

An illustration of a woman from the back, showing her blonde hair in a ponytail and her buttocks. She is wearing a purple, ruffled, short-sleeved top. The background is dark with a teal-colored sofa or cushion visible on the right.

Chapter 20

The Palmer Legacy

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Palmer Legacy 20

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Chapter 20

What a Lovely Family You Are

"You're so ... *big* ... Jimmy!" Peggy rocked her hips slowly, soaking in her son's elated expression. "I ... uh ... uh ... have a confession."

They were both naked on Jimmy's bed. His sister was at band practice. His brother was at basketball. His father was probably starting his commute home. They had at least an hour of uninterrupted time together.

"Yeah ... Mom?" Jimmy held her boobs, feeling gravity's pull shift as her body gently bounced them. Her pussy gripped his cock like it never wanted to let go.

"When you asked me ... for this special moment ... this morning ... I was going to say no." Peggy tried to corral her thoughts. Jimmy's thing felt so good that she was having a hard time concentrating. She hadn't expected sex with her eighteen-year-old son to be so ... *so delightful*. With her husband, it had never been anything but forgettable. "I was ... oooooohhhhhh ... going to say ... no ... but then ... I heard you talking to your friends."

"Really?" Jimmy tried to look innocent. Although he'd lied to her for years with alacrity, he now hated misleading his mother. But he'd tried the truth on a previous day, and that had been a disaster.

"I can't believe Jessica ... ugh ... Reader ... did it with her son. I always thought ... she was so ... stuck up." Her nerves vibrated. She was going to have her first orgasm with Jimmy inside her. She could tell it was going to be a big one. "And ... I thought ... you and Noah ... didn't get along."

"We've become good friends ... recently. I wasn't always nice ... to him ... in the past. I apologized."

"Well ... I'm happy you apologized." A brief smile flitted across her lips. It was quickly washed away by the bliss of sex. "Well ... it was lucky ... for us ... that he did it with her ... and that I overheard ... oh ... gosh ... and I ... I ... it feels *good* ... Jimmy!"

"You can go faster ... Mom." Jimmy smiled hopefully.



“You’re so big ... I’m afraid we’ll break ... the condom.” Peggy remembered how silly his father’s condom had looked stretched over the bulbous head of Jimmy’s penis. It had been so out of its depth. And now she was too. “Even ... going slow ... I’m going to ... ooooooohhhhhhhh ... going to ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiii ... going to ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiii.”

“Cum for me ... Mom. Uuuggghhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Jimmy watched his mother throw her head back and shriek out her climax. Nothing in his life had ever looked as beautiful as the sight of her riding him to orgasm. He couldn’t wait to tell Noah and Sam he’d done it. Hopefully, he’d get the chance *tomorrow*.

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"Why are you looking at me like that?" Noah tried to be as casual as he could after his mom's blowjob. He and Samantha were scrolling on their phones, but she kept glancing at him.

"You really have to ask?" Samantha raised an eyebrow.

Noah put down his phone and sighed. "You saw us?"

"Duh." Samantha nodded. She put down her phone, too. "And it's burning me up." She saw the look of concern on his adorable face. "Not literally burning me. I mean ... the thought of it ... and listening to you two ... after your mom asked me for alone time, knowing that I knew what was about to happen. That she seemed so good at it and seemed to love it. The way she ... she finished you." Samantha thought of herself as a spitter. "That you tried to warn her. That it *happened!* Did I mention that? I keep telling myself that *it happened*, and I saw it."

The eighteen-year-olds stared at each other for several beats. Noah sat in his chair, Samantha on the floor.

"Did it gross you out?" Noah felt dizzy. He took some deep breaths to keep the panic at bay. He couldn't bear the thought of pushing Samantha away.

"As I said before, I find you and your mother ... wholesome." Samantha's cheeks turned crimson. "And hot. You're really hot together. I touched myself while listening to you." She crawled over to him and knelt on the floor between his legs. She put her hand on his shorts. "You're hard. Is that from before? Or ... is it for me?"



"Both." Noah stared at her small hands as they pulled down his shorts and underwear. His dick sprung straight up.

"Oh ... my ... God. I can still smell the blowjob. I mean ... I guess you didn't shower."

Samantha inhaled deeply and shivered.

"I'm sorry, Sam."

Samantha rolled her eyes. "You're not getting the message. If it's about you and your mom, I like it. She's sweet, and you're sweet ... but together you two are doing ... bad things. It makes me want to do bad things." She ran her finger up his shaft.

"You're big ... but not too big." She kissed the head, smelled his leftover cum, and shivered.

"Yeah?" Noah gripped his armrests. He was apparently going to get his second blowjob of the evening from a beautiful woman. The first, his loving mother. The second, his longtime friend turned girlfriend. "It's big?" He thought back to Eddie's hideous monstrosity.

"Bigger than anyone I've dated before, if that's what you're asking." Samantha inhaled again, smelling the earlier blowjob. Her panties were soaked through. "I'm not as good at this as your mom. It sounded like she was ... amazing. But I'm going to give it my best. Since you're my boyfriend now, might as well, right?"

"Right." Noah nodded and watched Samantha's pink lips descend on his cock. "That's good, Sam." He watched her tentatively bob her head. She was right, she wasn't at the same level as his mother. But he more than appreciated her enthusiasm. "Maybe stroke it ... while you do that."



"Mmmpppphhhhhh." Samantha clamped her right hand on the shaft and pumped him. She tried to get more of his dick into her mouth and gagged, her eyes watering. She wasn't just telling him what he wanted to hear, he had the biggest penis she'd been with. A brief image flashed in her mind of Eddie's unholy goliath. She pushed the thought away. Noah's was much better. Big, but manageable. She wasn't going to get much more than the head into her mouth, but she didn't have to unhinge her jaw either.

"You look ... amazing ... Sam." Noah brushed her blond hair from her elfin face. "But ..."

Samantha's blue eyes looked up at him. With his cock still in her mouth, she raised a questioning eyebrow. "Mmmppphhh?"

"I want you ... to be my first. I think we should ..." He held her hair and gently pulled her mouth off him.

"You want ... to do it ... now?" Samantha panted. "With your mom ... and sister ... in the house?" That gave her a thought. "You want to do it ... with me ... *before* you and your mom do it?" A jolt of pleasure hit her. She stood and undressed.

"My mom and I aren't going to ..." Noah didn't want to say it.

"You know you will." She paused her hands under the side clasp of her sports bra. "I mean ... it's obvious, Noah. But I want to be your first. Honestly, the thought of it is driving me a bit crazy. Do you have a condom?"

"I ... never got past second base before. I didn't think I'd need one." Noah shrugged, trying not to stare as her large tits fell into view. He couldn't help it, they were mesmerizing, especially as they jiggled while she removed her socks. Her areolae were proportionately large, and she had proud, pink nipples.

"Normally ... that would be a dealbreaker, buster." She waved a finger at him in mock outrage, aware that it made her boobs jiggle, and he couldn't look away. "But I really ... need this. Promise to pull out."

"I promise." Noah nodded.

"Like you promised to keep that secret about Penny Hastings in third grade?" She took his shoulders, pulled him out of his chair, and placed him on his bed. She pushed him onto his back. His dick stood tall like it wanted to salute her.

"I told you, it wasn't me! I didn't tell anyone about that." Noah's eyes widened as she mounted him. He couldn't decide what deserved his attention most. Her pretty, lust-filled face, her magical tits, or the triangle of blond hair just above the head of his dick. He tried to look at all three and almost went cross-eyed.

"I still don't believe you about Penny. But I trust you ... about this." She reached under her, grabbed his shaft, and rubbed his cock on her lips.

"Listen to that. I'm so wet."



"Yeah." Whatever the opposite of a panic attack was, Noah was having it. He was filled with giddy, delightful tension. "You look beautiful, Sam."

"You're just saying that because you're about to be inside me." She settled her hips on him.

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... you're a big boy, Noah. It's ... really ... stretching me." She gritted her teeth.

"I love you, Sam." Noah blurted it out before he knew what he was saying. His face tensed in horror.

Samantha rolled her eyes. "Well ... ugh ... I guess ... you're like ... the other guys ... I've been with ... in one way." She let gravity push him in further. She leaned back and put her hands on his thighs. "They said the darndest things ... when they were inside me ... too." She winked to let him know the declaration hadn't bothered her.



"I didn't really mean ... to say that. It just came out." He was relieved. It seemed like there was nothing he could do to upset her.

"Just chill ... Noah ... I get it. I think you're ... great ... too. Now let me concentrate ... on getting all of this ... inside." Samantha rocked her hips a little as she lowered herself down. With only the occasional moan or grunt, she worked on her task in silence. Finally, their hips met. "That's good ... it's starting to feel ... good. Let me just ... adjust ... for a minute." She moved her hands to his chest and braced herself, giving him an eye-ful of hanging boob.

"Whatever ... you need." Noah doggedly stared at her tits, his gaze following the meandering blue veins under her alabaster skin. "Can you imagine ... what you'd be feeling ... if I took the full deal ... from Eloise?" He glanced at her twisted face, and they exchanged a smile. "Hey ... Mrs. Palmer ... I'll take the full deal ... now." His laughter died quickly. "Can you ... imagine?"

"I can't ... imagine ... taking anything ... bigger than you." Samantha's hips made little, circling undulations. Tendrils of pleasure spread through her. She felt a heat in her pussy. "Noah ... does it feel ... hot to you?"

"Yeah ... is that ... normal?" The heat in Noah's cock grew and grew.

"I don't think ... I don't think ... it's ... ugh ..." Samantha tossed her head back and forth. "Are you ... uuuggghhhhhh ... getting *bigger*?" She arched her back, her hips moving on their own.

"Oh ... shit." Noah stared at her belly. It was like the trick he'd messed around with as a kid when he would put a flashlight behind his hand. Except his dick was the flashlight, and he was seeing it through Samantha's belly. He witnessed his dick growing inside her. "The deal ... the deal ... I was joking."

"Aaaaaagggghhhhhhhh." Samantha looked down between her boobs in disbelief. She could see the outline of Noah's cock glowing and enlarging itself. She tried to keep from screaming and bringing Noah's whole family to view the spectacle outlined inside her. "It's big ... I feel it pushing at ... my insides ... I'm ... cumming ... Noah ... I'm cumming ... ooooohhhhhhhhhhhh." She bounced haphazardly on top of him, only the length of his dick keeping her from falling off.

Noah gritted his teeth as Samantha's orgasm swept through her. He stared at her glowing belly and the cock encased inside. The pleasure of her constricting pussy mixed with the scalding pain of the curse's fire. He hadn't wanted Eloise to change him, but she had. And it had been his mistake. "It's getting ... tighter ... Sam."

"Nnnnnngggggggggggggg." Samantha's eyes rolled back.



"I can't ... take it ... uuugggghhhhhhh." Noah was going to cum. He put his hands on her hips and mustered the strength to lift her off. He would keep his promise. "Gonna ... cum ... Sam."

"Nnnnnnnngggggghhhhhhhhhhh." Samantha was so delirious with ecstasy, she barely noticed when his dick plopped out of her, and she flopped onto the bed beside him.

Noah took hold of his enlarged cock with both hands. He was a monster now, just like Eddie. He shuddered but pumped the glowing thing to get his release. "Oh ... shit ... I'm going to ... explode.

Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh." Eerily glowing cum shot into the air. Blast after blast erupted, raining down in a wide radius. As it landed on Samantha, Noah, the bed, and other collateral targets, the reddish radiance faded and it turned into the white, sticky mess Noah would have expected. There was so much of it.



"Oh ... my God ... Noah." Samantha reached out a hand and helped him stroke his cock. "You coated us ... in your stuff." His cock jerked out a few last spurts and went still. When he removed his hands from it, so did she. "That's ... um ... not how I thought this was going to go." She licked her lips and tasted his saltiness. It was delicious. She lifted her arm to her mouth and licked up more cum, but stopped when she felt his eyes on her. "Sorry. Just cleaning up."

"You ... don't have to ... stop." He thought he might

explode all over again when she stretched out her tongue and licked more cum from her arm.

"Mmmmm. I've never ... swallowed before." Samantha licked some cum off his chest, swallowed it, and sighed. She stopped herself from going back for more. "We have to get ourselves, and your room, cleaned up before your mom walks in, sees what we've done, and kicks me out of the house." She looked around at the enormity of the mess. "There's even some on the wall."

"What do we do about this?" Noah nodded to his softening cock. Even at half-mast, it was huge.

"I don't know. We'll talk to Mrs. Palmer. Tell her it was a mistake." Samantha crawled off the bed, aware that he was staring at her butt. "We'll figure it out."

"Yeah ... Mrs. Palmer." Noah nodded and followed Samantha.

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Lauren sneaked into her daughter's dark room. She gently closed the door behind her, carefully making her way to Melanie's bed. She stubbed her toe when she reached it and bit her lip to keep from crying out. She hopped on her foot for a few seconds, her naked body jiggling in the dark, then lifted the covers and climbed into bed. Tentatively, she reached out and put her hand on Melanie's rounded hip. Her daughter was sleeping on her side facing the wall, wearing only panties.

"Mom?" Melanie opened her eyes, pulling herself out of her dreams. After so many intimate moments, she knew her mother's touch even in sleep. She could feel her mom's fingers gently running up her ribs. "What are you doing?"

"I couldn't sleep," Lauren whispered. "I know the thing that made us do those things is gone. And I'm happy it's gone. But ..." She bit her lip again, this time in anxiety. What would Melanie say? "But I miss being close to you. I never felt that way before and ..." Lauren let her fingers linger on the side of Melanie's breast.

Melanie turned onto her back, staring up into the dark. "And you want to feel it again." She found her mother's hand and laced their fingers together. "I want to be close to you, too. But I was afraid to say anything."

"Shh. Don't be afraid." Lauren kissed Melanie lightly on the lips. "Mommy's here."

"Let's just try kissing ... and see if it's weird ... or whatever." Melanie turned her face toward her mother. "Is that okay?"

"Of course, sweetie. I feel the same way." Lauren kissed her daughter again. She was almost timid as she let her tongue explore that familiar mouth. It was the first time she'd kissed someone with passion in years, excluding Erato's influence.

It didn't take long for Melanie to melt into her mother's embrace. It was clear that however strange their experiences had been, it had awakened an irreversible force. When the painting had eaten itself, Melanie had wanted nothing more than to put the whole experience behind her. But when her mother's hand slipped inside her panties, she didn't stop her. When two fingers found her g-spot, she moaned into the kiss. As she pushed her pelvis into her mother's hand, all she could do was look to the future. They had so many wonderful moments ahead of them.

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“What is this place?” Paul looked around at the sleek, bright corridors. He stopped to gaze through a window at the stars. They weren’t twinkling, which meant ... he was in space. “This is your starship, isn’t it?”

“You are aboard the Errand into the Wilderness.” Mary stopped next to him and contemplated a distant nebula. “Or more accurately, you are sleeping in your bed, snuggled between your lovely mother and her new deputy, Mrs. Joanna Mills.”

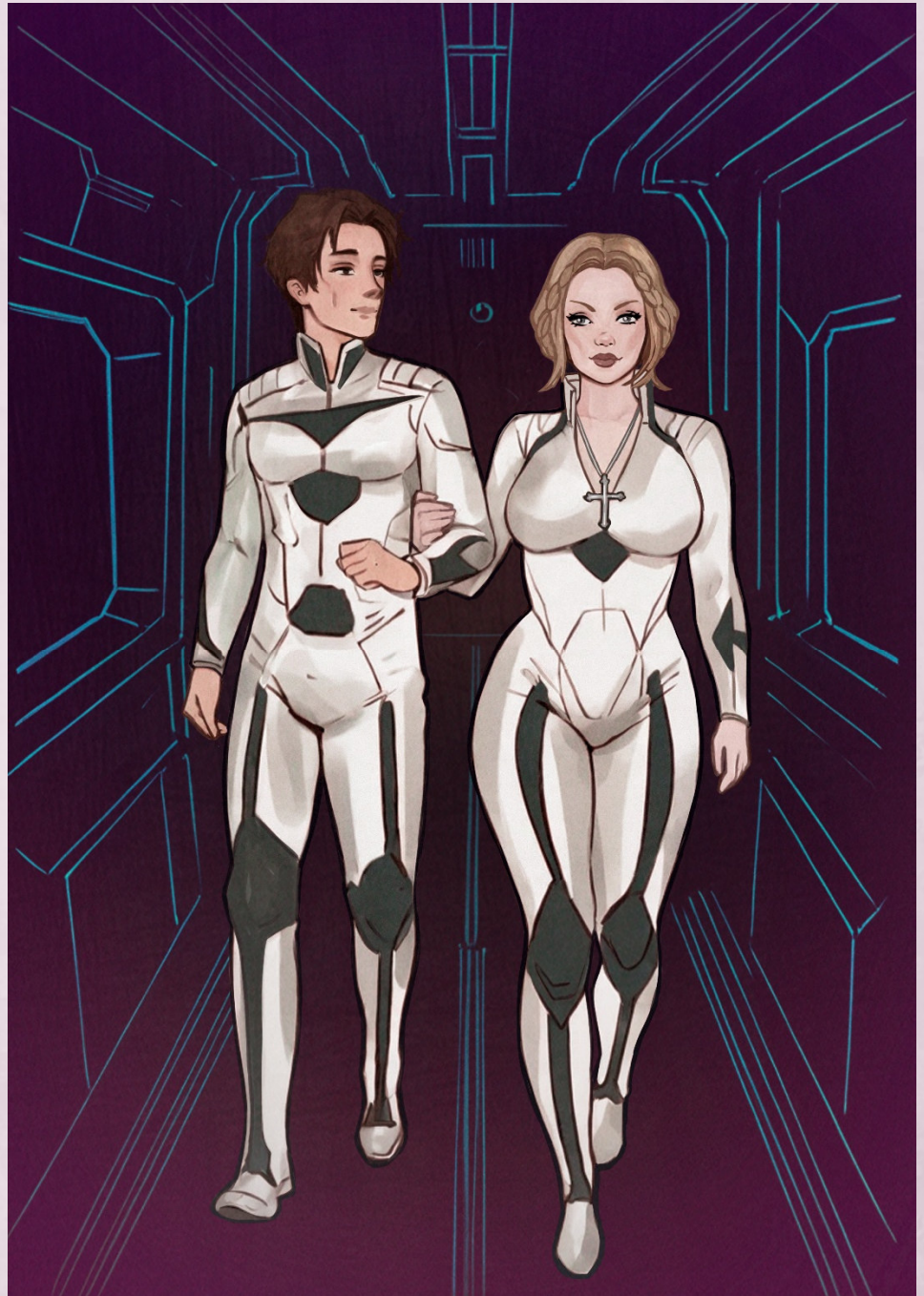
“I’m dreaming.” Paul snuck a peek of Mary’s enormous breasts, not so well hidden inside her black and white uniform. The color scheme, and her braid, reminded Paul of the Amish. But, of course, she didn’t eschew technology. He could feel the ship humming through the deck under his feet.

“Come with me.” Mary linked her arm in his, and they walked down the corridor.

“Where are we going? I’m ...” Paul slowed to a stop again. The window before him did not show distant stars. Instead, he was looking at Samantha Owens riding Noah Reader. She seemed overjoyed. Her impish features twisted in pleasure, her head thrown back. Her belly glowed strangely. Paul thought he could see ... the outline of Noah’s giant penis inside her. “What’s happening?” He looked at Noah’s face, which seemed a mask of pain and longing. Paul banged on the window. “Noah! Sam! There’s something wrong! You have to stop ... fornicating.”

“They can’t hear you.” Mary’s voice was low and authoritative. “But I commend you on your compassion for your friends. We must save them for they are your flock. All the women in your congregation will take your hand in marriage, and all the men will become attendants to Him. That is God’s way.”

“It is?” Paul was confused, but as is so often the way with dreams, he accepted her words as truth. “What’s happening to them?” He watched in horror as Samantha’s glowing belly heaved with her exertions.



"They are in thrall of a great evil. The Great Tempter, the Fallen Seraph, has blinded them to His truth. But we will show them. We will not leave them to their fate." Mary, her arm still interlocked with his, pulled Paul away from the window. They walked at a leisurely pace down the hall. They stopped in front of another window.

"Mrs. Vitova?" Paul could see his neighbor's face straining as she emerged, half-buried beneath the bed covers. There was somebody under her, but Paul could not see them. The blanket rose and fell like some piston machine was at work underneath. "What's happening to her?"

"She is copulating like a heathen." Mary laughed. "Well, she is a heathen copulating."



"But it looks wrong." Paul had learned much recently about how male and female bodies joined. Just then, Margaret Vitova threw off the covers. She was a sweaty, gyrating mess. Under her, a woman lay with legs spread wide and hands on Margaret's butt. Paul looked closer. "Mrs. Vitova has ... she has a penis."

"So she does." Mary nodded her agreement. "Do you see what infects Clover Falls? Do you see the evil that has taken root among your friends and neighbors?"

"Yeah." Paul shivered. Both Margaret and the woman underneath her looked excessively happy. Just as Samantha had. But such were the methods of the Great Deceiver. He let Mary pull him from the window, and they walked on to the next. He had no idea what sort of perversity awaited him. He was surprised when the next scene was quite tame. A woman and man were

joined in the missionary position, their hips moving slowly, their lips locked together. "What is this?"

"A mother and son locked in deep sin." Mary frowned.

"But ... um ... I've done it with my mom." Paul looked closer. He recognized Jimmy Ronning, a bully from school. "Am I ... a sinner?"

Mary's laugh was light and reassuring. "You are the chosen one. You blessed your mother with your holy seed. But you are surrounded by heathens and polygamists. What you do in God's name, they do for the Great Tempter." She unlocked their arms and unzipped her uniform.

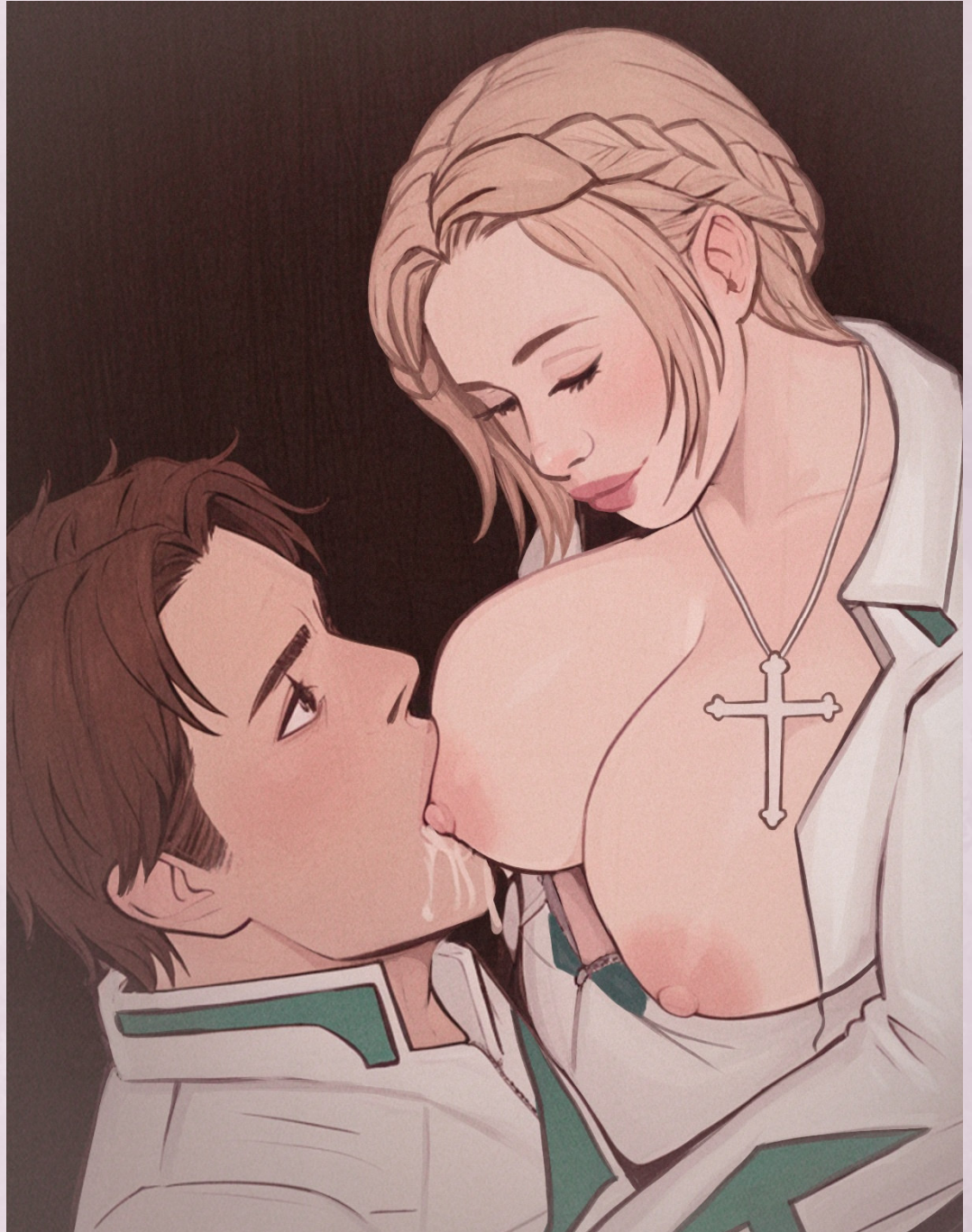
"They look happy together." Paul could see how Jimmy's mother tenderly stroked his back and welcomed him with wide-open legs.

"The most potent lies don't seem like lies at all." Mary pulled her heavy breasts from her uniform, one at a time.

"If I am to ...
mmppppppphhhh."
Paul's words ended when Mary forced her nipple into his mouth. The taste was divine ... quite literally. He drank and drank her warm sweetness.

"Shh ... No more questions now." Mary stroked his brown hair as he drank. The ship hummed around them. "You need your rest. Think about what I showed you. All of these dark threads have been wound around us. They would stop us if they could. But I will not let them. We will sanctify this town with your seed. We will spread the epistle of fecundity. The heathens will submit. We will prevail."

Paul drew strength from her milk and her conviction. She was right. God depended on him. And Paul had no notion of letting God down.



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“Well, you look different, dearie.” Eloise smiled from her painting. She was in her pregnant incarnation, wearing a nineteenth-century dress without the bustle. Her male companions were absent from the canvas.

“You promised me that you wouldn’t change my body.” Noah closed the door after he and Samantha entered the office.

“I didn’t change my mind. You did. You asked for that.” She nodded down to the outline of his enormous cock, slumbering in his shorts.

“Oh ... gosh ... you knew he was joking.” Samantha’s face tightened in anger. “It was obvious. Change him back.”

“His mother asked me to change her back after she made her bargain with us. Like mother, like son. She hasn’t asked for that again.” Eloise shrugged and persisted with her pleasant smile. “Once we exchanged due consideration and the pact was finalized, there was no going back. It’s for the best, really. You should join your dear friend, Samantha. Would you like me to grant you the same joys? He would fit so much better, and your womanly treasures would become even more beguiling.”

“You want to turn me into a bimbo slut?” Samantha tried to be polite

whenever possible. But sometimes it wasn’t possible. “I get it. You’re a whore and so the whole world should be one, too? I’m not a slut like you.”

“Watch your words, young lady.” Eloise’s face sunk in, her flesh turning black and corrupted. The room swirled with terrible dark shapes. The steady *tick ... tock ...* of a cursed clock filled their ears. She watched the teenagers huddle together in fear. “Do not seek to undermine me. Do not try to ...” Eloise took a deep breath, snapped her fingers, and the room was bright and cheery again. Her rot was replaced by rosy, freckled cheeks. “Forgive me. I’ve had many ... difficulties over the years. My husband, who is not himself now, was once a formidable villain working at the behest of a powerful and petulant baby. He did ... terrible things, and I bear the scars. I did not mean to cast my ire in your direction. Now, what were we talking about?”



Noah raised his hand. "You have to change me -"

"Oh, yes." Eloise cut him off. "The good news about the other paintings. Your mother was very clever. Of course, we can't go charging into every home with a broken bottle. Some of the others will be aware of the threat. They will seek to protect themselves. I think it best if you bring The Belle Dame's shopkeeper here so that I may speak with him. I think I see a way to free Clover Falls of the sundry nefarious paintings."

"What are you talking about?" Noah scratched his head.

"Oh ... did your mother not tell you about Erato's demise?" Eloise could see the blank looks on their faces. "The painting that had its tendrils sunk into your sister? No? Well, I'm sure Mrs. Reader was waiting till the right moment to tell you. I'll fill you in." Eloise told them all that Jessica had relayed to her about Jessica's experience at the Keitaro's house.

"Mom ... killed a painting?" Noah was stunned.

"There's a way to defeat them?" Samantha couldn't suppress a smile, Noah's condition temporarily forgotten.

"Yes, and yes." Eloise nodded. "And not only that, but you are making me stronger. When you two joined upstairs not long ago, I could feel my prison weakening. We are mapping out this mysterious landscape. What a lovely family you are. I was very lucky your mother selected me to come here." Eloise's face became very solemn and earnest. "And that brings me back to my earlier request. I need you to bring the shopkeeper here. I must speak to him. We have leverage now. Together, we can end the power the other paintings seek to hold over your town."

"I mean ... we can try," Samantha said.



“What about my ... um ...” Noah pointed at his dick.

“Since The Belle Dame is the source of my power, perhaps the shopkeeper will know how to reverse the magic upon you.” Eloise slowly looked Noah up and down, making clear that she liked what she saw. “But I hope you’ll reconsider. I think your mother will heartily approve of your slightly enhanced bludgeon.”

Noah blushed profusely.

Samantha nodded. “We’ll go to The Belle Dame tomorrow when it opens.” She rubbed her chin. “We’ll take Kathy and Ella with us. They were over here tonight. We all had dinner together. Did you know that?”



“Kathy Bly was here?” Eloise bit her bottom lip. “I did not know.”

“Don’t worry, she says she wants to get along with you.” Noah waved a hand at Eloise. “It sounds like you pulled your punches last time anyway. It was nice of you to send her home.”

Eloise nodded. “I’m glad we have a rapprochement. I look forward to being fast friends.”

“Yeah. I’m sure she does, too.” Samantha got the feeling that Eloise was holding something back ... something important. Regardless, they had no option but to trust her for the time being.

