

# CHAPTER 18



**MY MOTHER'S**

**SECRET IDENTITY**

# FICTION

*Rawly Rawls*

## My Mother's Secret Identity 18

*Illustrations by Adun*

*Written by RawlyRawls*

*This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!*

*Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!*

*Have questions about a story? Need to look up characters or past plot points?*

*Check out the comprehensive Rawlyverse wiki page*

*<https://wiki.rawlyrawls.net/x/ujrplw>*

*To see more Adun: <https://subscribestar.adult/dannysulca>*

We fucked for hours, all over the house. I'm ashamed to say that we left stains and broken furniture wherever we went. In those brief sober moments when I caught my breath, I felt bad for wrecking the place. At least FalconEar thought Fred's room was too childish, so we didn't destroy my friend's stuff. But the rest of the house was pretty much plastered in my cum.

Eventually, we had to stop. I didn't have a super body, just a super cock. My muscles were trembling and cramping from fatigue. FalconEar did have a super body, so she carried me into the shower, washed us both off, and helped me get dressed in some of Fred's clothes.

"What time is it?" I looked out the windows. Apparently, it was night. "What day is it?" FalconEar didn't respond. I glanced at her and saw anger and confusion on her face. I looked down and saw that my dick was small and soft. "Oh ... shit."

"I have half a mind to send you to Hades." She held her arms wide, flexing her hands in and out of fists. She was still naked, but her loveliness didn't dissipate any of my dread.



"Come back," I whispered to my dick.

"No ... no ... you don't need to cloud my mind again." FalconEar shook her head. She put her hands on her hips and sighed. "It's not your fault. You and I have both been cursed by that thing." She nodded toward my sleeping dick. "And ... I would miss you if you crossed the River Styx." A hungry expression flashed in her eyes and then was gone. She turned and walked into Fred's parents' closet. "The woman who lives here must be an elf. Everything is so small."

"She's like five-one or something. You're ... tall. Maybe one of those dresses?" I pointed to a long dress hanging in the closet. It was backless, so there was room for wings.





"I'll look silly." FalconEar frowned at the dress. "But I don't want to wear my suit"

"You'll look beautiful. You could wear anything and look beautiful," I said.

She glanced at me with a smile that was almost warm. "I'll wear it." She took the dress off its hanger.

My belly rumbled. "How long has it been since we ate something?"

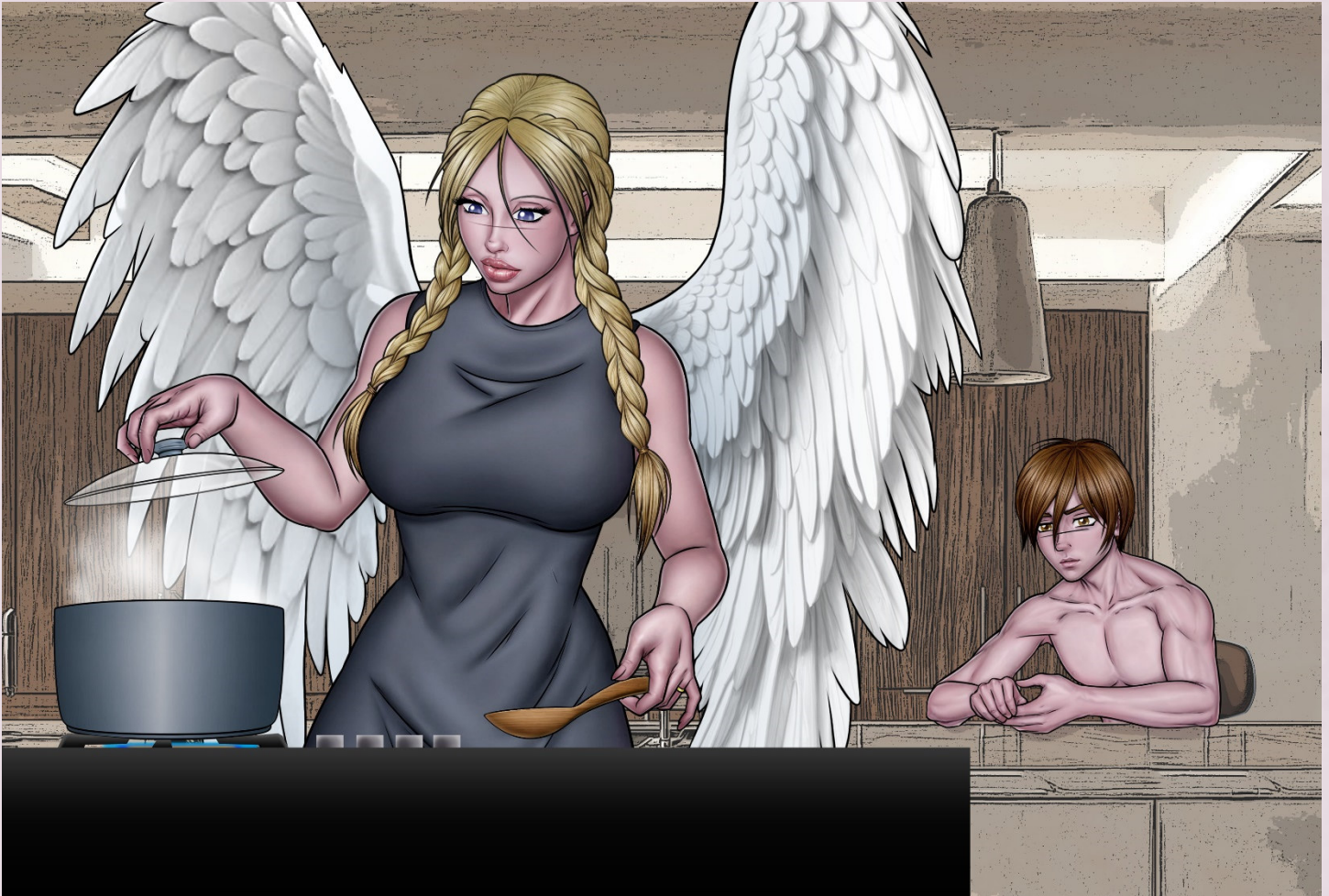
"I ... don't know." She pulled the dress on. There was a lot of twisting and flapping wings to get the straps in the right place.

When the dress was on, I smiled at her. "You're right. It does look silly ... and also super hot." I was feeling bolder since she hadn't killed me. I stepped closer and leaned in for a kiss, but she gently pushed me away.



"Let's see what they have in the kitchen." FalconEar stepped past me and headed downstairs.

I sat at the kitchen bar, watching FalconEar whip us up some pasta with tomato sauce. She seemed to know her way around a kitchen. Her simmering food smelled lovely. "My mom doesn't cook that much."



"Your mother is too busy getting into trouble, no doubt." She gave me some serious side eye as she tasted the sauce.

"How much do you know about her exactly?" I didn't wait for her to reply. It was time to trust her. I threw myself into the story of what had happened to our family since the accident at my mother's office. The tale went right through food preparation and into dinner. I finished telling her everything between mouthfuls of delicious pasta.

"Please ... don't slurp your food ... Andy," FalconEar said between what were pretty slurpy bites of her own. We were both ravenous. When she saw that I was trying to eat in a more polite way, she nodded her thanks. "So ... your mother ... made you give her ... oral sex?"

"That's how I got so good at it." I shrugged. "You did think I was good, right?"

She didn't answer. We ate in silence for a while. She served us seconds. After her plate was clean, she sipped her water and watched me. "Even when she wasn't the cat, she made you go down there?"

"That makes me sound like ... well ... yeah, she did." I leaned back in my chair, stuffed. "Maddie, too."

"HMMMMM." FalconEar rubbed the back of her neck. "That is troubling." She was clearly picturing me or my sister munching on my mom's box, and she didn't like the image. "I'll help you with her."

“Oh ... I don't need help with her. I was just thinking we would be allies. I can handle my mom.” I got up and started clearing the table. I probably did need help, but I hated to ask for it.

“You plan to subdue her with your penis?” There was a slight lilt in her voice that wasn't quite mocking. “She's your mother, Andy Pennypacker. You can't possibly ...”

My dick lurched in my pants. I guess the thought of subduing my mom was enough to get it going, even after everything it had been through recently. A couple minutes later, I was standing in the living room with Fred's pants around my ankles. FalconEar was on her knees, her wings fluttering as she blew me. It was still such a shock to see that ugly dick up against her pretty face. I felt almost like I was putting graffiti on a renaissance statue. Twenty minutes later, I felt even more like that when I was spraying her upturned face with cum.



FalconEar's smiling lips were still dripping sperm as she carried me back up to the master bedroom. We humped like rabbits for several more hours. I came once more inside her but kept going. Her pussy was so overfull that it burped and squelched. Eventually, she mounted me in reverse. Her wings were flexed and spread to the sides. Her commanding ass rippled with each long bounce she took on my dick.





*She's your ally.*

"Yeah ... dick ... I agree." I clutched the sheets and stared at the wonderful arch from her back out to her butt.

"Wha ... wha ... what?" FalconEar's hands grasped the air as if clutching at something that wasn't there. She had cum so many times, there was no way I could keep count.

I suppose the same was true for me. "Nothing ... I'm ... ugh ... ugh ... gonna ... cum ... again." My balls roiled.

"Yesssssssssss ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Her hips jerked and rotated as we came together.

Stars danced in front of my eyes.

Afterward, I lay on my back, her cheek resting on my shoulder. We were both still awake, although my dick had already gone to sleep.

"When I choked you earlier, Andy ... you got excited?" Her voice was low and drained.

"Um ... sorta." I tensed.

"Would you like me ... to do it again sometime?" She lazily ran a finger over my stomach, drawing a circle with cum.

"Okay ... I guess." I tried not to freak out.

FalconEar was kinky!

"And maybe ... you could try that with me, too? I've never had a man with his hands on my throat." She sounded uncharacteristically unsure of herself. "Except, you know, in a fight."

"Sure. I'd be honored to choke you sometime." I felt like pinching myself. The uptight FalconEar was naked next to me, covered in cum, and was asking for some kinky shit. What had my life become?

She raised her head and looked between my legs. "It's still small. It didn't like that idea?"

"I think it's just really, really tired," I said the truth.

"Me too." She put her head back down on my chest and was quickly snoring.

I drifted off, too. I didn't have any fear of her murdering me in my sleep. Not this time.

~~

FalconEar and I stayed at Fred's house for several days. I'm not sure how long exactly, but every moment was bliss. We mostly fucked, but we also made time to cook and eat. She even gave me some lessons in the kitchen, something Mom had never done. A few times, we tried to watch a movie together on the sofa. But we didn't last more than fifteen minutes before we were humping again.

It all came to an end while we were resting on the floor of the upstairs hall. We were sweaty, covered in cum, and cuddled up snuggly. Her head shot up. "I can hear someone coming up the driveway. It's them ... your friend's family ... they're home." FalconEar was up on her feet in a flash, running into the master bedroom.



"I don't hear anything." Slowly, I stood up. I wandered after her. Duster's sweatpants were flying through the air at me. I caught them. "What the ...?" I saw she was already half into her super suit.

"Put those on." With a grimace, she looked around the room as she dressed. "We should have cleaned more. But we were always so busy." She zipped up. "I'll request the Cleaner. I'll pay the bill. We'll label this a Grade C, slime-based villain zone." She pointed at my dick.

"I didn't spray enough cum for you to label me slime-based," I said. But she wasn't listening. She lifted me into her arms, calling the Cleaner on whatever communication device she was using. She leapt out of the window, and we took off into the sky. Ten minutes later, I was standing on my front lawn, watching FalconEar fade

into the horizon.

*She is your ally.*

"I hope so, dick." I turned and walked toward the front door. "I hope so."

When I entered my house, it took Mom about three seconds to come running up to me. "Oh, my gosh. Where have you been? We've been so worried."

"I was on a mission." I hugged her, feeling relieved to be home. But when I saw that she was looking at my crotch with animosity, the warm, fuzzy feelings dissipated.



"You're not hard. Thank goodness. Stay right there, I have the medicine to keep you soft." She rushed off into the house.

I frowned and wandered into the kitchen, got a glass of water, and stared out the window. My hand trembled as I drank.

"Don't pop Mom's pills." Maddie was sitting on the counter next to me. I hadn't seen her at all.

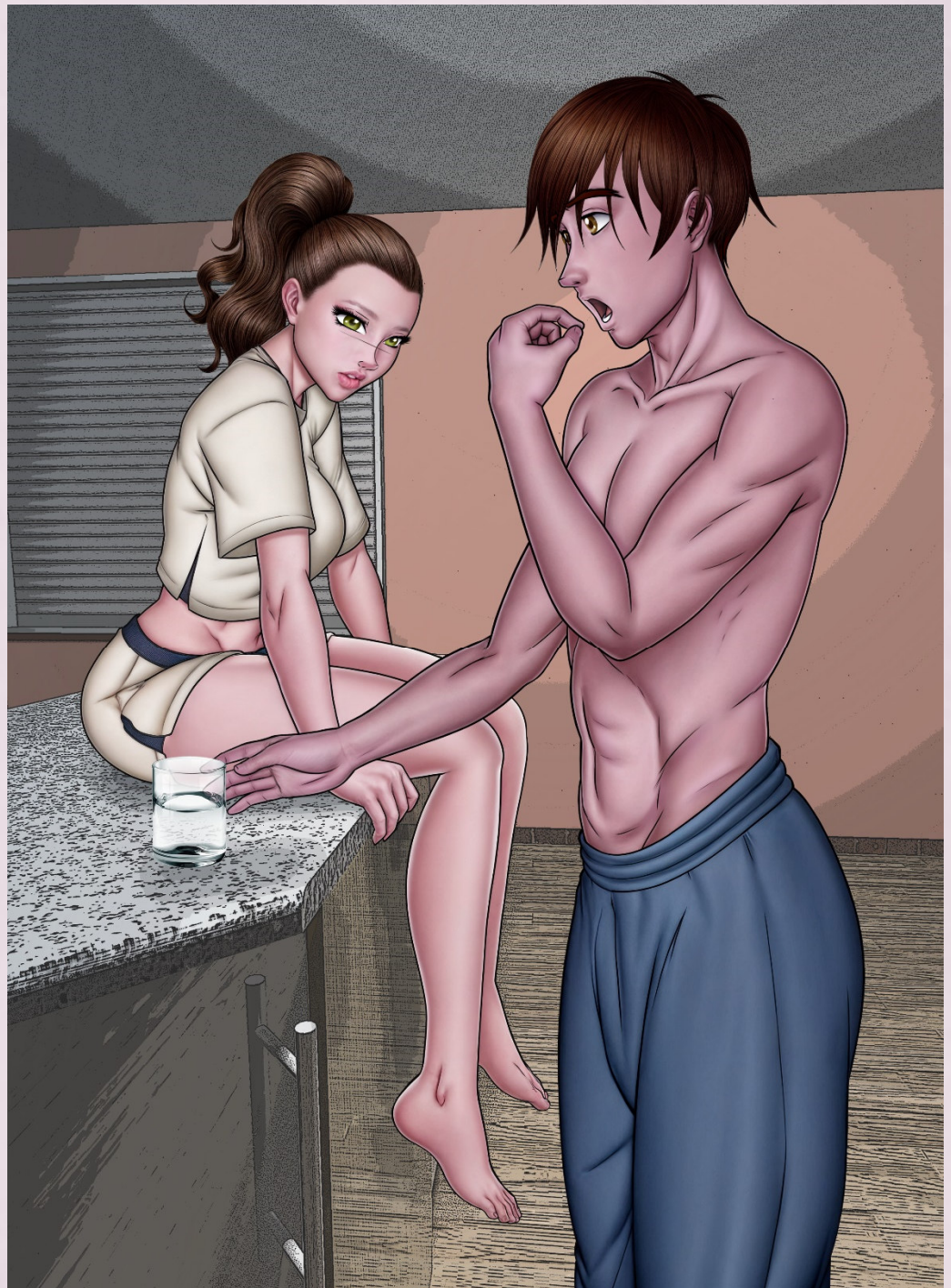
I let out a courageous shout and spilled some water.

"I know you're into something that's trouble." Maddie sniffed the air. "You smell like a sex dungeon, FalconEar dropped you off, and those pants are way too big for you." She nodded to Duster's sweatpants. "Also, you don't have a shirt. But whatever trouble it is, those pills are worse. Mom got them from her office. I don't trust her office."

"So, what do I do? I can't just tell Mom no," I whispered.

"You're twenty years old. You can totally tell her no." Maddie shrugged. She could tell that wasn't really an option for me. "Things have been so complicated since the cat thing started. I want you to know I never would have done the stuff I've done with her if she'd stayed ... normal."

"Stuff?" I thought I knew what she meant, but it was weird to talk about.





Maddie put the V of her fingers up to her mouth and licked the space in between. Her cheeks flushed red.

“Oh ... right.” I nodded, my cheeks matching my sister’s.

“My point is ... she’s changed. And she’s changing us.” Maddie glanced at the kitchen door. “Better you stand up to her, or run, than let her pump you full of drugs.”

“Um ... yeah.” The more I thought about it, the more right she was. I should have asked FalconEar to stay and meet my mom. I needed help. “Thanks, Maddie.” I put down my water glass, kissed her on the lips, and raced to the front door, holding up Duster’s pants so I wouldn’t trip.

I raced out of my house, only wearing the over-sized sweatpants. I was without my phone or my bike. Thanks to an interdimensional slug, I didn't have a job. Because of an accident at Mom's work, I wasn't safe with my family. Courtesy of the Djinn, my dick had a mind of its own. I didn't know where I was running to, but I knew I needed help.

