

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, and 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.

"Yesssssssssss." 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. "Mmmmmpppppphhhhhhh." 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.”

“Mmmppphhhhhh ... ggggccckkkkkkkk.” 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 ... ggggccckkkkkkkk.”

“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. “Oohhhhhhhhhh ... 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. "Cuuummmmiinnngggggggggg." 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. "Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm." 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. “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. 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 ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." 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 ... uuggghhhhhh ... gonna make me ... cum ... Mom." His hips fell

out of their regular cadence. “Uuuuggghhhhhhhh ... 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 ... 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."

"Hmmmmmmmmm," 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.

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“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 ... eeeeeii ... 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.