

Chapter 11



The Palmer Legacy

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Palmer Legacy 11

Illustrations by AkyraRayne

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Have questions about a story? Need to look up characters or past plot points? Check out the comprehensive Rawlyverse wiki page <https://wiki.rawlyrawls.net/x/ujrplw>

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

To see more AkyraRayne:

<https://twitter.com/AkyraRayne> or

<https://www.patreon.com/AkyraRayne>

Chapter 11

The Readers Are Within My Ambit

“So, how do we talk to the Painted Lady?” Samantha sat on Noah’s bed, hugging her knees and rocking slightly.



“Eloise Palmer,” Noah muttered. “She said her name is Eloise Palmer. Her son is Thomas. I didn’t catch her husband’s name ... but he ...” He swiveled slowly in his desk chair, staring blankly at the wall.

“Well, Mrs. Palmer showed you the three windows. She knows what’s happening to Clover Falls. How do we contact her?” Samantha took a deep breath. She looked at her bed on the floor. Whatever Jessica was going through, she had been very sweet to Samantha all night. She even put a mint on the pillow. Samantha stared at the glittery, green rectangle. “Do we need a Ouija board or something?”

“I only see her in my dreams.” Noah shook his head and looked over at his friend. “You look scared, Sam.”

“I *am* scared.” She nodded and sighed. Eye contact with Noah eased a little of her anxiety. “Ella is

in denial. Kathy is off doing God knows what. And we’re trying to talk to a painting.” His faint smile slowed her heartbeat a little more. She offered the dimmest outline of a smile in return. “Do you see her every night in your dreams?”

“No.”

“Well, that’s a problem. We need to talk to her tonight. Paul, Mrs. Botti, Kathy, and my brother can’t wait.” She didn’t mention her own mother, silently praying that nothing was going on between her and Eddie.

“I’ve seen my mom acting strange around the painting. Maybe she’s been talking to it. If we go down to her office after everyone goes to bed, Mrs. Palmer might talk to us.” Noah didn’t like the thought of heading down there in the middle of the night.

“Yeah, sure.” Samantha nodded. “Maybe we should bring an offering or something?”

“An offering?” Noah didn’t like the sound of that. Images of a bloody goat on an altar popped into his mind.

“On Passover, we leave out a glass of wine for the Prophet Elijah. Something like that?”

“Oh, sure. Mom and Dad usually leave leftover wine on the counter after dinner.” Noah rubbed his chin. “We can bring a glass to the painting.” He looked at his phone. “Speaking of wine, dinner is probably about ready. Want to help me set the table?”

“Yeah, sure.” Samantha stood and shook out her arms and legs. It would be good to do something.

~~

“Wait ... wait ...”
Adeline lay on her back on her own bed with her arms crossed over her bare boobs. She stared down at her daughter’s substantial body. She tried to keep her legs closed, but Kathy’s strong hands were too much. “It’s the drugs that are making you do this, Kathy. You don’t want to humiliate me.”

“You are right and wrong, Mother.” Kathy gripped her mother’s panties with her teeth and tore. Only fragments of



fabric were left when she was done. She spit out the spandex and cotton, a wolfish grin spreading across her face. Her glowing eyes took in the sight of her mother’s pussy for the first time. Adeline had much smaller and pinker lips than Kathy, and her bush ran a little wild. It was a compelling sight. “I am not on any drug other than deliverance. You are wrong about that. But you are right that I have no interest in humiliating you. Together, we’ll travel the path. You can’t escape the math.”

“‘Deliverance’ ... ‘path’ ... ‘math’?” Adeline tried to make sense of what was happening. “Are you okay, Joe?” She called toward the hall. She couldn’t see her husband, but knew he was outside the open bedroom door.

“I’m fine ... but you need to call the cops ... before she does something to us.” Joe struggled against his restraints, but couldn’t budge them. He wondered where his daughter had learned to tie knots.

“She took away my phone, Joe. I don’t have ... eeewwwwwwwwwww.” Adeline shuddered when the tip of Kathy’s tongue gently probed her belly button. Her eyes went wide, looking at the distance the tongue traveled. It stretched from Kathy’s mouth hovering above Adeline’s vagina, past her bush, all the way to her navel. She risked moving an arm from its protective position over her breast to shoo the tongue away. “That’s not funny, Kathy.” She was pleased when the long, pink thing retreated. But shocked when it ran up the inside of her thigh instead, leaving a long streak of saliva on her pale skin. “Oohhh ... that feels strange. Don’t do that.”

With a finger, Kathy spread her mother’s lips. She barked a laugh when her mother jerked her hips and screeched. “Father’s left you high and dry, but I’ve got something we might try.”

“You can’t.” Adeline stared with wide eyes. “No one has ever ... you simply can’t.” She shook her head slowly. That hideous tongue slowly extended again, and she knew exactly where it was going. “Think about what you’re doing, Kathy. Joe? Joe? Can you get free? If so, now would be a good time.”



“What is ... ugh ... she doing?” Joe could not free himself no matter how much he tried.

“I can’t say ... I can’t ... ooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh ... holy smokes ... she’s ... she’s ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Whatever Adeline was expecting, a bolt of pure joy hadn’t topped the list. But that’s what Kathy gave her. A shock of pleasure moved through her as the tongue slowly pushed its way in. Adeline arched her back, her hands reached to grip the blanket, her modesty forgotten. “She’s doing ... things ... Joe. Bad ... things ... and I’m ... eeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” The tongue was clearly longer than her husband’s penis, because it found a secret place deep inside her. Adeline experienced her first orgasm from oral sex. Her body strained under the pressure of so much unexpected ecstasy.

There was a rhyme that was trying to burst its way out of Kathy. But it would have to wait. Speech wouldn't be possible until she withdrew her tongue. And she was nowhere near ready for that. Kathy explored the inside of another woman for the first time, probing her mother's vagina, gauging her weak spots by the yelps, groans, and convulsions she elicited. The slender legs resting on her shoulders spasmed and pressed on her ears. That was fine by Kathy. She snaked her hands under Adeline, took hold of her butt, and sent her mother from one high to the next.

"Adeline? Honey? What's happening?" Joe struggled harder, nearly dislocating his shoulder. "Are you okay?" It sounded like his wife was being murdered in the next room. The sound of slurping was so loud he was afraid Adeline was being eaten alive.

"I'm ... I'm ... okay ... Joe." In between orgasms, Adeline's mind was almost lucid. She knew her poor husband must be worried sick. "She's just ... she's just ... I can't explain ... what's happening. Our daughter is just ... oooohhhhhhhh ... she's going to ... I'm going to ... again ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii."

Kathy had removed the veil from her mother's eyes. They were both seeing clearly now. The world was a base, feral place pretending to be something grander. But it was easily broken down, torn into its lowest common denominators. And that's what she was doing, breaking her mother into her most basic instincts. Kathy's hand snaked down inside her torn leggings and panties. She thrust two fingers inside her own pussy and pumped while continuing to work on her mother.

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... Joe ... she's stretching meeeeeeeeeeee." Adeline's knuckles turned white, her grip on the cover tightening. It seemed that the nefarious tongue was learning and finding her sweet spots faster, playing with them in a way that really set Adeline off. Not only was the thing longer than Joe's penis, it was thicker, too. "It's big ... so big ... and it's found ... my weakness. I didn't ... oooohhhhhhhh ... even know ... that was there ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." She thrashed her way through another orgasm.

"Fight it, Adeline!" Joe gave up his struggle and let his weight press into the hallway floor. He tried to imagine what was happening, but found he could not. Maybe Kathy was forcing some sort of new drug on his wife. "It isn't real, whatever it is. Fight it!"

"Oooohhhh ... gosh ... oooooohhhhhh ... my ... again ... it's happening *again!*" Adeline's scream filled the house.



~~

The house was dark when Noah and Samantha left his room. He held her hand so she wouldn't trip. He knew every bit of his home, even in the dark. His friend did not. "Wait, someone's coming." They paused on the stairs. There were no nearby windows, so it was dark. Footsteps plodded toward them. "Mom? Dad?" The dark seemed to swallow Noah's voice.

"It's me ... dummy." Hailey stopped at the bottom of the stairs and burped. The ambrosial taste of Lauren's magical cum came back to her. She licked her lips. "I'm going to bed." She walked up the stairs. She could just make out the shadow of her brother.

"You missed dinner. Mom was worried about you." Noah could smell pot and alcohol on his sister. And something else too, pungent and briny.



"I don't need to report to Mom, dweeb. I'm in college." Hailey burped again. Her words slurred slightly. She passed her brother and paused, her slow mind trying to process what was wrong. Turning her head, she stared at a shadow standing behind her brother. "Is there ... is there a girl ... with you?"

"It's Sam." Noah squeezed Samantha's hand tighter. "She's sleeping over tonight."

"Hi, Hailey." Samantha's voice was barely audible.

"No shit?" Hailey laughed. "Good for you, Noah. I never thought you'd make the move." Still laughing, she continued on toward her room.

"We're just friends," Noah said.

"Party on." Hailey went into her room and closed the door.

"She seemed ..." Samantha let the thought hang in the air.

"That was odd. She smokes pot. But the drinking is new. And she seemed pretty out of it." Noah led the way downstairs.

"Yeah." Samantha held Noah's hand even when they moved through the main floor and there was enough ambient light coming in through the windows to see. She squeezed him, glad for the anchor of his sanity on an insane day.

"Let's get the wine." When they reached the kitchen, Noah dropped his friend's hand and poured some wine from the bottle on the counter. Glass in hand, he led on toward his mom's office. He held the wine carefully. His mom would be pissed if he spilled any for a number of reasons. He was so focused on not sloshing any out of the glass, that he missed that the office door was open a crack and light spilled out.

"Someone's in there," Samantha whispered and put a hand on his shoulder.

"My parents should be asleep." Noah kept his voice so low, he wondered if Samantha could hear it. He slowly put his eye up to the opening and looked. His mother was bent over in front of the painting, moving her head back and forth in a steady rhythm. She wore a baggy dress, but it didn't completely hide her heavy breasts swaying under her. "What's she doing?"

Samantha bent down and looked through the crack below her friend. Jessica's hands seemed to grip the air right in front of the painting, like they were holding an invisible water bottle or ... "I know what she's doing." Samantha had sucked a few dicks. It was obvious that Jessica was blowing ... an invisible man. She guessed that the only reason Noah didn't recognize it was that the woman doing the act was his mother. Samantha leaned back from the door, her back to the wall. "She's ... um ... pretending to have oral sex with the painting." She tried to be as gentle as she could with Noah. After everything else they'd been through, it couldn't have been too big a shock.

"Oh ... my ... God." Noah watched his mother give an incredibly loving blowjob to thin air. And judging from her grip and how wide she opened her mouth, the air had a huge dick. A gurgling noise came out of the office. It took him a second to realize his mother was making that sound. Samantha tugged at his shirt. "Just a ... sec." He waved her off and continued to stare into the office.

"Noah!" Samantha risked raising her voice a little. She tugged at his shirt harder. "You need to see this."

"What?" He turned away from the door. Even before his eyes adjusted to the dim light in the hall, he could see the woman approaching. Her pale skin and green eyes floated in the semi-darkness.



“Do you see her?” Samantha pressed her back into the wall, wishing she could disappear.

“That’s Eloise Palmer.” Noah stood straighter, trying to collect his thoughts.

Eloise approached the eighteen-year-olds. When she arrived, she gently closed the office door. She casually straightened a framed print hanging next to her. Once the silence had gone on for long enough, she smiled. “I don’t believe I’ve had the pleasure.” She extended a hand toward Samantha. “I’m Mrs. Eloise Palmer. Pleased to meet you.”



“I’m ... uh ... Ms. Samantha Owens.”

Samantha took the ice-cold hand, gave it a brief shake, and released her grip. She put her hand under her armpit to warm it back up.

“Well, I knew you weren’t Kathy, the dashing creature I’ve heard so much about.” Eloise looked Samantha up and down. “You are not nearly robust enough to match the stories.”

“You know about Kathy?” Samantha squeaked.

“Pardon my loquaciousness. I don’t want us to get sidetracked.” Eloise spoke at a normal volume without any fear of disturbing what was taking place in the office. “What are you two doing snooping about?”

“This is my home.” Noah’s mind started to get itself in order. “My mom is doing something ... in there.” He pointed to the office door. “What’s happening to her?”



"She's learning. She is expanding beyond the hypocrisy that has suppressed her." Eloise leaned against the wall opposite the teenagers and crossed her arms. "Now, I asked my own question. Please answer."

"Are you making everyone in town go crazy? Is it you?" Samantha's pulse beat a swift rhythm in her ears.

"I already explained this to your esteemed companion." Eloise gave her an absent smile. "Noah?"

"I think ... she only has power here, near her painting." Noah glanced at the office door. He was anxious to stop his mother. He reached out his hand to knock.

"Stay your hand. We aren't finished here." Eloise's skin turned pallid and her eyes sunk back into her head until there was nothing but dead sockets staring at Noah. "Stay your hand." Inwardly, she laughed at the teenagers' horror-stricken faces. When he hastily shoved his hand into his pocket, her face returned to itself, vivacious and cheery. "The lad is right, my purview extends only to those here, in this lovely home." She spread her hands to encompass all around her.

"Can you help us stop what's happening out there?" Samantha pointed to the front door. "My brother is acting crazy, and my mom is ... not herself."

"I'm quite sure she's never been more herself." Eloise laughed. "Now what are you two doing skulking in the shadows?"

Samantha told her. She told her everything. How her brother had kissed her. Her friend had carried her like a toy. What they saw at Paul's house. How odd Hailey had been on the stairs. She laid it all bare.

"I see." Eloise rubbed her chin. "Your sister has taken a lover at school? She is monogamous?"

"I guess." Noah pressed his lips together. "What does that have to do with -"

"What did you smell on her when she passed on the stairs?" Eloise's face became quite animated.

"Weed ... I mean ... marijuana." He wasn't sure that Eloise would know about drugs.

"And alcohol and something that smelled like the ocean."

"That last smell was sex." Samantha knew what cum smelled like. "She smelled like sex."





“And would she step behind the back of her silly partner? Would she break her vows to him?” Eloise paced the hall a few steps and studied a family portrait on the wall.

“Can we stop my mom now? I *really* don’t want her to keep doing ... that.” Noah didn’t understand what Eloise was so worked up about.

“Answer the question.” The Victorian woman spun quickly and moved her face against his, so that his warm nose pressed against hers.

“I don’t ... know.” He shivered. He stared into her unblinking green eyes, the cool miasma of her breath chilling his face. His body was stiff with fright. It was like he’d been sharing a cage with a wild animal that had suddenly bared its teeth at him. “I think Hailey likes her boyfriend. I don’t think she’d cheat on him.”

“This won’t do.” Eloise backed away from Noah, an apologetic smile on her lips. “This won’t do at all. The Readers are within my ambit. If this is to be the way, then ...” She looked over at Samantha. “You seem a smart, sensible girl. Would you like my help with your family?”

“Yes.” Samantha nodded. “Can you help us?”

“Maybe.” Eloise took the glass from Noah and took a generous sip of wine. She swirled the wine in the glass and gazed at its deep red color. “Yes, I think I can help you.”

“What about my mom?” Noah tried to keep the pleading out of his voice.

“Don’t be foolish, Noah. We will not interrupt them. Not now.” Eloise sipped some more wine and thought. “Before we decide anything, we should visit the windows and see what your friends and family are up to. Come with me.” She opened a door in the hall that hadn’t been there a second before and stepped through.

“Um ... do we follow her?” Samantha answered her own question. She took Noah’s hand again and pulled him toward the door.

Noah looked back at the office. “What about my mom?”

“We’ll get this all sorted, Noah. She’ll be fine. It was empty air anyway. It wasn’t like she was touching anyone for real.” Samantha tugged his hand. “We’re going to fix everything, don’t worry.” She dragged him through the door, and they started descending the spiral staircase.

~~



With her face buried in the sheet, Adeline moaned and cursed. She had surprised herself when the cursing started a little while ago. Like a broken dam, her mind could no longer hold back the wickedness that had been hiding inside her. "Yes ... yes ... Kathy ... ride me ... like a fucking ... bitch." She was flat on her belly, pushing her butt back at her grinding daughter.

"Adeline ... stop ... just ... stop." Completely defeated, Joe listened to his wife and daughter have sex. Their bed creaked, the headboard thumped into the wall hard enough that he knew it was denting the drywall. Kathy growled steadily while his wife cursed. They were both broken. Kathy had somehow twisted Adeline's mind into mush.

"Ohhhhhhh ... Joe ... she fucking ... has me ... she's rubbing her goddamned pussy on my ... ass. It's wet ... so fucking wet." Even though her own vagina had been abandoned, Adeline was filled with desperate arousal.

"You belong ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... to me." Naked now, Kathy undulated her hips on top of her mother, her hands pressing into the smaller woman's back. "I'll take my ... pleasure ... on your bum. We both ... belong to ... Kumokum."

"Yes ... yes ... whatever you say ... Kathy. Just don't stop. Don't ... ever ... stop." Adeline smiled like a maniac when Kathy's growling grew louder. "Yes ... cum on me ... cum on meeeeeeee."

Joe listened to the long howl of pleasure. Eventually, the bed stopped creaking, and all he could hear from his bedroom was panting. He waited in the hall for something to happen. After what seemed like ages, heavy footsteps approached. He saw his daughter's dirty feet enter the hall and stop before him. He looked slowly up her stained, glistening body. "What are you doing?"

Slowly, Kathy bent down to get their eyes closer together. "Tell no one what happened. You are bound by the Coyote now."



Joe locked his eyes with his daughter's crimson gaze. He stopped trembling. He felt his muscles relax. "I won't tell anyone."

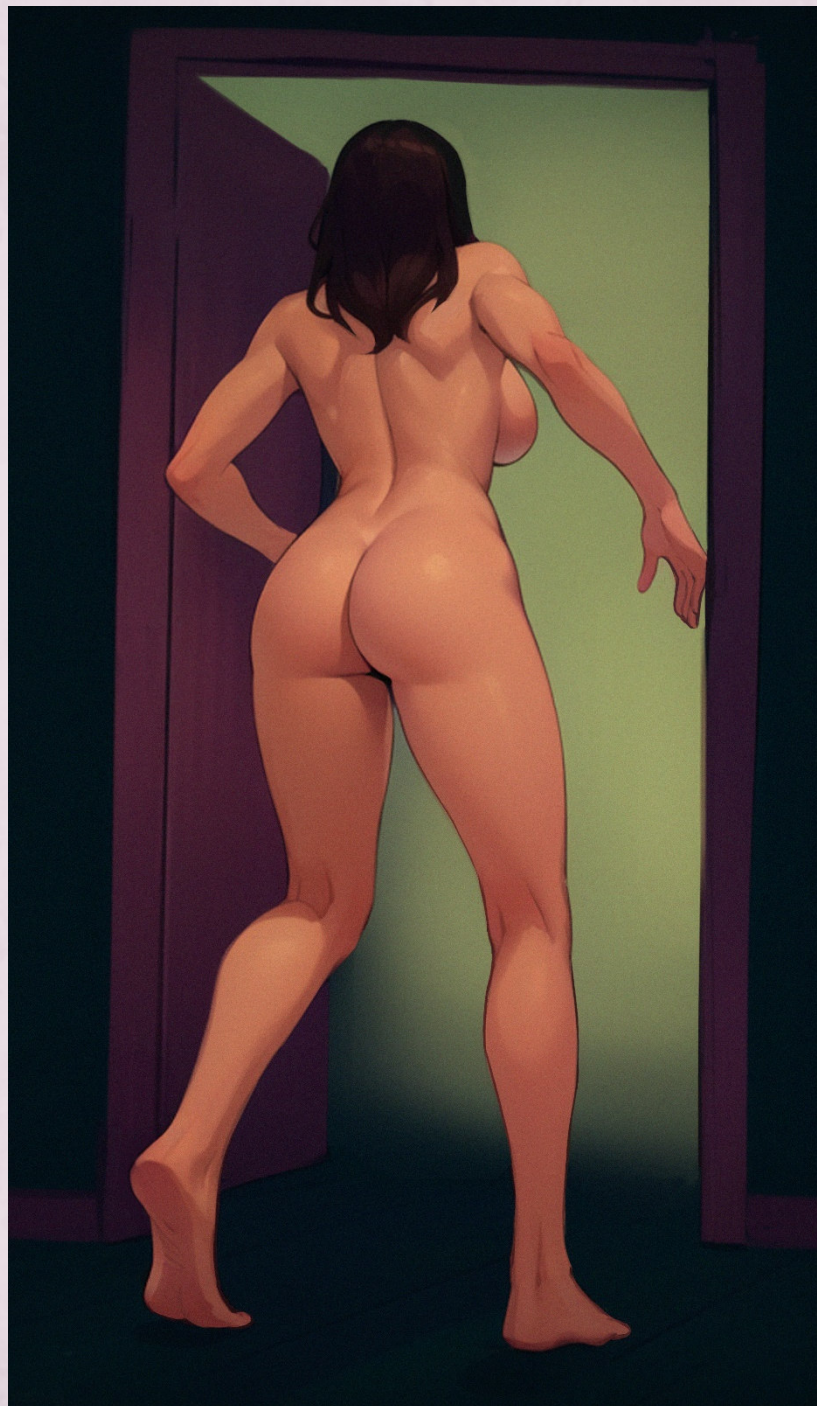
"Now you see where you were blind." Kathy moved over to the cord that held him and made short work of it with her teeth. "We'll drop the rope, but the ties still bind." She stood tall while her father lay on the floor, rubbing circulation into his arms. "At night I will take your place. You'll disappear without a trace."

"What?" Joe tried desperately to understand.

"Sleep on the couch in the basement." Kathy turned and walked back into her parents' bedroom. "Mom and I need our rest." She closed the door.

Confused, but eager to please, Joe stumbled downstairs and quickly fell asleep on the couch.

~~





"Mmmppphhhhh." Jessica took her mouth off the penis and looked toward the door. "Did you hear something?"

"No, Mrs. Reader." Thomas smiled. "I heard only the strange music you make." He looked down at her from inside the painting, his cock projecting out into the office.

"I do sound indecent when I do that, don't I?" Jessica's cheeks turned crimson. "Would you ... um ... like some more?"

"Perhaps I should step out of here and join you?" Thomas raised an eyebrow in question.

"Yes, please." She watched him step out of the painting, paying close attention to each muscle that moved under his pale skin. He was beautiful. And he was hers. "I deserve this. I really do," she whispered to herself.

"What was that?" Thomas stood before her, hands on his bare hips. His cock pointed directly at the copper triangle between her legs.

"Nothing. You're just ... really impressive. It's almost like you're a different species than Andrew." She tried to remember her husband's lean body, but the sight before her pushed him out of her mind. "Shall I continue?" She dropped to her knees.

"I would be happy to let you hone those particular skills." He nodded amiably. "Or we could do more. I know Mother prepared you with that bauble. Your crinkum crankum is ready for a cudgel such as mine." He moved his hips back and forth, wagging his stiff penis in front of her face.

"Oh ... I don't know." Jessica grasped the penis to stop it from swaying. The cold of him seeped into her fingers. What would his stout, icy dome do to her insides? She shuddered. "I'm not ready for that." She bit her lip once the words were out. Did that mean she would be ready at some point? Would she do that to Andrew? "I mean ..."



“It’s no matter. You may continue.” Thomas pushed his hips forward and sighed when her mouth opened for him. She swirled her tongue around the head perfectly. Her timing with her pumping hands and bobbing head had improved. She wasn’t an expert by any means, but she was something far more than the novice she had been a short time ago. “Look up at me, Mrs. Reader. Yes, like that.” They locked eyes. “A man wants to connect with a woman while she’s about her task. Yes ... I can ... ugh ... see into your soul. And it burns. Your spirit is alight with flames of desire. If only ... you could see ... what a splendid figure you make ... in that pose.”

“Mmmmmpppppphhhhhhhh.” Under her dress, Jessica’s panties were soaked through. This young man was driving her crazy. She stared up at him and sucked for all she was worth. She removed one hand from his shaft and gently squeezed his testicle. It was heavy and tumescent with seed. She would empty it for him. A thrill went down her spine knowing she had the power to please such a gorgeous, virile man.

“I know that you do not like what the deal made of you. But ... ugh ... it only accentuated what you already had.” Thomas slid his hand into her hair, gently urging her on. “I for one, would consider myself a man of fortune should you grace me with a view of your figure. It would be a bountiful boon.”

Jessica slowed her pace on his penis. She closed her eyes and thought about showing herself to him. After a few seconds, she quickly shook her head. She then continued the blowjob.

“It would be ... fair. What you behold of me ... is what the deal ... refined of my ... raw material.”

"Mmmpphhhh?" Jessica opened her eyes and arched questioning eyebrows. She hadn't considered that he had also taken the deal and been changed by it. *Of course he had.* She spit the penis out of her mouth with a plop. "It would be ... fair ... I suppose." She let go of him, and he released her hair. She stood, catching her breath. She reached down and held the skirt of her oversized dress, paused, and then quickly pulled it over her head. Without giving herself time to think, she removed her bounce-control bra and slipped out of her sopping panties. She held her hands out to her sides. "Ta-da."

"Be still my heart." Thomas ran his eyes up and down her freckled curves, taking his time. He wanted her to know how much pleasure the sight of her voluptuous form brought him.

When Jessica saw his eager smile shift into an awed expression, her confidence grew. She pushed her hip to the side, put her hand on it, and posed for him. "You do like it, don't you?"

"You are beautiful." Thomas's gaze lingered on the slope of her breasts. Eventually their eyes met.



“So are you,” Jessica said in a breathless whisper. She reached out and pulled him into an embrace, her skin cooling where it touched his. Their lips locked and tongues intertwined. It took her a moment to realize that his hips were moving, sliding his penis between her thighs. She was leaking so much that there was hardly any friction. *Goodness, this is practically sex.* But she didn’t put a stop to it. Indeed, her hips began to match his rhythm. Their bellies made faint slapping sounds as his hands explored the fullness of her backside. She could see where this road led and look for no alternative path. *We’re going to do it. Oh, my gosh. We’re totally going to do it.*

