

My Mother's Secret Identity

By Rawly Rawls © 2022

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

"Are you looking for a job today?" Dad gulped down some coffee and winked at me.

"Maybe pick someplace that won't get disintegrated the first week." Mom ruffled my hair and put on her jacket.

"That wasn't my fault. A super smashed some sort of pan-dimensional slug into the restaurant." I could read the subtext. I knew they wanted me to go to college, but I was perfectly happy smoking pot and living at home now that high school was in the rear-view mirror.

"I was joking." Mom took Dad's mug from him and gulped the rest of his coffee. He stared at her like she had stabbed him in the back. "But calling it a restaurant is a bit of a stretch. You were flipping burgers. I'd love for you to apply yourself, sweetie." She grabbed her briefcase.

"Don't forget, Emma and Ryan are coming over for dinner." Dad stood, adjusted his tie, and grabbed his car keys. "Don't disappear with your friends."

"Big sister coming for dinner. Got it."

My parents raced to the door. They were always running late. "Bye, Andrew," Dad said.

"Be good, Andy. Find a job." Mom gave me one last smile.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" I watched them pause by the door, obviously wracking their sizable brains. I took a bite of cereal for dramatic effect. "You

remembered one daughter. What about the other one? You have to take Maddie to school.”

They both exhaled, looking relieved that they hadn't forgotten anything *important*.

“Could you do it, sweetheart?” Mom winked at me, opened the door, and she was gone.

“Thanks!” Dad nodded. He followed her into the garage. As the sound of their cars faded, I imagined them racing each other down our suburban street.

“Maddie!” I screamed. “You're going to be late for school.”

“I'm right here.” My eighteen-year-old little sister stood by the fridge, an empty glass in her hand. She wore her school uniform and a sour expression.

“How long have you been standing there?” I took one last bite of breakfast and then stood to find my keys and a bong.

“A while.” Maddie sighed. “I'll go wait in the car.” She grabbed her backpack and left the house.

I found my keys on my bedroom floor. My bong was in the closet. A few puffs later, I was ready to go.

I took my sister to school. Don't worry, I didn't forget her. But she was a little late. It was her senior year. A little tardiness didn't matter. Although, from the stank-eye she gave me when she exited the car, you'd think I'd eaten her dog.

After that, I went home, made good use of my bong and searched the internet for superhero news and porn. I combined the two in the end, enjoying some doggy action with a fake Alphawoman.

A rattling knock on my door woke me from my nap. “Come in.” The sun had somehow set outside.

The door opened and in stepped Emma. She didn't look very happy with me. “Mom said you were getting ready for dinner.” She waved her hand in front of her nose. “Have you been smoking in here all day?”

“I can neither confirm nor deny –”

“Shut up, Andy.” She sighed like I was a lost cause. She was right, but still it stung a little. “You missed the big news. Ryan and I are getting hitched.” She held out her left hand. Despite my slow mind, I couldn't help but notice it sparkling.

“Congrats, Emma. Ryan's a ... really sweet guy.” I might have been exaggerating. “Now leave me alone.”

She walked over to the bed and dragged me out of it. She wasn't much taller than me, but she was strong. So very strong. "You're going to take a quick shower, put on something nice, and come down for dinner in fifteen. And you're going to be really friendly with Ryan." She dragged my limp body across the floor, into the hall, and deposited me in the bathroom. "Got it?"

"Got it." I gave my big sister a salute.

Emma rolled her eyes at me and went downstairs. I dropped my head to the tiles and grunted in disgust. The shower suddenly turned on. Startled, I looked up. Maddie was standing there holding the shower curtain open. "I think she wants you to shower." Her odd, green eyes studied me with pity.

"Jesus, Maddie. How do you do that?" I was confused. Had she been in the bathroom when Emma had dragged me in there?

"Do what?" Maddie stepped over me, walked out into the hall, and closed the bathroom door. They were all conspiring against me. Begrudgingly, I stood up, undressed, and got into the shower.

We had a pleasant dinner. I was a good brother and palled around with Ryan. Mom and Dad seemed overjoyed. Even Maddie broke into a smile a few times.

We had dessert and said our goodbyes to Emma and Ryan. Maddie went to her room to do homework. Dad went upstairs to read. I was about to make myself scarce, when Mom roped me into helping her with the dishes.

"Can you load the dishwasher for me, Andy?" Mom leaned against the counter, rubbing her hand.

"Anything wrong, Mom? That's not really my thing." I started putting dirty plates away.

"Just an accident today in the lab." She saw the look of concern on my face and gave me a reassuring smile. "It's no big deal. I think I sprained a finger. That's all." She kept rubbing her hand vigorously.

"Oh, okay." I was getting some strange vibes from her, but whatever.

"You can handle the rest of the cleanup on your own, right?" Mom was pacing the length of the kitchen. "I think I need ... I need ... to go for a run."

"You what?" I looked up from the dishwasher, just in time to see her dress swoosh out of the kitchen. She was still wearing her nice clothes from dinner. And she was barefoot. I heard the front door open and close, and she was off. I shrugged and finished cleaning. Parents are weird. Who knows what strange thing they'll do next? After setting the kitchen in order, I replenished my high up in my room and camped out on the couch

with a bag of chips. I watched a documentary on the dynamic duo of Starfist and Mr. Asteroidea. They were dysfunctional as shit. I laughed and laughed.

Dad stopped by to say goodnight. A little while later, so did Maddie.

I wasn't sleepy. So, I just kept munching and watching. I had forgotten about Mom's strange jog, until I heard the front door open. I checked the clock. It was after midnight. Had she been running for three hours in the dark with her dress on? Barefoot? I heard bottles clanking in the kitchen. And then something broke. What the hell was she doing?

"I need a new bag of chips anyway," I said to nobody. I got up from the couch and ambled into the kitchen. The lights were off, but I could hear her in there. "Mom?"

A soft growl greeted me.

After that, I was a little less sure of the situation. "Mom?" I turned on the lights and dropped my empty chip bag to the floor. My jaw nearly joined it on the linoleum.

"Mom?" My eyes worked to adjust to the dim light. There was a woman crouched on our kitchen counter, wearing my mother's dress. Or, I should say, partially wearing it. It was torn and hung from her waist, exposing the woman's upper half. I was standing partly behind the creature, so I could see some significant hanging side-boob, and the long arch of her back. Her back ... her skin ... the woman had black and orange stripes. A striped tail swung back and forth, her dress draped on it. I was about to scream my head off, when the woman turned her face toward me. I stopped breathing. Despite the fact that a large, raw steak hung from her teeth, I recognized Mom instantly. She growled, the vertical pupils in her green eyes tightening into lines. My sweet, nerdy mother had turned into some sort of cat woman. A tiger woman. Tigerina. Tigerra. Half-Tigressia. My mind bookmarked her super name as a work in progress.

The steak dropped from her mouth and hit the counter with a wet thump. She still crouched on the counter, turning her body toward me. Now I was getting more than an eyeful of her breasts. I knew I should turn away, but how could I? She hissed at me, and I stepped back. But then her face softened with recognition. "Andy?" She climbed down from the counter. Her breasts bounced and jiggled with each impact.

"Yeah, it's me." I forced my gaze up to her face as she approached. "Are you a ... a ... a ... superhero?"

"The accident ... at work ..." She stopped and leaned heavily on my shoulder, her boobs now pressing into my arm.

"Are you hurt?" I had the strangest erection in my pants. You know I have a thing for supers. This was hitting all the right buttons, even if it was Mom. I tried to focus.

“No ... no ...” She shook her head against my shoulder. “But I think I ate someone’s dog. It happened so fast ... I couldn’t control it. You have to hide me from your father and sister. We can’t tell anyone. Promise me.” She slowly rubbed her crotch against my hip. I don’t know what she was thinking. I stepped away from her before something really weird happened.

“I promise. You can hide in my room.” I stepped over to the sink and splashed my face with cold water. When I turned back to her, she was smiling at me like we were about to play a game. “So, are you a superhero, Mom?” I tried my best to maintain eye contact with her now round cat’s pupils, but her breasts were so inviting.

Mom purred, and walked toward me. Her hips swayed with alacrity. “You like what you see, Andy?”

“My room is a bad idea.” I tried to turn to the side so she wouldn’t notice the tent in my pants. “Why don’t you sleep it off in the garage? Will you be normal in the morning?”

“Yes ... the metamorphosis lasted only two hours in rats.” She licked her lips.

“Mmmmmmm ... do we have any rats around here?”

“Okay. Got it. I’m guessing it was an experimental drug. Accidental dose, right? Half the supers on the Council got their powers that way. Awesome.” I took her shoulders and turned her toward the garage before she could start rubbing herself on me again. “I’ll check on you later. Sleep it off in the car.”

She flicked my face with her tail as she stepped into the garage. “I am tired.” She reached her arms high overhead and stretched with a big yawn. “Goodnight, Andy.” She crawled into the back of the minivan, curled up, and started snoring.

“Holy shit.” I softly closed the door to the garage and raced upstairs. I wasn’t sure if I was going to fap, research Mom’s company, or look up cat supers. I went with all of the above, punctuated by hits from my bong. I fell asleep with my head on the keyboard.

A cheerful knock on my door woke me early in the morning. “Whaaaaa?” I sat up and watched Mom enter my room with a big smile on her face. She had showered and wore a new dress. There wasn’t a hint of the tiger about her.

“So, that was odd last night, wasn’t it?” She sat down on the edge of my bed, her hands clasped in her lap. She waited for me to respond.

“You’re ... you’re ... a super ... Mom.” I tried to gather my wits.

“It was just an accident. Won’t happen again.” She nodded with enthusiasm. “Thank you for not telling your father, or calling an ambulance, or anything like that. We want to keep what happened secret. Promise me you won’t tell anyone.”

“I promise. I know all about secret identities, sure.” I took a deep breath, trying to remember what her boobs had looked like.

“I am not a super, Andy.” She stood, kissed me on the cheek, and tousled my hair. “It was just an accident. A one-time thing. I’m going to go get breakfast ready.” She waved a hand in front of her face. “And air out your room, it stinks in here.”

“Okay.” I watched her go, her hips not swaying like they had the night before. There was no tail poking out from under her dress. No tiger stripes. I felt both deep disappointment and relief that it was over. I reached for my phone, but stopped. “Shit.” I had promised to keep it a secret, but I was dying to tell someone.

Chapter 2

“Mom’s a fucking super!” Maddie was under the covers in her bed. Normally, I wouldn’t burst into her room unannounced. After all, my little sister was eighteen years old. But this was the exception that proved the rule. “Did you hear me? She’s a *super*.”

“Go away, Andy.” Maddie sat up in bed.

“I saw her, Maddie. She was a tiger woman with black and orange stripes, cat’s eyes, and a tail.” The words fell out of me in a rush. I turned away from my sister’s bed and opened the window, letting in the brisk morning air. “I’m thinking call her Tigressia. But the naming is still a work in progress. I ...” I turned back to the bed, and my sister was gone. I looked around the room confused. Where did she go?

“This sounds like the sort of thing Mom would make you swear to secrecy.” Maddie stood right behind me. I turned around and blushed. She was wearing a thin shirt and panties. Her nipples poked right through the cotton. This was why I usually knocked before entering her room.

“She did.” I nodded. “And I didn’t tell anyone. I promise.”

“You’re telling me right now.” She walked over to her closet and dressed herself. I turned and looked out the window to give her some privacy.

“But ... um ... I ... um ... didn’t think ...”

“You didn’t think I counted?” Maddie sighed. “You can turn around now, I’m dressed.” She frowned at me. “Don’t look so upset. I already knew about the tiger lady thing. I saw everything last night. It was smart putting her in the garage.”

“You ... saw?” I scratched my head. “But I didn’t see you.”

“No one ever notices me, Andy.” Her face brightened. “I’m hungry. Want me to make waffles?”

“Sure, but ...” I grabbed her wrist to prevent her from opening the door. “What are we going to do about Tigressia?”

“Nothing.” Maddie shrugged. “Mom said it was a onetime thing. It won’t happen again. And also, that super-name super-sucks.”

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Maddie was right. Mom seemed normal enough over the next couple weeks. I kept an eye out for anything orange, black, and stripy. But it was just plain old Mom. That is, until I woke late one night to the sound of the garage door closing. I listened for a minute, but thought maybe I'd imagined it. Then I noticed I was hard. "Time to fap," I sighed. I had really been into the cat supers lately. There was a parody of Louise Lynx on my hard drive where she takes it from behind that had gotten a lot of use. I went to fire it up when I heard a door softly closing. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up. I hadn't imagined that. I did what anyone would do in that situation. I put my dick away and took a few hits from my bong.

Then I went to investigate.

The house was dark and quiet. I could hear every squeaking floorboard as I crept down the hall. I turned on the flashlight on my phone. At the top of the stairs, I paused. There were dirty footprints leading upstairs. This seemed like a clue. Mom and Dad kept a tidy house. I followed the prints to my parents' door.

"What are you doing?" Maddie's voice came from right behind me. I just about had a heart attack.

"Jesus Christ, Maddie. You do sneak up on people." I turned to her and held up my finger. She was dressed in a thin shirt and panties again. I tried to maintain eye contact.

"Something's wrong. I can feel it."

"The carpet is messed up." Maddie nodded in agreement.

"Should we check on them?" I whispered, pointing at my parents' door.

Maddie shrugged. I don't know if she thought her nonchalance was funny or not, but this was a serious matter. The hairs on my neck don't stand up for run-of-the-mill problems. I could imagine a super villain in my parents' room doing nefarious things.

I shut off my flashlight and carefully turned the door handle. The door opened with a faint squeak. I could hear my father snoring in bed. And I could hear a wet rhythmic sound, too. I looked for the source, but it was my sister's pointing finger that zeroed my eyes in on Mom. She was orange and black striped and naked, sitting on the floor with one of her legs up in the air. She was licking something dark off her thigh with an impossibly long tongue. The light from the moon fell over her. "Is that ...?" I looked at Maddie.

"It's blood." She nodded matter-of-factly. "I sure hope it's someone's dog again."

My stomach turned over.

Mom stopped cleaning herself and hissed at us. She sprang to her feet and without a noise bounded across the room. Suddenly I was face-to-face with a snarling creature.

Her pupils were vertical slits. I froze, not even breathing. I did not want to get on the wrong side of her pointy teeth or extended claws.

“It’s us, Mom.” Maddie sounded calm as ever right behind me. Of course she was calm, Mom wasn’t about to disembowel her. I was first on the menu by virtue of proximity. “Chill out,” Maddie said.

Mom’s face softened. “Oh, Andy and Maddie,” she purred and hugged me. I was very aware of her breasts rubbing against my pajama top and her pussy rubbing against my thigh. “I’m so glad you’re here.” She held onto me tightly.

“Good to see ... you ... too ... Mom.” She squeezed so hard I had trouble getting the words out. I waddled out of the room so we wouldn’t wake Dad. Maddie closed the door behind Mom.

“You can let go of him now.” It was too dark to see Maddie, but I knew she was wondering why our mother was rubbing against me. “What’s she doing?” She whispered.

I tried to shrug, but the hug wouldn’t let me. “You’re ... hurting me ... Mom.”

“Oh, sorry.” She released me and held my shoulders. “I had the most wonderful night.”

“What happened?” Maddie turned on the hall light so we could see if she was hurt.

“Was that your blood?” I looked for the blood, but it looked like she’d cleaned it all off.

“No, I’m fine.” Mom’s smile looked like she’d just eaten a canary. And maybe she had. Literally. I checked her full lips for feathers.

“Did you kill a dog again, Mom?” Maddie’s face twisted in distaste.

“I robbed a bank!” Mom smiled and licked her striped arm.

“Whose blood was that?” I was getting really nervous.

“Well, technically I robbed some robbers that robbed a bank. But I got all the money.” She hugged Maddie and started rubbing herself on my sister.

“Andy?” Maddie gave me an exaggerated look of distress as she tried to pull away. “She’s naked, Andy, do something.”

“Let’s sleep this off in the garage again.” I put a hand on my mother’s shoulder. She leaned away from my sister and smiled at me. “That’s a good idea. That’s where I left the money. Someone has to guard it.” She hissed at me and clawed the air, but then rolled her cat eyes to show she was just being playful.

“Okay, come along then.” I led her down the stairs, trying not to look at her bouncing breasts. Maddie followed us. She kept pushing my mother’s tail away from her face.

Once in the garage, Mom hopped right into the minivan and went to sleep, just like last time. But this time, there was a large duffle bag full of cash on the garage floor.

“Do you think she killed anyone?” Maddie stared at the money.

“I’m going to be sick.” I ran back into the kitchen and threw up in the sink.

I heard my sister close the door to the garage and walk into the kitchen. “We’re going to have to figure this out. Mom needs our help.”

“I know ...” I retched one last time and washed my face with cold water. “We need to get her a suit. She can’t run around naked like a crazy lady. And we have to figure out what triggers her. I mean ...” I looked at the garage door. “I assume she’ll be normal again in the morning.”

“I meant we need to find out what happened at the bank.” Maddie pulled up two chairs and set them facing the garage door. “But first we have to cover for her. Sit and keep an eye out while I clean the carpet.”

“Okay.” I sat down and stared at the door. “We have to do something with the money.”

“We’ll figure that out in the morning.” Maddie wandered off to get the steam cleaner, I supposed. The shock of the evening had tired me out. I yawned and before any more questions could enter my head, I slouched in the chair and fell asleep.

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“Andy? Andy?” My mother’s sweet voice woke me from sleep. I blinked my eyes open and tried not to stare. She was standing in front of my chair, leaning over me. She was naked, with one arm covering her boobs and the other hand covering her pussy. There wasn’t a stripe left on her. All marks of her transformation were gone. “You’re awake.” A shy smile spread on her lips. “It happened again, I guess. But you took care of me. What would I do without you?” She kissed me on the cheek and sat in the empty chair next to me, still covering herself with her arms.

“Maddie did most of the work.” I looked at her out of the corner of my eye, trying not to let my gaze linger on her side boob. “She cleaned up and helped get you back in the garage. I guess she went to bed.” I yawned and stretched.

“That girl is always disappearing.” Mom shook her head.

“I’m right here.” Maddie startled us as she stepped out of the early morning shadows near the fridge. Her clothes were covered in dirt.

“What happened to you?” Confused, I blinked at the spot she’d stepped from.

“I buried the money out in the forest behind our house.” Maddie folded her arms.

“Oh, I could have helped with that.” I stood up, still trying to avoid looking directly at my mother’s nakedness.

“You were busy watching over Mom,” Maddie said without irony.

My brain started filling in pieces of the puzzle from last night. “You robbed a bank, Mom. Was anyone hurt ... or killed?”

“Killed? No.” Mom bit her lip. “But I did hurt at least two of the robbers. They didn’t want to give me their money.”

“Why did you take their money?” I looked at her with wide eyes. My sweet mother would never get mixed up in crime.

“It just felt right. When I’m that other lady, I feel ... more daring.” She stood. “I have to go take a shower before your father wakes up.”

“Are you going to turn yourself in? Turn in the money?” I watched her bare butt roll as she walked toward the stairs.

“Heavens no.” She looked back at me and shook her head. “But I’ll ask you both to keep this a secret. Can you do that, Maddie?”

“Of course, Mom. But Andy –” Maddie started to say.

“Thank you, both.” Mom walked up the stairs.

“Come on, Andy.” Maddie headed toward the stairs, too.

“Where are we going?” I followed her.

“Well, you’re the expert on supers.” Maddie didn’t bother looking back. “We have a couple hours before I have to go to school, and a lot of things to figure out. Obviously, Mom needs our help.” She ascended the stairs.

“Yea, obviously.” I nodded and followed her to her room.

Chapter 3

Maddie and I spent several days doing research online and strategizing about what to do about Mom. We tried talking to her about it directly, but she dismissed us with a shrug and a smile. She wasn't worried. Despite this, her eighteen-year-old overachieving daughter and her twenty-year-old slacker son were determined to do something. Our big sister, Emma, didn't even know about Mom's change. She was off living her budding life with her dumb ... I mean boring ... I mean wonderful fiancé.

"What if we ... I don't know ... put some sort of tracker on her?" I said this in a wheeze as I held smoke in my lungs. My bong rested next to me on my bed. Slowly, I exhaled.

"Duh." Maddie leaned next to the open window, frowning at me.

"Duh ... what?" I blinked at her. "It's a good idea, right?"

"It was a good idea when I had it several days ago." She shook her head. "I got a tracker for exactly that. It's on her 24/7. That's how I know she hasn't changed since the last time."

I was flabbergasted. "You what?" I seriously didn't know if I was so high that I wasn't hearing her right. "A tracker? Where? How? Don't tell me you built one in your room."

"Don't be silly. I stole it from a specialty store in the city." Maddie raised an eyebrow.

"You stole ... a tracker ... from a supe store?" My mouth hung open. I stared at her, uncomprehending. "How?"

"I just walked in. No one noticed me. So, I took a tracker and walked out." Maddie shrugged. "They sell supe suits there, too. We can't steal one of those. It has to be custom. But with the money Mom stole, I bet we could buy one for her."

"We don't have her measurements." I took a huge hit from my bong.

"I do." Maddie smiled.

"Of course you do," I wheezed.

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Three days later, I was toweling off after a late-night shower. When I saw my sister's reflection in the mirror, I let out a manly yell of surprise and dropped my towel.

“You shriek like a little girl.” Maddie giggled. She was sitting perched on the toilet lid, looking at her phone.

“What are you doing in here?” I turned to look at her directly.

“You’re just going to dangle that in front of me?” She quickly glanced at my soft dick and chuckled to herself like my dick was a great joke.

“Not funny.” I picked up the towel and wrapped it around my waist. I tried not to let her see me blush. “Are you here about Mom’s suit?” We hadn’t made any progress on that yet.

“No, Andy. Get on topic.” She shook her head.

“Um ... what’s the topic?” I raised an eyebrow.

Maddie rolled her eyes at me like I was the stupidest, dumbest brother she could have ever hoped to have. “Mom’s changed again. And she’s on the move. I’m following her with the tracker.”

“No, shit?” I bounced in the middle of the bathroom floor. “What do we do ... what do we do?”

“You get dressed. When she stops moving, we’ll take the minivan and go there. Make sure she doesn’t get into trouble.” Maddie shooed me with her hand. “Get dressed.”

I opened the door, ran down the hall, and entered my room. I threw the towel away and bent to grab some underwear from my clean pile on the floor.

“With balls that big I’d have expected you to be braver.” Maddie’s voice rarely inflected. But it did now. She thought she was so funny.

I looked through my legs, and she was sitting calmly on the bed watching me moon her as I grabbed my tighty-whities. “Jesus, Maddie.” I got dressed in a hurry. “You need to stop sneaking up on ...” I turned around and realized I was talking to an empty room. I eyed my bong but decided the night didn’t need any more weed. I found my sister backing the minivan out into the driveway. She waved for me to get in, and we drove off after Mom. I rolled down the window. It was a gorgeous warm night, and the wind blew in my hair. I felt like Mr. Androidia when he met Starfist for the first time, ready for action.

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“What’s Mom doing in a place like this?” I rolled up the window as we cruised down a dark, empty street near the river. I’d never been to this part of the city before. I was sort of wishing it had stayed that way. “Why are you stopping?”

Maddie turned off the lights and pulled to the curb, but she left the engine running. “Mom’s in that building right there.” Maddie pointed at what looked like an abandoned manufacturing plant.

“Do we go in and get her or ...” My body was already tensed, but when I heard several pops, my muscles knotted like pretzels. “Is that ...”

“Gunfire? Yep.” Maddie rolled down the window.

“Don’t roll it down,” I hissed. “We need to go.”

“Mom needs us, Andy.” Maddie took off her seatbelt and climbed into the back. She opened the sliding door and got back in the driver’s seat.

We both held our breath, watching the decrepit building. I heard more pops and then saw flashes of light up on the fourth floor. A dark shadow appeared in the air up there, quickly plummeting down. When it hit the pavement, I saw it was a burly man with tattoos. He was wearing a tattered, bloody t-shirt. He didn’t open his eyes or try to move. A handgun clattered to the pavement next to him. Then, a large black duffle bag landed in the street. “We need to go, Maddie!” I was amazed by my calm, cool demeanor in the face of such chaos.

“Oh, my God. Chill out, Andy. Use the pair you got, dude.” Maddie tapped her fingers on the steering wheel.

More shots went off up above. I heard a man scream. Another body dropped to the pavement with a sickening, wet sound. And then, light as can be, Mom landed in the street on all four feet. Her joints easily absorbed the shock. She pounced on the duffle and picked it up. Under her torn and tattered dress, she still wore her bra and panties. But her shoes were long gone. She was striped again, with her tail swishing behind her.

“Mom ... this way.” Maddie waved Mom over. There were more shots, and I could hear bullets ricocheting off the pavement around us. When something hit the roof of the car, I curled myself into the passenger seat. I looked up, and there was a neat, little hole where a bullet had punched its way into the backseat.

“Hhhhhhhssssssssssssssss.” Mom turned toward Maddie and arched her back in a threatening way. She then seemed to recognize us and gave us a feral smile. “Getaway car, nice.” She bounded over to the minivan, hopped in, and tossed the duffel into the cargo area.

“Time to go!” I said.

“This time, I agree.” Maddie floored it, and we got the heck out of there.

Once we were several blocks away, Mom laughed. She moved closer, leaning into the front between Maddie and me. “How wonderful. You followed me!” Her laugh was uproarious. She’d never sounded like that as her regular self. I looked over my shoulder at her in awe. Her grin was wide with sharp white teeth shining in the dark. She kissed Maddie on the cheek, causing the car to swerve. She then turned toward me, and suddenly her hot, sweet breath was in my nostrils. And before I knew it, her lips were on mine. Her tongue shot into my mouth. My whole body went even more rigid. Yes, even my dick. I have mentioned before that I have a thing for supers, especially cat supers. It wasn’t fair. Her tongue was rough to the touch and full of force.

“Stop that!” Maddie shouted. “Bad cat! Bad cat!”

Mom pulled away from me and laughed again. “Calm down, Maddie. It’s just some harmless fun.” Her pupils were vertical slits as she playfully slapped Maddie on the arm. The minivan swerved again.

I looked around. We had left the city and were driving down a wooded road. Maddie pulled over and gave my mother a serious look. I could see my sister’s eyes glance at Mom’s cleavage, visible through her tattered dress. Thank goodness her bra had somehow survived whatever she was doing in that building.

“What’s in the bag, Mom?” Maddie pulled her eyes away from Mom’s cleavage and gave her a sour expression.

“You’re the smart one, Maddie. You should know.” Mom rolled her eyes.

“Is it cash or something less ... fungible?” Maddie got out of the car and stepped into the back through the still-open sliding door. She grabbed a shovel and a pair of gloves that were in the back for some reason. She carefully pulled on the gloves.

“It’s cash ... I think. I didn’t check.” Mom shook her head.

“I’m going to hide it. Stay here.” Maddie pulled the duffle out of the minivan. It looked heavy.

“Maybe I should ...?” I didn’t know what I should do.

“Stay with Mom and make sure she doesn’t go anywhere. Can you handle that, Andy?” Maddie didn’t wait for me to answer. She carried the duffle and shovel into the woods.

“She wants me to stay here?” Mom grabbed me and pulled me into the back seat. She sat me down and patted my head. “I’m not staying, Andy.” She leaned up close to me, her boobs pressing into my arm. She licked my ear. I shivered.

“Please, Mom? Maddie said you should stay.” Every part of my body was still rigid.

“She’s your little sister. Why are you listening to her?” She nibbled on my ear with her sharp teeth. “She’s my daughter. Why should I listen to her?” She put a finger on the tent my dick was making out of my pants. I was happy her claws were retracted given how close her hand was to my most sensitive bits. She whispered into my ear, “I could be persuaded to stay ... if we could have some fun.” Her claws extended. I stopped breathing.

“Mom ... It’s me ... Andy ... your son. We ... can’t,” I wheezed.

“Let’s see what we’re working with.” She slashed my pants with her claws several times. I yelled in a manly fashion.

“Don’t shriek like that. It’s not sexy.” She moved her head toward my lap to investigate her work.

I tilted my head and looked down. She had somehow ripped my pants and underwear without leaving a scratch on my dick. Now freed, it betrayed me by standing tall.

“See, your penis knows what’s good for it.” Like a flash, Mom dropped her mouth to my cock and sucked it in. If I hadn’t already been holding my breath, I would have stopped breathing. “Mmmmmmmppphhhhhhhh.” Her tongue was just rough enough to tug the skin of my cockhead as she swirled it around.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Mom ... no ... you can’t.” My words held no conviction. I was about to add to my toothless protestation when she swallowed my dick, took it right down her throat. Her nose buried in my tight curls. “Oh ... shit,” I said.

She pulled back up and smoothly took me down her throat again. Pretty soon she was pumping my cock with her mouth, no gagging or retching. The only noise she made was a satisfied murmuring purr. She was a machine.

“Oh ... Mom ... I’m going to cum.” I had no choice in the matter.

“Mmmmmmmppphhhhhh.” Her tail swished, tickling my face. She grabbed my balls with her warm hand and gently squeezed. Thankfully her claws were retracted again.

“Mmmppphhhhhhhh.” It sounded to me like she wanted me to get on with it, so I exploded down her throat. She gulped it down greedily.

“Mom ... ooohhhhhhhh ... Mooooommmmmmmmm.” My hips jerked with ecstasy as she milked my dick. When my orgasm finally subsided, I opened my eyes and shivered several times. After several seconds, my mind could process again, and ... I saw Maddie sitting in the driver’s seat, staring at us with her slack-jawed and her eyes wide.

Mom lifted her face off my cock and licked my cum off her chin with her long pink tongue. She looked back and forth between my sister and me. “You both look like you’ve seen a ghost. What?”

I didn't know what to say. Neither did Maddie. We sat in the quiet minivan staring at each other in shock.

Chapter 4

“You can’t have sex with her,” Maddie whispered as she drove us home. “She’s ... Mom.” Mom was curled up in the backseat asleep. She’d had a big evening of crime and incest, and I guess she was tuckered out.

“I know that, dummy. She just ... she just ...” I was in the passenger seat. My body felt the oddest mix of post-orgasmic relaxation and stress-induced tension. “I know she’s Mom. She just ... sucked it in. What could I do?”

“You could ... not be hard!” She glanced at me with disgust on her face. “It’s not like I get excited by Dad.”

I raised an eyebrow and almost laughed. “Dad?” I shook my head. “It’s not the same thing. You know I have a thing for cat supers.”

“Ew, Andy.”

“I won’t have sex with her, okay!” I forgot to whisper. I looked over my shoulder, but Mom was still sleeping. “This wasn’t my fault. Look at my pants.” You could see my soft dick through the shredded remains of my clothes. “She’s strong. And she came onto me, Maddie. I guess ... I guess ... I’ll walk around with a rolled-up magazine from now on.” I made swatting motions with my hand.

“Or I could take care of her without your help.” Maddie pressed her lips together.

“You wouldn’t ... she’s my mom, too. I ... know I messed up tonight. But you can’t take this away from me.” I stared at her. She didn’t need me for any of this. We both knew it.

“It’s for the best for everyone. Until she figures out how to control her powers better, you’re out, Andy.” Maddie said the words like they were final. Because they were. I was out.

~~

“Oh, good morning, sunshine.” Mom smiled at me when I came into the kitchen. She was drinking coffee and leaning her hip against the counter. She was talking to Dad as he ate a waffle. “Excuse me, Bill. I have to talk to our son about something.” She kissed Dad on the cheek and walked over to me. She had on makeup, her hair was up, and she was wearing work clothes. She looked perfectly put together. As she gently took my

elbow and led me to the living room, I tried to wrap my head around the blowjob from the night before.

“What’s up, Mom?” I blinked my eyes innocently. Maybe she wouldn’t remember?

“I’m very sorry about what happened last night, Andy.” Mom sat me down on the sofa. “I assaulted you. All I can say is that I’m not myself when I’m the cat.” She sat next to me and sipped her coffee, a morose expression on her face. “I’ve called some good psychologists that specialize in super issues.”

“That’s a good idea, Mom. Maybe they can help you focus your powers.” I nodded my head.

“Not for me. For you, sweetie.” Her smile was thin and tight. “Maddie has a theory about what’s triggering my change and how to control it. She also used that money I ... um ... found ... to commission a suit from a fancy store downtown. Other than assaulting you, for which I am very sorry, last night was amazing. I feel so alive today.”

“You don’t need to keep calling it an assault, Mom. I’m fine. Apology accepted.” I stood. “I don’t have a job right now, so I’ve got all day to help you. What do you need from me? I can work on supe names. Or help design that suit. We can talk about those guys you tossed out of the building. Or I could work on –”

“I need you to drive your sister to school. And to call this therapist. Thank you for accepting my apology.” She handed me a piece of paper with the therapist’s name and website. “I know how traumatic that must have been. Your own mother.” She shuddered.

“It’s okay.” I took the paper from her.

“It will be okay once you work through the trauma.” She nodded. “Now, where is that sister of yours? She’s going to be late if she doesn’t get down here.”

“I’m right here, Mom.” Maddie stood near the door in her school uniform, her hands clasped in front of her.

Mom and I jumped when we heard her. I let out a manly yell, but Mom sounded almost girlish.

“Great. Your brother is taking you to school. I’ll come home early to discuss those ... things,” Mom said. She was relying on my eighteen-year-old sister, but shutting me out. All because of a blowjob that wasn’t my fault. I ground my teeth. I dropped Maddie off at school, but I didn’t talk to her the whole way. I hadn’t been that mad at her in years.

~~

I'd saved a little money from before the pan-dimensional slug smashed into the restaurant where I'd worked. I spent it all on a surveillance drone. It wasn't the best out there, but it was small and quiet. I had a friend from high school who was working at a supe store, and he got me a discount.

When Mom and Maddie got home, I followed Mom around with the drone. When she went into her room to change out of her work clothes, I'm ashamed to say I recorded it. Seeing her amazing pale curves made me hard as steel. I watched her put on a sports bra, a sweater, and jeans. When she left the room, she closed the door too quickly after her, and the drone was locked in her room. Maddie and Mom got in the minivan and drove away for the afternoon, but I had no idea where or what they did.

The next day, I made sure to keep the drone outside. I was ready to follow the minivan when they left. Sure enough, Mom came home early, and she and Maddie drove away. At the controls on my computer, I sped the drone after them. But ... it wasn't fast enough to keep up with the minivan. I lost them when they got on the freeway. My failure to find out what they were up to went on for more than a week. On weekdays, they'd leave for several hours in the afternoon. On the weekend, they'd disappear for even longer. I looked for an opportunity to swipe my sister's phone to get Mom's tracker information. But Maddie never let me near it. And it would probably have been locked anyway.

Most of the time, I sat in my room, smoked my bong, and wondered what sort of amazing super training they were doing. The suit had to be ready, but I didn't even know what it looked like. Mom was a cat super, and I was cut out of the planning completely. This was a travesty! This was an atrocity! This was ... totally what I should have thought would happen. Out of the five in our family, I was the only loser.

Maddie and I continued our stony silence. Mom was pleasant, but distant with me. She kept bugging me to contact the shrink. But why would I do that? To tell someone that I was masturbating three times a day while remembering a maternal, kitty-powered blowjob?

It wasn't until the following Wednesday that I found a solution to my slow drone problem. While my sister was at school and Mom was at work, I built a little box for the drone on the underside of the minivan. It had a door that could open remotely. It was an ugly creation, but they wouldn't find it unless they were looking for it. That afternoon, they went through the same routine. I went to my computer and waited. When the minivan parked and its doors slammed, my hands shook with excitement. I waited a few minutes and popped the door to my drone box. Tentatively, I flew the thing out, its camera feed on my monitor.

The minivan was in a dilapidated parking lot. The place looked like an abandoned factory. Of course! It was a perfect place to train Mom. I flew the drone in through a broken window. There were mannequins with targets on their chests and slash marks deep into their plastic flesh. They were definitely working on Mom's fighting skills. The drone moved in farther. I found a table with beakers, compact machines, and boxes labeled with the biohazard symbol. Creepy! What were they doing with that?

The microphone picked up some distant audio. I followed it to a room that used to be an office. There was a mattress on the floor, a dirty mirror propped against the wall, a couple swivel chairs, and a desk. Mom was undressing while Maddie talked. I moved the drone closer to listen.

"Promise me, Mom. It won't happen again." Maddie frowned at Mom.

"I promise, Maddie. Those other times were just ... mistakes. I think I'm getting a handle on myself when the cat takes over." Mom pulled off her panties. She slowly put on something unfamiliar. It was the suit! She dressed in silence. I tapped my desk while I watched. This ... wasn't the suit I would have put together. It looked practical ... but the design was trite and boring. When Mom had the suit on, she turned to Maddie. "Ready to train?"

"Here's your changing dose." Maddie tossed Mom a small vial of something green.

Mom caught it, pulled the stopper, and drank it. Immediately, she arched her back and cried out. Maddie seemed unconcerned, so I guess they'd done this before. I watched in amazement as Mom's claws came out, her features shifted, and her ears grew. She changed into her cat form. Before I knew it, my dick was out, and I was furiously fapping. I had just watched her transform! They'd created a drink that could bring on her transformation. They'd been busy!

"Okay, I was thinking for today we'd work on your climbing skills. I ..." Maddie stopped when Mom started taking off her suit. "You need the suit for training."

"We're going to delay training today." Mom's pupils were vertical slits, and her expression was playful. She stuck her long tongue out at my sister in a frisky way. Goodness, it was long. I couldn't believe that tongue had been in my mouth. And on my cock! I pumped faster as I watched.

"You promised, Mom." Maddie pushed her chair back until it bumped against the wall. "I don't want to do that again."

"You say that every time. And then you end up cumming like a fountain." Mom stepped out of her suit and walked toward Maddie with her hips swaying.

What?!? What did Mom just say? I came all over myself before Mom even reached Maddie. My spasm caused the drone to fly backward. I lost them. When I got the drone

back in place, Mom was bent at the waist and kissing Maddie passionately. I watched them make out for several minutes. Then Mom pulled Maddie to her feet and undressed her.

“Mom, take this.” Maddie held out a vial with red liquid. I guessed that it was what turned her back into herself.

“If you want me to take it. You’ll have to come and get it.” Mom took the vial from Maddie and quickly slipped it into her pussy.

My eyes just about bugged out of my head. Now that Maddie was undressed, Mom carried her to the mattress and dropped her down on it.

“Mom ... we shouldn’t keep –” Maddie was cut off when Mom sat on her face. Soon, they were in a sixty-nine, both eagerly slurping and sucking. I couldn’t see all of it that well, but I was sure Mom’s tongue went into Maddie’s pussy at one point. I came again ... and again ... watching them make each other climax. The moaning and purring was loud on my speakers. I wanted an even better view. I moved the drone in closer.

Mom’s head shot up from between my sister’s legs. Her face was wet and fierce. She looked right at the drone. “What’s that?”

“Oh shit!” I stopped fapping and dodged the drone back just before she leapt for it. I flew it quickly out of the abandoned factory and into the box under the minivan. I closed the door to the box and prayed they wouldn’t see it.

After a tense ten minutes, I was satisfied that they wouldn’t find it. I then replayed the video I’d captured and came one more time. I know ... I know ... it was my mom and sister ... but as I’ve mentioned before, I have a thing for supers. Especially cat supers. I couldn’t help myself.

Chapter 5

It wouldn't be stretching the truth to say I freaked the fuck out when Mom and Maddie got home. Maddie was wearing a different outfit, and I knew why. Mom had shredded the last one. I sat at the kitchen table, kicking my flop sweat into high gear. "What have you two been up to?" My hand trembled as I sipped some milk.

Maddie gave me a dark look. But that was normal. We were still mad at each other for her cutting me out from the super stuff.

"Just girl stuff." Mom smiled brightly, like she hadn't been chowing down on a Maddie buffet all afternoon. I didn't know how she could be so cool about everything she was doing. Crazy violence. Insane sex. And she seemed more relaxed than ever. "How was your afternoon, Andy? Get up to any mischief?" She said.

I froze with the glass of milk up to my lips. *Oh shit ... does she know I spied on them?*

But she didn't wait for a reply. It was a rhetorical question, thank God. She gave me a wink, ruffled my hair, and walked toward the stairs. "I need a shower," she said.

I bet you do. I put the glass down. "Hey, Maddie. If you need any ..." I looked around the kitchen, but my sister was gone. When did she slip out?

~~

After an uncomfortable dinner, I retired to my room. It had been a crazy day. So, of course, I hit the bong pretty hard. On my bed, staring at the glow-in-the-dark stars on my ceiling, I had some amazing epiphanies. If we put wings on Mom, she'd be one of the only mammals that could fly. Cats ... humans ... and ... bats? How did Mom get the red vial out of her pussy? Did she make Maddie dig for it? Did cats always hide things in their pussies? Was that why they were called pussy-cats? For a few minutes, I was certain that was the case.

I pontificated a long-time. I knew it had been a long time, because I kept seeing the same star on my ceiling. Then, the thought hit me that I could watch Mom and Maddie going at it again. Everyone was asleep, right? I wouldn't get caught. I crept out of bed, opened my door, and looked both ways down the hall. Everything was dark. Not a creature was stirring.

Back in my room, I locked the door and fired up the computer. "Did they really sixty-nine?" I was so excited. I lowered my pants and sat in my desk chair. The endorphins

were kicking in big time. I had a thing for cat supers, it didn't matter that it was Mom and Maddie.

"I didn't mean for any of that sixty-nine stuff to happen." Maddie's voice came out of nowhere.

"What the ..." I jumped right out of my chair and landed on my feet, my hard dick bouncing in front of me. I turned around and Maddie was seated on my bed wearing an oversized t-shirt and socks. Presumably, she wore panties under the shirt, but I couldn't see them. "Maddie!" I pointed a finger at her. I was on the verge of another epiphany. I pointed more dramatically, the idea just on the edge of being born.

"I thought you were probably the one with the drone." She looked around me at the monitor where the video was just starting to play. The drone was searching the parking lot of their abandoned factory. "Mom thinks the drone is from the drug cartel she hit. She wants to rip them all to shreds. Or at least she did while she was a cat. I think she's pacified as a human. For now."

"You're ... you're ... you're ..." I kept pointing. The idea slowly crawled its way out of the shadows of my unconscious. "You're a fucking super, too. You took Mom's formula and now you can make yourself invisible."

"I guess we're having *this* conversation now." Maddie gave me a sarcastic laugh. "The serum I made for Mom only works as a catalyst for her powers." She shrugged. "But since you asked, I can't turn invisible."

"But ... how do you explain ...?" I ran my hand through my hair. I'd forgotten that my dick was still hard and hanging out in the open.

"I had powers long before Mom. Nobody notices me. I thought for a long time it was because I was the youngest child. Except ... it seems ... I took that phenomenon to a whole new level." She frowned. "It used to really bother me that no one seemed to hear or see me. But after I figured out I was a super a few years ago, I saw the upside."

I stared at her blankly. "I'm sorry ... what did you say?"

"For real, Andy?" She rolled her eyes at me.

I barked out a laugh. "Got you!" I finally pulled up my pants and tucked my dick away. "That's wild that we have two supers in the family. I can't believe I didn't notice. But ... I guess ... that's the nature of your power."

"You have to destroy that video." She nodded at the computer monitor. The drone was wending its way through the tortured mannequins.

"About the video ... I'm sorry." I looked back and forth between her and my monitor. "I just wanted to find out what you were doing and ... I'm sorry. I'll erase it." I reached for

the mouse, stopped playback, put the file in the trash, and began overwriting the empty space on my hard drive. "There, it's gone." It wasn't easy saying goodbye to the best supercat porn I'd ever seen. But it was the right thing to do. Also, if I'd argued, I was pretty sure Maddie would have killed me.

"There better not be any other copies." She stood. "And don't tell anyone about my powers."

"Do you ... need my help with Mom? So ... you know ... she doesn't ... um ... seduce you again?" I tried to laugh it off like it was just something that happened. "Because, you know, she did the same thing to me."

Maddie stared at me for a long time. Finally, she shook her head. "Goodnight, Andy."

"I'm so high right now, Maddie. I honestly don't know what we're talking about." I shrugged and watched my sister leave. When the door was closed, I locked it again. I looked around my room to make sure Maddie wasn't there, then I put on some boring old porn. I hadn't lied to her. I really had destroyed the only copy of the drone video. So, I watched a video with a fake Alphawoman taking it from some sort of super shark.

~~

The next day, I dropped Maddie off at school. When I got home, Mom and Dad had both left for work. I went to remove the drone from the minivan, but it was already gone. Best guess is that Maddie figured out my plan. She's probably junked the drone. "Well shit, there goes the last of my money." I guess I was lucky Maddie hadn't gouged my eyes out when she'd discovered me about to fap to that video. She *can* be an understanding sister. Maybe it would all be water under the bridge again.

As the days wore on, Mom and Maddie continued to disappear. They were training, I was sure of it. I didn't even bother trying to follow them or look for the abandoned factory. They'd probably moved locations. I hoped Mom wouldn't kill anyone because she thought some bad guys were spying on her. It would suck to have that on my conscience. But I couldn't very well ask her. And Maddie hadn't said much to me since she'd outed herself as a super.

I smoked weed. I applied to a few jobs. I thought deep thoughts. I fapped while remembering that amazing video. I was so close to a cat super, but I was also just as far away as I'd always been. I assumed Maddie had gotten Mom under control. I wondered how she'd managed to stop Mom from jumping her when she changed. Maybe I'd ask her ... someday.

Some weeks later, I woke in the middle of the night. My hair stood on end. My senses were tingling. Something was going on.

Wearing only underwear, I quietly moved out of bed and slipped into the dark hall. I could hear faint voices. Something *was* going on! I checked the clock in the hallway bathroom, it was 2:39 in the morning. I carefully crept toward the voices. They were coming from downstairs. Without so much as a floorboard creak, I descended and peered around the corner into the kitchen.

When I saw what was happening in the dim light that filtered in through the windows, I was instantly woozy. Probably because all the blood in my body rushed to my dick. My mother was naked, sitting on the kitchen counter with her legs spread wide. My eighteen-year-old sister was crouched on the floor between her legs, staring at our mother's pussy. There wasn't a cat super in sight. Mom hadn't changed. But there they were. I guess Maddie hadn't managed to quash the seductions. Things had escalated instead.

"Just a taste, sweetie. You always complain and then you love it. I know you do." Mom's smile was twisted by anticipation. "Last night you lapped me like I was milk from a saucer."

"Mom ... we shouldn't be doing this when you haven't transformed," Maddie said.

My hand went to my mouth. So, if I got it right, her complaint now was that she was eating non-super Mom pussy. But somehow eating super Mom pussy was okay?!?

"Shh. It's your rule that I can't transform in the house. Not mine." Mom leaned forward, her breasts dangling in front of her. She cupped Maddie's head and slowly moved her face toward the waiting pussy. "And you know I can't live without your tongue anymore. I have to have it. Every night. I just have to ... ooooohhhhhhhhhhh ... that's a good girl."

They'd been doing this *every night*? Maybe my senses weren't that finely tuned. How many weeks of this had I missed? I released my cock from my underwear and fapped while watching. They didn't speak for a while. Mom's quiet moans joined with the slick sounds of my sister's tongue on her pussy.

Some ten minutes in, a thought occurred to me. My sister was a hypocrite. She'd kicked me out of the super business because Mom blew me once. But here she was, deep in maternal pussy. It wasn't fair. But it was really hot.

Mom's moans grew louder. She picked up a dishtowel from the counter and bit down on it.

A few minutes later, another thought occurred to me. My excuse for all the times I'd masturbated to them was that Mom was a cat super. And I had a thing for cat supers.

That meant I couldn't help but fap over and over to that video before it was deleted, and to the memory of it afterward. But now ... this was just my mom and sister engaged in a private moment. And I was ... peeping. I tucked my dick away. I couldn't do that to them. It wasn't easy, but I crept back up the stairs.

"Mmmmmpppphhhhhhh ... mmmmmpppphhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Mom's moans grew louder around her dishtowel gag. I could tell she was cumming. It killed me not to bear witness. But ... I was doing the right thing.

I crawled back into bed and fapped for the next two hours. I could give them their privacy, but that didn't mean I couldn't think about what I'd seen. And boy, oh boy, did I spend some quality time thinking about it.

Chapter 6

“Did you drop Maddie off at school?” Mom strolled into the kitchen while I was eating my fruity flakes. I was so surprised that I nearly choked on my milk. I had thought that I was alone in the house.

“Mom! I thought you were at work.” Sitting at the kitchen table, empty spoon held halfway to my mouth, I took in her appearance. She wasn’t wearing work clothes. She wasn’t wearing anything I’d seen her in before. “You’re wearing camouflage pants?” And a camo top, too.

“I called in sick today. I need your help.” She lifted a bag up and dumped its contents on the table next to my cereal.

“Your super suit!” I caressed it. “Wow, carbon fiber. This is so cool.” It took me a moment to process everything she’d said. “You need my help?” I stood and saluted her, although her camo outfit bore no rank.

“I want to make modifications, but your sister says no.” Mom put a piece of paper on the table with a rough sketch redesign of the suit.

“You did this?” I watched her carefully. She nodded. I studied the paper. “You want to add black and white tiger coloring and make it more ... streamlined.” *Sexy*. That was the word I wanted to use. My mom wanted to make her suit sexy.

“Will you help me?” Mom smiled sweetly.

I stared at her pretty face. It was hard to believe that this woman, not the cat, had seduced my icy sister. I tried to wrap my mind around that fact. I knew Maddie was eating out our mother every night, but had Mom returned the favor? Had the gorgeous face before me been between my sister’s legs?

“Um ... Earth to Andy. You’re just staring at me. I asked a question.” Mom cocked her head.

“I can’t do these sorts of modifications myself. But I have a friend that could help. But ...” I continued to rub the suit fondly. “But it would cost money. Way more than what I have ... which is zero.”

“Great, it’s settled. You’ll help me.” Mom nodded and applauded. “Now we just have to find where Maddie buried my money.”

~~

“Nothing.” I was sweaty, exhausted, and covered in dirt. I stood in the hole I’d created, leaning on my shovel.

Mom, her camo clean and neat, smiled down at me. “I thought that would be the spot. I guess you’ll have to dig somewhere else.”

“Can’t you dig for a while?” I looked up at the sky. The sun was getting high.

“You’re a strapping, 20-year-old man. I’m a middle-aged woman. Use those big muscles of yours.” She nodded toward my skinny arms.

I sighed. “Digging randomly isn’t going to work. We have to think like Maddie. Where would she put it?” We both thought for a while. “She’d want to hide it where the cat couldn’t find it.”

“Yeah ... you might use super-smelling to find it. Do you have that?” Despite my exhaustion, excitement built in me. I enjoyed trying to solve my sister’s puzzle. Mom nodded an affirmative to my question. Briefly, I wondered what my cum had smelled like to her cat nose, but then got my brain back on track. I looked around the woods behind our house, my gaze tracking back to our backyard. “The compost pile. That stinks. She buried it over there.”

Mom gave me a bright smile and applauded again. “Very good, sweetie. Mommy’s proud of you.”

It was another hour of messy, grueling work, but I found the stash. Buried under our rotting vegetables was an enormous duffle bag of money.

~~

It took most of the bag of money and a week to make the modifications to the suit. When it was ready, I told Mom, and she called in sick from work again. We waited for Dad and Maddie to leave the house and went up to my room for the big reveal.

“Did Maddie wonder where the suit was?” I closed the door to the room. On my bed, I’d placed the suit in a big box with a ribbon and bow on it. Cheesy, I know, but I was thrilled to be helping.

“I told her I needed a break from training.” Mom gave me a wink. To my utter amazement, she started undressing. I was going to get to see her try on her new suit! My cock stirred in my pants, and my eyes went wide. In no time at all, Mom was in her bra and panties. She looked over at me. “Pick your jaw up off the floor, Andy. I’m your

mother for goodness sakes.” But my jaw only dropped further when she pulled a green vial from her cleavage and removed the stopper.

“That ... turns you ... into a super.” I felt like I was high. My brain was shutting down.

“Maddie guards these closely. She’s a controlling little devil. But I pilfered one.”

“Is ... um ... Maddie going to be mad that you’re taking that ... without her?” I rubbed the back of my neck.

“What are you, the Maddie police? She’s my eighteen-year-old daughter. I think I can handle her.” Mom gulped down the vial’s contents. “The only way I’ll know if the suit fits is if I’m the cat. And on that note ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Mom’s back arched, her claws came out, her features shifted, and her ears grew. Once the change was complete, she gave me a wicked smile and hissed at me. I jumped. I felt something caressing my hair and looked over, her tail was pushing up against my ear.

“Mom ... I ...” My erection raged in my pants. It felt like it might do a superhero reveal of its own, ripping my clothes out of its way. But sadly, I wasn’t the amazing Sexcalibur.

Mom tore her bra and panties off. She glanced at me and nodded with approval when she saw I was checking her out. “Now, let’s see what you brought me.” Mom pounced on the bed and tore the box to shreds. She pulled the suit out of the detritus and held it up, purring. “Oh, this is perfect. You outdid yourself, sweetie.” She jumped, turning a somersault in the air and landed on the floor next to me. Somehow, she had pulled the suit half on during flight. She shimmied it up the rest of the way. “Zip me?”

My hands trembled as I zipped her into the suit and stood back.

“My ... oh ... my ... this hugs me in all the right ways.” She ran her hands up and down the white and black tiger stripes of her remodeled outfit. Unlike before, there was ample cleavage showing, and it seemed to be a second skin on her tits, hips, and ass. There was a diamond showing bare skin, or fur, on her lower back, the bottom of which was where her tail swished from side to side. The suit left very little to the imagination.

“Mom ... maybe you shouldn’t tell Maddie ... that I helped you with this.” I took a step back from her.

She inhaled deeply. “The scents of fear and arousal are a strange combination. You know, Maddie was never afraid when I smelled her arousal.” She turned toward me, her sharp teeth bared behind pretty lips.

“It didn’t seem like she was ... um ... really into it though.” I took another step back. I trusted my mother. But the cat super before me had wild, vertical slits for eyes. I had no idea what she’d do.

“So ... you did spy on us. It was your drone.” Mom stalked toward me. Her new suit enhanced all her rolling curves as she moved. “Maddie said it was you, but I didn’t believe it. Not my darling Andy! But you are just as perverted as your sister.”

“Maddie’s not a pervert,” I squeaked.

“You don’t mount much of a defense for your own actions.” Mom ran her claw down my shirt, tearing it down the middle. “But that’s okay, Mommycat likes perverts.” Her claw kept going. She dropped to her knee and ripped my pants and underwear right off me.

“I liked that shirt.” I stared down at her. She was licking her lips. If I was prey, this would be the last thing I saw when the predator caught me. Who was I kidding? I was prey.

“Is this hard for me, Andy?” She stroked my dick with her hands. Her wedding ring looked so odd on her changed fingers.

“I don’t think I can say no to another blowjob. Maddie is going to be so pissed.” Without really seeing her move, I was suddenly on my back on the bed, while she stood over me, hands on her hips.

“No blowjob. You helped me, so I’ll give you a reward. I’ll give you a chance to show me you’re better at eating a pussycat than your sister.” Quickly, she removed the suit. I stared up at her furry vagina. It was glistening and open, revealing the pink inside.

“Oh ... my ... God.” Needless to say, I wasn’t an expert on eating pussy. She sat on my face before I could come up with a plan. “Mmmppphhhhhhhhh.” I closed my mouth and inhaled. She smelled sweet and tangy.

“Come on, sweetie. I know you can do better than that. Mommy knows about all that porn on your computer.” She rubbed her wetness all over my lips and chin. “You must have learned a few things. Open your mouth. I don’t bite. Or ... at least my vagina doesn’t.”

I tried to think of her only as an amazingly hot cat super. If you’d told me before all this started that a real-life supercat would sit on my face, I definitely wouldn’t have planned to keep my mouth closed. Tentatively, I stuck out my tongue. She tasted zesty. I liked it. I got more adventurous. I put my hands on her ass cheeks and licked up and down her gash.

“There you go ... gggrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr ... I knew you had it in you ... ooohhhhhhhhh.” Her hips rocked slightly. I hoped that was a good sign. She ran her fingers through my hair and gripped it hard. She maneuvered my head more to her liking. “I have to ... gggrrrrrrrrrr ... say that ... your sister ... was about the same ... when we started. But now ... ppprrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr ... she’s learned to please me much better.” She lowered her pelvis so that the top of her pussy lined up with my tongue. I found a little button there. My

Chapter 7

"I'll pay you back later. You know ... when I have a job." I was on the phone with my friend, and he wasn't buying it. "It wasn't my fault that an interdimensional slug fell on my old job," I said. "Come on, you have to help. I'm almost out of weed. Hello?" The fucker hung up on me. I tossed my phone onto the bed, but nearly shrieked when a hand caught it. Maddie was standing at the foot of my bed, frowning at me.

"Have you seen Mom?" She sniffed the air.

"I don't like you using your superpowers in my room, Maddie." I put my hands on my hips, trying to act like the older brother. Which I was, even if it never felt like it.

"Mom ... have you seen her?"

"I haven't seen her all afternoon." At first, I thought it was a good lie, but then, as I turned it over in my mind, I wondered if it was maybe a tad too specific. I would have to get better at lying. I was suddenly surrounded by superheroes, and I was bound to be interrogated by their enemies at one time or another.

Maddie narrowed her eyes and tossed my phone on the bed. "It smells weird in here. Have you been fapping all day?"

"Yes. Yes. That's what I've been doing." That lie felt better to me.

She stood and looked me up and down. "Well, if you see Mom, tell her I'm looking for her. I'll be in my room doing homework." She walked out.

I gave her a mock salute.

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Later that night, I was high on the last of my stash, staring at my ceiling. A gentle breeze blew in through the window. The lights were out, but light filtered in from outside. I was trying to judge the time by counting the glow-in-the-dark stars on my ceiling. I kept losing count just after ten.

A loud thump rattled me out of my stupor. I sat up and stared at a large, dark mass lying on the floor under my window. And then, Mom climbed nimbly through the window, a large smile on her striped face. Her pointy, white teeth shone in the dark. "I ... love this suit. The redesign is fantastic, Andy." There were splashes of dark stuff on the suit.

"Is that ... blood?" I pointed.

“Oh, don’t be such a drama queen. It’s not mine.” She laughed and hopped over the dark mass on my floor.

I pointed to the mass. “Is that ... a body?”

Mom quirked her head, her ears turning toward me. “Why would I bring a body to your room, Andy? Use your head.”

“I ... um ... I ... um ...”

“Wait ... are you naked under that sheet? Have you been masturbating again?” She lugged the mass toward the center of the room. It was too dark for me to tell what it was.

“No ... I’m high and ... well ...”

“High?” Mom shook her head slowly. “When I’m human again, I’m certainly going to care about that. My son doing drugs? That can’t be good.” She snickered to herself.

“Well, whether you’re jerking it or not, you certainly have a hard-on for your mother.”

She giggled some more and pointed to the tent my dick was making out of the sheet.

“These ...” She held up what she’d hauled into my room. I could now see they were a couple full garbage bags. “These are filled with money. About two million dollars, I think. And it’s here because I don’t want your sister to know about it.” She crouched down. “Is she asleep?”

“Yes. I think everyone’s asleep.” I nodded. “Mom ... why are you undressing?”

“As you pointed out, I have blood on my suit. We’ll need to get the stains out before they set.” She looked over at me as she wriggled out of the suit. “Also, since tonight was such a successful maiden voyage of the new suit, I thought I’d let you munch on my pussycat again.” She stood before me, naked now, making an undeniably sexy pose. Before the accident that had turned her into a cat, I don’t think she would have even known what sexy was.

“I mean ... you didn’t think I was very good at ... munching. And I haven’t had a chance to practice. So ...” I stared at her pussy.

“I could just go wake your sister. She’d eat me like there was no tomorrow.” She jumped onto the bed, her feet on either side of my hips. “But then I’d have to answer all her demanding questions. Where have I been? Who did I kill? Who else has been nose-deep in my pussy?” She beckoned for me to sit up. I did.

I tried not to ask those same questions. But now that she’d mentioned them, they seared their way into my brain. I decided to try a different question. “What about Dad? You could be a normal mom and ... you know ... go sex him.”

“Andy ... he doesn’t know about the cat thing.” She put a hand behind my head, squatted a little to give me access to her pussy, and pulled my mouth toward her clit. “And to be honest, your father was never as eager to go spelunking as you and Maddie. Aaaahhhhhhhh ... that’s good. See? You’re already learning. Yes, a little nibble. Oooohhhh ... mmmmmmmmm ... you’re too eager. Be ... uuughhhh ... more gentle. But firm ... yessssssssss ... that’s a good boy.”

I guess my mom really liked to have her pussy eaten. And she called it ‘spelunking.’ As I rolled my tongue around her protruding clit, I wondered if using that word was a cat thing, or just a Mom thing. Maybe I’d ask her when she returned to normal.

My hands needed something to do. They reached up and grabbed her ass. Her flesh was firm and bouncy. I gave up pretending that this wasn’t the hottest thing on Earth. Why had I resisted my sex-crazed mother? She was a cat superhero. My all-time favorite. And I was going to learn to give her the best orgasms. To be honest, Maddie usually beat me whenever we competed. But I was committed to being the best pussy-licker in the house. I guess I was doing well enough, because she was starting to wail. I moved my mouth away from her clit. “Mom, you have to cover your mouth or something. You’re too loud. Everyone will hear.”

“Fine ... Andy ... just keep doing that ... with your tongue.” Her tail moved up to her mouth, and she bit it to keep quiet. She also pulled my mouth right back to the business at hand with a firm grip on the back of my head.

“Mmmppphhhmmmm.” I did my very best to please Mom. Her ass tensed when she came, making me grip it even tighter. I imagined that when she wasn’t a cat, her ass would be softer. My sister would know, but I wasn’t about to ask her. I drove my mom to two, trembling orgasms while she squatted over me on the bed.

When she was done with me, she roughly pulled my head away from her pussy. I fell back on the bed, looking up at her in awe. She stared down at me between her breasts with a thoughtful look. “Better,” Mom said. “But you still need lots of practice.” She leapt from the bed and climbed to the window. She crouched on the sill and looked back at me. “Hide the money, clean the suit, and cover for me if your father or sister get nosy.”

“Shouldn’t you change back to ... a human and go to bed?” I wiped her cum from my lips.

“Shouldn’t you mind your own business?” Mom was a sassy cat. “Take care of your erection, do your chores, and go to sleep.” She started to move out the window but paused and looked back at me. “And don’t do drugs.” She hissed and leapt out into the night.

I guess I had to do what Mom said. I fapped for over an hour. I didn’t need any porn this time, just my memories of the night and the taste on my tongue. When I was done with

that, I took care of the chores she'd asked me to do, proud to be a part of the superhero business.

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"How's everyone this morning?" Dad sat at the kitchen table with me and Maddie. I was eating my fruity flakes. Maddie was drinking milk. Dad had his coffee and toast in front of him. Maddie and I glanced at each other cautiously and mumbled that we were fine.

Mom had her back to us getting herself coffee at the counter. She turned around, stirring in her cream and sugar. "I'm stellar, Bill, thanks for asking." Her smile was brilliant. I would have expected her to look exhausted after gallivanting around most of the night. But it looked like the lifestyle agreed with her.

"That's wonderful, Pam." Dad smiled back at Mom, and then turned his attention to his daughter. "You're always so quiet, Maddie. What's going on with you? What are your friends like these days? Are you dating anyone?"

"I ... am seeing someone." Maddie's eyes flickered toward Mom. I stopped eating my cereal.

"Oh, really?" Dad leaned back in his chair, looking satisfied that he'd cracked the Maddie code. "Who's the lucky fellow? I'd like to meet him."

"Her, Dad. The person I'm seeing is a *her*." Maddie's cheeks turned crimson. I wasn't used to seeing her embarrassed. Her eyes shot toward Mom again. I looked over at Mom and she was frowning at Maddie and shaking her head very slowly.

"Oh ... I ... um ... didn't know you fancied the same ... um ..." Dad hadn't cracked the code apparently. He looked completely flustered.

"I didn't know I liked girls either. But my girlfriend really came on strong." Maddie's face changed. She was now staring at Mom, a fierce expression on her face.

"I don't think she's your girlfriend, Maddie. She's ... not really available," Mom said.

"Oh ... you know about this, Pam?" Dad looked over at his wife, confusion spreading on his face.

"Maybe we shouldn't talk about this." I tried to be helpful.

"I know that your daughter is seeing a woman, and that it's casual." Mom sipped her coffee. She was trying to be nonchalant, but I could see the tension in her shoulders. It was lucky she wasn't the cat. Who knows what she'd do then?

“How can it be casual if we both love each other?” Maddie folded her arms across her chest. “She’s my girlfriend.”

Mom opened her mouth to respond and closed it again.

“Well, I certainly seem to be behind on the news about all of this.” Dad got up quickly and grabbed his briefcase. He left his toast uneaten on his plate. “Would love to hear more, but I’ve got to get to work.” He rushed out of the room. He was the only one being sensible. Best to get out while you can. Of course, I stayed rooted to my seat, watching my sister and mother stare daggers at one another.

“I think we need to have a talk before you go to school.” Mom put down her coffee, strode across the room, took Maddie’s arm, and dragged her to the stairs.

I listened to them stomp up to Maddie’s room. The door slammed. I heard them screaming at each other. That lasted a good five minutes. I was in no mood to eat, so I stared at my fruity flakes while listening.

Eventually, their anger died down. There were a few minutes of quiet. Then, I heard my mother’s muffled voice saying something loudly that sounded encouraging. I couldn’t make out the words. In another couple minutes, she was screaming again. But there was no anger this time. I sat at the kitchen table and listened to my mother have a monster orgasm. I guess they didn’t care if I heard.

My boner was pushing at the bottom of the table when they finally came back down. They were both smiling.

“I’ll drive your sister to school today.” Mom kissed me on the cheek, grabbed her purse, and headed to the garage.

Maddie didn’t say anything to me as she followed Mom. When they were gone, I ran up to my room. Turns out I had plans for the day. I was going to spend a good chunk of the morning fapping.

Chapter 8

After I was done fapping that morning, I decided to do something with my life. I couldn't sit around all day and smoke weed. Mostly because I'd run out, and there was a lack of funds to replenish my supply. So, I decided to do something about the work Mom had tasked me with.

First, I needed to learn how to become an expert mom-muncher. I spent a couple hours researching cunnilingus on the internet. It turns out there are a lot of helpful guides out there. Who knew? There was a tempting pay-site that promised to show you how to eat super pussy. But I didn't have money, so I bookmarked it for later. I also bookmarked a bunch of useful sites. I knew I would have to put the study hours in if I was going to beat Maddie in our super-secret 'spelunking' competition.

Second, I had to check on the suit. I got it out, held it up, and stared in horror. The blood stains hadn't come out with the anti-stain stick I'd used. I went back to the internet. All my research pointed to a special enzymatic cleaner for supersuits guaranteed to work or my money back. What money? I was back to the same old problem. I rubbed my chin.

Third, I had to deal with Mom's money. The garbage bags were still in my closet. I opened them up to see what we were dealing with. Thankfully, they were all \$100 bills in blocks of \$10,000. That made counting pretty easy. I sat on my floor and made towers of money around me. When I was done, it was early afternoon, and I could confirm that I was sitting with \$2,180,200. I wondered where she'd gotten it. Then I remembered her stained suit, and I tried not to wonder too hard.

I won't lie, the thought occurred to me that I could siphon off a hundred thousand and Mom would never know. But I didn't want her mad at me. Even when I was in her good graces, the cat version of Mom wasn't all that nice to me. I needed a name for the cat. *Tigmamma?* Yeah, that's what I'd call her until I came up with a better super name. Tigmamma was not sweet and kind like normal Mamma. So, no stealing. But ... I was doing a job, wasn't I? And people usually got paid for their work. So, I took one of the \$10,000 stacks for myself, took another stack for business spending cash, and made a spreadsheet to document the transactions.

Andy, the superhero helper, was now in business. I could buy enzymatic cleaner. I could afford some more weed. I was going to win the intramural Pennypacker crown for rug-munching. Now, what to do with the rest of Mom's money? I was guessing I'd have to launder it. I wasn't sure what that meant yet, and I was running out of time before Maddie got home from school. So, I did the most sensible thing I could think of. I went and buried it in our backyard.

~~

“Andy, can we talk?” My sister knocked on my door, let herself in, and closed it behind her. It was odd that she announced her presence. My best guess was that she was trying to get on my good side by not suddenly appearing in my room and freaking me out.

“Sure. How was school?” I was at my desk playing a game on the computer. I swiveled my chair toward her.

“Fine. School was fine.” She walked right up to me, put her hand on her hips, and frowned. “I need your help with Mom. I thought I could get a handle on things all by myself. But she’s ... not the same person as the cat lady.”

“First, I’m really happy you came to your big brother for help.” I liked to remind her that I was her big brother. She was eighteen, but she behaved like a middle-aged woman. “Second, let’s not ever call her a ‘cat lady’ again. My working surname for her is Tigamma. But I haven’t told her about it yet.”

“Sure, okay, I need help with Tigamma.” Maddie sat on the edge of my bed and put her face in her hands. “She just does whatever she wants. And she wants ... some questionable things.”

“Are you talking about her lesbo stuff?” I stretched my arms, trying to look casual.

Maddie rolled her eyes at me. “No! I mean, yes, I guess. That too. But ... are we really going to talk about this?”

I thought things over. If I didn’t come clean right now, Maddie would figure things out eventually. And there would be all sorts of hijinks. I never came out ahead when there were hijinks or shenanigans. “I’ll make the conversation easier on you. Tigamma has been making me eat her out, too. I mean ... I wasn’t really into it at first, but she –”

“Enough. I don’t need the details.” Maddie held out a finger to silence me. She shook her head slowly. “Of course she’d do this. The second I stand up to her she ...” She shook her head. “Have you seen her suit? I’ve been wanting to make a few modifications for more than a week, but she keeps dissembling.”

“Dismembering?” I shook my head. “Mom probably isn’t taking people apart. She’s just –”

“Do you know where the suit is, Andy?” Maddie’s cheeks were turning red. I could tell Mom had gotten under her skin.

“Sit tight, Maddie. I have some things to tell you. I’m going to do it all at once. We’re going to pull off some Band-Aids here.” I went ahead and told her about Mom’s suit

redesign, about Mom's bloody adventure the night before, and about the money. Maddie listened and was silent for a while. I sat there and waited for her reaction.

Finally, she nodded her head slowly. "I've been assuming Mom is a hero because she's ... well ... Mom. But it might be possible that she's ... um ..." Maddie gulped. "... a villain."

"Holy shit." I had the largest epiphany I'd ever had without being high. "I think you're right. What do we do?"

"Well, we have to help her be a hero. We have to work together. We'll push her in the right direction. So far, she's only hurting bad people, so ... I don't think we need to give her a direct intervention. But ... Tigamma has some sort of bloodlust thing going on. So, we'll have to channel that."

"How?" I said, cocking my head.

My sister got the goofiest grin on her face. "I think she's already shown us the first step. You know what I mean?" Her smile widened.

"No." I shook my head. "I'm confused."

"The peach doesn't fall very far from the tree, Andy. Got it?" Maddie giggled. That was disconcerting. She hardly ever giggled.

"Is that a riddle?"

"I'll spell it out for you, dummy. Tigamma has bloodlust, she also has lustlust. If we can give her a full-court press with our ... intimate endeavors ... we can probably take the edge off for her. And when she's feeling mellowed out, maybe we can put her in some situations to be a real hero. I don't know, rescue a bus hanging on a cliff or something. A situation where she doesn't have to kill anyone. Then maybe she'll get a taste for the good life." Maddie licked her lips.

"So, we're a team again?" I was enthusiastic.

"We're a team. And if she wants a sexy suit, that's fine. How bad can it be?" Maddie's eyes grew hungry. "And if you want to be in charge of the money. Great. I trust you."

"You do?" I was thrilled. "So we're a rug-munching team! I love it. Mom's not going to know what hit her." A thought occurred to me. A sly smile crept on my face. "I did some research on oral sex, but I could use some practice."

Maddie burst out laughing.

"I wasn't joking. Since we're a team ... I thought." I frowned as her laughter grew louder. Maddie held her belly, doubled over, and slid to the floor, still laughing.

She took a good long while to settle down. Eventually, she looked up at me from the floor, wiping tears of joy from her eyes. “Nice try, horndog.” She chuckled to herself. In a deep voice, she said, “I only want to practice with you, Sis. It doesn’t count if it’s practice.” She shook her head. In her normal voice, she said, “I wonder how often that’s worked in the history of mankind. Probably never. Anyway, count your lucky stars that Mom wants you to practice on *her*. So, probably how this works best is I’ll accompany Mom on missions. I’ll need you to help me convince her that’s a good idea.”

“And you’ll need a suit.” I nodded. “I’ll take care of all the boring officey stuff. Can you give me the formula for the red and green bottles?”

“Um ... maybe I’ll handle that part. I can go on missions and do science. But you can deal with the money and suits. And maybe some other tech stuff. That was clever how you spied on us,” she said. “And we can both take her edge off when we’re alone with her.”

“Okay, well, how am I supposed to seduce her?” I offered Maddie a hand and helped her up from the floor.

“You don’t have to do anything. She’s already seducing you, Andy. Just be there for her.” Maddie walked to the door. “Between the two of us, we’ll get her back on track.”

“Three of us. Dad will help when he ... um ... sexes her.” I shook my head. That was a weird thought.

“She told me Dad hardly shows any interest these days. I think it’s up to me and you, Andy.” She stopped with her hand on the doorknob, looking back at me with a friendly smile. *Go team Pennypacker!*

“You aren’t jealous?” I glanced toward the clock. Mom and Dad would be home soon. When I looked back toward the door, my sister was gone. The door was still closed, so I wasn’t sure how she’d slipped away so fast. Superpowers are hard to understand, I guess. “Okay. Not the jealous type. I mean, she is our mom, so it makes sense to share,” I said to myself and went back to my video game.

~~

We had a nice family dinner that night. Stolen glances between Mom, Maddie, and I caused one or all of us to blush repeatedly. This happened so often, I started to keep a tally. I figured I might create a spreadsheet to keep track. Dad was, of course, oblivious. After dinner, I went back to my room to ... do drugs. I’d replenished my supply.

I had just readied my bong when there was a knock on the door. “Sweetie, can we talk?” It was Mom! I hid the bong under my desk, sat in my swivel chair, and tried to act casual.

“Come in.” I smiled like a good, sober boy when she entered and closed the door behind her.

“Andy. I’d like to talk about what you said last night. About drugs.” She sat down on my bed, crossed her legs, and clasped her hands in her lap. “Sometimes when I’m the cat, I don’t respond properly to things.”

“I understand, Mom. And when you’re the cat, I was thinking of using the name Tigamma.” I smiled hopefully. “It’s obviously a placeholder. I just thought you needed a surname.”

“I like that name.” Her smile had a little of Tigamma’s wickedness in it. “So, about the drugs. I’m worried about you, Andy.” She went into a long speech about the evils of mind-altering substances. It was a bit hypocritical, seeing as how her transformation into Tigamma was clearly mind-altering but whatever. I nodded and listened. She then went into how I needed to apply myself and get a job. How I needed to seize the day rather than smoke it away. That’s my catchy phrasing, not hers.

When she was done, I gave her my most serious expression. “I actually have an idea for a job. I can be your assistant, Mom. I’ll take care of all the boring stuff so you and Maddie don’t have to. I’ll be your gadget guy. Your tech guy. Your money guy. Here, look at this spreadsheet I created.” I pulled up the money sheet on my computer screen. It wasn’t much of a sheet, there was only one row. But still. I turned back to her. “Maddie can do some science stuff and assist you on missions. We’ll get her a suit. We can be a super team.”

“Oh ... well. I don’t think I want my daughter risking her life out in the field. But I am happy that you want to apply yourself at something.” My mother gathered her hair into a ponytail. She often did that when she meant business.

“Maddie won’t be in danger. Nobody ever notices her!” I knew I wasn’t going to win the argument that night, but I was starting the process of wearing my mother down. I’d had lots of practice at that over the years. We went back and forth on whether Maddie should help Mom for about ten minutes. Then Mom switched topics.

“Now, this is embarrassing. But we need to talk about the ...” She lowered her voice to a whisper. “... oral sex we’ve been having.”

That was the hottest thing anyone had ever said to me. I immediately had a huge erection. “Don’t worry, Mom. It’s totally understandable. I know that when you’re Tigamma you have a lot on your ...” As I was talking, she lifted her skirt, lowered her

panties, and spread her legs. Sitting on the edge of the bed as she was, I had a prime view of her pussy. My words trailed off. I tried to gather myself. "So, this wasn't the talk about how we need to stop all that, and how it's wrong, wicked, and devilish and terrifyingly sexy?"

"I really like the way you do it, Andy. I was thinking we could do it when I'm not ... Tigamma, too. What do you think?" She opened her legs wider. I could see her pussy lips glistening.

I dropped to the floor and crawled over to her. "I think this is a great idea. I spent a lot of time researching oral sex today. I'm going to apply myself to this, too. You'll be so proud of me."

"That's my boy." She tenderly caressed my hair and pulled my head toward her clit. "My accident at work has been a blessing for all of us. I'm ... oooooohhhhhh ... already proud of you ... uuuggghhhh ... Andy." She smiled down at me as I rolled her clit with my tongue. "I and ... ooohhh ... just know ... I'm going to be ... happy ... with you working ... as ... Mommy's special ... helper."

She was right about that. I was going to make her very happy. I licked up the inside of her slit and then really got to work.

Chapter 9

I ate my mother out every day for the next week. She wasn't even Tigermamma once, and we still went at it. I was hoping that since she was in her nice, Mommy version of herself, she'd maybe be kinder to me and get me off, too. But no, it was still a one-way street. After every session, I fapped thinking about what we'd just done, so everything was cool. I totally didn't need her to reciprocate. What I needed was to find myself a girlfriend. But that wasn't easy living at home.

During this time, I pitched the idea of Maddie joining Mom on missions over and over. She kept shutting me down. But I had years of practice wearing her down when I wanted something. One night, I eventually got her to give a little when she made one of her late-night visits.

"I really need some relief tonight, sweetie." Wearing one of her mom-dresses, my mother entered my room, locked the door, and put her hands on the wall. She stuck her ass out in my direction and waited. I was a bit stoned, so I didn't react right away. She looked over her shoulder at me with eyebrows raised in frustration. "I'd really appreciate it if you worked your magic on me now, Andy. I haven't been Tigermamma for a while, and it's driving me a bit ... wild. I'm all pent up!"

"Sure, Mom. Sorry." I was only wearing underwear, but that didn't matter. I was about to eat her out, why should she care? I got off my bed, walked over to her, and kneeled behind her. I lifted her dress. She wasn't wearing panties, and she was already so wet that I could see rivulets of her wetness running down the insides of her thighs.

I was pretty sure this meant she'd already visited Maddie. She was usually a sopping mess when she visited my eighteen-year-old sister first. Of course, I never mentioned it to Mom. It was an open secret that Maddie and I were both munching Mommy Pennypacker. I wondered what Dad would do if he found out. Probably have a heart attack. And what if my older sister came home for a visit and saw me making Mom cum? Would Mom be able to seduce Emma? Emma was so uptight, and she had a fiancé. There was no way. But then again, I would have thought there was no way I'd be eating Mom's pussy every night. Or that Maddie would.

"Andy? You're just staring at my butt, and it's making me uncomfortable." Mom was still looking back at me over her shoulder. "Are you on drugs? We talked about that."

"Sorry, Mom! Sorry. I'll get to work." I spread her ass cheeks with my hands and tongued her asshole for a while. Did I mention that I'd been continuing my Mom-pleasing studies during the past week? I listened to her moan and enjoyed her hips squirming as I helped her get some relief. While continuing to work her ass, I inserted two fingers into her pussy.

“Oooooohhhhhh ... that’s a good booooyyyyyyyyyy ... Andy.” She dropped her head forward and let me do my thing.

I pulled my mouth away from her ass, but kept working her pussy with my hand. “Hey, Mom? Even if you don’t want Maddie on missions, can I use some of your money to buy her a suit?”

“Please keep doing that ... with your tongue ... plllleeeasse.” The round globes of Mom’s ass cheeks started trembling.

“Can I buy Maddie a super suit?” I brushed my fingernails over the curve of her ass. That made her whole body shiver.

“Yes ... fine ... that money is just sitting there anyway. Buy her a suit,” Mom said.

I went back to work on her asshole.

“Aaaahhhhhhhh ... yeesssssss ... that’s it. You do amazing work ... back there.” Mom put the hem of her dress in her mouth. I knew that meant she was about to cum and didn’t want to get too loud. But I had one more ask before I got her off.

I pulled my tongue out of her hole and kissed each perfect cheek. “Do you mind if I fap while I’m doing this? I haven’t fapped yet tonight, and I need some relief, too.”

She spat her dress out of her mouth. “Yes ... yes ... go ahead. Just keep going.” She sounded exasperated. “Just please keep ... aaaahhhhhhhh.” Mom put the dress back in her mouth when I went back to tonguing her.

I pulled my fingers out of her pussy and rubbed her clit. With my other hand, I lowered my underwear and masturbated.

“Mmmppphhhhhhhh.” Mom was trembling violently. I could tell she was cumming. It was easy to spot, even when I was high. I didn’t let up, I kept her going through two more orgasms.

“Mmmppphhhhhhhh.” I dove my face deeper into her ass cheeks. I was going to cum too. “Mmmpph ... mmmpph ... mmmppphhhhhhhh.” I shot rope after rope of cum onto the floor in front of me. I heard her moaning like crazy above me, she was cumming again, too.

By the time we were done, my cum joined the puddle she’d dripped onto the floor. I stared at our commingling fluids. It was the best I could hope for until I got a girlfriend. Not that I was complaining. It *was* pretty hot to be honest.

On shaky legs, Mom departed my room for bed. I cleaned up our mess and fapped one more time. I had gotten two concessions out of her, and she’d cum like crazy. I was feeling pretty good with myself.

~~

“You look smug, Andy.” Maddie was suddenly standing behind me in the bathroom as I brushed my teeth. I hadn’t noticed her in the mirror until I heard her voice. I totally did not jump or yelp. Not in the least.

I spit out my toothpaste, rinsed my mouth, and turned toward her. I was only wearing a towel around my waist, but what did I care? Teammates saw each other naked in the shower all the time. And we were teammates. “You should let me see you naked in the shower sometime,” I said.

Maddie rolled her eyes. “You’re gross.”

“Technically true. So ... that’s no to the shower idea? Maybe we should put a pin in it. Because we’re teammates. You eat out Mom. I eat out Mom. Teammates shower together, right?” I shrugged.

“Ugh.” Maddie wrinkled her nose in disgust. “I’m not talking about that. Just keep doing what you’re doing. She’s pretty mellow.”

“Okay. I do have some good news about the other part of our plan.” I smiled.

“Missions? I’m going on missions?” She almost squealed with delight. She was too reserved to actually make the noise, but she was close.

“Not that. Not yet. But she said we could buy you a suit. So, I was thinking about taking a million or so, I could pick you up after school, and we could make a trip to the super store.” I laughed when she kissed my cheek. “Sound good?”

“Nice work, Andy. We’re a good team.” She kissed me on the cheek again, brushed up against my dick, and pulled back. She looked down at my erection tenting the towel. “What’s that?”

“It’s morning wood. You know how I get.” I wasn’t lying about how I get. But also, it might have been a little bit because Maddie looked so cute smiling and kissing me. Who’s to say?

“Right. Well go take care of it, weirdo.” Maddie shook her head. “Mom’s driving me to school. But you’re picking me up.” She poked my scrawny, bare chest with her finger and left me alone in the bathroom.

I shut the door. Now, my dick was even harder than before. I was pretty sure Mom was suddenly driving Maddie to school all the time so that her daughter could give her a quicky in the car. I didn’t have proof of that, but I was pretty sure. I desperately wished I

could be a fly on the wall for that one. I dropped my towel to the floor. Well, I could imagine it. It was the next best thing. I fapped in the bathroom for a while. I didn't have anywhere else to be until pickup time.

~~

"What do you think?" Maddie stepped into the aisle lined with an array of different super gadgets. She twirled for me, her cape spinning dramatically around her. Normally, my eyes would be roving the shelves of awesome tools, but my gaze was glued to my sister. Seeing her in a supersuit made her seem like she really was a superhero. The outfit wasn't flashy, but it was the best of the lot we'd tried so far: a black and blue bodysuit with a cape, skirt, and mask.

"I thought we decided no capes. They always get caught on things." I frowned. The suit wasn't sexy like Mom's, but it did hug my sister's curves. I shuffled my feet, trying not to get a boner in front of the super store staff.

"It's not just form, it's function." The bright-eyed sales lady stood nearby. Ever since we'd told her we could pay in untraceable cash, she hadn't left us alone. "It's breakaway, of course. So, even if it did get caught on anything, your sister can easily get away. It has a homing device, so it will attempt to free itself and return to your sister in such an event. She can also throw it around herself and it will blend into the background. For extra stealth."

"She doesn't need extra stealth. No one notices her." My frown deepened.

"I love it, Andy." Maddie had the widest grin as she struck different poses with the suit. She seemed giddy and bubbly. My sister was hardly ever giddy and bubbly. It made me a little uncomfortable.

"How much for this one?" I sighed. I knew it was going to come in over budget.

"Normally it would be 1.7 million for the suit alone, but we're running a special right now." The saleslady brought up a sheer screen in the air in front of her. It was ostentatiously fancy. She was clearly showing off as she looked over some numbers. "The suit is on discount, and I'll throw in the cape for free. Only 1.3 million for the whole outfit. Of course, we'll customize it. That price includes thirteen add-ons not including the camouflage."

"Villainy pays, Andy. Let's get it!" Maddie giggled.

"Wait, you two aren't villains, are you?" The saleslady pointed to a sign explaining their *No Villains* policy. Her ever-present smile faded.

“Nope. She was joking. One hundred percent heroes ... that’s us,” I said.

“Great!” The saleslady’s smile returned. “It will take about a week to have it ready for you. You’ll need to give us a deposit and ...” She went on and on, but I tuned her out. This was going to take a huge chunk of our operating budget. We’d have to get some more money, especially if I was going to be buying gadgets and robots and whatnot. Being a hero was nice, but we would have to figure out how to get paid.

Chapter 10

It sucks being the only one in my family without a superpower. My mom could turn into Tigamma. She was sexy, powerful, and a little bad. My younger, eighteen-year-old sister could walk around completely unnoticed. I suppose she had a souped-up version of the power all youngest children possessed. My older sister had the incredible power of no longer living at home and finding a life mate. My dad had ... uh ... well, he had the superpower of getting to have sex with Mom whenever he wanted. I'm pretty sure she didn't restrict him to cunnilingus. That left me. Poor, loveable Andy: assistant to two superheroes. Neither of whom were all that nice to me.

I wasn't feeling sorry for myself. Counterpoint: maybe I was? To clear my head, I got out of the house for a few days, hanging with friends. I saw the ones that were still around after high school. Most of them had jobs and their own places. Most of their workplaces hadn't been demolished by an interdimensional slug. I once had a job. It wasn't my fault it got blown up. I suppose I had a job again, but I couldn't tell anyone I was administrative staff to two supers.

I had fun with my friends. We played video games. We smoked weed. We talked about girls. I casually mentioned I'd been dating someone several times. No one seemed to believe me.

Maddie kept texting me that I needed to help her keep Mom calm. Mostly, I ignored her. It wasn't that I didn't want to eat out my mom. It was more that I needed a break. My ego needed the rest.

So, the week passed. I slept at home but otherwise kept away. One night, I was coming home late, riding my bike and judging my speed by how many times I passed the moon. We'd smoked some weed at Kyle's house. I pulled my bike onto our front lawn and stopped so fast I tumbled off. I bounced on the grass, my eyes never leaving an incredible sight. "FalconEar," I whispered.

FalconEar was a top-rate superhero. She was definitely tier-two, tier-three at worst. She had the eyes of a falcon (and the wings) and the ears of a bat. I'm not sure why she needed echolocation if her eyes were so great, but ...

"You there, boy." FalconEar pointed a clawed finger at me. "Do you know this creature?" She turned her finger downward to point at Tigamma, who was hogtied and gagged, squirming on the grass next to the superhero. "I followed her back to this address."

"Yes." Slowly I stood, brushing off my clothes absentmindedly. "That's ... my ... Tigamma." Phew, that was close. I'd almost revealed her secret identity. "Is ... there a problem ... Ms. FalconEar?"

“Are you her lackey?” FalconEar squinted her keen eyes at me.

“Yes.” It was true.

“Good. Take her back into your custody. She tried to rob me tonight.” FalconEar dramatically spread her wings. I could tell she was about to take flight. She shook her head slowly. “I can tell she’s new to her powers, so I’ve given her this one chance to amend her ways. If she crosses me again, I’ll deliver her to the Grand Trench.” It sounded like poorly constructed sexual innuendo, but actually it was a significant threat. The Grand Trench was a prison on the bottom of the ocean for supers run by supers. If she went there, I’d never see my mom again.

“Got it. You won’t ever see her again. I’ll make sure she gets the message when she ... um ... returns to her mild-mannered alter-ego.” I saluted FalconEar. Without another word, the woman shot into the sky and disappeared into the night.

As I stood staring at the moon, I felt a hand slither over my shoulder. I yelped. For a second, I thought Maddie had appeared behind me as she tended to do. But the grip on my shoulder was wrong. It was both gentle and vise-like. I tried to turn around, but the person’s other hand caressed my cheek, forcing me to look toward my writhing mother. Mom was at an angle where she couldn’t see me as she struggled against her ropes.

Out of the corner of my eye, I looked at the hand on my cheek. The flesh was black. Not dark brown but pitch black. Tendrils of purple smoke curled around it. *Oh shit, it’s The Djinn!* I trembled. The Djinn was a tier-one hero. Although, he wasn’t really a villain or a hero, I suppose. He was in that gray area in between. Whatever he was, he was powerful, and he was fondling me.

“So close to power but desperately weak.” a deep, raspy voice pulled at my eardrum. His mouth must have been inches from me. “I could ... make you powerful.” Everyone knew that the Djinn followed other supers looking for calamity. He made offers to those desperate enough to accept. His wishes often turned out poorly for those unfortunate enough to cross his path. *Like me!*

I shook my head. Which caused my ear to brush against his lips. My whole body violently shivered.

“Go ahead, make a wish,” The Djinn whispered.

“No ... thanks,” I whispered back.

“Maybe next time,” The Djinn said. Suddenly, his hands were gone. I turned around, and there was no one there. Dude disappeared almost as well as my sister.

I was aware of my mother’s muffled cries again. I took a couple deep breaths and tried to figure out what to do next.

“One sec, Mom.” I ran inside to get some scissors. I came back out to cut the rope. But, of course, scissors didn’t work. I went back inside and fetched a knife, but the binding was too tough for that, too. I tried several other sharp objects, all to no avail. My mother watched me with furious cat eyes. Eventually, I looked closely at the cord and found a small button on my mom’s backside. I prayed that the thing was unlocked and pressed the button. Quick as lightening, the bindings and gag retreated into a little ball which dropped on the lawn next to my mom. I picked it up and read: *You have been incapacitated by FalconEar. Have a nice day.* “Cool,” I said.

“No ... noooooooooo.” Mom sprung to her feet and rubbed her arms. “None of this is cool,” she hissed. “That bitch bound me, Andy.”

“Right ... not cool.” I put the ball in my pocket. “Let’s go inside. I’ll find you a red vial and you can change. I ... I ...” I watched my mom slide out of her suit. “We’re on the lawn, Mom. You can’t be ... naked.” I stared at her beguiling striped form.

“Your mother is pissed. And I need you to take the edge off. Now. Before I do something stupid.” She rushed me, moving so fast I could barely track her. Before I knew it, I was on my back on the grass, and her pussy was plastered to my face. She wanted me to eat her out in full view of anyone who happened by. And I was supposedly doing this to prevent her from doing something stupid.

“Okay.” My voice was muffled by her box. I grabbed her ass with both hands and went to work, terrified that I’d see headlights at any moment. What would Maddie say if the neighbors caught me munching Tigamma? What would Dad say? I needed her to cum fast so we could get inside. I worked my tongue frantically on her clit. Wetting my finger with her pussy, I shoved it into her ass.

“She ... uuuggghhh ... tricked me ... Andy ... I would have ... oohhhhhh ... had her if ... yyyessssssssss ... I would have had her ... if she didn’t follow me ... uuuuuggghhhhhh.” My mother grabbed my hair, not all that gently, and held my head in place. “How would she ... have liked to be ... tied up? If I’d have caught her ... I would have sat ... on her fat falcon face ... and ... eeeeeiiiiiii ... I would have made her ... oooooohhhh ... I would have left my juice on her ... yyyyyooooowwwwwlllllll.” My mother threw her head back and howled at the moon. She was cumming loudly. I prayed people would just think she was wildlife, and no one would come to investigate.

Thankfully, after she was done blowing off her top, she released my head and stood up. I wiped off my soaked face. “Mom ... we can’t ...” I stopped talking as she walked toward the house. I left my bike on the lawn, picked up her suit, and followed her.

The second we stepped inside and closed the door, my mother turned and put her face inches from mine. “She fucked me, Andy. That falcon bitch fucked me. I hate it. I hate her.”

“Wait ... she had sex ... with you?” Was that hope in my voice? No, I didn’t want Mom to get fucked. Not like that.

“Metaphor! She tied me up. And I ... I ...” She sniffed my face. Slowly, she extended her tongue. It reached out past her pointy teeth and licked from my chin to my forehead.

“Mom?” I let her lick me until she was done.

“You taste like Maddie.” She sighed. “I taste like Maddie. Things have become very complicated. I’m ... angry. You shouldn’t see this. I’m going hunting.” She opened the door and sprung out into the night.

“Wait, Mom ...” I watched her naked, striped butt disappear into the darkness. “That’s not good.” I closed the door. Still carrying the suit, I climbed upstairs and took a shower. I crashed right after that. When I woke up in the morning, Mom still wasn’t home.

~~

“Do you know where your mother is, Andy?” Dad knocked on my door as he walked into my room. I was shirtless, reading a comic book. I flinched when he came in.

“Um ... she must have left for work early ...” I wondered if he’d noticed that she hadn’t slept in their bed.

“Her car’s here.” He frowned at me.

“Maybe Maddie knows where she is?” I shrugged. I had no idea what to say to him. Best thing to do in such situations is to pass the buck to my sister.

“I dropped her off at work early.” Maddie was sitting on the edge of my desk. Because ... of course she was. Dad and I jumped when we heard her voice. Neither of us had noticed her until that moment. Maddie tightly smiled at Dad. “Mom said I could have her car today. I need it for a thing.”

“Jesus, Maddie. You do creep up on people.” Dad looked a little pale. If only he’d seen what I saw last night. I’m sure he would have fainted on the spot.

“I didn’t creep. I was sitting right here.” Maddie nodded to the door. “I need to talk to Andy.”

“Right ... um ... okay. I hope you thanked your mother.” Dad turned for the door.

“I’m always polite, Dad. Thank you for closing the door on the way out.” Maddie watched our father go. When the door was closed, she turned to me. “What happened last night?”

I told her. We were teammates, so there was no point in lying.

When I finished, my sister looked at me thoughtfully for a while. "I thought we had more time before the big boys and girls noticed her. This is your fault for disappearing this week. I couldn't keep her calm all by myself." She stood, leaned over, and kissed my cheek. "I'm not mad at you. You did good with The Djinn. I just want you to think about your other choices." She walked across the room, opened the door, and looked back at me. "I'll drive myself to school today. You'll spend the day searching for Mom. Her tracker is in her suit, so you can't use that. Bring a red vial and turn her back to normal when you find her. Then, bring her home and wait for me."

"How am I supposed to –"

"Time for you to be a big boy, too. Figure it out. And don't screw it up. We're depending on you." She left and closed the door behind her.

Shit, she was better at mothering me than Mom sometimes. I hurried to get ready and head out. I was going to do exactly as Maddie said.

Chapter 11

“Mom?” I returned home after a fruitless search for my mother. “Are you home?”

“In here, Andy.” My mother’s voice drifted in from the mud room.

“Oh, thank God. I’ve been out looking for you.” I walked toward her. “You had us all worried. You missed work today. Dad’s been ...” My voice trailed off when I got to the mud room doorway. My mother was naked, lying on the linoleum floor. She was covered in blood. When she looked up, her face was smeared crimson, especially around her lips. She was no longer in her cat form, and she looked so pale and fragile under all that red.

“Don’t worry, sweetie. It’s not my blood. I don’t think.” She rested her head back down on the floor. “I’m so tired. I went hunting last night. I must have ranged miles and miles. I couldn’t stop myself.”

“Shit, Mom.” I moved closer to her. She was on her stomach, so I examined the callipygian view for wounds. It didn’t seem she was injured, not on her backside at least. “Who or what did you kill? Never mind. I don’t want to know. You need to get it under control, Mom.” There was a trail of blood from the door to her resting place. I wasn’t sure where to start.

“I feel ... like even when I’m not the cat ... I’m not quite myself anymore, Andy. Have you noticed how ... different our relationship is ... since the accident?” Mom’s voice was distant and dreamy. “I make you ... go down on me all the time. I never did that before. The same is true with your sister. It’s so ... wrong.”

“No ... Mom ... it’s okay.” It wasn’t okay, but what was I supposed to say? I carefully rolled her onto her back and checked her front for injuries. She had a minor scratch on her left tit, but otherwise, she looked fine. “Maddie and I will help you put a lid on things.” Slowly, I helped her to her feet.

“You can’t control me, Andy. Neither can Maddie. I was ... hoping that FalconEar might take me under her wing. Or at least ... that’s what I wish had happened now. As Tigamma, I was so angry at her.” She put her bloody arm over my shoulders, and we walked to the basement bathroom. That would be the easiest one to clean.

“FalconEar didn’t seem interested in helping you, Mom. But at least she didn’t take you off to super jail.” I got her into the basement shower, squirted some body wash, and scrubbed her with my hands. “Maybe we can find another super to mentor you. Or ... at least tame the cat.”

“Tigmamma is too willful, Andy.” Mom put her head under the warm water. “Your hands feel good. Why don’t you come into the shower with me and help me take the edge off?”

“We just talked about this, Mom. I shouldn’t keep doing that. And also, I don’t want to get my clothes wet.” I was talking sense and being practical. But, of course, a few minutes later, I was in the shower on my knees, licking out her box. My clothes were soaked, hanging like lead on my body. We needed somebody to tame her, but it wasn’t going to be me.

~~

After her shower, Mom went down for a nap. I finished cleaning the house using the enzymatic cleaner I’d purchased for her suit. Maddie wasn’t home from school yet, so I went to my room to fap. My mother had riled me up by making me tongue her in the shower. Of course, she hadn’t returned the favor. I lowered my pants, sat in my chair, and fired up my computer. I was ready to watch some porn with maybe one of the cat supers. I hadn’t decided which.

“Gross, Andy. Put your thing away.” Maddie leaned against my wall, watching me with a deep frown on her face.

“Shit, Maddie!” I hastily pulled up my pants. “Don’t slip in here when I’m fapping.”

“You’re always fapping. That’s what men *do*, isn’t it?” Maddie raised an eyebrow.

“We do other things.” I put a pillow over the tent in my pants and gave her a sour expression.

“I see Mom is home, and there’s bloody footprints on the basement stairs.” She shook her head slowly, like somehow that was my fault.

“I thought I cleaned it all up.” I shrugged and told her about Mom’s return.

“Things are getting worse and worse.” Maddie pressed her lips into a tight line. “It’s time we channeled her energies to doing good. I’ve been listening in on some local criminal rings.”

“You what?” I shouldn’t have been surprised.

“It’s not hard. I just find their hideouts and walk in.” She shrugged. “There’s a big heist planned for next week. I was hoping that would be Mom’s first chance to be a good guy. But we can’t wait. There’s a small bank robbery tonight. We’ll get her out there, and she’ll see it’s fun to be good.”

“She already dealt with bank robbers. She ... did bad things to them and didn’t return the money.” I knew this wouldn’t work.

“We’ll be there for her this time. We’ll force Mom to deploy us as a team. I’ve got my suit now. You can stay in the car and be tech support.” She nodded like it was already settled.

“Yeah, I’m a lackey.” I gave a half-hearted hoorah. “Only problem is, Mom hasn’t agreed to take us with her in super mode. We can’t tame her, Maddie.”

“Not with that attitude.” She walked to the door. “You can continue pulling your thing, Andy. I’ll go clean the stairs thoroughly. When Mom wakes up, help me make tonight happen.”

“Sure, okay.” I was already pulling my pants down before she’d even closed my door. Despite my bossy sister, I still needed to fap.

~~

I think Mom really felt bad about what had happened with FalconEar and then ... all the blood, because she didn’t need much convincing to go along with Maddie’s plan. She only argued with us for about twenty minutes before giving in. And so, under the cover of darkness, we were in the city, waiting for the bank robbers to show.

Mom was Tigamma, hiding up on the bank’s roof. Maddie was ... well ... I hadn’t really come up with a super name for her yet. But she was in her suit, hiding in plain sight on the sidewalk near the bank. I was in the car with my laptop open in front of me, monitoring several awesome drones we’d bought with Mom’s money. We waited for several hours before the bad guys rolled up in an oversized pickup truck.

The plan was to wait until the robbers broke into the bank. Then Mom and Maddie would catch them, tie them up, and I would record the whole thing on video to give to the police when they showed up. Simple and easy.

There were five bad guys in ski masks dismounting from the truck. They went to work on the steel gate with some sort of laser cutter. They were about halfway done when Tigamma jumped down in the middle of their group and started swinging with her claws. I could hear her fierce yowling howls as she tossed those poor men around.

“No ... Mom ... not yet ... they need to break in and we’re only supposed to tie them up.” Maddie ran toward the melee.

“Shit ... shit ... shit.” I jumped out of the car and ran to help. One of the bad guys had pulled a gun and was firing at Maddie. I saw her stop suddenly and go down. “Noooooo,” I screamed.

“Never fear, FalconEar is here.” Of course fucking FalconEar showed up. “What mayhem is this?” She flew in and began battling Tigamma to save the bank robbers from certain death and dismemberment. The robbers, at least the ones that could run, took off into the night.

Still running toward the fight, I tripped on something in the dark and went sprawling on the pavement. Someone helped me up. I was about to say thanks, when I saw the hand that was clasped in mine. It had black flesh with tendrils of purple smoke coiling about. “Shit,” I said.

“FalconEar is a by-the-book hero,” the Djinn said. “She will make good on her promise to send your mother to the Grand Trench. Probably your sister, too.” The Djinn’s voice was deep, raspy, and inhuman. “You have one chance to save her.”

I tried to look at the super before me, but he was somehow out of focus. I could only see a black shape with curling, purple smoke. I looked over where FalconEar was subduing my mother. I saw my sister slowly getting to her feet. It looked like her suit had stopped the bullet. But who was going to stop FalconEar? I looked back at the Djinn. “Fine, you win. I wish I could stop FalconEar from destroying my family.”

“I can see what you’ve been doing with your mother, boy.” The Djinn’s tone was not friendly in the least. “You’ve been thinking with the lower head. So, I will grant that head the power to save your family.”

“Wait ... you’ll grant what head? What lower head? I don’t – aaaaahhhhhhhhh.” I was suddenly writhing in pain. The asshole shot me with some sort of purple lightning bolt. I must have blacked out, because suddenly the Djinn was gone. When I looked over at my mom, I found that she was bound, and FalconEar was holding my sister off the ground by her neck. Maddie’s poor legs were kicking the air. I felt a surge of power rush through me. I could feel it! I was a super now. Time to save the fucking day.

“Get ... your hands off me ... bitch.” Maddie was helpless.

“Mmmpphhhhhh.” Mom was hogtied and muzzled.

I was the motherfucking hero they deserved. I grabbed my t-shirt and flexed to tear it off. But ... it must have been a really strong shirt or something. So instead, I pulled it over my head. I looked down at my body. I ... wasn’t ripped like I’d hoped. I was still the same skinny guy I’d always been, but something was off with my pants. The front bulged like I was smuggling a reticulated python down there. As I stared at myself, more power surged through me. I arched my back and screamed. My thoughts were

getting crowded out by someone else's. *Conquer. Captivate. Create. Charm. Enthrall them all.* "Who said ... that?" I put my hands up to cover my ears. The intrusion was almost unbearable. My pants were getting too tight. I quickly pulled them off, my underwear following quickly after, and stood in the street in only my shoes and socks.

"What in heavens are you ...?" FalconEar dropped my sister on her butt and turned to me. My sister and my mother both stared at me with wide, horrified eyes. All three sets of eyes were focused between my legs. I looked down to see what the fuss was. My dick wasn't my dick anymore. It was enormous, with a head way too big even for the shaft's giant size. The head was big enough for a small, second brain. *Colonize. Control. Catch. Bewitch the bitches.* I realized those thoughts were coming from my dick. The thing was now a bluish-black color, with dark blue veins spreading out from it, running up my abdomen and down my legs. I could feel my balls pulsing with power. They were huge, and veiny, too. "What ... did that motherfucker do to me?"

"Oh ... my ... gosh. I don't understand ... but ... I ... must take you back to my nest. My husband will know what to do with you." FalconEar launched into the air, swooped over, and plucked me off the ground. She held me to her breasts as we sailed up into the night. I could hear my sister screaming my name. And then we were so far away all I could hear was the rushing wind in my ears.

It was simple. Never trust the Djinn. I hadn't been able to follow that one, straightforward rule. Now, I was totally screwed. I had no idea what FalconEar was going to do with me, but it wasn't going to be good.

Chapter 12

FalconEar didn't say much as she flew me through the night. I did scream up at her to let me down a few times. And I did ask some questions. I wasn't sure who her husband was, for instance. I suppose I should have known, but I didn't have every super's trivia in my head. I also didn't have my phone with me, so I couldn't do a quick search. I suppose it was wherever I'd left my pants.

Without much in the way of answers, I mostly stared at my laconic abductor's well-rounded breastplate and thought about what deep shit I was in. I just knew that her husband, whoever he was, wasn't going to like me. Especially because my augmented dick was writhing against her thigh and banging into it repeatedly. That's right, it was moving on its own. It was moving despite being hard. It was, I guess, headbutting her suit. *Bed her. Bewitch her. Breed her.* It was also talking to me. I was having a hard time getting it to shut up.

Finally, we landed. I'm not sure how long we were in the air, it might have been twenty minutes or two hours. She flew us into a house built into the upper branches of a tree. We zipped right in through a window, and she dropped me unceremoniously on the floor. I looked around.

I was in FalconEar's nest. It seemed a bit too thematic. Branches grew through the room we were in, winding their way from floor to ceiling. There was a long table made of many individual sticks that looked something like nest material. Several paintings of FalconEar hung on the wall and ... oh, shit. Her husband was The Great Duster. I was looking at a family portrait on the wall. They had two grown kids, apparently. All four of them were in super suits. I didn't know if the children were supers too, or if they were just posing that way for the portrait. FalconEar would want to keep their identities secret of course.

I slowly rose to my feet, my chest rising and falling rapidly. This was some sort of meeting room, and I guess we were about to have a meeting.

"Frolicking, frenzied fuck," I said. I wasn't sure why, but those were the words that popped out of my mouth.

"Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?" FalconEar stepped out of the room and came back in with oversized sweatpants. They were way too big for me, probably her husband's.

"You have no idea, lady." I glanced out the window. We were a long way up. I wasn't escaping that way.

“Put these on. Seeing your penis makes me feel ... strange.” She tossed me the pants. “My husband will be here in about an hour. We will wait for him. He’ll know how to handle you.”

“I don’t think it wants me to wear clothes.” My own words shocked me. *Remove it. Remodel her. Reduce her secrets. See her face!* I looked down at my giant cock. It writhed like a snake. The head looked almost like it had the ridges of a brain. I didn’t like it. “Shut up!” I said to my dick.

“Your penis is so ugly.” She wasn’t listening to me. She was staring at my junk, too. “Why does it move like that?” Slowly, she reached up and removed her mask. It now hung behind her head like a hood. She had just revealed her secret identity to me! This was either really good or really bad. “Is it ... is it whispering to me?” She folded her wings against her back and knelt on the floor.

Whatever the Djinn had done to me, it was obvious that I was either going to sink or swim with it. “Never mind, don’t shut up. What do I do now, Dick?”

“What?” She looked into my face, a dreamy expression in her eyes. She was quite pretty without the mask, her hair in two long braids going down her back.

“I wasn’t talking to you,” I said. *Make her an ally.* My cock said. I sighed, at least it wasn’t speaking to me only in alliteration. That would have gotten old.

“Look, FalconEar, ma’am. My dick wants to do some stuff that will probably get you in trouble with your husband. I’m not sure how to control it. Let me go, and I promise to stay far away from you. But if you keep me here, I ... I don’t know ... I have a bad feeling. Are you listening to me? Mrs. FalconEar? I ...” She was crawling toward me on her knees, her gaze back on my dick.

“I can see your testicles are throbbing!” FalconEar’s voice had lost all of its authority. She sounded breathy and timid. Her tone was high and reedy.

“Yes, that’s concerning to me, too.” I took a step back. *Bed her. Bewitch her. Breed her. Make her an ally.* “Look, I think my dick’s talking to me. And it’s saying some things that ... I don’t know. You should probably let me have a phone, and I’ll call my mom and ...”

FalconEar got within a foot of me, her head level with my hips. My dick coiled and struck out at her face. With her super reflexes, she easily caught it in her gloved hand before it could make contact. My knees buckled with pleasure.

“You have a bad penis, mister,” she whispered. “Very bad. Oh ... gosh ... it throbs under my fingers. I can hear it ... I ... can ...” She timidly kissed my strange cockhead. “It’s so ... ugly ... isn’t it?”

“Um ... that sort of hurts my feelings.” I stared with wide eyes. My balls pulsed rhythmically, and somehow her hand picked up on the cadence and stroked my shaft to the same rhythm. “FalconEar ... just let me call my mom ... I ... um ... Mrs. FalconEar? You shouldn’t kiss it again ... it feels really good and ... oh ... my God.”

FalconEar had opened her mouth wide and sucked my dick into her mouth. Now, I’d had a few blowjobs before. I wasn’t a novice. But this was the first time with a super. Or with a dick that could do its own thinking. Or with a woman while we were waiting for her husband to get home. Or up in a tree. The point is, this was breaking a lot of fucking firsts. And it felt out of this world. Wait ... my mom had sucked my dick once. So, I guess this was my second blowjob from a super. It was still wild.

“Mmmmpphhhh ... mmmmmmmmm ...” She sounded so happy as she bobbed her head on my giant dick. One of her hands pumped me, the other started fondling my balls.

“Uuuugghhhhhh ...” I felt like I was going to melt. “Okay ... fine ... I’ll call my mom ... later.” I stood in her super meeting room and looked down at her furrowed forehead and distorted mouth. *Ownership. Ontological orgasms.* “Shit ... Mrs. FalconEar ... I’m slipping ... into a new state of ... being.”

“Mmmmpphhhh?” She looked up at me and arched her eyebrows in question.

“I mean ... I’m going to ... uuugghhhhhh ... cum,” I said.

“Mmmmmmmmm.” She nodded and sucked me even more avidly. She wasn’t able to get much of my cock into her mouth, and it looked so odd seeing the long shaft terminating at her warped lips. “Mmmppphhhh.” She was kneading my balls so hard, it almost hurt. I had lost track of time, but I was suddenly worried that The Great Duster would walk in at any moment. But then, I wasn’t worried about anything. Both my brains exploded in a sea of ecstasy. I was only dimly aware of shooting off like a geyser in FalconEar’s face.

When I came down from my high, I saw that FalconEar had been brought low. She was on her back on the floor in front of me, one wing tucked, the other flapping helplessly on the floor. Her eyes were crazed, and she was covered in cum. I’m sure her supersuit had seen some gnarly stuff in the past, but it can’t have experienced anything like what was stored in my disfigured balls. “I told you ... you should have ... let me go,” I panted.

“What have you done to me? I feel so strange.” Slowly, she sat up and stared with disbelieving eyes at my slowly deflating penis. “Oh ... gosh ...” She looked down at her breastplate, and when she processed what she saw there, she shrieked. “You ... you ... used mind control on me. Even now, I still want to touch it.” She moved her hand shakily to her bust. She looked like she was having second and third thoughts about it, but she did scoop some cum onto her finger. With even more hesitation, she moved it slowly to her mouth.

Even if I didn't like her, I couldn't watch her debase herself like that. Not with my post-nut clarity. So, I slapped her hand away before it could get to her lips. "I didn't do anything to you. My dick did. It has a mind of its own." I waited for my cock to reply with some of its own thoughts, but it was quiet. I looked down and was relieved to see my old dick again: soft, and normal-sized, with no indication that its head held a brain. I was normal again. "Thank God! The Djinn only put a temporary curse on me. I guess when I came it ended." I grabbed her husband's baggy sweatpants and pulled them on. I had to hold them up with my hand to keep them from sliding down. "I guess it was good that you did that. FalconEar, you really saved the day with that blowjob." I laughed nervously.

She stood and turned away from me. "The Djinn did this? I should have known." Her voice had regained its authority.

"Um ... can I go now? It was only temporary. It wasn't my fault. I promise to be good. And I'll make sure Tigamma is good, too." I steepled my hands in prayer.

FalconEar didn't meet my gaze, but she pointed her finger toward a door. I hustled over to it, found some stairs, and raced out of her nest. Once I was down on the ground, I looked up to see some sort of private aircraft come in for a landing. Her husband was home. Silently, I prayed that she'd had time to clean up before he found her.

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I guess it was good that I never took off my socks and shoes during that brief big-dick frenzy, because I had a long walk out of the woods. I can't imagine how terrible it would have been with bare feet.

After several hours, I found a road and someone willing to lend a shirtless young man their cell phone for a quick call. After I returned their phone, and the person hustled away from me, I sat in a nearby park and waited.

An hour later, I saw our minivan pull up and park. Mom, who was herself again, and Maggie jumped out of the car and ran across the grass toward me. I stood up, still holding up the oversized sweatpants with one hand, and watched them. They were both crying and holding their arms open as they ran. I smiled. It was nice to be missed.

Their tears started to dry on the ride home. Maggie drove and Mom sat in the backseat embracing me. I thought about mentioning seatbelts, but honestly, it was nice to be held. They told me that they had feared the worst. They had been sure FalconEar would send me off to the Grand Trench to rot under the ocean forever.

I could see my mother kept surreptitiously glancing at the crotch of my sweatpants. Finally, she squeezed my shoulders and asked, "What happened to your penis, Andy? Are you ... horribly disfigured?"

"It looked really messed up," Maddie added from the driver's seat.

"Thanks for your concern, but I think the Djinn was just messing with me. It went away pretty quickly after FalconEar grabbed me." I couldn't bring myself to tell them about what I'd done to FalconEar. She might have been a bitch of a super, but she didn't deserve to get cumblasted like that.

"What ... um ... what did you wish for with the Djinn?" Mom held me at arm's length and looked into my eyes.

A gazed back at her sincerely and lied. "I'm not an idiot, Mom. I didn't wish for anything. He offered me a wish, but I said no. That's probably why whatever happened to me didn't last. I was lucky." I was also an idiot. I was both lucky and an idiot.

"Oh, gosh. My alter-ego got you into so much trouble." Mom hugged me again. "I'll have to thank FalconEar for letting you go. If I ever see her again."

"Don't give her a reason to bother you, Mom. You have to get the cat under control." It was my turn to hold her at arms-length and stare into her eyes.

"Listen to us, Mom. Or maybe next time we won't be lucky. You have to chill." Maddie glanced back over her shoulder at us.

"I suppose ... I'll have to get the upper hand on the cat." My mother chewed her bottom lip. "Will you continue to help me take the edge off? I think that's important. When you disappeared for that week, Andy, things went ..." She shrugged.

"Yes, we'll help." My sister said too eagerly.

I wasn't looking forward to going back to being her cunnilingus slave, but I supposed it beat the alternative. "Sure, Mom. I'll help."

"I have such great children." Mom hugged me again. "I could never lose you. I promise to be good."

I hoped that was true.

Chapter 13

I have a routine to end most days. I like to smoke a bowl and fap to some super porn. Part A was successful. I sat at my computer with my lower half naked, thinking about part B. Part B wasn't going so well. Someone had posted in a message board I frequent that Alphawoman was in an amateur vid with Mr. Astroidia. I'm not in love with that loser, Astroidia, but Alphawoman is a gorgeous redhead. And real super porn is rare. They guard their images fiercely. I thought about searching for the vid, but my fingers paused on the keyboard.

Something wasn't right. I looked down at the soft, average-sized dick in my lap. "You had a crazy day. I'll give you the night off." I waited, but thankfully it didn't respond. The Djinn's curse really had been temporary, it seemed. Thank God for that. I got up, stumbled to my bed, and crashed on my belly. It really had been a crazy day, and I was asleep in minutes.

~~

"What ... what is that!?" I woke up early in the morning to something squirming under my belly. I felt like I had a snake in my bed. I let out a manly yell and jumped high into the air like a cat that had just realized that it was sleeping with a cucumber.

Arouse the cat. Tame the cat.

"Who said that!" I spun around, but my center of balance was shifted forward. I fell to the floor onto my hands and knees, and then I spotted it writhing under me. The brain-dick was back. "Oh ... no ... no ... I'd rather fight an interdimensional slug than --"

Claim them.

I knew who it was talking about. I did the only thing I could think to do, I stood and raced to the bathroom.

It hurt like hell getting into the freezing shower, but it also drowned the pulsing, writhing junk between my legs. Five minutes later, I was toweling off, shivering, but my penis was soft and back to normal. "Okay ... that was weird ... just a hiccup from yesterday. It's gone for good now," I said to myself. I felt like inspecting it to make sure, but I didn't want to touch it so soon after it had gone all brainiac on me. "Everything's normal. I'm fine." I went back to my room and threw on a ton of clothes. I didn't stop shivering for more than an hour.

~~

“Take your sister to school today.” My mother hurried through the kitchen, wearing a skirt-suit and heels. She put a to-go cup of coffee together for herself. “Where’s your father?”

“He already left for work.” I was the only one in the room at the moment, sitting at the table, eating my fruity flakes. “Good morning to you, too.”

“Sorry. Good morning, Andy.” She stopped what she was doing and offered an apologetic smile. “I’m in a bit of a rush. How are you feeling ... after yesterday?” She walked over and kissed me on the cheek. Her hair was in a bun, and her makeup was well applied. She smelled like perfume.

“I’m fine. Everything’s normal. Totally normal.” I nodded earnestly. “A-numbero-uno ... normalo, Mommio.”

“You are so strange sometimes, sweetie.” Mom ruffled my hair. “I’m glad everything’s ... *normal* down there. You gave us all quite a scare.” She rushed back to her coffee. “You got your sister?” She was out the door before I had a chance to answer.

“Sure, Mom.” I went back to eating my cereal by myself. “Maddie, are you in here? You’re going to surprise me, aren’t you?”

“It’s not my fault.” Maddie was sitting in the next chair over, eating a yogurt. She did surprise me, but I didn’t let it show. She winced at the noise I made. “You screech like a girl, you know that?”

“That was a manly yell.” I shook my head and kept eating.

“We still have the same problems with Mom that we had yesterday. That little, thankfully short-lived, nightmare with your junk didn’t change anything.” Maddie finished her breakfast, washed out the container, and put it in the recycling.

“I know, Maddie. And FalconEar seems to have it out for Mom ... or Tigamma.” I sighed. “I suppose you’ll come up with a new plan to deal with Tigamma?”

“How much do you know about Mom’s job?” Maddie said.

“What? I don’t know. She does office stuff.” I didn’t understand the sudden subject change.

“Yeah, she does.” Maddie nodded. “It’s time to take me to school.” She slung her backpack over her shoulder.

We had a quiet ride to drop-off. I guess we both had lots to think about.

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I was playing video games in the basement when I heard the front door close upstairs. I checked the clock. It was just before noon. I wasn't expecting anyone to be home. I quickly hid my bong. It was out of sight just in time. Mom walked down the stairs. She looked a bit disheveled. Her hair was halfway out of its bun, her mascara was running down her cheeks, and her jacket was off one shoulder.

"I had a bad day at work, sweetie. So, I took the afternoon off." She walked over to the sofa where I was sitting and lowered her skirt and then peeled off her nylons and panties. "I feel like the cat is trying to get out. Usually, she waits for the green vial. But ..." Mom tossed her jacket away. Wearing only her blouse, she sat on the sofa and spread her legs. "I was running late this morning because Maddie was helping me. And now, I need you to take the edge off, too. Otherwise ..."

"Sure, Mom." I sighed. I was back to being Andy Pennypacker, cunnilingus slave to his dear mother. I got onto the floor in front of her and took a good look at her enchanting triangle of hair, and her fervent, pink lips just below. My dick lurched in my pants. It didn't matter, she wasn't going to get me off. The best I could hope for was jerking it while eating her out.

"Stop looking at it and give me some relief, Andy." Mom grabbed the back of my head with both hands and pulled my face to her pussy. I did as she asked. I went to work. I had her cumming inside of three minutes. She really must have been tightly wound.

Unwind her. Undermine her. Undulate her.

My pants were growing tighter and tighter. My dick didn't feel right.

"Did you ... uuuugghhhh ... say something ... Andy?" Mom looked down at me. "No ... you couldn't have ... your tongue is being used ... for other things." She glanced around the room. "Did you hear that?"

"It's ... happening again ... Mom." I stood and tried to tear off my clothes. It felt like the right thing to do, but they were made too well. Instead, I quickly undressed. Soon, I was only wearing my socks, and my brain-headed dick was swaying in front of me like it was floating on some ocean current or something.

Tame her. It's time.

“It’s ... so strange looking.” Mom’s eyes were fixed on my dick. “And the veins around it ... on your body ... that looks painful.” Her eyes grew bigger. “And your testicles ... are so large ... and ... rhythmic.” Her expression veered from horrified to enraptured and back again. “It wants ... *me?*” She gasped.

“The dick wants what the dick wants.” I clapped a hand to my mouth, I hadn’t meant to say that. She was still sitting on the sofa with her legs spread, and I lunged forward. My cock landed on her belly, belching precum onto her work blouse. It wormed its way up, until it was head-butting her boobs, staining the blouse there too.

Tame her.

“Oh ... gosh ... Andy ... what’s happening?” Mom stared at my dick with wide, terrified eyes. “It wants me to ... do things ... with it ... with ... you.”

“Mom ... you better leave ... I don’t know how to control it.” I could have pulled myself off her, but I was just as mesmerized by the tit-thumping as she was.

Tame the cat.

My mother pushed me off her and flipped backward over the sofa. As she landed, she howled. The transformation had already started. Even as she was changing, she tore off her blouse and bra and snarled at me. Okay, she could rip off her own clothes, and I couldn’t. Not everyone gets all the powers.

Time. Time for persuasion.

My lower head wanted me to stall. That, I could do. “What’s going on with you at work, Mom? I’m not even really sure ... what you do. You’re in an office ... and you have an engineering degree. I’m just wondering –”

“Hhhhhhssssssssssssss.” Tigamma hissed at me and extended her claws. God damn, she was beautiful.

“So, do you know why you turned into Tigamma this time without the vial? Was it that I turn you on like this?” I pointed to my brainiac dick. I knew what it wanted, and I was letting it do all the thinking. If it could convince my mother to spread her legs again, I would finally get some action of my own. That was wrong ... but my upper mind was clouded.

Mom dropped her gaze to my strangely textured cockhead. My dick was swaying now like a snake trying to put someone into a trance. She shook her head slowly and relaxed, never taking her eyes off it. “The things in my head ... it’s making me feel ... ooohhhhhh ... Andy ... what have you become?” She crawled back onto the sofa, landing on her butt. Her tail stuck out from the side, twitching. But it seemed to be the only agitated part of her. “I told myself ... if I could keep you ... only helping me with

your tongue ... that would be ... the lesser evil." Slowly, she spread her striped legs. There was her pussy again. She retracted her claws and spread her pussy open for me. "But you want the greater evil, don't you? Your father's thing is ... much smaller in all ways ... especially the head of it. I don't know how you'll fit."

"I'm not a virgin." I blurted.

"Okay, Andy," she said absentmindedly. "We'll have to see if it will fit, won't we? I owe it to you after all the times you took my edge off. I can't believe I've been so selfish. It wants me to apologize, and I should. I'm sorry." She looked up into my eyes briefly, and then back down to my dick, which wasn't swaying anymore. It was pointing directly at her pussy. I could feel the rhythm of my pulsing balls. For some reason, I could see her vaginal opening was flexing, ever so slightly, to the same rhythm. "I'm so sorry, sweetie. You needed me to take the edge off. And a good mommy does that sort of thing, doesn't she?"

"I don't think so, Mom," I whispered. But I'm pretty sure she didn't hear me. I dropped to the floor in front of her again. This time I let my cockhead rest on her pussy. I watched her eyelids flutter, and her body spasm with the contact.

"My kitty ... wants it ... sweetie." Tigamma lifted her legs high in the air. "Oh ... gosh ... my kitty ... needs to help you. Now go slow ... because I've never ... put anything like that ... in there ... before."

"Okay, Mom." My hips lurched forward and suddenly I was in ecstasy. I could hear her shrieking, howling, and hissing. But she didn't push me off. I blinked my eyes and focused. My mother was going wild on the sofa, writhing and shuddering. What had the Djinn done to us? I pushed forward again. We were about to find out.

Chapter 14

“Andy ... Andy ... I feel it ... inside me ... it’s thinking ... uuuggghhh ... inside me ... it wants me to ... it wants ... aaayyyooooowwwlllllllll.” Tigamma tossed her head from side to side, her vertical pupils rolling upward.

“Mom ... Mom ... Mom ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh.” I watched her tight, striped muscles flex as she came again. I was humping a cat super. And she was my pretty mother. And I was a super with ... powers. Maybe I didn’t have super strength, but I did seem to have a built-in sidekick. The basement filled with the sounds of slapping skin on fur and yowling. The Djinn hadn’t cursed me, he’d given me everything I wanted. Well, almost everything. Close enough. “Your pussy ... is so tight ... Mom.”

“Yyyeeeeewwwlllllll ... kitty ... kitty ... my kitty ... is so ... stretched ... and happy.” My mother’s eyelids fluttered as she tried to focus on me. “This feels ... even better ... than when I’m ... the predator.” She ran her hands over my skinny, flexing chest. I was relieved that her claws were still retracted. Her long tongue lolled past her fangs. “Kitty ... kitty ... kitty ... happy.”

I was happy for her kitty, too. And happy *with* her kitty. It was tight, wet, and pulling me toward an insane orgasm.

You have her. Tame her. Claim her.

I wasn’t completely out of my mind though. I continued to slam my hips, but I was planning my exit strategy. “Mom ... I’m ... uuuggghhhhhh ... getting close. I need to ... pull out.”

No! Claim her.

Suddenly, my mother leaned forward and grasped my chin with her hand. She pulled my face close to hers. “Nooooooooooooo ... uuuggghhh ... uuuggghhh ... claim ... meeeeeeeeeeeee.” Her eyes locked with mine. They were swimming with feral intensity.

“Um ... I don’t think ... I ... um ... um ... uuuhhhh ... Mom.” My upper brain clouded. Both my mom and my dick wanted me to blast her pussy into some alternate, cum-soaked dimension.

“Good ... boy ... I need it ... I need it ... kitty needs it!” Mom’s eyes rolled back again. Tigamma was just rolling through orgasms now, one after the other.

“Yooooowwwwwlllllll!”

It’s a good thing we were in the basement, because she was so loud that my ears were ringing. I’m sure the neighbors would have heard us if we’d been in my room.

“Mom ... I’m ... uuuuggghhhhhhh.” I gripped the backs of her thighs tighter, my fingers digging into her toned flesh. My hips fell out of rhythm. “Mom ... I think ... this is the best ... thing ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Honestly, I’m not sure I made the coolest noise here. I probably sounded a bit like a sloth getting kicked in the nuts. But I felt like I was sailing over the moon. “Ggggaaawwwwwddddd.” I could have sworn my balls went into thermonuclear meltdown. I unloaded deep inside her.

Strangely, my noisy mother went completely stiff and silent when my cum hit her womb. Her face twisted in the most astonished expression. As Tigamma, it was impossible for her not to look awesome. But she sure did look dumb; almost like I’d dropped an anvil on her head. She twitched and shuddered, her hand dropping away from my face. Her mouth opened, but I didn’t hear any words. Then again, I was only partly aware of her stupor. I was busy cresting the biggest high of my life. My balls seemed to be pulsing in time with the universe as I emptied them.

After what felt like forever, I collapsed onto her chest, her boobs cushioning my fall. My dick was still huge and twitching inside her belly.

Claim her again. She needs more.

I shook my head, pressing my cheek into her tit. “No more ... Dick. She’s had enough,” I mumbled.

“Oooohhhh ... Andy ... my sweet ... Andy.” My mother purred under me. I mean, literally purred. I wondered if other cat supers purred after sex. I wondered what kind of silly sounds the strident FalconEar made.

Claim them. Tame them. Find out.

“I can hear it ... Andy ... it’s inside me ... and it wants me ... to keep going.” Mom kept purring. “I want more ... Andy.”

“Mom ... I just came inside you ... with a giant ... superintelligent dick,” I panted. “Maybe we need ... to hit pause ... for a minute.”

“Andy.” Mom slid her fingers through my hair. “Kitty want to ... play.” She flexed her pussy, gripping my dick with several quick, viselike bursts. My dick responded by bouncing around inside her. I could feel it pressing up against my belly through hers. “Yesssssss ... yesssssss ... this is what ... Mommy wants ... more of this.” Her hips pushed up against mine, undulating in little circles.

“Mom ... I think ... I might be a villain.” With great difficulty, I pulled my hips back, dislodging my dick with a wet, slurpy plop. I looked down at her pussy. It was a dripping mess. No, not dripping, there was a torrent of cum escaping her. “Wow.”

Mom frowned at me, shook her head, and seemed to regain some sanity. "You're right ... Andy. We have to be ... good. That's what you and Maddie keep telling me." She closed her legs. "It's just ... your little head ... is so persuasive."

Without thinking, I reached under my mother, grabbed her ass cheek, and flipped her over. Her knees were now on the cushions, and I placed her arms on the sofa back. Thankfully, she didn't resist me. Only one of us had super strength. But who needed strength when you had super persuasion?

Sow her under. Till her fields. Then ... reap your immaculate harvest.

"Shut up ... Dick." But it's not like I didn't move in behind my mother. My dick thumped solidly on her ass cheek. "Mom ... I'm going to ..."

My mother looked over her shoulder at me. Her face was fierce and full of purpose. "Andy ... it wants me to ... wants me to ..." Her expression softened. "I have to apologize again ... for being selfish. Go ahead and put that thing inside me. At least we know it fits now. It's the least I can do. I'm sorry, Andy. So sorry that I ..." Her eyes crossed when I entered her from behind. "So ... thick ... Andy," she whispered. I slowly slid in until I bottomed out. I could feel my dick wriggling around in her. "So ... deep ... Andy." Her expression turned blissful. "It knows ... it knows my secrets ... your father doesn't know ... ooohhhhhhhh ... even I ... didn't know ... until it found ... my hidden buttons ... deep ... uuuuuggghhhhhh." Her whole body jerked as another orgasm took her.

I put one hand on her hip, and held her tail at the base with the other. I found a rhythm with my hips, pulling her back onto me. "Mom ... Mom ... Mom ... you're my own ... super slut." I didn't know what I was saying.

She is your super slut.

"No ... Andy ... not a ... slut ... please." Mom had gone from yowling to whimpering. I didn't think I'd ever hear Tigamma whimper.

"Sorry ... Mom ... Mom ... Mom ..." I smashed into her, watching her brawny, tiger ass shake.

She is your super slut.

The words fell out of my mouth, "Mom ... you're my super slut ... from now ... on."

"Oooohhhh ... Andy ... Mommy's ... your super slut." Her body spasmed. "How ... how ... did I become ... my son's ... super slut ... yyyooooowwwlllllllll."

We humped like mad for hours. I deposited two more loads inside her. One from the back, and one while she rode me. When we finished, we both collapsed on the sofa. She turned back to normal without a red vial, lying with her back on the cushion and her

legs dangling over the back. I was next to her on the cushions, also returned to normal, with my head resting on her belly.

“How are we ever going to clean this sofa?” Mom stared blankly at the ceiling. “Both of us ... splooped all over it.”

“I have a special cleaner ... for cleaning up the blood you leave around. It should work on cum.” I could feel my mom shiver at the word “cum.”

“That’s good. We’ll start cleaning in a moment. But I need ... to rest.” We lay in silence for a while. “Andy?”

“Yeah, Mom?”

“You called me a s-l-u-t. I’m not that, am I?” She put her hand on my bare shoulder and squeezed.

“That was my dick talking, Mom.” I shook my head. “We’ll figure out how to control it.” I looked down between my legs. My member looked so small returned to its alter-ego. I was starting to get used to its brainiac size. I sat up. “We better start cleaning. Maddie will be home soon.”

Mom got up, too. We sanitized the basement together.

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I was in the kitchen eating a sandwich when Maddie got home. I had worked up a pretty good appetite.

Maddie walked in and dropped her backpack. “You were supposed to pick me up from school today.” She frowned at me.

“Oh ... sorry ... I thought ... um ...” I shrugged. “Mom wasn’t feeling well. She came home early. She’s upstairs napping.”

Maddie sniffed the air. “It smells like that enzymatic cleaner. Did Tigamma come home bloody?”

“Nope!” My eyes went round, and I shook my head. “No blood. I was just really sweaty in the basement ... because I was playing video games ... so I used the cleaner to clean up my sweat stains.”

Maddie curled her lip in disgust. “How high are you, Andy?”

“Oh, pretty high.” I *was* high. But not from pot. I was still sailing over the moon from the fuck of my life.

“You look high.” Maddie shook her head. “When you sober up, I want to talk about Mom. I have some theories about the accident.”

“Oh, yeah?” I took another bite of sandwich, chewed, and swallowed. “Can’t wait to hear them.”

“Ugh.” She turned away from me and headed to the stairs.

I continued to eat my sandwich, looking around the room. “Maddie ... are you hiding in here?” There was no answer. I smiled. Maybe she’d leave me alone for the night if I smoked some more weed. I got up and headed to my room.

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My mother burst into my room without knocking. It was late, and she was wearing the least revealing pajamas of all time. They did look cozy though. She closed the door, started to say something, stopped, and stared at me.

I exhaled and coughed. I was caught red-handed. Slowly, I put the bong down on my desk and swiveled my chair toward her. “Hi, Mom.” I gave her a sheepish wave.

“Damn it, Andy! Now I have to deal with your drug problem, too?” She walked over to the bed and sat on the edge. “Gosh, it smells in here.”

“That’s premium-grade second-hand pot you’re inhaling.” I smiled. Normally I’d be terrified, but thinking about my swimmers in her womb took the edge off. I wondered if there were still any in there. *How persistent are those little guys?*

Mom snapped her fingers in front of my face. “Andy? Hello?”

“Hi.” I smiled. She was pretty.

“Okay, drugs are bad. You can’t keep living here if you do drugs. The next time I catch you with drugs, I’m telling your father.” She pressed her lips together. “Now, let’s put a pin in that and talk about what happened today.” She pointed at the front of my pants. “Is it all scary right now like it was earlier?”

“I have to experiment some more, but I think my ... um ... powers only happen when I ... have an erection.” I watched her rub her chin in thought. “No boner right now,” I added.

“Okay, okay. Maybe the lab can come up with a red vial for you,” Mom said.

“You mean Maddie. I thought she made those formulas.” I cocked my head.

“Yes ... Maddie made them ... in a lab.” Mom took a deep breath. “Maybe we can control it just by keeping you from having an erection. I want you to take a cold shower first thing in the morning, before you see anyone else. And also, anytime you feel it coming on.”

“Look, I’m fine with the cold shower thing, but I can’t not have erections, Mom. I’m a twenty-year-old man. Having erections is ... pretty much my thing.” I shrugged.

“I can’t believe we’re having this discussion.” She shook her head. “Okay, stay away from everyone if you feel it getting hard. I’ll take Maddie to school in the morning.”

“I get hard when I’m helping you, Mom.” My frown deepened. She wasn’t serious about me no longer popping boners, was she? That was crazy talk.

“Okay, I’ll just have to rely on your sister until we get this sorted.” She stood suddenly and ruffled my hair. “Obviously, we can’t do what happened today ever again. It’s a dangerous thing you have between your legs, Andy.” She kept shaking her head. “We’ll figure this out.” She seemed to be talking to herself more than me. When she got to the door, she turned back. “Cold showers, got it?”

I saluted her and watched her flee my room. My dick *was* a major problem. But Mom’s cure seemed worse than the disease.