

Chapter 28



The Palmer Legacy



The Palmer Legacy 28

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Written by RawlyRawls

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Rrrooooaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrr!

"I was in that awful painting all night, Eddie." Lindsey made doe eyes at her son. "Everything was in the 1950s and the other people wouldn't talk to me. I didn't know if I'd ever get out. Send these other women away and let's spend the day in each other's arms." She straightened her dress, stepped over to her son, and cradled him in her arms.





Eddie relaxed into her arms. He buried his face in her dress and inhaled. She smelled musky. He breathed deeply. He realized he was smelling the inside of the painting. "Could you see into the living room when you were in there, Mom?"

"Yes, sweetie. It was terrifying. Sam was fighting and -" She stopped talking when he reached behind her and slapped her butt.

"Let's fuck." Eddie hugged her tightly. When the other women in the room groaned in unison, he glanced around. "Don't whine, bitches. If you stick around, you'll all get your turn."

"Um ... Eddie?" Ellen Bankston raised her hand. "Should I come back later? I have to attend church with my family in a couple hours."

"Me too." Laura Ferguson also raised her hand.

"Me three." Julia Price sheepishly put her hand in the air.

Ella also raised her hand.

"Fine. Go." Eddie waved a hand dismissively at them. "Come back when you're done with stupid church." Eddie watched the three women depart. "Now, for everyone that's staying, I'm going to breed every single one of you." He smiled when he saw the glazed expressions that passed over nine pretty faces. "And I'm going to make Sam watch all of it." He roughly pulled down his mother's dress, exposing her breasts. He kissed his way down the curving slope of her tit, looking over at Ella. "I thought you had to go to church."

"I'll text my dad that we're not coming. I want you to take me ... in front of Sam." Ella looked at the painting. Her friend stood at the edge of the dock, on the opposite end from the three mothers. Samantha's eyes were wide with horror, and her mouth hung open. Ella shrugged at her. Samantha would understand soon enough.

"Okay, you're next, Ella."

Eddie sucked on his mother's nipple, listening to her moan. He could hear clothes rustling around the room as his women disrobed. He knew they would all touch themselves while they watched. He released her nipple, and roughly put her on her hands and knees, facing the painting. "You hear that, Sam? You're going to watch me fuck the shit out of Mom and your best friend." He threw her dress over her hips, and pulled her panties down to her knees. Since her legs were together, he squatted with his feet wide behind her and lined himself up. He looked up at his petrified eighteen-year-old twin sister. "When you come out of the painting, this is what's waiting for you." He slapped his mother's ass cheek with his heavy cock, leaving a trail of precum.



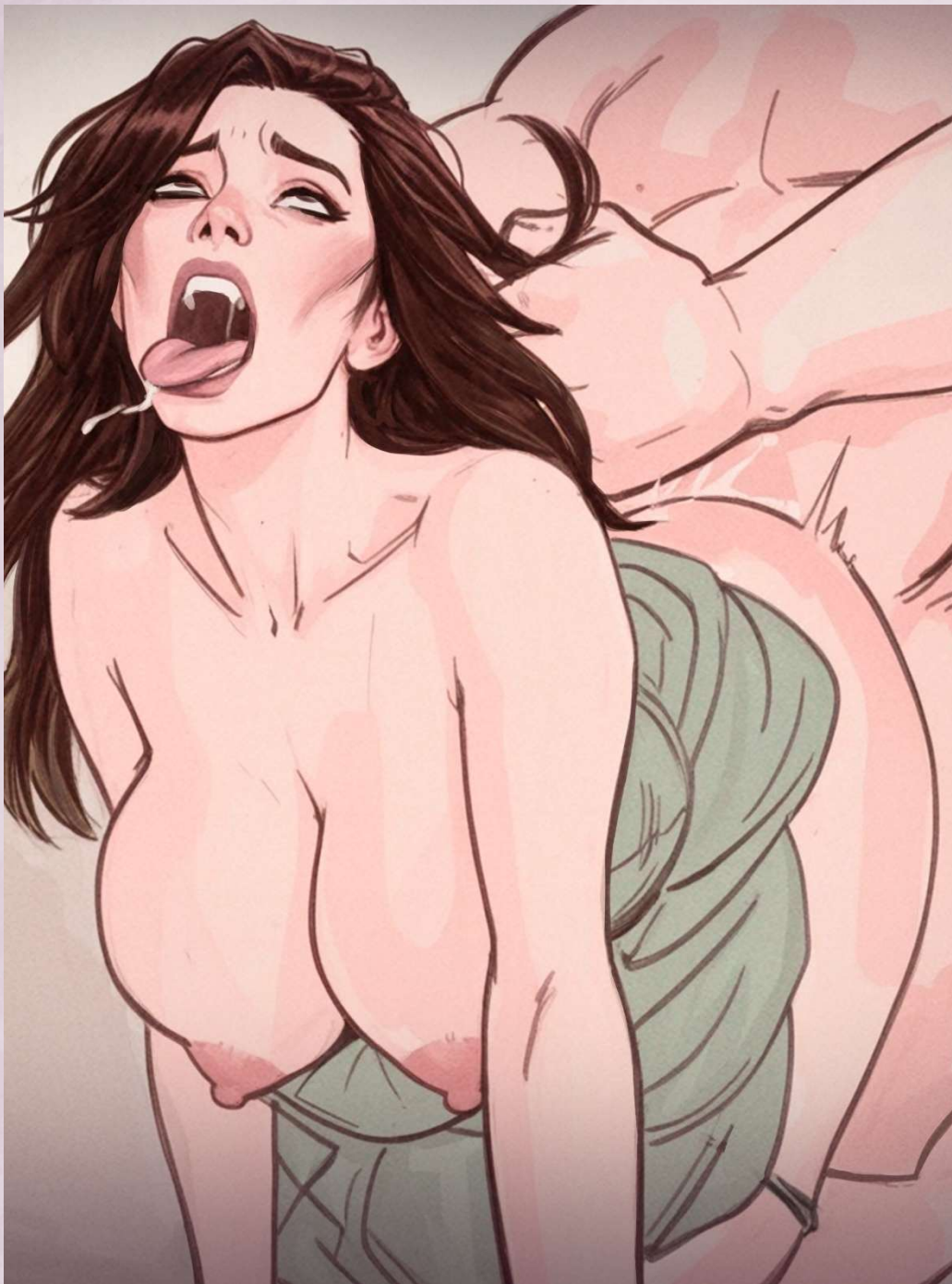
"It's not ... bad ...

Samantha." Lindsey looked up at her daughter. It was so odd, she could see the brush strokes that rendered Samantha, but she knew that it was her real daughter at the same time. "Once you ... let him in ... to your heart ... and your ... vagina ... uuuuggghhhhhhhhhh ... like I've done ..." She gritted her teeth as he entered her. "... then you'll ... understand." Lindsey hated sharing her son. But she thought maybe she'd make an exception for her daughter.

"'Not ... bad' ... uh ... uh ... Mom?" Eddie shook his head. "You love ... it. Tell her ... you love ... my giant ... teenage ... cock."

"I love ... his ... cock ... Samantha ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh." Lindsey braced herself as her son lunged into her with devastating strokes. Their bodies collided together with clockwork rhythm.

"You ... ugh ... love ... ugh ... my ... giant ... teenage ... cock." Eddie took handfuls of her ass and pulled her hips back to meet his thrusts.



"I love ... giant ... teenage ... cock," Lindsey sung out. "Oooooohhhhhhhhhh." When his hand grabbed her hair and took complete control of her body, she climaxed. Not long ago, she would have been mortified showing anyone but her loving husband her twisted orgasmic expressions. But now she freely displayed her most lascivious self to her daughter and anyone else who cared to look.

"Now ... ugh ... everyone ... tell Sam ... that you love ... my giant ... teenage ... cock." Eddie looked around the room with wide, crazed eyes. His belly shook and rippled as it smashed his mother's ass. He knew that the squatting position made him look like an ape, and he was fine with that. He wanted Samantha to see him as the animal he was.

"We love Eddie's giant, teenage cock," the women in the living room said in an overlapping chorus.

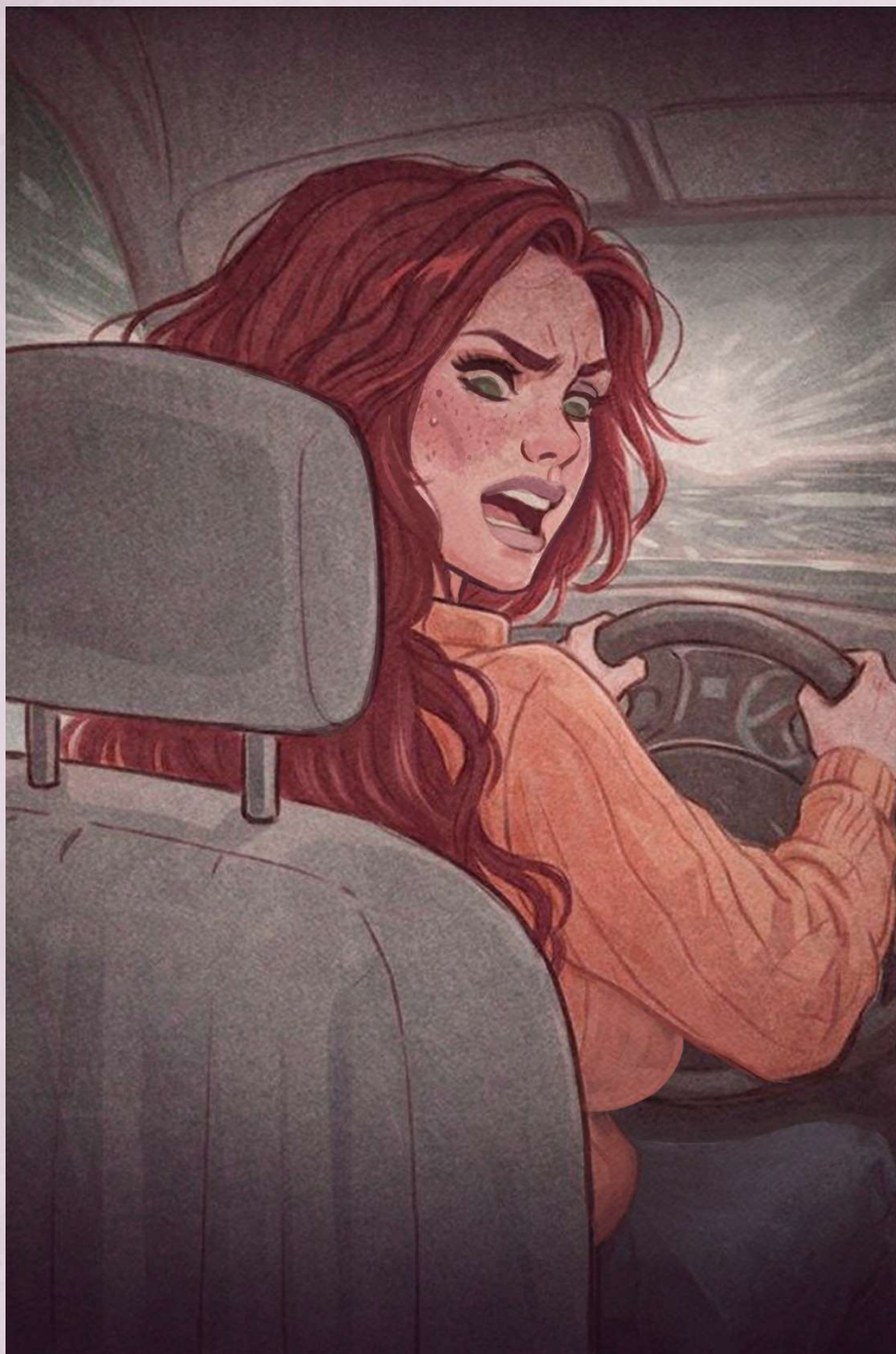
"That's right ... that's ... fucking ... right." Eddie

slammed into his mother. He was just about ready to cum. "I'm going to nut ... Mom ... I'm going to ... fucking explode."

"Yes ... yes ... Eddie ... do it." Lindsey didn't bother to pretend that he should pull out. That was a farce no longer worth playing. Everyone knew she wanted it. Everyone knew she was about to take it. "Fill meeeeeeeeeeeeeee!" When his hot stuff hit her womb, ecstasy detonated her mind.

In the corner, Axcix watched all this happily. She almost rubbed her organic, tentacled clamps together in glee.

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Jessica's knuckles were white on the steering wheel as she listened to Jimmy Ronning explain what they should expect. She was still trying to get her head around the fact that he had lived the same day over and over. She looked over her shoulder into the back of the minivan where Jimmy and Noah held on to their seats for dear life. "Kathy's house is just ahead."

"Can you slow down, Mrs. Reader?" Jimmy's cheeks had turned white. He turned to Noah. "I liked it better on the other todays when we rode our bikes."

Still looking into the back of the minivan, Jessica frowned at Jimmy. "So ... Sam's brother hasn't touched her?"

"Not yet." Jimmy shook his head. "But if we get caught there, the metal ball brings her out of the painting, and Eddie ... takes her in front of us." He didn't add that she herself was in danger. Eddie was deranged, and would certainly enjoy taking Noah's girlfriend *and mom* in front of him. He could see from her grim expression that he didn't need to explain it to her. She understood what could happen if they failed.

"We'll save Sam. I've destroyed

one painting. How hard can it be to destroy two?" She turned her face forward and swerved around a trash can stationed next to the curb. With screeching tires, she stopped the minivan.

Both Noah and Jimmy exhaled. They watched as Kathy's front door opened. Kathy stepped outside, but turned when her mother followed her. She put her hands on her mom's shoulders, bent low, and whispered in her ear. Then she turned and loped to the minivan on all fours. Noah opened the side door, and Kathy bounded in.

"Everything okay with your mother?" Jessica didn't even bother with her customary smile in greeting. She pressed her lips together.

"She wanted to come along."
Kathy's eyes glowed red as she stretched herself out in the last row of seats. "I told her she couldn't."

"You might want to put on a seatbelt. Mom's driving crazy today." Noah closed the door and the minivan lurched out into the street.

"I'm good." Kathy's smiled revealed four gleaming fangs. "Catch me up."

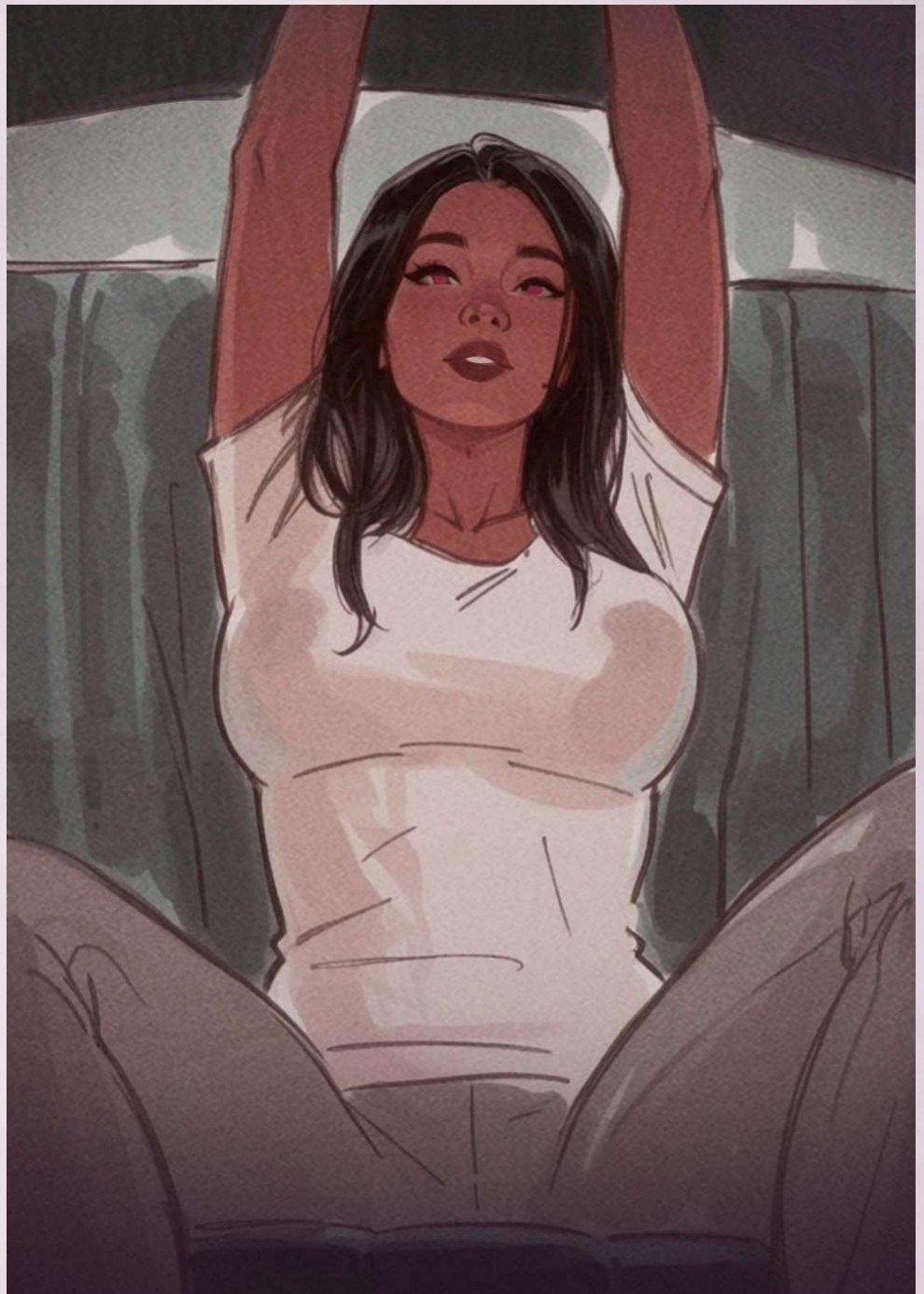
"Sam's in the painting. She's okay, but we have to get her out before we can destroy it." Noah looked at Jimmy.

"Right, and to reach into the painting we need to be touching the metal ball at the same time." Jimmy shrugged apologetically for the news he had to deliver. "And I know what you're going to say. That's not the only way out of the painting. There should be a place with windows looking out onto other paintings somewhere inside Sam's canvas. But it would take too long for her to find it."

"Well, it's plan B then." Kathy's shrug bore no apology whatsoever. "If things go south, we'll tell her to find the windows."

"Remember, we have to go fast. Noah and I are going to get some brain fog within a few minutes of entering the room. If things go south, we'll try this all again on day nineteen." Jimmy held onto his seat for dear life as the minivan careened around a corner. "If you kill us all, Mrs. Reader, the next today starts sooner."

"Got it, Jimmy." Jessica floored the gas pedal. They sped toward the Owens' residence.



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"Do any of you know how to get out of here?" Samantha tried not to watch as her mother happily turned over for her brother and spread her legs high in the air. "I need to leave."

"Nobody leaves." The blonde mother hugged her tall son tightly to her chest.

"Actually, the creature left." An olive-skinned teenager with glasses pointed out of the painting.

"Shh, Patrick. Don't talk to her." It was his mother's turn to hug him close.

"That's my mother out there. And my brother is doing ... terrible stuff to her." Samantha glanced at her mother out of the corner of her eye. Eddie was pounding her, and she had her hands pressed into his ample butt cheeks.



"Seems like she's enjoying it." The chubby boy shrugged and felt up his mother's boob through her dress.

"Shut up, Roy." Patrick's voice had some venom in it.

"Patrick, was it?" Samantha stood, walked down the dock closer to them, and sat a few feet from Patrick and his mother. "What would you do if Roy tried to do that ..." She nodded at her living room. "... to your mother? I have to get out of here."

"He did try that with me." Patrick's mother frowned. "I slapped him."

"I'm sorry, Miss." Patrick shrugged. "Only the creature knows how to get out. And all it says is that it 'needs more life.'"

"Well, I'm not waiting around, I ..." Samantha's attention was drawn to a commotion in the living room. The multitude of women watching and masturbating suddenly stood. Eddie pulled his weight off his mother and stood, too. She heard Noah's voice. Then all hell broke loose.

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"Don't hurt them!" Noah shouted after Kathy.

"Rrroooooaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrr!" Kathy leapt to the middle of the living room, snarling and swatting the charging women with her hands. Naked bodies tumbled around her like bowling pins.



"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii!" Jessica ran at Eddie, holding Noah's little league baseball bat over her head. She swung it at him, but he stepped aside, his softening dick bouncing awkwardly between his legs.

Eddie put a hand on Jessica's right breast – its size made it hard to miss – and pushed her onto the floor.

Jessica fell next to the gasping Lindsey Owens. "Lindsey ... the painting has taken over your son ... you have to ..." She stopped when she saw rage fill the woman's eyes.

"You tried to kill ... my son!" Lindsey rolled on top of Jessica and wrapped her fingers around her throat. Someone fell into her from behind, and she toppled forward, losing her grip.

"Aaaaaaaackkkkk." Jessica turned her head to the side as Lindsey's bare boobs mashed into her face. Lindsey's breasts were slick with impossibly icky sperm. "Get off me."

"Mom!" Noah took a few steps and stumbled. He struggled to breathe, his chest constricting. A woman he didn't recognize punched him in the face, and he fell to a knee. He went to brace himself and put his hand on a sweaty thigh. He looked up to see Eddie's malevolent face.

"I can't wait ... to fuck her ... in front of you." Eddie kicked Noah onto his back. "Can't breathe? Are you having ... one of your spells again?" He laughed and turned to help several of his women tackle Kathy.

It was true. Noah couldn't breathe. He looked for Jimmy and found him seated on the sofa, ignoring the commotion around them. "Jimmy ... Jimmy ..." Noah croaked.

"Today ... today ... today ..."
Jimmy sat and stared mindlessly into nothing.

Noah pulled a naked woman off her feet and tossed her across the room. "The air ..." he wheezed. Jimmy had gone brain-dead breathing the air, but Noah wasn't breathing at all. His panic attacks had finally come in handy. He willed his body upright and looked around. His mother was backing toward the doorway, swinging her bat in front of her to ward off Lindsey Owens. Samantha was banging her hand on the invisible barrier in the foreground of the painting. Kathy was struggling with several women, Eddie, and two tentacles. Noah saw a third tentacle writhing on the floor, grabbed it, and pulled it toward the painting. It was now or never if he was going to remove Samantha from the painting. His lungs burned, he saw spots, but he continued dragging the struggling, repulsive thing across the room.

"I'm ... stronger ... than this ... today." Jimmy shook his head to clear it. He slowly stood and shoved a clawing naked woman over the coffee table. The fog in his mind receded. He saw Kathy leap in the air, people falling off her. She managed to slip from one biomechanical



clamp, but the other still held her. He turned his head and saw that Noah was trying to get Samantha out of the painting. "Noah, look out!"

Noah didn't see Lindsey charge him, but when the full force of her weight slammed into his side, he dropped the writhing tentacle. The thing shot across the room like it was spring-loaded, and caught Jimmy in the side of the head. Blood fanned out on the wall behind him, and he pitched sideways onto the floor in a heap. Noah lifted Lindsey and threw her at her son.

"Jimmy!" Kathy freed herself from the metal ball's grip, and bounded across the room. She picked up Jimmy's lifeless form and carried him toward the exit. On her way out, she looked over at the painting. "Find the windows, Sam. Like I did inside the other painting."

Noah followed Kathy out, helping his mother get out of the house as quickly as they could. His chest relaxed when they hit fresh air. He finally took a breath. As they scrambled across the lawn, they didn't see anyone giving chase.

A few moments later, the minivan screeched away from the curb, Jessica behind the wheel. "Is he okay?" She glanced back in the rearview mirror. Jimmy looked even paler than he had on the drive over. His eyes were closed. Noah's red-stained hands were pressed to Jimmy's matted hair.

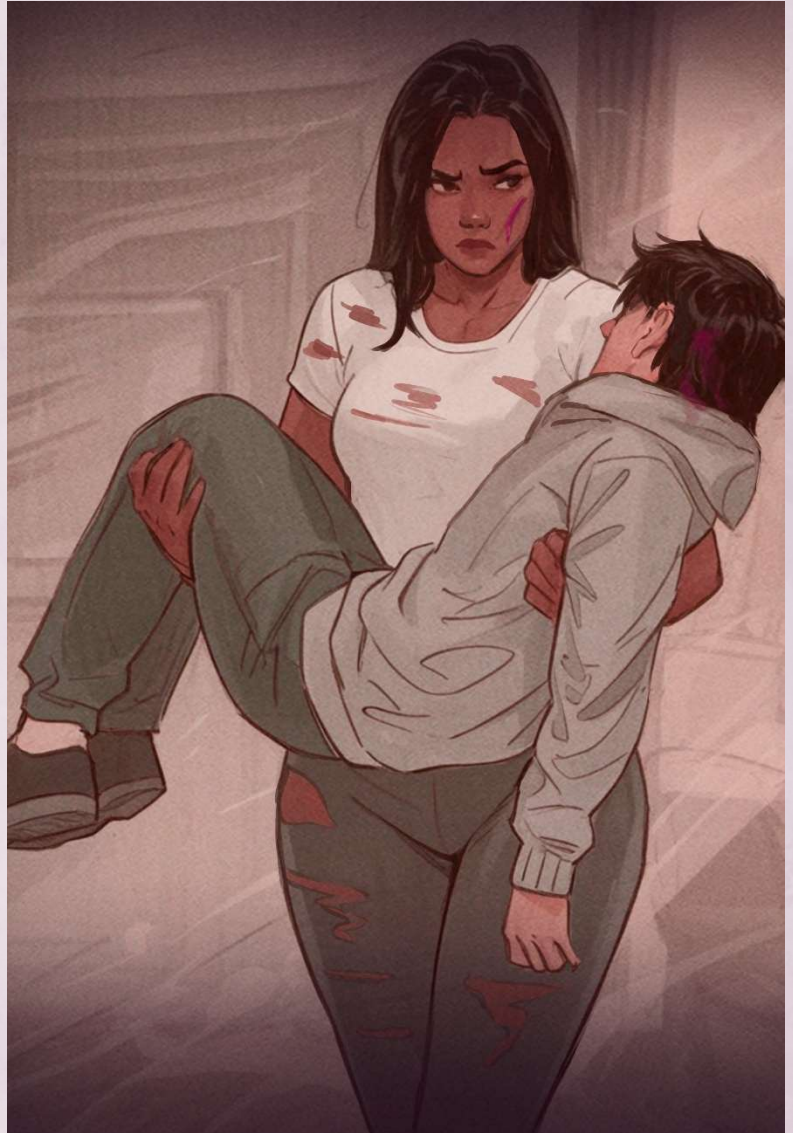
"I don't think so." Noah looked at his mom in desperation. "Drive to the hospital, Mom."

"Right." Jessica set her jaw. This wasn't how Christmas was supposed to go. Silently, she prayed for Jimmy's life.

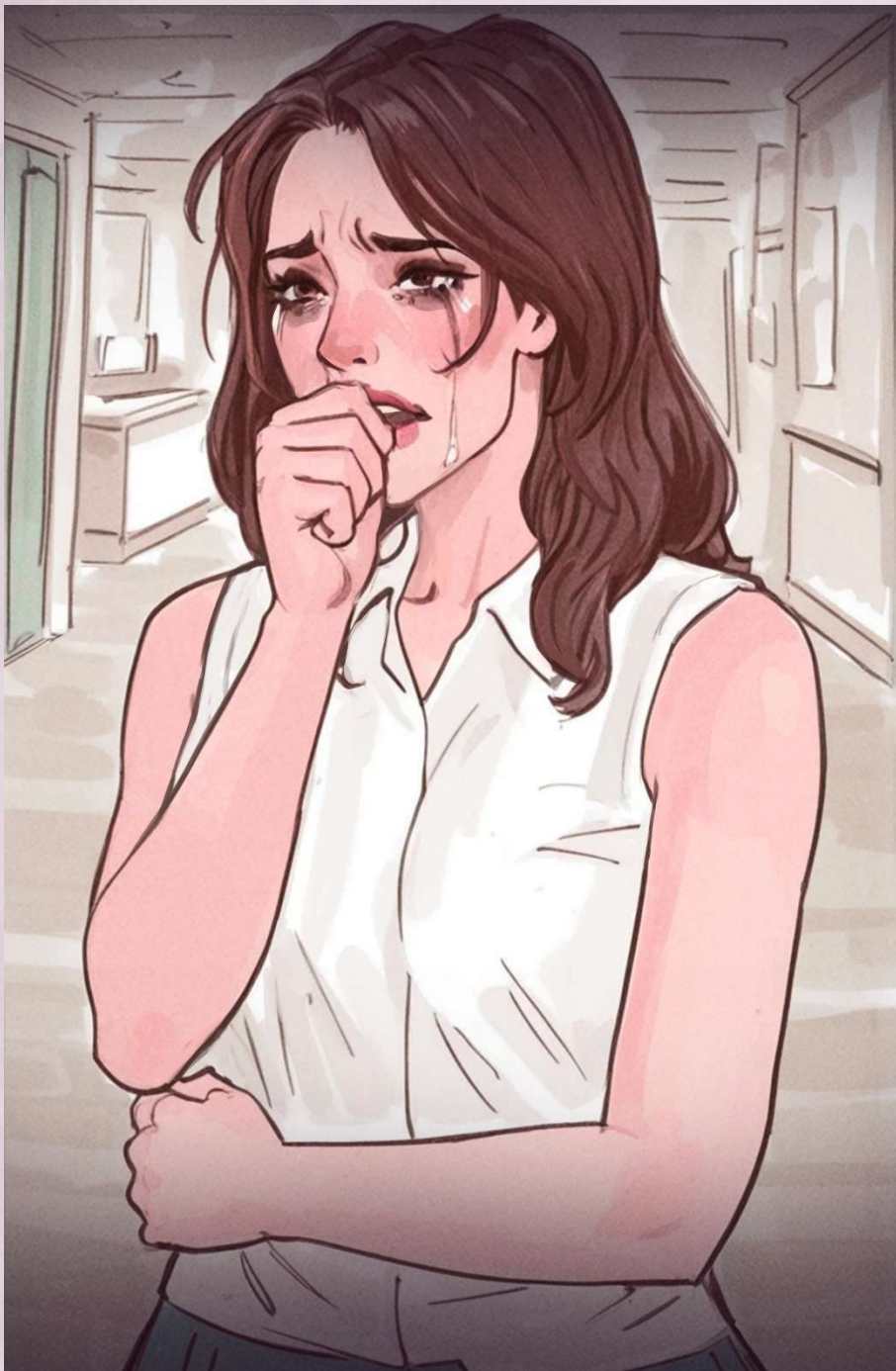
"Don't worry, Noah." Kathy slumped in the rearmost seat. Her clothes were torn in a dozen places. A long scratch diagonally across her face slowly oozed blood. "We'll never know it, but we get another chance at today."

"We failed, Kath." Noah looked over at her and shifted his weight to keep Jimmy from sliding off his lap as they accelerated through a stoplight. "Sam's still in the painting. Jimmy's hurt. All those women ... were crazy."

Kathy shrugged. "We'll get it right eventually."



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"Oh gosh ... oh ... gosh ..." Peggy scurried into the reception area. When she saw Jessica, they both burst into tears.

"He's unconscious, but stable. The doctors will want to talk to you." Jessica rushed over to Peggy and enveloped her in a big hug. "I'm so sorry."

They hadn't known how much Peggy knew, or how much Jimmy wanted her to know, or whether anything they did on that today mattered, so Noah and his mother had decided to make up a story about a bicycle accident. Jessica told the story they had rehearsed.

When Peggy was ushered into her son's room, Jessica, Noah, and Kathy left the hospital. They got into the minivan in silence, Jessica behind the wheel again.

"So, nothing matters for the rest of the day?" Jessica turned to look at the eighteen-year-olds in the back of the car. They looked exhausted and defeated. She desperately wanted to cheer them up. "Jimmy isn't going to solve his puzzle while unconscious." She wondered what the riddle was, but decided it didn't really matter. "But we're still here. We need a distraction. Would you like to come

over to my house for Christmas, Kathy? I promise it won't be boring."

Noah and Kathy exchanged a look.

"What do you think, Kath?" Noah raised his eyebrow.

"Sure, I guess. Nothing matters. We'll save Sam and Jimmy will be fine on another today. I'll spend the real Christmas with my mom then, too." A faint smile passed across Kathy's lips as she thought about what sort of mischief they could get into without any consequences. "But today I'll hang with the Readers."

"That's settled, then. Let's go home." Jessica put the minivan into drive and pulled out of the parking lot.

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"Oh ... nooooooooooooooooooooo." Samantha watched her friends flee in disarray. Her horrible brother threw up his arms in triumph, leering at her. She turned to Patrick. "You have to help me."

"Help you do what?" Patrick adjusted his glasses and gave her a doleful expression. "We're all just shadows here. Nothing's real."

"It seems real enough." Samantha stood and looked around. They were on a lake, with a forest surrounding them. A lonely 1950s-era sedan waited in the parking lot of a nearby industrial building. "Have you ever seen ... I don't know ... windows into other worlds? It should be somewhere nearby ... I think. Maybe in that building?"

"You're fucking crazy, lady." Roy rolled his eyes at her.

"Language, Roy." Patrick's mother reprimanded Roy. But Roy's mother said nothing.

"I'm pretty sure you want to go to the church." Patrick stood and held out his hand to his mother. When nothing happened, he wiggled his fingers. "Can I borrow the car, Mom?"

"We're supposed to stay here ... that thing said ..." His mother paused, furrowed her brow, and studied Samantha. "Okay. But don't crash it this time." She reached into her purse, pulled out the keys, and handed them to her son.

"Thanks, Mom." Patrick jogged down the dock, leaving the others behind.

Samantha jogged next to him. The great window into her living room that hovered above the lake faded away as their feet hit the pavement of the parking lot. "So, is this your mom's car?"

"Yeah, hop in." Patrick got behind the wheel, his forehead glistening with sweat from their jog. "I usually bicycle around town. In all honesty, I'm not a great driver." He turned the ignition and the automobile's engine roared to life.

Samantha slid into the passenger seat. "But you have a driver's license ..."

"A what?" Patrick put the car in gear and it lurched forward. "My mom's going to kill me if I crash." He looked over his shoulder to the dock where he could see his mother standing tall and shading her eyes, watching him like a hawk.



"Where's the seatbelt?" Samantha frantically searched the seat as the car lunged and shuddered in response to Patrick's shift into second gear.

"The what?" Patrick smiled at her. "Don't worry, I'll get you to the church on time."

"Okay ... okay ..." Samantha took a deep breath. A sweet, spicy scent filled the car. It was lovely. She inhaled again and found her shoulders relaxing. When the car nearly swerved into a tree, she barely shrieked. "Thank you for helping me, Patrick." She put a hand on his thigh. "You're amazing." She rubbed his thigh.

"I have to tell you, Miss. The same thing that's affecting your brother makes my sweat smell good to you. I'm not sure about the science. I'd like to study it if I could, but regardless ..." Patrick glanced at her and gulped. She was gorgeous and staring at him with hunger. "... um ... I wanted to warn you."

"You don't seem anything like my brother." Without a seatbelt to constrain her, Samantha slid closer to Patrick. She forgot they were careening down a ramshackle road at a breakneck pace. "You're kind ... and caring ... and ... cute."

"Thanks ... Miss." Patrick gulped again and tried to focus on the road. It was only ten minutes into town, but he knew it was going to be a long drive.

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"We'll give you some privacy now. If you need anything, just buzz." The nurse gave Peggy a reassuring smile and left.

"Oh, Jimmy. Wake up." Peggy sat next to her son, squeezing his limp hand. "Please wake up." Tears streamed down her cheeks. She knew her mascara must be running like crazy, but she didn't care. The doctors and nurses had been nice enough not to mention it. She lifted his hand and kissed it. She kissed his muscled forearm. Her eighteen-year-old son was always so strong and full of life. Especially lately. But not today. "It's Christmas, baby. You love Christmas. Wake up."



She saw the blanket slowly rise between his legs. "Not here," she whispered. "Not now." Earlier that morning, he had asked her to think about unprotected sex after he got back from visiting his friends. She had, of course, flatly refused him. As she stared at Jimmy, his obvious boner under the hospital blanket was an accusation. It

was telling her she was a bad mother. She should have given him what he so badly wanted when she had the chance.

"This is so embarrassing, Jimmy. What if somebody comes in?" She stared at the tent he was making. It was almost comical. Peggy glanced at the door. She brushed her straight, brown hair out of her eyes and set her jaw with determination. She put down his limp hand and slowly slid his blanket down. "If I give you what you want, will you come back to me?"

Jimmy remained unconscious.

"I can't believe I'm even thinking about this." But she moved his hospital gown above his waist. Other than the bandage on his head, her son looked perfectly healthy. More than healthy. "It's so hard." She wiped some precum with her fingertip and put it to her tongue.

"Yeah, okay. We're doing this. Mommy's going to wake you up, Jimmy." Peggy stood and wiggled out of her panties. She glanced at the door one more time. The nurse had promised her privacy. She put her panties in her purse and pulled her skirt over her hips. "They said you only bonked your head, so the rest of you ... should be fine."

Carefully, Peggy climbed onto the hospital bed and mounted herself above his lengthy penis. "I'm giving you what you wanted, Jimmy. Do you hear me? This is your Christmas present."

Jimmy said nothing.

"Oooohhhhhhhhhhhh ... every time ... you enter me ... I feel like ... it's the first time." She sunk down on him. "You're in my vagina ... Jimmy. Can you ... uuuuugghhhhhh ... feel it?"



She let her skirt fall around them, covering her dirty deed. Although, she had to admit, it would be obvious to anyone who walked in what she was doing. Her hips slowly undulated on him. "Your unprotected ... thing ... is in my ... oooohhhhhhhh ... my ... my ... warm ... tight ... vagina." She shuddered. "Oooohhhhhh ... my ... mmmmmmmpppphhhhhhh." Peggy lifted her blouse into her mouth and bit down to stifle the cries of her orgasm.



When she came down on the other side of her climax, she spit out her blouse. Her hips were already in a higher gear. She found herself bouncing on him. "I ... I ... hope ... this doesn't hurt ... baby." She placed her hands on his chest and let her body do what it wanted. It seemed to want to smash his massive thing into her unprotected tunnel. "Oh ... gosh ... we really aren't ... using protection ... Jimmy. There's nothing between us ... now. This is as close ... as a mother can get to her son. It's perfect. The only thing ... missing is ... you. Wake up ... for me."

Peggy rode her son hard for more than twenty minutes. Every time she felt her orgasm coming on, she bit her blouse. By the third time, the fabric was soaked through with saliva.

There was no warning when he erupted inside her. She was pumping her vagina on him at full speed, working to another peak, when she felt the warmth in her womb. "Oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhh ... it's inside ... your stuff is ... inside meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee." That sent her over the edge again. Her mouth clamped shut, her eyes rolled back, and her body went stiff on top of him. She could feel shot after shot of his sticky seed splash against her walls.

Her final orgasm was a mighty climax for Peggy, and it took her a while to come down from it. When she was done, Peggy was a panting, sweating mess. Her hair was wild, and she had mascara streaks down her cheeks. "Jimmy? Did it ... work?" She stared down at his handsome face, but he had missed everything. He was still unconscious.

"Well, no one can ever ... say ... I'm not a mother ... who will do anything for her son." She leaned forward and rested her cheek on his strong chest. She could hear his heart thumping steadily. She squeezed her vagina on his magnificent girth a few times and sighed. "I'm going to have to ... get off you soon ... but I promise ... when you wake up ... we can do that again. Please wake up." She kissed his chest and sighed again. After a minute, she climbed off him and started cleaning up.

