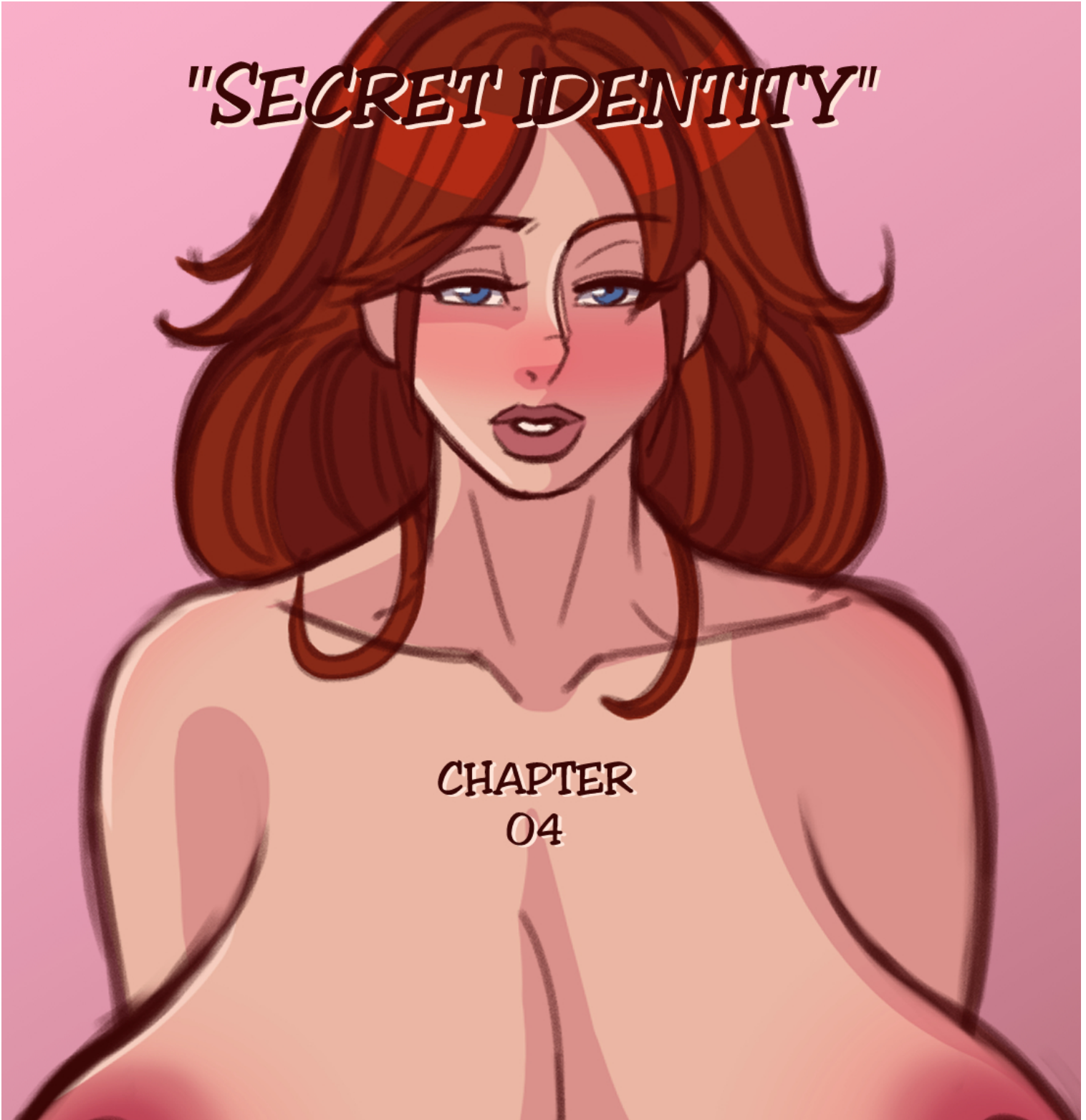


"SECRET IDENTITY"

CHAPTER
04



NGT Visual Studio presents:

"Secret Identity"

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 04

Oh my! Ever since that accident at work,
something has felt very off.
I mean, I am not feeling much like myself.
I mean, I am, but I am different too.
Mother always used to tell me
that a woman's place was in her home,
but I wanted more than that,
for myself,
and eventually for my daughters.

So with a 'fuck you,' I left my parents
and found a new life.

A new city, with a loving husband,
a good career, and three children,
who despite their rebellious attitude,
still must love me.

And I love them.
I'd never hurt them. Honest.
I am a good wife, and mother.

But this morning,
something was very different.



I yelled out:

"I can't believe I just did that.
My own children, but beautiful
babies.

I was sitting there like a dog in
heat. Or I guess a cat in heat.
And I offered to lick them.
My own kids. What is wrong
with me?"



I'm their mother. I set an example for them. What type of example am I setting? Let me give you a long lick of my tongue? How did my tongue do that? Fuck, I could literally choke someone's dick out this it...'



'What the fuck am I saying?'
I looked down to see that I was
still topless, massive tits just
jiggling.

'Fuck, I teased me son, like this.'

It was going to be okay, I just had to talk myself through this. *'It's okay, I need to apologize. I need to get help. I need to go and apologize to my kids, and tell them that I am about to get some professional help.'*



*'Okay, you are a strong woman,
you can do this. The chemicals
that splashed you at your
workplace are clearly doing
something to you.
This is not your fault.'*



'Okay, I am going to tell Maddie and Andrew about what happened, and we'll have a very adult talk about it. We're all adults, technically. Wait...'



Why am I talking to myself? Am I monologuing? Crap, I get splashed with strange chemicals, black out at night, and am now monologuing.

I have to be careful before I start doing something cartoonishly evil.'



"Okay, I am going to talk to my son first. He is probably getting high right now. He'll be easier to confess to."

I said to myself.

I put a Nightgown and went to my son's room.




As I walked towards the door,
I noticed it was open just a crack.
When I turned the handle to open it wider,
I felt a gust of wind pull my hair towards the hallway,
right as Maddie's bedroom door shut.

I knocked on my son's door,
but there was no response.
I knew my son was in there,
probably smoking his ill-gotten weed.
Whatever. He's not hurting anyone,
and I went through that phase myself
when I first left home.

I pushed the door open more.
"Honey, I need to talk to you."
"MOM!" he yelled, but it was too late.



My son was on top of the covers, rubbing his... massive 8-inch ... cock.
(God ... it was huge)
Using just a tissue to stop his spunk from flying all over the bed. The surprise of the open door, and the tension of the rubbing caused the pre-cum to go into a tissue in his tightened hand. Poor thing.

A woman with long, wavy brown hair and blue eyes is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a white, long-sleeved robe with a green sash tied around her waist. Her expression is one of surprise or concern, with wide eyes and a slightly open mouth. The background is a solid light pink color. In the foreground, the back of a person's head and shoulders is visible, suggesting she is looking at someone. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of her head.

"Oh, I am sorry. I thought you were...
Never mind. You're an adult male, this is
perfectly healthy."
"MOM! Leave."



I needed her to go now. The room was starting to smell like spunk. Something that he would probably use the bong help cover up, once I was gone.
"Sorry, I'll come back later." I said, as I closed the door.





I needed her to go now. The room was starting to smell like spunk. Something that he would probably use the bong help cover up, once I was gone.
"Sorry, I'll come back later." I said, as I closed the door.



But, before I could fully close the door,
my hand stopped...



I took a whiff of the air, and calmly turned around. My son stared at me, like my face was in a trance. As if there was no focus in my eyes.

"Mom, what are you doing?!" he asked in surprise.

"I changed my mind. I will stay." I said in a very calm, and almost emotionless tone. Closing the door behind me.



As I took a step towards my son, I snorted in the air, taking a noticeable whiff. There was something off about me at this point. I swear, I am not like this.

My son seemed to notice as well. Were my new senses having me respond in new ways?




My walk was stiff and awkward, like I was compelled to continue, despite my initial instinct to get out of there.

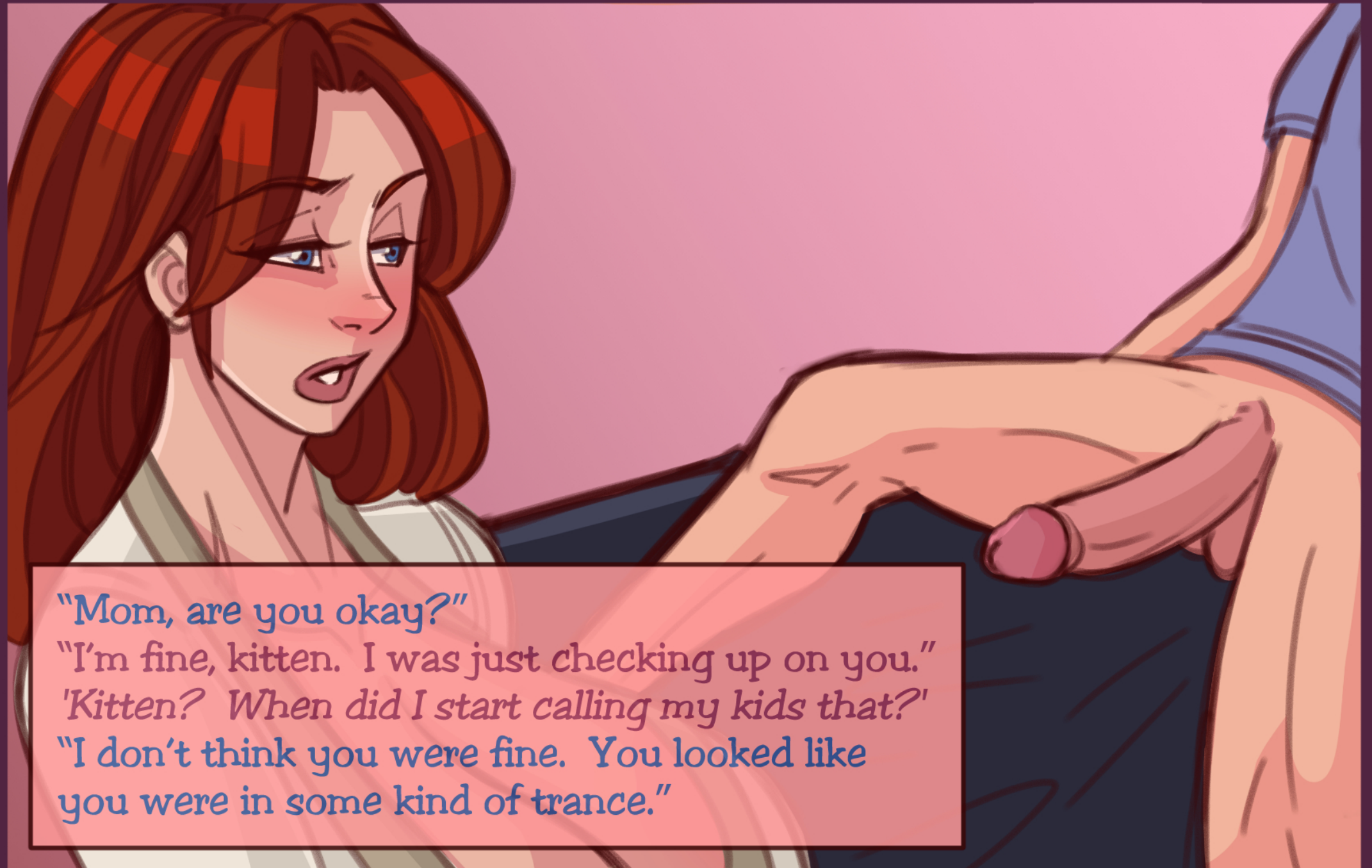
"Mom, are you okay, are you having a stroke?" my son said as he jumped out of my bed, and waved his damp hand in front of my face.



The tissue fell to the floor as he did this, and the smell of pre-cum was even stronger. But he didn't care, as my health was more important than his modesty.



As he waved his hand in front of my face, I blinked twice, and took a step back to regain my balance. I looked down. Beneath the nightgown, I was still topless.

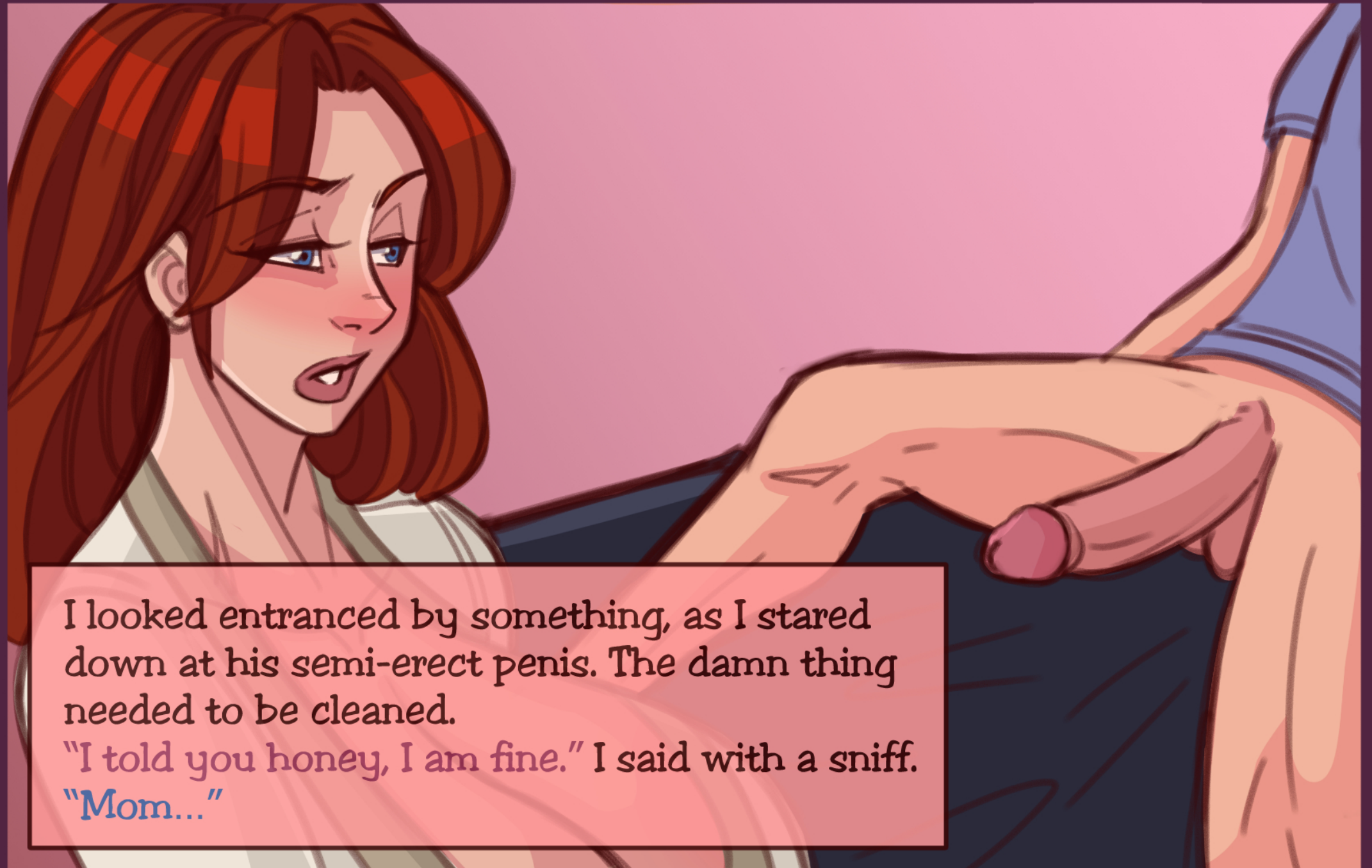


"Mom, are you okay?"

"I'm fine, kitten. I was just checking up on you."

'Kitten? When did I start calling my kids that?'

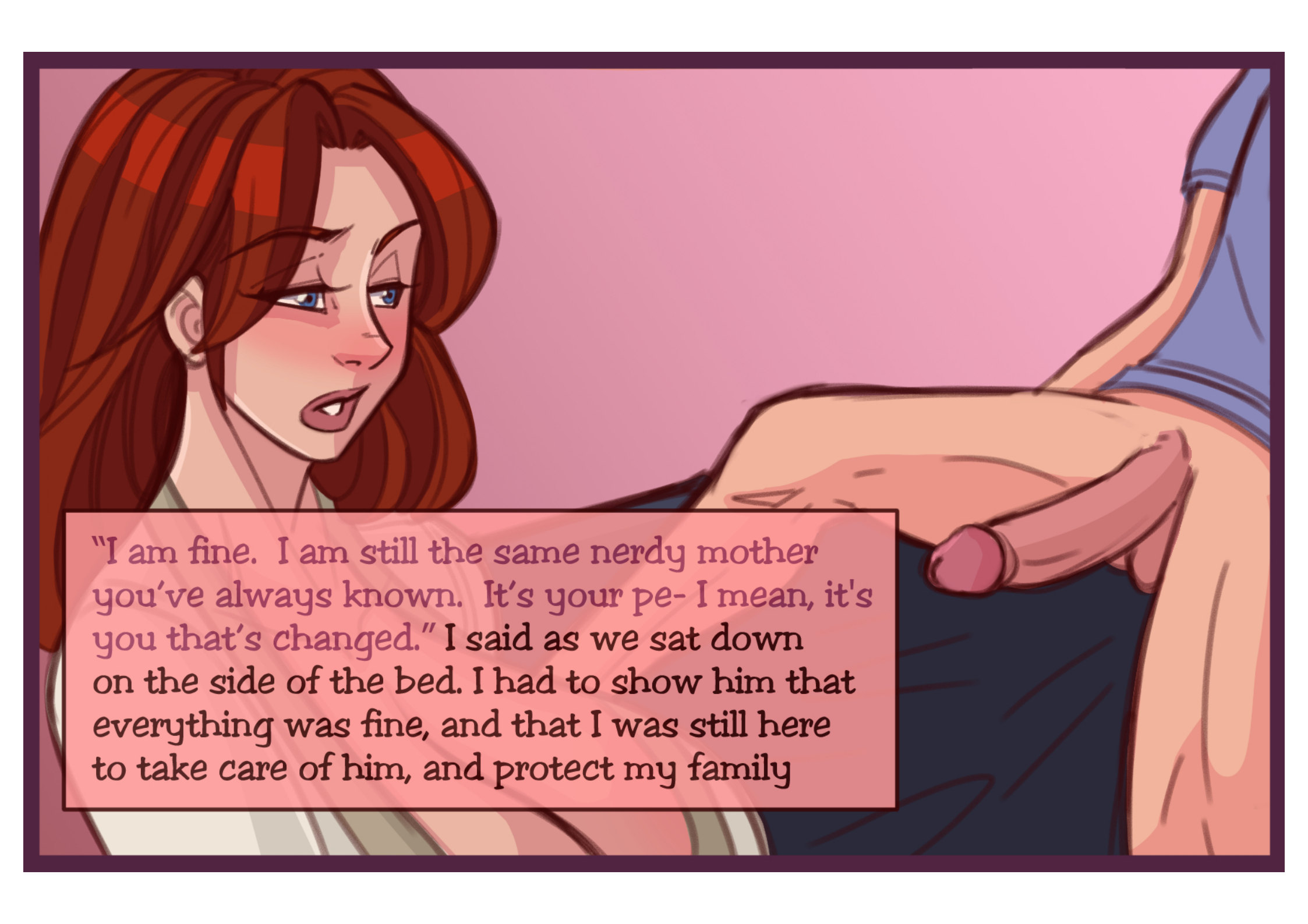
"I don't think you were fine. You looked like you were in some kind of trance."



I looked entranced by something, as I stared down at his semi-erect penis. The damn thing needed to be cleaned.

"I told you honey, I am fine." I said with a sniff.

"Mom..."



"I am fine. I am still the same nerdy mother you've always known. It's your pe- I mean, it's you that's changed." I said as we sat down on the side of the bed. I had to show him that everything was fine, and that I was still here to take care of him, and protect my family



"If it makes you feel better, we can bake some cookies, later."

"Mom, I never baked with you, that was more Maddie's thing."

"Sorry you're right."

"Look mom, it's super awkward being here." He said, as his dick remained exposed. I didn't mean to notice that, but it was impossible not to.



"Oh dear, I wasn't thinking."

"It's okay Mom."

"Is there anything you want me to do for you today? We've been through so much since yesterday."

"It's fine mom."

I looked down in shame. But he probably thought I was just staring at his dick.



"Mom?"

"I am sorry, kitten. It's the chemicals, I think. I still have the urge to lick you clean."

"I'll take a shower after I am done."

"I can help you with that, if you'd like."

"Mom!"

There was something off about me, but there was something off about him too.

He was breathing heavily, and so was I. Something felt off, but I wasn't able to leave.

I kept taking whiffs on the bedroom air.



My husband was away on his stupid business trip, and even though I couldn't show it to my family, the changes were scaring me.

I needed a man to protect me, and there was currently one under my roof. There was something in the way he was looking at me.



It was different from anything else I had seen before.

He had a fetish for supers. It wasn't something that he pronounced, but it was obvious.

The statues, and the porn that I could sometimes hear when walking by his room, were big indicators of it.



I looked down at my breasts. They were still jiggling. But they also felt different since last night. Less saggy, and more firm. Like they used to be, before I started breastfeeding. I took another whiff of the bedroom air. I seemed to be acting more aggressive than usual.





He kept looking at his cock, like it was in pain. So, I slowly reached down to caress it. He looked up at me, anxiously. "I feel bad, kitten. You were about to explode, when I walked in and surprised you. It must be pent-up and painful in there."



"Thanks for understanding. Could you leave, so that I could finish?"

The caress turned into a soft grip.

"You don't need me to leave, to finish this."

"Oh fuck!"




"Language, kitten. I mean, what type of caretaker would I be if I left you unfinished?" I said, with a tug. He just shut up.

"It is my fault, that you don't have a job, that you're not in school, and you don't have a girlfriend."



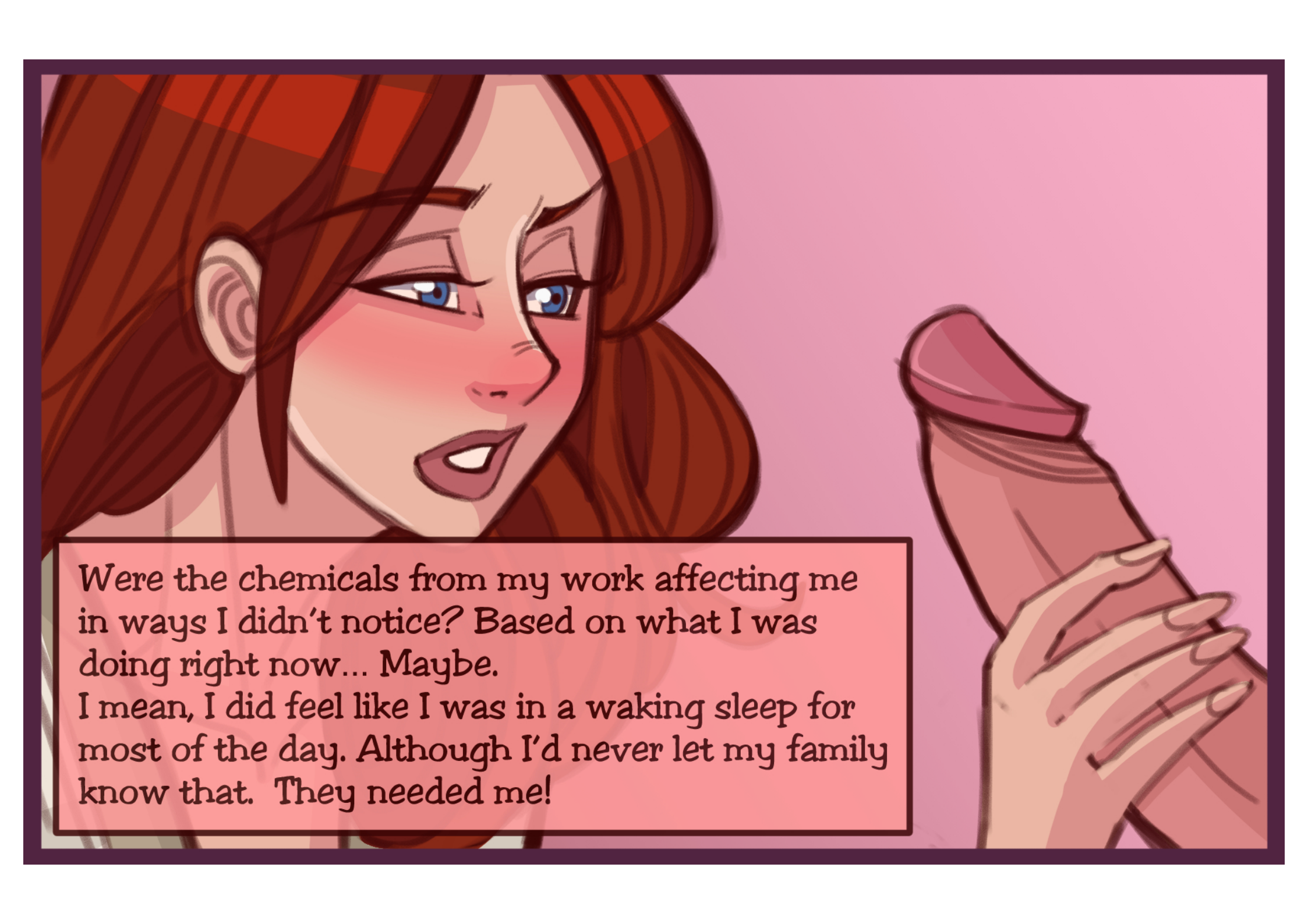
I could tell he thought that I looked distressed. "Tell me if there is something I can do." I said, as I started moving my hand up and down the shaft. In his eyes, there was conflict. A duality. He was clearly seeing me as different people. I just wanted to help.



Honestly, my actions were nothing more than an incredibly strong maternal instinct. Probably enhanced to extremes by the chemicals, and maybe enhanced by something else too. Supers had been popping up everywhere in the past four years.



New ones seem to have been created on a weekly basis, by something that had activated their previously dormant genes. It could be anything stupid: staying out in the sun too long, getting bit by a spider, or by getting really angry.



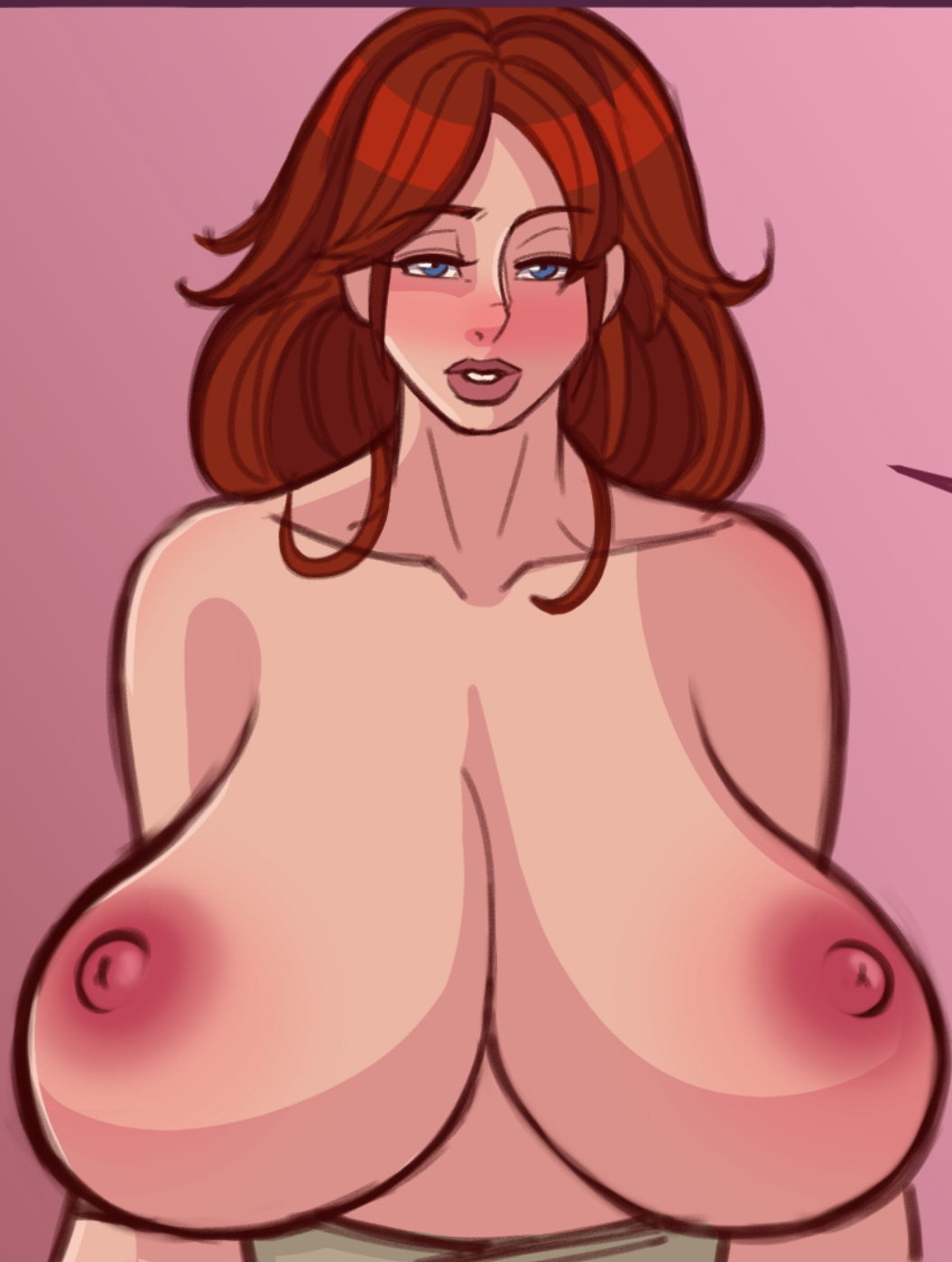
Were the chemicals from my work affecting me in ways I didn't notice? Based on what I was doing right now... Maybe. I mean, I did feel like I was in a waking sleep for most of the day. Although I'd never let my family know that. They needed me!

He looked at me apologetically.

"If you want to help me more,
I wouldn't mind seeing your breasts, while you do this."

"Sure, if it would help."

I slowly took off the nightgown, and lifted them up.



Like
this?



He sighed, and I continued rubbing his dick. Then he actually started to stare.

"You look different." He said.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean your breasts look less baggy."

"Thanks for noticing. I noticed that too, this morning."

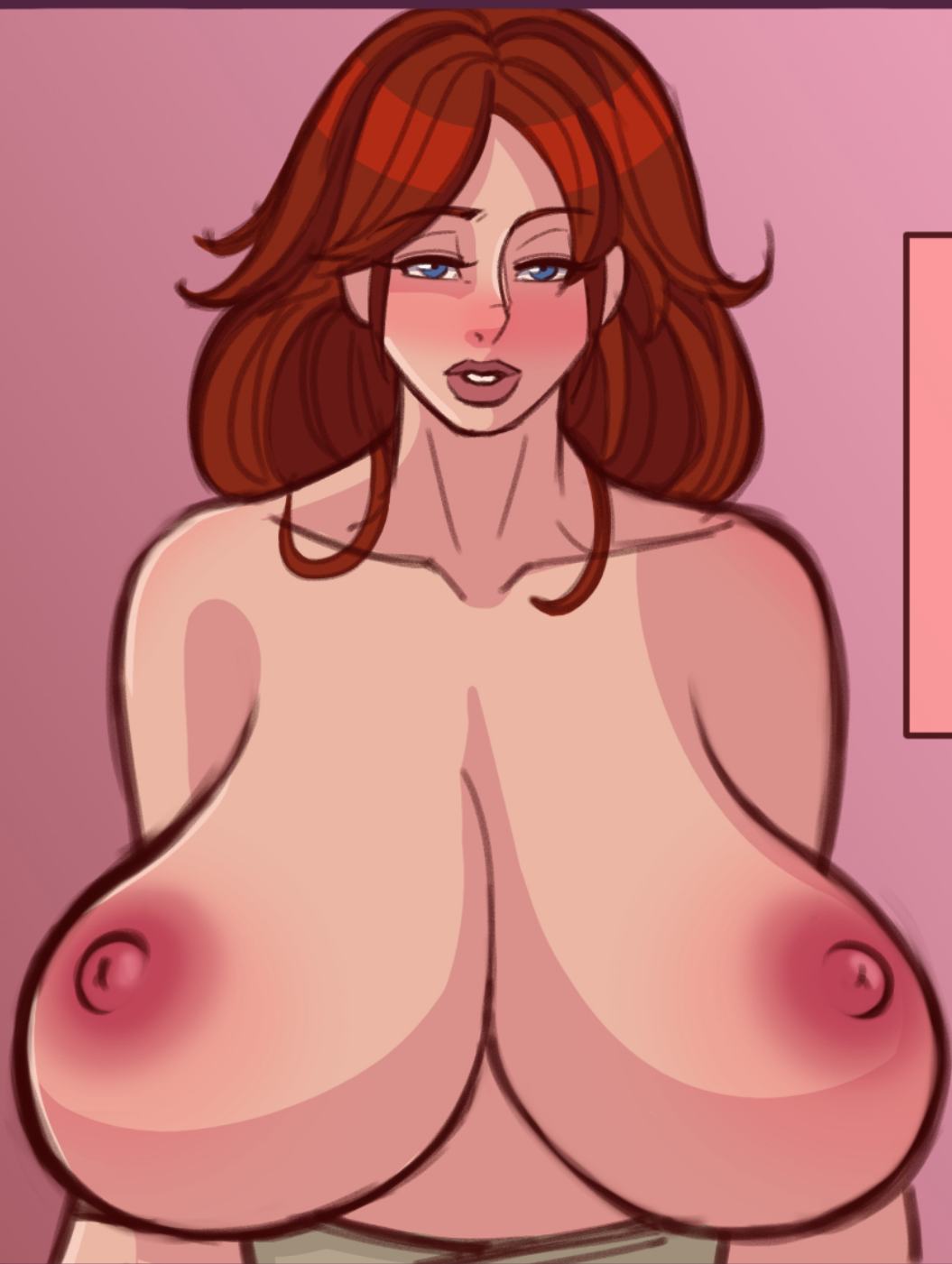


"And your skin looks smoother."

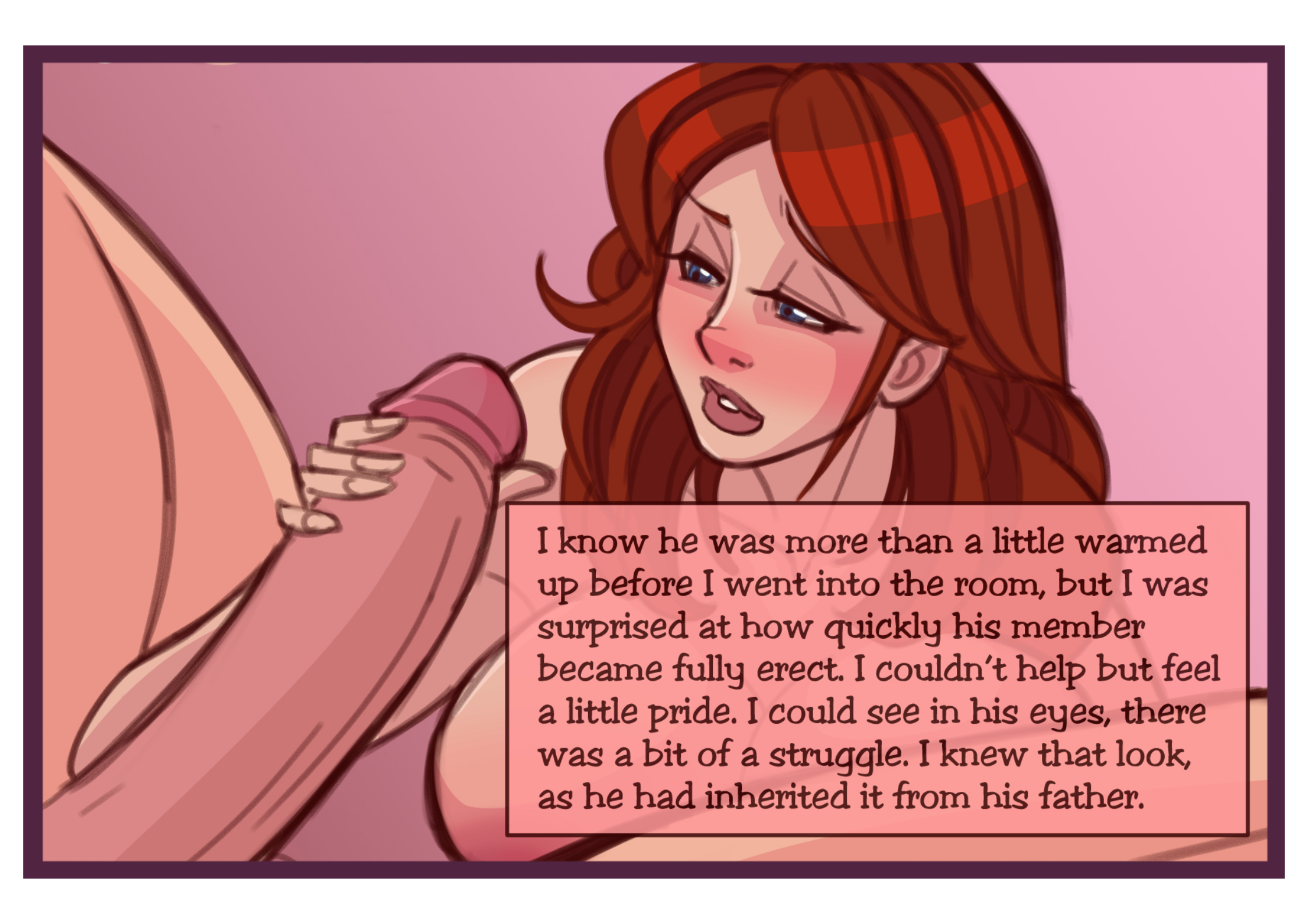
"Now you're just embarrassing me."

"And are those abs?"

I let go of my breasts, and felt my stomach. My torso was actually hard!



My motherly flab was gone.
When I looked back at the man
in front of me, and noticed that
my abs weren't the only thing
becoming harder.

A woman with long, wavy brown hair and blue eyes is shown from the chest up. She has a surprised and slightly embarrassed expression, with her mouth slightly open and her eyes looking down and to the side. She is holding a large, erect penis in her hands. The background is a soft, light pink color. A text box is overlaid on the bottom right of the image.

I know he was more than a little warmed up before I went into the room, but I was surprised at how quickly his member became fully erect. I couldn't help but feel a little pride. I could see in his eyes, there was a bit of a struggle. I knew that look, as he had inherited it from his father.



I felt his veins growing up through his shaft. It was at this point that he started to close his eyes and lean back. I didn't take offense to it. He wanted to look at my tits, not my face. I could understand how looking at my face might be awkward right now.




"You're doing great!"
I encouraged him.

Those words seemed to do the trick,
as without any verbal warning, there was a phallic eruption
and a dismembered line of white jizz flew right at me.

I didn't have time to react.

He opened his eyes, realizing that he got a little too
into his masturbation.






"I am so sorry. I am used to nobody being here when I, uh..."

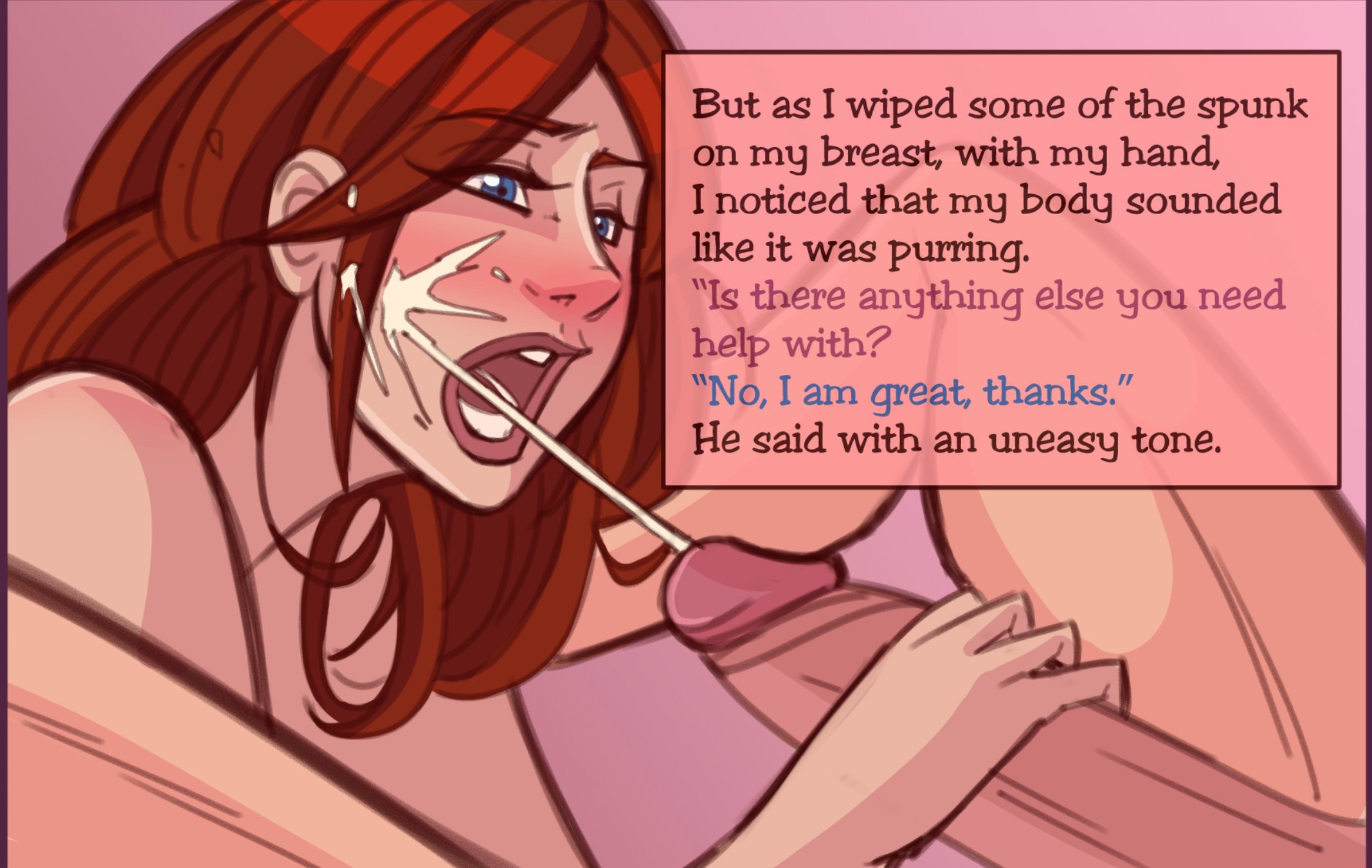
"Pleasure yourself?"

"I was going to say masturbate."

"It's fine." I said, and I moved my hand towards my chest. It was a powerful spray.

A woman with long, wavy brown hair and blue eyes is shown in a close-up, looking distressed and crying. She has a white tear on her cheek and her mouth is open in a cry. She is holding a pink, bulbous object with a long, thin stem. The background is a soft, pinkish-purple gradient.

Some of it was on my breast, there was also some in my hair, and I could even feel a bit on my chin. Most mothers would be disgusted by this. And even three days ago, I would have been too.



But as I wiped some of the spunk on my breast, with my hand, I noticed that my body sounded like it was purring.

"Is there anything else you need help with?"

"No, I am great, thanks."

He said with an uneasy tone.

I licked it off my fingers.
Except for the stuff in my hair,
I could hide that. I was a bit
sweaty under there, I'd need
another shower soon, or
another thorough tongue bath.



I felt a not-so-subtle dampness between my legs. Looking at the sticky substance in my hand, all I could think of was how powerful this experience must have been for me to just now notice how wet I was.



"I am going to change,
to make myself presentable,
then I'll make you some
breakfast."

I said, as I opened the door.



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