

# CHAPTER 23



MY MOTHER'S

SECRET IDENTITY

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

## My Mother's Secret Identity 23

Illustrations by Adun

Written by RawlyRawls

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“What are you doing here?” Mom strode into the room, straightening her skirt suit which was out of place from the drive home. She ignored me completely, focusing her attention on FalconEar.

“I’m Andy’s friend. I’m here to support him as he packs his things.” FalconEar’s face was cool, but her left wing twitched.

I frowned. “Mom ... I have to go away for a few -”

“Zip it, Andy Pennypacker. The adults are talking.” Mom held up a finger to silence me.



I wasn't having it. "I'm twenty, Mom, and I -"

"Is this some sort of charity project? Supers helping losers, is that it?" Mom talked over me, barking her words at FalconEar. "Well, we don't want your charity. Leave my son alone."

Dad was standing in the corner of the kitchen, his mouth hanging open. He was smart enough not to try to interject.

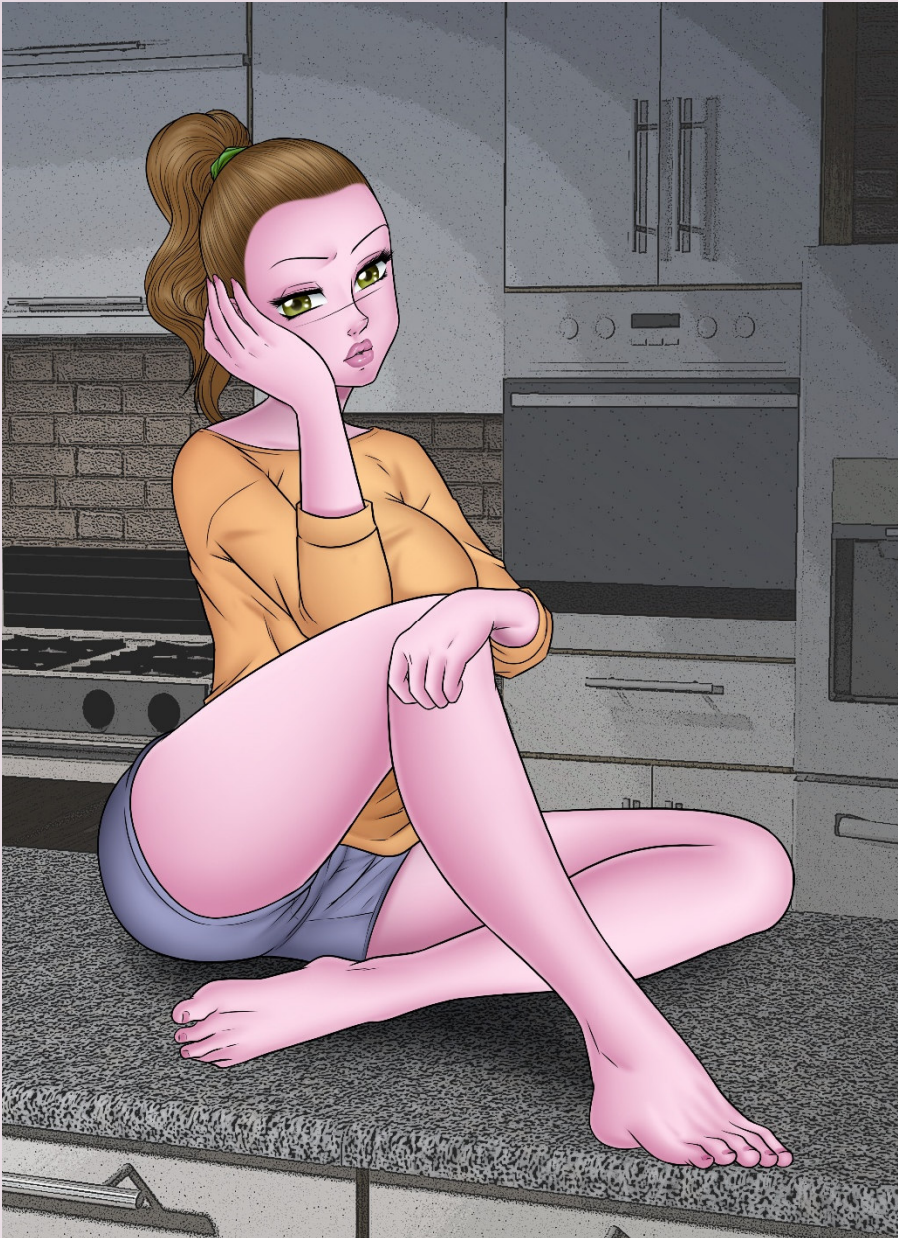
"Mrs. Pennypacker, your son is needed on a top secret mission. That's all it is." Now, FalconEar's left eye was twitching. It was clear that she was working hard to keep herself calm.

There was a moment of silence while my mother crossed her arms and studied FalconEar. "Oh, my gosh. You're having an affair with him, aren't you? I'm going to tell your husband."

"Don't be preposterous. If you know anything about my reputation, you wouldn't say such things." FalconEar was grinding her teeth now. "If you know what's best for you, you wouldn't say such things."

I was worried we might have a super fight right in our own kitchen. That would be a great way to let Dad know that he was married to a super.





“He’s a grown man, Mom. Just let him go on this mission. We have our own work to do, anyway.” Maddie was sitting on the counter. I could tell from the way everyone jumped that I wasn’t the only one that hadn’t noticed her there. My sister looked at me. “Just go, Andy. We can talk later.”

“Yeah, okay. I’ll be back later, Mom.” I looked over at my father. “Don’t worry, Dad, I’ll be safe.” I gave Maddie a grateful look. “See you soon.” With that, I pulled on FalconEar’s hand.

For a second, I thought my mother might step in our path, but she only watched us go. Once we were outside, I jumped into FalconEar’s arms, held my overstuffed backpack tightly, and we sailed into the air.

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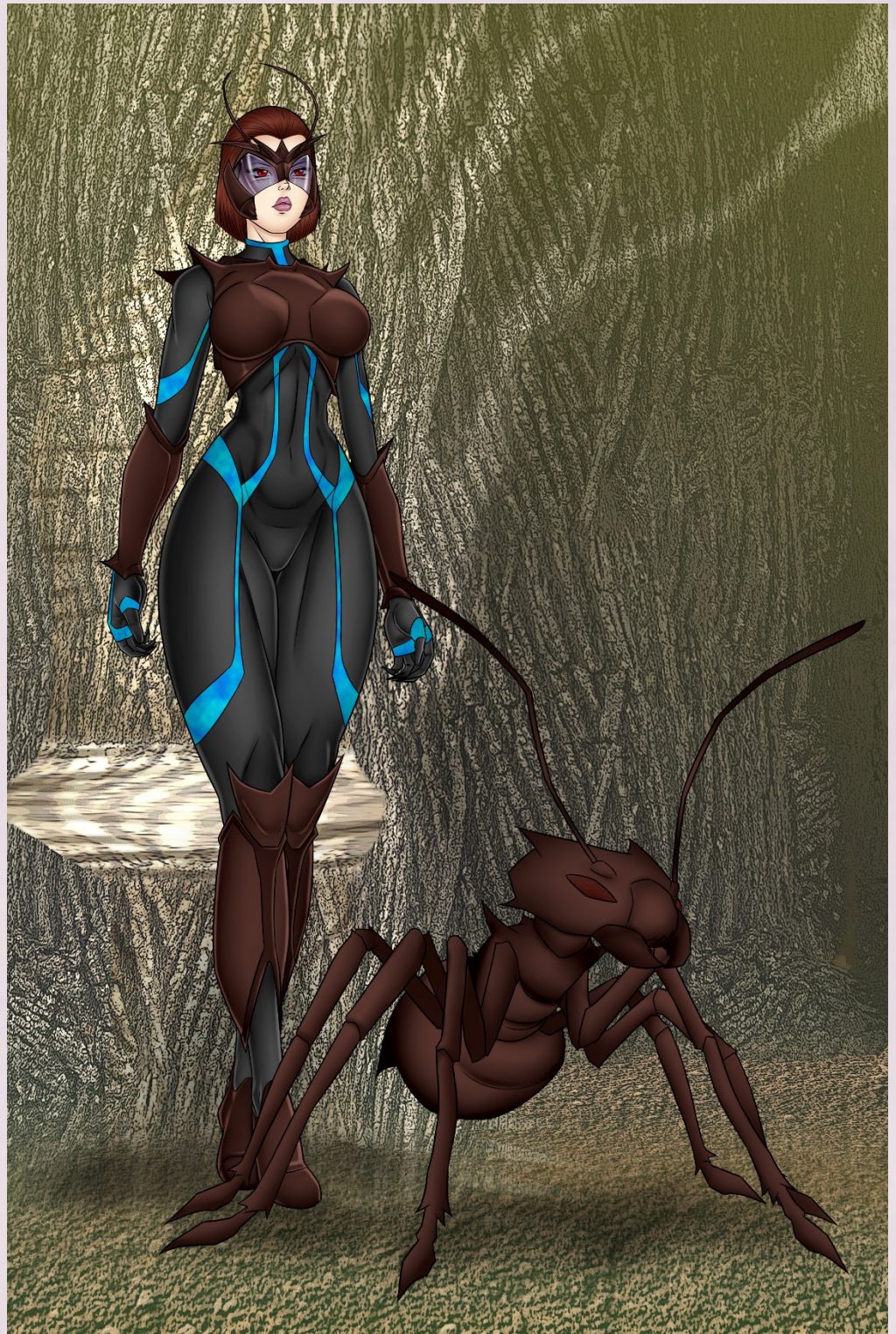
"Anterella, this is Andy. Andy, Anterella." FalconEar introduced me to her friend. The super had a lair underground, connected to a maze of tunnels. The suit she wore accentuated her ant nature. I had heard she was strong like an ant and could communicate by barfing out chemical signatures. Needless to say, I hoped we wouldn't need my sidekick for her. Anterella wasn't really my type.

"Nice to meet you." I stuck out my hand.

Anterella stared at my hand a moment, but didn't try to shake it. She turned her attention back to FalconEar. "This is a strange request. But yes, I have a private habitation for a human. You'll owe me."

"Don't I always?" FalconEar let out a hollow laugh.

"Yes, I'm keeping tally." Anterella nodded. "Follow that red ant over there. She'll lead you to the habitation. Please limit the stay to no more than a week."



Without any further conversation, we left Anterella, following her red ant. We wandered tunnels at a brisk pace for almost a half hour. Finally, we came to a steel porthole. A nearby light turned from red to green and the door opened.



I whistled when I saw the suite inside. There was a small kitchen, a large bed, and an adjoining bathroom. The place had nice furniture and a much more refined vibe than everything else I'd seen in Anterella's domain. "Where did that red ant go?" I stepped into the room, put my backpack down, and did an appraising walk around the space.

"I think it went home. Its job was done." FalconEar walked over to a ladder leading to a hatch in the ceiling. "This will be our ingress and egress." She walked over to the bed and ran a finger on the silk sheets. "We can't do anything ... sordid ... in this room. We have to assume that Anterella has eyes and ears in here."

"Creepy," I said.

"As for food." She walked over to the kitchen. "The larder seems well supplied. I'll repay her for anything we eat."

"We eat? Are you staying with me?" I smiled brightly. I could think of nothing better than holing up with my new teammate/best friend as we figured out our next moves.

"No. I must get back to my family, Andy. Remember, I have one of those." Her smile tightened.

“Okay, but you don’t have to go right away, do you?” I went back to my backpack, rummaged around it, and pulled out my bong. “You can hang for an hour, right?”

“Is that ... drug paraphernalia?” FalconEar stared in shock.



"Oh, come on. You must have smoked weed at *some* point." I stuffed the bowl full of my primo stuff, used the kitchen sink to fill the bong with water, and sat on the bed.

"Never ... I would never ... do drugs." FalconEar watched me with wide eyes as I toked. "You do this ... often ... Andy?"

I had inhaled, so I just nodded and smiled. Slowly, I exhaled. "Since we're a team, I think you should at least try."

"Oh, I don't know, Andy." She seemed almost as nervous about this as when she'd first spread her legs for me. She was chewing on her bottom lip, staring at the bong. "I really shouldn't." She shook her head.

Thinking about the first time she'd spread her legs for me woke my sidekick. Suddenly, I had an enormous tent in my pants.

*Share pleasures.*

"Oh, I think I'm going to be really bad." FalconEar sat next to me on the bed. "How do I do it?"

I handed her the bong and showed her how to use it. She didn't cough as much as I was expecting for a first-timer. But she was a super. I suppose she had super lungs.



"I don't feel anything, Andy." She held the bong on her lap, rubbing my erection through my pants with her free hand. "Maybe with my special metabolism, I'm impervious to drugs? I know that doctors have to adjust dosage for some medications for supers in their care. I wonder if -"



"Take another hit, FalconEar." I giggled. It was almost more crazy puffing from a shared bong with her than it was having sex with her. She looked so out of her element. "Like this." I took the bong from her and filled my lungs with smoke. I held the breath in as I watched her take the bong back and inhale. She didn't cough at all this time. She pinched her expression as she held her breath. She held it much longer than I did. When she finally exhaled, there was a silly smile on her face. "We should do this naked," I said.

"Oh, my gosh. Yesssss!" FalconEar giggled. She quickly pulled down the top of her suit and then lifted up into the air, her wings flapping. She pulled the suit down her legs as she hovered above me. It was one of the sexiest things I'd ever seen.

*She is yours.*



Yeah, that was clear, dick. And it was glorious. "Get back down here, we have more puffing to do." I laughed as she spread her legs above me, giving me the best view anyone has ever had of a super in flight.

"Coming, Andy." Giggling, she landed softly on the bed, sat next to me, and took another deep hit from the bong.

A few more puffs, and I was high as a kite. Judging from her dilated pupils, FalconEar was right there with me. She was giggling and laughing at anything, her tits jiggling with each guffaw.



"Did you ever think that the universe stretches us into places where we're needed?" FalconEar leaned over and gave the gnarled head of my cock a quick kiss.

"What?" I couldn't follow her logic, but it was funny. I fell on my back laughing, my cock lurching toward the ceiling.

*Show your devotion.*

“Andy ... I want to show you something.” FalconEar mounted me. Before I knew it, my cock was inside her pussy. I could feel it twisting and squirming in that tight, wet space, searching for the right points of pressure. Her expression went from stoned to frenzied. She bared her teeth at me as her hips undulated. “When all you have is a hammer, Andy, everything starts to look ... uuuuggghhh ... like nails.”

“Wh ... wh ... what?” I sunk my fingers into the soft flesh of her boobs, feeling their weight shift as she started bouncing on my cock.



“Saurina and I ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... we can help you ... contain ... your mother. But ... oooohhhhhh ... you have ... the only tool ... capable of neutralizing the ... threat she poses ... without violence. Maybe ... it would be fitting ... after what she made you do to her. Maybe not. It certainly ... would be ... unnatural. I would ... ugh ... ugh ... never have supported ... such a thing before ... knowing you. But now ... uuuggghhhhhh ... I want you to use ... your tool. I know ... it is meant to be used. Even ... on ... her ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” She threw her head back and came.

It was a good thing we were so far from Anterella’s main lair, because if we’d been anywhere close, I’m sure she would have heard FalconEar’s climax. And the next one after that. And the one after that. I ended up behind FalconEar, holding her wings as I smashed my hips on her ass. No one made any mention of pulling out or being careful, so I let myself explode inside her. Listening to her squeals of delight, I filled her womb. I’d never had sex while high before, although I’d certainly masturbated enough times that way. It might not surprise you to learn, this was better.

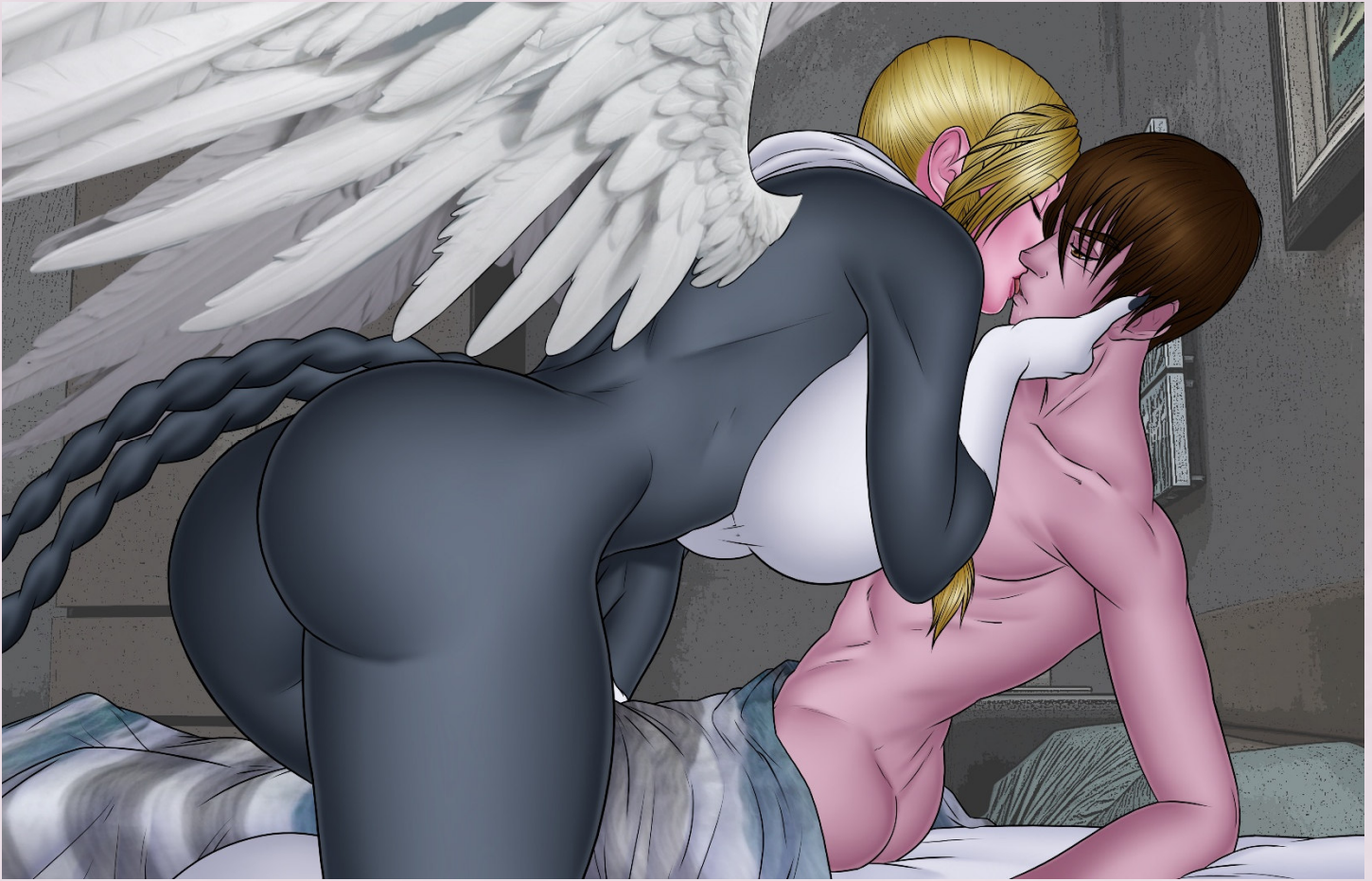
Hours later, I woke to hear FalconEar in the bathroom. She came out wearing her suit, her hair wet from a shower. “What time is it?” I rolled onto my back, my cock was back to its normal size.

“I’m late getting home. Stay here, I’ll be back tomorrow. You’ll be safe.” FalconEar glanced at the kitchen. “I ate a lot of the food when you were sleeping, but there’s enough for now. I don’t know what came over me.”

“Munchies.” I smiled up at her.



"Oh ... okay." She nodded seriously. Her pupils were back to normal. I guess her super metabolism had cleared the pot. "I'll bring some groceries when I return." She ventured a tentative smile. "You're so cute." She leaned over me, kissed me on the lips, and slipped me the briefest tongue. "You've really turned my life upside down." She walked over to the ladder, climbed up, and disappeared through the hatch in the ceiling.



I sat up. Saurina's suit was now hanging from a peg on the wall. I supposed we'd return it to her tomorrow. I got up and stretched. Normally, at this stage of the high, I'd have a good fap. But I was beyond satisfied. So, instead, I went to the kitchen and found a bag of chips. I figured out the entertainment system and sat naked in an armchair, watching sitcoms.

As I munched chips, I thought about what FalconEar had said about hammers and nails. I'd already had sex with my mom. I didn't think that she looked like a nail because all I had was a hammer. I played out scenarios in my mind. My dick was the solution to that problem because I wanted to nail her. That was a surprising conclusion, but I was sure about it. Now we just had to figure out how to make it happen.