



CHAPTER 16

MY MOTHER'S

SECRET IDENTITY

FICTION

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My Mother's Secret Identity 16

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"My ... husband ... is ..."

FalconEar sat on the floor in front of the futuristic armchair where she had been sitting not long ago. Her coffee mug was on the floor, coffee spilled. My cum was splashed all over her face and boobs. She was naked, her left wing twitching, her right one tucked against her back. I was a million percent sure no one else had seen her like this. She was panting shallowly, her eyes distant and dreamy. "Are you ... my husband ... now?"

Make her your ally.

"No ... no ... I'm not your husband." I was naked, too, standing before her. My cock was still turgid and brainified. "Duster is your husband. I'm just the guy that came all over you."

"Duster ..." She turned and looked over at the button that would call her husband back to the lair.

Bend her will. Breed her. Or ...

My dick didn't need to finish the thought. She and her husband would double-kill me unless I figured out how to make them friendly. When Mom and I had had sex, Mom was pissed about it afterward. Mom and FalconEar were similar people. Actually, FalconEar was even more stuck-up than my mother. So, I could guess where this would end up the second my cock went back to sleep. I needed something more.

Time. Pleasure and time.

"Shit ... I shouldn't have wasted that orgasm on a blowjob." I understood. It wasn't my pleasure that mattered. It was hers.

"Must ... call ... Duster." She was crawling toward the button.



“Let me think ... let me think ...” I started to dress myself. She had shredded my pants and underwear, so I ran into the room where she’d gone for sweatpants last time. I found a pile of Duster’s clothes, grabbed some oversized pants, and ran back to FalconEar. “Fred went on vacation with his family. They have one of those new biometric security systems, but ...” I looked around. “You’ll have tools for dealing with that.” I walked over to FalconEar. “Stand up and get dressed. We’re leaving.” I pulled on the sweatpants.

“No ...” she shook her head, my cum dripped off her chin. The cum was swinging one way and then the other, drawing all my attention. I took her hand and put it on my still-hard dick. She narrowed her eyes and met my gaze. “Okay ... will we be gone for a long time?” She let go of my dick and pulled on her underwear. “Should I leave a note for Duster?”

Together you’ll soar. Make her want more. It may take days.



"Yes ... yes ... leave a note. I think you're supposed to fly me." I watched her scribble something on a piece of paper. Then she quickly got back into her suit. I walked over and looked at the note.

Dear Dusty, The boy has me working on an important project. I'll be home in a couple of days. The kids can stay at your mother's place. Love, FE



There were a few droplets of liquid on the paper. I hoped Duster wouldn't notice and test the stains. I was pretty sure they were my cum. Oh, well, the note was good enough. "So, the last time you flew me around, it was ... eeeeeiiiiiiii." I let out a manly howl as she grabbed me and jumped out of a window.



Unlike last time, she held me tightly to her front. I buried my face in the wonderful cushion of her boobs, wrapping my arms and legs around her. My dick wiggled in between us. After a while, I felt her hips wiggling back, although she continued to fly without any issues. She could probably fly in her sleep.

I gave her directions. In about twenty minutes, we arrived at my friend's house.

Enter the love nest.

She landed us in the driveway, gave my dick a squeeze through her husband's pants, and looked around. "This will be our nest, Andy."

"Right ... um ... FalconEar, this is my friend's house. They have a security system." I took a few wobbly steps and stretched, trying to get the blood flowing again in places beyond my cock.

"I can hear the system." She nodded. The solemnity of her expression was almost hilarious, given that she

had a gallon of my cum in her belly. I noticed that she'd cleaned herself before we left. The exposed part of her face was free of cum.

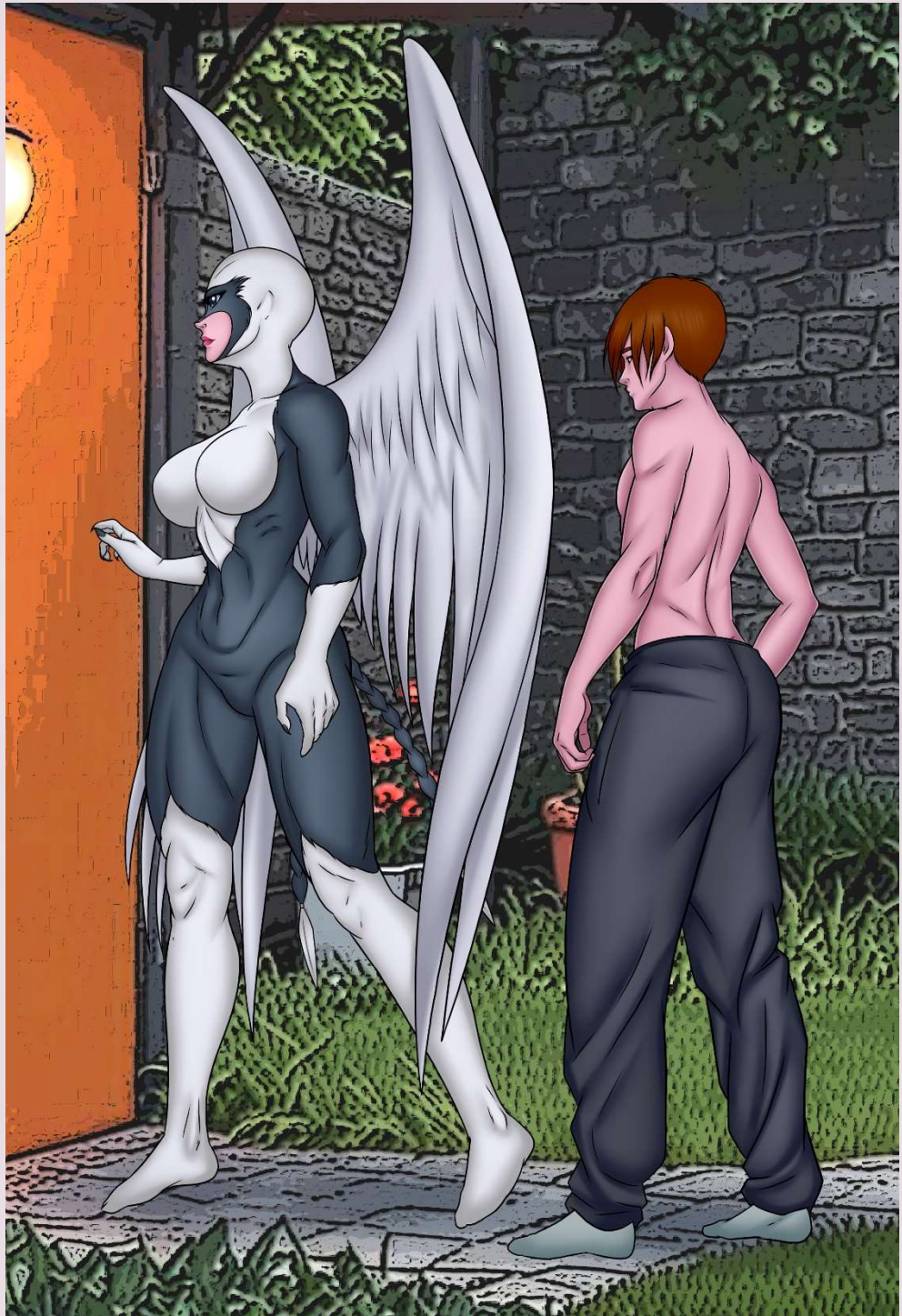
"You can hear it?" I stared at her ass as she moved toward the house. I wanted her more than anything. "I'm not a villain ... I'm not a villain ... I'm not a villain," I whispered.

"I'm very confused about you, Andy. You do seem like a villain ... but my heart agrees with your words." She pulled something off her suit and sent it flying toward the house. "The security system is now off. We may enter." She walked up to the door, did something to the keypad, and it swung open.

"I'm a good person, FalconEar. I just need your help." I followed her into my friend's house.

Stop whining.

"Shut up, dick." I closed the door behind me.





“Does it talk to you, too?” In the dark, quiet house, FalconEar dropped to her knees and beckoned me over. She pulled off her mask and shook her blond braids.

“You can hear it?” I walked over to her and pulled her back up to her feet.

“I can hear everything.” She pointed to her ear and gave me a dreamy smile.

I decided to be bold and grabbed her ass. I tensed, waiting for her to slap my hand away. But her smile continued unabated. Although, there was just a hint more confusion on her face. I gave her ass a squeeze and turned her toward the stairs. “Let’s go to my friend’s room.”

Breed her. Bed her. Make her an ally.

“That’s what I’m doing,” I whisper to my dick.

“Is it telling you to take me to bed? I think that’s what it’s telling me.” FalconEar stopped in the stairway, turned toward me, and gave me a smoldering stare. We were bracketed on either side by framed, family pictures. I glanced at Fred in the photos. If only he could see me now. FalconEar was always taller than me, but standing a stair above, she was a giant. “I feel so foolish being here with you. But I ... want you, Andy!” She leaned closer to me. The

dreaminess left her face, and suddenly her eyes burned with intensity. She set her jaw like she was readying herself to conquer some insurmountable foe. “Kiss me!”

“Mmmppphh.” I didn’t have to kiss her, because she was kissing me. Her wings fluttered in the narrow stairway. I heard several frames go crashing next to us, glass smashing. But we didn’t stop. It was awkward running my hands along her back with her wings. With her towering over me, she had to bend her face down to mine. So, I opted for grabbing her ass through her suit instead. It was so wonderfully round and pliant, sending shivers down my spine. My dick lurched in Duster’s pants.

We broke the kiss, and she picked me up, carrying me up the stairs.

“Death by snu snu,” I said.

“What?” She smiled at me, her dreamy expression back in place.

“Never mind. Fred’s room is over there.” I pointed down the hall.

FalconEar carried me to my friend’s room. She stuck her head in and frowned.

Give her pleasure.

I ignored my lesser head. “You don’t like his room?”

“This won’t do. I’m not a teenager.” She turned us and walked down the hall.

“Neither is Fred.” I let her carry me to Fred’s parents’ room, my dick struggling with the confines of the sweatpants. “Neither am I.”



"This is how I carried Duster into our new nest after our honeymoon." She carried me into the master bedroom and deposited me on the bed. She stood, staring at me like I was an alien. "You're not Duster."



Undress.

FalconEar and I both hurriedly removed our clothes. Once she was naked, she worked on removing her braids. She was hopping on alternating feet, full of anxious excitement. Her eyes were bright and moony. She reminded me of someone about to go on their first rollercoaster ride but with more bouncing tits.

Freed from its cotton-poly prison of Duster's sweatpants, my cock sprung upward, practically reaching for the ceiling. I glanced at its gargantuan proportions and strangely textured head. What had the Djinn done to me? It didn't look human.

All superheroes are beyond human.

My dick was right. FalconEar had fucking wings coming out of her back. Mom looked like a damn tiger. My sister ... well she didn't look like anything at all sometimes. Thinking about what my sister *did* look like made my balls contract and my dick bounce.

Finished with her hair, FalconEar pointed at my cock. "What's it doing?"

"It wants you." I didn't tell her my dick dance was for my sister. That seemed like it might kill the mood. And I was really depending on keeping the mood going as long as possible.

"And I want *it*, Andy Pennypacker." She opened her eyes wide and put her hand on her mouth. "Oh ... gosh ... are you going to pack your pennies into me?"

I laughed, letting out a deep-throated chortle.

"You giggle like a little girl." FalconEar leapt toward me in the air. I cringed, but she flapped her wings in the large room to slow her descent and landed straddling me. "We're having sex."

Mate her.

"Oh, we're mating, I mean. That sounds so ... feral." She reached under her and grasped my squirming cock. "It's so strange ... you look like a normal teenager in every way ... but this ..." She squeezed it, and it somehow pushed back at her grip. "Oh!"



"I'm not a teenager, Mrs. FalconEar." I looked up at her beauty as she lowered her hips and pressed the head against her pussy lips. Even with her weight descending, her pussy resisted the entry. "I'm twenty ... and I'm ... oooohhhhhh ... shit ... I'm inside you."



“Stretching ... meeeeeeeeeeee.” FalconEar’s eyes crossed as my cock wormed its way into her pussy. She let go of my cock, her hands flapping in the air helplessly. “Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ... what am I doing?”



Breed her. Bend her. Make her an ally.

“Just ... give yourself a chance to get used to it.” I was in heaven. Sparks shot through my nervous system. Her pussy was incredibly warm, wet, and even tighter than my mom’s had been.

“I ... ugh ... don’t ... ugh ... think that I ... uuuggghhhh ... could ever ... get used ... to this.” The second she bottomed out, her hips began undulating with little, serpentine movements. To see such a stuck-up super move like that was causing me some serious cognitive dissonance. She was so stuck-up, they hadn’t even made any porn movies about her.

That made me wonder if I should record the moment. But no, that wouldn’t be right. “You look ... so pretty.”

FalconEar twisted her tortured gaze down on me. Her forehead creased with bewilderment and lust. “I’m ... not pretty ... uuuggghhhh ... not anymore.” Her hips moved faster, and she found a good rhythm grinding against me. Her hands dropped to my frail chest. I felt vulnerable, wondering if her claws might appear to rip me to shreds as they’d destroyed my underwear earlier. “Not ... pretty ... I’m ... a ... I’m ... uuuggghhhh ... tart,” she said. “... a simple harlot ... craving only your ... penis ... aaaaahhhhhh.” She let her tongue loll out of her mouth, and her face twisted even more. “What’s it ... doing inside ... meeeeeeeee?” She grabbed her breasts, lifting and spreading them to have a clear view of her belly. She looked down at her bulging tummy in horror.

Make her your ally.

“I don’t know what it’s doing ... ooohhhhhh ... but I think ... this is how ... we become friends.” I grabbed her hips. I could feel my mind shutting down. My other mind was ready to take over.



"I'm sorry ... I doubted you ... Andy ... we're going to be ... uuuggghhhh ... wonderful friends ... and allies ... and ... eeeeeiiiiiiii!" She threw her head back and screamed. FalconEar was cumming on my cock, and we were just getting started.

