

Chapter 25

The Palmer Legacy



The Palmer Legacy 25

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Chapter 25

A Bottle of Olive Oil

"I assume you're here because you need us to solve the daily riddle for you." Samantha eyed Jimmy carefully. If she wasn't careful, she might actually start to consider him a friend.

"It's weird. This could be your first time through, or the fiftieth. I have no idea." Noah offered a thin smile. Jimmy was an unwelcome reminder that Noah had decided not to help most painting owners in Clover Falls. "What's the riddle? I'm sure we can find the answer."

"Negatory, good buddy." Jimmy smiled and slapped Noah on the shoulder. He winced when Noah returned the favor. Jimmy was still a little beat-up from the tussle at the Owens's house. "You already solved it for me on an earlier today. Closer to fiftieth, by the way."

"So, you need our help making it happen?" Noah watched Jimmy rub his shoulder. He thought about apologizing, remembered all of Jimmy's past transgressions, and stayed silent.

"Nope. I've got it in the bag. That crazy god wanted me to do anal with my mom." Despite the pain in his shoulder, Jimmy's smile widened. He looked around Noah's boring room. Samantha sat on her makeshift bed on the floor. Noah's bed was canted to the floor. That made Noah look odd, since he wasn't sitting perpendicular to his mattress. Jimmy sat nearby on Noah's desk chair.

"So ... your mom is out there ... having a normal conversation ..." Samantha rubbed her legs together. Her face grew hot.

"... with my cum in her ass. Yep. Pretty cool, right?" Jimmy laughed, his aching shoulder forgotten.

"Right." Despite the topic, Noah couldn't suppress a smile. He wondered if his mom would dress up nicely and visit someone's home with his cum in her ass. He doubted he'd ever find out. Her pussy was one thing, but he didn't think his mother would ever go for anal. "So ... why did you stop by today?"

"Just being a good Sumerian." Jimmy laughed harder. "I thought I'd tell you guys something you didn't know."



"What don't we know, Jimmy?" Samantha was finding it hard to concentrate. Her mind kept wandering back to Mrs. Ronning's asshole. Was she wearing a panty liner? Were her panties soaked that very moment?

"This is big, so you'd better sit down." Jimmy glanced back and forth between them. "Right, you're already sitting down. Well ... on some todays you find out that there is a way to kill the paintings."

"A way ..." Noah blinked at Jimmy.

"It's not complicated. Simple violence will do the trick. You have to slash the canvas and then the thing eats itself or something." Jimmy shrugged. "I haven't actually seen one go down. I thought about trying it with my painting, but Enki scares me. If it didn't work and he found out I tried to kill him ...?" Jimmy shook his head slowly. "You come at the king, you best not miss."

"If you haven't seen it, how do you know?" Noah's eyes narrowed.

"I know what you're thinking," Jimmy said. "We could have taken out the painting at Sam's house while we were there. I didn't know then, I swear. I found out on an earlier today."



Samantha shook her head, trying to clear the image of Mrs. Ronning's behind. "How did you find out?"

"You'll never believe how I found out. I'll give you three guesses." Jimmy patiently waited, eagerly looking at his friends. When they said nothing, he reluctantly continued. "Your mom, Noah. She told you, Sam, and Kathy on a different today. Then you told me. This happened a bunch of times, so I'm pretty sure it's legit." Jimmy looked around the room like something had just dawned on him. "Where's Kathy?"

"She's with her mom in the bathroom." Samantha struggled to keep her face stoic. The thought of what the two Blys were doing that very moment sent her into further waves of arousal. She was soaking her panties just as surely as Peggy Ronning was.

"Ohhhhhhhhh ... right. That happens sometimes," Jimmy said. "Want to know what they're doing?"

"No!" Samantha and Noah said at once.

"It's hooooooooottttt." Jimmy arched his eyebrows.

"So, I just have to destroy the painting of the metal ball? Cut it up? That's it?" Hope cleared Samantha's mind.

"Wait, how did my mom know about this?" Noah's brow creased in confusion.

Jimmy shot a finger gun at Samantha. "Yes, I think." He then shot Noah. "Here's what you told me." Jimmy laid out the story of Erato's Mirror, what had happened to Hailey, and how Jessica had saved the day.

"Wow. Why didn't she tell me sooner?" Noah rubbed his chin as he thought through the implications.

"You once said something about how she didn't know how important it was. She doesn't know about Sam and Ella's families. Not until you tell her." Jimmy smiled helpfully and wiped imaginary dust off his pant leg. "So, want to go get some eggnog?"

"We need to make a plan to kill the painting at my house." Samantha slowly stood. "We're going to need weapons. I'm going to slash that fucker into oblivion."

"Go find Kathy and come up with a plan. I'll join you all in a little bit." Noah hopped off the bed.

"What are you going to do?" Jimmy watched him with interest. This today was the only today he'd taken his mother's anal cherry, and it was making the dominos fall in unexpected ways.

"I have to talk to my mom ... about Erato ... and Hailey." Noah left the room.

Samantha barely noticed when her boyfriend left. She continued to think

about how best to end that hideous metal ball that was destroying her family.

"Can I at least get some eggnog while we plan?" Jimmy twiddled his thumbs. "I'll be downstairs. Get me when you and Kathy are ready. I've got some ideas having been through today before." He left the room.

"Sure ... sure ... I'll find you, and we can go to the basement to plan." Samantha nodded absentmindedly, her mind fixed on the image of that cursed painting eating itself.



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"Noah tells me all about school. In fact, I know that your son bullies him." Jessica polished off her wine and frowned at Peggy.



"I already told you. They're friends now." Peggy frowned right back at Jessica. "Jimmy tells me *everything*. Not just about school ... eeeeeverything."

Their husbands silently watched as the back-and-forth continued.

"I have a very close relationship with Noah's girlfriend." Jessica refilled her wine. "*She* shares with me, too."

Peggy snickered. "Jimmy doesn't have a girlfriend. I'm all the woman ... I mean ... why does a boy need a girlfriend at eighteen? He'll find one when he's ready."

"Now Peggy, I've been saying he's ready for a girlfriend for a while now." Pat scowled at his wife.

Peggy rolled her eyes. If only her dense husband knew the truth.

"Noah is healthy enough to –" Jessica stopped talking when someone grabbed her elbow. She spilled some wine and looked back with a furrowed brow. When she saw who it was, her face softened. "Hello, honey. We were just talking about you."

"Can we talk, Mom?" Noah tugged at her elbow.

"Sure, Noah." Jessica gave Peggy a scathing look. "My son has something to tell me." She turned away and smiled at Noah. "Let me clean this mess first." She put her wine on the counter and nodded at the spill on the kitchen floor.

"It can't wait." Noah tugged her again. "Can you clean it, Dad?"

"I mean, I guess ..." Andrew watched his wife and son leave the kitchen. At least the argument was finally over.

"Thanks, Dad." Noah led his mother upstairs to her bedroom. Once they were inside, he closed and locked the door. He had every intention of asking her all about the Erato painting. But he didn't recognize his words as they tumbled out of his mouth. "Jimmy and his mom had anal sex."

"What!?" Jessica's face went blank as she tried to absorb what her eighteen-year-old son had just told her.

"They did it. They did it today, right before they came over. She still has his stuff inside her." The words flew past his lips before he could so much as think about what he was saying.

Jessica sat heavily on the edge of her bed. "Is that what we were arguing about?"

"What?" Noah scratched his head in confusion. "We were arguing?"

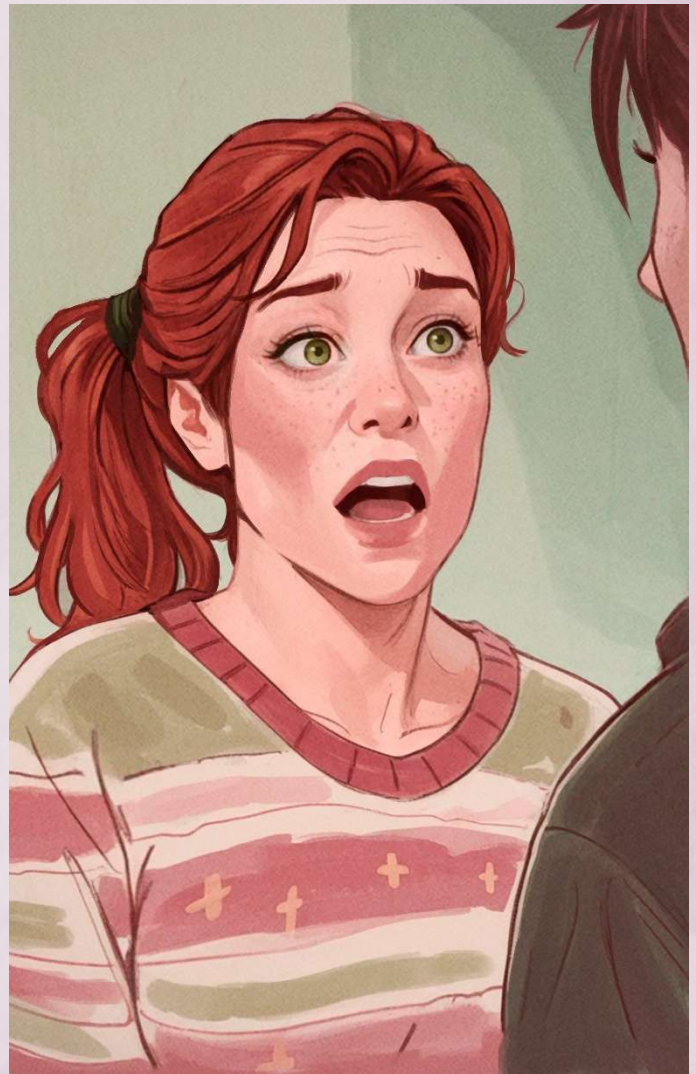
"No. Peggy and I were arguing. Never mind." Her green eyes found his brown ones. "Why are you telling me this?"

"I don't know. I just thought ... you'd want to know."

"So, you and Jimmy really *are* getting close." A thought struck her like lightning. "You didn't tell him about us?"

"No way," he lied.

"Okay. Good." She nodded. "Was this because of another one of those paintings or ... do people ... do this sort of thing naturally?" Jessica was learning so much about sexuality. She had come a long way from taking advice from columnists.



"It's a painting ... but I think some people do ... you know ... with their moms ... um ... without paintings." Noah remembered why he'd pulled her up there to begin with. "About the paintings, Mom -"

"Let's put a pin in that and come back to it later." Jessica bit her bottom lip. "You know I love you, honey, and that I'll give you anything that's in my power to give." Her stomach somersaulted with anticipation.

"I love you too, Mom."

"You're not listening, Noah." She arched her eyebrow the way she often did when she was cross with him. "You know I'll give you *anything* I can. Anything ... that other moms give their sons." She let the words hang in the air.

"You want to ...?" Noah stared at her, unbelieving.



"If Jimmy Ronning is getting it, you damn well deserve it, too." Jessica stood. "I want you to know how special this is. I haven't ever done this with your father or ..." She dropped her voice low and mumbled, "... anyone else."

"You want to do this now? With everyone in the house?" Noah looked down and saw that his erection was obvious, tenting all the way up to his Christmas sweater. "I thought we were supposed to keep cool heads until after Paget and Clive leave, and Hailey goes back to school, and -"

"If you want to wait, I'll wait." She walked over to him and whispered in his ear. "But if you want to do it now, I will. With smug, stupid Peggy Ronning drinking my wine downstairs."

"Now is good." Noah reached out for her boob and squeezed right where Rudolf's nose dotted her sweater.

"I'll be right back." Jessica kissed him on the cheek, went to the door, and stepped into the hall. Her ponytail swung behind her as she descended the stairs.

Everyone had moved out of the kitchen, thankfully. They were assembled around the fire in the living room.

"Everything okay with Noah?" Andrew called over to her.

Jessica paused on her way to the kitchen. "Everything's great. Just some mom/son stuff. Peggy understands." She smiled pleasantly at her guests.

Peggy looked confused.

"Ornaments, Mom!" Paget's face was bright red. She was clearly going to blow a fuse.

Jessica nodded to Adeline. She was back, but Jimmy, Kathy, and Samantha were still missing. "You know what, honey? You can start without us. We have a full house. You've got lots of help. We'll be back before you make too much progress." Jessica paused, thought about what was about to happen, and went over to her tablet. She connected it to the speakers and put on Christmas music at a substantial volume. "There now, isn't that festive?" She raced off to the kitchen.

"But, Mom ..." Paget got up to chase her mother, but Clive held her arm.

"I think she's going through something with Noah. We should give her some space." He kissed his fiancée's hand. "Let's start on the ornaments. It'll be fun. Come on Hailey, you want to help?"

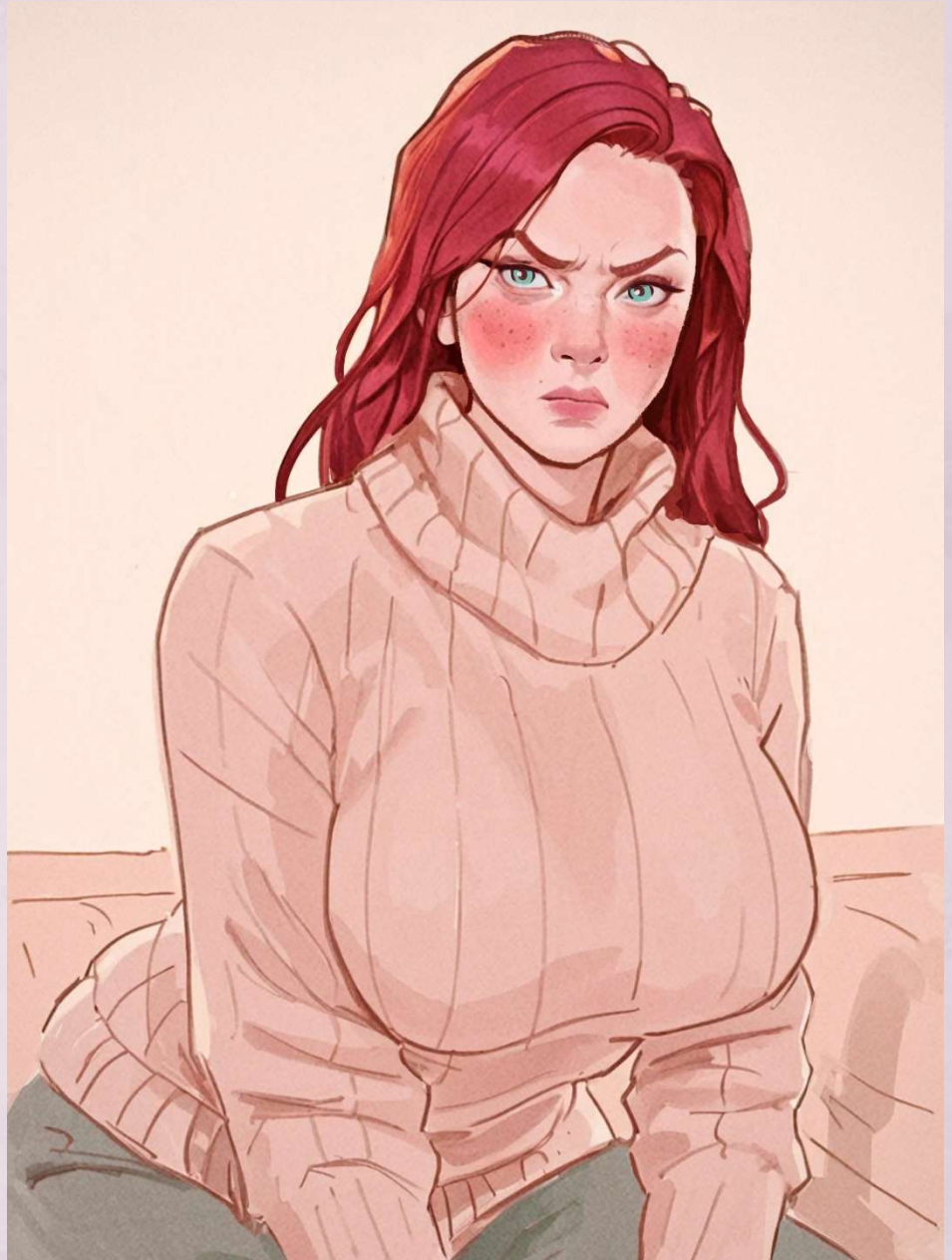
Hailey was busy watching her mom race by them again, heading upstairs. She was certain her mother was hiding something behind her hip, but she couldn't see what it was.

"Why don't you help your sister, Hailey?" Clive put his hand on Hailey's shoulder.

"What?" Hailey looked up at her charming future brother-in-law. "Okay. Sounds good."

Upstairs, Noah waited. He had no idea where his mother had gone. He paced her room. When she returned and locked the door behind her, he almost burst into applause. "Where did you go?"

"I have something embarrassing to tell you." She held her hands behind her back. "Until very recently, I didn't know much about ... sex. When your father and I did it ... we sometimes used oil to help things along. I was usually ... dry. Do you understand?"





Noah nodded his head slowly.

"Then I guess I came into my ... um ... sexual peak. And dryness wasn't a problem for my vagina." She could see he wasn't following. "It *will* be a problem for my butt. So, I grabbed this." She moved her hands from behind her back revealing a bottle of olive oil.

"You and Dad use ... that?" Noah shuddered, wondering how many times over the years the familiar bottle of olive oil in the kitchen had been in his parents' bedroom the night before.

"Is it a problem?" Jessica held it out as if seeing it better might help him understand.

"Um ... they sell stuff for this."

Her freckled cheeks flushed.

"This works just as well. And I don't feel comfortable buying lubrication."

"Why are we even talking about this?" Noah shook his head. His mother was giving him her ass. On Christmas Eve. He didn't care if she was lubing it with tractor oil. "How do you want to do this? I mean ... what position?"

"Did Jimmy tell you how he did it with Peggy?" Jessica frowned thinking about the woman. "Let's do it like that ... but ... better."

"He didn't say." Noah undressed, thinking things through as he tossed his clothes carelessly away. "I really like being behind you, Mom. But ... maybe ... you want to be on top? You know ... so we don't go too fast."

"Don't worry, I trust you to go easy on me. We're not breaking any beds this time." Jessica walked into her bathroom, put down the bottle of oil, and slowly undressed. "We'll do it in here, with the fan on for noise. You can get behind me while we're standing. Like we did in your room ... but ... you know ... not in my vagina."

If Noah's cock could get any harder, it would have. Her hand reached down, pulled it to the side and watched it spring back into place, wobbling ever so slightly.

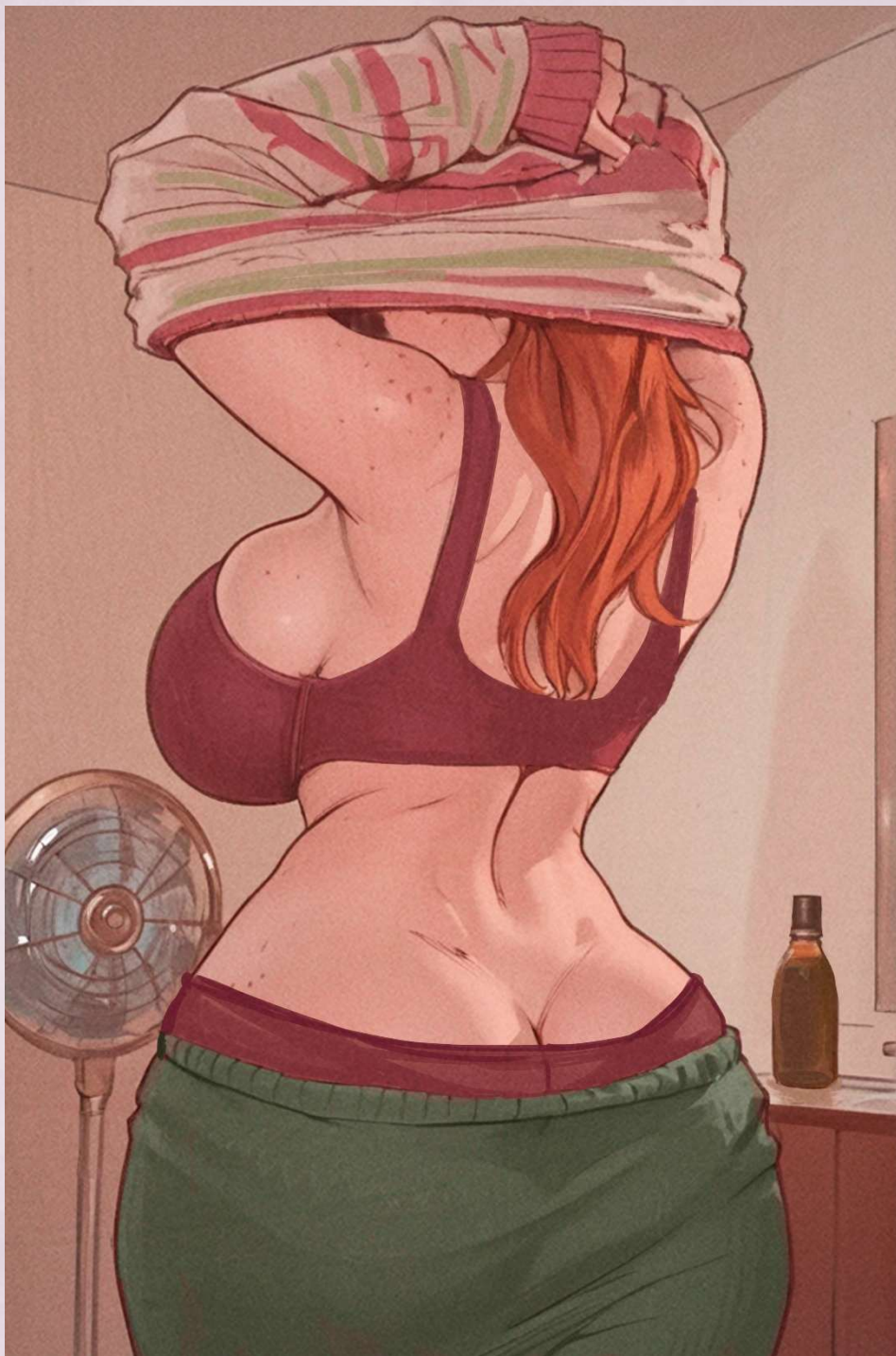
Jessica giggled. "You're so silly, honey." She moved to the side as he joined her in the bathroom.

"And so handsome ... and thoughtful ... and big." She grasped his penis and squeezed. Wearing only her bra and panties, she kissed him on the lips while she continued playing with his erection. She gave special attention to the foreskin, lovingly stretching and massaging it. They kissed for a few minutes. When his hands roved up her belly and hefted her boobs, she pulled back.

"What's wrong ... Mom?" Noah was already breathing heavy.

"Nothing ... nothing." She let go of his penis, pulled down her panties, and stepped out of them. They

were sopping, so she tossed them into the hamper. She would need to put on a new pair before going back down to the party. "That was ... lovely. Really lovely. We just ... can't spend too much ... time up here." She picked up the oil bottle and poured some onto her palm. "Let's get you ready." She worked it onto his penis, making sure he was slick everywhere. She shivered when her fingertips caressed one of his larger veins. "It really does look angry. Or maybe it looks excited. Like it can't wait." Jessica giggled. "What do you think?"





Noah stared at her jiggling boobs still tucked inside the hefty sports bra that she wore. "It is excited. It's ready to explore uncharted lands. To bravely go where -"

"That's enough." She slapped the crimson head of his penis playfully.

"Why are you wearing a sports bra?" Noah openly ogled her freckled cleavage.

"Well, I'm about to get some vigorous exercise." Satisfied with how slippery his penis now was, she turned and washed her hands in the sink. She looked at him in the mirror, and could tell he wasn't satisfied with her answer. "I need some extra support these days. And this type of bra is supposed to be gravity-defying. So ..." She put more soap on her hands and scrubbed under the water. "I wear these." She smiled at him in the mirror. He was openly staring at her butt. "They make me look presentable. That's why, honey."

"Oh ... that makes sense." Noah was mesmerized. Her ass jiggled ever so slightly as she washed her hands. "Maybe I should have something like that for my dick ... I mean penis."

"That's a good idea, actually." Jessica's red ponytail bobbed as she nodded. She turned off the water, dried her hands, and bent forward over the sink, bracing her hands on the counter. "This is a good place. Let's do it here." She smiled at him in the mirror.

"Okay." Noah stepped up behind her. He had no idea what her ass would feel like. If he was honest with himself, he barely had enough experience to say he knew what a pussy felt like. He had so many questions. But he could tell from his mother's expression that the time for talking had passed. No more stalling. "Can you spread your butt a little?"

"Sure, honey." Jessica reached behind and pulled her cheeks.

"Thanks." Noah tried not to look at her glittering ring. *It's good for the family that I'm the one doing this and not Thomas.* He focused on the tiny pink hole just above her puffy pussy lips. He looked down to his cock and then back to her asshole. How was he ever going to fit in there? He'd seen enough porn to know that it could work. And Jimmy's mom had done it that morning and was walking around normally downstairs. But did Jimmy have anything near Noah's size? It wasn't likely. He moved the head of his cock to her hole and let it rest there. Massive and tiny coming face to face.

"Wait ... wait, wait, wait." Jessica dug her fingernails into the soft flesh of her butt. She took several deep breaths. And then, she took several more. "I'm not sure I can do this."



"It's okay, Mom. We don't have to." Noah took a step back. "You're not Jimmy's mom. What are you always telling us? We're all special in our own way and we shouldn't compare ourselves to –"

"Put it in my butt, Noah." Jessica gritted her teeth, ready for the pain. "Do it now."

The urgency in his mother's voice spurred Noah to action. He lined himself up again and pressed his hips forward.

"Oooooohhhhhhhh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ... you're huge." Sweat broke out on her forehead.

"It's not quite in yet, Mom." Noah watched her sphincter resist him. For a moment it looked like he wouldn't go in, and then with a little plop the head of his cock disappeared. A shrill keening filled the room. Noah had never heard anything like it. He could see her arms trembling as she still held herself open for him. "The head is in." She didn't respond except for the haunting sound that escaped her lips.

Full. Full. Full. The same word flashed in Jessica's brain repeatedly. She'd never been so dangerously full. The pain seared her behind. But Peggy had done it. It was quite likely that Peggy wasn't even the first mother in Clover Falls to give this to her son. She shuddered as more and more of her son's mammoth penis entered her once stingy but now generous butthole.

"It's halfway, Mom. You're doing great." The sight of her little pink hole getting annihilated was riveting. It gripped him tighter than her pussy had, almost like it was trying to squeeze the cum out of his cock.

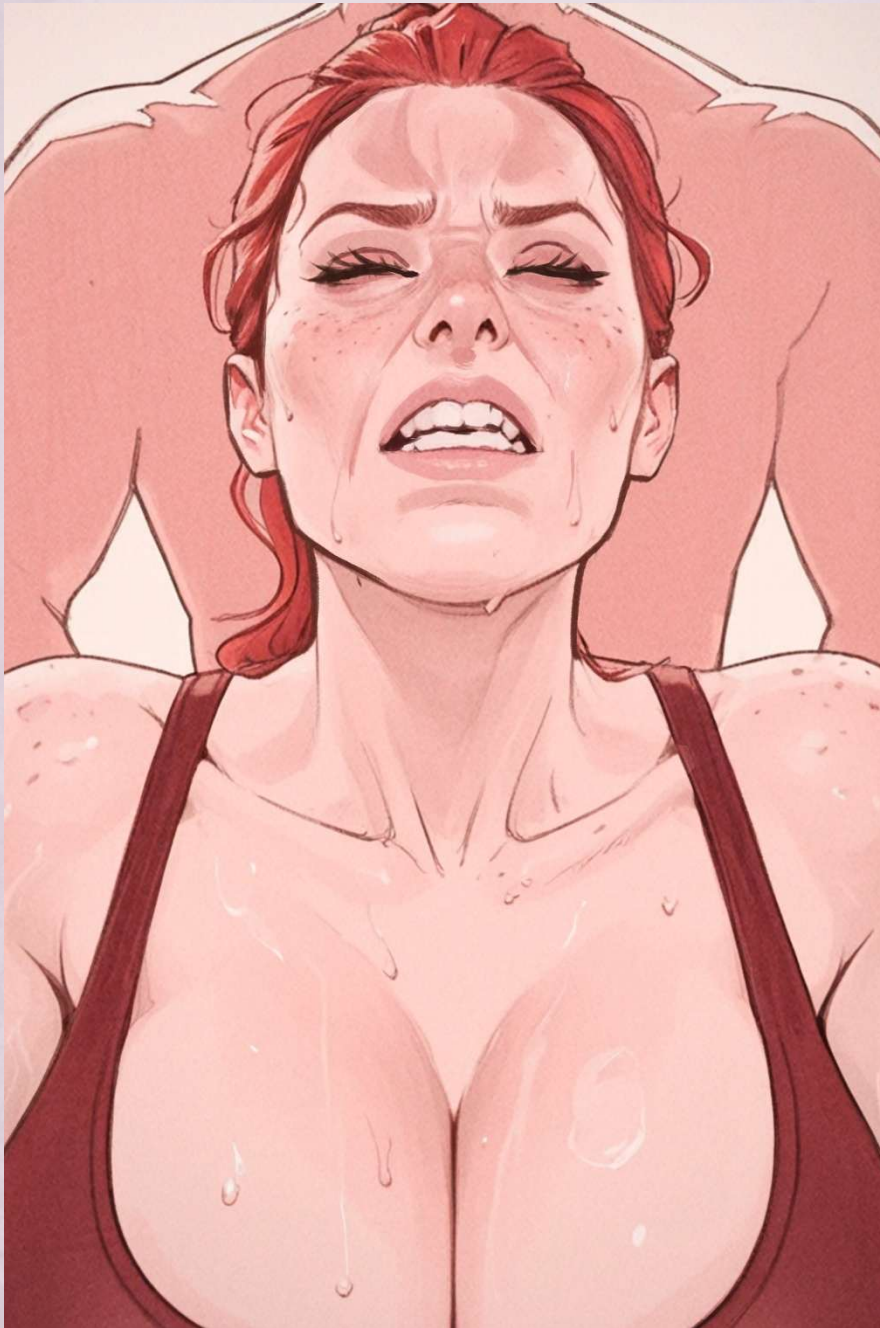
"Gosh ... your thing ... is ... gosh ... your thing is ... gosh." Jessica had no control of her body or mind. She wanted to shout for joy when the pain receded, but she continued her harsh keening. Her body was adjusting to her son. She could feel it. She was changing. The woman she had been a month or two ago was a joke. She had been sheltered, naïve, and ignorant. The woman she had become could do astonishing things.



Pleasure suddenly appeared. Like the first misting sprinkle of a coming storm, her nerves danced with joy. The pain continued to wane.

"Almost ... ugh ... all the way ... in ... and ... there." Noah let his hips rest on her ass. He gave her time to ready herself. She used it wisely by bracing her hands on the counter again. "My balls are resting ... on your lips. And your butt ... uuuggghhh ... is clamping on my dick. Can you ... feel it?"

"Full ... full ... sooooooooooooo ... full." It didn't quite answer the question her son had asked, but it was the only response she could offer.



Noah pulled his eyes up from her ass to look at his mother's twisted face. Her forehead furrowed, her eyes shut tight, and she gritted her teeth. It looked like agony. "You okay, Mom?"

"Ffffffffgggghhhhhhhhhh," Jessica said.

"Are you okay?" Through the mirror he saw her eyelids open slightly. They made eye contact.

"Fffff ... fffff ... fffffiiiiinnnnnnneeeeeeee ... hhhhhhoney." She tried to smile, but it was a pitiful, weak grin that passed across her lips. "Gooooooo ... sssssloooow."

"Sure." Noah pulled back cautiously; his eyes still locked on hers. "I ... uh ... couldn't go fast ... even if I wanted to. You're so ... ugh ... tight." He pulled most of the way out and gently thrust back in. He pumped her with gentleness and precision for a few minutes. "It feels ... not as tight ... ugggghhhhhh ... as before."

"Yessss ... yessss ... I'm opening ... up ... for you. I can feel it." Jessica sucked in air. She hadn't realized she'd been holding her breath. "It's good ... it's ... ooohhhhhhhhhh ... good, Noah. It still hurts ... but not so much ... and it's ... ugh ... the good kind."

"Faster?"

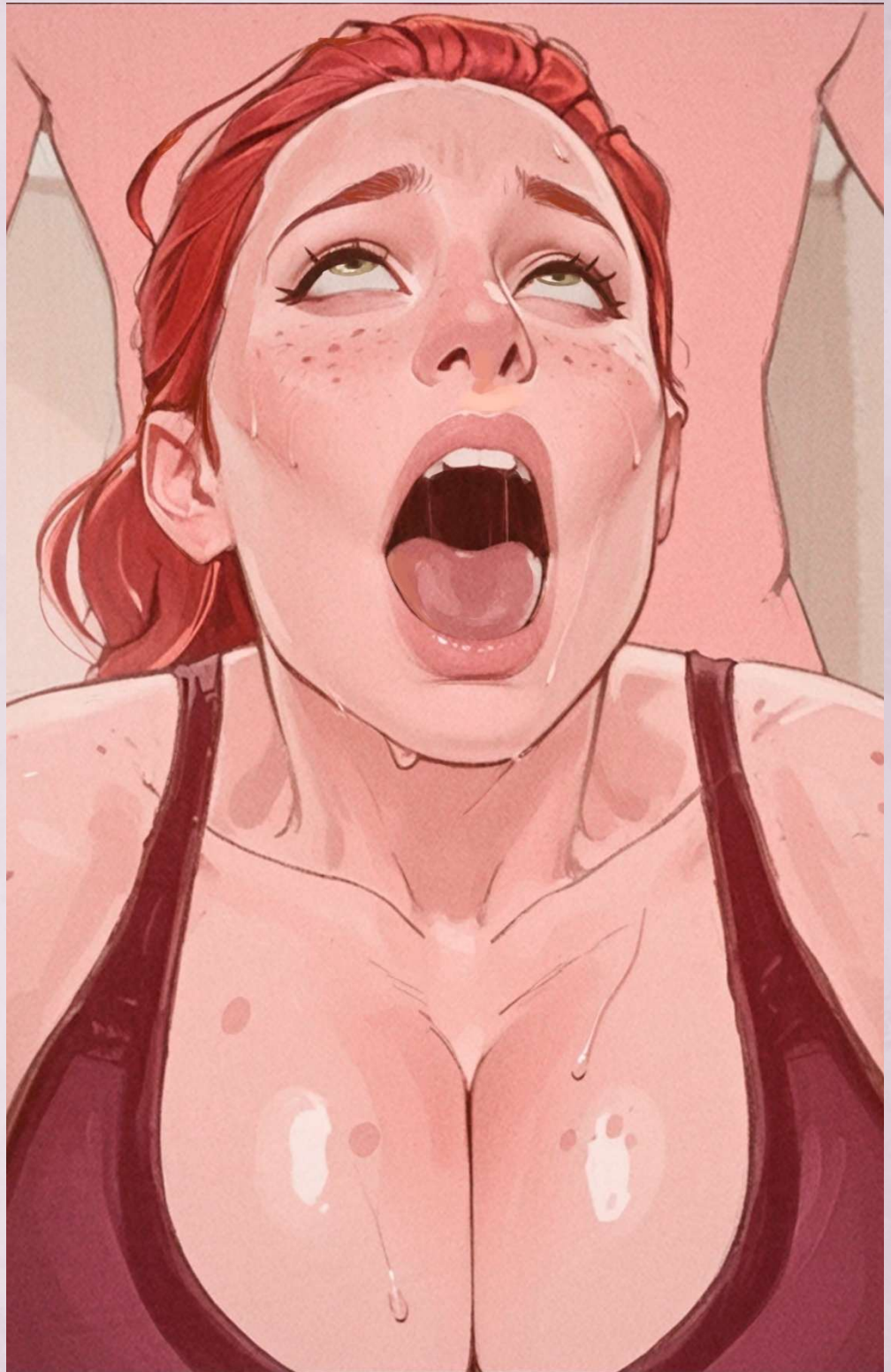
Her eyes went wide. "Not yet!"

Noah almost laughed at her fright. "It's okay ... this is good." He didn't increase the pace, but he did grasp her wide hips firmly, getting himself ready.

A good while passed before Jessica deemed her butt changed enough for the next step. The pain had almost disappeared entirely. "Okay ... okay ... honey ... go faster. Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... oh ... gosh ... I feel it ... all the way ... oh ... gosh ..." She braced herself. She knew from the day before that he was capable of a lot more than he was giving her. She was grateful. He had always been a considerate son. "Faster ... you can go ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Her mouth formed a perfect circle, and her eyes rolled back. Out of nowhere, Jessica had her first anal orgasm. Cosmic lights danced before her eyes. It was familiar, but also novel. It caused her legs to shake uncontrollably. The ecstasy meant this was certainly not the last time she would give her butt to Noah.

"You like that ... huh?" Noah could clearly see she was coming. Her expression had shifted from pain to overwhelming delight. The two expressions looked similar, but he could tell the difference. Was there anything better than giving his mother this kind of pleasure? He lifted his right hand off her hip and took hold of her ponytail. When he gently pulled back, he could see her climax kick itself into a higher gear. "Quiet ... Mom ... they'll hear you ... downstairs."

"Nnnnnnnnggggggggggggggggggggggggggggggg." When her mind returned to her, she found that she was throwing her backside back onto her son's penis. They were humping like animals. "This is ... paradise ... it's perfect ... I love you ... I love you ... oooooooohhhhhhhhh." She stared at her reflection and did not recognize the crazed woman looking back at her.



"I love you ... too ... Mom. I can't believe ... we get to do this ... *life is perfect.*" He pulled back on her ponytail a little more, arching her back. Part of him wished he had removed her bra, but another part was happy to see the strap on her back. It was a reminder of how she presented herself to the world. She went out of her way to hide her body, to make her boobs appear smaller. But she didn't do that with him. She revealed her true self to her son. "Your ass ... Mom ... your ass." The sound of his hips on her round butt was loud. Maybe too loud. "Where should I ... ah ... ah ... ah ... cum?"



"In me ... in me ... honey."
She desperately needed him to explode inside her. "I want ... to go back downstairs ... grab a ... drink ... ooohhhhhhhhhh ... and smile at ... stupid ... Peggy Ronning ... with ... your stuff ... coming out of my ... butt." Jessica hung on the edge of another orgasm. "Give it ... to me ... sweetie ... give me ... all of it." Some pain returned when he violently slammed into her. She didn't care. She looked at him in the mirror and saw his pure joy as he grunted out his climax. That sent her over the edge. "Yesssssssssss ... I feel it ... oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Her orgasm merged with his, and ecstasy surged through her. When she recognized her reflection again, she was standing all alone.

"Can I ... see it ... Mom?"
Noah sat on the toilet lid next to her, panting and staring at her ass. When she turned her backside to him, bent over, and parted her cheeks, his eyes went wide. She didn't have a tiny pink hole anymore. It was a dark cave, and his white cum slowly dribbled out of her. The sight was so moving, he almost stood and took her all over again. But they had run out of time. "Amazing ... I have no words."

"Actions speak ... louder than words." Jessica let go of her butt cheeks, straightened, and stepped over to the shower. "And your actions ... were deafening today." She pulled off her bra and turned on the shower.

"Do you think ... they heard us ... downstairs?" He watched her boobs shake and jiggle as she tested the water temperature with her hand.

"I pray they didn't." She gave him a wry smile. "We keep putting ourselves in these positions, don't we?"



Jessica looked around the bathroom. "At least we didn't break anything this time."

"We didn't?" He glanced at her ass.

"You didn't break me." She sighed. "But I will be sore for a while." She moved into the shower, but left the door open for him. "Come in. Let's clean each other off and go back downstairs. With any luck, your father won't divorce me on the spot." She saw the dark look that passed over Noah's face. "Don't worry. I'm sure they didn't hear. I put on some loud music down there." She nodded with certainty she didn't have. "And we'll be more careful in the future. I know we will." She reached out of the shower and pulled him in. "Who do you think received the better Christmas Eve present ... you or Jimmy?"

"Me." Noah took a deep breath. If they had heard downstairs, maybe he could convince Jimmy to scrap this today and start over. He thought it over and decided he wouldn't want to trade this day regardless. No matter what happened, he wanted to remember it forever.

