

A New Aztec Dynasty

By Rawly Rawls © 2022

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

The class wandered ahead. Oscar slowed down and moved away from the museum guide's sing-song voice. He couldn't believe they were going to skip the Aztec exhibit. His mother was always telling him how they were descended from Aztec royalty. There was no way he was going to the museum without visiting his ancestors. He looked around to make sure his teachers didn't notice and slipped down a dim corridor. He took a deep breath. It was nice to be all by himself.

There weren't that many pieces in the exhibit. He'd be back with his class in no time. He was almost through the short loop when he stopped in front of a mummy. Unlike Egyptian mummies, this one was seated inside an open sarcophagus, stuffed into a woven bag. It wore an ornate bird mask. Oscar shivered and read the description to himself. "Thought to be the remains of Princess Xochitl, this mummy was first discovered in 1879. The princess was –"

"Onikatka se cihuatlamacazqui amo se siuapilli." The woman's voice was thin and cold.

"Hello?" Oscar hugged himself and quickly looked around. He could see no one. "Oh, it must be part of the exhibit." He tried to spot the speakers, but they must have been well hidden.

The mummy shook in its sarcophagus. The mask turned to regard Oscar. *"Tinokoneuh in telpochtli iuikpa tepilli iuan tetsalan kauitl."*

"Oh ... fuck ... no." Oscar backed up against the far wall of the corridor. The voice was coming from the mummy. "No ... no ... no ..." He turned and walked quickly away from the creepiest thing he'd ever seen. His heart thumped in his ears. He rubbed his clammy hands on his jeans. When he looked back over his shoulder, he stifled a scream. With

wide eyes, he stared at a brown-skinned woman in an ornate Aztec outfit that included many brilliantly colored feathers. She rapidly strode toward him, dark hair hanging over her face. Her lithe body was full of nefarious purpose. "Get away from me ... crazy lady."

"*Nimitsmakas se yankuialtepetl*," she hissed.

Oscar ran. He was back with his class before he had the courage to look back. He could see no sign of the insane woman behind him. He prayed he would never see anything like that again.

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"You have such an imagination, *Mijo*." Maria laughed at the silly mummy story her son had just told her. "You're eighteen now, time to stop living in the clouds."

"It happened, Mom. The mummy spoke in Nahuatl. And so did the woman. She said something about being a priestess. I translated what I could remember. I ..." Oscar's words died away. He watched his mother's shoulders shake as she tried to quell her laughter. She held her shaking belly, her boobs jiggling merrily under her dress.

"You are my youngest and most creative child." Maria thought about how empty her house would be when the last of her five children moved out. "You're going to college soon, *Mijo*. Stop dreaming and start living." She pulled him into a hug, their cheeks pressed together. She kissed him on the forehead. "I'm glad, at least, that you brought our ancestors into this game. Did you know we are descended from Aztec royalty?"

"I know, Mom." He squirmed out of the hug and headed for his room. "I heard you the first hundred times you told me."

"Okay, okay, Oscar. It's a story I like to tell." She smiled as she watched him go and then turned back to the dishes waiting for her in the sink.

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The hour was late. Oscar's mom and dad had gone to bed a while ago. He sat in his room at his desk, trying to read *Catcher in the Rye*. He was supposed to have finished it already but had a way to go. Maybe his teacher would think he was a phony.

"Nitlasalo se yankuitlahtolli." The woman's voice had followed Oscar home from the museum.

Catcher in the Rye flew into the air as Oscar's body jerked in surprise. "No, no, no." He swiveled in his chair slowly.

The woman in Aztec garb stood in the center of his room, her shoulders hunched forward, her hands on her hips.

"Fuck ... me!" Oscar seized his arm rests and sat frozen.

"Yessssssssss." The woman nodded, her deep, brown eyes just visible through the cascade of hair over her face.

"Wwh ... wwh ... wwwhat?"

"For you ... I learn English." She brushed her hair out of her face and took in the sight of Oscar.

"Me?"

"Yes." She nodded. "I Xochitl. You ... offspring."

Her zealous smile did nothing to comfort Oscar. His body began to tremble as she approached. "I knew I didn't imagine you."

"You ... offspring." Xochitl fell to her knees in front of Oscar. With a wave of her hands, his pants and underwear flew down to his ankles. She frowned at his soft penis. "Why so ... small?"

Oscar wanted to cover his dick, but his hands wouldn't release the armrests. He looked down. "Sorry." His knee-jerk reaction was to apologize. "You scared me. And it's cold in here, and ..." He watched her walk the dark fingers of her right hand up his thigh. Her touch was electric. "Wait! Did you just take off my pants without touching them?" He pressed his body harder into the chair when her hand arrived at his dick, and she playfully stretched his foreskin. A beautiful woman was touching Oscar's dick, and he wasn't remotely hard. He supposed terror did that to a man. "I'm dreaming. I fell asleep reading my book. There's no way this is happening."

"Too small ..." Xochitl leaned forward and kissed the penis in front of her. "Too small for ..." She screwed up her face while she thought of the words. "Too small for new kingdom." She frowned at his somnolent serpent. "Not ... give up." Even when Miquiztlitecuhtli had come for her, she had fought tooth and nail. The gods had graced her with a stroke of good fortune after a millennia in waiting. She would not simply shrug and return to her long sleep in the museum. "Grow." She leaned forward and sucked the small thing into her mouth. It easily fit in. She worked his penis vigorously with her tongue. "Mmmmmpppppphhhhhh." Pleasure surged through her when it

started to rise. “Gck ... gck ... gck.” Xochitl made gagging sounds even though he wasn’t big enough for that. She had known many men in her life that loved it. She hoped it would inspire him.

“Oh ... shit ... oh ... God ... holy ... fuck.” Oscar’s girlfriend, Katie, had sucked him a few times. But never with the passion that this woman possessed. She was dressed like it was Halloween. She was old enough to be his mother. And her body was the most amazing blend of slender and curvy. He stared down at the flare from her waist out to her ass. “Feels ... good.”

“Mmmppphhhhh ... gggccckkkkkk.” Much to Xochitl’s surprise, she was genuinely gagging now. The young man certainly disguised his tool in its hibernation. He was long and thick in her throat and still growing. “Gck ... gck ... gggccckkkkkk.”

“Oh ... wow ... lady. You’re really ... ugh ... good at that.” He watched her swallow his whole cock repeatedly. She sounded nothing like Katie. Suddenly, the blowjob was over. He stared at the woman as she undressed. “What ... um ... what are you doing?” She had wonderfully heavy boobs that sloped down to dark nipples.

“No sex for loooooong time.” She smiled at him. “You?”

“Um ... no. I haven’t had sex in a while.” Oscar was still a virgin.

“This is good tool for new ... kingdom.” She paused her disrobing to tap him playfully on his engorged head. “We make new dynasty. I teach you.” Naked now, she caught him staring at the dark triangle between her legs. “Dynasty ... need heirs. Many heirs.” She nodded to herself and pulled him out of the chair. She tossed him onto the bed and mounted him.

“Wait ... wait. I’m not ready! You’re old enough to be my mother. Maybe we should –”

Xochitl took hold of his penis and laughed. “You ready. See?” She continued giggling as she lined him up and settled her weight down on him. “Oohhhhhhhhh ... I miss ... this.”

Oscar said nothing. He gripped the blanket in tight fists and watched her large boobs move. They bounced and jiggled a little at first. But soon, she was riding him like it was an Olympic event. Her tits lunged up and down on her chest, hovering weightlessly at their apex and then crashing down and shaking at their nadir. It was the most beautiful thing he’d ever seen.

“Is ... ah ... ah ... ah ... good?” She smiled down at him. The question was redundant. It was obvious to both of them that she was giving him more joy than he had imagined possible. And for her part, she felt sublime. It had been so long.

“It’s good. It’s really ... good.” Oscar’s whole body vibrated with pleasure. “Why ... ugh ... ugh ... why ... are we doing this?”

Xochitl put a finger to his lips. “Kingdom ... dynasty ... remember?”

They stopped speaking after that. But the room was not quiet. Their slapping skin, her squelching vagina, the squealing bed, and their grunts and cries filled the space.

Oscar didn’t want to cum. He wanted the feeling coursing through his nerves to last forever. But the end eventually found him. “I’m gonna ... I’m gonna ... cum.” He expected her to dismount him so he could do it outside, but she continued to grind into him. “Orgasm ... uuggghhhh ... gonna have ... an orgasm ... sperm ...” Either she didn’t understand or didn’t care. Oscar couldn’t hold back. “Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” He unloaded inside her, pressing his head back into the mattress. His vision went white. An explosion of pure ecstasy detonated inside him.

When Oscar returned to himself, he blinked at the emptiness above him. The woman was gone. He panted and looked around the room. There was no sign of Xochitl. His dick slowly deflated. He was so relaxed, he contemplated never moving again. That changed quickly when he heard a soft knock on the door.

“*Mijo?*” Maria’s voice was pitched low so she wouldn’t wake her husband down the hall. “Are you okay? It sounded like you were having a nightmare.”

“One second.” Oscar leapt from the bed, pulled on his briefs, and sat in his desk chair. He watched the door open and his mother’s concerned face pop inside. “I was just reading for school.”

“Oh?” She glanced around the room. From the pungent, fruity smell, she knew he’d been taking care of himself as teenagers often did. After raising five children, nothing surprised her anymore. Her gaze fell to his book on the floor. She stepped into the room and picked it up. “You’ll need this for your reading, right?”

“Yep.” He took the book without leaving his chair, his other hand trying to hide his junk. His dick hadn’t shrunk enough yet, and he was afraid she’d see its outline in his underwear. “Thanks, Mom.” He forced a smile. “I better get reading.”

“Yeah, okay.” She ruffled his hair. “Don’t stay up too late ... *reading.*” She chuckled to herself and left his room.

Oscar slumped in his chair. His mind raced a mile a minute. He tried to parse the meaning of what had happened, but it was elusive. He couldn’t concentrate enough to read, so he gave up and went to bed. Sleep took a long time to find him that night. Either he was being stalked by a horny mummy, or he was going insane. He waffled between which was most likely until he finally closed his eyes and drifted into dreams.

Chapter 2

“Well, well, well ... you look quite handsome this morning.” Maria smiled at her eighteen-year-old son and handed him a plate of *chilaquiles*. When he winked at her and shot her with his finger, she laughed. “And soooooo dashing. Confidence looks good on you, *Mijo*.”

“Thanks, Mom.” Oscar sat at the kitchen table and dug into his breakfast. “This is delicious.”

“I love to make you happy.” Maria had already eaten, so she sat on the opposite side of the table and sipped her coffee. “Why so chipper today?”

“A beautiful Aztec priestess came to my room last night and ... um ...” He smiled at his mother’s rapt expression. She always gave him her utmost attention. He didn’t want to tell her that a mummy had drained his balls, and now he felt like a million bucks. “She asked for my hand in marriage.”

“Well now.” Maria’s laugh was low and sinuous. “I will have to meet this priestess. Not just anyone is allowed to marry my sweet Oscar.”

“Oh, I’m sure you’ll meet her. She says she’s related to us.” Oscar finished his breakfast and gulped down some water.

“Um ... *Mijo* ... if she’s related to us, you can’t marry her.” She shook her head at her son’s imagination.

Oscar finished his water and thumped his glass to the table. “That’s ... a good point.” He thought it over and shrugged. “It’s a ... *distant* relationship. And ... hhhhmmmmmm.” He rubbed his chin. “It doesn’t seem to bother her, so it doesn’t matter to me.”

“Sometimes I don’t know what’s going through that head of yours.” Maria stood and ran her fingers through his thick hair. “You need to comb this mess, brush your teeth, and get to school.” When he did nothing more than stare at her chest, she clapped her hands. “¡Ándele!”

Oscar jumped up and headed to the bathroom. He had a spring in his step and a smile on his face. He could tell it was going to be an amazing day.

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“Oh, hey Oscar. I was just telling everyone about our date last weekend.” Katie smiled at her boyfriend and looked back to her friends standing with their backs against the wall. They were killing time before first period. “He’s such a romantic.”

“Hello ladies. Romance calls.” Oscar gave Katie’s friends a wave. “I’m just going to borrow Katie for a bit.” He took Katie’s hand and pulled her down the hall.

“What’s gotten into you?” Katie had to double her stride to keep up with her boyfriend. She knew they were headed for the little-used alley behind the school.

“You looked so pretty standing there with your friends. I wanted a moment alone.” He squeezed her hand.

“Oh ... gosh ... thank you, Oscar.” Katie hurried so much that she was now leading him. Soon, they arrived in the secluded spot behind the air conditioning units. She threw her arms around him. “What do you want? A quick smoochy-smoochy?”

“Actually, I was thinking you could do what you did for me on Saturday.” He put his hands on her shoulders and gently pressed down.

“Oh ... not before school. That was a romantic night. Maybe if we ...” Katie was eighteen, but he was the first guy she’d blown. She wasn’t the type of girl to drop to her knees in an alley before school. She shivered thinking about going about her day with Oscar’s cum in her tummy.

“You’re right.” Oscar eased the downward pressure on her shoulders. “I’m sorry. That’s asking for way too much.” He was still riding a high from the night before. Xochitl had sent him over the moon. “I’ve got something else I’ve been meaning to try.” He dropped to one knee.

“Oscar?” Katie put her hand over her mouth. “You better not pull out a ring.”

“What?” Oscar laughed. “Oh, no. Nothing like that. We’re not ready to get married. But we are ready for ...” He lifted up her dress, moved underneath, and pulled her panties to the side. He had been thinking about doing this for weeks and had studied hard. It was time to see if the internet knew what it was talking about.

“Oh ... Oscar ... I never ... oh ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Katie leaned back against the wall. What a turn her morning had taken. “Oooohhhh ... I can’t believe ... you’re doing this ... oooooohhhhhhhhh ... yes ... yes ... that spot ... there ... oooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh ... I’m cumming ... I’m cumming for you ... baby ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Katie’s lips formed a perfect rictus as she trembled her way through her unexpected climax.

After his girlfriend’s orgasm, Oscar came up for air. He stood, smiling at her. “What do you think?”

“Oh ... oh ... my ...” Katie smiled back, still recovering. “I think ... I think ... that your face is a mess.”

“Yeah, I’ll hit the bathroom before –” Oscar was interrupted by the bell.

“My boyfriend is full of surprises.” She kissed him on the cheek, careful to avoid her own juices. “I gotta go. I’ll see you at third period.” On wobbly legs, she left Oscar behind.

“Yeah, see you.” Oscar stood with his hands on his hips, feeling on top of the world.

“Now how do I get to the bathroom without being seen?”

“That not easy with school full.” Xochitl’s husky voice caressed Oscar’s ears.

“Jesus!” Oscar nearly jumped out of his shoes. He turned toward the priestess who was standing in the alley. She wore full Aztec getup. “Do you get bonus points for freaking me out?”

“Bonus points?” She cocked her head at him.

“Never mind.” He tried to collect his thoughts. “I want you to know that last night was the best night of my –”

“Never mind.” She waved a hand dismissively at him. “You waste time with girl.” She nodded in the direction Katie had gone. “She not of us.” Xochitl put a hand to her chest.

“Um ... are you racist?” Oscar frowned. “She’s my girlfriend, and I love her. And ... thanks to you ... I had the confidence to finally ... do that thing I just did, and she loved it.”

Xochitl rolled her eyes and waved her hand in front of her full lips. “She still all over you ... here.” She shook her head and undressed. “Never mind, never mind, never mind. You do what you want.” She turned her ass toward him and placed her hands on the wall.

“Now ... you do me.”

“Um ... I can’t.” Oscar didn’t move. Her ass was wonderfully full and ripe. She had the most womanly hips that begged to be held. He could see the side of her breast hanging below her, jiggling a little.

“What?” She looked over her shoulder at him. “What problem? You big. I see in pants.”

“I’m late for class.” When she spread her legs, Oscar could see her inviting pussy glistening.

“Come to me. I am like grandmother, you must listen.” Xochitl stared at him over her shoulder and patiently waited.

“I want to ... I really do. But ...”

“*Inin pilli ka okse tlamantli.*” Her eyes narrowed. “You miss class. You come to me.”

Oscar pulled off his pants and underwear. "I don't usually cut class."

"It matter?" Xochitl's imperious smile celebrated her victory.

"You know, you're right. It doesn't matter." He stared at her ass. She was offering herself to him, and he couldn't say no. He pulled off his shirt and dropped it on the dirty alley floor. "But don't call yourself grandma again. You're nothing like my *abuela*."

"But I am. You come from me." She lithely rotated her butt toward him in a way that had set men's loins on fire all those centuries ago. She hissed with pleasure when his hands found her hips. She reached under and helped him find his way in. Soon, he would need no guide. "Yesssssss ... we build ... kingdom ... now ... uuuuggghhhhhhhhhhh." Her moans were low and haunting. When he began rhythmically churning her tunnel, she dug her fingernails into the wall, pulling out little divots of concrete.

"Why does this ... uh ... uh ... uh ... feel ... so good, lady?" Oscar was mesmerized by her ass. He watched wave after wave ripple and disappear at the curve of her lower back.

"Call me ... Xochitl ... ooohhhhhhhh ... or ... call me ... *abuela*." Xochitl let pleasure carry her away. She was pleased by the boy's natural rhythm. She had done all the work the night before, but now that she let him lead their mating, she found he was quite a talent. He was full of surprises.

"Um ... okay ... uh ... uh ... uh ..." Oscar couldn't pronounce Xochitl well. And he wasn't one hundred percent comfortable calling this insane priestess *Abuela*. But she was giving him her pussy, so he supposed he owed her. "Your ... pussy is amazing, *Abuela*. It's tight ... and perfect."

"Thank you ... Oscar ... you do wonders ... too." She was happy when he stopped talking. She let her mind recede. She didn't have to spend every moment planning the future. She had earned the right to bathe in ecstasy from time to time, to lose herself in the moment. After a long while, his slamming hips shifted to an erratic cadence. "Yes ... plant seed ... till earth ... furrow field ... yes ... yes ..."

"Gonna ... gonna ..." Oscar was ready. He didn't even think of pulling out. Her words were driving him crazy. He needed to seed her. "Cuuummmiiiiinnngggggggggg." He buried himself to the hilt, holding her ass pressed to his hips as he convulsed and emptied himself inside her.

"Good ... good ... my sweet ... prince ... fill meeeeeeeee." She let him finish his torrent inside her. When he was done, she loosened his grip on her hips and pulled him out of her. She turned around and smiled. "Again?" She lifted a limber leg and put it over his shoulder. "You have enough?"

“Oh ... man ... *Abuela*. My first period’s almost over. I can’t miss second period, too.” Oscar heard the bell ring right on cue. “We can continue this ... later ... okay?”

“We continue now, sweet prince.” She reached down, grasped his plow, and moved it inside her. “Not ... later. Till ... field ... now.”

“Okay ... okay ... whatever you want.” Oscar’s hips leapt into action. He held her ass for leverage. “So good ... your pussy is ... so ... good.”

“*Abuela*.” Xochitl purred into his ear.

“Your pussy ... is the best ... *Abuela* ... the ... freaking ... best.” Oscar buried his face in her boobs and humped her with abandon.

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When Oscar didn’t show up for third period, Katie grew worried. Was it because of what they’d done in the alley? Did she taste ... bad? Had she ruined it with her sweet boyfriend? As soon as the bell rang, she fished out her phone and texted him. When he didn’t respond, a pit formed in her stomach. Her anxiety blossomed. She didn’t know what else to do, so she returned to the scene of the crime.

“Oh ... my gosh! What happened to you, Oscar?” Katie hadn’t expected to find him still in the alley, but there he was. His clothes looked dirty and rumpled. He was sitting on a broken pallet, his face in his hands. When he heard her, he looked up, radiating happiness.

“Katie?” Oscar stood slowly. “Is it time for third period already?”

The bell rang.

“It’s fourth period, Oscar.” Katie tenderly touched his shoulder. “Have you been here the whole time?”

“I’m starting a new dynasty,” he murmured.

“You’re barefoot. And your feet are filthy.”

“Oh ... really?” He gazed down at his feet in wonder. “Well, look at that.”

“You must be sick. You’ve caught a cold or something, and it’s messing with your head.” She picked up his shoes and socks, shoved them into his backpack, and slung it over his shoulder. “Let’s get you to your feet.” She pulled him upright. “What is that smell?” There was a ripe, pungent fruitiness outcompeting the rank, mechanical scent of the

whirring air conditioning units. It smelled almost like ... what they had done that morning. "Oh, no! You never cleaned up. I'm smelling *me* on *you*."

His only answer was a broad, distant smile.

They went around the outskirts of the school so they wouldn't run into anyone. And then Katie drove her boyfriend home. She continued to pepper him with questions, but he wouldn't say more than that he'd been with his *abuela*. Which made no sense to Katie at all.

Chapter 3

"I don't know what happened, Mrs. Núñez." Katie helped her boyfriend through the front door, his arm over her shoulders.

"Oh ... no, Oscar?" Maria could tell right away that there was something wrong with her son. She reached out and held his shoulders, looking into his eyes. "Is he sick?"

"I think so. He keeps talking about his *abuela*. He said she visited him at school. He won't say much else." Katie stepped back. "Do you want me to come in and ... help?" She felt so powerless now that his mother was there.

"You can go back to school, sweetie. I've got this." Maria offered her son's girlfriend a harried smile and put her hand on Katie's back, ushering her out the door.

"Okay ... let me know how ..." Before she could finish, the door had closed on her. She turned and walked back to her car.

Inside the house, Maria was having trouble with her son. "Stop that, *Mijo*." She slapped her son's hand away from her breast. "You can't touch me there."

"I love your titties, Mom." Oscar grabbed her boob again and squeezed.

Maria firmly moved his hand away and pressed her palm to his forehead. "I'm going to chalk this up to teenage hormones and a fever. You're not yourself." She took him by the shoulders and marched him to his room. "You're very lucky I'm not telling your father."

"*Abuela* wanted me to, Mom. We're starting a new ... dynasty." His voice was light and dreamy. "I think I feel this way because we did it."

"Your *abuela* is hundreds of miles away. What did you two do?" She pushed him up the stairs, leaning on his back to keep him moving.

"We did *it*." Oscar laughed.

"If you're saying what I think you're saying, you'd better not be." Maria clucked her tongue as they entered his room. "Your clothes are filthy. What were you doing at school?" She brusquely removed his shoes and socks.

"I told you what we did." Oscar kept giggling. As his mother pulled off his shirt, he made another try for her tit. He withdrew when she slapped his hand. "Ow ... Mom!"

"Try that again, and I'm keeping one of your fingers." Maria had thought she'd seen everything as a mother, but none of her sons had ever behaved quite like this. "If I didn't know you so well, I'd think you were on drugs."

"High on life, Mom." He watched her eyes widen when she pulled down his pants.

Maria pressed her lips together. "Now that ... that ... isn't right." She put his pants in the hamper, trying not to look at his obvious erection bulging his underwear. "You can't help it," she reminded herself.

"I can't." Oscar shrugged.

"Well go to bed then, and ... do what you have to do. And then get some rest." Maria pulled his curtains closed, pushed him into bed, and pulled up the covers. "I know you don't mean any of this. I'll check on you later." Before he could say or do anything else, she turned and raced from the room with her dress billowing behind her. The door slammed shut.

"*Abuela ... abuela ... my great ... great ... great ... great ... great ... abuela ... my great ... great ... zzzzzzzzzzz.*" Oscar fell asleep.

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When a warm hand pressed to his forehead, Oscar woke. "Mom?" Memories came flooding back to him. "Oh, shit. The mummy made me crazy, Mom. It wasn't ..." His eyes blinked open, and he saw Xochitl smiling down at him. She was already naked, except for her headdress. Her nipples and areolae were larger and darker than before and ... her belly was swollen.

"I make crazy?" Her smile broadened. "The more we do, the more you free." She caressed her belly. "Reward for making new dynasty."

Oscar sat up and gave her pregnant belly a wide-eyed stare. "That's not mine."

"Really?" Affronted, Xochitl put a hand to her breast. "How many men I sleep with in thousand years?" She held up one finger. "You." She studied his shocked face and frowned. "Not happy?" She sat him up on the edge of the bed.

"No ... I ... I ... um ..." Oscar couldn't pull his eyes away from her ripe body.

"Next, mother." She lowered herself to her knees in front of him and pulled off his underwear. "Then sisters. Then aunts ... cousins ... any woman with our blood." She took hold of her breasts and lifted them. "These feed dynasty. You like. I see." She wrapped her tits around his cock, spit between her breasts, and pumped him. "Long time since I give man this pleasure. Is good?"

Oscar nodded, his mouth hanging open. Her boobs so dominated his mind, he barely processed her words. "That feels ... really good."

“I know.” Her lips curled into a satisfied smirk. She held her breasts firmly and pumped him faster. “Now ... listen closely. Every time we pleasure, you feel more yourself. Like ancestors. You must use new freedom.”

“Use it?”

“Yes.” She licked the head of his cock when it appeared between her tits. “I help you use it. Now ... listen closely. *Ika mo mitsconfidence, chiuis monan. Xitlaihto imomelauayolo iolinyouan, iuan yehuatl poukis mouikpa in yuki se opanisxochitl.*”

Oscar’s whole body tingled. He leaned back, let her work his dick, and listened.

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When Xochitl left him, Oscar took a shower in his parents’ bathroom. He sang to himself as he scrubbed the scents of sex away. When he stepped out onto the bathmat, he made finger guns at his reflection in the mirror. “Whose mom has the hots for him? Yours, big guy.” He shimmied his hips and watched his soft dick shake as he danced. “She does ... she does ... she does,” he sang. He put on his father’s robe and walked downstairs.

“What are you doing up, *Mijo?*” Maria was sitting on the sofa in the living room, scrolling on her phone. “Are you feeling better?” She raised an eyebrow.

“Much better.” Oscar nodded. “I am so sorry about what happened earlier.” He sat next to her on the sofa, took her phone from her hands, and gently put it on the coffee table. “You’re beautiful, smart, and you’ve raised five kids. You shouldn’t have to put up with that sort of thing. I was just feeling weird. Because of the mummy.”

Maria smiled. “Oh, the mummy made you do it?”

“The mummy made me grab my mommy.” Oscar laughed. He locked eyes with his mother. “The mummy wants a pure bloodline. What can I do?”

“You could say no.”

“Yes ... but it’s hard.” Oscar moved his hand toward his mother’s bust, moving like he was trying to hold it back. “Must not ... touch.”

“*Mijo?*” Tension built in Maria’s shoulders.

Oscar grabbed his hand, pretended to struggle with it, and pulled it away. “I’m kidding. The mummy can’t make me do things.” They laughed together, a familiar, harmonizing

trill. He scooted closer to her so that they were sitting hip to hip. Their smiling faces were only inches apart.

“Well, the mummy and your mommy have that in common.” She lost herself in his deep, nebulous eyes. “I have a hard time making you do things, too.”

“That’s not true. I’d do anything for you, Mom.” He raised an eyebrow.

“You look so handsome right now,” Maria whispered. “You have so much confidence. It’s like ... I can see the brightness of your soul shining.”

“I said ‘I’d do *anything* for you.’”

“And I would do anything for you, *Mijo*.” She caught his glance at her boobs. Having raised three teenage boys, she’d learned to ignore their wandering eyes. They couldn’t help it. But this time felt different. “Um ... when you touched them earlier ... it wasn’t just because of the fever, was it?”

“You are the most beautiful creature in the universe, Mom. The mummy helped me see that.” He looked from her tits to her full lips and then into her eyes. They were dark, mysterious, and magical. “No ... that’s not right. I always knew you were brighter than the sun. The mummy removed my shades.”

“Sounds like a wise mummy. What’s his name?” Maria’s lips parted unconsciously. Her son possessed a magnetism she’d never encountered before in him or any man.

“She’s a she.” Oscar let out a strong, assured laugh. “The mummy’s name is Xochitl. She is our great to the nth power grandmother.”

“If she’s that old, she must be very wise.” Maria nodded, not sure where the game ended and reality began.

“She is.” Oscar leaned in closer. His mother’s sweet, hot breath caressed his face. “And she said we should kiss.”

“She did?” Maria’s head spun. Her tummy performed an entire gymnastics routine. “You just had a fever, *Mijo*. What about germs?” It was a silly complaint, and Marian knew that it was a dodge from more weighty issues. Like the fact that Oscar was her adorable, handsome son.

“I’m not sick, Mom. That was just from being with the mummy.” He closed the gap between them and pressed his lips to hers.

“Ummppphhh ... um ... being ... with ... *Mijo*?” she said between kisses. But he didn’t respond to her with words, instead his tongue gently entered her mouth. It was delightful and brought back memories of the last time she’d kissed a new man, long before Oscar was born. Except, no man had ever kissed her with such skill before. She

melted into him, her tongue danced with his. She really would do anything for her son. It was clear what he wanted. She reached for his hand, found it, and placed it on her breast. "Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm." She moaned as he squeezed and kneaded her. His touch made his burning desire plain.

Oscar's mother was putty in his hands. It had happened so quickly. All he'd needed was confidence and a few pointers from a dead Aztec priestess. With his free hand, he took the hem of her dress and slowly pulled it up. She was going to give him this, too.

"Hello?" Roberto's voice echoed through the house. "Where are you, *cariño*?"

"Uuuupppphhhhhhhhh!" Maria's eyes went wide. She pushed her son away and stood up, frantically straightening her dress. Her confident son seemed unperturbed. He lazily smiled up at her. "I don't know what got into us. Not a word," she hissed.

Oscar motioned a zipper across his lips.

"There you are, Maria." Roberto strode into the living room. "Oh, hello, Oscar. What are you doing home from school?"

"He's sick. I mean, he was sick. He's feeling much better," Maria said in a rush. She took her husband's arm and led him out of the living room, casting a confused glance back at her son.

Oscar slowly got to his feet and nodded with satisfaction. Next time he'd make sure his father wouldn't interrupt them.

Chapter 4

“Who ... uugghhh ... who ... contact you ... again and again ... on device?” Xochitl rode Oscar backward, holding her round belly. She looked down at the phone beside them on the bed. “Everyone ... sleeping.”

“It’s ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... my girlfriend ... Katie.” Oscar slapped the mummy’s ripe ass. It was the middle of the night, and he didn’t think he’d wake his parents unless they got *too* loud. “She’s ... probably worried ... about me.” He watched that ancient priestess’s ass bounce.

“You ... no ... respond?” She looked over her shoulder at him with a questioning eyebrow arched.

“I ... thought ... you said ... I was going to be with ... my sisters ... cousins ... uuuuuggghhhhhhh.” He pushed his head back into the mattress as she stopped bouncing and ground her hips into him. He gritted his teeth. “I was ... going to break up with her ... before you showed up tonight.”

“If she ... make happy ... you may ... seed her ... too.” Xochitl smiled back at him. “Not pure ... but still ... more babies ... good.”

“Oh ... okay.” Oscar picked up his phone. He texted Katie that he’d slept the whole day and would miss school tomorrow. He thanked her for bringing him home and apologized for not writing back sooner. He sent her some relevant emojis and tossed the phone back on the bed. “Oooohhhhhhhh ... *Abuela* ... I’m going to ... cum in your thousand-year-old ... pussy.”

“Eighteen-year ... dick ... thousand-year ... pussy.” She went back to bouncing on him. “Is ... best.” She brought him to two orgasms that night before tucking him in, making him promise he’d bed his mother, and disappearing into the ether.

~~

“Good morning, *Mijo*. Feeling better today?” Maria threw open the curtains, letting in the bright morning light. “I let you sleep in late.”

“Morning, Mom.” Oscar sat up, blinking. “What about school?”

“Since you were sick yesterday, and you kept sleeping and sleeping, I called the school for you. I told them you were going to rest today.” She smiled pleasantly and sat on his bed, giving them plenty of distance. “I want to talk about what happened yesterday.”

“Sure, Mom.” He gave her a warm smile. Part of Oscar’s mind knew he was in trouble and should be worried. He’d kissed her! With tongue! But his confidence rolled right over any doubts.

“I ... um ...” Maria paused and studied his face. She’d raised five children, and she knew the pained expressions each of them would make during difficult conversations. Oscar had always been like his siblings in this way. But ... now ... he looked angelic. It was odd. “I want to talk about the kiss, Oscar. This will be a difficult conversation for us both.”

“Sure, Mom.” Oscar nodded and kept smiling. He reached up and patted down his messy hair. “Is Dad home?” He sniffed his armpit and made a face. He needed a shower.

“No ... he’s at work.” She couldn’t help but smile back at him. Her son was positively magnetic. Where had all this confidence come from? “So ... you did something very bad, and I ... didn’t stop you. Sometimes in life we can ... get confused. You understand how wrong that kiss was, right?”

Oscar laughed. “If you think that was wrong, just wait until you see the stuff we’re going to do today.”

“Yes, I’m glad ... wait, what?!?” Maria put a hand to her mouth. Her eyes went wide.

“I’m going to go take a shower. I’ll show you what I mean afterward.” Oscar threw off the blanket and jumped out of bed. He was naked. He walked toward the door.

“You ... can’t.” She stared at his tight, teenage butt.

“I have to take a shower, Mom. You’ll thank me. I really stink. The mummy visited last night, and we humped for a good long while.” Oscar turned around, giving his mother full frontal nudity. That would have mortified him not long ago. Now, he couldn’t care less.

Maria stared at his soft penis, dangling between his legs. It was small, and not very threatening looking. “You’re naked ... in front of your mother,” she whispered. Her nostrils flared. She could smell sex on her son’s body.

“Put on something sexy. I’ll find you in twenty minutes.” Oscar waved and walked down the hall.

~~

Maria sat on the back porch drinking her second margarita. It was way too early in the day, but she needed something to take the edge off. Next to her drink was her phone. She knew she needed to call someone for help. But who? Not her husband. Not her

sister. Not her other children. The birds sang merrily around her as she frowned, drank, and stared at her phone.

“There you are, Mom.” Oscar stepped onto the back deck and stretched. All he wore was underwear that poorly concealed his hardening penis. Sunlight glowed on his brown skin. “You didn’t put on anything sexy.”

Maria stared at her son. Her frown disappeared. She found her face and shoulders relaxing. He was so beautiful.

“You know what? It’s good. I don’t believe in all that *sexy clothes for women* stuff, anyway.” He shook his head and sat down next to her. “What’s sexy is seeing who you really are. You’re gorgeous when you wear your housedresses ...” He looked under the table. “... and socks.” He took a sip of her margarita. “Yum, that’s good.”

“You’re not old enough to drink, *Mijo*.” She studied his face. Her son was a changed man. She couldn’t fathom what had happened to him. Her heart thumped violently in her chest, and her stomach started doing acrobatics.

“You’re right about that. I can’t drink. But, I’m old enough to do other things.” He put down the drink and leaned his mouth close to her ear. “Like ... vote. And ... serve in the military. I’m eighteen so ... I could donate an organ. Or ... get a tattoo.” He lowered his voice to a barely audible whisper. “I could even buy ... lottery tickets.” He picked up her glass again, but this time he held it up to *her* lips, giving her a long drink. He then put it down again.

“We’re going to kiss again, aren’t we?” Maria rubbed her legs together. Her vagina felt warm and tingly.

“You know what else I’m old enough for?” Oscar brushed her hair back behind her shoulder, exposing her ear. He nibbled on it and ran his tongue all over it. He pulled back and saw her shoulders shiver wildly. “I’m old enough to kiss you, Mom. I’m old enough to do other things, too.”

“Oh ... my ...” Maria was a quivering mess. His voice was so smooth and certain. She turned her face toward him, her lips parted, and let his kiss find her. His tongue deftly explored her mouth, and his hands moved over her dress with relish. They sat on the back deck and made out for some time. When he pulled her dress down and her bra up, the only thing she did to stop him was murmur her protest into his mouth.

“Nnnnnnnppphhhhh.”

Eventually, Oscar stood and pulled his mother to her feet. “We should go inside. We don’t want to make a show of it for the neighbors.”

At the mention of a show, Maria covered her boobs with her arm. She let her son grab her other hand and pull her inside. Before she could get her bearings, she was kissing

Oscar again, her bare boobs pressed up against his lithe chest. When he reached around and grabbed her butt, she squealed. It took her a few moments to realize that he was grinding against her, rubbing his large penis all over her pelvic area. She realized that it was indeed large now. Apparently, he grew quite a lot between his soft and hard states. She had heard some men did that. A few moments later, she realized that she was grinding back. She was putty. She had spent his whole life shaping him as a person. Now, he could sculpt *her* however he wished.

The kiss broke, and they were both panting. Oscar bent down and took his mother's large nipple into his mouth. He squeezed her tit with his hand and teased the nipple with his teeth and tongue.

"Ohhhhhh ... *Mijo* ... that feels ... so good." Maria's head fell back. She stared at the ceiling and let pulses of pleasure move out from her boob through her body. She'd left her phone on the patio table, along with any inclination to call for help. "You're a man now ... ooohhhhhh ... I see that ... and ... there is no stopping you."

Oscar let go of her tit and roughly turned her around. He moved her to the counter, where she could brace herself, and he lifted her dress. He quickly lowered her panties and his own underwear. Part of his mind said this was wrong. She was his mother. She deserved more foreplay. He spread her legs and gripped her pussy with his hand. She was sopping wet. They would have time for foreplay later. They had all day. She was wet. He was hard. And Xochitl wanted him to breed her. No time like the present.

"Oh ... Oscar ... are we really going to ... ooohhhhhhhhhh." Maria shuddered as he rubbed the head of his penis on her vagina. "Condom ... you need to put on a ... uuuuuuggghhhhhhhh." Her mouth hung open, and her eyes rolled back when he entered her. Her sweet Oscar was gone. The man behind her was confident and forceful. More so than any man she had been with. Maria gripped the counter with her hands, braced her feet farther apart, and greeted the onslaught by pushing back her butt. In no time at all, she was absorbing long, heavy strokes.

"Wow ... Mommy pussy ... is as good as ... mummy pussy." Oscar hunched into her, letting his hips go on autopilot. Her ass provided a wonderful cushion to pound. He reached around her and found her dangling boob. He squeezed it in cadence with his hips. "We're starting ... a new dynasty ... Mom. Right here ... in the kitchen."

"Ohhhhhhhhhh ... my ... I ... eeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." She wasn't sure exactly what he meant, but it sounded dirty. An orgasm swept through her. She felt like a boat in a tsunami.

"You're going ... to feed ... our babies ... with this tit ... Mom." Oscar gave it an extra squeeze for emphasis. *This doesn't sound like me. It sounds ... like Xochitl!* What had the priestess done to him? Well, whatever it was, it was too late to do anything about it. "You're pussy's so ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... tight. And your ass ... is too perfect." He let go

of her boob and held her hips. Her wails grew deafening. It was good they'd moved from the back porch. "You're ... uuggghhhh ... gonna make me ... cum ... Mom." His hips fell out of their regular cadence. "Uuuuggghhhhhh ... you're ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhh." Oscar threw his head back and unloaded deep inside his mother's womb.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Maria, her face twisted, her mind fragmented, felt the heat of his seed. It was a flawless moment. A sea of ecstasy carried her away. Two days ago, he'd been a normal teenager. Now she was irrevocably bonded to him in a way she would never be with her other children. When he was done convulsing behind her, he withdrew his penis. Without the support, she slumped to the floor, her mind and body undone.

"Wow ... Mom." He sat on a kitchen chair and looked down at her spread legs. Cum leaked from her pussy. "We did it ... we ... really did it."

"Nnnnnngggggggggg." Was the only thing Maria could say.

Chapter 5

Wearing nothing but socks, Maria braced herself on her hands and knees. She was on the living room floor. Her morning had been turned upside down. And the early afternoon was more of the same. Her teenage son was a humping machine. And he suddenly possessed so much magnetism that she couldn't deny him anything. In such a short span of time, she had sundered her marriage and committed terrible sins ... over and over. She looked over her shoulder at her once sweet, now naked and lascivious Oscar.

"I love your ass, Mom." Oscar lined up his dick.

"Perhaps ... we've done enough today. You know what those commercials say about erections lasting longer than four hours. And I'm not on any birth control. There's already so much inside me. Maybe we can take a break, and I can get cleaned up, and ... oooooohhhhhhhhh." Her eyes crossed and her lips formed a perfect rictus as he entered her. She had been tight for him earlier that day, but now she was so sloppy and stretched out that his large thing slid right in.

"Pathetic arguments ... Mom." Oscar slammed into her, finding an up-tempo rhythm with his hips. He grabbed handfuls of her ass, digging in his fingers and pulling her back onto his cock. Wet slapping sounds and pungent scents filled the living room. He looked over at the wall his mother had devoted to family photos. He could see his sisters and cousins occupying different frames. They would all be part of what he had started today. "You not being on ... ugh ... ugh ... birth control is the whole point. How ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... would I start a dynasty ... without knocking you up?"

"Oooohhhhhhh ... *Mijo* ... you're saying ... such dirty things ... I ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii." Maria tossed her head back and forth as another orgasm took her.

"And I won't allow ... ah ... ah ... ah ... you to ... get cleaned up." Oscar's laugh bounced off the walls. He barely recognized himself ... or his mother. His *Abuela* had really done a number on them. As he looked at his mother's sweet asshole staring up at him, he had a moment of doubt. She was such a modest and conscientious person. And here she was letting her son destroy her pussy, showing him her most hidden treasures. Was this wrong? But then his newfound confidence rolled right over the reservations. He laughed louder. "You won't get cleaned up ... your pussy will be a swamp by the time Dad gets home. No ... that's wrong ... your womb will be an ocean of cum. We're making a ... ah ... ah ... baby today ... no doubt."

"Ohhhhhhh ... noooooooooooooo." Maria knew she was lost. An ocean of sperm sloshed inside her, and her mind was adrift in a sea of pleasure.

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Hours later, Maria lay naked on her belly. Despite her protestations at the time, they had moved their hump-frenzy to her bedroom. Her son had removed her socks and obscenely sucked on her toes while she'd watched in shock, horror, and arousal. He'd then pounded her yet again, depositing his unspeakable treasures inside her. Sperm flooded from her vagina onto the sheets she shared with her husband. She was exhausted, sweaty, and about as high as a kite on the lingering euphoria of sex. "What ... happened to us ... Oscar?" She said with a muffled voice into the mattress. "I can't ... wrap my mind around ... what we've done."

"I told you about the mummy, didn't I?" Oscar lay next to his mother smiling. He ran his fingers back and forth along the dramatic curve from her lower back to her ass. "I picked her up in the museum. Heck of a school trip, don't you think? She's real. You should have believed me when I first told you about her. Maybe you could have prevented all this."

"Hmmmmmmm," Maria said.

"That is, if you still want to prevent all this." Oscar's cock was still hard. An impossible feat after cumming so much, no doubt aided by his ancestor. He pushed her legs together and mounted her again, slapping his dick on her ass a few times. He took in the compelling sight of the flare from her waist out to her wide hips. "You were made to bear my children, Mom."

"I ... was made to bear you ... *Mijo*. And your brothers and sisters." She clutched the sheet, waiting. Her muscles tensed, ready for the pleasure that flowed from his penis.

"You were made for both." He spread her ass cheeks and looked down at her asshole and pussy. "What a view."

Maria gritted her teeth. "Stop teasing me. Just go ahead and do it. Put it in. I don't want to stop you. I don't understand it, but ... I ... aaaaahhhhhhhh ... want it." Her muscles relaxed as he slid back in. "That's good ... that's good ..." Her mind swirled with bliss. "I've never ... done it like this ... before. It's like ... you're a monkey ... back there ... a wild ... crazed ... monkey ... that wants his mother ... in terrible ways ... and ... ooohhhhhhhhhhhhh." Her eyes rolled back as she gave herself over to ecstasy.

~~

“Where’s your mother, Oscar?” Roberto arrived home from work to find his son cooking in the kitchen, with no sign of his wife. He couldn’t remember Oscar ever making dinner before. His son was whistling and dancing to music only he could hear.

“I must have given her something, Dad.” Oscar chuckled to himself. “I’m all better now, but she’s laid up.” About an hour before, he had stopped humping his mother and had helped her clean the house. Which was a considerable task. They had left bodily fluids everywhere. He’d then tucked her into bed. She was tired, and Oscar could see that her poor mind was spinning from wall-to-wall orgasms. “She’s sleeping upstairs.”

“So, you’re cooking us dinner?” Roberto raised his eyebrows.

“Seemed the least I could do since I stole your wife, Dad.” Oscar gave his father a wink.

“What?”

“You know, by giving her whatever I had.” Oscar continued to whistle and dance as he worked. “Dinner’s in fifteen.”

“Yeah, okay.” Roberto shrugged and grabbed himself a beer. It turned out his son wasn’t a bad cook. They had a pleasant evening. And when he went to bed, Roberto found his wife sound asleep.

~~

“Oscar!” Katie smiled. She was wearing her cheer uniform and gossiping with her friends before first period. “When I didn’t hear from you yesterday, I thought you wouldn’t be coming to school.”

“Sorry about that.” Oscar took her hand and smiled at her friends. “And sorry to steal Katie away again, lovely ladies. Romance calls.” He dragged her toward the parking lot.

“What’s going on?” Katie furrowed her brow in confusion. “The bell’s about to ring. We can’t leave school grounds.”

“We’re cutting.” Oscar smiled at her. He was practically jogging he was so excited. She stumbled to catch up. “The mummy says you’re good to go. I thought we’d have to break up. But it’s just the opposite.” He stopped next to her car.

“I’m really confused.” Katie reached into her backpack and got out the keys. She unlocked the car and opened the driver’s side door. She was even more confused when her boyfriend shut it and ushered her into the backseat instead. He closed the door and maneuvered her onto her back. “Wait ... Oscar ... you want to do what we did behind the school?” She was about to push him away, but when she looked into his eyes, she was

suddenly captivated. He'd always been charming. Now he was positively irresistible. "Someone could see us here."

"Who?" Oscar lifted her skirt and pulled down her panties. "We're tucked between two SUVs. It's perfect."

"I don't know ... my mom was pissed about the tardy I got when you did this last time. If she finds that I'm cutting ... I'll ... oh ... shit ... Oscar ... shit ... shit ... shit ... oooohhhhhhhhhh ... yes ... okay ... we can do this ... for a little while." Katie arched her back, pressing her pussy into his magical lips. "My clit ... my clit ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh."

Oscar drove his girlfriend to two orgasms before coming up for air. While she was still riding her high, he unbuckled his pants and lowered them along with his underwear. His hard cock flopped out into the open. He rubbed the head on her slick pussy.

"Wait." Katie's eyes went round. "Not in the car ... during school. Our first time has to be romantic ... and you need a condom."

"Just the tip ... Katie," he crooned.

She stared at him, mesmerized. How could she say no? "Okay ... just the tip. And then we're going to class." She opened her legs for him as wide as they'd go in the backseat and put her hands on his shoulders.

"Here ... we ... go." Oscar pushed his hips forward. The next time he saw Xochitl, he knew she'd be proud of him. He'd seeded his mother yesterday, and today he was going to seed his girlfriend. They'd have a dynasty established in no time. "How's that?"

"It's ... big." Katie bit her bottom lip and nodded at him. "Now ... just leave it like that ... shit ... Oscar ... it's really big." She'd had sex with her last boyfriend, but he hadn't felt like Oscar. *And this is only the tip!*

"A little more?" Oscar caressed her cheek and held her face so they wouldn't lose eye contact.

"Okay ... a little more." Without meaning to, Katie's hips rocked under him. Her body was trying to bring more of him in. "Oooohhhhhhhhhh ... I like it ... I like it ... Oscar." She looked around her as the car windows fogged. "I can't believe ... we're doing it ... in my car."

The eighteen-year-olds slowly moved their hips closer and closer together. Soon, Katie was moaning and gyrating under Oscar, as he held himself buried to the hilt.

"That's more than the tip," he said.

"I know ... I know ... just ... go ahead and do it ... I want it." She stared into his liquid brown eyes. "Uggggghhhhhhhh ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ..." His first lunge took her breath

away. She frantically clutched at his ass, helping him slam into her. She made animal noises, grunts and whimpers, as her body tried to understand what was happening to it. But those changed as the fucking moved past the five-minute mark. Soon, she was screeching in a high-pitched voice, begging him to continue. “Yeah ... eeeiii ... shit ... eeeeeiiii ... yeah ... eeiiii ... don’t stop ... eeeiiii ... don’t stop ... eeeeeiiii ... keep ... doing ... that ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiii.”

Oscar pummeled his girlfriend’s pussy for a good half hour before he was ready to carry out his sacred duty. “I’m cumming ... Katie ... I’m cumming ... in your pussy.”

“Eeeiiii ... eeeiii ... eeeiiii ... outside ... eeiiii ... eeeiii ... eeeeeiii ... cum outside.” She clutched him but made no effort to dislodge him.

“Inside ... aaaaahhhhhh ... Katie.” Oscar was close.

“Okay,” she squeaked. Her legs trembled and shook as she came with him, accepting his cum in her backseat. It was all so unexpected and perfect. Her mind went almost blank. The last thing her brain held onto was the heat of his stuff deep inside her.

Chapter 6

When Maria's son got home from school, he had that look in his eyes. "No, *Mijo*. What happened yesterday was crazy. Never again." She stood in the kitchen wringing her housedress with tense fingers. She watched him put down his backpack, flash her an easy smile, and fill a glass at the sink. *He's so handsome*. "Aren't you going to say something?" When he winked at her, her knees grew weak and her tummy flipped over. She watched him drink his water and put the glass down with a satisfied thump. "*Mijo?*" She said.

"Mom, you are the most beautiful woman in the world. Does Dad ever tell you that?" Oscar smoothly glided across the kitchen floor, spinning a little pirouette before reaching his mother. He couldn't stop grinning.

"I ... um ... we're not doing that again." Maria suddenly felt very beautiful indeed. She frowned and backed up.

"I banged Katie today. It was our first time. I humped her for over an hour in her car." He stalked after his mother as she continued to back up.

"What?" Maria squeaked. As the mother of five children, she'd thought she'd heard it all. But now she was coming to realize she'd led a sheltered life. "You and ... Katie?"

"It was great. And I love her. But honestly, the second I was finished cumming in her for the second time, all I could think about was coming home to you." Oscar couldn't believe the things he was saying. The mummy's confidence filled him to the brim.

"Where has my sweet son gone?" Not long ago, she had thought his imagination made him innocent for an eighteen-year-old. Now he was saying the most salacious things she'd ever heard. And it wasn't just talk. She thought about what they'd done together yesterday, and she shivered. Her butt backed into the fridge, and she found she couldn't retreat anymore. "No matter how much you smile at me like that, we simply can't ..." His smile was like watching the rising sun.

"Mommy, Mommy, Mommy," Oscar said in a singsong voice. He stopped in front of her. "Your nipples are practically poking through your dress. Check out these headlights." He reached his right hand up to her left breast and gently tweaked her nipple through the fabric.

"Ooohhh ... gosh!" Maria shuddered, electricity running through her body. She stamped a foot, trying to regain some control. "I'm your mother, Oscar. And I'm telling you, we are just a normal mother and son. Never again ... aaaahhhhhh." She spasmed when he did the same thing with her other nipple.

“Just a normal mother and son, starting a new dynasty together.” Oscar met her dazed gaze and winked again.

“We can’t ...” But that was the last protest she uttered. The next thing she knew, she was on her back on the kitchen floor. Her dress was around her waist, her legs were up in the air, and her panties hung from her ankle. Her son, of course, was pumping her vagina with his large, vigorous member. She was sore from the day before, but the pain didn’t last. “Oooooohhhh ... Oscar ... Oscar ...” She stared into his young face. His expression was the oddest mixture of love, determination, animal passion, and soulful exuberance. “Oscar ... Oscar ... Osscarrrrrrrrr!” Just meeting his gaze made her mind explode in a roaring climax, the likes of which she’d never known until the day before.

“Mom ... you look so ... crazy ... when you’re ... ugh ... ugh ... cumming.” Oscar gripped heaping handfuls of her tits and used them for leverage as he smashed into her.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!” Maria barely heard him.

A few minutes later, Oscar grabbed his mother’s leg, held it to his chest, and pumped her, using a scissors approach. He’d seen the move in porn, but never thought he’d try it in real life. He certainly never thought he’d try it on his kitchen floor with his once demure mother. Apparently, she liked the position because it sent her off on another string of orgasms.

By the time her son’s hips fell out of rhythm, Maria was a blubbering, wailing mess. All she could do was accept his seed. Her mind couldn’t even linger on the consequences, she was too ecstatic at the feeling of his heat deep in her womb.

“Damn ... Mom.” When his orgasm was over, Oscar rested his cheek on her boob. “We’re doing this ... every day. You’re fantastic.”

“Oooohhhhhhhhh.” Maria stared at the ceiling and wondered what had happened to her life. Her phone rang from where she’d left it resting on the counter. Maria’s body tensed, her vagina squeezing the large penis still inside her. “Estella is ... coming over today.” She pushed at her son’s shoulders. “Get off, *Mijo*. Your sister said she would call when she was heading over.” When he withdrew from her, she shuddered at the squelching sound. “I’m a mess. Help me clean, and we both need a shower.”

“Sure, Mom. We don’t want Estella finding out about us, yet.” Oscar stood and helped his sweaty mother to her feet. “Let’s clean up.” He pointed to the puddle of their combined fluids on the kitchen floor.

Maria was so buzzed and flustered that she didn’t notice her son’s use of the word ‘yet.’

~~

“Something’s gotten into you, Oscar.” Estella sat with a coffee mug on the back deck. Her younger brother looked positively magnetic. “Have you been working out?”

“I was pumping with Mom when I got home from school.” Oscar pointed a finger gun at his sister. She was the third sibling in order of age, and since she was the middle child, he had paid her the least attention growing up.

Maria choked on her coffee, and hid her face behind her mug.

Oscar let his laugh ring loud and clear in the backyard.

Estella looked from her brother to her mother and back again. She fiddled with the wedding ring on her left hand. Six months into marriage and she was still getting used to it.

“Um ... Oscar and I were doing a silly exercise video.” Maria winced at the brazen lie. She hated withholding the truth from her children. “I’m really sore, actually.” This was true, but it was mostly true about her vagina. That made her wince again at the necessary omission.

Estella wasn’t listening to her mother. “Oh, my gosh. What are you doing Oscar?” Estella watched her brother grab her left hand and gently caress her fingers.

“You’re so beautiful, Estella. I’m proud to have a sister like you. A sister that descended from royal Aztec blood, just like me.” Oscar looked into her eyes with sincerity.

“Oh ... okay.” Suddenly, Estella believed that she was indeed beautiful. She felt special. That feeling more than made up for the awkward hand-holding.

Maria’s face paled, and she bit her bottom lip. “Maybe it’s time we –”

“Oh ... hello!” Katie walked around the house into the Núñez’s backyard. “I ... um ... wasn’t trying to sneak in to see Oscar. I was just ...” Katie’s cheeks turned scarlet. “It’s good to see you, Mrs. Núñez. Hi Estella.” She waved to the women, her gaze falling to her boyfriend’s hand locked with Estella’s hand. The woman’s ring glittered in the afternoon light.

Oscar turned his charm on his girlfriend. “You look breathtaking, Katie. Isn’t she beautiful, Estella?” He gently squeezed his sister’s hand.

“Oh ... yes, she is.” Estella didn’t know why, but her palms were sweaty. She found that she was worried that her younger brother would notice, but she didn’t pull away.

“About our discussion in the car earlier today ...” Katie put her hands behind her back and tried to look innocent. “I was wondering if we could talk about it some more ... in your room.”

Maria felt she should say something, but she didn't know what. "Um ... I ... well ..." The thought that her son had been inside this pretty girl *and* her own vagina on the same day made her dizzy. Her pulse was thudding in her ears.

"Sure, Katie." Oscar kissed his sister's hand. "If you'll excuse me, my girlfriend needs me." He released Estella, stood, and pulled Katie up onto the deck, wrapping his arm around her waist.

"Be ... careful." Maria thought about how uncareful she'd been. At that very moment, her son's strong, little swimmers were deep inside her. She winced.

"Don't worry, Mom. She doesn't bite." He pulled Katie inside, and they raced up to his bedroom.

Estella picked up her forgotten coffee mug and took a sip. "So, I guess Oscar is going through some things, huh?"

Maria sat silently, staring into the house.

"Mom? Mom!?" Estella waved her hand to get her mother's attention.

"What?" Maria turned dazed eyes on her daughter.

"I guess you're both going through some things." Estella shook her head slowly.

Upstairs, in Oscar's room, Katie and Oscar stripped as quickly as they could.

Katie was down to her bra and panties when she let out a shriek and froze in place. There was a silent, tall woman standing near the closet. The woman had brown skin like Oscar, wore an odd Aztec outfit complete with a feather headdress, and was very pregnant.

"What's wrong?" Oscar pressed his lips together with worry and followed Katie's gaze. His smile returned when he saw Xochitl. "What are you doing here, *Abuela*?"

"This is your *abuela*?" Katie tried not to stare. The woman looked no older than thirty-five.

"I here to check her." Holding her big belly, Xochitl waddled over to Katie. "I check progress now. Baby belly." She put a hand on Katie's bare, pale tummy.

"Oscar ... what's happening?" Katie went stiff as a board. Her skin tingled under this strange grandmother's touch, like her brown fingers carried faint electricity.

"I think she's checking to see if you're pregnant." Oscar watched the women closely as he finished undressing. "Is that right?"

"Not yet. Must try more." Xochitl shook her head and crawled two fingers downward. "Lovely girl. Not dynasty but lovely." Her fingers walked between Katie's legs.

“Oscar ... she’s ... oh ... Oscar!” Katie’s eyes went wide. “She’s putting ... oooooohhhhhh ... why is she ... oooooohhhhhh ... noooooooooo.” Katie went limp, but Xochitl caught her with the hand that wasn’t busy fingering Katie’s pussy.

“*Abuela*, are you stealing my girlfriend?” Oscar didn’t mind. Seeing the panic turn to ecstasy in Katie’s eyes drove him wild. He started fapping.

“Wanted check, but I like touching women. Thousand years since, you know.” Xochitl pulled Katie’s trembling body closer. She kissed the young woman on her slender neck. “Never had woman so pale. I like.”

“You are a little racist, you know that, *Abuela*?” Oscar stepped up behind the priestess and rubbed his precum on the exposed curve of her lower ass.

“Each flower different, Oscar. Each opens her own way.” Xochitl glanced over her shoulder and smiled at the boy that would reignite her dynasty. “She opened for you. She opens for me.”

“Oooooohhhhhh ... Oscar ... she’s found something inside meeeeeeeeeee.” Katie’s eyes rolled back, and she convulsed in the priestess’s arms. When she came down from her orgasm, she found herself lying on Oscar’s bed. Her mind wandered to the last time she’d been in bed. That morning, she had not known what the day held. Since then, she’d humped Oscar for the first time, and tried to sneak into his house for more. A strange young woman in native garb had seemingly walked out of his closet and given her the second-best orgasm of the day. The second-best of her life. And now ... She opened her eyes and saw Oscar climbing onto the bed. She spread her legs, giving him a full view of her blond bush and pink pussy lips. “More ... Oscar ... I want more.”

Xochitl stood with her hands holding her bulging belly. She watched the two young lovebirds join their loins. She smiled with pride. It had only taken a small boost to Oscar’s confidence, and he had blossomed. She watched his lean butt flex with each stroke as he powered into the pale girl. Xochitl nodded her approbation and left them. She needed to check to see if Oscar’s seed had taken inside his mother.

Chapter 7

“Oooooohhhh ... Oscar ... it’s even better ... on your bed ... there’s so much more room ... than ... ugh ... ugh ... in my car.” Katie held her legs behind her knees, keeping them wide open for her boyfriend as he plundered her depths with his dick.

“Do you ... ugh ... ugh ... want my ... baby?” Oscar smiled down at her, sweat dripping off his nose.

Katie felt so good that she had a hard time prying apart the piece of this that felt wrong. She didn’t say anything for a while, only grunting as she absorbed each long stroke. She tried to fight the inexorable rising tide of another orgasm. The thought hit her like cold water. *I don’t want a baby. And who the fuck was that grandma person?* “Wait ... wait ... we need a condom.” They had already made that mistake in her car, but there was no reason to make it worse.

“Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ...” Oscar kept slamming his hips into hers.

“Oscar ... ooohhhhhh ... Oscar ... you’re not making this easy.” Ecstasy formed a vortex in her mind, drawing her rational thought toward the eye of pure, empty bliss at its center. It would have been so easy for Katie to give in to it. To give in to her magnetic boyfriend. But however good things felt, she clung to the thought that she didn’t want a baby. “Oscar ... stop.”

Oscar’s eyes met hers, and his hips slowed to a halt. He lay on top of his girlfriend, his brown eyes locked on her blue ones. “I’m ... I’m ...” He was confused.

“What’s ... happening ... Oscar?” Katie’s pussy gave several involuntary squeezes to her boyfriend’s dick.

“I’m sorry.” Oscar pulled out of her. He felt like a bubble had burst. He had been so sure about everything moments ago, but now all he had was doubt. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he put his head in his hands. “I think an ancient Aztec witch put a spell on me.”

On the back deck, both Estella and Maria sat awkwardly sipping their coffee. Estella was the first to notice the half-naked, pregnant woman in a full Aztec costume standing a few feet away from them. The woman was holding her belly and smiling. Without taking her eyes off the frightening stranger, Estella waved a hand at her mother. “Mom ... Mom ... who the fuck is that?”

“Language, Estella. You can’t ...” Maria’s words died away, and her jaw dropped when she followed her daughter’s gaze.

“Nikpia checkko ipan mo special piltsintli,” Xochitl said.

“What?” Maria and Estella said at the same time.

“Sorry. I talk wrong language.” Xochitl let out a hearty laugh.

“Who ... are you?” Even as she said the words, Maria thought she knew. Her son had been telling the truth about his mummy friend.

Xochitl framed her grinning face with her hands. “You not see? We the same. I Xochitl. You Xochitl’s daughter.”

“Oh, no.” Maria stood and shook her head. “Please leave.”

“First, I check belly.” Xochitl walked over to Maria. She lay a hand on the woman’s bare arm, giving Maria some of her essence.

“Ohhhhh ... okay.” Maria’s eyes glazed over, and she relaxed. She didn’t protest when Xochitl lifted her dress and examined her slightly curved belly.

“Mom? What the fuck is going on?” Alarmed, Estella stood and moved toward the woman. But when Xochitl reached out and grabbed her wrist without looking, Estella calmed. The tension flowed out of her shoulders. She watched the strange, Aztec woman inspect her mother’s belly with nothing other than interest. No, there was more than interest. Her mother’s lovely, brown tummy made butterflies flap in her own belly. “Mom, your body is ... lovely.” The words came so naturally to Estella, without any of the embarrassment that she might have expected. “Take your dress all the way off.”

Maria looked over at her daughter. Normally, Estella was a meek thing. But now, the young woman radiated charm and assurance. Without thinking, Maria smiled and pulled her dress off. “Sure, *Mija*.” She stood on the back deck wearing only her bra, panties, and socks, while Oscar’s mummy prodded her belly with her fingers.

“You must keep going. You and Oscar.” Xochitl finished her examination and straightened, holding her own, round belly. “No baby.” She shook her head and smiled. “You pretty. She right. Lovely mother.” Xochitl rubbed her chin thoughtfully, looking Maria up and down. “You come from me. You understand?”

“Um ...?” Maria understood.

“Mom ... I feel strange.” Estella’s nipples were like diamonds poking through her top, her tummy was turning somersaults, and her pussy was gushing. *Is my mom turning me on?* She tried to feel disgust, but her mind wouldn’t comply.

“Thousand years ago, I have any woman in city. Powerful priestess.” Xochitl thumped a boastful hand to her breast. “Any man, too.” She laughed. “Powerful dynasty. Now, you kiss me I think.”

“What?” Maria wanted to pull her own hair out. “I don’t understand ...” But she did.

“People still kiss.” Xochitl gave her a knowing smile and pulled her into her arms. The woman struggled only modestly for no more than a few seconds.

“Mom!” Estella’s jaw practically hit the floor. She stared at the two women making out, their hands groping all over each other. Without telling her body to, she found that her own fingers were playing with her nipples through her top, sending little shockwaves of pleasure through her body. “What are you doing!?!”

The horror in her daughter’s voice broke the spell enough for Maria to pull away. “I ... don’t want this,” she panted.

“Many women tell me this. They change.” Xochitl grasped Maria and Estella’s hands on either side of her. She squeezed them, sending a little jolt through all three. “I go now. Enjoy.” She dropped the hands, turned, and walked off into the backyard.

Maria and Estella watched the strange woman’s partially covered ass roll with each waddling step, until she was out of sight. Then, mother and daughter turned and stared into each other’s eyes.

Upstairs, Katie and Oscar were dressing.

“It’s not that I don’t want to do it again.” Katie watched his dick shrink as he pulled his shirt on. “But we need to be smart. We need protection. I mean ... you already ... put all that cum ...” She couldn’t help smiling. The thought of his little minions swimming inside her should have been horrific, but it made her buzz.

“I know, Katie. I promise, we’ll be smart.” Oscar nodded, pulling on his underwear. “I ... um ... have something to tell you.” His confidence, which had reigned supreme for so long, wavered. “I ... um ...” *If I tell her about my mom, Katie will puke right here in my room and leave me forever.* “I ... want to do it again with you, too.”

“Well, of course. It was amazing.” Katie finished dressing and kissed him on the cheek. “Do you have condoms ... or ...?”

“No, but I’ll get some.” He buckled his pants. “I’ll walk you out. I think I need to spend some time with my sister and mom. I shouldn’t have left them.”

“Sure ... sure.” Katie nodded and followed him out of the room. As they descended the stairs, her mind kept flashing back to what it was like having him inside her. A sheen of sweat formed on her brow. *In a way, he’s still inside me.* She rubbed her belly and shivered with happiness. *That shouldn’t make me happy.* She followed him through the living room out to the back deck. Her lascivious inner thoughts were interrupted when Oscar froze in his tracks. She almost walked into the back of him. She looked up and stared with wide eyes. How many shocks did the day have for her? Katie’s hand went to

her mouth as she stared at Maria and Estella locking lips. She could tell from the way they were moving their heads that tongues had to be involved. And Estella's hands were gripping heaping handfuls of her mother's ass, while Maria had wrapped her arms around her daughter's shoulders. "Oscar ... what is this?" She whispered.

"I don't know," Oscar whispered back. "They don't usually ... do that."

"I ... have to go." Katie ran past the smooching women, into the yard, and around the house.

Maria and Estella didn't notice. They were too busy with each other.

Until recently, Oscar hadn't thought of his mom as sexy. Now he saw her as a goddess. And it wasn't until that very afternoon that he had first seen his older sister for the woman she was. His dick was growing in his pants. This was all part of Xochitl's plans. He knew it. But it didn't make the desire burn any less in his heart. His soaring confidence wasn't back, but his lust was. It was undeniable. Slowly, he unzipped his pants. His dick flopped into the open, and soon he was standing in the open doorway fapping away.

"Mmmpppphhhhh." Maria's mind was a hazy fog. All she knew was that she was wrapped up in her daughter's amazing femininity. Everything about Estella was soft and delicate. She was so unlike Maria's husband and Oscar, who were hard and rough around the edges.

"Mmmpppphhhhh!" Estella could remember nothing beyond her mother's bountiful curves and pliant body. She squeezed and groped to her heart's content. Their tongues danced, and she found that she was now rubbing her pussy on her mother's thigh. Estella was still dressed, but her mother's legs were wonderfully bare. She reached down and held the flesh at the bottom of her mother's butt, under her panties, just to feel her mother's warm, smooth skin.

"Oh ... shit." Oscar said it rather loudly, but they didn't hear him. "Nnnnnngggggggg." He tensed where he stood, his hand working overtime, and fired off rope after rope of cum out onto the deck boards. As he came down from his orgasm, he wondered what would have happened if they'd seen him. He still didn't have his confidence back, and he thought he'd need it to navigate such a tricky situation. Without cleaning his cum off the boards, he pulled his pants up and fled into the house. He gave it a few minutes, then from out of sight, he called to them. "Mom? Estella? Are you still on the back deck?" He shouted the words because they seemed like they weren't going to notice anything less.

Maria was the first to pull back. When she broke their lips apart, it felt like she'd created an emptiness inside her. She stepped away from her daughter and looked around the deck, trying to sort out what had happened.

“Mom?” Estella raised her eyebrows questioningly. Her mother’s hair was a mess, and her lips were puffy from kissing. “Your dress! Oscar’s coming.” She picked up her mother’s dress and helped her into it.

Maria was disheveled, but at least she was clothed when her son appeared in the doorway. “Oh ... hello ... Oscar. Where’s Katie?” She frantically smoothed out her dress.

“She went home.” Oscar shrugged. Both women looked incredibly guilty. They didn’t know that he knew what they’d been doing.

“I should probably get going, too.” Estella rushed past her brother, grabbed her purse, and raced out the front door.

Standing on the back deck in a stupor, Maria heard her daughter’s car start and drive away. The emptiness inside her spread. “I should probably make dinner, *Mijo*.”

“I’ll help, Mom.” Oscar turned and walked back to the kitchen.

“Okay.” Maria picked up their coffee mugs and headed in. She stepped on something wet outside the doorway. She stopped and looked at the bottom of her sock. “Is that ...?” She could smell the sperm all the way from her foot. “What’s going on in my house?” Maria was beyond bewildered as she pulled off her sock and followed her son into the house.

Chapter 8

“Your father won’t be home for another half hour.” Maria said the words like it was idle chatter. But it wasn’t. Ever since she’d parted with her daughter on the back porch, she had been dealing with a gnawing emptiness inside her. Estella wasn’t responding to her texts. But her son was right there. She pressed her lips together, trying not to think about how he could fill up that void. When he continued to silently chop carrots, she tried to get more explicit. “We could take a break from making dinner and do more ... stuff ... together.”

“I’ve got homework to do for a half hour.” Oscar couldn’t believe the things he’d done with his mother. He glanced at her pretty, innocent face. Shame and guilt hit him. Life was certainly much easier when he was brimming with the mummy’s confidence. “I ... um ... or ...” He took a step toward her. He thought better of it, turned, and fled to his room, leaving his chopping half-finished.

“Oh, *Mijo*.” Maria watched her son’s skinny behind disappear. She put a hand to her mouth and shook her head. *He seduced me. But now, he’s running from me. Everything is so confusing.* “Mummy? Are you there?” She said to the empty room. Nobody responded. “What’s happening to me?” She turned off the burners on the stove, removed her apron, and ran up to her bedroom. In no time at all, she had her hairbrush handle in her vagina and thoughts of her son’s lovemaking in her mind.

Unfortunately for Maria, no matter how much she pumped the hairbrush, she couldn’t scratch the itch inside her. The emptiness yawned large, even as she heard the garage door open, signaling her husband’s return. *My husband!* She quickly put on lingerie and a fancy dress. She would seduce her husband after dinner, and all would be right again.

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“Oooohhhhhhh ... Oscar ... Oscar ... Oscarrrrrrrrrrrr!” Katie had apparently decided to name her hairbrush Oscar. She was naked on her bed, her legs spread wide, both hands pumping the nice, thick handle into her pussy. But it wasn’t as nice or thick as her boyfriend.

She almost regretted insisting that they stop when they were in his bed. They had already done it without condoms. Would one more time really have mattered? She wondered how much of his cum was still inside her. She wondered how that crazy Aztec lady could tell she wasn’t pregnant. And mostly, she wondered when she would have the real Oscar between her legs again.

There was a soft knock on the door. "Katie? It's time for dinner."

Katie's eyes shot wide open in panic. Without removing the hairbrush, she threw her blanket over her and pretended to be sleeping.

"Katie?" Gail opened the door and peeked in. Her eighteen-year-old daughter didn't often nap, but that's what she seemed to be doing. Gail walked silently over to her daughter's bed. The poor girl seemed to be breathing hard. And when Gail put a hand gently on Katie's forehead, her palm came away wet with her daughter's perspiration. *Katie did seem a bit manic when she got home. I wonder if she's coming down with something.* Gail turned and exited the room, quietly closing Katie's door. *It's best to let her rest.*

The second she heard the door close, Katie's eyes shot open, and she tossed the blanket off. The hairbrush had never left her pussy, so she grabbed it with both hands and went back to work.

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Dinner was awkward for the Núñez family.

Oscar didn't say anything, but every time he looked at his sweet mother, his cock lurched in his pants.

Maria did her best to pretend everything was normal, but she found herself distracted, thinking about her daughter's soft lips, and her son's hard penis.

Roberto noticed that things were odd, but he thought his son was just being a teenager, and his wife was being ... well ... an inscrutable woman. He never understood women. For example, when she pulled him up to their bedroom after dinner and dropped to her knees, he was shocked. He could count on one hand the number of times she'd given him a blowjob. But he decided not to worry about what was driving her. *It's hormones or something.* At any rate, he loved it. When she shoved him onto the bed and rode him hard, he didn't even ask for a condom. He figured she'd only do that on a safe day. They had both agreed that five children was enough.

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Poor Maria was still in a frenzy. She knew it was the mummy's fault, but she didn't know what to do about it. Her vagina was sore from her son's penis and the hairbrush,

but she still found herself creeping to the bathroom after her husband had gone to sleep. She had plans to rub her little button until she exploded. She closed the door and quickly started pulling off her nightgown. Maria froze mid-strip when she realized that she wasn't alone in the bathroom. Standing very still by the shower was the Aztec priestess. The woman was still very pregnant, wearing her strange, ceremonial clothes. "What ... what have you done to me?" Maria said.

"You know magic of Xōchiquetzal, yes?" Xochitl spoke in a low voice so as not to wake the slumbering man in the next room. That man shared none of her blood, so he was of little use to Xochitl. All the better, he kept sleeping. "I make many sacrifices to Xōchiquetzal. Now she rewards." She stepped across the bathroom and put a finger on Maria's brown lips. "Shh. No speak now. Our blood diluted. Must purify."

A shiver went through Maria's body at this woman's touch. "I don't understand."

"I give you power already. But must have more. Drink for more." Xochitl pulled the garments that covered her lower half down to her ankles and stepped out of them. She spread her legs a little, placed her hands on either side of her vagina, and tilted her pelvis up. Her dark bush and lips were exposed to Maria, as was the woman's pink insides. "Magic doesn't last long now. But build power. You must build."

Maria nodded slowly. She understood. With her husband sleeping in the next room, she was about to commit another sin. This one would be novel. She'd never seen another vagina up close, but she was getting a good view as she lowered herself to her knees. She stared at it in awe, inhaling the priestess's tangy scent through flaring nostrils. Could she really do this? Maria's mind was a war of doubt and certainty.

"Good. You good daughter. Drink from ancestral well." Xochitl put her hands on the back of Maria's head, gently cupping her skull. She pulled the woman to her vagina.

"Wait ... no ... I can't ... I ... mmmpppphhhhh." The zesty taste and scents were too much for her. Without thinking about it, she was quickly lapping and sucking at this strange woman's nether lips. It was like drinking from the fountain of youth. Maria slurped and gulped to her heart's content.

More than an hour later, Xochitl stepped away from the woman and disappeared. Confused, Maria knelt in the bathroom, looking around. On shaky legs, she stood and gazed in the mirror. She gave a start, not recognizing the crazed, shiny-faced lady who looked back at her. It took a second to understand that she was seeing her own reflection. She washed her face in the sink, toweled off, and straightened her nightgown.

Despite having a belly full of priestess juice, Maria still felt the emptiness inside her. With confidence brimming, she knew how to fill it. She smiled at her reflection, winked

at herself, and shot the reflection with a finger gun like she'd seen Oscar do. "I got this," she said to herself.

Quietly, she exited the bathroom, crept past her snoring husband, and went out into the hall. *Oscar clearly regrets what we did. So, I'll just have to convince him it was for the best.* She had no doubts about her ability to do just that. Slipping into his dark room, she closed the door behind her and locked it. In one fluid motion, she removed her nightgown and panties, dropping both to the floor.

Oscar was tossing and turning in his sleep.

As Maria got closer, she could hear him muttering something.

"Mom ... Mom ... Mommmmmmm." Oscar's words were barely audible.

"He's dreaming about me," Maria whispered to herself. She felt the emptiness inside her already starting to dissipate. Together they were going to create something beautiful. She turned on his bedside lamp and shook him awake. "Oscar, wake up. Mommy's here." Standing next to his bed, she made a sexy pose for him and held it. She waited for his eyes to open. "Oscar."

"Mom?" Oscar blinked and tried to focus. "Mom!" His eyes went wide when he saw that she was naked and posing absurdly, like she was a hostess on a gameshow. Despite his regret for what he'd done earlier, he couldn't help but take in the mighty sweep from her waist out to her hips, or the enchanting slopes of her heavy breasts where they hung on her chest.

"We need to do it again, Oscar." Maria's smile continued to shine brightly, even as she saw the doubt on her son's face. She supposed it was a good sign that he hadn't managed to look her in the eyes yet. She shook her shoulders, rewarding him with a little jiggle. "We need to do it all night. I need you to fill me up until I'm overflowing. Like before."

"Mom ... I think the mummy put a spell on you." Oscar finally looked at his mother's face. She was beaming with charisma and charm. "Let's just ... take a time out ... we can talk about it tomorrow." He watched her approach the bed. "Um ... Mom?"

Five minutes later, Maria rode her son for all she was worth. As disappointing as sex with Roberto had been that night, sex with her son was rewarding. Her men were opposites. Oscar's wonderful, long penis was finally scratching that itch deep in her womb. "Do ... you ... ugh ... ugh ... still want ... a time out ... *Mijo?*" She had the soles of her feet planted on the mattress, riding him with great, lunging bounces. She had never tried that position before, but it seemed she was learning all sorts of new things.

"No ... Mom ... no ... time ... out." Oscar stared at her boobs as they swung in countervailing circles, wonderfully smashing together once every revolution. "Mom ... I ... I ... love ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... love ... uuuggghhhh ... you ... Mom."

“Mijo ... Mijo ... Mijo ... love ... my sweet ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!” Maria’s eyes rolled back, and she climaxed on top of her son.

Unnoticed by mother and son, Xochitl stood in a shadowed corner of the room, watching the mating pair with delight. She rubbed her round belly and grinned. She hoped Maria’s screaming wouldn’t wake her husband. Xochitl would rather not have to enchant the man directly. But she stood vigil, guarding mother and son in case she was needed.

“Mom ... Mom ... uuuuuggghhhh ... your pussy ... Mom.” Oscar’s nerves buzzed, and his mind floated.

“Yes ... Oscar ... yes ... my pussy ... ooohhhhhh ... my pussy ... my pussy ... pussy ... pussy ... pussy.” She had never said so many naughty words at once. “My pussy ... ugh ... ugh ... is your ... pussy ... pussy ... pussy.” She punctuated each bad word by smashing their hips together and driving his butt into the mattress. “Fill ... ugh ... ugh ... my ... ugh ... ugh ... pussy.”

Oscar could hardly believe the words that were streaming out of his mother’s mouth. Her pussy clenched on his dick, its wet warmth was sublime. “Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh.” He bucked his hips under her and erupted. His mind went supernova.

After the first orgasm, Xochitl watched mother and son cuddle together, their sweat slowly evaporating. But the priestess didn’t leave. She could tell they had more copulation ahead of them, and she was happy to stand guard all night if need be. With any luck, Maria would have new life inside her by morning.

Chapter 9

Xochitl leaned against Oscar's bedroom wall. Her arms were folded over her chest as she watched the bed closely. In all the hours she'd been there, neither mother nor son had noticed her. This was partly because she stood in the deep shadows, only the whites of her eyes and the crescent of her smile glimmering in the dark. It was also because the mating pair had been beyond distracted.

"Mom ... Mom ... ooohhhhhh ... Mom." Sweaty and exhausted, Oscar lay on his mother's back. His hips moved sluggishly, but he didn't want to stop churning his mother's cum-filled pussy. Her curves and delicate back felt wonderful under his lean body. Her ass provided the perfect cushion for his pelvis. He inhaled deeply. The floral scent of her shampoo was overpowered by their combined perspiration and cum. "Mommmmmm ... your pussy ... is so loose now."

"Ooohhhh ... *Mijo*." Maria tried to remember a time before her son's magnificent penis had been inside her. "I was ... uuugghhhh ... tight ... not that long ... ago. But ... not now." She shivered, pressed her butt back against his lazily rotating hips, and clutched his sheets with her fingers. Her wedding ring caught some light from a streetlamp, and she had a moment of panic. But the second her son's penis hit one of those magical spots deep inside her, she remembered her confidence. *This is right! I want his baby!* "Fill me ... again ... Oscar," she hissed.

"Okay ... Mom." Oscar put his hands on her lower back and propped himself up so he could look down at her. His heart skipped a beat as he took in her brown curves. She was perfect. *She's Dad's woman*. Oscar's face made a guilty wince as his hips sped up. He listened to her moans intensify. He watched the little muscles in her back strain as she braced against his onslaught. His dick was sore. It had been through a lot. But it was still hard and up for the pounding he was giving her. He tried not to think about his father. Instead, he focused on his mother's soft perfection.

"A baby ... a baby ... give me a baby ... ooohhhhhh ... I want to feel it ... feel it ... shooting ... all your stuff ... shooting ..." Maria was beside herself with joy. She didn't know how many loads this would make for one night, but she thought it was probably five or more. She turned her head toward the window. The sky was starting to grow light in the east. They had been doing it all night. And she never wanted to stop doing it. The way her son pushed her hips into the mattress was sublime, his penis pulverizing her depths was nothing short of paradise. "... your stuff ... shooting ... shooting ... in my ... in my ... pussy ... my ...puuusssyyyyyy." She would have cringed to hear that word not long ago. Now it delighted her, because she knew it delighted him.

“Sooooo ... ugh ... ugh ... good ... Mom ... uuuugggghhhhhh.” Oscar’s hips fell out of cadence, and he erupted inside his mother again. He grunted and spasmed on top of her, his arms collapsing. He ended up buried to the hilt, gripping her dainty shoulders, feeling her tremble through her own orgasm. When he was done, he rolled off her and lay on his back. His exhausted dick finally shrunk. With a slap, he put his hand on his mother’s ass cheek and held it, feeling the warm, solidity of her body.

“Sooooooo ... happy ... ssoooooooo ... happy.” Maria’s body had never been so relaxed. Heck, it had never been so well used. She lay on her belly as morning light began trickling into the room. She heard her son drift off to sleep, his wonderful hand still gripping her butt cheek. It was tempting to drift off with him, but she wasn’t sure what that would do to poor Roberto. So, on shaky legs, she crawled out of bed, stumbled out of his room, and made her way to her own bathroom. She almost burst out laughing when she caught her reflection in the mirror. The woman staring back at her was a grinning mess. Maria tried to stop smiling, but couldn’t do it. It struck that she’d had no trouble recognizing her post-coital self this time.

Now that she was up, she felt energized. She jumped on the balls of her feet a few times. She could almost feel her womb slosh with the movement. *So much sperm.* Before getting into the steaming shower, she looked down and saw Oscar’s white stuff running down the inside of her thighs. It was exhilarating. She laughed at the beauty and joy they’d shared, and then went about cleaning herself up.

Ten minutes later, humming to herself, Maria stepped out of the shower, took care of her normal morning bathroom routine, and dressed. She was out of her bedroom again before her husband was even awake. Which was good, because she discovered that she’d left Oscar’s door open. She quickly glanced in at his skinny, sleeping form. “Your penis really does shrink when it’s sleeping,” she whispered. With a giggle, she closed his door, cutting off the house from the reek of sex. She headed downstairs to make breakfast. She felt like making a feast. She was hungry, and she knew Oscar would be starving when he finally woke.

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“Mom ... is Dad up?” Oscar stumbled into the kitchen wearing only his pajama bottoms. He cast a guilty glance around the room, holding his hand up against the glare of the sunlight streaming through the windows. There were no signs of his father.

“It’s late, *Mijo*. Your father’s at work.” Maria grinned and rubbed her dress over her belly. The emptiness was gone. Her wonderful son had filled that void to the brim.

“Yeah?” Oscar narrowed his eyes. His mother’s smile was so bright, it seemed to outshine the sun. “You didn’t wake me for school?” He shuffled over to the kitchen table and sat down.

“You earned your rest, Oscar.” Maria giggled and walked past him toward the oven, ruffling his hair as she went. She found herself swaying her hips. There was a fiery warmth in her gut when she looked over her shoulder and saw that he was gazing at her butt. *He wants me! We were always so close, but now ... we’re like two parts of the same machine.* She giggled some more as she removed a large stack of waffles from the oven. *A humping machine.* Her light, sweet laughter echoed around the kitchen as she served her son breakfast.

Oscar’s cheeks heated, and his dick managed to lurch in his pants despite its exhaustion. His mother was always charming, but now she possessed a mesmerizing charisma. After what they’d done the last few days, it should have been extremely awkward with her. But he found himself wanting nothing more than to soak up her presence. He gave her a shy smile and dug into his waffles.

“Oh, what a hungry guy you are!” Maria sat down across from him, hiding her grin behind a steaming coffee mug. “You should have seen me stuff my face this morning. I was hungry, too. I don’t think I’ve ever burned so many calories in a night.” She sipped her coffee and nodded with satisfaction.

“I ... love ... you ... Mom,” Oscar said between bites.

“Don’t tell your father or your brothers, but you’re becoming my favorite man in the whole world.” Maria blew him a kiss.

“Mom ... that mummy ... I think she’s a witch ... and she’s put a spell ... on us.” He finished his waffles and watched his mother’s magnificent ass roll as she walked over to the oven to fetch him more breakfast.

Maria’s laugh rang clear and true. “Not long ago, I would have said that eighteen is too old for such an imagination.” Maria set a full plate in front of her son. She leaned forward, her eyes inches from his. “But I think I’ve seen enough to know that what you’re saying is true. That leaves me with one question.” She searched his confused, unsure gaze. Slowly, she brought their lips together, her tongue pushing its way into his mouth. He tasted like maple syrup and young love.

“Mmmppphhhhhh.” Oscar tensed, but then quickly relaxed. Even though he was French kissing his mother, which still boggled his mind, he found that all her maternal love and gentle affection translated perfectly. He melted into her enveloping warmth. When she pulled away, he found himself stunned by her sudden departure. He reached out for her, clutching at her boob without thinking.

“Yes ... I’m still here.” Maria tenderly patted his hand on her breast. “Mommy’s here, *Mijo*.” She pulled his hand off and went back to her seat across from him. Smiling, she watched him eat. “My question is, why does it matter what the priestess is up to? It’s wonderful.” She grinned at him. “Oh, and I have one more question. Do you like my waffles? It gives me so much pleasure to make you happy.”

“They’re ... really ... good.” Oscar talked with his mouth full.

“What else can I do to make you happy?” She laughed when he shrugged. She raised an eyebrow at him. “I’m really sore down there from everything we did. Are you sore? I bet you’re not. A teenager can go and go, can’t he?” Those words sent a thrill down her spine. She slumped, letting her shoulders slide down the back of the chair.

“I ... am ... sore ...” Oscar kept eating, watching her get lower and lower until her head disappeared below the lip of the table. “Mom?”

“Keep eating, *Mijo*,” Maria said from under the table. She crawled over to him. She felt so naughty staring at the bulge in his pajama bottoms. “I want to make you happy in two ways.”

“This is the spell, Mom.” A bit of Oscar’s waffle hung from his fork, paused halfway to his mouth. He trembled as he felt her pull his bottoms down and release his dick. He shivered when her fingers caressed the bulb of his head, and playfully stretched his foreskin. “Mom ... I ...”

“Shhhh ... Oscar. Eat your breakfast and enjoy, my love.” She licked the clear fluid leaking from his little hole, and then sucked his penis into her mouth.

“Mmmpppphhhhh.” She stroked his shaft with one hand, and played with his testicle with the other. It was still so heavy and full after everything they’d done. *The wonders of youth!*

“Mom ... Mom ...” Oscar’s fork finally finished its journey to his mouth. He resumed eating as she’d requested. She was so powerfully magnetic that he’d do whatever she said. It wasn’t easy to concentrate on chewing his food while his mother blew him under the table, but he did his best. Eventually, he put his knife and fork down, pushed his empty plate away, and leaned back in the chair. His mind swirled with confusion for a while, then it was cleared by a gale of ecstasy. His balls roiled with that familiar churning. “Mom ... I’m going to ...” He leaned forward, gripping the table with his fingers. His face twisted, and he grunted. “Uuuuggghhhhhh.”

“Gggaaaackkkk ... ggaaackkkk.” She shouldn’t have been surprised by the quantity of her son’s explosion. She had been learning first-hand what he was capable of for several days. Even so, she gagged and choked on his stuff at first, before adjusting and swallowing. She had fed him. Now, he was feeding her.

Oscar shuddered and twitched. The ecstasy passed with his orgasm, but it left in its wake a wonderful state of bliss. He watched his mother climb out from under the table, a long string of cum dripping from her smile. It looked so incongruous with the woman he knew. "Mom ... " That was all he could think to say.

"I've already called the school for you. It's a sick day, *Mijo*." Maria stood and smoothed out her dress. "You and I are going to spend what's left of the morning in your room. Then, you're going to accompany me to your sister's house. She's still not answering my messages." She held out her hand to him.

Oscar, with his bottoms still down and his erection undiminished, stood and took her hand. "Okay. But at some point, we're going to have to talk about the mummy's spell."

"Of course we are, Oscar." Maria winked at him and pulled her son toward the stairs.

Oscar, with his bottoms around his ankles, waddled after her. He knew he needed some sort of plan, but couldn't think past the immediate future. A future where he'd be inside his mother again.

Chapter 10

“Oscar ... uuuggghhh ... oooohhhh ... Oscar ... so wonderful ... so ... fuullllllll ... so happy ... oooohhhhhh.” Maria was naked on her back. They were on the floor in her son’s room. They had been aiming for the bed, but had started mating before they made it there. Her brown legs were up in the air, her feet wobbling in little circles, moving with the force of her son’s thrusting hips. “I never ... ugh ... ugh ... uggghhhhhh ... want this ... to end.” She raked Oscar’s back with her fingernails.

“Me ... uuggghhh ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... either ... Mom.” Oscar’s mind was overcome by joy and pleasure. “But ... like you ... always ... tell me ... all things ... must end.” He placed his hands on her tits, holding himself up so he could look down at her ecstatic beauty. “I’m gonna ... cum ... again.”

“Yes ... yes ... a baby ... a baby ... give me ... give me ... give me ... eeeeeiiiiiii.” When she felt the heat of his stuff in her womb, her toes curled, her body convulsed, and she felt herself flying higher than the clouds.

“Aaaaahhhhhhhhhh.” As his hips haphazardly gyrated and he spewed his seed, Oscar stared at his mother’s orgasmic face in awe. He squeezed her heavy boobs, buried his dick to the hilt, and arched his back. His whole existence was being consumed by his mother’s beauty.

Mother and son lay on the floor in each other’s arms for a long while, their sweat slowly evaporating. Their breathing slowed, and both their bodies trembled with bliss and fatigue.

Eventually, Maria stirred. “We have things to do today, *Mijo*. We need to get cleaned up.” She squirmed under him. His penis, small again, easily fell out of her. It seemed a smart organ to her, swelling to a colossal size when needed, then shrinking to something out of the way and manageable when on standby. She thought of her husband’s penis, which pretty much stayed the same medium size, regardless of its turgidity. In this way, her son was an improvement on his father. *Who am I kidding? The boy is better than Roberto in every way.* “Come on, Oscar. Let’s get up.” She removed his hands from her breasts and got to her feet. She helped him up, and they stumbled together to his shower.

It was only extreme exhaustion that kept them from humping in the shower. Their hands were all over each other, but Oscar’s penis had finally had enough. It refused to stiffen. He was more than a little relieved. It was so sore, he was starting to worry that the poor thing would break if he kept going.

After the shower, they dressed, ate a quick lunch, and got in the car. On the drive to his sister's house, Oscar's mind finally slowed down enough for guilt and common sense to get a foothold. He spent a good long while thinking about his poor father, and what it would take to fix his parents' marriage after what had happened. No answers presented themselves, so he turned his thoughts toward his sister. "Mom ... what are we going to tell Estella?"

"Hmmmmm?" Maria kept her hands at ten and two, a blissful grin plastered on her face. She glanced at her eighteen-year-old son in the passenger seat and blew a kiss at him.

"Focus, Mom. Why are we going to Estella's house? What are we trying to accomplish?" Oscar stared at his mother, trying not to gaze at the way her boobs jiggled under her sweater when they went over a bump.

"I wasn't going to tell you this, but I kissed your sister." Maria's voice was suddenly sibilant and full of dark mystery. "Like ... not on the cheek or anything. Yesterday, when you were with Katie in your room, we –"

"I know, Mom. I saw you." Oscar pressed his lips together. If his dick hadn't been so exhausted, he would have been sporting a huge boner. Both the style and the substance of his mother's confession were beyond anything he'd ever dreamed.

"You saw us?" Maria kept her eyes on the road. Her forehead creased with thought. "Hey, Katie left while I was with your sister. And after Estella left, I stepped on something wet and slimy when I walked in from the porch. Did you ... touch yourself while watching us and leave a mess?"

Oscar's heart stopped. The only thing keeping him from full panic was that his mother didn't look aghast. She looked amused.

"Mijo?" Maria glanced at him and winked.

Oscar shivered. His mother was breathtakingly charismatic. And ... she wasn't mad at him. "Yeah ... Mom ... I couldn't help it."

"Oh, that's delightful." Maria giggled. "I spent all those years thinking how silly you and your brothers were with all those hormones coursing through you. I found your excited messes all over your bedrooms. But ... this is the first time I found the stuff out in the open like that." She laughed again. "I don't know why it tickles me so much, thinking of you jerking your thing all around the house, while spying on me no less. This is something I'd like to encourage."

"That's the witch's spell, talking. You wouldn't really want me to ..." Oscar stared deep into his mother's eyes, thinking about jerking himself all around the house. Getting caught by his mother. What they would do after ...

“The mummy is a wonderful witch. Don’t tell me you didn’t enjoy last night.” She smiled at him. “And this morning.”

“What are we going to do at Estella’s?” Oscar returned her beaming grin with a nervous smile of his own.

“Well, I suppose I’m going to have to have you spy on us again.” A giggle burst from Maria. “Let’s hope your little soldier has had enough time to rest. I *love* the idea of you masturbating in your sister’s house, making it messy.”

Oscar watched his mother with wide eyes. He didn’t know what to say, so he kept his mouth shut. His dick lurched in his pants. Rested or not, he had a feeling it would be at full attention again soon. *I hope I don’t break it!*

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The wedding photo was huge, framed over the mantle. Oscar folded his arms and looked at Estella and Diego as they had been not long ago. *Estella had no idea she’d kiss our mother when this was taken.* He studied his sister’s innocent smile. The house was quiet. Diego was at work. His mother and sister were having a private chat in Estella’s bedroom. So, that meant Oscar was left wandering Estella’s modest house. He chewed his bottom lip as she looked at the portrait. “I hope the mummy doesn’t fuck up this marriage, too. I wish ...” His voice died away when he heard a door open and his sister’s exasperated voice.

“I ... I ... can’t believe we just did that. I swore ... never again.” Estella’s normally calm tones were high and reedy. “Why are you opening the door? Oscar’s going to hear us.”

“I told him to go out for a walk. We’re alone.” Maria pulled her daughter by the hand into the living room. She just caught sight of Oscar scurrying down the hall that led to the guest bedroom. The thought of him sneaking and spying on her gave Maria a delightful chill. She glanced at Estella to make sure she hadn’t seen her brother, and it seemed she hadn’t.

“Look, Mom. You’re going through a midlife crisis or something.” Estella tried to wrench her hand away from her mother’s, but found that the normally meek lady had an iron grip. “I’m your *daughter*. We’re both *married*. We like *men*. You can’t keep ... mmmpppphhhhhh.” Estella went still in her mother’s arms when Maria resumed the make-out session.

“Mmmmmmm.” Maria swirled her tongue around her daughter’s. She roved her hands over Estella’s curves. *She’s perfect. She’s perfect because my blood flows in her veins. The mummy’s blood flows in both our veins.*

Oscar watched them from the shadows in the hallway. His mother and sister were making out right in front of the wedding photo he’d been admiring. It was so wrong. He shivered. He watched his mother heft his sister’s ass through her jeans. His cock engorged. It was a painful erection, but Oscar couldn’t bring himself to care. He dropped his pants and underwear, masturbating as his once-innocent mother corrupted his still innocent sister.

Excitement coursed through Maria. *Oscar is watching us! He’s probably diddling himself right now.* The thoughts going through her mind were so stimulating that she found herself getting more aggressive with her daughter. She broke their kiss, forcefully pulled off Estella’s jeans and panties, and pushed her daughter onto the sofa.

“Mom ... Mom ... you can’t ... Mom ...” Horrified, Estella watched her mother’s smiling face move between Estella’s legs. Estella put her hands on top of her mother’s black hair, trying to keep her at bay. With wide eyes, she watched Maria extend her tongue, wriggling it in the air in a pantomime of what she intended to do when it got to its target. “Why are you ... so strong?” Her arms strained and then bent as her mother pushed forward. “This is disgusting. I don’t like ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Estella shuddered, her eyes crossing. She hadn’t expected the lightning bolts of ecstatic pleasure that hit her when her mother went to work on her clit.

Oscar looked down at the nice hallway carpet he was standing on. He wondered if he should go get some tissues to cum into. *No, I don’t want to miss a second of this. Anyway, Mom wanted me cumming all over Estella’s house.* He fapped faster, pleasure overcoming the soreness in his dick. The strangled, ecstatic sounds Estella was making were too wonderful. The flare of his mother’s curves from her waist out to her hips and ass, was magnificent. He loved the way her dress draped over those perfect half-globes. *She’s so hot. Oh ... God ... Mom’s going to make my dick fall off, isn’t she?* Oscar’s dick didn’t fall off, but he did cum right about the same time that his sister was having her fifth orgasm. He shot ropes of cum onto his sister’s clean carpet. Shortly after that, post-nut clarity hit him hard. A minute later, he was silently on his knees scrubbing her carpet with cleaner while Estella was in the living room howling like a banshee.

Eventually, Maria came out from between her daughter’s trembling legs. Her brown, smiling lips glistened. “I know this has been a lot for you, *Mija*. So, I won’t make you go down on me, too. Not this time. Anyway, your brother has left me satisfied, and more than a little sore. So, I should probably rest.”

“Wwwwhhhhhaaaaa?” Estella had never before been so mired in post-orgasmic bliss. Her brain couldn’t follow her mother’s words. All she really understood was that the wild

ride was over for the moment. She didn't move from where she was, with her hips hanging off the sofa, as she watched her mother stand and gather her things. She heard Maria wash in the kitchen.

With a clean face and hands, Maria grabbed her purse and found Oscar still in the hall, scrubbing the carpet. "Oh, good. You jizzed while watching us," she whispered. "I'm glad you could get it up again. The power of youth, right?"

Oscar looked up at her beauty. "Um ..." He tried to say something, but he was tongue-tied.

"I'm going to say goodbye to your sister. Why don't you sneak to the front, and we'll slip out together." She glanced back into the living room where Estella was still slouched, partially naked on the sofa. Maria nodded with a self-satisfied smile. "This went well. The mummy would be proud." She turned and marched into the living room.

Oscar stood, put the carpet cleaner back in the bathroom, and sneaked to the front door. He kept turning over the consequences of his mother's actions, but couldn't think of a plan to revert things back to normal. Even with his post-nut clarity, he wasn't one hundred percent sure he wanted normal.

Chapter 11

Oscar and Maria rode home in silence. She had a big grin on her face. Oscar watched her drive with enchanted bewilderment. It was the middle of the afternoon when they got home. The lack of sleep and physical exhaustion had caught up with them.

“Gosh ... I’m beat.” Maria yawned and stretched, well aware of her son’s wide eyes on her bust. “I’m going to take a nap. I suggest you do the same.” She walked over to him, ruffled his hair, and gave him a sloppy kiss on the lips. “Love you, *Mijo*.”

“Love you, Mom.” Oscar watched her hips sway as she walked upstairs. He was pretty sure she hadn’t walked in such an exaggerated way in the past. He shook his head, went to the kitchen, drank about a quart of milk, and went to his room. He was asleep moments after his head hit the pillow.

Both Oscar and his mother didn’t wake up until the next morning.

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“Maria? Maria?” Roberto shook his wife’s shoulder. When she rolled over onto her back, she pushed the covers down to her waist. He was surprised to see she was topless. Usually, his wife liked to sleep with something on. He lightly patted her cheek. “Maria?”

“Roberto?” Maria blinked her eyes open. Confusion surged into her sluggish mind. She tried to remember how she’d gotten to bed. “I had the craziest dreams, Roberto.” She propped herself up on her elbows. Her vagina protested at the sudden movement. She was very sore. Her eyes widened in horror. *Those weren’t dreams!*

“I got home last night and both you and the kiddo were asleep. You must have come down with a bug or something.” His eyes lingered on the way her boobs lolled to either side of her chest. Even after all these years, she was beautiful.

“He’s ... um ... not a kiddo anymore. He’s a man,” Maria said in a daze.

“Sure, he’s eighteen. But you know, he always has his head in the clouds. How much has he grown up, really?” Roberto laughed.

“A lot!” Maria stared at her husband with wide eyes.

“Anyway, I just wanted to make sure you were still alive before I left for work.” Roberto patted his wife on her messy, black hair and stood. “I figure we can let Oscar stay home today if you’re both sick.”

“Yes ... let him sleep.” Maria didn’t want to think about what she’d done. Thankfully, she was still so exhausted that she drifted off to sleep right after her husband left. She didn’t wake again until about noon.

Oscar woke up to the midday sun blasting through his bedroom windows. He squinted and checked his phone. It was almost one. He had a million messages from Katie, and a few from his other friends. He texted them all that he was sick, put his phone back down, and crawled out of bed. After a long shower, he dressed and found his mother sitting on the back patio. “Hi, Mom.” He tentatively waved at her.

Maria was wearing a long, modest dress, sunglasses, and a frown. She glanced at her son and slowly exhaled. “You must be starving. I made you some sandwiches. Check the fridge.”

Oscar waited for something more. But she didn’t smile or even change her expression. “About the last couple days ...” He rubbed the back of his neck. “I figure when the mummy comes back, we can tell her we don’t want her dynasty or whatever.” His mother didn’t say anything. “Um ... are you on birth control or anything?” He could barely get the words out.

Maria slowly shook her head. *Not a question I would have ever thought Oscar would ask me.*

“Well ...” Oscar gulped. “... it was only a few times, so we’re probably –”

“You did your messy deed inside me at least nine times. I think it might be eleven. I don’t know how your penis hasn’t fallen off.” She continued to shake her head slowly.

“I was thinking the same thing. It was really hurting before I went to sleep, but it’s feeling better now. Just a little sore.” Oscar shifted his weight from foot to foot. “You’re not under the witch’s spell anymore, are you?”

“Go eat your sandwiches.” She turned away from him, looking out over the backyard. She lifted her margarita off the table and took a big gulp. “I don’t have anything more to say right now.”

“Yeah, okay.” Oscar fled back into the house. Despite the anxiety turning his belly, he was hungry. The sandwiches were delicious. When he was finished, he couldn’t muster up the courage to face his mother. He was about to go back to his room when he heard Katie’s voice from out on the porch.

“Oh ... um ... um ... hello ... Mrs. Núñez.” Katie had been hoping to sneak into her boyfriend’s house through the back door without running into his mother. That plan had backfired.

“Hello.” Maria adjusted her glasses and took another sip from her drink. She noted Katie’s royally blushing cheeks, her wide eyes, and her uncharacteristic stammer. What did the girl know about what had been going on? Clearly it was something. “Oscar’s inside.”

“Oh ... um ... is he sick?” Katie couldn’t stop picturing this woman making out with her daughter.

“Sort of.” Maria nodded noncommittally.

To Katie’s eye, the poor woman looked depressed. This all had to do with the strange Aztec woman that had appeared in Oscar’s room. But she wasn’t sure what exactly was going on. “Well, can I see him?”

Maria waved her hand in a *help-yourself* gesture. She watched the eighteen-year-old girl scurry into the house.

Katie almost ran right into her boyfriend on the way upstairs. “Oh ... Oscar ...” She put her hands on his shoulders and looked deeply into his eyes. “What’s going on?”

“I’ll tell you, Katie. I’ll tell you everything.” He led her upstairs to his room, closed the door, and told his girlfriend every detail, from his discovery at the museum, to his mother and sister’s lesbian episode the day before. When he was done, he waited for her to say something. She did nothing more than sit on his bed, staring at him with a dumbfounded expression. “Well?” He added.

“I ... um ... I guess ... I wouldn’t have believed you ... but ...” Katie ran her fingers slowly through her blond hair as she thought. “I guess, I met the mummy. And I saw your mom and sister.” She didn’t tell him that she had been masturbating with her hairbrush constantly the last few days, which was also quite odd. “Things are weird, Oscar. I just want everything to be like it was. I don’t know.”

“What are you saying?” Oscar’s stomach churned with icy anxiety.

Katie leaned forward, her expression hardening. “You had sex with your mother, Oscar. That’s insane. She’s insane.”

“No, she’s not. It’s the mummy. Mom had a spell cast on her or something. She isn’t normally ...” Oscar felt a cold sweat break out on his forehead.

“... a slut?” Katie shook her head. “Listen to what we’re talking about. I’m sorry, Oscar. I’m out. What we did was one thing. But this other stuff. No way. Can you imagine what my parents would do if they found out that my boyfriend was sleeping with his mom? They would freak the fuck out, Oscar. Can you imagine what the cheerleading girls would say to me?”

“I ... um ...” Oscar stood and paced the length of his room.

“I’m sorry, Oscar. You need to tell the mummy to get lost. But even if you do ...” Katie deepened her frown and stood.

“I haven’t even seen the mummy since she was here with us. But I’ll tell her to get lost when she comes back. I promise. I won’t have sex with my mom again.” Oscar’s heart sank further. He could see the disgust on Katie’s face. “Katie ...”

“I’m sorry, Oscar. It’s too much. I’m breaking up with you.” Katie opened his door, hustled out of the house, and got in her car. A flood of emotions whirled around her as she drove home. There was relief, sadness, revulsion, and, for some reason she was still horny. Well, her brush would take care of that when she got home. And she promised herself she wouldn’t think of Oscar or his mother while scratching that itch. That was a promise that was quickly broken.

Back in her room with the door closed, Katie lay naked on her bed with her legs spread wide. Pumping her brush handle, she tried to get the image of Oscar’s mother out of her mind. Even with the revelation that he’d had sex with her, the scene that kept replaying in her mind was the make-out session between mother and daughter. *It disgusts me!* But even if that were true, it seemed to excite her, too.

There was a knock on the door. “Katie, can I come in?” Gail was concerned for her daughter. She had been spending so much time in her room lately. “Katie?” She opened the door and stepped into the room. Her daughter appeared to be sleeping under the covers. Gail shook her head and quietly left the room.

When her mother was gone, Katie uncovered herself and went back to work on her pussy. Even more disgusting thoughts intruded on her mind. *What if I let Mom see me masturbate? What if Mom liked it and asked to watch? What if Mom kissed me like Mrs. Núñez kissed her daughter?* “Nnnngggggggg.” Katie’s eyes rolled back, her hips jerked off the mattress, and she removed the brush. “Oooohhhhhh ... gooosssshhhhhhhh.” For the first time, she squirted like a fountain all over her sheets. *It’s so horrible and so good.*

Later, a very confused Katie changed her sheets. She was going to have to figure out how to hide the mess from her mom.

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Oscar was in hell. His mother wouldn’t talk to him. He was sure his discovery of the mummy had ruined her marriage and his sister’s marriage. Not to mention that now that the spell had run its course, they would have to live with having fucked each other.

And his mother knew that he'd done it even after the power of the mummy's magic had left him. To make matters even worse, his girlfriend had turned into his ex-girlfriend.

Days passed and the mummy didn't return. Oscar kept his head down at school, barely talking to his friends. His dick got lots of rest, and started to feel normal again. After a week, he began to think the mummy was done with him. That would be for the best. It was time to repair his relationship with his mother.

One day after school, rather than heading straight to his room, he searched for his mother. She was in the kitchen making dinner. She eyed him with suspicion when he entered the room.

"Hi, Mom." Oscar leaned uncomfortably against the wall.

"Oscar." Maria looked over at him and shivered. She hated that her vagina responded every time she saw her son. She moved about the kitchen, pretending that her panties weren't rapidly saturating.

"So, I was thinking that since the mummy hasn't come back, we can put all that stuff behind us." Oscar waited, but she didn't say anything. She didn't even glance in his direction again. After a long pause, he continued. "Katie broke up with me." His sweet mother had always been there to mend his injuries. He was sure this was the opening they needed to get back to normal.

"That's too bad." Maria turned her back to him and slowly filled a stockpot with water.

Oscar hated himself for checking out her perfect ass. The way her dress hung off it was sublime. He had to forcefully pry his gaze away. "Is that it? Katie and I had been going out for a long time. You like her. Do you have anything else to say?"

"That's it." Maria unsuccessfully tried to release the tension from her shoulders.

"Okay, then. I'll be in my room." Oscar didn't know how else to thaw the ice wall between them. He headed upstairs, worried that things wouldn't improve at home. His fateful trip to the museum had provided a few days of ecstasy, with the possibility of a lifetime of misery as the chaser.

Chapter 12

Weeks passed and Xochitl didn't return to the Núñez household. Oscar and Maria mostly ignored each other. Estella stopped coming by the house. Oscar's grades started to slide. Katie wouldn't even look at him at school. His friends were getting tired of his moping. Oscar came to believe that the mummy had only shown up to curse his family.

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"I don't know what happened between you two, but you need to patch things up with the boy." Roberto watched his wife stop abruptly in the middle of the room.

"Let's not talk about him." She gave him a faint smile and began a sensual striptease.

"We need to talk about him." Even while the rest of Roberto's home life was depressing, his sex life had seen a major uptick over the past month or so. He and his wife had been doing it several times a week. "No ... you can't distract me from this. You and Oscar need to ..." His thoughts drifted away as his wife's boobs came into view, and she jiggled them for his amusement.

After a wild ride, Roberto lay on his bed next to his wife. He gently slapped her wide, wonderful butt cheek. "Talk to the kid, Maria."

"I keep telling you, he's not a kid." She planted her face into the mattress and shivered, thinking about the manly ways Oscar had handled her.

"He's eighteen. If he did something to you, make him apologize." Roberto shrugged. "If you did something to him, show him how an adult takes responsibility. I'm tired of how frosty things have been around here. I need you two to connect like you used to."

Maria shivered again. She turned her face toward her husband and frowned. "You don't know what you're asking. I ... don't trust myself with our son. I'm not the mother I was."

"I believe in you. You're a wonderful mother." Roberto slapped her ass again. He could see from her expression that she was going to give in. "Do you want me to be there when you talk to him?"

"No!" She said too quickly. Maria tried to calm her accelerating heart. "No ... I'll talk to him after school tomorrow."

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In his room, Oscar sat staring at his phone. Once, it had been filled with messages from Katie and his friends. Now, he could practically see tumbleweeds blowing through his messaging app. He exhaled and thought about doing homework, but instead continued to stare at his phone. A soft knock on the door made his body jerk in surprise. He put the phone away and swiveled his chair to face the door. "Yeah?"

"Hello, *Mijo*." Maria entered his room and gently closed the door behind her. Butterflies flapped in her stomach. Her clasped hands were damp. The quick thump of her pulse beat in her ears. "Your father wanted me to talk to you." She wiped off her palms on her long, loose-fitting dress.

"You're ready to put all that stuff behind us?" Oscar felt something that had been absent for a long time: hope.

"No ... no ... we can't just forget all that. I mean ... I can't ... I ... um ..." Maria tried to sort her thoughts and launched into a long, rambling speech about a mother's closeness with her son. When she was done, she waited. After a moment, it became clear Oscar was confused.

"So, you *do* want to go back to how things were before? We'll be close like before?" Oscar furrowed his brow.

"I've been tortured by what we did. It was ... insane." Maria gathered her strength for what she was about to do. "It was ... unfathomable. It was magic. And that magic is gone, thank goodness. But ... we have to reconcile this on our own terms. I can either ignore you, or I can be close to you. There is no going back." She gripped her dress, and, with trembling fingers, she slowly pulled it over her head.

"We were always close, Mom." Oscar's eyes bulged as he took in the sight of her body. Even in her ordinary, everyday underwear, she was a goddess to behold.

"Yes ... but it was nothing compared to our bond when we ... you know." She carefully folded her dress and placed it on a nearby shelf. Her feet led her a few steps closer to her son, where she stood in front of him with her hands by her sides. "Do you still think of me that way? The way you did when I went ... insane? I know you did it with me after the magic wore off, so, I'm hoping that ..." She let her words hang in the air.

"What are you saying? You want to ... have sex?" Oscar ran his hands through his hair.

"Did you feel close to me when you were ... you know ..." Maria lowered her voice to a squeak. "... inside me?"

“I don’t think this is what Dad had in mind when he told you to get close to me again.” Oscar watched her turn and rush for the door. “Wait!” He stood up and reached out a hand to her. “How do we ... um ... do it without magic or anything?”

Maria was paused with her sweaty palm on his doorknob. She turned her head to look over her shoulder at him. “With a condom, *Mijo*.”

“‘With a condom.’ Of course, ‘with a condom.’” He burst out laughing at the absurdity. They were both so frightened but wanted the same thing. All this time he thought his mother hated him, but she had been torturing herself. “Okay, okay. What I mean is, I can’t ... like ... just walk up to you and kiss you. This feels really weird. How do we ... um ... do it again?”

“I feel awkward, too. But ... you *do* want me?” Maria let go of the doorknob and turned toward him again. She reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. “I’m not forcing you to do something you find repugnant? I only want this if you want it, too. I only want it if we can recapture that closeness.” She pulled her bra off and placed it with her dress.

“I love you so much, Mom.” Suddenly, Oscar was frantically undressing.

Maria cracked a smile for the first time as she watched his enthusiasm. He wasn’t careful with his clothes like she’d been with hers. He tossed them around the room. Her eyes lit up when his penis came into view. “Oh, you’re big for me. You really do want this then.” Slowly, she lowered her panties and left them on the floor. She looked down to see that the crotch was stained with her wetness.

“If you wanted me to jump over the moon for you, I would. Getting hard is nothing.” He felt so giddy that he almost started fapping in front of her, but there was still awkwardness in the room. Weeks of frost didn’t thaw right away. “So, what now?” He lifted his arm and sniffed. “Um ... I didn’t shower after gym today. Maybe I should shower.”

The thought of her son’s stink sent a shiver down her spine. *I’m a bad mother*. “Well, you can go shower, and I’ll get one of your father’s condoms.” She gave him a stiff smile. “Is this really better than me keeping my distance from you?”

“A million times better.” Oscar raced to the door. As he passed his mother, he tentatively kissed her cheek. “I’ll meet you back here in ten minutes.” He opened the door and hurried to his bathroom.

Maria made a sign of the cross, her hand moving to each shoulder, her face, and her chest. She looked down at her left hip. When Oscar had kissed her, his penis had bumped her, leaving a smudge of his pre-fluid on her skin. She shivered and went to her own bathroom to find her husband’s condoms.

~~

"I'm all clean and ..." Oscar stopped in his bedroom doorway. His jaw dropped and his eyes went wide. His mother was lying on her back, her legs wide open, and her dark pussy facing the door. He was flabbergasted that there was ever any doubt about wanting her. If God came down and directly told Oscar not to touch his mother, he would have ignored the deity completely. "Sweet ... Jesus."

"Language, *Mijo*." Maria felt faint. She stared at her son's perfect, turgid penis as it arched up from underneath the towel. "You still want to do this, I see."

"Yeah, Mom. I just don't know how to start. It's a shock. You were so cold and now ..." He stared at her pussy. It was mesmerizing. His mind went blank.

"We don't have to do anything crazy. Let's just be close and see how it goes." She held out her arms to him.

"Okay." Slowly, Oscar climbed onto the bed and into his mother's arms. He was afraid to put his weight, and his cock, directly on her, so he lay pressed against her side as she embraced him. His dick pushed wonderfully at her hip. Her warm softness enveloped him. Her tit was huge, soft, and inviting. He snuggled his chest into it. "This ... feels good." He breathed in the familiar, floral scent of her shampoo, nuzzling her black hair.

"It does feel good." Maria hoped he hadn't noticed how sweaty her palms were. Her body was still wound tightly. She felt his narrow chest expand and contract with each breath against her breast. The feeling of his life pushing against hers began to relieve the tension from her muscles. "Maybe this is all we needed." She tenderly caressed his hair. "I feel closer to you already."

"It's been such a nightmare, Mom." Oscar's body was thrumming. Tentatively, he reached out a hand to her exposed tit. When she didn't shoo him away, he gently ran his fingertips over the gently sloping expanse of it. "I thought you hated me. I'm pretty sure Katie hates me."

"Don't worry about her. You can squeeze my boob, Oscar. I think it would be good for both of us." Maria shuddered when she felt the desire in his kneading grip. "Play with my nipple. No, not like that." She grimaced as he yanked too hard. "Be gentle but firm. You can twist and ever so ... gently ... pull ..." A silly smile spread on her face.

"Yesssssss ... that's nice. Keep doing that." Bliss flowed from her breast to fill the rest of her body. She squirmed on the bed, pulling her son more tightly into her side. One of her hands snaked down between them and took hold of his penis. "This is so familiar ..." She squeezed his resilient, hard flesh. He was so thick that her fingers didn't encircle it

like they did her husband's. "... but it's also so ... strange. Does my hand feel good?" Experimentally, she began to pump him. She alternated her pace and grip, trying to find a method best suited for his member.

"Yeah ... it feels good ... Mom ... I love you ... so much." He lifted his head and sucked her near nipple into his mouth while he continued to play with the other one. *From hell to heaven in one day.*

"I love you and ... feel so close to you." Ecstatic electricity moved over her nerves.

"Ohhhhh ... not with your teeth ... yes ... with your lips ... okay ... maybe a little with your teeth ... yeessssssss!" Her hand sped up on his penis. "You're really hard. Are you going to finish ... soon, *Mijo?*"

"Nnnnn nnnnhhhh." He said around her breast flesh, shaking his head.

"Okay ... okay ..." She pushed him off her. "Don't look so upset, I only want to get the condom on you." She barked out a laugh when she saw wonder and amazement chase away the doubt on his face. "Now that the mummy is gone, we're going to be smart about this. And if we can stay smart, I think we can stay close. Do you understand?"

Oscar grabbed the condom, tore the foil packet, pulled it out, and handed it to her. "I thought the mummy was a curse. But maybe I was wrong."

"Same." She placed the condom on the end of his knobby penis. "Now, let's see about getting this thing on."

Chapter 13

“It doesn’t fit like it does on your father.” Maria frowned at her son’s penis. The condom looked stretched to its limit, ending less than halfway down the shaft. “But ... I guess ...” She glanced up at his eyes. He wasn’t looking at the condom, but was instead staring directly at her breasts. If she had still been under the control of that spell, she might have shimmied her shoulders and made them dance for him, like she did with Roberto. But instead, she kneeled next to him on the bed and continued to frown. “It’s frightening that such a thin and overtaxed piece of latex is all that’s between us and a ... you know.” Her voice fell to low, reverential tones.

Finally, Oscar looked down at his dick. *The condom does look a little pathetic.* “You use them with Dad all the time. It’ll be fine.” He made an awkward shrug.

“Maybe we should wait until I can buy you some condoms that fit properly.” Maria’s eyes traveled down to her son’s large, hairy balls. He had a lot of dangerous stuff stored in there. She could feel her shoulders tensing.

“No, it’s okay,” Oscar said too quickly. “We did it without a condom all those times. It was fine.”

“We’ve talked about thinking like that, Oscar. Just because something bad doesn’t happen once, doesn’t mean doing it wasn’t dangerous.” Her vagina thrummed with longing. Her mind fought valiantly against the urge. Happily, her mind proved up to the task. She saw the disappointment on her son’s face. “Don’t worry.” She pulled the tortured condom off his penis. “I ... um ... can finish you with my hand ... if you want.”

“Oh ... okay ... that would be nice.” Oscar bit his lip, trying to control his disappointment. When she didn’t reach out for him, he studied her. There were so many emotions moving on her normally placid face that he couldn’t tell what she was thinking. “Um ... were you going to finish me ... now?”

Maria flashed him a tight smile. “I *need* to take care of it, right? It’s not like we can go about our afternoon with your big pole standing at attention the whole time. Can you imagine?” She could imagine, and she liked the thought of his young, indomitable hardness holding an eternal flame for her. And *it was* hard specifically for her. She was sure of that now. She reached out with her left hand and took hold of his penis, trying not to look at the ring on her finger.

“Yeah, Mom.” Oscar watched her lip curl and eyes squint in an expression that he didn’t think was disgust, but it was definitely some brand of distaste. Maybe without the magic, it would always be awkward with her. Of course, her warm, awkward hand was still a million times better than the cold shoulder she had been giving him.

“Your father likes a little spit on his.” Daintily, Maria spit into her hand and continued pumping.

“I can’t believe you’re telling me what Dad likes.” His eyes were drawn back to her wobbling tits. “I can’t believe any of this.”

“Me either,” she whispered.

“That feels good.” Oscar relaxed into the mattress. “After everything ... are we cool ... Mom?”

“Do you feel close to me?” She leaned her chest forward, hoping he would take it as an invitation to play with her breasts. She shivered when his fingers found her nipple. Electricity ran through her nerves. The motion of her hand smoothed out, and she settled onto her hip next to him. The squishing sounds of her saliva under his foreskin gave her goosebumps.

“I feel ... ughhhhh ... close to you.” Oscar nodded.

“In that case, we’re cool, *Mijo*.” She smiled at his penis. “So ... strong. So ... confident. It’s such a good soldier, isn’t it?”

Oscar thought that was probably a rhetorical question. He considered what they would have been doing that very moment if his dad’s condoms hadn’t proven to be too small. He decided that he would have been behind his mother. Oscar grimaced with a twinge of regret, but told himself that it would happen soon enough. His thoughts traveled to other things that had happened when the mummy had been around. “What ... about ... Estella ... Mom?”

“I ... don’t know how to fix that, *Mijo*.” Her pumping slowed a little as the unhappy thought moved through her mind. “She’s not like you. We didn’t have the same closeness. It was more ... like we were being wild together. I don’t know how to explain it.” Dark feelings threatened to completely derail the handjob. To distract herself, she shoved her boob in her son’s face. “Suck.”

“Mmmppphhhh,” Oscar said. His mind drifted away, transported by the ardent work of his mother’s hand, and the soft press of her tit. It didn’t take too long until he was exploding, his cum landing on her arm, the bed, and his naked body.

Maria continued pumping until his eruption ended with one last mighty spurt. She then pulled her hand away, and leaned her breast away from his face. Seeing the large quantity of seed gave her pause. *Sex with Oscar is really dangerous*. It was a miracle of timing that he hadn’t gotten her pregnant. The wrong day of her cycle, and she wouldn’t stand a chance. She took a deep breath and closed her eyes, smelling the fruity pungency of his sperm. “There now, how do you feel?”

“Aaaahhhhhh.” Oscar was still shuddering through the aftershocks. “Good ... Mom.”

“I mean, about me?” She crawled off the bed, picked up his t-shirt, and used it to wipe the sperm off her hand and arm. The aroma of it tugged at some primordial part of her. Her body longed for the danger of it. The risk of creating new life. She shook her head and took a deep breath.

“I feel good ... about you ... Mom.” Oscar stared at her lovely form. She had the perfect hourglass figure. Seeing her nervous energy made her all the more alluring. “Hearing that you ... were having similar thoughts and feelings ... and that you didn’t hate me ... was really helpful. It was so confusing. And everything else went downhill at the same time.”

“Well, I think we’re headed in the right direction now.” Maria dropped his shirt in the hamper. She went to her neat pile and picked up her clothes, turned and bent over to pick up her panties from the floor. “I hope your grades will start going back up.”

Oscar’s eyes bugged out of his head. She had pointed her ass directly at him when she’d bent down to get her panties, exposing everything to him. Her pussy was glistening with wetness. “I would die for you, Mom. I promise I’ll get my grades up.”

“Well now.” Maria’s laugh was thin. “I don’t think anyone needs to die. Just some hard work studying should do.” She turned to him, gave him a tight smile, and blew him a kiss. “Starting now, by the way. I want you to get all your homework done when I leave. Then, you can come help me with dinner.”

“Yes ... of course.” Oscar sat up and looked at the mess he’d made. “First, I’ll clean up though.”

“That’s my good boy.” Maria nodded and left his room.

~~

“You fixed things with the boy.” Roberto climbed into bed, a smug smile on his face. “I knew you just needed a push. Did you apologize to him, or did he apologize to you?” He reached over and took a handful of his wife’s boob and gave her a congratulatory squeeze.

“Well ...” Maria tried to ignore the butterflies flapping in her belly. *I can’t tell him the truth, but I hate to lie.* She pressed her lips into a thin line. “Well, it’s more complicated than that. It was still awkward after we ... made up. But I think we made progress.”

“Condom?” Roberto lifted his eyebrow.

Maria's heart stopped. She felt the blood drain from her face. "Excuse me?"

"No need to get flustered." Roberto chuckled. Sometimes his wife was such a prude. "I'm only asking if we need a condom because you've been so frisky lately." He gave her tit another squeeze. "I wouldn't mind taking my wife for a spin two nights in a row."

"Oh." Maria's heart started back up. She took a deep breath, the blood rushed back to her cheeks. She didn't feel like having sex, but she also knew she was guilty enough to give Roberto whatever he wanted. She grabbed his squeezing hand with hers, and immediately drew it away like she'd been scalded. It was the same hand that had been covered with her son's sperm only hours ago. She grimaced. This was all so much harder without the magic clouding her mind.

"I don't bite." Roberto laughed. "What's gotten into you tonight?" He rolled on top of her and began unbuttoning her pajama top.

"I love you, Roberto." She stuck to the truth. That was best.

"I love you, too." He winked at her. "Now get ready for the ride of your life."

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The mania he'd felt under the mummy's spell hadn't returned. Oscar wasn't dancing down the halls at school, winking at girls, or sending finger-gun salutes to his teachers. But he was paying attention in class, sitting with friends at lunch, and even venturing a smile or two. Every time the old despair crept up, he thought about the awkward handjob from the day before and relaxed. He almost said hello to Katie, but turned away when he saw the icy look she directed his way. It didn't send him spiraling though. His mother loved him, and that awkward handjob proved it.

As soon as the final bell rang, Oscar hustled home. He was breathless and sweaty when he found his mother out on the back porch with a margarita.

Maria's cheeks flushed when she saw her son. She took a big gulp of her drink and forced a smile on her face. "How was your day?"

"Best day I've had since the mummy arrived." Oscar's dick had been straining in anticipation since fourth period. Now, it felt like it was getting even harder. His mother was so beautiful and shy. "Every time I felt down, I just kept thinking about how much you love me."

"Oh ... that's nice." Maria's blush deepened, and her smile transformed into something bright and genuine. "Come sit and tell me about your day."

Oscar did as she asked. He sat where she would have a direct line of sight on his crotch. He was happy to see her take several covert glances at the tent in his pants. When he was done telling her about how well he did on his math test, silence enveloped them.

Maria couldn't believe she was about to do what she was about to do. Her heart thumped against her ribcage, and her stomach flipped over and over. She cleared her throat. The mummy really hadn't left her with any alternatives. There was no going back. And she'd tried distancing herself. That hadn't worked. She cleared her throat again.

"Were you going to say something, Mom?" Oscar lifted a hopeful eyebrow. His throat was suddenly parched. He reached for her margarita.

"You're eighteen, no alcohol for you." She winced at how ludicrous a position that was for her to take. She was about to spread her legs for her son, but she couldn't give him some of her margarita? "On second thought, you can have a sip."

"Thanks, Mom." Oscar took a gulp. "That's good! Wow. I had no idea they tasted like that."

Maria sighed, took his hand, and made him put down the glass. She stood and pulled him toward the house. "I suppose we're both learning about new pleasures."

"Where are we going?" He let her guide him through the living room and upstairs.

"I bought condoms today. I plan to make good on my promise from yesterday." She led him into his room. "Do you still want to be close to me?"

"I would do anything to be close to you." Oscar squeezed her clammy hand.

"Good answer." She closed his door. "We have a few hours until your father gets home. Let's get started."

Chapter 14

“Oscar ... oooohhhhh ... *Mijo* ... oooooohhhhh ... Oscar ...” Maria had been muttering like that for a while. While riding her son with serpentine gyrations, she found it difficult to make eye contact with him. Even with his thing inside her again, it was awkward. She chose instead to stare at one of his silly posters on the wall. Her gaze turned inward as her pleasure grew. She ran her fingers over his skinny chest. “Oscar ... Oscar ...”

“Yeah ... Mom.” Oscar stared at his mother’s perfect tits as they wobbled with her movements. *Her movements*. It was insane to him that his mother could writhe her body in such a sexy way without the mummy’s magic. He stole a glance higher. She wasn’t looking at him. As he took in the beauty of her tormented face, he watched her eyes slowly roll upward.

“Oscar ... Oscar ... I’m going to ... I’m ... uuggghhhhh ... Oscar ...” Her hips continued their rapid movements, pushing his penis against wonderful spots inside her and perfectly rubbing her clitoris on him at the same time. “I’m ... I’m ... uuuuuuuggghhhhhhh.”

It was obvious to Oscar that his mother was cumming. Her vocalizations were a bit strangled. He thought maybe she was trying, unsuccessfully, not to make too much noise. “Cum ... Mom ... cum ...” He stared at her orgasm with reverence.

Maria hadn’t been brought to such heights since the last time she’d let her son inside her. This time was different, though. This time, she’d been in control of her mind when she joined with her eighteen-year-old son. She wasn’t sure, but she thought that being of sound mind made things even more intense. Eventually, she arrived on the other side of the orgasm, and her hips slowed to a stop. “Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ...” She panted.

“Was that ... good, Mom?” He could feel her pussy spasming on his dick in a haphazard way. Her grip was tight.

“Yes ... *Mijo* ... that was ... excellent.” She glanced down at his face, seeing complete adoration. That made her cheeks flush even more, and she looked away again. “We need to ... check ... the condom.” Pulling her hips off him, she winced at the wet squelching her vagina made. “Sorry ... about the sound.”

“I ... like it. I like everything ... about you ... Mom.” Oscar watched her as she kneeled next to him and examined his penis.

A slight smile spread on her lips. “I believe you.” Maria tested the condom with her fingers. She had bought the largest the store had, and it seemed like that was the right decision. It was holding up nicely. Tentatively, she circled her fingers around the shaft

and pumped him a few times. She tried not to be embarrassed by how slippery he was. “How does that feel?”

“Honestly, it’s a little dull. But I don’t mind.” Oscar wanted to make her happy. And it was obvious that the condoms were important to her.

“Good boy.” She stopped pumping him, but continued to eye his protected monster. “We can do whatever position you like. What would make you happiest, Oscar?”

Oscar’s eyes lit up. “I ... um ... I ... um ...” He wanted to do *all* the positions.

“Okay, I’ll tell you what ...” She got onto her hands and knees, turning her butt toward him. “I know men really like the view from back there. Climb on and ... well ... go for it.” She hung her head, letting her black hair form a curtain around her face. She stared at her dangling breasts. They rocked with his movement on the mattress as he hurried to get into position.

“I don’t even know ... how to explain how seeing you like this makes me feel.” On his knees behind her, he stared at her wide, brown ass, and her pussy peeking from below.

“I hope it makes you feel closer to me. Like we’re sharing something special.” Her voice was low and muted.

“I’ve always loved you with all my heart.” He moved closer, rubbing his dick on her pussy. There was a time not long ago where he wouldn’t have trusted himself to find the right hole. But after all their frenzied, magic-fueled sex, he knew exactly what he was doing. He pushed forward and entered her again. “And I love you even more now. After what the mummy showed us, this is the only way.” He took hold of the ample handholds her backside offered and let his hips find their own rhythm.

“Yes ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... after the mummy ... this is ... ugh ... ugh ... the only ... way.” Maria braced herself against the hammering. Her eyes went wide with the shock of the onslaught. She had been so gentle riding him. But the time for tender sex seemed to be over. Of course, she remembered what a jackhammer he could be. But memories and the present moment were two different things. “Uuuuggghhhhh ... Oscar ... you’re ... really excited.” There was nothing like living in the present.

“Ugh ... ugh ... yeah ... Mom ... I am!” Oscar felt like a king. Having his loving mother bend over for him like she was put him at the top of the highest mountain. He feasted his eyes on her wide, shaking ass. *I’m doing that! I’m making her butt ripple like the tide.* When he heard her strangled orgasmic shrieks, he didn’t think he could get any higher. He rode that perfect moment, and that perfect mother, for another fifteen minutes before it was time. “Mom ... I’m ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... going to ...”

Maria was riding her own blissful waves, but her son’s words helped sober her up. She reached behind her and pushed at his flexing six-pack, dislodging him. She could see the

surprise on his face. *You didn't think I was going to let you finish inside me, did you?* "Here, I'll help." She quickly pulled the condom off and jerked him with her hands. "Go ahead ... finish ... *Mijo.*"

"Mom ... Mom ... Mom ..." Oscar was so happy with the intensity of the handjob, that he forgot to be disappointed about losing her pussy. "Cumming ..." His hips jerked on their own, and he watched the geyser of white cum arc out and make a mess of his bed and his mother's soft, brown skin. When he was done, she had his stuff in her hair, on her chin, her boobs, and her arms. "Wow ... wow ..."

"Wow ... indeed." Maria wasted no time leaving the bed and grabbing a dirty towel from his hamper and wiping herself off. "So much ..." She stared at the smeared towel with wide eyes.

Oscar was still on his knees on the bed, his dick still as stiff as ever. "Can we ... go again?"

"What?" Maria barked out an incredulous laugh. "You don't want to hurt your penis like last time. Once a day is enough."

"Okay." He fell over on his side, staring at her body's heavenly hourglass. "Why did ... you finish me ... with your hands?"

"The condom could have broken, Oscar." Maria took one long, surreptitious sniff of the towel and tossed it back in the hamper. "I thought you already understood. You can't ever finish inside me again. Not even with a condom. The condom is just there as backup."

"Oh ... okay." Oscar didn't like the sound of that. But he wasn't about to argue.

"Okay." Maria nodded and headed to the door. After she opened it, she paused and looked back at her son. He was quite handsome. She even liked the practical way his penis shriveled up when it was done working. "We're doing the right thing, right?"

"We love each other, Mom. We couldn't pretend otherwise. We're making the best of things ... you know ... after the mummy." Oscar gave her a shy smile.

Maria returned his awkward smile. "The best of things." She left the room and went to clean herself up.

~~

Katie was in a bad mood when she got home. She ignored her mother's greeting and went up to her room. She slammed the door. She tried to read a book. She texted with a

friend. She stared out the window. No matter what she did, she wasn't able to get Oscar out of her head. It was horrible what he'd done with his mother. So horrible, she hadn't been able to tell anyone else about it. What was worse, seeing him in school reminded her of it constantly. She kept thinking about what he'd done to that woman. *What did Mrs. Núñez feel with that massive dick inside her? What did she think?* Katie knew how good sex with Oscar was, but she couldn't fathom what Maria had gone through.

"You no longer like Oscar?" A woman's voice rose from the other side of the room.

Katie yelped and jumped away from the window. She turned to see the mummy wearing her ceremonial outfit. The dark woman had been pregnant the last time Katie had seen her. Now, her belly was flat. "How ... did you get in here?"

"You invited me in when you spread your legs for Oscar." Xochitl's smile was a smidgeon past smug.

"What ... where ...?"

"Oh, you're wondering about my absence?" Xochitl walked across the room, letting her hips sway. "I had to take time away to have my baby. I also worked on my English. It's pretty good now, don't you think?" She gently bopped Katie's elfin nose with her finger, sending a wave of warmth through Katie's head. "I came back to check on the Núñez family a few days ago. I found sweet Maria and bold Oscar in full congress without any help from me. So, I decided to watch for a while without intervening. I watched. Then, I saw you treating my strong dynasty creator with disdain. Even now, you're making a horrible face."

Katie's lips were curled with disgust. "Congress ... you mean ... they were fucking again?"

"My way of saying it is more polite." Xochitl stood very close to Katie, studying her beauty with the utmost diligence. "Even with that frown, you're pretty. You have none of our blood, but Oscar still desires you."

"Why do I care?" Katie finally regained some composure. "Leave my house!" She pointed at the door.

"Your rudeness extends to me now." Xochitl kept her face very close to Katie's. "But I am ever magnanimous, Katie Bloomington. Despite your behavior, I'm here to bless you with a gift."

"Listen, lady." Katie was about ready to punch this crazy woman. She stepped backward, giving herself some space. She stopped when her back pressed against the wall. "I don't want your ... mmmppphhhhh." The mummy moved so fast, Katie had no time to react. One second, the mummy was a couple feet away, the next, her warm lips were pressed to Katie's.

“Mmmmmmm.” Xochitl’s tongue danced inside Katie’s mouth. Even as the eighteen-year-old tried to push Xochitl away with her hands, Katie’s tongue couldn’t help but play with the intruder.

Katie’s struggling hands eventually started groping the woman. Her pussy was on fire. She hadn’t felt so excited since she’d left Oscar. She had forgotten what it was like to get so worked up. Then, just as abruptly as the make-out session had started, it ended. Katie was left gasping all alone in her room. It took her only a minute to decide what to do next. She raced to her nightstand drawer, got out her trusty hairbrush, and put its handle to good use.

She knew she wasn’t thinking clearly, but she couldn’t bring herself to care. Soon, she was half naked, standing with her back against the wall. One hand cupped her boob, and the other handled the brush. Katie thought of Oscar and his mother again. While the disgust hadn’t gone away, it was now accompanied by a passionate fire. Her eyes rolled back, and she was rocked by a massive orgasm. It wouldn’t be the last that afternoon.

Chapter 15

“This is where she was?” Maria stood in the dark corridor of the museum. The display in front of her was empty. There was a sign that read: *exhibit temporarily on hiatus*.

“Yep, that was where she was. She was a creepy, old mummy then. When she popped out, she looked like a living woman. Scared the shit out of me.” Oscar pointed to where the mummy had stood.

“Language.” Maria didn’t like this place. Her body gave a sharp, involuntary shiver.

“Let’s leave, *Mijo*.” She rushed over to her son and grabbed his hand.

“Your hand’s clammy, Mom.” Oscar led her out of the corridor.

“That’s because I’m scared.” Inside her head, embarrassment warred with the need to keep connected to her son. Connection won out, and she squeezed his hand tighter. “I hope you don’t mind sweaty palms.” She tried to smile and faltered.

“I don’t mind. I love when you sweat on me.” He grinned at her.

“Shh. There are people around.” Maria swiveled her head to see if anyone had heard him.

“Come over here, the empty exhibit isn’t what we came here for.” Oscar led her through the main hall. “I set up an appointment with the Aztec docent.”

“The docent?” Maria admired the confident way he pulled her along. *My youngest is all grown up. He’s eighteen. He’s a man.* They were such innocent thoughts, but she blushed all the same. Her mind turned a mother’s trite inner monologue into an image of his rigid penis. He was indeed a man.

Oscar looked back at his mother. She was frowning. “Don’t worry. I know what to ask her. You don’t have to say anything.” And he did know what to ask. He was very happy to get a list of books and resources to investigate. And some tips on where to start.

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A few days later, Oscar had a collection of Aztec books piled on his desk. It was Saturday, and other than breakfast, a shower, and brushing his teeth, he had been reading and taking notes all day.

Downstairs, Maria was watching television with her husband. She knew Roberto had his poker game in the afternoon. This made her eyes drift to the clock on the wall constantly. Each minute that passed upped her excitement. Her heart beat faster and

faster, and she was ashamed to admit that her vagina was already gushing. She felt like something out of Pavlov's research.

"Are you okay, Maria?" Roberto had been watching his wife for a few minutes. She was seated at the opposite end of the sofa and didn't seem to be focusing on their show at all. "You're breathing hard, and you look distracted."

"Oh ... I didn't sleep well last night." That wasn't true. Maria had slept like a rock. Her son had used her so well yesterday afternoon that she'd drifted off to sleep the second her head hit the pillow.

"Well ... I suppose I should get going anyway." Roberto picked up the remote, paused their show, and turned off the TV. "Why don't you take a nap? You ... don't look good." He could now see a glistening sheen of perspiration on her dark forehead. "I'll be back late. The boy is doing homework in his room. You can sleep all afternoon."

"Yes ... Roberto." Maria stood, walked over to her husband, and kissed him on the cheek. *I will be horizontal this afternoon, but I doubt Oscar will let me get any sleep.*

"You're shivering now. To bed with you." Roberto gave her butt a friendly pat and went to get ready.

Maria retreated up the stairs, but waited in the upstairs hall, listening. Her excitement was still building. She felt like she had a million butterflies in her stomach. When she heard her husband leave, she smoothed out her dress and tried to compose herself. She went to the bathroom, splashed cold water on her face, and made herself walk slowly to her son's room. As she stood outside his door, she was quite sure that no man had ever made her so frothy before. She pictured her sweet son. The thought of Oscar's young, handsome face twisted by fervent ardor made her mind reel. She had to put her hand on the wall for support. Eventually, she knocked, opened the door, and closed it behind her.

"Hey, Mom." Oscar was at his desk, his face buried in a book. He didn't look up.

"Your father left for poker." Maria did her best to quell her buzzing nerves. She hadn't touched a drop of alcohol all day, but she felt drunk.

"Cool." Oscar nodded.

"Perhaps ... I should come back?" She hated the frigid pit of despair that opened in her stomach. *It shouldn't matter if we take a day off.*

"What?" Oscar marked the page and closed the book. "No ... I'm ready. I was just reading some good stuff. But it can wait." He turned his eyes toward her. "You look like you're about to pass out, Mom. What happened?" His brow furrowed with concern.

"It's you, Oscar. When our time rolls around, I feel like a woman possessed." She frowned. "No mummy magic though. Just ... you know ... the magic of love."

"I know. My heart feels like it wants to beat out of my chest." Oscar smiled, stood, and undressed.

Maria watched his lithe body come into view. *He's so perfect. So strong, lean, and vigorous.* She could feel her wetness escape her panties and trickle down the inside of her thigh. "So ... we're still on? Like we planned?"

"The condoms are in my nightstand." Naked now, Oscar jumped onto the bed. He watched his mother's eyes follow his wobbling, stiff dick. "Well? Come on."

"Why are you studying those books, *Mijo?*" Maria hurriedly removed her dress.

"Oh ... um ... I just want to understand what happened to us better." He didn't want to tell his mother that he was going to try his hand at magic. He knew she wouldn't approve, even if it was for the best.

"That's smart." She smiled at him and walked over to his nightstand. She was sure to bend over provocatively as she retrieved the condoms from his drawer. She was feeling comfortable enough to even wiggle her butt a little.

Oscar barked out a joyful laugh. "Shake it, Mom."

"Shh. You're making me embarrassed." Her cheeks heating, Maria turned around, tore the packet, and pulled out the condom. She climbed onto the bed and quickly rolled it onto his penis. She had been getting so much practice doing that lately. "This feels less awkward to me. How about you?" She mounted him and slipped him inside. His penis went in easily. "I'm not as tight ... as I was." Pleasure shot through her nerves as the head of his thing nestled up against a lovely spot at the back of her womb.

At that exact moment, Roberto was getting himself a beer from his friend's fridge. "I hope you don't mind that I'm making myself at home, Gustav. You getting used to having me at your poker games?"

"Glad to have you." Gustav clinked beer bottles with his friend.

Back at Roberto's home, his wife was getting into a rhythm on top of their son.

"Oscar ... ooohhhh ... Oscar ... I love when you stare into ... uggghhhh ... my eyes ... with such intensity." This was the first time she'd brought herself to make eye contact with him during sex. She was disappointed that it had taken her that long. They had never felt more connected.

"Mom ... you're so ... pretty." Oscar didn't know what to say, but he did know compliments were in order.

"Thank you ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... *Mijo.*" She watched his gaze drop to her boobs and pull itself back up to her eyes. He did this several times. She realized he was trying to be

polite by not staring at her breasts. She would have smiled if her mouth wasn't twisted by pleasure. "Go ahead and ... uuuggghhhh ... hold them ... if you want."

"Mom?"

"My boobs ... Oscar. You can ... hold them." She was delighted that he didn't hesitate. Quickly, his fingers were playing with her nipples, sending more sparks of bliss through her body.

At poker, Roberto reraised Fernando on the turn. "Let's see what you have, big guy."

Fernando rubbed his beard and thought. "You've gotten so loose since you first started."

"That's what she said." Roberto laughed, trying his best to seem calm and confident.

"But now it's all action with you." Fernando checked his cards again. He looked around the table. The other men all seemed eager for him to call. "Okay, let's see what you got."

At home, Maria was bouncing on her son with wild abandon. She had graduated from the gentle humping she'd started with, to something so vigorous that her son's butt lifted off the mattress when she was at the zenith of each stroke. "Aaaahhhh ... aaaahhhh ... aaaahhhh ..." Maria knew she was screaming like a lunatic, and she didn't care. Together, they were one perfect act, working with seamless motion. Her eyes rolled back, and her hips lost their rhythm. "Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii."

The poker game was still fun, but Roberto eyed his dwindling stack of chips. "I guess maybe I should tighten up." He checked his cards, thought about tossing them, but called instead.

Gustav laughed. "Once you play loose, it's very hard to play tight again."

"We'll see." Roberto smiled at his friend and began planning a bluff that he hoped wouldn't end in disaster.

Back at Roberto's house, his wife had dismounted their son. She was inspecting his penis with a frown on her face. "It broke." Slowly, she removed the torn condom. "That could have been a disaster. You didn't ejaculate, did you?"

"No, Mom." Oscar wiped sweat from his brow. His grin was wide.

"Not even a little?" Maria got up from the bed, wrapped the used condom in a tissue, and put it in her son's trashcan.

"Mom, I don't cum like -"

"Ejaculate," she corrected.

"I don't ejaculate like that. It's all or nothing." Oscar watched her walk to his closet, where she'd left some clean towels for such occasions. She had her back to him,

towelng off the perspiration on her face. Silently, he rose from the bed, padded across the room, and stood behind her. He reached around the flare of her waist and placed his hands on her soft belly.

“Oh, *Mijo!* You startled me.” Maria could feel the desire in his fingers. “Oh ... are we really going to ... while standing up ... I ... um ... ooohhhhhhhhhhh.” She let him bend her over. She placed her hands on the closet wall and arched her back as he entered her from behind. It was so wonderful that it took her several strokes before she figured out that something was wrong. “Condom!” She pulled her hips forward, dislodging her son. “Never without a condom.” She turned to scold him, but her wrath bubbled away when she looked into his eyes. “Come on, let’s get another one. Then you can show me what you were planning to do with that standing sex thing.” She retrieved another condom from his nightstand and held it up with a smile. “Also, you have to finish sometime before your father gets home.”

“I know.” Oscar watched her roll the condom onto his shaft. Life was perfect.

~~

“I’m home, Maria.” Roberto knew it was late, but the game had gone past midnight.

“Oh?” Maria had been dreaming about Oscar’s penis. Her whole body buzzed with the day’s activities. Her vagina felt wonderfully sore and well-used. She blinked when he turned on the light and lifted her head off the pillow. “How was poker?”

“I played too fast and loose. But I had fun.” Roberto went to the closet and started undressing.

“That makes two of us.” Maria’s eyes went wide at the vulgar joke. But her husband didn’t seem to notice.

“I thought you were going to nap?”

“Oh, yes. I had wonderful dreams.” A smile touched her lips. “Turn off the light. I’m still tired.”

“Of course.” Roberto did as his wife asked. He didn’t have the heart to tell her that he’d lost almost forty bucks. He felt a little guilty keeping the secret. *Oh, well. I’ll get back my losses at next week’s game.* With that happy thought, he went to brush his teeth and get into bed.

Chapter 16

“You still haven’t gone to him.” Xochitl stood in Katie’s room with her hands on her hips. “You must reconcile with Oscar.”

Katie shot up in bed. It was the middle of the night, and she had been sound asleep. She saw the scantily clad mummy and started to scream. But then she caught the look in the mummy’s eye and abruptly put a hand to her mouth and quieted.

“Oscar is the father of my child. A very special child. And as such, he deserves to get what he wants.” Xochitl waved a stern finger at the eighteen-year-old. “And he wants you. I know he misses you.”

“F-f-f-father?” Katie composed herself enough to speak. “I don’t care what he wants. He’s fucking his own mother,” she hissed. “I won’t ever go back to him. Now, stop visiting me.”

“I will drive your passions until you change your –” Xochitl was surprised into silence when the door opened and Katie’s mother stepped in wearing an oversized t-shirt.

“Katie? I thought I heard ...” Gail gawped at the brown-skinned woman in ceremonial garb. “What ... um ...? Who?”

“Very well, I’ll count this as a stroke of luck.” Xochitl moved over to the woman and seductively ran her finger along Gail’s jawline while closing the door behind her. “The brush handle your daughter has been using isn’t enough. She needs a more personal touch. You will be my new tool.”

Gail felt an odd heat moving from this stranger’s touch. She was no longer afraid. She was relaxed. She was ... improbably horny. “What ... um ... are you talking about?”

“Your daughter has been masturbating furiously with that hairbrush over there.” Xochitl nodded to the brush resting on Katie’s desk. “You almost caught her at it yesterday when you thought she was napping.”

“Oh, my God. Shut up!” Katie’s face turned crimson. “You can’t tell her that, she’s my mom!”

“Oh, she’s much more than that now.” Xochitl took Gail’s hand and pulled her over to the bed. Like lightning, Xochitl’s other hand grabbed Katie’s hand. She held them both tightly, letting the energy flow through the three of them. “It is time to let the wild in. Inspire each other. Oscar is waiting.” Xochitl vanished.

Gail and Katie stared at each other. Both of their chests rose and fell with rapid panting. Their eyes were filled with fiery expectation. Without a word, Gail jumped on top of her daughter. She knew they would never be the same again. She didn't care.

~~

"It's early, Mom. What are you doing up?" Oscar stood in the open back door, looking at his mother happily sipping coffee and soaking in the morning birdsong. The back deck was wonderfully peaceful, the sky just turning pink in the East.

"I should ask you the same." Maria smiled at her son. Her heart warmed in his presence, and her muscles relaxed. What they had been doing every afternoon still made things awkward, but there were clear signs that their bond was growing. The soft, covetous way he stared at her in the gloom lightened her mood. She pointed to the books under his arm. "But I can see my answer. You're up early to study your Aztec stuff. I never thought ..." She glanced around to make sure no one else was there. Quickly, she opened her robe, exposing her boobs, then closed it again. "I never thought these would finally get you interested in your heritage."

"I was always interested in our heritage. That's why I visited the mummy's exhibit in the first place." He smiled, walked over to her, and squatted next to her chair. "Can I see them again?"

Maria glanced with worry toward the house, but her husband never got up so early. That was doubly true the morning after a poker night. "Okay." She opened her robe again and let him feast his eyes. "How long have you been interested in these?" She whispered.

"Honestly, Mom ... I'm sure I loved them as a baby. But I didn't think much about them until ... you know ... the mummy." Oscar watched the smile on her face flicker and extinguish.

"What we're doing is wrong, isn't it?" Maria closed her robe. "It was that black magic."

"No ... no ... not at all. What I meant was ... all that time, I thought I was supposed to *not* think about your boobs, Mom. So, I didn't think about them." Oscar patted her hand reassuringly. "Now that I know that it's okay, I feel like a fool for missing something so wonderful. You have the best boobs in the world."

"Oh, don't say stuff like that." Maria's smile returned.

"Best ... boobs." He opened her robe, leaned over, and sucked her dark nipple into his mouth.

“Oooohhhhhh ... nooooo ... your fatherrrrrrrrr.” She didn’t push him away.

“Mmmmmmmmm.” He rolled her nipple with his tongue and then pulled away, a wide grin on his face. “It’s sort of fun messing around when Dad’s sleeping.”

“Oh, stop it.” Maria couldn’t help but return his smile. “You’re starting to sound like you did under the mummy’s spell.”

“I’m spell free. Just getting more comfortable with you.” He gave her the briefest kiss on the lips and stood. “I’m going to get some reading done. Let me know if Dad goes out.”

“I will.” She watched her strong, slender son walk back into the house. She rubbed her thighs together. She was going to need some fresh panties.

~~

“Oooohhhhhh ... that’s good Katie ... that’s good ... but I want you ... inside me.” Gail lay on her back, her legs spread wide. Her head was up on the pillow, her eyes fixed on her daughter’s delighted, wet face as Katie fingered her mother.

“I *am* inside you.” Katie wiggled her fingers, feeling the ribbed interior of her mother’s pussy. She looked up at her mother and laughed. The once uptight woman was nothing more than a wild, quivering animal now. She knew the mummy had done that to her, but Katie couldn’t bring herself to care.

“More ... I want more ... gggrrrrrrrrr,” Gail let out a high, feral growl. “I need you back inside me ... Katie ... I need it.”

Katie laughed harder and shrugged. “I’ve heard about this. I hope I don’t break you, or Dad’s gonna be mad.”

“Your father!” Gail’s eyes went wide, and a moment of panic peeked through her euphoria. “Your father ... don’t make too much noise ... don’t wake him ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiiii.” Gail screamed and her body shuddered when her daughter’s small hand wormed into her vagina. All worry left her mind. There was only room for pleasure. She arched her back and orgasmed on her daughter’s fist.

An hour later, Gail stumbled back to her room. She found that her husband had slept through all of it. She waddled to the bed, her vagina objecting to every move her body made. “I’ll be sore tomorrow.” She was sweaty and smelled like sex, but she was too tired to care. She crawled under the covers and fell fast asleep.

~~

Maria stood in her son's doorway. It was afternoon. With her encouragement, her husband had gone out to watch the game at a friend's house. Her son had spent the whole morning studying his books. He was unaware of her presence. She stood, watching him. In his studious phase, he was irresistible to her. Well, maybe the phase didn't matter, he was now always irresistible. "You're so cute. I want to eat you up."

"Oh, hey, Mom." Oscar waved to her, but kept his eyes on the page.

"Your father's gone." The anticipation of pleasure was nearly killing her. Her heart beat wildly, and her palms sweat. "Should I ... get a condom?"

Oscar turned toward his mother with a broad grin. He pointedly closed the book and winked at her.

Ten minutes later, mother and son were slamming together. She was on her back, legs folded around his butt. He was on top, grunting with each piston of his hips. His bed squeaked and rattled.

"Oooohhhh ... Oscar ... Oscar ... Oscarrrrrrrrrr." Maria had already had an orgasm. On the other side of it, her mind had just enough room for a tiny worry. She let him hump her for several minutes while she basked in bliss and thought about whether to talk to him. Eventually, she figured there would be no better time. "Oscar ... ugh ... ugh ... what are you hoping to learn ... from those books? It's about ... aaaahhhh ... the mummy ... right?"

Oscar leaned forward, pressing his lean chest against her heavy breasts. He put his lips to her ear and whispered, "I ... don't know ... if she's listening. I'm ... protecting ... us ... do you understand?"

"Oh ... that's smart ... *Mijo.*" *How odd that I would be proudest of him when he's busy moving his big thing in and out of me.* "The mummy will -"

"Shh, Mom." Oscar put a finger to her full lips. "I don't know ... if she's still spying ... on us." He whispered in her ear, slowing his hips to concentrate on the words. "Don't ... say anything ... too loudly."

"Yes ... okay ... yes ... yeessssssss ... Oscar ... you're protecting me ... my big, strong man. My ... wonderful ... Oscar ... is protecting ... uuuggghhhh ... protecting ..." The thought of her son as her guardian brought on her second climax. Her toes curled, her eyes rolled back, and her scream filled the bedroom.

~~

Monday morning, Katie intercepted Oscar in the parking lot. “We need to talk.”

“Hi, Katie. What’s up?” Oscar was feeling on top of the world. He had spent a wonderful weekend at home, a lot of it inside his mother, and all felt right with the world.

“Come on. We need to talk.” Katie grabbed his hand and practically dragged him to her car.

“I didn’t think you were supposed to wear your cheerleading outfit on Mondays.” Oscar couldn’t help but look at her butt rolling under her skirt in school colors.

“I know you like it when I wear it ... so ...” She unlocked the car, opened the back door, and gestured for him to get inside.

“Me? But you don’t even talk to me anymore. And ...” Oscar stared at her backseat, thinking about the last time they’d sneaked out to her car. The first time they’d had sex. “Wait ... what’s going on?”

“Ugh ... come on. Get in the car.” Katie got behind him and physically pushed him into her car. She managed to get him in without too much of a struggle. She climbed in after him and closed the door.

“What’s going on?” Oscar was suddenly aware of the quiet in the car. “We’re going to be late.”

“I still think it’s disgusting what you’re doing with your mom.” Katie’s lip curled. She looked at her left hand like it had betrayed her. She still couldn’t believe that she’d stuck the whole thing inside her own mother. “But I want to date again. Just as long as we don’t talk about your mom. And ... I don’t have to see her.”

“Oh ... I don’t know.” Oscar desperately wanted to get back together with Katie. But she was acting so strange. “I’m not sure.”

“I’ll help you make up your mind.” Her hands were already busy pulling down his pants and underwear. She quickly pulled off her own panties. “Don’t look at me like that. I’m doing this to make you happy.”

“I ... um ... I ... well ...” Oscar stared with wide eyes as she mounted him. In seconds, he was all the way inside her pussy. He looked up at a face filled with determination.

“I ... ugh ... ugh ... declare ... that we’re ... uuugghhhh ... officially ... dating again.” Katie rode her boyfriend.

The bell rang, but neither Oscar nor Katie heard it. In a secluded part of the high school lot, Katie's car began to rock rhythmically on its suspension.

~~

In fifth period, Oscar was called to the front office. He couldn't imagine why, other than that someone had spotted him and Katie that morning. He braced himself for the worst confrontation with the vice-principal he could imagine. He prayed that the office hadn't already called his mother to tell her. He wanted to be the one to break the news. He had no idea how she would feel about Katie's turnaround.

When he got to the office, he found that he had been wrong. The secretary told him that Mrs. Bloomington was there to check him out for the day. Confused, Oscar turned to see Katie's mother waiting for him. The woman looked like she was off to an important meeting, with a nice button-down dress, expertly applied makeup, and a wide, easy smile. "Mrs. Bloomington?"

"Come along, Oscar. Your mother asked me to pick you up." Gail strode confidently over to Oscar, gave the secretary a nod, and took Oscar's hand.

"My mother?" Oscar adjusted his backpack straps and let Gail lead him out of the office. "Is my mom okay?" He said in the parking lot.

"Oh, I'm sure she is." Gail laughed, her voice high and clear. "She didn't actually send me. That was the only way for me to pull you out of class." She unlocked her large SUV, and got in the driver's side. "Hop in, Oscar. We need to talk."

"Oh." Now, Oscar was sure he was in trouble. Somehow, she had found out about this morning, and she was going to chew him out. Hanging his head, he got in the passenger seat and closed the door.

"You look glum." Gail pulled the car out of the school parking lot and drove to a quiet, narrow street a few miles away. She parked off the road behind some trees. When the engine was off, she turned toward the eighteen-year-old. "I never got why Katie was so into you. But I see it now." She grabbed a mint from the console and popped it into her mouth.

"Mrs. Bloomington, I'm sorry about –" He stopped talking when she put a finger to his lips.

"Have you ever ..." She leaned close to him so that their noses were almost touching. "... been with an older woman?"

Slowly, Oscar nodded his head. The mint from her breath filled his nostrils.

"Oh, you have?" Gail raised her eyebrows in surprise. "Well, would you like to try it again?"

Slowly, Oscar shook his head.

“Oh, really?” Gail frowned. “I’m throwing myself at you here. You’re a teenage boy, I thought this would be easier.”

“I think you should take me back to school.” Oscar was having a devil of a time not staring at her cleavage.

“I will. But first, you have to let me make my argument.” Her smile returned. “Here’s my pitch.” She quickly closed the distance between them and pressed her lips to his. Her tongue pushed its way into his mouth. *I’m kissing my daughter’s boyfriend. The last twenty-four hours have been nuts.* Speaking of nuts, she reached between his legs, found his large sacks, and gently massaged them through his pants. After about a minute of this, he kissed her back. Their tongues began an awkward dance as they tried to figure each other out.

Oscar had always assumed that Gail didn’t like him. Whenever he was at Katie’s house, Gail had been cold and unfriendly. Now, the woman was moving her hand upward to stroke his dick through his pants. She was quite aggressive with her lips, teeth, and tongue, gently biting his lower lip and sucking on his tongue. The woman was dying of thirst, and he was an oasis in the desert. The windows fogged up. It took a long time for their lips to finally part. Oscar stared at the wicked smile on her lips. “Mrs. Bloomington ... I feel like I’m in a dream.”

“If you feel that way now, just you wait, young man.” She rapidly unbuttoned his pants and lowered them.

“Wait ... wait ... Mrs. Bloomington. I don’t think ...” Oscar’s eyes crossed, and his brain dulled. He looked down at her bouncing blond hair as she bobbed her head on his cock. Without thinking, he put a hand on the back of her head and gently encouraged her to take more of his shaft. The sounds were unimaginable. “I never thought ... I’d hear you ...”

“Gggaaaackkk ... ggacckkkk ... ggacckkkk.” It should have disgusted her to choke on a penis for the first time. Especially because she could taste sex on him. But Gail searched her feelings and only found excitement. Pleasing her daughter’s boyfriend was one of the most thrilling things she’d ever done. Right after getting fisted by her daughter the night before. She shivered and bobbed her head faster. “Gggaackk ... gggaaacckkk ... gaaacckkk.”

If Katie hadn’t drained him, and he hadn’t cum so many times with his mother the day before, Oscar would have exploded listening to the demented gargling. Instead, he basked in bliss, practically melting into the chair.

After a long while, Gail's jaw grew sore, and her neck muscles fatigued. Giving him pleasure with her mouth offered her so much joy. But it would have to stop. Thankfully, she had other ways to please him. With a plop, her lips lifted off his penis, trailing a long strand of spit. "It's a tight fit, but we can make it work."

"Tight fit?" Oscar's eyes bugged as she struggled to lower her panties in the confined space of the driver's seat.

"Ha!" Gail threw her head back and barked out a laugh. "Not my vagina. I didn't mean that. That's not as tight as it used to be. I meant the passenger seat. It won't be easy, but we can make it work. I am a bit sore, so we'll start slow."

"What?" Oscar watched her climb over to him, lift her dress, awkwardly mount him, and reach under her to grasp his cock. "Wait ... Katie ... we can't do this to Katie."

"Aw, what a gentleman. Katie always said you were sweet." Gail lowered herself onto the young penis. "Uuuggghhh ... that hurts." She gritted her teeth with determination.

"Mrs. ... Bloomington ... uuugggghhhhh." The high-pitched 'that hurts' uttered by the once frigid woman combined with her grimacing expression was one of the hottest things he'd ever seen. Certainly, moments with his mother ranked higher, but this was up there. "Are you ... okay?"

"Don't worry ... about me ... young man." She did her best to smile, although she was sure it came out tight and wincing. "Sit back ... ugggghhhhh ..." She settled on him, their hips meeting. Pain surged through her. Her daughter had really done a number on her vagina, and Oscar was much bigger than her husband. But she wouldn't be dissuaded. "... relax ... uuugggghhhhh ..." Slowly, she put her hips into motion. "... and ... enjoy ... uuuggghhhh ... the ride." She had to hunch over him to avoid bumping her head into the ceiling as her coital motions got into gear.

"Mrs. Bloomington ... uuughhh ... ughhh ... uuughhh ... Mrs. Bloomington." Oscar clutched her dress around the hips, gripping tightly.

The poor teenager sounded distressed. Gail had to soothe him. She tore the front of her dress. Buttons sprayed around the car. She lowered the cups of her bra and pressed her left breast to Oscar's lips. She loved the way their skin colors contrasted. Now, she could see what Katie saw in the young man. "They're yours ... ooohhhh ... Oscar." She thrilled at the reverent way he kissed and gently bit her tender flesh. While the pain in her vagina didn't ebb, it was soon joined by an ecstatic joy. The feeling urged her to bounce with heavier, faster strokes. "Ughhhh ... uuughhhh ... uuuuggghhh ..."

"Mrs. Bloomington ... I ... uuughhh ... ughhh ..." Oscar buried his face between her tits. It was so similar to what he'd done with Katie only hours earlier. Gail even smelled

similar to her daughter. Their sweat had the same wonderfully earthy scent, and he detected rose, too.

“I’m ... going to have ... an orgasm ... on a teenager’s ... joystick ... ooooohhhhhhh.” Gail’s hips moved at maximum speed in the confined space. Despite the awkward position, they were moving like well-oiled machinery.

“Me ... too ... Mrs. ... Mrs. ...” Oscar clutched her dress tighter, making fists.

“Together ... we’re going to do it ... together ... together ... together ... together ... together ...” She made the refrain on each upstroke. When she felt the heat of his stuff in her womb, her motion slowed and ecstasy blossomed in her brain. Even now, her vagina still hurt, but that sensation only added to the high. She hunched further into him, stifled a scream, and let him fill her to his heart’s content.

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh.” Oscar’s yell was muffled by the older woman’s tits. Confusion, bliss, and lust reigned. He had no idea what had happened to his day. He didn’t know if he was dreaming. But if he was, he decided he would rather not wake up.

Chapter 18

“Oscar?” Maria looked at her watch. Her son should have been home by now. These days, he always sought her out after school. Concerned, she put down her book and left the back patio. Once inside, she paused. “Oscar?” There was no answer. She found his shoes and backpack by the front door. She tidied up the mess he’d left and went upstairs.

In the old days, she would have knocked first. She had always known her sons touched themselves, and it was good to give them their privacy. But now, she found it thrilling to think about finding him tugging his big member. She opened the door. “Welcome home, Oscar. I ...” He wasn’t masturbating. He wasn’t doing homework. He wasn’t on his computer. The poor guy was spread out haphazardly on his bed. He looked like he’d crash-landed. *How could school be so exhausting? He’s eighteen, and I know he has the stamina of a lion.* “Oscar, what happened?”

Oscar lifted his weary head off the mattress, looked over at his mother, and let it thump back to the mattress. “I was going to lie to you ... but ... we’re so close now that I can’t.”

“Oh, *Mijo*. What’s happened?” She hurried over to the bed, sat down, and pulled his head into her lap. She stroked his hair. The scent of stale sweat and sex wafted up to her nose. “Did you forget to shower this morning?”

“I stink, huh?” Oscar turned his head to look up at her. Her boobs got in the way of eye contact.

“Sorry ... as your mother, I just want you ...” Maria chided herself. Despite everything they’d been doing together, at times, she still had trouble seeing him for the man he was. “Never mind. Tell me what happened. I want the whole truth. We *are* that kind of close, Oscar.”

“Okay, I had a weird day at school, Mom.” With a short awkward preamble, he told his mother about Katie and her mother.

As the story went on, Maria stopped stroking his hair. She adjusted his head on her thigh so she could see his face. Her wide eyes stared into his, disbelieving. “Gail Bloomington seduced you, and you ...?”

“I couldn’t help it, Mom. She was all over me. I tried to tell her off, but she was so ... horny.” Oscar could feel the tension in his mother’s thigh under his neck.

“Oscar ... it’s not like you were bewitched ... I ...” Maria’s eyes narrowed. She pulled her son up so that he was sitting next to her. Leaning her lips close to his ear, she whispered:

“Katie has been so mad at you. And Gail has always been cold toward us. I think ... they were bewitched. It’s the only thing that makes sense. The mummy.”

“The mummy.” It was so obvious now that she said it. Why did mind-blowing sex make it so hard to think? *Because my mind was blown.* “The mummy.”

“The mummy.” She was so close to him. She sniffed. “That’s the Bloomington women I smell on you. Eww.”

“Sorry, Mom. I’ll take a shower.” Oscar kissed her cheek and quickly left the room. While soaping his exhausted body, he thought about all he’d recently read about Aztec magic. If the mummy was back, and he didn’t doubt that she was, he had to put together a plan. When he returned to his room, he was clean, with a towel wrapped around his waist. His mother was usually playful when he was partially clothed, teasing him, or at least openly staring. Not today. She was gazing at her hands in her lap as she rubbed them together.

“I don’t want her to brainwash me again. I don’t think I can handle that.” She looked up at her son. “One of us will do something stupid and your father will find out. He’ll leave me. I love him, *Mijo.*”

“I know, Mom. Don’t worry.” He hung his towel on the chair and went to the dresser to get dressed. He glanced back at her, but she wasn’t checking out his butt like she often did. Her gaze was back on her hands again. He pulled on a pair of boxers. “I’ll need a horned lizard, a white axolotl, and three ears of corn.”

“What?” Maria lifted her eyebrows in surprise. If he’d spouted off a series of random words, she wouldn’t have understood him any better.

“We need to get those to protect us.” Oscar finished getting dressed, took his mother’s hand, and pulled her to her feet. “Come on, grab your purse. We don’t have any time to waste!”

The corn was easy. There were already ears in the fridge. The animals were somewhat harder, but thankfully both could be found a couple hours away at an exotic pet store. They arrived home after dark. Roberto got home at the same time as mother and son. He was miffed that dinner wasn’t ready, so Maria went to take care of her husband. Oscar ignored his father and gathered his supplies in the garage.

It was grizzly work. Oscar was kind-hearted, and didn’t like killing the animals. What made it worse was the fear of discovery. Every moment he expected the mummy to appear out of thin air and stop him. But Xochitl didn’t so much as make a peep. Oscar washed up for dinner and went back to his concoction afterward. He finished it around midnight. He bottled the elixir and went to find his mother. She was in bed, so he gently woke her and pulled her out into the hall. He held up the bottle. “I did it.”

“You did?” Maria rubbed her eyes, trying to focus on the liquid before her. “Is it ... glowing?”

“Yeah, I followed every step to the letter. It’s supposed to glow like that.” He gave her a nervous smile. “We each drink half of it, and then ... we should be protected.”

“Is it safe? How long will it last?” Maria closed her bedroom door so they wouldn’t wake Roberto.

“I don’t know if it’s safe. I haven’t ever made ... magic before.” Oscar shrugged. “It’s supposed to last forever. We’ll be safe from magic. But I can only make it the one time.”

Still groggy, Maria came to a decision. “We can’t wait. The mummy could zap our minds any moment.” She took the bottle, put it to her lips, and drank. She stopped when she was about half way. Her lip curled, and her forehead furrowed. “Gosh ... that’s awful.”

“Yeah, I mean ... you know what’s in it.” Oscar took the bottle from her.

“Wait ... you killed those animals and ...” Maria put her hands on her stomach. “I think I’m going to be sick.”

“Don’t throw it up, Mom!” Oscar quickly downed his half of the elixir and hugged his mother. “I’m right here. Don’t throw it up, okay. We only get to make this one time. The book was very clear on that. If we throw it up, we’re at the mummy’s mercy.”

“Not ... throwing ... up.” Maria dry-heaved a few times but managed to keep the potion down. She leaned against her son, clutching his shirt with white-knuckled fingers. “Other than sick ... I don’t feel anything. Am I supposed to ...? Ooohhhhhh ... my belly’s getting warm.”

“Mine too. I think it’s working.” Oscar felt his own impulses to vomit, but he held them in check.

“What a crazy day.” The heat slowly left her. She released her grip and looked into his face. “What a handsome boy.” She kissed his cheek. “I’m proud of you. You were smart to figure this out before we needed it.”

“I’m just lucky that someone translated those old Aztec texts.” Oscar was feeling better. “I suppose we won’t have to worry about the Bloomington women ambushing me again.” He was a little wistful. Being inside both mother and daughter in one day had been a special kind of bliss. But it was wrong to let the mummy manipulate people. He could see that clearly.

“Yeah, thank goodness that’s over.” She kissed him on the forehead. “Now run along, take a shower, and get to bed. With any luck, we can put all this mummy stuff behind us for good.”

~~

“You’re still up?” Gail closed her daughter’s bedroom door behind her. Her smile was broad and charming. She tugged at the hem of her pajama top to stretch it and accentuate her breasts.

“Hey, Mom. I had a magical day. I’m sort of wired.” Katie lay in bed with a book. She let her gaze lock on her mother’s bosom. “I humped Oscar in my car today. We’re back together now. He loves me so much. It was perfect.” She smiled dreamily.

“Oh, that’s so odd.” Gail’s smile grew wider. “I did the exact same thing.”

“The same, what?” Katie brought her focus up to her mother’s beaming face.

“I humped your boyfriend in my car.” Gail nodded earnestly. “Honestly, other than what you and I did, it was the best sex of my life. He loves me. It was perfect.” She winked.

“You ... didn’t.” But Katie could see that her mother indeed had. None of the expected reactions came to her. “Damn, you’re a slut. You did do it, didn’t you? You slut!”

“No one has ever called me that before.” Some small part of Gail thought she should hate the word. But she loved it. “I’ve become a slut, it seems.” She pulled off her top and let her daughter gaze on her bare boobs.

“How did you even do it after I put my whole hand inside you?” Katie laughed in wonder.

“I won’t lie; it did hurt.” Gail slowly wiggled out of her bottoms. She wasn’t wearing anything underneath. “But it also felt wonderful. I get what you see in him.”

“Wow ... okay. I also want to feel what it’s like to hump him with a stretched pussy.” Katie threw the covers off. She was naked underneath. “I want you to fist me.”

“Are you sure? My hand is bigger than yours.” Gail held up her left hand, fingers extended.

Katie bit her bottom lip and nodded. “I’m a slut, Mom. Just like you.” Katie watched her mother’s boobs bounce as she practically leapt onto the bed. Her mother looked divine, crouched with her ass in the air, her nose right in front of Katie’s pussy. “No, Mom.” Katie shook her head. “Not your right hand. I want your ring inside me. Left hand.”

“The diamond could scratch you.” Gail had a momentary frown that quickly lifted. “I’ll turn the stone to the inside.” She did just that. “Ready?” She inhaled deeply, sniffing her daughter’s excitement.

“Stretch me, Mom. Make it so I hurt when I hump my boyfriend tomorrow. Make it so ... oooohhhhhh ... wow ... I ... uuummmm ... uuuggghhhh.” Katie wasn’t sure how her mother had taken her whole hand the day before. With just Gail’s fingers in, Katie felt like she might be torn in two. “Go ... slloooooowwww,” she said through gritted teeth.

By the time Gail had finished with her daughter, the eighteen-year-old was a quivering, sweat and cum covered mess. “You can do me tomorrow.” Gail rose from the bed, picked up her pajamas, and went to the bathroom to wash her face and hands. She left Katie’s room with a satisfied smile on her face.

~~

“I’m leaving, Mom.” Oscar found his mother cleaning up in the kitchen. Morning sunlight made it look like she was glowing.

“Have a good day at school. Should we do our usual when you get home?” She smiled at him, wiping her hands on a dishtowel.

“Yes, please.” Oscar nodded. “How do you feel today?”

“Magical.” Maria winked at him. “How do you feel?”

“Magical.” Oscar hefted up his backpack. “I think it worked. I can feel it protecting us. That warmth is still there.”

“I feel it, too.” Maria’s smile was broad and warm. “See you after school.” She blew him a kiss and watched him leave. She turned around to finish up in the kitchen and let out a startled yelp.

Xochitl stood in the kitchen, wearing her ceremonial garb; her fists planted on her hips. Her face was clenched with rage. “What did you do?”

Chapter 19

"I ... um ... we ... um ..." Maria stared at the Aztec priestess. She flinched when the woman rushed her. "Oscar!" Maria cried for help, but her son was already off to school.

"How dare you interfere with my plans?" Xochitl charged the housewife and reached for her arm. "I'm going to take you ..." Her hand passed right through Maria. "What have you done!?!"

"Oh ... gosh ..." Suddenly the mummy was transparent, looking spectral. "We wanted to be safe from you. We wanted you to go away." And just like that, Xochitl vanished. Maria looked around the room, her shoulder muscles bunched and her hands flexed. "Hello?" There was no response. "Oh ... wow ... it worked! I said I wanted her to go away, and she did." Quickly, Maria took stock to see if she had any strange compulsions or impulses. She felt like herself. Her confidence level was up now that the mummy was gone, but it wasn't soaring like it had been when she was under the priestess's spell. "It's over. Thank goodness." Maria let out a long exhale.

The rest of the morning, Maria kept herself guarded against anything unusual. But there was no sign of Xochitl. She was going to have to reward Oscar when he got home. Her son was truly amazing.

~~

"Mmmppphhhhhhh." Estella was still wearing her morning robe. She was on her knees in the front hall in front of her husband. "Gggllllaaackkkkk." She was blowing him for all she was worth. She had gone out of her way to please Diego sexually since that strange day with her mother. This was a form of apology to her husband, even if she hadn't told him so. It was also a way to reaffirm that she wasn't a lesbian or interested in her own mother. She was a healthy wife with a healthy sexual appetite. "Gggllluuuuggg." She swallowed his modest load without any issues. She'd been getting lots of practice lately.

"Aaaahhhh ... damn ... honey." Diego stepped back from his wife and tucked his deflating dick back into his pants. "I'm going to be late."

"Haff a goofff daaayfff," she said around the cum in her mouth. She stood and watched him leave. Then, she ran to the kitchen sink to spit his stuff out. She rinsed her mouth with some water, gargled, and spit again. Feeling much better, she turned her attention to the coffee machine. There was movement in the corner of her eye. She turned and

shrieked. There was a busty, brown-skinned woman in her kitchen, wearing the strangest, most revealing costume.

“Hello, Estella.” Xochitl closed the distance between them quickly. She placed her hand on Estella’s back, dipped her backward, and kissed the woman on the lips. She tasted a little of sperm.

Estella’s eyes went wide. She struggled for a few seconds. After that, she was putty in the strange woman’s hands.

~~

“Any messages for me, Kelly?” Karen Roscoe stopped at her administrative assistant’s desk. “Meetings this morning?”

“No messages, Mrs. Roscoe.” Kelly smiled at the school principal. “Looks like you have that development meeting at two. And that’s it.”

“Thanks, Kelly.” Karen nodded and headed to her office. She had the new school policy on students leaving campus for lunch to review. She closed her office door, hung up her coat, and went to her desk.

“I need your help, Karen.” Xochitl sat in Karen’s high-backed desk chair.

“Eek!” Karen gave a little shriek.

“You have a student who has been misbehaving.” Xochitl slowly rose from her chair.

“I ... have ... a ...?” Karen stared in wonder at the brown-skinned woman in an Aztec ceremonial costume. “Who are you? What is this?” Karen stood perfectly still. It felt like she was being hunted by some large jungle cat.

“I like your dark hair. I like your build. Good wide hips.” Xochitl strode toward the principal. “I don’t think you have any Aztec blood. But you should bear him strong babies.”

“I ... what?” Karen watched as the woman stopped right in front of her and bared a large breast. Karen couldn’t help but stare at the dark nipple.

“I need your help, Karen.” Xochitl put her hand on the back of Karen’s neck and pulled the woman’s face to her breast. The way Karen struggled at first, one might think the boob was suffocating her. But that didn’t last long. Soon, she was drinking Xochitl’s special milk. The two women stood in the quiet office, the only sounds were Karen’s contented cooing and her rhythmic gulping of milk.

~~

The doorbell rang. Maria had just returned from a long walk. She was toweling off her sweaty face. The doorbell rang again. "One minute." She wasn't expecting anyone. As she walked toward the front door, she looked down at her top. It was darkened in places from perspiration. She smoothed her hands over her yoga pants. "Gosh, I hope it's not the pope or something. I look terrible." The doorbell rang again. Maria reached the door and opened it. "Estella, *Mija*? I'm so glad to see you."

"Hey, Mom. I thought it was time we put that stuff behind us." Estella flashed her mother a wide grin and pushed past her into the house. "Are you alone?"

"Of course. Your father's at work, and your brother's at school." Maria closed the door. Her stomach was tied up in knots. After reaching out to her daughter again and again and being shut out, she had thought they might never deal with what had happened. But now, Estella was right in front of her. "I'm so sorry for what happened. I'm not sure I can explain it well, other than I ... um ... my doctor prescribed a medication that made me ... um ... kiss you. It had ... odd side effects."

"Jeez, Mom. We did more than kiss." Estella winked at her mother and giggled. "Anyway, I accept your apology." She narrowed her eyes, giving her mother a sly look. "Is that drug why you've been humping my brother every day? Are you still on that drug, Mom?"

Maria stared at her daughter with wide eyes. "How do you know that?" She dropped her voice to a whisper. Suddenly, her knees were shaking, and her belly felt like it was in her throat.

"I know lots of things now. For instance, I know how to flick a clit with my tongue to get a woman off big time." She wagged her eyebrows and lunged for her mother, kissing her on the lips. When her mother had seduced her several weeks ago, Estella had resisted for only a brief time before melting into the pleasure of her mother's dancing tongue. She had thought her mother would do the same now. But instead, Maria struggled away from her daughter. And ran.

"Get a grip, Estella. The mummy must have done this. You can't want me. I'm your mother!" Maria said these words over her shoulder as she fled through the living room toward the stairs. She could see her daughter chasing her.

"I *can* want you. You should see the way your ass looks when you're running." Estella let out peels of hysterical laughter. "Good enough to eat!" She caught her mother halfway up the stairs.

Maria had the wind knocked out of her as she fell face first and clutched the nearest stair with an iron grip. She felt her yoga pants and panties quickly get tugged down to her knees. “No ... Este ... Estella ... ooohhhh ... nnnooooooooo.” She couldn’t lift herself before her daughter’s mouth sought out Maria’s vagina from behind. Confusion, pleasure, and anxiety swirled as Estella started to show her mother what she’d recently learned about pleasing a woman.

~~

“I didn’t do anything.” Oscar stood outside the principal’s office.

“I just know she wanted to have a private chat with you.” Kelly smiled pleasantly. “I’m not sure what you didn’t do, but it must have been something big for her to bring you in like this. Usually, she –” She was interrupted by a buzz on her desk. “That’s her. You can go in to see the principal now.”

“Okay.” Oscar wiped cold sweat off his forehead. He suddenly worried that the school had somehow found out that he was having sex with his mom. Opening the door, he stepped into the principal’s office and closed it behind him. Would they take him away from her? *No, they can’t do that. I’m eighteen.* “Principal Roscoe?” *If she says anything about mom, I’ll just say it’s a private matter between adults.* He wondered what his mother was doing at that moment. He wished she was by his side to face whatever was happening. “Mrs. Roscoe?” It took him a minute to realize that the principal was sitting in her high-backed chair behind her desk, with her back facing him. He could just see her brunette bun over the chairback.

“You’ve been a naughty boy, Oscar.” Karen swiveled the chair dramatically until she faced him.

“I haven’t been ...” His words fell away as his mind took in that his principal wasn’t wearing any clothes. She was shaped a lot like his mother with wide hips and heavy, hanging tits. Of course, she was much more pale than his mother. Her skin tone reminded him of Katie and her mother. A very unexpected boner sprung to life in his pants.

“I don’t usually spank students. But I’m going to make an exception for you. Get over here, drop your pants, and bend over my knee.” She beckoned him with one finger.

Slowly, Oscar shook his head. His feet stayed rooted where they were.

“If you don’t come over here, Oscar, I will have no choice but to run outside the office, completely naked, and tell everyone that you made me remove my clothes.” Karen gave

him a wicked smile. "You can see how that wouldn't work out well for you. I'm well respected, married, and I've been in this job since you were in first grade. Expulsion will be the least of your worries."

"Oh ... shit." Oscar thought about making a run for it. But his demented principal was right. Her reputation was squeaky clean. "Why me?"

"Because you've been having an affair with your mother. Now get over here." She pushed her chair back from the desk, giving him room to bend over her bare knee.

The pieces clicked into place. *I should have known this was the mummy's work the second I saw she was naked.* Oscar's cheeks heated as he removed his pants and underwear.

"Oh, my! She said you had a big one, but I didn't ..." Karen's smile turned wolfish. "I haven't ever seen one quite like that. It looks angry. I like it." Her eyes followed his swaying penis as he crossed the office. "Now, bend over."

Oscar did as she commanded. He was suddenly glad his mother wasn't there to witness this. He was going to have a heck of a time explaining it to her when he got home.

"Teenage boys have such marvelous butts. So tight and firm!" Karen tentatively gave his butt a little smack. "Wow, look how quickly it stops shaking. Spectacular, Oscar. I've never enjoyed punishing students before. But I'm quickly changing my mind."

"Wait ... Mrs. Roscoe, I ... ow!" Oscar flinched when she slapped him hard on the ass. "There's a mummy ... I think she did something to ... ow! ... to you and ... ow! ... ow! ... ow!"

"That's it. Take your punishment, you naughty boy!" Karen laughed with glee. She remembered that she was still in her office, so she quieted a little, continuing to spank her misbehaving student. "Tell me ..." Slap. "... you're sorry ..." Slap. "... and that you'll ..." Slap. "... obey your principal." Slap.

"Sorry ... I'll obey you." Oscar gritted his teeth through the pain.

"There now, the spanking's over." The spanking complete, Karen tenderly caressed his bare cheeks. His brown skin had taken a purplish hue where she'd punished him. "All that work has made me thirsty." She stood him back up, and then sat him down on her desk. She rolled her chair right up to him. His hard penis stood proudly right in front of her nose. "It seems that naughty boys like to be punished."

"No ... I ... uuuggggghhhhhh." Oscar's butt hurt where it was pressed to the wood of his principal's desktop. And his penis was in bliss. As he watched her brunette bun bob on his dick, he heard something he'd never thought he'd hear in a million years: his principal gurgling and gagging on his cock. "Ggggllllaaackkkkk ... gggglllluuuugggg."

Chapter 20

“Still hard, I see.” Karen pushed her chair back and stood, wiping dripping sperm from her chin. Her eighteen-year-old student was still sitting on her desk, his pants around his ankles. She thought the post-orgasmic expression on his face was one of the silliest things she’d ever seen. “My stomach is now full, but my womb is not.” She pulled off his shirt. To her satisfaction, he didn’t offer any resistance. “Oh ... I love teenagers. Your thingy is still hard, and your body is so tight and ... captivating. You and my husband could be different species, you’re so dissimilar.” She put her hands on the desk next to him and stuck out her butt. “Now, get behind me.”

“Yes ... ma’am.” Oscar’s voice was subdued. He stumbled off the desk. He kicked one foot out of his underwear and pants, but the clothes stayed around his other ankle. “What about your husband? He wouldn’t want this. We should stop.”

Karen snorted a laugh. “No doubt he would have issues with this. I won’t tell him if you don’t.” She looked over her shoulder as the young man got into place. “Don’t hold back. I want to feel what your mother feels when you take her.”

“But ... I love my mom.” Oscar didn’t want to hump his principal. But he had to admit, the flair from her waist out to her hips was keeping him rock hard. He tried to imagine having sex with her before the mummy had turned his world upside down. He decided that he would have been in heaven. As he rubbed the head of his cock on her sopping pussy lips, he tried to pretend that she wasn’t under a spell and that he wasn’t letting down his mom by shoving his cock forward.

“Oooohhhhhh ... so big ... and ... hard.” Karen shivered, her fingers gripping the desk harder. “Hump me ... hump me ... you naughty boy ... ugh ... ugh ... hump me ... just like your mother.” She quickly decided that this was the best sex of her life.

~~

Maria was still on the stairs with Estella. Her daughter had turned her around so that now, Maria sat on a stair, her legs spread wide.

“Mmmppphhhh.” Estella had already sent her mother on several orgasmic voyages. She worked her mother’s clit with her tongue and eagerly lapped at her mother’s puffy pussy lips. She lifted her wet face and stared up at her mother’s twisted face. “Want more?”

“No ... I ... uuuggghhhh.” Maria gritted her teeth as her daughter dived back down to her vagina. *Why am I so helpless? I should push her away. But ... but ...* But instead, she arched her back and squirted onto her daughter’s face. Questions about how to end this and deal with the mummy were replaced by the need for more orgasms. Sex with her daughter wasn’t anything like sex with her son. But it was still spectacular. And when Estella put a wet finger up Maria’s butt, Maria knew it wasn’t going to end anytime soon.

~~

“Such ... ugh ... ugh ... a naughty ... boy.” Karen was riding Oscar on the floor of her office. It was awkward for her. She had gotten used to sex with her husband over the past few decades. She barely remembered the men who came before him. And Oscar was gifted with a size none of those men had had. She had thought her second boyfriend was big, but Karen was now reconsidering. All of that meant that her hips weren’t quite sure how high to go, and she wasn’t used to the pain-pleasure that happened when their hips collided and his penis mashed the back of her womb. “Am I ... better than your mother?”

Oscar stared at the woman’s swaying breasts. “You’re hot ... but ... I love my mom.” He was going to add something about how his mother was much more fluid with her hips. With her whole body really. While his mother moved like a dancer, Karen rode him like someone wading through a marsh. He smiled at what felt like the perfect simile. He thought better of holding his tongue. “And ... she moves ... better than you.”

“You ... brat ...” Karen paused her hips and slapped Oscar’s face. She cackled at his expression: stunned from the slap and stoned from the sex. “I’m not ... a slut ... like your mother.” She panted, wiping perspiration from her forehead.

“My mom’s not a slut.” Oscar was ready for the slap this time. He caught her hand before it had a chance to contact him. “Look ... let’s just get this over with, Mrs. Roscoe. I have to get back to class, and people will wonder why I was in here for so long.”

“You’re right.” She pulled her hand away from his grip and placed her fingers on his lean, toned chest. *I wonder if my other students are built like Oscar. Xochitl didn’t say I couldn’t corner other boys. I could get lots of practice, and become just as proficient as Mrs. Núñez.* “Finish inside ... me. I have ... other meetings ... to get to.”

“If ... you’ll ... ugh ... ugh ... lift your hips ... almost all the way off when ... you’re bouncing ... then ... I’ll ... I’ll ...” Oscar reached up and grabbed her heavy tits, feeling the kinetics of her movement through their changing weight. “Yeah ... like that ... wait

... too far.” He watched his dick slip out of her. It was frothy. He could see the pink inside of her gaping pussy.

“Wow ... I have to go really ... high before I dislodge you. This is amazing.” Karen smiled broadly. “I should have been doing this with students ages ago.” She reached under her and slipped his penis back inside. “I’m about to go ... for a wild ride. Hold my breasts tighter ... for safety.” She giggled, and began bouncing her hips again. He slipped out a few more times as she got the hang of it, but eventually she thought that her body was moving like a regular slut.

Oscar gripped her tits and held on for his life. About five minutes later, he was ready. “Here it ... here it comes ... Mrs. Roscoe.”

“Yes ... yes ... my first ... of many ... I’ll be part ... of your dynasty ... yeesssssss.” Karen’s eyes rolled back. She didn’t know how many orgasms she’d had in her office that day. But she was sure the one arriving would be the largest. “Eeeeeiiiiiiii!” She had been right. Ecstasy enveloped her.

“Aaaahhhh!” Even as he was cumming, Oscar frantically reached up to cover his principal’s mouth. He was able to muffle her cry after only a split second. He kept his hand there and gritted his teeth, erupting inside the possessed woman.

Five minutes later, Oscar was dressed. He was still sweaty, and he was sure he smelled ripe. But what was he to do about it? He walked to the door and watched his principal smooth out her skirt and straighten her top. He didn’t say goodbye. He simply left the office. He felt like he was taking the walk of shame as he passed the administrative assistant. She eyed him speculatively. He marched past her desk, but was still in earshot when Karen stuck her head out of her office.

“Kelly, I need to see Conner Rowen now. Cancel the development meeting. Please pull Mr. Rowen out of class and send him to my office.” Karen tried to give Kelly a self-assured smile, but the result was a little goofy. She was still buzzing from that final, gargantuan orgasm.

“Yes, Principal Roscoe.” Kelly got up to do as asked.

Oscar raised an eyebrow as he headed back to class. *What on Earth did Connor do?*

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Maria was naked on her bed. The blanket under her was soaked in several large spots. She was on her side, her breasts stacked one on top of the other. The sweat trapped in

between them bothered her, but she couldn't muster the energy to roll onto her back. "That was ... crazy ... Estella."

"Just wait until next time when I make you go down on me." Estella winked at her mom with confidence while putting her bra on. "You'll learn to love it just like I have."

Maria sighed, but didn't have a rebuttal. She watched her daughter dress and leave. After Estella was gone, Maria thought about getting up and cleaning the house. The stairs were surely stained, and her bed was a mess. She couldn't let Oscar come home to a defiled house. But she was buzzing too much to move. She hadn't had anything to drink, but she felt drunk. "This must be ... what drugs feel like." She drifted off to sleep.

At school, Oscar kept his head down and did his best to hide from every woman he knew. If his principal was after him, he didn't know who else would be sent his way. Surely, Katie and her mom weren't back to normal. He managed to miss Katie by not going to his locker and skipping last period. He jogged home, his backpack bouncing on his back.

Sweaty, and stinky, Oscar entered his house and dropped his backpack by the door. Usually, he sought out his mother right away. Not today, he wanted to sneak into a shower before trying to tell her about what had happened. He took off his shoes and crept upstairs. He was about to slip into his bathroom, when he caught a glimpse into his mother's bedroom. "Mom?"

Oscar stopped in the doorway to his parents' room. His mother was sprawled on the bed, lying haphazardly on her belly. Her amazing boobs stuck on either side, and the curves of her ass running up to the valley that made the small of her back always arrested him. But that wasn't why he stopped breathing. His eyes bulged as he smelled the sex in the room and saw the stains on the covers underneath her. *Did the mummy send some dude to fuck her?* The thought of his brothers came to mind. "Mom? What happened?"

"*Mijo?*" Maria started awake from a nightmare. It took her a moment to place herself. Then the day's events came rushing back to her. "*Mijo!*" She rolled over and sat up, covering her breasts with her arms. When she saw his stunned expression, her heart broke. "It's not what it looks like."

"What does it look like?" Oscar stared at the dark triangle of hair between her legs, wondering who had been there while he was at school.

"I can't lie to you. It *is* what it looks like." Maria scooted to the edge of the bed and put her feet on the floor. "I need to take a shower." She stood and jogged into the bathroom.

Oscar watched his mother's perfect body bounce and shake. It hurt his heart to think about another man enjoying her. *Other than my father. I can share her with him.* And

then he cursed himself for being a hypocrite. He followed her into the bathroom and sat on the toilet lid while she showered. “What happened, Mom?”

“It was Estella. She came at me so fast. And I was so weak.” Maria turned her face upward and let the warm water wash the tears out of her eyes.

He pressed his lips together. Was Estella better than one of his brothers? He didn’t think so. “I was weak, too, Mom. For me, it was my principal.” Oscar slouched and let out a long breath. “I’m sorry.”

“What did Mrs. Roscoe do?” Maria stuck her head out of the shower curtain, looking at her son with wide eyes.

“What did the mummy make her do? She mentioned Xochitl to me.” Oscar tried not to think about how hot his principal was. Even with a great effort to contain it, he felt his dick stir in his pants. “We protected ourselves from the mummy. But she’s going to use other people to get at us. That’s what happened with Estella, too. I’m sure of it.”

“Tell me what happened.” Maria finished showering as she listened to what had befallen her sweet son at school. She was horrified. Then, she told him about what his sister had done. They were going to need to come up with a new plan for dealing with the mummy.

Chapter 21

“Thank you for meeting with us.” Maria eyed the brown skinned woman speculatively. “You’re wearing a nice, conservative suit, Mrs. Garcia. I mean ... it’s not sexy at all.”

“Um ... thanks?” Dr. Delfina Garcia sat behind her desk. Her office in the museum was cramped, and filled with interesting pieces that would not otherwise be displayed. Even in the tight space, there were two chairs on the other side of her desk. She motioned for the Núñezes to sit.

“Sorry, Mrs. Garcia.” Oscar smiled helpfully and sat. “What my mom means is that ... um ... you feel neutral toward us, right?”

“Neutral?” Delfina furrowed her brows and adjusted her glasses.

“Ever since my son visited this museum, strange things have been happening.” Maria stood next to the unoccupied chair. She wanted to be able to flee if necessary. “Strange, sexy things. Um ... lascivious things.”

“Should we be discussing this in front of your son?” Delfina frowned.

“I’m eighteen. It’s fine.” Oscar beckoned for his mother to sit down. “Thank you for your help earlier, by the way. We performed the ritual, and it worked. Well, it sort of worked.”

“I have to confess, I’m at a loss.” Delfina shook her head. “Maybe you should start at the beginning.”

“Well, let me explain. I –” Oscar began.

“You better let me handle this, *Mijo*.” Maria finally sat; her hands clasped nervously in her lap. “It would be better coming from a ... me.” She meant a mature woman, not a teenage boy, but didn’t want to say that out loud. They needed this woman to believe their story. Maria told the woman about their troubles. Although, she did alter her story to leave out any mention of incest. Sharing that with this nice curator seemed a bridge too far ... way too far. “So, how do we stop your mummy?”

Delfina leaned back in her chair and let out a long, low whistle. “You expect me to believe that?”

“Well ... um ...” Oscar’s voice trailed away. He glanced at his mother, who was chewing her lip and looking incredibly anxious. *She even looks hot when she’s upset. How does she do it?*

“That’s what happened to us, Mrs. Garcia.” Maria clutched her purse. She was seconds away from grabbing her son and running out of there.

“*Dr. Garcia*, actually.” Delfina took a while to study both mother and son. After a long pause, she nodded to herself. “You’re lying to me.”

“No ... we ...” Oscar held out his hands and turned his palms skyward, helpless. “There really is a mummy: Xochitl.”

“You’re both lying to me. Not about the mummy. I have reason to believe she did awaken. I’m the one that translated her old texts after all. But, if that particular priestess came back, she would want the two of you to have sex. That would be her first order of business.” Delfina adjusted her glasses and her face slipped into familiar didactic calm. She told them about the sect the priestess must have belonged to based on the items accompanying the mummy and the translations. The sect was quite keen on inbreeding their bloodline. “So, you’re telling me that she’s forcing random women on both of you, but hasn’t made you ...” She snapped her fingers. “The ritual. But you didn’t do that until after the initial contact. So ... well, she must have at least tried to make you two conceive a child together.”

“I ... um ... we ... never ...” Maria stammered.

“I ... can’t ... even ...” Oscar stared at the woman across the table.

“Hold the phone! She *did* make you do it. Now I know why you’re so upset. Okay, okay.” Delfina steepled her hands and smiled. “What was it like? My oldest son is nineteen, just about your age, Oscar. I can’t imagine if someone made me do it with him.”

“We don’t ... want to talk about it.” Maria looked over at Oscar for confirmation on this line of response. He nodded to her.

“Hey, you came to me for help.” Delfina shrugged. “Wait ... did Xochitl say anything about you giving her a child?”

“Yes, she seems proud of it. But she wasn’t gone nine months.” Oscar frowned. “And we haven’t seen the kid.”

“Pray that you never do!” Delfina stood and paced her cramped office. “Tell me all the details. I think I might have a solution for you. And for myself. She’ll certainly visit me now that you’ve brought me into this. Oh, can you imagine if I showed up at your house in lingerie or something?” She let out a nervous laugh. “Nobody wants that.”

“Okay, this is what happened, *Dr. Garcia*.” Oscar told the full story this time. When he was done, they were given instructions. They would need to pay another visit to the exotic pet store.

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“Mom, is it weird that telling Dr. Garcia about us really ... um ...?” Oscar sat in the passenger seat of their minivan. He looked over at his mom, her breasts bouncing a little as she drove them down the freeway.

“It’s fine, *Mijo*. I was embarrassed, too.” She glanced at him and forced a smile. “I can’t believe we had to tell her all those details.”

“Not embarrassed. I actually feel kind of proud. Everyone else who knows, is possessed by Xochitl. But Dr. Garcia was just helping us. And now ... she ...” Oscar smiled. “I guess I’m proud and also sort of turned on that someone else knows how awesome you are. For real.”

“Oh, gosh. Now you’re making me turned on.” Without thinking, Maria took the next exit.

Oscar angled his head so he could see behind them through the passenger side mirror. “Did you get off the freeway because we’re being followed?”

“No, I wanted to find a secluded place to ... you know.” She glanced at him with a tight, hopeful smile. “Why do you ask?”

“Because I think we’re being followed.” Oscar squinted at the mirror. “I’m not sure, but it looks like Mrs. Bloomington’s car.”

“Why would she ...?” Maria stopped herself.

“Don’t park somewhere secluded. But park. I want to see what she wants.” Oscar rubbed the back of his neck. Who knew getting chased by so many hot women would be so upsetting?

“Okay.” Maria pulled into a supermarket lot. “She must have followed us to the museum. Is she spying for the mummy since we sent the mummy away?”

“Maybe.” Oscar looked out the window as his mother parked them far from the store, assuring lots of open spaces. He saw Gail park her car about ten spaces away. Nothing happened.

“What is she doing?” Maria leaned over to her son’s side to see out the window. She was aware that her boobs were resting on his abdomen. It wasn’t the time to be horny, so she tried to push those feelings aside.

“I can’t see, there’s a glare on her windows.” Oscar squinted. “Wait, she’s coming out.”

“*They’re* coming out,” Maria whispered.

Gail opened the driver's side door and exited the vehicle. She wore a skirt, but was topless. The back door opened, and Katie and Principal Roscoe both got out. They were topless, too. All three women had wide, goofy grins on their faces.

"Mom?" Oscar stared with wide eyes as the women strutted toward them. His eyes bounced from set to set of shaking boobs.

"Oscar ... what do we do?" Maria's jaw fell as she stared.

"Drive, Mom. Drive!" Oscar locked his door.

"Right." Maria hadn't turned the car off. That was good. She floored it, and her tires squealed as the minivan shot forward and careened out of the parking lot.

Oscar turned to look at their pursuers. The last he saw of them, they were running back to Gail's car. But they would be too slow to follow this time.

Maria and Oscar decided not to go home. Not yet. Instead, they drove the long distance to the pet store. They bought their supplies and finally arrived home well after dark.

There was no ambush waiting for them. Perhaps the possessed ladies had to return to their own homes to keep up appearances with their husbands and families. Mother and son left the purchased animals in the garage and went inside.

Roberto wasn't happy about his wife returning without picking up dinner. But Maria had bigger fish to fry. She shut her husband down with uncharacteristic swiftness and passion. Roberto grumbled and went to microwave himself dinner.

Maria sat down in the living room and tried to calm herself. There was so much going on. She checked her phone and found many messages from Estella waiting for her. She didn't read them. Not wanting to make a mistake with Oscar while her husband was awake, she stayed in the living room, making notes on a pad of paper, trying to sort through Dr. Garcia's plan. Once Roberto was safely sleeping in bed, she knocked on her son's door and let herself in. "Are we safe for tonight?"

"I mean, I don't think Katie or Principal Roscoe would break into our house." Oscar shrugged from the desk chair where he sat. He paused the video game he'd been playing. "I'm really tense, Mom."

"Me too, *Mijo*." Without thinking, she rushed over to him and sat on his lap. He wasn't hard, which made it a comfortable spot for her. She put her arms around his shoulders. "We'll get through this together, right?"

"Yes." He said the words with more confidence than he felt. Looking into her soft, pretty face, Oscar felt his worries fall away. "Is Dad asleep?"

“Yes.” She nodded, aware that a kiss-me pucker was forming on her lips. “I really need you right now, Oscar.”

“I need you too, Mom.” Oscar leaned his lips up to meet hers. They hadn’t kissed much other than during sex, so the make-out session was tentative for both of them at first. It didn’t take long to find a rhythm, tongues dancing together. Oscar’s hand worked under his mother’s blouse and hefted her heavy tits through her bra.

Once Oscar’s penis grew to its full length and girth, it became uncomfortable for Maria to sit on his lap. She broke their kiss, lifted herself off him, and quickly undressed, throwing her clothes haphazardly around the room. Oscar stood and did the same. “I need this so badly,” she said.

“Me, too!” Oscar, naked now, practically tackled her onto the bed. She was already sopping, and his dick slid in effortlessly. She wasn’t as tight as she’d been when they’d first started doing it under the mummy’s power, but he felt her pussy had adjusted perfectly, giving him the right amount of friction and accommodation. With his mother on her back, Oscar put his hands behind her knees and let his hips do what they did best. They stared into each other’s eyes. The connection was electric. “We ... ugh ... ugh ... can do anything ... Mom.”

“Yes ... yes ... ooohhh ... ooohhh ... we can ... *Mijo!*” Maria saw stars before her eyes. She was already ascending to her first climax. “Together ... together ... together ...” She grabbed some of his sheet and bit down on it to muffle her scream. Her eyes rolled, and she surrendered herself to the undeniable link she shared with Oscar. It didn’t matter what women the mummy threw at them, Oscar was hers. He might have sex with others, he was a teenager after all, but no other woman could substitute for her. She was sure of that. Her toes pointed at the ceiling, and she thanked the universe that she and Roberto had decided to have one more child two decades ago.

“Mom ... Mom ... Mom ...” The bed squeaked as Oscar plowed his wonderful mother. All his nerves had fallen away. He was no longer worried about what the mummy would do. A blithe confidence filled him from head, to other head, to toe.

They humped until well past midnight. Not wanting to help Xochitl with her natal plans, Oscar pulled out and came on his mother’s breasts. He did this twice. When they were finished, they curled up together on his bed. They both forgot about which bedroom she truly belonged in and fell asleep under the aromatic blanket of sex.

Chapter 22

“Oh ... gosh ... I’m still in your bed.” Maria sat up and looked for the clock in a panic. It was just after four in the morning. “Oscar?” He was still asleep. “Oscar?” She shook his shoulder gently. “Wake up.”

“Mom?” Oscar opened his eyes and looked up at his mother’s face. Her soft features were outlined by the bright moonlight falling in through the window. “Are you back for more?” He found that he was hard and ready.

“I never left. One of these days, your father ...” She pressed her lips together. “No, Oscar, we don’t have time to fool around right now. I’m nervous. Maybe we should get the potion ready now?”

Oscar lazily reached out a hand and caressed his mother’s nearest boob. He could see her give a little shiver at his touch. “Remember, we can’t make the potion until the full moon. Three days. And then we can do it.”

“I know she said that. But how can we wait? Your sister keeps texting me the most vile things. And your principal and the Bloomington ladies ...” She sighed. “I don’t want us to get ambushed into sex again. These people are going to remember all of this. Can you imagine what will happen to your poor sister’s mental state when she comes back to herself?”

“We’ll get through this. It’s not like the mummy can make us have sex with those people.” Oscar leaned over and kissed the side of her boob tenderly. “Maybe we can just hide out here for three days? We can keep each other busy. Especially when Dad isn’t home.” He kissed his way toward her nipple.

“Oh, *Mijo*.” She sucked in her breath when he latched on to her breast. She cupped his head and held him firmly in the suckling position. Without thinking, her hand reached under the blanket and found his hard thing. She pumped him and thought. “Yes, we should stay together. I’ll call you in sick at school. We’ll lay low. They can’t get us if we stay home and ... my you’re so hard right now. So hard and big, Oscar. We have some time before your father wakes up.” She threw the blankets off and mounted her son. She was already wet and ready. His penis slipped in without any hassle. “Oooohhhh ... these are the best ... oooohhhh ... moments ... in life.”

“Which ... moments?” Oscar stared at his mother’s twisted face and distant gaze. He massaged her tits with his fingers, enjoying the way she arched her back when he toyed with her nipples.

“The moments ... with you ... back inside ... where you ... uuuggghhhh ... belong.” Maria’s hips had just started moving, and she was already climbing an ecstatic peak.

“Oooohhhh ... gooosshhhh.” She shuddered and shook on top of him. When the orgasm had passed, she planted her feet on the mattress and really put her hips into gear. “*Mijo ... Mijo ... Mijo ... so ... good.*” Another climax caught up with her after a few minutes. And then, another a few minutes after that. She had to bite on her son’s sheet to muffle her voice enough to keep her pleasure secret from her sleeping husband. *How odd that Roberto is just a few rooms away, completely unaware of this part of my relationship with Oscar. It seems like something important enough to tell a husband. But he would never understand.* And the thought of a shared secret with Oscar sent her on another climax.

“Mom ... I’m getting ... uuggghhhh ... close.” Oscar held off his own orgasm valiantly while waiting for his mother to regain some lucidity.

“Okay ... okay ...” Maria pulled her vagina off his penis and pumped him with her hands until he was shooting in the air. She laughed in amazement at the fountain he made. There was so much, and his penis delivered it with such force. When he was finished, she crawled out of bed. “Don’t worry about your sheets. We’ll wash them tomorrow. I’m going back to your father now, but you should get some more sleep.” She leaned over and kissed his cheek, her boobs swaying under her.

“I love you so much, Mom. We’ll get through this together.” He smiled up at her through half-lidded eyes. Even covered in cum, he was already falling asleep.

“I love you, too.” Maria turned and headed for the door. “See you in the morning.” She didn’t get a reply, her son was already asleep.

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“Bye, Roberto. Have a great day at work.” Maria waved to her husband as he left the kitchen. Her son was still sleeping, but the sun was bright coming in through the windows. From the front window, she watched her husband drive away. Then, she went through the house and made sure every window and door was locked. She didn’t think that Estella had a key, but just to be sure, she shoved the sofa in front of the front door.

Not sure what else to do, Maria went back over her notes. *Dr. Garcia is smart. This is a good plan.* She nodded, and put down the papers on her coffee table. When she looked out the window, she gave a little start. Estella was standing out on the sidewalk, staring at the house. She was wearing a revealing dress that showed too much leg and cleavage. Maria froze as she stared at her daughter. She watched Estella pick up her phone and dial. A moment later, Maria’s phone rang.

Quickly, Maria stepped away from the window. She made no attempt to answer her phone. Instead, she rushed around the ground floor, closing the blinds at each window. When she came back around to the living room, Estella wasn't in view anymore, so Maria lowered the blinds there, too.

The doorbell rang. Maria held her breath. She heard the door handle rattle. The doorbell rang again. "No key, thank goodness," Maria said under her breath.

"Mom! Mom! We need to talk. I have so much to teach you!" Estella banged her fist on the door.

"What's going on?" Still rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, Oscar walked down the stairs. He was only wearing his tighty-whities, and his morning wood stuck its head up over the waistband. "Who's at the door?"

"Shh!" Maria held a finger to her lips. "It's your sister."

"Estella?" Oscar's face grew somber. "She's here to sex you up?"

"What do you think?" Maria screwed up her face and rolled her eyes. "She's wearing a racy outfit, and she's –"

"Pussy, Mom ... I'm talking about eating pussy. You need to learn." Estella banged on the door again.

"I feel so bad for her." Oscar frowned. "What should we do?"

"Stay quiet. She'll go away." Maria walked over to her son and gently moved his penis to the side so that it was totally covered by his underwear. "I've closed all the blinds, so I can feed you breakfast now, if you want. She won't see us."

"Sounds good." Oscar's shoulders were tense, but he walked past the rattling front door to the kitchen. He sat and watched his mother cook. She was wearing a conservative dress, but that made the suggestion of what was underneath even more enthralling. He almost forgot about the racket his sister was making at the front door while watching his mother move about the kitchen.

By the time Oscar finished eating breakfast, his sister had gone. Or at least, she'd gone silent. Oscar went upstairs to shower and brush his teeth. When he came back downstairs, he was still only wearing his tighty-whities, but his dick was soft now. And his mom didn't seem to be in the mood either. They sat in the living room, staring at each other. "So, what now?" Oscar broke the silence.

"We could watch a movie?" Maria's smile was tight and forced. "I wouldn't mind going down to the basement. I'd feel more ... sheltered down there."

“Sure, let me get dressed.” Oscar ran upstairs. While he was up there, he got a text message. He checked it, frowned, and put his phone in his pocket. Once back downstairs, he showed his phone to his mom.

Maria frowned at the phone. “Dr. Garcia wants to see us today?”

“She only wants to meet me.” Oscar pointed to the relevant part of the text. “It’s about the ritual, I guess.”

“It could be a trap, Oscar. What if the mummy got to her?” Maria fiddled with her dress nervously. “Let’s just watch a movie.”

“Mom, Dr. Garcia is the one that gave us the solution. She mentioned getting prepared for Xochitl to visit her. I don’t think she’s been compromised. And she wants to meet in her office, that’s too public a place to jump me.” Oscar went to the front door and put on his shoes. “Can I borrow the minivan? Lock the door to the garage when I go, just in case Estella tries to slip in.”

“What if the Bloomington ladies follow you again?” Maria said.

“I’ll lose them.” Oscar wished he could channel the confidence he’d had when under Xochitl’s spell. He did his best to seem calm for his mother’s sake. “I can handle this.”

“Okay. But come back as quickly as you can. I don’t like this.” Maria wrung her hands. “My keys are in my purse.” She kissed him on the cheek and gave him a big hug. “Be careful.”

“I will, Mom.” Oscar gave her butt an encouraging pat, got the keys, and went to the minivan. When the garage door opened, there wasn’t anyone waiting to ambush him. He floored it out of the garage just to be careful. Nobody followed him. It seemed he didn’t need to worry. Maybe Estella’s visit was the only thing the mummy had to throw at them that day.

Maria peeked under the blinds, watching her son speed away. She sighed. *Well, I suppose I do need to wash his sheets.* She went upstairs to get some chores done.

~~

“Dr. Garcia?” Oscar stepped into Delfina Garcia’s office. He was nervous, but happy to find her sitting at her desk, looking very unsexy. She had a suit jacket on, her hair up, and she was writing something on a piece of paper furiously.

When Delfina heard her guest, she finished the sentence she was working on, looked up, and adjusted her glasses. “Mr. Núñez, thanks for coming to the museum today. Did you have any trouble finding the ingredients for the ritual?”

Relieved that she was getting right down to business, Oscar walked over to one of her guest chairs and sat on the other side of the desk from her. “No, we found everything. A couple more days, and we should be good to go. Have you had ... any trouble?”

“Well, like I thought, Xochitl came to visit me. Thankfully, I was prepared for her.” Delfina gave the eighteen-year-old an easy smile. “She is very clever and ... pretty, isn’t she? As someone who studied the ancient Aztecs all my life, I never thought I’d meet one. But there she was, half-naked in my pantry. Surreal.”

“Did you use the same ritual on yourself that my mom and I did?” Oscar let out a long breath. *Thank God we have an ally like Dr. Garcia. We’d be dead in the water without her.*

“I didn’t have time. But I had something else up my sleeve.” Delfina stood, walked around her desk, and sat on the edge. She was wearing a skirt, and she could see the teenager’s eyes rove over her pantyhose, searching the dark shadow between her legs. “Do you remember what I said about my son?”

“Um ... what?” Oscar looked away from her legs, focusing his eyes on what she’d been writing. It took him a second to understand it because it was upside down. Written were the words: *My womb is a direct line to a new dynasty. My womb is a direct line to a new dynasty. My womb ...* It continued like that for most of the page. Oscar’s blood ran cold.

“I told you that he’s nineteen, and I couldn’t imagine what being forced to do it with him would be like. Well, I don’t have to imagine anymore.” Her laugh echoed around the cramped room, bouncing off all the sundry display items. “Xochitl didn’t even have to put a spell on him. He protested for three minutes, tops. Then, when my boobs came out, he couldn’t say no to Mommy.”

“Oh ... shit ...” Oscar turned his gaze to meet Delfina’s. He saw hunger and devotion in her eyes. “This *is* a trap.”

“Oh, shit’, indeed.” Delfina opened her jacket and tore open her blouse. Her braless, brown tits spilled out into the open. “Now, I don’t want to hear more than three minutes of protests. You’re going to put your seed in me one way or the other. We’ll see if your sperm or my son’s wins out.”

Oscar gulped and stared at her tits. “Um ... no thank you.” He stood to leave, but she pounced on him. They toppled together to the floor, the good doctor on top of the teenager. The trap had been sprung.

Chapter 23

Her phone kept ringing and ringing. Maria had placed it on her son's dresser as she put new sheets onto his bed. The scent wafting off his old sheets made her knees tremble. It was impossible to smell his spent seed and not think of being wrapped up with him. She checked her phone in case it was Oscar. But it was Estella again. She ignored it. But ... she could peek out at the street from her son's room and see if Estella was still out there, stalking her.

With the bed half-made, she walked over to the window, parted the curtain, and looked out. "Oh ... no." Maria gasped and put her hand to her mouth. Her eyes were very wide as she took in the scene out on the sidewalk. Estella wasn't alone; her sister-in-law stood next to her. Constanza was Maria's oldest son's wife. She was a quiet, shy woman. Or at least, she had been. Now, Constanza was wearing only lingerie. And she was making out with Estella.

"No ... no, no, no." Maria had to stop them. Leaving her phone on her son's dresser, and his bed unfinished, she raced downstairs. It took her a few seconds to push the sofa away from the front door. She opened it and raced onto the front lawn, waving her arms. "Stop ... stop ... can't you see that –" Maria was cut off when hands grabbed her from behind. The Bloomington ladies had been hiding in the bushes. Maria struggled, but was carried to a waiting minivan. They tossed her inside and followed her in. Estella got behind the wheel. Constanza was in the passenger's seat, her hand on Estella's thigh. With a screech, the minivan pulled away from the curb. "You've all gone crazy," Maria said.

"Yes, and I've never felt so good." Gail put a black sack over Maria's head. "You've been a bad girl. And now we're going to make you cum until you can be good again."

Everyone but Maria laughed.

Oh ... Oscar. I'm so sorry. Maria shivered with fear and prayed that her son had come home in time to see her abduction. If he was still at the museum, Maria didn't know how she would get rescued.

~~

"Honestly ... uuuggghhh ... you're protesting more ... than my son did." Delfina pressed her glasses up her nose, looking down on the eighteen-year-old with a victorious half-smirk. "But it's in ... now ... and I can see you like ... my lady-parts." She still wore her

jacket and blouse, but they were spread so that her tits were out in the open, flopping with her movements. Her skirt was on the floor next to them. She had torn her pantyhose, and pulled her panties to the side. Her hips bounced at a quick pace. She wanted to win the boy over, so she figured bouncing would do the trick. It always worked on her husband. And her son had seemed to love it once he'd surrendered to that special moment.

"Mrs. Garcia ... Dr. Garcia ... you're being ... mind-controlled." Oscar turned his head so that he wouldn't stare at her shaking breasts. The office door was still open. He'd never closed it behind him. Maybe someone would come by and stop them. *Why am I not strong enough to stop her on my own?* "Uggghhhhhh ..." The answer to that question was clear. His hormones were almost as powerful as Xochitl's magic. He was in this hot doctor's tight pussy. And for the time being, he didn't want to be anywhere else.

"Mind-controlled?" She laughed and rode him harder. "Of course ... ugh ... ugh ... I am. Isn't it ... wonderful?" She followed his gaze. "Oh ... we forgot ... to close the door." On the next upthrust, she lifted off his penis with an audible plop. "You're bigger ... than both my son and husband combined." She walked over to the door, dribbling her wetness onto the floor with each stride. She closed the door and locked it. "You should be very proud of that big thing." Delfina returned to him. She was happy that he was simply lying there, waiting for her vagina to come back to him. "And ... uuuggghhhhh ..." She squatted on him and pushed his penis inside her secret tunnel. "And ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... you should be very proud that Xochitl chose you ... to sire her daughter ... and She will rule ... over all the other children ... in your bloodline."

"What ... what ... did you say?" Oscar was looking at her tits now. Her dark nipples flew in circles, going opposite directions. The mammary motion made it hard for him to think. "Who ... will rule?"

"Your daughter ... of course. You pumped Xochitl so ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... completely full ... of your perfect sperm. And she took ... your seed ... uuuggghhhhh ..." Delfina's hips sped up. Her glasses were fogged, so she took them off and tossed them aside. Oscar was more blurry now, but she didn't care. "... took ... your seed ... and made ... a queen."

Oscar tore his gaze away from the doctor's tits. He looked up at her. He didn't like the sound of what she was saying. "Who ... is ... my daughter?"

"You'll ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... see." Delfina's laugh was cut short as her eyes rolled back, and an orgasm seized her.

The ominous news about the baby he'd had with Xochitl sobered Oscar up enough to think about escape. But then Delfina descended from her climax and started riding him hard again. Once more, he lost control. His hands went to her tits, and he held on for dear life as the curator put all her effort into making him cum.

Twenty minutes later, Delfina was still bouncing on top. She looked down at him with triumph. "Men ... look so silly ... when they're about to ... explode. My husband, my son, and you. Each of you ... make the most ... stupid expressions." She pinched his cute cheek with her thumb and forefinger. "You have ... permission to ... blast off ... captain."

"Oh ... shit ... Dr. Garcia ... I'm ... aaaaahhhhhhhhh." Oscar shuddered, his hips bucking up into the older woman above him. It was clear that he was playing into the mummy's hands. But it felt too good. He didn't know how to stop. So, instead, he erupted inside her pussy. White lights flashed in front of his eyes. His mind fragmented. He bathed in pleasure. When he arrived back at himself, he found that she'd already dismounted him. Oscar sat up, and stared at Delfina. She was on her back on the floor, holding her knees back to her chest. "What ... um ... what are you doing?"

"Trying to ... help with conception." She glanced at the boy with a lazy, distant smile. "My womb is a direct line to a new dynasty."

"Shit." Oscar stumbled to his feet. Post-nut clarity was hitting him hard. "Mom's going to be so disappointed." He pulled up his pants and underwear. Frantically, he tried to button his pants with ecstasy-numbed fingers.

"You're not thinking of leaving, are you? You're young, you've got at least two more loads for me." Still in her conception position, she winked at him.

"I'm fucking leaving!" Oscar finally buttoned his pants and tried to smooth out his clothes. "Don't even think about stopping me, or I'll ..." He glanced back at her. She hadn't moved from her strange pose. Relief flooded through him. He didn't know if he'd be strong enough to resist another round if she jumped him. But with her on the floor, he felt powerful. "Don't even think about coming by the house. We're not leaving until ... until ..."

Delfina laughed. "I already know about the spell, dummy. I'm the one that gave it to you." She shook her head. "It won't work. I was just trying to give you some hope. There isn't any magic that can stop Her. Not really."

"What?" Oscar's blood ran cold.

"Hide in your house all you want. But you won't stop her. You won't stop your seed." Delfina turned her vagina toward him, spread her legs, and let him see the sperm that coated her nether lips.

"Shit." Oscar ran from the office and through the museum. He was amazed when he got back to his mother's minivan without anyone stopping him. He threw the thing into drive and sped home.

~~

“No ... no ... I don't want ... to orgasm ... again ...” Maria was on Estella's bed. Estella's husband was out, so it was just the ladies for now. Maria was on her back, her legs spread wide.

Gail pinned Maria's left hand to the mattress.

Katie pinned Maria's right hand. Using her cheerleading strength and flexibility, Katie was also holding Maria's right calf to keep the woman's legs open.

Estella held Maria's left foot, keeping her leg wide on that side.

Constanza was between her mother-in-law's legs, lapping at Maria's vagina.

All the women were naked. The room smelled heavily of sex.

“Pay more attention to her clit. That will quiet her down.” Estella's wicked smile formed a nefarious crescent on her face.

“I'm having trouble finding ...” Constanza was so new to this. One minute, she'd been minding her own business, the next, a strange, half-naked priestess was in her house making out with her. And now ... she was searching for her mother-in-law's clitoris.

“I already showed you ...” Estella frowned.

“It's right here, dear.” Gail had a hand free, and was close enough to point it out. She leaned over Maria and rubbed her finger on Maria's special button.

“Oooooohhhhhhhh.” Maria's eyes rolled. Her breasts swayed like the tides, moved by the little gyrations her hips were making. “Oscar ... Oscar ... I'm so ... sorry ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.”

Having found the mysterious clitoris, Constanza licked it with her tongue, chasing Gail's finger away. “And ... two fingers ... inside her?” She said between licks.

“Yes, two fingers. There you go.” Estella smiled at her sister-in-law. She glanced at Maria's contorted face. “Don't worry, Mom. I'll teach you how to eat pussy, too. But first, we have to make you more ... receptive. Xochitl said you did something to keep her away, otherwise she'd love to be here herself. You know, she eats pussy better than even I do.”

“Nnnnoooooooooo.” Maria thrashed against the women holding her. “Oscar ... Oscar ... come save me ... please ... oooooohhhhhhhh.” Her butt lifted off the mattress as she climaxed again.

“We all want Oscar to be here, Mrs. Núñez,” Katie said. “We all want babies ... beautiful, brown babies to help with the bloodline.”

“Well, your babies will be tainted, but, whatever.” Estella frowned at the pale-skinned woman.

“We’re all in this –” Gail started. But the rest of her words couldn’t be heard over Maria’s ecstatic screaming.

~~

Oscar pulled into the garage. He didn’t unlock the car until the garage door had closed behind him. Tentatively, he stepped out of the minivan. There wasn’t anyone hiding in the garage that he could tell.

Thankfully, his mother had remembered to lock the door to the garage. He used his key and entered the house. “Mom, I’m home.” He closed the door and locked it. “Mom?”

There was no answer except for the faint tick of their mantle clock.

“Mom?” Oscar walked through the house. He ran upstairs, and found his bed half-made. He also found his mother’s phone. He frowned at the phone for a long time. *That means she’s here somewhere.*

Leaving his room the way he found it, he went to his parents’ bedroom, hoping to find his mother napping. The room was empty. He thought to check if her purse was in the house, so he went downstairs. He stopped when he was in sight of the front door. It stood wide open. “Oh ... shit ...” He walked out to the front yard and looked around. No sign of his mother. He went back inside and found her purse. “Double shit.” He didn’t know what had happened, but he suspected that his sister had absconded with their mother.

Chapter 24

Oscar parked down the street from his sister's house. He stared at the cars in his sister's driveway, belonging to Katie, Gail, Karen, and his brother, George. He had no idea what was going on. Were they all humping George since Oscar had avoided them?

He picked up his father's pepper spray from the passenger seat. His dad had gotten the can a long time ago for a camping trip in bear country. They hadn't seen any bears. Oscar hoped it still worked. He thought that over. He hoped he wouldn't need it.

Exiting the car, Oscar slipped down the street around the back of his sister's house. He kept low, making his way to his sister's bedroom window. He couldn't hear anything. That was good. Maybe they were all playing a sedate game of Pictionary. The curtains weren't drawn, so he carefully peeked into the window. His heart skipped a beat. It skipped several. His mother was on her hands and knees on the bed. She was greedily slurping Constanza's pussy. *Not my brother, my sister-in-law.* That fit with the mummy's modus operandi. Gail had her face between Maria's legs, her pale hands pressing into the darker flesh of Maria's ass. His girlfriend, his principal, and his sister were sitting on the floor, watching and masturbating.

Well, that's disturbing. Oscar struggled with what his current erection said about him. He tested the window. It was locked, so he went to the back door, took the key from under his sister's flowerpot, and entered the house. Once inside, he could hear some muffled, ecstatic cries and encouraging words from his sister to the ladies on the bed. He clenched his jaw. *This won't hurt them. It's only pepper.* He snuck his way down the hall. His sister's door was open. He peeked around the doorframe. At this angle, he was looking at the top of Gail's head and his mother's butt. *Mrs. Bloomington looks crazy.* He scanned the room. *They all look crazy.*

With a trembling hand, he lifted the pepper spray. "Everyone ... stop ..." He stepped into the room. The scent of so many pussies nearly overwhelmed him. "I said stop!"

Maria lifted her head from her daughter-in-law's pussy and looked at him with wide, dazed eyes. "Oscar?"

The other ladies in the room, all repeated the word, with varying degrees of excitement. "Oscar. Oscar! Oscar? Oscar. Oscar!"

"Let her go." Oscar pointed the spray at his sister, guessing that she was the ringleader.

"What is that? Is that Dad's pepper spray?" Estella laughed. "You really know how to ruin a party." She spread her legs wider, and held her pussy open for him. "Put it down and join us."

Oscar hesitated for a moment. Then, his finger depressed the button. He sprayed his sister in the face.

Estella screamed and put her arms up to protect herself.

“Come on, Mom.” Oscar blasted the other ladies with spray, one by one. He even accidentally caught his poor mother. And some of the mist was coming back to him, making his eyes blink and tear. He stopped spraying. Women were screaming and writhing all around him. He grabbed his naked mother by the arm and pulled her out of the room.

“I ... can’t see ... Oscar.” Maria stumbled, trying to stay as close to her son as possible.

“It’s okay ... Mom ... I got you.” He led her out of the house as fast as he could.

Feeling cool, outside air on her sweaty skin, Maria hesitated. “I’m naked.”

“We’ll go fast. No one will see. We have to leave, now.” Oscar could hear the other ladies screaming behind him. Their cries had gone from pain to rage.

“Okay.” Maria held an arm over her boobs, her other arm in her son’s hand. “My nose ... and eyes hurt.”

“I’m sorry about that. We’ll wash them when we get home.” He led his mother across the lawn and into the street.

A delivery truck came around the corner and stopped for them, the driver’s eyes were wide as he stared at Maria’s bouncing curves. Oscar tried to ignore the man.

“Did I hear a car?” Maria said.

“No, Mom. We’re alone.” He got her into the minivan, hopped in the driver’s side, and drove off as quickly as he could. There was no pursuit.

~~

It took Oscar and his mother a while to shower, spending extra time washing out their eyes. Pepper spray aside, they both felt filthy, so they took their time in their separate bathrooms. After they were dressed, they met in the living room. Maria sat and stared at her son. Oscar stared back.

After a couple minutes, Maria broke the silence. “Thanks for rescuing me. I know what it must have looked like, but I ... didn’t want to be there.”

“I know, Mom.” Oscar sighed. “I got ambushed, too. He told his mother what had happened at the museum.

Then, she told him how she’d been captured. Maria decided not to fill him in on all the details. It was too shameful.

“Xochitl’s out of control. This is so much worse than what she did with us. All those women are going to be traumatized when they come out from under her spell.” Oscar frowned.

“At least we’re almost to the full moon.” Maria pressed her lips together, trying to keep a stiff upper lip. “Once we finish the ritual –”

“Dr. Garcia is corrupted. She’s gone off the deep end. She must have told Xochitl everything.” Oscar shook his head. “That ritual is out. And we have to worry about this daughter-woman that will control the bloodline. I don’t like the sound of that one bit.”

“There has to be some way to stop the mummy.” Maria was grateful when her son crossed the room and sat next to her, putting his arms around her.

“I think we need to visit the museum again.” Oscar hugged her tightly.

“But ... Dr. Garcia ...” Maria’s voice faded away.

“Text Dad and tell him we’re going out. I have a plan.” He kissed his mother’s soft cheek, stood, and went about preparing.

~~

“Back for more?” Delfina was behind her desk in her office. She was fully dressed again. She pushed her glasses up her nose and smiled at Oscar. “The museum is already closed. I’m surprised you got in here.”

“I really wanted to see you.” Oscar hoped his smile was convincing. “Today was ... magical.”

Delfina’s cascading laugh echoed around the room. “You can’t get enough of my vajajay. How lovely. You should see the texts my son has been sending me all day.” She narrowed her eyes, pointed a finger at Oscar, and smiled. “Let’s just say, you two view me in a very similar light. I only hope I’m not too worn out by the time I get home.”

“Oh, I’m going to wear you out, Dr. Garcia.” Oscar stepped into the office.

“Let’s get to it.” She started unbuttoning her blouse.

“Not here. I want to do it in front of the mummy exhibit. You know, give you my cum where this all started.” He held the office door open and beckoned her.

“Kinky.” Delfina buttoned back up and stood. “Very well, young man. Xochitl will be proud of us for sure.” She walked around her desk, took Oscar’s hand, and dragged him out of the office.

They left the door open in their hurry. The office, however, was only empty for a few minutes. Maria came sneaking in not long after her son had distracted the good doctor. She was happy to find Delfina’s computer still on and unlocked. She wouldn’t have to worry about a password. Maria sat down at the desk and started looking through Delfina’s files. Her son had promised her at least an hour, but there was a lot to go through.

In front of the still unoccupied Aztec mummy exhibit, Delfina was standing with her hands pressed to the glass. She had her ass thrust out behind her, her skirt and underwear on the floor next to her. “Can you ... ugh ... ugh ... imagine ... if you ... oohhhhh ... gave me a baby ... before you ... bred your ... mother?”

“You ... want a baby ... Dr. Garcia?” Oscar grabbed her hair and twisted her head so he could see the side of her sweaty face. He wondered what would happen if someone caught them. He supposed Delfina would be fired. He hoped it didn’t happen. He hoped his mother was making progress with her research.

“A baby ... yeesssssss ... give me a ... babbbyyyyyyy.” She liked the way the young man behind her was gripping her. He was nothing like the timid thing she’d ridden earlier. “Make me ... a part ... of your bloodline ... uuuuggghhhhh.” Her eyes rolled, her body shuddered, and her mind went blank. She was cresting a massive orgasm.

Back in Delfina’s office, Maria was printing out pages of research. It seemed there were riskier spells described in the ancient texts. But if they worked, maybe they could solve their problem. She hoped Oscar wasn’t having too terrible a time distracting the bewitched curator.

At the exhibit, Oscar was getting close. Delfina’s ass was too perfectly shaped, and rippled in just the right way. Not to mention, her pussy was tight and sopping. She still wore her blouse, but even so, he could see the arch of her back as he held her hair. That also spurred on his eruption. “Dr. Garcia ... I’m going to ...”

“Xochitl ... Xochitl ... would be ... so happy ... you’ve seen the light ...” Delfina pushed back to meet his thrusts. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Forgetting to worry about the night watchman, or anyone staying late, she screamed out her ecstasy. Feeling the heat of his seed inside her was akin to a religious experience.

In the office, Maria cocked her head, listening. She had clearly heard a woman scream. She shuddered to think what Oscar was having to go through. She had switched to going through the doctor's paper notes and journals. She held up her phone and took pictures of some rough illustrations the doctor had done of one particularly promising ritual. Hearing another scream, Maria knew she would have to wrap it up. She closed the books and hustled out of the office.

"Hide ... go and ... hide." Delfina pushed Oscar away, found her skirt, and put it on. She had just picked up her panties off the floor when the watchman walked around the corner.

"Dr. Garcia. Everything okay?" The watchman looked around, mystified. The exhibits all seemed to be alright. He wondered why the woman's shoes were scattered about the floor.

"Oh ... I was just working late, Gus. I saw a spider." Delfina offered a self-deprecating laugh. "The little guy scared me right out of my shoes." She picked up her shoes and walked past the mystified guard.

Oscar caught up with Delfina when she was walking along past a mammoth skeleton. He pulled her into his arms, lowered her to the floor, and spread her legs. In no time at all, they were humping with her toes pointed right at the mammoth tusks overhead. Oscar didn't know his mother was already done with her spying, so he distracted the curator for another thirty minutes before unloading in her again. This time, he made sure to keep his hand clamped over her mouth to keep her from crying out.

When Oscar finally stumbled out of the museum, the sun had set. He found his mother already in the minivan, climbed into the passenger seat, and gave her an exhausted smile. "Did you find anything?"

"I think so. We can go over it tonight after your father goes to sleep." She put the car into drive and pulled out of the parking lot. She glanced at him with a frown. "You look like that took a lot out of you. Was it terrible?"

"I feel bad for Dr. Garcia. But ... it wasn't terrible. I could do it again if I had to." A faint smile touched his lips.

"Let's hope it doesn't come to that." Maria drove them home as quickly as possible. She prayed they were coming to the end of their ordeal.

Chapter 25

“A rebound? Will this work?” Oscar sat next to his mother at the dining room table. His father was asleep upstairs. The doors were locked, and the blinds were drawn. They were looking over one particularly interesting spell they’d stolen from Delfina’s office.

“I think so. But since Xochitl can’t get near us, we’ll have to ... invite her in.” Maria shivered. “And that daughter of yours, too. We’ll need them both here.”

“I’m sorry about the daughter. I screwed up.” Oscar put his face in his hands. “She’s probably a horror show.”

“There, there, *Mijo*.” Maria rubbed his back. “You’re eighteen and a beautiful, Aztec woman threw herself at you. Any boy who wasn’t gay would have done the same.”

“I guess Xochitl is lucky I’m not gay.” Oscar dropped his hands and tried to smile.

“I’m lucky too.” Maria pecked him on the cheek. “Not that I wouldn’t love you no matter who you were. It’s just ... I like how close we’ve become.” Her cheeks grew hot.

“I love you, Mom.” Oscar beamed at her. They were close enough that they could have kissed, but instead he turned his eyes back to the pages in front of them. “So, the animals we got are useless. I’ll let them go.”

“What does it say we need for the rebound?” Maria leaned her shoulder against Oscar’s and read. “Oh ... gosh ... that can’t be right.”

“I should be surprised, but ...” Oscar shrugged.

“To the womb and back ...” Maria read. “Well, if this ends the madness ...”

“Other than us, the only thing we need is an ear of corn. We’ve got that in the fridge.” Oscar nodded.

“And we don’t have to wait for the full moon. Let’s do this tomorrow when your father is at work.” Maria stood and organized the papers.

“Okay, Mom.” Oscar helped his mother clean up. “Should we ... bond a little before bed tonight?”

“We have a big day tomorrow. Plus, we both need to wash this day out of our hair.” Maria gave him a chaste kiss on the cheek. “Neither one of us wanted today, but it did happen. Let’s sleep it off and start fresh.”

“Sure, Mom.” Oscar took their notes to his room and turned in for the night.

~~

“Something weird’s going on. Why are the blinds drawn?” Roberto drank his morning coffee and scrutinized his wife. She looked very energetic this morning. She couldn’t sit still, moving around the kitchen cleaning this and adjusting that. “What’s going on?” He said.

“Well ...” Maria forced a smile onto her face and met her husband’s gaze. “Oscar is having some girl trouble.”

“Katie?” Roberto finished his coffee and put on his jacket.

“No ... there’s a girl ... stalking him. We’re trying to get some privacy from her.” Maria widened her smile, but it still didn’t extend to her eyes. “I’m going to have to deal with it today. You know I don’t like confrontation. But ...” She shrugged.

“Oh, I’ll take care of it.” Roberto took out his phone. “What’s her parents’ number?”

“No, no. I’m already set to deal with it. Oscar wants me to handle it.” Maria straightened her husband’s tie. “Off to work you go.” She gave him a gentle nudge toward the door. *When did I become so gifted at lying? Well, I suppose that wasn’t technically lying.*

“Okay, good luck.” Roberto waved goodbye and headed for the garage.

With her husband out the door, Maria went upstairs to wake her son. She found him in his boxers, sitting cross-legged on his bed, his eyes closed.

When he heard the door open, Oscar opened his eyes. “Dad gone?”

Maria nodded an affirmative. “What are you doing? Is this ... a part of the ritual I missed?” She eyed the obvious lump in his underwear.

“Katie is always trying to get me to meditate. I thought if I tried, it might help.” Oscar got off the bed and gave his mother a big hug.

“Did it help?” She held him tightly, enjoying the steel bar that pressed into her belly.

“Not as much as hugging you does.” Oscar inhaled the scent of her floral shampoo. Her hair was still a little moist from her morning shower.

“Something every mother loves to hear.” She waited for the hug to end, then held his shoulders and looked into his eyes. “I haven’t heard anything from your sister or the others. We should start soon, before they try to mess with us again. But I think you’ll need breakfast first.”

“Nah, let me take a quick shower and brush my teeth. Then, I’ll be ready.” Oscar patted her butt. “You get the corn and meet me here. We can do it in my room.”

“Okay.” Maria was shaking with nerves. “I’ll be ready.”

~~

“Oh, you’re ready!” Maria was lying naked on her son’s bed. She was on her side, her head propped up by her arm. Next to her on the bed was a raw ear of corn, shucked and cleaned. “I mean, your penis. It looks ready.” She pointed to his erection. “I mean, you were ready before your shower, I could see the lump in your underwear. But now ... you’re ready and unrestrained. This isn’t going to be so bad, is it?” A giddy grin spread on her face.

“This is the fun part, Mom.” Oscar grinned back at her. His cock leaked a dollop of precum to the floor.

“How should we do this?” She turned toward him, spread her legs, and let him see that her vagina was ready, too.

“We can do whatever we want, but I think at the end I should be behind you. That feels the deepest to me.” Oscar strutted over to the bed and climbed between his mother’s legs.

Maria bit her lip and nodded. “That feels deepest to me, too.” She opened her arms and welcomed him home. “Let’s start like this. I want to look at you while we do it. You can get behind me when you feel it’s time.”

“Ready?” Oscar lined up his cockhead with her pussy. He rubbed it along her pussylips. The sound of her wetness met his ears. At least for now, he wouldn’t have to think of magic, or mummies, or brainwashed women. He could focus on his mother’s box. The most perfect place in the world. He pressed his hips forward, and his dick slid in.

“Uuuuugggghhh ... this ... is a much ... better ritual ... than with the animals ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ...” Maria curled her toes and absorbed the pounding her son gave her. He was already thrusting away like a crazed rabbit. “Oooohhhh ... gosh ... ooohhhh ... gosh ... *Mijo* ... you’re hitting a spot ... a spot ... so deep ... it hurts ... but also feels ... eeeeeiiiiiii.” Her eyes rolled back, and she was already cresting a wonderful climax.

“I know ... I don’t have to say this ... for the magic to ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... work ... but ... I love you ... I ... ugh ... ugh ... love you ... I love you ... so much.” Oscar’s hips didn’t slow as his mother shook under him in an obvious orgasm. “I love ... my mom’s ... pussy ... uuuggghhhhhh.”

Her son’s words drove Maria straight from one orgasm to the next. “Nnnngggggggggg.” Her teeth ground together, her eyes rolled, her eyelids fluttered, and she surrendered to

bliss. When she floated down from the peak, she found that her legs were crossed behind his firm butt, her ankles locked together. She held him there while giving him enough room to continue his indomitable thrusts. Looking up into his sweaty face, she could see the joy there. She could see the love in his eyes. "Fill me ... fill me ... Oscar." She cupped his cheeks with her hands.

"Not ... ugh ... ugh ... yet ... Mom. The spell said ... we're supposed ... to find ... depth ... remember?" He grabbed her tits and gently dug his fingers into her soft flesh, feeling the momentum of each breast shift every time their hips met.

"Right ... right ... what would make you ... happiest ... then?" She tried to smile up at him, but the expression was twisted by desire. "How do you ... want me ... Oscar? You can ... have me ... any way ... you like." The strangeness of saying those words hit her, driving her toward another climax. She thought about how innocent she'd been before Xochitl. Well, not innocent, she'd known what teenage boys were up to. She just hadn't known how glorious it would be to give herself to her eighteen-year-old son. That last thought did it. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Her mind spiraled away.

"I love ... watching you ... cum ... Mom." Oscar stared down at her as she writhed, gnashed her teeth, and rolled her eyes. Before she was done, he pulled out of her. He could see her thighs trembling as he rolled her onto her belly. "I think ... from behind ... is my favorite ... Mom. Your ass is so ... perfect ... and I feel ... like you're really ... giving yourself to me ... from back here." He pushed her shaking legs together, admired the heart-shape of her butt, and mounted her.

"Oooohhhhhhhh." Maria's eyes went wide when her son slid back into her vagina. "That's ... niiiicccccceeeee." Her grin was twisted, and her gaze was dazed. She grabbed her son's blanket and braced herself as Oscar found his rhythm behind her. "Yesss ... yessss ... we're finding our bliss ... together. Nothing ... could be better. My whole life ... led ... me here ... Oscar ... Oscar ... Oscar ... *Mijo ... Mijo ... Mijo ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!*" Her mind was sailing away on another orgasmic voyage.

"Shit ... Mom ... shit ... Mom ... it's so much ... better with you." Forgetting his language, Oscar stared at her ass as it rippled from each impact. The sight lit a fire inside him. All those other women had been spectacular, even when he hadn't really wanted to sleep with them, they had carried him away with pleasure. But his mother was special. Her pussy was perfect. Her body was perfect. Her face was perfect. More importantly, her mind and soul were perfect. "Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhh." He pulled out of her, on the edge of his own orgasm. He wasn't ready yet.

When she felt her son pulling her onto her hands and knees, Maria obliged. She straightened her arms to arch her back the way he liked, and she wiggled her butt for him. Her eyelids fluttered when he entered her again. "Yeeessssss ... Mijo ... yes ... yes ... yeeessssss." She wondered if he'd ever pounded her so hard. Certainly, nobody else had

smashed her from behind in such a way that she had to rest her chin on her collarbone to keep her head from getting jarred around. She watched her boobs dance wildly. "Can you ... fill me ... now?"

"Yeah ... Mom ... yeah ... Mom ... here it ... comes." His grip squeezed the perfect handholds at her waist, his hips lost their cadence, and shooting stars burst before his eyes. Oscar unloaded in his mother, firing shot after shot as deep as he could. When his hips were done, he collapsed on top of her, pushing her to her belly.

"Oooooohhhhhh ... I can still feel ... your penis twitching ... inside me." Maria's expression was dreamy. She had almost forgotten about the ritual. But as her mind returned to her, she remembered what they had to do. Tenderly, she pushed her son off her back, retrieved the ear of corn, and spread her legs. "It's time, Oscar. Be careful, it's even bigger than you are."

"Right ... Mom." Still panting and buzzing, Oscar took the ear of corn and placed it at her pussy entrance. Carefully, he eased it in. He saw his mother grimace, but he continued. Thankfully, he could hear the wet slurping as it displaced their combined fluids: she was well lubricated for the strange invader. "There?"

"Keep going ... it's supposed to touch the back. Ow." Maria winced. "There ... now ... slowly pull it out."

"Okay." Oscar removed the corn and held it up. The thing was frothy with cum. "Right, now we burn it."

"Help me up. I already prepared the grill ... on the patio." With a shaking hand, she took her son's hand, and crawled out of bed. Her vagina sent an odd mix of painful and blissful signals as she moved. "Let's throw some clothes on and get this done."

Chapter 26

“Collect all the ashes, *Mijo*.” Maria kept smoothing and fidgeting with her dress as she watched her son collect the precious ingredient they needed to end Xochitl’s reign of terror. “Finish up and let’s get inside. Anyone could ...” She heard footsteps coming around the house into the backyard.

“Mom? Oscar?” Estella stopped when she saw her family on the patio. “A fine day to be cleaning the grill, I guess.” She flashed them a wicked smile.

“Shoot.” Maria’s muscles tensed. “Are you done ... cleaning, Oscar?”

“Yeah, Mom.” Oscar had the ashes in a plastic bag. He tied the top and sidled over to his mother. “What’s ... um ... up, Estella?”

“Just stopping by for a friendly visit, little brother.” Estella was wearing a miniskirt and a tight top. A moment later, she was only wearing the miniskirt. She tossed the top onto the lawn. “Like what you see?”

“Um ... we have things to do. Maybe you should stop by later.” Maria took hold of Oscar’s shirt and pulled him to the sliding glass door.

“Your breasts are for your husband, Estella. I don’t want to see them.” Oscar hoped his mother would approve of the sentiment.

“Well, I wasn’t talking to you, dickhead.” Estella stuck out her tongue at her eighteen-year-old brother and gave him a mocking eyeroll. “I was talking to Mom. She’s a full-fledged lesbo, you know? She was deep in pussy yesterday and loving it until you came by and rudely messed it all up.”

“Um ... I wasn’t into it, Estella. I don’t really like vaginas. And neither do you. You’re married, remember?” Maria had backed into the doorway. “It’s the magic that’s making you –”

Oscar pulled his mother close and whispered in her ear.

“What, you only want his dick?” Estella pointed an accusing finger at Oscar. “Typical. He always was your favorite.”

Maria whispered back and nodded an affirmative to her son’s suggestion. “Estella ... I’m sorry. That was rude of me. I love all my children equally. If you want to come in, we can talk about this.”

Estella narrowed her eyes in suspicion. “You’re not going to spray me with mace again, are you?”

“Look ...” Maria gulped. “I love you, and I’m sorry that happened. Oscar, apologize to your sister for spraying her with that awful stuff.” She gripped his shirt harder.

“No. They kidnapped you, Mom. I won’t apologize.” Oscar stuck out his chin and shook his head.

“Well, then. Go to your room and think about what you’ve done.” Maria pointed into the house.

“But, Mom ...” Oscar stared with wide eyes.

“Either you listen to me and apologize, or you go to your room.” Maria pressed her lips into a tight frown.

“Fine.” Oscar took his bag of ash and stomped into the house.

“There now, you can come in and talk.” Maria did her best to smile and avoid looking at her daughter’s bare breasts. She shuddered, thinking about what she was going to have to do. But she would pay almost any price to be rid of the mummy and her magic. Maria stepped to the side. “Pick up your top and come in, Estella. We have a lot to discuss.”

“Great.” Estella bent down and retrieved her discarded top, dangling her breasts for her mother to see. “I look forward to some communication.”

Ten minutes later, Estella had lost the miniskirt, too. She sat on her mother’s sofa, legs spread, holding the back of her mother’s head. “Goddamn ... Mom ... chow ... down ... chow ... fucking down.”

Maria lapped her daughter’s vagina and kept reminding herself that she didn’t really want this. She hated that she needed the constant reminders. Estella tasted delicious, and there was something wonderfully ... different about pleasing another woman.

Whatever, this will be the last time. I have Oscar. I don’t need this. It didn’t occur to her that she hadn’t consoled herself with what her husband offered.

Finished with drawing lines and symbols in ash around the house, Oscar peered into the living room. It wasn’t cool, but he had to admit Xochitl had a flair for sexiness and drama. Well, two could play that game, he supposed. Naked, he stepped into the living room where they could see him. “You two ... look so hot ... like that.” He stared at his mother’s wide, bare ass.

“She’s mine ... little brother.” Estella laughed, holding onto her mother’s head so she couldn’t look over at Oscar. “If you start jerking it, I might let you join us.” She cackled louder when he complied. They had both folded. It was perfect. Xochitl would be so happy. Her eyes lit up as she watched her brother spank the monkey. A thought occurred to her. “Invite Xochitl back into this house, and you can have someone to fuck.

Take your pick, Mom or the priestess. I'll take the other one. Then, I'll have a turn with you."

Oscar's forehead furrowed with doubt and lust. "Mom ... I need it really bad. What should I do?"

"Mmpph ... mmmm ... mmpphh ... mmph," Maria said into her daughter's sopping vagina.

"Shit ... Mom ... that's so hot." Estella rolled her eyes, not mockingly this time. Her wedding ring sparkled in her mother's dark hair. "I'm ... going to cum. Work on my clit ... ooohhhhhh ... yeah ... right there."

"Mmmppphh Mmpphh ... mmmmm," Maria said.

"Right, okay, Mom." Oscar fapped faster. "Xochitl and ... my daughter ... are invited back into our house. Really, any Aztec woman that's down to fuck, I'm ready." His voice rose throughout the proclamation, ending in a yell.

The lights flickered. Even the daylight coming through the windows dimmed and then seemed to turn a bit brighter. Although the house was sealed, a stiff breeze moved through the living room, causing the blinds to shiver and the framed family portraits on the walls to rattle.

The first woman to appear was wearing the revealing garb of an Aztec priestess. But she wasn't Xochitl. The woman looked to be about thirty-years-old, with dark brown skin, black hair, and strikingly high cheekbones. "I am Ixchel, and you have summoned me, Father."

A few seconds later, Xochitl appeared, standing next to Ixchel. The priestess had her hands on her hips and a smug smile on her face. "I knew you were caving when you went back to the museum. Copulating in front of the exhibit where I found you was a wonderful token of submission. It's so pleasant to have you and your mother back in the fold. You will be important breeders." She paused to eye Maria as she continued to lap at Estella's vagina. "It seems your mother will be good for many things in the new dynasty." Xochitl gave Ixchel a hug. "This is our moment of triumph, Daughter. Your father has accepted his fate."

"I haven't accepted anything. I was just ... horny." Oscar continued to massage his cock, despite the new audience.

"Thinking with the wrong head has often been the downfall of man. I saw it many times in my day. It appears still true now." Xochitl strode toward Oscar, her hips swaying. She gathered the magic around her and touched him on the cheek, imparting the spell. But something felt wrong. The magic rebounded off him and soaked back into her fingers, tingling its way down her arm. "What ... what ...?" She could feel it moving toward her

core. "Ixchel ... enchant him. Enchant them both." Xochitl's eyes widened in panic. She tried and failed to stop the magic spreading inside her.

"Your power isn't working, Mother?" Ixchel shrugged. "I have already surpassed you." She stepped over to Maria, accumulated the needed magic, and placed her hand on the woman's bare ass. Ixchel recoiled like the butt had bitten her. "What was ... that?" Icy tendrils ran down her fingers into her bones, coiling their way up her arm. "What ... what have you done?" Ixchel fell to her knees.

Maria felt her daughter's grip on her head go slack. Finally, she was able to come up for air. Maria pulled away from the vagina and looked at the two shocked Aztec women. She could see Oscar was Ixchel's father. The resemblance was there. But it was odd that an eighteen-year-old should be represented in one so much older than him. "How come she's so old?"

"I have lived ... in the nether plain ... studying to become ..." Ixchel fell onto her side and was quiet.

Oscar finally stopped fapping. He stood with his hands on his hips, his cock still fully erect. He studied the Aztec women closely. Ixchel was lying still. Xochitl was writhing on the floor.

"I didn't think ... you knew ... this magic ..." Xochitl crawled to the outer wall, dragging her body along. Sure enough, when she got there, she saw a light dusting of ash in a line along the baseboard with familiar writing. "A ... trap ..."

"Go to sleep, Xochitl." Oscar walked over to her, the shadow of his cock falling over her back. "Only dreams, now."

~~

Katie and her mother were in a sixty-nine on Katie's bed. Without orders from Xochitl, they focused only on their horniness. Gail had a hand lodged firmly in her daughter's once-tight vagina. Katie was gently sucking on her mother's clit. They both ignored the knock on Katie's door. Eventually, Katie's father went away, and the women continued pleasing each other.

They were both winding toward a massive orgasm when clarity hit them. Gail pulled her hand out of its tight, wet predicament and jumped off her daughter, stumbling to the floor. Katie sat up and pulled the blanket to cover her nakedness. "Mom!"

"Katie!" Gail stared at her daughter's glistening face.

“Mom!” Katie looked at her mother’s slick hand. “That was ... inside me.”

“What have we done!?! What have we been doing? With each other. Kidnapping Mrs. Núñez. Oh ... my ... gosh!” Her face turned ashen.

“Get out of my room, Mom!” Katie watched her mother’s naked body bounce its way out of her room. She couldn’t believe what they’d done. She couldn’t believe any of it.

~~

“Here’s your beer, boys.” Karen stepped out of the liquor store and walked around the building carrying a bag of forty-ounce bottles. She smiled at the two boys waiting for her in the alley. They had both graduated from high school last year. Both were nineteen. Both had been troublemakers. Both had wide, incredulous grins on their faces.

“I can’t believe you bought us beer, Principal Roscoe.” Chris laughed out loud.

“How much do we owe you?” Braden shook his head in disbelief.

“Well, boys, you don’t owe me money. Drop your pants and let me see your penises.” Karen winked. “Then, we’ll call it even.”

They didn’t agree to it right away. It took some convincing by Karen. But once they believed it wasn’t a trick, they were down. Ten minutes later, Karen was on her knees in the alley, blowing Chris, and jacking Braden with her hand.

“Goddamn ... Principal ... Roscoe ... this is way better than ... the beer.” Chris stared down at her distorted face.

Karen bobbed her head with ferocity.

“Fuck ... I can’t believe this.” Braden gave his friend a high-five.

Clarity hit Karen like a thunderbolt. She lurched away from the teenage penises and stood up. “I’m sorry. I’m so ... sorry.” She turned and ran back to her car, leaving the confused boys high and dry.

~~

Delfina was locked in the bathroom with her son. He was sitting on the toilet seat, looking up at her with ecstatic adoration. She bounced on his penis, her hips working overtime.

“Mom ... Mom ... Mom ...”

“Yes ... sweetie ... fill me ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... fill me ...” Like a bracing douse of cold water, Delfina was suddenly herself again. She was no longer compelled to hump her son. She realized how wrong it was. But ... she still loved him. And still loved having him inside her. Her motion hitched for a moment, but then she found her rhythm again. She hugged his head to her breasts and rode him for all she was worth. “Fill me ... sweetie ... I don’t care ... just ... fill ... Mommy!”

Chapter 27

“Is this really necessary, sweetie?” Maria stood in her son’s bedroom doorway. She watched as his daughter, who was somehow older than him, kneeled in front of him and pleased him orally. Ixchel seemed inexperienced in performing the act. At least in Maria’s estimation. The other one, the cause of all their problems, was kneeling next to Ixchel. Xochitl was eagerly waiting her turn with Oscar’s penis, looking up at him with puppy dog adoration.

“This is ... uuuggghh ... the language they speak, Mom. You read ... the spell ... too. It is ... necessary.” Oscar pulled Ixchel off his dick, grabbed Xochitl’s hair, and pulled her mouth to his cockhead. She eagerly sucked it in. “Make room ... for Ixchel ... I want her sucking my balls.”

“Mmmppphhh ... mph ... mmmpph.” Xochitl bobbed her head a little to the side, letting her daughter suck one of Oscar’s tumescent testicles into her mouth.

“Really, Oscar?” Maria frowned and crossed her arms.

“This is how we ... uuuggghh ... stop them, Mom. Their own ... magic.” Oscar gave her a sheepish smile.

“I need to go talk your sister down from a ledge. I suppose ... you can handle them by yourself?” She raised an eyebrow.

“What ... um ... what ... uuuggghh ... do we tell Dad when he gets home?”

“Oh, they’re staying?” Maria’s frown tightened.

“We can’t let them go. They would almost certainly ... cause mischief again. I need ... to keep an eye ... on them. Isn’t that right, Xochitl?” Oscar smiled down at the priestess with his dick in her mouth.

“Gggaackk ... ggaacckkkk ... ggaaacckkk.” Xochitl continued bobbing her head with a quick, steady rhythm.

“You want to be with me, right Ixchel?” Oscar turned his attention to the strange creature that was somehow his daughter.

“Mmmppphhhhh,” Ixchel said around the heavy testicle.

“We’ll think of something to tell your father.” Maria stepped into the hall. “But they can’t stay here forever. You have *me*. And maybe you and Katie will patch things up now that it’s over. A girlfriend and your mother are enough. You can’t just keep a couple of priestesses in your room as pets. Not forever.” Before he could respond, she shut the door and headed downstairs.

“Mom ... I ... I ... think I’m in shock.” Estella sat on the sofa in her mother’s living room, staring at family portraits. She was back in her clothes again, but felt ridiculous in the miniskirt and tight top. She crossed her arms over her chest. “I ... didn’t mean all the things I said ... or did.”

“I know, *Mija*.” Maria sat a little distance from her daughter on the couch. “That Aztec lady has magic. And ... she’s crazy.”

At the mention of Xochitl, Estella flinched. “Where is she?”

“Your brother is taking care of her. He’s dealing with both priestesses. Or ... I’m not sure what Ixchel is, but she won’t hurt you anymore.” Maria tried to give her daughter a reassuring smile.

“What about my marriage?” Estella took a deep breath and slowly exhaled. “When I married Diego, I thought I’d never ... be intimate with anyone else. And ... I smashed my vows. And I did it with women. And one of them was my mom. You.”

“Well, Diego doesn’t have to know what happened. It wasn’t your fault.” Maria reached over and patted her daughter’s thigh. “You were brainwashed.”

“But I’m not brainwashed now.” Estella hugged herself tighter.

“Yes, so nothing to worry about.”

“But what if I cheat on him again? He’s not a woman and now ... I ... know.” Estella gulped. “Now I know.”

“But ... you ...” Maria’s eyes went wide. “Oh.”

They sat in silence for a while. Maria studied Estella’s face carefully. “Wait ... you mean me?” She fanned her face with her hand. “You can’t possibly ...”

“I know I was hypnotized or whatever, but it felt so good to be with you. I guess ... I just can’t un-ring that bell.” Estella scooted a little closer to her mother. “I think you liked it, too. At least, after your initial hesitation.”

“We can’t ...” Maria whispered.

“But you can keep sleeping with Oscar? What’s the difference?” Estella shook her head. “Never mind, don’t answer that. The point is, I can see my life spiraling out of control if I don’t ever get to feel that way again. What’s the harm since we both ... know now?”

“Feel ... what ... way?” Maria’s heart broke at the forlorn expression on her daughter’s face.

“The way I did when I looked down to see you looking up at me from between my legs. It was ... unlike anything else in the world. The other women that the mummy had me

sleep with were ... interesting. But you ... Mom ... you were sublime." Estella scooted even closer, so that their shoulders were touching.

"Oh ... my ..." Maria's mind swirled. Neither of them were under the power of the mummy now, but it was still happening. And it seemed there was nothing she could do to prevent it. "I'm not interested in women. I'm only doing this for you." Maria slowly slid off the sofa and placed her knees on the floor. She spread Estella's legs, hiking the miniskirt up to her waist. She eyed the glistening vagina in front of her. *How odd that I know exactly what to do with that.*

"This is amazing, Mom. Just ... looking at you there. You're so pretty. So perfect. And what you're about to do ..." Estella stopped hugging herself and let her arms unwind on either side of her. "Thank you ... thank you for this. I ... ooohhhhhhhhhhh." She arched her back when her mother's tongue found her slit. "Mom ... Mom ... I ... I ... I'm so sorry ... I did those things ... and ... ooohhhh ... I'm also not sorry ... because ... it led ... to this."

"Mmmmmmmmm." Maria found her daughter's clit and slipped two fingers into her vagina. It was all so unexpected, but now that she was back between her daughter's legs, it seemed perfectly right. Going forward, she would have a special relationship with both Oscar and Estella.

~~

"And why are they wearing your clothes?" Roberto looked over at the two women sitting in the kitchen with his son. They had the most ridiculous names. He couldn't quite remember. Something with an X and something with an I.

"I told you, we're protecting them from the raids. They're here legally, but ..." Maria spread her hands, palm up. "They didn't have time to collect their stuff. So, I'll be lending them my clothes for a while. And tomorrow, I'll go out and get them toothbrushes, and such."

"Well, I guess they could stay in Estella and George's old rooms." Roberto shrugged and looked into the kitchen. It seemed like both women were flirting with his son. He wasn't sure how he felt about that. "Of course, I want to help."

"It won't be forever, Roberto. And I promise they'll behave." Maria gave him a tight smile. She had confidence in the magic and in Oscar to keep the Aztec women in line.

~~

“Oscar, can we talk?” Katie had her cheerleading outfit on. She dodged some people in the hall and took Oscar’s arm, guiding him toward privacy.

“Katie ...” Oscar tried to make eye contact with her, but she avoided it. “I know you didn’t mean –”

“Not here, Oscar.” She led him to the little alley where they’d first had sex. Letting go of his arm, she faced him and tried not to cry. She could feel tears welling in her eyes.

“Okay, so, something terrible happened to me and my mother. I ... keep trying to forget it, but ... whenever I close my eyes.” She started to sob. “And ... what we did ... to your mother ...”

Oscar consoled her, telling her that it was safe now. He filled her in on everything that had happened.

Katie was relieved to find that it wasn’t only her family that had fallen under the spell. She was even more relieved to hear that Xochitl was under control. She ended up weeping in Oscar’s arms. They didn’t kiss, though. Or have any sort of intimate contact beyond reassuring squeezes. The alley wasn’t for sex anymore. They spent the whole period there, and when the bell rang, they finally broke apart. “Oscar, I wonder ... would you like to hang out with me sometime?”

“Yes, of course, Katie. To tell you the truth, I could use some help with Xochitl and Ixchel.” Oscar smiled. “Want to come over after school?”

Katie dried her tears and nodded. “Do you think that my mom and I will ever go back to normal?”

“Yeah, I’m sure you will.” Oscar led her out of the alley, and they headed their separate ways to class.

~~

“Ooohhhh ... Oscar ... this is wild!” Katie was naked on Oscar’s bed. She was on her back, next to Oscar. Her legs were spread, and Xochitl’s face was buried between them, eagerly slurping at the eighteen-year-old’s box.

“I know ... uuugghhhh ... right?” Oscar was up on his elbows, so he could alternatively look at Ixchel blowing him and Xochitl eating pussy. “But it’s the only ... way ... to keep them in line. It’s working ... too.” He raised his voice. “Xochitl ... do you care ... about all that Aztec ... bloodline ... BS?”

“Nnnmmm ... nnnnmmm.” Xochitl shook her head and continued pleasing Katie.

“How about you, Ixchel?” Oscar turned his attention to the woman sucking his dick.

Ixchel removed her mouth from the penis with a plop. She wiped her dark lips with the back of her hand. “I have ... forgotten ... my training. I know ... I was supposed to shepherd a new dynasty. To stay pure, while other women served as breeders. But now ... all I want is for you to sow a little dynasty inside me.” She quickly mounted Oscar and lowered her hips, grunting as he stretched out her vagina for the first time that day.

“Oh ... my God!” Katie’s eyes nearly popped out of her head. “I’m not sure ... I want you ... actually ... doing that ... with her.”

“I have to ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Katie. It’s ... part of maintaining ... the magic ... that keeps them from ... doing ... uggghhhh ... bad things.” Oscar was finding it hard to concentrate because Ixchel was already bouncing on him with long, heavy lunges.

“Well ... if you have to ...” Katie bit her bottom lip and looked down at Xochitl, who was still busily working her pussy with her tongue. “I guess ... since things are so crazy ... you wouldn’t be shocked if I ...” She glanced at Oscar, but his eyes were on Ixchel’s flopping breasts.

“Sure ... Katie ... you want her to do something ... else?” Oscar smiled up at the bouncing tits in front of him. “Just ... ugh ... ugh ... ask her.”

“Okay ... um ... Xochitl ... will you please put ... your whole hand ... in my pussy?” Before the whole business with the mummy had started, she never would have considered fisting. Not even with her boyfriend. But here she was, asking for it from this strange, dark woman.

“Whatever you desire.” Xochitl sat up and ran her fingers along the girl’s sopping slit. “I used to do this in a ritual for princesses after they came of age.” Slowly, she worked her hand in. “You are looser than they were, it seems.”

“Holy ... ugh ... ugh ... shit.” Oscar moved his head to the side so he could more clearly see Xochitl around Ixchel’s bounding boobs. From his angle, he could just see the dark woman’s wrist disappearing between Katie’s pale legs. “You ... ugh ... like that ... Katie?”

“Oooohhhhhh ... yeeesssssss.” Katie smiled over at her boyfriend. “Some of the things I did when ... oooohhhhhh ... when she ... well ... I suppose ... I acquired a taste ... Oscar.” She turned her gaze back to Xochitl. “Oooohhhhhh ... what are you doing ... with our fingers ... inside me? It’s ... it’s ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Katie’s eyes rolled back, and she came on the priestess’s hand. She was looking forward to helping her boyfriend maintain the magic on these two women.