

CHAPTER 15



MY MOTHER'S

SECRET IDENTITY

FICTION

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My Mother's Secret Identity 15

Illustrations by Adun

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"Maddie, you wanted to talk to me last night." I stuck my head into my sister's room.

"Yeah, come in and lock the door." Maddie waved me in.

"Sorry I was so high last night I ... ow ... ow ... ow." Someone had my ear in a viselike pinch grip. I looked over my shoulder and Mom stood behind me, looking pissed. Her fingers squeezed hard.

"Didn't you hear me last night? You are not to be alone with your sister until we get you under control," Mom hissed. She pulled me by the ear back into the hall and smiled at Maddie. "Sorry, I need to talk to your brother."

Mom dragged me back to my room and let me go after she'd closed the door. I rubbed my ear and winced. "Jeez, Mom. She only wanted to talk."



"That's how it starts, but I will not have you ruining your sister's innocence." She put her hands on her hips.

"She's eighteen," I snapped. "And hardly innocent."

"Are you implying that you want to ...?" She leaned forward, lowered her voice, and narrowed her eyes. "... have sex with your sister?"

"No ... no ... of course not." I shook my head. I wasn't used to snapping at her. I could see her cheeks turning crimson. Her body posture was full of rage, and she was wearing a suit for work, which made her look even more formidable. The whole thing together should have terrified me, but she was actually turning me on. The front of my pants was getting tighter.

Make her your ally. Make her kneel before you.

"Andy ... I ... I'm sorry." She blinked, the anger draining out of her. "It's just ... what we did yesterday was wrong on so many levels. I mean, just physically, I was leaking your stuff for hours. I'm your mother! The way you were helping me before ... that was crazy enough. And the loss of control ... was scary for me to think about afterward. I know you want me on my knees. I know you think my solution about making you an anti-boner pill makes us enemies. I know you want me to be your ally." Mom dropped to her knees on the floor, staring with dazed eyes straight ahead. "I can see it straining against your pants."

Let me out.





"I want to let it out." Mom's voice was a breathy sing-song. She'd turned a fast one-eighty. She knee-walked over to me and unbuttoned my pants.

"What are you guys doing?" Maddie sat on my desk chair, watching Mom with surprise.

"Shoot! What *am* I doing?" Mom stood and backed away. "Maddie, out of the room." Mom shooed my sister out and pointed a finger at me. "You are not to leave your room until we're gone." She slammed the door, and they were gone.

"Shit." I dropped my pants and underwear, stepping out of them.

Make her your ally.

"How the fuck do I do that, dick?" I sat in my chair and started fapping.

Make her your ally.

"Just shut up, I'm trying to concentrate." I stroked with both hands. I wasn't close to cumming. I could tell it was going to be a while. An image of FalconEar popped into my mind. I fapped harder. A sudden thought occurred to me. I needed to make her an ally. She could help me deal with Mom. I needed to assemble a super team.

Yes.

I kept pumping my dick. If I was going to bike all the way to FalconEar's hideout, I'd need to unload my balls first.

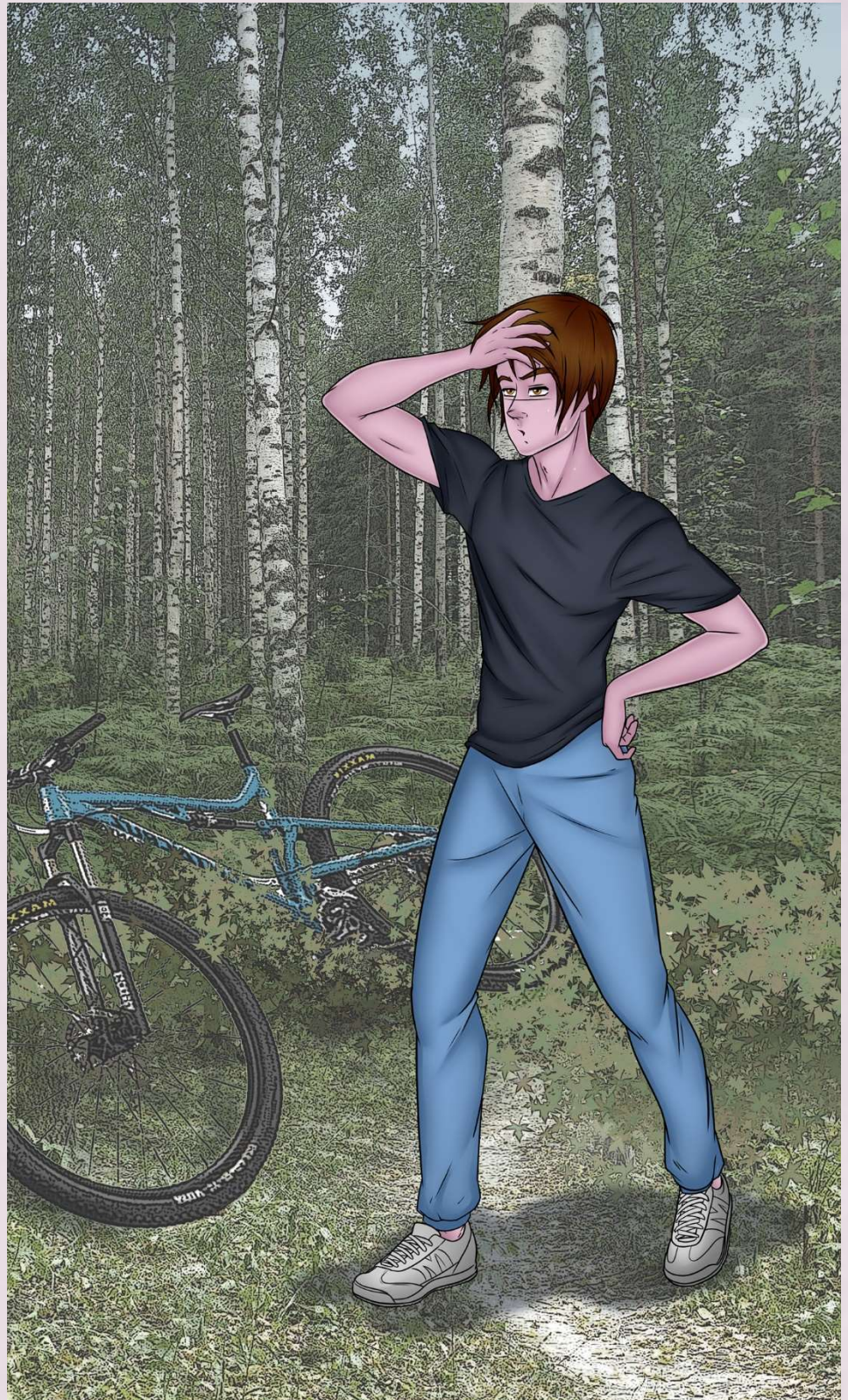
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The forest was quiet. I could hear my heart thumping in my ears. Wiping sweat from my forehead, I looked up. This was the place. I found the hidden door I'd exited from when I was here last, but it was locked. I knocked. Nothing. I looked for a doorbell. Nothing. I kicked the door. That sent me hopping on one foot and cursing.

Why was I even there? The whole ride over I was having a massive dose of post-nut clarity. I shouldn't be letting my smaller head lead me around.

A screen popped into existence in front of the door. The Great Duster frowned from the screen. His mask covered his eyes, but I could tell he was giving me a steely stare. "How'd you find this door?"

"Hi!" I waved, feigning a cheery attitude. I hadn't expected to find him here. "I'm a friend of your wife's. Mrs. FalconEar, I mean. I wanted to talk to her. But -"



"You're not a friend." Duster's scowl deepened. "You've got an auto-targeted, three-hundred-kilowatt laser pointed at you right now. You've got fifteen seconds to get back on your bicycle and pedal out of here." The screen disappeared.



"Wait. Don't shoot. It was a mistake coming here. I ... um ... um ..." I was counting down in my head, getting down to six ... five ... I should have been running. Why wasn't I running? "Please. I ... don't blast me." Three ... two ...

The screen popped back into existence. I could see FalconEar and The Great Duster arguing. When they saw me, they stopped. Duster turned to look at me. "Come on up, kid. I was heading out anyway. Sharkington is apparently back trawling off the coast."

The screen disappeared again, and the door opened. I supposed I had to go on up now. It would be rude not to. I pulled my bike upright and looked for a place to lock it. Not seeing one, I leaned it on the tree.

The screen reappeared, and FalconEar was there by herself. "If you try any mind tricks this time, I will kill you," she whispered. "And then my husband will kill you."

My blood ran cold. I gulped and nodded. "I'm safe right now. I promise." Then I entered the tree and climbed stairs.

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“So, it only does that when you’re excited.” FalconEar sat wearing her full suit in a futuristic-looking armchair, sipping coffee. Her wings were stretched out to the sides. We were in her lair, and I was sitting across from her. She continued, “And you’re obviously not excited right now. You’re what, eighteen or nineteen? If I know anything about young men, it’s that they get excited quite often. You said you were safe. Are we playing with fire here?”



I sipped my coffee. It was wonderful. She really sprang for the good shit. “Actually, I’m twenty. Don’t worry. My dick is okay for now.” I could see her lip curl in disapproval at my use of the word ‘dick.’ What was I doing? I was sitting here and my super hard-on could return any minute. Did I want that? The smaller head really was in the driver’s seat, even when it was soft. I closed my eyes and shook my head to clear my mind.

“Well, if it does anything strange, there’s a button on the wall there that will call my husband home.” She frowned at me. “He will kill you if he finds us ... doing anything ... like we did last time.”

"I believe it." Maybe I should be going. Even with that incentive, I didn't stand up. She was so pretty and strident. And powerful. With her by my side, Mom wouldn't try to red vile my hard-ons. I felt heat and tingling as the first surge of blood rushed to my groin.

"So, your mother is the tiger woman?" She was comfortable enough to change gears it seemed. "Tell me exactly how that happened."

Thinking about my mom, I remembered the dumb look on Tigamma's face when I came inside her. My dick lurched in my pants.

Don't let her press the button.

FalconEar shifted in her seat, looking even more uncomfortable.

"It was an accident at work," I said. "Mom works at this big -"

"Stop ... stop ..." She put down her coffee and rubbed her temples. "Don't press ... the button ... I ... um ... don't ..." She suddenly went rigid and stood. "You said it was calm for now! You ... said it was safe!"



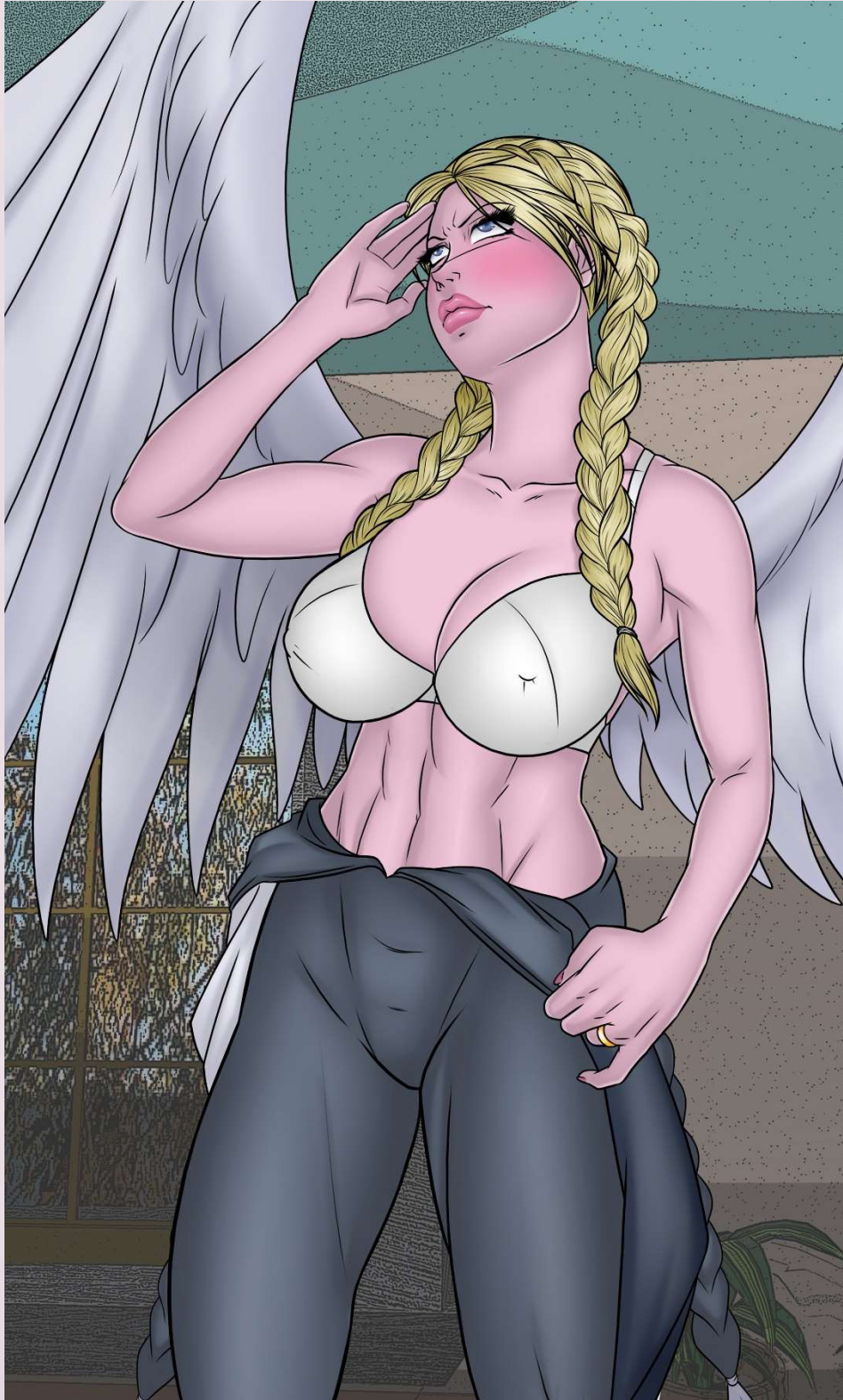
"Sorry, I'm twenty. It just ... does that." I stared at her as she wobbled on her feet.

Conquer her. Claim her. Make her your ally.

"How?" I looked down at the tent in my pants.

Remove her suit.

“Well, that part was obvious. Thanks.” I frowned down at my dick. The lower brain was back, but he wasn’t being helpful. I looked up at FalconEar and was startled to find that she was lowering her suit. It was already at her waist. She wore a supportive, utilitarian bra. I stared at her pale skin. Apparently, the wings weren’t part of the suit. They were part of her. They flapped haphazardly on her back, as she struggled with whatever my dick was telling her.



"Button ... must ... press ..." She took a couple shuffling steps toward her husband's callback button. Honestly, she should probably have programmed some voice activation into her lair. The suit pooled around her legs, and she tripped, falling onto her knees. Her underwear was utilitarian too. Even so, the round globes of her snowy ass were mesmerizing.

Don't let her press the button. Claim her.

I knew my dick wanted me to mount her from behind. She was in the perfect position. But, even as I lusted over her, I couldn't do that. I wasn't a villain. She looked so pathetic kicking her suit off her feet and crawling toward the button.

"This was a bad idea. I don't need allies. I'll be fine. I'm sorry." I stood. "Don't call your husband back. I'm leaving."



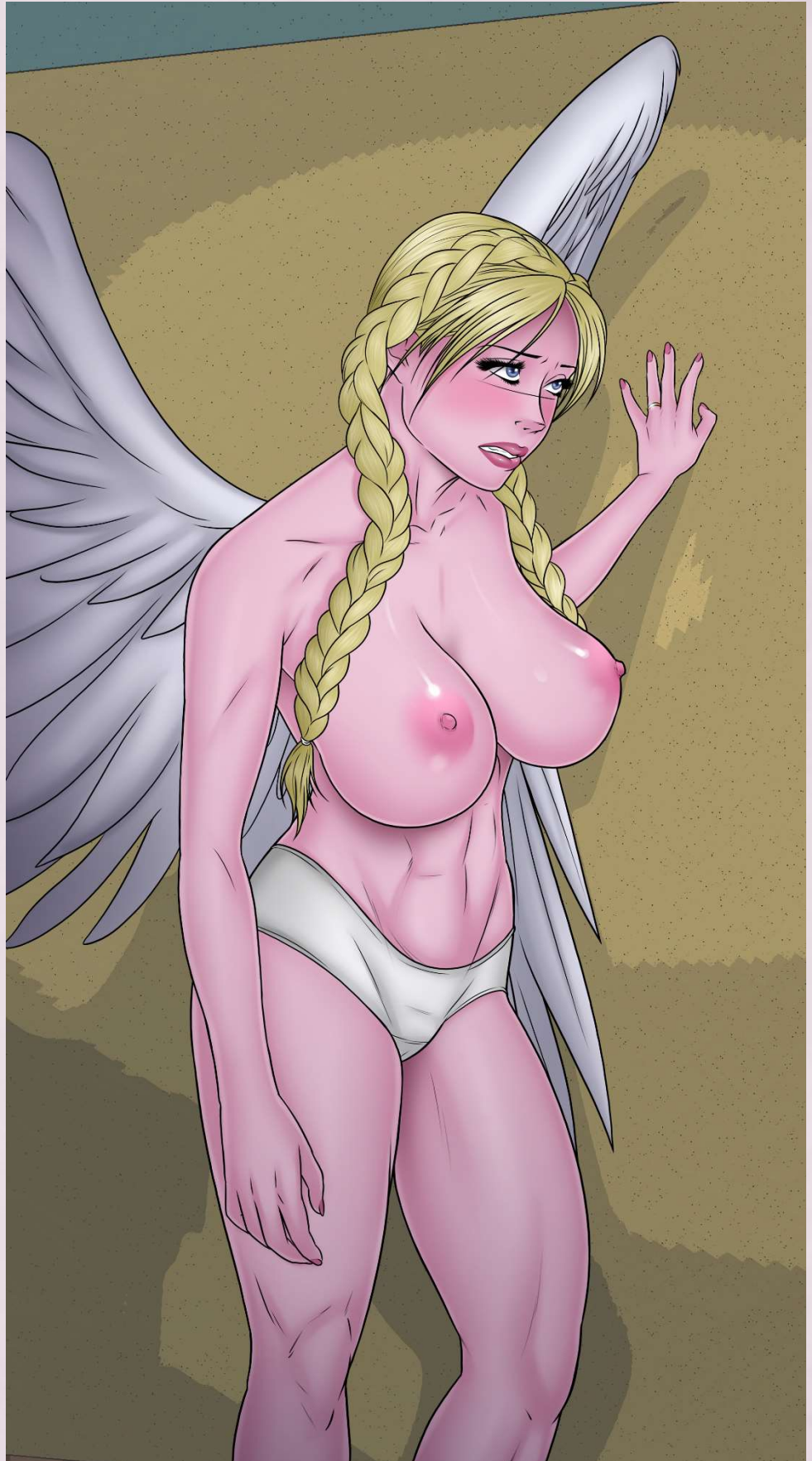
"You ... are a villain ... dangerous ... must call ... Duster." Her legs wobbled as she stood. One wing flapped, and the other tucked up against her back. She stumbled toward the wall.

"No ... honestly ... my bad ... Mrs. FalconEar. I think I'm ... brainwashed too." I put down my coffee and took a couple steps toward the door. "I won't come back. I promise." I stopped. She was getting close to the button. "Don't press that. Your husband really will kill me."

Conquer. Capture. Call.

"Shut up," I said to my squirming dick. I looked back at the struggling woman. "Seriously, FalconEar. You can't press the button." How did I ever get myself into this mess? I was in a super's den, and it seemed increasingly likely that I'd die here.

"Call ... Duster ..." FalconEar paused to take off her bra, and then took a hesitating step toward the button of death. She was almost there. Even if I was about to die, I had to admit that she had an amazing rack. Her tits hung heavily on her chest, with large, pink nipples.



I roused myself from staring at her boobs, turned from the door, and ran to her. "You can't press the buttaaaaaaaacccckkkkk."



When I was close enough, her hand shot out, and she lifted me off the ground by the throat. My legs kicked the air. I suppose she *had* said she'd kill me first, then her husband would kill me. I looked down at her confused eyes.



Her other hand reached out for my midsection. For a moment, I thought she'd disembowel me with her bare hand. I heard a rip, and my pants were torn from my body. My briefs followed. My huge, misshapen dick sprung into the open air, moving wildly.

"Please ... aaaacckkk ... stop ... aaaacckkkkk ... choking ... aaackkkkk." I had both hands prying at the fingers that held me, but I couldn't loosen her grip.

She lifted me higher. This was it. I was sure she was about to snap my neck. Instead, she leaned her head forward and sucked my cock into her mouth. I had a superhero's tongue rolling around my brain-like cockhead while she held me up in the air by my neck. Things were definitely going sideways. Stars burst in front of my vision. My air supply was just about exhausted.

"Please ... choking ..." I said.

An ally. A friend. A conquest.

FalconEar dropped me to my feet. I stumbled, but she held me upright by clutching the front of my shirt. My neck free, I gasped for air. Pleasure surged through my body as I watched her drop to her knees. The rescue button was completely forgotten. "Mmmmmpphhhh."

Finish what you started. Teach her. Breed her. Earn respect.

I wasn't sure how I could make FalconEar an ally. I'd had sex with Mom, and her response was to try to remove my libido. They were both stern women, but I guessed FalconEar might be even more pissed when my dick went back to normal. Either way, there was no way out but forward. I cupped her head with my hand and made eye contact with FalconEar. "We're ... uuugghhhh ... going to be allies ... now. I need ... your help."

"Mmmpphhhhhhh." She nodded with my dick halfway down her throat. Her blue eyes were misty and dazed.

"I'm glad you arrested ... my mom." I pulled on her head, forcing more cock down her throat.

"Gggaaacckk." Tears ran down her cheeks, and her breath whistled through her nose. Her face was distorted by the size of my dick.

I had always expected that I'd be the hero when life finally gave me a choice. But it felt an awful lot like I was turning into a villain. The Pennypacker family seemed to go the dark route with power. I would try to fix that later. For now, I was content with the blowjob.

