

"SECRET IDENTITY"

CHAPTER
05



NGT Visual Studio presents:

"Secret Identity"

Illustrations by NGT Visual Studio

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All characters aren't real.
All characters are 18 years or older.
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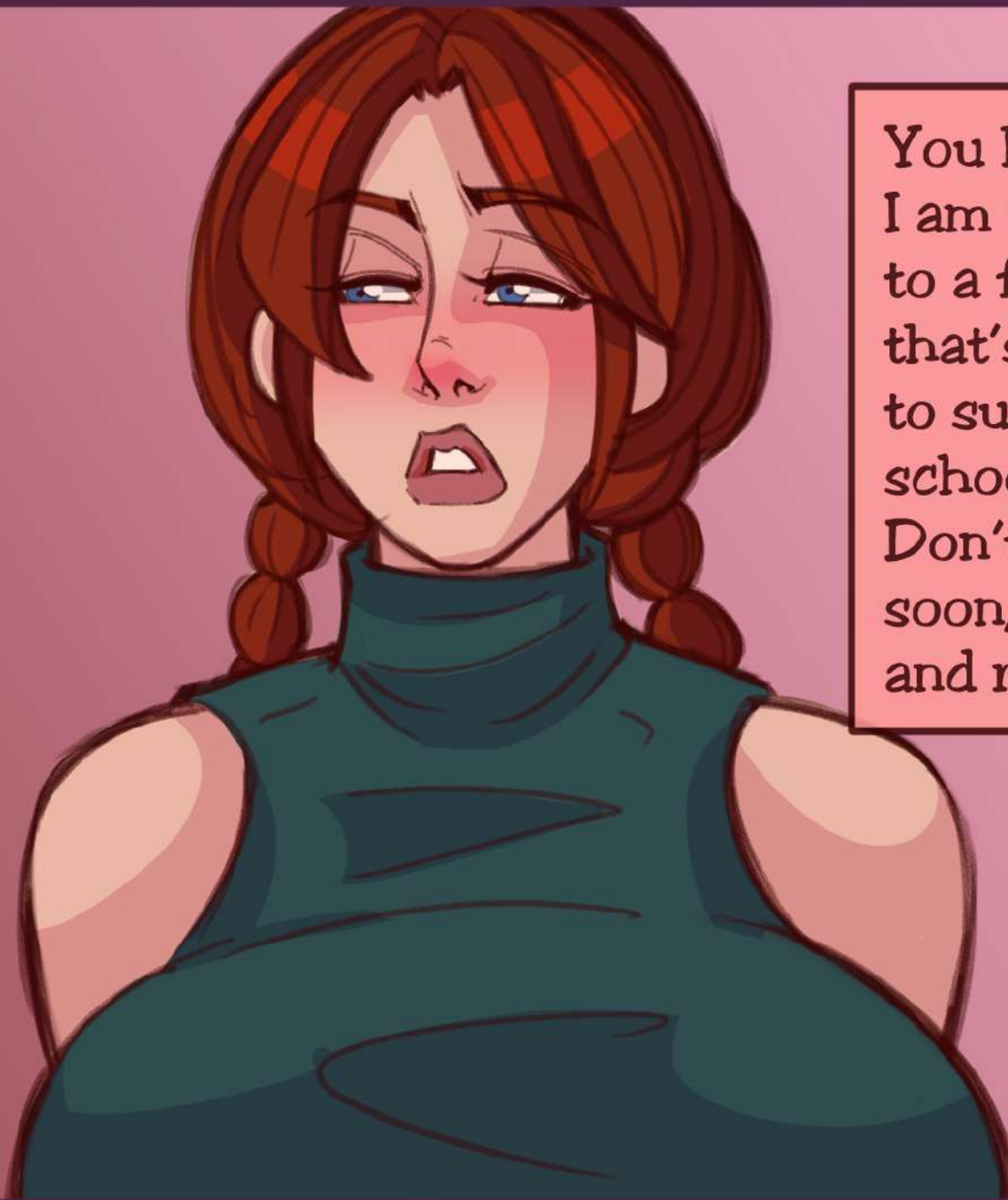
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CHAPTER 05

Um, wow.
Like, I did not expect any of this
to happen this morning.

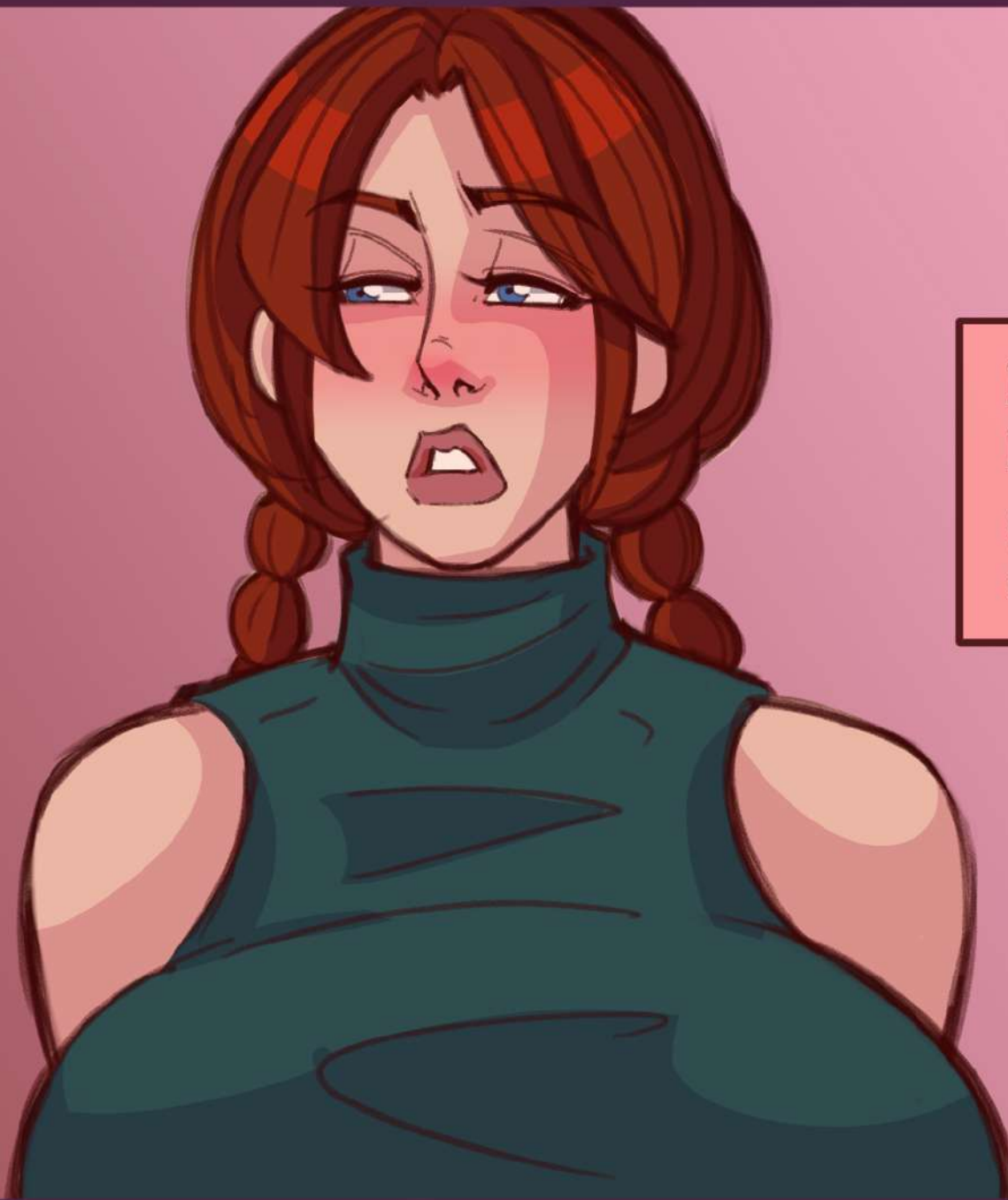
I know it was a crazy week,
with my mom turning into a tiger-woman,
and stealing the money,
which I buried,
like a good daughter should,
but it's just getting weirder every day.

And things are going so far
that I feel like I can't go back.
What is happening?!
It's so frustrating.



You know me, the good Maddie. I am your typical girl next store, to a fault. That's my image, that's what has allowed me to survive so far though high school.

Don't worry, I'll be graduating soon, then I can go to university, and re-brand myself there.



If you can keep a secret,
I am actually the least
good-looking member
of my family.




My sister Emma, has amazing curves, and it's no wonder that she snatched up Ryan, her fiancé. My mother is SUPER-HOT, as my brother once told me, she has an aura of 'milf' that everyone notices.



Oh, and my brother, Andrew, totally owns his hot-slacker image. He even somehow has abs, without working out. I don't know what he's smoking, but it's doing something very right for him.

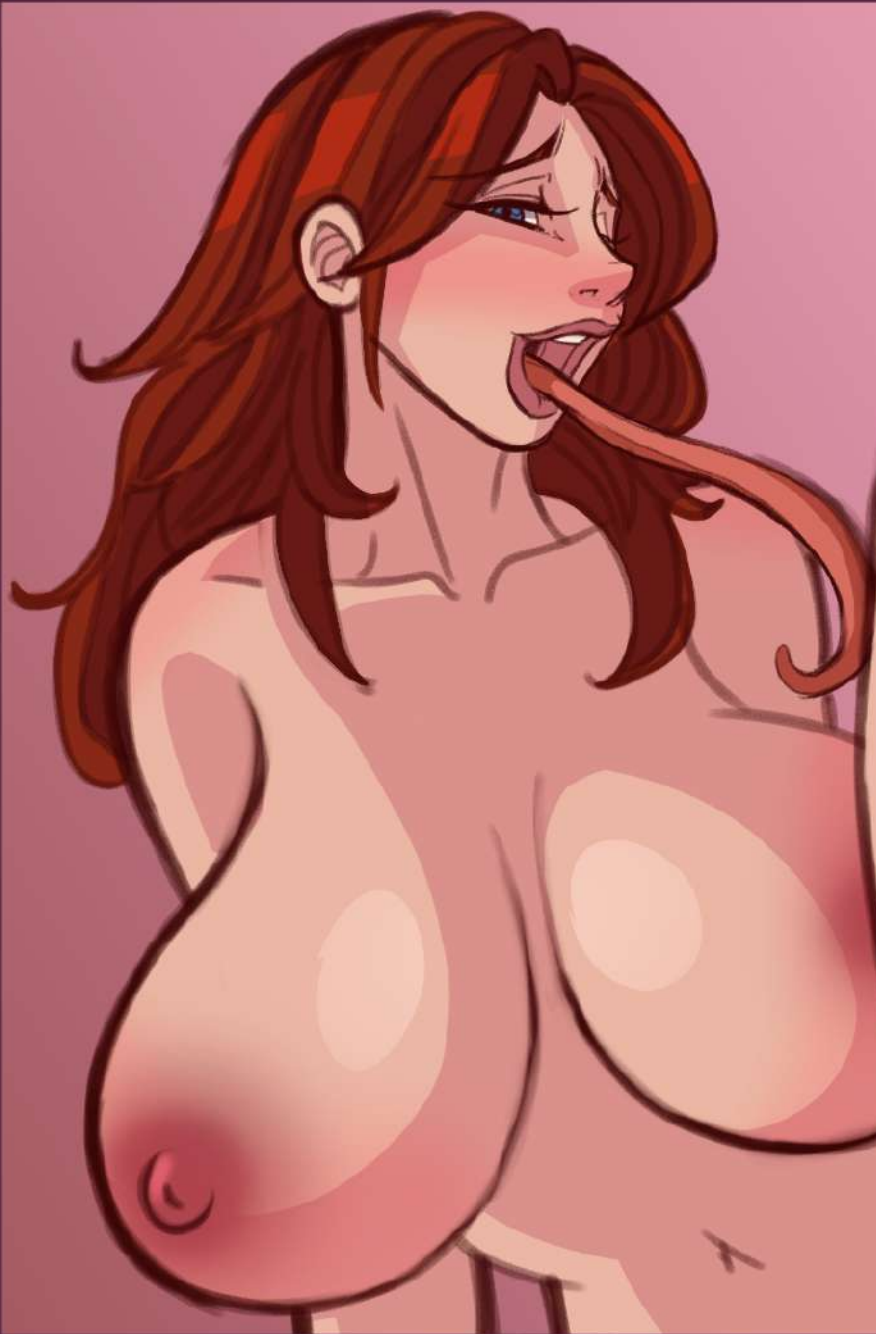


Don't get me wrong, I am not an ugly duckling, or the black sheep of the family. I know I am better looking than the other girls at my school. But compared to my family, I can't compete, so I don't.

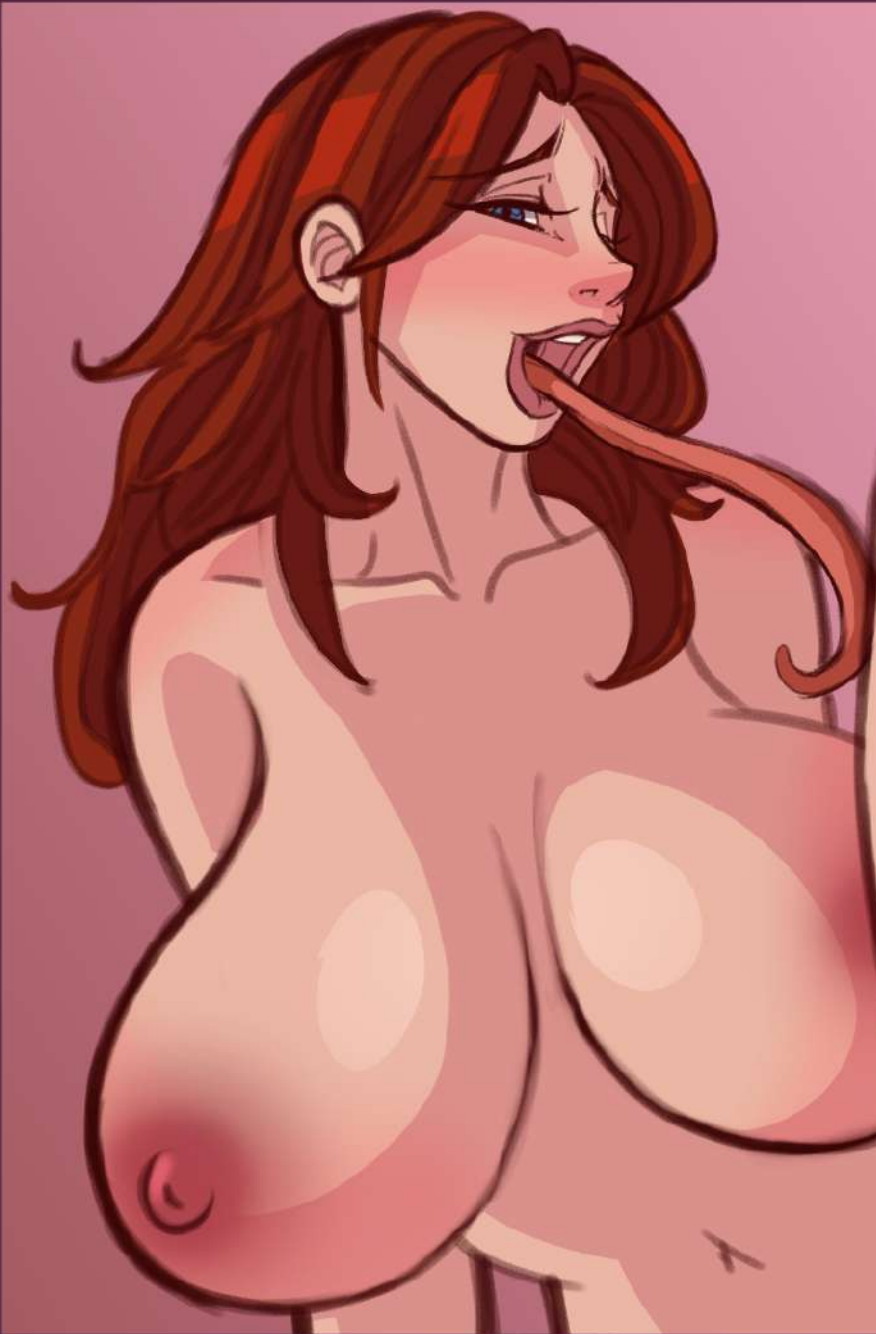
A stylized illustration of a woman with long brown hair styled in two braids. She has blue eyes and a slightly open mouth, looking towards the right. She is wearing a dark green, high-necked, sleeveless top. The background is a light pink color.

Two pig-tails, a tasteful blouse,
and if I feel like it, a nice skirt,
are all I need to make it through
the day. Minimal-effort to get
the desired results.

But my mind is
not on school today.
I don't care if I miss a week of classes.
My mind is on what the fuck just happened
in my mother's bedroom.




Mom is just laying there, licking herself like a cat in heat, and offering to suck my brother's dick. Like, what-the-fuck mom!!




He's your son! He'd probably want someone my age. And, of course, not his own mother!!




Not that I'd ever say that to her. She has feelings too. Although according to my brother, they're more maternal feline feelings. Does that make sense? I hope it does.



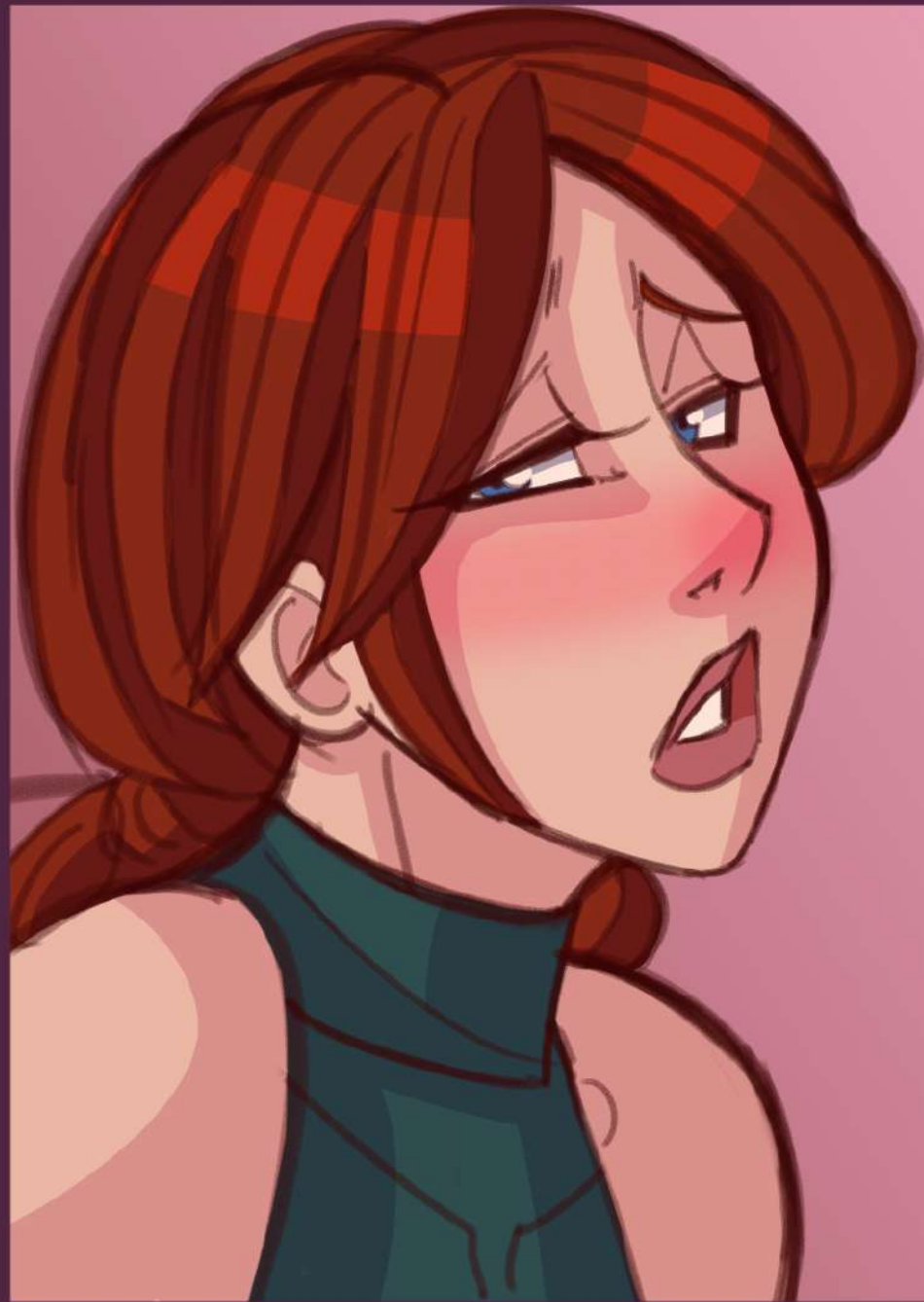
Anyways, mom didn't just offer to put her massive tongue around my brother's dick. (Seriously, what's with that thing?) But she kissed me!



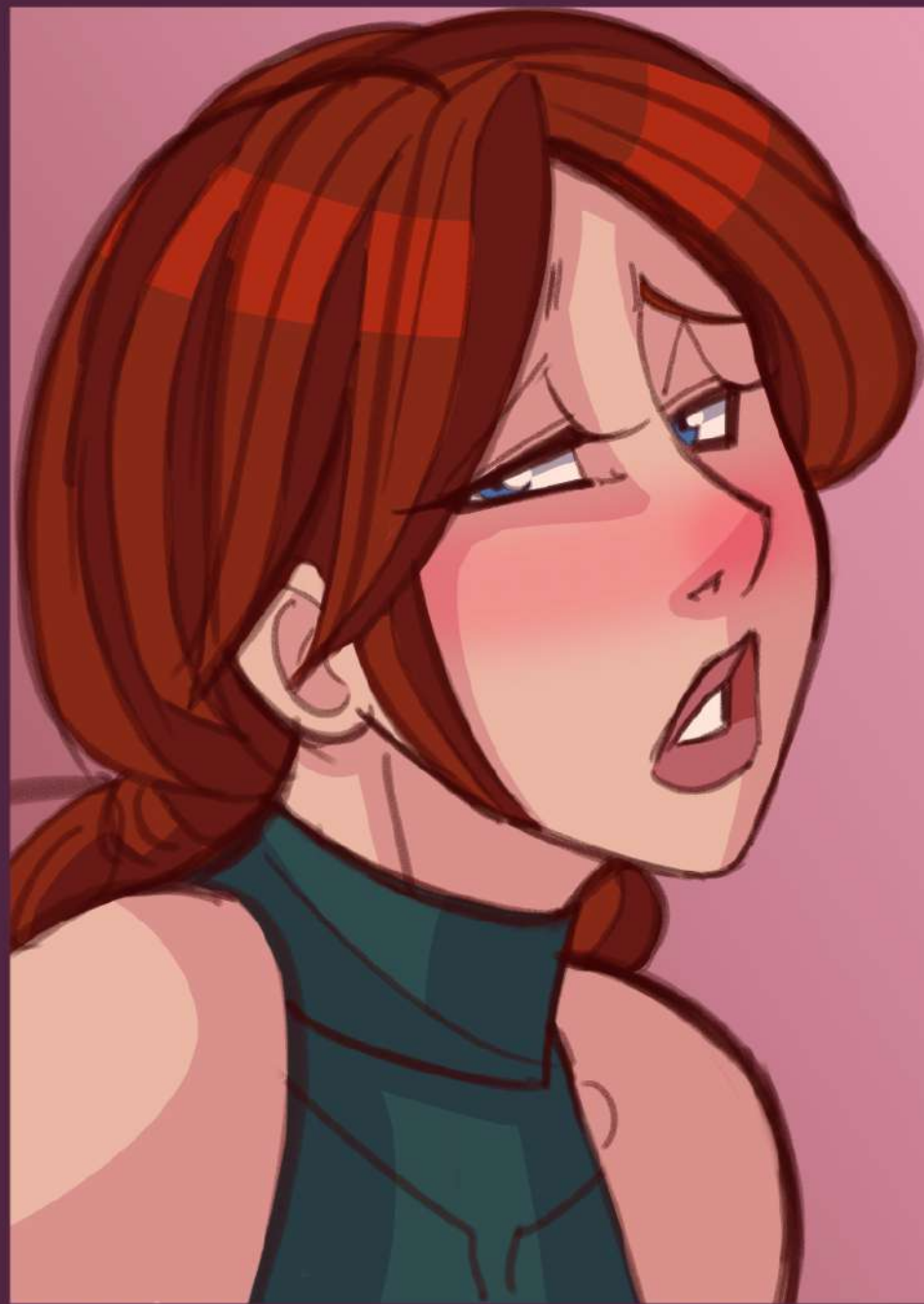
I mean, 'ew,' right?
Our plump red lips
pressing towards
each other, as she
gently snakes her
tongue past my teeth,
and towards the back
of my throat.

An illustration of two young women with long, reddish-brown hair tied in pigtails. They are shown in profile, facing each other and kissing. The woman on the left is wearing a dark green top, and the woman on the right is wearing a light-colored top. The background is a soft, light pink color.

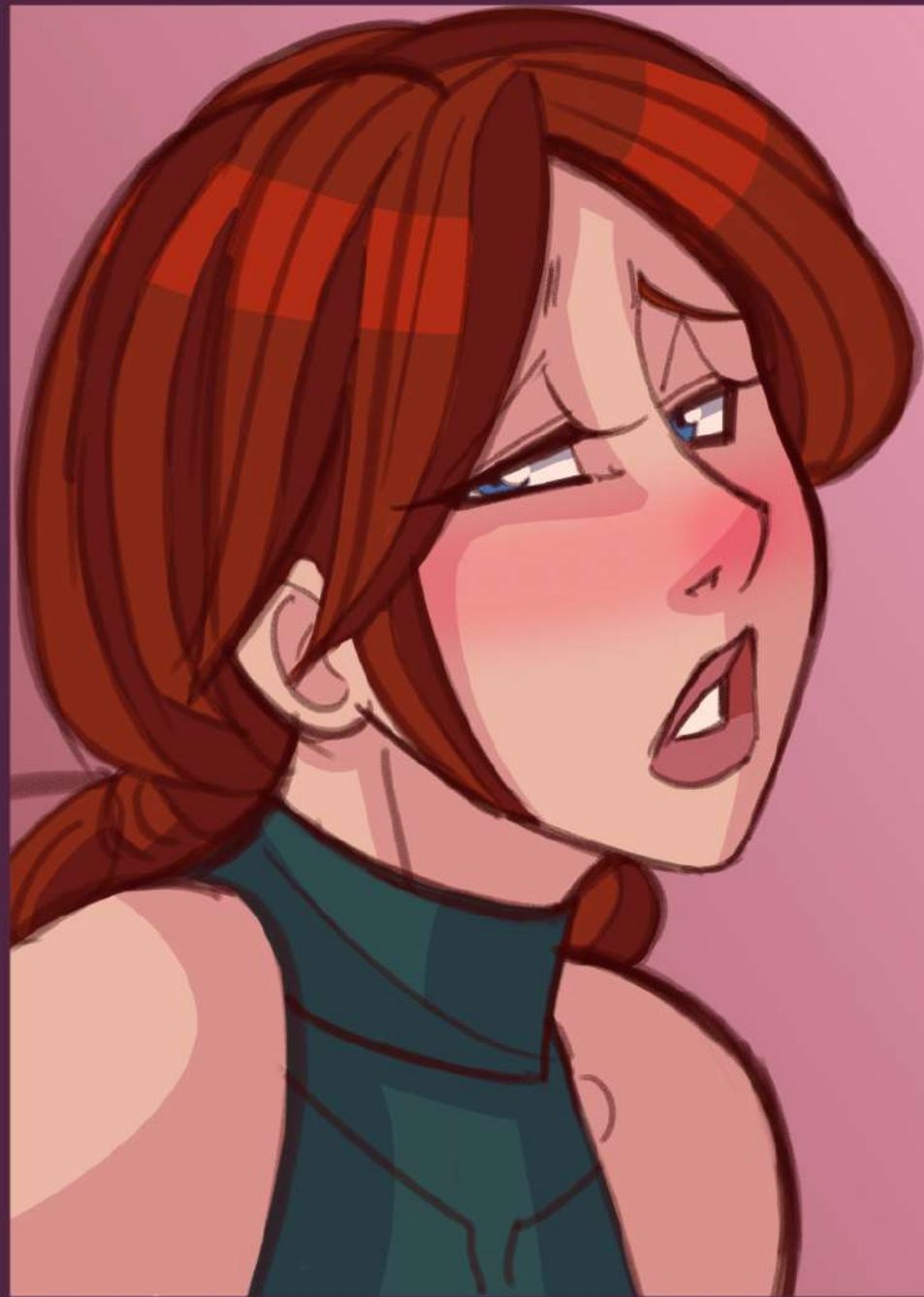
It was so long and
thick, that I couldn't
help but think of my
bother's...
I mean my
boyfriend's dick.
Ex-boyfriend.
Obviously.




Gawd, I could feel my body betraying me. The excitement flowing through me as my heart beat increased, and my pulse raced.




That wasn't the only thing. There was a dampness that grew between my legs. I was moistening at the thought of physical excitement between my family members. I mean, there must be something wrong with me!



Now, ever since that stupid confrontation with my mother acting like a cat, I have this phantom feeling, of emptiness, that just yearns to be filled. Fuck my life!

A woman with vibrant red hair styled in two braids, wearing a teal, high-necked, sleeveless dress. She has a thoughtful or slightly sad expression, looking off to the side. The background shows a doorway and a door handle.

So, anyways. I decide to go see my brother, and 'talk' to him about what just happened. I mean things are clearly awkward between us.



It's not everyday that you get your mother offering to lick your dick clean, while your sister watches. He clearly has a lot of things on his mind, that maybe I can "help" him with.



Here is the thing, sometimes, time itself feels like its going slowly for me. I mean, I can still think fast, and my body reacts the way I expect it to, but people take too long to respond.



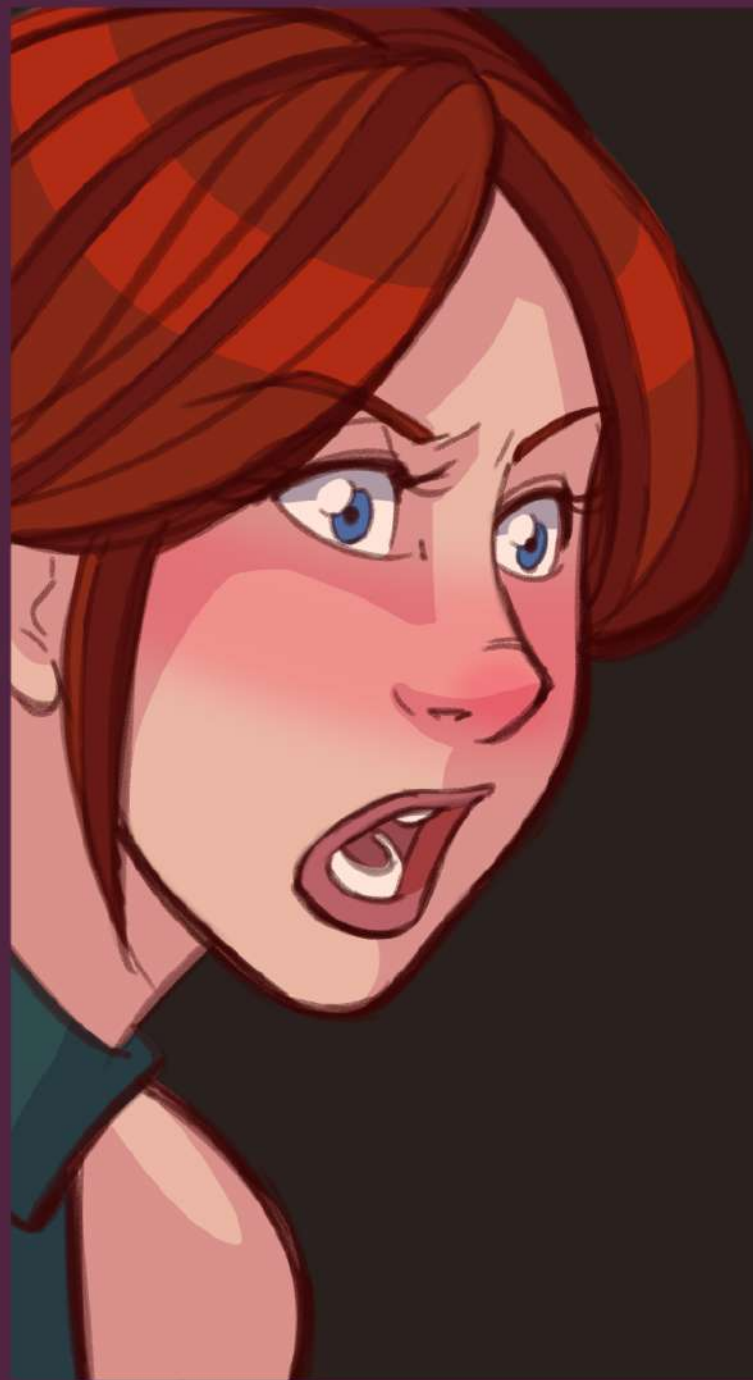
I mean my last boyfriend didn't even notice me for months, when I was right there in half of his classes, and at the same lunch table as him.



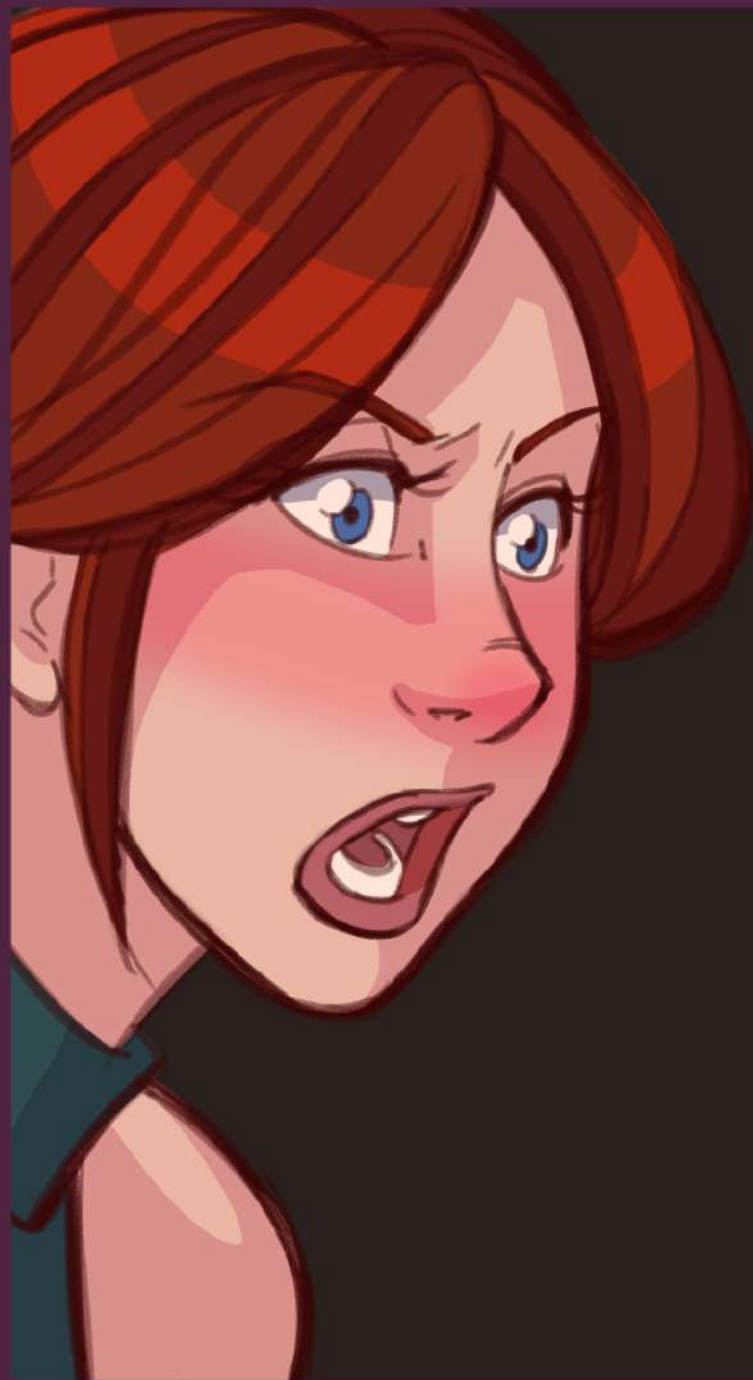
Then when we were dating,
I was literally throwing myself
at him, and it still took months
before we went beyond
anything but kissing.



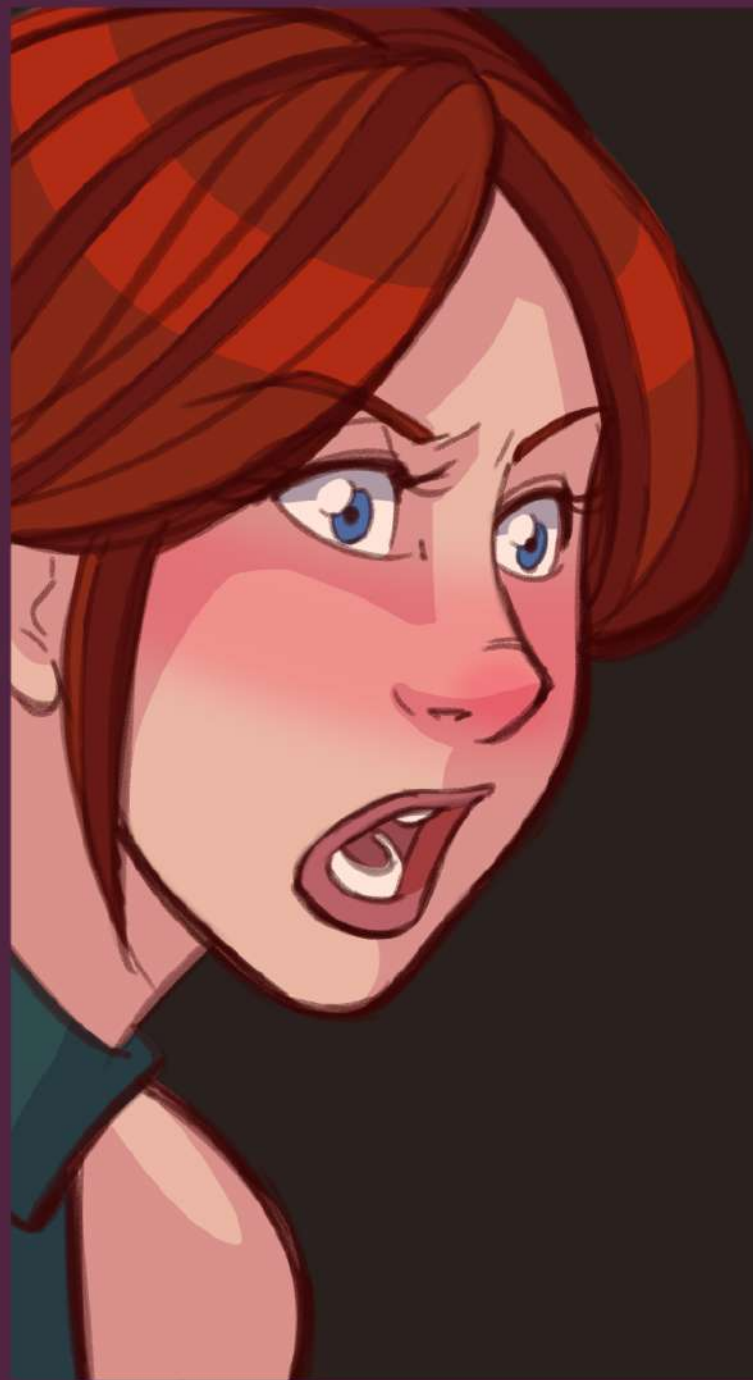
Point is, time slows down for me, and when I was about to open his door to talk, time absolutely felt like it was standing still.



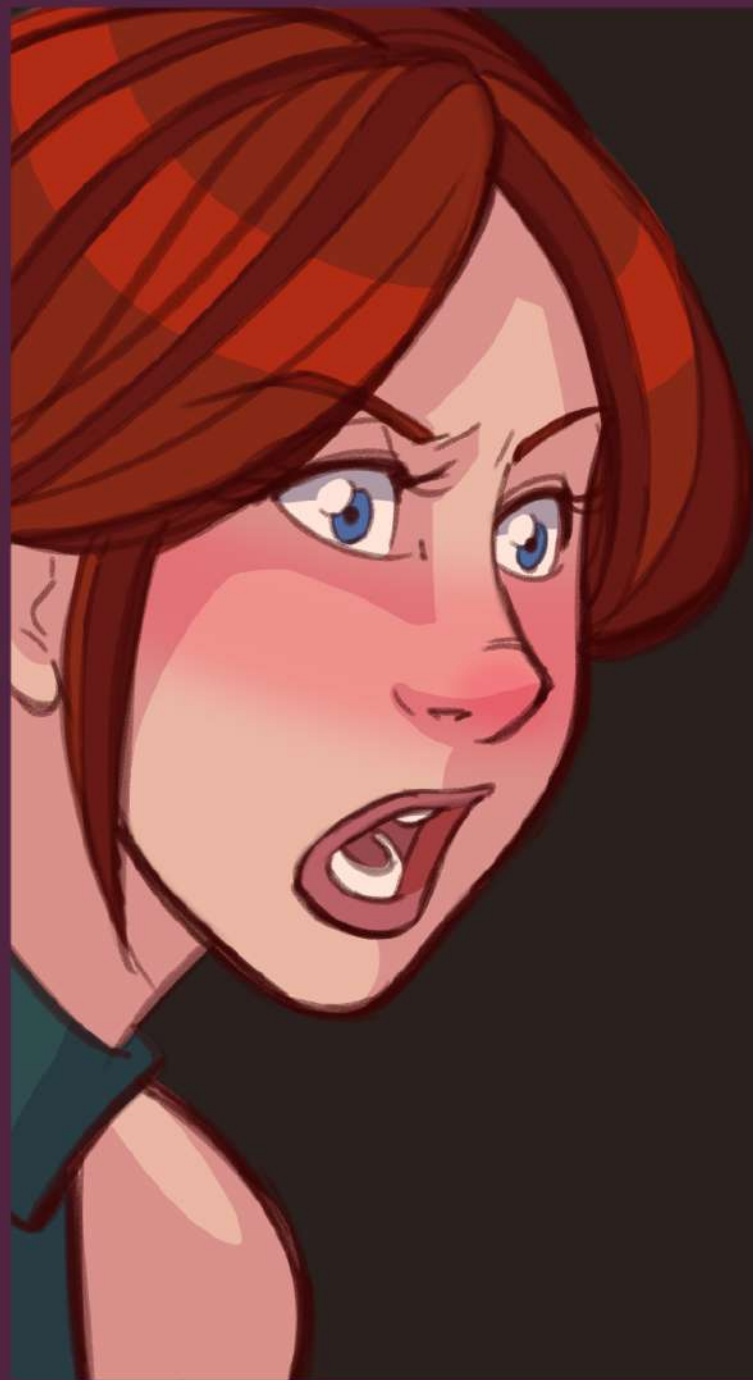
I need to go to my brother and talk some more about what just happened. But I can't let mom see us, she might realize that we're talking about her, and worry.



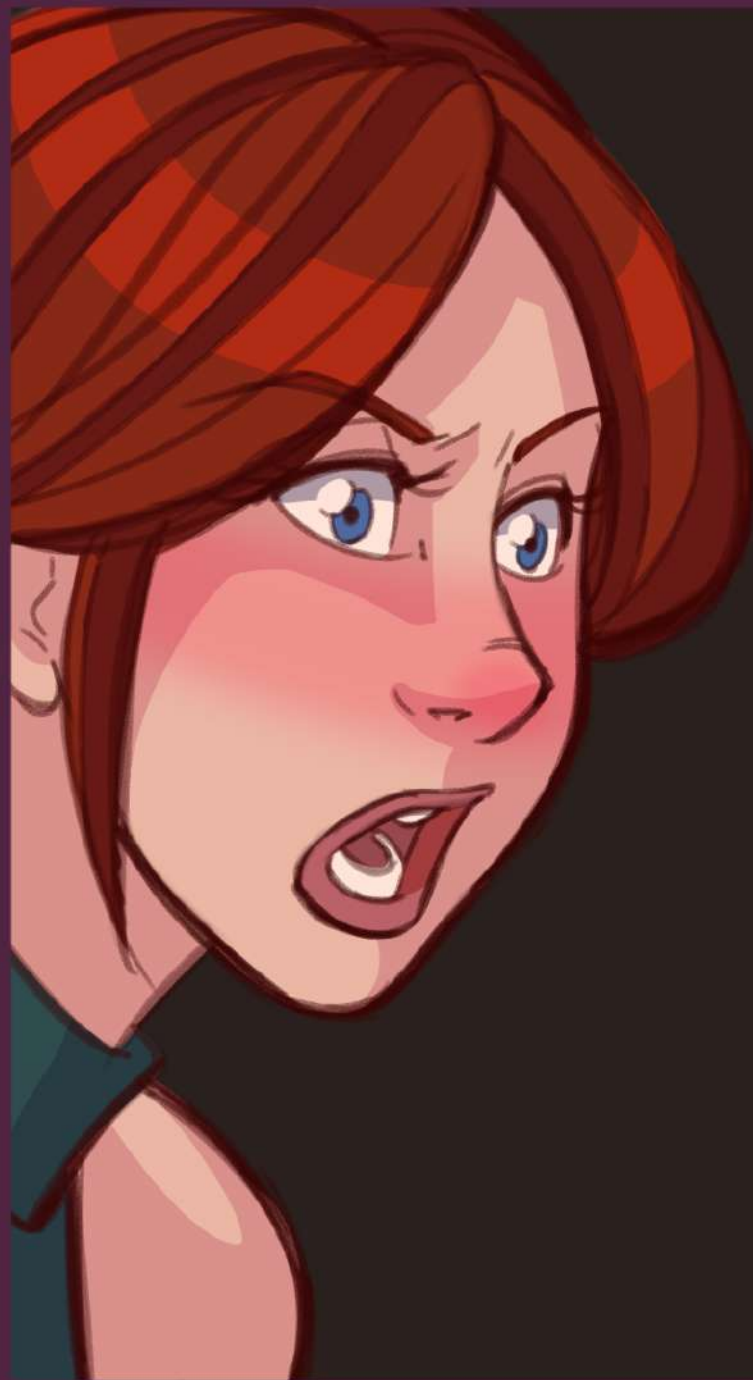
And who knows how stress will make her body react? It's just...
Sorry, I spooked myself, my mother opened her bedroom door when I was in the hall thinking.



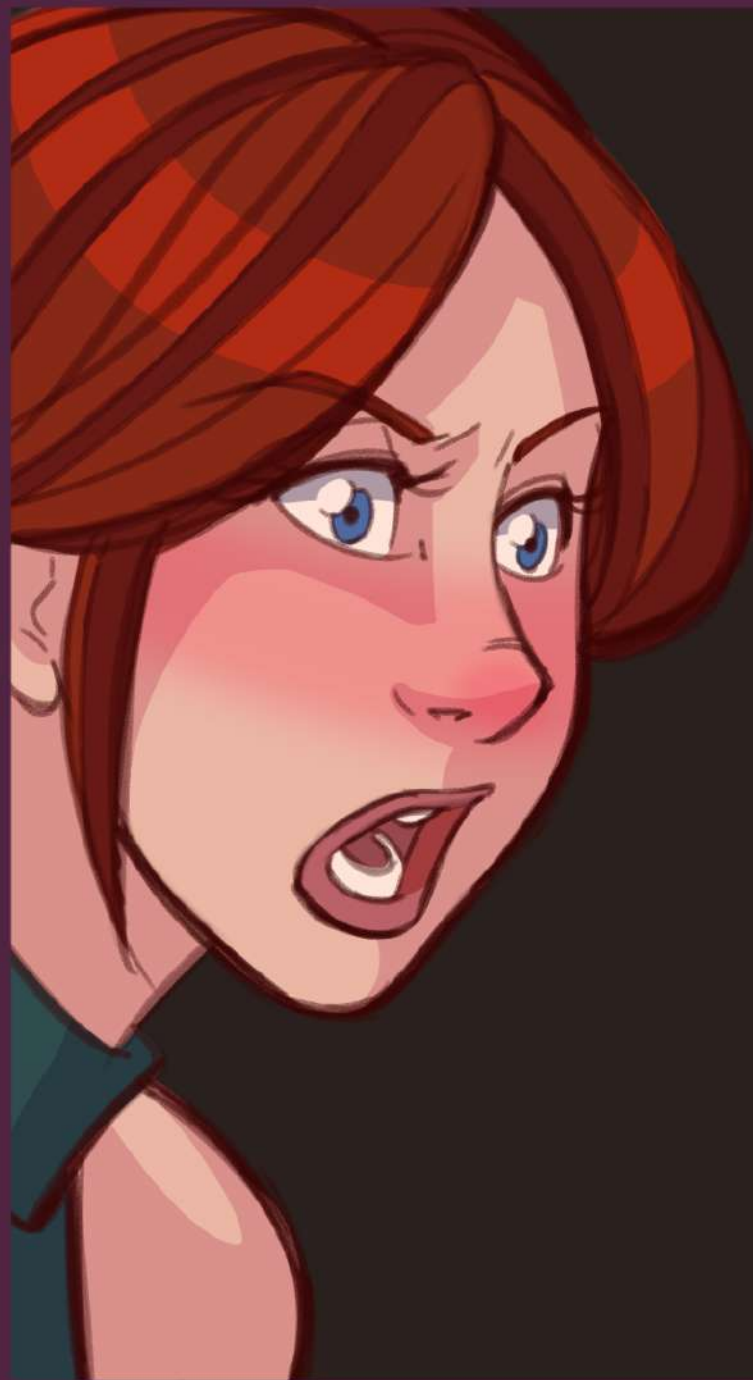
I quickly managed to get to my room, and shut my door out of instincts. After a few seconds, I could hear her push Andrew's door open, and slowly opened the door to take a look.



I shut my door again to think. What was she doing in there? Was she going to try and suck his dick?




I paced back and forth. That was only going on in my imagination. There was no chance that her trip into his room would end with anything like that happening, right?



After a while, I walked over to my brother's door, and opened it just a crack.
I couldn't believe what I was seeing!




My mother was
topless, on her knees,
and playing with my
brother's dick!
"What the fuck mom!"
I whispered, trying
hard not to give away
the fact I was
watching them.




"You look different," my brother said.
"What do you mean?" my mother replied.
"I mean your breasts look less baggy."
"Thanks for noticing. I noticed that too,
this morning."
"And your skin looks smoother."
"Now you're just embarrassing me."
"And are those abs?"



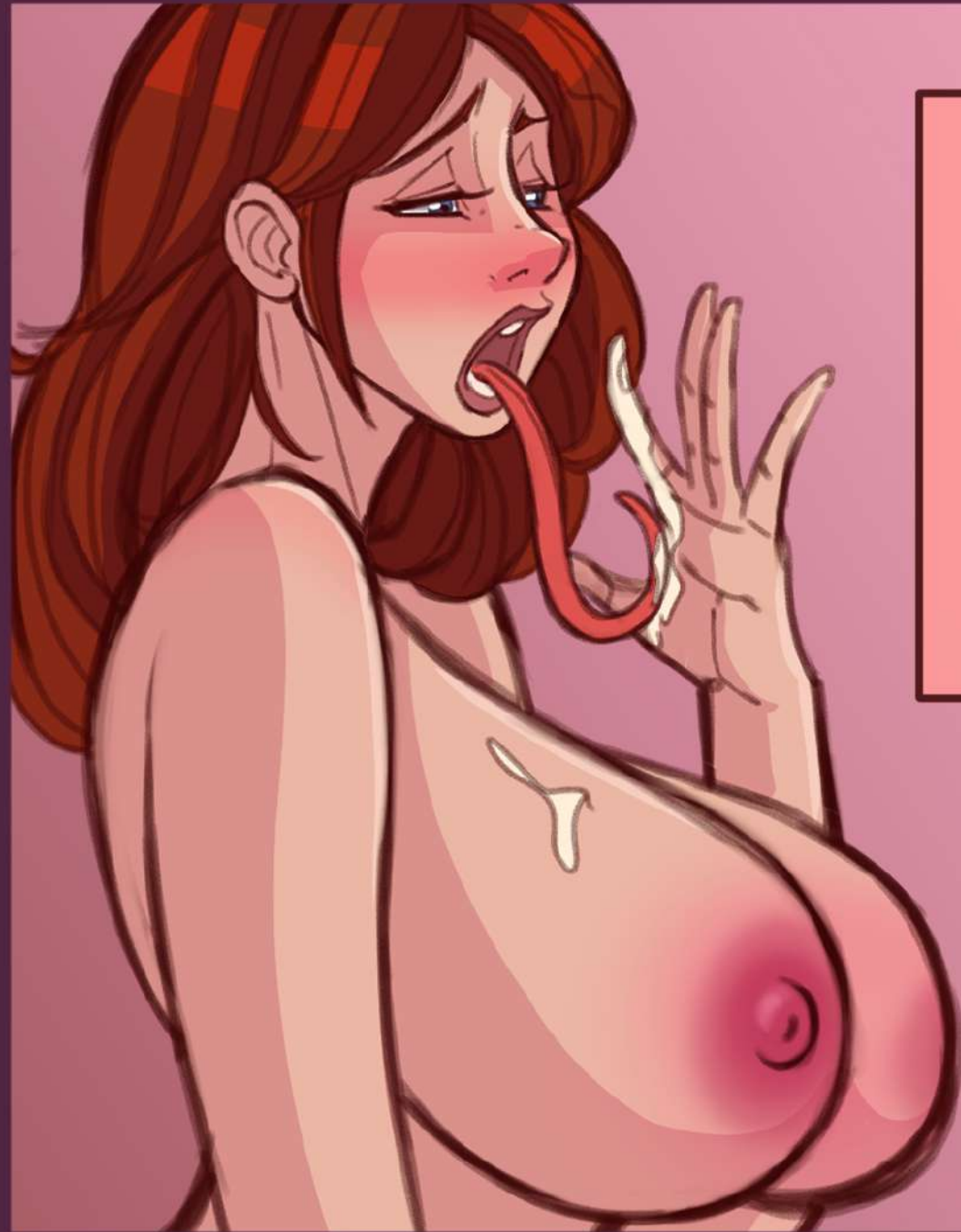
My mind raced hearing this. It was true, my mother was starting to look considerably younger. How did I not notice this earlier? Oh, right, her giant tongue licking herself before offering to suck my brother's dick, distracted me.



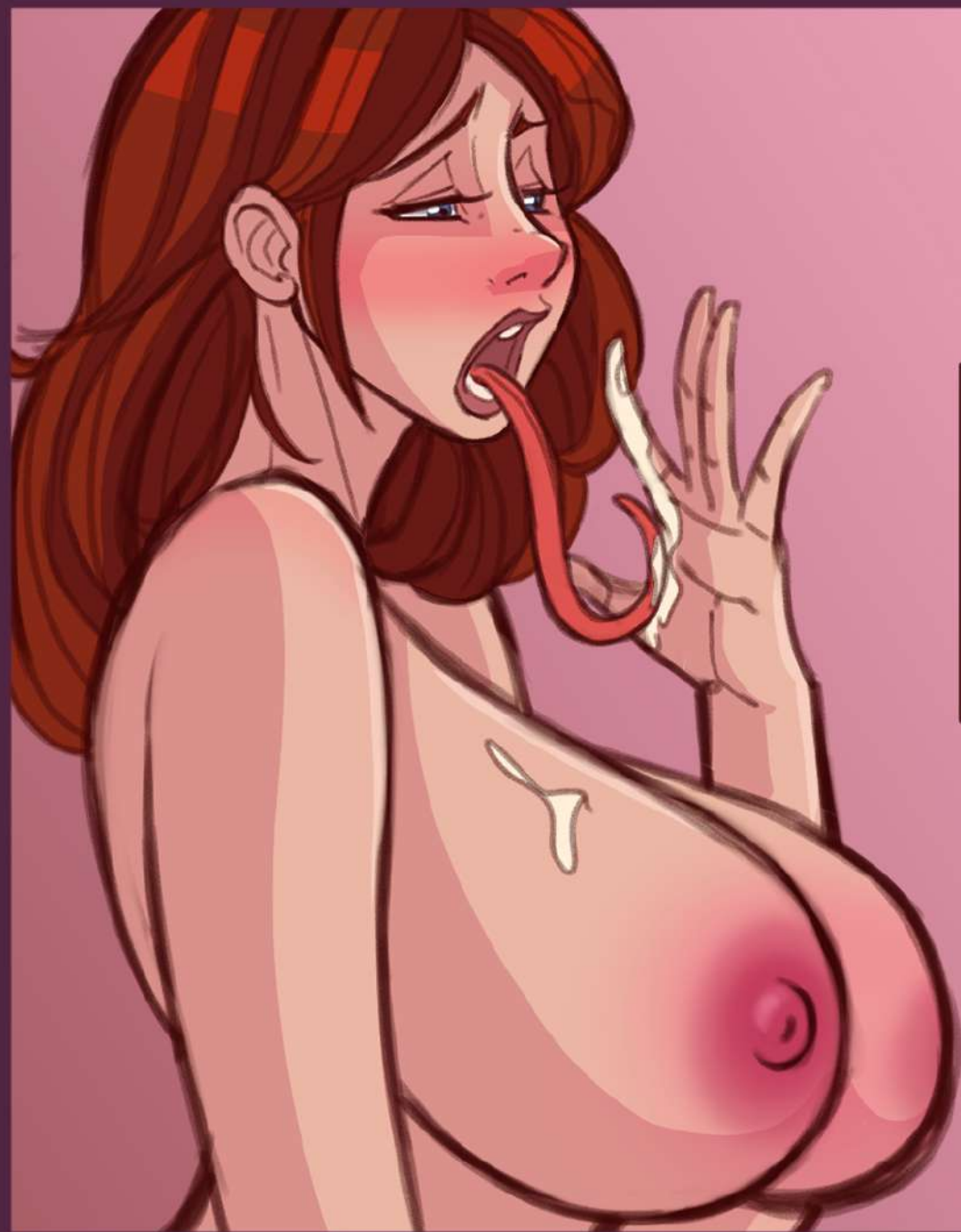
Was I really competing for the attention of my brother against my own mom? Geeze, I blanked out for a second, and all of a sudden, my brother cums on my mother's chest and face.



Was I noticing this right? I mean, I didn't get much sleep, and had to bury stolen evidence in the nearby woods. Maybe I was hallucinating this.



I looked again, just to be sure, and my mother was licking my brother's cum off her fingers. She slowly licked each individual one and her eyes met my brothers, and let out a satisfied sign as she gulped down the last bit.



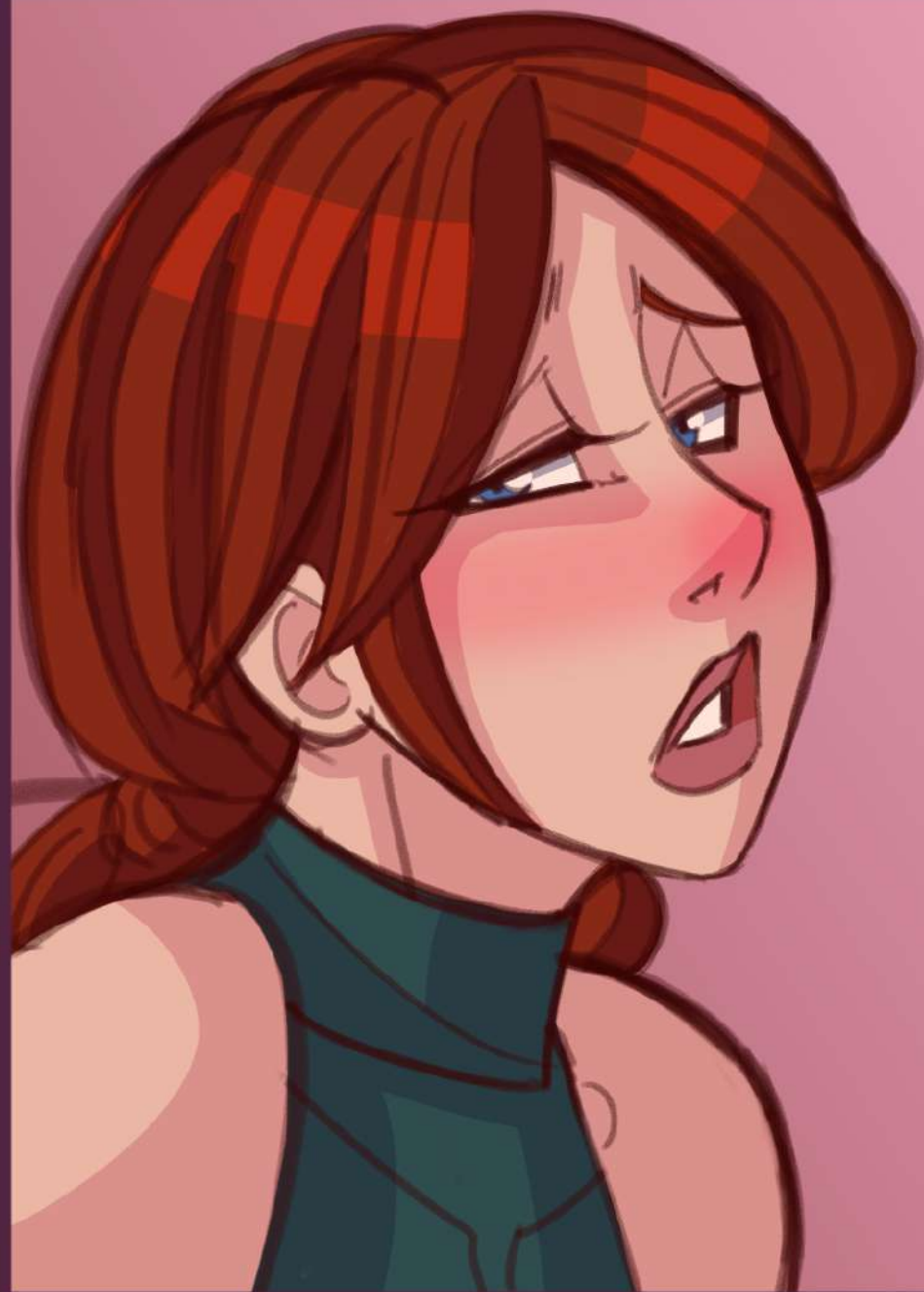
Then she started to stand up again.
What the fuck was going on in this house?

I quickly went into my room to think,
shutting the door behind me.
I had to think fast.

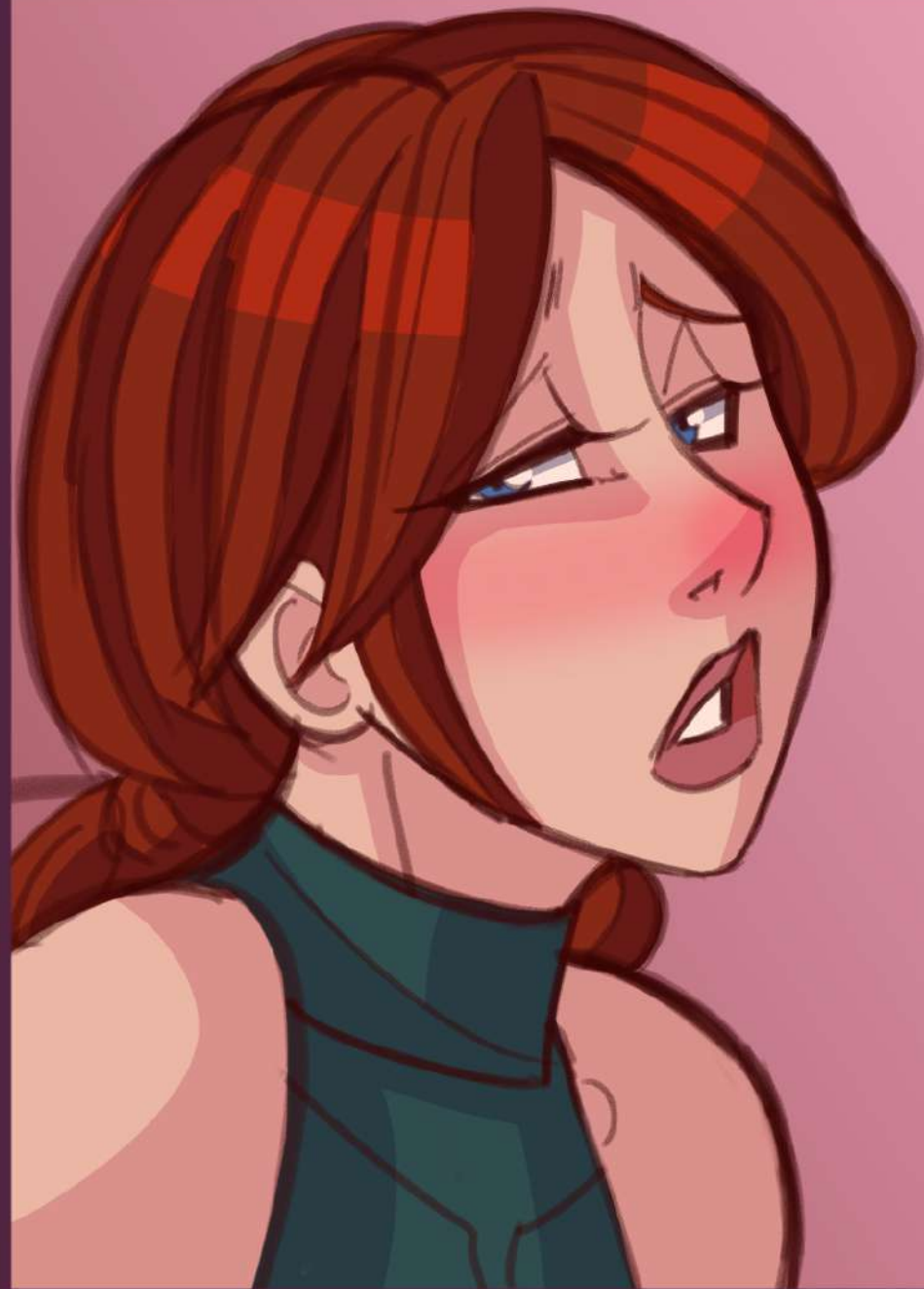
Do I want to confront my mother about this,
or pretend that I didn't notice anything,
and play like everything is fine?



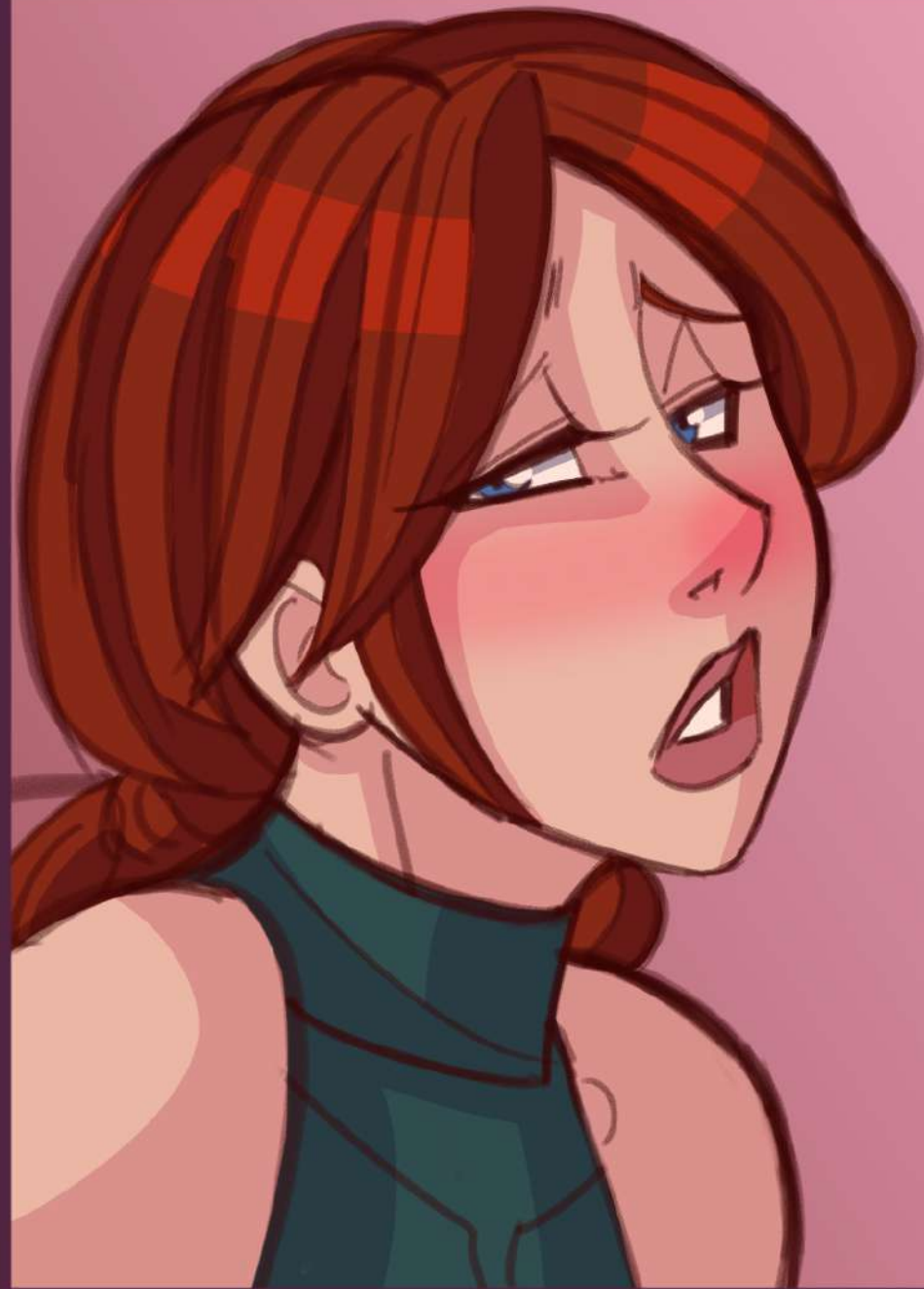
Okay, I have to think. Mom is going through some big changes. She is becoming a cat-woman at night. It's obviously affecting her brain. But maybe she has another power, one that releases pheromones that cause people to act differently.



That could explain why she is obsessed with touching Andrew's dick. But it seemed more than that. She enjoyed it. The way she slowly slurped the liquid off of her fingers. The satisfied sigh. It's more than just some maternal cat-mother instincts, she was really into that.



Her powers are making her seem younger too. Those aren't the soggy breast-feeding lumps that I grew up associating with her. Those are the perky, straight-out-of-a-porno breasts, with nipples so pointy that they could knock a guy's eyes out.



Maybe I want her out of the house?
NO! She is still my mom. I am going
to help her through this. Now, I am
going to take a breath and open the
door. And it's just in time to see
her walking towards me.



"Hey kitten. Are you ready for school?" she asked.

"Of course. Mom."

"Is everything okay?"

"Ya, why wouldn't it be?"

"Okay, I am going to keep getting ready. Hopefully, I can make some breakfast for you, before you leave,"



As she walked downstairs, I realized that I would have to talk to Emma about what was going on.



At first glance, you wouldn't think that Emma and I get along. She's the oldest child, I am the youngest. She is hot and I am more of a plain-Jane. She's had a steady boyfriend for over two years, and well, I had...him.



But we love each other. Even if we have very different ways of showing it. I show her how much I love her by leaving her alone, and she shows how much she loves me by being a totally bitch, and calling me slut, and whore. It's the little things, you know?



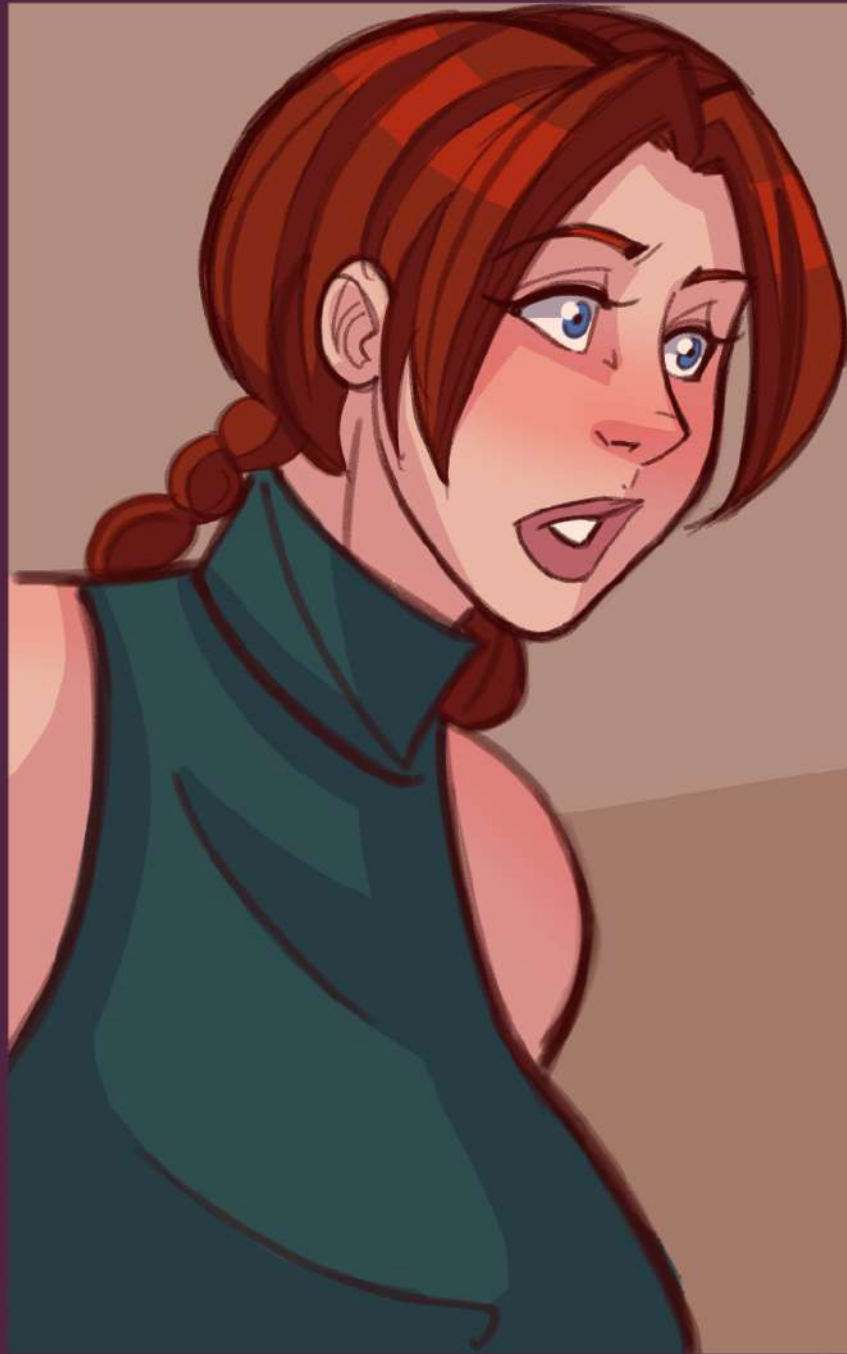
However, if something really is an important issue, we are able to put aside our differences, like that time I had a really bad haircut, and she lent me a wig, or the time when I lost all of my notes in a computer crash, and she dug out her old notes to give to me.



But with her wedding coming up, I honestly didn't want to distract her from any of the planning. I was hoping Mom's transformation might be a one-time thing, or maybe connected to the moon, so we only had to deal with it once a month.

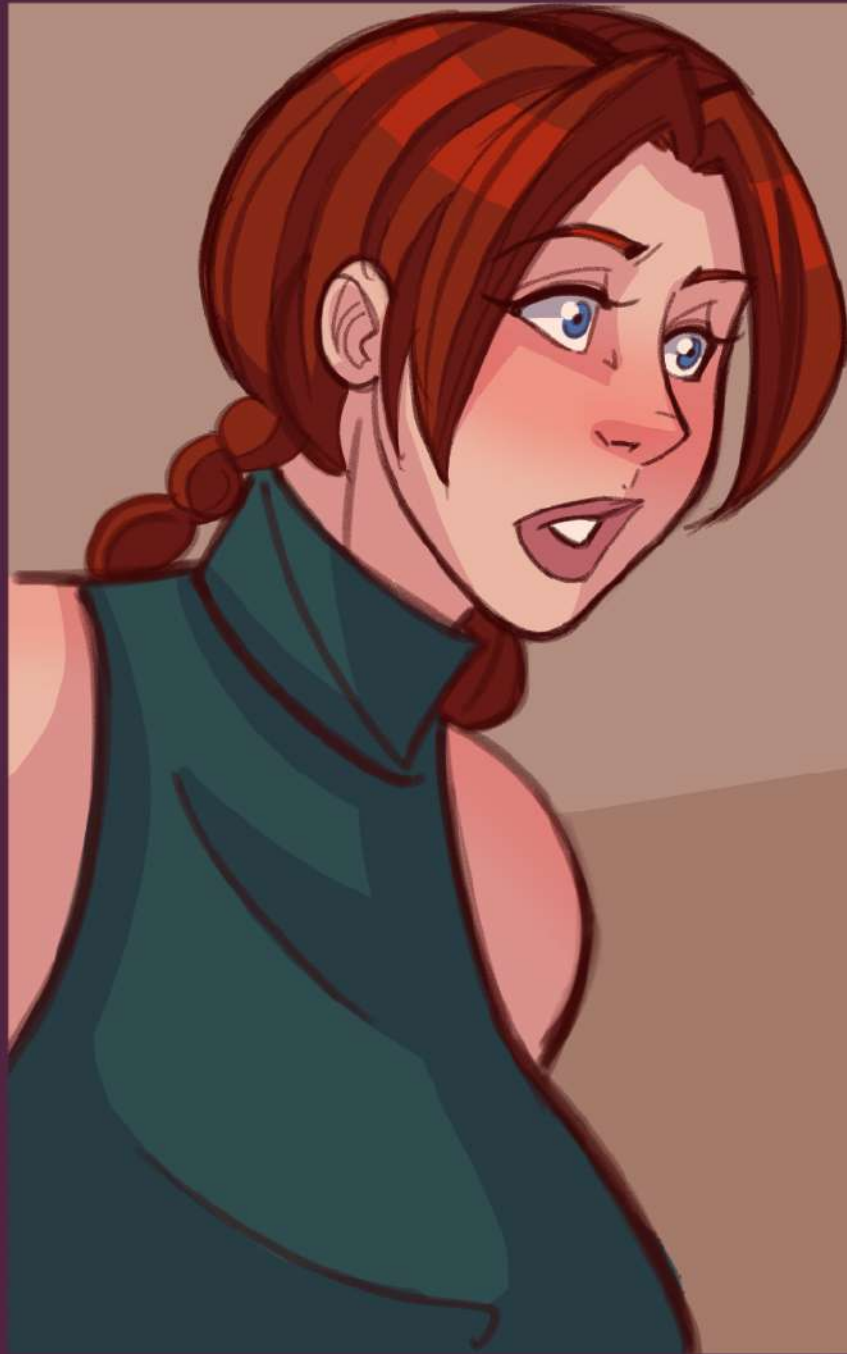


I know its going behind my brother's back by asking her for help. But he is the one who made a promise of secrecy to Mom, not me.



I knocked on her door.
"Who is it?" her voice shouted from her bathroom. Oh ya, Emma took so damn long to get ready every morning that we just gave her, her own bathroom. Dad justified it by saying he could rent it out once she left the house.

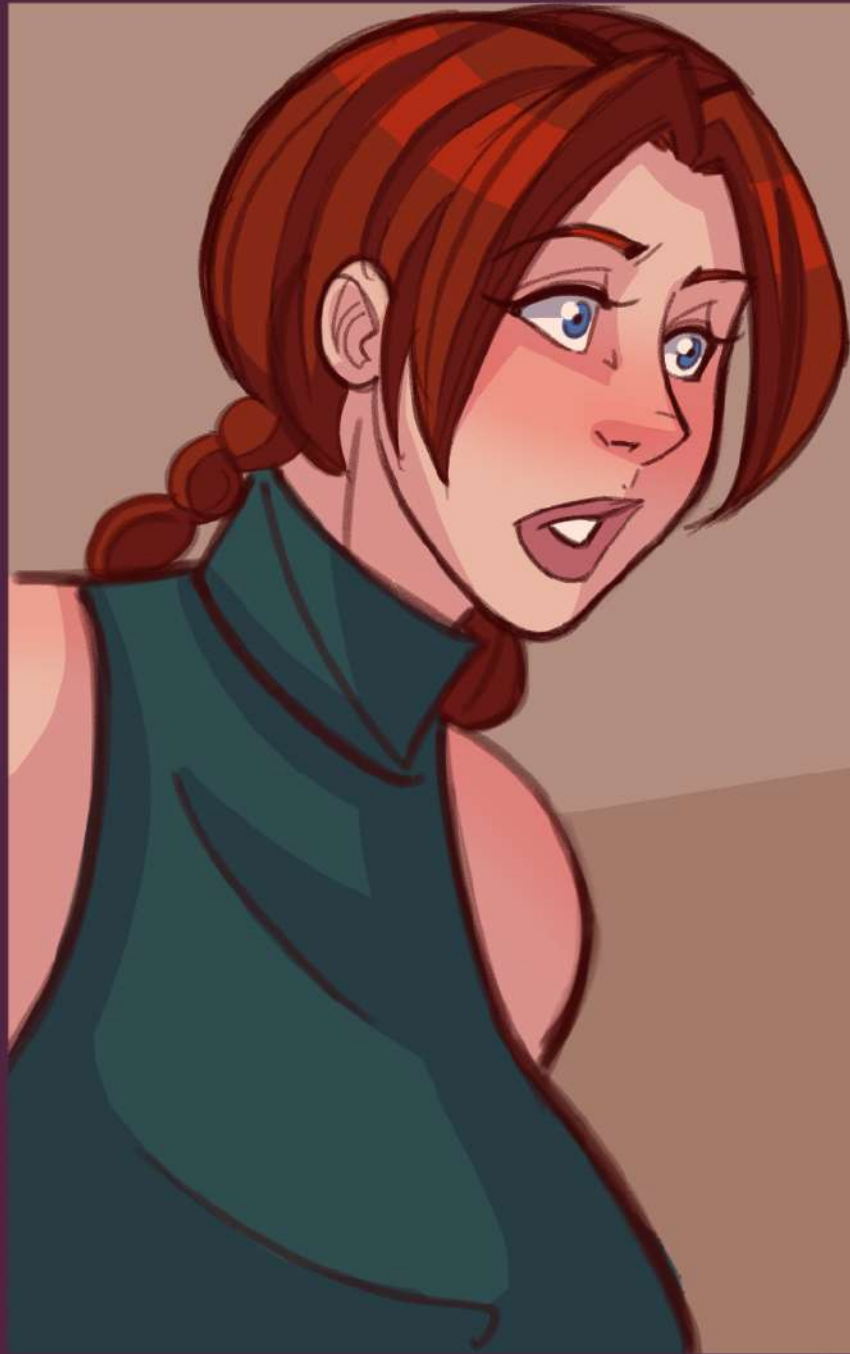




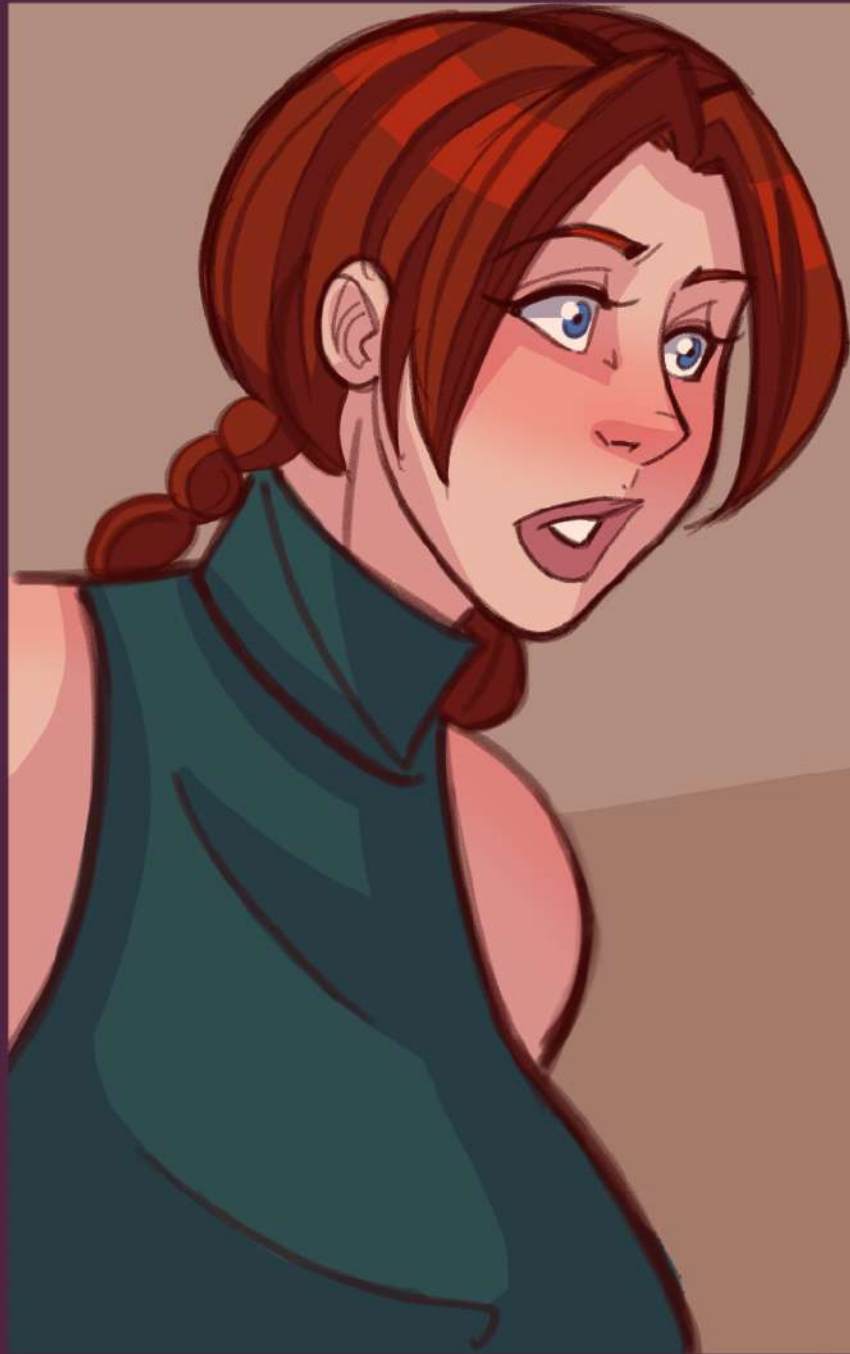
"It's Maddie." I replied.
There were a few seconds of silence.
"Come on in." she finally answered.
I slowly opened the door as I walked
into her room. Her bed was a mess,
and several dresses were laid out
across it.



The water was coming down as a steamy pace, as it fogged the shower curtains even further, making the room feel a bit more humid than usual.

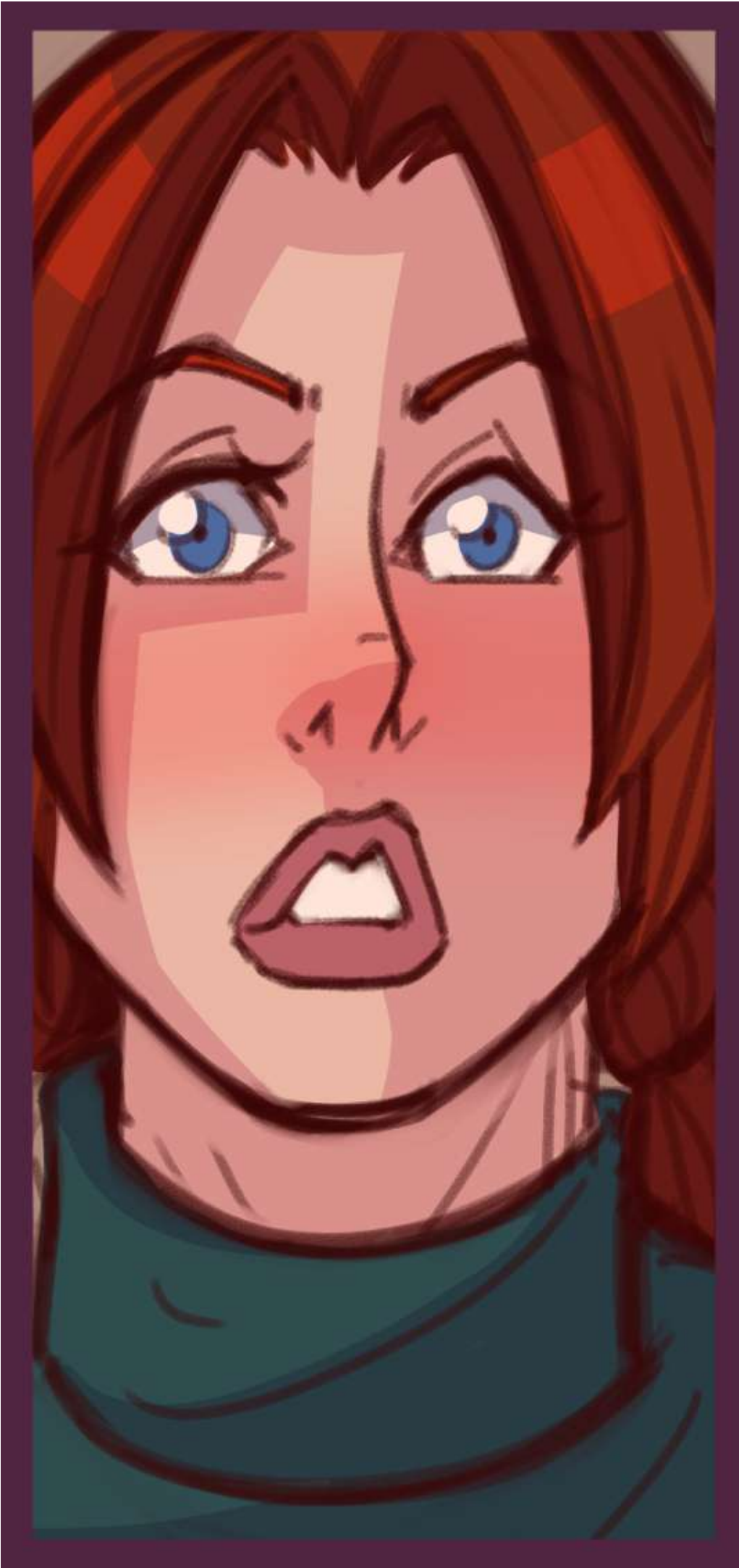


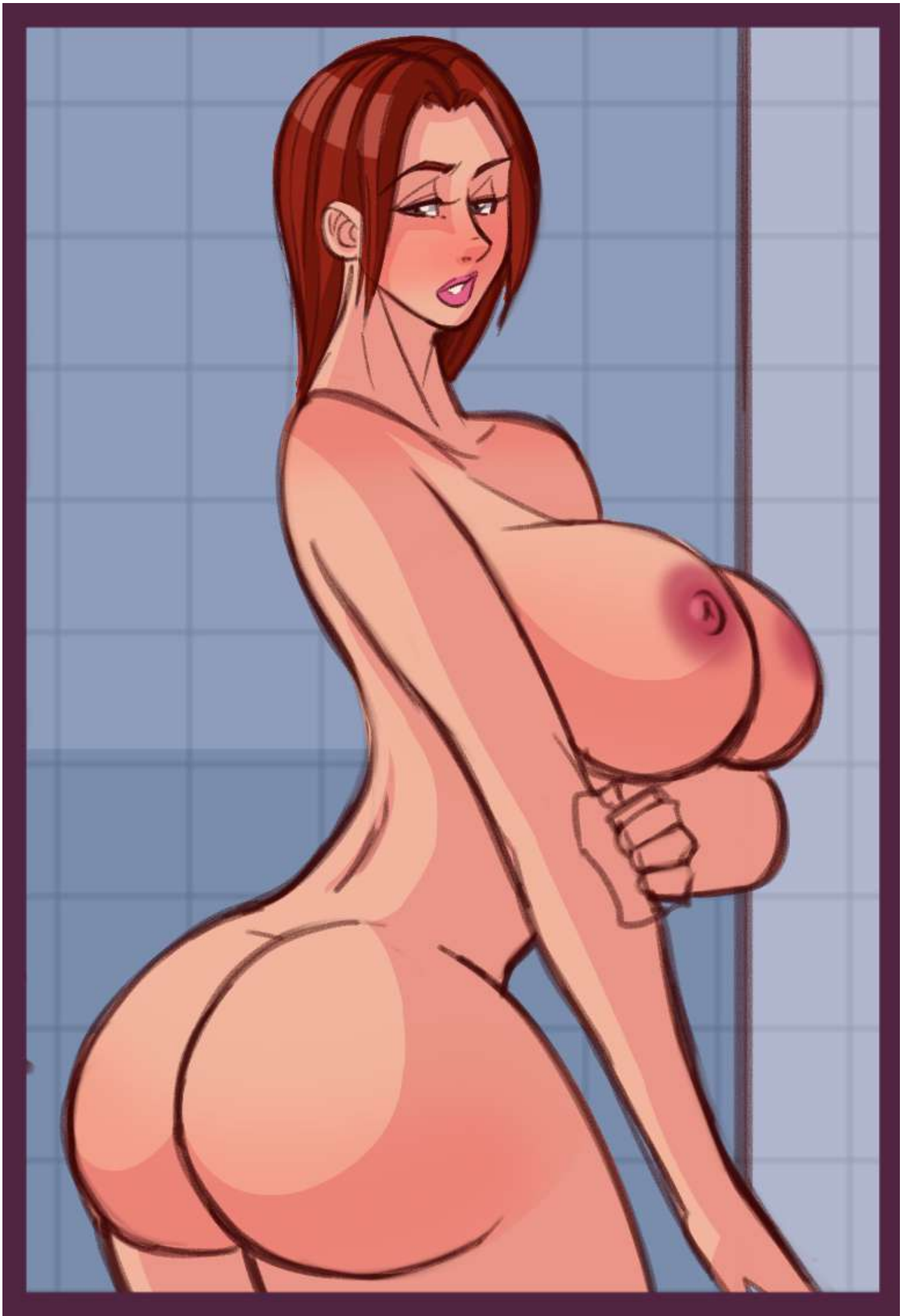
"Hey sis." Emma said as she heard me cause the floorboards to creak.
"Hi," I said awkwardly.
"I am sorry, I can barely hear you. You can come into the bathroom," she said.

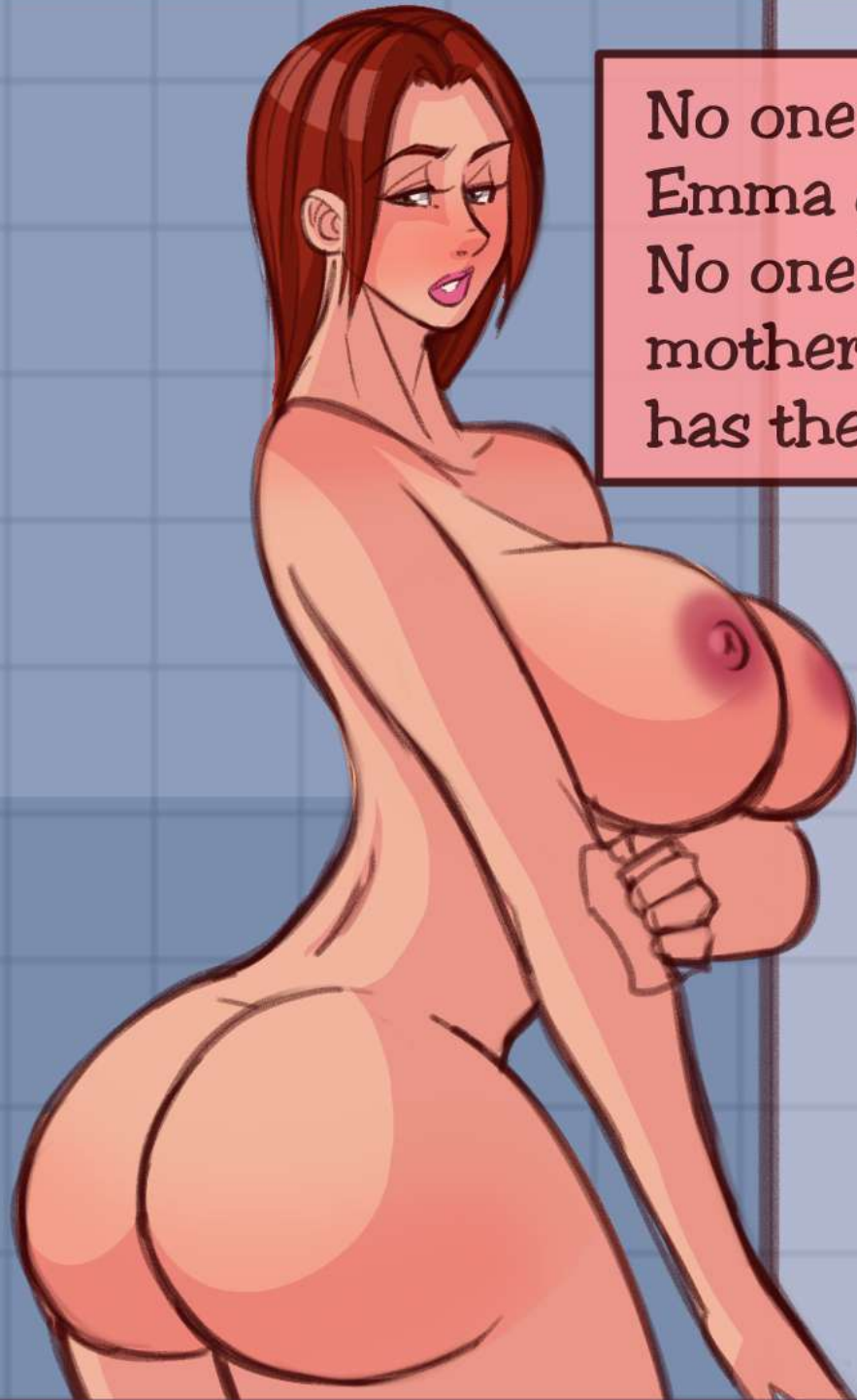


I walked through the other door, to see a silhouette of her fairly clearly through the shower curtains.

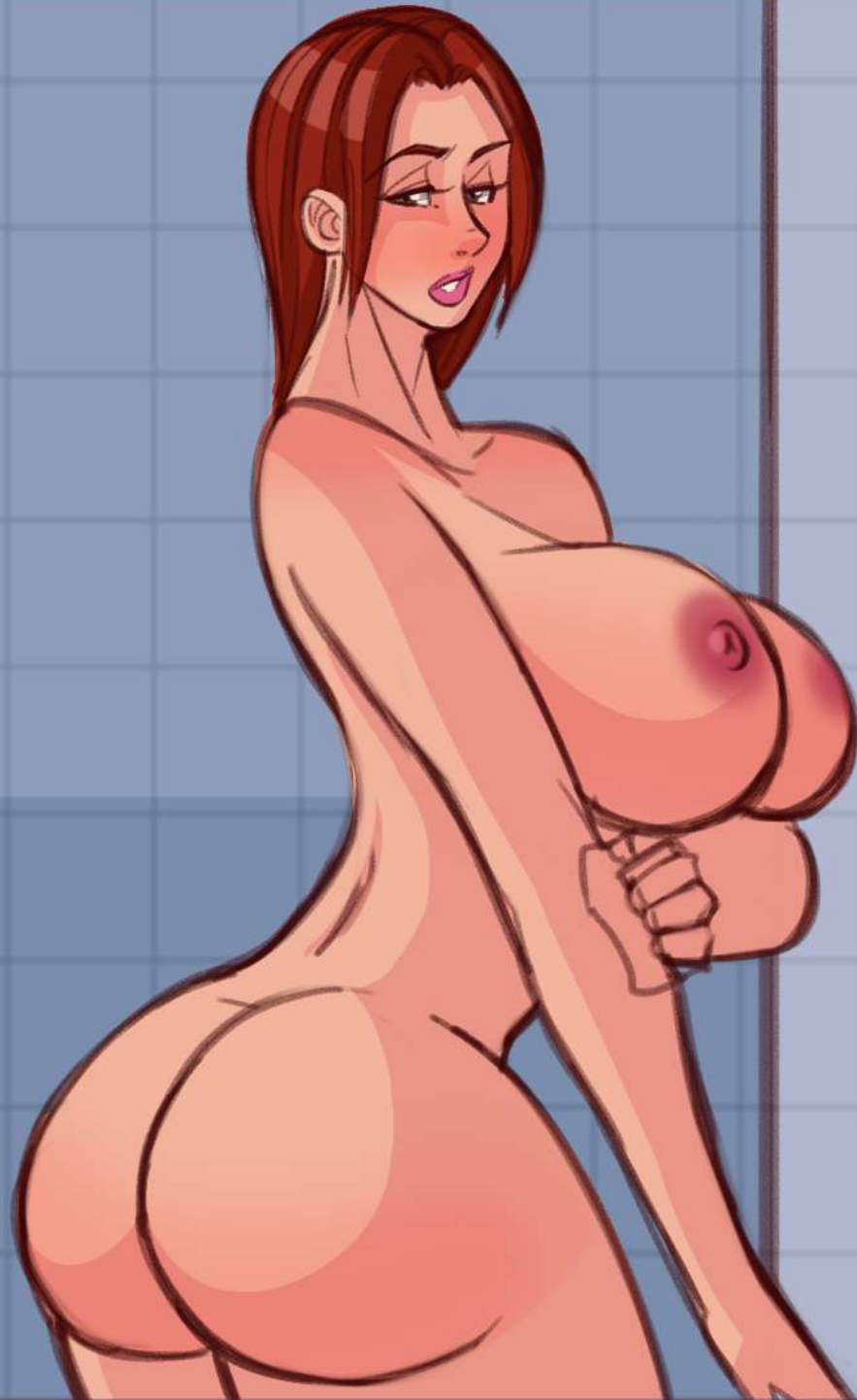




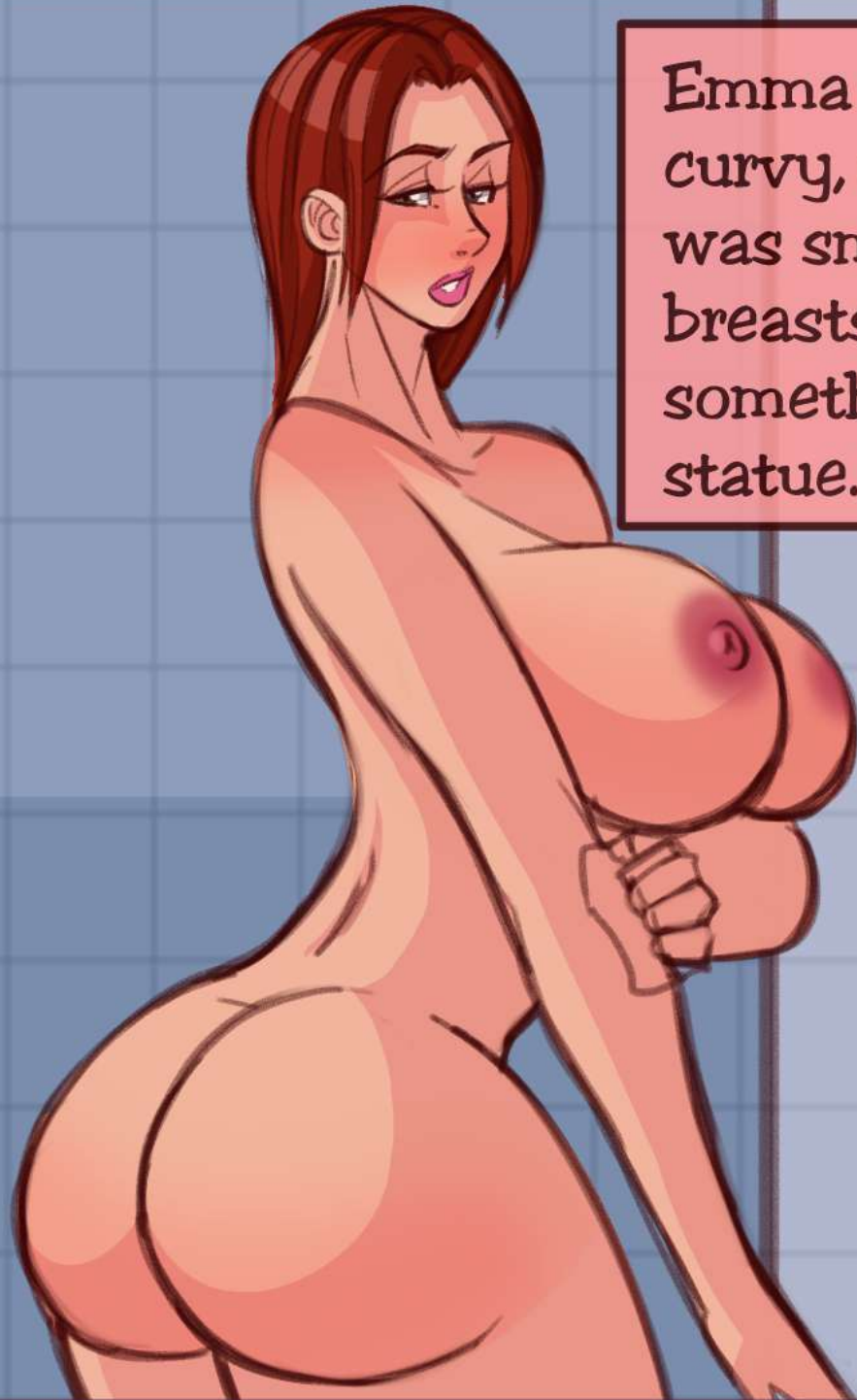




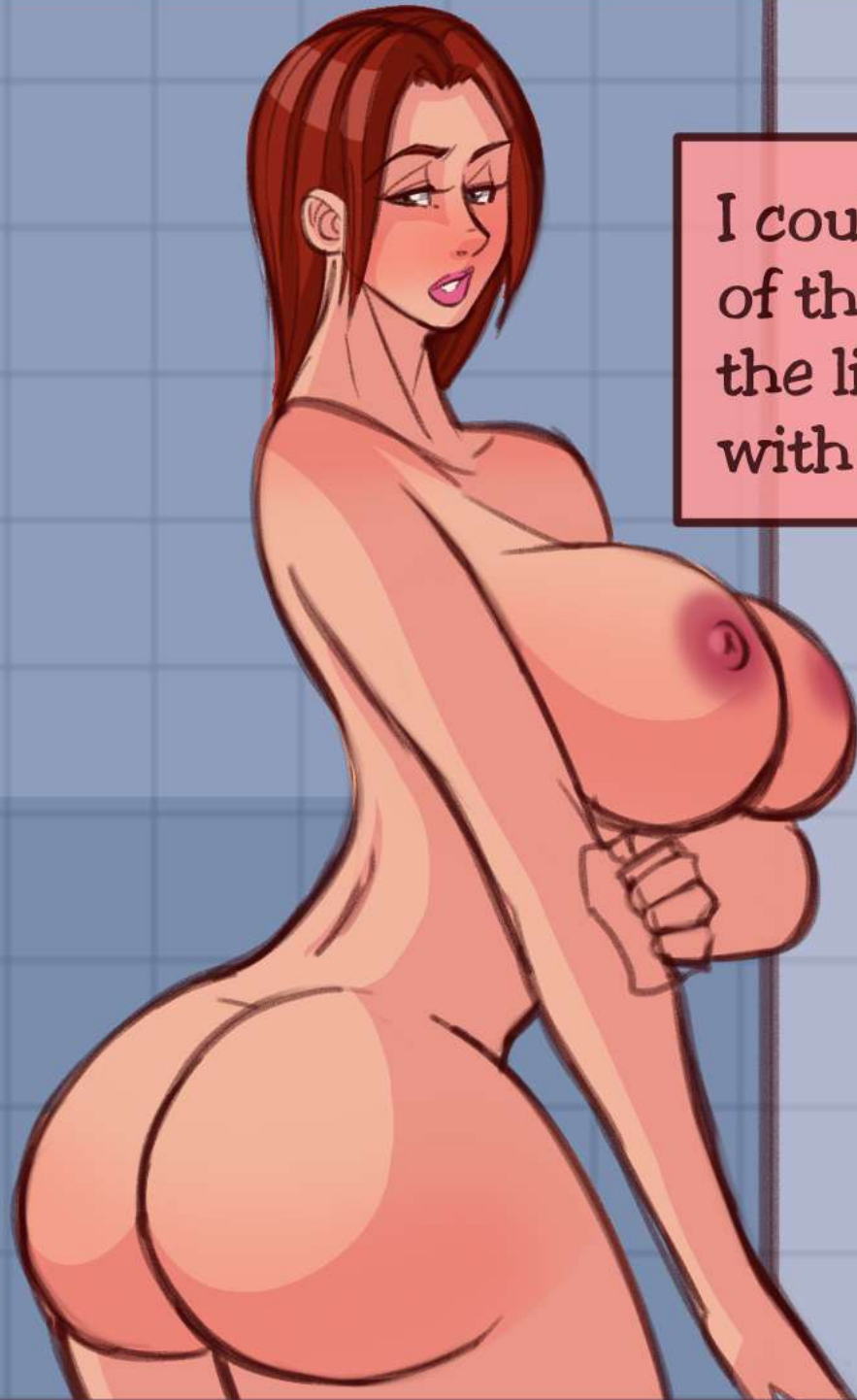
No one is really sure where Emma got her curves from. No one on my father's or mother's side of the family has them.



Either she was the result of lover that my mother had on the side, or maybe it was a genetic mutation. Maybe she had a passive superpower that helped her with her femininity.



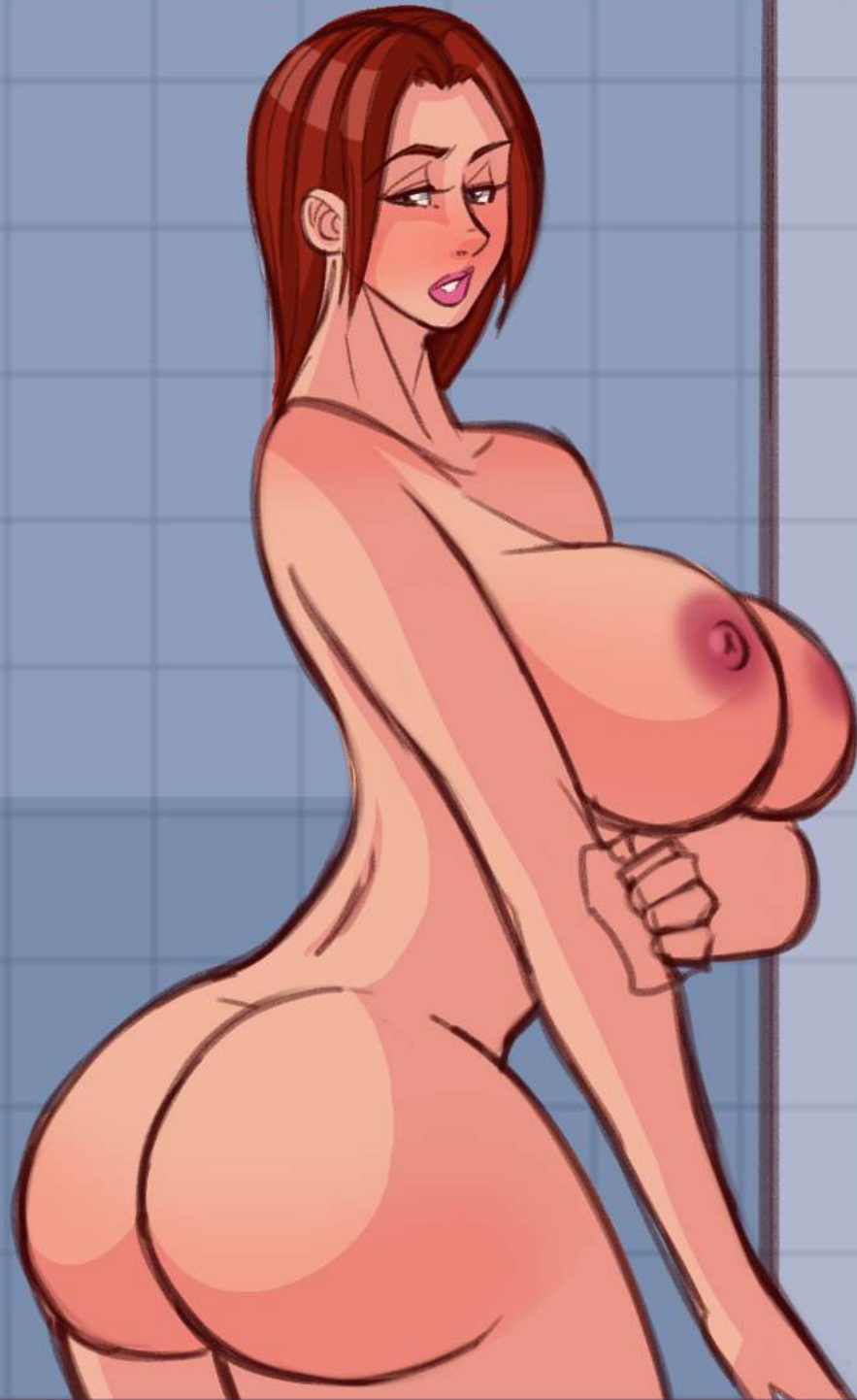
Emma was legitimately curvy, not fat. Her stomach was small, but her hips and breasts looked like something out of a roman statue.



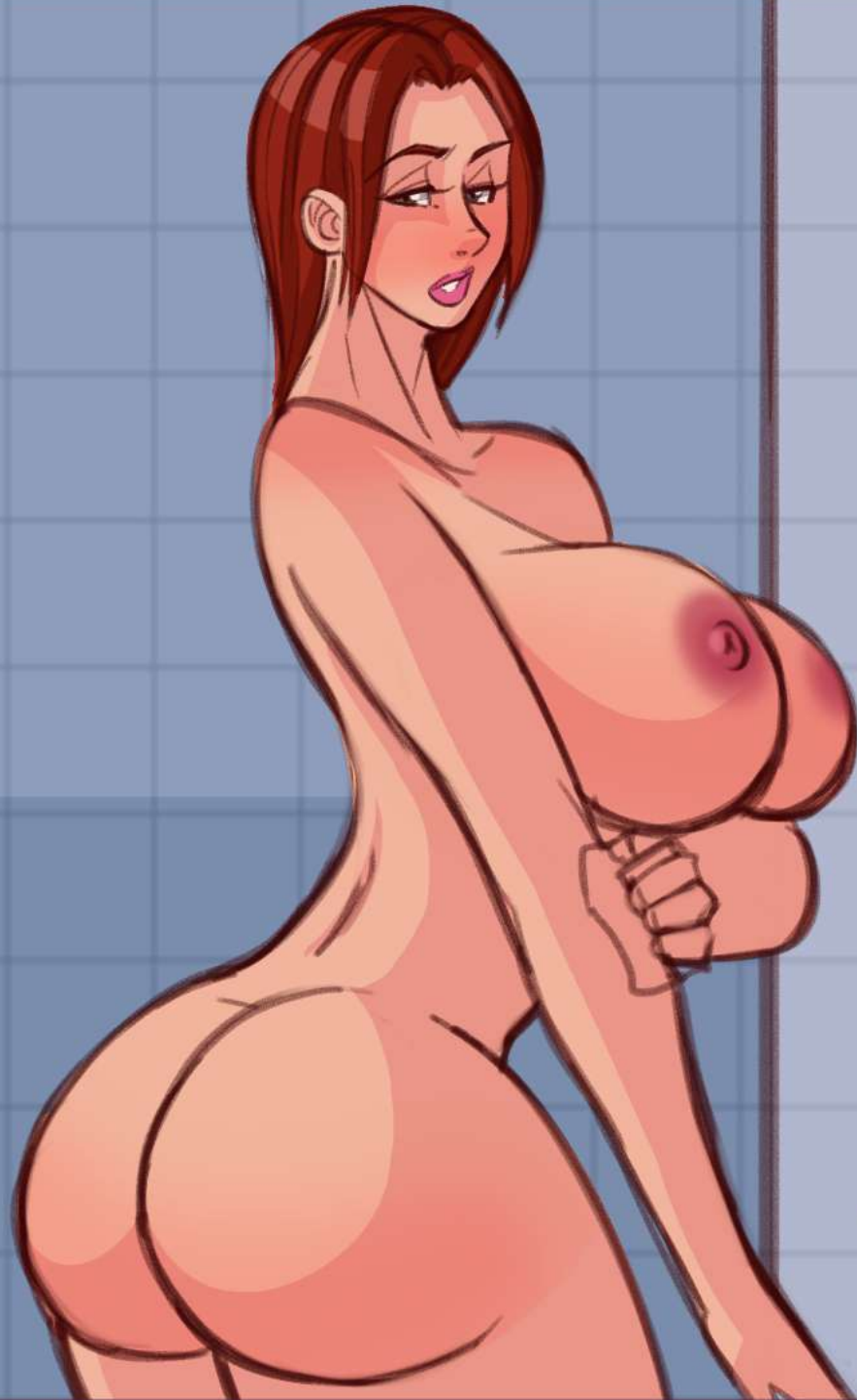
I could see the remnants
of the water hug her as
the liquid made contact
with her skin.



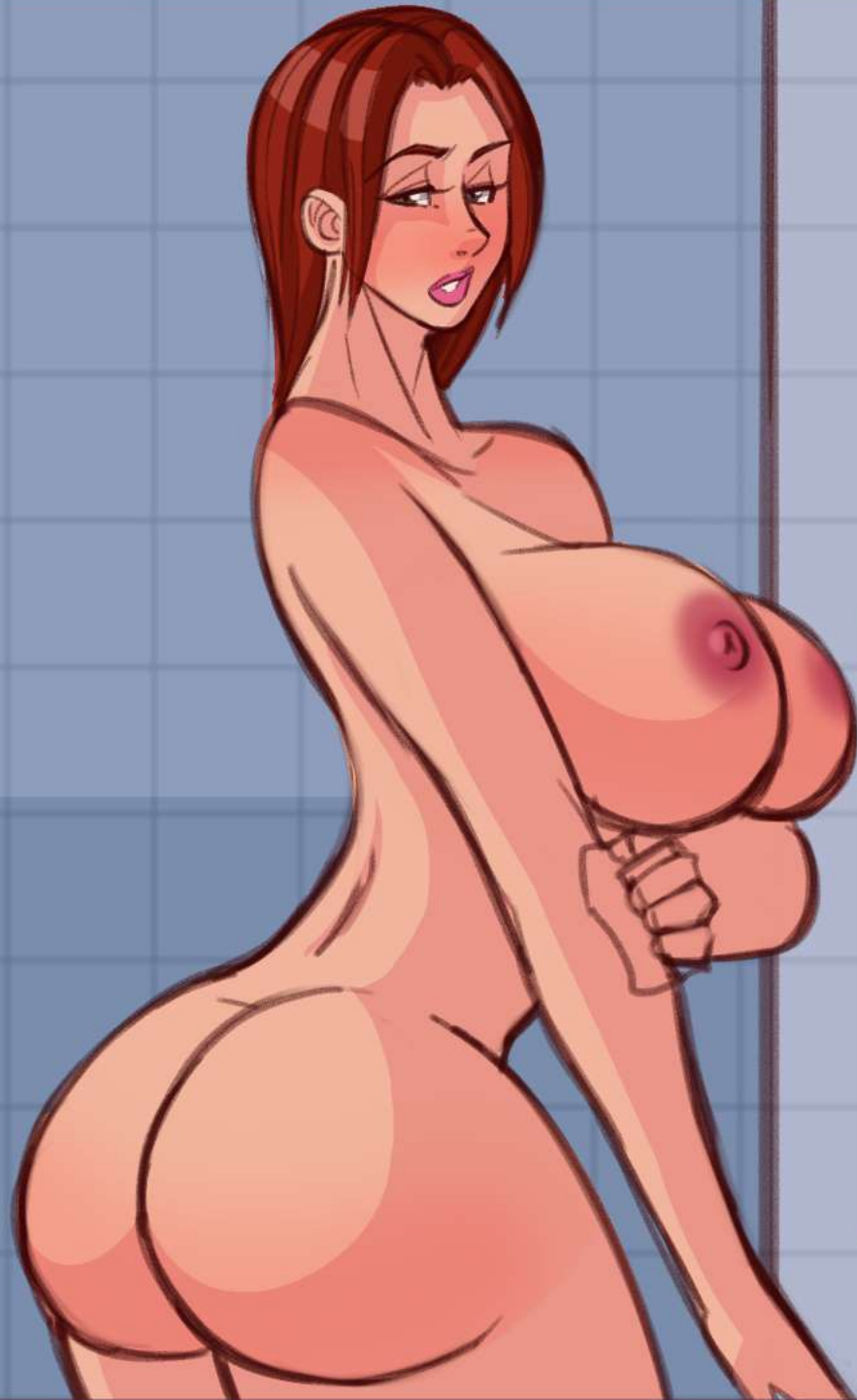
Her breasts were noticeably larger than mine, and she made no attempt to hide playing with them behind that curtain.



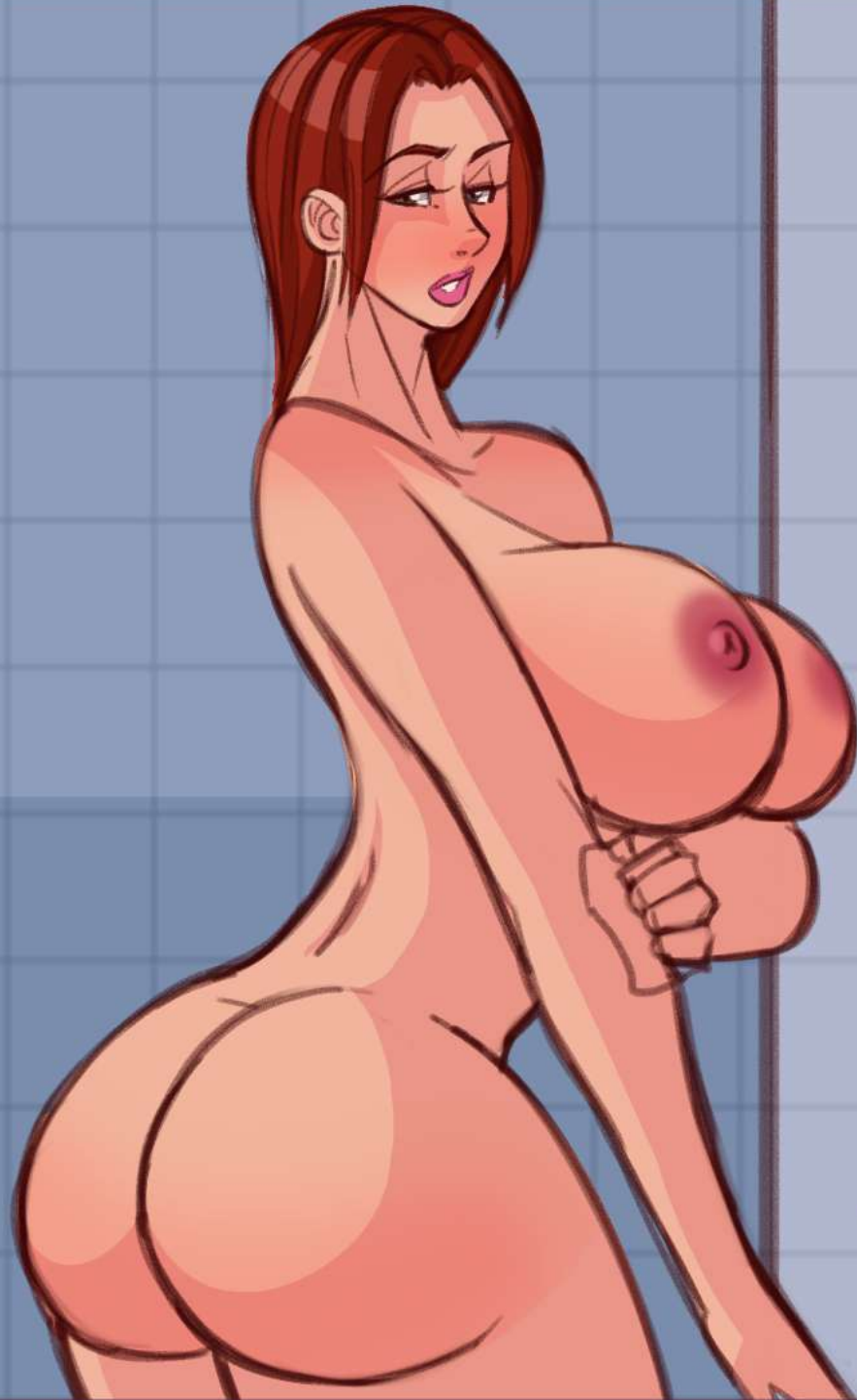
Even though she knew I was watching. I could see her fondle her nipples as she took a deep breath inward.



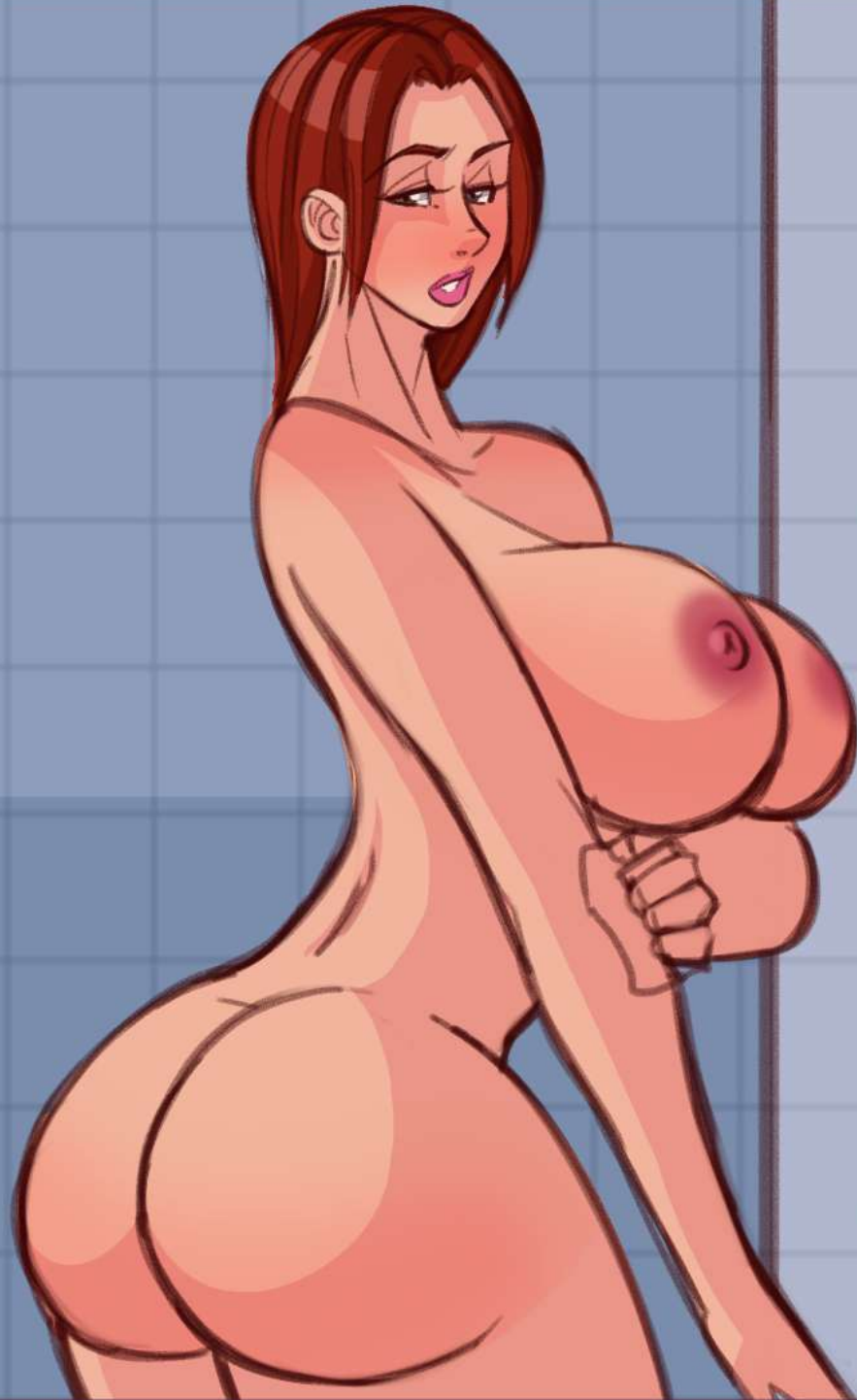
Her ass was beautiful too. A perfect bubble-butt, that was basically doubling as a portable cushion that she took everywhere in life.



It's not gay to admire another woman's behind, is it? I was always told that woman's bodies were things of art. But still.



A familiar feeling started to return between my legs. The dampness that I had felt in my mother's bedroom, and looking at my bother, was back.



And this time it was nearly impossible to ignore because of the steam coming out of the shower. "I am here." I said to my sister.



Emma shut off the shower valve, and reached her hand out from behind the curtain to grab a nearby towel that was hanging up.



As the shower ended, something felt off. There was a smell in the air that I've never smelled from my sister. My senses seemed somewhat more heightened. I could hear the faint echo of the showerhead's drips. And feel every droplet of steam as it hung in the air, and quietly crashed against my skin.



There was a smell though. A sweaty musk that should not have been in a shower. It smelled familiar, but I just couldn't point out where I smelled it before.



Maybe that time my ex-boyfriend was late for our date. Maybe occasionally when I walked past my brother's used underwear that was left in the shower. The smell was hypnotic. I wanted to find the source of it.



This wasn't how my senses were supposed to work. They were more sensitive than usual, and I was finding myself being able to focus on the sounds and smells that I wanted to. Was this how dogs saw the world, or maybe cats?



When my mother stuck her tongue down my throat this morning. Did she pass something to me? I mean I wasn't any hairier than usual. But then again, it was daytime. Would I be able to trust myself once the sun fell?



Emma opened the shower curtains; her towel was wrapped around her torso.
"Maddie, I guess we should talk," she said.



"Before we talk. Do you smell that?" I asked.

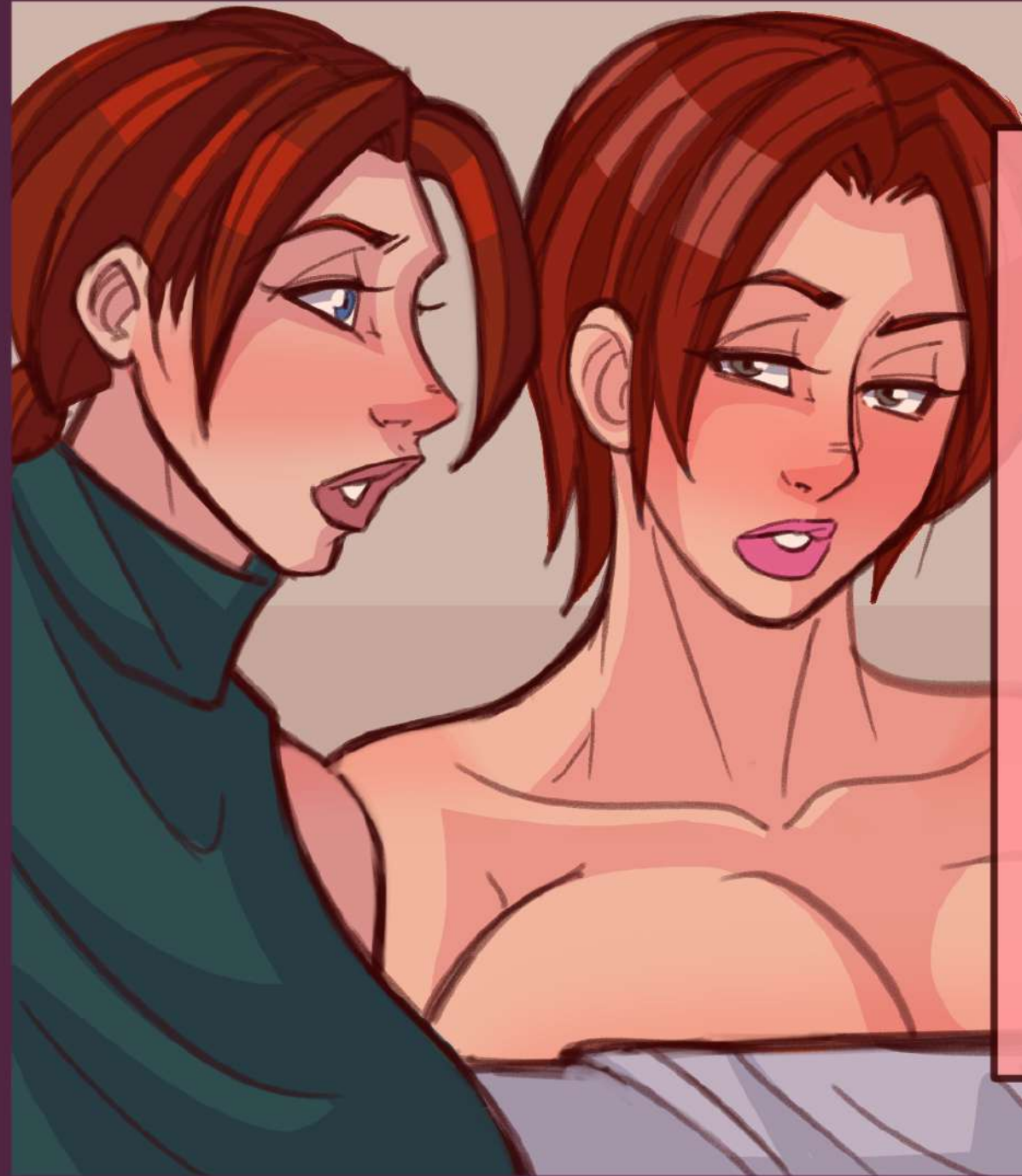
"Smell what?"

"It's a musky smell. I think I am using the word 'musky' right.

Kind of pungent."

"I am not sure I am following you."

"It smells like a man would smell. Was your fiancé here last night? Did he leave any clothes around?"



"Okay. You don't have to worry, there are no men here, only us girls."

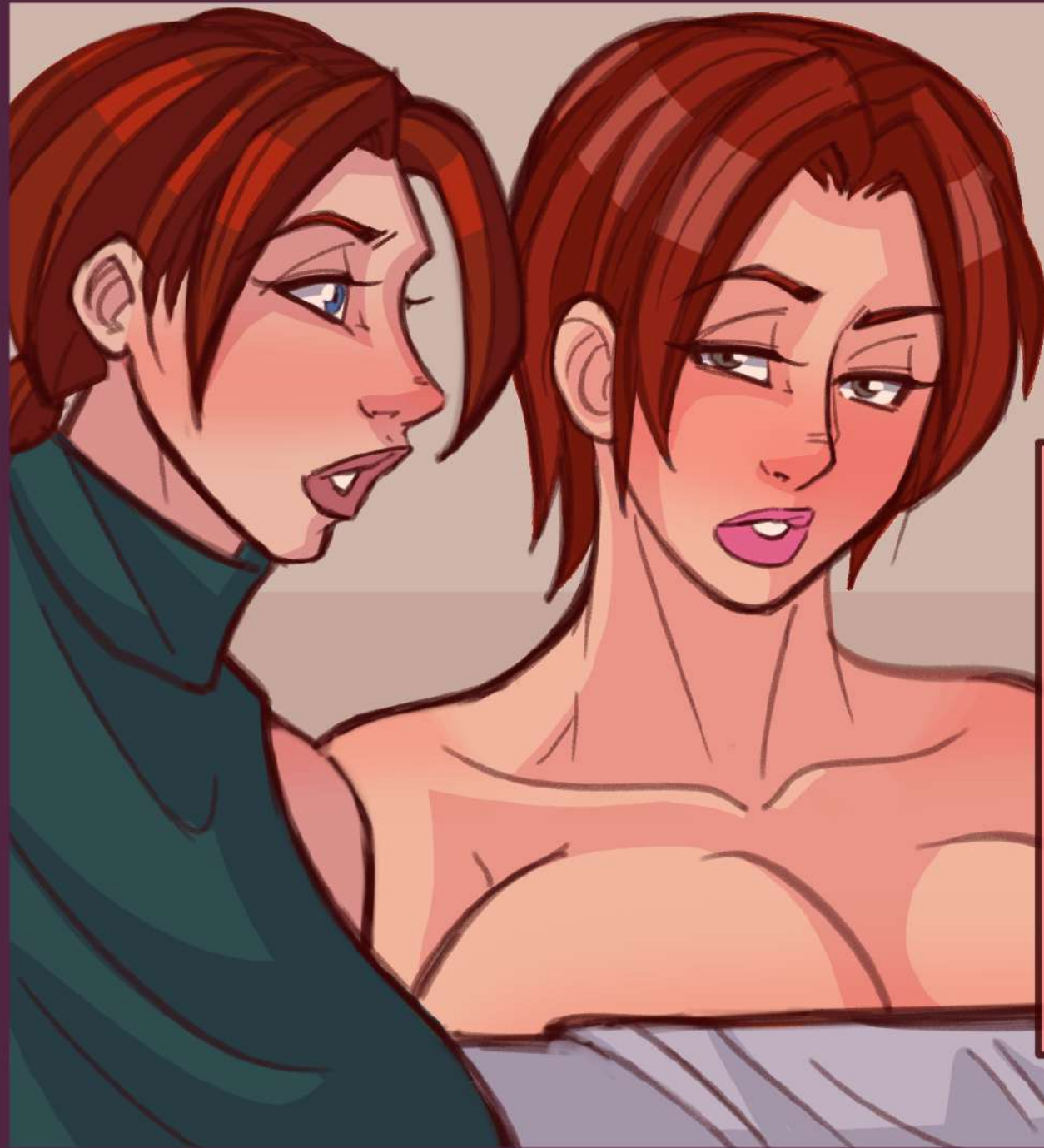
"So, you do smell it?"

"No. I am not smelling what you are, but I do think that I know what you're talking about."

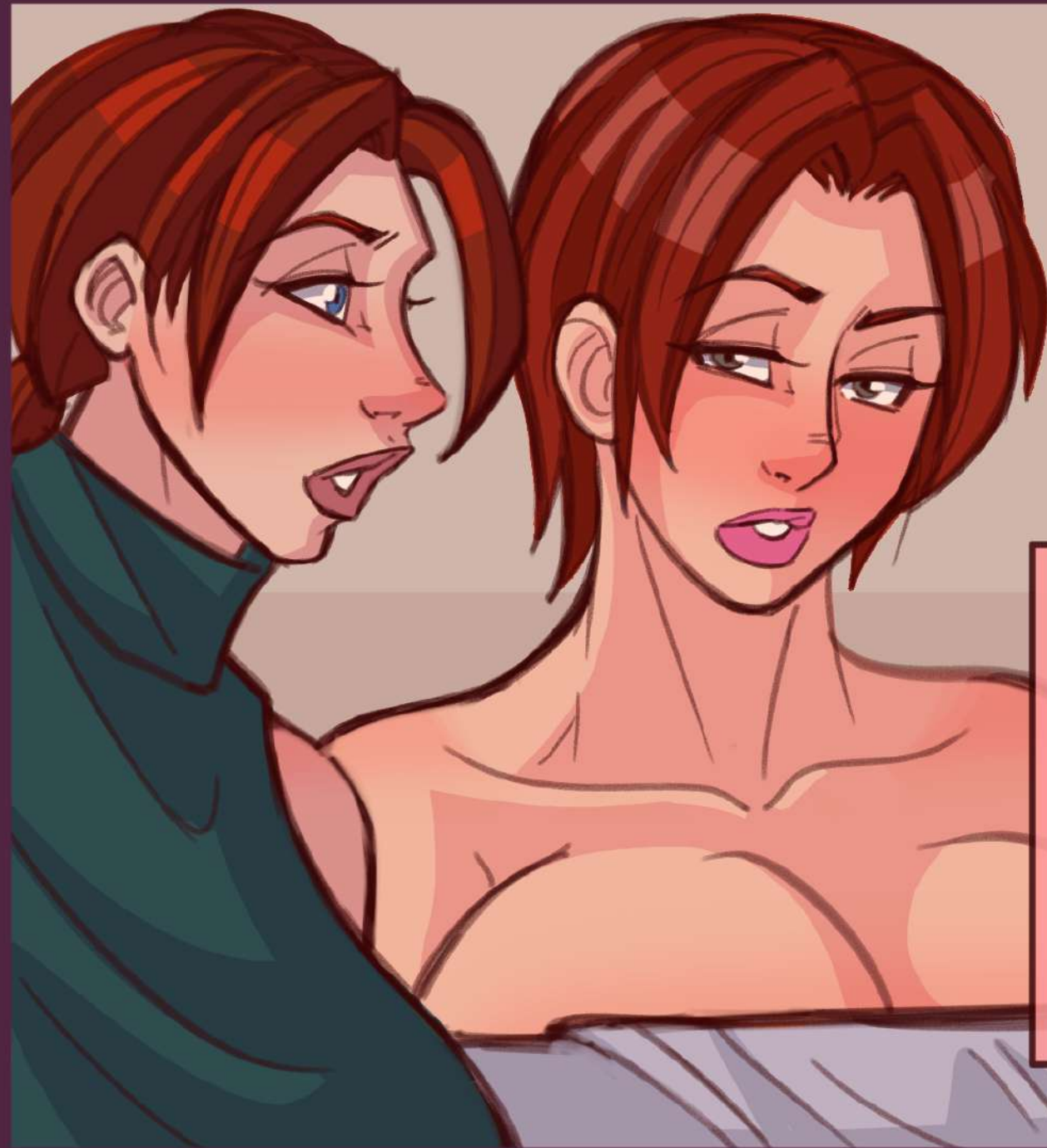
"Can you tell me what it is, it's been driving me crazy ever since I walked in here."

"I'd really prefer not to"

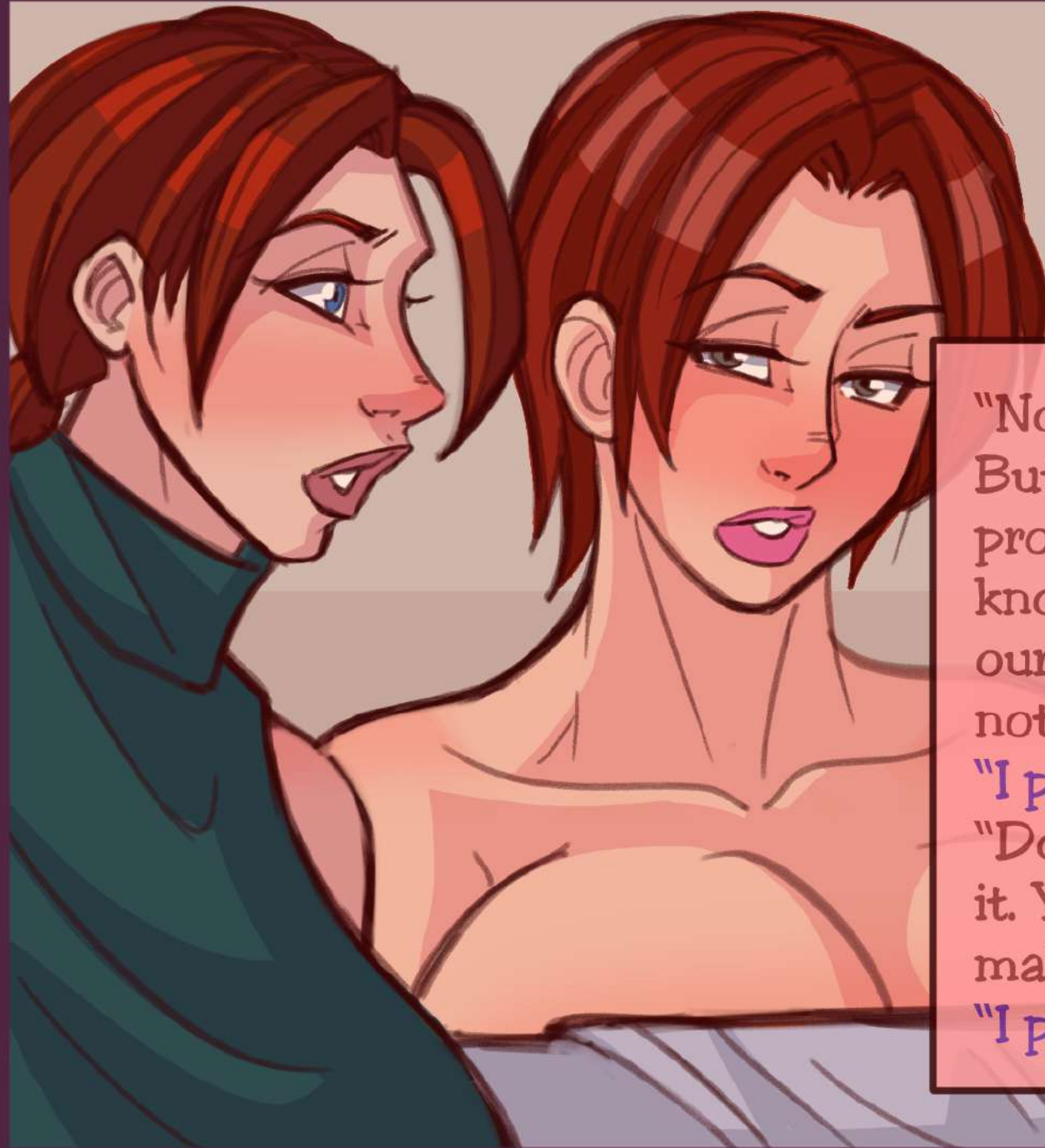
"Okay, I really needed to talk about mom. You see..."



"What is it, Maddie?" my sister asked, as I paused. "That smell. It's coming from you!" I realized, pointing at her. "You're not going to let this go," I just stood there silent. She took a deep breath.



"Okay, Maddie. There is something I want to tell you, but you **NEED** to promise to keep it a secret. Can you do that?"
"Of course, as long as it's nothing illegal."

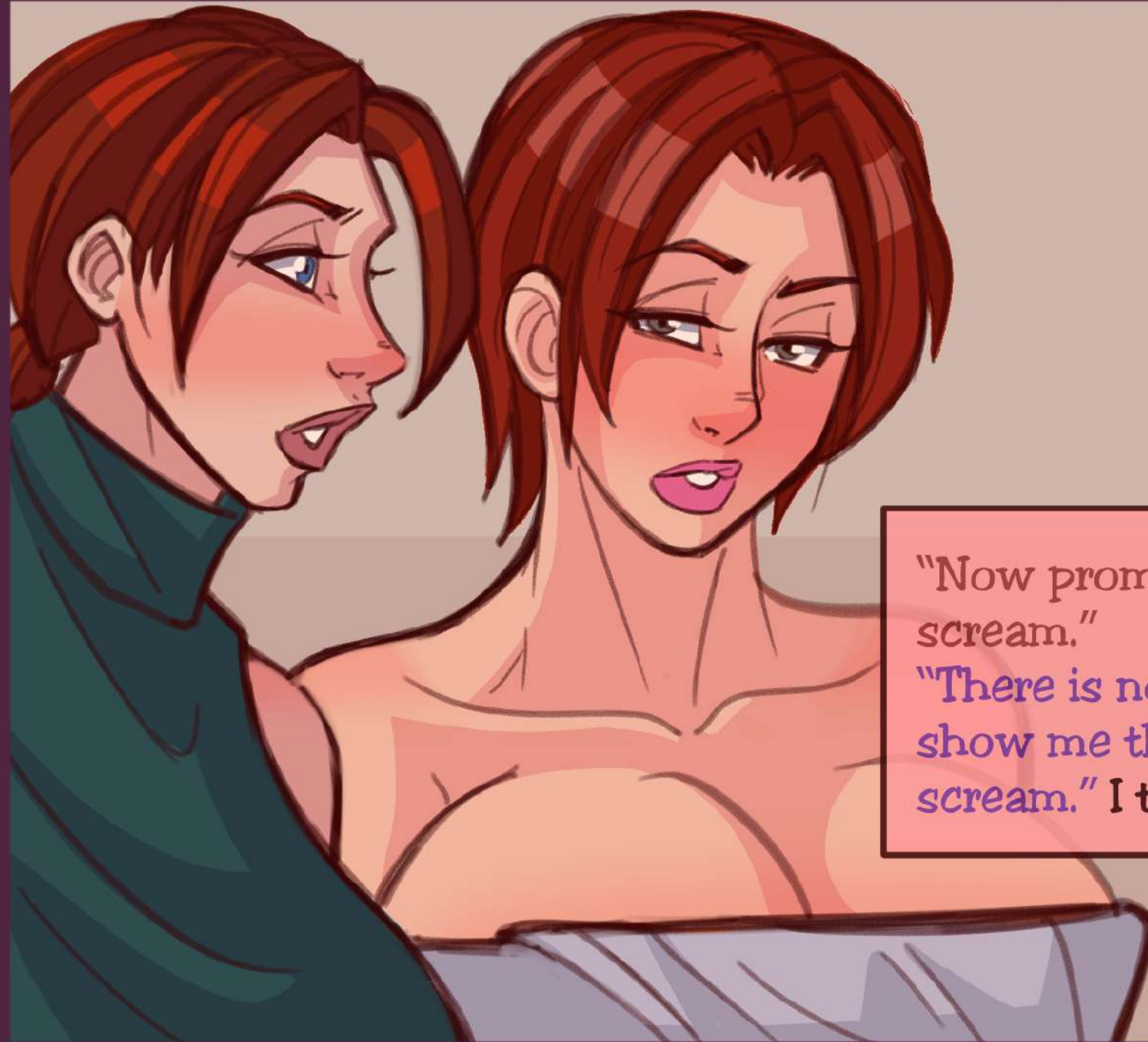


"Nope, nothing like that. But if show you, you have to promise not to let anyone else know. Not mom, not dad, not our brother, and absolutely not your friends at school."

"I promise."

"Don't say it unless you mean it. You let this leak, and I will make you disappear."

"I promise." I said, again.



"Now promise you won't scream."

"There is nothing you can show me that will make me scream." I told her.

With that,
Emma dropped her towel.

As the towel fell,
I could see her amazing boobs, her child-bearing hips,
and her perky bubble-butt.

And there between her legs...

Between her legs was a giant cock, with a set of large testicles. "What the fuck is that?!" I said, said loudly.

"Quiet. Quiet." Emma said. Immediately as the towel hit the floor, the penis started to rise, erecting itself. One the tip of it dropped some white sperm.



"This is my power." Emma said.
"You have a super power?" I asked.
Emma pointed at her dick.
"Some people were able to fly.
Others turned invincible. Me, I grow
a dick that releases an unreasonable
amount of sperm."



"You become a man?!"

"No. A hermaphrodite at best. I still keep these," she said rubbing her breasts. It caused her dick to grow even harder.



"How long has this been going on?"
"Since just after I turned 18.
Randomly about once a week, this
thing grows out of me."
"How have we not noticed until
now?"



"Baggy dresses,
convincing dad
to get me my own
bathroom, and once
all the sperm is
ejaculated, it
disappears."
"Does..."



"My fiancé doesn't know and never will!" she interrupted. "But he's supposed to arrive just after breakfast to give me a ride to work. I can't let him see me like this."



"I tried masturbating in the shower, but the stress was too much. Not enough came out."

"It's okay sis," I told her. "I was watching mom this morning."



"I think I might be able to help."