

Chapter 14



The Palmer Legacy

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Palmer Legacy 14

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Eloise's Clutching Finger Marks in the Dirt

"Sorry I'm late." Jimmy Ronning stepped out of the bushes in front of Samantha, Noah, and Kathy. When Kathy stiffened and stepped toward him, he put up his hands like he was under arrest. "Don't hit me. Sometimes today you hit me." He looked over at Noah. "Not every today, but it hurts when she does."

Confused, Kathy put herself between Jimmy and her friends. "What did you just say?"

"Look, I'm just trying to do it right." Jimmy started walking down the sidewalk like he expected them to all go for a stroll. When no one followed him, he backtracked and leaned against a gnarled tree. "I think I figured it out, thanks to you. So, I wanted to give you the message that you wanted me to give to you."

"What are you even talking about?" Samantha tried to be kind whenever she could, but Jimmy had earned brusque treatment. "Just ... go away."

"Fair ... that's fair." Jimmy smiled wistfully, like he knew a sad truth they didn't. He looked at Noah. "I'm sorry I picked on you. You didn't deserve it. I'm sorry for a lot of things. You don't know how many times I spent today in bed, feeling sorry for *myself*. But that's over. Now that I've kissed her, I think I'll finally see tomorrow." His smile widened into something showing real joy.

"Are you high?" Noah barely recognized his bully. It was like he had turned into a theater geek overnight.

"I wish." Jimmy shook his head. "Anyway, again, I'm sorry I'm late." He looked at Samantha. "You asked me to tell you, so here I am. Don't let Ella come over."

Samantha and Noah exchanged a mystified look.

"And Kathy, don't meet the Painted Lady." Jimmy clapped his hands together like his work was done. "I'm not sure what it means. I've been busy with my own stuff. But you keep telling me to tell you those things. Usually I do it at school, but you probably noticed I skipped today to spend time with my mom. Anyway, I owed you that. We're even now. With any luck, I'll see you all on the flipside." He waved and disappeared back into the bushes.

"What in the heck was that all about?" Kathy looked over at her friends.

"That made no sense." Noah shook his head.

"But ..." Samantha thought things over. "Maybe it's the painting his family bought. Something like an *Alice in Wonderland* type thing."

"He did seem mad as a hatter." Noah nodded.



“What was that stuff about me and the Painted Lady?” Kathy started walking again and her friends moved quickly to catch up with her long strides.

“Well ... um ... the lady in Noah’s painting might have a solution for your sleepwalking.” Samantha frowned. “But I have no idea how Jimmy knew about that. Noah?”

“I didn’t tell him anything.” Noah’s frown matched Samantha’s. “Maybe Ella said something? What did Jimmy say about Ella?”

“He said she shouldn’t come over.” Kathy felt like she was missing something big. But she didn’t know what it was.

“Well, that’s stupid. She has to tell us about her new painting.” Samantha considered all the fires that she needed to put out. Her mother and Eddie. Noah’s mom, and maybe his sister. Ella’s painting. Kathy’s mom. Jimmy ... and whatever he’d gotten himself into. Paul and *his* mom. She was probably forgetting something. It was all too much, and she was sure it was just the tip of the iceberg.

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“Hi, Eddie.” Ella smiled shyly when her friend’s brother opened the door. “I got your text. What did Sam need me to pick up?”



“Come on in, Ella.” Eddie knew he looked ridiculous jogging in place, but he didn’t care. “I’ll get it for you.”

“Okay.” Ella stepped inside the house. Her pussy tingled. Her mind fogged over.

“Hello, dear.” Debra Wright stepped into the hall. “Here, let me help you with your shoes.” She bent down and began untying Ella’s sneakers.

“Mrs. Wright?” Ella stared down at the woman, her attention drawn to her glinting wedding ring as her fingers worked the laces. “What are you doing here?” Mrs. Wright lived next door to the Owens family. Ella knew that Samantha cat-sit for the Wrights when they went on vacation.

“I have a few of the neighborhood moms helping out around the house.” Eddie smiled at them over his shoulder. “Mrs. Wright is one of the best.”

"I'm sorry, dear. He told me I had to take off your socks, too." Debra neatly lined up Ella's shoes by the door and slowly pulled off Ella's socks. "And I'm really sorry about the next part. But I'm supposed to make sure your toes are clean."



"You ... what?" Ella's brain felt so fuzzy, she was sure she hadn't heard right.

"Did you get the toes, Mrs. Wright?" Eddie called. He had disappeared into the kitchen.

"Just doing it now," Debra called back. She lifted the eighteen-year-old's foot, bent her head, and sucked Ella's toes into her mouth. Carefully and diligently, the wife and mother rolled her tongue from one toe to the next.

"Holy ... shit."

Ella watched the woman obscenely make out with her foot. She was too confused and buzzed to do anything but stare. Once she got over the shock, she realized that Mrs. Wright's tongue felt delightful.

"Let her treat you like a princess, Ella." Eddie's voice echoed down the hall to them. "You deserve it."

"Ooohhhhhh ... I do?" Ella watched the woman remove Ella's foot from her mouth, gently put it on the ground, and then lift up the other one. The toes of her other foot were soon in her mouth.

"Oooooohhhh." Ella's pussy had gone from tingling to full-on cascade.

"Mmmpppphhh," Debra said around the girl's toes. She took the foot out of her mouth and placed it on the floor. "There now. All clean. Do you need anything else, dear?" She looked up at Ella from her kneeling position with hope in her eyes.

"Um ... no thank you." Ella watched the woman stand, straighten her dress, and rush away. Alone in the hall now, Ella walked slowly in the direction Eddie had gone. "That was ... really weird, Eddie."

"I'm in the kitchen," Eddie said.



Ella knew where that was. She turned a corner and saw Lindsey Owens preparing dinner. Eddie sat on the counter next to her. She moved his hand quickly into his lap. Ella couldn't be sure, but she thought he'd been touching his mom when she walked in. "So ..." Ella tried to get her bearings. "Hello, Mrs. Owens."

"Hello, Ella." Lindsey looked over at Eddie's classmate, smiled, and went back to chopping garlic.



"What was I supposed to pick up?" Ella stared at her friend's mom's backside. Mrs. Owens was wearing a very tight dress, and sporting a very curvy figure. The dress hugged her body so closely, Ella could clearly see that the woman wasn't wearing a bra or panties. It occurred to Ella that alarm bells had been going off in her head since Mrs. Wright had done ... that thing ... to her toes. But the alarms were faint, a distant lighthouse in a storm.

"You're here to pick up the Big D." Eddie laughed.

Lindsey swatted her son's arm. "Don't talk like that."

"Big ... D?" Ella was so confused.

"Just show her and get it over with," Lindsey whispered to her eighteen-year-old son.

"Fine." Eddie hopped down from the counter. Quickly, he dropped his pants and underwear. His massive erection flopped out in the open for all to see.

Ella took in several shuddering deep breaths. The air in the Owens' home smelled overly saccharine and cloying. She stared at his thing. It curved to the right, and the fat, bulbous head was a much darker shade than his light skin. She put her hand to her mouth. She could see his pulse beating as it bounced ever so slightly. She had only ever been with one boy, and he was nothing like this. She didn't even remember seeing veins on that other penis, but Eddie's was crisscrossed with evil-looking blue wonders. Ella didn't realize that Eddie's mom had moved until she felt a gentle touch on her shoulder.



"She has such pretty hair, Eddie. It's even blacker than mine. And so curly." Lindsey brushed some of Ella's hair behind her ear. Her hand continued down Ella's top and cupped her boob. "She's a bit skinnier than you like."

"Skinnier than you, you mean." Eddie laughed.

"Um ..." Ella was so mesmerized by the giant penis that she hadn't fully registered that Samantha's mother was feeling her up.

"She's short, too." Lindsey was a tall woman, and Ella was maybe eight inches shorter.

"Stop finding fault, Mom." Eddie scowled at his mother. "She's hot. Undress her so we can see just how hot."

"Um ... I don't ... um ..." Ella's thoughts couldn't find any traction. "Undress?" She offered no resistance as Lindsey pulled down her leggings and

panties in one go. "I have to go. I have to go tell Sam and Noah about the new painting. The women turn into dogs ... playing poker." Despite her words, she stepped out of her clothes when her friend's mother bent down to tug them off.

"Painting?" Eddie took his eyes off her slim legs and focused on her distant, brown eyes. "Did the painting ... um ... talk to you? There's this thing that lives under the lake and it's been telling me ..." Eddie burst out laughing. His guffaws bounced around the kitchen. "That sounds fucking crazy. Never mind about that shit. You can tell my sister about your painting when you see her."

"She has a small butt, Eddie." Lindsey turned Ella around to show her son the small, heart-shaped ass. She gauged his reaction and saw his frown. "Sorry, honey. I didn't mean to find fault. I'll do what you asked." Lindsey pulled the girl's top off.

Ella was now facing away from Eddie. She looked over her shoulder to keep his dick in view while Lindsey pulled off her bra. Any other time, Ella would have covered her boobs in a panic, but she didn't seem to care at the moment. She let them hang out in the open.

"Say something nice about her, Mom." Eddie agreed with his mom that Ella's butt was a little small, but its shape pulled at his heartstrings. Well, maybe not his heartstrings ... maybe ... his ball-strings. That was a weird thought. She made him horny, that was the important part.

"Well, her breasts are big for her stature." Lindsey spun the girl back to face her son and stepped back. "And they're perky." Most teenagers had perky boobs, but he'd asked her to say something nice. She didn't approve of the girl being naked in her home, but her vagina gushed nonetheless.

"You can go back to making dinner, Mom." Eddie waved away his mother. He watched her return to the counter and turned his attention to Ella. "Do you have much practice with blowjobs? Giving them, I mean."

Ella shook her head, her eyes never leaving Eddie's dick.

"Well, Mrs. Wright is pretty good, and she can teach you later." Eddie took off his shirt and tossed it on the neat, folded pile of Ella's clothes his mom had left on the chair. "But she had to go home for dinner. Gotta keep up appearances, right?" He stepped close to Ella and traced his finger down her tit. "You're trembling." He playfully bounced her nipple with his fingertip. "Are you ... also wet?" With his other hand, he reached down between her legs. "Like a fucking swamp. I guess I have that effect on women."



Lindsey made a snorting noise but didn't look over from her knife work on the broccoli.

Eddie ignored his mother. "Since you're ready, we can get right down to fucking." He took Ella by the elbow and moved her over to the counter a few feet away from where his mother was working. He leaned Ella on her elbows and got behind her.



"I'm not sure we should ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Ella's body clenched as he entered her. Her whole universe was reduced to the very large thing worming its way into her way-too-small hole.

"Shh ... ugh ... relax ... it'll fit." Eddie could see every muscle on her back tense. The room vibrated with the guttural wail that escaped her throat. He'd heard myriad strange sounds from women lately, but never anything like that.

"Nnnnnnngggggggggg." Ella surprised herself by pushing her hips back into Eddie. "Gonna ... make ... it ... fit."

"She certainly has a can-do attitude." Lindsey tore some parchment paper and put it on a sheet pan. Her tone was light, but the rutting was getting to her. It was impressive to see this girl throw herself onto what must have been her first real penis.

"How ... deep ... Eddie?" Ella's strange wail was only interrupted by her strained words.

“You love ... the cock ... huh?” Eddie slid his hands into place on her hips. Her ass was still too small for him. Their relative size made him self-conscious about his belly. But otherwise, this was better than expected. “It’s about ... halfway ... in.”

“It feels like ... you put a tree ... in meeeeeeeeeeeeeee.” Ella wiggled her hips, trying to stretch herself around his cock.

“It takes some time getting used to.” Eddie looked over at his mother. “How long before you got used to it?”

“I still haven’t gotten used to it, honey.” Lindsey put some carrots into the oven. “But the first time it took ...” She screwed up her face while thinking. “... about five minutes to feel good. And then another five to feel *really* good. And by the look on your friend’s face, I’d say it’s already feeling pretty sweet.” She quickly turned away from them so Eddie wouldn’t see the jealousy on her face.



“You’re ... in ... my ... belly.” Ella had come over to pick up something for Samantha. In the short time since she’d knocked on their door, her world had been flipped and scattered. There was no room left in her mind for her friends or the poker painting.

“That’s because ... ughhhhhh ... I’m all the way ... in.” He took a few tentative thrusts. Her pussy was a wet vise. The sensation was delightful. “I ... love your pussy ... Ella. I have to ... uh ... uh ... uh ... fuck more people ... my own age.” He glanced at his mom. “No offence, Mom. You’re great ... too.” He was now

humping Ella in earnest. The fine muscles in her back relaxed each time he pulled back and tensed into little knots when he pushed in.

"That's fine ..." Lindsey reminded herself that when all the other women went home, she was still there for her son. She was the most important woman in his life. "Just watch your language, Eddie. I know you have your needs. But being crass is a decision."

"Sorry ... Mom." Eddie wasn't sorry in the slightest. He'd probably make his mother say some dirty words later. He had learned over the past few days that women could care less about him when he wasn't sweating. After working up a good sweat, they were inclined to give him what he wanted, but some still might bolt. Like his sister had done. Once he had his dick inside them, they would pretty much do whatever he asked. "Hey ... uh ... uh ... Ella ... tell me how much you love ... my cock."

"Nnnnnnngggggggggggggg," Ella said through clenched teeth. Her eyes rolled back and her head bounced each time she absorbed an impact from the rear. Pleasure surged through her like a dry wash hit with a flash flood. Her mind was beyond speech. "Llllllllllvvvvvvvvvvvv."



"Okay ... maybe later." He supposed women gave him what he wanted as much as their brains would allow. Ella was too far gone at the moment. Eddie gripped her hips tighter and concentrated on the mating.

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“Have you heard anything from Ella?” Noah brought Samantha and Kathy glasses of water from the sink.

“Nah.” Kathy shook her head and chugged the water. She wiped her lips, smiled, and handed Noah back the glass. He went to refill it.

Samantha pulled her phone out of her backpack and checked. “Nothing. Just the text about the dogs playing poker.”

“Yeah, okay.” Noah handed Kathy another glass of water and watched her gulp it down.

“So, do we go to your mom’s office and ask the painting directly?” Samantha sipped her water.

“I don’t want to interrupt my mom ... in case she’s ...” Noah’s face darkened.

“If she’s ... you know ... shouldn’t we *try* to interrupt her?” Samantha put her phone back in her backpack.

“Good point.” Noah nodded.

Kathy looked back and forth between her friends. Noah and Samantha seemed to be on a different wavelength than her lately. “And what about Jimmy’s warning? About me and the Painted Lady. And about Ella coming over here.”

“He looked at me and said ‘Don’t let Ella come over.’ I’m not sure he meant don’t let her come over here. Maybe it was my house ... or something else.” Samantha rubbed her forehead. “I wish I’d asked Jimmy what he meant. I was too confused by how he was acting.”

“He was acting crazy. I think it’s safe to ignore anything he said.” Noah balled his fists. *The less time they spent thinking about Jimmy Ronning the better.* “So, let’s try my mom’s office.” Noah led the way.

Samantha put down her glass and followed, Kathy between them. Her tall friend always moved like an athlete, but Kathy’s



body now had an additional languid grace. Samantha flexed her arm. Her muscles hadn't grown, but she'd experimented with her strength throughout the day. She wondered who was stronger now that she'd taken the deal, her basketball star friend or petite Samantha? Then she remembered Kathy carrying both her and Ella with ease. She would probably defer to her friend's strength.

"Mom? Are you in here?" Noah peeked around the open doorway. He audibly exhaled when he found the office empty. He turned on the lights and closed the door after them. His mother had never said anything about his not being allowed in her office. Despite that, he felt like he was trespassing. "Mrs. Palmer?" He walked slowly across the room toward the painting with his hands in front of him, like he was approaching a wild animal. No one moved in the painting. Noah frowned. There were only two subjects present. Thomas was missing. "We need to talk, Mrs. Palmer." As he studied the artwork, Mr. Palmer turned and walked out of frame and disappeared. Noah blinked. Eloise sat like a statue. He turned to his friends. "Did you see that?"

"Yeah ... dude wanted no part of this." Kathy tried to chuckle, but it came out strained. Heat ran up and down her body. Her ears filled with the crashing waves of her pulse. *I should be outside ... running.* She looked around the room, trying to fight the sensation that the walls were closing in on her.

"I'm getting a bad feeling. Maybe we should have listened to Jimmy." Samantha twisted her blond hair in her hand. "We can find another way to protect Kathy from her -"



"Did you say Kathy is here?" Eloise stood and walked to the foreground of the painting, shielded her eyes like she was looking a great distance, and gazed out at them. "Kathy Bly? Oh, goody." Eloise clapped her hands and seamlessly stepped into the office, leaving the painting empty.

"I feel ... I feel ..." Kathy's mind swam.

"Hello, Mrs. Palmer." Samantha could hear her tall friend's heavy breathing. She put a hand on Kathy's back. "Don't be scared. It's okay."

Kathy wasn't frightened in the least. She was hungry.

"Kathy, this is Mrs. Eloise Palmer. Mrs. Palmer, this is Kathy." Noah stepped between them.

“Charmed.” Eloise’s smile faded as she moved closer to the teenagers. She pulled her hand back from an offered shake.

“Kathy?” Noah looked over at his friend. She was breathing so heavily he could see her shoulders rising and falling. Her tongue hung out of her mouth. “What the ... ? Your tongue ... it’s ... *long*.” He took an involuntary step back.

“You’re scaring me, Kathy.” Samantha stepped away, too, angling toward Noah.

“The woman before you is a lie. Her spurious world will swiftly die.” Kathy took a step toward Eloise and paused before shifting her weight as if testing the floor. She could smell a wild scent wafting off the Painted Lady. Kathy’s nostrils flared. Eloise was the queen bitch of a rival pack, intent on marking Kathy’s territory and making it her own. A low growl vibrated from the back of Kathy’s throat.

“Hello ... Kathy ... I’ve been wanting to meet you.” It was Eloise’s turn to hold her hands up like an animal tamer. “If we could have a conversation, I’m sure we could –”

Noah watched in horror as Kathy launched herself at Eloise. They crashed together, and the force of the attack carried them across the room. Before he could get another word out, Kathy pinned Eloise’s back to the painting.

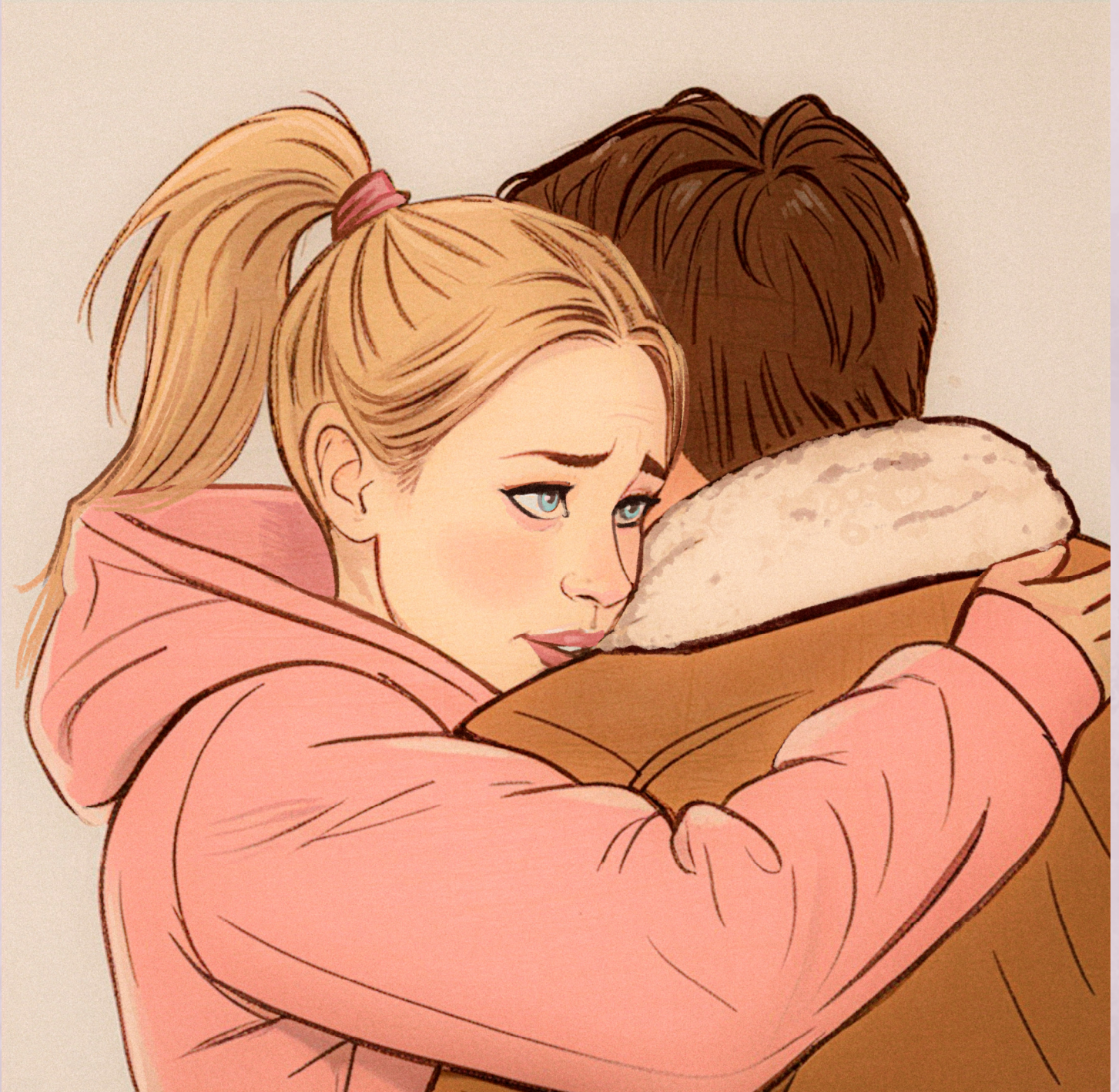
“Stop this ... at once ... young lady.” Eloise turned her face to the side, her lips pressed together when Kathy’s long tongue probed her icy cheek.

“Kathy ... don’t!” Samantha reached for Noah and they hugged each other for want of a better plan. Slowly, the struggling women pushed into the wall. It took Samantha a moment to realize they were sliding into the painting. “The painting!” But it was too late. Both Kathy and Eloise tumbled into the painting. Now just pigment and brushstrokes, they tumbled and struggled in front of the rosebush. Eloise managed to free herself long enough to reach for her chair, but only managed to push it on its side. Kathy got hold of one of the woman’s ankles and dragged her. The last Noah and Samantha saw of them, Eloise was clawing the ground for purchase. And then they vanished out of frame.



“Kathy?” Noah tried to keep the panic out of his voice. “Kathy!?” He approached the painting. Eloise’s chair was still on its side and a patch of flowers was uprooted. He could see Eloise’s clutching finger marks in the dirt. The world squeezed in on Noah, and his lungs took shallower and shallower breaths.

“Holy ... shit!” Samantha stared at the painting. “Noah?” She turned to her friend. He was wheezing in her arms. “It’s one of your attacks. Shit ... shit ... what do I do?” They were too late to save Clover Falls. And it seemed that Samantha was even too late to save her friends. She was torn between racing to find Jessica and staying with her friend. She decided she couldn’t leave him all alone with the painting, so she pulled him close like his mother had done and stroked his back. “Shh ... it’s going to be okay. I’m here. I’m here. It’s going to be okay.” But she knew they had wandered far, far away from okay.



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Ella lay on the dining room floor, her legs spread wide. She looked up at Eddie and his mother eating dinner like this was all normal. He was naked, Mrs. Owens still wore her dress. Ella opened her mouth to say something, but didn't know what would come out. She needed someone to bring some sanity back into that house. It clearly wasn't going to be Lindsey Owens, who nibbled on some broccoli and ignored Ella. "Where's your dad?"

"She speaks." Eddie laughed and looked down at her. "He's in the living room. He always zones out when I get ... frisky. Another hour or two and he'll be asking about dinner. You should probably close your legs before then."

"He just sits there ... while you ...?" Ella closed her legs and sat up.

Eddie shrugged. "That's what he does. I think deep down he knows Mom needs what I've got, so he just gets himself out of the way."

"Now ... Eddie." Lindsey blushed but didn't argue.

"Wait ... your dad was in the house the whole time I've been here. He listened to ... what we did. *Both* your parents know?" Ella looked for some clothes to cover herself up, but her things weren't in the dining room. She covered her boobs with her arm and her pussy with her hand.

"He's in the living room ... like I said." Eddie picked up a piece of broccoli and tossed it onto the floor. "Are you hungry? You were working really hard for ..." He checked the clock. "... a couple hours."

"I have to go." Ella stood on shaky legs.

"Sure, you could go. Or we could go for one more round." Eddie smiled pleasantly at her. "After today, no more dick for you. So, if you want to get the Big D out of your system, this is your chance."

Ella looked at Lindsey.



"I live here, sweetie." She raised an eyebrow. "I get to have it all the time."

"Um ..." Ella licked her lips. "I don't know."

"I think it's time for that blowjob lesson. You're going to love having it in your mouth." Eddie picked up his phone and sent out a text. "I just asked Mrs. Wright to come back over. She can tutor you and whatnot. Let me tell you, that woman can do things with her tongue that you wouldn't believe." Eddie rubbed his chin. "Well, actually, you would believe it. She's amazing with those toes, right?"

"What do you want me to do?" Ella's voice dropped. "If this is really the last time ..."

"Climb under the table like a good bitch and get to know my dick." Eddie spread his legs for emphasis. "I'm going to continue having a pleasant dinner with my mother. When Mrs. Wright comes over, she'll help you with the finer points." He looked over at Ella, who stood staring at him, her breasts still covered with her arm. "Well? Get to it."

Ella dropped to her knees and crawled under the table. If Eddie hadn't had that intoxicating dick, there would have been an Ella-shaped hole in the door. But he did. And she couldn't pass up on one more round with it. When she got close, she could smell the sex on him. Their combined cum was pungent and overpowering. He was soft now but still much longer than she would have thought possible. His penis hung off the front of his seat, its many veins forming little ridges. She reached out and touched it. Electricity moved through her fingers. In no time at all, she was nursing it back to life with her mouth.



"You under-salted the broccoli, Mom." Eddie was still munching away.

"I'm sorry, Eddie. Would you like me to get the salt?" Lindsey pushed her chair back and headed into the kitchen without being asked. When she returned, her son had his head leaned back and his eyes closed. Lindsey didn't think Ella would need much training from Debra based on her son's reaction. But no one had asked Lindsey what she thought. She sprinkled salt on his food, sat in her seat, and continued her dinner.

