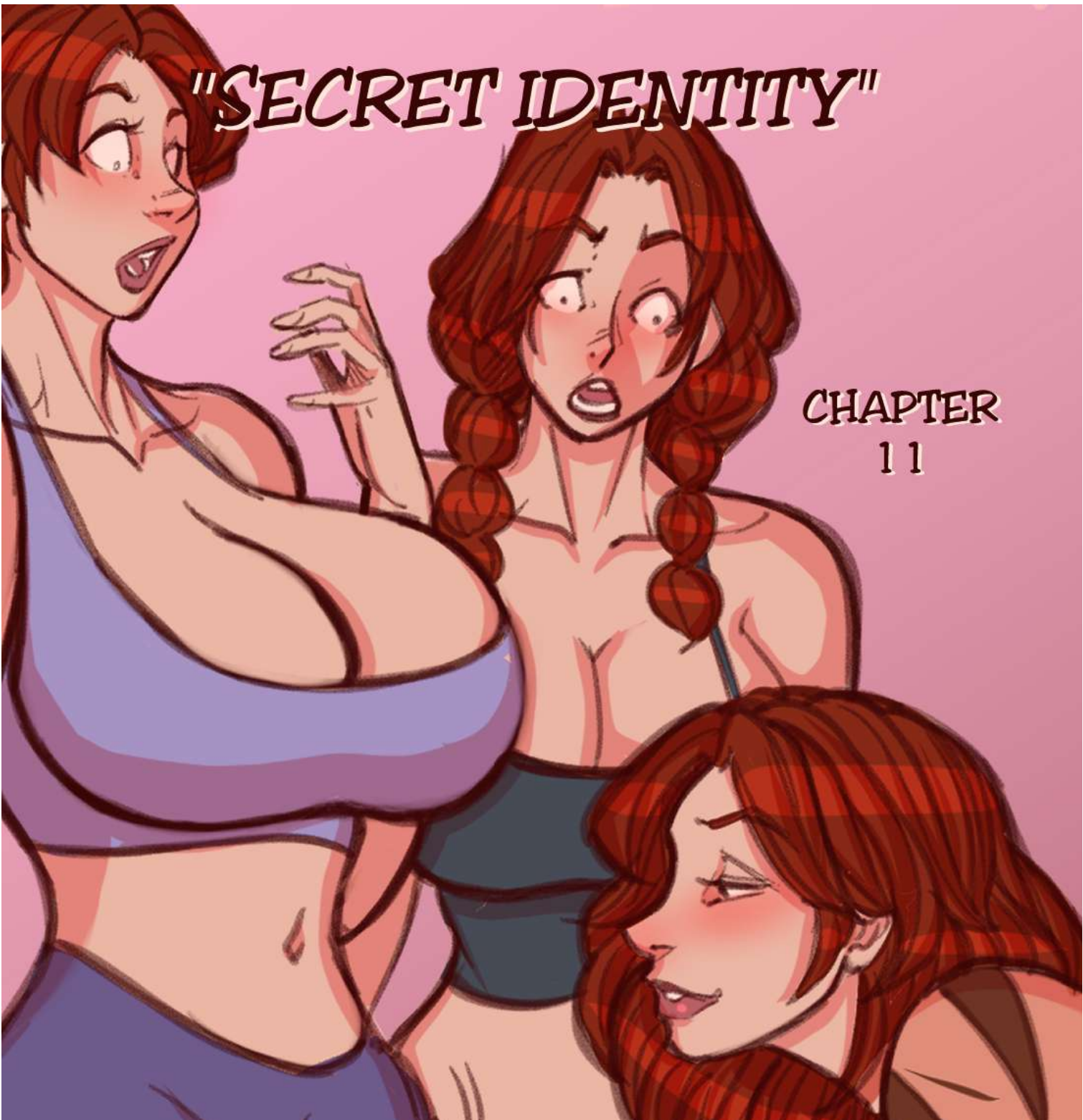


"SECRET IDENTITY"

CHAPTER
11



NGT Visual Studio presents:

"Secret Identity"

Story by "Miss Understanding"
Illustrations by NGT Visual Studio

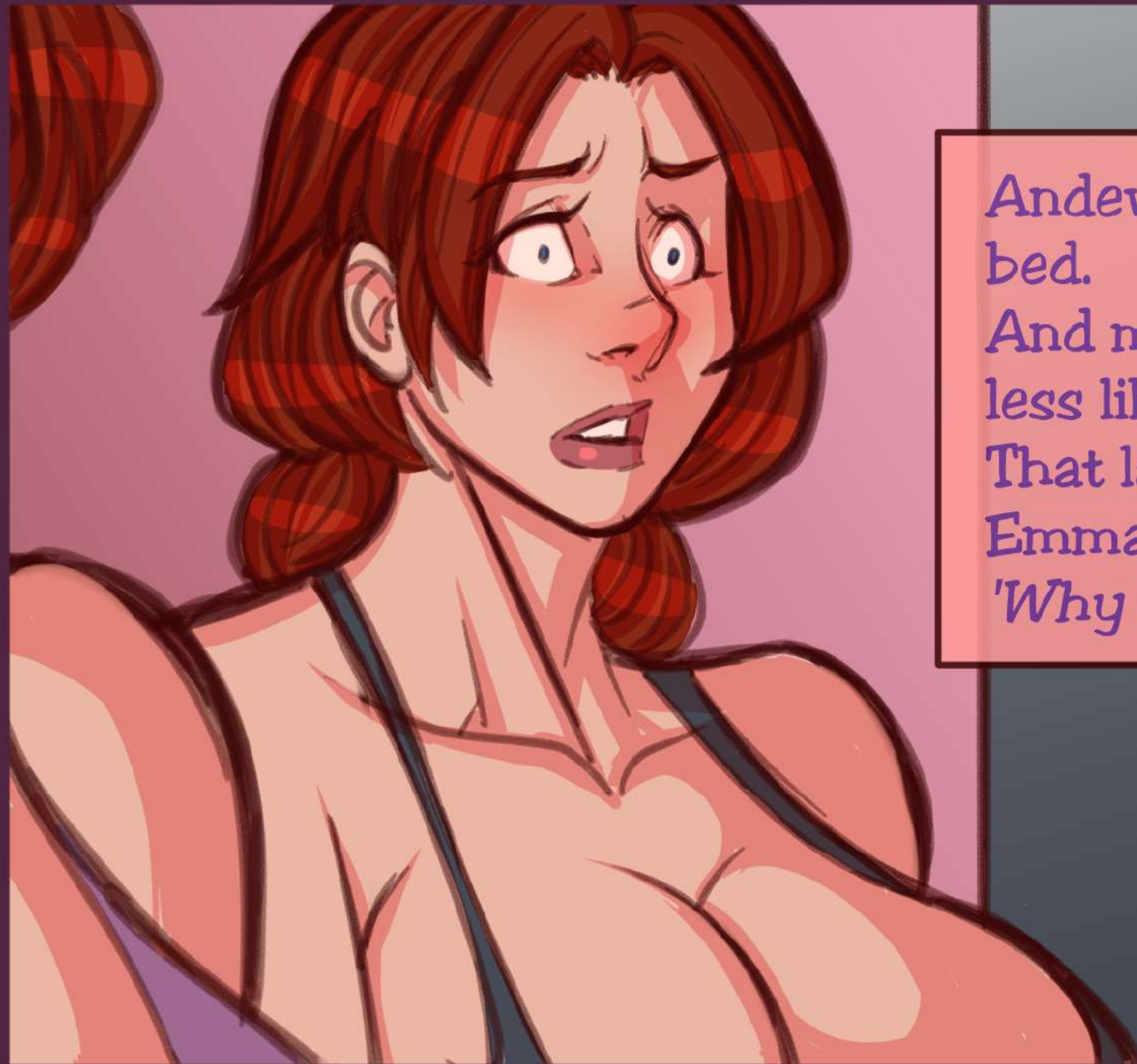
This is a work of fiction.
All characters aren't real.
All characters are 18 years or older.
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CHAPTER 11

It's hard to think.
But Emma is mad,
Andrew is sexy,
and mom...
Ow, brain hurts. Emma is mad.



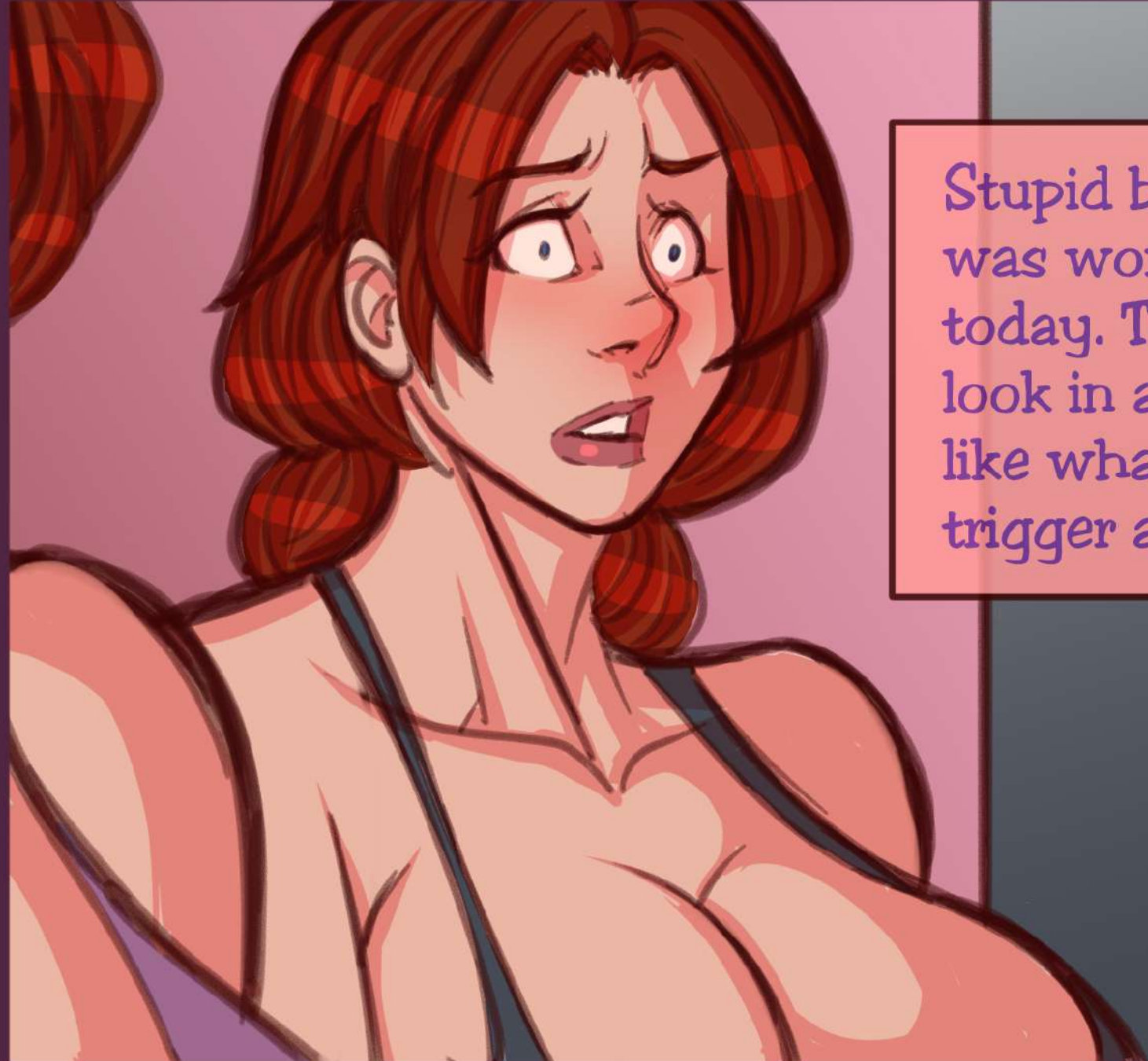
Andrew is... on mom's
bed.
And mom looks
less like a cat girl.
That last part is good.
Emma is mad though.
'Why is she mad?'



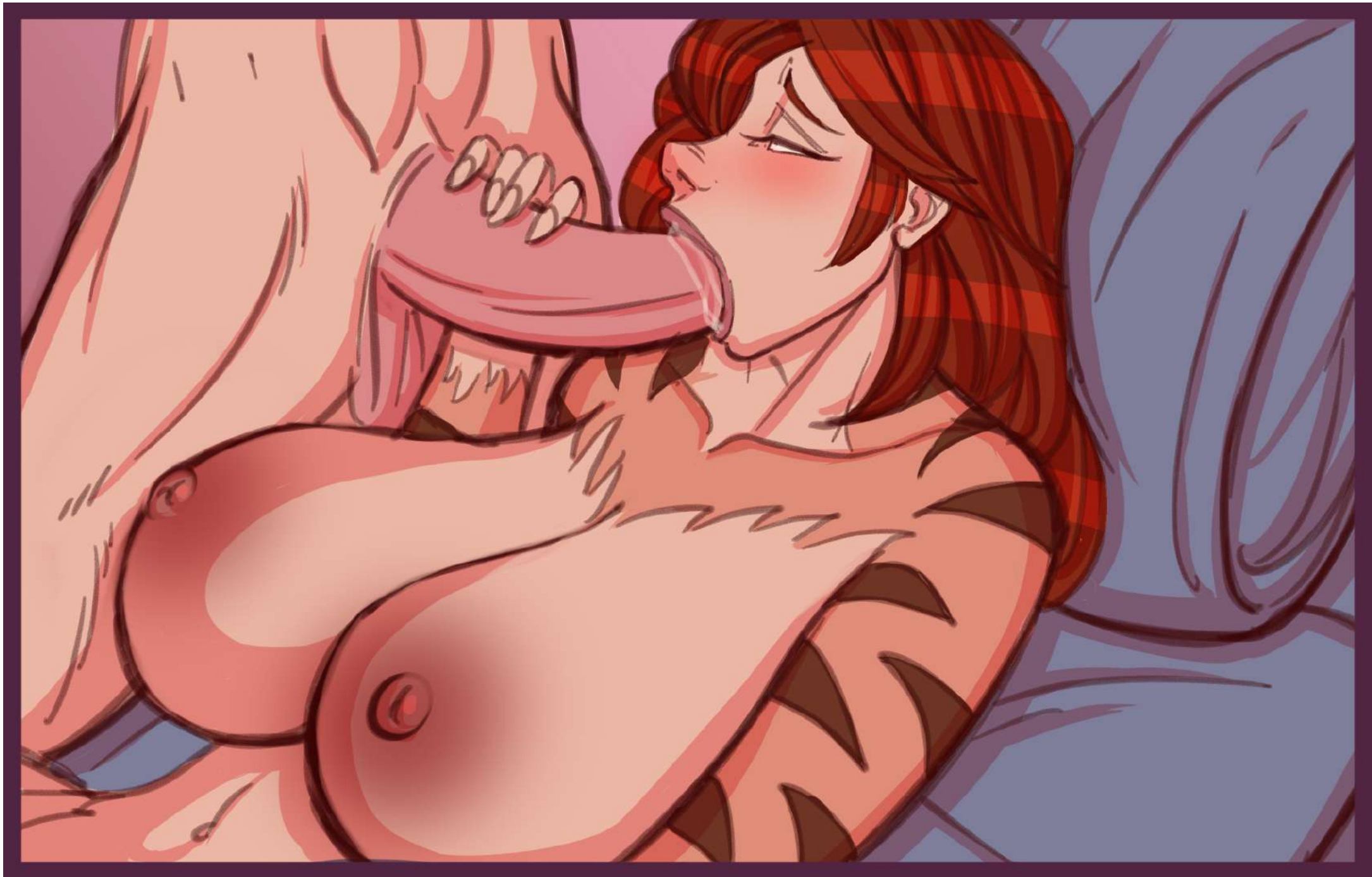
'Does she know about mom being a cat? No. Don't think she does.'
My brain is hazy. The sent is overwhelming, like a pink haze in my brain.



'I want to pleasure her so bad. She's not Andrew though. Not a real man. Just a sister with a big juicy...'



Stupid brain. My brain was working well until today. Too scared to look in a mirror. I might like what I see. It might trigger a reaction.





Mom is naked
on bed.
White seamen
dripping out of
her holes.
It seems we
have something
in common.



The something seems to be working on mom. It's subtle, but her catlike features are continuing to reverse themselves.



She is beginning to look like my mother again, although maybe she looking a few years younger than she did before the transformation.




Her body is clearly reacting, she is leaning forward on the bed, and sucking off Andrew's dick, like it's milk from a cow's udder.



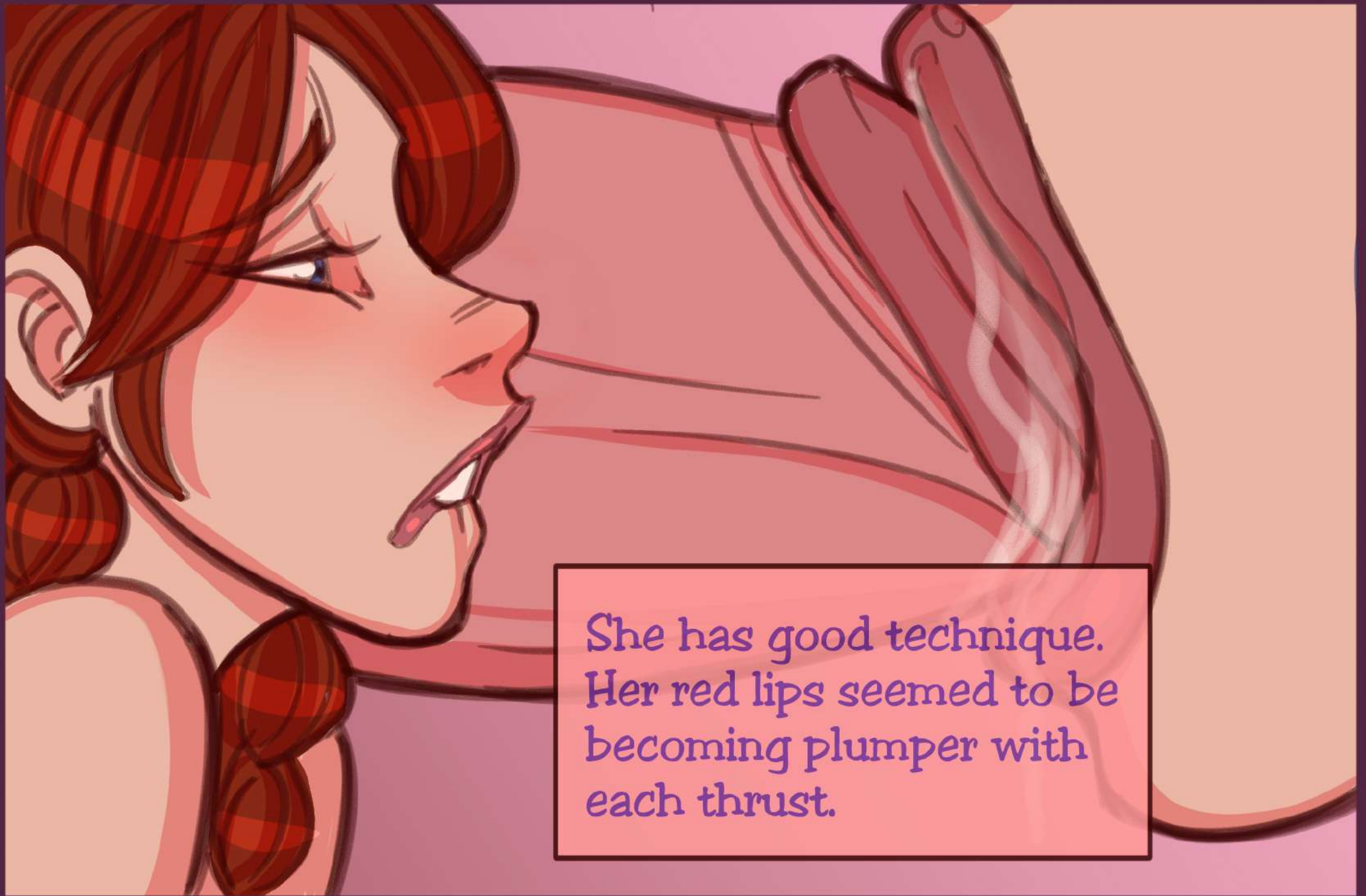
Her body must
crave it.
To do such lustful,
humiliating acts,
with my brother.
The image of which
I'll never get out of
my head.




It looks like she is
trying to drain him
dry.



The way her lips seal themselves, and she uses the looseness of the sheets to go back and forth is impressive.




She has good technique.
Her red lips seemed to be
becoming plumper with
each thrust.



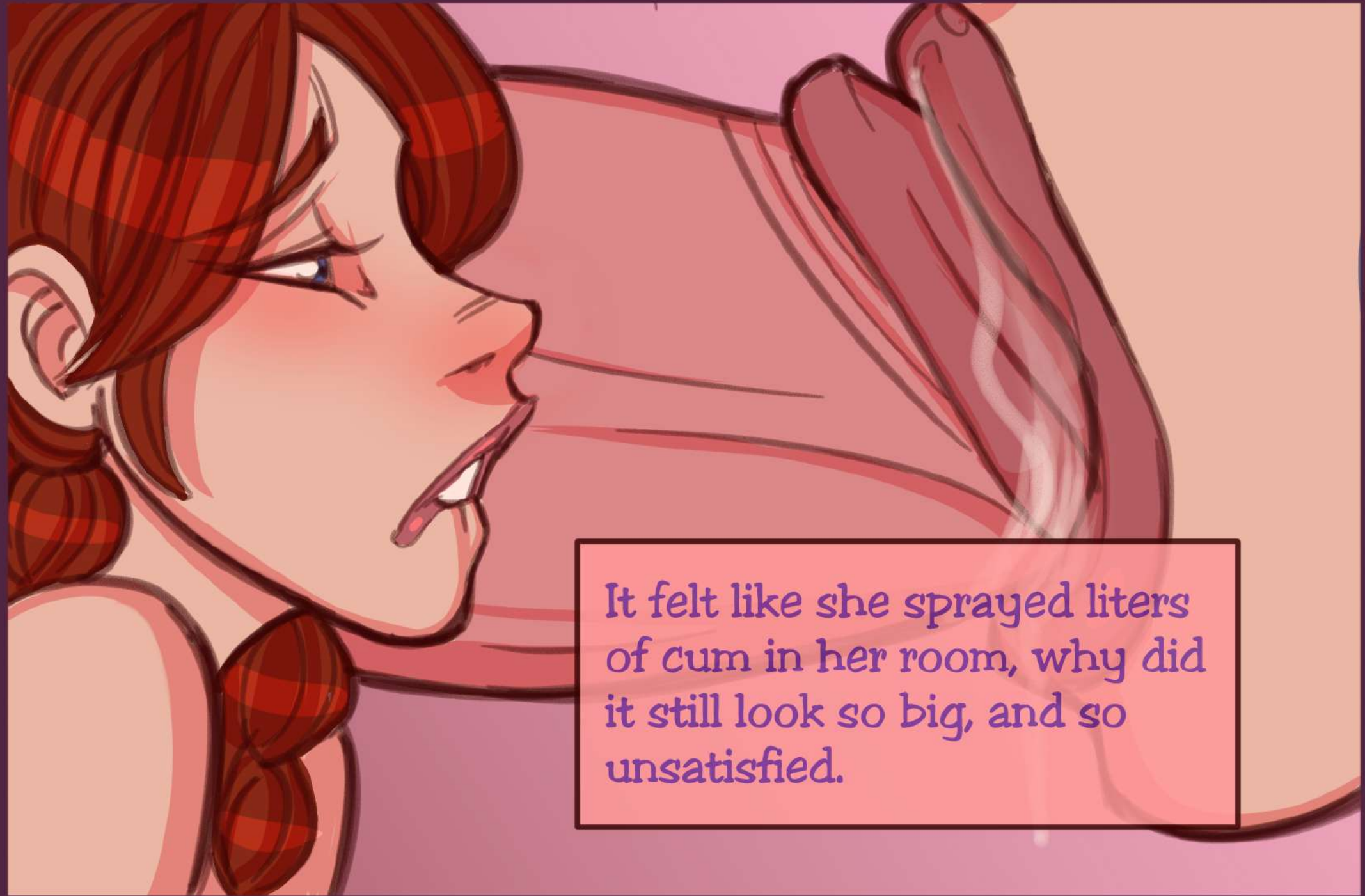
Andrew looked like he was enjoying it. He kept looking up at the ceiling, saying 'Ah', occasionally, over and over.



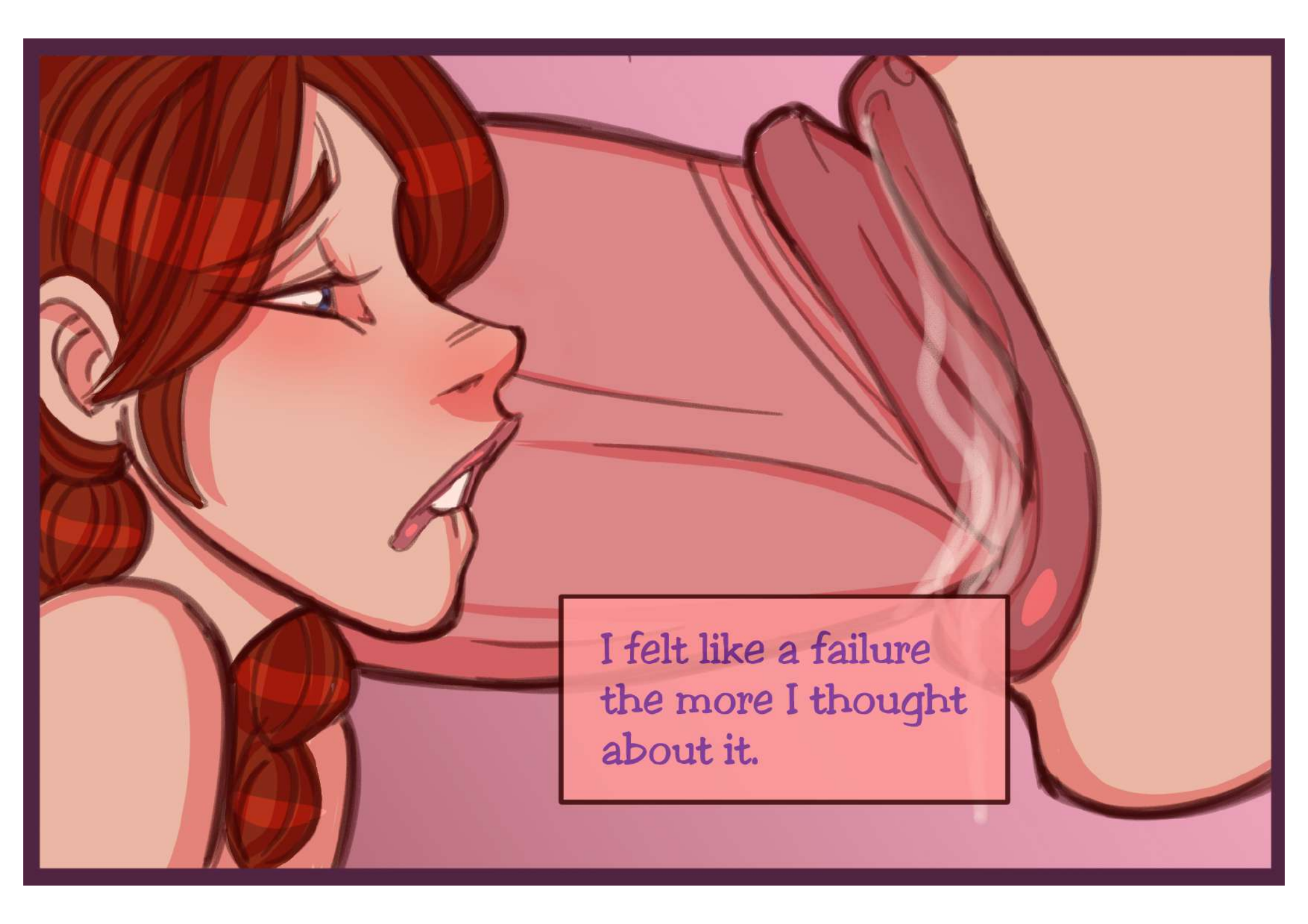
I licked my lips; they still had a mildly salty taste to them. I could feel my chest and groin heat up again.



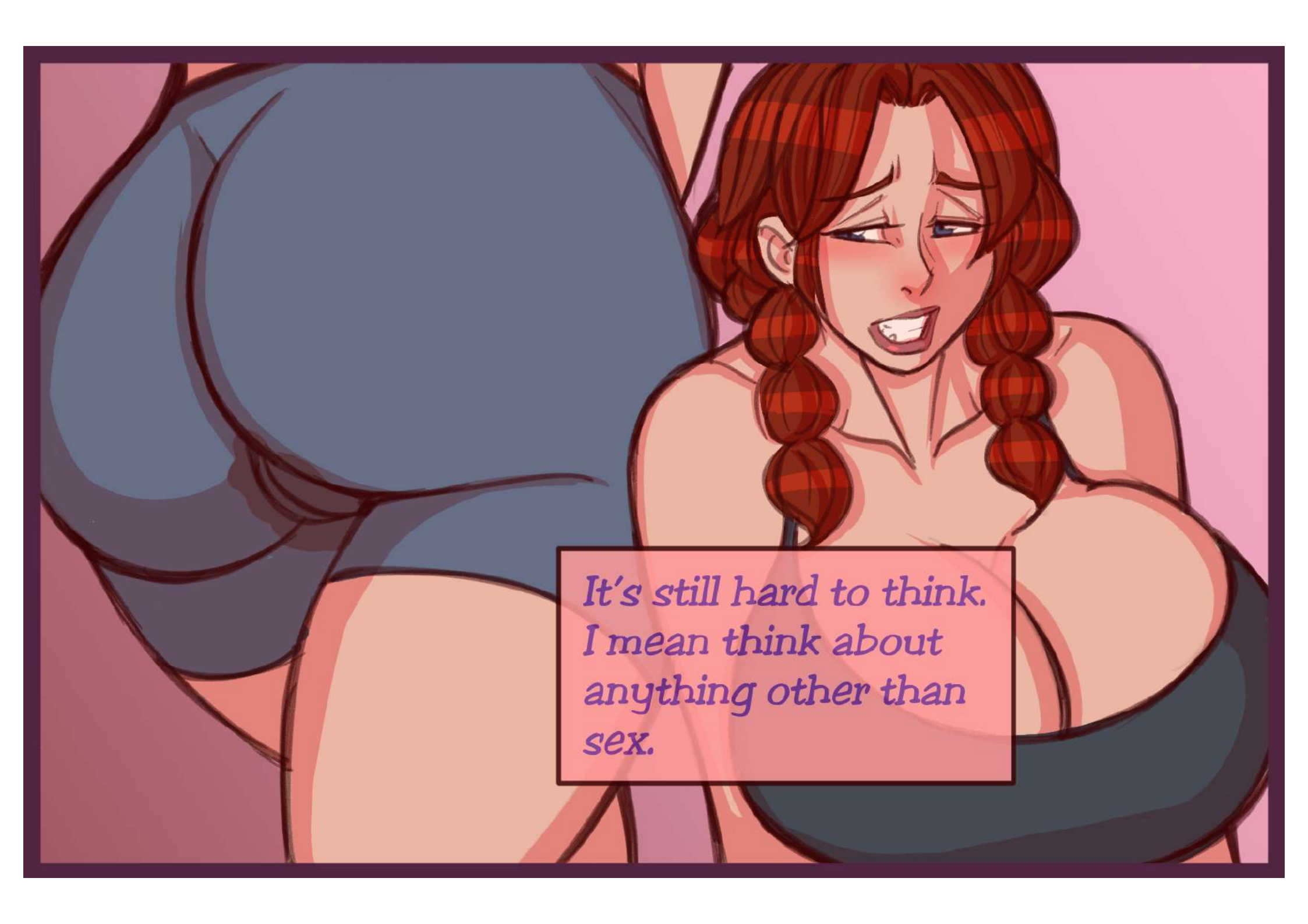
There was just something
so hot about watching.
My eyes quickly glanced
down at Emma's package
hanging out over her thong.




It felt like she sprayed liters of cum in her room, why did it still look so big, and so unsatisfied.




I felt like a failure
the more I thought
about it.



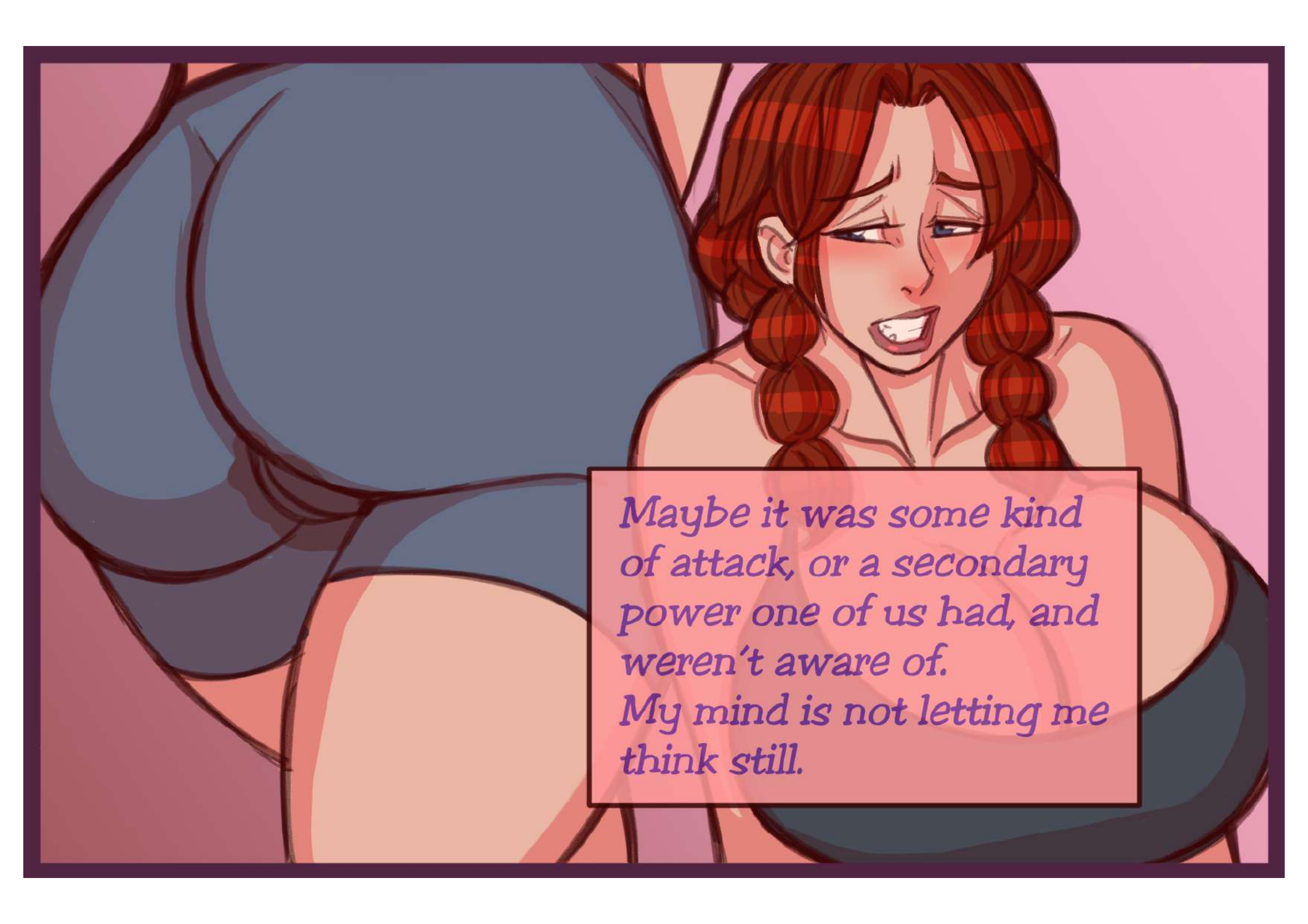
*It's still hard to think.
I mean think about
anything other than
sex.*




*It's taking some effort
not to drop my panties
down, and finger myself
in this room.
I am exhausted.*



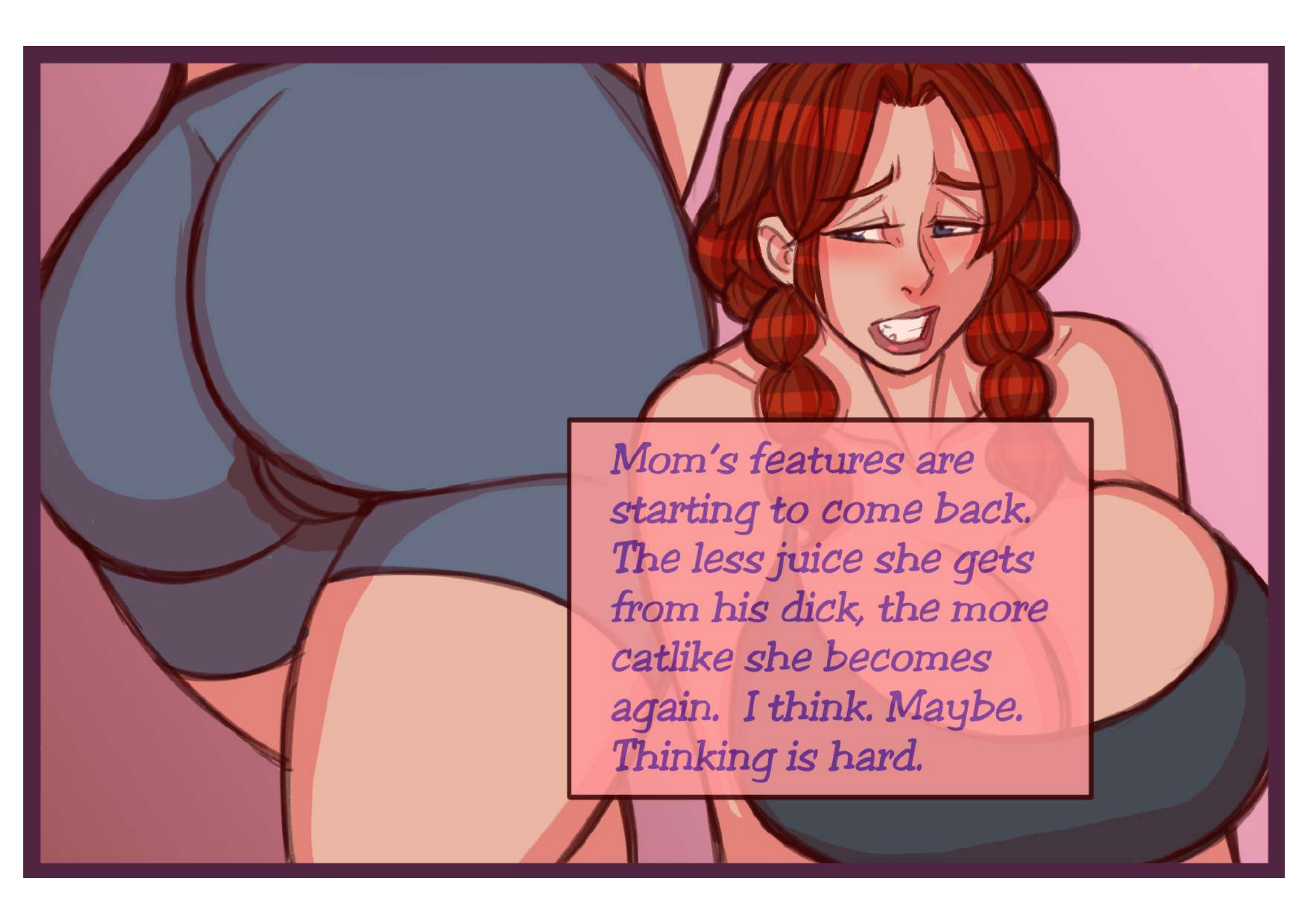
I should be satisfied, but there is something here that seems to be making us all feel that whatever sex we're having is never enough.



Maybe it was some kind of attack, or a secondary power one of us had, and weren't aware of. My mind is not letting me think still.



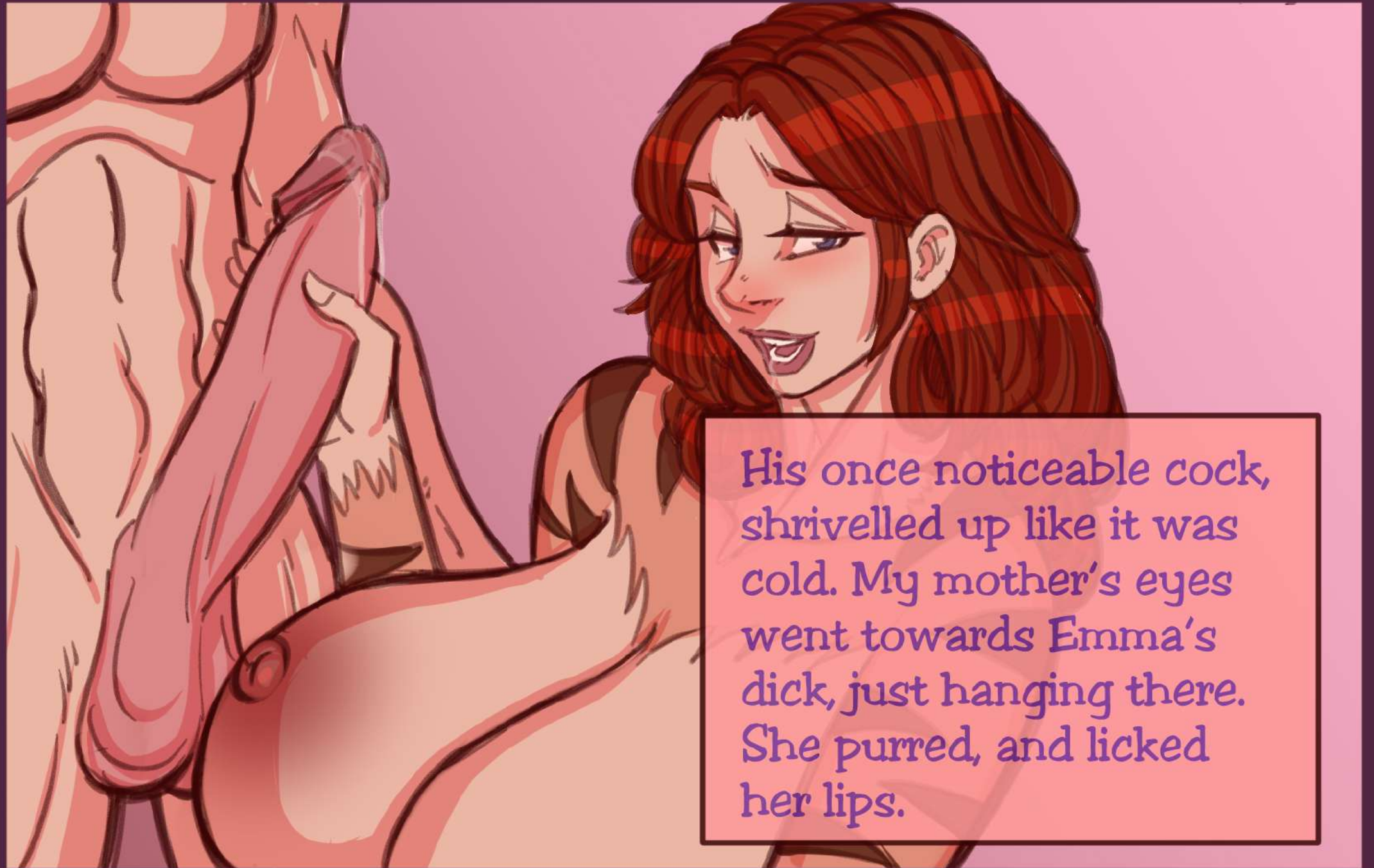
*I can feel how drenched
my panties are.
It's getting worse with
each suck that I witness.
Andrew's cock is clearly
shrinking.*



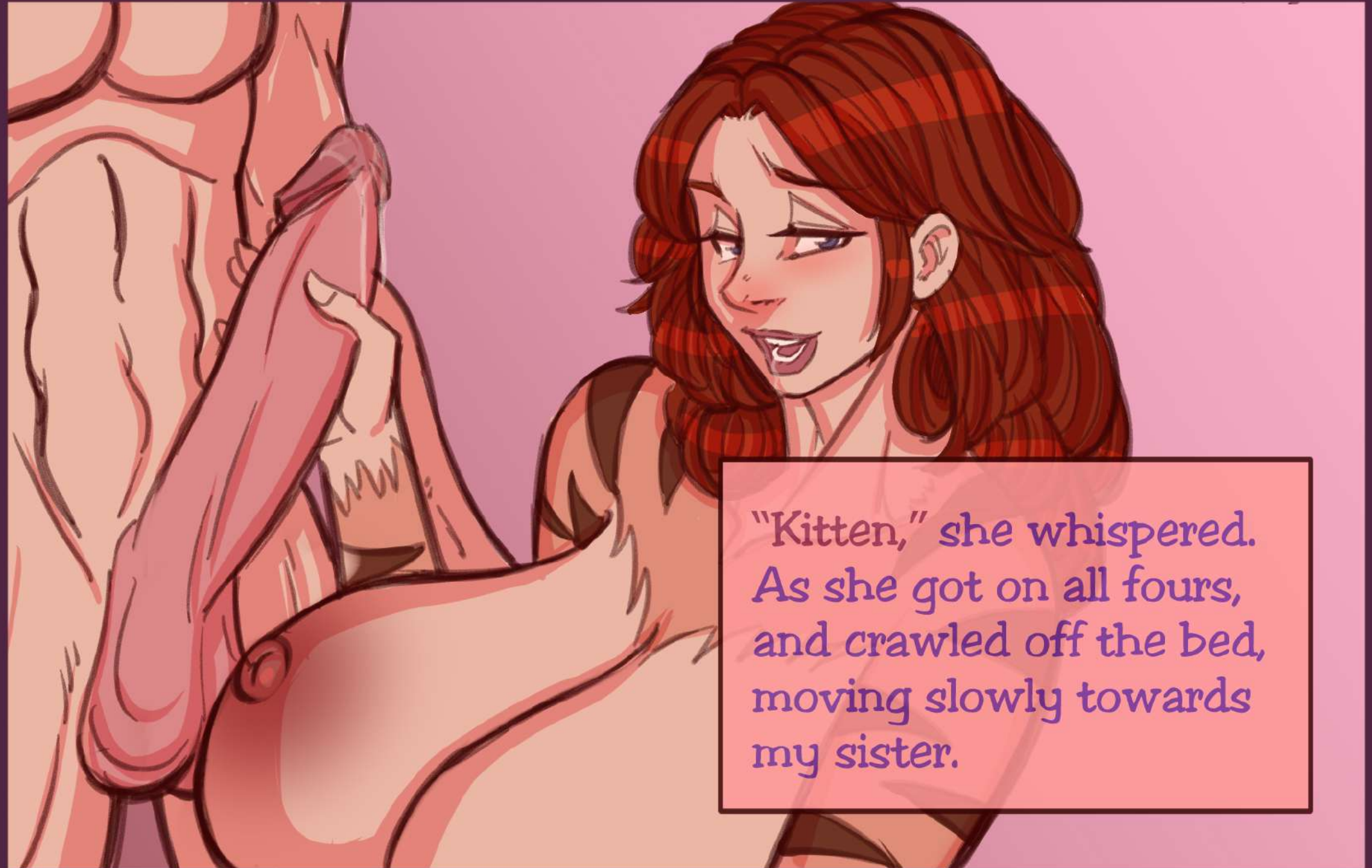
Mom's features are starting to come back. The less juice she gets from his dick, the more catlike she becomes again. I think. Maybe. Thinking is hard.



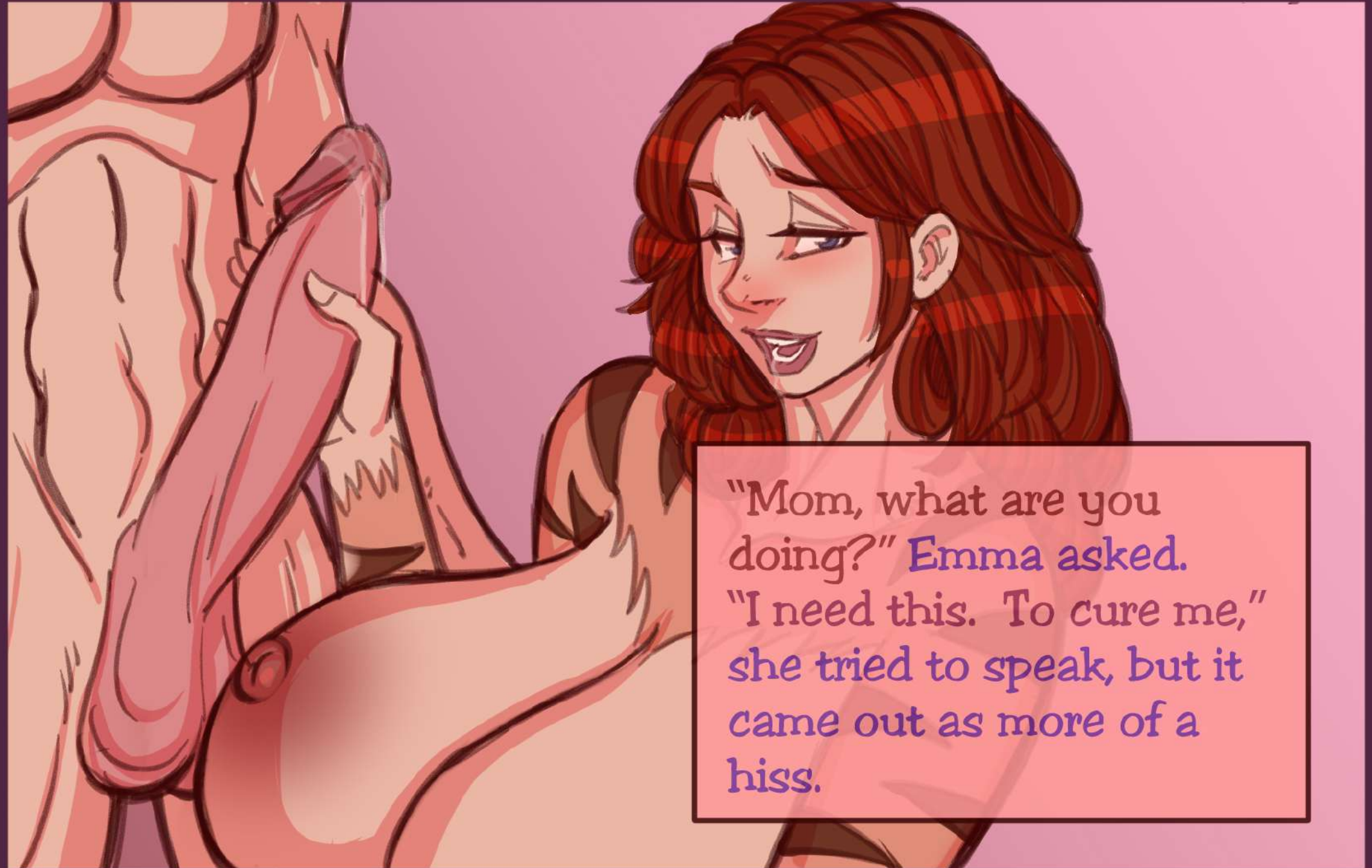
With one last suck, my mom pushed Andrew to the side of the bed. He collapsed with a look of ecstasy on his face.



His once noticeable cock, shrivelled up like it was cold. My mother's eyes went towards Emma's dick, just hanging there. She purred, and licked her lips.

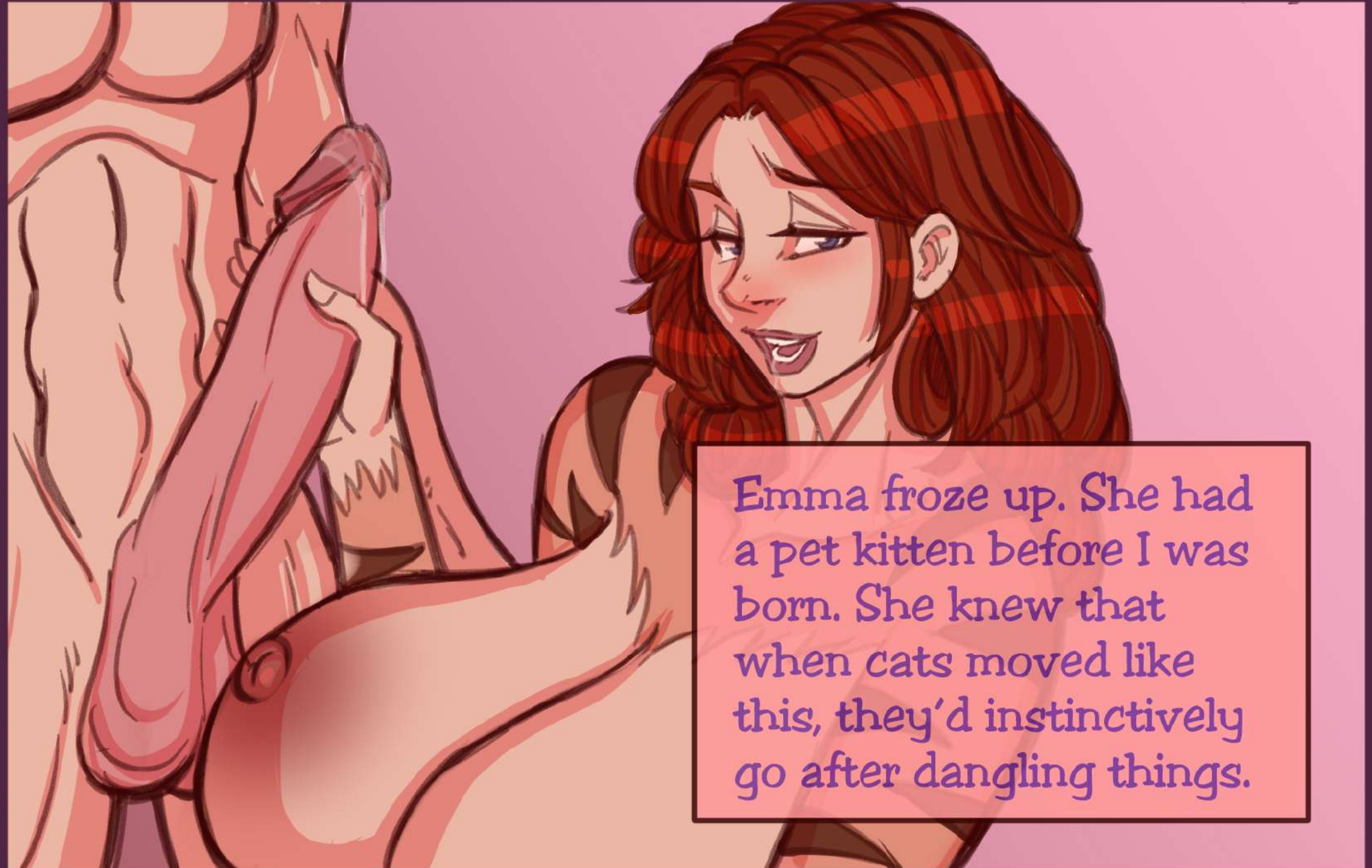


"Kitten," she whispered. As she got on all fours, and crawled off the bed, moving slowly towards my sister.




"Mom, what are you doing?" Emma asked.

"I need this. To cure me," she tried to speak, but it came out as more of a hiss.



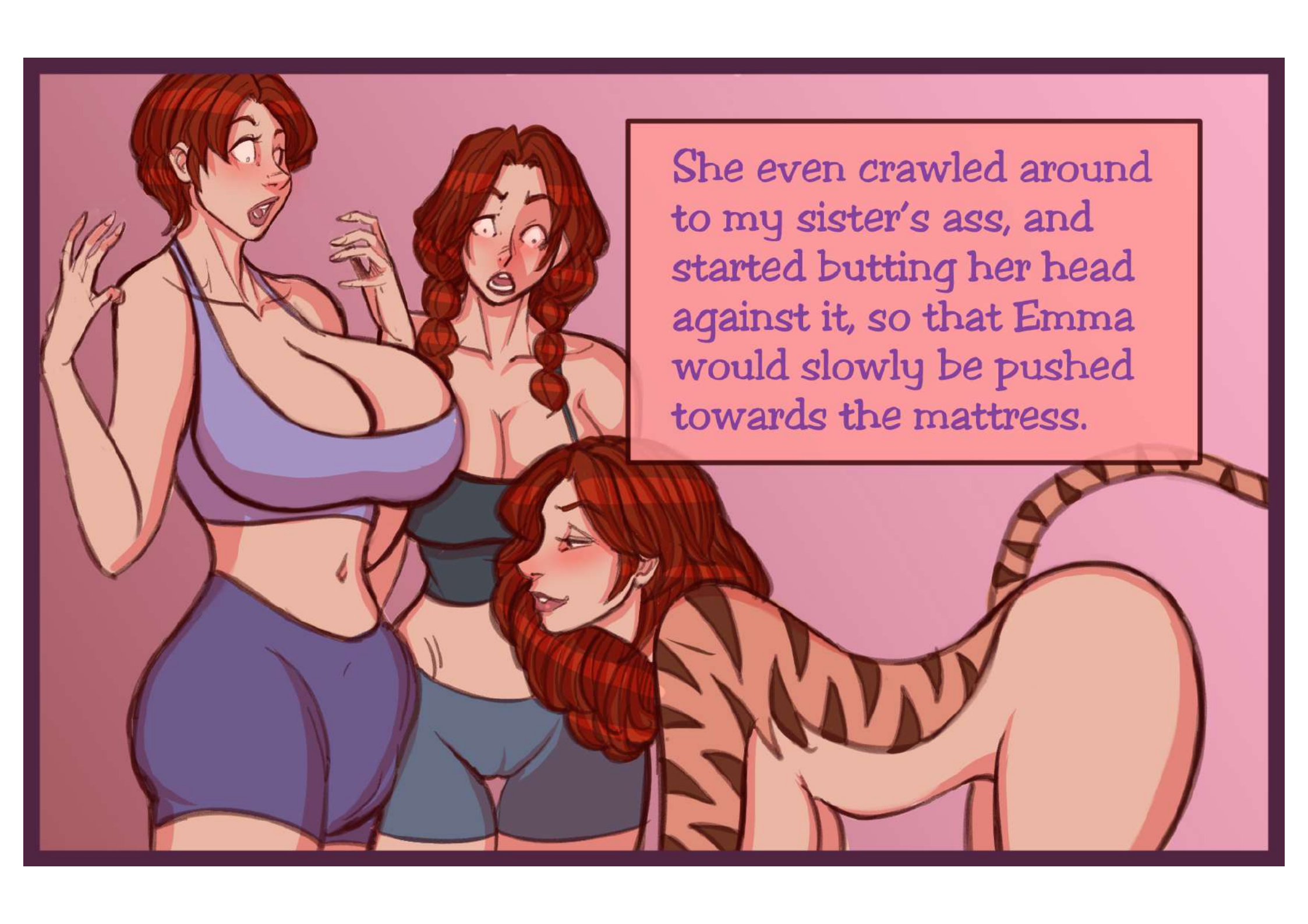
Emma froze up. She had a pet kitten before I was born. She knew that when cats moved like this, they'd instinctively go after dangling things.



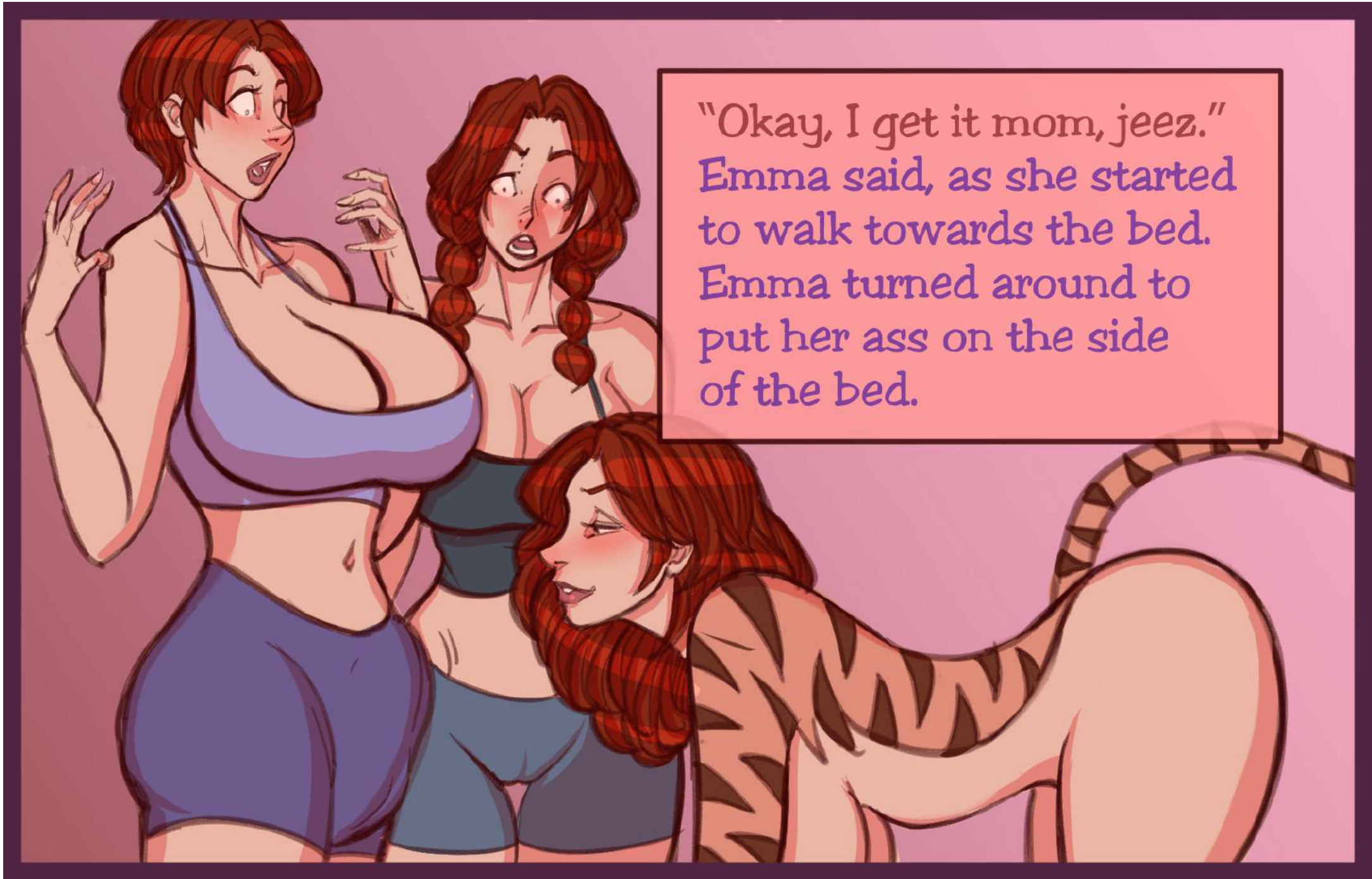
Thankfully, the cat-woman who used to look like my mother, retracted her claws, as her thick and puffy claw-like fingers rested against my sister's thighs.



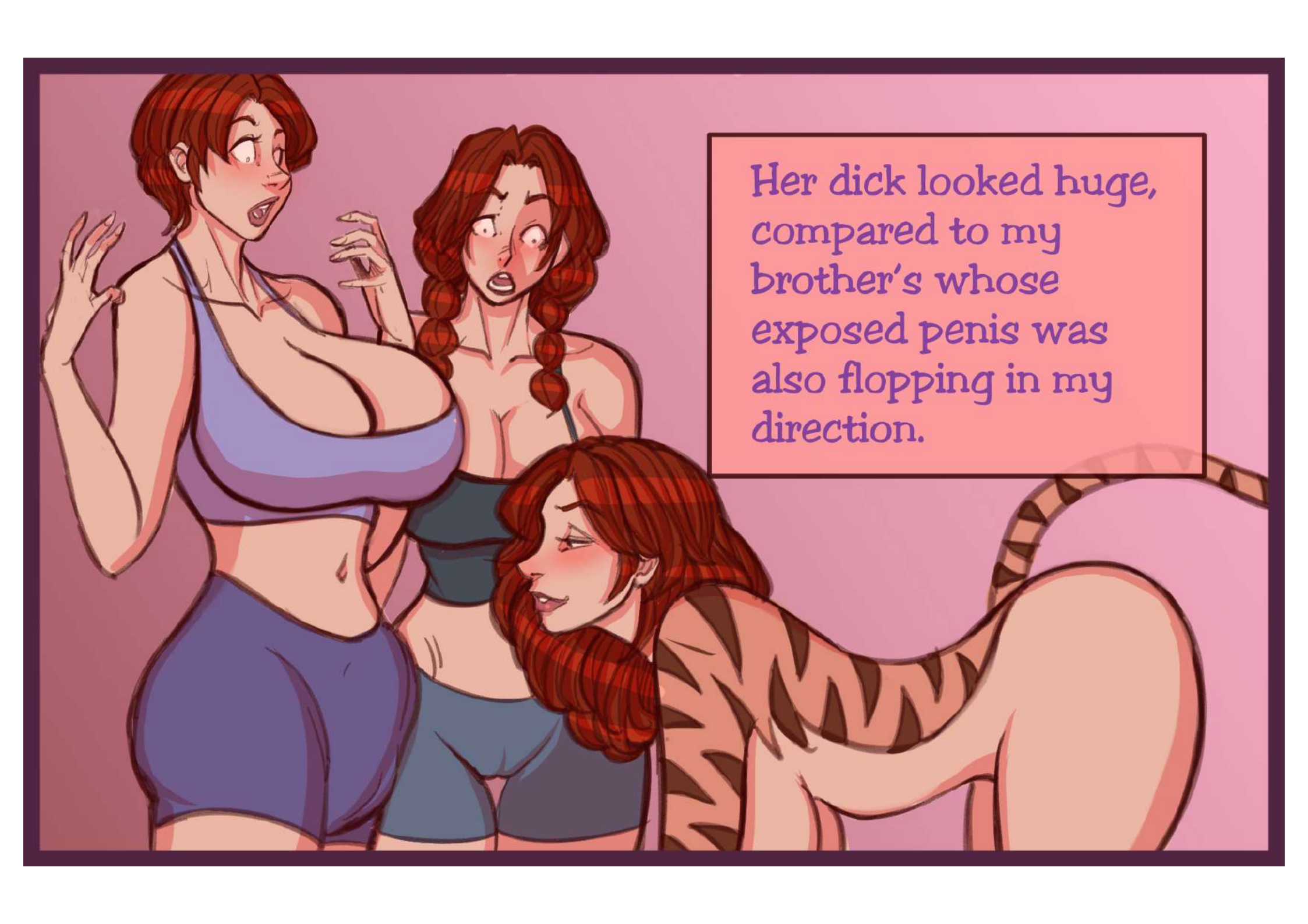
With a harshly pathetic 'meow' she directed her head to point towards the bed where my brother was lying up at the ceiling, spent.



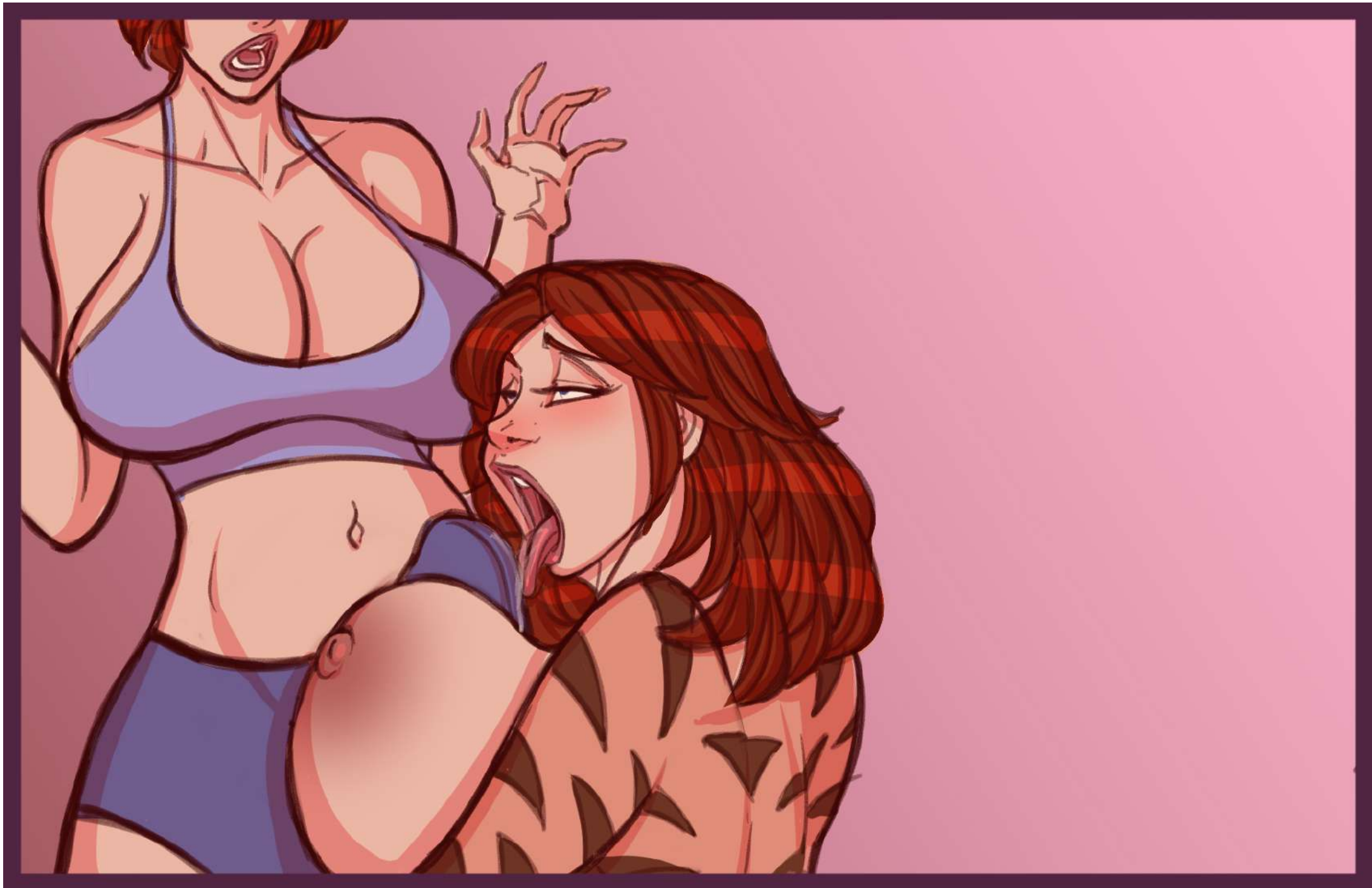
She even crawled around to my sister's ass, and started butting her head against it, so that Emma would slowly be pushed towards the mattress.



"Okay, I get it mom, jeez."
Emma said, as she started
to walk towards the bed.
Emma turned around to
put her ass on the side
of the bed.

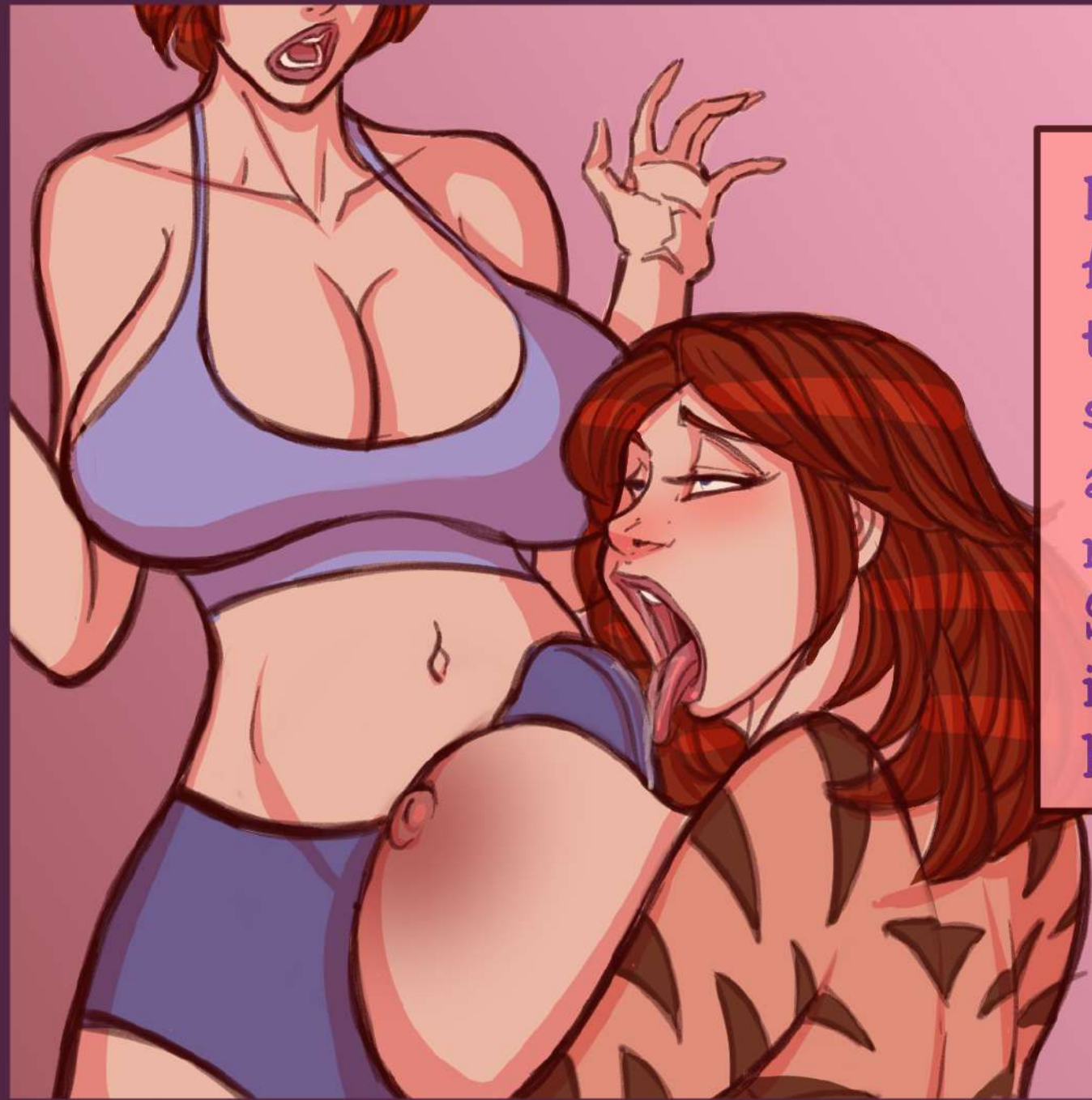


Her dick looked huge,
compared to my
brother's whose
exposed penis was
also flopping in my
direction.





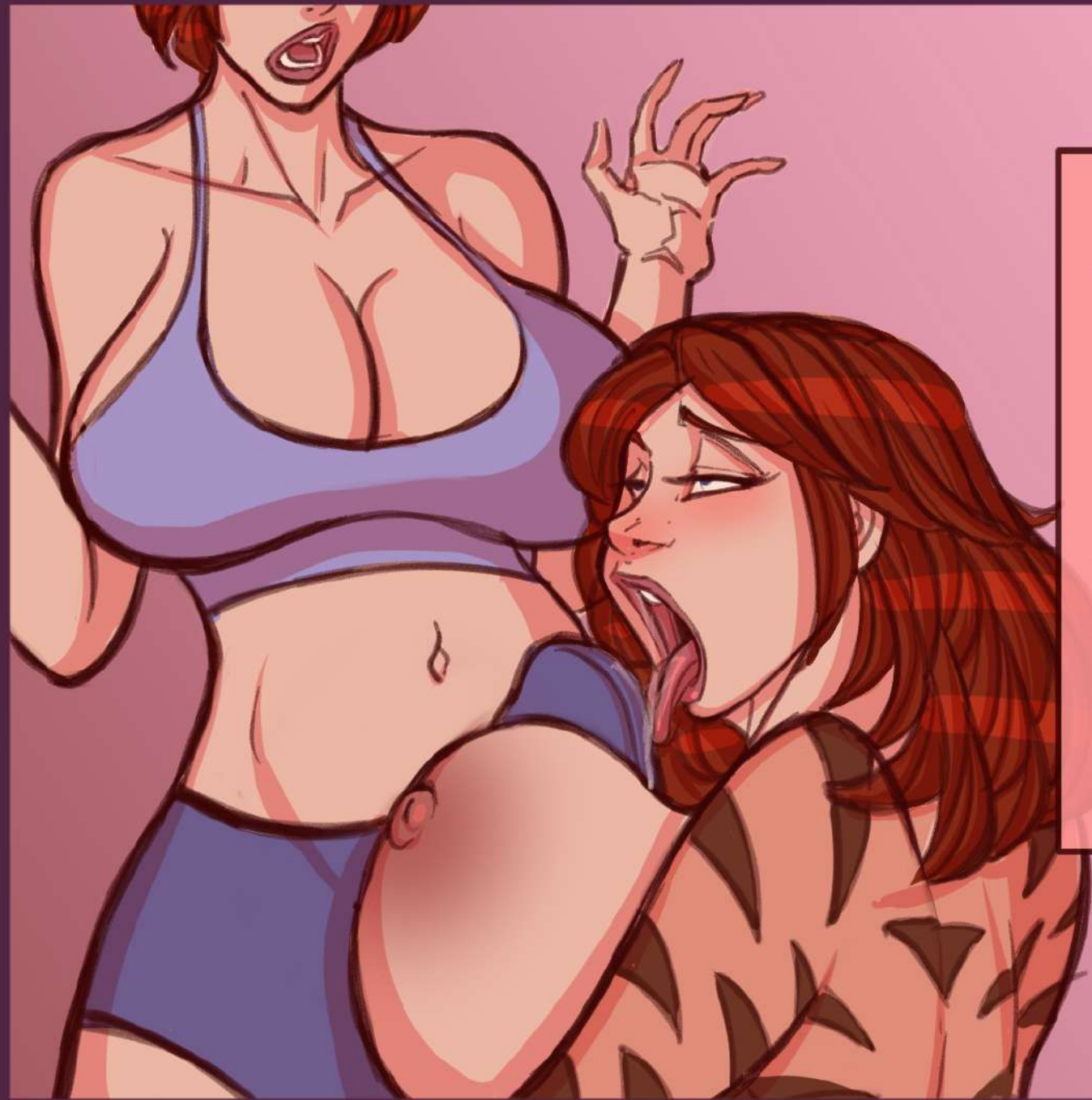
My mother put her head in Emma's lap and started purring. "Mom, that tickles." Emma said.



My mother then flicked out her tongue, and started flicking it against Emma's massive sausage. She noticed that it wasn't getting hard.



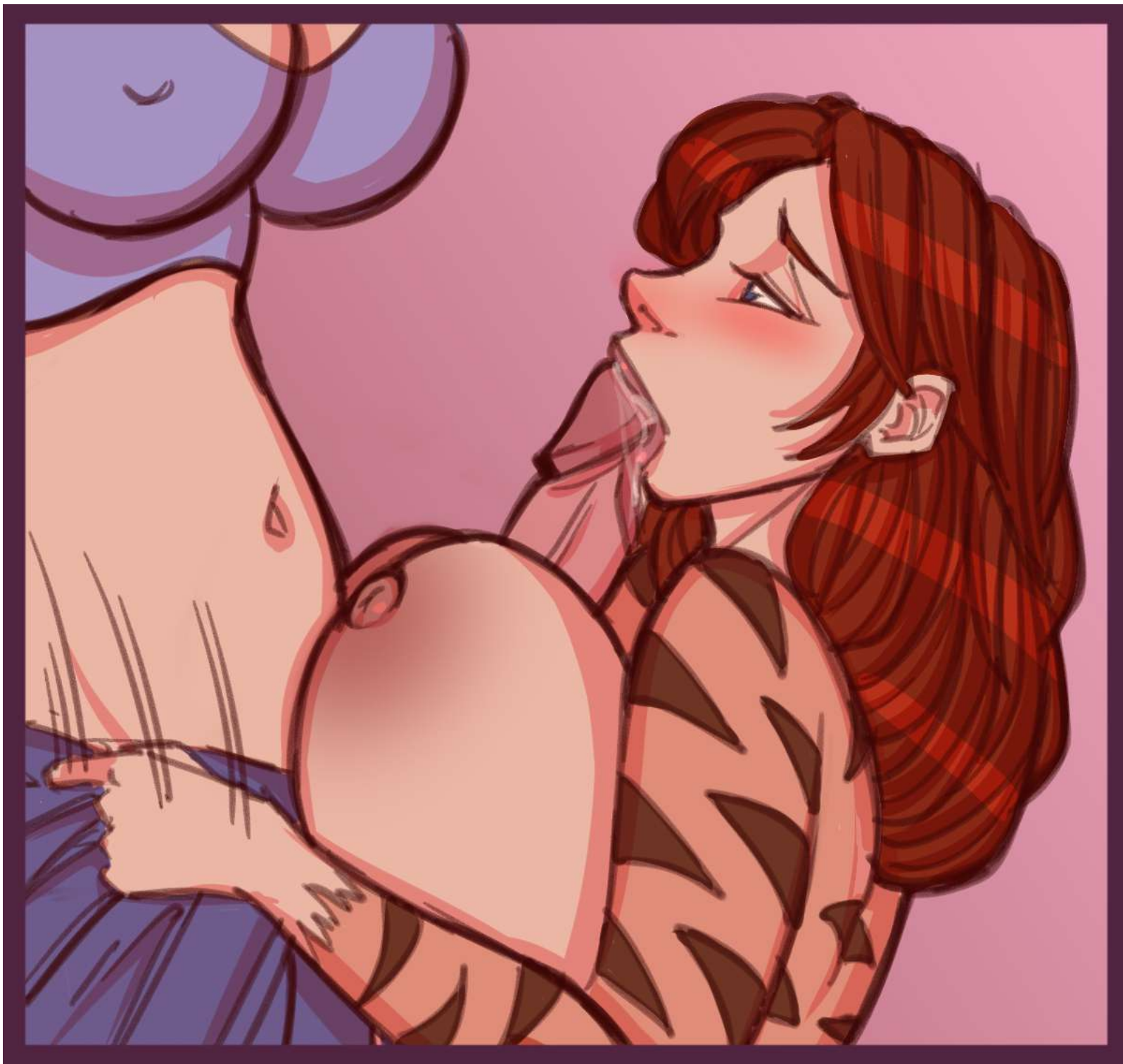
My mother went to her knees, and pushed her breasts between my sister's legs.



Then with her hands becoming more paw-like by the minute, she began to push her breasts together to wrap them around Emma's penis.



"Really, are we doing this?" asked Emma.





Mom just let out a meow, before taking a long and slow lick up the side of the cock.



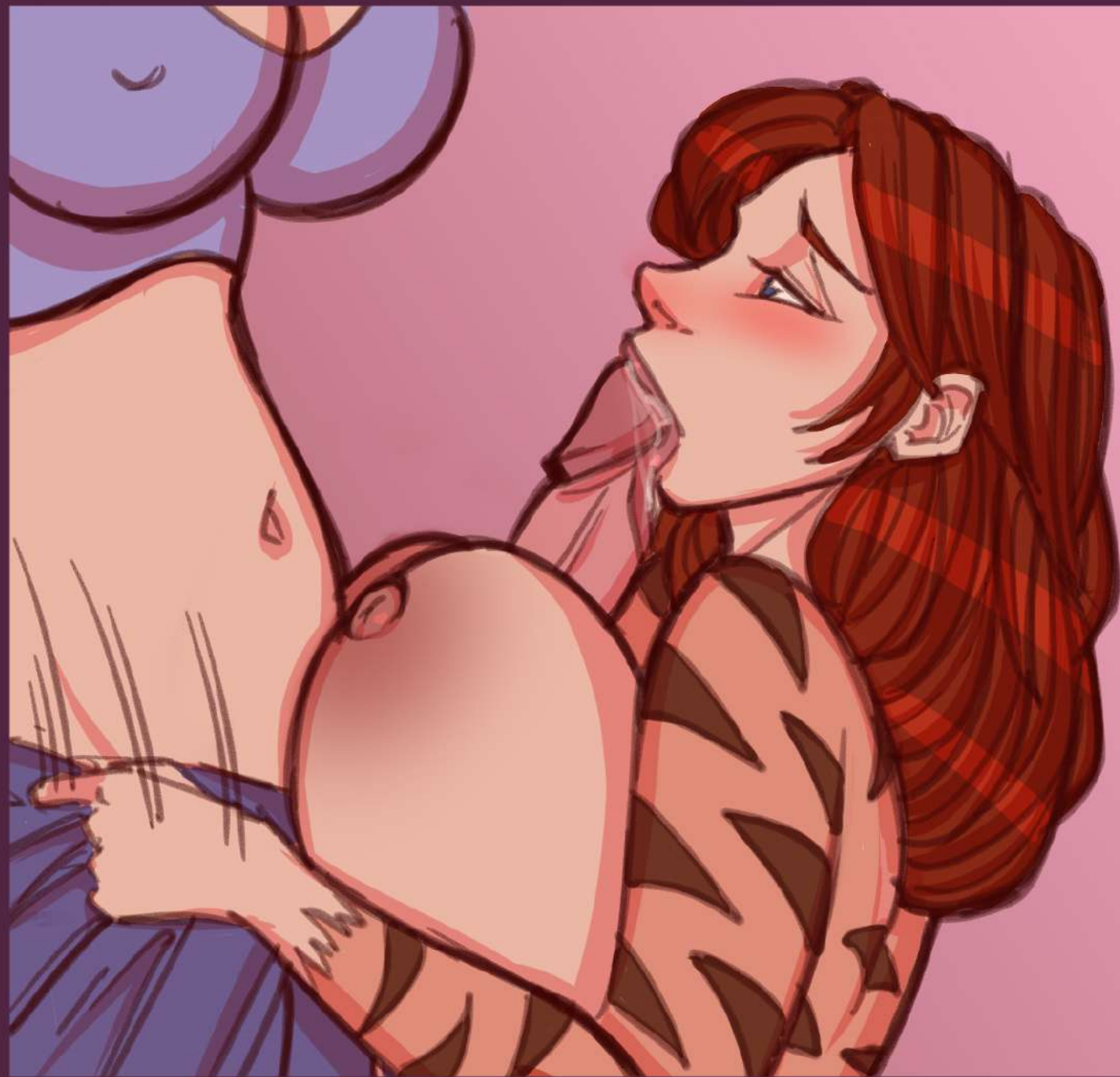
She started moving up and down, causing her breasts to bounce. Emma reclined back a bit.



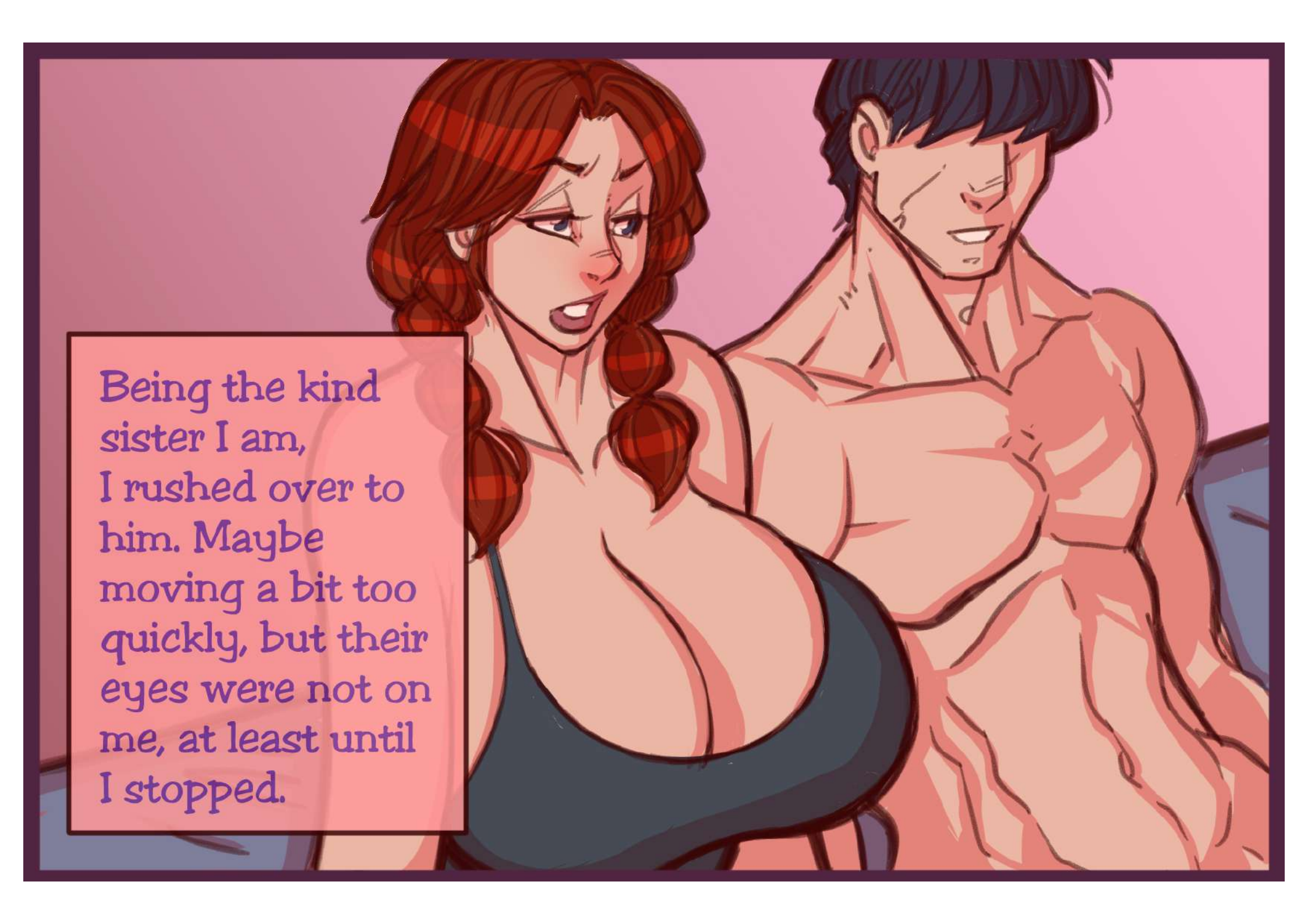
She was done trying to make sense of this morning, and looked like she was about to enjoy the ride.



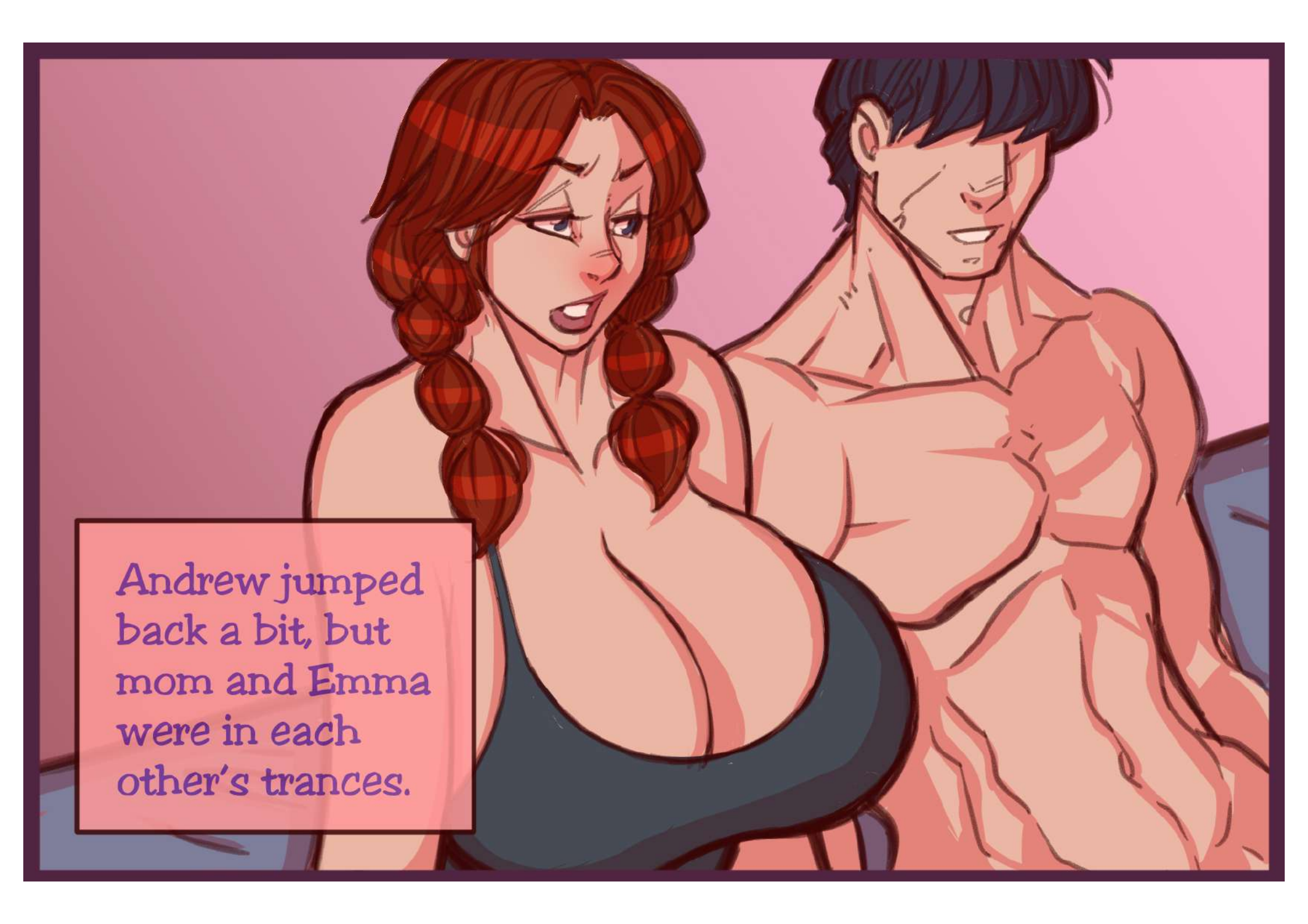
Mom started slurping the tip of Emma's dick, while Andrew looked over at them. Emma's dick seemed to have the same effect on my mother, that it had have on me.



As Emma was getting yet another tit-fuck, my poor brother Andrew laid on the side of the bed, looking completely left out.



Being the kind sister I am, I rushed over to him. Maybe moving a bit too quickly, but their eyes were not on me, at least until I stopped.



Andrew jumped back a bit, but mom and Emma were in each other's trances.

A comic book panel with a pinkish-red background. In the foreground, a pregnant woman with long, reddish-brown hair styled in two braids looks off to the side with a worried or sad expression. She is wearing a dark blue tank top. Behind her, a muscular man with dark hair is shown from the chest up, looking towards her with a slight smile. The art style is characterized by bold black outlines and flat colors.

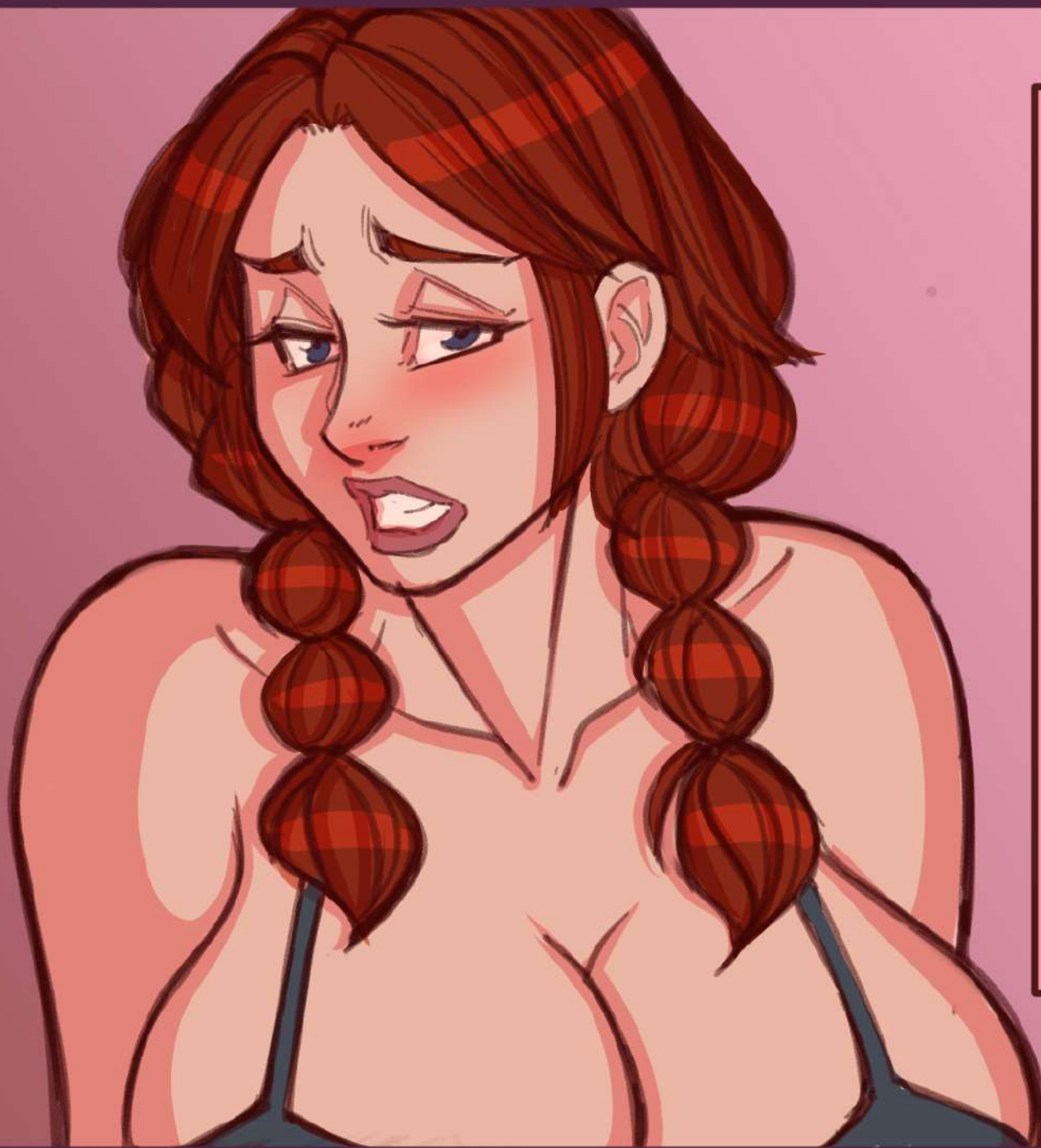
"Hey, how are you feeling?"

I asked my brother.

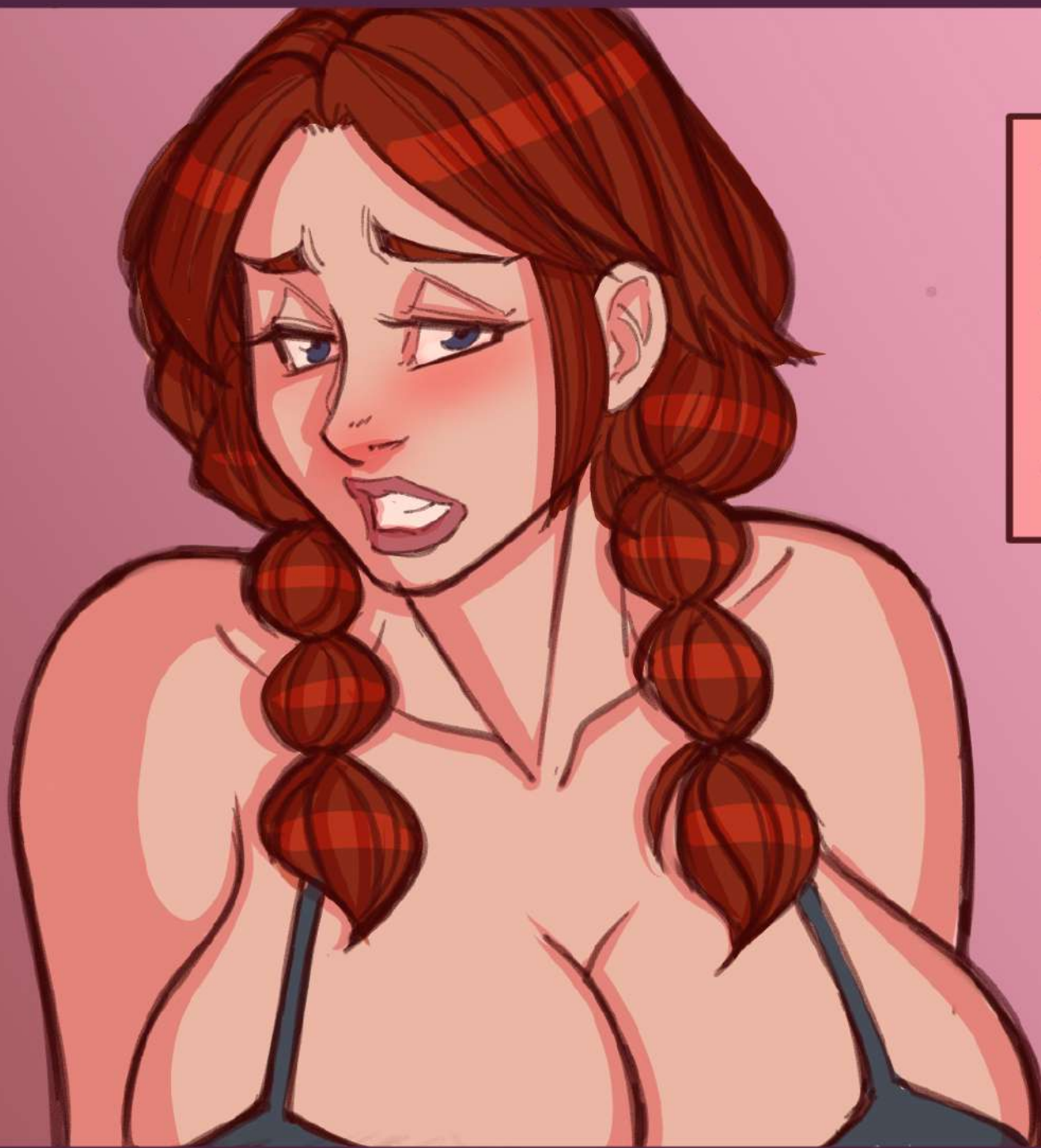
"I am doing alright, I guess. I stopped mom from leaving the house, looking like that."



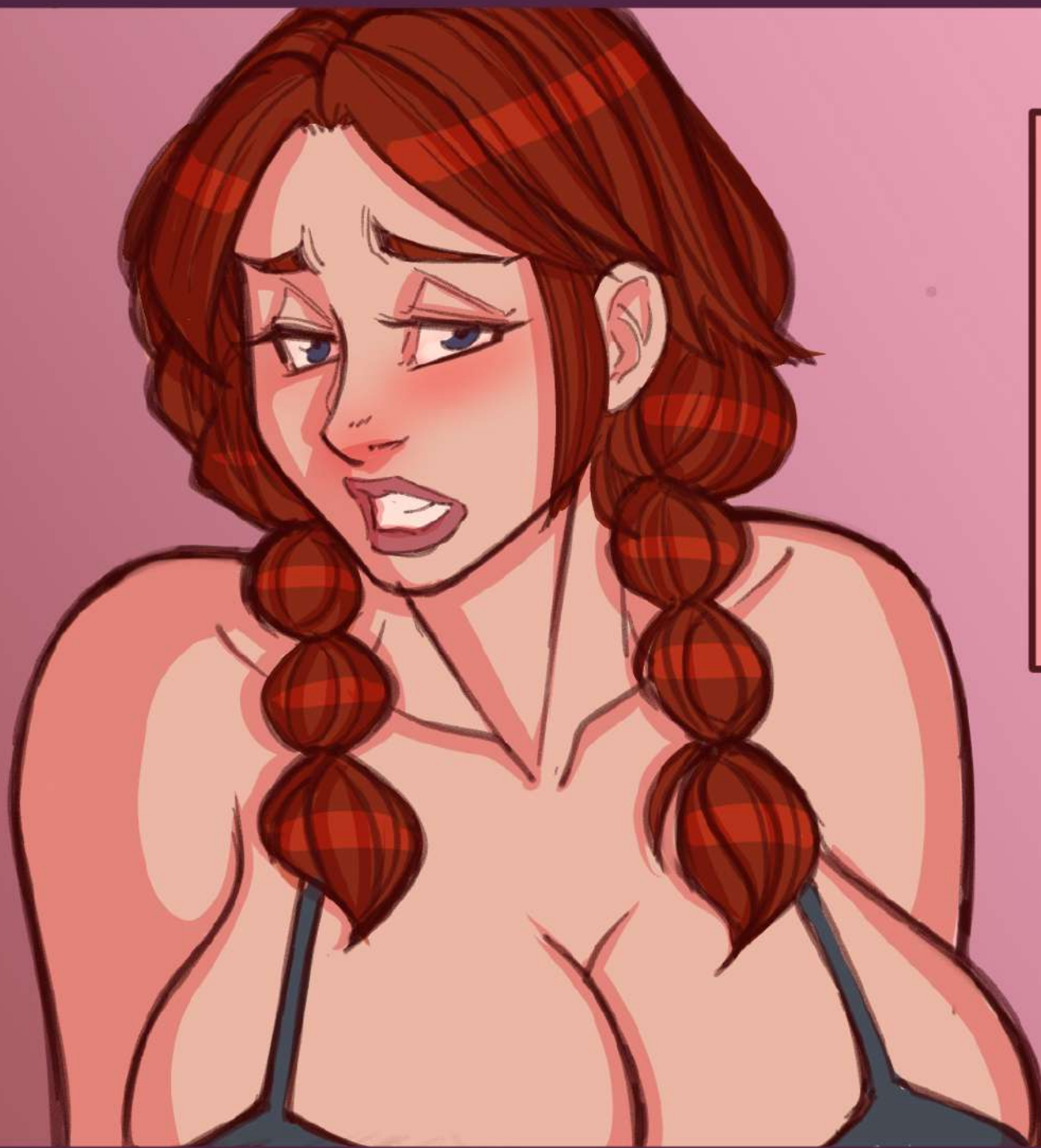
Mom didn't respond to her name being said, as she continued to bob up and down.



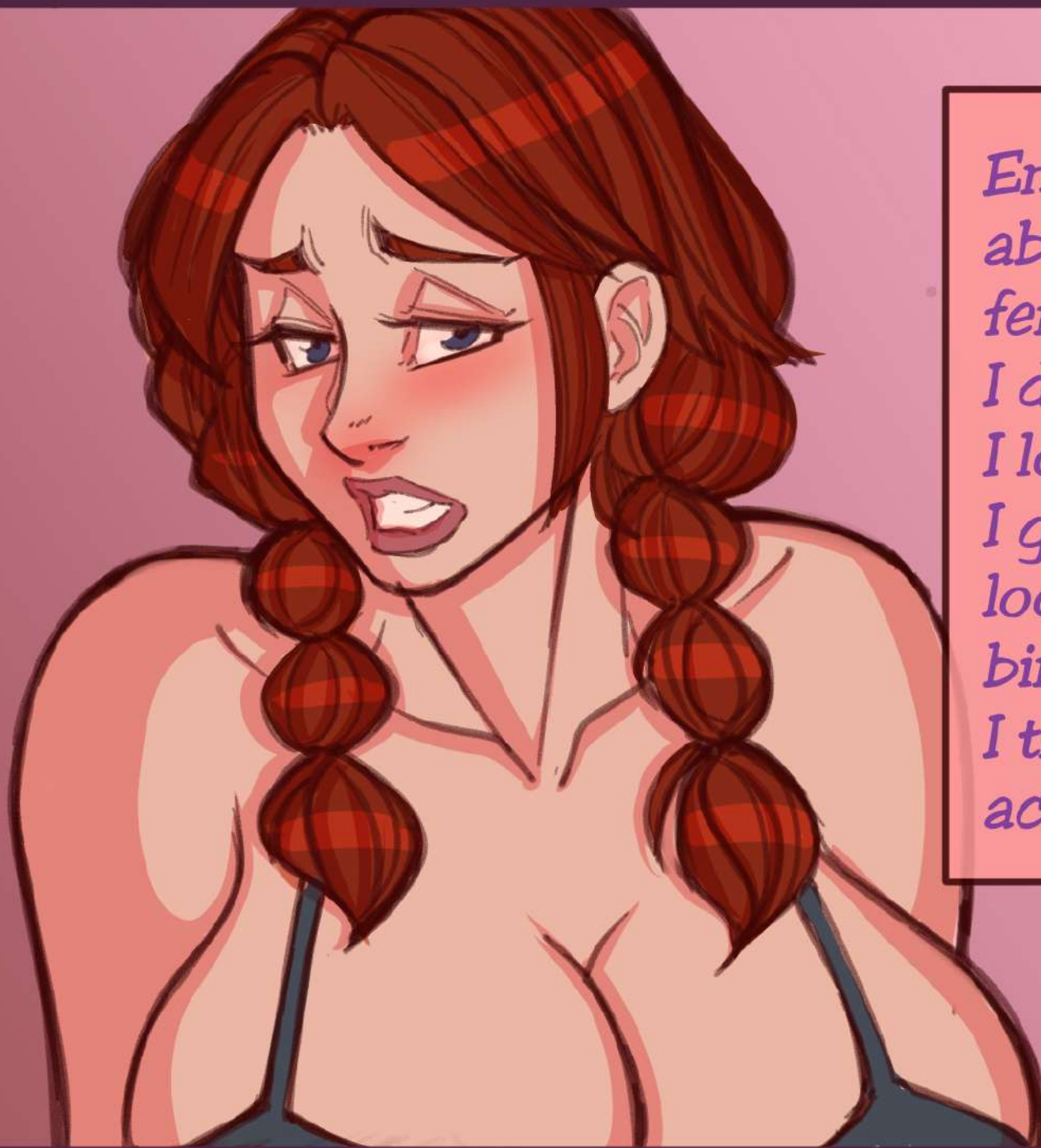
My brother and I
shut up.
Neither of us were
going to like where
this conversation
led.
We just continued
to watch in silence
as my mother
continued her
tit-fuck with my
sister.



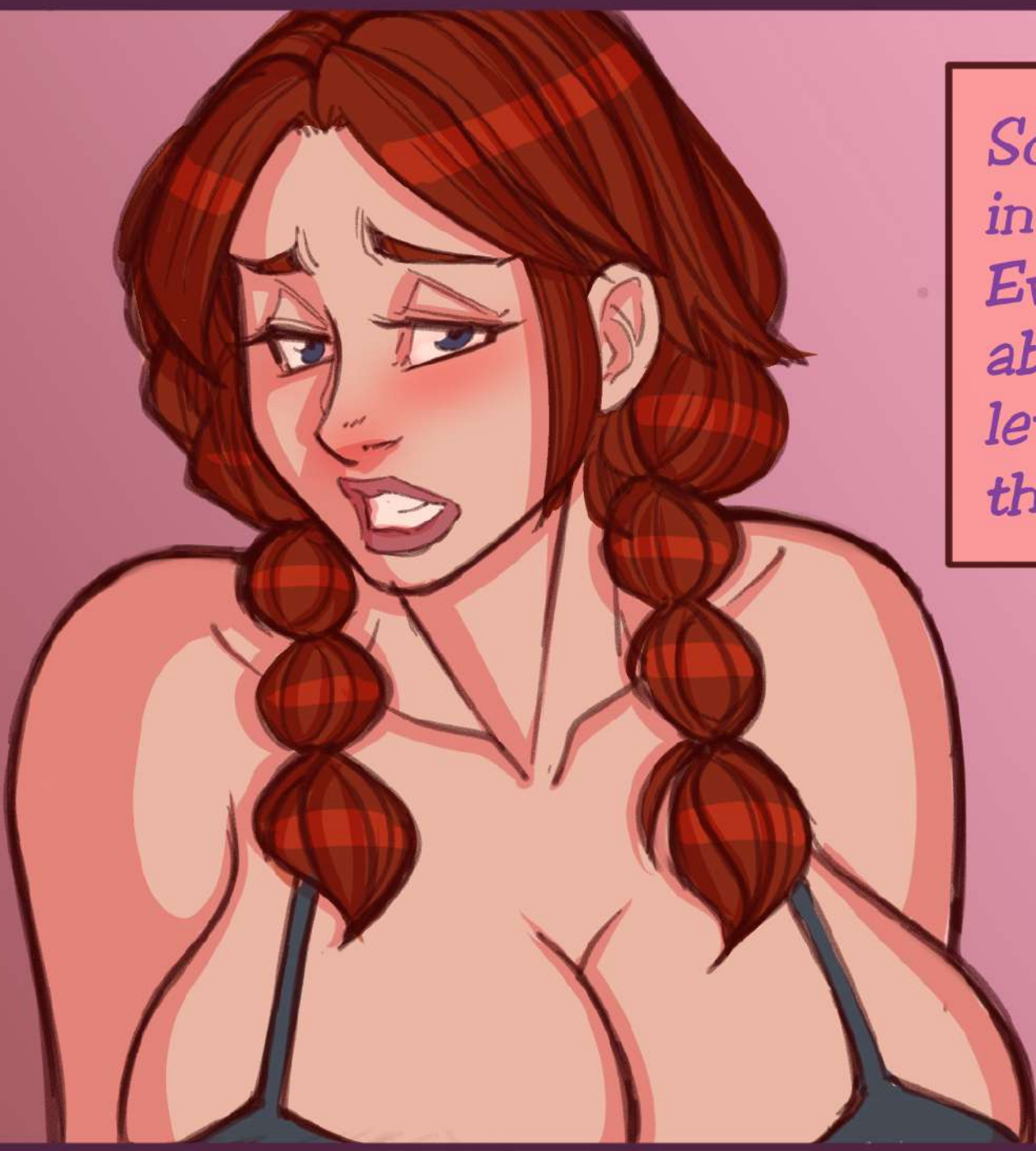
"What did you do with mom?" I asked.
"What did you do with Emma?" he replied.



*My heart stopped
for a second.
He knew?
Then I felt my lips,
they were larger
and pumper than
usual.*



Emma said something about the sperm feminizing me. I didn't know what I looked like, but I guess I probably looked like a bit of a bimbo, or a slut. I think I was kind of acting like one too.

A woman with long, reddish-brown hair styled in two thick braids. She has a distressed expression, with furrowed brows and a slightly open mouth. She is wearing a dark blue top. The background is a solid light pink color.

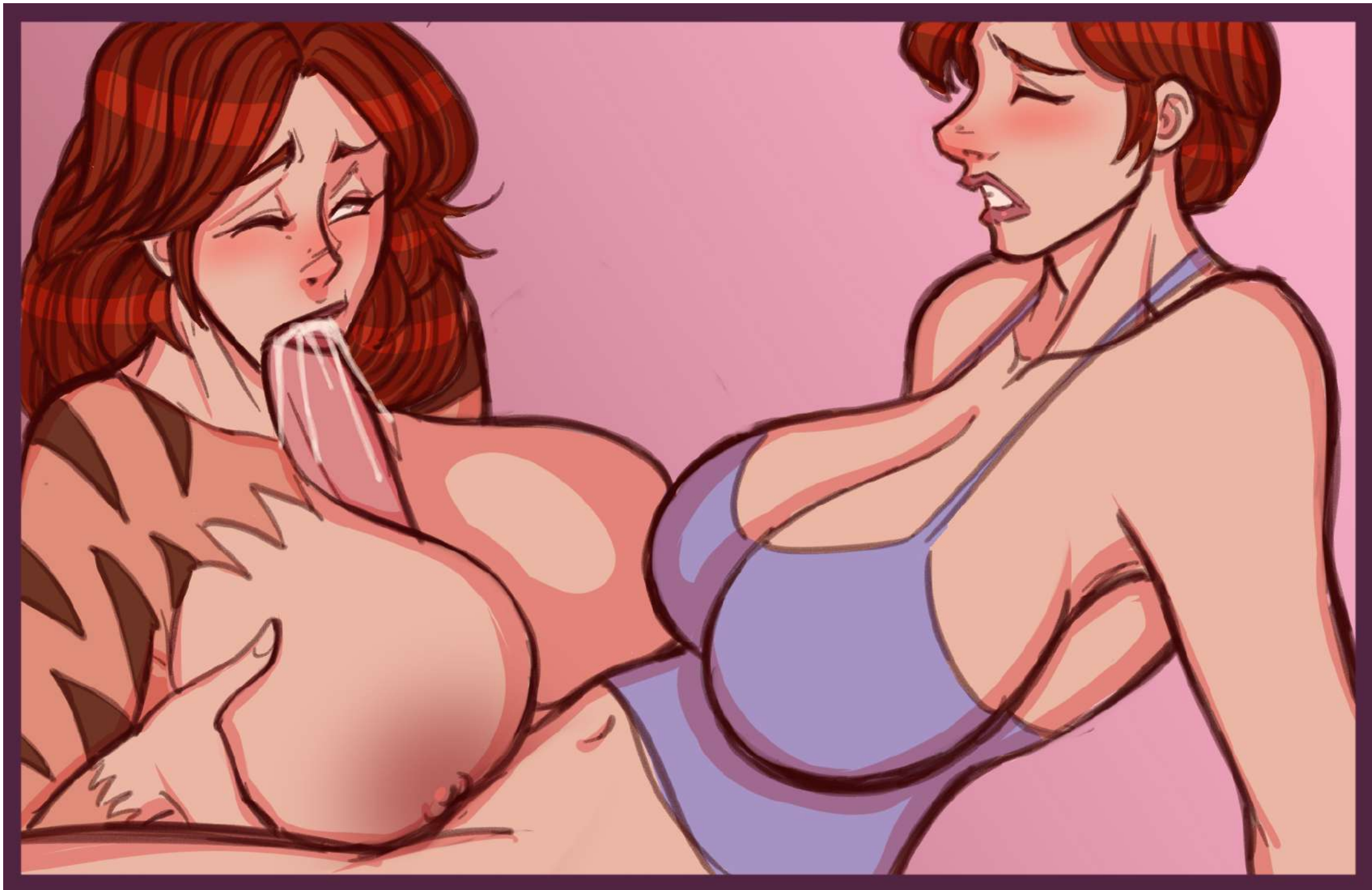
*Something isn't right
in my head read know.
Every time I think
about it, images of
lewd sex appear in my
thoughts.*



Soon, Emma mentioned
"I'm going to cum," to
my mother.

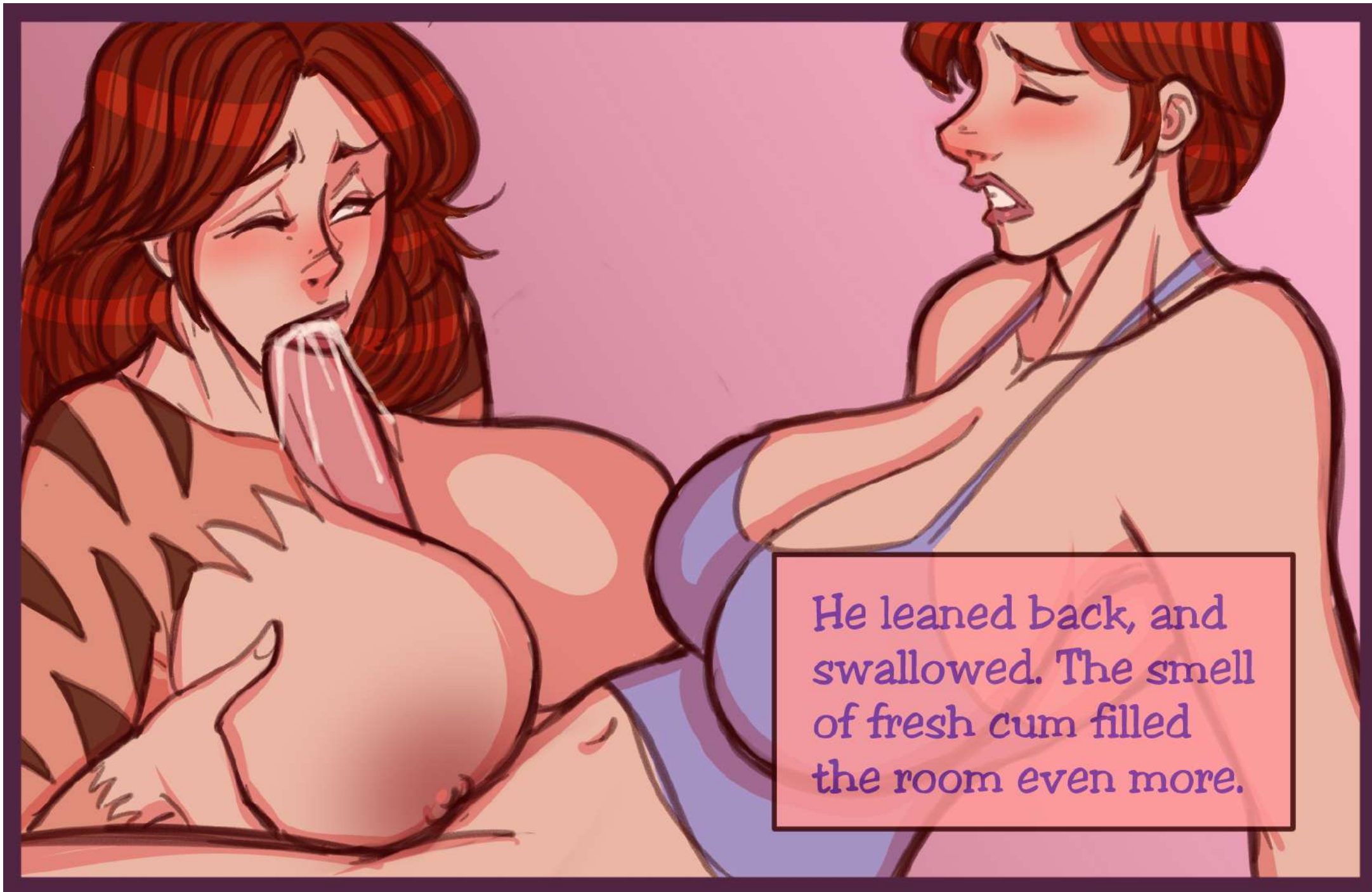


My mother took a deep breath through her nostrils, and prepared to accept the sperm that was coming her way.





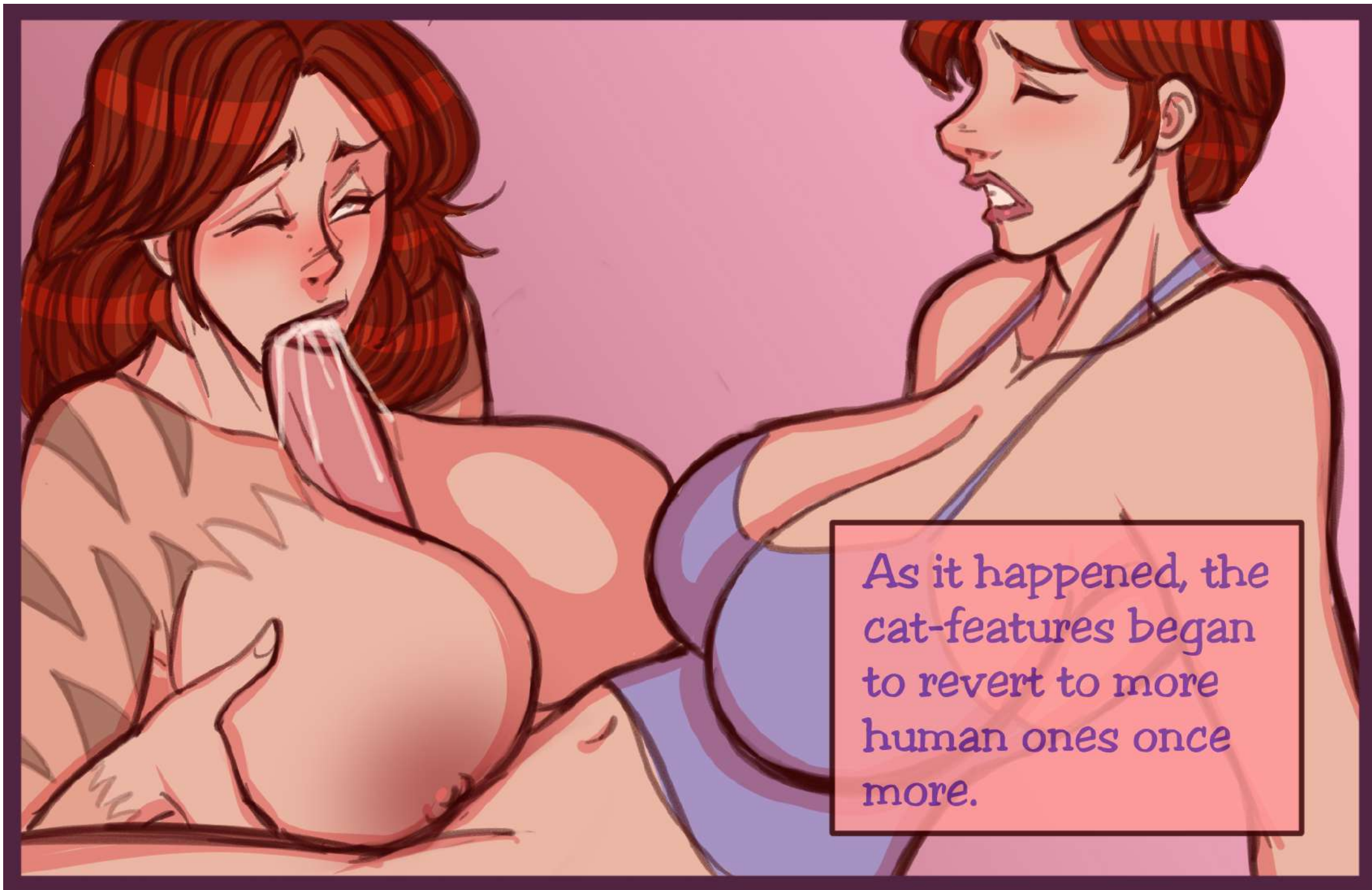
Then she took in in her feline-mouth, as her cheeks puffed up as the jizz filled her mouth.



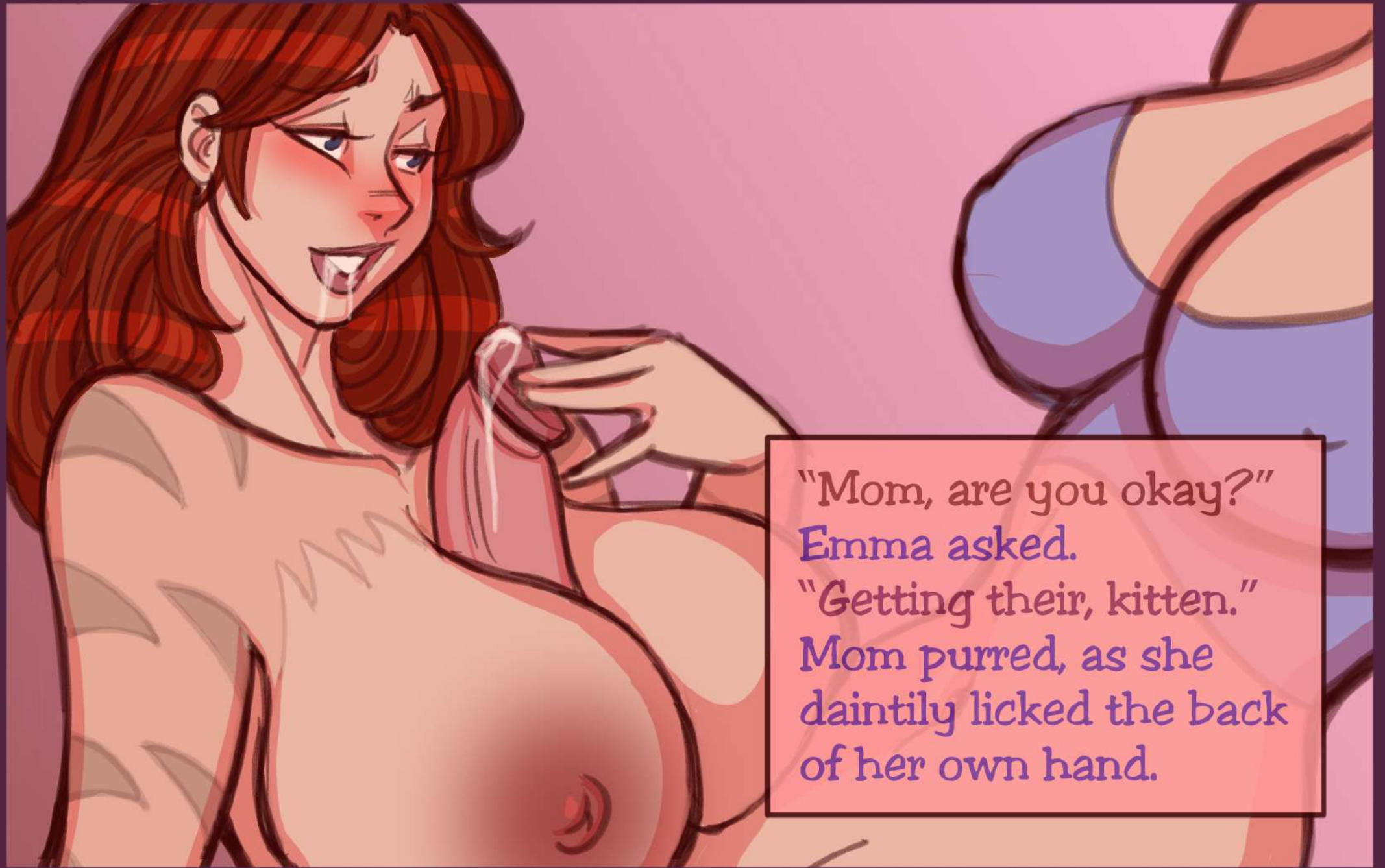
He leaned back, and swallowed. The smell of fresh cum filled the room even more.



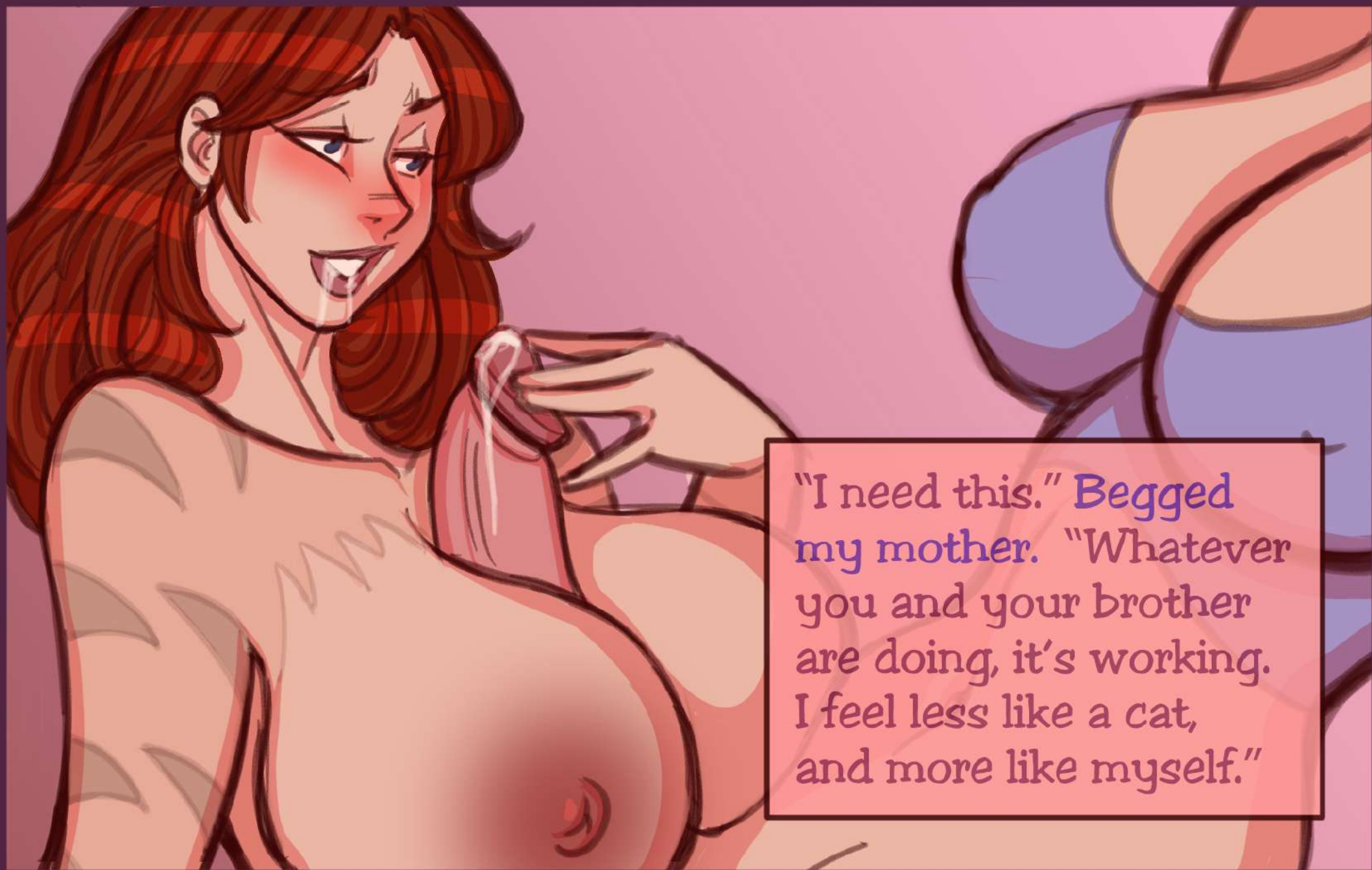
She let out a satisfying gasp, before putting her head down towards my sister's lap once more, and began to lick it.



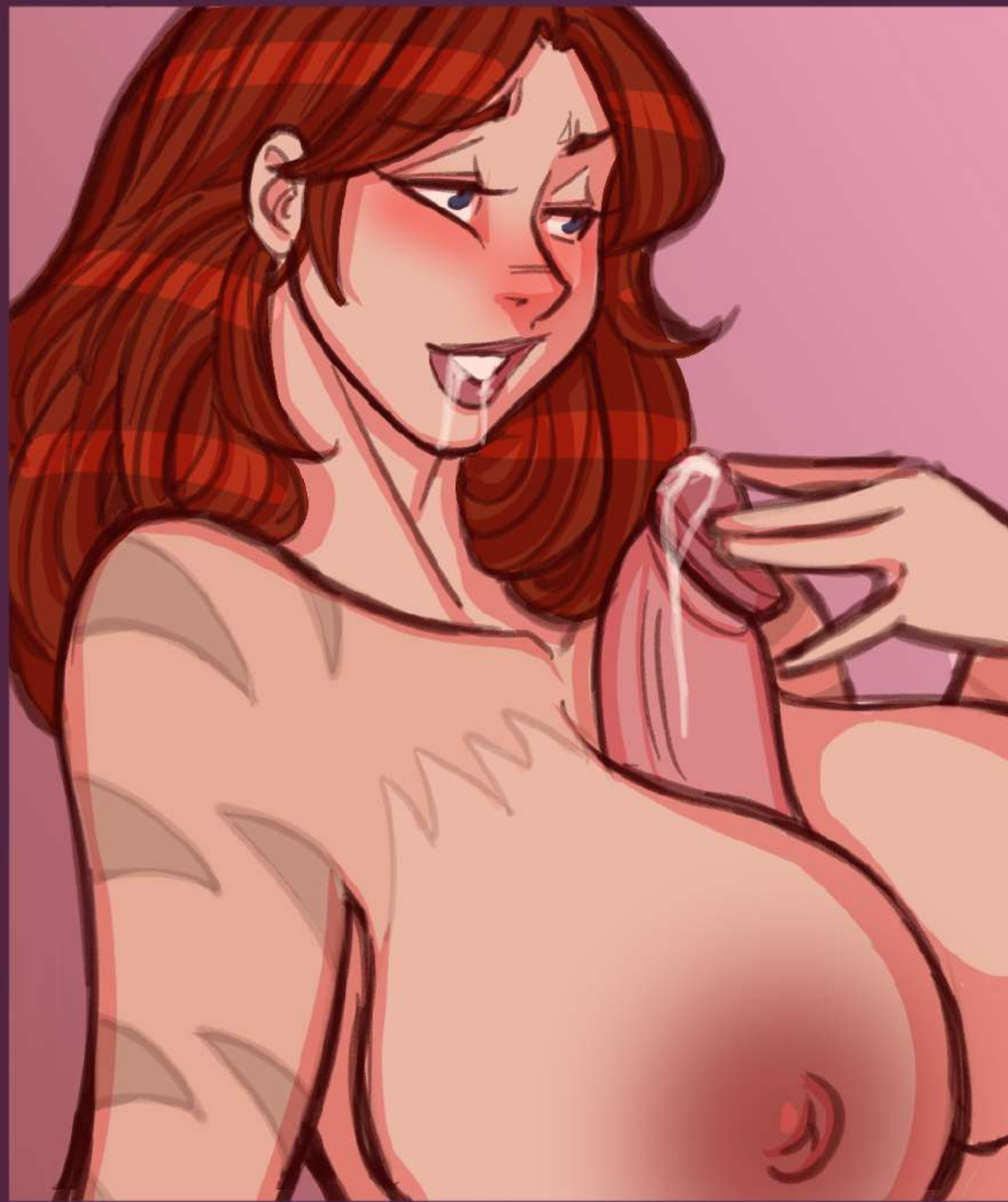
As it happened, the cat-features began to revert to more human ones once more.



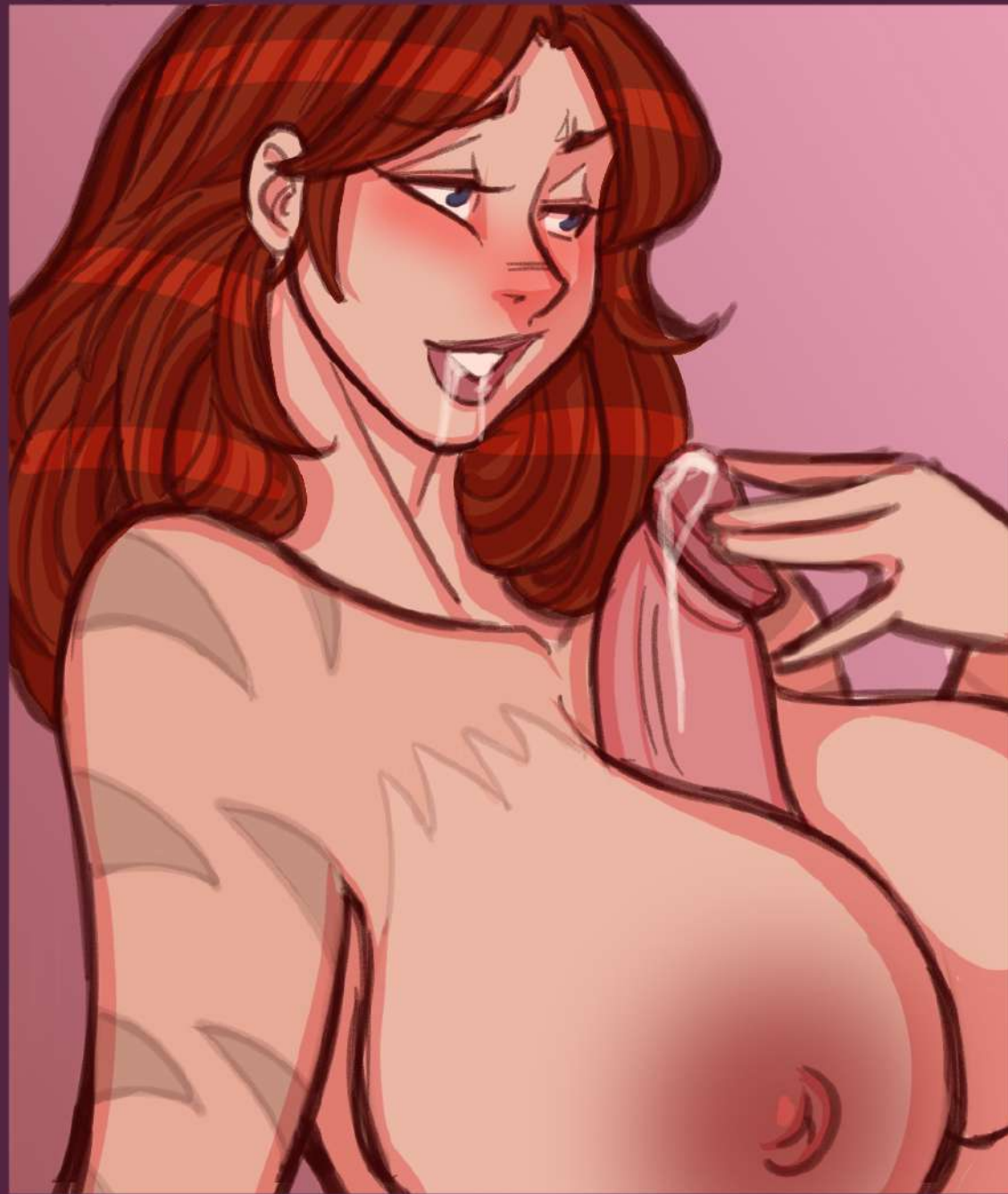
"Mom, are you okay?"
Emma asked.
"Getting their, kitten."
Mom purred, as she
daintily licked the back
of her own hand.



"I need this." Begged my mother. "Whatever you and your brother are doing, it's working. I feel less like a cat, and more like myself."



"Mom, what is wrong with you?" Emma asked.
"Just a work accident. Their may have been a robbery, and potential murder as a result."
"Jesus, mom."



"Feline instincts are fighting against my human ones. The feline ones seem to be subdued by the sex. If I can get enough sex, maybe I can work with out of my system."

Thankfully for mom,
Emma's dick was still hard
and fully erect.



"SECRET IDENTITY"

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