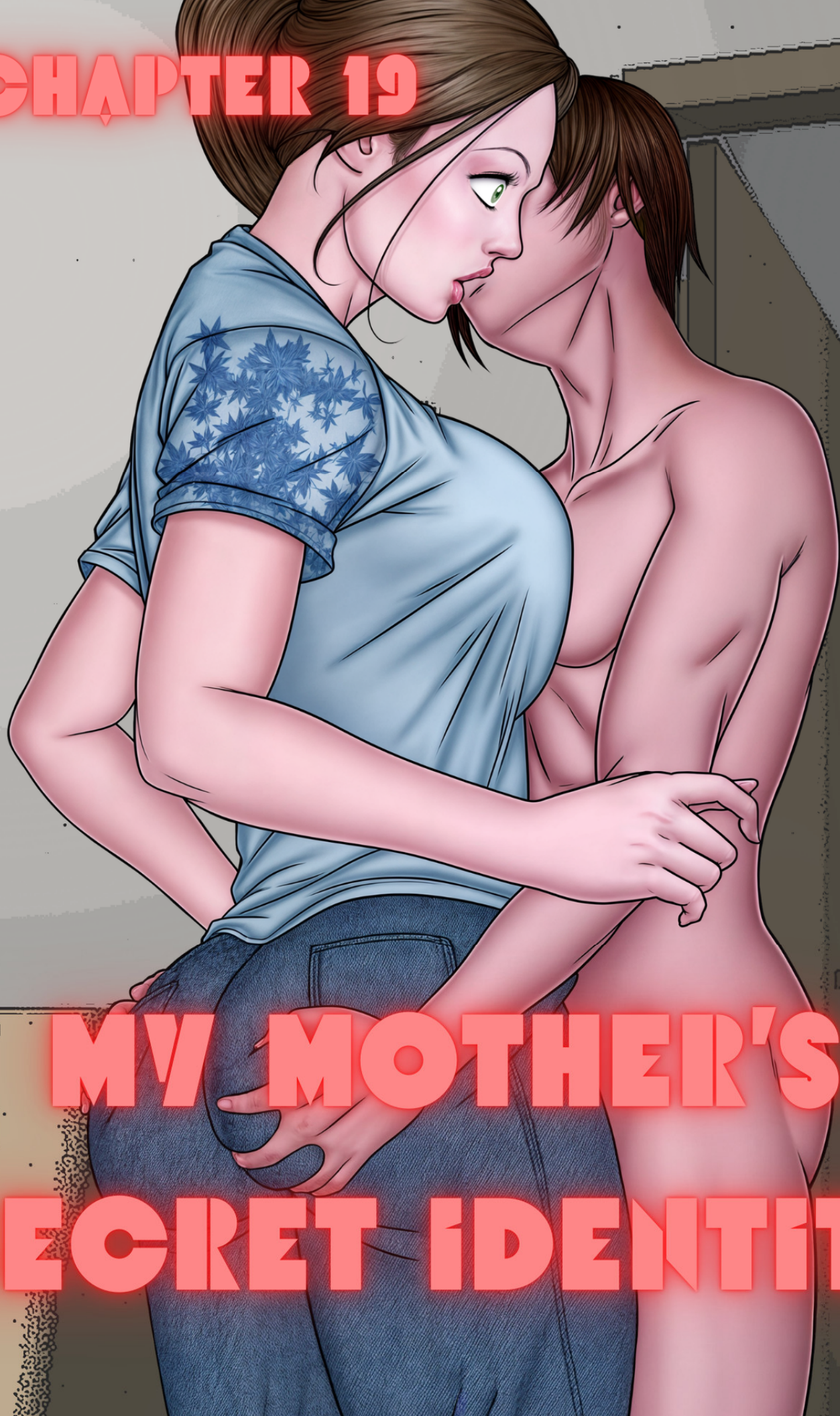


CHAPTER 19



MY MOTHER'S

SECRET IDENTITY

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

My Mother's Secret Identity 19

Illustrations by Adun

Written by RawlyRawls

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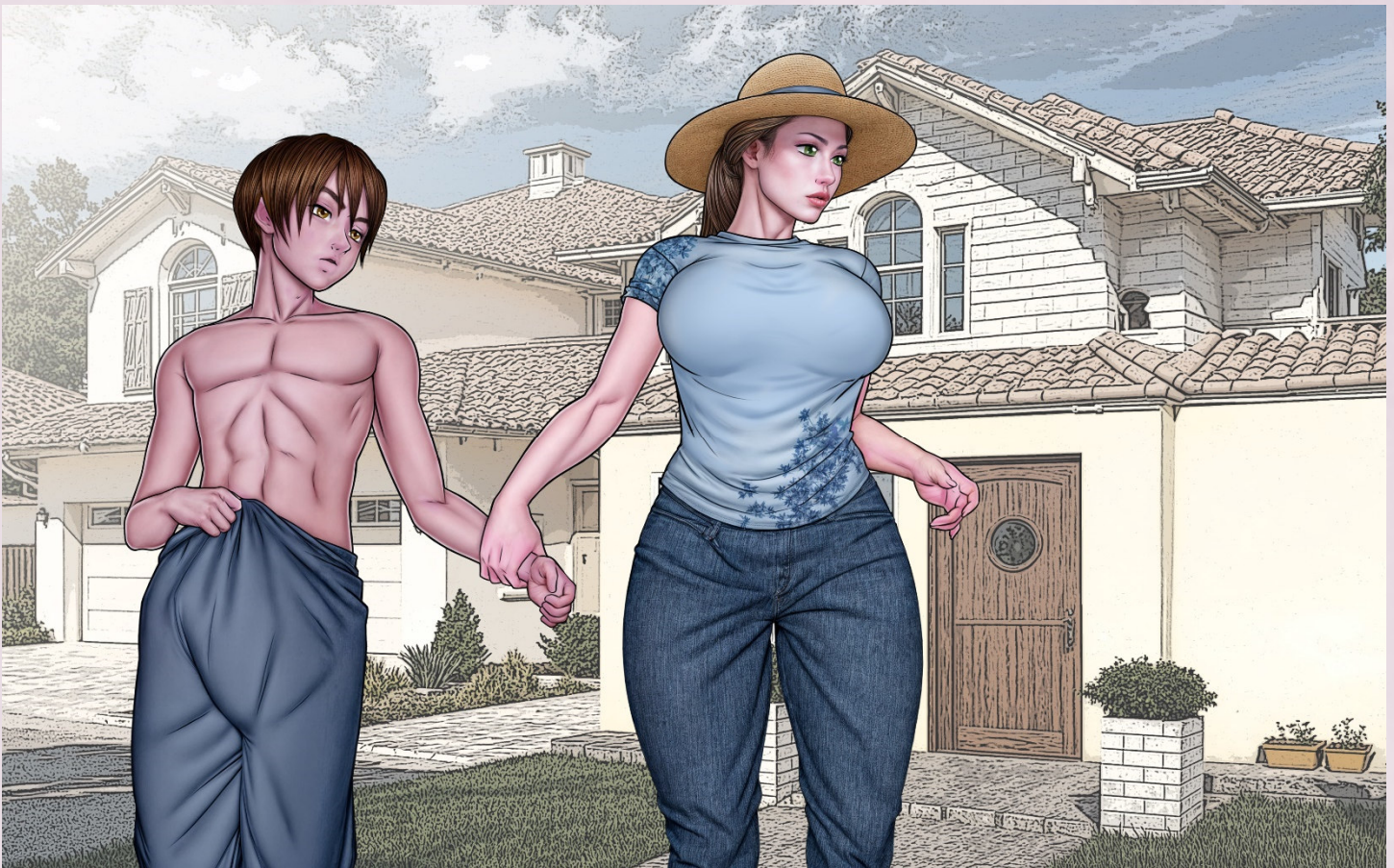
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Wearing only oversized sweatpants and socks, I ran through my neighborhood. I didn't have any way to contact FalconEar. I didn't want to go home and let Mom pump me full of drugs. Before I could decide where to go, Vanessa Gardino waved me down. She was in her garden on her knees in a flower bed. I slowed down and stared at her.

"Andrew, is everything okay?" She pushed up her sunhat and waved again. She was a sweet woman. Her youngest daughter had graduated in my high school class, so I knew her a little. "You look frightful! What happened?" She stood up, walked over to me, and took a commanding hold of my hand. Her t-shirt was wet with sweat and clung to her tits. I hadn't really noticed her tits in all the years we'd been neighbors, but I supposed after my getaway with FalconEar, I had sex on the mind. She squeezed my hand. "Did something happen at home? Is your mother okay?" She pulled me toward her front door. I glanced down at the way her yoga pants hugged her hips, highlighting the wonderfully feminine curves of her ass. Yep, I definitely had sex on the brain.



Make her yours.

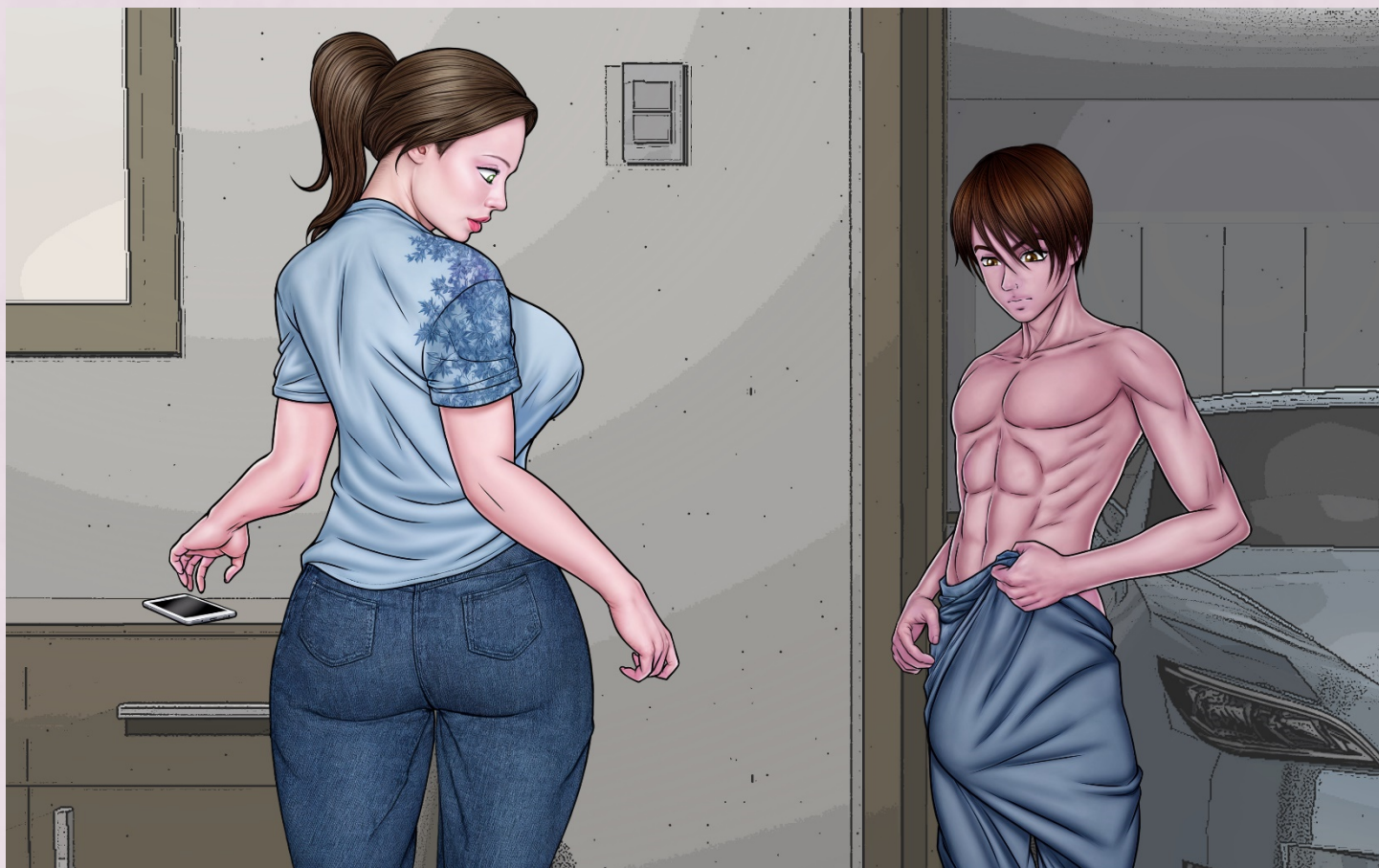
"Shit." My dick was waking up.

"Such language, Andrew." Vanessa took me into the house through the garage. Her place smelled clean and citrusy. "Take off your socks." She let go of my hand and frowned at my dirty socks. "I'm going to call your mother." She picked up her phone and scrolled through her contacts.

My dick lurched in my pants. It writhed and twisted to life.

No phone. No boring life. No boring wife.

“Um ... no need to call her, I guess.” Vanessa put down the phone and stared at my scrawny chest. “What did you say?” Her gaze was distant as it fell to the moving tent in my pants. “You’re very handsome, Andrew. But I’m married.”



"I didn't say anything." I shook my head. If she was going to stare at my dick, I decided I could stare at her tits. I could see her nipples poking through the dark, wet fabric of her shirt. "Speaking of being married, Mrs. Gardino, is anyone else home?" Thoughts of escape from my mother fell away. I dropped my pants and let my ugly cock breathe free.

"Oh ... gosh!" Vanessa put a hand to her mouth. Her eyes got very large. "What's happening, Andrew?" Her voice was suddenly high and thin. "Nobody else is home."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Gardino, but I think you're going to be my ally." I stepped over to her, pulled her into an embrace, and gave her a deep kiss. She went stiff in my arms for a few moments, but soon she was kissing me back. The scents of her sweat and the earthy garden filled my nose. Her round ass cheeks filled my hands. Our tongues twirled.

Another ally.

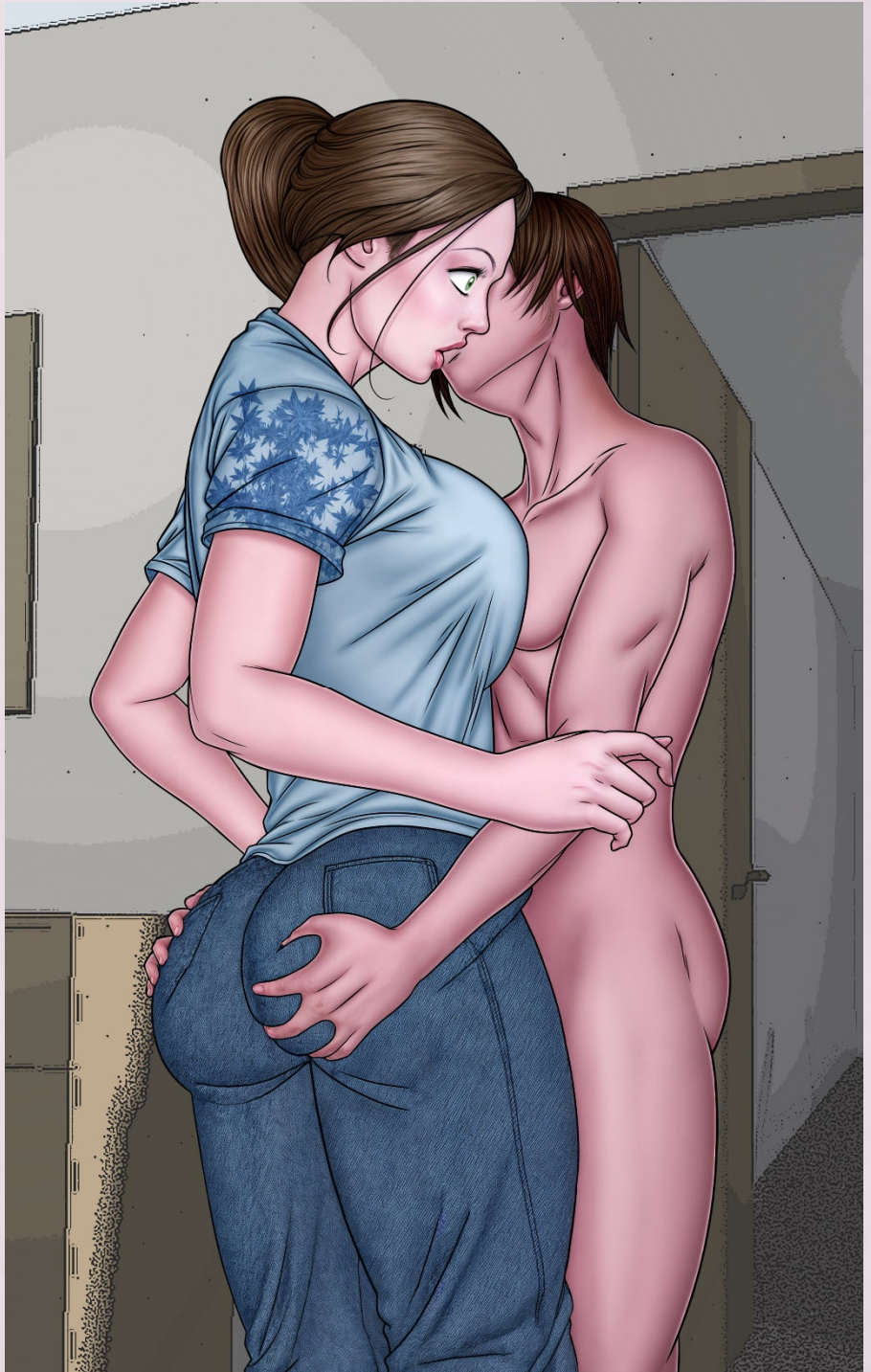
My dick wriggled against her soft belly.

"Mmmpphhhh." Vanessa pushed me away. "What is that?!?" She pointed at the wrongness of my brainiac dick.

"Mr. Gardino's doesn't do that?" I thought about what FalconEar would say if she found out I'd seduced my innocent neighbor. I frowned.

Vanessa didn't seem to notice the struggle written on my face. She didn't seem to notice much beyond my cock, actually. "No ... no ... my husband's doesn't do that. It's not ... natural." I wondered if she was aware that she was feeling up her own boobs as she stared.

Do not hesitate. Initiate.



Despite my dick's words, I hesitated. I'd just ironed out everything with FalconEar. I didn't need the complications of more pussy right now. I certainly didn't need to destroy any more marriages. I ... I ... lost my train of thought when Vanessa dropped to her knees and promptly sucked the wide, gnarled head of my dick past her pretty, pink lips.



Ten minutes later, we were both naked in the hall outside her mudroom. She was on all fours, and I was slamming away behind her like a crazed monkey. There was a puddle on the floor between her knees from a massive, squirting orgasm she'd just screamed her way through. I think it was her first squirt. Heck, it might have been her first orgasm.

"Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... was that ... your first ... orgasm ... ever?" My fingers dug into the wonderful cushion of flesh around her hips.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii." Vanessa's dark hair flew as she tossed her head side to side. "First ... first ... first ... crazy ... first ... first."

*An ally. A second home close to home.
A mate.*

"You can ... stay here ... anytime you like ... Andrew." She looked over her shoulder at me. In the past, Vanessa's face had always been sedate and mild. Now, it was warped by the discovery of a new ecstasy. Her eyes blazed with joy and hunger. "Stay ... here ... with me."

"What ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... about ... your ... husband?" Despite my confusion, my hips never missed a beat. I flipped her onto her back and continued pummeling her.

"Husband? Eh ... eh ... eh ... husband?" She seemed bewildered by the concept of the man she'd spent decades with. I would have laughed if I wasn't so close to cumming.



"I feel you ... getting bigger ... are you ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Vanessa's eyes crossed as she felt the heat of my cum pour into her womb.



We tried to stop after that, but I ended up between her legs on the kitchen floor, her feet flopping high in the air.

"I never ... I never ... I never ..." She stared up at my sweaty face with a look of baffled adoration. I suppose if I was going to be a supervillain, conquering innocent housewives wasn't much to hang my hat on. It wasn't toppling nations or anything. But it was sweet in the moment. I flooded her pussy again.

We did it one more time after that. I wheelbarrowed her in the living room. Her house wasn't smelling so citrusy fresh anymore. I don't think I would have labeled her home a Grade C, slime-based villain zone, but we had made a mess. After sex, I expected her to get angry with me the way FalconEar and Mom had. But even when my cock shriveled up to its normal, sleepy size, she continued to stare at me with puppy-dog eyes.



"I'll help you clean up." I stood and looked at the wet spot we'd left on the carpet.

"You're some sort of superhero, aren't you?" Still lying on the floor, she reached out her hand to me. Her wedding ring glittered, giving me a surge of guilt. I helped her to her feet. I could see her legs trembling as she put her hand on my shoulder for balance.

"Sort of." I nodded and had her show me where the cleaning supplies were. We were both still naked as we began cleaning.

On our hands and knees in the kitchen, she looked over at me while scrubbing the floor. "Hank ... Hank is my husband. Um ... I don't think Hank would mind ... since you're a super. I mean ... I've never had an affair before ... but ... can you keep a secret?"

“Sure.” I tried not to watch her boobs wobble under her as she made circles with her sponge on the linoleum. If I watched her tits too closely, I was going to get hard again, and brainiac would take over. I turned my attention to the floor.



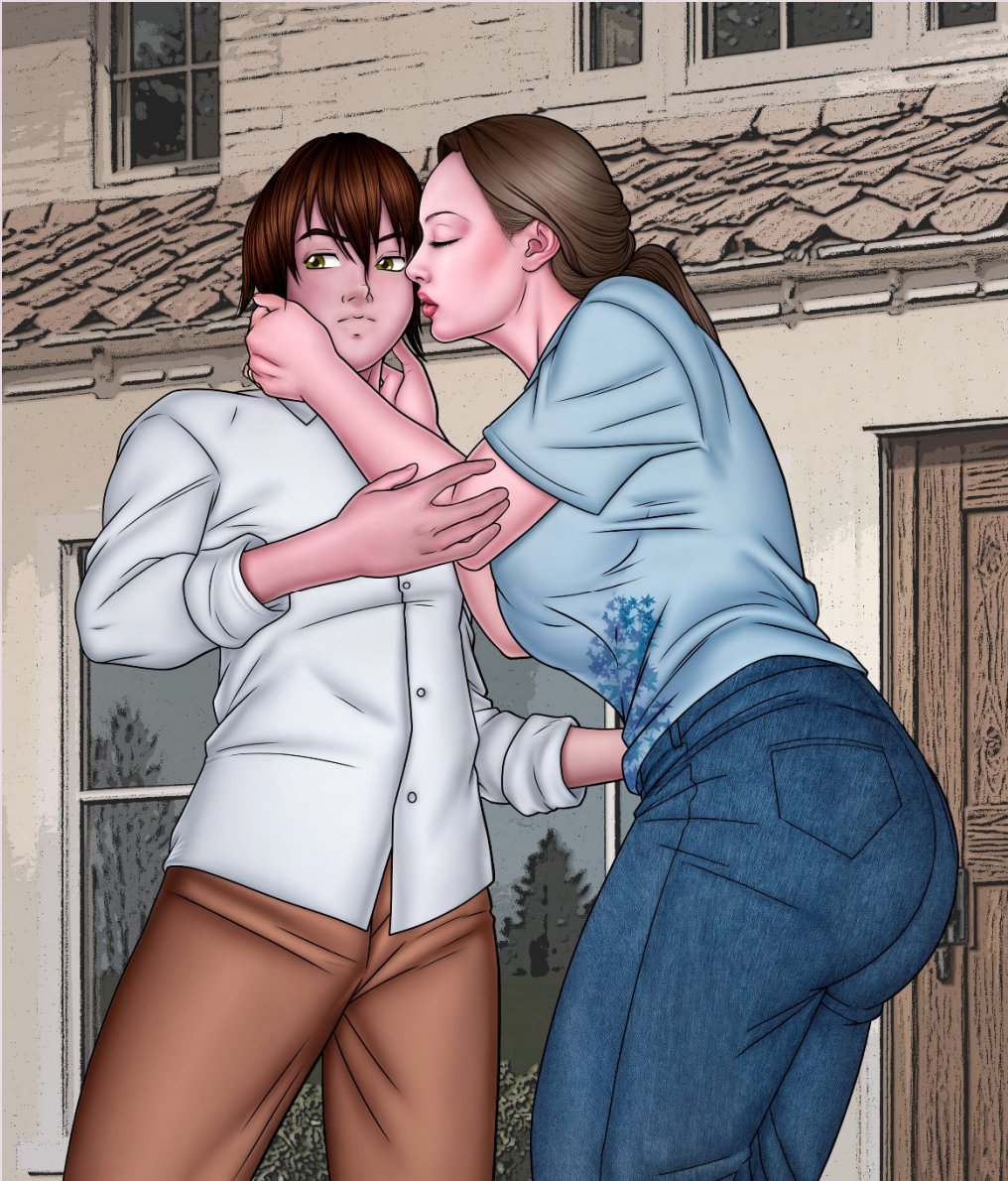
"Hank has fantasies where a super does ... um ... well, does exactly what you just did. But we never ... I mean ..." She lowered her voice. "I don't think I even had an orgasm before this afternoon. It's all so strange. I was in the garden. I saw you in some distress. And then ... my whole life is upside down." She cleared her throat. "Anyway, can I tell him about this? I think Hank will like it."

"He won't want to kill me?" I looked over at her again. As she cleaned, she had angled herself facing away from me, and I could see her gaping pussy. "I mean ... I think I ruined your sex life with him. Your pussy is ..." I wanted to say 'destroyed', but that sounded too mean.

"My *vagina* is what?" She turned toward me, still on her hands and knees, her tits still knocking together like a Newton's cradle. When I didn't answer, she frowned. "Even if he wanted to kill you, you're a super. What would you care? Isn't that why you took me like that? You're so powerful that mortals like me can't resist." Her eyes suddenly went glassy. "Oh, I like the sound of that," she whispered.

"That's not quite right. But it *is* really hot." Before I knew it, I was behind her again, smashing into her pussy, making it burp and squelch out my cum.





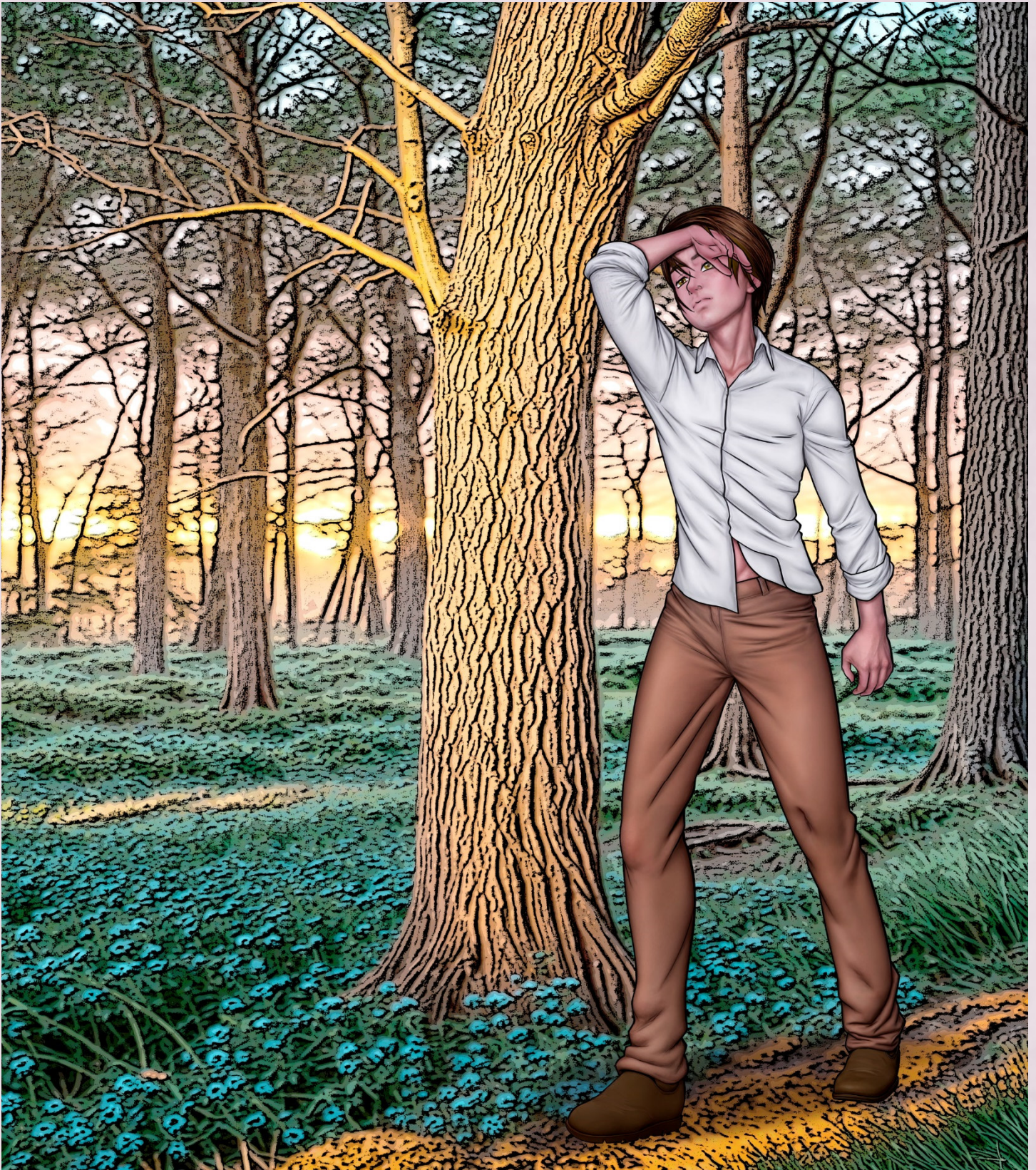
Eventually, we finished and cleaned the house. Her husband was closer to my size than the Great Duster, so I borrowed some of his clothes. It was getting late, but Hank still wasn't home. I decided to hit the road before he returned to find the pussy he married changed forever. Vanessa clung to me and kissed me repeatedly in the doorway, but eventually I pulled away and left, promising to visit her again soon.

Once out on the street, I was better dressed than before, with pants that fit, a button-up shirt, and shoes that were only a little too big for me. But other than the sartorial upgrade, I was right back where I'd started. I couldn't go home. I didn't have transport to get to FalconEar's place. I didn't want to go to any of my friends' houses. The friends around here all lived with their mothers, and I didn't trust myself around

women right now. I was breaking enough things without ruining friendships. I started walking down the street, hands in my pockets. Or really, hands in Hank's pockets. I didn't know where to go or what my next step would be. I almost wished my cock was hard just so it could tell me what to do.

~

My feet led me to FalconEar's forest. I was tired, it was nearly pitch black, and I still had a long way to go. Despite telling my feet those things, they didn't turn me around. Slowly, I wended around the shadows of ferns and the mighty columns of trunks. Crickets filled the air with their buzzing. Occasionally, I'd hear an owl or a branch break somewhere in the darkness and tell myself it wasn't some supervillain out hunting.



My mind wandered as I stumbled through the dark. I thought back to the ecstasy that had twisted FalconEar's pretty face when she came on me. The way her wings flapped haphazardly in bliss was spectacular. That led me to thinking about Vanessa, and how I had turned that poor neighborhood mom into a sex-crazed groupie. It hadn't even taken that long with her. I thought about Duster and Hank, about how both women had been so sure about their men until I showed up with my cursed cock. I thought about ...

We are hunted.

I'd popped a massive boner while my thoughts were wandering. My brainiac dick was back. "Hunted? Like ... right now, Dick?" I stopped by a tree and whispered the words under my breath.

It hunts in the trees. Now.

"Shit." My stomach turned over with icy fear. "What do I do?"



Make her your ally.

“Make who my ally? What are you ...?” I sucked in my breath and held it. Something rustled high in the tree to my right. A second later, a branch snapped somewhere over my head. A low, threatening hiss blended with the crickets’ hum. Whatever was hunting me was right above.

I held my dick with one hand so that it wouldn’t throw me off balance and ran blindly through the forest.

Make her your ally.

“Shut ... the fuck up!” I tripped and sprawled on the soft, loamy earth. I was sure I was going to die in that forest. I had a superpower, but what good was it against whatever was hunting me from above? I heard something land with a thump behind me. The hissing was louder now. I rolled onto my back and prepared to die.

