

SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 05, Evil Aztec Empire

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Little Firebug – Chapter 5

Evil Aztec Empire

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Sunday morning, a small West Virginia town

Bill Dole fidgeted nervously in his pew as he listened to Pete Robertson's sermon. Robertson was condemning sexual immorality; it was one of his favorite subjects, especially when there were so many important politicians in his congregation. He droned on and on about how people need to be open to self-sacrifice if they want to get right with the Gods. A few rows down, David Quayle was in another of the pews. He looked much happier to be here. No doubt he had eaten quite a few peyote buttons. Dole had passed on the peyote; no doubt the media would have a field day if he failed his piss test; but the more he thought about the sacrifice, the more he realized that Quayle had made the right decision. Definitely a no-win situation no matter you looked at it.

This rally had been planned for months. Media coverage was bound to be intense; after all, this was the start of the holiday season, and of the "Family Values" campaign of the national committee. Dole knew that he needed to make himself look like one of them if he hoped to be able to negotiate their support at the upcoming convention.

Dole winced further when this evening's offering was brought towards the circular stone altar. He was a brown-skinned boy who looked to be maybe thirteen or fourteen. His thoughts were not so much of sympathy for the victim to be, for he was probably another welfare kid who'd grow up to be a criminal; but rather, of the ridiculousness of the whole proceedings. How'd these people manage to take over the Republican Party anyways? Robertson, you look ridiculous in that getup, Dole thought. A white man shouldn't go around in a green feather headdress, with shell necklaces and a panther skin loincloth. The warpaint didn't help either. It looks ridiculous sitting on your lily-white complexion.

The congregation bowed as the boy was spread out over the white limestone altar decorated with a carved skull and serpent motif. Seeing that everybody else was bowing, Dole bowed too. Thank goodness, Dole thought; at least I'm not going to have to look at this part. Quayle clasped his hands in pious ecstasy as Robertson picked up a turquoise-inlaid obsidian dagger, and began to intone ...

"Accept, O mighty Huitzilopochtli, this offering. Grant that the sun may continue to shine down upon us as we rededicate ourselves to Thee ..."

Robertson plunged the stone dagger into the boy's chest, several times. His first strike was not well aimed. He had to hack away to get all the ribs out. Seconds seemed like hours until Robertson was finally able to reach into the boy's chest and pluck out his still-beating heart. Uttering a ritual prayer in Nahuatl, he tossed the heart into a carved basin in the belly of a granite jaguar. The Aztec ambassador who was serving as his acolyte nodded in approval. The noise of the TV camera crews zooming in was the only sound that broke the reverent silence. Now came the moment Dole dreaded most of all, as Robertson addressed the congregation. "Come, step forward, those of you who would give your freewill offering to do battle with the forces of immorality!" Dole noted in horror that Quayle had gotten up before he did and was one of the first in line. That means the TV news soundbite might display Quayle's sacrifice before they showed his. Still, he had to make a record that he had done this. Quayle still seemed rapt in religious enthusiasm. Dole did his best to play along. An olive-skinned, feathered acolyte handed him a stingray spine, and a piece of linen cloth. May as well get it over with, Dole thought. He stepped forward to the altar. It seemed that half of the people there were his fellow Republican candidates. He undid his fly. It seemed as if the whole church was turning a jaundiced yellow as he took the stinger and jabbed it several times into his foreskin. Gods! I hope the cameras are getting all of this! he thought, as he allowed the linen cloth to soak up what he thought was a generous offering of his own blood. He knew he shouldn't have said no to the peyote. He staggered towards the jaguar bowl and placed his offering in it along with the now still heart of the chief offering. He noted with dismay

that Quayle's cloth was bloodier than his. It did not improve his mood at all to observe that he was still bleeding as he tucked himself back into his BVD's. Damn, that's another \$700 suit ruined ... Robertson remained at the altar, trying his best to look tall and impressive. He was musing in self-congratulatory piety. Religions have been preaching for centuries against sexual immorality, he thought. We've finally come up with something that -works- ...

Elsewhere in Washington, similar concerns plagued the leaders of the other party.

The Aztec ambassador had delivered an ultimatum to President "Kato" Kaelin yesterday afternoon. They wanted more American virgins sent down to Teotihuacan as tribute. The Congressional Republican delegation was pressuring in public that it was in the nation's best interests to capitulate to this demand. "We have plenty of welfare children; the Aztecs need them, and we don't," as the Speaker of the House had remarked this morning. The President had determined to resist. "Haven't we sacrificed enough?" he rhetorically asked the Joint Chiefs. He had tried sucking up to the Aztecs and their followers before; but he realized that no mere profession that he shared their beliefs was going to win them to his side in the coming race for reelection. He remembered all too well the scars of his own campaign.

Little did the leaders of either party realize that the nation had just received a sign from the heavens.

Kirrin, flying on instinct alone, tucked herself into a fetal position as she came in for a rapid and uncontrolled landing. She did not know how long she had been in space. She only knew that she needed to get back into an atmosphere. The heat of rapid reentry made her skin glow translucently. She tried to level off her path of entry, but she was coming in too fast. She cannon-balled through a tall object made of metal and steel, hardly knowing that she had hit anything, then fell free again. That impact slowed her, but only slightly. She tumbled through several more layers of brick and concrete meshing before she finally came to rest.

When she opened her eyes, she saw that she was covered with some kind of sticky green stuff that was burning. It was a soft cloth of some kind, with a rubber glue on the bottom. She rubbed it off quickly, and saw that she had come to rest on the now broken stone top of a large table. Around her lay about a dozen brightly colored plastic spheres.

But even before her eyes were opened, she knew there were men around. Lots of men. She could smell them ...

She opened her eyes, and saw that her nostrils had not deceived her. She was in the middle of a group of men. Big men.

Big, barrel-chested men wearing torn denims and T-shirts, and almost all of whom also wore small leather vests. Each vest had a large yellow circle on the back, with two stylized dots for eyes and a curve representing a smile inside. They all apparently belonged to the same club. Most of them held long sticks in their hands. They had apparently all been standing around the table when she landed on top of it. The heat surrounding her dissipated quickly in the dank stale air of this place. Her skin was totally dry from her fiery descent. But as she got reoriented, she realized once more that the same old problem was still with her.

The radiant warmth of her body was soon replaced by another kind of radiation, which surrounded her like a greenish aura. She uncurled herself and spread herself out on the remains of the table, opening up her legs to reveal that a 10,000 degree reentry burn was inadequate to dry off at least one part of her body. She took a deep breath of air, and as she did so her large breasts heaved and her powerful abs swelled.

The radiation from her body began immediately to affect the men surrounding her as well. Pignose had just been approaching the pool table to make his shot when she had landed on top of it. He had no idea where she came from, but he was now sure of one thing: there really is a Quetzalcoatl! Miracles can indeed come to you! The sheer suddenness of his erection surprised him, and so did the intensity of his arousal. He felt like he was going to burst a blood vessel or something. He knew what he had to do. He tore off his jeans and jumped on Kirrin. Kirrin made no effort whatsoever to resist his attentions. Beneath his beer barrel was a solid substrate of muscle. He was heavy, but nothing Kirrin wasn't able to handle. He smelled awful, but Kirrin wasn't in the mood to be put off by those kinds of little details. What was important to her was that he was male, and he was there. She opened up to him, and spread wide, wrapping her legs around his beer belly, inviting him in. He penetrated her, quickly inserting his pounding dick deep inside her. This is what Kirrin needed so urgently, so badly! She moved to lock her legs around him and close up against him, to squeeze against his hardness.

His scream was indescribable.

Kirrin's curse was almost as loud.

He writhed and wriggled, desperately seeking escape, desperately seeking to detach himself from Kirrin's body. Kirrin let him go. He seemed so hard, so adequate; but once he had gotten inside her he just seemed to disappear. Perhaps the world she landed on was a Hell meant only to tantalize and tease her. Disgusted, she let him go, and kicked him across the room.

The rest of the patrons of the hall turned to look, and wet their leathers in shock and horror. A sort of bloody ribbon was hanging between Pignose's legs. Their own raging erections vanished; in terror, it seemed as if their own dicks were disappearing. Pignose was still writhing in agony. Kirrin leapt upright.

"Wimp!" she screamed, "You're all wimps!" She picked up a handful of the spheres from the table and threw them at Pignose, putting him out of his misery. The rest of the patrons were not going to take this kind of behavior from a broad. They grabbed their cue sticks and attacked her. This lasted maybe five and a half seconds. The pool players went flying in all directions as Kirrin simply waded through them, impervious to their blows. The bartender nodded nonchalantly. Over the noise, as far as he knew this was just another gang-rape and murder. This joint usually saw two or three of these in an average evening. She was thirsty. I wonder what they drink here, she asked herself. There was a long bar serving liquids of some sort. She sat up and moved towards the bar, pushing aside any patrons who were not already fleeing. It didn't really surprise the bartender to see a nude woman approach the bar, either; it didn't really get his attention until she pounded on the top with an angry demand and the whole solid oak surface collapsed in splinters.

The bartender nervously handed Kirrin a beer. She guzzled it and spat it back in his face. Not acceptable. Kirrin would take matters into her own hands now. She plowed through the remains of the bar, and perused the bottles herself. Southern Comfort – she tasted this, and then heaved the stuff into the next county. Ugh. Jack Daniel's was a bit better received; she put away about a quart of it, and found it acceptable, but not particularly good. She hit on a bottle marked "Tequila." Now this was almost drinkable, she thought. Something about it reminded her of Arion vegetable juice. She downed about a half gallon of Tequila, and then picked up the bartender and asked him, "Got any more of this stuff?" The bartender hurriedly brought up a case of half gallon bottles of tequila.

Kirrin heaved the box of liquor onto her shoulder and stalked out into the night and drizzle. The sound of squealing brakes and crashing metal suggested that she did not look both ways before stepping into traffic.