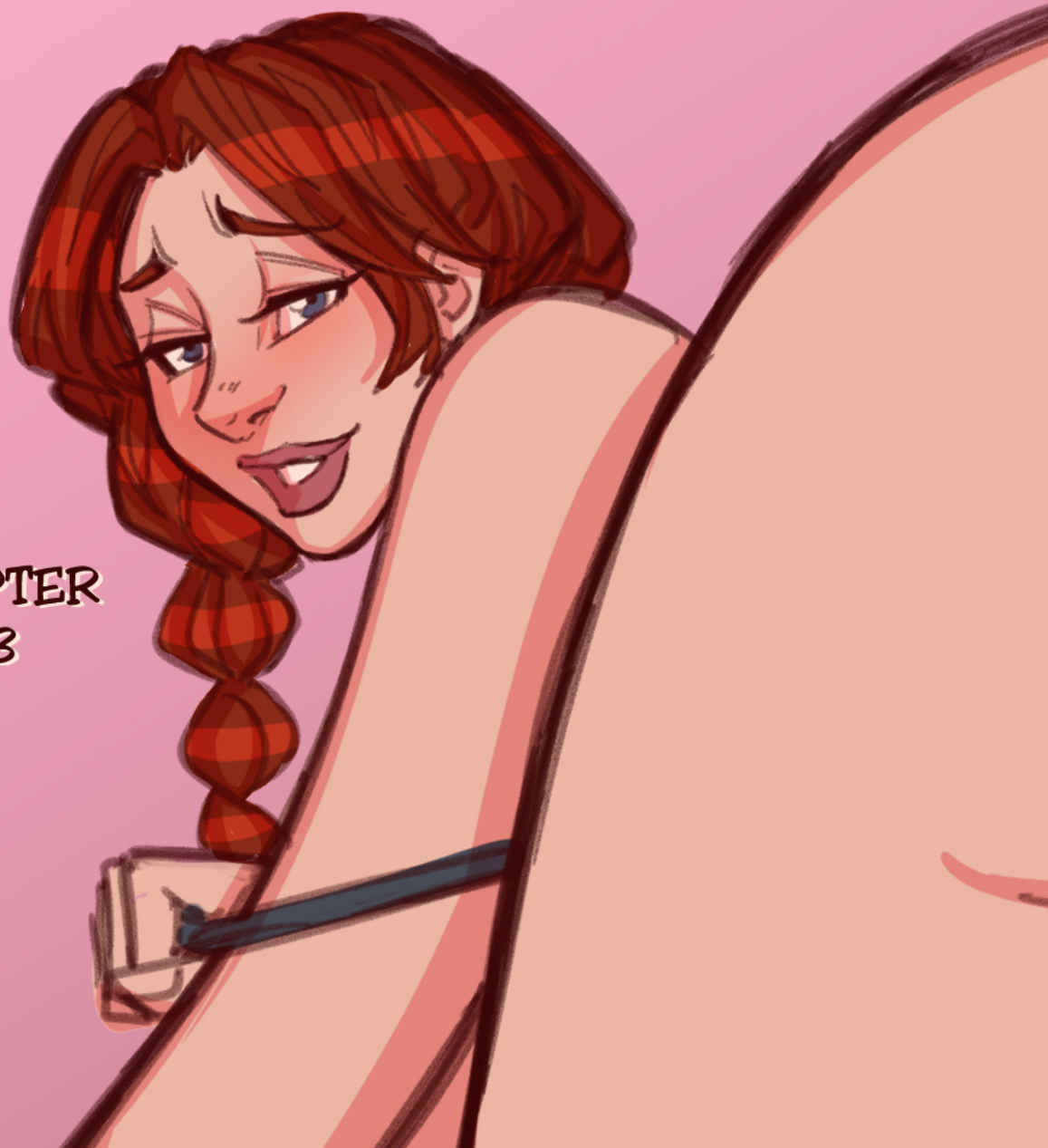


"SECRET IDENTITY"

CHAPTER
13



NGT Visual Studio presents:

"Secret Identity"

Story by "Miss Understanding"
Illustrations by NGT Visual Studio

This is a work of fiction.
All characters aren't real.
All characters are 18 years or older.
Enjoy it!

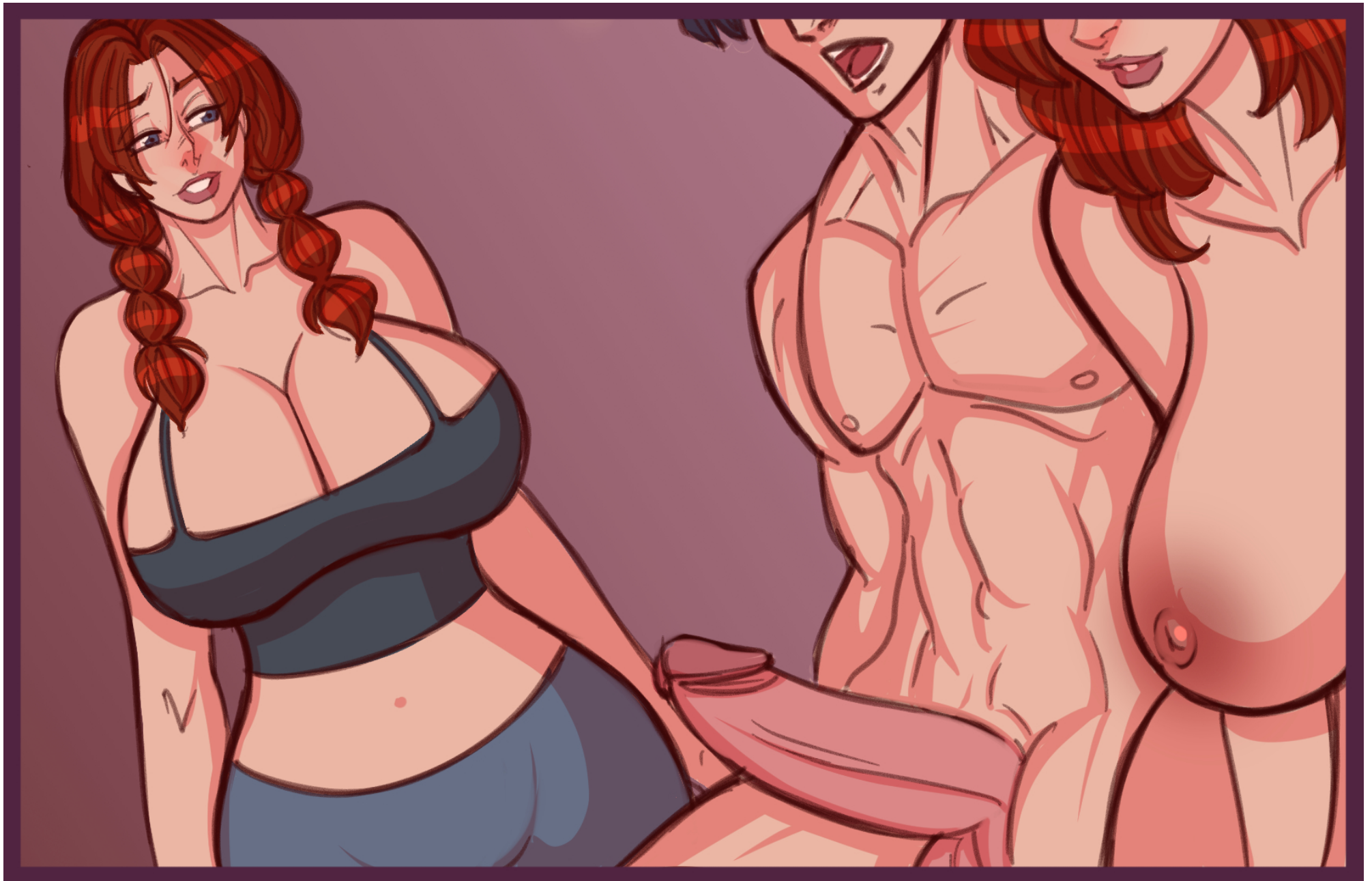
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CHAPTER 13

Maddie.

The pink haze lifted
when I heard the word sex.
My mother and sister were looking at me,
but all I could see was my brother,
laying there exhausted.





His massive dick just hanging out like a deflated log. I involuntarily licked my lips. They were plumper than I remember, smoother too.




I felt like I had just
been in a trance.
It was hard to think.

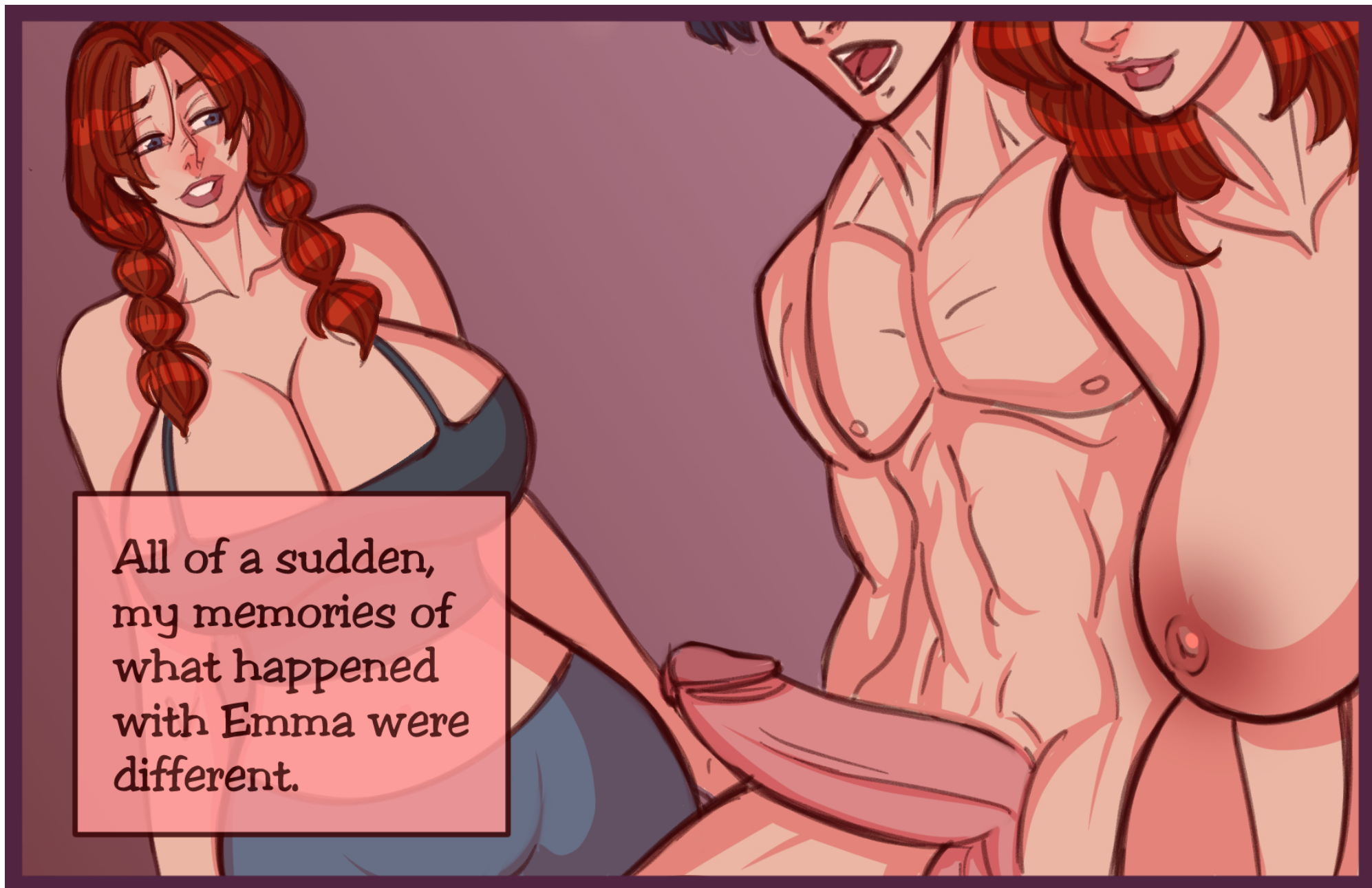


I think that had something to do with my sister's powers. Although with my metabolism, whatever happened would wear off quicker on me, than anyone else.

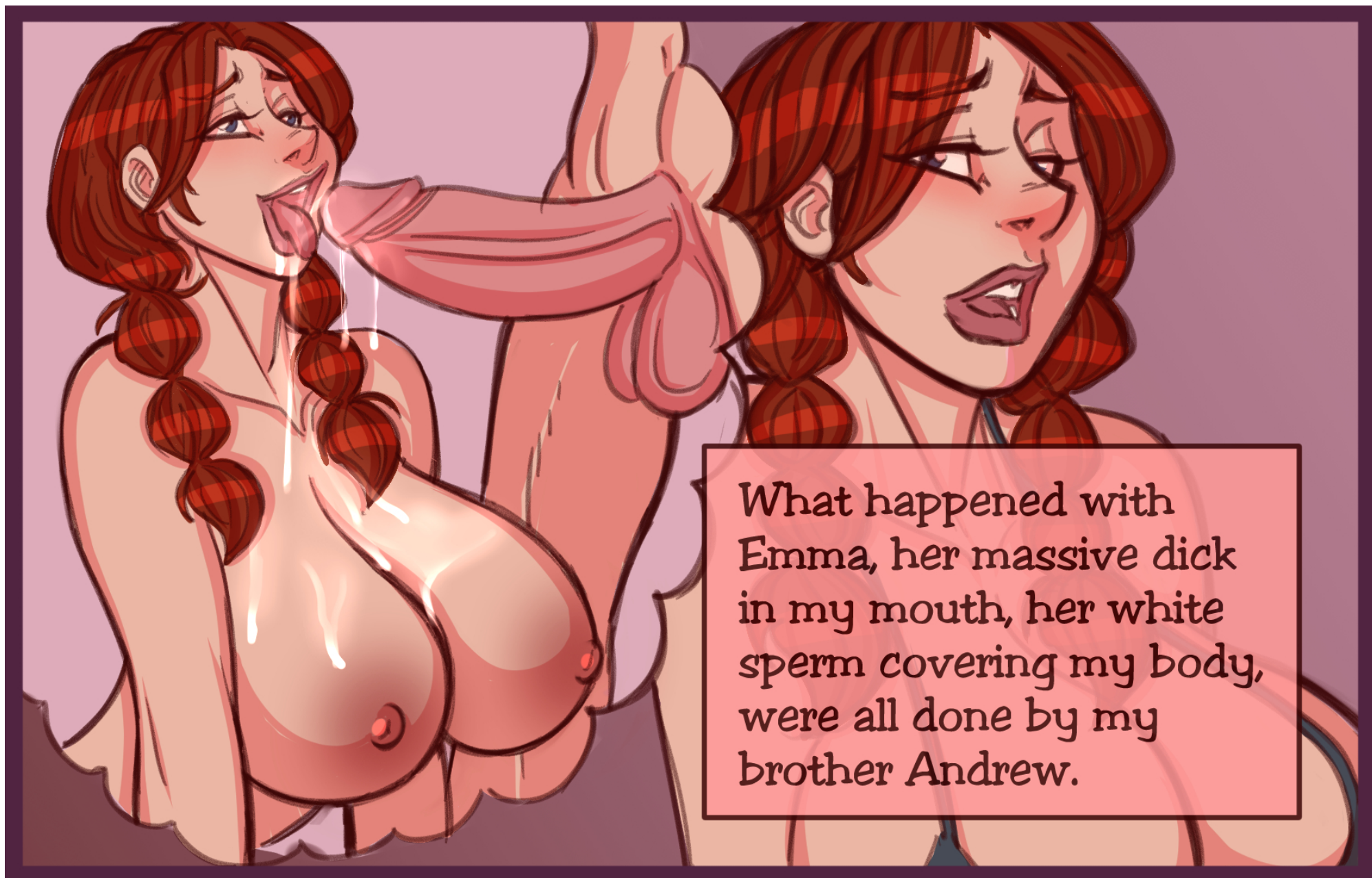


A comic book panel with a purple background. On the left, a woman with long red hair in two braids and blue eyes looks towards the right with a slightly nervous expression. On the right, a muscular man's torso is shown from the chest down to the waist, with his hands on his hips. A speech bubble is positioned in the lower-left quadrant, overlapping the woman's body.

But something happened when I heard the word 'sex.' My mind was playing tricks on me.



All of a sudden,
my memories of
what happened
with Emma were
different.



What happened with Emma, her massive dick in my mouth, her white sperm covering my body, were all done by my brother Andrew.



I knew that it wasn't the case, but the pink fog in my mind. It was telling me that my eyes were wrong. It wasn't Emma that fucked me, it was my brother.



I could feel myself getting moister with just the realization. There was a heat inside of me that was building.



These visions. They had to be made into a reality. His strong arms holding me tight, as we embraced, and his giant penis pushing against my skin.



The warmth I could feel from him, that Emma couldn't produce. It was to be something special.

Mom, and Emma
were on the bed,
staring at each
other.



Mom looked more human than she had this morning. In fact, nearly all of the feline traits were gone.



Emma lay on her back, her dick was partially erected, still.
What did I look like?



I hadn't gotten
a good look in
the mirror since
I finished with
my sister.



I know I was thinking differently. Thinking was hard right now, like I pulled an all-nighter, without any coffee.



Emma and mom
laughed at
something, but
I wasn't paying
attention to them.

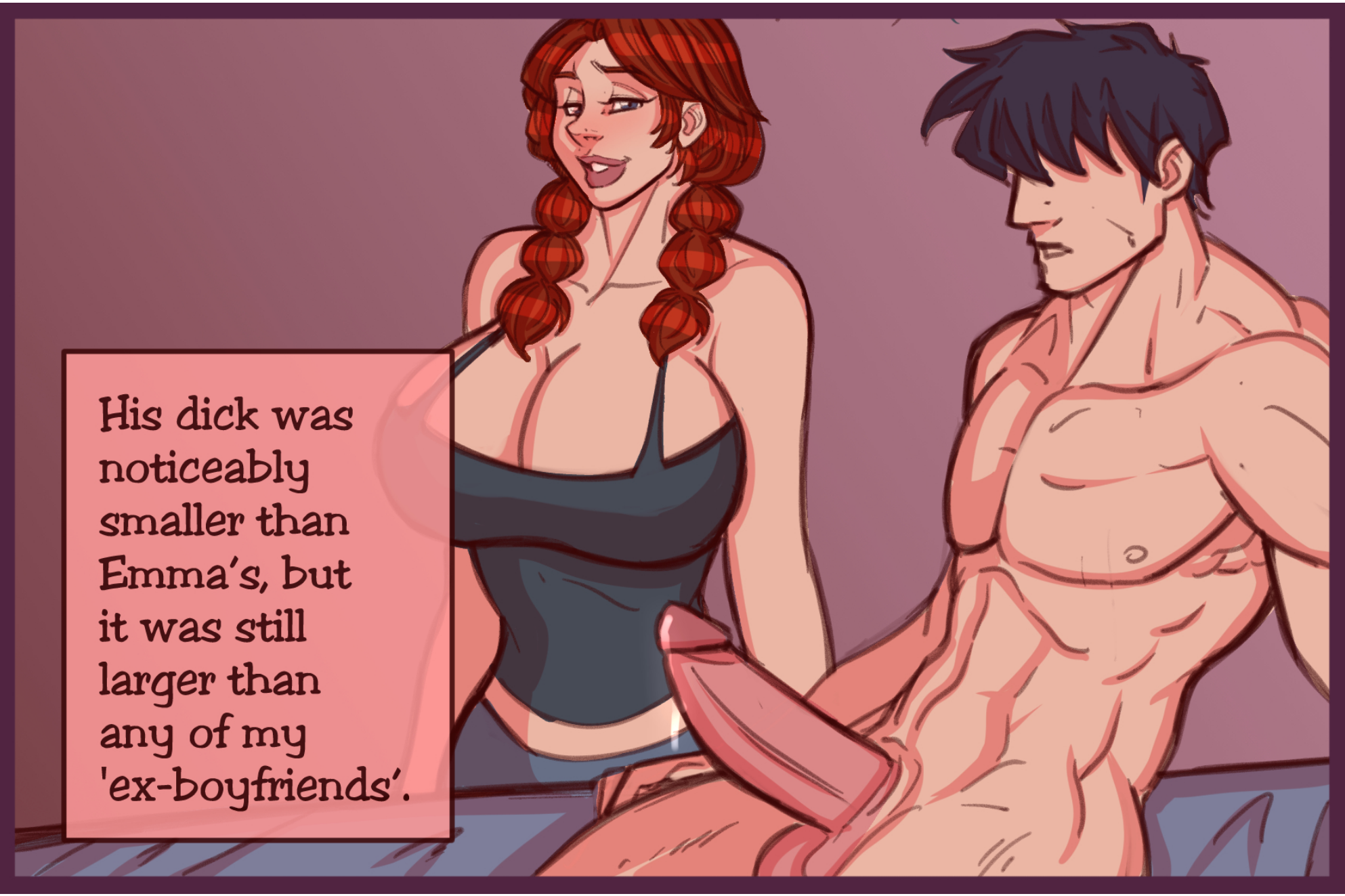


I was paying attention to the only man in the room.





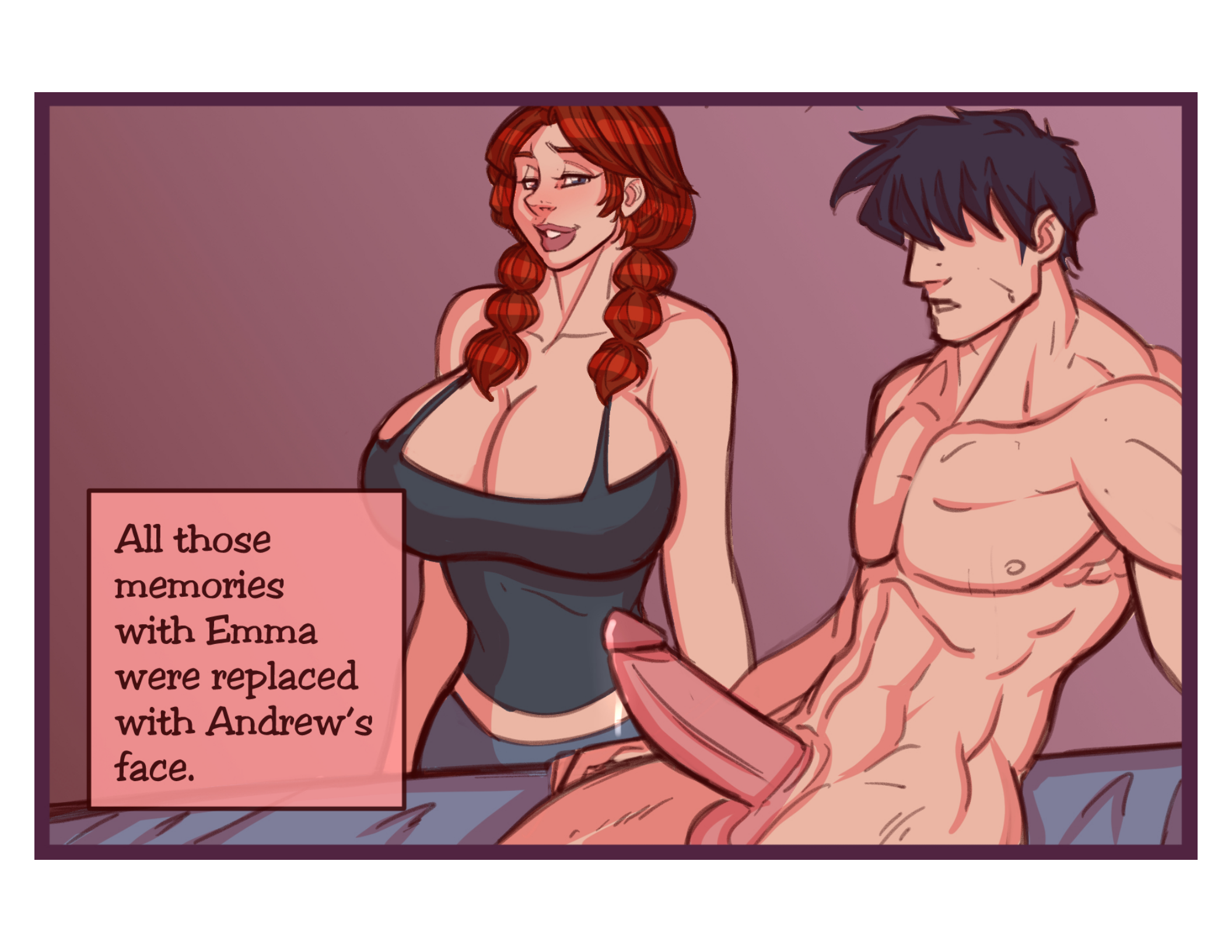
Andrew was still laying on a side of the bed, looking at my mother, and sister, but not me.



His dick was noticeably smaller than Emma's, but it was still larger than any of my 'ex-boyfriends'.




The pink fog started to take over my mind again.




All those memories with Emma were replaced with Andrew's face.




It was a feeling of security and trust that I never experienced with another partner.



"Andrew, how
are you feeling?"
I asked. I couldn't
help but feel my
finger twirl in my
hair as I talked.



"Good. I guess,"
he shrugged in
his cocky manner.
"I wanted to say
thanks for taking
care of mom."

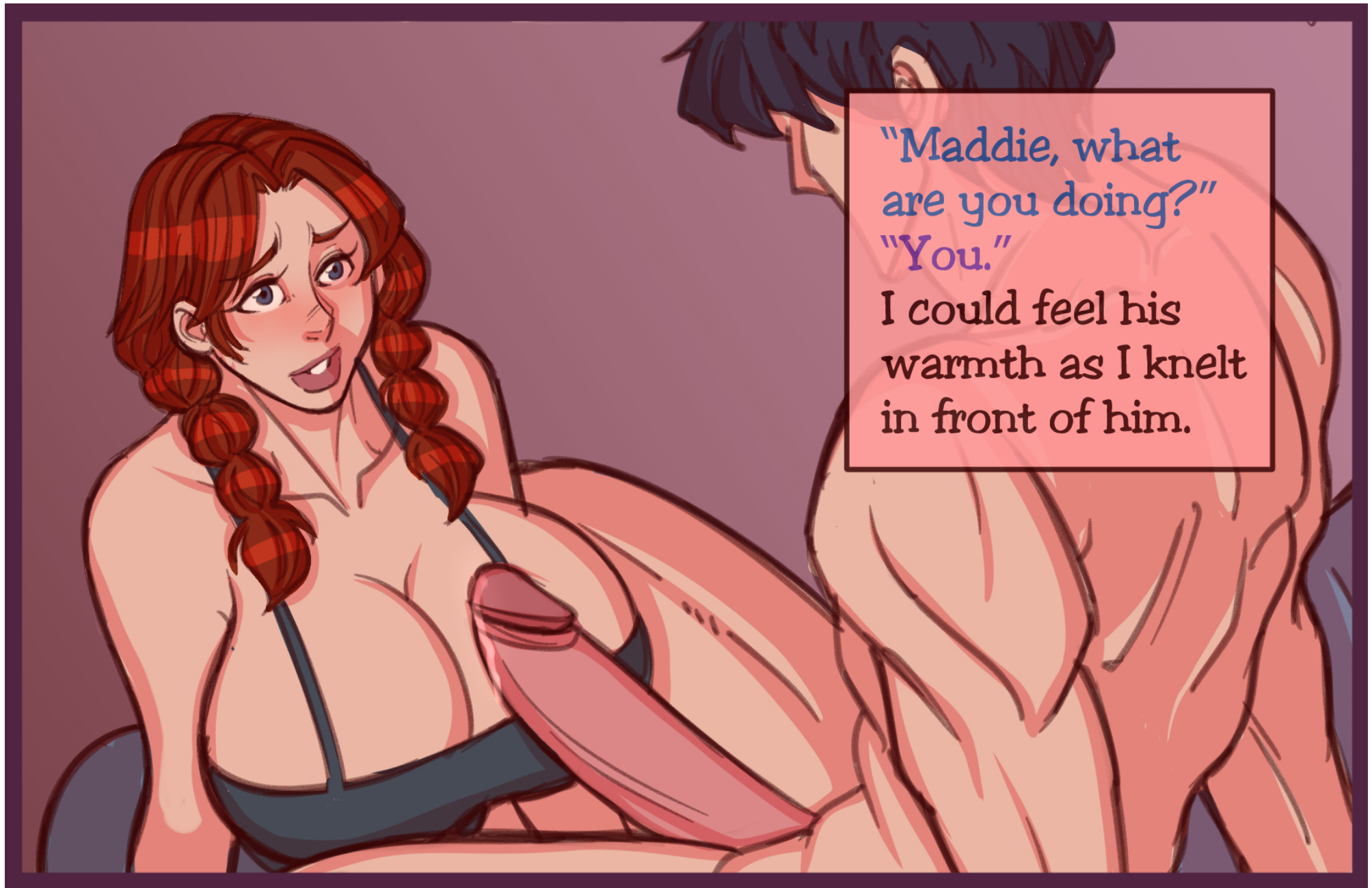


"Oh, yeah. No problem."

"I mean, I want to show you how grateful I am." I clarified.



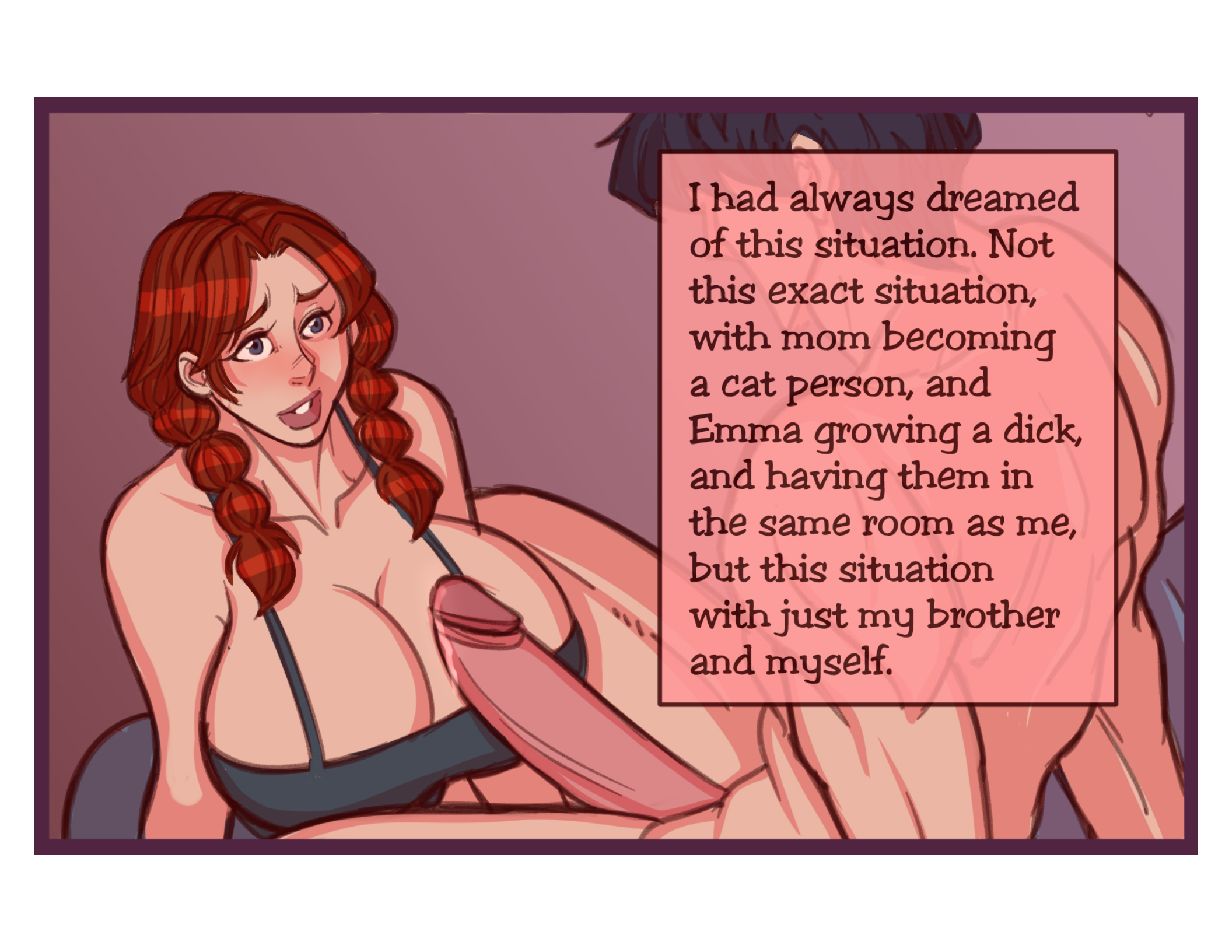
"I guess today has been pretty crazy." Andrew said.
"Shh. It's not even noon." I whispered, as I knelt down on both my knees.




"Maddie, what are you doing?"

"You."

I could feel his warmth as I knelt in front of him.




I had always dreamed of this situation. Not this exact situation, with mom becoming a cat person, and Emma growing a dick, and having them in the same room as me, but this situation with just my brother and myself.

A comic book panel with a purple background. On the left, a woman with red hair in two braids and blue eyes looks towards the right with a slightly concerned or thoughtful expression. She is wearing a dark blue halter-neck top. On the right, the back of a muscular man with dark hair is visible. A pink speech bubble with a black border is positioned over the man's back, containing the text: "It's funny, I am not even sure what I like about him, but the way he talks and tries to help is simply irresistible."

It's funny, I am not even sure what I like about him, but the way he talks and tries to help is simply irresistible.




I could see that he was tired, but that was no excuse.

A woman with long, wavy red hair styled in two braids is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a dark blue halter-neck top. She has a slight smile and is looking towards the right. Her right hand is holding a large, translucent pink object that resembles a thick, curved piece of fabric or a large, soft object. The background is a solid, muted purple color. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right quadrant of the image.


The harder I worked
at this, the more the
pink fog disappeared
in my mind.

I gently caressed the side of his member. I wanted to show him that I cared, that I loved every inch of him.




A woman with long, wavy red hair styled in two braids is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a dark blue halter-neck top. She has a soft, smiling expression and is looking towards the right. Her right hand is gently touching a penis that is partially visible on the right side of the frame. The background is a solid, muted purple color. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of her head, containing text.

My hands were incredibly soft, thanks to Emma's 'gift'. It felt like silk, as it moved against his foreskin.

A woman with long, wavy red hair styled in two braids is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a dark blue halter-neck top. She has a slight smile and is looking towards the right. Her hands are holding a large, pinkish-red penis that is protruding from a person's body, which is partially visible on the right side of the frame. The background is a solid, muted purple color.

It worked. Like a turtle
popping his head out,
the penis in my hands
began to grow.

A woman with long, wavy red hair styled in two braids is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a dark blue halter-neck top. She has a slight smile and is looking towards the right. Her right hand is holding a large, pink, realistic-looking penis. The background is a solid light purple color. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of her head.

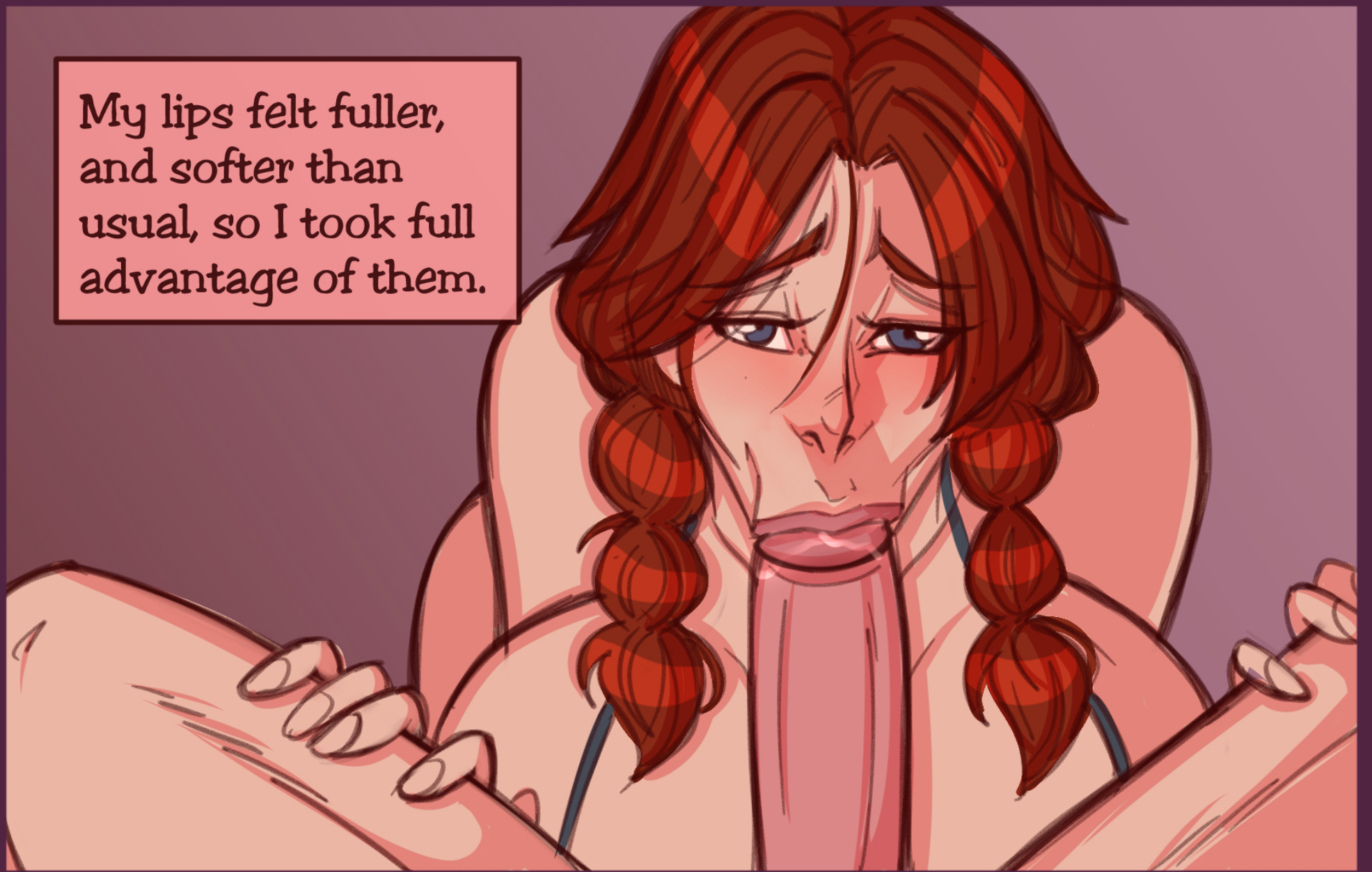
Using my other hand to hold it for balance, I slowly stroked my brother's manhood, as it inched closer to my face.



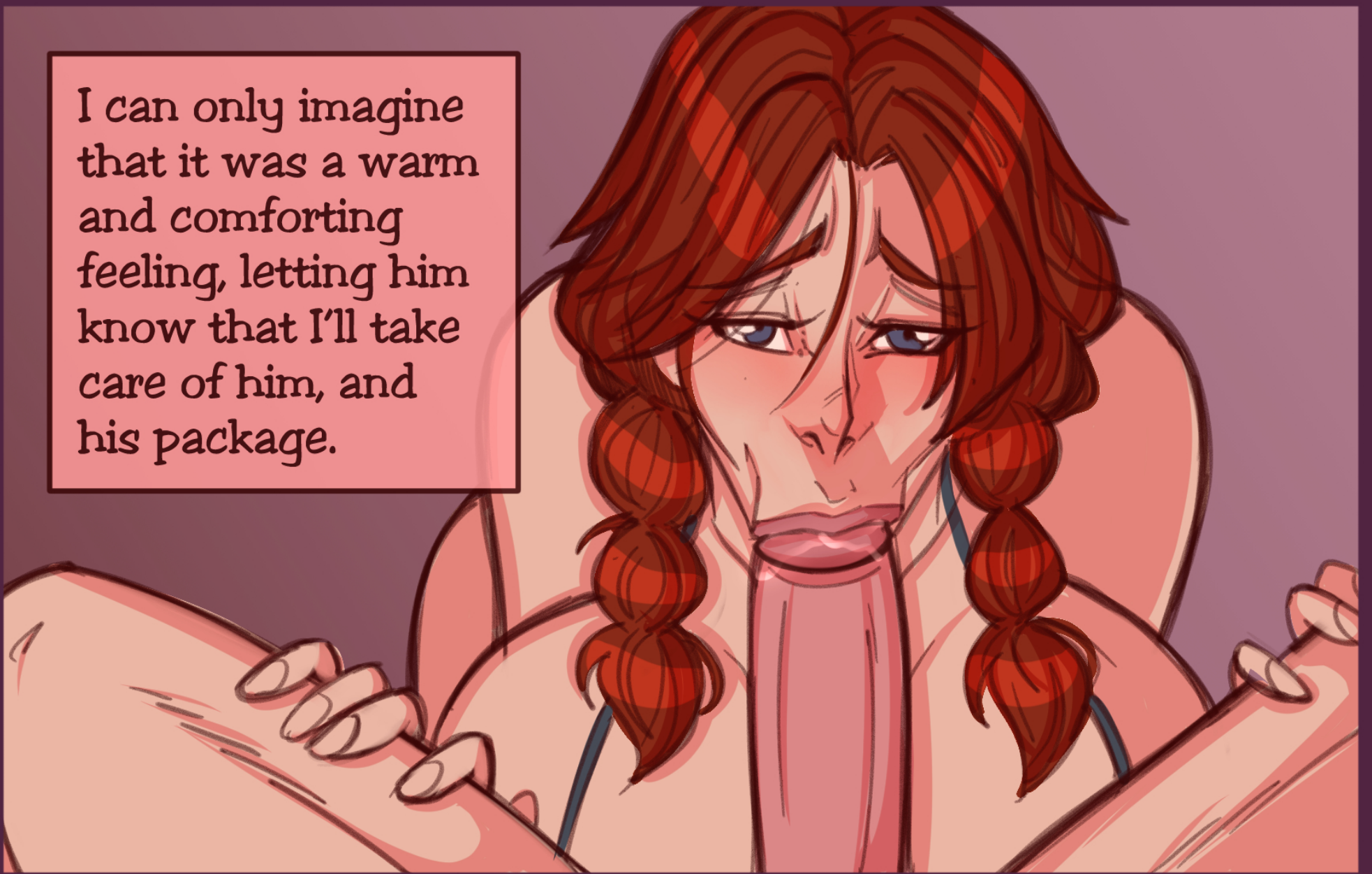
Slowly, I kissed
the tip. It was a
soft kiss.



My lips felt fuller,
and softer than
usual, so I took full
advantage of them.



I can only imagine that it was a warm and comforting feeling, letting him know that I'll take care of him, and his package.



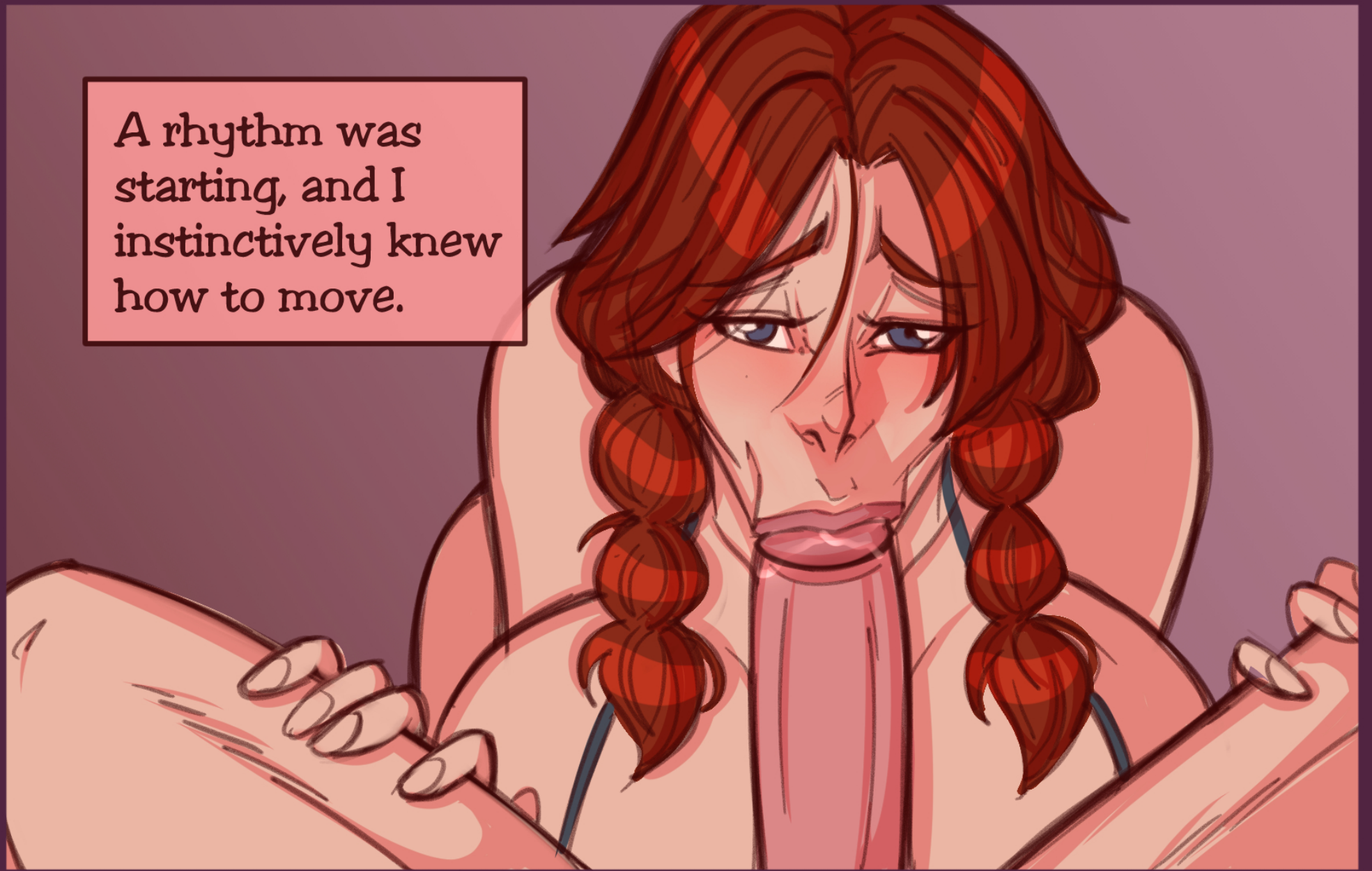
He was tired, but
everything about
him said he was
willing.




Almost instantly,
I began to feel my
head bob back and
forth.




A rhythm was starting, and I instinctively knew how to move.






There was a thrill.
I had fantasized
about this for a
while.




Finally, getting
to become intimate
with my brother.
The pink fog made
me want to live out
this fantasy.




My lips puckered,
as I engulfed lengthy
man-sausage into
my mouth, and
towards the back
of my throat.



Careful not to touch it with my teeth, my tongue coiled around the shaft, leaving a layer of moisture on it.



As my tongue
caressed his vein,
I could see him
skip a breath.



"Oh. Oh. I think I am going to cum!" Andrew shouted, giving me just enough time to choose if I wanted to pull out, or keep it in. I chose to keep it in.






I could feel the small twitches against the insides of my cheeks, as he was about to burst.




I focused on his face.
He squeezed his eyes,
and unclenched his
jaw, as a massive relief
washed over him.



I felt my mouth coated
in a hot sticky coating,
as I quickly swallowed
what I could.



It was clear he was almost spent. The time he spent trying to help our mother partially drained him.



But I could feel that there was just enough that some of the stuff escaped my lips and dripped onto my chin.



"Thanks. I needed that,"
he whispered.
I tried to get a response,
but couldn't say anything
without coughing. So, I
remained silent, and
continued to swallow.




"Bend over," he said.
"I want to return the
favor."




I bent over against the bed,
with my ass up in the air.
This was really happening.
I was exposed.



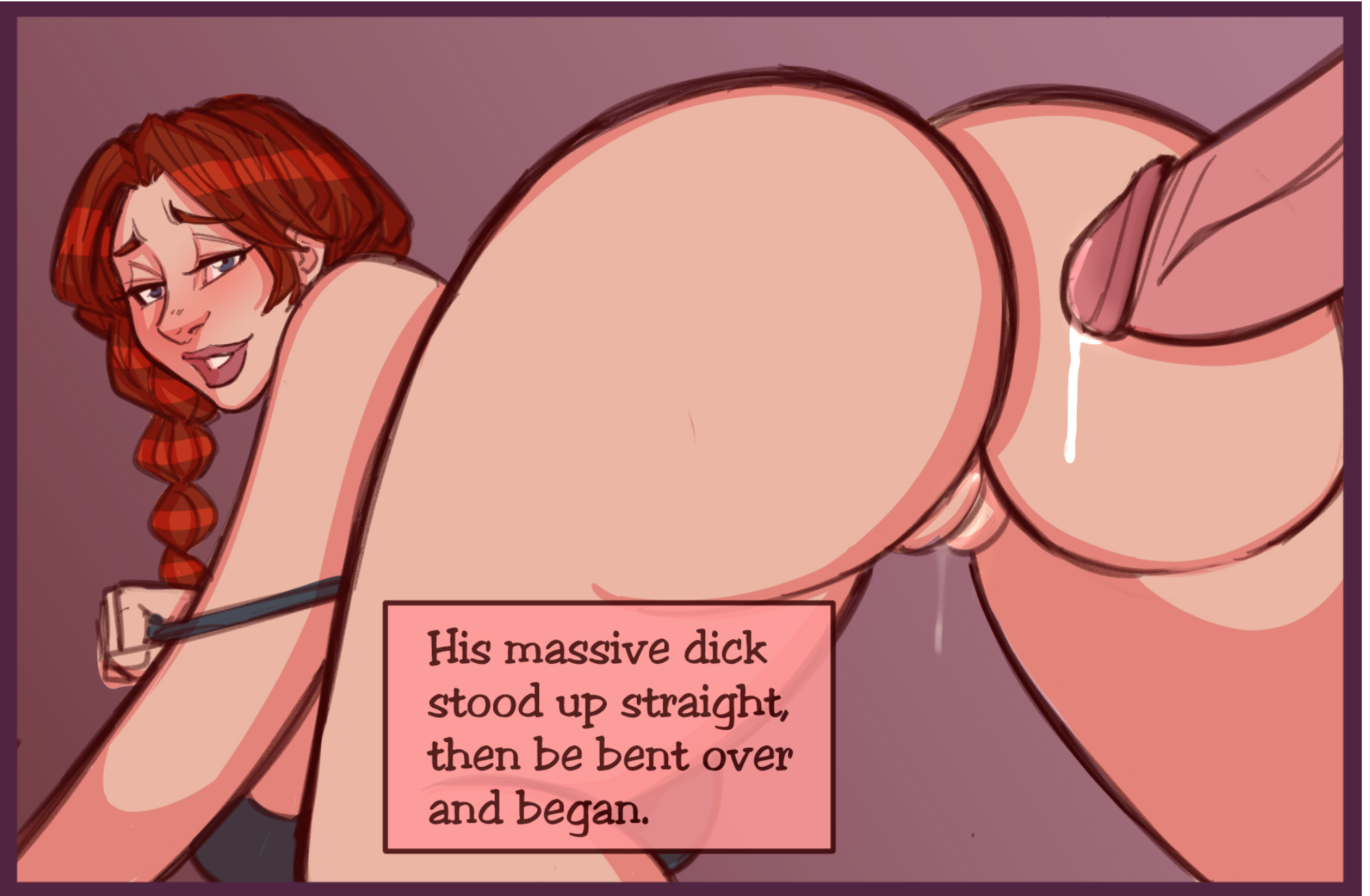
Dripping with anticipation.
I spread my legs apart, and
relaxed my ass, widening
both holes.



I hadn't expected him
to be so forward,
even though I secretly
wished that he secretly
would be.




I wiggled my ass in anticipation. It wasn't enough for my sister to do me like this, it had to be my brother to give me total satisfaction.

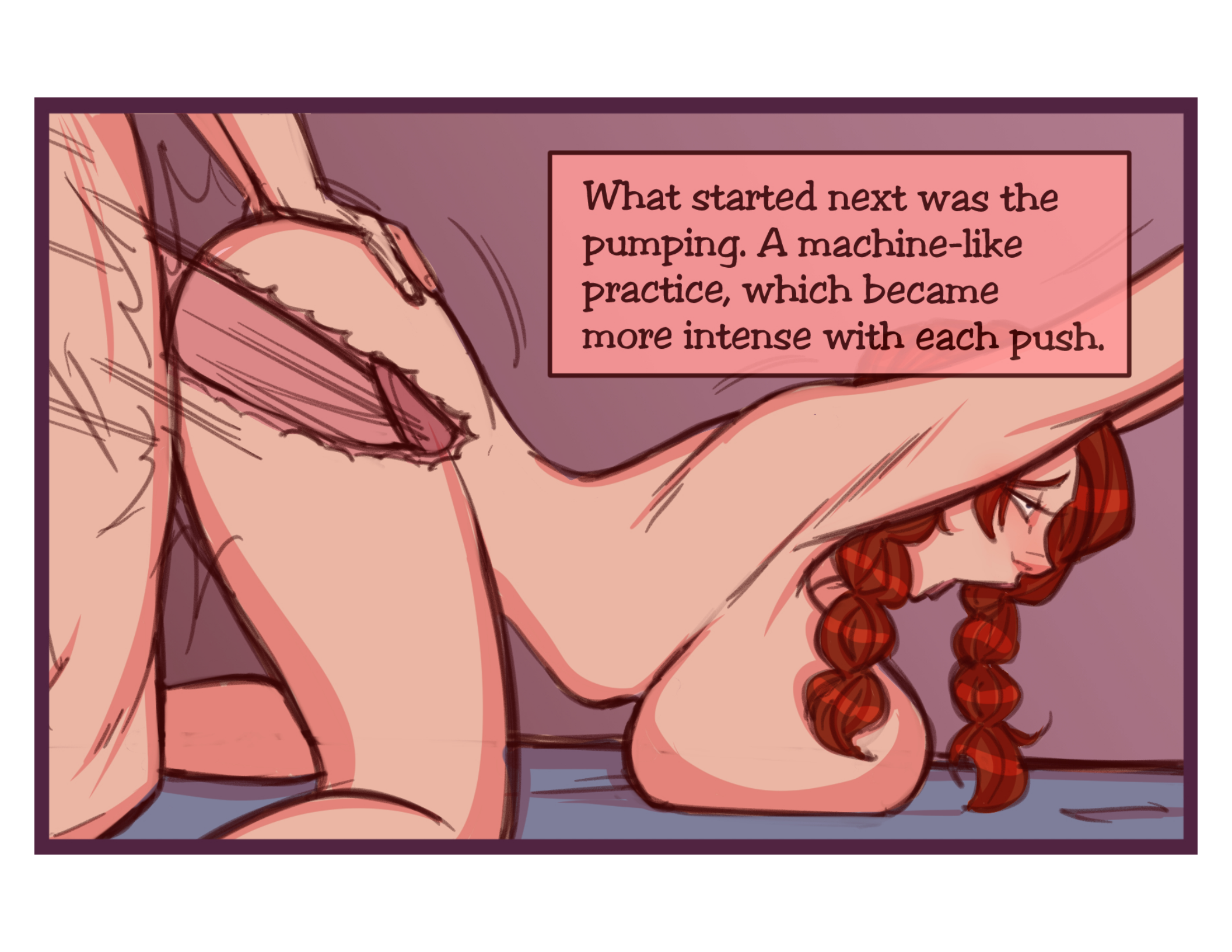


His massive dick
stood up straight,
then be bent over
and began.







Out of the two holes,
he chose my pussy.
It was already soaked,
but his dick fit in with
no effort.



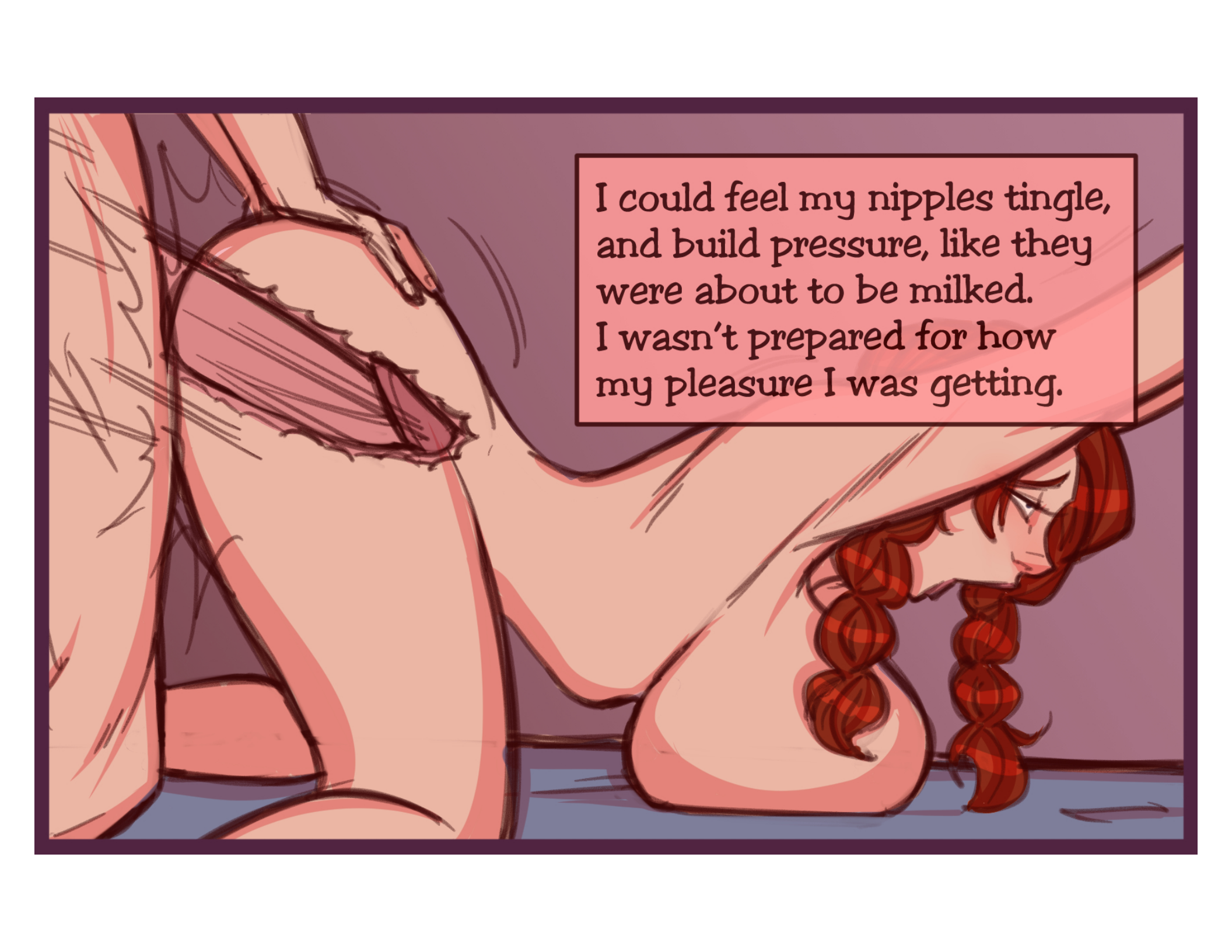
What started next was the pumping. A machine-like practice, which became more intense with each push.



I could feel the pleasure build fast. Faster than it did with Emma, or any of my ex-boyfriends.

A stylized illustration in a comic book style. The scene is set against a dark purple background. On the left, a large, muscular arm is shown in profile, with a hand resting on a woman's shoulder. The woman is on the right, shown from the chest up, leaning back. She has long, dark brown hair styled in two thick, braided sections that curve downwards. Her eyes are closed, and she has a serene expression. The illustration uses bold black outlines and a color palette of pinks, reds, and purples. A speech bubble with a black border is positioned in the upper right quadrant, containing text.

My heartrate increased, and the inner walls of my canal were being rubbed in all the right ways.



I could feel my nipples tingle,
and build pressure, like they
were about to be milked.
I wasn't prepared for how
my pleasure I was getting.



"Oh.Fuck me! Keep going!"

I shouted. I let out a girlish squeal, as my brother began to speed up.





"Oh yes! More!"

I moaned.

Andrew obeyed.

The pumping
sped up, as we
both yelled,

"I'm about to
cum!" at the
same time.

With a simultaneous release, I could feel the burning juices in my combine, before they started dripping down the inside of my leg.



I dropped face first
into the mattress.
A mirror in the room
was reflecting my
satisfied expression.



"I'm spent," Andrew said, as he sat back on the bed. Emma and my mother just looked at me, non-judgementally.



Emma's dick was once more
fully erected.
It looked like she was ready
to go another round.

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