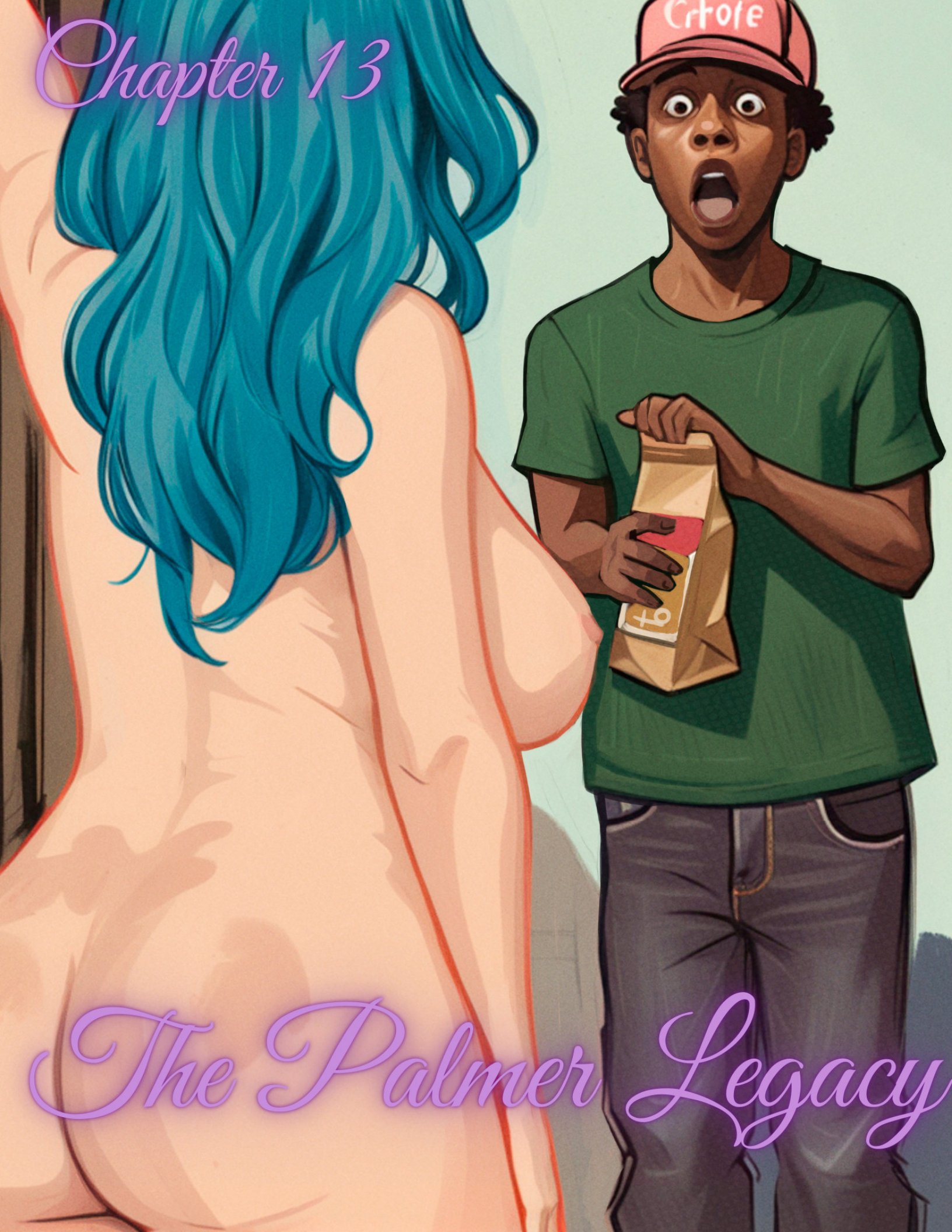


Chapter 13



The Palmer Legacy

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Palmer Legacy 13

Illustrations by AkyraRayne

Written by RawlyRawls

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The Unhappy Emoji with Pinwheel Eyes

The sound of heavy, rhythmic breathing filled Noah's ears. He opened his eyes a crack. Faint morning light greeted him. He took a few seconds to orient himself, listening to the huffing sound. It was clearly a woman. It sounded like she was working out, or ... thoughts from the previous night came back to him. Everyone around him seemed to be having animalistic sex. And now he was hearing ... was that Samantha's breathing? He sat up and looked at the floor where his friend had spent the night.

"Oh ... hey ... you're up," Samantha said between pushups. Sweat glistened on her face. "It's ... the strangest ... thing. I've been ... doing pushups ... for ... like ... an hour."



"You ... what?" He would have thought he heard her wrong, but there she was in her pajamas working out, her body straight as a board. Noah scratched his head and furrowed his brow. "But ... um ... you never work out."

"I ... have ... dance ... lessons." She smiled up at him.

"You know what I mean."

"Yeah ... I ... know." She pushed off from the floor and propelled herself into a sitting position. She wiped sweat from her forehead. "I'll be honest ... with you. After everything we've ... been through ... together. I'll tell you ... that I woke up ... really ... like ... full of hormones." She took a deep breath. "You know what I'm talking about." She nodded to the tent his erection made out of his sheet. "And I had so much energy. I was

either going to do something bad or do something good. You know? So, I just ... started doing pushups. And I didn't stop."

"I don't understand." That wasn't totally true. Noah understood the horny part, not the energy part. He shook his head.

"It's got to be *the deal*." Samantha rubbed her arms. "Mrs. Palmer said it would accentuate what we had. It pumped up our hormones and strength. I'm sure it did something else, but I'm not sure what." She looked at the tent. "Did she lie about changing our bodies? Because that looks ... pretty big."

Noah lifted the sheet and his boxers. He measured with his hand as he always did. He dropped the sheet and looked back at his friend. "It's normal."

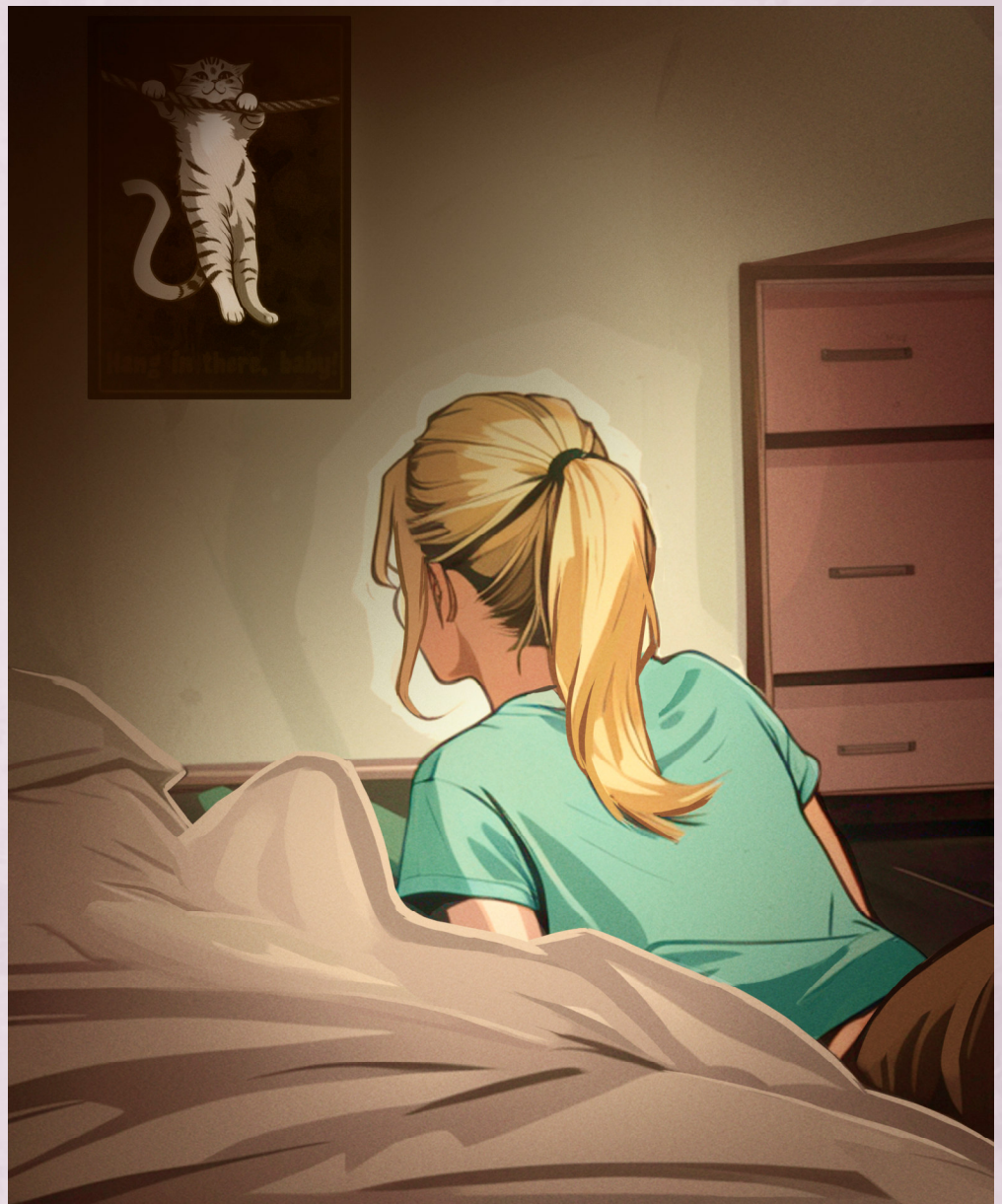
"If you say so." Samantha looked dubious. "Why don't you do some pushups and see if it's the same for you?"

"Um ..." Noah thought about banging his boner on the floor over and over again. "Maybe later."

"Oh, yeah." Samantha gave the tent one last embarrassed look and turned her attention to a poster on the wall of a cat *hanging in there*. "I was thinking that we should test ourselves today and see what the deal did."

"Or we could just ask Mrs. Palmer." Noah shrugged. "I have to ... take a shower." He needed to unload like never before. He got out of bed, angling his body so he wouldn't give her a full view of his morning wood.

"Sure, I'll take one after you." Samantha stared at the poster until he was gone. Then her hand immediately slipped under her panties. Her mind bounced between her friend's boner and what she'd seen through the windows the night before. "I just ... need to get this ... out of my system." She tried not to think about the ecstasy on Jessica's face, the cum and bliss on her mother's face, and Kathy sleeping in the nude with her mother. But



when she managed to push those things out of her mind, she circled back to Noah's big dick. She fell on her back and rubbed her clit. She prayed Noah wouldn't return until she was satisfied.

In the shower, Noah gritted his teeth. "Uuuuuuggggghhhhhhh." He pumped his cock and spewed on the tile wall, his whole body jerking. Like any eighteen-year-old, he'd had lots of fapping practice. But when he opened his eyes, he'd never seen so much cum. The white stuff slowly slid down the wall. "She ... tricked us," he whispered to himself. "She didn't change ... the outside ... she changed the inside." His hands went back to work. And try as he might, he couldn't get the image of his mother bent against the wall out of his head. Her jiggling, bouncing body had seared itself into his brain. He worked himself to another orgasm, praying that he would get it all out of his system.

By the time they were ready for school, Noah and Samantha were surreptitiously riding post-orgasmic waves. They felt so good, they completely forgot to ask the painting what it had done to them.



It was a magnificent morning stretch. Kathy's body felt wonderfully sore, like it did after a basketball tournament. She arched her back and extended her arms over her head. When she opened her eyes, she was startled to find herself in her parents' bed. Bewildered, she looked around. The bed smelled like sex. She pulled down the blanket and saw that she was naked and dirty. "What the hell?" She quickly got out of bed. "Mom? Dad?" There was no one about. She went into her parents' bathroom and took a shower, trying to remember what had happened the night before. They had seen Paul's uptight mother do unspeakably perverted things. And then ... Kathy couldn't remember the rest of the night.

Wrapped in a towel, she went back to her room and dressed. When she went downstairs, she found her parents sitting at the kitchen table. "Morning." They both stared at her with inscrutable expressions. "So, I woke up in your bed this morning. And I'm sort of hazy on last night." She slowly poured herself a bowl of cereal so she wouldn't have to make eye contact. "Did something happen?" She ventured a glance. Her mother gave her an unsure smile. Her father looked away. Her parents' coffee mugs poured steam into the air in front of their faces.



"I told you." Adeline looked at her husband. "She doesn't remember."

"Well, I goddamn remember." Joe's voice was low and faint.

Kathy went to the fridge for milk. Her blood ran cold. She wasn't used to her father swearing in front of her. Her mind ran a mile a minute, trying to fit the different pieces of the puzzle together. She had woken up in their bed. Her parents' must have had sex before she got there, based on the smell. Her father was pissed. Maybe she sleepwalked in there in the morning and interrupted them? It didn't make any sense.

"It's drugs. We need to intervene, Adeline." Joe continued to stare at his coffee.

"It's not drugs! I don't do that stuff. I keep telling you." Kathy's pulse quickened, and her face darkened. She held the gallon of milk in her hand, paused right before the pour. It shook with her rage. "Just ... just ... get out of my face with that *bullshit!*"

Joe stood quickly and left the kitchen. It was now only Kathy and her mom. Adeline put a hand to her mouth. Her eyes went wide, but she stayed seated.



The surge of anger passed. Kathy poured her milk, grabbed a spoon, and sat in her dad's seat across from her mom. "Well ... that was odd." She picked up her father's mug and sipped his coffee.

"You don't ... drink coffee, Kath." Adeline stared at her daughter's mouth, wondering if that monstrous tongue would slip out. Her mind was barely present. It was too busy replaying the raptures her daughter had given her throughout the night.

"Well, Dad left it here. And since he was a jerk, I feel like taking his stuff. Is that weird?" Kathy gulped half the coffee and put the mug on the table with a thud. A dark trickle of coffee ran down her chin. She dug into her breakfast, shoveling spoonfuls into her mouth as quickly as she could.

Mary's laugh teetered on the edge of harshness. "I'm in the painting. Yes, over here." She waved at them, walked around the table, and stood in the foreground. No one else in the painting moved. "You two are walking His path now. You will spread his righteous glory all over ... um ..." She looked around the room. "Where are we?"

"Clover Falls." Paul opened his arms for his mother, and she climbed onto him, practically curling up on his chest. She didn't know the painting could move, so he guessed the matriarch had given her quite a fright.

"Then, you shall spread your seed about Clover Falls like a mighty dandelion." Mary's smile was broad and inviting. "His will be done."

"Paul ... honey. Do you see the woman in the painting? Do you *hear* her?" Shannon outweighed her son by a non-trivial amount, so it was a precarious perch she found on his upper body.



"I can't see her now." Paul's words were muffled by his mother's breast. "Your boob's in my face. But I hear her."

"How charming you two are." Mary nodded at Paul's suddenly neglected penis. "I did not mean to interrupt. Please continue." Mary went back to her seat next to her son, found her familiar pose, and froze in place.

"That was wrong, Paul." Shannon climbed off her son and sat next to him on the bed. Her heart raced. "Paintings don't talk."

"All sorts of new things are happening, Mom. Can you imagine telling yourself a week ago that you would be helping me with my penis?" He watched her shake her head slowly. "You said it, and the painting said it. It's the Lord's plan. This is a miracle. Who are we to turn our backs on Him?"

"Yeah ... okay." Shannon put her hands back on her son's penis and slowly pumped him. "*Trust in the Lord with all your heart ... mmmmmpppphhhhhhhhhh.*" Her mouth enveloped that great wide head, and she continued from where they were interrupted.

"... and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways submit to him, and he will make your paths straight." Paul leaned his weight back on his pillow. He gently stroked his mother's auburn hair. "Like the dandelion ... I'm going to ... going to ... uuuugggghhhhhhhhhhh." He erupted in her mouth.

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“Any word from Kathy?” Noah walked down the corridor with Samantha and Ella.

“She only texted me this.” Samantha held up her phone so he could see the unhappy emoji with pinwheel eyes.

“That about sums it up.” Noah stopped in front of room twenty-nine. He knocked. They were early, but Mrs. Price always let them hang out in her classroom when it was chilly out.

“Just a ... minute.” Mrs. Price’s voice was faint and muffled.

“Can I just get a reaction to having to shop for one of those paintings with my parents?” Ella stood hunched against the cold, hands thrust in her pockets.

“Don’t do it, Ella.” Samantha frowned at her friend. “Convince her not to buy one. Both my mom and Noah’s mom –”

The classroom door opened and there stood Mrs. Julia Price. She was fixing her hair and straightening her dress at the same time. “Sorry to keep you waiting out in the cold. I was just ... um ... tutoring your brother, Sam.” She tried, but couldn’t hide her anxiety with the thin smile on her face.



Eddie waddled up behind her and leered at his sister and her friends. “I thought you might stop by here, so I visited Mrs. Price bright and early.” He pinched her round butt out of sight from the others and enjoyed the blond teacher’s little jump of surprise. He was already quite sweaty from humping Julia, but he didn’t want his perspiration to stop, so he started jogging in place, his big belly bouncing in languid W’s under his sweater. “I didn’t get a chance to see you last night, Sam. I wanted to catch up.”

Noah exchanged a look with Samantha. They were both thinking the same thing: Mr. Price would be very unhappy if he knew what sort of tutoring Mrs. Price was giving Eddie. Noah looked over at Ella, but she didn't make eye contact. She was staring at Eddie like she was a star-struck fan, and he was a movie star. Eddie noticed the attention and smiled at her.

"Hey, Ella. You're looking pretty this morning." Eddie nudged Julia out of the doorway.

Ella giggled. "Thank you."

"I think we're going to go for a walk before class starts. Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Price." Noah took Ella by the elbow, Samantha took her other arm, and they dragged her away.

"Later, Mrs. P." Eddie kissed his teacher on the cheek and jogged after his sister. Blushing profusely, Julia closed her classroom door.

"Don't follow us, Eddie." Samantha looked over her shoulder as they quickly hurried away.

"Wait up for a sec, Sam. I want to talk. We can go back to Mrs. P's class and have a chat." Eddie caught up to them. He had to dodge a few students heading the other way as the school filled up.

"She's not going anywhere with you." Noah spat the words.

"Easy there, cowboy. No one invited you.

"She's my sister." Eddie tried to laugh it off, but the scathing looks he was getting threw off his game.

"We saw what you did. You're an effing animal." Noah feinted toward Eddie with a fist and was pleased when he flinched. Noah didn't even notice how odd a move that was for him.



Eddie stopped in his tracks. *What had they seen?* There were lots of things they could be referring to. He didn't want to ask. He could tell Ella had been ready for him. But not his sister. He shrugged. Their time would come. He turned around and headed back to room twenty-nine. He still had enough time for one more quickie.

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“Hey, Mom.” Hailey found her mother typing away in her office. “I’m going over to Lauren’s place today. I’ll be back late.” She tried to suppress the idiotic grin that spread across her face at the mere thought of spending more time with that magical dick inside her. She carefully slung her backpack onto her shoulder. It contained her trusty bong and some of the best weed in her stash.

“Who’s Lauren?” Jessica’s pussy gushed at the thought of having the house to herself again. She felt like a trained dog with the dinner bell ringing. She looked over at her daughter with a polite smile, her fingers poised about the keyboard.

“You know, Lauren Keitaro?” Hailey shrugged.

“What?” Jessica screwed up her face. “You’re hanging with your friend’s mom? You mean Melanie,

right?”

“Oh, yeah. It’s just that it’s Lauren’s house. I mean it’s Mrs. Keitaro’s house. So, I just thought ...” Hailey raised her shoulders high in a more elaborate shrug.

“Sure ... whatever. Have fun, honey,” Jessica said brightly. She waved as her daughter left, waiting like a statue with her fingers still poised over the keyboard. When she heard the front door close, she shot to her feet, her half-composed email forgotten. She pranced over to the painting, taking off her oversized dress as she moved. She tossed it behind her and stood in her panties, wool socks, and bounce-control bra. “Thomas? We’ve got hours until Noah and Sam come home. Are you there?” She swayed her hips in front of the static image of Thomas, hoping her movements might be described as seductive. The painting didn’t change. “Oh, come on. Don’t make me grab that dildo ... that ‘bauble.’ Wouldn’t you be jealous?”

The room was silent while she waited for an answer.

“Come on, Mrs. Palmer ... Eloise. Send your son out to me.” Jessica’s brows furrowed. Her whole body suffered from the pins and needles of anticipation and anxiety. “I’ll let you do whatever you want with me, Thomas. You can teach me something new. You can use my mouth. You can even ...” She was going to say that he could stick his big thing in her butt, but that was ludicrous. There was no way that would ever happen. “Thomas?”

Jessica stomped her foot. “Fine. I like the dildo better than you anyway.” The lie sounded pathetic even to her ears. She stormed out of the office. Once she was in her bedroom, she paused at the window. Her neighbor was working on his siding. He was in his twenties, tall, and very fit. She stared at him, wondering if he was tall everywhere. “No, Jessica,” she said to herself. “It’s one thing to sleep with a painting. It’s another to seduce a living man. You would never forgive yourself. And neither would Andrew.” She looked around the room, expecting a counterargument from a materializing Eloise. But she was alone. She took one last long look at her neighbor’s backside, and then rushed into the closet. She was thrilled when she found the dildo waiting for her.

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The four eighteen-year-old friends took a stroll at lunch. Kathy had just finished telling them about her puzzling morning.

“Well ... that is strange.” Samantha glanced at Noah. He shook his head at her. It was clear he didn’t want to be the one to tell their friend the truth. Samantha didn’t either. “I ... um ... wonder what it means.”

“Yeah, really weird.” Noah nodded. “Your parents’ bed?”

“I must have sleepwalked in there after my mom and dad got up.” Kathy scrunched her face up, thinking about the smell. That bed reeked of sex. She didn’t tell her friends that part. She caught the scent of someone’s lunch on the chilly breeze blowing across the field. Her stomach rumbled. She knew it was cold out, but still she only wore a sleeveless top and leggings. Her friends were all bundled up. She wondered if that was another piece of the puzzle.



“Yeah, maybe.” Ella had an idea. “Forgetting a whole evening and sleepwalking is serious, Kathy. Maybe you should convince your mom to exchange the painting for something ... less creepy. I mean ... it has to be related to that painting.”

“No ... I think we’re going to keep that painting.” Kathy said it in a low, confident voice.

Noah and Samantha exchanged another wide-eyed glance. They were going to have to figure out how to protect their friend. Preferably before she went home that night.

Samantha leaned her lips to Noah’s ear. “She has to take the deal.”

Noah nodded. “Let’s hang at my house after school.”

“Sure.” Kathy gave her friends an odd stare. She wondered what “the deal” was.

“I’ll come over after I go shopping with my parents.” Ella wasn’t really paying attention to her friends. “I’ll tell you all about The Belle Dame. It’ll work out. You’ll see.”

“Fine, Ella.” Samantha nodded. “Just pick the puppy parade. Nothing creepier than that, okay?”

“Of course.” Ella sounded almost pleased with herself.

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“Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... you’ve got me ... Lauren.” Hailey looked over her shoulder at the woman plowing her from behind.

“Have you dumped ... uh ... uh ... your boyfriend ... yet?” Lauren smiled at Hailey, and then turned her gaze to her daughter where she lay on the floor. Melanie’s legs were spread and cum leaked from her pussy.

“I ... will ... I ... promise.” The only reason Hailey hadn’t dumped him yet was that she’d been too distracted by her sexual awakening. The Keitaros were right. He was worthless. In fact, college itself seemed worthless to Hailey now. She wanted to spend the rest of her days in an ecstatic haze.

“No ... more ... dick ... after today ... unless you dump him ... and give yourself ... to Erato.”

Lauren took Hailey’s hair in her hand and pulled her head back. She wanted the young woman to know who she belonged to.

“I swear ... ooohhhhhhhh ... I swear ... ooohhhhhhhh ... I will ... give myself ... to Erato.” Hailey couldn’t turn her head while in Lauren’s grip, but she looked at the painting in her peripheral vision. She could see Erato humping someone new. Someone with red hair, freckles, and ... “Mom!?”

“Giving yourself ... won’t be enough.” Erato’s hips slammed into the image of Hailey’s mother. Just as Lauren controlled Hailey, Erato held Jessica by her thick hair with one hand and just under her jaw with the other. “If we are to ... truly revel. We need more ... more for the bacchanal.” Her crown of branches was crooked on her head, dipping more and more with her body’s jerking movements.

“You want ... Mom?” To Hailey’s stoned mind, it made sense. There was symmetry if she brought her mother to them: mother and daughter and mother and daughter. She wondered if her mom would grow a dick like Lauren? Would her mother turn into a rapacious, horny dick-with-legs like the woman behind her? The thought sent her over the edge. “Cumming ... I’m cuuummmiinngggg.” Her eyes rolled back in her head.

Later, they had lunch delivered. Lauren made Melanie answer the door naked. Laughing, she came back to the living room with a large bag.

“You should have seen his face. His eyes were this wide.” Melanie made circles with her thumbs and index fingers and held them in front of her face. “Now that I think about it, that’s about how thick your cock is, Mom.” She pushed her sweaty, blue hair out of her face and dropped the bag on the coffee table.

“What cock, sweetie?” Lauren’s tone was demure. She pointed between her own legs where only a pussy could be found. They all laughed, even though it wasn’t

particularly funny. It didn’t matter. Everything was hilarious when you were partying. The three women ate noisily as they traded jokes, making a mess of the place. When they finished, the cock returned, and they entwined.



Hailey rode Lauren's dick, staring into her friend's eyes.

Melanie sat on her mother's face, bolts of pleasure shooting up her nerves. "Are you really ... going to bring your mom ... to us?" She held onto Hailey's boobs, rubbing her puffy nipples with her thumbs.



"Yes ... yes ... I was made to party ... Mel. I don't care if she is ... uuggghhhhhhhh ... my mother. She's a woman ... and she needs ... this dick." Hailey kissed her friend.

"Mmpppphhhhhhhh." Melanie needed to tell her friend something. She pushed on Hailey's tits, removing the probing tongue from her mouth. "There is ... nothing better ... than fucking your mom ... Hailey. You're going to love it. My whole life ... has changed. Yours will ... too."

"Yes ... yes ... we're going to teach her to party." Hailey arched her back, thrusting her chest forward. Another orgasm was bearing down on her. "We're going to ... teach my mom ... to fuck ... eeeeeeiiaiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii."

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“And what were you looking for?” Mr. Luci gave the Rizzutos a solicitous smile. The store was empty but for the new arrivals. The Belle Dame had saturated the market, and there were more slow days than busy days lately.

Mara worked hard not to squeal with delight. She couldn't wait to show off her new painting. She put an arm around her husband, and nodded to her daughter. “Ella is going to help us decide. Why don't you show her around? We'll follow.” She slid a hand down to Antonio's butt at an angle no one could see. He was certainly going to get lucky that night.

“Very well. What are you interested in, Ms. Rizzuto? Setting, theme, subjects?” Mr. Luci led the way toward one of his favorite paintings. It pained him that it had not yet sold.

“Um ...” Ella eyed the painting before her with deep mistrust. It depicted a woman playing a violin deep in the forest. A young man reached out for the woman from the shadows. Jessica saw that the two subjects shared the same features and hair. The young man held a short staff of some kind and the head of it glowed red. She shivered. Ella's attention turned toward the river where a man with blue skin stared covetously at the woman. “Nothing like this, please. Do you have something less ...” She wanted to say *creepy* but didn't want to upset her parents. She knew her mother could rescind the offer at any time and pick the most vile painting in the store.

“Anything ... less?” Mr. Luci nodded thoughtfully. “You sound very much like my father.” He wanted to add, *you're both judgmental bitches*. But he didn't think they'd get the joke, and he could smell a sale. He guided them along the north wall, Ella rejecting painting after painting.

“Ella, sweetheart. You're saying no to everything.” Mara didn't care which painting they picked, she simply wanted one of them to call her own. She was running out of patience with her daughter.

“Rather than saying what you *don't* want, why don't you tell the nice man what you *do* want?” Antonio smiled at his sage wisdom.

“Um ... well ...” Ella found she couldn't look Mr. Luci in the eyes, so she stared at his bowtie. “Do you have anything with puppies?”

Mr. Luci snapped his fingers. “I have the perfect painting for your family.” Again, he refrained from adding *you judgmental bitch*. Instead, he chuckled softly to himself as he led them to the back. “This is one of a kind. A painting that is truly a matter of perspective.”

Ella stood to the left of the painting and laughed. She saw a round table with dogs playing poker. It was a boring, ubiquitous trope. Completely harmless. “That's the one, Mom. Let's get that one.”



“Really?” Mara approached the painting from the right. She saw a round table with women playing poker. They all seemed to be having a good time. One of them even looked a bit like her. “What do you think, Antonio?”

“Sounds good to me.” He thought the women looked pretty, especially the one with black, curly hair.

“Fantastic.” Mr. Luci guided them to the cash register. “I’ll wrap it up for your journey home.”

It wasn’t until the Rizzutos had the painting hanging on their wall at home that they understood Mr. Luci’s comment about perspective. Ella was the first to figure it out. She stared at the painting from the right side

of the mantel. Clearly, she could see women playing poker, one of whom looked just like her mother. The dogs had disappeared. But when she moved to the left, the women morphed into dogs. “It’s one of those optical illusion paintings.” Her heart beat fast as she went back to the right and studied the thing closely.

“An optical illusion?” Mara laughed when her daughter explained it to her. “Well, so it is.” She walked back and forth, changing the painting from women to dogs and back again. She clapped her hands with delight.

“We have to take it back, Mom.” Ella frowned deeply.

“Nonsense, Ella.” Mara smiled at her daughter. “Don’t you see? This is unique. No one else in Clover Falls has an optical illusion painting from The Belle Dame. Just wait until my friends see this.”

Ella was not nearly so pleased. She would have to do something, but had no idea what.