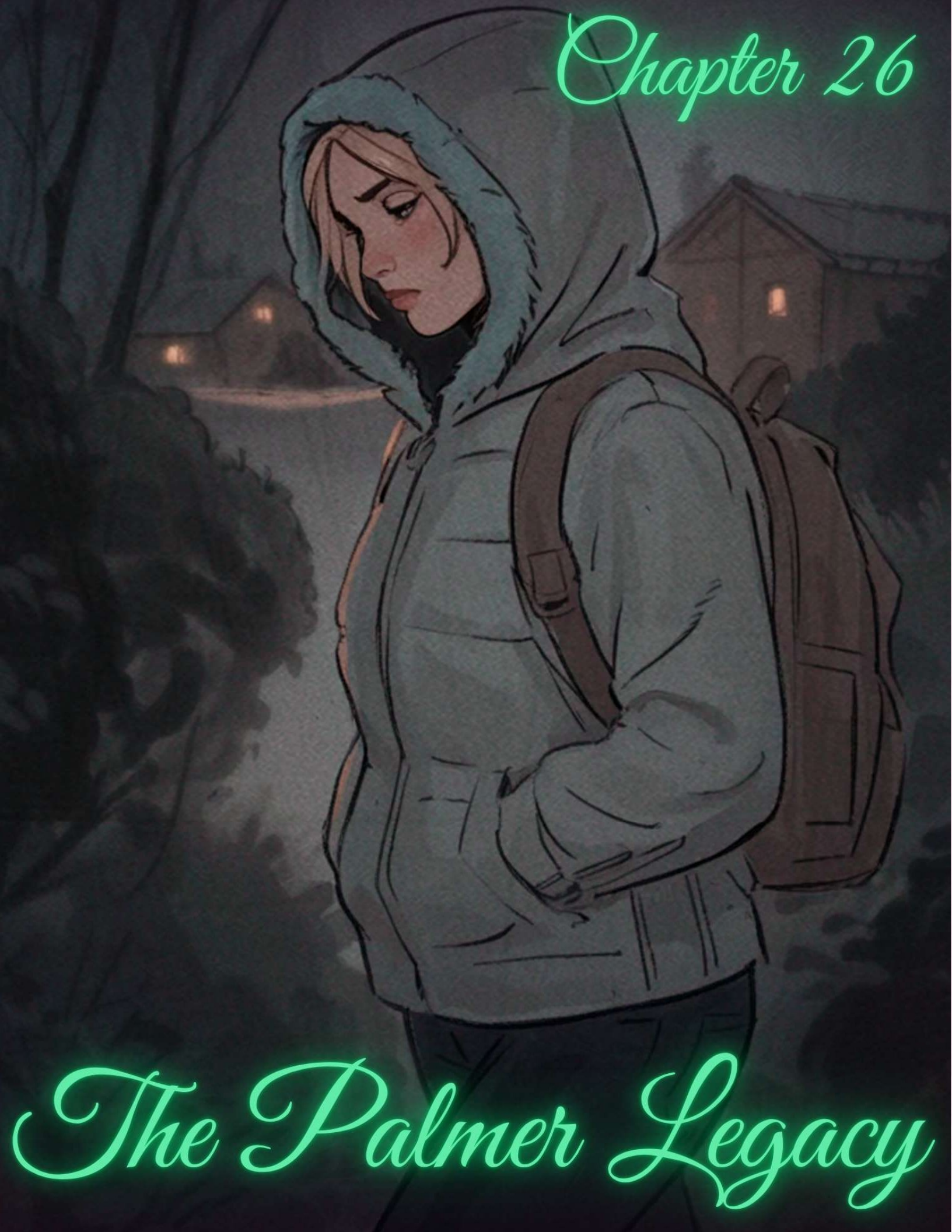


Chapter 26



The Palmer Legacy



The Palmer Legacy 26

Illustrations by AkyraRayne

Written by RawlyRawls

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Chapter 26

Who Knew What Other Horrors Were Out There?

"Oh ... the tree looks lovely." Jessica waddled into the living room. She leaned against the mantle, enjoying the heat from the fire.

"Took you long enough." Paget glared at her mother while hanging a sparkling spherical ornament on the tree.

"Sorry, honey." Jessica's smile was bright and lazy. She was still basking in the rebounding waves of pleasure from what she'd done with Noah. "Your brother needed my attention."

"Where is he?" Paget looked around the room in an exaggerated fashion.

"He went to the basement to find his friends." Jessica smiled at Peggy's confused expression. "Sorry I had to disappear for a bit. Sometimes a young man needs his mother." The Christmas music was still quite loud. It seemed no one had heard them upstairs. She promised herself they would be more careful in the future.

"Are you okay, Jessica?" Peggy took a sip of wine. "You look a little flushed."

"I'm fine. It just got a bit ... heated with Noah." Jessica rubbed her legs together. She looked for her husband and found him on the other side of the room. "Andrew, dear? Can you please get me a fresh glass of wine?"

"I'm talking, Jess. Can you get it yourself?" Andrew lowered his eyebrows in annoyance.

"Please?" Jessica made doe eyes at him.

"Okay." Andrew marched off to the kitchen.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Peggy's eyes narrowed. "You're leaning on the mantel like you might fall over."

"I'm fine." Jessica smiled demurely. "Just a little tired."

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"Best ... Christmas Eve ... ever." Paul happily sighed and looked around him. Night had settled outside his parents' bedroom windows. A candle flickered on his mother's dresser, spreading warm light over the bed. Paul lay in the middle of the mattress, his mother's curvaceous body pressed up to one side of him. Sofia Fischer's slim body was on his other side. She was snoring and had her butt pressed into his hip. Kim Kannur's short, round form was curled by his feet. Lauren Keitaro lay spread-eagled on the carpet. The other women had already left.



"Oh ... gosh." Lauren slowly stood and looked at the cum-covered bodies on the bed. "I have to get home to Melanie. Can I borrow a dress, Shannon?"

"In the closet." Shannon waved a hand in the direction of her closet. She was too satisfied to move more than that.

"Thank you." Lauren stumbled into the closet. A minute later, she came out wearing a dress that was far too large for her. "Best I could do."

"Can you get home safely?" Shannon's voice was soft and distant. "You're carrying precious cargo now."

"Yes." Lauren placed a hand on her belly. That evening, each of the remaining women had received a holy deposit in their pussies. Lauren could almost feel Paul's swimmers gallantly searching for her egg. She desperately wanted them to succeed. A sudden thought hit her; it was a stroke of luck that Erato had given her a penis. Lauren hadn't taken one load during that whole debacle. Her womb was clear and ready for what the Lord had planned for her. But Melanie ... she had taken so much seed. Lauren felt a cold pit in her stomach. What if she had already conceived? What if Lauren herself had impregnated her daughter? How would she explain that to the Messiah?

"Are you okay, Mrs. Keitaro?" Paul lazily played with his mother's hair. "Do you need it again? I think I'm ready to go if you want one for the road."

"Oh ... no thank you." Lauren was sorely tempted. She tore her eyes away from his sleeping serpent. "I have to get home to my family. They'll be worried sick."

"Their fear will wilt in His presence." Shannon ran her fingers over her son's skinny chest. "Once your husband and daughter take their place in the new church, all will be well."

"Yes ... but ... they haven't yet ... so ..." Lauren wrung her hands together.

"Go on, Mrs. Keitaro. I wouldn't keep you from your family." Paul smiled as he watched her hurry off. "Mrs. Kannur?" Paul gently roused the woman by shaking her shapely butt with his foot. "You texted your husband that you were coming home a couple hours ago, right before ... we did it. That was like five hours ago. Maybe you should go, too?"

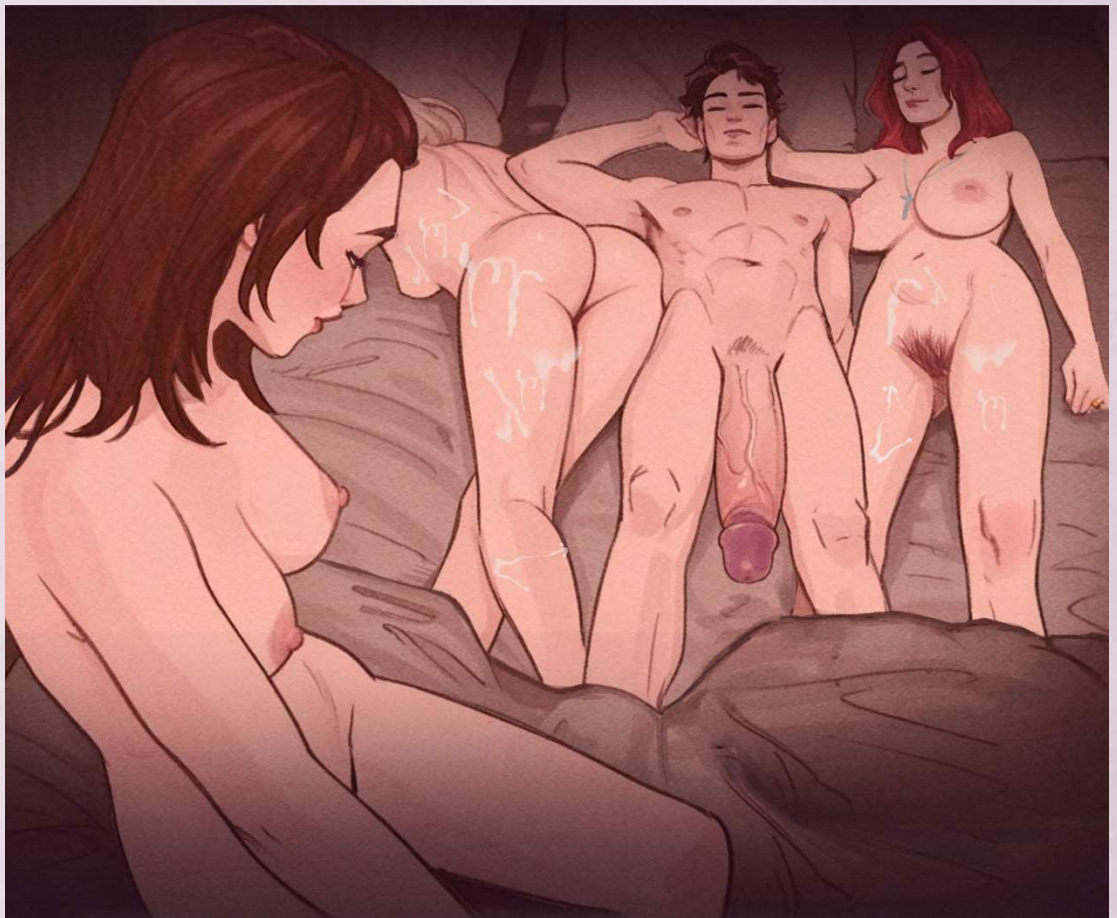
"Yes ... yes ..." Kim stretched and sat up. "I should go home. But ..." Her gaze fixed on his penis. "I have this hunger inside me."

"You should probably go home to eat. But if it can't wait, you can check in our fridge." Paul shrugged.

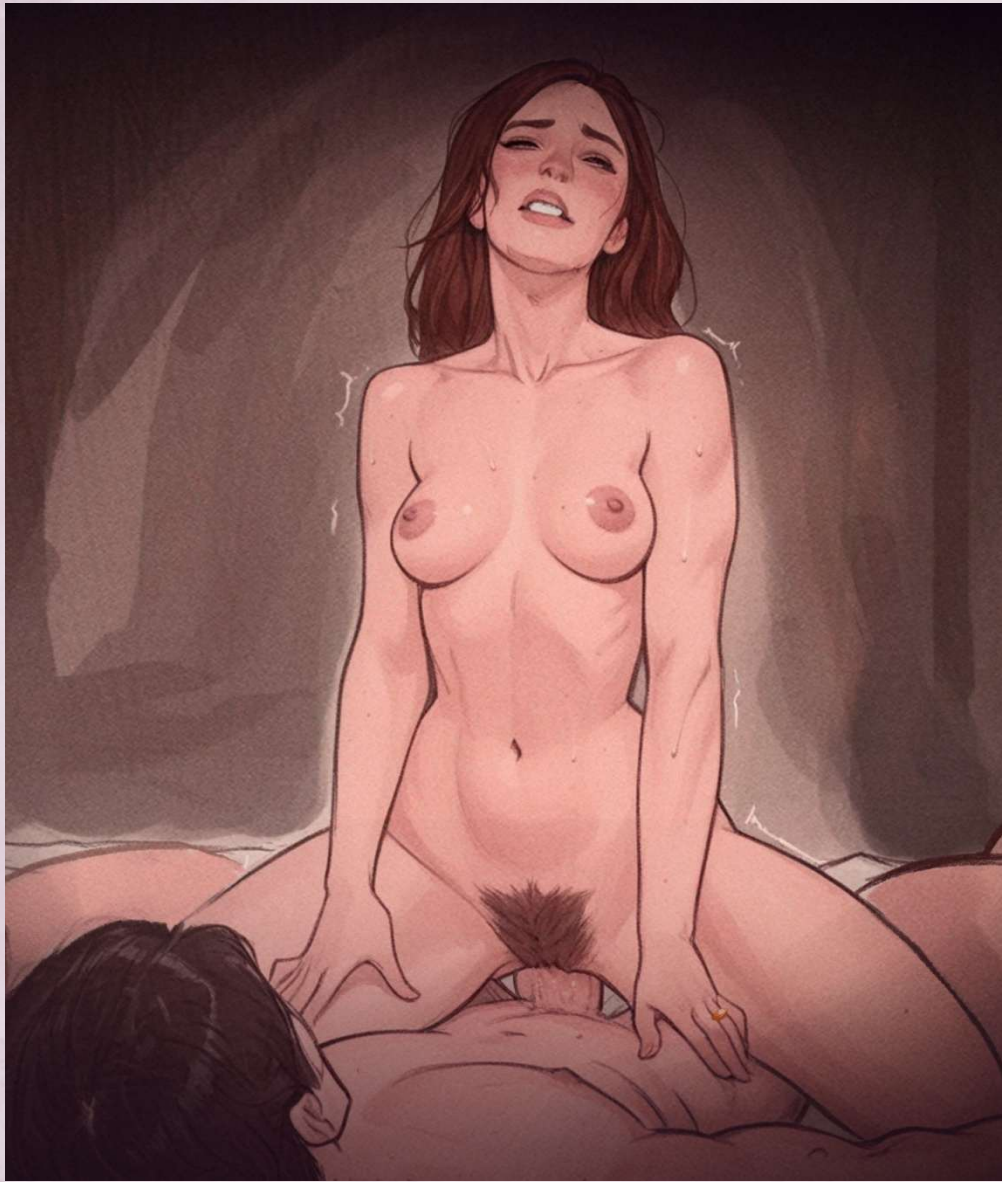
Shannon snorted a laugh. Sofia snored.

Kim giggled. "You behave like such a *man* with that thing ..." She nodded at his rising penis. "... that I forget that you're only eighteen. Just starting your journey into manhood and already a

messiah. You must be so proud, Shannon." As seductively as she could, she crawled toward him, giving him an excellent view of her large boobs hanging below. "I'm not hungry for food. I'm hungry for *you*. I want to feel that amazing penis twist and turn inside me. Do you have any idea how you make me feel?"



"How ... um ... do I make you feel?" Paul licked his lips. He watched the devout member of the Christian Ladies of Clover Falls mount him and grasp his penis.



"Like I've found Heaven here on Earth." Kim settled her hips slowly down. "Oooooohhhhhhhh ... I don't even have to guide it ... iiiinnnnnnnnnnnn." Her body spasmed as the bloated head entered her. "It's like it knows ... it knows ... God is guiding it. There ... it's deep inside now ... and ... it knows ... my secrets, Paul. I ... nnnnnnnngggggggggggg." Kim's eyes rolled back in her head, and she gritted her teeth. Her body shook through an orgasm the likes of which she would have never thought possible before today.

"You make me ... feel good ... too ... Mrs. Kannur." Paul bucked his hips up into her. He couldn't wait for her orgasm to finish to start humping. His pummeling hips propelled her to greater, more ecstatic heights.

"Do I look that silly when I climax with you?" Shannon's boobs rocked with the motion

of the couple next to her. She lay on her back watching her longtime friend grunt and grind in the most lurid fashion on top of Paul. "She looks ... possessed."

"She is ... Mom." Paul turned his head and kissed his mother on the lips. "But not by ... the Devil." He gazed at the way her breasts moved, like they were under the spell of quickening tides. It was a gorgeous sight. "She is ... possessed by ... divine purpose."

"Yes." Shannon nodded and gave him a warm smile. "Of course you're right." She looked about her room. It felt empty now that so many women had departed. For a brief second, she wondered what had happened to the man who had shared her bedroom with her for decades. Where was her husband on Christmas Eve? And then she turned her focus to Kim, and Matthew fell right out of her mind. "It's too bad we're not in your room, Paul. Mary would want to see this."

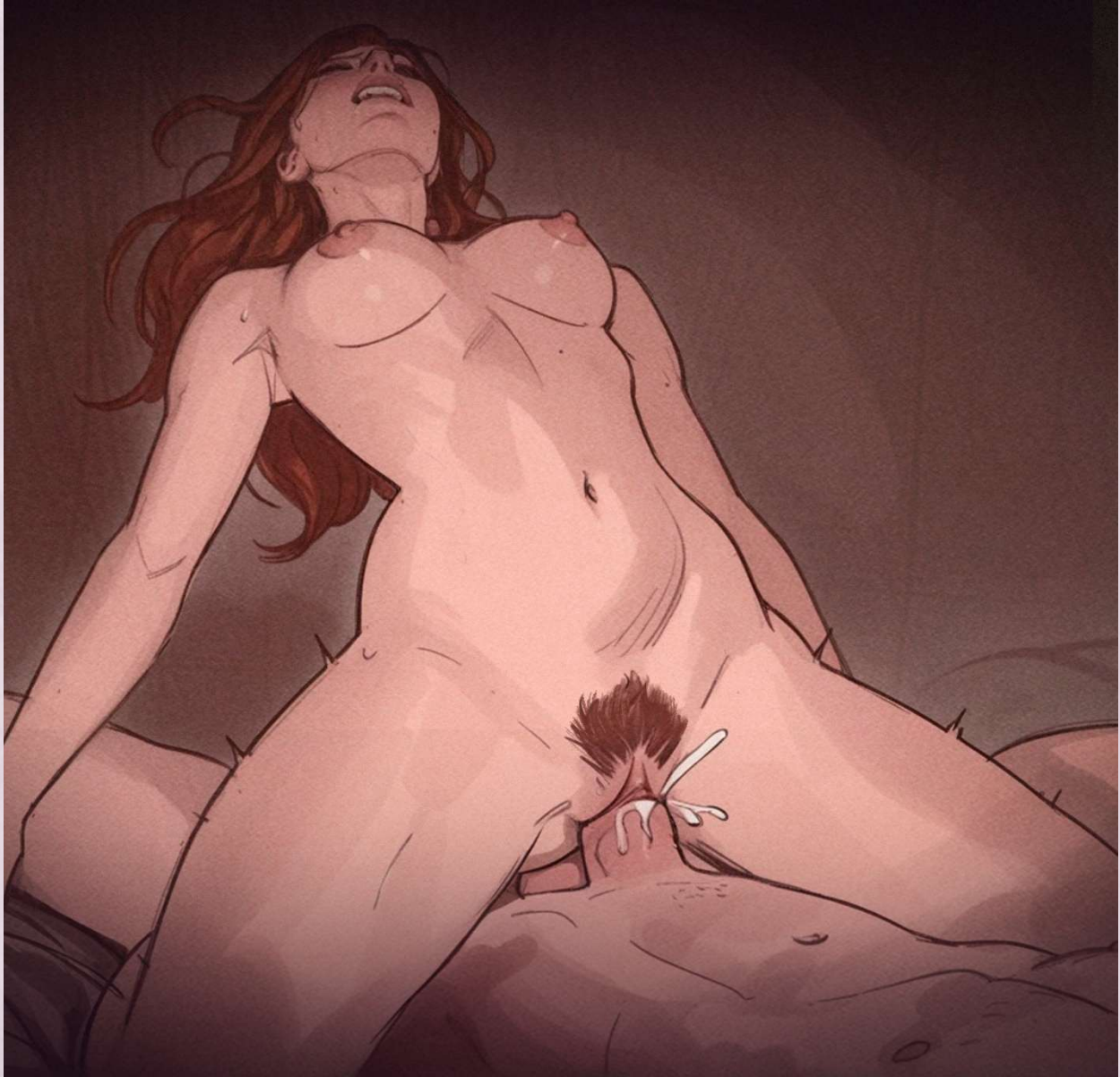
"It's okay ... uh ... uh ... uh ... Mom." Paul let the pleasure surge inside him. Kim was riding him like a bucking bronco. "I think ... Mary can see anything ... we do ... uuuggghhhhhh ... in the house."

"You're right again ... sweetie." The thought of Mary watching them at all times hadn't occurred to her. But now that he'd said it, she knew it to be true. Wherever they were in the house, whatever they were doing, Mother Mary was watching them. The thought comforted her and excited her. Her hand went to her sopping vagina.

"Are you ... ready for more ... holy seed ... Mrs. Kannur?" Paul clutched the sheet by his sides.

"Yes ... please ... yes ... please ... yes ... please." Kim chanted right up to the moment when the teenager erupted inside her. Then her words degenerated into the silly sounds all women made when they took Paul's sperm.

~~



"Remember, we're not doing anything until tomorrow." Jimmy fixed his eyes on Samantha. She clearly didn't want to wait. And he couldn't blame her. "I can't start today over again, but I can restart tomorrow as many times as we need. I'll help with it tomorrow. I promise."

"I remember," Samantha said through a clenched jaw.

"I'll be right beside you, Sam." Noah put his arm around her shoulders. "We won't rest until everything's back to normal with your family."



"And Ella's family." Samantha didn't like the thought of giving up on all those other families with paintings. But she supposed Kathy and Noah were right. They couldn't save everyone. They would have to learn to live with it.

"And Ella's family." Kathy watched the way Noah cared for Samantha. Seeing his arm tenderly around her shoulders stirred something inside her. As long as she could remember, Kathy and Samantha had protected Noah. But now he seemed to be returning the favor.

"Okay, great." Jimmy shot all three friends with finger guns. "I'll see you all on the flippity-flop." He smiled and walked away. Jimmy linked his arm in his mother's. He felt her stiffen for a second and then relax into him. It was a wonderful feeling. He wondered if they'd fuck again before the day was out. When he caught her mischievous smile, he wondered no more. He gave her a wink.

The Ronnings said their goodbyes and left.

"Perhaps I should clean up a little." Jessica started to rise from the sofa where she'd been resting on her side, winced, and settled back down.

Seeing his mother's discomfort, Noah picked up some dishes from the coffee table. "I'll get it, Mom."

"I'll help." Kathy picked up some wine glasses.



"I'm going to go upstairs. I need to think." Samantha turned and quickly departed for the stairs.

"She'll be okay." Kathy whispered to Noah as she followed him into the kitchen. "She doesn't want to wait, but we've got an air-tight plan."

"I know." Noah opened the dishwasher and started loading. "With a million tries at it, there's no way we won't destroy that metal ball." He took the glasses from Kathy. "If we go today, who knows what could happen? That day when Sam, Jimmy, and I had the fight at Sam's house, I saw that ball doing some sort of creepy mind control thing to everyone, Eddie included. We don't know what it's capable of. We have to be careful. Sam gets it." He loaded the glasses, straightened up, and smiled up at Kathy. She was almost six inches taller than him, but he felt like they were seeing eye to eye. He'd felt that a lot lately.

"You look so confident, Noah." Kathy could feel the wild creeping inside her. *Why should I try and control myself?* "It really suits you. The paintings have been good for us, haven't they?"

"They have." Noah looked around. They were alone. He leaned in close to her.

"While you were in the bathroom with your mom, I ... took my mom's anal cherry," he whispered. "She practically begged me for it."

"Holy ... shit." Kathy's pussy gushed. "Did she like it?"

"She loved it. But I think she's sore now. That's why she hasn't moved from the sofa in a while." Noah's smile was so broad it hurt his cheeks. "She made a sound I never heard anyone make before. It was awesome."

"Kiss me, Noah." Kathy bent a little lower.

"What?" Noah furrowed his brow in confusion.

"You are crazy hot right now. Kiss me." Kathy flicked her tongue out of her mouth just long enough so he could see its length.

"You're crazy hot ... too." Noah didn't need to be asked a third time. He leaned in, tilted his head up, and locked lips. Her tongue was so much more aggressive and acrobatic than Samantha's or his mother's. He was worried she might choke him with it, but she knew what she was doing and didn't delve too deep. He was instantly hard.

Kathy grabbed his ass and pulled their bodies together. His cock felt huge pressed against her thigh. Boys were so often intimidated by her height, but Noah seemed undaunted. He even grabbed her ass and kneaded it through her yoga pants.

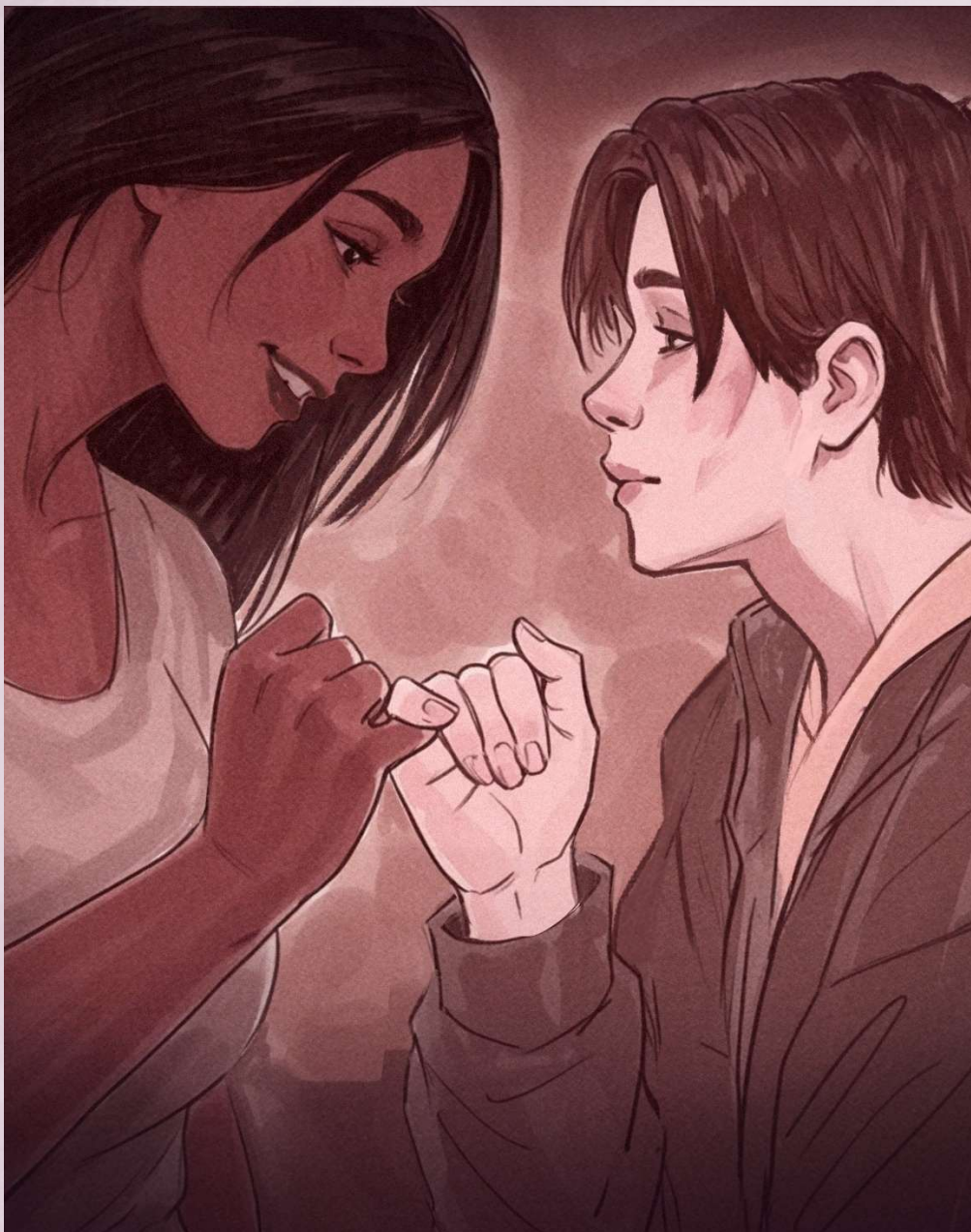
"Mmmppphhhhhh." Noah was smitten. Kathy's muscles were strong, but her curves were feminine. Her proportions fit her perfectly, but she had so much more of everything than what he was used to. Her tits were giants pressed against his clavicle. Her hips were much wider than his mom's, and her ass had so much more heft to it. He could feel her glutes when she shifted her position and flexed. He could kiss her all night. But ... they were standing in the middle of the kitchen. He broke the kiss and separated from her. "Wow ... Kath ... that was ... amazing."

"I want more." She moved toward him like a stealthy predator.

Paget's laugh echoed from the living room.

"Me too." Noah nodded earnestly. "I want a full-on make out session. Pinky promise." He held out his pinky. "Later."





"Yeah." Kathy took a deep breath and collected herself. She locked her pinky in his. "I pinky promise that I'm going to kiss the shit out of you, Noah Reader." The eighteen-year-olds made their solemn pinky swear just as they had done over many things in the preceding years.

"I guess Christmas Eve is a night of plans." Noah couldn't wipe the smile off his face.

Hailey walked into the kitchen and stopped when she saw the friends locked by their pinkies. Something in their body language said that animal urges were near the surface. Hailey nearly turned green with envy. Everyone was getting some but her. Especially her stupid brother. *He's a fucking slut.* What good was her stupid boyfriend if he wasn't here? Masturbation wasn't good enough. She needed –

"Hailey?" Noah cocked his head quizzically at his sister. She was standing in the

doorway and staring at them. "What's up?"

"Um ..." Hailey blinked her eyes and took a deep breath. "Mom's not feeling up to cooking tonight. She wants me to make dinner, and it's already getting late. Can you help me?"

Noah turned to Kathy. "What do you say? You want to help Hailey make an awesome Christmas Eve feast?"

Kathy shrugged and smiled. "Sure."

"Thanks." Hailey's smile was thin. "If you two could peel and cut some carrots to start with, that would be awesome." They nodded and went to work. Hailey thought she saw Noah give Kathy's ass a friendly pat as they fished carrots out of the fridge.

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"So, how was Christmas Eve at the Reader house?" Noah stretched under the covers.

"Insane." Samantha's shoulders were bunched in knots. She couldn't stop thinking about that awful 1950s painting spewing its malevolence into her house. "I can't believe you did your mom in the butt with everyone downstairs."

"Honestly, I don't think she would ever have gone for it if her competition with Mrs. Ronning hadn't pushed her into it. The noises Mom made were something else, Sam. You should have ..." Noah lost his train of thought when he saw the expression on Samantha's face. "Are you okay?"

"Maybe we should just sneak into my house tonight." Samantha bit her lip and crawled out of her makeshift bed. She stood in her pajamas, looking around the room. "Now that I know we can kill it, how can we wait?"

"Because Jimmy can -"

"Look, you're having fun with your mom, and that's great. You have my support. But my painting is different. Eddie is doing things ... to my mom ... to the neighbors ... terrible things. He was always a jerk, but now he's ... evil. How can we let him spread his evil for one more minute? If we can stop him now, don't we have a duty to do it?"

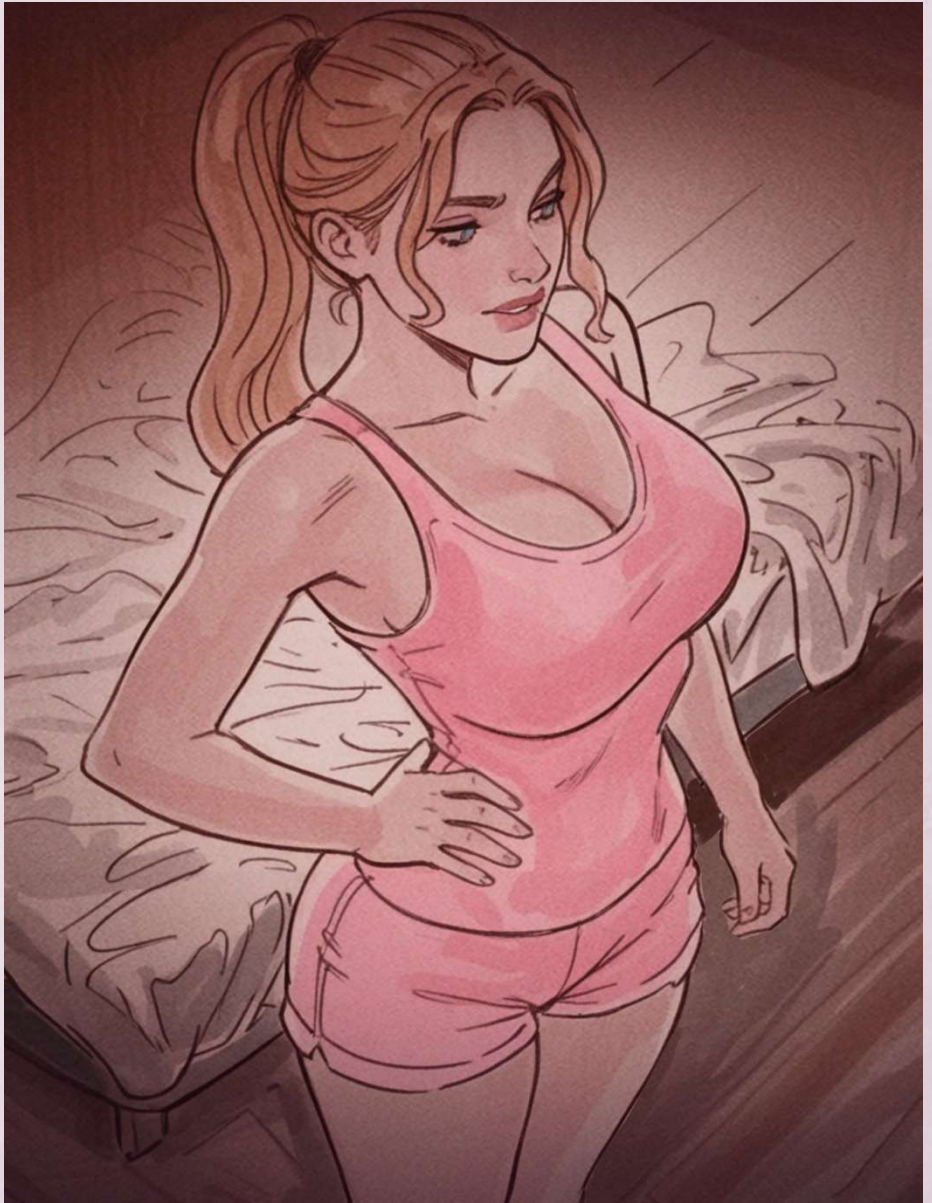
Noah lifted his blanket and beckoned her into his bed. "Normally, I'd agree with you. But Jimmy gives us an iron-clad chance, thousands of chances, to kill that painting. And we only have to wait until tomorrow." He saw her expression soften. "You can sleep in my bed tonight if you want. I'll hold you all night, and on Christmas, we'll free your family."

"I hate that you're right." Samantha slipped under his covers and pressed her body against his.

"I'll take your mind off things ... if you want." Noah tenderly kissed her neck and nibbled on her delicate earlobe.

"Yeah ... okay ... I could use something to take the edge ... off." Her shoulders were still bunched, but the ice in her stomach started to thaw.

"Kathy ... and I ... kissed ... tonight," Noah said between nibbles.



"You what now?" Samantha pulled away so that she could see his eyes. "That's not the sort of distraction I had in mind."

"I ... I ... thought you'd be okay with it ... since you're cool with everything my mom and I are ..." Noah gulped. "I ... didn't mean to ..."

"Hold up." She put a finger to his lips. "I have no idea how I feel about this. You kissed? Tell me what happened."



Noah told her everything.

"So what ... are you making the move on all the friends in our little circle? Should Ella fear for her chastity?" Samantha's mind vacillated, trying to process this new information, but her pussy had already decided. She was gushing in her panties again. She tried to picture Kathy, with her soaring height and robust curves, making out with Samantha's smaller, rawboned boyfriend. The contrast alone made Samantha's stomach cartwheel, not to mention everything else rolled into it.

"It wasn't like that."

"I'm just messing with you." Samantha tickled his belly. When he resisted, she moved up to his armpits. "My boyfriend's a slut ... my boyfriend's a slut." They laughed together. After a merciless minute, she stopped tickling him and their laughter died down. She stared into his eyes again, summoning the most serious expression she could. "If I was the jealous type, I'd need some reassurance right about now." She winked.

Noah slipped his head under the covers, pulled down her pajama bottoms and panties and moved between her legs.

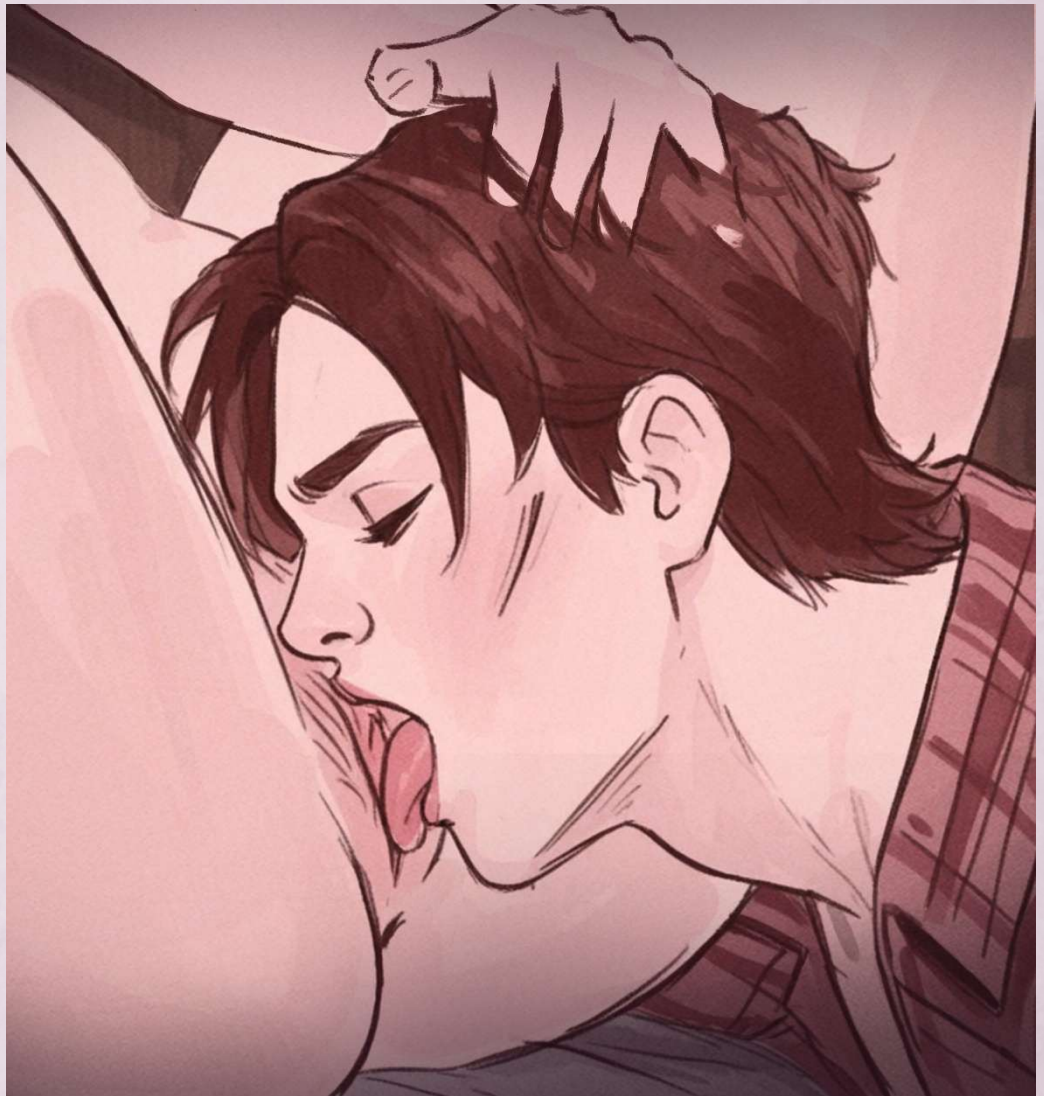
"How did you know that was exactly what I was thinking?" She ran her fingers through his silky hair as he lapped at her pussy. With the blooming pleasure between her legs, she was almost able to put her brother out of her mind. "You're a fast learner ... Noah Reader. You're getting really good ... ooohhhhhhhh ... at that. Don't tell me ... someone else is giving you instructions. Has Paget been teaching you ... how to eat pussy?"

"Don't ... be ... gross." Noah had a brief image of his stuck-up oldest sister spreading her legs for him. The idea was so ridiculous he choked back a laugh.

"That's good ... right on my clit ... yeah Noah ... I'm going to cum ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... keep doing that ... yes ...

ooooooohhhhhhhh." Samantha pressed the back of her head into the mattress, arched her back, and came on her boyfriend's tongue.

"You taste so good, Sam." Noah moved up her body and rested his turgid cock on her belly. The head now stuck out above his waistband.



"That wasn't ... quite enough to take my mind ... off things." Samantha shivered as an aftershock moved through her.

"I could go back down there." Noah started to lower himself, but stopped when she pulled on his shirt. He looked into her clear, blue eyes, his eyebrow raised questioningly.

"I had it inside before at this size." She reached under his pajamas and gripped his cock. It jerked in her hand like she was trying to tame a wild horse. "

"So ... you want to try again?"

"Let's just say, if it fits, it would really help me keep my mind off things." She pulled down his bottoms. Soon, they were both naked from the waist down, tucked under the covers. She rubbed the head of his cock along her slick pussy lips. "I can't believe that this dick was in your mom's ass ... hours ago."



"You want to try *that*?" Noah couldn't believe his luck.

"Not in a million years, big guy. I mean, check out the size of this thing." She whacked his dick against her pussy a couple times. It made a satisfying wet thump with each impact. "Did you see your mom try to walk tonight? And seeing her sit through dinner was harrowing. Even after her third glass of wine, she was wincing."

"Yeah, I noticed." Noah grimaced at the memory. "I asked if she was okay. She said she was just sore."

"I bet she is ... goodness." Samantha pushed his domed head slowly into her pussy. "I can barely get ... the head in. That your mom took it ... in her butt ... is crazy ... and hot. Crazy hot. Oooohhhhhhhh ... Noah ... you're stretching me!"

"How does it feel?" Noah couldn't help but compare her pussy to his mother's ass. His mom's ass was tighter for sure, but Samantha's pussy still had a formidable grip on the top of his dick.

"It's good ... I mean ... it hurts ... but it's good." She put her feet behind his thighs and moved her hand off his dick. "Goooooooooooo ... slow."

Noah pressed gently with his hips, inching his way into her womb.

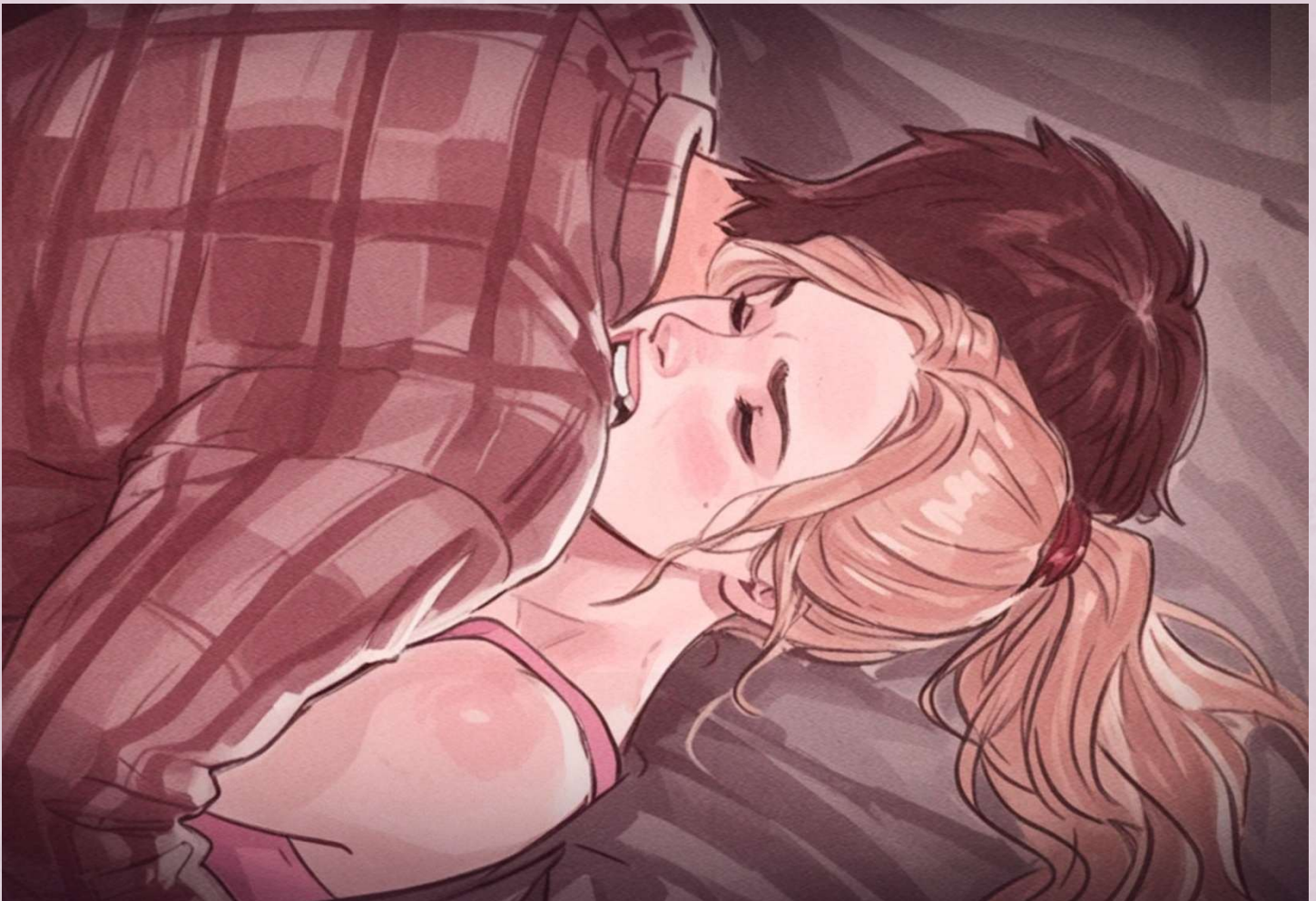
"You know ... who else ... uuuggghhhhhh ... would probably take it up the butt ... like a champ?" Samantha grunted. Each moment she felt completely full, and then Noah would slide a little more dick into her, and she would think *now* she was completely full. And that feeling would last until even more dick entered her. She knew she was grunting in a very unladylike way, but she felt comfortable enough with him not to care.

"Who?" Noah had no idea what she was talking about.

"Kathy ... uuuggghhhhhh ... Kathy's ass ... wouldn't probably ... just suck you ... right in." Samantha's chuckle was cut off by a series of grunts as he bottomed out in her. Finally, she couldn't get any fuller.

Noah tried to hold back his laugh and failed. He giggled on top of her, his cock buried to the hilt.

"Oooooohhhhhhhh ... Noah ... I feel it ... flexing ... inside of me ... as you laugh. Uuuuggghhhhhhhh." Samantha spasmed underneath him. "I'm ... cumming ... nnnnnngggggggggggggggg." She bit into his shoulder to keep from screaming, tasting the flannel of his pajamas.



"That's it ... cum for me, Sam." Noah felt her undulate beneath him, her feet rhythmically pressed on the backs of his thighs. Slowly, he put his hips into motion. By the time she was coming down from her climax, he was sliding in and out of her at a decent pace. "You're ... uh ... uh ... tight."

"I am ..." Samantha nodded, blinking back tears of joy. "But I can ... ah ... ah ... take it." She put her hands on his shoulders as they stared into each other's eyes. "I can feel ... the curve of your head ... and the ridge of ... every vein. It's crazy ... Noah. I'm so tight around you ... uh ... uh ... uh ... that I can feel ... all of you."

"I love your ... pussy, Sam. I want to ... stay ... inside of you ... forever." Noah increased the pace slightly.

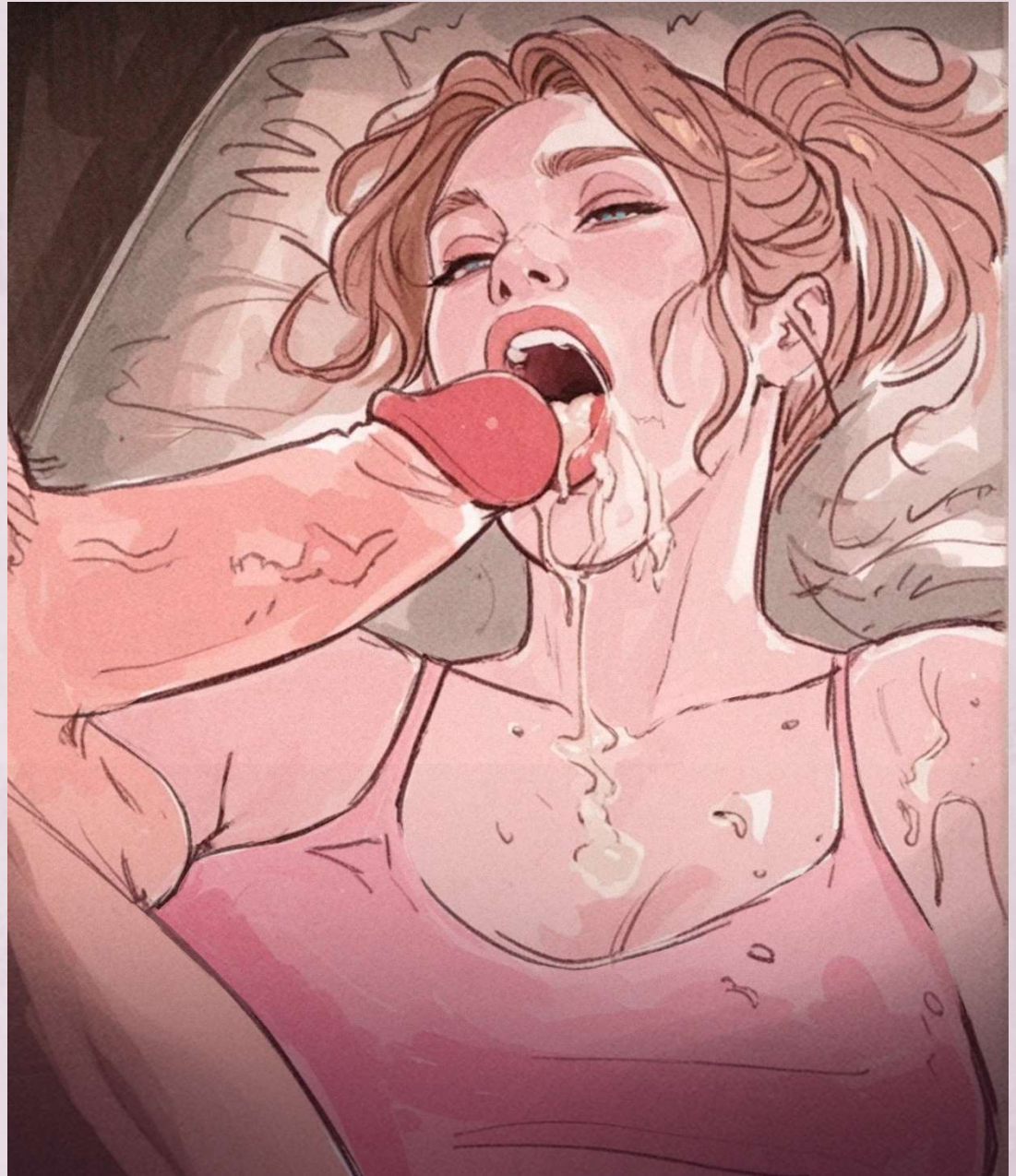
"But then ... how would you stick it ... ugh ... ugh ... in your mom? Or in Kathy?" Samantha's smile was strained by the ecstasy that buffeted her mind. "Kiss me ... Noah. Kiss me ... like you kissed ... Kath. Through you ... I'll touch ... her tongue ... with mine ... and your mom's ass ... with my pussy." With those thoughts on her mind, she came again moments after they started kissing. Much to her surprise, Noah's dick never became too much for her pussy. They humped with him on top for over an hour. She came again and again. When it was his turn, he pulled out and fed her his dick. She drank as much as she could, and spit the rest out. Afterward, they lay side by side, panting.

"You're amazing ... Sam." Noah turned his head to look at her. His cum was all over her chin and soaking into the chest of her pajama top. "Life is perfect ... isn't it?"

Despite the euphoria she still felt, Samantha frowned. "Not quite. The painting at my house ..."

"Yeah. I know. It'll be history soon." Noah sighed and adjusted his head on the pillow.

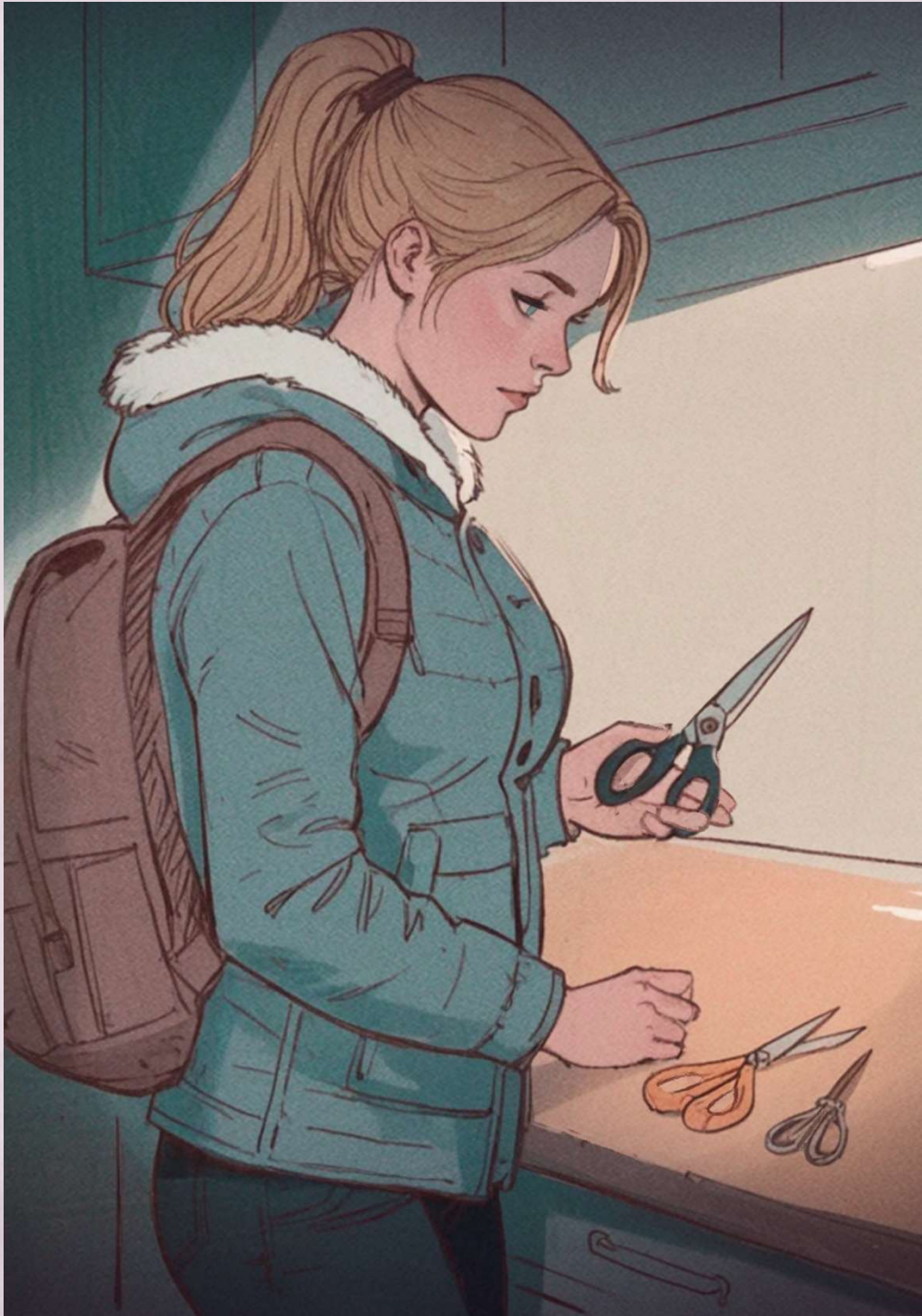
"I'm going to go get cleaned up." Samantha got up, turned out the lights, and grabbed a change of clothes. She glanced at Noah, but he didn't seem to notice that she hadn't gotten new pajamas. She tucked her clothes under her arm and crept into the hall. She didn't want to meet anyone while covered in Noah's cum. But she had nothing to fear. The house was dark and quiet.



Samantha showered and changed into her most supportive bra, a t-shirt, and jeans. When she returned to Noah's room, his breathing was slow and even. "Noah?" She waited, but he didn't respond. That was good. If he was awake, he would try and stop her.

Her phone said it was two-fifteen on Christmas morning. The fact that it was Christmas didn't mean all that much where she was going, but she still hoped that Eddie and her mother were asleep with visions of sugarplums in their heads. Samantha put on a black hoodie and wool socks. She emptied her backpack and slung it over her shoulder. Noiselessly, she exited Noah's room and padded her way downstairs.

What sort of weapons to bring? Samantha made her way to the kitchen. She opened the knife drawer, but didn't pull any out. She knew how much Jessica prized her cooking knives, and didn't want to damage any. Instead, she took the kitchen shears and put it in her backpack. She then went to the garage and looked around. She borrowed a box cutter and a multi-tool from the pegboard above Andrew's workbench. She rummaged around in the camping bins and found the bonanza: a sheathed hunting knife. She tossed that into her backpack as well. Then, she left the house.



The night was dark and bitterly cold. She hoisted her backpack high on her back, pulled on her hood, and stuffed her hands into her pouch pockets. She walked swiftly down the street, staying mostly in people's yards, away from the friendly glow of the streetlights. There was at least one orc roaming Clover Falls, and who knew what other horrors were out there. She didn't feel like making their acquaintance, so she stuck to the shadows. At least one nightmare would end that night. She flexed her hands, remembering her strength. It wouldn't be long until the painting residing in her house was destroyed.

