

Chapter 24



The Palmer Legacy



The Palmer Legacy 24

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Chapter 24

Under a Sprig of Mistletoe

It was such a fine morning that Kathy and Adeline Bly decided to walk to the Readers's house. They had been invited for Christmas Eve celebrations. Joe had been invited, too, but they left him at home. He complained until Kathy's eyes turned red, then he decided he'd spend the day watching football.

Mother and daughter held hands and made small talk. Kathy bathed in happiness. She'd nearly forgotten about the insanity unfolding all around her ... until ... a bit of Clover Falls's craziness walked down the street toward them.

"Does that man seem strange to you?" Kathy let go of her mother's hand and put an arm protectively around her shoulders. Her other hand tightened on the bag of presents they were bringing along.

"Fuck ... he does look wrong." Adeline had recently acquired the habit of swearing everywhere but in polite company. What she had with Kathy had freed her in so many ways. "He's taller than you ... there's something wrong with his teeth ... and he's fucking green."

"He's also wearing Renaissance fair clothes." Kathy slowed her pace and looked around. There was no one else about, just the creature lumbering toward them.

"Maybe he's dressed up in a costume." Adeline nodded her head firmly. "It's cozy play."

"You mean cosplay." Kathy tilted her head up and sniffed the air with her turned-up nose. "And he's not fake. He smells ... different ... and real." She stopped on the sidewalk, placing her mother behind her. "What are you?" Her voice carried and echoed down the street.

The creature hurried toward them, not flinching or pausing, even when Kathy's eyes began glowing red. "I am Sontar." His voice was low and discordant. "I am an orc." He stopped five feet away from them. "I am looking for my mother. Only she can quell the fire inside me. I have spoiled so many women since crawling from my flat world into this one."





"Go away." Adeline squeaked. She grasped the thin material covering her daughter's round, firm butt, her knuckles going white. How odd that she hid behind her eighteen-year-old daughter, when only a decade ago Kathy hid behind her skirts. She peeked around Kathy at the strange man. She trembled when she saw fangs protruding from the lower side of his mouth.

"We haven't seen any green ladies running around." Kathy shifted her weight to the balls of her feet.

"Oh ... my mother looks nothing like me. She is an elf, shorter than the young miss hiding behind you." He pointed at Adeline.

"That's my mother." Kathy cocked her head at him.

"Forgive me. I am more familiar with elves. This is the first Realm of Man I have visited." Sontar could see he was troubling the poor mother with fair skin who trembled behind her tall daughter with brown skin. "Have you seen a beautiful elf with flaxen hair?"

"Your mother is ... an elf?" Kathy raised her eyebrows.

"Yes." Sontar had explained this to humans so many times recently, he no longer cared to elaborate.

"Your flat world – the one you came from – was it

painted?" Kathy winced as her mother's fingernails dug into the soft flesh of her ass cheeks. She reached behind her and stroked her mother's head. Her other hand still held the bag of presents.

"It was." Sontar nodded. His hunger was growing. It had been hours since he'd sated his lust. The women before him were not elves, but they were beguiling. He had now mated many human women, but never anyone so near his own size.

"I suggest you go back to your painting and look for her in there. You won't find your mother in Clover Falls." Kathy slowly moved around him, careful to keep herself between her mother and the orc.

"I have tried." Sontar frowned.

"Try some more, Sontar." Kathy was now walking quickly away. They were only a few blocks from the Readers's house. She held hands with her mother again, letting her lead them while Kathy kept her eyes on the orc.

"I will look here." Sontar grumbled, and turned away from them. He looked around, decided on a path, and made his way into a nearby backyard.

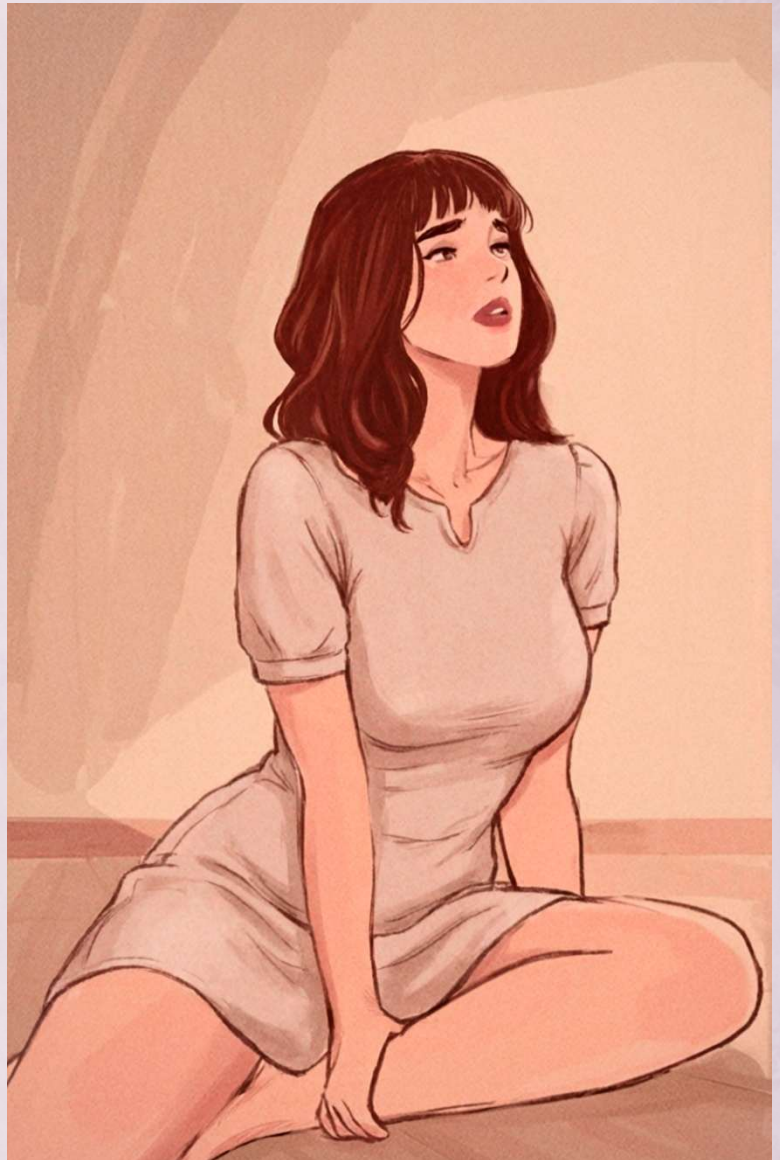
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"I'm not sure ... I have any more stuff ... inside me." Paul panted and watched the nervous woman approach. "Maybe I can rest a while ... and ... Mrs. Murphy can ... have a turn later."

"Nonsense." Mary gazed at the church ladies. They were all in various states of undress. Some were staring fixedly at Paul's still full and writhing cock. Others looked lost with distant, dreamy expressions. All but Holly, and Mary herself, bore Paul's thick white sperm on their faces, hair, and chests. "We're not sending anyone home unanointed. Did you think it would be easy being the Messiah?"

"No." Paul tried to keep the petulance out of his voice. "Come here, Mrs. Murphy."

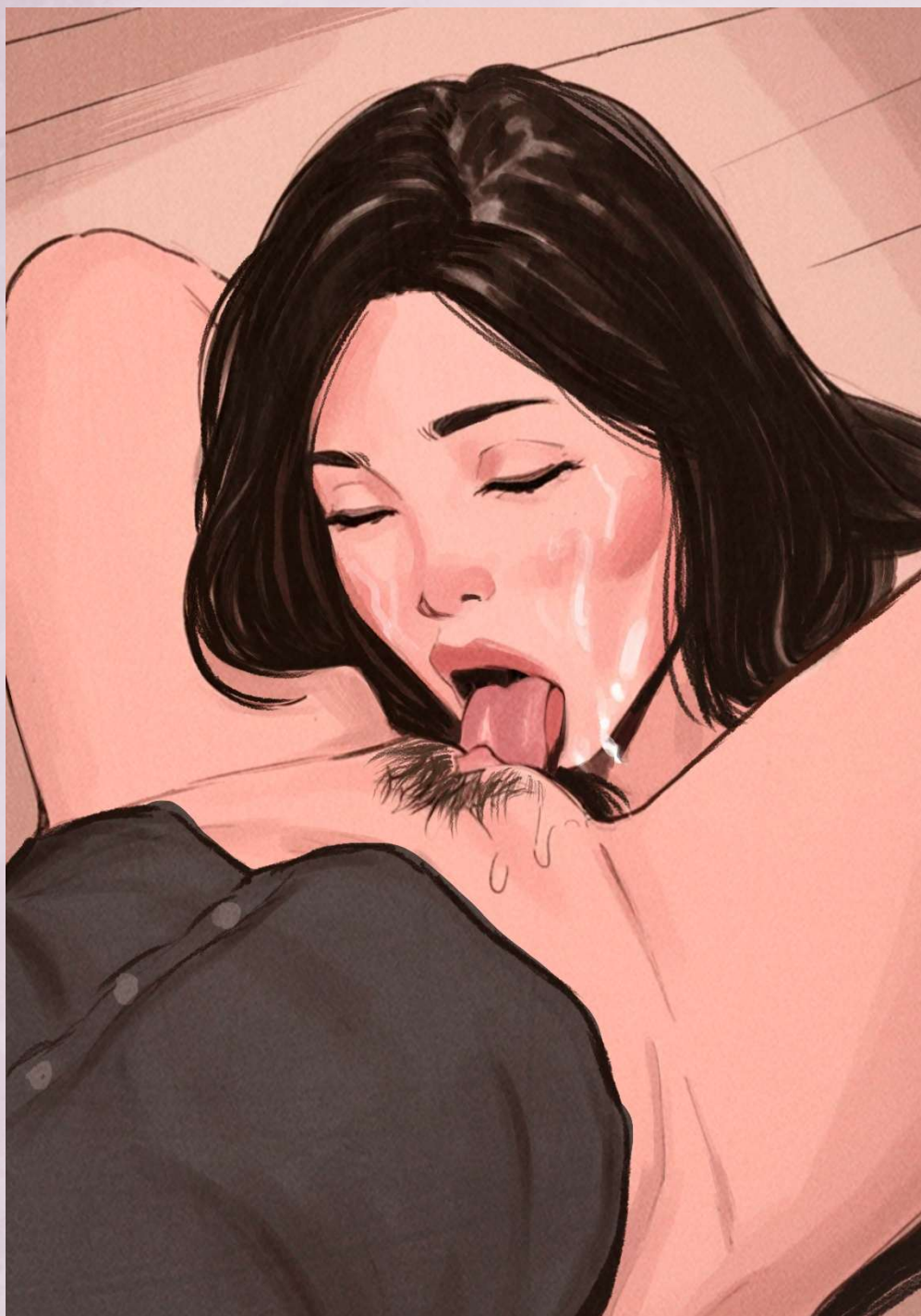
"Okay." Holly's voice was barely above a whisper. She moved over to him as if in a trance and dropped to her knees. After watching all the other women fellate Paul, she didn't need to ask any questions. She would open her mouth as wide as she could, bob her head with vigor, and pump her hands with all her might. With each successive church lady, it had taken Paul longer to climax. Holly prayed he wouldn't last hours. Regardless, she knew she would give it her all. A belly full of milk had given her clarity about what was truly important. "Oh ... it's so heavy." Her fingers pressed into the thick pole. She could feel muscles moving inside it, twisting it about, muscles that had no right to be in a human penis as she understood the organ. "Give me your seed, Paul. It is an honor." She said no more after that since her mouth was otherwise occupied.



"I can see ... your devotion." Paul brushed her brown bangs aside to get a better look at her contorted face. "You made the right choice ... to serve me. To ... uh ... serve Him. And you're skilled ... very skilled ... with your tongue. Yes ... keep doing that." Paul had worried that it simply wouldn't be in him to cum again. But those fears faded as he enjoyed Holly's sloppy work.

"Holly is ... skilled." Lauren stared hungrily at the blowjob. The semen on her face had dried. She had been the second lady to please Paul. That seemed like an eternity ago. As she watched, she skillfully caressed Kim's clitoris. She desperately wished the woman would return the favor.

"Ohhhhhh ... ohhhhhhhhhhhh ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhh ... Kim watched Holly closely, too. Kim's blouse was still wet, and she could feel the sticky stuff still dribbling from her chin. "We're all going to taste it ... all of us ... we're changing the church ... together. Ooohhhhhhhhhh ... Lauren ... you're going to make me ..." She was quite happy that Lauren had decided to join their meeting. Her body went rigid, and she surrendered herself to pleasure. It was wonderful but paled in comparison to the ecstasy of drinking Paul's stuff.



When Lauren crawled between Kim's legs and wedged her tongue between the woman's slick pussy lips, she absurdly wondered if she was cheating on Melanie. A woman couldn't cheat on her own daughter, could she? She decided once Melanie drank from Paul too, any infidelity would be forgotten. What they did for God was the right thing to do by definition.

"Hey ... Mom ..." Paul held the back of Holly's head, winding his fingers into her mousy hair. "You see what Mrs. Keitaro is doing for Mrs. Kannur?"

Shannon looked over at the *other* oral sex going on in her living room a few feet away. "Yes, dear. It's hard to miss."

"I like it. I like it a lot." Paul's eyes roved over to where Sofia sat with her boobs spilling out of her dress and her hands between her legs. She looked gorgeous with his cum on her. "I want you to do that to Mrs. Fischer."

The room was filled with Holly's gurgling moans and Kim's plaintive cries of pleasure. Shannon thought over

her son's request. "I don't know, dear." She frowned, wondering what another woman would taste like.

"It'll help me anoint Mrs. Murphy faster," Paul said.

Holly moaned louder around his penis when she heard that.

"If it helps him in our mission, you should always accommodate him." Mary wished Paul had asked his mother to visit *her* vagina. But she supposed he might have a thing for strident, slim ladies. Mary shrugged. Sofia wouldn't be slim much longer.

"Yes, of course." Shannon cleared her throat and moved over to the woman. She knelt between Sofia's legs. "Move your hand, please."

"Gosh, Shannon, are you really going to ...?" Sofia moved her hand out of the way and watched as her fellow church lady licked her vagina. "Oooohhhhhhhhhh ... that's nice ... that's really ... nice."



"Yeah ... Mom ... that's awesome." Paul pushed and pulled on Holly's head, masturbating himself with her mouth. She gagged, but that didn't bother him. In fact, he rather enjoyed the sound. "Hey ... Mom ... lift up your butt. Yeah ... like that ... arch your back. You have the best ... ugh ... ass ... Mom ... ugh ... you look so ... perfect ... licking Mrs. Fischer ... I'm going to ... I'm going to ..." He listened to Holly gag in earnest as he erupted down her throat. He didn't know how much sperm he had left, but when he let her fall to the floor, he could see a good amount escaping from her mouth. The silliest sounds escaped Holly's throat. Exhausted, Paul slumped to the floor next to her. His dick finally went soft, apparently understanding that its work was at last finished.

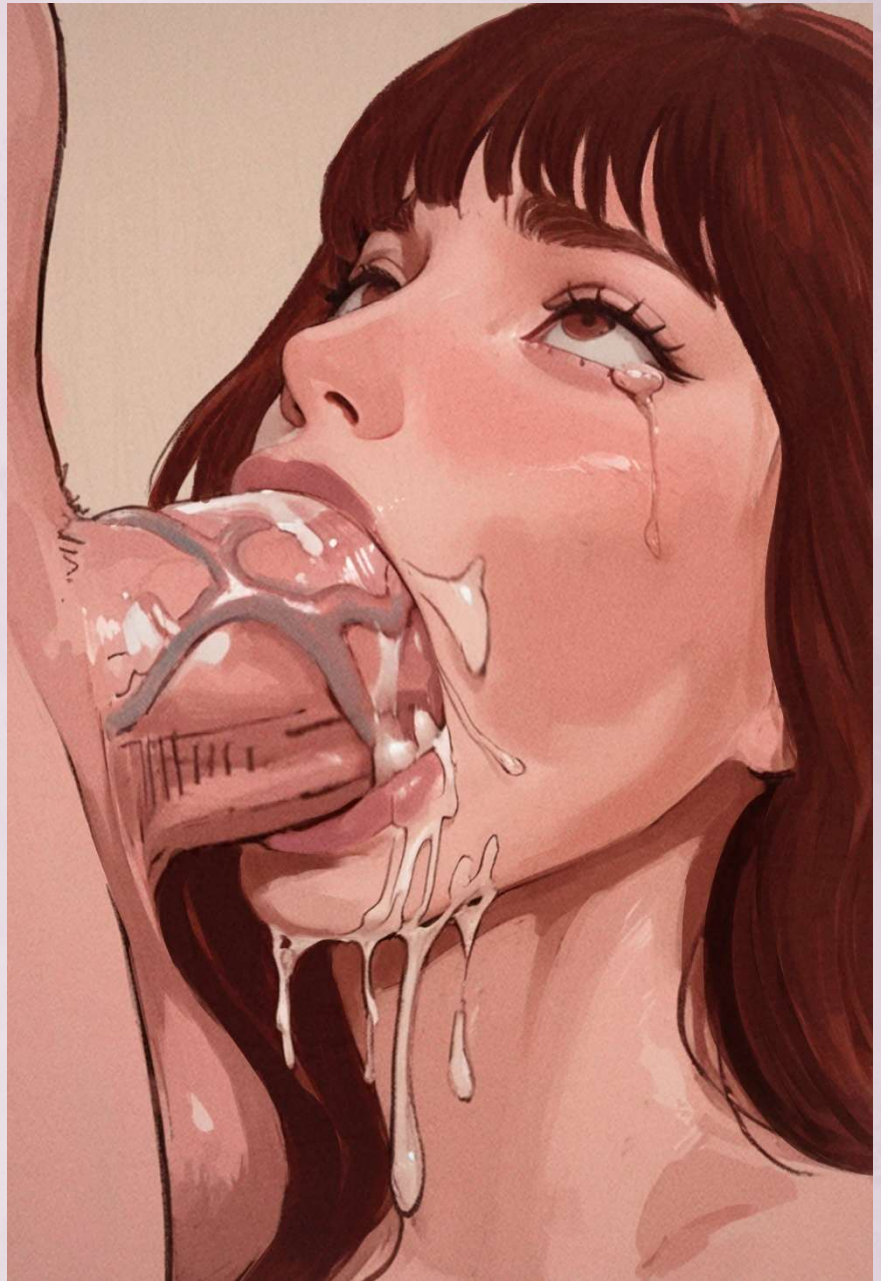
"Very good." Mary stood and stepped over the satisfied bodies on the floor. "I must return home. I know some of you must return to your own homes. But I encourage any who can stay to continue once Paul has rested." She stopped in the doorway and looked back at her new flock. "And remember: *Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart, as working for the Lord, not for human masters, since you know that you will receive an inheritance from the Lord as a reward.*" Her smile was rich with fulfillment. She turned and left them.

"You heard Mother Mary, if you wish to go you may. If you want to further dedicate yourself to Paul, you may stay and wait out his time of well-deserved rest." Joanna stood and looked at herself in the mirror above the mantel. She was a mess. "I'm going to get cleaned up. Any Christian Ladies that would like to use Shannon's bathroom to freshen up, please help yourself." She looked down at her stained dress. "And we will find a change of clothes for you if you need them." She followed Mary out of the living room.

Zoe slowly stood on shaky legs and followed Joanna to the bathroom.

Everyone else stayed where they were, either resting or engaged in noisy cunnilingus.

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"You saw a what?" Noah stared at Kathy as they strung up lights on the Readers's artificial tree.

"Are you sure he was green?" Samantha stared at her friend with wide eyes.

"You heard what I said." Kathy shrugged. Since she was the tallest, she started the lights at the top of the tree and Noah fed them to her. "He was green. He said he was an orc. He smelled like something from a different world. He dressed like he was going to a Ren fair. And ... he said he was looking for his elf mommy."



"An orc ... looking for his ... elf ... mommy?" Noah blinked repeatedly. "What do you think, Sam?"

"Well, we're all agreed that he's here because of the paintings." Samantha saw them both nod. Paget made a joke at the other end of the room and everyone who wasn't eighteen laughed uproariously. Samantha waited for it to quiet down a little. "So ... this orc is either an orc from some unknown painting. Or ... some painting turned somebody from Clover Falls into an orc."

Noah shivered at the thought. "I hope it's the former."

"It is the former. I could smell it on him." Kathy continued to slowly wrap the tree with her strand of colored lights. "He *was* an orc."

"So, what does this mean for Clover Falls? Why can he go for a walk while Eloise complains about being shackled to her painting?" Samantha slowly looked back and forth between her friends.

Kathy shrugged.

"Honestly, why do we have to fix The Belle Dame mess?" Noah ran his hand through his hair and sighed. "Maybe if we just focused on our own lives, the rest of the town will work itself out. I don't see why *we* have to deal with an orc. Maybe he'll just go away."

"I've been saying exactly that for a while." Kathy nodded in agreement with Noah. "I'm happy with my painting."

"Yeah, I like Eloise," Noah said.

"I can't believe you two." Samantha's voice lilted with emotion. "What about *my* family? My mom is doing who knows what with my brother. Maybe something ... nasty is happening right now as we speak. And what about Ella's mom? Or poor Paul and his mom?"

"That's the thing, Sam." Kathy looked over from the tree. "We'll help you with your family. And Ella of course. If her mom doesn't like barking, we'll find a way to cure it. But Noah is right. Why is Paul our problem? How many other paintings are there? How much of our lives are we supposed to spend on this? I'm having the time of my life. We'll help you and Ella, but I think we can just learn to live with the rest of it."

"Kathy ... I ..." Samantha rubbed the back of her neck and tried to think.

"Let's agree to enjoy Christmas." Noah spoke slowly, trying to be careful with his words. He could see tears forming in Samantha's eyes. "And then we'll bring Eloise to see Mr. Luci and fix your family and help Ella. Then we can be done with it. We can live with this."

"There was an *orc* walking down the street ... in *Clover Falls*." Samantha's eyebrows knitted.

"He was a friendly orc, right Kathy?" Noah said.

"He didn't try to eat us or anything. I -" Kathy was interrupted by a hand on her shoulder.

"Sorry to interrupt." Adeline smiled apologetically at Samantha and Noah. "Can you accompany me to the bathroom, Kath?"

"Can you get this now?" Kathy handed the lights to Noah, they had spiraled far enough down for him to reach. "I'll be back in a little bit." She let her mother take her hand and lead her away.



"Are they going to ...?" Samantha saw Adeline pinch her daughter's butt right before they disappeared down the hall.

"Seems so." Noah locked eyes with Samantha. "See how happy they are? And we're happy together. And so is ..." Noah lowered his voice. "... my mom." He leaned over and kissed Samantha on the cheek. "All I'm saying is that let's fix our own messes, live our own lives, and be happy."

"I guess." Samantha pressed her lips into a thin line. She didn't like it, but she supposed Noah had a point.

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"Hold me, Kath." Adeline pressed her face into her daughter's bare boobs. Kathy's top and bra lay at their feet. She kissed Kathy's soft flesh tenderly. "You protected ... me ... today." She was still trembling from meeting that scary, green creature. "I love you ... I love you ... I love these ..." She lifted Kathy's right breast in her hand, eyeing the dark, inverted nipple. "I can't believe I made something so perfect." She sucked the nipple into her mouth, making a wide seal around the areola, teasing Kathy with her tongue. "Mmmppppppphhhhhhhhh."

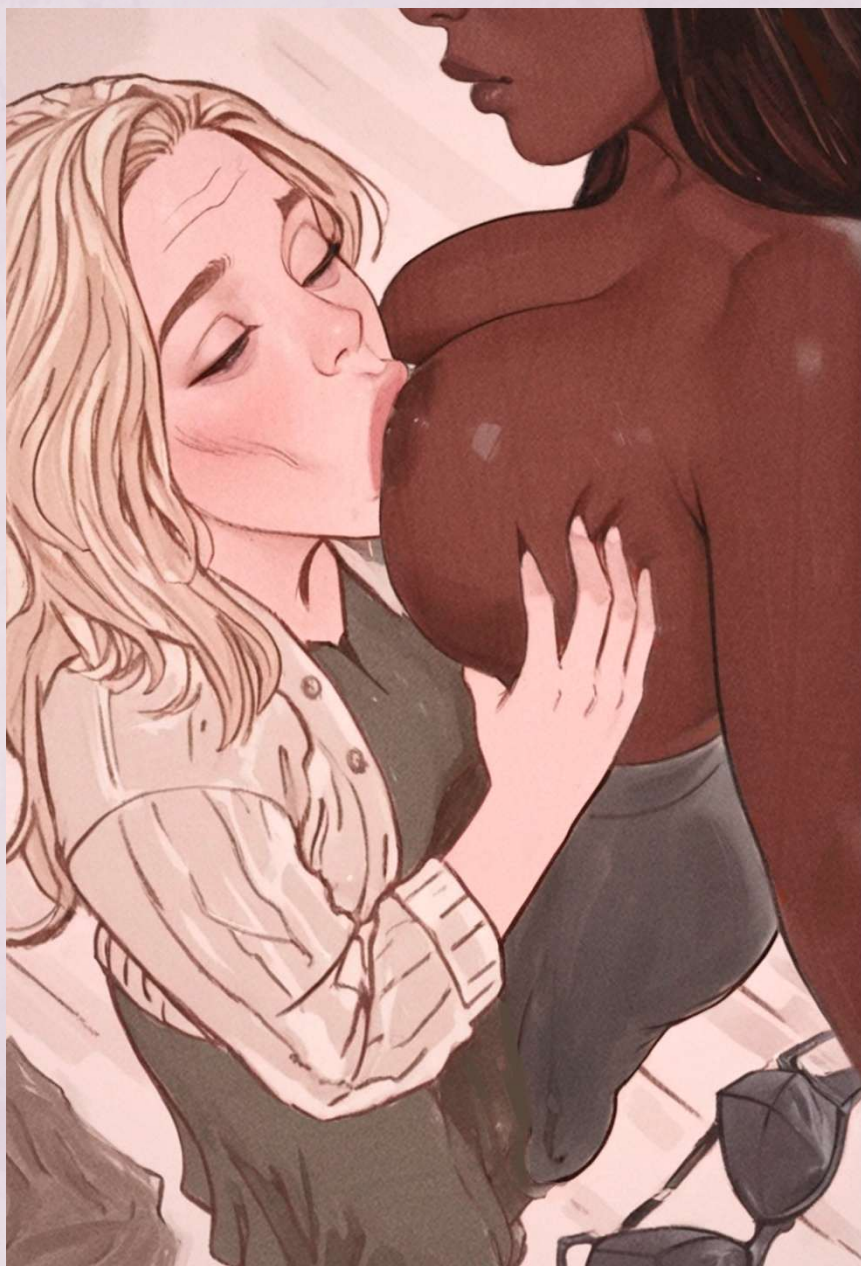
"You're getting so good at that, Mom." Kathy's voice was husky with delight. She studied her mother's furrowed brow as she sucked and squeezed her breast. Kathy's tongue slowly lolled out of her mouth and fell to her chin. "I'll take your mind ... off that scary orc."

"Eeeiiiiiii." With a shriek Adeline felt herself lifted into the air, her dress thrown above her waist, and her legs flung over her daughter's shoulders.

"You smell ... amazing ... Mom." Kathy moved her mother's panties aside using only her tongue, then buried it inside her pussy.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Adeline kicked her legs and tried to stifle her scream.

"Mrs. Bly, are you okay in there?" Hailey gently knocked on the door.



"F ... f ... f ... fine." Adeline held Kathy's head and rotated her pussy on that magical tongue. It was deeper than any cock had ever gone. "F ... f ... f... fucking ... fine ... Hailey. Oooooohhhhhhhhhhhh." She bit down on her arm to hold back another scream.



"Okay." Hailey raised her eyebrows. She had seen Kathy enter the bathroom with her mother, and the sounds of lust were unmistakable. It was indisputable; as soon as Hailey had tried to control her libido, everyone else's had gone haywire. She quickly retreated to her room. She couldn't smoke weed anymore, but she sure as hell could masturbate. She was going to be the only sane one in her house. That was about the most depressing thought she'd ever had.

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"I've finally got you to myself." Jessica giggled and sauntered down the upstairs hall to her son. "I thought you and your girlfriend might have become glued together or something." She held her hands demurely behind her back.

"She's decorating with everyone downstairs." Noah tried to suppress a smile. The mischievous look on his mother's face was enough to make him hard. She was gorgeous, even in her silly Christmas sweater with her hair in a ponytail.



"Well, it just so happens that you're standing under a sprig of mistletoe." She giggled harder when he looked around, his face a mask of confusion. "It's right here." She held her hand over his head, dangling the mistletoe. "We don't have time for anything more than a kiss."

"Okay." Noah wrapped his arms around her, gripping the wonderfully arching curve of her lower back. Her tongue was almost familiar to him now. He knew some of her moves and what she enjoyed.

"Mom ... are you up here?" Paget's voice echoed up the stairs.

Jessica and Noah moved apart so quickly he thumped his funny bone on the wall.

"Ow ... shit ..." He rubbed his elbow.

"Language, honey." Jessica wiped lipstick off his mouth.

"There you are." Paget found her mother and brother in the hall. Jessica moved her hand away from Noah like lightning just as Paget came into view. "Um ... Clive was wondering if we could put up the tree ornaments now."

"Clive was wondering?" Jessica forced a smile. "Thank you for helping me, Noah." She kissed her son on the cheek.

"Okay, *I* was wondering." Paget smiled back at her mother. She glanced at her brother and cocked her head. He looked like he'd just been caught with his hands in the cookie jar. Was he in trouble? "You okay, dummy?"

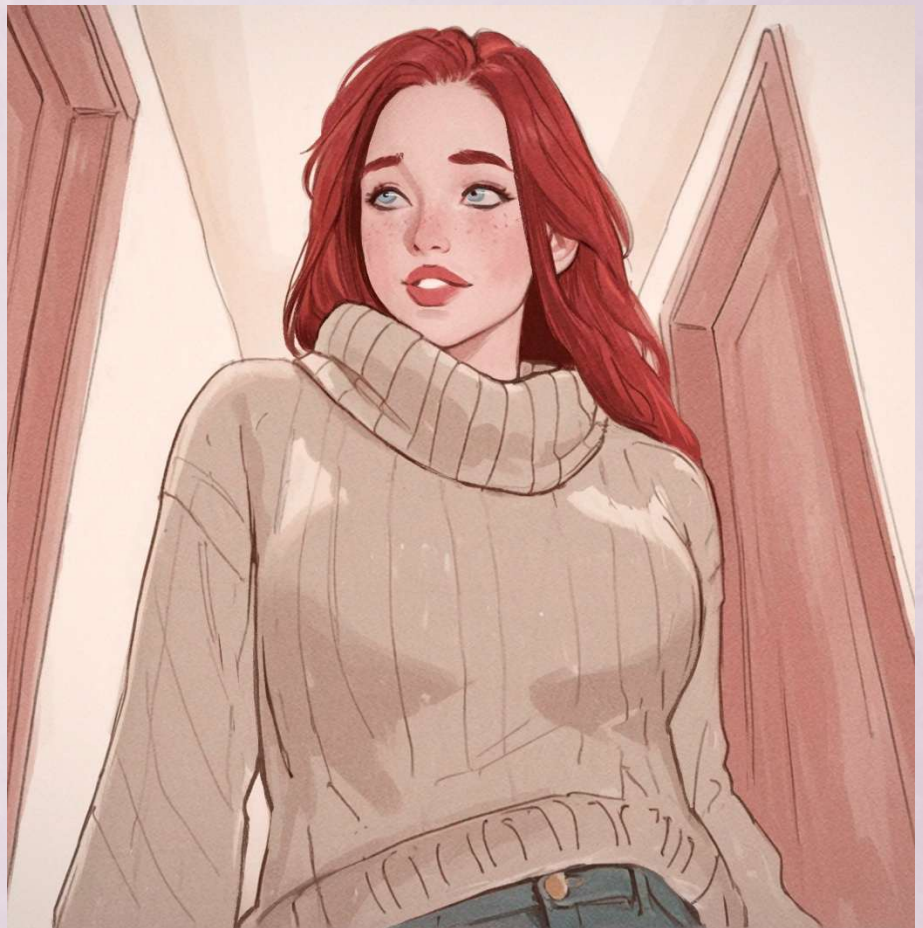
"Fine." Noah almost smacked his mother's butt, but stopped himself at the last minute. "I'm going to go get that thing you wanted from my room, Mom."

"Great." Jessica walked down the hall. "I'm going to dig Hailey out of her room. We can't let her miss the tree ornaments." As she walked by Paget, something fell to the floor.

"Hey, Mom. You dropped this." Paget bent down and picked up a cutting of mistletoe with a neat, red ribbon. She handed it to her mother.

"Oh, thanks." Jessica's smile faltered. "I'm going to use it on your father."

"Of course." Paget shook her head and walked downstairs. In the hours since she and Clive had arrived, everyone had been acting so strange.



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When Jessica returned to the main floor with a frowning Hailey in tow, she found Pat and Peggy Ronning in the kitchen chatting with Andrew. She scowled, remembering what their son had done to Noah.

"Oh, come say hi, Jess. The Ronnings stopped by. Isn't that nice?" Andrew waved his wife over.



"We were on our way out to an early Christmas Eve dinner, and Jimmy said he had to stop by and give Noah a present." Peggy held a glass of wine in her hand and took a careful sip. "The boys are becoming quite close, it seems."

"I did not know that." Jessica's staccato words bit like ice.

"Well, Jimmy and I are very close. He shares everything with me." Peggy blushed at her own words.

Jessica picked up a glass of wine but did not drink. "I would bet that Noah and I are closer."

"I would take that bet." Peggy nodded earnestly.

Andrew and Pat exchanged a look. Before the back and forth could escalate, Andrew raised his glass. "Here's to the inimitable bond between mothers and sons." Everyone clinked their glasses together and said "Cheers!" After that, Andrew led the conversation to the safer topic of the weather.

Sitting by the tree, Paget tapped her foot and looked at her watch. "Are they ever going get in here?"

"It's Christmas, Paget. It's the season of

miracles." Clive stood and gave her a wink. "I'll see if I can round up everyone."

"Good luck." Paget watched her fiancé stroll into the kitchen. She listened to him politely try and move her parents into the living room. He was, of course, unsuccessful. Paget looked at her sister slumped in an armchair. "What's wrong with you?"

"I gave up weed ... and having fun." Hailey shrugged elaborately.

"Good for you." Paget smiled.

"It sucks." Hailey frowned.

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"My dad's calling again." Ella lay naked in the Owens's living room under the painting from The Belle Dame. "It's Christmas Eve. I can't just ignore him." Her pussy was sore and her eyes were wide as she watched her mother lazily ride Eddie. "He's probably going to call the police."

"So?" Eddie was quite comfortable lying on the floor. He could hear his mother making dinner in the kitchen. He sighed. He would have to switch positions soon. It was about time to work up another sweat, or his dad would rouse himself and freak out like he had that one time when he caught Eddie with Debra Wright. "Someone has to be missing more than twenty-four hours before the cops go looking for them."

"Actually ... uh ... that's a ... myth." Mara was slowly building herself to another orgasm. How many would that be for the day? Certainly, somewhere north of twenty.

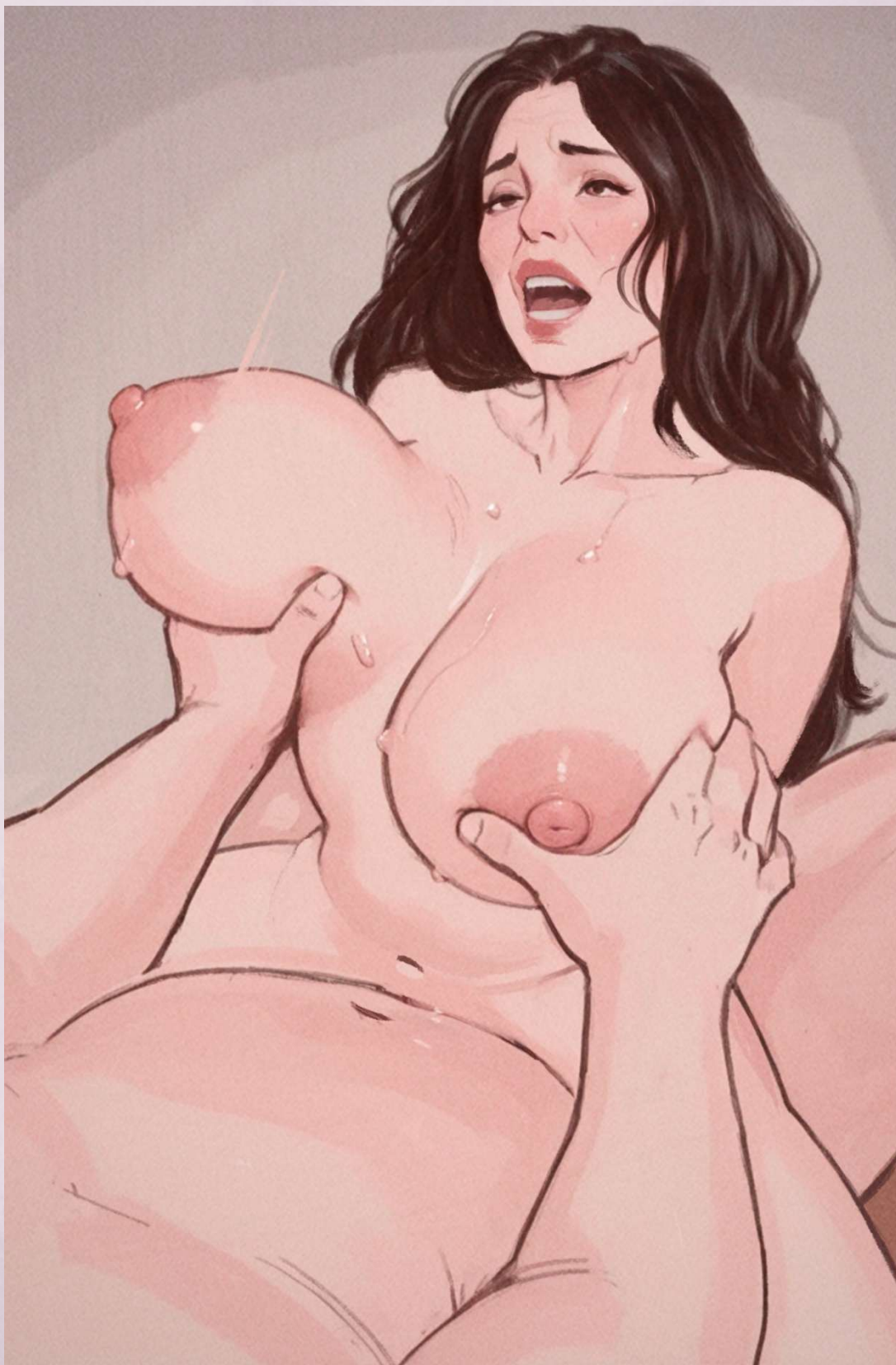
"Stop ... yapping ... Mrs. Rizzuto. I'm talking to your daughter." Eddie glanced at her, saw her eyelids flutter, and then looked back to Ella. "Is Christmas Eve a big deal in your house?"

"We're Catholic, so ..." Ella slowly sat up. She couldn't make eye contact with Eddie, so she watched her mother's serpentine movements instead. She would have never believed her boring mom capable of something so ... *sexy* ... before Eddie came along.

"Okay ... okay. No police." Eddie rubbed Mara's tits to help him think. "How about ... I dump one more load in each of you ... and then send you home to do whatever you do with dear old Dad."

Mara and Ella nodded their black curls in answer to him.

"Okay, ride me harder then, bitch." Eddie pulled on Mara's breasts to encourage her. "And ... Ella ... uh ... uh ... text your dad ... that ... your mom ... went all doggy ... and made a run for it ... and you're bringing her ... home."



"He'll freak if I text him that." Ella picked up her phone.

"Make ... something up ... then ... I don't care ... I'm about to bust ... in your ... fucking mom." Eddie's face tightened in concentration. "Gonna ... make you a ... baby brother ... Ella ... gonna ... uuuuuuggghhhhhhhhh."

As Ella watched her mother and Eddie cum together, thoughts about her father disappeared. It wasn't until Eddie had her on her elbows and knees that Ella tried to write her father back. "Could you ... ugh ... ugh ... slow down? I can't type ... when you're ... oooohhhhhh ... slamming into me ... like that."

"Nah ... I'm ... working up a sweat." Eddie didn't slow down. He held her hips tightly and humped his sister's friend with long, mighty lunges. "Send it ... with typos ... or whatever."

"Uh ... uh ... Mom?" Ella gritted her teeth against the onslaught. She was halfway through the text, it was already riddled with typos, and the mounting pleasure made concentration almost impossible. "Could you ... text Dad?"

"Too ... tired ... sweetie." Mara lay a few feet away, her eyes closed and her pussy leaking. "It's been ... a long ... strange ... day." She was so content from sex that she was right on the edge of a blissful nap.

"Okay ... okay ... uggghhhhhh ... ooooookay ... I ... uggghhhhhh ... yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee." Ella hissed through her teeth as she came, her finger accidentally pushing send. The forgotten phone dropped to the carpet in front of her.

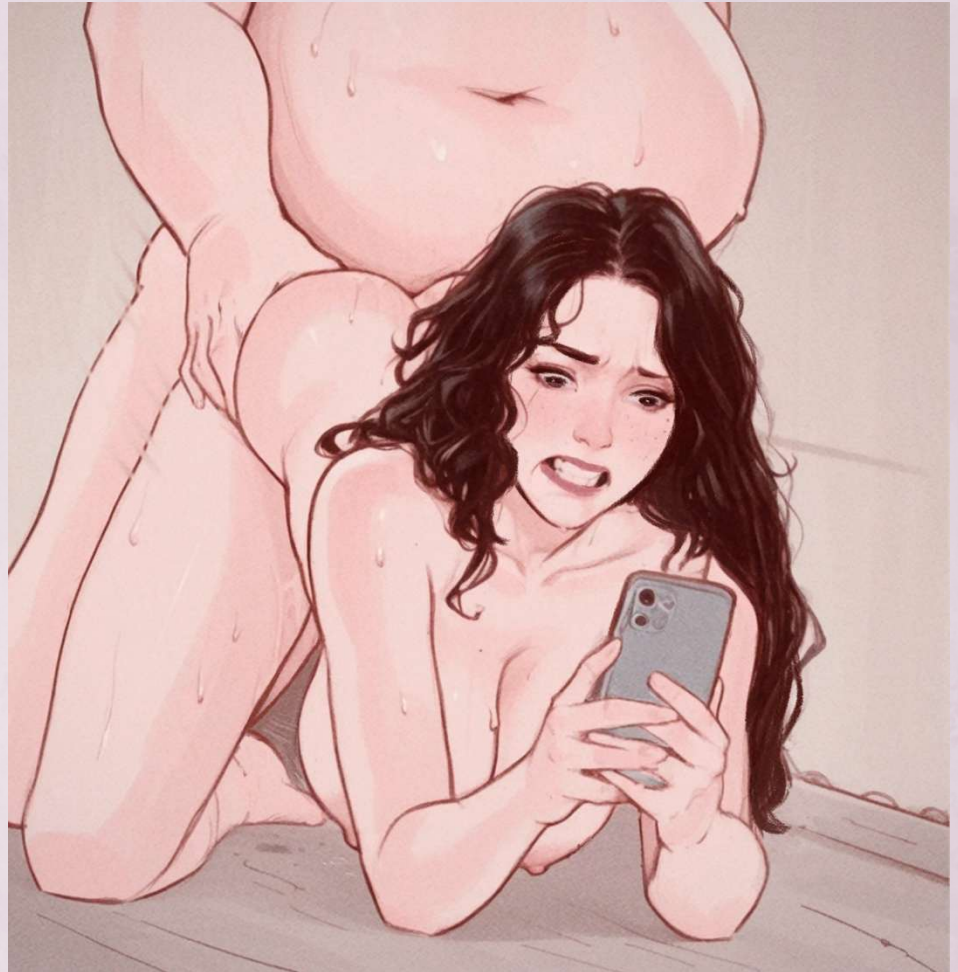
"This is ... my pussy now. I'm going ... to grow ... the Rizzuto family." Eddie's eyes blazed with triumph. "You want ... grandkids ... uh ... uh ... bitch?"

"HMMMMMMMMMM," Mara whispered.

"You ready ... to be a mom ... Ella?" Eddie stared at the painting as he humped her. He could see the metal ball shift its weight. He knew he had its approval.

"For you ... Eddie ... for you ... I want your ... baby." Ella had started the day trying to protect her family. She was now begging to get pregnant at eighteen.

"Damn ... you've got the hips ... for it." Eddie smacked her ass. "And I think ... your ass ... is already bigger ... than the last time ... I fucked you."



"Eddie, dear." Lindsey stuck her head through the doorway. "Dinner will be ready soon. Can you finish up with your friends?" She was eager to have her son all to herself.

"Yeah ... Mom ... almost there. Gonna give you ... and Mrs. Rizzuto a ... grandkid ... at the same ... ugh ... time." He winked at his mother.

"Only eighteen, and so prodigious." Lindsey rubbed her legs together. It would be her turn soon enough. She returned her son's wink and went back to the kitchen.

"Tell me ... you want ... my baby ... Ella." Eddie's hips fell out of rhythm.

"I want it ... ooooooohhhhhhh ... I can't believe it ... but I want your ... baby ... Eddie." Ella's eyes rolled back. "Give me ... give me ... give me ... a baby."

"Believe ... it ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh." Eddie thrust himself deep and held his cock there. He unloaded in her for the last time. The day had been perfect, but he wanted more.

"I feel it ... I feeeeeeeel ... it ... I ... eeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Ella let the ecstasy carry her away. Eddie had swept her off her feet, and she had no idea where she'd land.

