

Chapter 10



The Palmer Legacy

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Palmer Legacy 10

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Chapter 10

He Clings to Rules that Always Fall

"Do you feel it?" Eloise squatted on the bathroom floor between Jessica's legs. Her hand was on top of Jessica's hand, helping the neophyte manipulate the dildo. "These are the depths to plumb. Right here. And ... *here*. Yes, I can see by your expression that we hit a magical spot. Can you do that again on your own?"

Jessica nodded her head. She took the lead with the fat, veiny thing and worked it deep inside her. Sweat beaded on her brow. "What is ... ugh ... that place ... inside me?"



"Mr. Reader never hit that spot?" Eloise gave her a mock scowl and then broke out in laughter when Jessica shook her head. The wife's brows were knitted. Eloise wasn't sure if the expression was confusion, concentration, or consternation. She did not care which it was. What mattered was the woman was cramming the massive cudgel up her crinkum crankum. "Women have been doing this for millennia when they didn't have a husband at hand. Or, when, like you, he couldn't perform. Or, just for fun. How does it feel to finally join in the sorority of self-pleasure?"

"It feels ... good. Oooohhhhhhhhhhhh ... it feels really good ... Mrs. Palmer." Jessica relaxed her grip and let Eloise take the lead again. "Show me ... more."

"Are you going to arrive at your great delight for me? Have I spurred you over a lover's rainbow?" Eloise worked the thing with long, steady strokes. With the hand not holding the phallus, she rubbed Jessica's button in tight circles.

"What ... uggghhhhh ... do you ... mean?" Jessica's toes pointed to the tile floor, and her thighs trembled.

"Your climax, dearie." Eloise spoke patiently, like the poor woman was hard of hearing. "Will you be arriving at your destination soon? If so, I would very much like you to tell me as you approach."

“You want me ... to tell you ... when I orgasm?” Jessica bit her lip. Her whole body trembled. Through half-lidded eyes, she saw Eloise nod her pretty head. It struck Jessica how odd it was to have a woman in command of her vagina as the Painted Lady was. “Okay ... then ... I’m almost ... there.” Jessica gritted her teeth and tensed. “Almost ... there. Keep ... doing that ... Mrs. Palmer. Oooohhhhhh ... yes ... right there ... right there.”

“Very good. You can do this to yourself whenever you like. I’ll leave this toy for you.” Eloise increased the tempo of her thrusts. “You could even open yourself to a real man and feel the sublime desire in his hands and the power of his hips. Would you like that?”

“Ohhhhhh ... yes ... it’s happening.” Jessica’s eyes rolled back. In her delirium, she only heard the sweltering tone of Eloise’s voice, not her words. “Oooohhhh ... gosssshhhhhh.” Jessica arched her back, lifting her butt off the toilet lid. She screamed out her climax, her body spasming. As the peak of her pleasure passed, she became aware that Eloise was wiping sweat from Jessica’s cheeks. Or maybe the wetness was tears of joy. “Oh ... my. Oh ... my ... goodness ... Mrs. Palmer. What have you ... done to me?” She stared at her companion, basking in the pride written on Eloise’s face.

“I have given you an important life skill. You are ready to take control of your own pleasure now. You will be irrepresible.” Eloise released her grip on the dildo and placed her hands on Jessica’s thighs. “Now I want to see you do it on your own, just like I showed you.” She watched the wide black thing stretch Jessica’s nether parts. It made a splendid, frothy mess. “Burn and melt, dear. You’re doing very well indeed. Burn and melt.”

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"This is a good spot." Noah climbed to the abandoned treehouse in the Botti's backyard. "Those trees block out most of the streetlight, and it's high enough to give us an angle to see into his room." He pointed to a window on the second floor, maybe fifty yards away.

"Quiet ... shh ... do you smell that?" Kathy's five senses were on high alert, all blending together. She held her head high and sniffed the air.

"Um ... what is it, Kath?" Samantha waited her turn to climb the structure, looking up at the large shadow of Kathy hanging from the side of the ladder.



"I don't know. It smells raunchy." Kathy took one last whiff and continued climbing. "Do you guys smell that?"

"Nope." Noah found a perch at the top of the play area and fiddled with his binoculars.

"No." Samantha's blond hair could barely be seen shaking in the gloom.

"No." Ella exchanged a glance with Samantha, seeing the whites of her eyes clearly. "What does 'raunchy' smell like? Like something died in the forest?" The woods bordered the back lawn. Ella shivered thinking about what might be back there. She saw Kathy's shadow reach the top, so she started up the ladder.

"It smells like a boy I once dated." Kathy didn't have a lot of experience with boys. It was the curse of her height, she supposed.

"Gross." Samantha followed Ella up the structure.

"Shh. His window is open." Noah focused the binoculars. They were in a decent location to see into Paul's room. "Oh ... shit."

"What?" Samantha whispered. "Do you see it? Is it like in your dream?" She arrived at the top of the tower and perched on the railing, trying to get as high as she could. She prayed Mr. Botti had built the structure sturdy enough to support four teenagers. She squinted at the window. They were pretty far away, and the light in the room was dim, but she could see Mrs. Botti standing in Paul's room. She stared harder. "Is she ... is she ...?"

"Yeah, she's topless." Kathy nodded in the dark. "She's only wearing a necklace, as far as I can see. And ... Jesus Christ, I can see Paul's dick. It's huge and ... moving."



Ella and Samantha gasped.

Noah handed the binoculars to Samantha. "How can you see all that without magnification?" He squinted at the window.

Kathy shrugged to nobody.

"Oh ... my ... God." Samantha kept her voice low, but she wasn't too worried about being heard. Even with the window open, they were a good distance away, and the noise of branches rustling in the wind provided cover. She shivered under her jacket as the breeze picked up, blowing in from the woods. "I don't even understand what I'm looking at. How is it moving like that?" Samantha had seen a few penises in her day, and she was pretty sure they didn't writhe like Shai-Hulud.

"Let me see." Ella reached for the binoculars.

"Not yet." Samantha watched intently. "Mrs. Botti is sitting down on the bed. She's full-on naked and sitting on her son's bed. And she's ... no!"

"Is she ...?" Noah turned away from the window. He felt like he was somehow responsible for Paul and his mother, since he'd seen them in his dream.

"Yep, she's holding his ... dick." Kathy's voice tightened. "She's moving her hand up and down."



"What are you doing, Mrs. Botti?" Samantha whispered to herself and handed the binoculars to Ella.

"I don't want to see." Ella joined Noah in looking away from the window. "You've all gone crazy."

"You have to look, Ella. Otherwise, you won't believe us. You know you won't." Samantha put the binoculars in Ella's lap.

Ella took them, turned her head, and put them up to her eyes. "Oh ... no. She really is ... and he is ... and it is ..." She watched Shannon give her son a handjob. The woman used one hand at first, while the other held the cross around her neck. Paul said something to her, and then she put her second hand on the monstrous penis. "I don't ... understand."

The wind shifted and blew in their faces. Kathy breathed in the smell that carried over to her. Paul had clearly already had at least one orgasm, and she was smelling his sperm. She wore a short-sleeve top, but even so, her body felt feverish and woozy. She rubbed her legs together. "No one else smells that?"

"I smell it." Samantha's tummy filled with butterflies. Her panties dampened. "Not again."

"I feel really strange." With her free hand, Ella cupped her boob through her jacket without thinking. She stared at the perversity in Paul's room.



“Give me the binoculars back. We should go.” Noah stared into the woods.

“No.” Ella needed to see more. “We’re not leaving.”

“Okay.” Noah gave up just like that. He wasn’t usually so meek, especially with Ella. He tried to say something else, but the words didn’t come.

“She’s lowering her head.” Kathy’s voice was taut and flat. “She’s going to blow him, I think. Wow ... she’s ...” Kathy’s vagina gushed as she watched the strange sight of Shannon stretching her mouth wide for her son. The mother’s large breasts hung below her as she bent down. The cross dangled and twinkled in the room’s low light. Kathy lifted her nose and smelled the air again. Not only could she clearly detect the scent of Paul’s room, she could also smell the excitement of her two female friends. Their pussies were gushing, too. “Maybe we should go.” The redolence of Ella and Samantha’s excitement drove Kathy crazy. Her pulse beat in her ears. She was suddenly unsure if she could control her own actions. A hunger built inside her. She felt like grabbing one of her friends and running off with her into the woods. She bit her tongue and tried to suppress her strange urges.



Samantha turned back toward the window. She squinted at it. She could just make out Shannon's bobbing head. "It's my turn, Ella. Give me the binocs." Samantha glanced at Ella.

"No." Ella stared at the scene in Paul's room. She was riveted. Nothing had ever grabbed her the way the horror she was witnessing took hold of her mind.

"Are you ... touching yourself, Ella?" Samantha's mouth dropped open. She could see the shadow of Ella's free arm moving rapidly between Ella's legs.



Noah tried to say something, but couldn't. He just stared into the woods hoping everything would be over soon.

"I'm not." Ella stopped touching herself but continued to stare at the blowjob. It looked like Paul was enjoying himself.

"What the fuck? You were, I saw you." Samantha raised her voice.

"Shut up, Sam." Ella was practically shouting now, but she still kept the binoculars plastered to her face.

"I can't ... I just ..." Kathy grabbed Samantha and tucked her under one arm. She swiped Ella with the other arm, and bounded out of the structure. She ran across the lawn, panting with the effort of carrying her two friends.



"What are you doing? Put me down!" Ella shouted and pounded her fists into Kathy. The way she was being held, it meant she was beating at her friend's bouncing butt.

"Holy ... shit ... holy ... shit." Samantha watched the grass fly past as they moved out of the backyard. She was sideways, her belly rubbing against Kathy's rolling hip. She had never been handled by anyone like that. As the surprise of it wore off, she realized her whole body was buzzing. She rolled when Kathy dropped her on the lawn next the sidewalk. Ella bounced on the grass next to her, still putting up a fuss. But Samantha didn't care. She watched Kathy's round bottom bounce as she ran back into the darkness, presumably to get Noah.

Noah found he had no agency of his own. When Ella and Samantha disappeared in Kathy's arms, he could only watch. When

she came loping back for him, he waited patiently. He watched her shadow approach, bounding on all fours. She leapt into the structure, grabbed him, and tossed him over her shoulder. It was a jarring ride back to the sidewalk. When Kathy dropped him on the grass, he took several deep breaths. The night air had never smelled so good. Almost immediately, he felt normal again. "That was weird."

"Yeah." Samantha sat up. "Hey, where's Kathy?" She looked around, but saw no trace of her friend.

"I don't know." Noah sat up and looked around.

“Weird?” Ella’s cheeks turned crimson as she thought back to what had just happened. How had she been so out of control? “That was disgusting.” She stood and dusted herself off. Her desire had passed like a summer storm. She was left with only embarrassment and confusion. “I’m going home.” She turned and walked away from her friends.

“Wait ... Ella.” Noah stood on shaky legs. “We’ll walk you home.”

Ella waved a dismissive hand at him without turning around. She marched on.

“It’s okay.” Samantha stood, and moved her legs awkwardly. Her panties were an uncomfortable, sticky mess. “Her house is only a few blocks away.”

“I guess.” Noah watched Ella disappear into the night. “We should get home. My mom will have dinner ready soon.” He checked his phone. No texts from his mom, so at least they weren’t keeping her waiting.

“Yeah, okay.” They walked next to each in silence for a while. Samantha inhaled deeply and exhaled. She felt more and more like herself. “So, your dream was right. We have to figure out how to use that to stop all this.”

“Yeah. We do.” Noah desperately hoped he’d never feel as powerless as he had when that smell overtook them. He silently prayed Eloise would help. “Let’s plan.”



"Mmmpppppphhhhhhhh." Shannon lifted her mouth off the wide, purple head of her son's penis. "Did you hear something?"

"What?" Paul was in heaven. Listening to his mother choke on his penis was the most magical sound in the world. "'Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.' I only heard you, Mom."

"I could have sworn." Shannon stood, picked up a pillow, and used it to cover her breasts. Her knees felt like jelly as she walked to the window. She looked out but saw only darkness. "I thought I heard voices."



"The holy chorus, Mother." Paul stared at her panty-clad butt as she leaned out the window. He felt like he was being watched, so he turned his head toward the painting. The roundest blond woman winked at him. He thought of her as the matriarch of the painting. His grin widened, he winked back, and turned his attention once more to the heart-shape of his mother's ass.

"I guess it was nothing." Shannon's whole body buzzed with excitement and expectation. She prayed Paul wouldn't see the wet spot on her panties. She shut the window and closed the curtains. When she turned back to her son, an unsure smile settled on her face. "You still want to see my boobs, big guy?" She would never have called her eighteen-year-old son "big guy" before seeing

his giant thingy. But now the nickname suited him.

"Yes, please." Paul's penis lurched from one side to the other. It was excited to get past the interruption.

Shannon dropped the pillow. Her cheeks heated and her stomach flip-flopped. The way his eyes devoured her breasts was indecent all by itself. She'd never seen such a provocative or licentious expression on a man's face before. And it was for her. *His desire was for her.* "And would you like me to finish what I started with that?" She pointed at the unholy penis. "Will it finally go down if I get you there?"

Paul nodded. He watched the way her body jiggled as she climbed onto the bed and crawled between his legs.

"My word. The way you stare at me, Paul." She got on her knees and bent over so that her face was right above that wide head. She held his thing in both hands. It stopped squirming, quieting at her touch. She felt like she had tamed it. *She was the penis whisperer.* She giggled at the thought. That was good, because someone had to get a handle on things. She lowered her lips and kissed the head. It was salty and spongy. Without thinking, she licked up the copious amount of clear fluid that leaked from him, her tongue fully extended and moving slowly. She made eye contact with him while she did that, and that made her cheeks even more crimson. "You love this, don't you?"



"I do, Mom." He nodded earnestly.

A light bulb went on inside her head. "This must be His plan for us. He has given you this for a purpose, Paul. We just have to figure out what it is." She rubbed the purple dome very slowly along her cheek, feeling the trail of fluid it left there. Her mouth hung open. Her son was so powerful. She was holding the most powerful instrument in Clover Falls. She was sure of it. And like any tool, they would only need to find out what it was meant for. *"But when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."*

"Am I that big?" Paul watched his mother rub his penis on her cheeks with an enraptured expression on her face. His love for her grew and grew.

"My eighteen-year-old man has grown into a mighty tree. So ... mighty ... so ... mmmmmppppphhhhhhhh." She opened wide and took him into her mouth. No more words were said for a long time. She bobbed her head with dedication and purpose, doing her best to use her mouth like it was a vagina. It was obvious that his thing needed a woman's front passage, but since that was impossible, her mouth would have to do. After much work, he finally trembled under her. She lifted her mouth off him and pumped with her hands.

"No ... Mom ... no ... mouth ... back ... on ..." Paul stared at the painting. The blond matriarch was miming a blowjob to him. He understood that he was supposed to come to completion in her mouth.

"Okay ... mmmpppphhhhh." She did as he asked. Moments later, his salty mess burst into her mouth. A nebula of pleasure carried her away. Nothing had prepared her for the pure ecstasy of his sperm. Her mouth popped off him while he was still spraying.

"Mom ...?" When he was recovered enough to look, Paul saw that his mother had her face pressed into his thigh with her butt up in the air. She shook and made the most hapless sounds. "Mom? Are you ... okay?" He sat up on his elbows, wondering if he'd given her a stroke. "Should I call the doctor?"



"Nooooooooo ... It'ssssssssss fffffiiiiinnnnnnneeeeeee." Shannon rose up, her shoulders swaying a little. "I juussssst haaaaaaaad a mmmmmooooomment ... dddearrrrrrr." She was a sweaty, sperm-soaked mess. "Ssssoooffft." She tapped his now slumbering penis with her hand. "Gooood. Nnnnnnnnoooooow I nnnneeeed a sssshhhhhhhhhower." She stood and stumbled out of the room with only her panties on, completely forgetting to pick up her clothes.

"Yeah ... me too." Paul got up and balled his sheets and cover together. The whole thing would have to go in the wash. With his nerves still vibrating, he made his way to his own bathroom to clean up before his father returned home.

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“Hello? Mom? Hailey?” Noah led Samantha into his dark house. “That’s weird. Usually, Mom’s in the kitchen about now.” He turned on lights as he made his way through the house. “Any word from the girls, Sam?”

“They haven’t texted back.” Sam walked quickly past Jessica’s office and the painting she knew was inside.

“I’m sure Ella’s just trying to process what we saw.” Noah shivered. He went to the garage. His mother’s car was there. “And Kathy’s probably the same.”

“Noah ... you know something’s wrong with Kathy. She carried Ella and me like we were children. Not even that, like we were babies.” Samantha eyed Noah’s back. She could see how tense his shoulders were. “And I saw her running on all fours.”

Noah inspected the stove, expecting to find a pot of something his mom had left for them. He only found an empty, clean pan. “Yeah, but we can’t go searching for her. What are we -?”



“Hello, honey.” Jessica walked into the room looking disheveled. Her unkempt red hair went in all directions, and her mascara streaked her cheeks like she’d been crying. The dress she wore looked too big for her, and the tags still hung from it. “Hi, Sam.” Jessica smiled like nothing was wrong and gave Samantha a little wave. “I talked to your mom earlier. I think I caught her in the middle of a workout. She said it was fine if you want to sleep over.”

“Thanks, Mrs. Reader.” Samantha plastered a smile on her face.

“Great.” Jessica opened the fridge, bent over, and looked in. “I think I’ll order takeout tonight. Is your sister home yet?”

“I haven’t seen her.” Noah stared at his mom’s ass. It looked bigger than normal. He rubbed his scalp in confusion. “We’ll be upstairs doing homework.”

“Sounds good, sweetie.” Jessica rummaged in the fridge and came out with a bottle of sparkling water. “I’ll come up in a little bit and help get Sam’s bed set up on the floor. A good old-fashioned sleepover. How exciting.”

“Yeah, it’ll be fun.” The excitement in Samantha’s voice rang hollow.

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"You're late for dinner, Kathy." Adeline sat at the dining room table across from her husband, sipping her wine. The plate in front of her had only a few string beans left. She could hear her daughter coming in through the sliding glass door in the living room. "If we smell drugs on you, we're going to have to have another talk."

"Your mother and I have been worried about you, young lady. And I ..." Joe recoiled from the sight of his daughter when she walked into the dining room. The legs of his chair screeched on the floor. "Good God." Kathy had leaves in her hair, dirt on her skin, and torn clothes. One of her large, olive-toned boobs spilled out of her top where the fabric had been ripped right through her bra. She walked slowly, her shoulders hunched forward. But that wasn't the worst of it. Her eyes glowed red as her gaze moved from one parent to the next. But even that wasn't the worst of it. Her tongue, somehow impossibly long, lolled out of her mouth all the way down past her chin. She panted like a dog.



"The night is young, and so am I. Stay in your seat, little guy." She pointed at her father even though he was not a small man.

Joe stood, stretching himself to his full height. "I don't know what's going on around here, but I've had enough of it. You're going to go to your room and your mother and I are -" He was suddenly moving sideways. His daughter cut across the room like lightning, grabbed him by the collar, and carried him away. "What are you ...? Put me down, Kathy ... put me down!"

Adeline sat fixed in her seat. She was the only one in the dining room now. She heard thumping from upstairs and her husband yelling. She prayed he wouldn't hurt Kathy and ... that they wouldn't make a mess. Of course, he would overpower their daughter. The only question in Adeline's mind was what would happen after that. A few minutes later, she heard heavy footsteps coming down the stairs. "What happened, Joe? Is she okay?" But her husband didn't answer.

"He clings to rules that always fall. I've tied him in the upstairs hall. I smell your fear while you sit on your bum. I'll ease your mind with Kumokum." Kathy stepped back into the dining room.

"Oh ... I see," Adeline said feebly. She brushed a lock of her blond hair behind her ear and reached for her wine glass. Her trembling hand sloshed the wine onto the table. "Do you mind if I make a call, Kathy?"

"Tonight, we live in a world without phones." Kathy prowled around the room and settled in her father's chair. She pulled it to the table and stared at her shaking mother.

"Joe? Are you okay?" Adeline called upstairs.

"She tied me up. But I'm ... alright," Joe shouted to his wife. "Call the cops."

"Quiet!" Kathy's voice boomed through the house. Her eyes blazed. "No more." Silence ruled for several minutes.

After a while, Adeline could no longer bear her daughter's carmine stare. "Kathy, honey?" She stopped trying to get the wine to her mouth and put the glass down. "Why are your eyes ... glowing like that? And what happened to your tongue? It's like a Halloween costume." She glanced down at her daughter's exposed breast. The black, inverted nipple looked angry. She wished her daughter would put it away.

"When the sun sets, I feel the coyote inside." Kathy held her father's wine glass up to the light and regarded it.

"You can't drink that. You're only eighteen." Rules were suddenly very important to Adeline. She grasped for anything that would bring order to the chaos that sat on the other side of the table. All her years of mothering had somehow ended in turmoil. Where had she gone wrong?

"Stop me." Kathy turned the glass upside down and poured the wine onto her father's empty plate. It splattered, staining the tablecloth red. She then lowered her face and extended her long tongue.

"Oh ... goodness ... no." With wide, fearful eyes, Adeline watched her daughter lap the wine noisily from the plate. Kathy's dexterous tongue was such an absurdity. "What sort of Halloween costume is that?" It looked so lifelike ... and wicked.



Kathy took her time slurping. When she was finished, she straightened up, wiped off her mouth, and burped. "Wine is but the vine decayed. My hunger is over-delayed. Bring me dinner, and I'll eat. Stand and scamper on little feet."

"You're hungry? You want me to get you dinner?" Adeline stood. "I'll get you something to eat." She took several unsure steps. When Kathy didn't move, she ran into the kitchen. She reached for her purse, fishing for her phone. "Just getting you some yummy green beans," she said toward the dining room. "It'll just be a minute." She found the phone. Her hands were shaking so much, she had trouble unlocking it. "Dinner is

coming, sweetie." She looked over her shoulder and froze. Kathy stood right behind her, looking down at her mother with a snarl on her face. Adeline gulped, her throat felt dry. "I was just ... I was just ..."

"I said ... phones ... do not ... exist ... tonight." Kathy's voice turned into a growl. She lifted her small mother and threw her over her shoulder.

"Oh ... my ... oh ... my ... oooooohhhhhh ... mmmmyyyyyyy." Adeline dropped her phone as her home spun about her. They moved so fast she couldn't tell where they were until she saw the family pictures hanging on the stairway. She got a glimpse of her husband lying with his arms and feet tied in the hall. Then she found herself flopping down on her bed. "Oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... mmmmyyyyyyyyyyy." Her daughter's strong hands were quickly on her, tearing off her dress. Adeline had no idea what was going on, but she knew drugs were to blame.

