

Chapter 15



The Palmer Legacy

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Palmer Legacy 14

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The Rest of Clover Falls Could Burn

“Thomas! Thomas!” Eloise twisted away from Kathy’s grip, pushed her into the rosebush, and ran into the mansion. She paused, wondering where best to hide. It was quiet and still. Thomas didn’t show. He wasn’t going to save her. He was busy with Jessica Reader.

The rhythmic *tick ... tock ...* of the grandfather clock beat much slower than her pumping heart. Or maybe it beat with her actual heart. What was her current body but a shadow of a dream? A howl reverberated through the doorway. She slammed the door. Would her husband’s evil room work? She imagined what the bear could do to the young Miss Bly and shuddered. She didn’t want to kill the poor girl.

The front door thumped and rattled on its hinges. She had spent too long deciding. She raced toward the living room. She could hear wood splinter and glass crash to the floor behind her. She hadn’t been hunted in over a century. It was almost thrilling. Almost.

“A painted house and painted door.” Kathy snarled. She pulled off her socks and shoes and tossed them away. Her bare toes pressed into the polished wood floor. “Now I’m hunting a painted ...” A scent caught her. She lifted her nose and followed the woman’s trail. She moved to her right down a hallway, past the kitchen. At the end of the hall was a large living room with a roaring fire. Kathy tore at her clothes as she entered, shredding them. Soon she was wearing only her panties and one leg of her leggings.

Eloise paused, her hand on the hidden switch that opened the hearth. She turned toward the predator who had clearly been reduced to her most basic instincts. She put her hands on her hips and gave Kathy an icy smile. “You’ll find me implacable. It would be best if we talked things out.”



As Kathy leapt across the room, her mind glanced off the surface of several thoughts. There were trophies of dead animals on the walls. She hated that. Her quarry looked so similar to Noah's mother that Kathy's heart almost melted. Jessica Reader had always been warm and kind to Kathy. And she was ... beautiful. Kathy reached out as she flew through the air, grasping at the woman.



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“Wait ... ugh ... wait ... Thomas.” Jessica was bent over the sink in the main floor bathroom. Her dress was up around her waist and her panties down around her ankles. Thomas’s majestic, frigid penis thrust into her from behind. She stifled her grunts and listened. It was hard to hear anything with the door closed and the slapping of her butt cheeks on Thomas’s hips. “Wait.”

“I cannot wait ... uh ... uh ... uh ... and neither can ... you.” Thomas reached for her hair, but she turned and dislodged him before he could grab on.

“Just ... wait.” Jessica panted and listened. There it was again. The sound of Samantha screaming Jessica’s name. There weren’t many things that could get her to willingly leave Thomas right after they started, but the thought

that her son was in trouble was certainly one. “I ... have to ... go.” She pulled up her panties and dropped her dress. “I’m sorry. If it’s nothing, I’ll be right back. Stick around.” She kissed his cheek and left the bathroom.

It occurred to Jessica that she’d forgotten about dinner again. Maybe Samantha was calling for her because she and Noah were hungry. No, she was too polite a girl to do that. She heard her scream again. That didn’t sound like hunger. It sounded like desperation. Had something terrible happened to Noah? “Sam ... honey?” She heard the scream again and located it. They were in her office. She changed directions and ran down the hall.

“Mrs. Reader! Mrs. Reader!” Samantha held Noah close. She could hear him gasping. “Breathe ... Noah ... breathe.” She rubbed his back hard, trying to break the panic that gripped him.

“Oh ... my. Another one?” Jessica swept into her office and raced across the room. She dropped to her knees next to the eighteen-year-olds. “Give him to me, honey.” She held out her arms and took her son. She gently rested his head against the upper slope of her bosom and caressed his hair. “Mommy’s here. It’s okay, Noah. Mommy’s here.”

Samantha scooted back until she reached the wall. She felt herself an intruder to an intimate moment. Thankfully, the Readers seemed perfectly unaware of her. Samantha breathed a sigh of relief when she saw Noah’s back expand with a breath. She wondered what Jessica could do that Samantha couldn’t. She watched them lovingly cuddle, and then Noah lifted his head off his mother’s breast.

“I’m ... okay ... Mom.”

Noah looked into his mother’s beguiling green eyes. With his face near her cleavage and her warm, spicy breath on him, he was so close to his recurring dreams. “But Kathy ... she fell into ... the painting.”

“Shh.” Jessica put a finger to his lips. His full, strong lips. She didn’t focus on his words, she was so drawn to his comely face. Her whole body buzzed from her interrupted session with Thomas. She was high on bliss, but also frustratingly cut off from it. And Noah was hers, and full of life, and his face was so easy to look at. She could see the shape of her own eyes in his, and they had almost the same nose. He had his father’s jaw, but ... Jessica found her lips pressed against his. She had kissed him without meaning to. Rather than recoil, her tongue slipped into his mouth. A thrill went down her spine when he kissed her back. They had done this before, and the familiarity rushed back to her. Her vagina was wet from Thomas, but it was still gushing without him. She was creaming for her son. “Mmmpppppphhhhhhh.” She ran her hand up the back of his head, took a fistful of hair, and pressed his face into hers.





Samantha tried to say something, but no words came out. Her jaw dropped. She could do nothing but stare. After what she'd seen with her own mother and brother, this seemed almost wholesome, and ... she had been horny ever since she took the deal. Now her libido went into overdrive. *Noah's kissing his mom right in front of me. Noah's kissing his mom. He's kissing his mom. Noah's kissing his mom.* Her mind was stuck in a loop. She fought to keep her hands from touching herself. The Readers would notice her eventually.

"Mmmmmpppphhhhhh." Noah melted in his mother's arms. This was different than the first time they kissed. There was more passion. More longing. And he was ... hornier. He allowed himself to think of his mother's curves, to run his hands along them. He let the crashing wave of the moment roll over him. She was more than her lofty position in his life. She was a woman. A gorgeous woman who

was clearly into him. He was well and truly lost for what seemed like an eternity. And then Kathy popped back into his mind, and he broke the kiss.

"Oh ... Noah." Jessica stared blankly at her son's face, only inches from hers. Her eyelids fluttered, her lips parted, and she slowly leaned in for another kiss.

"No ... Mom." Noah scrambled away from her. He backed right into Samantha. His heart froze. She'd been sitting there the whole time. He didn't wallow in his shame. "Kathy. Kathy fell into the painting, Mom."

"What?" Jessica wiped her lips with the back of her hand. She looked at the smeared lipstick on her skin like it was some sort of mystery.

Samantha came to a decision. She would completely ignore what had just happened and focus on saving the people that needed saving. "Kathy was in a fight with Mrs. Palmer. They were struggling and fell into the painting."

"Nonsense." Jessica slowly stood and looked at the work of art. It was bereft of subjects. "Where did they all go?" Well, Thomas was probably still in the bathroom. *Did a painted man need to masturbate if his partner left before they finished their sex?* Frederick always disappeared whenever the others started moving. And Eloise was ... she was ... "Eloise wouldn't hurt anyone." Jessica prayed that was true. Her blood ran cold.

"She didn't start the fight, Mom. Kathy did." Noah explained what had happened.

While Noah talked to his mom, Samantha tested the canvas with her finger. It was as solid as could be. There was no way inside that she could see. The fallen chair and Eloise's finger marks in the dirt were the only evidence that Kathy had fallen into the painting.

When her son finished his story, Jessica ran her fingers through her copper hair. She took several deep breaths. "Not long ago, I would have said you were crazy. But I've seen things ... all sorts of things. So, Eloise has been *talking* to you, Noah?" She tried to gauge his reaction. She wondered if the Painted Lady had seduced her son. Then she wondered what the two of them would look like entwined. The thought flustered her, and she decided that would be one of the many things she would pointedly not think about.

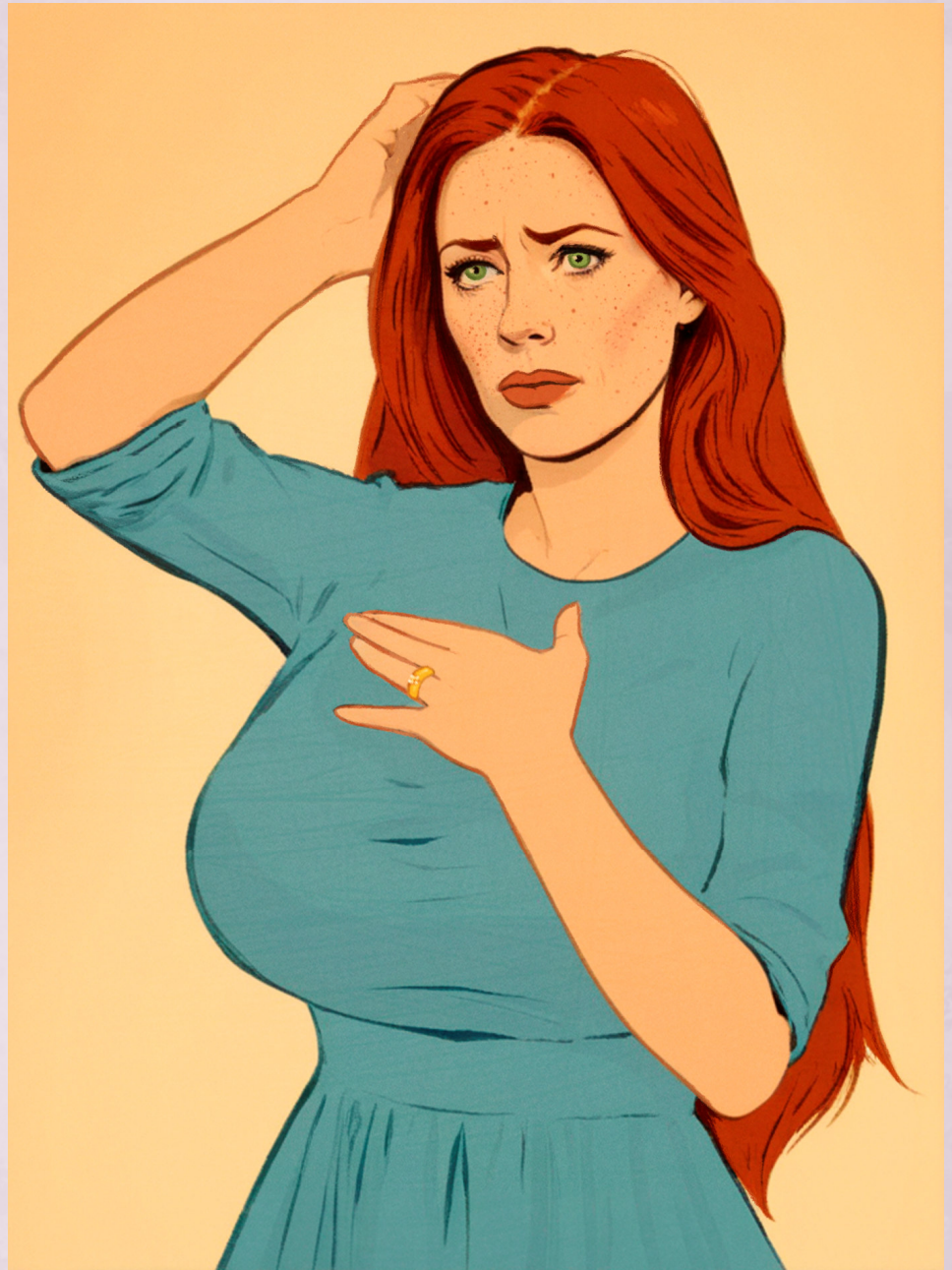
"Yes, she offered to help us with the other paintings." Noah looked to Samantha for support. How much should they tell his mom?

"Strange things have been happening in Clover Falls." Samantha told their tale, almost all of it. She was light on descriptions, however.

"Oh ... my ... oh ... my, my, my." Jessica turned and sat heavily in her desk chair. "I've been recommending The Belle Dame to clients. How many people have I ...?" She looked at the teenagers. She almost told them the nefarious

and erotic deeds she had committed. But she couldn't bring herself to do it. "Sweet Margaret Vitova. I had her buy that painting with the two queens. And Peggy Ronning purchased that one with the family looking at a strange Rubik's cube. And ..." She thought about all of them. Wondering what had become of them. What did those paintings mean? She turned her focus back to Noah and Samantha. "How do we rescue Kathy? Tell me what to do. And I'll do it."

"I don't know." Noah felt panic building in him again. When Samantha slipped her hand in his, the gesture calmed him. "Mrs. Palmer was our only lead to help Kathy. And now she's gone."



“There’s another Palmer that might help us.” Jessica stood and headed out of the office. “Come on.” She looked over her shoulder to make sure the teenagers were following her. It warmed her heart to see them holding hands. Thank goodness she hadn’t blown it for Noah when she’d kissed him in front of that sweet girl.



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"I don't like the way Paul has been behaving the last few days. And you're enabling him." Matthew frowned at his wife. They sat on the sofa in his office, overlooking the backyard.

"Paul and I have always been close, Matthew." Shannon plastered the best smile she could on her face. "We raised him to honor his mother and father. He loves us."

"You let him skip several days of school. And he hardly comes out of his room." Matthew shivered. Somehow the thought of his son coming out of his room was worse than him hiding in it. "You're too easy on him. *Whoever spares the rod hates his son, but he who loves him is diligent to discipline him.*"

"Are you planning on using your rod, Dad?" Paul ambled into his father's office and stood before his parents. He had his hands behind his back. His writhing penis was full and obvious under his corduroys. He wanted both parents to see. His mother would know he needed her attention. And his father would understand what was replacing him. "I see you've both noticed." He smiled when their gazes fixed on his crotch.



"There's something going on ..." Matthew's words trailed off.

"Take a hike, Dad. Mom and I want to be alone." Paul continued to smile pleasantly.

"How dare you talk to me that way. You're eighteen. I'm your father. This is my office. If you and your mother have something to discuss you can -" Matthew was interrupted.

"I'm going to use my rod on Mom." Paul chuckled. A rush of pleasure surged through him. He had always been his parents' humble servant. Now he had all the power. God's power. Paul only served Him now.

"Okay." Matthew lowered his head, stood, and quickly exited the office, closing the door after him.

Shannon stared at her son. "This has gone too far, Paul." Her face was slack. She could almost taste his saltiness in her mouth and the ecstasy that came with it. "What I've been doing with you has to stay a secret. Your father suspects now. What if he asks me directly? I can't lie to him."

"Oh, he knows. Did you see the way he looked at me when he closed the door? I like that he knows." Paul shrugged. "Now, we don't have to hide."

"Paul, dearest, I think we should stop and think -"

"I've been talking to Mary in the painting, and she says it's time for some changes." Paul lowered his pants and underwear. He kicked them away, and they landed on his father's desk. "You know how you keep saying that you try to make your mouth feel like a vagina when you give me oral sex?"

Shannon nodded slowly. She gazed at the miraculous wonder between his legs. His poor testicles were a very frustrated shade of blue. "Don't you like when I do that, sweetie?"

"Yeah, sure. But I think it's time we cut out the middle man or ... um ... the middle mouth." He took her hand and pulled her to her feet. He removed her dress, bra, and panties. She didn't help him, but she didn't hinder his efforts either. "Gosh, Mom. I think your boobs are getting bigger." He pushed her back down on the sofa. She looked up at him with expectation.

"I think you're right." Shannon's eyes were wide with wonder. She reached out and stroked his penis, a movement that had become an almost reflexive action around her son. It quieted in her hands, bringing her pride at having tamed it yet again. "My breasts have been achy too. I feel almost like I'm going through a second puberty." She leaned her mouth toward his penis, but he moved before she could suck him in.

"Cool." Paul spread her legs and squatted between them. It was awkward with her sitting on the sofa, but he didn't think to move her. His only thought was to put it inside her. Apparently, his smaller head had the same idea. It squirmed as if it could see her opening and pushed its way in.

"Oooooooohhhhhhhhhhh. It's too ... big." Shannon's face twisted.



"Your mouth doesn't need to ... ugh ... be a vagina anymore. Your vagina is the only vagina I need." Paul watched her carefully. He would remember this moment forever. Her eyes bulged and her mouth opened and closed repeatedly. She looked like a fish out of water. He leaned his hips into her and let his penis slide in. "Your mouth ... is good ... but this ... is better. It's tight ... so tight."

"Oh ... Paul." She held out her arms to him like she was welcoming him home after long travels.

"A good son does not ... uggghhhhhh ... spare his mother ... the rod." He pulled his hips back and thrust forward. He did this again and again. Soon, they were violently smashing together. He watched her breasts shake and jiggle as her body absorbed what he gave her. Her silver cross bounced from one boob to the other. "Will you ... be a good mommy ... uh ... uh ... uh ... and take the rod?"



“Yes ... Paul ... yes ... Paul.” She found that he hadn’t destroyed her as she’d feared. He fit better than her husband ever had. His penis moved inside her, seeking out her weak points. “God ... made us ... so that we might ... fit together ... like this. It’s ... oooohhhhhhhhh ... His plan. And I’m ... oohhhhhhhhhh ... going to ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” She tried to throw her head back, but the sofa prevented her. Instead, she pressed into the cushion, her body rigid. Over the last few days, when she had swallowed his seed, she had been transported to Heaven. What would it be like to take his sperm in her womb? Would it be even better? She was going to find out. Her first orgasm ripped through her. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” She hit a high continuous note that was loud enough for Matthew to hear anywhere in the house. Heck, her neighbors might have heard her. Shannon didn’t care in the slightest.

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"My ... you are a strong one." Eloise stood with her back pressed to the hearth. Her dress was in tatters, some of the fabric burning by her feet where the roaring fire had ignited it. Kathy pressed her face to Eloise's vagina. Eloise might have scissored her head and twisted her into the fire. But she had other plans. Also, the long tongue inside of her was ... surprisingly delightful. "You mean to conquer ... my crinkum crankum, is that it?" She felt silly for running from this.

"Nnnnnnngggggggggggg." Kathy's tongue was quite warm, but the inside of Eloise was like ice. They fought a war of relative temperature, even as their physical struggle was over.

"Well ... mmmmmmmnnnnn ... congratulations." Eloise reached out her hand to the hidden switch and flipped it. The fireplace opened, revealing the passage behind. "If you had said my crinkum crankum was ... your plan from the beginning ... I would have surrendered right away. But I thought ... you intended to ... eat me in a different way."

Kathy wished the woman would be quiet. She dug her nails into Eloise's ass and worked the spot on the roof of her pussy with her tongue.

"Oooohhhhhhhhhhh ... where did you ... learn that?" Eloise slowly edged into the dark passageway.

"Mmmpppphhhhhh." Kathy was so focused on her work, that she didn't notice where they were going. She thought the Painted Lady was simply trying to edge away from her. She held on tightly and continued her work. Eloise tasted different than Kathy's mother. There was not much tang, but lots of sweet.

"Ohhhh ... ohhhhhh ... ooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Eloise ran her fingers through the eighteen-year-old's black hair. Kathy kept it trimmed to just above her shoulders, shorter than Eloise would like. She wound her fingers into it and let an orgasm overtake her. When she was done trembling, she pulled the girl gently up. They were well within the passage now. Once standing, Kathy bent and kissed her. It wouldn't be easy to navigate the stairs while locking lips, but Eloise could do it. She backed down the first stair and Kathy followed, her tongue occasionally gagging Eloise. Of course, she was well-practiced in taking a long cudgel down her throat. She allowed Kathy to rake her back with her fingernails, and otherwise handle her as she wished, so long as they continued their slow descent.





“Mmmpppphhhhhhhh.” Kathy luxuriated in the woman’s submission. This fine, pale creature with freckled skin now allowed Kathy whatever she wanted. This alpha bitch of another pack could belong to her pack as a beta. They stopped descending and Kathy lifted her into her arms. They continued to make out, ice and fire pressing together. Eloise was tender and receptive. Kathy brash and daring. It was a lovely pairing. Eventually they broke the kiss. Kathy still held Eloise dangling in the air so that they were face to face. She stared at the woman’s beauty. Her hunger grew, and she lowered her mouth to waiting breasts. She licked and kissed her way around the soft, heavy flesh.

“Oooohhhhhhhh ... that’s nice,” Eloise purred. “So lovely to find a woman with a taste for ruby-tipped globes. Aaaahhhhhhhh ... yes ... chew on them ... but not too rough.”

Kathy did as she liked. She pressed Eloise up against the stone wall and moved her face from one breast to the other.

“When you ... ooohhhhhhhh ... have a moment.” Eloise almost didn’t want to put an end to their playtime. She would have to figure this girl out, maybe they could meet again without enmity or surrender. Eloise couldn’t roll over and

show her belly every time. She held Kathy’s hair and gently pulled her head away from her breast so that they were eye to eye. “If you’ll look to your right, you’ll see a window.”

“A window?” Kathy looked. Indeed, a window was set in the curving wall. Through it she could see her own house. Her parents were arguing. She set Eloise down and moved to the glass. She couldn’t hear what they wear saying but it was heated. “My parents.”

“I can’t be sure, but I think they need you.” Eloise stepped up behind Kathy. She softly caressed the shapely ass in front of her. Their skin contrasted beautifully. “And I’m not sure what to do with you here, in *my* house.” The tone of her voice sharpened on the last three words.

A rhyme swam into Kathy’s mind. “Wicked is the home with the grizzly clock. You might want –” She didn’t have time to brace herself. Eloise shoved her butt hard and Kathy lost her balance and toppled into the window. But she wasn’t met with glass. Instead, Kathy slipped inside and tumbled. With a heavy thud she landed in her own living room.

Joe and Adeline stopped shouting and turned to look at the commotion. Their daughter, naked but for a small torn section of her leggings, lay in a heap on the floor. Kathy collected herself and slowly rose to her feet.

On the other side of the window, Eloise slapped her hands together like she was removing dust. She settled in to watch what would happen next in the Bly household. "I still have no idea what I'm doing."

"This isn't like old times." Thomas, fully dressed, came around the turn of the stairway. "You always had a plan."

"Where were you?" Eloise gave him a crooked smile. "Miss Bly nearly devoured me whole."

"You seem intact, Mother." Thomas smiled back and peered through the window. He nodded approvingly and pulled away from the glass. He eyed his mother's nakedness and quickly dropped his trousers. "I was with Mrs. Reader. And then I had a devil of a hard time finding you."

"Don't speak of him." Eloise put her hands on the wall next to the window and struck her butt out behind her. She sighed when he entered her. "Let's ... uuuggghhhhhh ... watch what happens ... with Kathy."

"I could just stare at this ... all night." Thomas slapped his mother's ass. "More than a century ... and I never ... uh ... uh ... uh ... grow tired of you." His hips got into a familiar rhythm.

"Me too, Thomas." Eloise watched the window closely. "Now pay ... ah ... attention. We might learn ... something ... by watching ... the Blys."

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Jessica led Noah and Samantha on a search for Thomas from the basement to the attic. But they couldn't find him. When they returned to her office, the painting was still empty. Andrew picked that moment to arrive home from work, and they couldn't very well explain any of their worries to him. So, Jessica took him to the kitchen to make dinner, pretending she had lost track of time while working. Noah and Samantha went up to his room.

"Do you think Kathy's okay?" Samantha sat on the floor cross-legged facing Noah.

"I'm more worried about Eloise." Noah's face was still pale. From Kathy to his panic attack, he'd been through the wringer. "Kathy was wrecking her."

"She's a painting ... so ..." Samantha tried to smile but couldn't do it. She kept picturing Noah kissing his mother. Nerves vibrated throughout her body, and the feeling centered on her pussy. "You have some lipstick ... um ... smudged." She reached a trembling finger to his mouth and wiped.

"Sorry. It must have freaked you out seeing that, Sam." He let her clean him up. The caring focus on her face as she furrowed her eyebrows buoyed his spirits. "I meant to stop Mom, but ..."

"It's okay, Noah. It actually seemed ... um ..." Samantha stared at his full lips. She couldn't believe that they had been pressed against his mother's pretty mouth not long ago.



"Sam? You're staring."

"Oh, sorry." Samantha dropped her hand. He still had lipstick smeared on him. The world was coming apart around her, and she had utterly failed to help anyone. She needed something to anchor her. She needed ...

"Sam?" Noah watched his friend lean toward him with the most intense kiss-me face he'd ever seen. The primacy of the moment was exactly what he needed. He let all his worries fall away. He closed his eyes. Her kiss was timid at first. Even the first time his mom had kissed him, she had a confidence that Samantha lacked. The shock that he was kissing one of his best friends, and that he was comparing her to his mother almost fractured the moment. But then Samantha slid her tongue past his lips and played with him gently. He circled his arms around her and let his tongue dance with hers. He moved his hips to make sure his boner wouldn't press into her.



Samantha leaned back. "I like kissing you, Noah." Her smile was warm and genuine. She planted her lips back on his before he could answer. He was getting better by the moment, or maybe they were getting more comfortable. She pulled off his shirt, breaking the kiss again. "Noah ... are you ... okay with this?" She smiled when he nodded back at her. She found his lean frame adorable. Normally she liked guys with some muscle. It was obvious to her that she was crushing hard. She kissed him again and pushed him onto his back.

"Mmmpppppphhhhhh." Noah was in a daze. He could feel her boobs pressing into his chest through her top. He ran his hands down her sides, thrilled by the flare out to her hips and butt. He knew it was insane, but it didn't matter. The rest of Clover Falls could burn. He wanted only to be in Samantha's arms. He didn't dwell on it. Sanity was on the back burner. What he had with his friend was immediate and real and that's all that mattered.

