

CHAPTER 17



MV MOTHER'S

SECRET IDENTITY

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

My Mother's Secret Identity 17

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“Ooohhhhhh ... it’s too good ...
toooooooo ... goooooo ... it shouldn’t be
... this ... goooooo ... eeeeeiiiiii.”
FalconEar flapped and bounced her way
to another orgasm on top of me. I had
watched super porn for ages, and now I
was starring in one. Although, I suppose
no one was recording. I wondered if I
could ever get her to let me make us a
movie. Well, first things first, I had to
pleasure her to the point of making her
feel less homicidal towards me when my
cock slumbered.

“Yeah ... yeah ... you like it?” I wasn’t
that versed in dirty talk yet. It’s
understandable. Most of my sexual
experiences happened in front of the
computer, or with my mouth occupied by
Mom’s pussy. “You like it ... missy?”

Her eyes screwed down toward me, and I
saw a flash of disgust. She didn’t answer
my question, but she kept riding.

Tell her the truth! Make her your ally.

I wasn’t sure what my dick meant, so I
shut up and watched her boobs bounce
and swing in countervailing circles. They
were so beautiful in unconstrained
motion that it made me a little queasy. It
was an odd feeling to accompany my
balls churning.

FalconEar perspired, undulated, and flapped her wings. She felt light on top of me, so I guess the wings were taking some of her weight.

My nauseous orgasm built and built. Eventually, I broke my silence. “Gonna ... cum ... Mrs. ... FalconEar.”

“Ooohhhhhh ... not protected ... ugh ... ugh ... uuuggggghhhhhh. Not ... ooooohhhhhhh.” Her fiery gaze looked right through me.

Bind her. Bond her. Finish it.

I flat-out ignored my dick. “Pull ... off ... I can’t ... hold it.” I wasn’t the villain. I wasn’t trying to knock her up. I only wanted us to be friends. My dick was my only tool that could compete on her level. And when all you have is a hammer ...

“Noooooottt ... protected ... Andy ... Pennypacker!” She gritted her teeth and increased the pace of her ride. One of her wings knocked over a lamp with a crash. Neither of us paid much attention to the damage.



“Right ... so ... pull off ... before I ... uuuugggghhhh ... blast you.” I was so close. I tried shoving her off, but she was too strong. My hands ended up doing nothing more than grabbing two massive handfuls of tit. She screamed out another orgasm on top of me, while I heroically held back the flood. “Can’t ... hold on ... much longer.”

Flood her. Acceptance.



I saw a flash of sanity in her eyes as she came down from her orgasm. We made eye contact, and I could tell she knew I was doing everything I could to hold back. "Thank you ... uuuuugggghhhhh ... Andyyyyyyyyyy," she said through gritted teeth. She didn't dismount me like any normal woman. She beat her wings and lifted herself off my cock, rising in the air above the bed. She flapped her wings and hovered over me with a look of adoration on her face. "Finish ... Andy ..."

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!" I grabbed my brainiac cock, arched my hips off the bed, and let loose a mighty geyser. Cum shot into the air, plastering her face, tits, and belly. My sperm rained down around me onto the bed and other parts of Fred's parents' room.

"Nnnnnngggggggg!"

My whole body strained with one purpose, trying to ejaculate with enough force to blast FalconEar into space. That didn't work. But when I opened my eyes after the final convulsions were over, I could see that she was covered like few women have ever been.

"That was ... so vigorous." FalconEar wiped cum out of her eyes with the backs of her hands, and slowly floated back down to the bed. She folded up her wings and rested her cheek where cum had pooled on my belly. "You didn't listen ... to it ... you saved me ... thank you."



“Um ... you’re welcome.” Satisfaction infused every part of my being. I had just lived my highest high, and at the same time confirmed that I wasn’t a villain. Guilty thoughts about Duster and her children pushed into my mind, but I looked at her zaftig form curled up next to me, and negative thoughts disappeared.

Do not fail again.

“Fuck you, dick,” I whispered.

“What?” FalconEar sighed heavily.



“Nothing. I’m just happy that we’re allies and ...” I heard her snore, so I went silent. I lay there as my dick slowly followed FalconEar into slumber. I tried to be the lone one to stay awake. I knew I would have to think quickly if she woke up while brainiac dick was gone, but I was too grunted. I laced my fingers in her cummy hair and drifted off to dreamland.

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I woke up to a hand around my throat.

It was not a tender, loving hand. I thought about pretending to sleep, but the hand slowly tightened. My eyes shot open, and I reached for what turned out to be FalconEar's left hand as it squeezed. I was going to die with Duster's ring pressed into my flesh. I supposed I deserved it.

"Nnnnnngggggggg." I said.

"I can't let you have another erection," FalconEar hissed. There were tears in her eyes.

"Ggggnnnngggg." I tried to tell her I wouldn't get hard again. I struggled. But she was much stronger than me. *Dick? Are you there?* My cock was still asleep. It didn't answer.

"Shhhh ... only dreams now." A single tear rolled down FalconEar's cheek.

I stared up at her as stars burst in my vision. She was so strong and beautiful. If I was going to go out, this wasn't so bad. In fact, I was sorta getting a high from the asphyxiation. I dropped my gaze to her wobbling tits; I wanted my last view to be of something perfect.

Damn ... I'm really turned on.

"Ggggnnnngggg," was the last thing I said before blacking out.

You're probably expecting me to tell you about the Pearly Gates. Well, if you're not, at least I was ready to find myself there. I thought when I opened my eyes, I'd meet Clandora and Minxmeat. They were, in my estimation, the hottest, dearly departed supers.



But instead, as I came to, I found myself in a world better than heaven. Ecstasy surged through me.

“Mmmppphhhhh.” FalconEar was blowing my dick big time, putting everything she had into it. Her head bobbed, her wings fluttered, and she made the most wonderful murmuring and gagging sounds.



“Oh ... shit ... I’m not dead.” I reached up and felt my throat. It was painful, but I didn’t think she caused any permanent damage. I was pretty sure there would be a red imprint from her hand. I reached to the right and could feel the indent from her ring on my skin. “What happened?”

Breed her. Bind her. Make her an ally.

“Mmmppphhhhh ... gaaaaack ... gaaaaack,” FalconEar said in agreement.

“Right ... right ... I need to pleasure you.” I reached for her hip and pulled her on top of me. She didn’t resist at all. It was so cute seeing her daintily lift her leg to put her pussy directly above my mouth. Soon, we were in a sixty-nine. I had my fingers buried in the luxurious half-moons of her ass. My tongue played on her clit. Mom had given me a ton of practice in the art of eating pussy, and I was starting to appreciate all that work. Wax on, wax off. Paint the fence. I had all the moves.



“Mmmppphhhh ... ggggaaaackkkk.” FalconEar was trembling on top of me.

Breed her. Bind her. Make her an ally.

I nodded, making my nose press into her sopping pussy. Oral was great, but my brainiac dick wanted me to seal the deal, over and over. *Give me a moment here, dick. This feels really good. And I’m a little out of sorts from almost dying and learning that I’m into that autoerotic asphyxiation shit.* I was pretty sure my dick could hear my thoughts.

Breed her. Bind her. Make her your ally. Do not rest.

“Naw ... rwest faw zza wearwy.” My words were a bit lispy since my lips were occupied with FalconEar’s tangy, magical love-button. I put together all my willpower and pushed her off. She rolled to the side without any fuss. I sat up and looked at her. Her eyes were dreamy. Her tits hung to the sides, and her wings were tucked so I could hardly see them under her.



“Breed me, Andy. I want to be your ally.” She spread her legs and held her pussy open for me.

“You ... want ...” I stared at the pink she exposed to me. Then, I looked down at my disfigured dickhead. It was gnarly. It didn’t seem right sliding something so gross into something so lovely.

But I did it anyway. Within a few minutes, I was pounding away on top of her, while she held her legs open for me, hands behind her knees. “You’re pussy ... is amazing ... Mrs. FalconEar.” I was still working on my dirty talk.

“Don’t ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... call my vagina ... ughhhhh ... that.” FalconEar’s grunts were guttural and just on the edge of sanity. “And don’t ... ugh ... ugh ... call me that ... it’s just ... FalconEar. Duster isn’t ... named ... Duster FalconEar ... ohhhhhh ... Duster ... Duster ... I’m sorry.” She let go of her thighs and pulled me into a kiss.

We made out while I humped her for a while. She trembled under me. I could tell when she came because her tongue would lose focus and her body would seize up. She did this several times. Eventually, it was my turn. Without removing my lips from hers, I let my hips go wild. There was no pulling out this time. Our slick bellies slapped together. I didn't warn her. Instead, I unleashed a torrent.



When I finished, I lay panting on top of her.

Breed her again.

“Yeah ... yeah. Just a minute.” My cheek rested on her sweaty breast.

“What?” FalconEar’s voice drifted without its usual hard edge. It was impossible to believe that she had been trying to kill me not that long ago.

“My ... um ... my dick wants to go again.” I lifted my head up, a trail of saliva connecting her tit to my lip. We locked eyes. “I want to do it ... doggy,” I said.



“Teenagers.” She rolled her eyes and pushed me off her. My dick squirmed out of her pussy with a wicked, wet noise.

“I’m not a teenager. I’m ...” I lost my train of thought when she got on all fours and presented her ass. “I just want you to know that ... I’ll never take this ass for granted,” I said, moving in behind her. My dick slid right in. She was getting more and more accommodating.



"You can ... hold my wings ... for leverage." She arched her back. "It won't ... uuugggghhhh ... hurt me."

"Okay ... FalconEar ... let's ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... get to work." I grabbed her wings and slammed into her pussy. I had no idea what time it was, but it was dark outside. I wasn't even sure what day it was. I looked around the room as my hips built up speed. We had trashed my friend's house. But we could fix it before they got home. I gazed down at the pink seal her pussy made on my dick.

I wasn't sure we could fix her pussy though. Or that we'd want to. I was determined to keep going until she was a true ally. There was no going back. "Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!" At the thought of this conquest, I let out a manly yell. For real this time. I was going to be allies with a super. And we were going to be very, very close.

