn with the ring if she ... um ...” She rubbed her chin. “We’ll make her do some embarrassing stuff for us. And then ... we’ll record it. This will give us mutually assured destruction.”

“Like ... what kind of stuff?” I looked toward the doorway. I could see one of Ava’s eyes peeking around the frame.

“No way, don’t get any ideas,” Mom said. “I’m all for you having a girlfriend, Evan. But not that little, blue-haired thief.” My mom shook her head, her brows furrowed.

“There’s no way.”

“I wasn’t thinking that. I just didn’t know what we’re going to do?” This seemed a bit crazy to me. But Mom really didn’t like Ava. Maybe I could somehow just stay out of it.

“Let’s start by having her wash our car in the driveway. She won’t like that. We can tell her you’ll text her with the next task in a couple days. We’ll think of something by then.” Mom picked up the bell from the mantle. “You can come in now, Ms. Roslin.” She glanced at where Ava was still peeking at us. “The bell still works, I guess. That’s good.” My mother rang the bell and put it back on the mantle. “You can come in now, Ms. Roslin.”

Ava bounded into the room. “So, where’s the ring?”

“It occurs to me that you said you came here to apologize, but you haven’t actually said anything of the sort.” My mother folded her arms.

“I’m so sorry, but I thought you were going to keep it away from me. I really need the ring.” Ava beamed at us. I could tell, of course, that she wasn’t being sincere. But she was good at faking it. “Let me just have a turn with it. Maybe once a week or something?”

“A real apology isn’t ‘sorry, but’, Ms. Roslin.” My mother sighed.

"I'll tell your husband if you don't let me have it." Ava was still smiling. The incongruity of her expression and words was jarring.

I shook my head. "Oh, Ava."

"I'll make a deal with you, young lady." My mother gave her the terms of our fake agreement.

"You want me to wash your car ... like now?" Ava finally lost her grin.

"Do enough chores and we'll give you a turn with the ring at some point." My mother's smile was frigid.

"Fine." Ava turned and left the room. I walked her out of the house. She happily tried to make small talk with me as I helped her get set up in the driveway. Then, I left her to wash the car.

"What did you say to her?" Mom was standing by the front window when I found her inside the house.

"Nothing. She was talking to me about people at school and stuff. Why?" I walked up next to my mother and looked out at the front driveway. Ava had taken off her pants, shoes, and socks. She was vigorously scrubbing our car with a sponge, wearing only a pair of boring panties and a top. Her ass was shaking ridiculously as she worked. "Oh ... I ... um ... didn't know she was going to do that."

Ava saw us watching her from the window. She beamed at us and waved.

"What will the neighbors think?" My mother facepalmed.

Ava started dancing around the car like she was listening to music. At least she was actually cleaning it.

"Do you want her to stop?" I stared at Ava's shaking ass. I was over my crush on her, but she was exceptionally pretty.

"No. At least it's early enough that most people are still at work. Stop staring." She grabbed my ear and pulled me away from the window. "I want you in the basement playing games or something."

"What are you going to do?" I rubbed my ear when she let go.

"I'm going to make sure she doesn't get completely naked. Then I'll send her home when she's done," my mother said.

"Okay." I frowned and headed down to the basement. I had been hoping to hump my mom at least once more that day. That was off the table now. Ava seemed to have a way of messing things up for me.

~~

My mother did take pictures of Ava washing our car, but we both agreed that it wasn't leverage we could use against her. She *had* taken off her pants in our driveway. If anything, it was leverage she could use against us. Ava left a few minutes before my dad got home. Which was good, because I'm sure he would have had questions about the eighteen-year-old whipping her wet, blue hair back and forth as she cleaned the minivan.

On a brighter note, it turned out that my sex life for the day wasn't as hopeless as I'd assumed. After my basement time was over, I caught up on homework, we had a normal dinner, and I got ready for bed. I was lying down, reading a book on top of my covers, when there was a light knock on the door.

"Evan ... your father's asleep," my mother poked her head in.

"Hey, Mom. You want to talk about Ava?" I finished reading the paragraph and put the book down. I heard the door quietly shut behind her. I was wearing a t-shirt and underwear. My dick was soft, and my body relaxed. When I looked over at my mother, my eyes went wide. I had expected her to be wearing pajamas, but she was in lingerie. And she was holding the bell.

"I don't want to talk about *her*. Not now." My mother scowled. She took a deep breath, and her face brightened. "I thought we could test the bell out some more. It seemed to work well earlier today." She walked over to me, put the bell on my chest, and walked back to the door. I watched her ass wiggle in that amazing outfit. "I'm going to step outside. Ring the thing. Make some noise. Ring it again. Make some more noise. But not enough to wake up your father. Got it?" She smiled when she caught me ogling her gussied boobs.

When she left the room, we ran our tests. It was just like we thought. One ring for silence. I could hear her in the hall, she couldn't hear a thing inside the room. The second ring of the bell put sound back to normal. She could hear me again. The next ring brought silence again, and so on. It worked perfectly. The Missus Ring was a complete fuckup. It hadn't even fulfilled its stated purpose. There was no way Ava was ever going to leave Gavin for me. But the Bell of Silence seemed to work as advertised. I guess that old, crazy shopkeeper was good for something.

"I suppose by now you've realized that I wouldn't have dressed up like this just to test the bell." Mom was back in my room again. She rang the bell and put it on my desk, giving us our shield of silence.

"I ... was hoping ..." My dick was no longer soft. I could see her eyeing the outline of it through my underwear.

"We were interrupted today by that little hussy. Earlier tonight, while I listened to your father falling asleep, I asked myself what I wanted." She stood in the center of the room and posed for me. It goes without saying that she was beautiful. But she was also so at ease with me. I felt like we'd really turned a corner at the hotel. She glanced at my poorly hidden erection. "I'm guessing you want the same thing?"

"I love you so much, Mom." I scooted over and patted the mattress next to me.

"I love you too, Evan." She hopped onto the bed, giggling.

Twenty minutes later, I was plowing my mother from behind.

"Snnnooorrrrrkkkkkkk!" She made that wild, pre-orgasmic snorting sound I'd become familiar with. We didn't need to worry about the noise. That was good because my bed was squeaking like a raging mouse, and she was screaming her head off. "Oooohhhh ... my hair ... Evan ... pull my hair ... ow ... not that hard ... yes ... yes ... like that ... hold me ... uuuggghhhhhh ... how you want me ... I ... I ... sssnnnnookkkkkk." Her ass shook perfectly, her back arched, her shiny blond hair meandered through my fingers. She wailed as she came.

Fifteen minutes later, my mother was riding me in reverse. We were in a completely different position, but I was still staring at her magnificent, quaking ass.

"I can tell ... uuuggghhhhhh ... that you're ... ready ... Evan." My mother bounced on me with long, powerful strokes. The smell of her pussy and our sweat filled the room. I reached out and held her ass cheek firmly. She looked over her shoulder at me. "I'm ... uuuggh ... uuuggghhhh ... uuggghhhh ... safe ... enough ... today ... finish inside me. That's what I ... want."

"Okay ... Mom." I needed no more encouragement. "Cumming ... aaaahhhhhhhhhh!" I unloaded deep inside her. It felt like the orgasm lasted forever. In that moment, I had no worries about whether the bell would work. About my dad discovering us. About Ava messing up what I had with Mom. There were no fears about knocking up my mother. I was lost in that ecstatic moment. "Looooooveeee ... yooouuuuuuuuu ... uuuggghhhhhh." I dug my fingers into the flesh of her ass cheek, probably leaving a mark.

"Looovvvvveee ... you ... tttoooooooooooooo." My mother jerked her head back and orgasmed again as I filled her.

Chapter 22

“There’s a young woman mowing our lawn.” Dad walked into the kitchen where I was reading my phone and Mom was baking. “She’s practically naked.”

My mother scowled at me. “I thought you were supposed to tell her to keep her clothes on!”

“She told me she’d wear a t-shirt and shorts.” I held up my hands in surrender. “It’s not my fault.”

“This is not going well.” My mother wiped her hands on a towel, straightened her apron, and went to the living room to look. My dad and I followed her.

Ava *was* wearing shorts. The shortest shorts I’d ever seen. And she *was* wearing a t-shirt, but it was tied under her boobs. Technically, she hadn’t lied.

“I have to say, Amy, I’m surprised you’d hire someone ... like her.” My dad watched Ava’s mowing with deep concentration.

“Gosh, Greg, she’s only eighteen. Don’t stare at her like that.” My mother slapped my dad’s shoulder. She then looked at me. “Goodness, Evan, stop staring too.”

“I’m sorry, Mom. I’m not interested in her.” I watched my mom storm off.

“You should be interested in her, Evan.” My dad nudged me with his elbow. “She’s hot.”

“Gross, Dad.” I shook my head.

Ava noticed us in the window and beamed at us, giving us a friendly wave as she passed by with the mower.

My return wave was somewhat more tepid than my father’s.

~~

I begged my mom to give up on her humiliation plan. Ava was beyond shame. But my mother kept trying. We had Ava trim the shrubbery. We had her do our grocery shopping. We had her do every menial chore Mom could think of. Ava did all of these in various stages of undress with a smile on her face.

At school, Raji stopped me in the hall. “What’s with you and Ava Roslin?” He said. “Word around school is that she’s your maid or something?”

“It’s complicated.” My cheeks flushed. I could have told him about the Missus Ring and how I was fucking my mother, and Mom was trying to use these stupid tasks as leverage against Ava. But, I decided not to. “It’s really complicated.”

“You’d tell me if you were dating her, right?” Raji eyed me suspiciously.

“Would she be mowing my lawn if I was dating her?” I shrugged.

“I hear she’s kinky, man. Could be, could be she’d do that.” He studied my face for clues.

“I’m not dating Ava. Whoever is saying that is wrong.” This was true even of magic rings, which were notoriously wrong on this subject.

“Cool.” Raji held up his hands. “You coming to Roan’s place tonight? His mom is ordering pizzas.”

“I can’t. My dad’s going out tonight, so my mom and I are ... hanging out.” I should have thought of a better cover.

“When did you become such a momma’s boy?” Raji frowned. The bell rang. “I’ll catch you later.” He rushed off to class.

“Yeah, later.” I shook my head and turned toward my English class.

~~

“I’m getting very frustrated, Evan!” My mother pushed me onto the kitchen chair. “Take out your penis. I need to vent!” She had been venting a lot via my dick lately. It was an odd sexual situation for me. Historically, there was nothing I feared more than my mother’s wrath. But now, with her anger focused on Ava, it meant some wild sex. Especially when my dad was out of the house, and we didn’t have to use the bell.

“Okay, Mom.” I hurried to bring my erection out into the open.

“Gosh ... that little b-word has me riled up.” Her eyes lit up when she saw my cock. Hiking up her skirt, she pulled her panties to the side and mounted me on the chair. Her eyelids fluttered as I slid into her sopping pussy. “That’s ... ooohhhhhh ... better.”

Maybe I should note here that we were having daily sex at this point, and it wasn’t all of the Mom-is-frustrated variety. My mom had decided that humping me is what the wife-woman would do, and she was going to live life to the fullest. So, if I got an A on a test, we had sex. If she got in a fight with Dad, we had sex. If she liked the way I was looking at her, we had sex. If I was extra helpful with chores, we had sex. And, as I mentioned, if she was pissed at Ava, we had sex. Mostly we waited for Dad to be asleep or out of the

house. But sometimes we didn't. We did have the bell, and some doors in our house locked.

She hadn't mentioned condoms in a long time. She often told me she was having a safe day whenever I was getting close to cumming. I'm no biological expert, but looking at the calendar, I doubted there were that many safe days.

"Gosh ... Evan ... she ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... really ... gets ... under ... my ... skin." Mom paced her words in time to her bouncing hips. Her hands were on my shoulders, and she still looked mad. Or maybe ... sexy-angry. Is that a thing? Her expression was really doing a number on me.

"Maybe we ... should just ... forget about ... Ava?" My hands were holding onto the chair. I wanted to grab her boobs through her dress, but I dared not grope her when she was angry-humping me.

"Maybe ... I don't want her ... ruining my marriage." My mother pumped herself on my dick even more savagely than before. Now her anger was directed at me.

"It's just ... she's done all the chores ... she'll want the ring ... soon. And we ... don't have it." I tried to shrug, but it was hard with her fingers digging into my shoulders.

"There ... has to be ... a solution ... uughhhhhhh." Mom slammed her hips down on mine and undulated her body. "Sssnnnnooooorrrrrkkkkkkk." She made that orgasmic snorting sound and came. I watched her twisted face closely. When she arrived on the other side of her climax, she didn't look so angry anymore. She humped me for a while in silence.

After she came two more times, she dismounted me, turned around, and lifted her dress. She lowered her panties and presented her ass to me.

"Feel ... better ... Mom?" I got behind her, slid back in, and let my hips go on autopilot.

"Yesssssssss." She gripped the counter with both hands and let me plow her.

"Ooohhhhhh ... I always feel ... more relaxed ... after an orgasm ... with you. Let me arch my back ... ooooohhhhh ... that's the wife-woman's ... secret spot ... right there ... oooohhhhhh ... noooooooooo ... you're going to make me squirt ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." "

Ten minutes later, I was still slamming into my mother. "Mom ... Mom ... gonna ... cum ... Mom ... uuugghh."

"It's okay Evan ... it's my ... ooohhhhhhhh ... safe day." She looked over her shoulder at me with longing and sincerity. I think for the moment, she actually believed it was a safe day. Or maybe it really was. Maybe she'd been safe eleven days this month. Maybe

...

“Cummming ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh ... oh ... Mom ... cummmmingggg.” My hips fell out of rhythm, and I emptied my balls inside her.

A while later, we were both on the floor, cleaning the puddle we’d left behind. “I feel so much calmer, Evan.” Mom looked thoughtful as she scrubbed with a dishtowel. “I feel ... more ... like changing direction with Ava.” She smiled at me.

“So, we can forget about her?” I smiled back.

“That’s not what I meant.” She shook her head, finished with the mess, and stood up. “I mean, maybe we’re going about this all wrong.”

“That’s what I’ve been saying.” I stood too, eyeing her quizzically.

“We need to try something new. I’ve got a plan.” My mother walked off to the laundry room to toss our cum-soaked things in the wash.

I scratched my head. I was sort of wishing my mom wouldn’t come up with any more plans.

~~

Later that night, it was just the two of us for dinner. We sat at the table, my mother sipping her wine.

“I don’t know.” I shook my head. “She won’t go for it.”

“She’s not exactly your school’s deepest thinker, Evan.” Mom shook her head and smiled pleasantly. I wasn’t sure if she was still riding her high from before, or if the new plan really made her that happy. The earlier anger was nowhere to be seen. “She’ll fall for it.”

“I don’t know. We might piss her off.” I pressed my lips into a thin line, pushing food around on my plate.

“We can ask the storekeeper if he has something that looks just like it. If not, how hard can it be to make a new one?” Mom shrugged and chewed on a forkful of food. “I remember what it looks like. So do you. We can make a fake. It was what, polished silver set with a dark black stone?”

“The stone had tiny red veins. It would be hard to find something like that.” I kept on frowning.

“You’re a smart kid, Evan. You’ll think of something.” She toasted me with her wine glass and drank.

“Maybe we could use a 3D printer to make the stone? Then take it to a jeweler?”

“That’s my young Einstein.” Mom gave me a knowing smile. She slowly lowered herself in her chair until just her eyes were above the table. “We’re going to give her a useless ring, and we can say that she broke it. It’s perfect. You deserve a reward.” She slipped all the way under the table.

“Mom ... I’m not sure I ... ooohhhhhh ... Damn.” She quickly had my pants and underwear down and my dick in her mouth. “I suppose ... I ... uuughhhh ... did have a good idea.” I forgot about my dinner and relaxed in my chair as she blew me.

A half-hour later, I stood between mom’s legs while she sat on the dining table, her butt was practically on my plate. “Mom ... Mom ... I love you ... so muuuuuccchh.”

“Yesss ... yesss ... I love you too ... Evan.” Her face was twisted and rapt. “Go ... ahead and finish ... it’s still ... a safe day.”

“I know it is ... Mom ... I know ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhh.” I came inside her for the second time that night.

When Dad got home, we had cleaned up after ourselves and showered. We were fully clothed again, cuddling on the sofa and watching a movie.

“It’s a Friday night, Evan. Why aren’t you out with your friends?” Dad stopped a few feet away and gave us a disapproving glance.

My mother glanced at him and put her head back on my chest. “Because we’re spending some quality time together, Greg.”

“Why aren’t you out with *your* friends, Amy?” Dad cocked his head at Mom.

“Mom and I had some problems to solve, Dad.” I winked at him. “I’m a genius by the way.”

“You solved problems by watching a movie?” Dad shook his head.

“We did other things.” Mom giggled.

Dad’s eyes narrowed. It occurred to me that maybe we were a little drunk on sex, and not acting with due caution. “You know, it’s not too late for me to go to Roan’s house. I’ll ride my bike over there.” I got up off the sofa.

“You should be going over to that blue-haired girl’s house.” Dad called after me as I left the room.

“She has a boyfriend, Dad.” I called back. And if Mom was right about her little plan, soon Ava and Gavin would be out of our hair. That would be good. I didn’t like the way Gavin stared at me in the halls. Although, I suppose I didn’t mind Ava’s smiles. I had to

remind myself that I no longer had a crush on her. I had a crush on my mom. And happy mother, happy life, as the saying goes.

Chapter 23

It took Mom and me a little more than a month to put together the fake ring. During that time, we strung Ava along with more chores. I could have been wrong, but I think Ava was enjoying her half-naked manual labor around our house. Mom even had her clean the gutters. While she was up there, in a thong, there was a gallery of neighborhood boys standing on the sidewalk, watching her every move up on that ladder.

Of course, Mom and I didn't slow down our sex. She still kept telling me pretty much every day was a safe day. It was getting ridiculous. But I didn't want to say anything. I was hoping she'd gotten birth control and didn't want to tell me. Even if it wasn't that, I was hoping she had it figured out some other way. She was a grown woman and my know-it-all mother. I assumed she wasn't going to let her son knock her up.

Finally, the day came to give Ava the manufactured ring. I slipped it into my pocket and delivered it to her in the hall between classes.

She looked ecstatic when she plucked it from my palm and stuffed it between her boobs. "Finally! Oh, my God. Gavin and I are going to have so much fun with this." She frowned at me. "I suppose you and your mom have some rules for me? How many days can I keep it?"

"Oh ... rules ... yes ... Mom has rules." If we had been giving her the real ring, Mom would have had so many rules. "You can only have it for two days a week. And only you can put it on."

"Gavin is going to be pissed." She crossed her arms, and her frown deepened.

"I mean ... only you and Gavin can put it on." I nodded. "And ... you know ... don't forget to sleep and eat and ... you know."

"Thank you, Mommy." Ava turned and dashed away.

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That night, I regaled my mother about my day while we were in the bath. Dad was home, but Mom and I weren't doing anything noisy. I was reclining between her legs, resting my back on her tits. She was languidly washing my chest. The water was warm and perfect.

We did have the bell nearby in case we decided to make some more noise.

“Has she texted you?” Mom playfully raked her fingernails over my belly.

There was a knock on the door. “Can I use the bathroom, Amy?” It was Dad.

“No, Greg. I’m taking a bath.” Mom said loudly. She splashed the water around us for corroboration on the bath.

“Are you talking to someone on the phone?” Dad didn’t seem like he wanted to leave her alone.

“I’m listening to an audiobook. I’m having some me time. You need to respect my time, Greg.” My mother’s voice was a little harsh.

“Go easy on him,” I whispered.

“He can be so annoying sometimes, Evan.” She reached down and squeezed my hard dick. She knew how to keep me quiet.

“What was that?” Dad said.

“Nothing, Greg.” Mom began stroking my dick. “Use one of the other bathrooms.”

“Okay,” Dad said.

“Ring the bell, Evan. And tell me more about Ms. Roslin.” My mother was now pumping my dick hard. It was a fantastic reach around.

I stretched my arm over and rang the bell. We were protected now. “There’s not much to tell. Ava took the ring. She cut fifth period. I haven’t heard from her.”

“Good boy, Evan. I’m really proud of you for ... making that ring ... and listening to me ... and giving it to her.” She sucked on my earlobe for a minute and then kissed my shoulder. “With any luck ... that will be the last we hear of her. No more ... Ava Roslin ... or her weird boyfriend. It will be just the two of us. Just what the wife-woman would want. Just me ... and my eighteen-year-old son ... and his big ... stiff ... penis.”

“I’m ... uuugghhhh ... going to cum ... Mom.” I watched her hand work my dick. Water splashed and sloshed around the tub as her slender arm pumped with all its might.

“You deserve it ... Evan ... you deserve to shoot it all over ... you’re such a good son ... oooooohhhhhh ... look at that ... it’s like a volcano.” Mom watched over my shoulder as I erupted onto my belly, chest, and thighs. “Wow ... Evan ... you’re like a never-ending fountain.”

A while later, I was glad we had the bell. The old man at the shop must have known we’d get into trouble without it. Water was splashing and sloshing out of the tub. The wet slap of our bodies was loud. I was between my mother’s legs, slamming away.

Mom held my head to her chest with both hands. “Ohhhhhh ... Evan ... I’m so happy ... I now know ... what I want ... what a mother ... wants ... from her handsome ... son ... I ... I ... I ... ooohhhhh ... sssnnnoorrkkkkkkk!” She convulsed under me, lost in one of her wonderful, snorting orgasms.

“I love you ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... I love you ... ugh ... ugh ...” I groped her tits and my hips fell out of rhythm.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Evan ... I’m ... I’m ... I’m ...” Mom couldn’t seem to get the words out.

“I know ... Mom ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... you’re ... uuughhhhh ... safe ... today ... aaaaaaaahhhhhhh.” I unloaded deep into her pussy, as was my habit.

Later, I helped her towel up the water on the bathroom floor. We were both still naked, and I was having a hard time keeping my eyes off her ass. “I have such a big crush on you, Mom.”

She paused toweling the floor and looked over her shoulder at me. “I’m crushing on you too, Evan.” Her smile was wide and satisfied. “I know we can’t do this forever. But ... we’ve taken care of the Ava problem ... we have each other ... and we’ve got a good long while before you leave for college.”

My dick was hard again. I crawled over to her and dug my fingers into the flesh of her ass. “I can’t believe I get to have this ... all the time.”

“Me either.” She giggled. “We’re going to go again, aren’t we?” She put a wet towel under her knees for padding, got on all fours, and arched her back.

“Yeah, Mom. We are.” I positioned myself behind her and slipped into her wet warmth again. “This is ... uuughhhhh ... the only pussy ... that I need.”

Mom drew in a sharp breath. “It’s yours ... Evan ... it’s yours ... I ... ooohhhhhhhhhhh.”

A while later, I came in her one more time before we finally exited the bathroom. Life was good.

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The next day, I was walking down the hall, late to fourth period, when a piece of metal clanged at my feet. I stopped. Ava strode in front of me. Her arms were folded, and she looked like she was doing an impression of my mom whenever Ava’s name came up.

She looked angry.

“Gavin thinks we broke it,” Ava said.

I bent down and picked up the fake ring. "It's broken? You broke it?" This was going to be easier than I'd hoped.

"Gavin thinks we broke it. But I think you're trying to pull a fast one on us." Ava shook her head slowly. The last few late students rushed past us as the bell rang. "It's your mom, right? She did this? She hates me. She made me do all that stuff, and then she's keeping the real ring for herself. She probably puts the real one on every night and spreads her legs for you. Are you enjoying the wife-woman, Evan?"

"Shh." I looked around. We were alone. I pulled her into the nearby guys' bathroom.

"If you brought me in here to blackmail me for sex, you're going to be disappointed." She leaned her butt on a sink while I checked under the stalls. We were alone.

"Jesus, Ava. I'm not going to fucking blackmail you." I turned to her with a frown. "Especially not in the bathroom."

"Gavin and I do it in the bathrooms all the time."

I curled my lip in disgust. "I'm not Gavin."

"I know." She nodded in agreement. "He would have promised me the real ring in exchange for a blowjob." She rubbed her chin. "Actually, he'd probably ask for anal."

"Look, Ava, I'm not interested in your butt." That wasn't entirely true. I reminded myself that my mom's butt was all the butt I needed. *Would Mom go for anal?*

"Earth to Evan? You're spacing, dude." Ava lifted an eyebrow.

"Sorry." I held up the fake ring. "I was thinking about how you and Gavin broke this." I studied her incredulous expression. Mom's plan wasn't going to work. But I was committed now. "My mom's going to be so angry at you two."

"Oh, stop. Just give me the real ring." She studied me for a few more seconds. "Fine." She raised her shirt and lowered her bra. "Be a good boy and give me the ring, Gosling."

I stared at her perfect tits.

The door opened and Cal Bollinger walked in. He stopped in his tracks when he saw us. He looked at me with a quizzical expression. Then he looked at Ava's tits. His eyes didn't wander after that.

"Okay, Cal. You've seen enough. Run along." There was an edge to Ava's voice.

Cal turned and ran out of the bathroom.

"That's not going to help the rumors about us." I watched her put her tits away.

Ava pressed her lips together. "Look, honestly, I liked doing those chores around your house. It was fun upsetting your mom and making your dad all ... stiff. But I was doing it for the ring. And this is blatantly unfair. You don't know what it's like to put it on, Evan. It felt ... incredible to be that woman. Like, crazy good. She was so in love, and so willing to seize life by the nuts." She reached out her hand and clutched it into a fist.

"I'll let you know if the ring still works for my mom." I took a deep breath. "If it's broken, I can't -"

"Gavin doesn't think you have it in you to trick us like this." Ava pointed a finger at me. "But I ... well ... I'm not messing around anymore. Tell your mom I'm not messing around." She stormed out of the bathroom.

I stood for a while, trying to catch my breath. "We might have a problem," I whispered to myself.

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When I got home after school, I found my mother wearing lingerie, waiting for me in the living room. She wanted to celebrate our scamming Ava and Gavin. Her smile fell when I told her about what had happened. She sat on the sofa heavily, propping her elbows on her thighs. I stood, waiting to see if she'd be angry.

"It's not like she has any pictures of us together. If she tells your father, it's just her word against ours." Mom chewed her lower lip. "And she's a crazy, blue-haired teenager."

"Maybe we could just explain to her that the ring is gone?" I was somewhat hopeful.

"I don't think she trusts us, Evan." Mom shook her head.

"Well, I don't blame her." I was still holding my backpack. I nervously moved its weight from shoulder to shoulder.

My mother picked up a knitted sofa throw and covered herself. "Why don't you go do your homework? I'll think about what to do next. I really wish you hadn't brought Ms. Roslin into all of this."

"I ... didn't ..." It was better not to argue. "I'll be in my room." I hustled off before either of us said anything we might regret.

Mom was probably getting changed back into normal clothes, thinking about how to deal with Ava. And I was in my room, not doing homework, trying to come up with a plan for dealing with both my mother and Ava. There was a lot to navigate.