

# My Mother's Secret Identity

By Rawly Rawls © 2022 - 2026

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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 duffel 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 duffel 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.

“Hhhhhhhssssssssssssssssss.” 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 ... mmmmmpppphhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." 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 ... gggrrrrrrrr ... 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 ... ooooohhhhhhh ... 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 ... mmpphhhhhhhhhh.” 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 ... ooohhhhhh ... 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 ... oooooohhhhhh ... 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.

“Mmmppphhh ... 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.”

“Mmmppphhh?” 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. “Mmmppphhh.” 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.

~~

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.

~~

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 –”

“Hhhhhssssssssssssss.” 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.”

“Yyeeeeewwwlllllll ... 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 ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” 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.

~~

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.

~~

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 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.

## Chapter 15

“Maddie, you wanted to talk to me last night.” I stuck my head into my sister’s room.

“Yeah, come in and lock the door.” Maddie waved me in.

“Sorry I was so high last night I ... ow ... ow ... ow.” Someone had my ear in a viselike pinch grip. I looked over my shoulder and Mom stood behind me, looking pissed. Her fingers squeezed hard.

“Didn’t you hear me last night? You are not to be alone with your sister until we get you under control,” Mom hissed. She pulled me by the ear back into the hall and smiled at Maddie. “Sorry, I need to talk to your brother.”

Mom dragged me back to my room and let me go after she’d closed the door. I rubbed my ear and winced. “Jeez, Mom. She only wanted to talk.”

“That’s how it starts, but I will not have you ruining your sister’s innocence.” She put her hands on her hips.

“She’s eighteen,” I snapped. “And hardly innocent.”

“Are you implying that you want to ...” She leaned forward, lowered her voice, and narrowed her eyes. “... have sex with your sister?”

“No ... no ... of course not.” I shook my head. I wasn’t used to snapping at her. I could see her cheeks turning crimson. Her body posture was full of rage, and she was wearing a suit for work, which made her look even more formidable. The whole thing together should have terrified me, but she was actually turning me on. The front of my pants was getting tighter.

*Make her your ally. Make her kneel before you.*

“Andy ... I ... I’m sorry.” She blinked, the anger draining out of her. “It’s just ... what we did yesterday was wrong on so many levels. I mean, just physically, I was leaking your stuff for hours. I’m your mother! The way you were helping me before ... that was crazy enough. And the loss of control ... was scary for me to think about afterward. I know you want me on my knees. I know you think my solution about making you an anti-boner pill makes us enemies. I know you want me to be your ally.” Mom dropped to her knees on the floor, staring with dazed eyes straight ahead. “I can see it straining against your pants.”

*Let me out.*

“I want to let it out.” Mom’s voice was a breathy sing-song. She’d turned a fast one-eighty. She knee-walked over to me and unbuttoned my pants.

“What are you guys doing?” Maddie sat on my desk chair, watching Mom with surprise.

“Shoot! What *am* I doing?” Mom stood and backed away. “Maddie, out of the room.” Mom shooed my sister out and pointed a finger at me. “You are not to leave your room until we’re gone.” She slammed the door, and they were gone.

“Shit.” I dropped my pants and underwear, stepping out of them.

*Make her your ally.*

“How the fuck do I do that, dick?” I sat in my chair and started fapping.

*Make her your ally.*

“Just shut up, I’m trying to concentrate.” I stroked with both hands. I wasn’t close to cumming. I could tell it was going to be a while. An image of FalconEar popped into my mind. I fapped harder. A sudden thought occurred to me. I needed to make her an ally. She could help me deal with Mom. I needed to assemble a super team.

*Yes.*

I kept pumping my dick. If I was going to bike all the way to FalconEar’s hideout, I’d need to unload my balls first.

~~

The forest was quiet. I could hear my heart thumping in my ears. Wiping sweat from my forehead, I looked up. This was the place. I found the hidden door I’d exited from when I was here last, but it was locked. I knocked. Nothing. I looked for a doorbell. Nothing. I kicked the door. That sent me hopping on one foot and cursing.

Why was I even there? The whole ride over I was having a massive dose of post-nut clarity. I shouldn’t be letting my smaller head lead me around.

A screen popped into existence in front of the door. The Great Duster frowned from the screen. His mask covered his eyes, but I could tell he was giving me a steely stare.

“How’d you find this door?”

“Hi!” I waved, feigning a cheery attitude. I hadn’t expected to find him here. “I’m a friend of your wife’s. Mrs. FalconEar, I mean. I wanted to talk to her. But –”

“You’re not a friend.” Duster’s scowl deepened. “You’ve got an auto-targeted, three-hundred-kilowatt laser pointed at you right now. You’ve got fifteen seconds to get back on your bicycle and pedal out of here.” The screen disappeared.

“Wait. Don’t shoot. It was a mistake coming here. I ... um ... um ...” I was counting down in my head, getting down to six ... five ... I should have been running. Why wasn’t I running? “Please. I ... don’t blast me.” Three ... two ...

The screen popped back into existence. I could see FalconEar and The Great Duster arguing. When they saw me, they stopped. Duster turned to look at me. “Come on up, kid. I was heading out anyway. Sharkington is apparently back trawling off the coast.”

The screen disappeared again, and the door opened. I supposed I had to go on up now. It would be rude not to. I pulled my bike upright and looked for a place to lock it. Not seeing one, I leaned it on the tree.

The screen reappeared, and FalconEar was there by herself. “If you try any mind tricks this time, I will kill you,” she whispered. “And then my husband will kill you.”

My blood ran cold. I gulped and nodded. “I’m safe right now. I promise.” Then I entered the tree and climbed stairs.

~~

“So, it only does that when you’re excited.” FalconEar sat wearing her full suit in a futuristic-looking armchair, sipping coffee. Her wings were stretched out to the sides. We were in her lair, and I was sitting across from her. She continued, “And you’re obviously not excited right now. You’re what, eighteen or nineteen? If I know anything about young men, it’s that they get excited quite often. You said you were safe. Are we playing with fire here?”

I sipped my coffee. It was wonderful. She really sprang for the good shit. “Actually, I’m twenty. Don’t worry. My dick is okay for now.” I could see her lip curl in disapproval at my use of the word ‘dick.’ What was I doing? I was sitting here and my super hard-on could return any minute. Did I want that? The smaller head really was in the driver’s seat, even when it was soft. I closed my eyes and shook my head to clear my mind.

“Well, if it does anything strange, there’s a button on the wall there that will call my husband home.” She frowned at me. “He will kill you if he finds us ... doing anything ... like we did last time.”

“I believe it.” Maybe I should be going. Even with that incentive, I didn’t stand up. She was so pretty and strident. And powerful. With her by my side, Mom wouldn’t try to red-vile my hard-ons. I felt heat and tingling as the first surge of blood rushed to my groin.

“So, your mother is the tiger woman?” She was comfortable enough to change gears it seemed. “Tell me exactly how that happened.”

Thinking about my mom, I remembered the dumb look on Tigamma's face when I came inside her. My dick lurched in my pants.

*Don't let her press the button.*

FalconEar shifted in her seat, looking even more uncomfortable.

"It was an accident at work," I said. "Mom works at this big –"

"Stop ... stop ..." She put down her coffee and rubbed her temples. "Don't press ... the button ... I ... um ... don't ..." She suddenly went rigid and stood. "You said it was calm for now! You ... said it was safe!"

"Sorry, I'm twenty. It just ... does that." I stared at her as she wobbled on her feet.

*Conquer her. Claim her. Make her your ally.*

"How?" I looked down at the tent in my pants.

*Remove her suit.*

"Well, that part was obvious. Thanks." I frowned down at my dick. The lower brain was back, but he wasn't being helpful. I looked up at FalconEar and was startled to find that she was lowering her suit. It was already at her waist. She wore a supportive, utilitarian bra. I stared at her pale skin. Apparently, the wings weren't part of the suit. They were part of her. They flapped haphazardly on her back, as she struggled with whatever my dick was telling her.

"Button ... must ... press ..." She took a couple shuffling steps toward her husband's callback button. Honestly, she should probably have programmed some voice activation into her lair. The suit pooled around her legs, and she tripped, falling onto her knees. Her underwear was utilitarian too. Even so, the round globes of her snowy ass were mesmerizing.

*Don't let her press the button. Claim her.*

I knew my dick wanted me to mount her from behind. She was in the perfect position. But, even as I lusted over her, I couldn't do that. I wasn't a villain. She looked so pathetic kicking her suit off her feet and crawling toward the button.

"This was a bad idea. I don't need allies. I'll be fine. I'm sorry." I stood. "Don't call your husband back. I'm leaving."

"You ... are a villain ... dangerous ... must call ... Duster." Her legs wobbled as she stood. One wing flapped, and the other tucked up against her back. She stumbled toward the wall.

“No ... honestly ... my bad ... Mrs. FalconEar. I think I’m ... brainwashed too.” I put down my coffee and took a couple steps toward the door. “I won’t come back. I promise.” I stopped. She was getting close to the button. “Don’t press that. Your husband really will kill me.”

*Conquer. Capture. Call.*

“Shut up,” I said to my squirming dick. I looked back at the struggling woman. “Seriously, FalconEar. You can’t press the button.” How did I ever get myself into this mess? I was in a super’s den, and it seemed increasingly likely that I’d die here.

“Call ... Duster ...” FalconEar paused to take off her bra, and then took a hesitating step toward the button of death. She was almost there. Even if I was about to die, I had to admit that she had an amazing rack. Her tits hung heavily on her chest, with large, pink nipples.

I roused myself from staring at her boobs, turned from the door, and ran to her. “You can’t press the buttaaaaaaaaaaacccckkkkk.”

When I was close enough, her hand shot out, and she lifted me off the ground by the throat. My legs kicked the air. I suppose she *had* said she’d kill me first, then her husband would kill me. I looked down at her confused eyes.

Her other hand reached out for my midsection. For a moment, I thought she’d disembowel me with her bare hand. I heard a rip, and my pants were torn from my body. My briefs followed. My huge, misshapen dick sprung into the open air, moving wildly.

“Please ... aaaacckkk ... stop ... aaaacckkkkk ... choking ... aaackkkkk.” I had both hands prying at the fingers that held me, but I couldn’t loosen her grip.

She lifted me higher. This was it. I was sure she was about to snap my neck. Instead, she leaned her head forward and sucked my cock into her mouth. I had a superhero’s tongue rolling around my brain-like cockhead while she held me up in the air by my neck. Things were definitely going sideways. Stars burst in front of my vision. My air supply was just about exhausted.

“Please ... choking ...” I said.

*An ally. A friend. A conquest.*

FalconEar dropped me to my feet. I stumbled, but she held me upright by clutching the front of my shirt. My neck free, I gasped for air. Pleasure surged through my body as I watched her drop to her knees. The rescue button was completely forgotten.

“Mmmmmpphhhh.”

*Finish what you started. Teach her. Breed her. Earn respect.*

I wasn't sure how I could make FalconEar an ally. I'd had sex with Mom, and her response was to try to remove my libido. They were both stern women, but I guessed FalconEar might be even more pissed when my dick went back to normal. Either way, there was no way out but forward. I cupped her head with my hand and made eye contact with FalconEar. "We're ... uuugghhh ... going to be allies ... now. I need ... your help."

"Mmmmpphhhhhh." She nodded with my dick halfway down her throat. Her blue eyes were misty and dazed.

"I'm glad you arrested ... my mom." I pulled on her head, forcing more cock down her throat.

"Ggggaaacckk." Tears ran down her cheeks, and her breath whistled through her nose. Her face was distorted by the size of my dick.

I had always expected that I'd be the hero when life finally gave me a choice. But it felt an awful lot like I was turning into a villain. The Pennypacker family seemed to go the dark route with power. I would try to fix that later. For now, I was content with the blowjob.

## Chapter 16

“My ... husband ... is ...” FalconEar sat on the floor in front of the futuristic armchair where she had been sitting not long ago. Her coffee mug was on the floor, coffee spilled. My cum was splashed all over her face and boobs. She was naked, her left wing twitching, her right one tucked against her back. I was a million percent sure no one else had seen her like this. She was panting shallowly, her eyes distant and dreamy. “Are you ... my husband ... now?”

*Make her your ally.*

“No ... no ... I’m not your husband.” I was naked, too, standing before her. My cock was still turgid and brainified. “Duster is your husband. I’m just the guy that came all over you.”

“Duster ...” She turned and looked over at the button that would call her husband back to the lair.

*Bend her will. Breed her. Or ...*

My dick didn’t need to finish the thought. She and her husband would double-kill me unless I figured out how to make them friendly. When Mom and I had had sex, Mom was pissed about it afterward. Mom and FalconEar were similar people. Actually, FalconEar was even more stuck-up than my mother. So, I could guess where this would end up the second my cock went back to sleep. I needed something more.

*Time. Pleasure and time.*

“Shit ... I shouldn’t have wasted that orgasm on a blowjob.” I understood. It wasn’t my pleasure that mattered. It was hers.

“Must ... call ... Duster.” She was crawling toward the button.

“Let me think ... let me think ...” I started to dress myself. She had shredded my pants and underwear, so I ran into the room where she’d gone for sweatpants last time. I found a pile of Duster’s clothes, grabbed some oversized pants, and ran back to FalconEar. “Fred went on vacation with his family. They have one of those new biometric security systems, but ...” I looked around. “You’ll have tools for dealing with that.” I walked over to FalconEar. “Stand up and get dressed. We’re leaving.” I pulled on the sweatpants.

“No ...” she shook her head, my cum dripped off her chin. The cum was swinging one way and then the other, drawing all my attention. I took her hand and put it on my still-hard dick. She narrowed her eyes and met my gaze. “Okay ... will we be gone for a long

time?" She let go of my dick and pulled on her underwear. "Should I leave a note for Duster?"

*Together you'll soar. Make her want more. It may take days.*

"Yes ... yes ... leave a note. I think you're supposed to fly me." I watched her scribble something on a piece of paper. Then she quickly got back into her suit. I walked over and looked at the note.

*Dear Dusty, The boy has me working on an important project. I'll be home in a couple of days. The kids can stay at your mother's place. Love, FE*

There were a few droplets of liquid on the paper. I hoped Duster wouldn't notice and test the stains. I was pretty sure they were my cum. Oh, well, the note was good enough. "So, the last time you flew me around, it was ... eeeeeiiiiiiii." I let out a manly howl as she grabbed me and jumped out of a window.

Unlike last time, she held me tightly to her front. I buried my face in the wonderful cushion of her boobs, wrapping my arms and legs around her. My dick wiggled in between us. After a while, I felt her hips wiggling back, although she continued to fly without any issues. She could probably fly in her sleep.

I gave her directions. In about twenty minutes, we arrived at my friend's house.

*Enter the love nest.*

She landed us in the driveway, gave my dick a squeeze through her husband's pants, and looked around. "This will be our nest, Andy."

"Right ... um ... FalconEar, this is my friend's house. They have a security system." I took a few wobbly steps and stretched, trying to get the blood flowing again in places beyond my cock.

"I can hear the system." She nodded. The solemnity of her expression was almost hilarious, given that she had a gallon of my cum in her belly. I noticed that she'd cleaned herself before we left. The exposed part of her face was free of cum.

"You can hear it?" I stared at her ass as she moved toward the house. I wanted her more than anything. "I'm not a villain ... I'm not a villain ... I'm not a villain," I whispered.

"I'm very confused about you, Andy. You do seem like a villain ... but my heart agrees with your words." She pulled something off her suit and sent it flying toward the house. "The security system is now off. We may enter." She walked up to the door, did something to the keypad, and it swung open.

"I'm a good person, FalconEar. I just need your help." I followed her into my friend's house.

*Stop whining.*

“Shut up, dick.” I closed the door behind me.

“Does it talk to you, too?” In the dark, quiet house, FalconEar dropped to her knees and beckoned me over. She pulled off her mask and shook her blond braids.

“You can hear it?” I walked over to her and pulled her back up to her feet.

“I can hear everything.” She pointed to her ear and gave me a dreamy smile.

I decided to be bold and grabbed her ass. I tensed, waiting for her to slap my hand away. But her smile continued unabated. Although, there was just a hint more confusion on her face. I gave her ass a squeeze and turned her toward the stairs. “Let’s go to my friend’s room.”

*Breed her. Bed her. Make her an ally.*

“That’s what I’m doing,” I whisper to my dick.

“Is it telling you to take me to bed? I think that’s what it’s telling me.” FalconEar stopped in the stairway, turned toward me, and gave me a smoldering stare. We were bracketed on either side by framed, family pictures. I glanced at Fred in the photos. If only he could see me now. FalconEar was always taller than me, but standing a stair above, she was a giant. “I feel so foolish being here with you. But I ... want you, Andy!” She leaned closer to me. The dreaminess left her face, and suddenly her eyes burned with intensity. She set her jaw like she was readying herself to conquer some insurmountable foe. “Kiss me!”

“Mmmppphhh.” I didn’t have to kiss her, because she was kissing me. Her wings fluttered in the narrow stairway. I heard several frames go crashing next to us, glass smashing. But we didn’t stop. It was awkward running my hands along her back with her wings. With her towering over me, she had to bend her face down to mine. So, I opted for grabbing her ass through her suit instead. It was so wonderfully round and pliant, sending shivers down my spine. My dick lurched in Duster’s pants.

We broke the kiss, and she picked me up, carrying me up the stairs.

“Death by snu snu,” I said.

“What?” She smiled at me, her dreamy expression back in place.

“Never mind. Fred’s room is over there.” I pointed down the hall.

FalconEar carried me to my friend’s room. She stuck her head in and frowned.

*Give her pleasure.*

I ignored my lesser head. “You don’t like his room?”

“This won’t do. I’m not a teenager.” She turned us and walked down the hall.

“Neither is Fred.” I let her carry me to Fred’s parents’ room, my dick struggling with the confines of the sweatpants. “Neither am I.”

“This is how I carried Duster into our new nest after our honeymoon.” She carried me into the master bedroom and deposited me on the bed. She stood, staring at me like I was an alien. “You’re not Duster.”

### *Undress.*

FalconEar and I both hurriedly removed our clothes. Once she was naked, she worked on removing her braids. She was hopping on alternating feet, full of anxious excitement. Her eyes were bright and moony. She reminded me of someone about to go on their first rollercoaster ride but with more bouncing tits.

Freed from its cotton-poly prison of Duster’s sweatpants, my cock sprung upward, practically reaching for the ceiling. I glanced at its gargantuan proportions and strangely textured head. What had the Djinn done to me? It didn’t look human.

### *All superheroes are beyond human.*

My dick was right. FalconEar had fucking wings coming out of her back. Mom looked like a damn tiger. My sister ... well she didn’t look like anything at all sometimes. Thinking about what my sister *did* look like made my balls contract and my dick bounce.

Finished with her hair, FalconEar pointed at my cock. “What’s it doing?”

“It wants you.” I didn’t tell her my dick dance was for my sister. That seemed like it might kill the mood. And I was really depending on keeping the mood going as long as possible.

“And I want *it*, Andy Pennypacker.” She opened her eyes wide and put her hand on her mouth. “Oh ... gosh ... are you going to pack your pennies into me?”

I laughed, letting out a deep-throated chortle.

“You giggle like a little girl.” FalconEar leapt toward me in the air. I cringed, but she flapped her wings in the large room to slow her descent and landed straddling me.

“We’re having sex.”

### *Mate her.*

“Oh, we’re mating, I mean. That sounds so ... feral.” She reached under her and grasped my squirming cock. “It’s so strange ... you look like a normal teenager in every way ... but this ...” She squeezed it, and it somehow pushed back at her grip. “Oh!”

"I'm not a teenager, Mrs. FalconEar." I looked up at her beauty as she lowered her hips and pressed the head against her pussy lips. Even with her weight descending, her pussy resisted the entry. "I'm twenty ... and I'm ... oooohhhhhh ... shit ... I'm inside you."

"Stretching ... meeeeeeeeeeee." FalconEar's eyes crossed as my cock wormed its way into her pussy. She let go of my cock, her hands flapping in the air helplessly. "Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ... what am I doing?"

*Breed her. Bend her. Make her an ally.*

"Just ... give yourself a chance to get used to it." I was in heaven. Sparks shot through my nervous system. Her pussy was incredibly warm, wet, and even tighter than my mom's had been.

"I ... ugh ... don't ... ugh ... think that I ... uuuggghhhh ... could ever ... get used ... to this." The second she bottomed out, her hips began undulating with little, serpentine movements. To see such a stuck-up super move like that was causing me some serious cognitive dissonance. She was so stuck-up, they hadn't even made any porn movies about her.

That made me wonder if I should record the moment. But no, that wouldn't be right. "You look ... so pretty."

FalconEar twisted her tortured gaze down on me. Her forehead creased with bewilderment and lust. "I'm ... not pretty ... uuuggghhhh ... not anymore." Her hips moved faster, and she found a good rhythm grinding against me. Her hands dropped to my frail chest. I felt vulnerable, wondering if her claws might appear to rip me to shreds as they'd destroyed my underwear earlier. "Not ... pretty ... I'm ... a ... I'm ... uuuggghhhh ... tart," she said. "... a simple harlot ... craving only your ... penis ... aaaaahhhhhh." She let her tongue loll out of her mouth, and her face twisted even more. "What's it ... doing inside ... meeeeeeeeeeee?" She grabbed her breasts, lifting and spreading them to have a clear view of her belly. She looked down at her bulging tummy in horror.

*Make her your ally.*

"I don't know what it's doing ... oohhhhhh ... but I think ... this is how ... we become friends." I grabbed her hips. I could feel my mind shutting down. My other mind was ready to take over.

"I'm sorry ... I doubted you ... Andy ... we're going to be ... uuuggghhhh ... wonderful friends ... and allies ... and ... eeeeeiiiiiiii!" She threw her head back and screamed. FalconEar was cumming on my cock, and we were just getting started.

## Chapter 17

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

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

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

*Tell her the truth! Make her your ally.*

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

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

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

“Oooohhhhhh ... not protected ... ugh ... ugh ... uuuugggghhhhhh. Not ... oooohhhhhhhh.” Her fiery gaze looked right through me.

*Bind her. Bond her. Finish it.*

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

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

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

*Flood her. Acceptance.*

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

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!” I grabbed my brainiac cock, arched my hips off the bed, and let loose a mighty geyser. Cum shot into the air, plastering her face, tits, and belly. My sperm rained down around me onto the bed and other parts of Fred’s parents’ room. “Nnnnnngggggggg!” My whole body strained with one purpose, trying to ejaculate with enough force to blast FalconEar into space. That didn’t work. But when I opened my eyes after the final convulsions were over, I could see that she was covered like few women have ever been.

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

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

*Do not fail again.*

“Fuck you, dick,” I whispered.

“What?” FalconEar sighed heavily.

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

~~

I woke up to a hand around my throat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Breed her. Bind her. Make her an ally.*

"Mmmppppphhhhh ... gaaaaack ... gaaaaack," FalconEar said in agreement.

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

"Mmmppphhhhh ... gggggaaaackkkk." FalconEar was trembling on top of me.

*Breed her. Bind her. Make her an ally.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Breed her again.*

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

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

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

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

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

“You can ... hold my wings ... for leverage.” She arched her back. “It won’t ... uuugggghhh ... hurt me.”

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

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

## Chapter 18

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

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

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

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

"Come back," I whispered to my dick.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My dick lurched in my pants. I guess the thought of subduing my mom was enough to get it going, even after everything it had been through recently. A couple minutes later, I was standing in the living room with Fred's pants around my ankles. FalconEar was on

her knees, her wings fluttering as she blew me. It was still such a shock to see that ugly dick up against her pretty face. I felt almost like I was putting graffiti on a renaissance statue. Twenty minutes later, I felt even more like that when I was spraying her upturned face with cum.

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

*She's your ally.*

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

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

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

"Yessssssssss ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii." Her hips jerked and rotated as we came together.

Stars danced in front of my eyes.

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

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

"Um ... sorta." I tensed.

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

"Okay ... I guess." I tried not to freak out. FalconEar was kinky!

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

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

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

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

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

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

~~

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

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

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

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

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

*She is your ally.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

I let out a courageous shout and spilled some water.

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

“So, what do I do? I can’t just tell Mom no,” I whispered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 19

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

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

*Make her yours.*

"Shit." My dick was waking up.

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

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

*No phone. No boring life. No boring wife.*

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

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

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

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Gardino, but I think you're going to be my ally." I stepped over to her, pulled her into an embrace, and gave her a deep kiss. She went stiff in my arms for a few

moments, but soon she was kissing me back. The scents of her sweat and the earthy garden filled my nose. Her round ass cheeks filled my hands. Our tongues twirled.

*Another ally.*

My dick wriggled against her soft belly.

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

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

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

*Do not hesitate. Initiate.*

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

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

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

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” Vanessa’s dark hair flew as she tossed her head side to side. “First ... first ... first ... crazy ... first ... first.”

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

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

“What ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... about ... your ... husband?” Despite my confusion, my hips never missed a beat.

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

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

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

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

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

“I’ll help you clean up.” I stood and looked at the wet spot we’d left on the carpet.

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

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

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

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

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

“He won’t want to kill me?” I looked over at her again. As she cleaned, she had angled herself facing away from me, and I could see her gaping pussy. “I mean ... I think I

ruined your sex life with him. Your pussy is ...” I wanted to say ‘destroyed’, but that sounded too mean.

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

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

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

Once out on the street, I was better dressed than before, with pants that fit, a button-up shirt, and shoes that were only a little too big for me. But other than the sartorial upgrade, I was right back where I’d started. I couldn’t go home. I didn’t have transport to get to FalconEar’s place. I didn’t want to go to any of my friends’ houses. The friends around here all lived with their mothers, and I didn’t trust myself around women right now. I was breaking enough things without ruining friendships. I started walking down the street, hands in my pockets. Or really, hands in Hank’s pockets. I didn’t know where to go or what my next step would be. I almost wished my cock was hard just so it could tell me what to do.

~~

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

My mind wandered as I stumbled through the dark. I thought back to the ecstasy that had twisted FalconEar’s pretty face when she came on me. The way her wings flapped haphazardly in bliss was spectacular. That led me to thinking about Vanessa, and how I had turned that poor neighborhood mom into a sex-crazed groupie. It hadn’t even taken

that long with her. I thought about Duster and Hank, about how both women had been so sure about their men until I showed up with my cursed cock. I thought about ...

*We are hunted.*

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

*It hunts in the trees. Now.*

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

*Make her your ally.*

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

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

*Make her your ally.*

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

## Chapter 20

“Oh ... fuck ... anything but her.” I was still on my back, staring at the woman that had hunted me down. Well, woman wasn't quite right. She was Saurina. I'd seen clips of her online, but she looked way scarier in person. She was human, but her tongue was long and forked, flicking past her full lips to taste the air. And her eyes were definitely reptilian. Oh, and she had a tail that was swishing behind her. Her suit was tight. It seemed she wanted to show off her great figure. The fabric was made to look like scales. At least I was going to be killed by a hot super. “Don't eat me, Saurina.”

“My ssssensssorssss picked up your power. But what I find issssss a little child. Where issssss your power?” Saurina gave me a look of faint disgust and pulled back the hood of her suit, showing more of her pretty, but oddly alien face.

*If she hisses, she also kisses.*

“Shut up, dick!” I didn't want my stupid, brainiac cock getting us both killed.

“You want me to kissssssss you?” Saurina was suddenly angry, baring her fangs. Some sort of laser spear appeared in her hand.

“I didn't say anything about kissing! I'm unarmed.” I held my hands up. “I'm friends with FalconEar. I was just going to her nest. She's expecting me, so if I disappear ...”

“FalconEar issssss a ssssstuck up bitch. I hate her.” She walked over, grabbed me by the hair and pulled me to my feet. Her eerie eyes were now inches from mine. Her tongue flicked out, gently touching my face. Not in a sexy way for sure. “FalconEar hassssss a child for a friend?”

“I'm twenty! I just don't ... work out much.” I was proud of myself for keeping the quaver out of my voice.

“You are armed. There'ssssssss a weapon hidden here.” Like lightning, she reached out and grabbed my dick through my borrowed pants.

*Ally.*

Her expression softened, and she experimentally squeezed my turgid cock. “That is not a normal penissssssss. You *are* a ssssuper.” She frowned. “What issssss your bussnesssssss with FalconEar?”

“That's private?” I tried to smile, but I'm sure it wasn't convincing.

*Powerful ally. Look and find.*

Saurina stopped squeezing my dick and unbuttoned my pants. She looped her fingers under the waistband but paused. A look of horror passed across her face. "What am I doing? You're dangerousssss. My sssensssorssss were right!" She removed her hands without lowering my pants. "I wasssss never going to eat you." With that, she leapt into the trees and disappeared.

I leaned against a tree. When I was sure she was gone, I let out a long sigh and finally let myself shake with fright. This was all my mom's fault. Instead of just accepting me as I was, she wanted to drug me. Of course I had to run away. And apparently being a super meant that I would show up on other supers' radar. I felt like throwing up. My mom was such a hypocrite about so many things.

Eventually, I looked around and listened. All I could hear were the normal night sounds of crickets and a distant hooting owl. Also, there was a frog or two. That didn't seem dangerous, unless Toadulous was also hunting me down. With a grim smile I tried to get my bearings in the dark, walking in the direction I hoped FalconEar was.

I didn't find FalconEar's tree. Not that night anyway. My body was sore and exhausted. I'd had a marathon vacation with FalconEar. Then, I'd spent a ton of energy humping Mrs. Gardino. Then, I'd walked for miles and been frightened nearly to death. So, I found a hollowed-out log, curled up inside it, and fell right to sleep.

~~

I woke with the sun high over the tree canopy. I had an odd feeling even before opening my eyes. It felt like I was being watched. I opened my eyes. Standing over my makeshift bed was the Great Duster. He was staring at me. "I knew you were watching me," I said. "Is that a super sense, do you think?"

"I've been trying to wake you for two minutes." Duster scowled at me. He was in his super suit, mask and all. "You could have gotten yourself killed walking in the forest at night." He looked around. "Where's your bicycle?"

"I walked this time." I sat up and stretched. "I'm really thirsty. Do you have any water?"

"You're looking for my wife again?" He gave no indication that he'd heard my question.

"I mean ... yeah." I nodded.

"I would start to get suspicious if she wasn't ... you know ... FalconEar and you weren't ... you know ... pathetic." He waved an all-encompassing hand at me like that proved his point.

For several seconds I thought about telling him that I had indeed banged his wife, and it had been glorious.

*Stay alive. Keep quiet.*

I sighed. My morning wood was right. "I'm working as an informant for FalconEar. Can you bring me to her?"

Duster pointed at a massive trunk two trees over. "The nest is right there. You can come up." He turned and walked to the tree. I climbed out of my log and followed.

I was huffing and puffing by the time we ascended all the stairs to FalconEar's nest. Duster didn't even seem to be sweating. He had a smug smile on his face when he saw the state I was in. Again, I flirted with telling him how sweaty I'd been when I creamed his one true love. But I bit my tongue.

"Honey, we have a guest," Duster said.

FalconEar appeared in the doorway, wearing her full suit. Her wings rustled nervously when she saw me. "Andy, I ... um ... what are you doing here?"

Duster gave his wife a quizzical look. I'm betting he hadn't seen her flustered much before.

"I have more info about the ... well ... you wanted me to spy on ..." I stammered.

"No need to be coy, my wife and I work on lots of projects together. We are a family after all. No secrets." Duster nodded to the family portrait on the wall. The one where everyone was in a super suit. He stiffened suddenly and tapped his ear. "I have to take this." He turned and walked into the other room.

With supernatural swiftness, FalconEar crossed the room and grabbed my crotch. "It's soft, thank goodness. If Duster suspects something ..."

"Don't worry, he told me in the forest that you were a prude and I was pathetic, so he didn't have anything to worry about." I stared at her bosom. I couldn't believe we'd had all that time at my friend's house. "Can I have a quick feel?"

FalconEar looked over her shoulder to where her husband had gone. "Yes, but keep it quick."

I squeezed her boob a little like I was honking a horn.

"Ha! That look on your face is priceless." She pushed me away. "Now tell me what you were doing in the forest. It looks like you slept in the woods." She glanced up and down at my wrinkled, stained outfit. "Those aren't your clothes."

“It’s a long story. My mom wanted to put me on drugs to prevent ... you know ... brainiac dick from coming out, and I ...” I stopped talking when she put a finger to her lips.

“Not here.” She moved to the door where her husband had gone. “Honey, we’re going out. I have some work to do getting ready for that robbery this morning.”

“Okay.” Duster sounded busy.

“Bye, honey.” FalconEar strode over to me, lifted me into her arms, and leapt out of the window. I was almost getting used to flying with her.

~~

After a twenty-minute flight, we landed in a secluded park up on a bluff. It was pretty in the early morning sun, but we were the only ones there to enjoy it. She sat on a bench overlooking the city and beckoned me over. I tried to sit next to her, but she pulled me onto her lap.

*Good ally.*

“I’m more than an ally now, don’t you think?” She reached her hand into my borrowed pants and grasped my hard, squirmy cock. “I could feel it getting hard while we were flying. You know, sometimes I feel like it’s talking to me?”

“Yeah, I get that feeling, too.” She unbuttoned my pants to free up her movement and started jerking my cock in earnest.

*She is yours now. Make them all allies.*

“What’s going on with you? Your mother is causing problems? That’s what you were trying to tell me before.” FalconEar was almost purring in my ear.

“We’re going to ... uuuggghhh ... have to find a place ... to go ... that isn’t your nest ... my home ... or my friend’s house.” Her hand was magic on my dick. I leaned back, pressing on her soft bust, and closed my eyes.

“I will find a place.” She nibbled on my earlobe. “But tell me about your mother. I want to help.”

So, I told her all about what my mother had tried, running away, and Saurina. I left out the part where I stopped at Vanessa Gardino’s place to change clothes. When I was done, she lifted me off her lap, stood me in front of her, lowered my pants, and sucked my dick into her mouth. After about thirty seconds of blowjob, I let out a loud, manly yell

and came. Hearing her gulping swallows was the absolute cream on top. What a way to start the day. Much better than being woken up by her frowning husband.

When she was done draining me, she released my dick with a plop and wiped her mouth with the back of her gloved hand. "Your little cries of ecstasy are so cute." She giggled in a very un-FalconEar-like way. "Wow, okay. Now I don't feel so bad about skipping breakfast." She smiled up at me. "I hear a car coming to the park. You better pull your pants up."

I did as she asked, returning her smile with a goofy grin of my own. I knew I shouldn't be doing what I was doing with her. I knew that it made me a villain. But I was starting to see why some people took that path. "What now?"

"I have a 9:30 bank robbery to foil. Want to come along? You wouldn't have to fight or anything, but I'd love to show you how I work." She stood and patted my butt affectionally. Her smile dwindled a little as she waited for my approval.

"I'd love to see you work, FalconEar." I patted her perfect butt in return.

"Great! Afterward, we can get lunch and plan about your mother. Also, we should plan what to do if Saurina turns up again. She's a tough one to pin down. But together, we can do anything." Her smile was suddenly brighter than ever. "I didn't think I was going to see you today. What a happy surprise!" She clapped her hands in a giddy way that was very strange given her usual gravitas. "Come on." She lifted me into her arms again. "We still have time to set up before the robbery."

We lifted into the sky just as a car pulled into the parking lot behind us.

Fifteen minutes later, I was on the roof of the building across from the bank. Down below, FalconEar was engaged with three bank robbers. One of the bags of cash was on the ground, open. Bills floated and twisted in the morning breeze. FalconEar dodged pistol fire, punched one of the robbers into the street and knocked the next one down with a smack from her wing.

I cringed when the third guy shot her with a shotgun, but it didn't seem to slow her down. She sprinted over to him, lifted him into the air, inverted him, and dropped him on his head.

Watching her heroics live was really something else. I realized that I was hard again. She was so damn hot in full super mode. And to think I was the only one to see her like this and to see that twisted face she made when she was cumming big time. I was sure Duster hadn't ever seen the latter version of her. Yes, being a villain was definitely starting to agree with me.

## Chapter 21

“Wow, I’ve never seen the city like this before.” I sat next to FalconEar on the girder of a partially constructed skyscraper. We were eating deli sandwiches. My legs kicked the open air.

“Normally, I wouldn’t suggest people sit in such precarious places. Safety first, of course. But, with me by your side, you’re as safe as if you had both feet on the ground.” FalconEar had her head uncovered, but wore the rest of her suit. She took a happy bite of her sandwich and munched while taking in the scenery. “The problem with your mother is a tricky one, but I know we’ll get it sorted. You want to continue living with her?”

“Um ... yeah ... I mean, I can’t move in with you, right?” I took a sip of my soda and gave her a quick side-glance.

Her laughter rang out, getting carried off by the wind. “No, if I brought you home, Duster would finally start to wonder what I’m doing with a teenager. And my kids ... wouldn’t understand.” She frowned.

“I’m twenty years old.” I took another bite of sandwich to avoid saying anything else embarrassing.

“Of course you are.” She gave me a thin smile, took another bite, and daintily chewed. “So, you must live with her. But we can’t let her drug you. And she’s ... a bit of a wild one. Do you think the cat has influenced her personality?”

“I think it’s probably let out what she was repressing. But yeah, she’s wild now.” I nodded and finished my sandwich.

“Your sister supports you. I support you. But ...” She stared into the distance. “When dealing with a powerful, wild super like your mother, I always use a team. My normal allies are not available given the nature of our ...” She snapped her fingers. “Saurina sought you out. She has a reputation as powerful and loyal. I don’t agree with some of her methods, but I can be flexible. You’ve shown me that.” Her smile broadened. “We need to convince her to be on the team. Then we can approach your mother and persuade her either by logic or force to back off. Sound good?” She contentedly ate the rest of her sandwich, pleased with her plan.

“How can we get Saurina on board? She said I was dangerous.” I gulped my soda.

“With this, silly.” She grabbed my soft cock through my pants and squeezed. “Finish your lunch. I think I know how to set up a meeting with her.”

~~

“FalconEar! You brought him. That’sssssss not good.” Saurina was waiting for us in the living room of an abandoned apartment. She took a defensive posture by the window. Her viper hood was up, her scaly suit was on, and the laser spear appeared in her hand. “Issssss thisssss a trap?”

The room’s old furniture was still there, dusty and in disrepair. I looked around. Maybe someplace like this would work for the love nest FalconEar and I had been talking about. I curled my lip as I walked over to the sofa. It would need to be cleaned though.

“He’s harmless.” FalconEar glanced at my crotch and waggled her eyebrows as if to ask if my sidekick had arrived. I nodded to her that it had.

*Another ally. Make her yours.*

I sighed. My sidekick was very one-minded.

“He’sssss not harmlessss.” Saurina did something to her spear to make it hiss and crackle with electricity.

“Don’t you dare harm him!” FalconEar’s voice was strident. She moved between me and Saurina.

“Why have thisssss meeting? You know I don’t like you. You’re too rule-bound.” Saurina backed further toward the window. I had a feeling she was thinking about jumping out.

“I might surprise you. I’m certainly surprising myself these days.” FalconEar shook her head. “Anyway, to the matter at hand. The Djinn did something to the boy, making his penis reptilian.” FalconEar pointed to my pants. The bulge there moved unnaturally as my dick wriggled to be free. “We are trying to cure him. We seek your expertise on all things reptilian.”

With the weird wrinkling on my cockhead, I suppose it did sort of look lizardy. I had no idea that FalconEar could lie with such alacrity. I would have expected her to never stray from the truth. But ... I guess I’d already seen her lie well enough to Duster.

*She must see me. She must touch me.*

“Reptilian?” Saurina put away her spear. “As an expert?” She lowered her viper hood.

“Okay, I’ll have a look. And ... I’ll touch it if I have to.”

“Okay, Andy. Go ahead.” FalconEar pulled off her own mask and head covering, shaking out her gorgeous hair. She stepped aside so that Saurina had a direct line of sight to me.

“Thanks for your help, Saurina. And thanks for not eating me yesterday.” I tried to smile, but Saurina only scowled in return. “I have to warn you, it’s ugly.”

*Not ugly.*

“Oh, if it’sssss reptilian, I don’t think it could be ugly.” Some softness entered Saurina’s face. It made her look like a different person. “Show me.”

Slowly, I unbuttoned my pants and lowered the zipper. Dropping my pants and underwear at the same time, I let my dick out into the open. It twisted and writhed like a worm seeking ... something. I heard Saurina gasp and FalconEar make a little cooing sound.

“That’sssss not ... reptilian.” Saurina took a hesitant step closer to me.

*Come closer.*

“I think I need to get clossssser.” Saurina closed the distance between us. There’sssss ssssssomething about it. It’sssss messssmerizing.” Slowly, she lowered herself to her knees. Her snake-like eyes dilated in the most unnatural way. Her forked tongue flicked the air near my dick. She made no move to grasp it.

“Go ahead ... touch it. Join the team.” FalconEar’s eyes shone with a bit too much expectation. But thankfully, I think Saurina was too focused on my cock to pay any attention to FalconEar.

“I ... um ... it’sssssss ...” Tentatively, Saurina’s left hand rose. I could see she wore a wedding band. I didn’t know anything about her personal life. She could have been married to a snake. Whoever her husband or wife was, the villain in me stifled a laugh at their expense. “It’sssss dangerousssss.” A second bout of panic hit her face.

*Become an ally.*

Saurina’s expression calmed, and her left hand closed on the bulgy dick-shaft. “I ... want to be your ally. What’sssss your name?” While probing my cock with gentle squeezes, she looked up into my eyes.

“I’m Andy. Nice to meet you.” My smile was more genuine now.

“Nicccceeee to meet you.” She shook my cock like she was shaking a hand in greeting.

I burst out laughing. FalconEar surprised me by giggling, too. After a few seconds, I saw a smile on Saurina’s face for the first time. She laughed along with us. After a minute, our laughter died down. Somber expressions returned all around.

“Well, I don’t think he did anything reptilian to your penisssss. You’re ...” She squeezed my cockhead experimentally. “You’re certainly not cold-blooded. There are no scales or disssstinctive coloration.” Her eyes bulged when my dick burped up some precum.

“What wasssss that?” Her gaze tracked the rivulet that ran off my gnarled head and dripped to the dirty carpet below.

*Taste.*

“You’ve got that specialized tongue.” FalconEar was rubbing her gloved hands together in anticipation. “You should taste it to see what the Djinn did to him.”

“I should tasssste it.” Saurina nodded. Her tongue had always seemed threatening. Now, it looked unsure of itself: vulnerable. Her tongue flicked out and wrapped itself around my cockhead. Slowly, the tongue worked toward the leaking precum. When it came in contact, she rolled her eyes and shivered. “Ssssalty.”

*More. Imbibe. Let go.*

“Drink it up. All members of the team must drink.” FalconEar was topless now. While I’d been focused on Saurina, FalconEar had shucked off the upper-half of her suit. She was playing with both of her nipples while she watched Saurina. It was hard to believe FalconEar was the same prissy super I’d met not all that long ago.

“Okay.” Without any hesitation this time, Saurina leaned her full lips to my cockhead. I was nervous when she opened her mouth, and I saw her fangs. But she was careful. She only pursed her lips, applied them to the flaring hole in my cockhead, and began drinking the fluid that was leaking out of me. “Mmmmmmmmm.” Her eyes rolled again, and then she closed them.

FalconEar clapped her hands together with glee. “It’s always so exciting when a new team comes together.”

Tentatively, I put my hand on the back of Saurina’s hair. Her ponytail was silky and smooth. Gently, I helped her find a bobbing motion with her head. “Ohhh ... careful with those teeth!” I released my grip.

“I’m sssssorry ... I’ve never tried that before. My fangsssss have venom. I shouldn’t have even ...” Saurina sat back on her butt, a horrified expression on her face.

“He doesn’t look punctured.” FalconEar stepped over, kneeled, and inspected my cock. “It’s okay. There’s always a time of discovery when working with new people.” She kissed my cockhead reassuringly. “You have other ways to team up with him, Saurina. Please remove your suit.”

“No ... I can’t ...” Some clarity returned to Saurina’s serpentine eyes. She stood and moved toward the window. “I thought you only wanted my expertissssse.”

“You must join us. Fate brought you to find Andy.” FalconEar cut her off, barring her exit through the window.

I could see doubt crack Saurina's pretty face. I guess it wasn't an expression she was accustomed to.

"Say something, dick," I whispered.

"What?" Saurina turned her unnatural gaze back on me.

*Open up. New alliance. New opportunity.*

"I ... um ... feel like I should join you. I need to open myself to this opportunity." Saurina did something to her suit, and it opened, falling to the floor at her feet. She stepped out of it, wearing only a set of utilitarian underwear. The bra looked extra supportive. I stared at her pale skin. It seemed the tail was real, but otherwise, she looked human under her suit.

"The first time is difficult. But you'll get used to it quickly." FalconEar stepped over and pulled Saurina's panties down. Saurina had a dark triangle of hair between her legs.

"I will?" Doubt still on her face, Saurina looked around. "This place is filthy."

"We'll do it standing up." I was going to join with another super. This made three, if I included my mom. Which I was inclined to do. Before this had all happened, I never would have thought that I'd ever sleep with one super, expect maybe one of the slutty ones if I was lucky. But here I was with these two powerful, married ladies.

*Bend for justice.*

With her bra still on, Saurina found a fairly clean spot on the wall. She put her hands on the old wallpaper and stuck her ass out toward me. "He'ssss jussst a kid. Issss thisssss right?"

"He's twenty." FalconEar stared at Saurina's butt with approval. "Now remember, he doesn't have super strength, so don't hurt him."

"I'm more worried about him hurting me with that thing." Saurina looked over her shoulder at my hungry, deranged cock. Her strange eyes were wide and glassy.

"Go ahead, Andy. With Saurina on board, we'll be a strong team. But you need to convince her to stick with us." FalconEar stepped over to me and kissed me on the cheek. "I've been in all sorts of team-ups, and I know it's always difficult at the beginning. There are so many things to learn about new supers." FalconEar snapped her fingers. "Speaking of which, as a reptile, do you stay dry down there?"

"What?" Saurina hung her head and looked at her feet.

"I'll check." FalconEar stepped over to Saurina, reached between their new teammate's legs, and brought her fingers up in front of her nose for inspection. "It's okay, she's quite wet. We're a full go. Time for entry, Andy."

“Okay.” I gulped and positioned myself behind Saurina. Holding my cock, I placed it at her entrance. When it slipped inside, Saurina’s scream echoed off the filthy walls around us. I was glad this building was abandoned, because if anyone were around, they would have thought they were hearing a murder. But, thankfully, it wasn’t that. It was the beginning of a new partnership. And I was going to be more powerful than ever. I pushed forward and buried my cock in a tight, wet super pussy.

## Chapter 22

*A tight ally. An accommodating ally.*

"I know ... dick," I grunted to my sidekick.

"What issss it ... doing?" Saurina had her hands on the wall.

I was still pummeling her from behind in the dirty, abandoned apartment.

FalconEar was still watching us and playing with her nipples.

"What ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... issss it doing ... inssside meeeeeeee?" Saurina wailed.

"It's trying ... to make you ... happy." I could feel my dick bending and squirming with each thrust, testing out different parts of her womb with its bumpy crown.

"It shouldn't ... it shouldn't ... be doing that." Saurina looked over her shoulder at me with panic and ecstasy on her face. Her strange reptilian pupils were dilated, one bigger than the other. "What did the Djinn ... do to you?"

"I guess ... ah ... ah ... ah ... he turned me ... into a superhero without powers ... ah ... ah ... but with ... a powerful ... sidekick." I wanted to kiss her, but our position made that difficult. I beckoned FalconEar over and kissed her instead. Her tongue was warm, receptive, and urgent. "Hhhmmmmmmmm." I was going to cum.

If this had been a normal situation, I might have asked where Saurina wanted my cum. The subject of birth control would have been breached no doubt. But this wasn't normal. This was super.

FalconEar rhythmically squeezed my ass with her hand, I think she knew I was close.

"Wait ... wait ... I'm not sssso sure that ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Saurina threw her head back and let out her loudest, most bone-rattling scream yet. She was cumming big time, and so was I. I'm sure she felt the gallons of sperm I shot directly into the back of her womb.

When we both had calmed a little, I pulled out of Saurina with a wet plop. I heard a squelching splash as the dam my cock had made was removed and a flood left her vagina. The carpet under her was now even filthier than before.

"Very good, Andy." FalconEar enveloped me in a hug. Her bare breasts felt sublime on my cheek. My dick bumped against the suit material covering her thigh like a pet eager for approbation. She reached down and caressed the gnarled head. "But you're not done yet. We have more team building to do." FalconEar reached out for Saurina's shoulder, turned her around, and pushed me toward her. "I wish we had a nice place to lie down, but standing will have to do. Put your foot up on the wall, Saurina. Yes, like that. Now

it's time to do it from the front. I have learned that eye contact is very important for trusting teammates. Enter her Andy, while looking into her eyes."

"Yes, ma'am." I shuffled up to Saurina, reached around, grabbed her ass with both hands, and let my cock find its own way in. I looked deeply into her strange, dazed eyes. "Do you like that, Saurina?"

*She likes it.*

"Oooohhhhhh ... Mr. Andy ... I like it ... I shouldn't but ..." Saurina's left eyelid half-closed and fluttered. Her jaw went slack. As the cock hit bottom, her face suddenly turned lucid. "I can feel it ... changing me. We should ..." Her gaze turned distant again. "Give it to me ... ooooohhhhh ... I can't believe ... I'm taking ... a twenty-year-old'ssss ... ssssuper penissss ... aaaahhhhhh." She put her hands on my shoulders, gripping tightly.

"Careful with your hands, Saurina. He's not strong like us." FalconEar put her hands on top of Saurina's. "Yes, you can hold him. But no bruises. Unless he's a bad boy." FalconEar slapped my butt hard enough to make an audible whack, but not enough to leave a mark.

*Make her your ally.*

As I humped the lovely Saurina, I thought about them being careful with their strength. They must have learned over time how to exert the right amount of force. I would need to learn how to be gentle with my dick at times. I hadn't wanted to sleep with Vanessa. I would need to keep my sidekick in the garage when appropriate. I made a note to talk to FalconEar about it later. I waited for Saurina to come down from her latest orgasm before talking to her. "Tell me ... ugh ... ugh ... you want ... to join ... the team." I squeezed her plump, taut ass for emphasis.

"I want ... to join ..." Saurina's gaze focused a little. She found my eyes. "I'm ... loyal ... and sssstrong ... and ... I can fight. I'm ... sssmart ... and ... I ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiii." Her eyes rolled back. She was cumming again. When she came down the other side of her climax, she went right back into her pitch. "I ... have ... tools. And ... I'm good at ssssex ... I can do ... things ... you haven't sssseen yet." Her tail moved around her, reached up, and the tip caressed my face. "I'll let you ... have me ... whenever ... if we're ... a team."

"Very well said. I think she's in. What do you think, Andy?" FalconEar still had her hands on my ass. She was pushing a little with each thrust to help me along.

"I think ... ugh ... ugh ... ugghhhhhh ... I'm cumming." My hips lost their rhythm, and I exploded deep inside her. When I pulled out of her, a second flood made a new sloppy spot on the carpet.

Unfortunately, this time my cock decided it was sleepy. It quickly shrank back to its normal, biggish size. When I looked up, Saurina was staring daggers at my dick.

“It shrinks that much? It’ssss tiny.” Saurina blinked several times, her slumping posture straightening.

“Well, I wouldn’t ... call it tiny,” I said.

“It’ssss evil. It’ssss putrid. It’ssss a bane on humanity,” she spat.

“Is tiny ... still on ... the table?” I was still panting. I noticed that Saurina had already caught her breath.

A moment later, the attack came so fast, I barely saw it. Fortunately for me, FalconEar was ready. The two supers clashed, smashed, and tumbled around the apartment. I let out a manly yell and moved up against the wall. Within a few seconds, it was over.

Saurina had flung herself out the window.

FalconEar smiled over at me, dusting off her hands. “That went well.”

“She tried ... to kill me,” I said.

“Been there, done that.” FalconEar laughed. “She’ll be on the team in no time.” She walked over to Saurina’s suit and picked it up. “We’ll set up another meet soon. We have to return this, after all.”

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“You need your own clothes. You need your stuff. We have to do this. I’ll be right with you for support ... and protection.” FalconEar stood on my front lawn next to me. “But we are agreed that we aren’t going to confront your mother about her behavior.” On the way over, I had told FalconEar about all the muff-diving my mom had pushed me into. FalconEar had played it cool, but I could tell the news had ticked her off. She didn’t have her mask or hood on. I could see that her jaw was set tight, and her brow was slightly furrowed.

“You really think Saurina is going to help?” I sighed and looked around. It was dusk, so I hoped Vanessa wouldn’t spot me from her front garden and come over. I still hadn’t told FalconEar about that little episode.

“She will help when she’s ready. Right now, she’s in her den thinking about what having you inside her felt like. She’s probably confused and angry. I know I was.” FalconEar’s

face relaxed into a smile. "But she'll come around to being on the team. She'll want more."

"Um ... maybe I should get hard before we go in." I pointed to my front door.

"I'm sure that would antagonize your mother. We don't need your sidekick for this." FalconEar gave me a friendly push toward the house. She was also referring to my dick as a sidekick now. "Let's get this over with. We'll get you a change of clothes and whatever else you need from the house. Then we'll leave. We'll come back when we're ready for her."

"Okay." I hadn't even asked where I would be sleeping that night. I hoped it wasn't in another hollow log.

I didn't have my key, but the front door was unlocked. I let myself in, and FalconEar followed close on my heels. My shoulders bunched with tension. I didn't know what I would say to Mom. But we ran into Dad first in the kitchen.

"Look what the cat dragged in. Andy, you look terrible. What have you ...?" Dad's words trailed away when he saw FalconEar walk in behind me.

She had her wings tucked in tight to her back. Her hair and face were still uncovered, and she had a strident expression on her face. After several awkward moments, she leaned her lips close to my ear. "Andy, are you going to introduce me?"

"Right, sorry. Dad, this is my ... friend ... FalconEar." My smile was thin. "FalconEar, this is my father, William Pennypacker."

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Pennypacker." FalconEar nodded but didn't extend her hand.

"What ... um ... what ...?" Dad blinked several times. He also did not extend a hand.

"I'm just picking up a few things. I have to go away for a few days." I shrugged. "On a mission, you know?" When he didn't respond, I walked past him, and FalconEar followed me upstairs.

I checked in on my sister, but she wasn't in her room. I went to my room, retrieved my phone, and packed a backpack with clothes.

FalconEar stood in the middle of my room, looking around. She eyed the various posters on the wall left over from my teenage years. The expression on her face seemed to be nonplussed with a bit of added regret. I'm sure she never expected to be having an affair, much less with a man who lived like this.

"What do you think of my room?" Since we were alone, I gave her butt a gentle pat.

"I was honestly second-guessing my life choices." Her lip was faintly curled in disgust, but she tried to hide it when she turned to me. "Oh, don't look at me like that. What did

you expect? I'm not used to this." She waved her hand in an expansive gesture. "Maybe if I look at it the right way, I could think it's exciting to be with a man so different from ... from ..." She was struggling not to be insulting.

"It's okay." I laughed. "I really was about to get my life together before *this* all happened." I grabbed my crotch so she'd know what *this* I was referring to. "I just need to grab some stuff from the bathroom, and we can go." Carrying my backpack, I headed out of the room. I was starting to believe that we'd missed my mother. That would be a stroke of extreme good luck. I stuffed my toothbrush, some deodorant, and a comb into my backpack, zipped it up, and slung it onto my back. "Where am I staying tonight?"

FalconEar was standing in the bathroom door, watching me closely. "Well, you can't stay at my house. But I'll find somewhere safe where you can lay low a few days." She cocked her head, listening. "Your father is calling your mother on the phone downstairs. We should get going."

"Yeah, okay." I followed FalconEar downstairs.

My father was just disconnecting the call when we found him in the kitchen. He stared at FalconEar like an alien had landed in front of him.

"Tell Mom and Maddie that I'm helping on an important mission. I'll be back in a few days, okay?" I tried to act like everything was normal.

"You can tell her yourself. She just pulled into the garage." Dad pointed toward the garage.

"Oh." Part of me wanted to run. Part of me knew that would be silly. I looked at FalconEar with a questioning eyebrow.

"I look forward to meeting your mother," FalconEar's words were forced. "The mission can wait long enough for us to say hello."

She'd decided we couldn't run. So, I planted my feet and waited to greet my mother.

## Chapter 23

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

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

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

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

I wasn’t having it. “I’m twenty, Mom, and I –”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~~

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Creepy," I said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Share pleasures.*

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

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

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

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

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

*She is yours.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Show your devotion.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Munchies." I smiled up at her.

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

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

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

## Chapter 24

I must have dozed off. A sudden noise woke me. I was still naked in the armchair. The TV was still running sitcoms. I blinked my eyes, trying to figure out how long I had been asleep. I looked down at my dick, which was small and soft. No morning wood then.

“What did you do to her?” A woman’s voice cut through the TV noise with asperity.

“Who?” My dick shriveled at the surprise. This was embarrassing because Anterella was standing a few feet away with her arms crossed, her frowning stare focused on my nudity.

“FalconEar. You’ve corrupted her. I’ve known her for over a decade, and she would never cheat on her husband, or do ... drugs.” Anterella shook her head slowly. For the first time, I noticed there were ants all around her on the floor. Their tiny postures looked threatening. “What have you done, and how do we undo it?”

“One ... sec ...” I grabbed my dick and started furiously fapping. I needed my sidekick, or I could tell this was going to go very badly.

“What are you doing?” Her lip twisted, and her brow furrowed with disgust. “Stop that.”

“I’m sorry. Can’t stop!” I was too scared to get an erection. I didn’t have much more time. I stared at the way her suit hugged her tits. Finally, my cock swelled.

“You are vile. If you don’t stop, I will be forced to ...” Anterella’s gaze turned distant as she watched my dick grow and mutate into the hideous, gnarled super version I’d been given. “I don’t ...”

*Join the team.*

“Well ... I ... don’t think I should ...” Anterella turned her head to the side, bent over, and vomited a small amount of neon green liquid on the floor. The ants around her quickly left the room.

“And you think ... I’m vile? Yuck.” My dick was big enough for a second hand now, so I two-fisted it.

“It’s one of the ways I talk to them.” Anterella straightened and turned her gaze back to my cock. “I know I should run.”

*On your knees.*

“But I can’t run on my knees.” She took off her helmet and tossed it away, staggering to the front of my armchair. She dropped to her knees. “Do you need help? As a superhero, I am always ready to help.”

“My hands are getting tired.” I removed my fingers from my now fully erect penis.

“I’ll help.” Anterella pulled off her gloves, tossed them carelessly away, and awkwardly grabbed my cock. “I’ve never ... ever ... oooohhhh. Do you like this?” She stroked with the heel of her palms on either side of my shaft. It was the strangest technique I’d ever seen. And I’d seen a lot of super porn. She looked up into my eyes with pleading. “Is this helping?”

“Um ... try using your fingers,” I said.

She pressed with her fingertips. Her nails digging into my cockflesh.

“Ow.” Pain shot down my cock. “Maybe your mouth would be more helpful.”

“Yes, of course.” Rather than give a blowjob, she rubbed my dick all over her lips like it was a never-ending tube of chapstick.

*Pussy unfailing.*

“Right.” I knew what my dick meant. She couldn’t screw up using her vagina. “I require your pussy. Please undress.”

“My p ...?” As if in a trance, Anterella stood and slowly removed her suit. She wore utilitarian underwear underneath. After a moment’s pause, she removed those too, standing before me naked. She had an inviting, slender hourglass figure. I was starting to warm up to her as a possible mate.

“Now sit on my dick. We’re going to be a team.” I pointed to my ugly cock.

Anterella took a step toward me, paused, and shook her head. “Something isn’t right. This isn’t right. I’m ...” She staggered toward the door.

*Stop!*

“Wait!” I jumped to my feet. Speaking of things that felt wrong, I hated to grab a fleeing woman. But I couldn’t let her escape. With her moving like a drunk, it wasn’t hard to catch up to her. I grabbed her wrist.

“You!” She spun on me, seized my body, and lifted me over her head like she might hurl me across the room. I was looking down at the floor, my dick hanging above her head. Slowly, her face turned upward. She went cross-eyed as she gazed at the massive cockhead just above her. Lowering me a little, she used me like a tube of chapstick again.

*Pussy time.*

Still holding me above her head, Anterella walked us over to the bed, dropped me on it, and fell next to me. She spread her legs. I could see that her lips were already glistening. “Go on,” she whispered.

*Go on.*

I didn't need either of them to tell me again. Thanking my luck that she hadn't broken me in half, I scrambled between her legs, guided my cock, and pressed forward.

"Uuuggghhhhhhhh ... tight. How is it ... for you ... Anterella?" I bottomed out and looked down at her face. She seemed to be having a seizure. Her eyes were rolled back, one eyelid was fluttering, and her lips were oddly pursed. "Anterella?"

"Gggggghhhhhhaaaaaa." Was all she said. Her body trembled under me.

*Collide.*

"Right ... okay ... dick." I pulled my hips back and slammed into her. She shuddered and grunted under me. Her face was still apoplectic. Her pussy squeezed my cock with infinitely tight warmth. As my hips found a rhythm, I thought about how good it felt to be a villain. "You like it ... Anterella?"

"Oooohhhhhhhh ... nnnngggggggggg." She placed her hands on my back and pressed me to her. I collapsed, smashing our chests together. The wind was temporarily knocked out of me.

"Not ... uuuggghhhh ... so ... hard ... I'm not a ... super." I was relieved when the pressure eased on my back. She wasn't ecstatic enough that she couldn't hear me. There was no FalconEar here to protect me. I could just imagine getting crushed to death during sex. I suppose it wouldn't be a bad way to go. "Just ... ugh ... ugh ... lie back ... and let me ... do the work." I grabbed her tits and extended my arms so I could look down on her. With a normal woman, I might worry that such a position would be painful for her. But she was ten times stronger than a normal woman, so I wagered her tits could handle it. I smashed her pussy as hard as I could, mauling her breasts with my hands. Along with her tits, I figured her pussy and cervix would easily handle any punishment I could throw at them. This was a benefit to pounding supers that I hadn't thought of before. I doubted I'd hump Vanessa Gardino again. There were too many advantages to supers.

*Team. Team. Team.*

"Oooohhhhhhhhhh ... Mister ... Mister ... I want to be ... on your ... team." Anterella's red eyes rolled back, and she convulsed. I was pretty sure she didn't remember my name, so I waited for her orgasm to crest and descend.

"My name's ... ugh ... ugh ... Andy ... ugh ... ugh ..." I was sweating profusely. The special dick didn't mean I was in better shape. I wished I had exercised more. As I watched her rocket off to another orgasm, a thought hit me. I was going to need a super name. Andy wasn't going to cut it.

*Dickman.*

“Shut up ... ugh ... ugh ... dick.” I would think on it. And I wasn’t taking suggestions from my sidekick. After a few minutes, I pulled out of Anterella, turned her over, and entered her from behind. She didn’t have a tail like Saurina. She didn’t have a wide ass like FalconEar. She wasn’t squirming like my mother did when I had been behind her. It was nice that I had slept with enough women to be able to compare. I wondered what cumming in her would feel like. I slammed into her prone form, intent on finding out.

It took another fifteen minutes before I was ready. When I filled her womb, Anterella howled like a banshee. I wondered what her ant friends thought about her climax. She wasn’t barfing a message to them, so maybe they didn’t even notice. I shuddered my way through my own massive orgasm, and then lay on top of her back. She was remarkably comfortable for having such a strong body. We both fell asleep.

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I woke up some time later. At first, I thought the woman sleeping next to me was FalconEar. But there were no wings. I reached over and grabbed her ass. That jogged my memory. It was Anterella. Suddenly, I was aware of someone else in the room. I sat up and let out a manly yell.

“You shriek like a little girl.” Saurina was standing a few feet away from the bed, holding her suit in her hands. She was wearing a dress, and it was odd to see her outfitted like a ... regular woman. Although most women didn’t have a tail swaying under the hem of their skirt.

“What ... um ... what are you doing here?” I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes.

“My suit has a tracker. I’m retrieving it.” Saurina stared at my wriggling erection, mesmerized. She nodded to the snoring Anterella. “Your latest conquest?”

I didn’t want to tell her it had been an accident. “You think you’d like to be teammates with her? She controls ants.”

“I heard she throws up to talk.” Saurina carefully put down her suit on a chair back. She reached under her dress and wiggled her panties down her legs.

“She only upchucks for the ants ... I think.” I watched Saurina leap onto the bed and stand, straddling my hips.

*Reptile good. Reptile good.*

“I’m good,” Saurina hissed and let her tongue taste the air. “I came here for my suit. But now that I see what you have for me ...” She lowered herself right onto my dick, letting

it squirm into her pussy. “Oooooohhhhhhhh.” She squatted on me, with the soles of her feet on the mattress, and her tail switching behind her.

*Need.*

“You need my cock, huh?” I smiled up at her, staring into her odd pupils.

“I ... need ... it.” She gently put her hands on my chest and slowly pistoned her vagina on my dick. “... ever since ... last time ... I need ... need.” Her strange eyes rolled back, her long tongue lolled out of her mouth, and she came on my dick. “Nnnnnnngggggg.”

I stared up at the beautiful lizard lady. I didn’t know if FalconEar was going to be pleased or pissed when she got back, but we were certainly going to have some topics of conversation. I reached up and massaged Saurina’s breasts through her dress. They were perfect handfuls. Thinking about how rough I’d been on Anterella’s tits, I pinched Saurina’s nipples with good force.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiii!” Saurina went wild, undulating her hips and tossing her head side to side. I guess I could have been rougher with FalconEar, too. Lesson learned. When Saurina came down from her high, I slapped her tit through her dress.

“Ride me, Saurina. Ride me until I cum.” I grinned up at her.

The super matched my smile for a moment, then her face twisted in ecstasy. She bounced on my cock with wanton abandon.

*Join the team. Join.*

“Yeah ... she’s joining ... all right.” I grabbed her hips and held on for dear life. She came four more times before I erupted inside her. When we both settled from our ecstatic highs, she toppled off me like a felled tree. My dick burped out of her pussy, completely covered in cum and froth. With a super on either side, I lay there panting. I put one hand on Anterella’s ass and the other squeezed Saurina’s tit through her dress.

Some part of me thought maybe I should do something about the women before FalconEar came back. But I was too satisfied to move. I relaxed, and soon all three of us were deeply asleep.