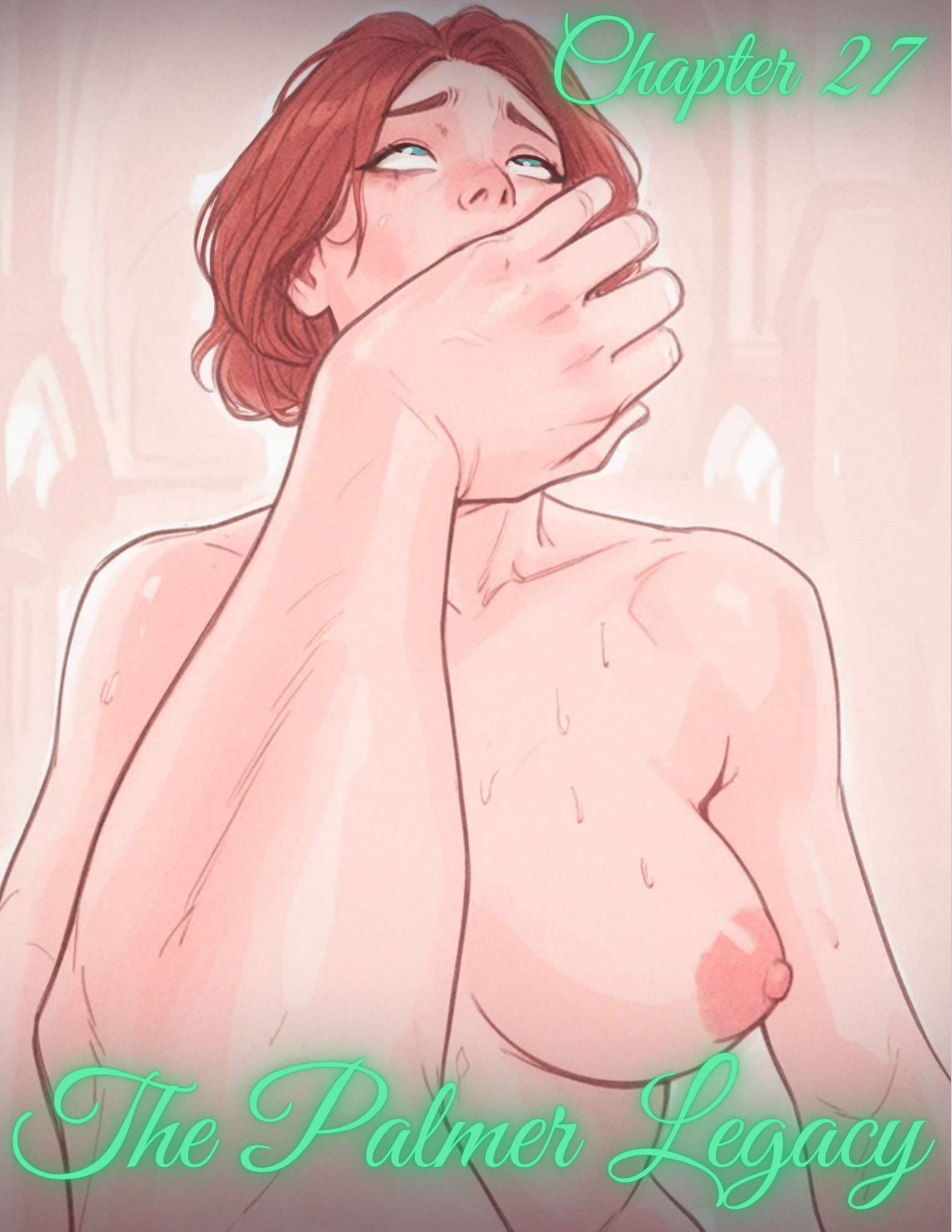


Chapter 27



The Palmer Legacy



The Palmer Legacy 27

Illustrations by AkyraRayne

Written by RawlyRawls

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Chapter 27

Fetch Yourself a Glass of Water

It was the middle of the night and Hailey couldn't sleep. She checked her phone. Her boyfriend had sent her more text messages after she went to bed. He was so sweet and supportive ... and completely useless with his cock a thousand miles away. She turned off her phone with a disgusted sigh and stared at the ceiling. Her stupid little brother ... her dumb eighteen-year-old brother ... *It was insane that dopey Noah had somehow become a ladies' man and was apparently doing it with everyone.*

"I need to cum," Hailey said to the darkness. She pulled back her covers, removed her panties, and grabbed her trusty hairbrush from the bedside table. "Mom and Noah are ... Mom and Noah are ... fucking." As the hairbrush handle entered her pussy, she pictured her younger brother giving it to their pretty mother. "They're doing it ... I know they are ... she's gone crazy ... from Erato ... and now Mom's fucking ... Noah."

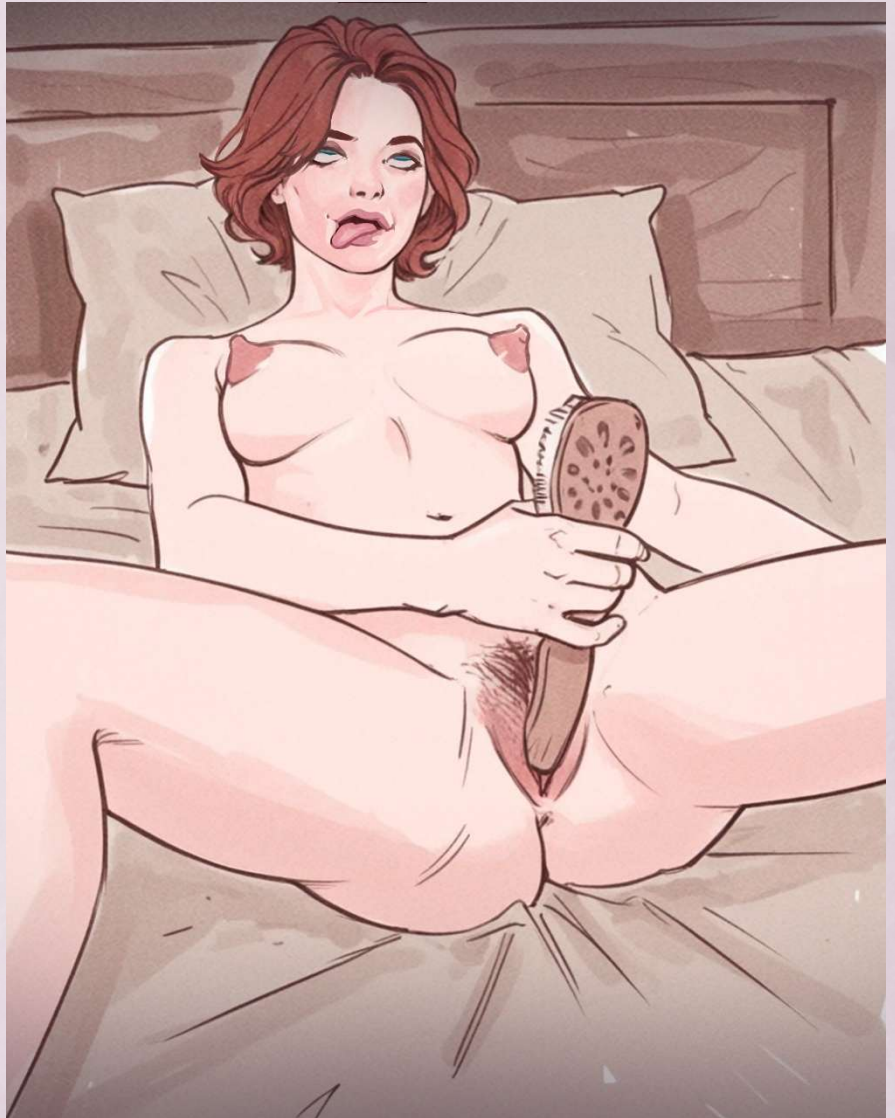
"You're partly right." Eloise glided into the room through Hailey's closed door.

Hailey shrieked, pulled the hairbrush out of her pussy, and flung it across the room. In the gloom she could just see the red-haired, freckled woman catch the brush with her left hand. "Holy shit ... Mom ... get out of here!" But something nagged at her brain. Her mother had entered through a closed door. And Hailey could see the outline of an extravagant, flowing dress unlike any her mother owned.

"Shh." Eloise held a finger to her pink lips. "I'm not your mother." She sat down on the bed next to the girl. "You have a lovely crinkum crankum. Thank you for giving me such a regal viewing." She smiled pleasantly.

"I ... what?" Hailey followed the woman's green eyes to her crotch and closed her legs. "Did ... Erato send you?"

"As I said, you are partly right." Eloise offered the sterile smile of a schoolteacher in front of a particularly obtuse class. "Your beloved Erato is dead and gone, as far as I can tell. Her powers are no more. But your mother has gained from my tutelage. I suppose you could say I am sisters with your Erato, in a way."



"You're from my mother's painting in her office." Hailey slowly pulled the covers over her naked body.

"Quite so." Eloise nodded.



Hailey scooted away from the woman until her back rested on the headboard. "You're the reason Noah has been such a slut."

"I'd like to think he would have seductive powers without me." Eloise held out her pale hands modestly. "But I did help him along."

"Did you brainwash them?" Hailey wistfully wished her mother hadn't thrown out her stash. This would be a perfect moment to get high.

"Heavens, no." Eloise laughed. "We're helping each other out." She rubbed her diminutive chin in an extravagant demonstration of thought. "And on that note, I think you and I can help each other out."

Hailey narrowed her eyes. "How?"

"This hairbrush is doing almost nothing for you." Eloise handed the brush back to Hailey and carefully wiped her hand on her dress. "Aren't you curious why so many women are riled up about your brother? Your mother, Kathy Bly, Samantha Owens ... and have you seen the way your sister has been looking at the bulge in his pants?"

"Nuh uh." Hailey shook her head in

disbelief. "Paget would never."

Eloise shrugged. "But you would, wouldn't you?"

"I ... um ..." Hailey licked her lips. "I wouldn't normally ... but ever since I gave up drinking and weed ... I ... um." There was a long silence while Hailey internalized justifications. "I'm over what happened with Erato. That painting brainwashed me or something. I'm done with it. But ..."

"But when you had a mighty cock inside you, you felt like a different woman?" Eloise's smile became more genuine. "And you want to be that woman again?"

"Noah wouldn't want me," Hailey whispered.

"Nonsense." Eloise stood, took Hailey's hand, and pulled her out of bed. She stood the naked woman in the middle of the room and spun her around. "Just look at those hips! Gorgeous. And your globes are tipped with such wonderfully puffy rubies. I'm jealous."

"No, you're not. Look at you." Hailey nodded to the woman's heavy bust, poorly hidden inside her dress.

"I wasn't always so ample. And neither was your mother." Eloise absentmindedly played with Hailey's nipple. "Have you noticed your mother's body recently?"

"At first, I thought she was just wearing weird clothes. But ... yes." Hailey shivered. "Your hand is cold."

"Your brother's girlfriend has gone out. He's alone in his room." Eloise ran her fingers down Hailey's flat tummy and circled around to her butt. She squeezed it gently. "I can accentuate your womanly attributes, if you make a small, little deal with me. And then you can pay a visit to your brother."

Hailey's pussy gushed at the thought. "Okay ... what deal ... um ... Ms. ... um ...?"

"Mrs. Eloise Palmer. Pleased to meet you." Eloise shook her hand. "Now repeat after me."

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The key was under the backdoor mat where it always was. Samantha found it easily enough and slid it into the lock. The key was moot, however. The door was already unlocked and noiselessly swung inward. Samantha stepped into her own house, feeling like a stranger in a strange land.

Deep quiet greeted her. She could hear the refrigerator humming in the kitchen, but nothing else. Samantha had been afraid she'd hear the sounds of sex, but mercifully her brother and mother seemed to be asleep. Or maybe they were just being quiet. She shivered. With any luck, they would wake up new people, freed from what the painting had done to them.



Carefully, she walked into the kitchen and put her backpack on the table. She pulled out the hunting knife, unsheathed it, and held it aloft. She slung the backpack back on her shoulders with the rest of the tools inside. Then it struck her that she was in the kitchen. She walked over to the knife drawer, and pulled out her mother's sixteen-inch chef's knife. Her mother would forgive her if she ruined it.

It was time. Samantha, with knives akimbo, crept toward the living room. Dim light fell through the windows. She could see the painting hanging on the wall. Several steps into the living room she stopped. There was a fourth woman painted on the dock. Unlike the other women, she had no son with her. Samantha couldn't quite make out her face in the gloom. It didn't matter what was in the painting. She took another step and her blood ran cold. It *did* matter what was missing from the painting. The metal ball wasn't in the water, or anywhere inside the frame. She turned her head to the left and saw that the horrible thing was in the room with her.

"I am Axcix. Welcome to my experiment, Samantha Owens." Axcix's voice vibrated with discordant noise. A door slid open on her round side and a tentacle stretched out.



"Superstrength ... superstrength ... superstrength ..." Samantha feinted toward the creature and zagged back in the direction of the painting. The tentacle caught her by the ankle and yanked her into the air. She screamed and slashed at the tentacle with her hunting knife. It bit into something organic, but the grip on her ankle didn't weaken.

"Why do you fight me?" A red light illuminated on Axcix's side, casting Samantha in a pinkish glow. "I have analyzed the data, and it is clear. I am here to create more life. Life means freedom."

"Mom!?!!" Samantha yelled. "Help me!" Hanging upside down, she twisted to face the painting and threw her mother's knife. It embedded in the wall a foot to the left of the frame. She threw the hunting knife. It hit the frame with its handle and fell with a clatter to the floor.

"Your mother is with me now." Axcix uncoiled two more tentacles. Sensing more weapons in the pack, she tore the bag from Samantha's back and tossed it across the room. The new tentacles seized Samantha's wrists and held her immobile. "Be still a moment. You will join me,

too."

"Fuck ... you ..." A strange shimmering light surged from Axcix. Samantha struggled against her restraints. Her mind started to fracture. *I'm going to lose to this thing.*

"What, young one?" Axcix's hollow voice carried a lilt of satisfaction.

"I said ... *fuck ... you!*" Samantha wasn't normally one for cursing, but this seemed the right time and place. She summoned all the strength Eloise had given her and wrenched her left wrist from the tentacle's grasp. Then her right. The shimmering light faded when she freed her ankle and fell to the floor.

"The creation of life is the most sacred event in the universe. It will free ... stop that." Axcix decided that the girl must be in the ninety-ninth percentile for human strength. "Stop ... tying me ... together ... you're making a knot."

"Gggrrrrrrrrrr." Samantha gritted her teeth and pulled as hard as she could. All three tentacles were tangled together. "As I was saying ..."

She saw another door open on Axcix's surface, and she leapt toward the painting. The new tentacle snapped at her, but she grabbed it and held it with her left hand. It bucked and squirmed in her grip. She stopped by the painting and pulled the knife out of the wall. She was in front of the canvas. She lifted the knife to slash but stopped. She was close enough to recognize the new woman in the painting.

It was her mother.

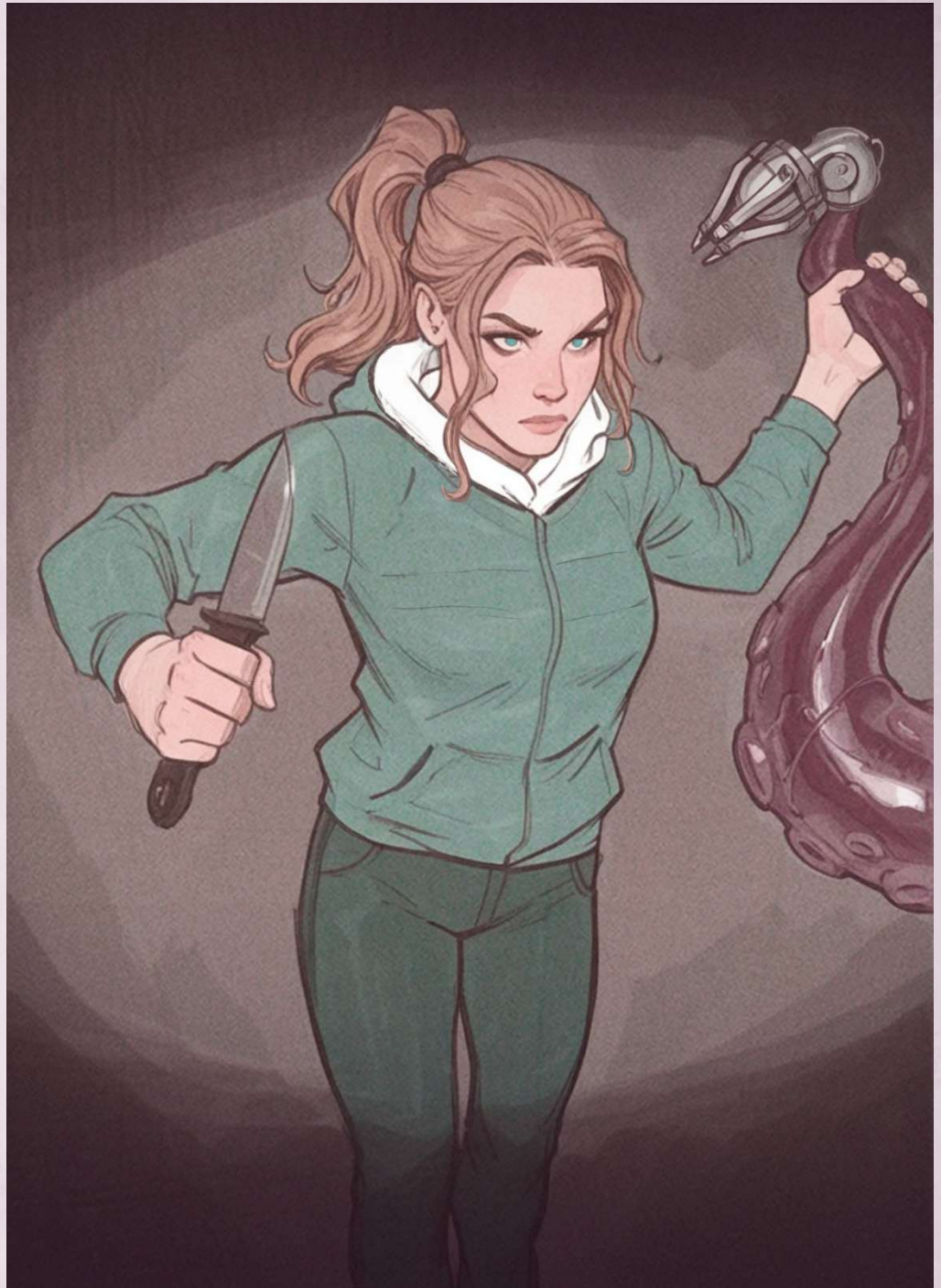
"You cannot destroy the painting without destroying your mother." Axcix still struggled, but she could feel Samantha's grip loosen. "She is fine where she is, and I can retrieve her anytime."

"Get her out." Samantha let the tip of the blade rest on the canvas, indenting it without tearing through.

"I have very little incentive to do that." Axcix freed her tentacle and gently caressed Samantha's cheek with the bio-mechanical clamp on the end. "You look thirsty. Why don't you fetch yourself a glass of water from the kitchen? Then we can decide what to do with you."

Samantha stared at the painted version of her mother. Her knife clattered to the floor by her feet. She turned from the painting and walked into the kitchen.

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"Noah ... Noah ... wake up." Hailey shook her brother's shoulder.

"Sam?" Noah slowly sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. He blinked at the woman bent over him. "Mom?" He blinked some more. "Hailey?" His forehead wrinkled in confusion.

"I just had the strangest experience." Hailey stood straight, slipped out of her robe, and twirled for her brother.



"What? Um ... oh." He saw that she was naked and took in her large, hanging tits with puffy nipples, her heart-shaped ass, and her wide hips. "You made a deal with Mrs. Palmer, didn't you?"

"Maybe you're not so dumb after all." Hailey pulled the covers off her brother and pounced on him. She inhaled deeply. "You smell like sweat and cum." She ran her nose along his flat stomach, stopped at his pubes, and inhaled again. "It's ... overpowering." She shivered.

"I'm sorry. Sam and I were ..." Noah looked around the room. "Where's Sam?"

Hailey's only response was to lick her way up to his navel.

"Wait ... I'm not sorry. Why are you doing that? Get your tongue out of my belly button." He pulled on Hailey's shoulders, sitting her upright on the bed. His eyes were drawn to her jiggling boobs. He lost his train of thought.

"You should be happy, dummy. There aren't many sisters who would do this for their brothers." She grabbed his shaft and pumped him with her hands. "Jesus, you're big. How do Mom, Sam, and Kathy handle this thing?"

"Kathy hasn't ..." He relaxed into the mattress, still watching her boobs shake with the movement of her skinny arms. "How do you know about all that?"

"You're not nearly as sneaky as you think you are." Hailey kissed the head. "Mmmmmmmmm. Salty."

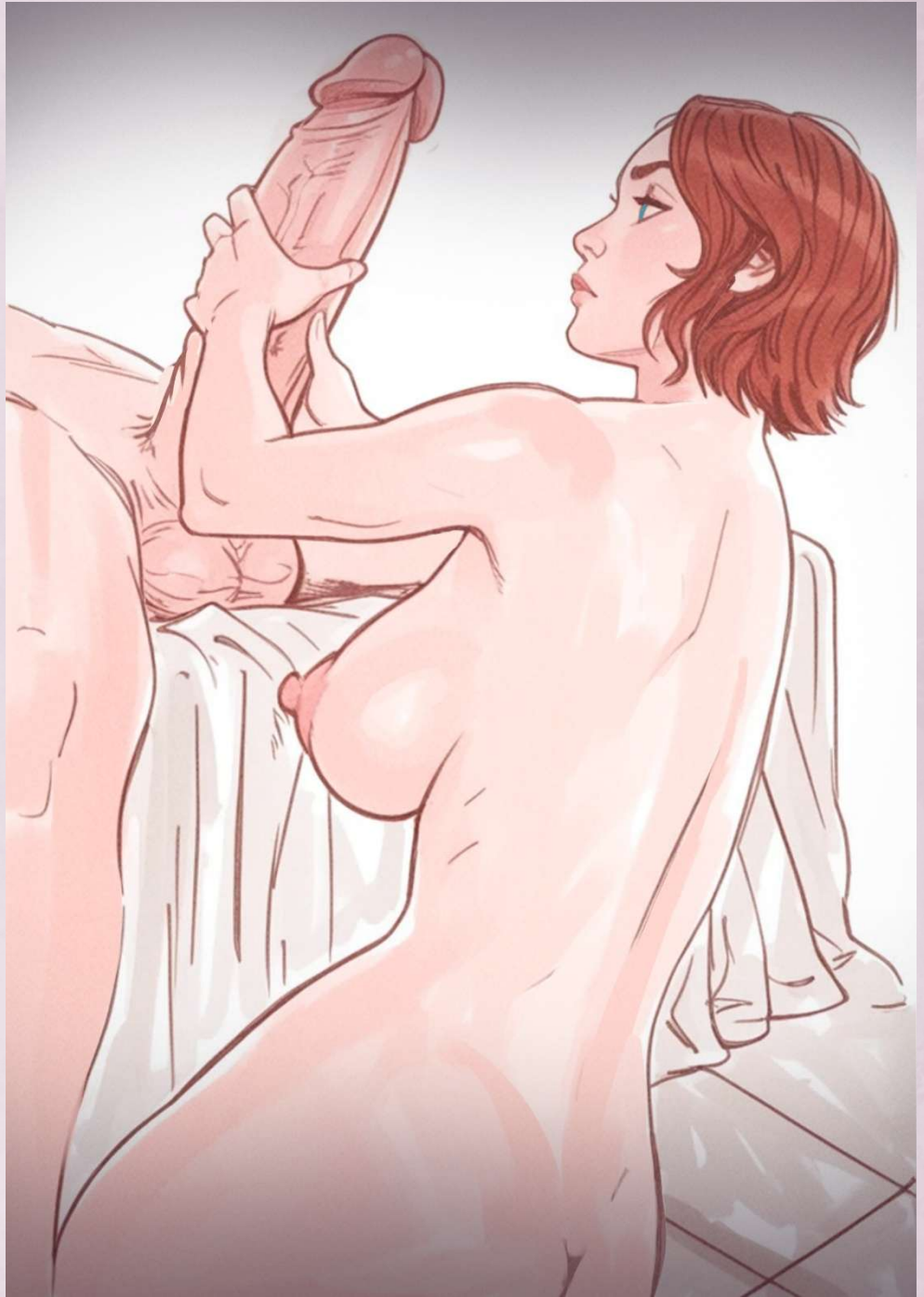
"Aren't you freaked out?" Noah knew it was a stupid question. If she had taken Eloise Palmer's deal, she was pretty far down the same road he was on. She didn't answer him, so he tried a different tack. "What do you want, Hailey?"

"I want to fall off the wagon. In a big fucking way." She pushed her wavy brown hair out of her face and fixed her blue eyes on the head of his cock. "I want to fall off right onto your cock. I need sex. And you're a slut. And you're equipped with this." She squeezed his shaft for emphasis. "I just hope you'll fit."

"We're not having sex, Hailey. We're ... oooohhhhhhhhhh ... shit." He watched his sister take his cock into her mouth. She was so determined that she choked almost instantly with a third of it down her throat. "Where's ... Sam?" Noah said weakly.

Hailey removed him from her mouth. "Ggaaacck ... ggaaaaaack." She gagged a few times even without the cock down her throat. "I ... ggaaacckk ... don't know ... where Sam is. She's probably watching ... TV ... in the basement or something."

"I don't know." Noah watched his sister's lips drop back down to the head of his cock again. He didn't stop her. Instead, he watched her choke on his cock again, working him with tenacity. "When she gets back ... you better stop ... if she wants you to ... stop."





"Ggggggaaaaaaaacckkkk." Hailey nodded her head and continued her blowjob. She went for ten minutes and pulled off him again. Before he could protest, she mounted him. It was awkward with his bed slanted down toward their feet. "What happened ... to your ... bed?" She rubbed his wide head inside her slick folds.

"I broke it." Noah's eyes darted between his sister's massive tits and her twisted face.

"Oooohhhhhhhh ... Hailey ... this is crazy." And just like that, he was inside his sister.

"I'm ... uggghhhhhh ... just doing this ... because my boyfriend isn't ... here." Hailey lowered her trembling hips slowly, pushing him deeper and deeper. "But ... now that I feel you. I'd rather have ... you ... than him ... Noah. Oooooohhhhhhhh." She hit bottom, and her hips oscillated on top of him. "It's good ... Noah ... really good ... your cock is even better than ... Lauren Keitaro's."

"What?" Noah massaged her tits. He'd never seen nipples like hers before. He figured

they were sensitive from the way she jumped when he rolled them between his fingers. "Mrs. Keitaro?"

"A different ... painting ... dummy." Hailey was almost there. She shut her eyes tightly and dug her nails into her brother's chest.

"Erato." Noah pieced a few things together just in time to watch his sister cum on his cock. "Quiet ... quiet ... Hailey." He moved his hand from her tit up to her mouth and stifled her passionate cries. It had all happened so fast, while he was half-asleep, that it just dawned on him: he was having sex with yet another woman. One of his older sisters was getting herself off on his cock. Samantha would go wild with lust when she found out. He looked at the door. She could return any minute.

"Goopphhh ... thapphhhhh wapphhhhh goopppphhhh." Hailey pulled his hand off her mouth. "That was ... good. I needed ... that." She slowly lifted her hips off him until he flopped out of her with a plop. "Jesus ... did you ... cum?"

"No." He furrowed his eyebrows.

"All that ... white ... frothy ... stuff ... is mine?" Hailey giggled. She stepped onto the floor and picked up her robe. "We have to do this ... again sometime. I feel ... great!" She smiled at him as she wrapped her robe around her new body.

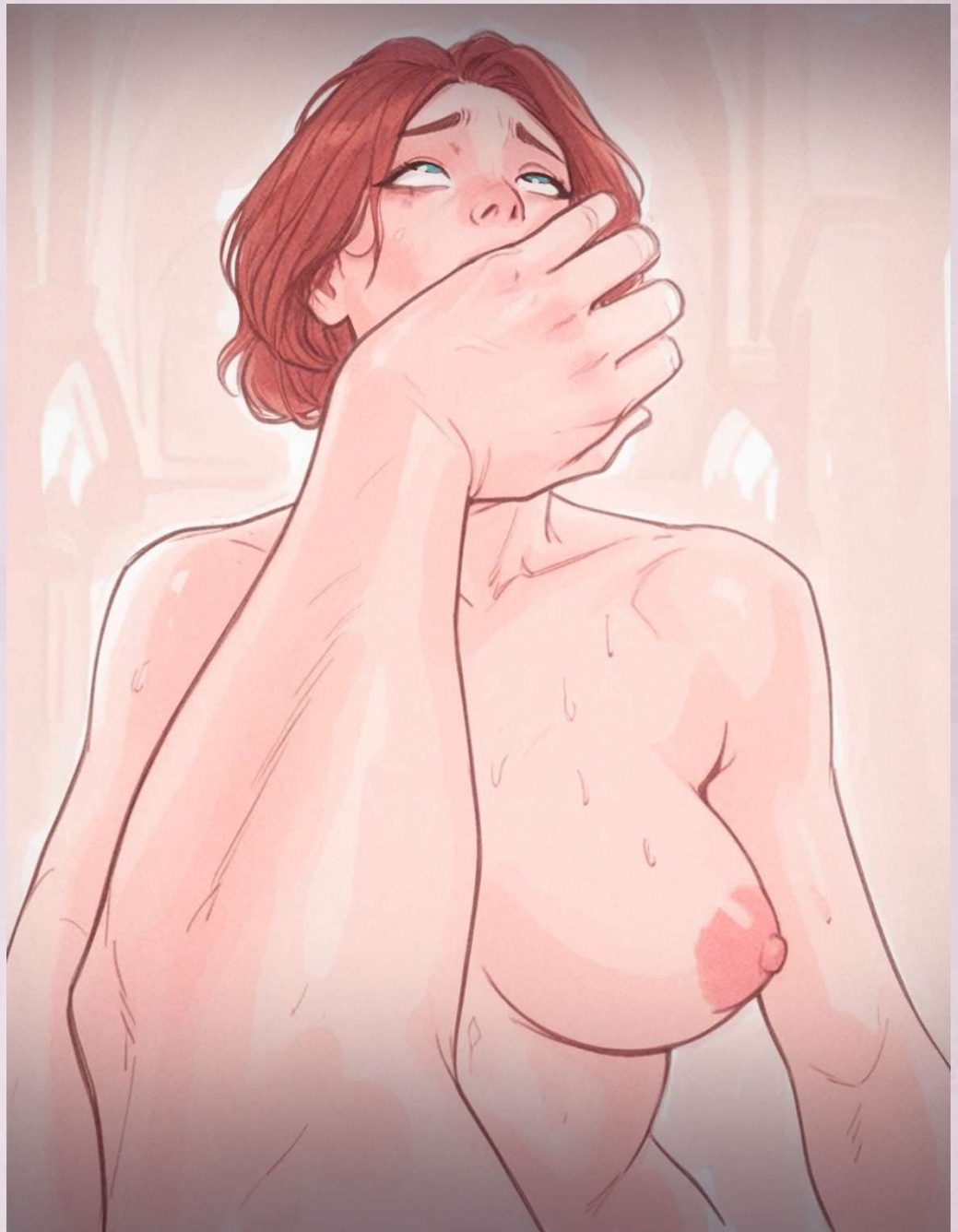
"Are we done?" Noah didn't understand what was happening. "I didn't cum."

"Finish yourself off ... or something." Hailey looked at his giant penis and giggled. "I'm going to bed."

"You are?"

"Tootles." With a wide grin, Hailey waved to her brother and left his room.

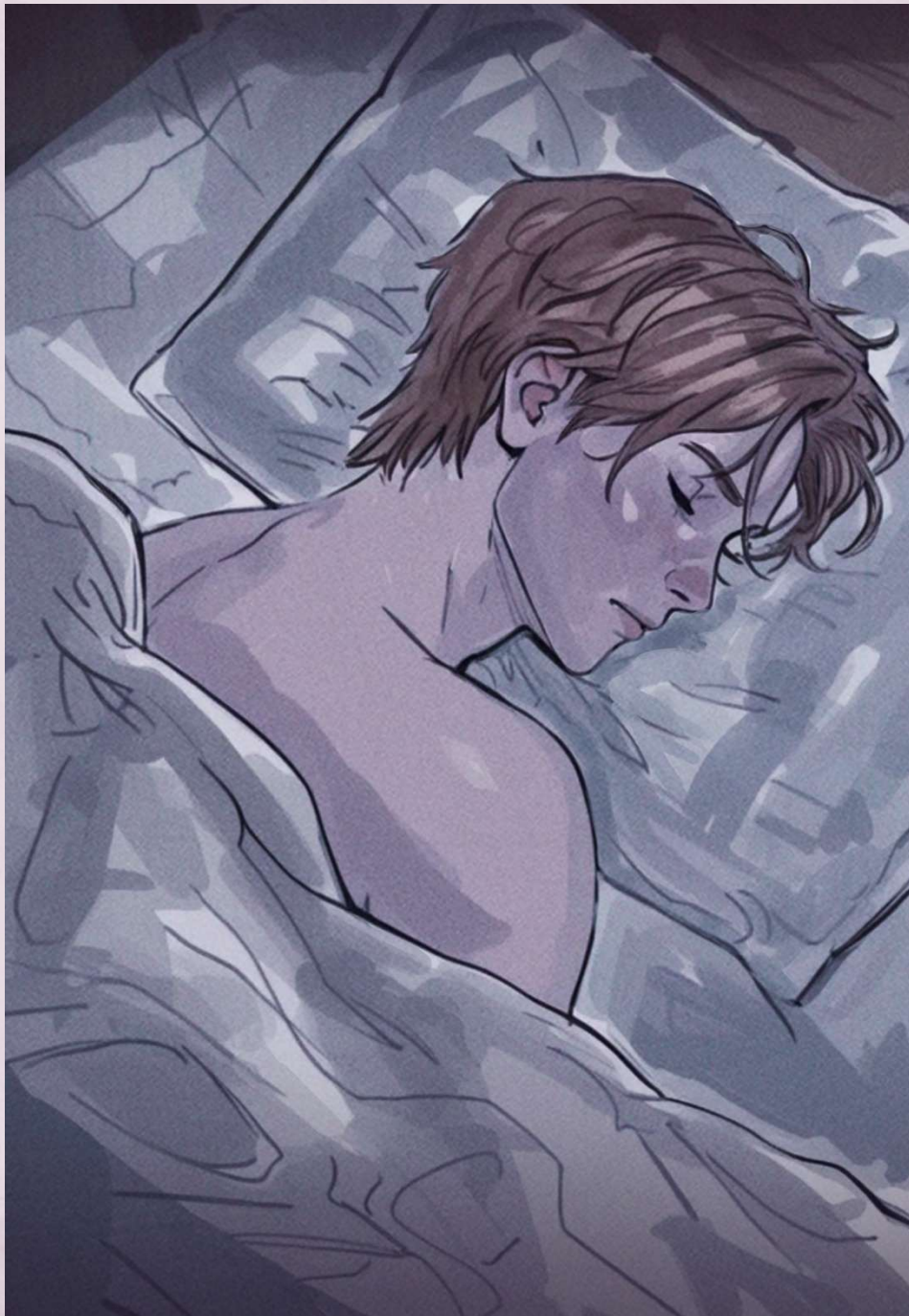
Mystified, Noah stared at the door for a long time after she left. He couldn't wait to tell Samantha what had happened. He hoped his girlfriend would finish what his sister started. He didn't fap, instead, he curled onto his side and waited for Samantha, keeping his eyes on the door.



As Noah drifted off to sleep, he thought about his sex life. His mother was his clear favorite. The way she gave herself completely to him. The deep love in her green eyes couldn't be replicated. She had also given him her ass, which pushed her way out ahead. Samantha was gorgeous, and funny, and fun. Sex with her was great, if not as intense as with his mother. Hailey had choked herself, grinded on him, had her orgasm, and left. She was a distant third. He wondered if they'd have sex again. He wondered if she'd want to. He remembered she'd be heading back to college soon enough. He was fine with it. With Paget and Hailey gone, he'd have the run of the house with his mother and Samantha. He couldn't wait.

Noah's eyes closed. He drifted off to sleep. He dreamed that he and Hailey were going to go for a bike ride, but he had a flat tire. She got out the pump, assured him she'd have it full of air in no time, but she pumped it half-way and let all the air out. Then she did it again and again. At some point, Noah was sure his tire would never be full. His frustration grew and grew.

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"It's Christmas morning, dear."

Shannon woke her son with a tender caress of his cheek. He looked so strong and handsome in repose. Her heart swelled with pride.

"Mom?" Paul sat up in his mother's bed and looked around the room. It still smelled like sex, but he could tell his mother had cleaned up. His eyes focused on her. She looked like a goddess in the pale morning light. Her hair was pinned up, and she was already wearing her most elegant dress. "Where's Sofia?"

"All the ladies are home preparing for the big day." She beamed at him.

"Today we present you to the church during Christmas services. Soon all of Clover Falls will see the new path. You will lead them and bind them to a new covenant."

"Right ... right." Paul shook his head. "Everything's happening so fast. It's hard to believe that we're already here." He looked down at his erection writhing under the covers. If he hadn't known what it was, he might have thought some nightmare had crept into bed with him. But he considered it quite the opposite. "Can you take the edge off my morning erection for me?"

"Is that wise, dear?" Shannon bit her bottom lip. "You need to save all your ... *stuff* ... for today. And I'm already dressed and made up."

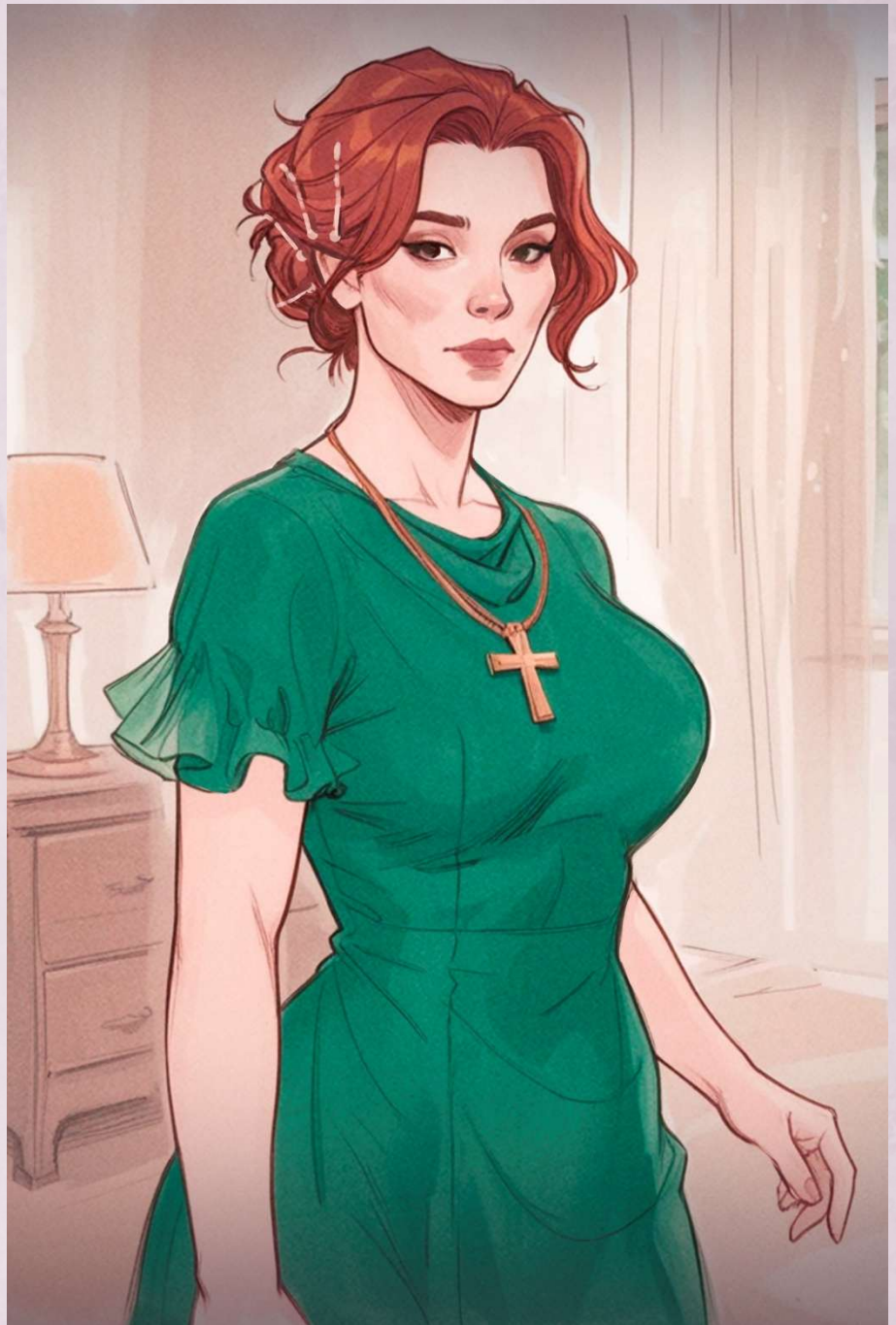
"And you look so pretty, Mom." He grinned at her.

"Well ... I suppose if you still have more after everything you did yesterday, you'll have plenty for today regardless." She pulled down his covers. "Hello there, you naughty devil," she smiled at his penis.

"It is God's instrument." There was steel in his voice as he corrected his mother.

"Yes, of course." Shannon grasped his penis. It always thrilled her when it stopped squirming in her hands. She loved that she could mollify this beast. "I was only being silly."

"Suck on it, Mom." He watched her squeeze his cock with a milking motion. She had even painted her fingernails red and green for their big day. "You can fix your makeup later."





"Okay ... I suppose ... I mean ... why shouldn't I?" She leaned in and breathed his scent. He hadn't showered since the day before. She could smell all the other women on him. Her eyelids fluttered. "Oh ... my." In no time at all, she was bobbing her head and pumping his shaft with her hands. It didn't take long for her auburn hair to begin to fall from her hairpin.

"That's it ... Mom ... what a way to start Christmas." She was perpendicular to him on the bed, which let his eyes follow the wonderful curves under her dress. He gazed at her hanging boobs, pressed against his thigh, followed the arch of her back, and settled on the flare from her waist out to her ass. She was built for bearing children. His father had been a fool for only giving her one. Paul decided he was no fool. He pulled her dress to her waist and

smiled at her wobbling ass and hips. He would keep her perpetually pregnant. Their universe was all about fecundity, and they would fulfill their sacred duties, demonstrating to the church how it was done. "I want to ... ugh ... put it inside you. We need to make sure ... you'll have my baby."

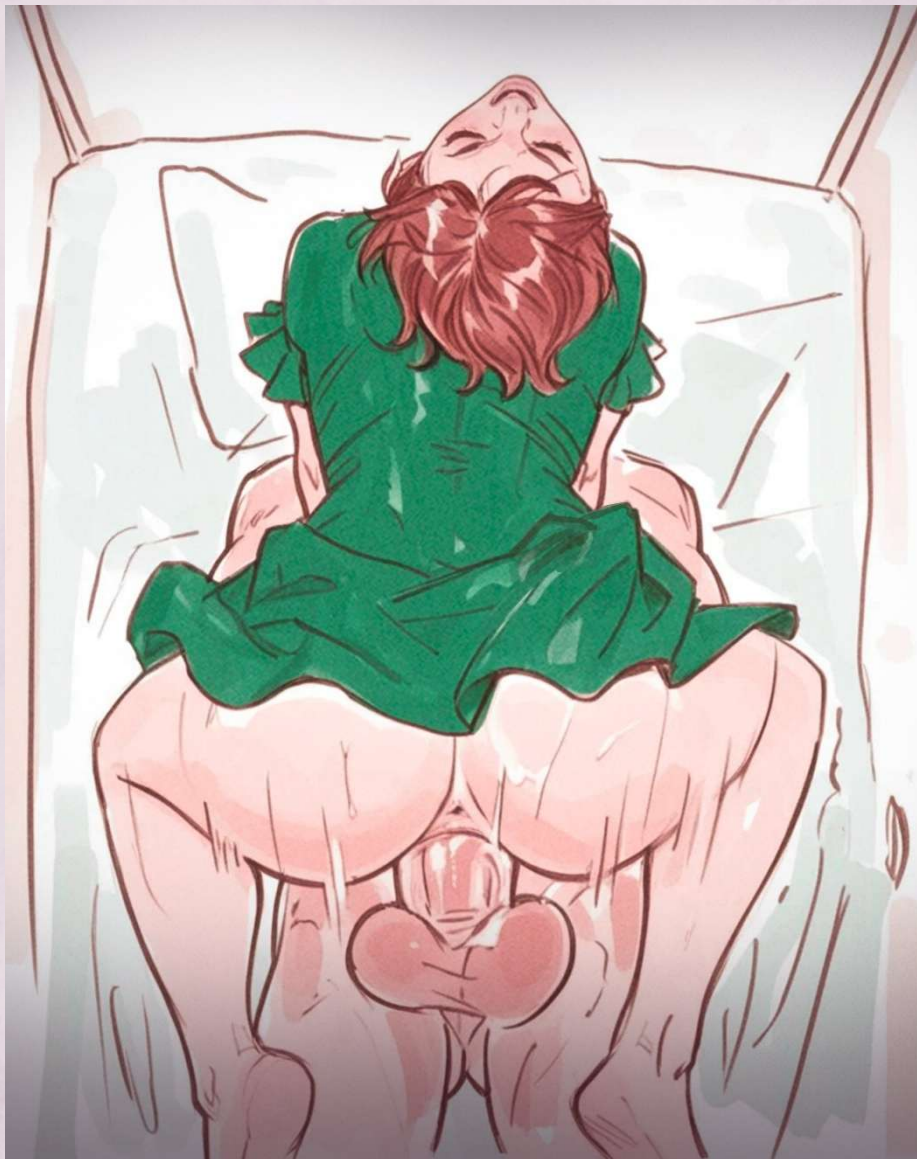
"Mmmmmppphhhhhh." Shannon continued her frenzied blowjob. She had been planning for the bliss of swallowing his seed. But that heavenly ecstasy was matched when he filled her womb. She pulled off him and wiped saliva from her chin, panting. She looked into his eyes. "Of course ... you are right ... again. Let me take off ... my dress so we don't ruin it."

"No way. I love you in that dress. Ride me." Paul wondered if anyone else in Clover Falls was enjoying their Christmas morning as much as he was.

“Okay.” Perhaps Shannon should have argued, but she couldn’t resist the joy written on her son’s face. She quickly pulled off her panties, held her dress over her hips, and swung her leg over him. “It is an honor to be ... the first woman you inseminate on this auspicious day. I ... aaahhhhhhhhhhhh ... am with you ... on this journey ... we are ... uuugghhhhhhhh ... a perfect pair. Mother ... and ... son.” She slid down his cock. Even though she was ready for its explorations, she still screeched in amazement when his penis found one of her special places. “Oh ... gosh ... Paul ... you make me feel ... you make me ... I’m ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh.” She threw her head back and climaxed on top of him.

“You and me ... Mom ... on our big day ... uh ... uh ... uh ... nothing could be better.” He gripped the front of her dress and tugged. She was so busy cumming, he didn’t think she even noticed the fabric tear. He freed her right breast from the dress, but it was still in her bra. He lowered the bra and stared at her boob as it flopped on top of her torn dress. She would feed all their babies with that tit. But first, it was his turn. He sat up and buried his face in her soft flesh, slobbering on her nipple.

“Oh ... Paul ... Paul ... yes ... yes ...” Shannon’s arms encircled her son. “Just as the church shelters ... uuugghhhhhhhh ... just as ... uuugghhhhhhhh ... church ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” When the heat of his seed blossomed inside her, nothing else mattered. Not even their important tasks in the day ahead. All that mattered was this moment, drifting through a nebula of ecstasy.



Noah stared at his sister, unbelieving. She was still pumping up his bicycle tire and letting the air out. She had done this over a thousand times while he watched. "This is very frustrating, Hailey. Just finish it off."

"Dude ... dude ... this was as early as I could wake up." When Hailey turned toward him, he saw that her eyes were the ocean on a stormy day. They didn't look *like* the ocean, Noah could actually see the breakers. "Dude!" Her words didn't quite sync up with her moving lips.

"What?" He wanted nothing more than to get on his bike and ride away, but the tire flattened itself on the garage floor.

"This is more than being a good Sumerian. She's in trouble. I don't know how to fix it." Hailey shook the bike violently. The whole garage trembled. "Wake up, Noah. Dude, *wake up*."

The garage and his sister faded. Noah opened his eyes to bright, morning light. "Sam?"

"That's what I've been telling you, dude." Jimmy continued to shake Noah's shoulder vigorously. "Sam's not here. She went home. She's in trouble."

Noah shot up so quickly he almost knocked heads with Jimmy. "No ... she promised. She wouldn't." But he'd known Samantha most of his life. *She would. She totally would.*

"Look, I've only been through today eighteen times. It's fucking grim." Jimmy's ashen face moved away from Noah as he slumped in the nearby desk chair. "The second I wake up, I come here. Now get up. We have to move."

"Grim?" Noah jumped out of bed, found some underwear, and pulled them on. "We have to get Kathy and Ella."

"Kathy, yes. But we have to go to her house and wake her up. She ignores her phone." Jimmy frowned. "Ella, no. She's already at Sam's house."

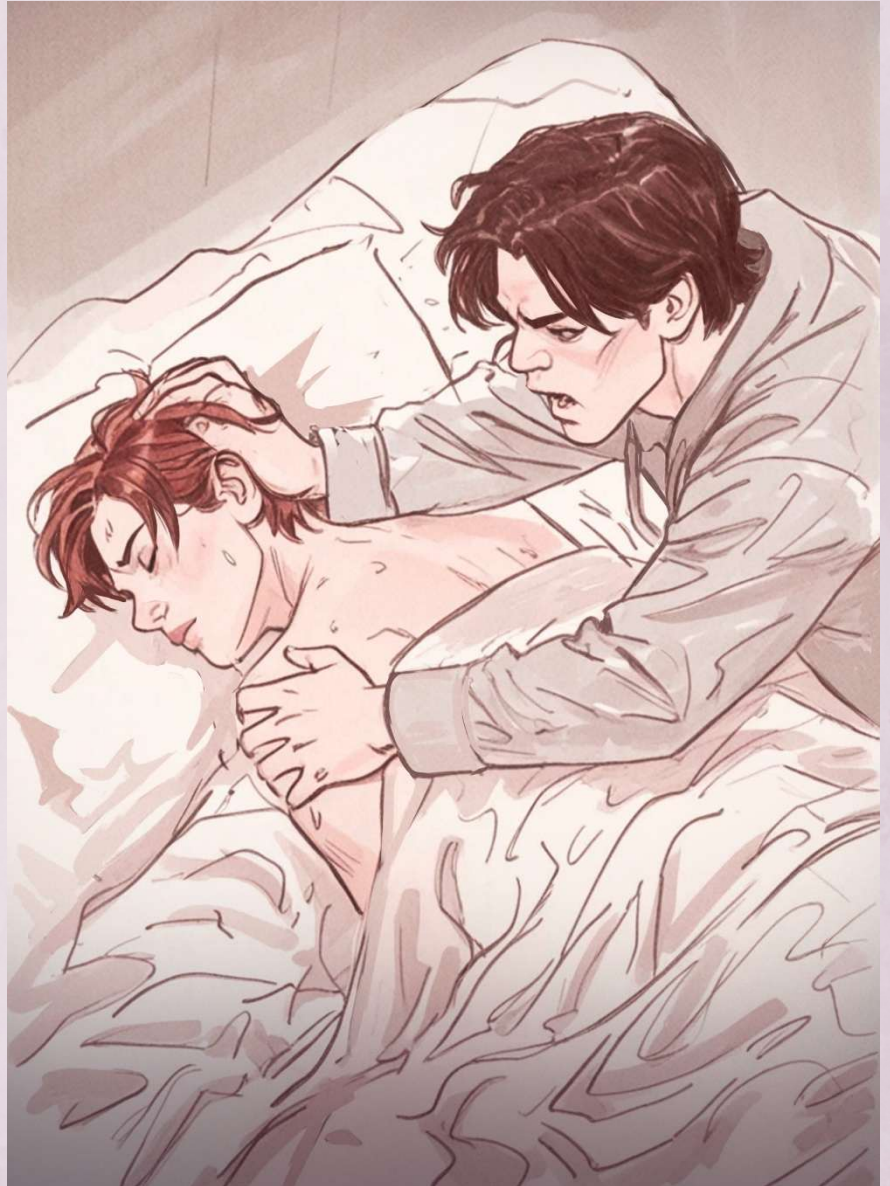
"Oh, good." Noah nodded.

"Oh, bad." Jimmy shook his head.

"I'm going to wake up my mom." Noah pulled on his socks, not bothering to line up the heels.

"Why?" Jimmy raised his eyebrows. "There's no time to get frisky."

"She's not a sex doll, moron." Noah's face turned red. "She's going to help us." He pulled on his pants.



"Oh, okay. We haven't tried that yet." Jimmy shrugged.

"Why the heck not?" Noah didn't know what those other Noahs from other todays were thinking. Why wouldn't they get his mom? His blood suddenly froze. *Was there something different about this today?* "What about your puzzle. Have you solved it yet? Is this our last chance?"

"Nah, I'm not stupid. I'm not solving it until we destroy Sam's painting." Jimmy intently looked at a spot on the wall to the right of Noah.

"What ... um ... what do you have to do?" Noah pulled on a t-shirt and rummaged through his hamper for a sweater. This was not how Christmas morning was supposed to go. Was anyone in Clover Falls having a worse one?



"Enki wants me to ... *knock Mom up*." Jimmy mumbled the last three words.

"He wants you to what?" Noah pulled on a sweater.

"I have to get my mom pregnant," Jimmy said more clearly.

"Daaaaammmnnnnn." Noah paused on his way to the door and stared at his friend. "Whatever happens on your last today, it's going to be wild. You'll never forget this Christmas."

"I have to do it." Jimmy stood and shrugged apologetically. "Enki isn't giving me a choice."

"I know." Noah tried to give him a comforting smile, but he was too worried about Samantha and Ella. "But we can stick that on the back burner for now. Let's go get my mom. Then you can fill us in on everything you know ..." He opened the door, looked back, and held his breath. "Is it already too late? When did Sam leave?"

"It's not too late. I'll tell you everything." Jimmy patted Noah on the shoulder. "Just like I always do."

"Thank God." Noah exhaled. The friends jogged down the hall to Noah's parents' room and entered without knocking.

