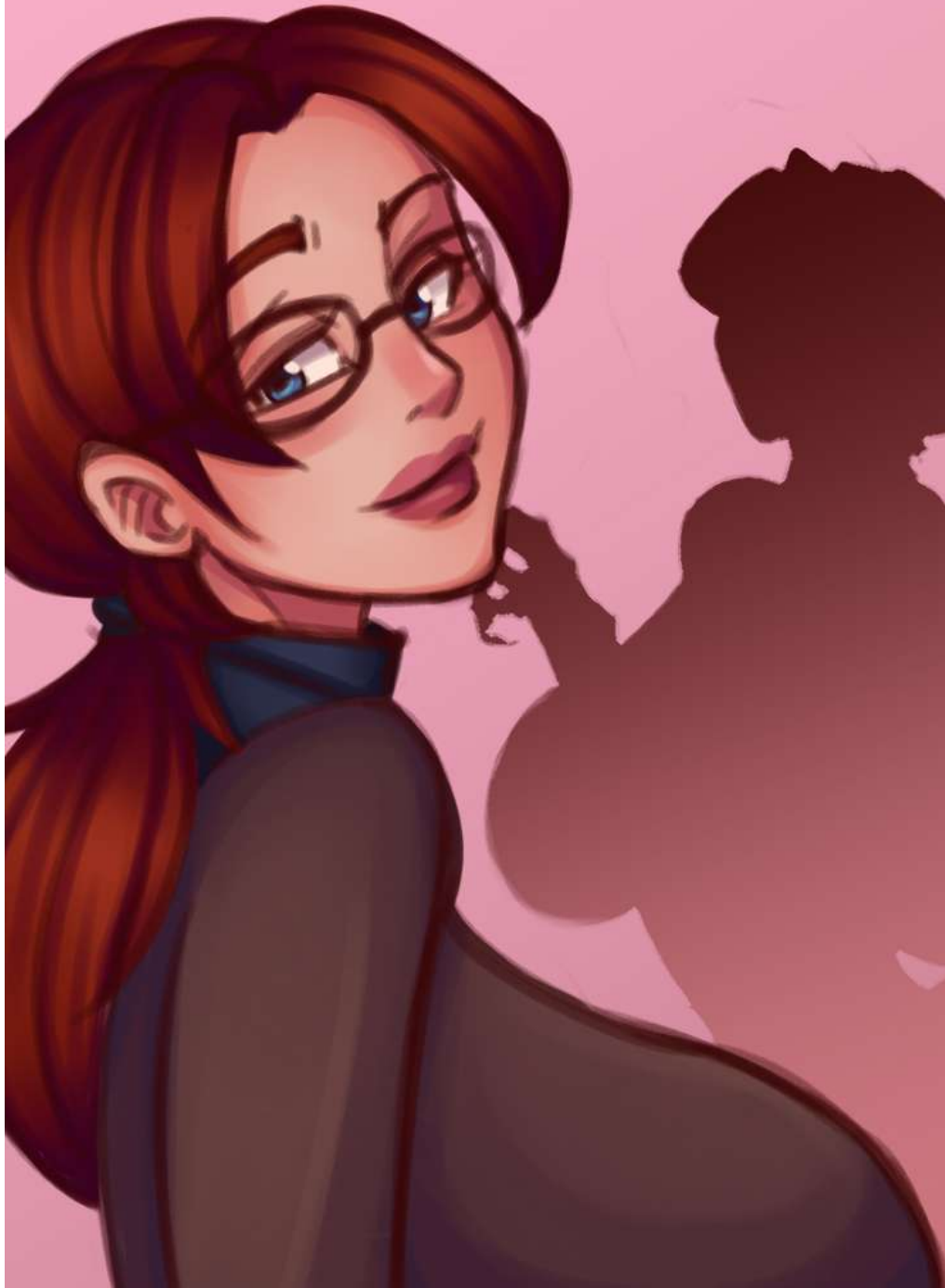


# "SECRET IDENTITY"

CHAPTER  
01



NGT Visual Studio presents:

# "Secret Identity"

Based on an Original story by Rawlyrawls  
(Rawlyrawls.com)

Illustrations by NGT Visual Studio

**This is a work of fiction.  
All characters aren't real.  
All characters are 18 years or older.  
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# CHAPTER 01

"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."

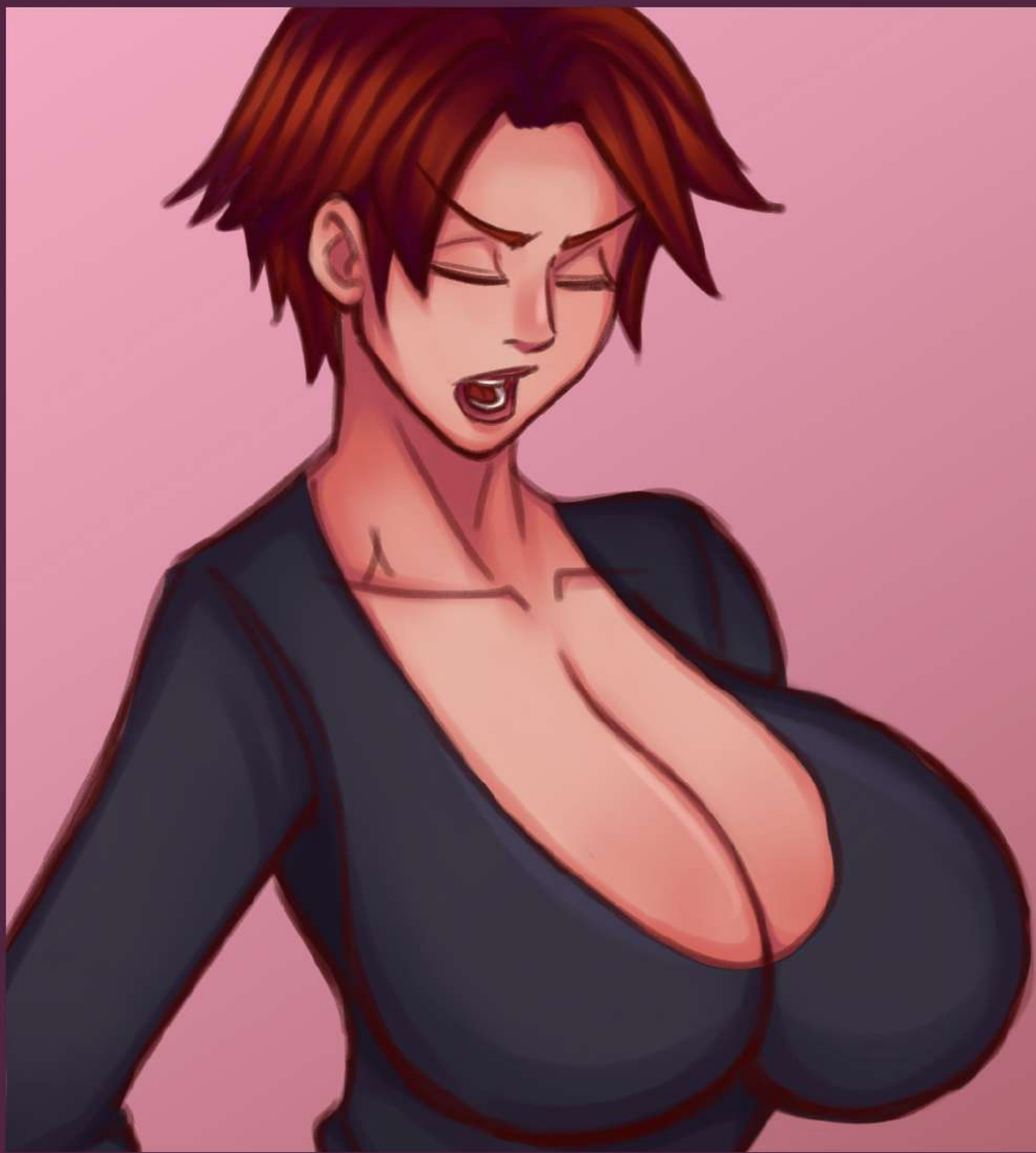
The sun had somehow  
set outside.



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.



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."

"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. 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.



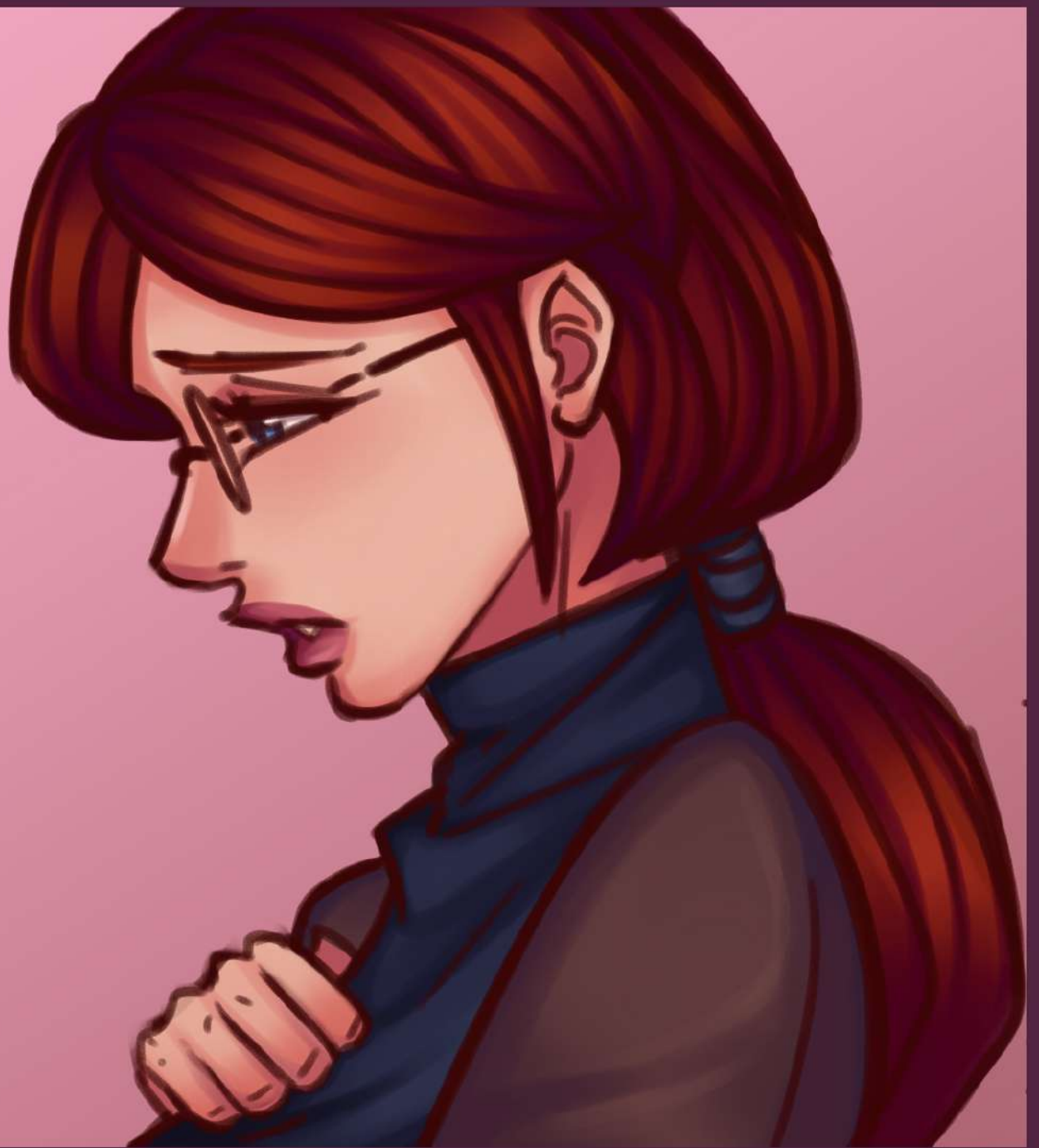
"Can you load the dishwasher for me, Andy?" Mom leaned against the counter, rubbing her hand.

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



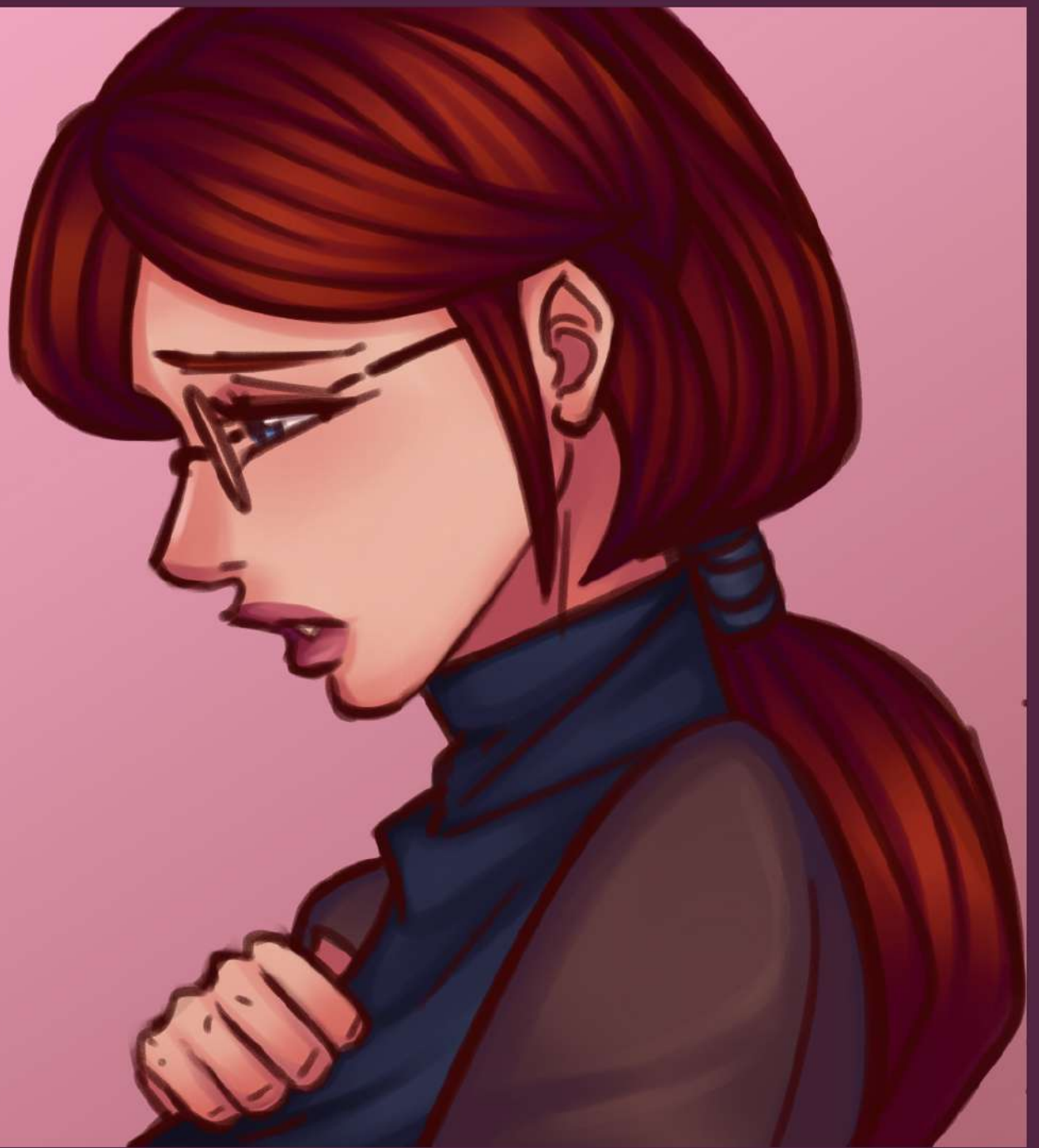
"Just an accident today in the lab." She saw the look of concern on my face and gave me a reassuring smile. "It's no big deal. I think I sprained a finger. That's all." She kept rubbing her hand vigorously.

"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 my 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.



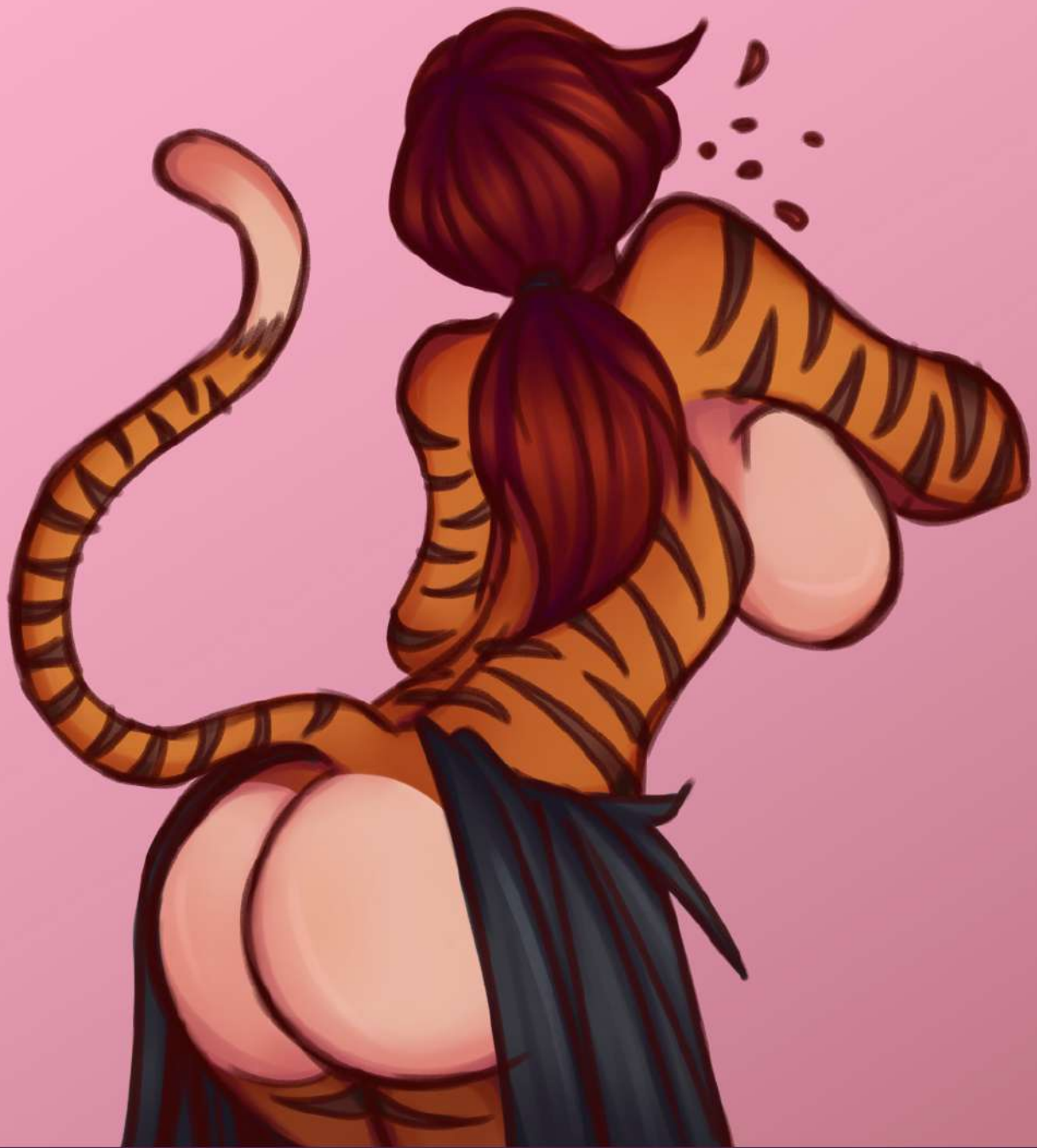
"Mom?"

A soft growl greeted me.

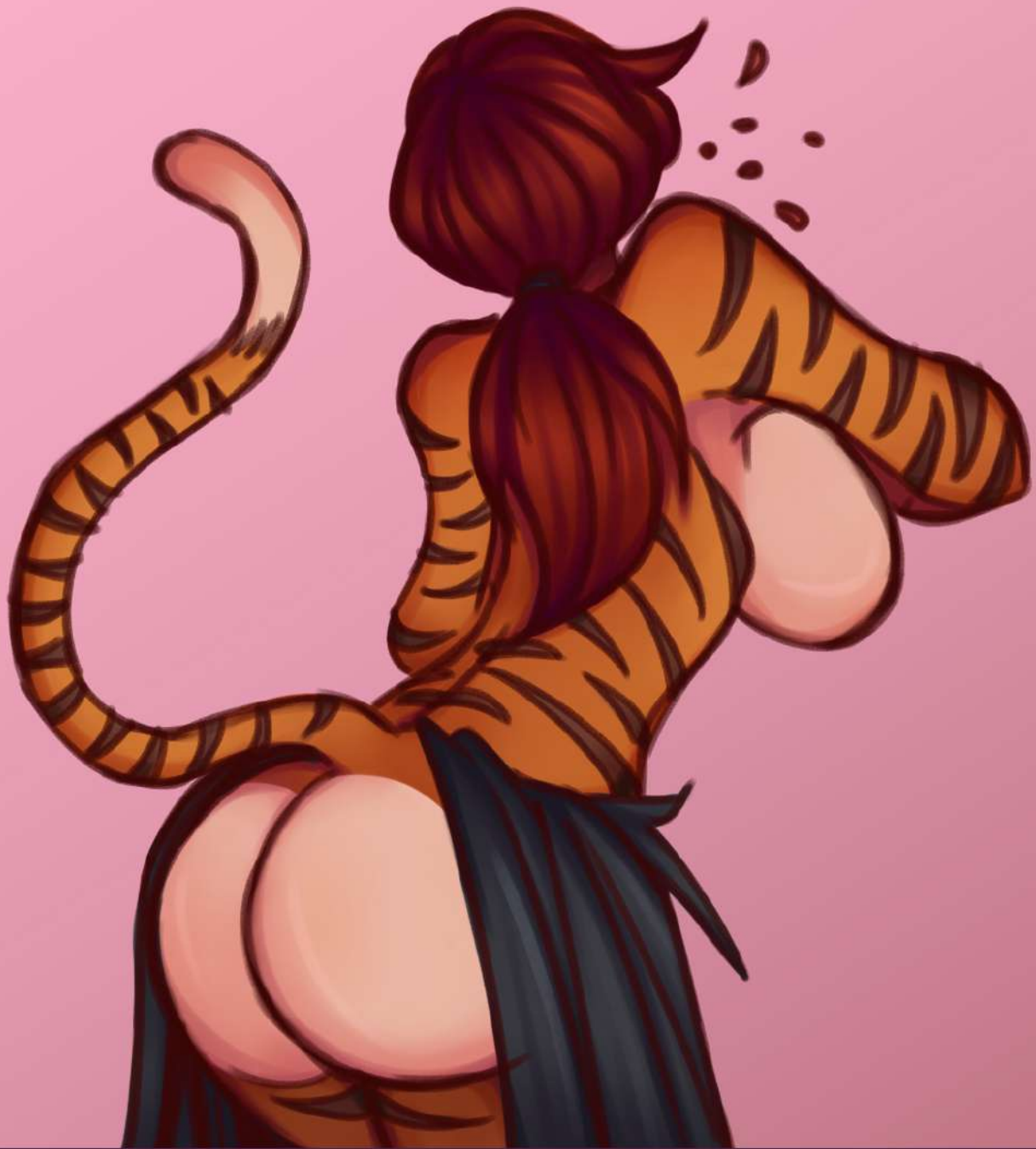
After that, I was a little less sure of the situation.

"Mom?"

I turned on the lights and dropped my empty chip bag to the floor. My jaw nearly joined it on the linoleum.



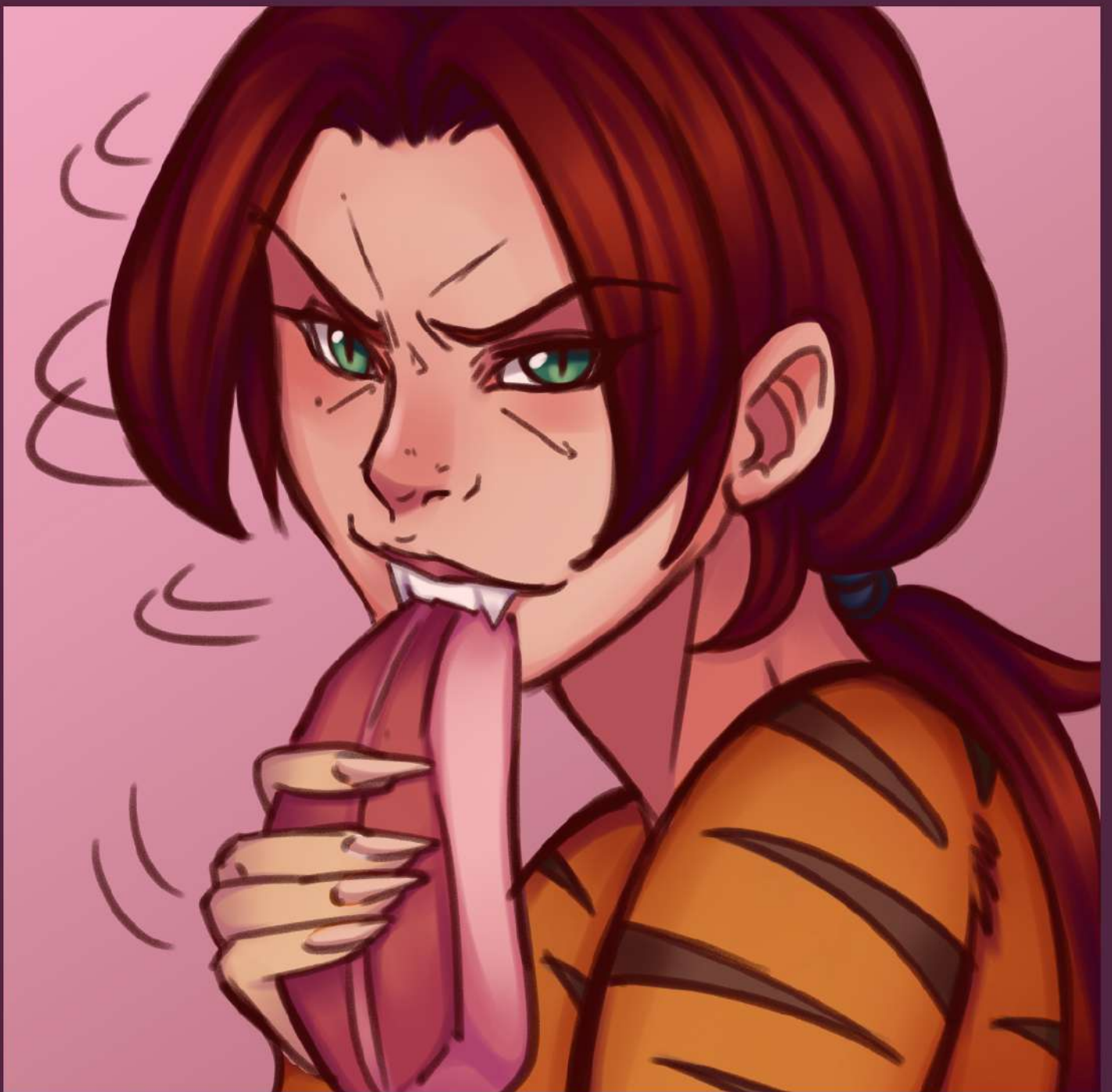
"Mom!!?"



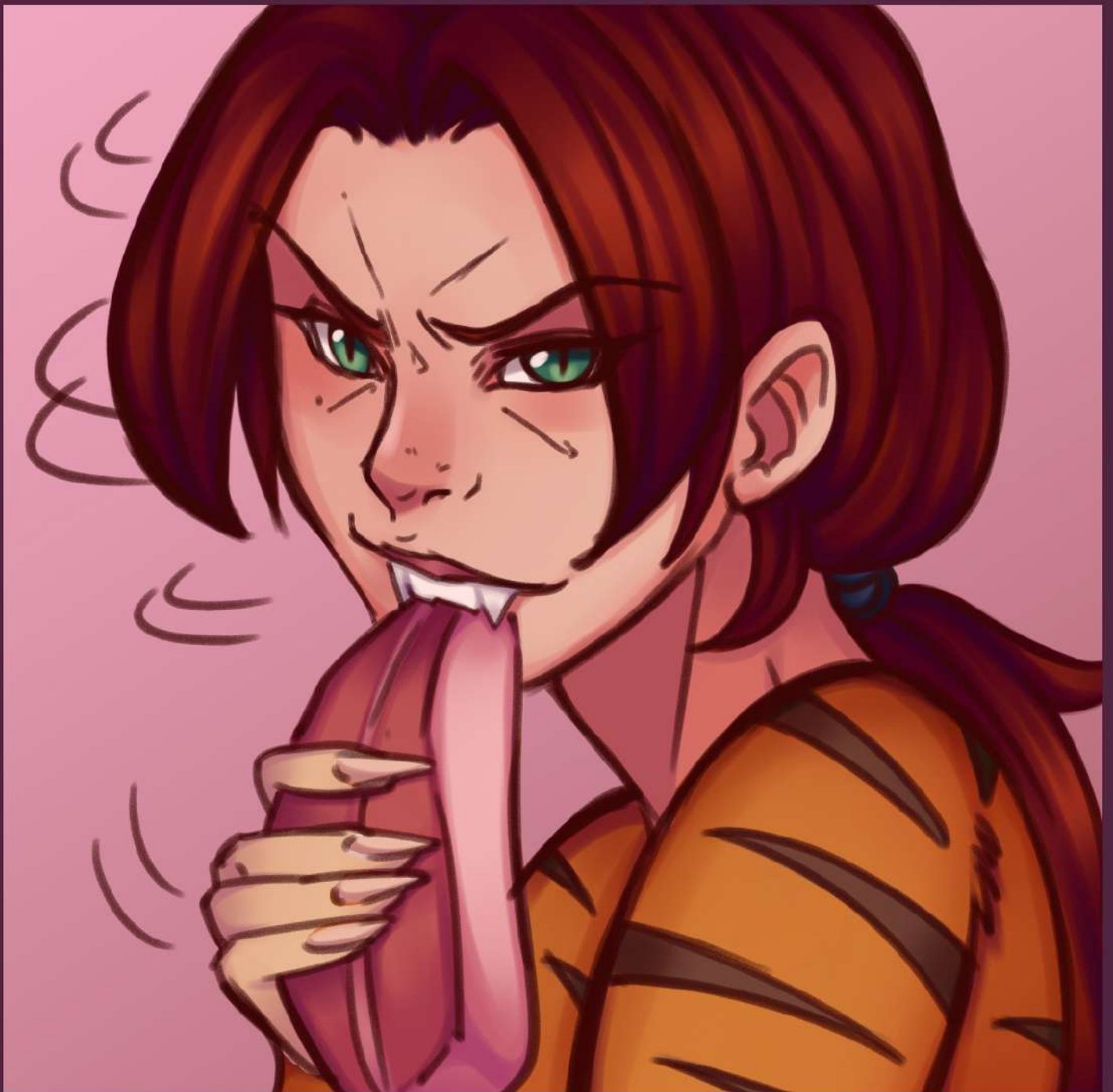
My eyes worked to adjust to the dim light. There was a woman crouched on our kitchen counter, wearing my mother's dress. Or, I should say, partially wearing it. It was torn and hung from her waist, exposing the woman's upper half.



I was partially 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 all over her, and ... fur. She was covered in downy fur. 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 eyes tightening into lines. My sweet, nerdy mother had turned into some sort of cat woman.

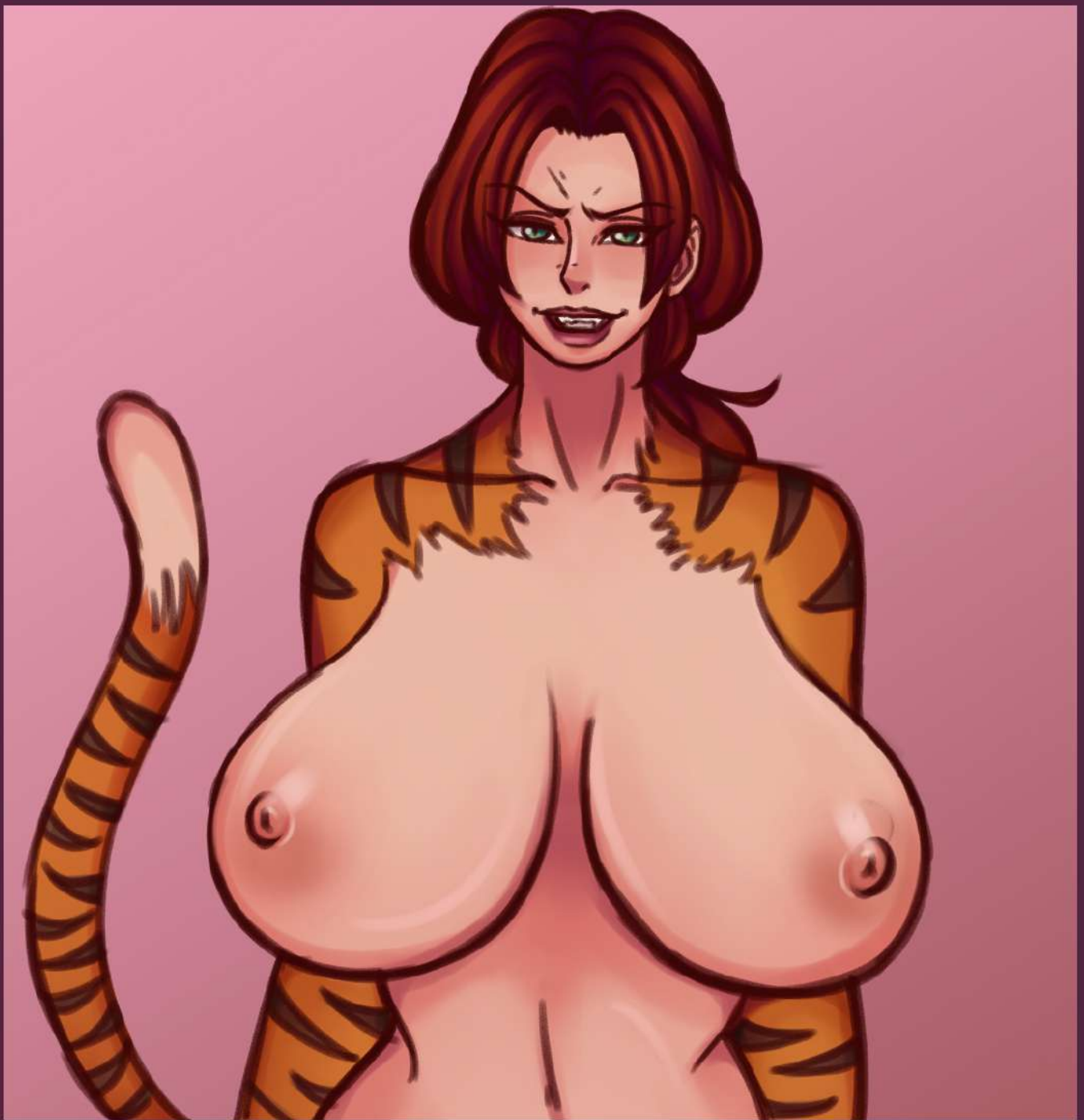


A tiger woman.

Tigerina.

Tigerra.

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 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 my 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?"

"The change lasted 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.



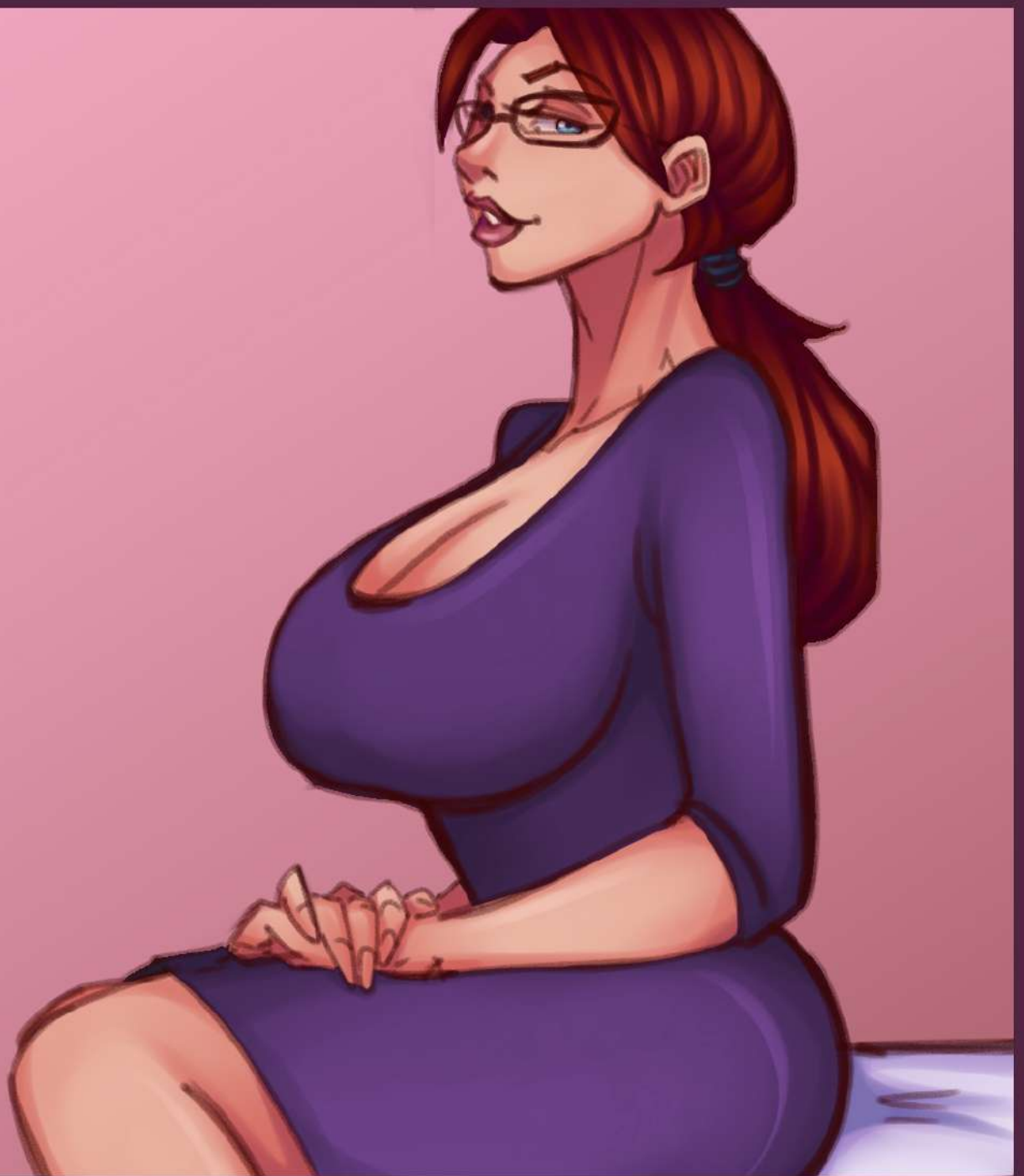
She had showered and wore a new dress. There wasn't a hint of the tiger about her.

"So, that was odd last night, wasn't it?"

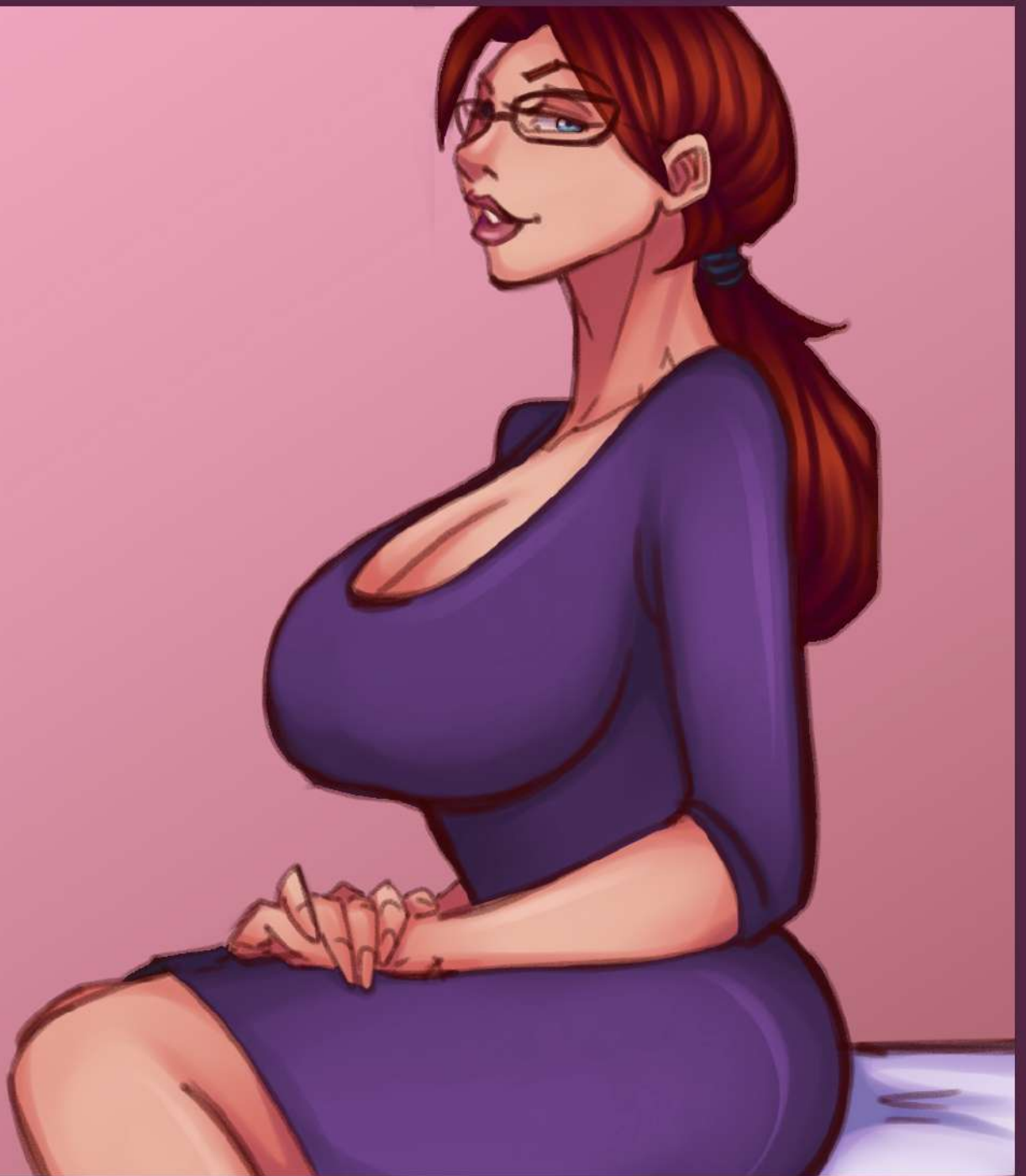
She sat down on the edge of my bed, her hands clasped in her lap. She waited for me to respond.

"You're ... you're ... a super ... Mom."

I tried to gather my wits.

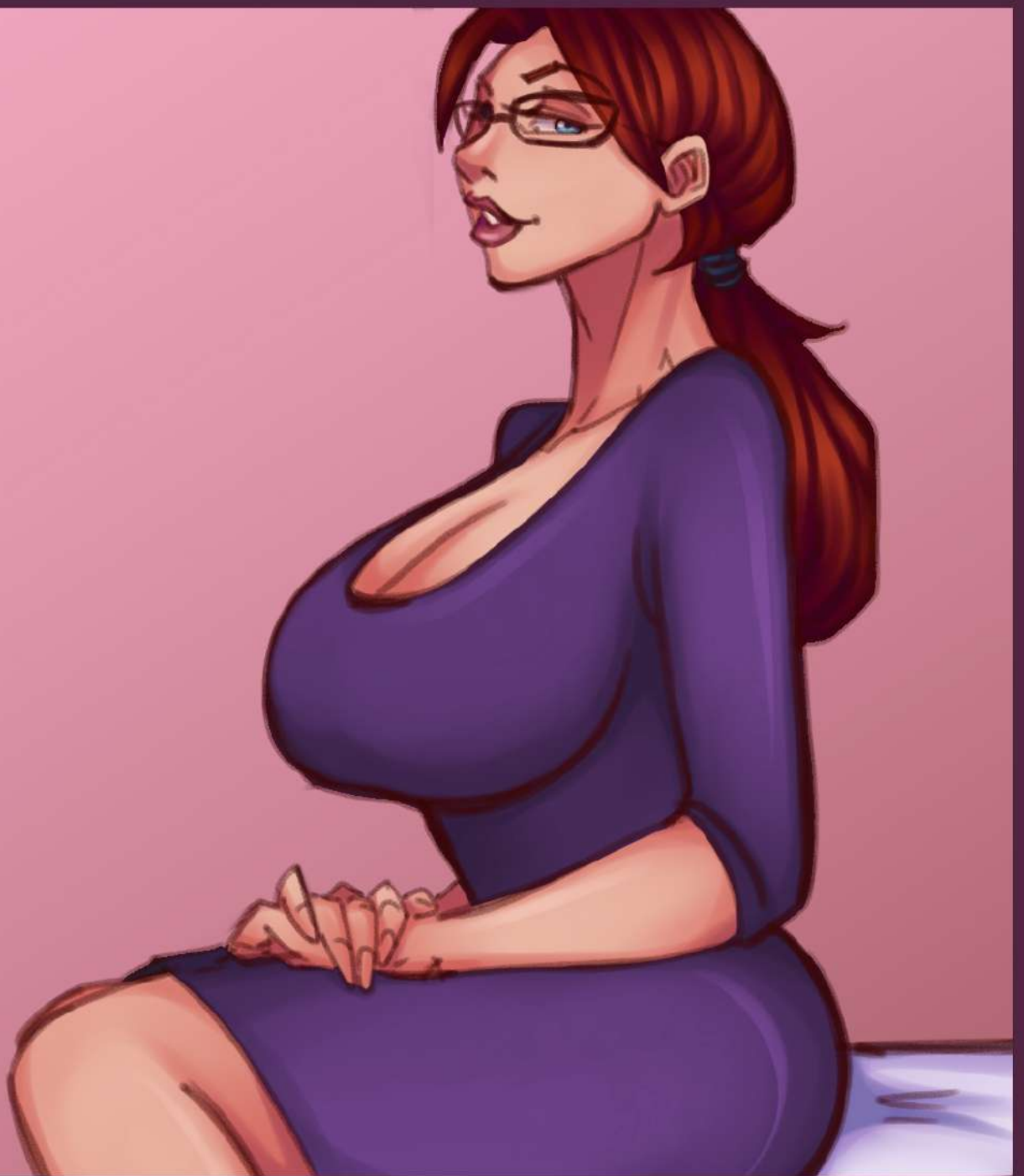


"It was just an accident. Won't happen again." She nodded with enthusiasm. "Thank you for not telling your father, or calling an ambulance, or anything like that. We want to keep what happened secret. Promise me you won't tell anyone."



"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."



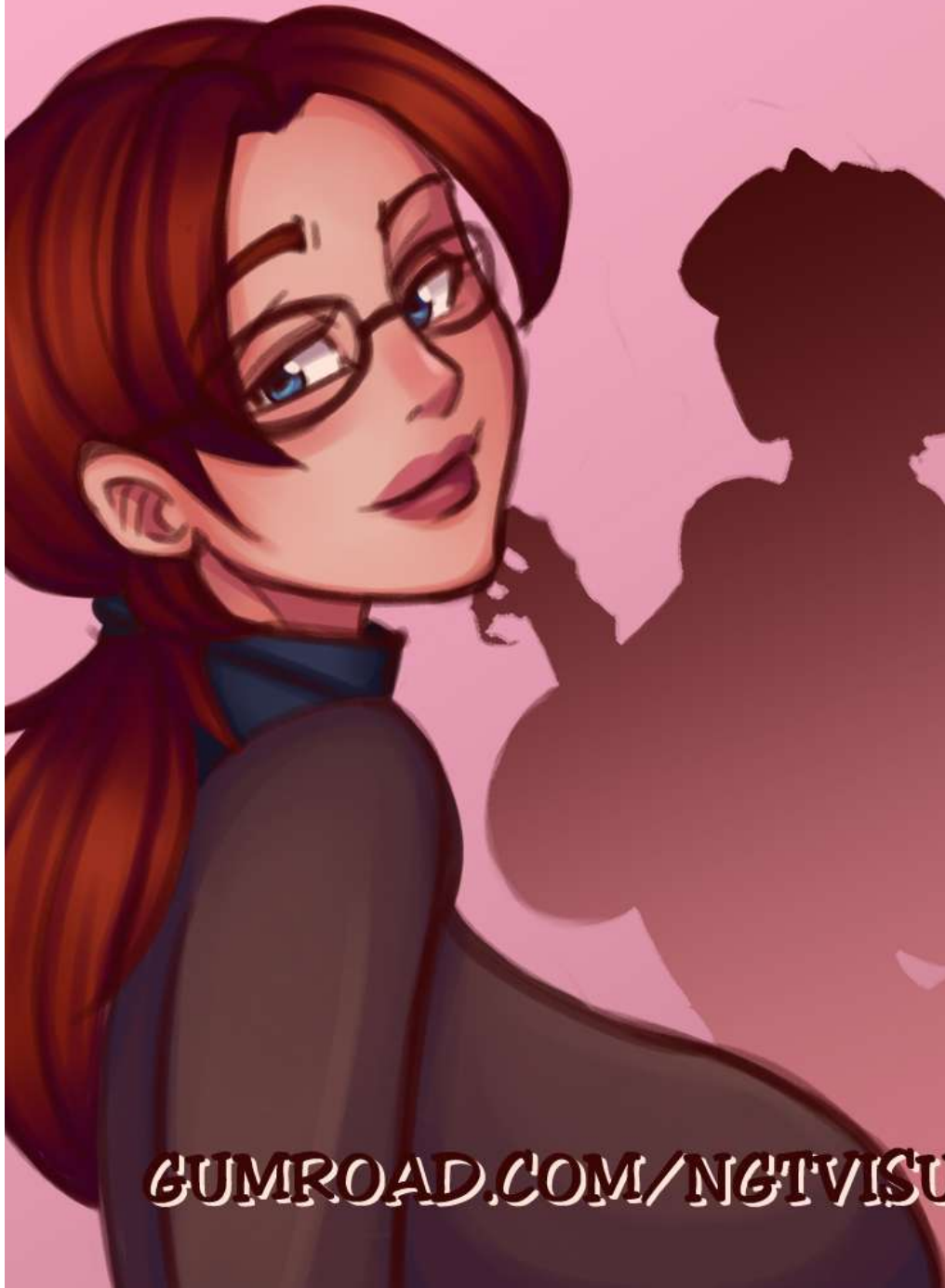
"Okay." I watched her go, her hips not swaying like they had the night before. There was no tail poking out from under her dress. No tiger stripes. I felt both deep disappointment and relief that it was over. I reached for my phone, but stopped.



"Shit." I had promised to keep it a secret, but I was dying to tell someone.

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