

Chapter 29



The Palmer Legacy



The Palmer Legacy 29

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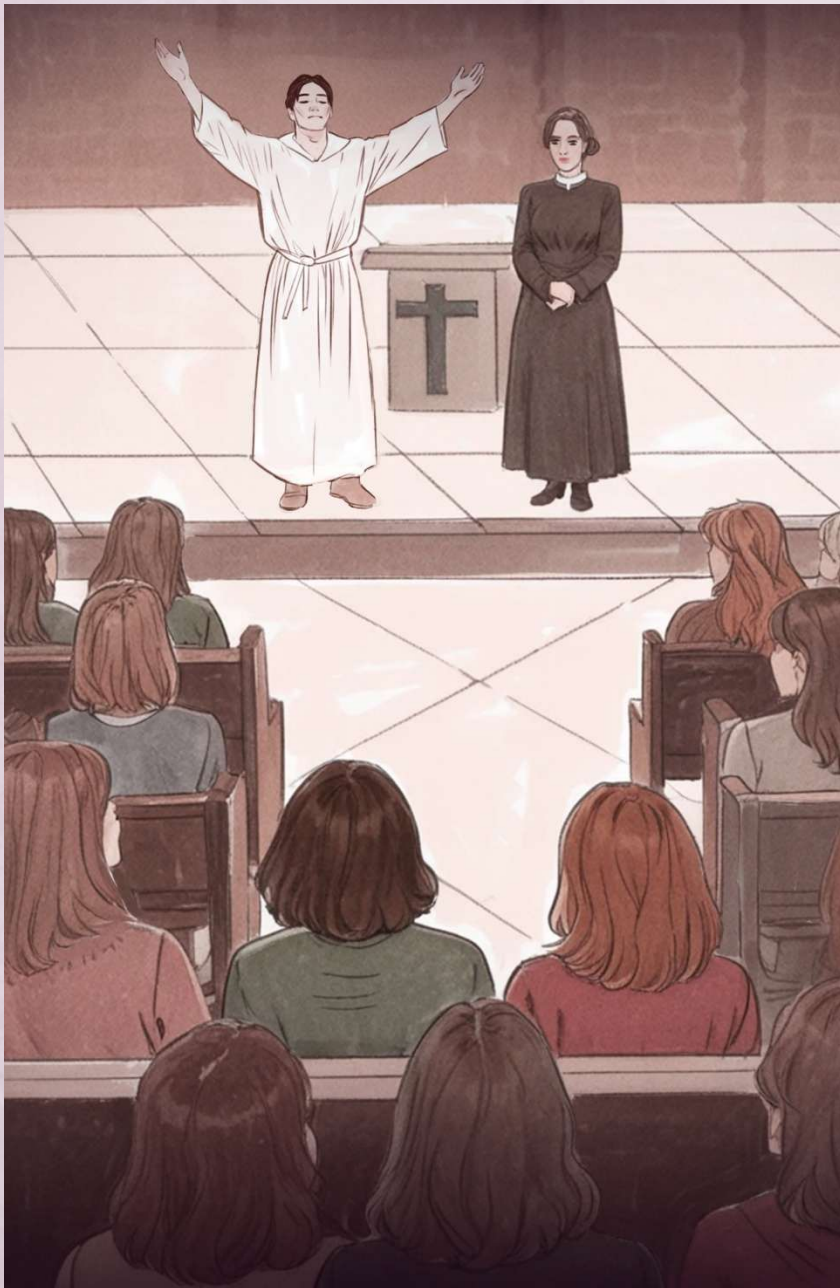
Chapter 29

Nothing Matters

"Only women over the age of eighteen may stay for the rest of the service." The pastor's wife, Joanna Mills, stood before the congregation, wearing her husband's vestments. She watched intently as the crowd thinned out. She tapped her foot, impatient to begin the day in earnest. When there were only women left, apart from Paul, she continued. "You have all swallowed our mother's milk." She nodded to Shannon, Kim, and Holly as they walked down the aisles, collecting empty glasses. "How does everyone feel?"

There was a grunted murmur from the congregation.

Joanna nodded in satisfaction and smiled. "Paul, come here, please."



Paul stood and walked slowly to the front of the nave. He stopped when he got to Joanna and slowly turned to face the pews. He guessed about thirty women were in attendance. His cum would run dry before he'd properly seeded every woman. But they had a solution. They would make the women double and triple up. He held out his arms beatifically, hands raised to the heavens.

"Now, if our distinguished ladies could move to the doors ..." Joanna nodded to the Christian Ladies of Clover Falls, all of whom moved in front of the exits.

"Ready." Shannon looked around the room. Everyone seemed excessively placid. She didn't think they would have any runners, but it was good to be ready just in case.

"Now, I need two volunteers." Joanna surveyed the crowd. Everyone was dressed in their Christmas best. Nobody raised their hand or stood. "Come on ladies. It's not exactly snake handling I'm asking for." She paused, cocked her head, and smiled. "Although it's not exactly *not* snake handling. Anyone? No?" She pointed to the second row. "Mrs. Price, would you care to join us?" Joanna paused and pointed to the fourth row. "And Mrs. Bankston. Come on up."

With some hesitation, Julia and Ellen slowly stood and made their way to the front. They stood awkwardly next to Paul.

"What are we doing?" Julia whispered to Joanna. "I feel strange."

Ellen looked nervously around her. "Maybe ... I should go. If my husband isn't here ... I should go. I ... um ... have something to get to."

"This is the beginning of a new covenant, Ellen." Joanna's voice was icy. "Whatever Christmas plans you have can wait."

Ellen nodded and rubbed her legs together. She was so wet that she was leaking down the inside of her thighs. She didn't know if it was the expectation of returning to Eddie or something else.

"Disrobe, dear." Shannon called from the back.

Joanna glared at Shannon. In her most commanding voice, she said, "Yes, disrobe and show everyone the font of fecundity."

Paul removed his vestments.

A collective gasp filled the room.

Julia dropped to her knees in front of the eighteen-year-old, her eyes fixed on his enormous, writhing member. Her hands went to her mouth. "Is that ... real?"

Ellen took a staggering step backward but retreated no further.

In the crowd, several women stood up, eyes wide.

"Sit back down, Melanie. It's not your turn yet." Lauren forcefully pulled her daughter back to the pew. She put her arm around her.

"I feel it, Mom. I feel it. It's Erato all over again." Melanie rocked in her mother's arms, staring at the terrible penis.

"Don't use that name," Lauren hissed. Her daughter had promised never to mention Erato again. "This is nothing like ... that other thing. Just look at it."

Marjorie Hubber ran toward the exit, but was caught by the women waiting there. She struggled in their arms until they forced milk down her throat. Then she relaxed.

"Behold ... God's plan for us." Joanna stepped behind Ellen, took her shoulders, and maneuvered her back to Paul. "We are the most fortunate and foremost in His plans. We are the brood. We are the fertile valleys where civilization will truly grow. But do not fear for your men." She pushed Ellen to her knees in front of Paul. "They will serve and attend to Paul. We all have our place."



Both Ellen and Julia looked up at Joanna for guidance.

“Go on. Isn’t it clear? You must please the Messiah to earn your baptism.” Joanna glanced at the pews. Everyone was seated again, their eyes riveted to the momentous event unfolding before them. “Don’t be afraid of his size. I imagine that neither of you has handled anything so big.”

“Actually ...” Ellen caught a sharp look from Julia and stopped herself from revealing their relationship with Eddie. Eddie ... she was about to betray him ... with Shannon’s quiet son ... in church ... with a horrifically lurching penis. But she couldn’t stop her hands from reaching out. The organ quieted in her hands. She watched Julia’s delicate fingers join hers on the serpent. Their four hands had more than enough room on the long, veiny monster. They looked so small and vulnerable holding such a beastly thing.



"I think ... we're supposed to pump it." Julia knew all her life's ambitions had fallen off a cliff. This was now the second student with a mammoth penis that she'd handled. Not long ago, such realities would have been abhorrent to her. They were *still* abhorrent to her. But she couldn't help herself. "That's good. We're pumping him ... together. Good work, Ellen."

"Finish as fast as you can, Paul." Joanna stood proudly observing the four-handed handjob. "Even if we double and triple up, we have many blessings to provide. And Christmas won't last forever."

"Maybe if you showed me your boobs, Mrs. Mills?" Paul stared at the front of her vestments. "Maybe then ... I could finish faster?"

Joanna nodded. "Of course." She removed her vestments and lowered her dress. She shrugged out of her bra straps, spun the bra around, and unclasped it. She returned the teenager's greedy smile with a reserved upward curve at the corners of her mouth. When she looked out to the pews, she saw several concerned faces. "Now, ladies. You're going to have to get used to this sort of thing." She shook her shoulders, jiggling her breasts for all to see. Joanna laughed at the shocked faces. "Paul, dear. What's the only thing better than a pair of boobs?"

"Lots ... and lots of boobs." Paul looked out to the crowd. His mother was the first to go topless, but soon others followed. He looked down to see Ellen and Julia struggling to undress with one hand while still pumping him. "You can pause your work for as long as it takes to show me your boobs." Within a couple minutes, even the stragglers in the church had bared their breasts.

"Shake, ladies." Shannon shimmied her shoulders.

Soon, the room was full of jiggling breasts.

The four hands went back to work on his penis. The sight before him was too much. "Uuuuggghhhhhhhh ... I'm gonna ... I'm ..."

Joanna hadn't expected to fall to her knees between Ellen and Julia, but there she was. She raised her face to Heaven. "Bless us ... oh my ... yes ... bless us." She stuck her tongue out as far as it would go.



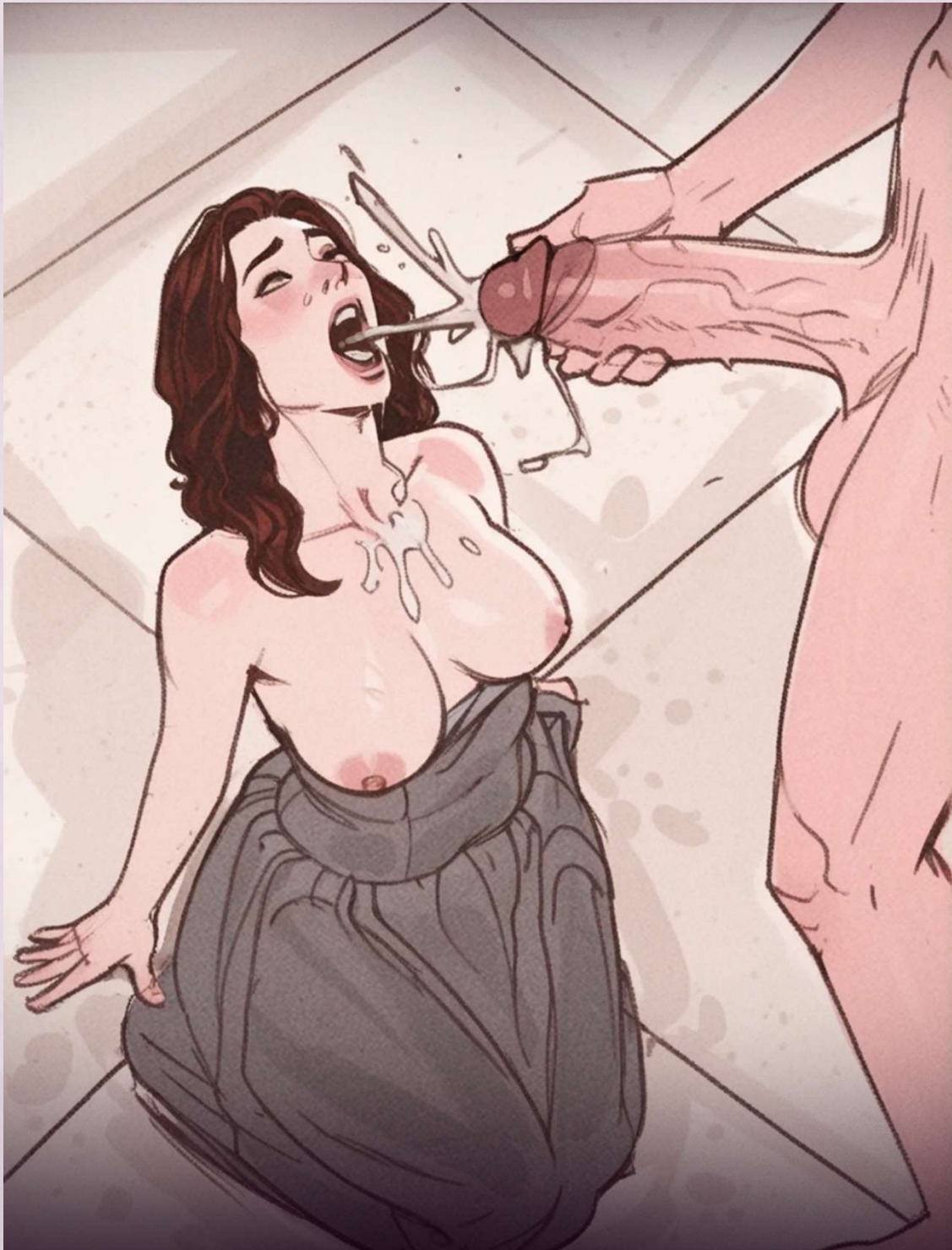
The first rope of sperm hit Julia's open mouth. With an animalistic whine, she toppled sideways and spasmed on the floor. The second eruption landed on Joanna's face, splashing her exposed tongue. It was Joanna's turn to collapse in ecstasy. Paul angled his hips and sprayed Ellen's face. She was sputtering and wiping the sperm away frantically, until some snuck past her lips. She too, succumbed to pure bliss.

In the front of the nave, all three women writhed on the floor, just as the penis above them writhed in the air.

When Paul had recovered, he looked around the church. "Who's next?"

Several hands shot up.

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Noah ripped open the present. "Underwear?"

Paget laughed. "You might as well have gotten socks."

"Thanks, Mom. You got me just what I wanted." Noah put down the underwear, leaned over, and kissed his mother on her rosy cheek.

"I know my man." Jessica smiled demurely.

"Well ... are you going to try them on and give us all a show?" Kathy laughed.

Paget picked up the underwear and read the label. She blushed profusely when she saw the bold statement that they were designed for large packages. She quickly tossed them away and gave her mother a confused look. She caught Hailey's gaze. Her sister was smirking. Paget was even more confused. She felt butterflies flap in her belly.

"Now, Ms. Bly, let's not be crude." Andrew frowned at the large eighteen-year-old woman draped on his sofa. He couldn't understand why she was there on Christmas. His wife refused to give him any sort of explanation.

"Apologies, Mr. Reader." Kathy didn't look the least bit sorry.

The Readers opened the rest of their presents. There were only a few questions about where Jessica and Noah had gone that morning. No one mentioned the obvious scratch running diagonally across Kathy's face.

They sang Christmas carols while Jessica and Paget put together lunch. After the meal, the family split up.

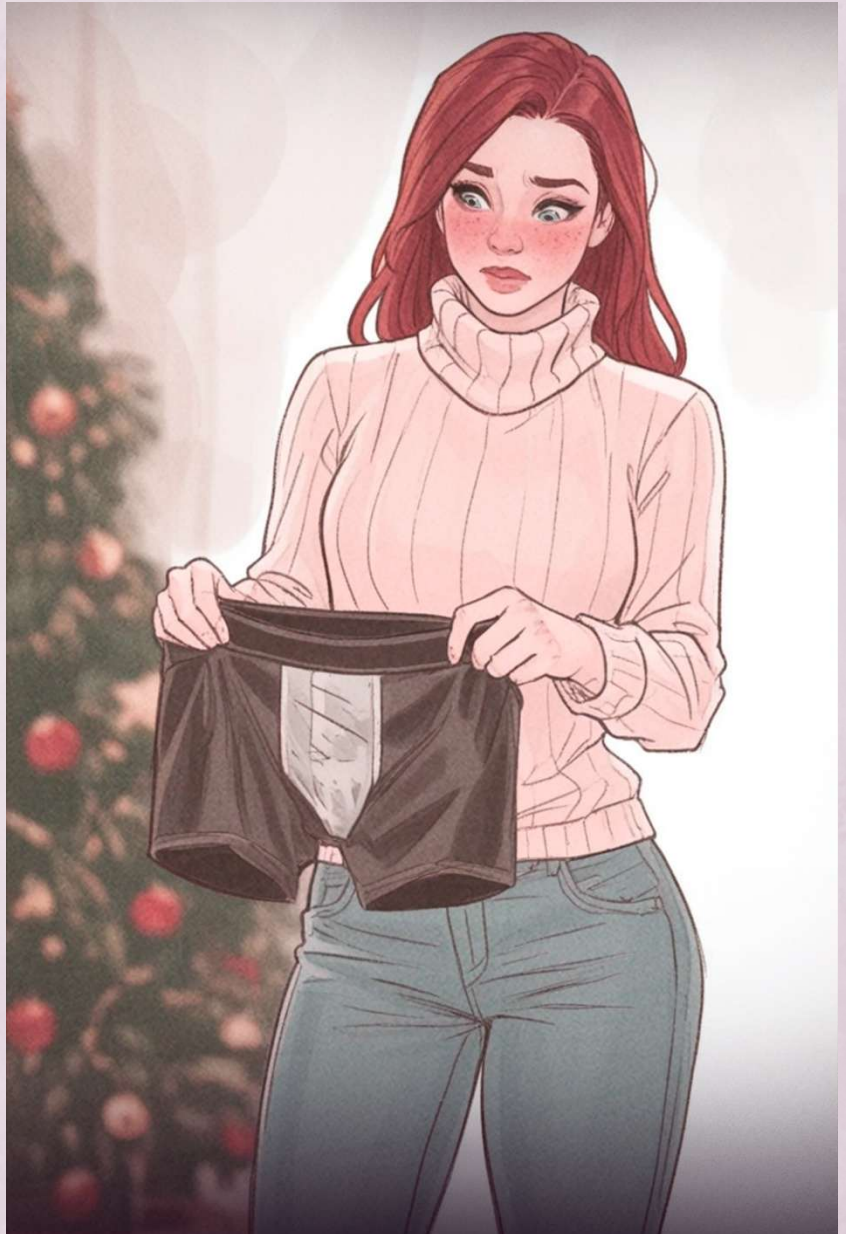
No matter the holiday, Andrew always spent part of it at the virtual poker table. It was the best time to make money. "So many fish!"

"We're taking a nap." Paget put her arm around her fiancé and headed to her room.

"Call me down for dinner." Hailey left for her room.

Jessica, Noah, and Kathy cleared the table.

"Nothing matters, so why are we cleaning up?" Noah loaded the dishwasher.



"Because it's the right thing to do." Jessica looked around, saw only Kathy, and smacked her son on the butt.

Noah straightened and looked at his giggling mother. "Why'd you do that?"

"Because it was the right thing to do." Jessica put the dishes she was carrying on the counter and gave him a hug. "Why the long face? Are you worried about Samantha and Jimmy?"

"Yeah." Noah relaxed in her arms.

"Remember, we'll save them on another today. This never happened." Jessica squeezed him tightly and breathed in the floral scent of his hair. He'd been using her shampoo again.

"I know ... I know." Noah took a deep breath, his arms encircling his mother's curves.

"Now then. Let's finish up and go to my office." Jessica patted his butt again.

Kathy stood in a doorway, grinning her head off. It was too bad they weren't going to remember today.

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"What did the painting people say? Where did she go?" Eddie slowly dressed. His victory had been short-lived. Samantha wasn't in the painting anymore. "Did she escape?"

Axcix crawled out of the painting and landed on the floor with a resounding thud. "They said that your sister has gone to church."

"Church?" Eddie smiled. "I have three women there right now." He pointed a finger in the air and made a circle. "Transform and roll out, bitches. We're going to church." His shirt was still unbuttoned, and he was missing a sock, but he didn't care.

Axcix tried to explain, but they wouldn't listen. She watched them leave with some apprehension. She would prefer that they stayed and mated. But she had learned that sometimes humans were best left to their own devices. As far as Samantha was concerned, Axcix didn't mind if her brother mated her or if someone else did. There was no reason to retrieve her from the Portsmouth church.

Eddie and his women left the house in various states of sartorial disarray, piled into several cars, and sped off to retrieve Samantha from church.

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"Isn't her husband supposed to be in the painting?" Kathy inspected the canvas closely.

"I haven't seen him for a while. I don't think he likes it here." Jessica looked at Thomas and shivered. She hadn't been with him in days. Everything that had happened with Noah had pushed her other lover out of her mind. But seeing him brought back memories.

"Mrs. Palmer?" Kathy waved her hand close to the painting. "They haven't moved at all."

"Sometimes they stay in their poses." Jessica shrugged. She pulled her eyes off Thomas, and turned her attention to her eighteen-year-old son. "Do you mind if Kathy and I have a frank discussion about you? Normally I wouldn't, but ... I'm feeling bold right now."

"Um ... sure, Mom." Noah nodded and looked back and forth between the two women.

"Okay, Kathy, honey." Jessica looked up into Kathy's brown eyes. *Had they really glowed red earlier?* "I'm going to put all my cards on the table, as my husband would say. Because ... why not?" Jessica gathered herself to her full height. "I'm a smart woman ... an entrepreneur. I know you teenagers think your parents miss everything. But I want you to know we don't miss *everything*."

"Mrs. Reader?" Kathy smiled, her fangs gone.

"Let me spell it out for you." Jessica took Kathy by the shoulders and gently sat her on the edge of Jessica's desk so that they could be at eye level. "Noah and I have a special relationship. Samantha is his girlfriend. But so am I ... in a way. Wait ... don't say anything." Jessica held up a finger, silencing the teenagers before they could interrupt her. "Let me get this out. Okay, where was I? Right ... but I'm not jealous. I want him to have normal teenage experiences with girls. And, I happen to know, because I've discussed it with her, Samantha isn't jealous either. Even if she were to find out, she wouldn't have a problem with it. But she won't, because ... Jimmy."

"What's 'it', Mom? What are you talking about?" Noah slowly ran his fingers through his brown hair.

"You two. You and Kathy." Jessica patted Kathy's thigh. "I see the way you two have been ogling each other. The stolen glances. The lingering looks. I get it. You two want to hook up, but you're worried about hurting me and Samantha." She smiled hopefully. "Do people still say *hook up*?"

"Yeah." Kathy nodded.



"Yes, you'll do it?" Jessica laughed and clapped her hands. "You're hooking up. Wonderful."

"Yes, people still say 'hook up.'" Kathy shrugged.

"Oh." Jessica's laugh died in her throat. "Are you seeing someone? Oh, my. You are, aren't you? I can see it in your face. I'm such an idiot. I misread everything." Her cheeks went crimson. "I thought ... I thought ... well, I'm so sorry for putting you in this position. I didn't mean to apply any pressure. Just ... the way you and Noah have been looking at each other ... and ... I'm so sorry."

Aghast, Noah stared at the exchange.



A slow rumbling laugh built up inside Kathy. She leaned her head back and cackled. She had no desire to control herself anymore. Even though she could see Jessica and Noah were both in some state of distress, it took her a little while to calm herself. "Relax, Mrs. R. You too, Noah. Jeez, you both look like someone died. Today doesn't matter, remember?" She reached out and hefted Jessica's tit. "Whoa, nice." Her other hand went to Jessica's other breast, and Kathy nodded her head in approval. "See ... if today mattered, I couldn't just feel up my friend's mom ... right after she just asked me to 'hook up' with her son."

"Oh ... you're right," Jessica squeaked. Her tummy cartwheeled. Kathy's hands were large and firm but gentle on her

breasts. The young woman's physical presence suddenly weakened Jessica's knees.

"I do have somebody I'm seeing." Kathy leaned in closer, pushing her face into Jessica's copper hair. With her nose right next to Jessica's delicate neck, Kathy breathed in deeply. "My girlfriend's amazing. But she's my beta. My ... sub. Even if today was followed by tomorrow, she wouldn't mind."

"What are you doing, Kath?" Noah watched his mother go limp as Kathy's arms encircled her. He was rock-hard.

"A natural order lives inside. From this truth you cannot hide. Your mother tried to bless you and me, but *my* girlfriend is what she'll be." Kathy let out a low growl directly into Jessica's ear. She stood and grabbed Jessica's ass through her skirt. Kathy looked over at Noah. "You have the most insane erection right now." Her smile was predatory.

Noah looked down. She was right, he was practically bursting out of his pants. He looked back just in time to see Kathy cup his mother's butt and lift her into the air.

"Oh ... my ... I never ..." Jessica was jelly in the teenager's arms. Without thinking, she wrapped her legs around Kathy. She realized they were now eye to eye again, and Kathy was staring deep into her soul. Their boobs were pressed together. It was a snug feeling and much more arousing than she would have expected. "Nothing ... matters."

"We can strip civilization away completely." Kathy nodded in agreement. "Only the primal remains." She kissed Jessica on the lips, thrilled when she discovered the woman's tongue to be lively and reciprocating. As they kissed, Kathy firmly pulled Jessica's hips into her, grinding the older woman's pussy onto her hard stomach.

"Mmmmmppppphhhhhhhh!" Jessica couldn't quite sort out what had happened. One minute she was trying to play matchmaker, the next, she was Kathy's plaything and loving it. Soon, she was grinding into the young woman on her own. Her hips made little elliptical movements.

"Holy ... shit." Noah dropped his pants and underwear and stepped out of them. Out in the open air, he could feel the chill of the room on his dick. He took hold of his turgid flesh. He was about to start pumping, when he noticed movement to his right.





"Heavens ... I arrive thinking Christmas will be your time to shine, and your bludgeon is all steel with nothing to hammer." Eloise glided up next to Noah and gently pried his fingers off his cock. "I don't think they've noticed my arrival."

"My time to shine? Today was ... complicated." Noah tensed as her icy fingers grasped his dick. But quickly relaxed when she started pumping him. "Did ... did you do something to them?" He nodded at his friend and mother.

"Your mother's sexual revolution needs no spurring from me. Not anymore." Eloise smiled. The living women were still making out, oblivious to everything else in the room. "And Ms. Kathy Bly is an irrepressible force of nature. I

couldn't convince her to do anything she didn't want to do."

"I have to tell you, that today isn't ... ugh ... really happening." Noah leaned into Eloise. He needed to press up against her tits; even tucked inside her bustled dress, they were glorious. This position hindered her movement with her right arm, but she seemed to get along well enough fapping him with only her left hand. He grunted when she paid special attention to his foreskin. "There's another painting that is ... uh ... making my friend repeat days. And today is going to repeat."

"Is it now?" The sharp crescent of a sly smile spread on Eloise's face. "You do know I hear most of what you do and say in this house? Mr. Ronning's arrival this morning piqued my interest. So, I went to the stairway of windows, and I'm not so sure you're right."

"I'm ... right ... Mrs. Palmer." Noah's hips started thrusting involuntarily. Eloise was a master handjob artist.

"Very well then." Eloise's smile broadened. "I saw several interesting things on my excursion past the windows. One of the subjects in another painting has a theory on life and freedom. If I understood it correctly, the more life created by a painting, the less bound its subject is. Do you understand?"

Kathy finally came up for air. She panted heavily.

Jessica was nearly rippling liquid in her arms, a pre-orgasmic expression on her face.

Kathy knew the look well, as she'd seen it many times on her mother. She helped Jessica's hips continue their movement. She looked over Jessica's shoulder and saw Eloise getting Noah off. He had his head resting on her expansive upper bust. "You good ... Noah?"

"I'm ... good." Noah gave her a thumbs up.

"I'm about to make ... your mom ... cum." Kathy smiled.

"Oh ... yes ... this is so strange ... so ... wonderfully strange." Jessica angled herself to maximize the effect her efforts had on her clitoris. Her movements had hiked her skirt out of the way, but her panties and Kathy's top still prevented skin-to-skin contact. Feeling the young woman's fevered skin would have been sublime but not necessary. "I really am ... going to ... ooohhhhhh ... I never dreamed ... Kathy ... but I'm going to ... oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." It was good that her husband was wearing his earphones and the others were upstairs, because Jessica sang a long high note as she came.

"That's ... wild." Noah watched his pretty mother with her legs wrapped tightly around his friend, finding her bliss.

"Don't get distracted, my young prince." Eloise let go of his dick and lifted her dress so that she could settle to the floor on her knees. She dropped down and placed her upturned face next to his engorged, enraged penis, her chin resting on his curly hair. She looked up at him. "Since today doesn't matter, I need you to run an experiment for me. Spread your seed far and wide. Your mother and Kathy, of course. But also, your sisters. You'll find Hailey willing and able. I'll help you with Paget. If there is time, maybe you could pay a Christmas visit to some other woman in the neighborhood, too?"

"You are so fucking hot, Mrs. R." Kathy set the still quaking mother and wife on her feet and stepped back.

"Oh, no." Jessica pointed a trembling finger at a dark stain on Kathy's stomach. "Your top. I've soaked it. I'm ... so sorry."

Kathy pulled down her yoga pants and panties. She took off her socks. She looked at the stain on her top and chuckled. "I like it." She took off her top and bra, standing naked in front of the desk.

"Gosh ... Kathy ... you're beautiful." Jessica's eyes didn't know where to go. After a frantic few moments, they settled on the young woman's breasts, which were large but pointing proudly right at Jessica. "Your nipples are so dark. And ... they go in." She raised a finger and touched Kathy's nipple. It delighted her when that caused Kathy to shiver.

"Well ... this is a two-way street," Kathy said. She laughed when Jessica's forehead crinkled in confusion. "Take off your clothes."

Noah watched his mother hurriedly undress.

"Do you understand, dearie?" Eloise touched her tongue to the crimson head of his cock. "About my theory ... about life ... do you understand?" She eagerly took him into her mouth, but continued to look up at him with question in her eyes.



"Oooohhhhhhhh ... you want me ... to cum in them?" Noah stared down at Eloise in disbelief. He looked up to see his now naked mother lifted into the air again and turned upside down with her pussy right below Kathy's long tongue. The tongue quickly disappeared inside his mother. "No ... way ..." His mother screeched and hugged Kathy's waist.

In response to his question, Eloise tickled his heavy testicles with her fingertips and bobbed her head on his shaft.

"Oh ... God ... I'm going to ... explode." Noah's hands clenched into fists.

Eloise popped her mouth off him and let go of his cock. "Don't waste your precious ambrosia on me." She raised her hands, palms out, and stood, stepping back from him. "Create life, dear. The more the better."

"Okay ... okay ..." Noah stumbled toward his upside-down mother and Kathy. He hated to cut in, but he couldn't argue with Eloise's request.

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The car skidded, jumped up on a curve, and came to a stop. Patrick wiped perspiration from his forehead and took off his fogged glasses. He polished his lenses with his cardigan and looked at the girl pressed into his side. Her pretty, blue eyes were only inches away. "The church is just over there." They were in an alley one block away. He pointed in the general direction.



"You're amazing, Patrick," Samantha said. "I mean ... I thought I was going to die at least five times on the way over here ... but you got us here, didn't you?" Her eyelids fluttered, half-closed, and she parted her lips.

Patrick gulped. *Why did she have to be so gorgeous?* "Miss, I think -"

"Samantha. Call me Samantha." She leaned closer to him. His sweet breath filled her nostrils. "And kiss me."

"Okay." Patrick didn't put on his glasses as he'd intended. He put them on the dashboard and pressed his lips to hers. The teenagers were tentative at first, but soon were making out like lovers at the passion pit. He groaned when he felt her small hand on his cock.

"Mmmmmmmmm." Samantha broke the kiss. "Wow. You're almost the same size as my boyfriend."

"Right. Your boyfriend ... Samantha, we shouldn't ..." He watched her unbuckle his belt and unzip his pants. In no time at all, his dick was under her gaze, and then, under her kisses. "Samantha ... I ... um ... well ... never mind." He watched her open wide and take his

dick into her mouth. The car rocked as the eighteen-year-olds threw themselves into the blowjob.

"Mmmppppphhhhhh."

Samantha had given more than a few blowjobs. But it was always with a boyfriend. And here she was blowing a stranger ... in his car ... in the 1950s. And ... she needed more. She pulled off him and began tearing off her clothes. "I really need this, Patrick."

"Um ..." Patrick thought about asking her if she was sure. But the way she removed her strange dress left no doubt. He wasn't going to talk her out of it. "Maybe we should move to the backseat." He climbed over the seatback. He knew from experience with his mother that it was much more comfortable to have sex in the back.

"Oh ... gosh ... I'm burning up ... Patrick." Discarding the last of her clothes in the front seat, Samantha hurdled the seatback and landed on his lap. She reached down and moved his cock between her legs. "Are you a virgin?"

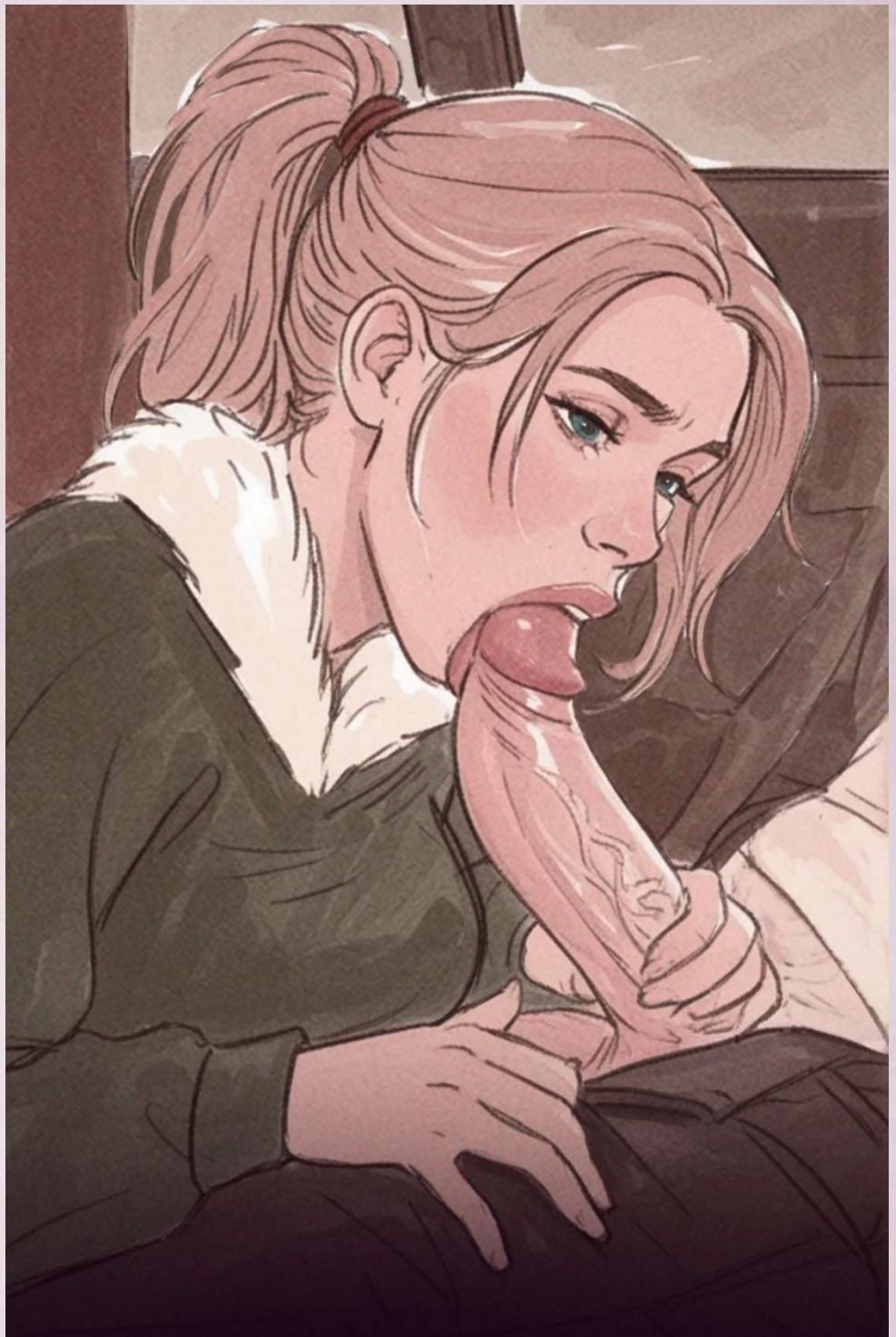
Patrick couldn't suppress a smile. "No. How about you?"

"Boyfriend, remember?"

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhh." She held him at her entrance and settled her hips. "This ... is what I needed." She gritted her teeth as she adjusted to him. Sex with

Noah had loosened her, and it wasn't long before she was riding Patrick hard and fast in the back seat of his mother's car. "This is ... amazing ..." She looked down at him, his face clearly overwhelmed with pleasure and adoration. "You're ... so sweet ... and big ... and ... uh ... uh ... uh ... I'm glad ... we ... met." Her hips switched from bouncing to grinding, and she pressed her boob to his mouth. When he latched onto her nipple, she threw her head back. "Cumming ... Patrick ... I'm ... uuuuggghhhhhhhhhhh ... cummmmmmmiiiiinnnnnnnnnnngggggggggggg."

Patrick let the crazed woman do all the work. He happily let her hump herself to three more orgasms. Eventually, he was ready. "Samantha ... uh ... uh ... uh ... I'm ... gonna ... uuuuggghhhhhhhh."





"It's ... ah ... ah ... okay." Samantha hugged his head to her breasts. The pace of her hips quickened on top of him, trying her best to entice his climax. "I need it ... I need it inside ... go ahead ... go ... ahead ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." The warmth of his seed brought with it a new kind of ecstasy that flowed through her like a surging electrical charge. Her whole body stiffened. Fortunately, she had just enough presence of mind to release his head, rather than crush him with her augmented strength. She gripped the seat back above his shoulders and tossed her head side to side. Her blond hair was a blur, and her scream was deafening in her own ears. Samantha jerked on top of him. She didn't care about anything other than milking as much cum as she could. Her pussy spasmed around his hefty cock. Finally, he was spent. She slumped down, resting her head on his shoulder.

"Thank you ... for not ... pulling my head off." Patrick could see nothing but the gold of her hair. His mind floated free and easy.

"You're ... welcome." Samantha's pussy spasmed again. It was obvious that he was still hard. Her hips gently started rocking again. "What ... do you ... think? One ... more ... time ... before ... showing me ... the church?"

"Yeah ... okay." He knew there was no point arguing with her. He practically melted into the seat as she picked up the pace again. From what he knew of women, "one more time" often turned into many more times. He supposed he'd put a stop to this sometime before nightfall. But for now, he would let her have her way.