

An illustration of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair, wearing a teal two-piece outfit. She is positioned on a wooden floor, leaning forward with her back to the viewer, looking over her shoulder. The style is reminiscent of classic pin-up art.

Chapter 19

The Palmer Legacy

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Palmer Legacy 19

Illustrations by AkyraRayne

Written by RawlyRawls

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Chapter 19

Other Paintings Might Be Nefarious

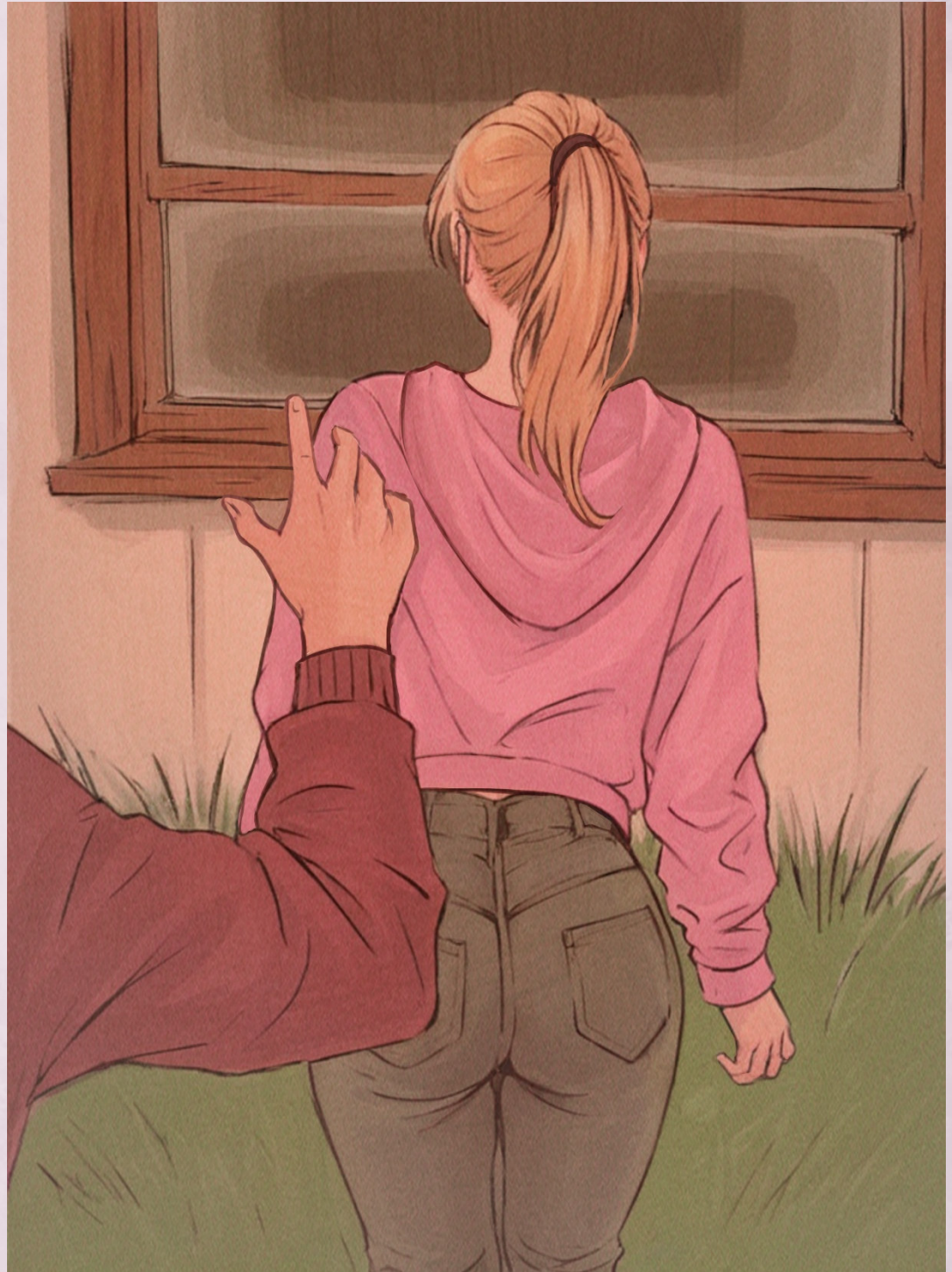
“What ... the ...” Noah still had Jimmy in his arms when he stopped outside the window to the living room. The large metal ball was out of the painting, resting on what had been the Owens’s coffee table. It was a muted color, with seaweed trailing off the strange details in its skin. Eddie, Debra, Lindsey, and Julia all stood in a circle around it. They were rigid, their arms and legs perfectly straight, and their eyes rolled back. “Are you seeing this?”



Jimmy had his arms around Noah's neck. He squeezed tighter. "I'm seeing it. This is new. We never stopped here before." His skin crawled looking at the sight.

"What are you two doing?" Samantha jogged back across the grass and looked through the window. The blood drained from her face. She was glad Ella had stopped struggling because she would have dropped her otherwise. "Oh ... my ... God. Mom? Mrs. Price?" Samantha moved closer to the window. She felt Noah's hand on her shoulder. Suddenly the people in the living room relaxed and looked about the room in wonder. Sam's mother jumped on her brother. Debra jumped on Julia. They tore each other's clothes off and humped each other right next to the dripping ball of metal.

"We have to go. We'll figure this out, Sam. We'll help them. But now, we have to leave." Noah pulled on her shoulder. He was relieved when she tightened her grip on Ella's butt and raced toward the street. He followed her closely, Jimmy's tight grip nearly strangling him. After a seven-minute run, they arrived at Ella's house.





Samantha opened the unlocked front door. Panting, she carried Ella into the living room and dropped her on the couch. "Mr. Rizzuto? Mrs. Rizzuto?" She looked at Noah, who followed her into the room and deposited Jimmy on an armchair. Jimmy's face was bloody and one of his eyes was swelling. Samantha bent down to check on Ella. "Are you okay?"

"You shouldn't have taken me away from him, Sam." Ella's eyebrows furrowed with anger.

"I'm sorry, Ella." Samantha sat her friend up. "Are you hurt?"

Ella shook her head.

"We need to check on Kathy. Things are getting worse. We can't stay here." Noah didn't want to carry Jimmy all day, but they'd left their bikes on Samantha's front lawn.

"Yes, Ella's parents can watch her." Samantha was thinking quickly. "We'll tell them ... we'll tell them ... something. And then we can go." She walked to the doorway. "Mrs. Rizzuto?"

"Ruff ... ruff." Mara's voice came from somewhere on the main floor.

Ella sat up. "Mom?"

"Ruff ... ruff ... ruff." Mara trotted past Samantha on all fours. She had a big smile on her face, and her round butt was wagging back and forth. "Ruff ... ruff."

"Darn it, Mara. It's not funny anymore." Antonio followed her in with his arms folded and a deep frown on his face. "Hello, everyone." He glanced around the room at the four eighteen-year-olds. "You're embarrassing yourself, Mara." He looked at his daughter. "I don't know why, but she's been doing this for an hour."

Samantha, Jimmy, and Noah stared at Ella's mother in utter confusion. Her curly, black hair hung over her face. Her boobs, encased in an athletic top, swung under her. Her yoga pants put her ass on full display.



"Stop it, Mom." Ella found some clarity. Her family was what mattered, not Eddie and his magic dick. Her mom was having some sort of breakdown and needed her. "Stop! Stop! "

"Ruff ... gggrrrrrrr." Mara's smile disappeared.

Noah looked over at the painting on the wall. He saw women playing poker. He moved to the other side of the painting and saw dogs playing poker. He made eye contact with Samantha and mouthed the word "dogs." She nodded at him.

“Mom, stop!” Ella clapped her hands hard. The sound bounced around the room.

Mara stopped wagging her butt and slowly stood up. Her cheeks turned crimson. “Oh ... my ... that was strange. I’m sorry, kids. I didn’t mean to startle anyone.”

“Thank goodness. What were you doing, Mara? You’ve been acting like a fool.” Antonio sighed in relief and exasperation.

“I don’t know what overcame me. Maybe I have the flu or something.” Mara looked around at all the wide eyes staring at her. “I’m so sorry.”

“I don’t think that’s how the flu works.” Antonio shook his head.

“She didn’t mean to, Dad.” Ella glanced at the painting, comprehension dawning on her face. She watched her parents walk out of the room, heatedly discussing what had just happened.

Samantha sat next to Ella and put her hand on her friend’s thigh. “Your mom needs you to protect her from the painting. You brought her out of it. You can do it again if it happens. But only if you’re here. If you go back to ... my brother ... she could run out in the street and get hit by a car or something.”

Samantha thought for a second. “Also, you might be able to convince them to return the painting to The Belle Dame.”

Ella nodded slowly. “Don’t worry.” She took several deep breaths. “I won’t go back there. Now that I’m home, I feel way better.”

“Did you see what was happening through the window?” Samantha wished she had carried Ella in a way that would have given her a better view. “After we left, I mean.”

“I caught a glimpse of the metal ball.” Ella shivered.

“It was doing something to my family, Mrs. Price, and Mrs. Wright. Something ... bad.” Samantha didn’t want to remember how rigidly they had all stood. “You can’t go back there.”



"I won't. I promise." Ella stood. "But I should go with you. You're going to Kathy's next, right? I can help."

"Stay with your mom, Ella. She needs you." Samantha didn't want to elaborate on the deal that had saved them at her house. She'd explain it all later. "We're going to take Jimmy home, and then check on Kathy. She's not answering her texts. Your mom needs you here."

"Okay." Ella nodded. "I'll text you guys if my mom starts acting weird again. And I'll try and get that painting out of my house."

"That's the spirit." Samantha hugged Ella.

"We'll update you about Kathy." Noah hugged Ella, too. He then offered a hand to Jimmy and pulled him to his feet. "I'm not carrying you home."

"I think I hurt my ankle saving Samantha." Jimmy did indeed look hurt.

"Fine." Samantha bent down in front of him and had him climb onto her back. "I'll carry you to your place." She slapped at his hand when it came too close to her boob. "And watch where you're grabbing."

"Sorry." Jimmy waved goodbye to Ella as they walked out. "I'll still need your help in a couple hours, Sam and Noah. I promised to fill you in on what's going on with me. So, here goes." As he rode Samantha's back, he told them all about the strange tree-man, Enki, and his godforsaken puzzle.

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“And that’s what happened.” Jessica finished telling Eloise and Thomas about her adventure at Lauren Keitaro’s house. “I still have to have a talk with Hailey. She’s in her room right now. But before that ... could we ...?” She slowly slipped the strap of her dress off her shoulder, hoping it was seductive.

Thomas winked at her and unbuttoned his trousers.

“Fantastic work, Jessica. Simply phenomenal.” Eloise’s smile was broad and warm. “Of course you can have a tumble with my sweet Thomas.” She paced the length of the office while Thomas and Jessica frantically undressed. “You think the creature in that painting was some sort of goddess?”

“She mentioned Pan.” Jessica tossed her dress onto her desk. “And revelry.”

“And her spell was broken when the painting ... ate itself?” Eloise steeped her hands in thought.

“I think so. Lauren, Melanie, and Hailey all seemed shocked by what had happened.” Jessica removed her bra and panties and put her hands on the desk, arching her back and sticking her butt toward Thomas. She squealed with delight when his strong, naked form stepped up behind her and quickly entered her. “Oooohhhhhhhh ... Thomas ... I feel so ... complete ... when you’re inside me.”

“So do I ... Mrs. Reader.” Thomas took hold of her hips and found a rhythm.

“Yes ... complete.” Eloise watched her son, forever stuck at nineteen-years-old, copulate with the beautiful wife and mother. “I feel

more complete when he’s inside you, too. And when you and Noah had your moment last night, your bond called out to me. It filled me with purpose. When you realize your freedom, Jessica, we find our freedom, too. We are joined in our adventures.” Eloise walked behind them and put her hand on her son’s butt, feeling it clench repeatedly as he dredged Jessica. Eloise squeezed him playfully. “I need to move beyond my purview. I can help you with the other paintings that plague this town, but not if I remain tethered to my own painting. You must give me and Thomas the strength to break free.”



“Yes ... ugh ... yes ... ugh ... anything ... you two want ... I’ll do it ... oooooohhhhhhhh.” Jessica shoved her hips back to meet Thomas’s brutal strokes. She prayed Hailey couldn’t hear what was happening in the office.



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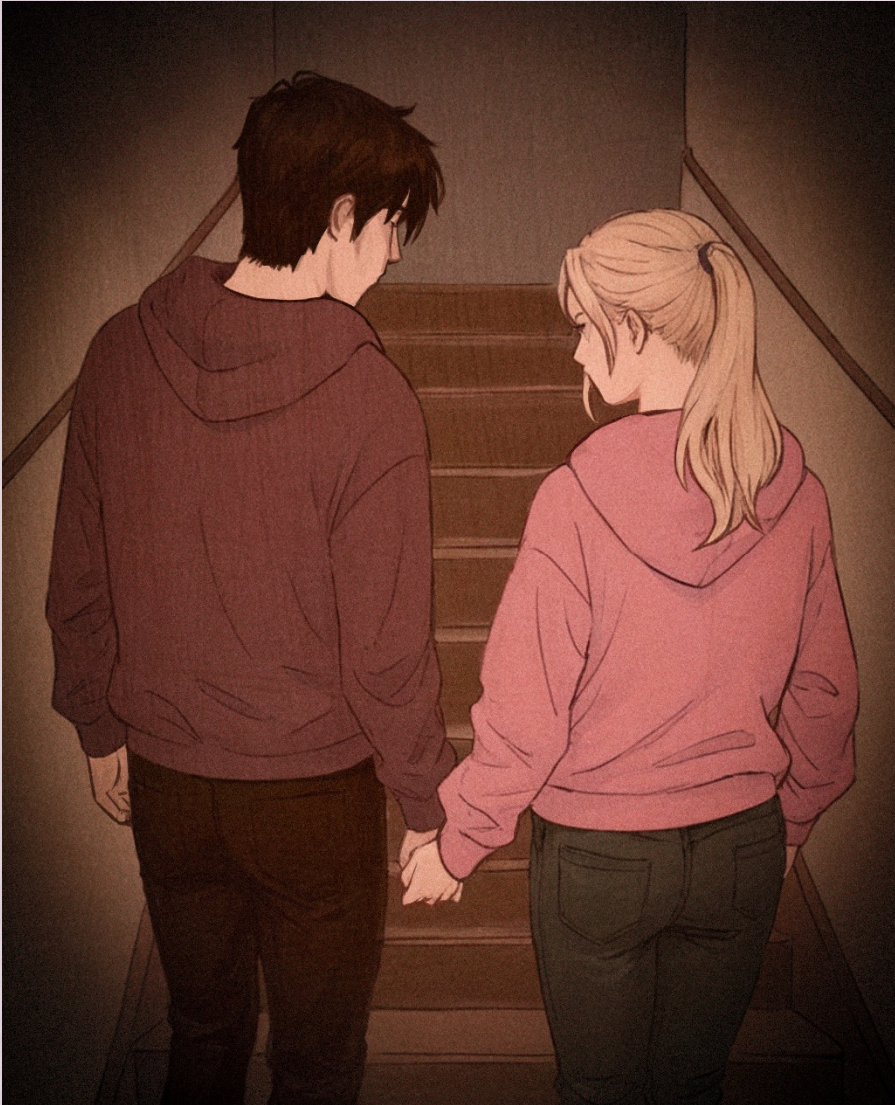
Samantha rang the doorbell and waited. She rang it again. "What do we do if nobody answers?"

"Well, we could ..." Noah's words faded when the door opened.

"I'm supposed to let you in." Joe stepped aside, but didn't look happy about it. When they were inside, he closed the door behind him. "And I'm supposed to tell you that Kathy lost her phone. She didn't want you to think she'd been dodging you." Joe turned his back on them and walked toward the stairs. "Kathy, your friends are here," Joe yelled. He doubled back and headed toward the basement.

"Is everything okay, Mr. Bly? Has anything ... strange happened?" Noah thought the man looked tense.

Joe snorted and shook his head. "Strange?" He disappeared into the basement and left them there.



"You feel like waiting here?" Samantha locked eyes with Noah. She understood him perfectly. "Me either." She held out her hand to him, and he took it.

"Let's see what fresh hell we find." Noah led the way up the stairs, gripping her hand tightly.

"You were really brave today ... saving me ... and getting through your panic attack." Samantha fought the urge to pull Noah out of the house, to run away from everything together. To hide together, leaving Clover Falls far behind. But she would never abandon everyone she loved. "You gave me strength."

"You would have done the same for me." Noah's hand turned clammy. He didn't know if it was from what they might find upstairs, or Samantha's gratitude.

"Of course I would have." She lowered her voice as they reached the upstairs hall. "But you actually *did* save me. Also ... um ... I'm sorry ... you saw what Mrs. Wright was doing to my

foot. That was really strange."

"Don't worry about it." Noah agreed that it *was* really strange, but wasn't going to press it. "Shh. Here's Kathy's room." The door was open a crack. He pushed and it squeaked open. "Kathy ... are you in here?"

Samantha peeked over Noah's shoulder. "She's not here." The room was dark and empty. They looked at each other, and then down the hall to her parents' room.

As they neared the closed door, they could hear a woman softly moaning.

"Shit, that's Mrs. Bly. Kathy's killing her!" Noah's shoulders stiffened. He tried to keep his breathing even.

"We're strong. We can save her." Samantha dropped Noah's hand and bent her knees, ready to pounce. "Open the door on three." The moaning grew louder on the other side of the door.

"One ... two ... three ..." Noah turned the knob and threw the door open. He and Samantha leapt into the room, saw what was happening, and froze.

Kathy lifted her wet face from between her mother's legs and turned her focus to her friends. "You were supposed to wait downstairs."

"Oh ... Kath ... Kath ... don't ... fucking ... stop." Adeline lay on her back, her hips bucking at the absence of her daughter's tongue. She was so high on pleasure that she didn't notice the intruders.

"You're ... both ... naked." Noah stared.

"And ... you're ..." Samantha chided herself. She was a fool not to have guessed this after everything else that had happened. She looked at Noah. "What do we do?"

"I don't know." Noah kept his eyes fixed on Samantha so he didn't have to see Kathy in such a compromising position.

"I'm fine." Kathy stretched, giving an eyeful to anyone who cared to look. "I'm not having one of my spells. Go downstairs, and I'll be down in a few."

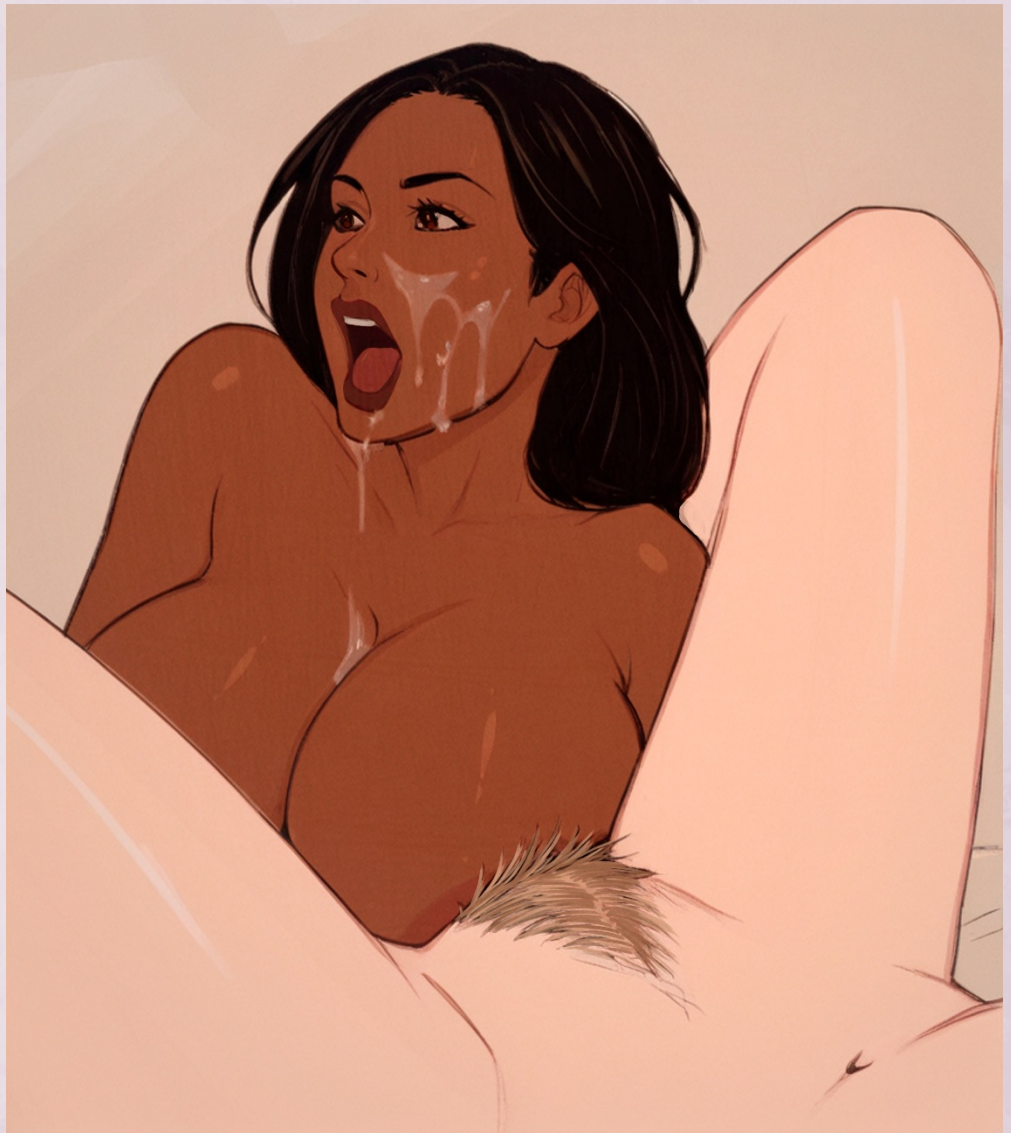
"Kath?" Adeline opened her eyes and screeched when she saw they had company. She covered her pink nipples with a wrinkled sheet. "Get out!"

"Sorry, Mrs. Bly." Noah didn't know what else to say.

"I'll be down soon." Kathy lowered her face to her mother's pussy.

Samantha and Noah backed out of the room.

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Kathy told her story first. And then Samantha and Noah filled her in on everything that had happened to them. They mumbled their way through parts of it and used more than one euphemism. But after catching Kathy with her mother, they couldn't very well omit the more embarrassing moments from the last day.

After they'd shared everything, quiet fell over Kathy's room. It dragged on until Samantha cleared her throat. "So ... if you take Eloise Palmer's deal, it might fix all that stuff ... with your mom and dad ... and make things go back to normal. The deal made us stronger, like you, but without the ... other stuff ... from your painting. It helped us resist the painting at my house." Samantha didn't add that it had made her exceedingly horny, too.



"You don't understand." Kathy's olive skin shone. Her black hair was slicked back from her shower. Her brown eyes were bright and filled with humor. She straightened her baggy sweatshirt. "I've never been happier. I don't want 'normal.' I like sending my dad to the basement. I like spending crazed nights listening to my mom curse and scream. I let the wild in. I would never chase it from my house."

"Oh," Samantha said.

Noah audibly gulped. "But we're ... um ... trying to fix ... everything."

Kathy nodded and earnestly squeezed Noah's shoulder. "I'll help you. What happened at Sam's house sounds terrible. But not all the paintings are evil. Do you understand? I've never been more alive. And I can see you're happy about what happened with your mom. I mean, she's *gorgeous*, you lucky dog." She released his shoulder.

"I'm not ... happy about it," Noah said weakly.

"I'm sorry I had that tussle with Eloise. She was kind enough to drop me back home after we

finished fighting. I can see she means well. I promise to get along with her in the future.” Kathy crossed her heart. “I was just feeling territorial. I’m learning to control myself.”

“It’s also the middle of the day. It seems worse for you at night.” Samantha frowned. *Were they really going to agree to let her keep on having sex with her mother? Did they have a choice?*

“I’ve got it under control.”

Kathy’s eyes flashed red, she snarled, but then quickly went back to herself again. She gave them a mischievous grin. “See? I’m in the driver’s seat.”

“You really want this?”

Samantha sighed. If it was actually under control, that would be one less fire to put out.

“What’s next?” Kathy shrugged.

“Sam and I have to help Jimmy with something this afternoon. We’ll head over there in a few minutes. Then you, me, Sam, and Ella should sit down and try to come up with a plan. I’ll ask my mom to invite Ella’s family over for dinner. That’ll get Mrs. Rizzuto away from her painting for a little bit, too. Birds and stones, right?”

“Right,” Samantha and Kathy said together and laughed. For a moment it was almost like old times. Almost.

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"I don't get why I need to be here for this." Samantha tried not to dwell on how twisted her life had become.

"You being here was *your* idea." Jimmy shook his head. "You said it would help if my mom heard it from a woman. It didn't work when it was just Noah."

"I said this on a different today?" Samantha sat cross-legged on Jimmy's bedroom floor. Noah, who was not as flexible, sat awkwardly next to her. Jimmy sat on his bed.

"Exactly." Jimmy checked his phone. "It's almost time. She'll be here in about a minute. You ready?"

"Ready." Noah gave him a thumbs-up.

"Sure." Samantha shrugged.



Downstairs, Peggy Ronning picked up a basket of folded clothes and held it to her hip. She didn't want to interrupt Jimmy with his friends, so she planned to drop off his clean clothes and quickly leave. When she got to his door, she paused. It was open a crack, and she could hear what they were saying. She held her breath and listened.

"And you went all the way with her?" Jimmy said.

"It was the best night of my life," Noah said. "I've always been close with my mom, but we bonded. We really bonded."

"Wow. But are you sure she liked it? I mean that's pretty crazy. How do you know how she felt?" Jimmy sounded uncertain.

"She talked to me about it." Samantha said. "Since Noah and I are dating, she wanted to make sure I was okay with it. Mrs. Reader told me she had sex with Noah. And she said it was the best thing that ever happened to her. I told her that as long as Noah was happy, I was fine with it."

Peggy nearly dropped the laundry. She put her free hand to her mouth. *Were they saying that Jessica Reader had sex with her son and talked to his girlfriend about it?* Shock was quickly replaced by relief. She wasn't the only mother messing around with her son in Clover Falls. Maybe she hadn't gone totally crazy. As she listened to the teenagers, she became more and more convinced that a mother should be there for her son in any way he wanted. Maybe sex was something worth trying with her precious Jimmy. After a while, she retreated down the hall with Jimmy's laundry undelivered. She went to her room to find some of her own clean laundry. She needed to replace her soaked panties.

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“Okay, that’s settled.” Jessica patted Hailey’s thigh. Her daughter’s sober expression was full of remorse. “I’m going to throw these away.” Jessica picked up a box filled with Hailey’s marijuana and paraphernalia. She looked around Hailey’s room as if she might spot something they forgot.

“I’m never smoking again. Or drinking.” Hailey hugged herself and shuddered.

“That’s a good girl. I’m glad you learned your lesson.” Jessica offered a reassuring smile and headed for the door. She stopped and turned back. “What about your boyfriend? Were you able to fix things with him?”

“He’s a sweetheart.” Hailey almost smiled. “I explained that I’m sober now, and I apologized ... a lot. He took me back. He wants to support my recovery.”

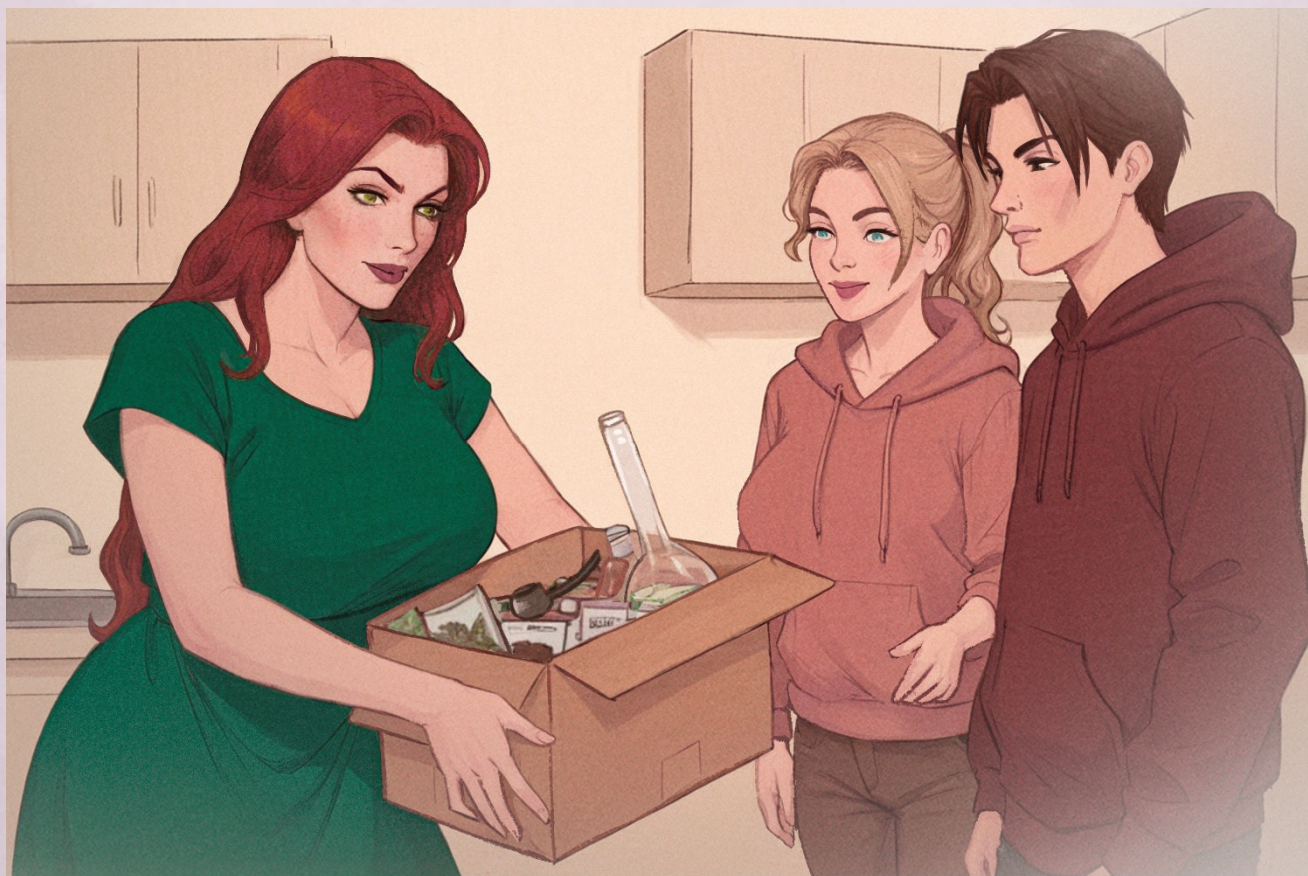
“That’s lovely.” Jessica nodded and opened the door. “Maybe this was all for the best.”

“No.” Hailey shook her head. “I did things ... Mom. And I was going to do those things ... to you.” She shuddered and looked away, she couldn’t bear to see the love and compassion in her mother’s green eyes.

“I already forgave you. Your boyfriend forgave you. And God will forgive you too. You’ll see, everything will be as right as rain in no time.” Jessica wanted to give her one last hug but could see that Hailey would best be served by some alone time. “I’ll check in on you later.” She left her daughter’s room and gently closed the door behind her. She walked downstairs and paused on her way to the garage when the front door opened. She heard Noah and Samantha talking excitedly about something called “Enki.”

“Hi, Mom.” Noah smiled when they spotted his mother in the kitchen. “What’s in the box?”

“Hello, honey. Hello, Sam.” Jessica smiled brightly. “You were right about your sister and drugs. I’m sorry I doubted you. Hailey and I had a talk, and she’s getting sober.” Jessica tilted the box toward the teenagers so they could see the bong, pipes, and baggies. “She asked me to throw this all away for her. Why don’t you help me, Noah? Sam, you can run along to Noah’s room. He’ll be up in a few minutes.”



"I can help you throw that stuff away." Samantha smiled.

"Thank you, dear. But I just need a moment with my son. Remember what we talked about in the bathroom." Jessica locked eyes with Samantha and saw her eyes widen with understanding. "You can wait for him in his room."

"Um ... okay." Samantha gave Noah a pat on the shoulder. "I'll be in your room." She had no intention of waiting for him. She had to see what Jessica had planned. But, for the moment, she left mother and son alone.

"You were gone a long time today. Having fun with your friends?" She would have to tell him about what happened at Lauren's house, but that could wait. They had more pressing matters to attend to. She opened the door to the garage and went in carrying the box.

"I have so much to tell you, Mom. Today was crazy." Noah followed her into the dark garage. Their voices echoed oddly in the musty space. "We aren't the only -"

"We can talk about your day a little later." Without ceremony, Jessica opened the garbage bin lid and dropped in Hailey's addiction to weed. She closed the lid and slapped her hands together like that settled that. Which it did. "But first we need to spend a moment together." She walked toward him and pushed his back up against the side of the minivan. She squatted in front of him and ran her hand over his pants. Her vagina gushed when she found that he was already hard. "You were so giving with me last night. It really touched me that you spent so much time ... down there ... giving me pleasure. It's time I returned the favor."

"Mom ... I ... um ..." Noah watched his mother lovingly pull down his pants and underwear. Her lips were parted, and her eyes were wide with delight. There was no reason to stop her, not with the world going insane all around them. Not when he wanted to feel the heat of her mouth on his dick. "What ... what did you and Sam talk about in the bathroom?"

"I'll tell you about that later." She kissed the head and rubbed it slowly on her freckled cheek. "You're so big. And this is all you. No magic like Thomas. This is what your father and I made." She slapped it lightly against her other cheek, feeling the weight and warmth of it. "This beautiful thing came from me. Oh, it's leaking on my cheek." She rubbed it some more and giggled.



“What happened ... with Thomas, Mom?” Noah could feel his lizard brain taking over. He tried to stay in control of his thoughts, but the primal was never more present. All his worries faded. All the events of the day, so present a moment ago, floated away like clouds on a windy day. His mom’s half-lidded eyes, the way she rubbed his dick on her sweet face, and her fawning words kindled an inferno in Noah’s heart.

“I can’t talk now, honey.” She kissed the head again, and licked up the drop of precum. He was delightfully salty. “My mouth is ...” She took him into her mouth, bobbed her head a few times, and then spit him out. “... busy.” She glanced up at his dumbstruck face and laughed. “Do you like it? It’s hard to tell.”



“Yeah ... Mom ... I like it.” His arms dangled awkwardly next to his sides. His back rested on the cool steel and glass of the minivan.

“Oh ... goody. Let me show you what Mommy can do.” Jessica put a hand on his heavy balls and the other on his shaft. She pumped him for a minute and then lowered her lips to her son’s marvelous instrument. Thomas had taught her well, and in no time, she was stroking him with her throat, twisting her face to the left on the downstroke and to the right on the upstroke. She relished his little, suppressed grunts. He was only eighteen and didn’t know that a woman craves to hear a man express his pleasure. That would be one of the many things she would teach him later.

“Mom ... that’s amazing ... how did you ...?” He pressed his hands on the minivan behind him. She was taking almost two-thirds of the shaft into her throat. Noah knew he was big. He didn’t think she would be able to take that much of it. What was happening would have seemed impossible on so many levels to the man he was just a few days ago. “I’ve never felt ... uuuuggghhhh ... anything ... like it.”

Samantha crept into the dimly lit garage. What little light there was, entered from under the garage doors. From the wet gurgling sounds and Noah's moaned words of appreciation, it was easy to figure out what was going on. Her boyfriend was getting blown by his mother, and it seemed Jessica was pretty good at it. Samantha moved closer. She could see the faint outline of Noah's back and head pressed to the minivan's window. She put her head next to the dirty concrete floor and saw their feet. Noah's familiar sneakers faced Jessica's bare, flexing feet. It was an incredibly erotic sight. The position of their feet and their noises told a story that begged Samantha to fill in the details. But she didn't dare move closer. Instead, she put her hand inside her panties and worked to relieve some of the building pressure.

"Mom ... uh ... Mom ... you should probably ... stop." Noah didn't want to gross her out. She might not mind his cum on her arm, but he couldn't imagine that his mother would be okay with sperm in her mouth.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm." Jessica worked faster. She wondered how different Noah's semen was from Thomas's. She remembered that Noah made copious amounts of it, so she backed off the depth of her strokes. She didn't want him shooting it all directly down her throat. She'd made that mistake with Thomas once. Jessica put both hands on the shaft and pumped hard. She saw her wedding ring faintly glittering in the low light. She closed her eyes. It wasn't time to think of her boring husband. "Mmmmmmmmmmm," she encouraged her son. She was ready for his stuff, and he was ready to give it to her.

"Mom ... I'm going to ... cum ... you should ... take it out." Noah stared down at her. Her pretty face was distorted by the size of his dick and her enthusiasm. When she hummed even louder than before, he realized she *wanted* to finish him in her mouth. "Mom ... Mom ... ooohhh ... Mom ... I'm ... I'm ... cumming ... aaahhhhhhhhhhh." Noah's hips jerked but his eyes stayed fixed on his mother. He watched and listened to her gulp his load with zealous commitment.

Jessica drank and drank. Noah's stuff was warm, salty, and delicious. Her eyes fluttered as she finished him. He was perfect. Her perfect man. It didn't matter that pleasing him with her mouth helped Eloise. That was just icing. As she swirled the head one last time with her tongue, she promised herself that she would never lose the intimacy she felt with Noah at that moment. All the other paintings might be nefarious, but hers was a gift from God.

