

Chapter 12



The Palmer Legacy

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Palmer Legacy 12

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 12

The Bond, the Pact, the Contract Made

The stairway was pitch black. Noah could hear Eloise murmuring to herself. It sounded like she was thinking out a puzzle, but he only caught a few words here and there. "... salty ... promised me ... still in the rose ... I'll muster my ..." Noah trailed one hand along the stone wall, the other held Samantha's hand. Her heavy breathing was the only sound she made. They spun slowly down the spiral staircase. The faintest bit of light shone ahead. It was a warm, flickering golden light.

"Light ahead." Samantha's stomach flipped and her nerves buzzed with anxiety. She desperately needed to see what the Painted Lady would show them, but she suspected it would be bad news.

"Whose house do you think it'll be?" Noah's voice died away quickly. The stairway dampened all sound.

"I'm not ready for my house." Samantha pressed her lips together. She wondered if she might vomit.

"Anybody else's house." The window came into view. Samantha cringed.

"I was not expecting this." Eloise stopped next to the window, making room for her teenage companions. "How odd."

Noah stopped with his hip touching Eloise's bustled dress. He stared into the room in front of him. There was a roaring fireplace. Victorian furniture filled the expansive room. The mounted heads of various snarling animals dotted the walls. Another version of Eloise Palmer sat on the sofa, reading a book, or at least pretending to. Her eyes were not on the pages, but instead stared up at the ceiling. Her mouth hung open. And there was clearly a man under her dress, the bulge of his head visible between her legs. "Who is that?"

"Why me, of course. Don't be daft." Eloise shook her head.

"I think he means ... who's that between your legs?" Samantha looked at the man's trousers and shiny shoes. She had a feeling he wasn't Eloise's husband.

"That's Thomas." Eloise glanced at her companions like they were unbearably slow. "The real question is why are we seeing this? It happened long ago. It was a day without consequence."



"You don't ... control the windows?" Noah ran his fingers through his hair. The expression on the other Eloise behind the glass was deeply erotic. He tried hard to suppress an erection.

"Your son!" Samantha's free hand went to her mouth. "Wait ... he's ... I mean ... we all know what he's doing." She stared at a son eating out his mother. "Without fucking consequence?"

"Don't take that tone with me, young lady." Eloise turned away from them and continued her descent.

"Sorry." Samantha pulled her eyes away from the strange room. "Not sorry," she whispered in Noah's ear. He nodded and followed Eloise. Samantha was grateful for the warm strength of his hand. She gave it a squeeze.

They moved back into darkness. Noah could hear Eloise murmuring with a faster cadence but didn't pick up any of the words this time. *What was she saying?* He wondered if they would see Kathy next. Or maybe Paul and his mother. The first window might set up something horrible on the next one. He could sense a mind working in the stairwell. If it wasn't Eloise's doing, then it was someone equally perverse.

They reached the nadir of darkness and light gained again. This time the illumination was softer and silver. They turned the bend and a window came into view.

"Is that ... Kathy?" Samantha could see her naked friend by the light of the full moon falling into the room. She was lying on a bed with a woman in her arms. "I ... um ... I ..." She tried to process what she was seeing. Her friend's olive skin and dark hair contrasted with the pale skin and blond hair of the woman in her arms. Kathy was also much larger than her naked companion. They both slept, the woman's face buried in Kathy's cleavage.



"That's not her room." Noah stared at the women through the window. The erection he'd been trying to fend off finally arrived. He needed to move it under his waistband, but he was afraid Eloise or Samantha would see him. He could turn his hips away from one of them to hide the maneuver, but the other would see. He decided he'd rather Samantha knew his dirty secret, so he turned his hips her way and quickly adjusted. She was so busy staring into the room, he didn't think she noticed.

"It's her parents' ... oh ... my ... God. It's her parents' room." Samantha saw Noah shift his boner out of the corner of her eye. She might have judged him but for her own wet pussy. Shame seized her. She tried to look away and failed.

"She's sleeping with her mom." Noah didn't mind stating the obvious. It needed to be said. "I mean ... I think they did it. It looks like ..." His voice trailed off. "Where's Mr. Bly?"

"Mrs. Palmer?" Samantha rubbed her legs together.

"Mmmmmmm?" Eloise folded her arms and glanced at her eighteen-year-old companions.

"Are we seeing something that might happen if we don't do something?" Samantha refused to believe that what they were witnessing was real. There had to be some way to reason it away. "Like ... is this a warning? If we don't act now, this will happen?"

"This is not Charles Dickens." Eloise shook her head. "I am nooooooot ... the Ghooost ... of Christmas Paaaaaast," she said in a mock spooky voice.

"Oh." Samantha frowned. It did not seem like a moment for levity.

"Come along then. I grow tired watching them sleep." Eloise yawned and descended the stairs again.

As they drew closer to the next window, Samantha could see a corner of her brother's room. They edged nearer and nearer, and her worst fears were realized. "Oh ... no ..." A lump formed in her throat. She saw her



brother first. He was on his knees, naked, slamming into a woman in front of him. His belly jiggled violently with each thrust. As they moved still closer, Samantha saw who belonged to the rippling, round bottom her brother was nailing. Her mother's face was covered in cum and twisted nearly beyond

recognition. She was screaming something, but the windows seemed to be soundproof. "I knew ... they were doing it ... but ... seeing it ..." Samantha stood next to her friend and stared at the horrid mating. "She looks so ... tortured."

“Incorrect, dearie. That is a woman’s bliss. Is this the first time you’ve seen such a thing?” Eloise’s tone flattened, like she was guarding her words against upsetting the girl.

“Not like that.” Samantha shook her head.

Noah stared at mother and son. He remembered why they were there. “So ... how do we stop them?”

“That is a good question.” Eloise rubbed her chin. “When thorny situations cropped up in the past, there was a man I would consult. But I don’t trust him at the moment.” She watched the pair fuck with a thoughtful expression on her freckled face.

Samantha put her face on Noah’s shoulder, closing her eyes. “My mom’s not like this. It’s the painting.”

“I know.” Noah patted her back.

Eloise bit her tongue. She wanted to assure the young woman that her mother was exactly the ecstatic, fornicating woman before them. But it wasn’t the time. “Come along. There is one last window before the end.” She led them down the stairway.

“Are you okay?” Noah squeezed Samantha’s clammy hand in the darkness.

“No. I don’t think so.” Samantha shuddered. “The worst part is that I can’t stop thinking that I’m lucky my brother isn’t ... doing that to me. My poor mom is ... is ...” She took a deep breath. “I’m selfish.”

“It’s a lot to take in. You’re an amazing person, Sam. We’re just trying to get through this.” He hoped his words were comforting. “If it was my mom, I don’t know what I’d do.”

“Yeah.” Samantha wanted to change the subject. “You think the Botti household will be next?”

“Maybe we’ll see Mrs. Botti praying the devil away.” It sounded stupid, but Noah said it as a way to manifest it into reality. He said a prayer as they approached the final window. But it wasn’t the Botti household they saw. It was his mother’s office.





"Oh ... no." Samantha's voice fell. On the other side of the window, Jessica had her hands up on the wall. Her clothes were strewn on the floor. Thomas controlled her completely with his hands on her hips, and his monstrous cock stretching her pussy. She had the same expression on her face as Samantha's mother. It was pure ecstasy. They had gone with Eloise to find out how to stop what was happening in Clover Falls before it was too late. They had found that it was already too late.

"Mom?" Noah watched his mother, his eyes darting. Her whole body shook, sometimes in different directions, and sometimes it would sync up. It was mesmerizing. He wasn't sure, but her body seemed to have more dramatic curves than it should. He watched her dangling breasts bounce. Yes, she was different. "What did you do to her?"

"This is what she wants, Noah." Eloise shrugged, thinking things through. "Your mother is now free of ..."

"I know you brainwashed her, or something." Bitterness entered Noah's voice. "Not that. Her body. What did you do to her body?"

Samantha had been trying not to look directly at Jessica out of embarrassment for the poor woman. But now she let her gaze drift over her. Her body looked like it belonged to a fertility goddess. She thought back to what Jessica looked like a week ago wearing jeans and a sweater. She *had* changed. Samantha understood why Noah's mom had been wearing an oversized dress all evening. She turned to Eloise, waiting for a reply.

"The bond, the pact, the contract made," Eloise said. "She took the bargain of her own free will." She turned to the teenagers. "And you should, too." Her eyes brightened, a plan forming in her mind. She held her hand up to fend off Noah's protests. "This is how we best the other paintings. I cannot leave this house. But you can. And with my power flowing through you, you will be protected from whatever else lies waiting for you."

"You're not planting your flag on us. Eff that!" Noah turned to Samantha. "She wants us to make a deal with the devil."

"No, you would strike the bargain with me. Not him." She spat out the last two words.

"I think ... I think it's too late for me anyway." Samantha released Noah's hand for the first time since they'd entered the stairwell and cupped her breasts. She hefted them for dramatic effect. "Whatever happened to your mom, Noah, is already happening to me."

"You made the deal with your painting?" Noah pulled his eyes away from his mom's shaking body and looked at Samantha's bouncing boobs. "I thought ... I mean ..." He really wished his boner would disappear. He prayed the women didn't notice.

"I didn't make any deal." She shook her head.

"It was some passive effect from the other painting. If you make the choice to join with me, that would be an active approbation. It would trump whatever the other painting did to you. I know it would." Eloise wondered if she should make the full pitch. "I ... um ... you would ... well ..." She wasn't used to feeling less than confident about anything. "My point is you would travel about with my protection around you. Like how the *Nautilus* protects Captain Nemo."

"What would the deal do to me? Would I be myself? Would you brainwash me?" Samantha stared at Eloise. It was ridiculous that an earth-shattering event like Jessica Reader getting humped by a Painted Man was happening nearby, and none of them were watching.

"No, Sam. Don't even think about it." Noah remembered how powerless he'd been in the Botti's tree house, and a sliver of doubt entered his mind.

"The deal only accentuates what you already possess. It primes you for the most honest and meaningful moments in your life. It does nothing to your mind." Eloise had never made her pitch like this. She was like Captain Nemo herself, truly in uncharted waters.

"Are you lying to me?" Samantha put her hands on her hips. She studied Eloise's face. "No, you're not."

"I'll do it, too. But only if you don't change my body." Noah straightened himself to his full height. Eloise was still taller. "Give me your protective energy, but don't do what you did to my mom." He glanced through the window and his penis jumped in his pants. He told himself that he would respond to any woman who looked like that and was doing ... that. It wasn't his fault that it was his mom.



"This is all very unusual." Eloise spread her hands palms up. "I've struck this deal dozens of times over the years. No one has asked for –"

"Give it to us without the changes." Samantha nodded, backing up her friend.

After a long pause, Eloise forced a smile. "I cannot undo what the other painting did. I can only prevent it from doing more." *Maybe*. Nothing was sure here, but it might work.



"Let's make a deal." Samantha gave Noah a grim glance.

He nodded back at her.

"The bond, the pact, the contract made." Eloise frowned as she worked her way through how to word the second part. "I paid and received, and the Devil took his due. But you ... owe the Devil nothing. I give my protection to you freely. All I need from you is your approbation."

"I approve," Samantha said.

"Yeah, do it." Noah felt heat

spread all over his body. It tingled at first, then it burned. He looked for flames, but saw only a red glow. It even shone through his clothes. The window fell away. The stairs disappeared. Eloise was gone. He fell through black nothingness next to Samantha. Their combined glow was the only light in the whole world. They screamed together. When she reached out her hand, he took it, and they tumbled into the void as one.

~~

"Am I ... uh ... uh ... better than your ... black bauble?" Thomas gripped folds of Jessica's upper ass, slamming his full length into her.

"Nnnnnnngggghhhhhhhh," was all Jessica could say.

"Am I ... better than ... your silly husband?" When he got no reply, Thomas slapped her ass just as his mother had taught him. "Your husband ... Mrs. Reader?"

"Eeeeegggghhhhhhhhhh." Her response was something between a croak and a groan.

"I'll take that ... uh ... uh ... uh ... as an ... affirmative." Thomas smiled. Even though he was working hard, his skin was dry. He hadn't worked up a sweat in over a century. The only moisture on his person was the frothy mess covering his cock and splashing onto his hips, stomach, and thighs. "There is one other ... and only one other ... who could produce this feeling ... inside you. Can you guess the man?"

"Uuuuggghhhhhhhh." Jessica spasmed. The monstrous, icy thing stroked in her belly, sending sparks flying in front of her eyes. She was aware that he was asking her questions, but she was completely unable to answer.

"Would you ... like a hint?"

"Too ... good ... it's ... uuuuuggggghhhhhhhh ... too ..." Her body jerked and another orgasm swept through her. Her consciousness faded and faded until there was only the cool sound of the young man's voice and the pleasure he imparted as he turned her inside out.

"He lives ... in this very house. And once he accepts the deal ... he will possess a body such as mine." Thomas's laugh was full of joy. "With me and him ... uh ... uh ... uh ... you need never go without ... a life-changing cudgel." He humped for a while, the only sounds in the room were her slurping pussy, her low wailing, and their slapping skin. "Three of us." Thomas corrected himself. "You will have ... ugh ... the bauble ... when Noah and I ... are unavailable. Never a moment ... without ... cock."

"Nnnnnnngggggggggggg." Jessica's teeth rattled together. Her brain may have been too compromised to process his words, but his message soaked into her subconscious. She wanted more ... more ... more ...

"Enough ... of this." Thomas pulled out of her. He put his hand on her back to keep her bent against the wall and lowered his head behind her ass.



"Oh ... goodness ... oh ... my ..." Jessica panted. She trembled and let him inspect her.



"You gape, Mrs. Reader." Thomas held her cheeks. It wasn't necessary for the view, but he had a flair for the dramatic. "I'm afraid there's no turning back now."

"No ... no ..." Jessica shook her head. She wasn't sure if she was agreeing that there was no turning back or disagreeing with such lewd statements. His fingers sent tendrils of chill through her nerves, spreading from her butt into her lower back. She continued to tremble.

Thomas inserted a finger in her vagina and moved it in a circle. "What a mess you've become." He withdrew his finger. "Let's continue to stretch your crinkum crankum. Have you ever ridden a horse?"

"No." Jessica felt his absence acutely. She wanted him back inside her with fierce intensity. She straightened up and inspected her vagina with her fingers. He was right, she was a gaping mess. Her fingers came away covered in wet excitement. Ben Shapiro's wife was a fool. She couldn't have been more wrong about her own sex. Maybe ... even ... Ben Shapiro was foolish for believing her. Maybe ... his wife had lied to him to preserve his manly self-worth. She was seeing everything

about her old life differently now. When she looked behind her, she saw that Thomas was lying on his back. His long penis glistened in the low light.

"Well, I imagine you have observed a horse at a gallop." Thomas waited for her to nod. When she did, he continued. "Imagine I'm your horse, and a gang of desperados are after you. Ride me like that."

“Okay.” Jessica walked over to him, straddled him, and lowered herself slowly. Soon, she was squirming on him. His penis was back in her belly. Her hips undulated rhythmically.
“Oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

“No, no, no, Mrs. Reader. I did not say ‘writhe like a snake on me.’ There is a time and place for what you’re doing, and it is not now. I said ‘ride me.’ The desperadoes are after you.” He took handfuls of her ass and guided her up and down for several minutes. “Put your feet firmly on the floor. Yes ... ugh ... like that. Good. Now ... ride ... ride ...”

“Oh ... my ... oh ... my ...”

Jessica held her enlarged breasts to slow their bouncing. She thought they might smack her right in the face without restraint. She looked down at the beautiful young man. She

didn’t know if he was twenty years old, or more than one hundred twenty. Either way, they weren’t the right age for one another. Or perhaps ... they were perfectly matched. Swirling bliss spread from her core through her body. “I’ve never ... uuugggghhhhhh ... done it ... like this ... before.”

“That much ... is obvious.” Thomas’s lips curved in a boyish smile. “You still need ... practice. But one day ... you will much surprise Noah ... with all you’ve learned.”

“Noah?” Jessica thought of kissing her son’s strong, full lips. Then she thought of his penis. He wasn’t as large as the monster moving inside her. But he was big. She looked down at the grinning Thomas and imagined it was Noah’s happy face she saw there. In that moment, she had no doubt that her son would be awed by what his mother had learned. “Is this ... what all boys ... want? To see their ... mothers ... the way you see me ... ah ... ah ... now?”

Thomas nodded. “It is a joy ... that I would sacrifice everything ... for. That I *did* ... sacrifice ... uuugggghhhhhhhh.” His face suddenly became serious. “I’m going to ... release inside you.” He saw a look of concern pass over her face. “Fear not ... I cannot impregnate you ... I leave that pleasure to ... another.”



“Okay ... okay ... do it then.” Jessica rode him faster. She didn’t expect to orgasm that moment, but when Thomas roared, and she felt his frozen stuff deep inside. Her screaming climax swiftly wiped her mind away. She shrieked and begged for more.



~

Falling and falling. Samantha gripped Noah's hand like it was her last anchor to sanity. The burning pain had lasted longer than she thought possible, and then it had scalded her some more. Finally, the pain and its accompanying glow faded. She tried to say something into the darkness, but the howling wind swallowed her words. They fell and fell.



Just when she thought they would tumble through the void forever, they landed on something soft and warm. Samantha had the odd sensation that she and Noah were tangled on top of a welcoming pair of boobs. She blinked her eyes and looked around. No boobs. They were on his bed, she was laying on top of him. They were perpendicular. "Holy ... shit. We're in your room." She sucked in air, her mind slowing down to match the still room around her. Outside, it was still night. "You okay? That heat ... hurt! Didn't it?" She heard only gasping under her. He sounded like a fish out of water. "Noah?"



Panic surged through Noah. He didn't know how long it had been since air filled his lungs. He tried desperately to breathe, clawing at his friend as she lay on top of him.

"Noah!" Samantha scrambled off him. She could see he was having an attack. It had been years since he'd had one. She tried to remember what the adults had done to help him. "Hold on." She remembered what she had done. It had happened back in fifth grade and they were on the playground. She had gone for help. Samantha jumped off the bed. His parents would know what to do. She raced across the room, opened his door, and spotted Jessica down the hall. "Mrs. Reader!"

Jessica felt like she was floating back to her bedroom. She could add postcoital bliss to the list of things she finally understood. She heard their guest behind her and turned. "Oh ... hello, Sam. Do you need something?"

"It's Noah, he's having one of his attacks." Samantha gestured frantically for Jessica to join her in the room. She watched the woman's dreamy face harden into motherly concern. Samantha got out of the way as Jessica ran down the hall, the front of her dress bouncing wildly. *I saw the woman in front of me having sex with a*

character from a painting. Samantha watched her pass, staring at the woman's rolling butt as she jogged to her son's bed and knelt down.

"Another one?" Jessica pulled her son into her arms. She pressed his thin body against hers, forgetting to hide her changes from him. "I'm here. Everything's okay. Mommy's got you, Noah." She rocked him slowly, rubbing his back. It took her a moment to realize that he was erect, and it was pressing into her hip. Vivid images of riding her son popped into her mind. She closed her eyes and focused on his need for her. "There we go ... good work, honey. There's a breath. And another one." She felt his back rise and fall steadily.



Samantha stood in the doorway and watched mother and son rock together. Jessica was still on her knees, holding Noah close to her. It felt inappropriate witnessing such an intimate moment. But that seemed to be the theme of the night. Cognitive dissonance hit Samantha hard as she tried to square this loving mother with the woman they had seen getting plowed just minutes ago. She couldn't make it work in her mind, so instead she committed to the present.

"Thanks ... Mom." Noah took several shuddering breaths. "I don't know ... what came ... over me." When she held him at arm's length, he found that he couldn't look her in the eyes. If the window told the truth, she had cheated on his father that night. He breathed in deeply. He could smell her sweat, and that briny, ocean smell that he'd caught from Hailey. Samantha had said it was sex. He supposed she was right. "I'm okay now ... you can go back to bed." He looked at her oversized dress. She clearly had not been in bed.

"I'm glad you're feeling better." She eased him back onto his bed and stood. "Goodnight, you two." She patted his head and ruffled his hair. She turned and smiled at Samantha as she walked out.

Samantha smiled back. The dreamy look was still in Jessica's eyes. Samantha wondered if they really were too late to save Clover Falls.

~~





Last night was crazy. Ella thought about what she had seen at the Botti's house. She wondered what her friends thought. Surely, none of them had ever seen anything like it. She thought about texting them, but she was still mad at them for making her see Mrs. Botti do that stuff to Paul.

"Morning, muffin." Mara walked into the dining room with a steaming mug of coffee and a big smile on her face. Her curly black hair was lustrous in the first warm rays of sunlight that cut through the room.

"Morning, Mom." Ella cocked her head. "Why are you so chipper?"

"Well, your father and I had ... um ... a nice marital moment last night." Her smile widened.

"Gross."

"And I struck while the iron was hot, so to speak." Mara was quite sure that her eighteen-year-old daughter was old enough for some harmless innuendo. The girl knew her mother wasn't a nun.

"Grrroooooossss." Ella curved her lip in disgust.

"And your father promised me the painting I've been asking for." Mara sipped her coffee. "What? You look like you've seen a ghost."

"Don't get one of those paintings, Mom." Ella's heart beat like a drum in her chest. "Um ... please ... please ... have him take you on a vacation instead. Somewhere nice."

"Well, that would be pleasant." Mara nodded like she was thinking about it. She was not. "But every woman *but me* seems to have one of The Belle Dame's gorgeous paintings. You don't want your poor mother left out, do you?"

Ella could see that arguing would only entrench her mother. She shifted tactics. "Let me come with you. I'll help you pick one out." She would make sure they got the most innocuous painting. Nothing that could do anything nefarious in a million years. If The Belle Dame had a portrait of a puppy parade, that's the one they would get.

“Oh, lovely.” Mara clapped her hands. “Winter break starts after school today. Your father and I will pick you up, and we can celebrate the end of school with some shopping.”

“Great.” Ella plastered a smile on her face. “I can’t wait.”

