

Chapter 18



The Palmer Legacy

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Palmer Legacy 18

Illustrations by AkyraRayne

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Have questions about a story? Need to look up characters or past plot points? Check out the comprehensive Rawlyverse wiki page <https://wiki.rawlyrawls.net/x/ujrplw>

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

To see more AkyraRayne:

<https://twitter.com/AkyraRayne> or

<https://www.patreon.com/AkyraRayne>

Chapter 18

Over the Threshold Like They Were Newlyweds

"Are we too late?" Noah leapt from his bike, letting it crash onto the Owens's front lawn.

"I think we're okay. If they had started already, we'd hear Sam screaming through that open window over there." Jimmy let his bike drop to the grass too and pointed to the right of the front door.

"Screaming? What does he do to her?" Noah raced toward the front door.



Jimmy caught his arm, trying to hold it gently so he wouldn't freak out Noah. There was a lot of history that Jimmy had to atone for. "We're not going in the front door." He guided him around the house. "They're in the living room. Watch out for those windows just ahead." They ducked under the windows and continued to the backyard. "I know for a fact that you know what Eddie wants to do to Sam. Don't make me say it."

"Yeah, okay." Noah followed his large ex-nemesis, trying to wrap his mind around all the dangerous elements swirling around him. He looked at Jimmy's broad, hunched shoulders and shivered. *Why trust Jimmy Ronning?* "How do you know so much? We barely talked yesterday morning. What's going on?"

"We have talked so much lately." Jimmy looked over his shoulder and smiled. "You always ask me that question. Usually, I don't bother answering because ... you'll just ask it again on the next today. But I think this is my last today, so I'll fill you in after we save Sam and Ella. Sound good?"

"Yeah, sure." It did not sound particularly good to Noah.

"Okay, the back door is unlocked. That's where we enter." Jimmy paused outside. "You're stronger than

me, so if anyone needs carrying out of the house, you're in charge of that shit. Also, Sam might be kind of reluctant to go depending on what they're doing. You might have to decide for her what's in her best interest. Understand?"

"Got it." Noah wanted to scream that he didn't understand anything anymore. Instead, he nodded and tried to relax his shoulders.

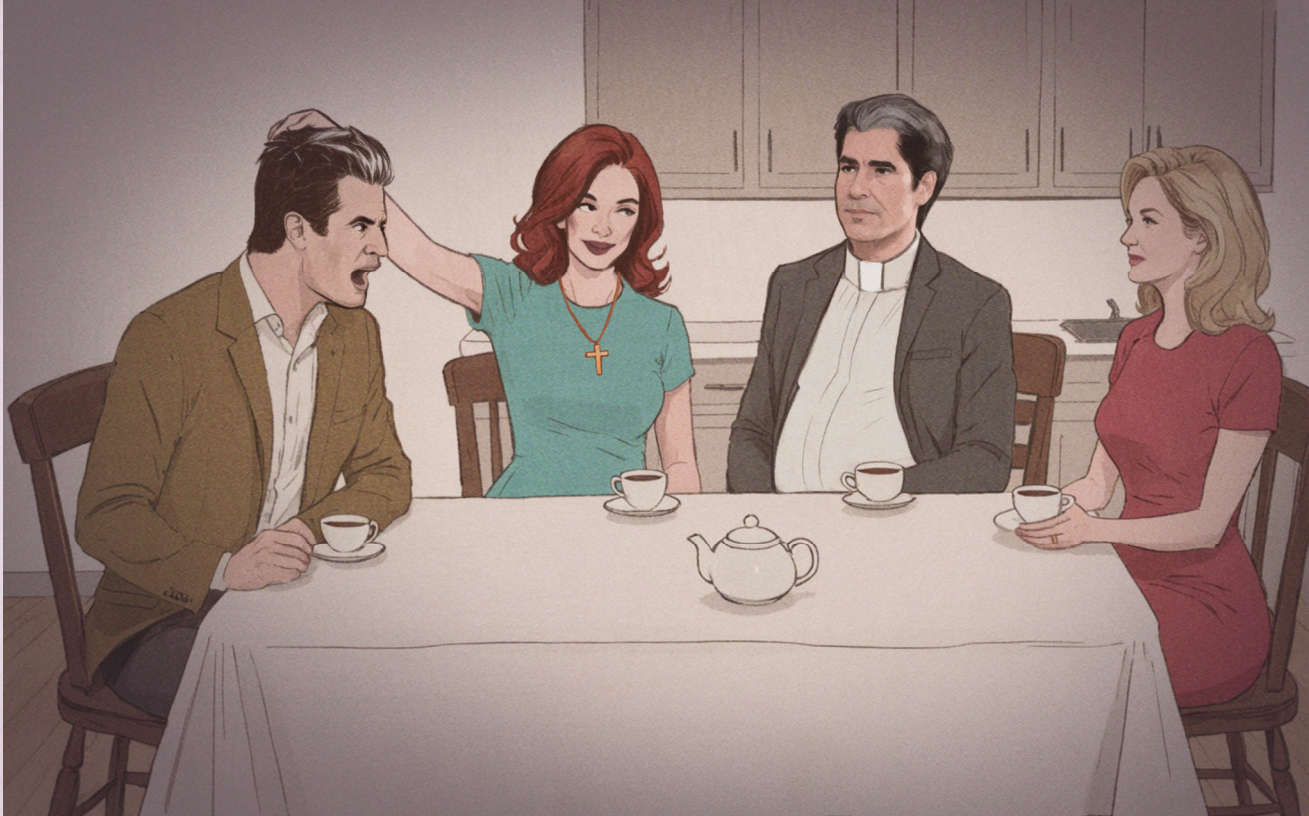
Jimmy's grin was full of anxiety. "We'll go in on the count of three. One ... two ..."

~~

“What seems to be troubling the Botti family?” The Reverend Nathan Mills’s smile was warm and understanding. He sipped the tea Shannon had put in front of him.

“It’s our son, Pastor Mills. He’s ... um ... he’s ... h ... h ... h ...” Matthew’s stuttering petered out into silence.

Shannon ruffled her husband’s hair like he was her pet dog. She smoothed out the white strands at his temples. “My poor Matthew isn’t what he used to be.” Shannon gave her husband a pitying smile and turned her gaze to the pastor and his wife. “But he’s right. It’s about our son.”



“Well, he’s eighteen now. Discovering his manhood. About to head out into the world.” Nathan nodded sagely. “I’ll have a talk with him about how to walk with God as a man.”

“Actually ...” Shannon nervously fiddled with the cross around her neck and turned her attention to Joanna Mills. The pastor’s wife was a slim, pretty woman. It didn’t matter to God’s plan whether Paul would enjoy her, but Shannon secretly hoped she would bring joy to Paul. “I think Paul would best respond to a woman’s touch. Would you be willing to speak with him about His plan for us, Mrs. Mills?”

“Oh ... my husband takes care of troubled parishioners. I came along to catch up with you, Shannon.” With a furrowed brow, Joanna looked to her husband for guidance. She pushed a strand of blond hair out of her face and raised a questioning eyebrow. It startled her to see doubt in his eyes. He looked somehow diminished sitting hunched over at the Botti’s kitchen table. She waited for him to say something, but he did nothing more than stare back at her. Joanna cleared her throat. “Isn’t that right, dear?”

Nathan tried to order his unruly mind. “I think –”

“He thinks you should come with me up to Paul’s room.” Shannon’s heart thundered in her chest. She had never interrupted someone like Pastor Mills before. “My husband will keep your husband company in the kitchen. They can talk about lawnmowers or something.” Shannon stood and offered her hand to Joanna. She hoped the woman wouldn’t notice that it was clammy and trembling. “Come with me, Joanna. We have God’s work to do.”

"Well ... okay, Shannon." Bewildered, Joanna rose from her seat and took the offered hand. "I'll see you soon, dear." She let Shannon pull her out of the room, stealing one last glance at her befuddled husband. She followed Shannon up the stairs, down a hall, and into Paul's room.

"Don't you look darling, Paul." Shannon found her son reading. He was wearing a button-down shirt, creased pants, and argyle socks. His brown hair was neatly parted. He put down the book, stood, and smiled when they entered.

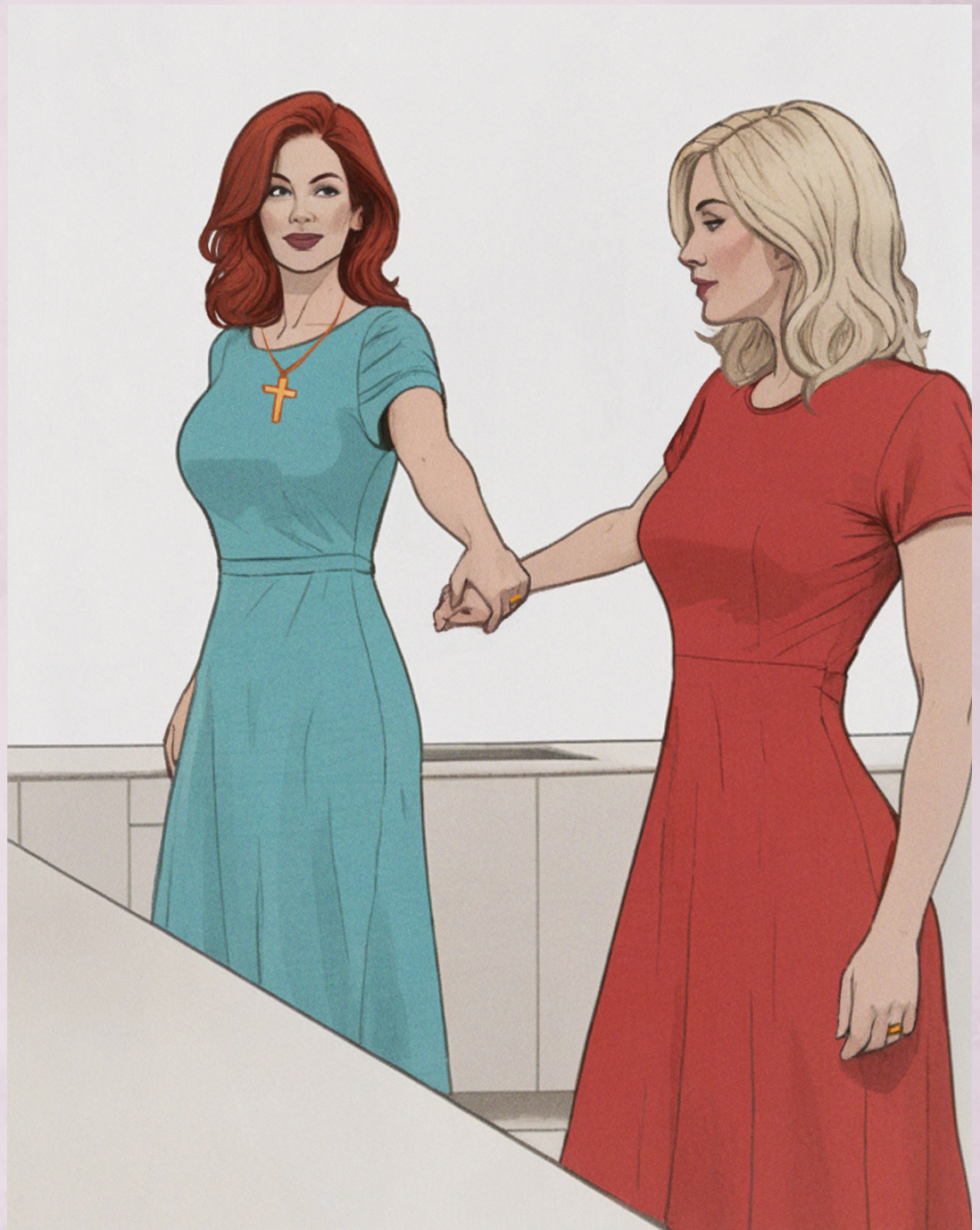
"Hello, Mom. Hello, Mrs. Mills." Paul pushed his hips forward, accentuating the undulating tent in his pants.

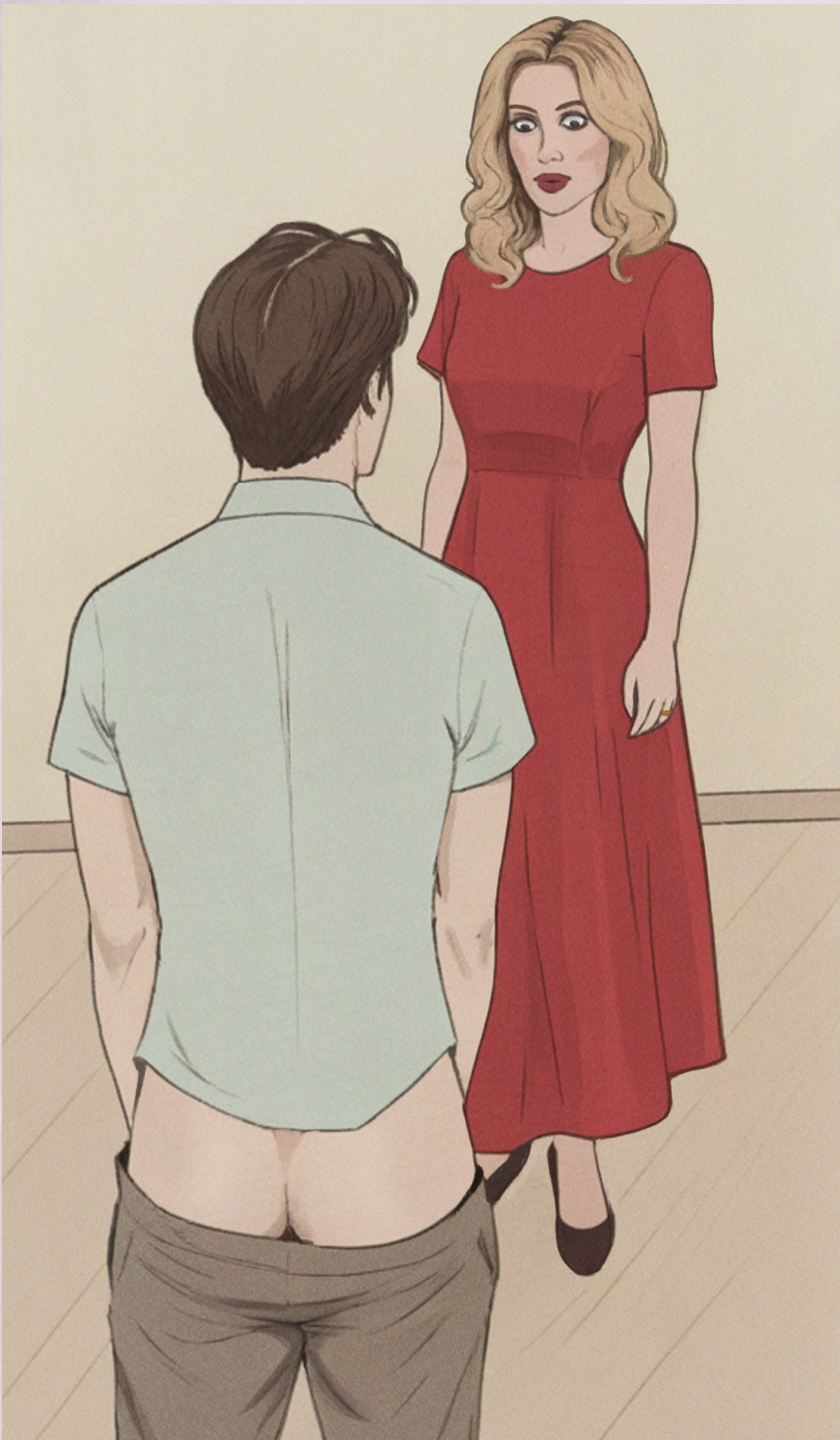
"This is a dream." Joanna fixed her eyes on the wriggling bulge moving like a creature trying to break the surface of Paul's pleated pants.

"He is dreamy, isn't he?" Shannon looked into her son's deep, brown eyes. She glanced at Joanna, followed her gaze to his not-well-hidden penis, and nodded her agreement. "Oh ... that. Better than your most blissful dreams." She licked her lips. "You have been chosen to take a new path, Joanna." Confidence built inside her. This was going to work.

"Why do I feel so strange?" Joanna's tummy flapped with butterflies, and her vagina contracted again and again. She looked down to see her stiff nipples were obvious through her bra and dress. "What ... path?"

"It's time, Paul. You can show her." Shannon held her breath. She didn't know what she would do if the woman ran. It wasn't like God wanted her to tackle Joanna and drag her to Paul. This was supposed to be a blessed moment. Shannon's hand went to her mouth. She chewed her nails as her son removed his pants.





“Evil temptation!” Joana’s eyes bulged when the unnatural penis showed itself. It was absurdly large and moved in a sickening way, with beastly veins jutting out all over it. And to her horror, it coughed out copious amounts of clear fluid from the bloated head. “Why do I feel this way?” She looked to Shannon for help but found none. “Infernal, carnal temptation!”

Downstairs, the men were interrupted by Joanna’s voice shouting “Evil temptation!” followed a moment later by “Infernal, carnal temptation!”

“What in tarnation?” Nathan put his mug down on the table with a thud that resounded in the kitchen. He stood, but quickly sat back down. He summoned God’s strength and stood again, but instantly returned to his seat. He looked over at Matthew’s wide eyes. “What’s happening, Matthew?”

“They say it’s His plan. And I think they’re right.” Matthew listened intently for the telltale thumping that always rocked the house when his teenage son and wife were alone together. He didn’t hear it. Maybe they wouldn’t debase Joana the same way? Or maybe, they were taking their time with her. “It’s best if we just pretend it isn’t happening. So, finish your explanation of the pillar of salt, Pastor.”

“It’s an abomination!” Joana’s voice carried down the stairs to them. Neither man rose from his seat.

“I cannot ignore my wife when she seems to be in distress.” But it shocked Nathan to realize that he couldn’t muster the strength to march upstairs either. He was somehow cowed by the thought of confronting the skinny teenager. “What’s happening to her?”

“I can’t say. I don’t know. I don’t know, and I can’t say.” Matthew nodded like his words were dispositive even though he understood rationally that they were not. “My son ... has something ... given to him by ... something ... and he is using it ... and I let him. I can see you’re letting him, too.”

Nathan took a shuddering breath and decided to take Matthew's advice and pretend everything was quite normal with the pastoral visit. "Okay ... as I was saying about the pillar of salt ..."



Upstairs, Shannon could see something extra was needed. She had hoped that Joanna would throw herself at Paul once his thing breached out into the open. But the pastor's wife babbled absurdly about Satan and would not approach the writhing penis. Shannon lifted her own dress and reached under her panties. She had been leaking Paul's seed all morning, so it was no surprise that she was able to scoop some from between her lips. She pulled her hand free and let her dress fall. She approached Joanna, careful not to spill any of the precious seed from her fingers.



"This is my test. I feel the draw to evil. But I will not bend. I will not fold. Satan will not take me. Not now. Not ever." Joanna was so transfixed by the sight of the unholy penis, that she didn't notice Shannon's movements until the woman slipped two fingers into Joanna's mouth. "Aaaaarrrrrrrgggggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Joanna arched her back and convulsed. Then, her body went rigid. An exhilarating flood of rapture transported her mind far away. The experience was like nothing else in her boring life.

"Wow, she sounds so silly."
Shannon caught the falling Joanna and held her quaking body close, pressing Joanna's twisted face into her bosom. "I don't sound like that when we ... um ... join ... do I?"

"Sorry, Mom. You do. I always think you sound like an injured animal." He saw the look of embarrassment on his mother's face. "But I like it. It's a wonderful sound."

"Thank you, Paul." Shannon's cheeks turned hot. "As long as you like it, I'm happy. It's all because of the euphoria. You make us feel so good, sweetie."

"Awesome." Paul didn't know what else to say. He watched his mother press Joanna to her breasts, the pastor's wife still making those animal sounds, shaking, with her eyes rolled up. It was a pretty sight. Paul was ready to get to the Lord's work in earnest.

~~



"Mr. Owens? We think your son is up to something ... hey ... Mr. Owens?" Noah stood in the doorway to the study. Samantha's father sat at his desk staring out the window.

"He won't help us." Jimmy put his hand on Noah's shoulder. "He's seriously daydreaming or something. You can knock him out of that chair, and he'll just lie there muttering something about football. I've tried it before." He shrugged. "Whatever they did to him, it doesn't seem to have an effect on us, though. That's lucky."

"Lucky." Noah shook his head.

"Come on. I think they're still doing the toe thing." Jimmy left the doorway and headed down the hall.

"Toe thing?" Noah followed Jimmy to the living room. They paused in the doorway and took in the scene.

Ella and Samantha were the only ones facing them. When Ella noticed them, her eyes widened with surprise.

Samantha had her eyes closed, her mouth forming an O. A woman Noah didn't recognize with long brown hair knelt in front of Samantha, bobbing her head on Samantha's foot. Noah tried to make sense of it. It looked like the woman was giving Samantha's foot a blowjob. There were three more people in the room. Eddie stood between his mother and Julia Price. Noah couldn't be sure, but from the way their arms were moving, it looked like they were both vigorously stroking Eddie's dick. Samantha's brother was the only one naked in the room.

"What are *you* doing here?" Ella pointed a finger at the intruders.

"It's time to go, Ella." Noah stepped into the room.

Eddie turned around, his mother and teacher continuing to stroke him despite their surprise. "What the fuck? Get the fuck out of here."

"Jesus." Noah blanched. He glanced at Eddie's dick and looked away. The thing was an ugly goliath. "We're not leaving without Sam and Ella." He looked at his teacher. "And Mrs. Price."

Julia blushed and removed her hands from the penis.



Noah looked over at Lindsey who was still stroking her son's cock at a torrid pace. "And whoever else wants to leave." He eyed the painting on the wall, waiting for it move. He wasn't disappointed. The metal ball sprouted limbs and hauled itself up onto the dock, maybe to get a better view of the scene before it.

"Noah?" Samantha pulled her foot out of Debra's slurping mouth and blinked at the unexpected arrivals. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm rescuing you." Noah took another step into the room. His breathing burned in his lungs. The blinding white tendrils of panic pulled at the edges of his vision. "Not ... now ... not ... now." His chest heaved with each breath.

Eddie laughed. "Everyone wants to be here, dipshit. Anyone want to leave?" He looked around the room, ignoring his sister's raised hand. "See, everyone's happy here. Now fuck off." Eddie took a closer look at Noah and laughed. "Oh, shit. Are you having one of those panic attacks you used to have?" He laughed harder.

"Yeah, he sometimes gets those today." Jimmy clenched his fists. "Maybe this isn't the final today. Keep it together, Noah."

"It's time for you two bullies to leave." Finding herself, Lindsey finally released her son's penis and placed her fists on her hips, trying to look imposing. "This is a private matter."

"I ... I ..." Noah wheezed. He fell to one knee. His mother wasn't there to chase away the chaos inside him. He was failing his friends.

"I can't do this alone." Jimmy gave Noah a gentle kick. "They need your help."





“Noah!” The fog in Samantha’s mind lifted. Her heart reached out for him, but her hands reached for Ella, lifting her friend onto her shoulder. “We need you, Noah. What would Eloise do?”

“She ... she ...” Noah tried to focus his mind on the nineteenth-century woman. He saw her freckles. Felt her soft, cold skin. He remembered how she had wrestled with Kathy without fear or hesitation. He channeled that ferocity.

“We’re leaving, Eddie. Come with us, Mom. It’s time to go, Mrs. Price.” Samantha hopped over Debra. Holding Ella tightly by the butt, she jogged around Julia. But Eddie reached out and caught her, jerking her to a standstill. Samantha almost let Ella slip from her shoulder. “Mom? Mrs. Price? Help me. He’s

hurting my arm.”

No one moved to help Samantha.

“Geronimo!” Jimmy raced across the room and aimed his shoulder at Eddie’s back. All five teenagers in the room were eighteen. Jimmy was the biggest and the fittest of them. Despite that, he had learned through various todays that despite his size he was maybe the fourth strongest. He slammed into Eddie. It was like hitting a brick wall. Jimmy’s shoulder popped, and the impact knocked the breath out of him. He spun and fell to the floor, but the effort was enough to make Eddie lose his grip.

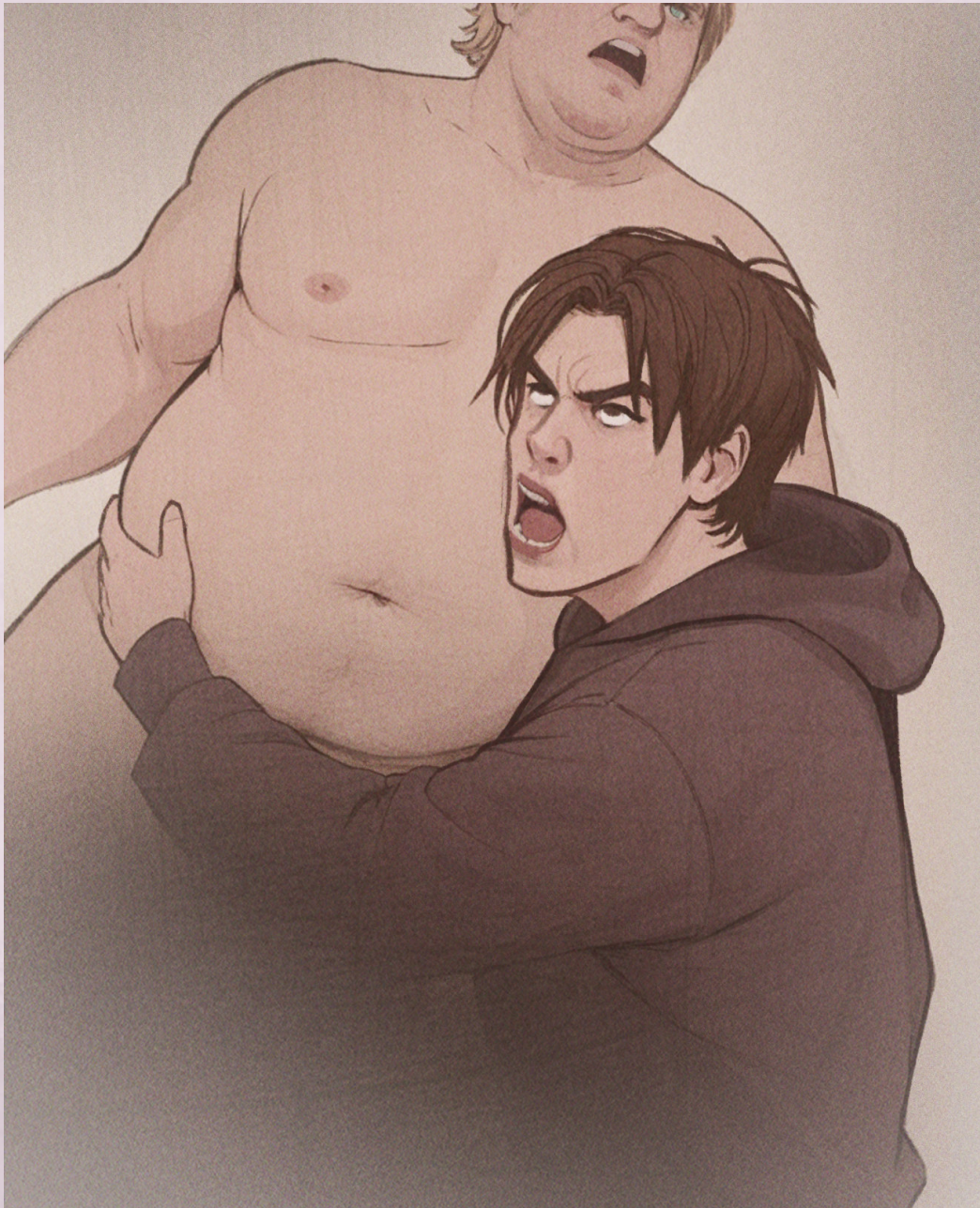
“Come on, Noah.” Samantha had no idea why Jimmy was helping, and it was no time to ask questions. She stopped next to Noah, trying to hold the squirming Ella still. Well, maybe one question. “Can you run?” She looked up at her mom, Julia, and Debra. She saw the women had no intention of leaving. She would come back for them later. “I said, can you run?”

“Yes ... yes ... I can.” Noah stood. His lungs filled with air. He watched Samantha and Ella disappear toward the back of the house. Looking back in the room, he knew it wasn’t time to leave yet. Eddie bent over Jimmy, raining punches down on him. Jimmy tried his best to deflect the blows, but Noah could see it was a losing battle. Lindsey attempted to pull her son off Jimmy without effect. Julia and Debra stood frozen in horror, their eyes wide with fright. Without thinking, Noah ran toward the violence.

“You fucking ruined it ... you fuck ... you fucking ... fuck.” Eddie’s pudgy body quivered with each punch he landed. He decided that violence was almost as satisfying as sex. He reared back for a mighty haymaker, but his fist missed its target. Someone had lifted him into the air.

“From now on ... you’re going to leave ... my friends ... alone.” Noah spun Eddie over his head and tossed him across the living room. Eddie landed with a thud and rolled with a crash into the wall. The 1950s painting with the metal ball fell on top of him, but the frame didn’t break. Noah turned to Jimmy and lifted him into his arms. Before anything else could happen, he sprinted out of the room, carrying Jimmy over the threshold like they were newlyweds.

~~



"Iiiiiiiiiitttsssssssss ... nnnnniiiiicccccceeeeee." Joanna dropped to her knees in front of Paul and extended her fingers toward his penis. Her nerves were still awash in pleasure. Her brain was slowed by it.

"Wait!" Shannon stepped toward her now naked son and the fully-clothed Joanna. "Wait a moment. Your knees are on the hardwood floor. That can't be comfortable. Come over here to the carpet." She helped the woman up, guided her to the carpet in the center of the room, and lowered her to her knees again. "Paul, dear, you should always think of a lady's comfort."

"Okay, Mom." Paul walked over to Joanna and stood before her with his hands on his hips. "Even when I put it in? I mean, it really stretches, doesn't it? Isn't that uncomfortable?"

"That's a good question, Paul." Shannon beamed proudly at her son while watching Joanna's hands move toward his penis. "It does stretch and hurt at first. But that pain is needed to reach the heavens. Sore knees are completely unnecessary. Do you understand?"

Paul gave his mother a thumb's up.

"Strrrrrretch? Whaaaaat ooon Earth aaare you taaaaalking about?" Joanna's speech still slurred, but she had more control over her overstimulated mind. She couldn't conceive of putting something so big in her vagina. It was silly to even think about. "Oooh ... it's hot ttto the tttouch." Her fingertips bounced off the spongy flesh, fluttered in the air for a moment, and then settled onto the veiny thing. "Why ... is this ... thingamabob of yours ... so amazing? Why ... do I have to feel ... every chiseled vein? And why ... does it move like that?" But even as she said it, the penis calmed in her hands. She had tamed the thing with her touch. A surge of pride and arousal moved through her.

"That feels good, Mrs. Mills. Move your hands up and down ... yes ... like that." Paul smiled. She was built differently than his mother. It turned out women of all shapes and sizes tugged at his desires. "Play with the head ... yes ... a little slower ... good ... I like that ... Mrs. Mills." He watched the small diamond on her left-hand glitter as it rubbed up against the engorged, midnight blue of his dickhead.

"Eww ... your stuff ... is on my hand." She could see the sticky, gluey liquid on her fingers. Even her wedding ring was soon covered. Absurdly, she thought her husband would not be pleased if she walked downstairs to show him what she'd done. *Her husband ... was downstairs ... and he was allowing her to handle this teenager's monstrosity. Why didn't he intervene?* Very loudly, so that the men downstairs would be sure to hear, she said, "The head of your thingamabob is like a plum in size and color. I didn't know there was anything in the world like what you have, Paul. I can't believe I'm touching it." If her husband didn't come running now, she would understand that he was allowing this to happen. She worked Paul with her hands for another ten minutes. Nobody intruded.



"You're truly doing His work, Mrs. Mills." Shannon sat down in Paul's computer chair, lifted the hem of her dress to her upper thighs, and spread her legs. She would have to touch herself soon. It was too titillating to watch their church find a new path. She glanced at the painting, and Mary had already removed her uniform in the foreground and was touching herself. Her blond hair - usually up in an Amish braid - was down around her shoulders, and Shannon could see the Lord's bliss on her face. She looked back at the couple in the room. "But we must serve the epistle of fecundity. Which means, it's time for Paul to put it inside you." She smiled at her son. "Check to see if she's wet. We may need to get some oil, but I don't want to disturb the men in the kitchen unless we have to." She shook her head. "I should have thought of this before we started."

"It's okay, Mom. I'll check." Paul pulled Joanna to her feet. He turned her around, lifted up her dress, and reached between her legs. He didn't need to move her panties to the side. One quick touch of the sodden cotton told him she was more than ready for him. "She's wet, Mom. We don't need anything else." He moved his hand and squeezed her butt. She was so much smaller than his mother.

"Oh ... my." Joanna had no agency. She felt like she was on a roller coaster, moving her way up toward the first precipice. She knew she would go over and that it would be the ride of a lifetime. It was equally obvious that the time to get off the ride had passed her by. "If we're going to ... um ... if I allow you to ... put it ... um. We have to use a condom." She decided she would at least pretend that she still had some control.

"It's the epistle of fecundity, Mrs. Mills." Shannon frowned at the woman. "A condom is not possible."



"Oh ... I see." She raised her arms and allowed Paul to remove her dress.

"Well ... Shannon, maybe you could wait outside ... or something. I've never done anything like this ... with a parishioner ... or anyone else. And I would rather ... I didn't have an audience."

"That is also impossible." Shannon's frown deepened. "I am his mother, Mrs. Mills. Like Mary before me, I guide and light the way on our path forward."

Without a thought, Joanna let the teenager remove her bra. When he lowered her panties, she stepped out of them. The gears in her mind turned slowly. "Hold on. You haven't ... lain with your son ... have you, Shannon?" Joanna tried to turn to face Paul, but he held her, keeping her back to him. She shuddered when his massive cock probed her butt cheek. On impulse, she spread her legs and lifted herself onto her toes, giving him access to her womanly secrets.

Something that until a few moments ago, she had thought was reserved for her dear Nathan until death parted them.

“Yes, of course we slept together, Joanna.” Shannon puffed her cheeks in exasperation. They would be working closely together in the future, so she hoped the woman wouldn’t always be this slow. “I have taken his seed as our new path requires. It is all in His plans.” She could take it no longer and lowered her hand beneath her panties. “Oooohhhhhhhhhhh.” She locked eyes with Joanna. The woman’s face showed shock, heat, fear, and delight. It was quite an intoxicating mix to behold. When Paul’s penis entered her, Joanna screamed her little head off. Much to Shannon’s relief, the husbands did not arrive to rescue her. They were all walking a new path now.



"Wow ... wow ... Mrs. Mills ... you're squeezing ... it." Paul held her hips and watched his fat shaft slowly disappear. Her ass, although small, had a lovely shape. He wondered if it would ripple like the sea as his mother's ass did when he pounded her. He supposed he would soon find out. "Really tight ... you're going to ... need to ... stretch for me."

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Joanna waved her arms in front of her, looking for somewhere to brace herself, but they were standing in the middle of the room. "It's ... too much ... this was a ... mistake ... Nathan! Aaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh." The monster inched into her. It moved to the left and found a special place that had been a secret to Joanna until that moment. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii ... Nathan! Nathan! Come ... pull me off ... this thing!"

"That's it. Good boy." Shannon nodded and smiled when her son looked over to her for encouragement. "She needs some support. Hold her arms ... yes ... pull them behind her ... and hold her steady. That's great." Shannon's fingers were a blur on her clitoris. She glanced at the painting and exchanged a knowing look with Mary. They both understood the grace and bliss in a moment of maternal pride. "Never fear ... Mrs. Mills ... your moment of trial is ... almost at an end. You will find joy beyond imagining ... on the other side."

"Soooooooooooo ... biiiiiggggggggg." Joanna was huffing and puffing like she was running a marathon. Her eyes were glassy, and she could feel that Shannon was right. The pain waned and pleasure waxed. Her nerves tingled. Something novel and breathtaking was beginning to take over her body.

"It's all the way in. Hump her ... hump her ... hump her ... Paul. Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Shannon let her first climax overtake her. "Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." She closed her eyes, and her tongue lolled out of her mouth. The moment was a pale shadow of the orgasms that accompanied her son's sperm, but the pleasure was still fervent and fierce.





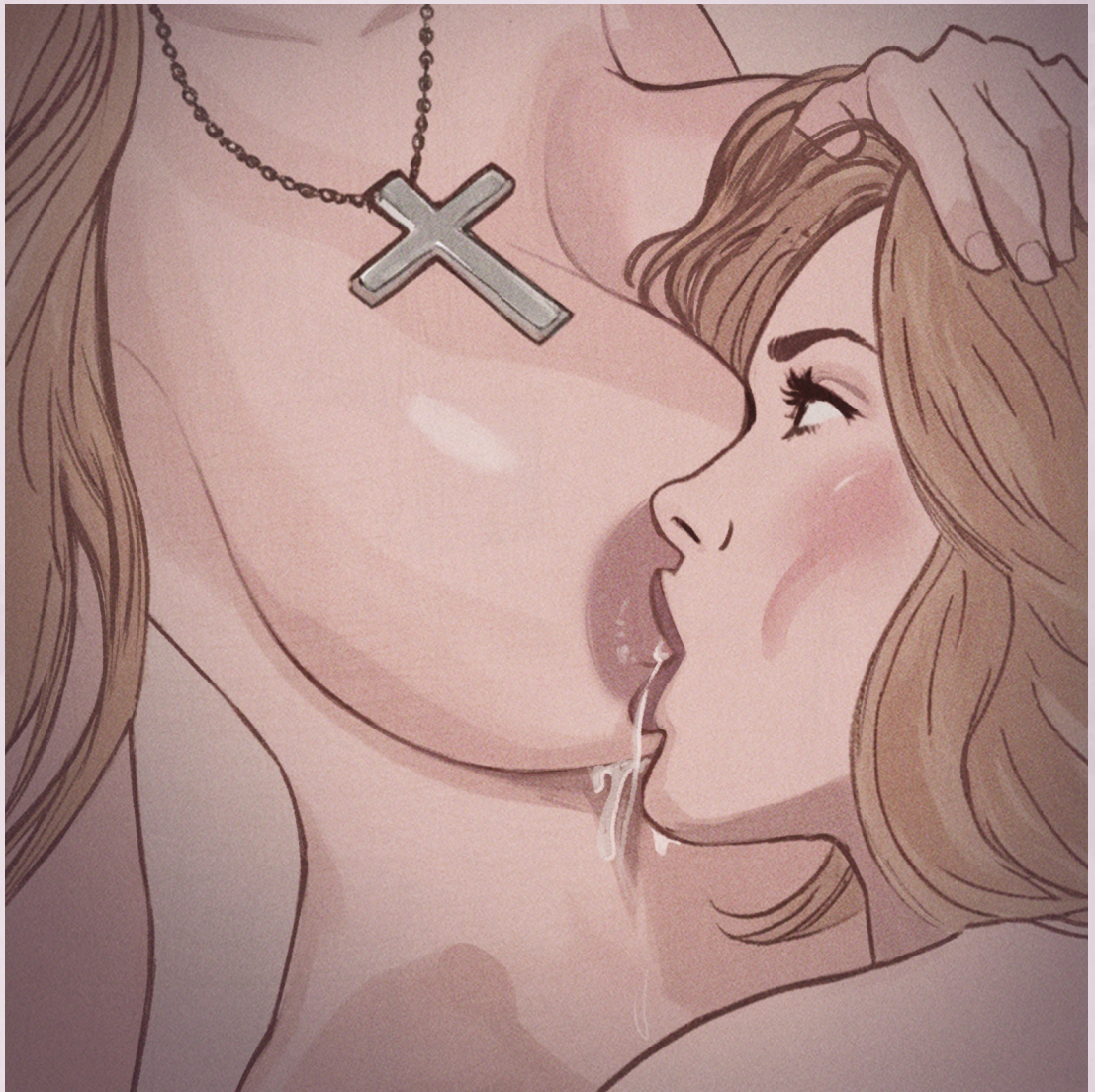
“Yes ... Mother.” Paul followed his mother’s directions. He held onto the woman’s arms, pinning them behind her back. His hips got into rhythm. He soon found an answer to his earlier question. Joanna’s butt did indeed ripple. But the motion was much smaller and tighter than the way his mother’s ass moved. Each cheek seemed to wobble more as a unit. It was a less chaotic butt than his mother’s. He decided that he loved both chaos and order.

“What’s happening? Oooohhhhhhhh ... I feel ... so ... strange ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Joanna’s head snapped back as pleasure surged through her.

“You’re ... ummmmm ... having another orgasm ... Joanna. The first was ... at the taste of him ... the second ... with his fine tool

buried inside you. Two precious miracles.” Shannon was coming down from her own high. Her fingers went back to work on her clitoris. “I think those are her first two orgasms. Ever, I mean. You should be very proud, Paul. You ...” Shannon’s words trailed off when she saw something stretch out of the painting. Mary’s massive, bare breasts were the first thing to push their way from canvas into reality. Then the rest of the curvy, blond woman climbed out. She wore only the cross around her neck, very similar to Shannon’s necklace.

“Wo ... wo ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... woman ... woman ... ugh ... ugh.” Joanna didn’t know if she was hallucinating or not. Nothing seemed real anymore. From what Shannon had said, she had finally experienced an orgasm. She understood why some women made a fuss over them. The ecstasy was life-changing. And the penis inside her seemed determined to give her another one. It knew her weakest spots. And ... now ... a profoundly naked, busty woman had climbed out of a painting and was standing right in front of her. Joanna’s arms were pinned behind her, so even if she wanted to, she could not resist



when the woman cupped her head and pressed Joanna’s mouth to her fat nipple. The milk was sweet and beguiling. Joanna gulped it down.

Paul’s hips slowed, but he didn’t stop humping. His mating partner was now all that separated him from Mary. “You’re ... uh ... uh ... here.”

“Yes, Paul. I’m growing stronger.” Mary’s smile was reserved, but not unkind. “And we have much work to do.” She lifted Joanna’s face off her breast, swiped milk from her nipple onto her finger, and drew a cross with it on Joanna’s forehead. “We will show them His way. And they will see it is good.”