

An illustration featuring a man in a red plaid suit on the left, looking surprised with his mouth open. On the right, a woman with long, flowing red hair is shown from behind, wearing a light blue top. The background is dark and textured.

Chapter 16

The Palmer Legacy

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Palmer Legacy 16

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Chapter 16

One More Glimpse of Her Zaftig Form

"I was just telling your mother that I've had enough. This family has become twisted beyond recognition." Joe found that he couldn't meet his daughter's crimson gaze. "Where the devil did you come from, anyway?"

Kathy stalked over to her trembling mother, lifted her, and slung her over her shoulder. "The basement for you tonight, Father." With satisfaction, she watched his shoulders slump and his head sag.

"Okay." Joe walked toward the basement stairs. He paused when his wife's phone rang.



"Give it to her." Kathy turned her back to her father, putting her parents face to face. Kathy and her mother were a study in contrasts. Kathy tall, and curvy, with only the torn leg of her leggings on. Her features were dark. Her mother wore a conservative dress, her blond ponytail hanging next to her face, and her skin even more pale than normal.

"Thank you, dear." Adeline took the phone from her husband. "It's Jessica Reader. Should I answer it?" she said to Kathy.

"Yeah." Kathy had no idea where her own phone was. It was either in her backpack at the Readers' house, or she'd dropped it in the painting when she'd shed her clothes. She thought there was a good chance that her friends were calling to check up on her, and she didn't want them coming over.

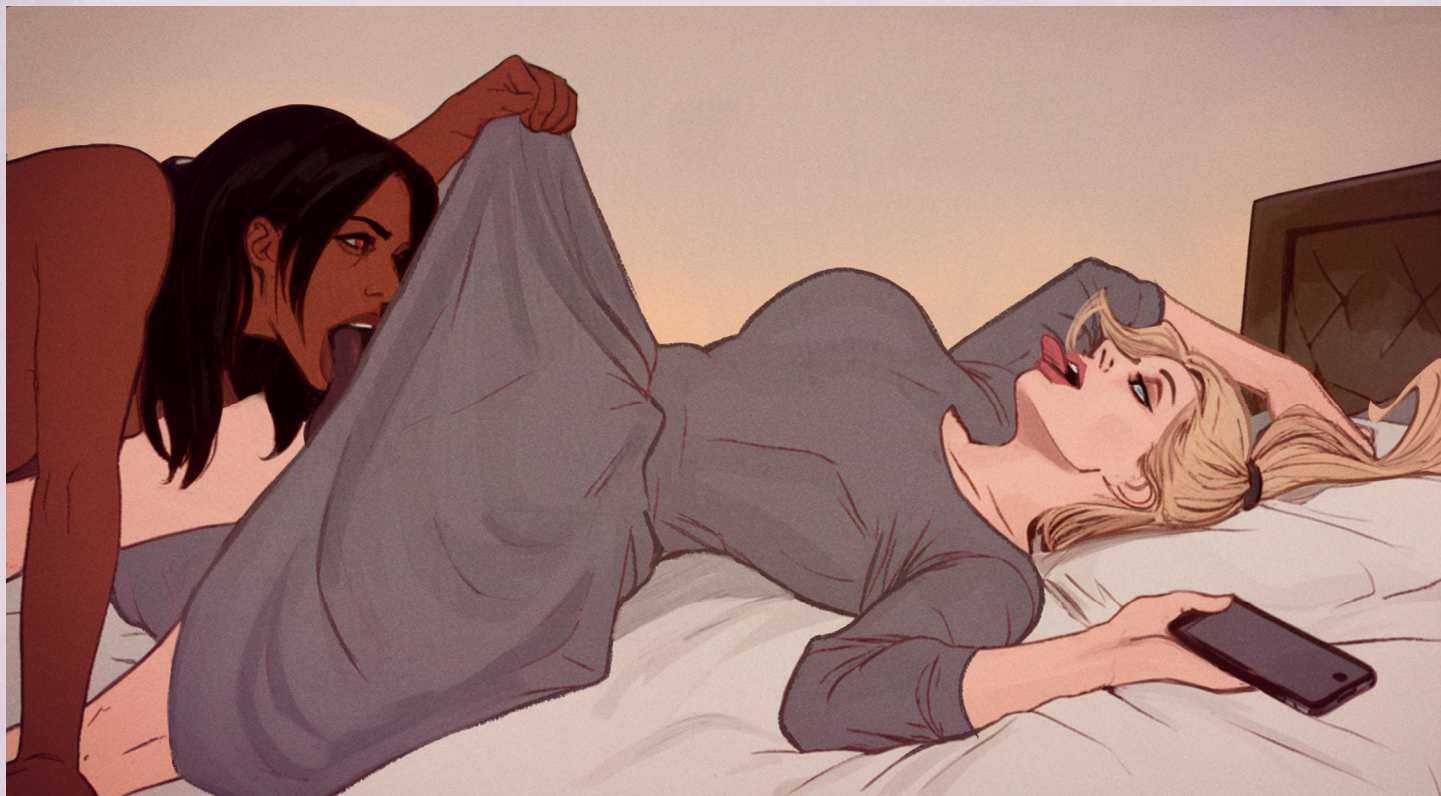
Joe disappeared into the basement.

"Hello, Jessica?" Adeline held the phone to her ear as her daughter carried her upstairs. "No ... she's home with me. Yes ... everything's fine. Kathy's just ..." She squealed when Kathy pinched her butt. "We're watching T.V. Oh ... it's just a dumb show ... I'm ... ugh ..." Adeline lost her breath when her daughter dropped her on the bed. She put her hand over the

microphone. "Don't tear my clothes ... I'll take them off. Just let me get rid of Jessica."

Kathy paused her hands on the bust of her mother's dress. She relented and didn't shred the material. Instead, she moved down, lifted up the hem of her dress, and crawled under it.

"Sorry, Jessica. Yes ... no ... oooohhhhhhhh ... everything's fine ... still." Adeline's eyes rolled as she tried to fight the pleasure. Not ten minutes ago she had told her husband that nothing would happen with Kathy ever again. That it was some sort of temporary insanity. They had been so convinced they could control their daughter right until the second she had come tumbling out of nowhere and stared at them with her glowing eyes. So freakish. And that devilish tongue that hung past her chin. The same tongue that was now deep inside her pussy. Adeline's lunacy seemed like it might be permanent. "Yes ... I have to go ... but everyone is doing ... A-okay ... really ... goodbye ... Jessica." She disconnected and let the phone fall to the bed, forgotten.



"Mpppphhhhhhhhhh." Kathy worked her mother. After the night before, she had learned her buttons. Her mouth was already flooded with her mother's excitement.

"Oh ... shit ... I thought ... fucking ... Jessica Reader ... would never ... get off the ... fucking phone." Adeline let the cursing flow out of her. She had no idea that so much was pent-up inside. "Are we going to ... goddamn ... fuck all night ... again?" She grabbed the sheets in her fists and writhed. She looked down at the massive lump under her dress that was her daughter. She could see her head nod. "You're digging me ... out ... Kath ... you're changing me ... I ... I ... I'm going ... crazy!" Her yell bounced in the room. She wondered if her husband could hear them from his hiding spot in the basement. "Oooohhhhhhhhhhh."

Kathy worked her mother through a thrashing climax. She dug her nails into her mother's ass to hold her hips in place.

"You got ... me ... you got me ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhh." Adeline calmed a little as her orgasm passed. She reached for her wedding ring, pulled it off her finger, and tossed it away. She heard it clank against something and it was gone. "I thought ... last night ... was a fluke ... but this is ... my new ... fucking ... religion ... Kath."

"Mmmmmppppphhhhh." Kathy worked her mother's pussy. She was the alpha, and she was ready to expand her pack. But first, she had a night to spend with her mother.

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Jessica opened her son's door. "Noah, honey. I just talked to Adeline Bly, and she says Kathy is fine. There's no reason to ... oh!" Jessica's cheeks turned scarlet when she saw what the eighteen-year-olds were up to. "I'm so sorry, I should have knocked." She turned her face away from them, but watched the teenagers pull apart out of the corner of her eye. Noah's lean chest was on full display, and she could see the large lump in his pants. Samantha was blushing almost as much as she was. She wore leggings and an overflowing sports bra that she covered with her arms.

"Thanks ... Mom." Noah searched for his shirt on the floor.



Hailey walked down the hall and stopped behind her mother, peering into the room. "Right on, little bro. I knew you were hitting that. It's a fucking party in here."

"Hailey!" Jessica turned toward her daughter. "How dare you talk like that. Go to your room."

Hailey shrugged. "I'm going to crash. See you tomorrow."

Jessica waved a hand in front of her nose to disperse the scent of alcohol and ... other things ... that wafted off her daughter. Maybe she would have to figure out what was going on at the Keitaro house. Lauren was such a sensible woman. Jessica couldn't imagine that she would let her daughter drink all day with Hailey. Jessica's blood ran cold. *What if Lauren had one of the paintings?*

"Thank you for telling us about Kathy, Mrs. Reader." Samantha pulled her dress back on. "We were really worried."

"Right ... um ... yes." She looked back toward the teenagers. "Of course you were worried. But whatever you think you saw, it all turned out for the best. You two should come down for dinner. When ... you're ready. I'm sorry for intruding." She closed the door quickly and stood in the hall. Could she let Samantha sleep in Noah's room again after what she'd caught them doing? The old Jessica would never have allowed that. But as she slowly headed downstairs to set the table, she found that the woman she had become was happy for them. "Teenagers should get up to a bit of mischief," she whispered to herself. "Just not too much."

Jessica scowled thinking about what she would do about Hailey's behavior.





“Now, do you remember what you’re going to do?” Eddie was exhausted. He had pounded Ella and Mrs. Wright for hours. As tired as he felt, he could see that Ella was even more out of it. She lay on the bed with his slumbering dick on her thigh. Her vacant eyes looked up at the ceiling. When she didn’t respond, he patted her cheek. His hand came away sticky with drying cum. “I asked a question.”

“She’s going to bring Sam home without anyone else. No Kathy or Noah.” Debra Wright was also naked, covered in cum, and lying on the bed. Her head rested on Ella’s petite shoulder.

“I’m glad you were listening, Mrs. Wright. But I want to hear Ella say it.” Eddie frowned in annoyance. When he wasn’t sweating or rutting his

women, they were more difficult to control.

“I’ll bring Sam ... here ... to your painting ... tomorrow morning at ten.” Ella’s voice was low and slow. “Are you going to ... do it with her ... too?”

Debra snickered. “He’s a one-trick pony, sweetie. You know he is.” She laughed some more. “The size of a pony, too. Goodness, I still can’t believe I found a dick like that after all these years of marriage. It’s like finding a unicorn.” Her chuckles continued. “A really ... hung ... unicorn.”

“Knock it off, Mrs. Wright, or no dick tomorrow.” Eddie smiled when her laughter abruptly vanished. “And on that note, Ella, you won’t get this again ...” He slapped Ella’s thigh a couple times with his heavy, limp cock. “... unless you do as I say. Otherwise, you’re cut off. Got it?”

Ella nodded.

“Okay, go take a shower. Mrs. Wright will help you get cleaned off.” Eddie put his arms behind his head and stared at the poster of a swimsuit model on his wall. *I could have that chick. I could have anyone.* The thought was beyond intoxicating. “I think your clothes are downstairs or something.”

“Okay.” Ella climbed out of bed and stumbled to the door. Debra took her elbow and steadied her.

“Would you like me to clean your toes again?” Debra eyed the eighteen-year-old with optimism.

“Oh ... no thank you ... Mrs. Wright.” Ella was suddenly aware of her nakedness and covered her boobs. “Maybe another time.”

“Okay, dear. I understand.” Debra led her to the shower. She thought about Eddie’s twin. *Maybe Samantha likes her having her toes cleaned?* She wondered if she would find out soon.

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After Andrew had gone to bed, Jessica had a productive session in the bathroom with her dildo. It didn't quite satisfy the itch that had started when she'd had to leave Thomas, but at least it scratched the itch. Exhausted, she went to bed thinking she'd fall right to sleep, but her mind was a whirlwind.



So many paintings in Clover Falls. Were people copulating all over their sleepy town at that very moment? She broke out in a sweat feeling helplessness, guilt, and ... something else. She wondered if Samantha was kissing her son just down the hall. Or ... if they had moved beyond kissing. She imagined the teenagers engaged in vigorous ... activities. As a good mother, she told herself she should check in on them and make sure they weren't making youthful mistakes. She rose from bed, wearing a voluminous nightgown. She was still trying to hide her body from her husband, even though he'd made a comment about her weight during dinner. The bounce-control bras could only do so much concealing.

The hall was dark and quiet. Jessica moved down to Noah's room and listened at the door. She couldn't hear anything. Opening the door softly, she peered in. Ambient light spilled in through the window. She could see her son sleeping on his side, his narrow hips barely curving the blanket. Samantha's more shapely form lay still in her bed on the floor. They weren't up to any funny business. Just sleeping.

The image of her son's full lips flashed in Jessica's mind. The feeling of his tongue on hers was visceral. Without knowing what she was doing, she crept

over to his bed and shook him awake. "Noah? Noah?" Her hand gently nudged his hip side to side.

"Mom?" Noah sat up quickly, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. "What's wrong?"

"Come with me." Jessica rubbed her legs together. Her panties were already sopping. It seemed that someone had set the tap for her vagina to the permanent *on* position. Thank goodness her doctor had told her it was healthy and normal. Although, she doubted most women gushed all day. She turned and walked out of the room. When he didn't follow, she beckoned him.

Bewildered, Noah got up. He straightened out his bunched flannel pajamas and followed his mother. Whatever had happened couldn't be good. She never woke him up in the middle of the night. He carefully stepped around his sleeping friend and followed his mother. When he was out in the hall, he caught sight of her nightgown disappearing down the stairs. He found her waiting for him in the middle of the stairway. "What's going on?"

"Come here, honey." Had she gone completely insane? Probably not. She was thinking clearly for the first time in her life. Thomas was right. When the Painted Man couldn't be with her, why not Noah? He was so full of youthful vigor, and he adored her. And she adored him. When he was close enough, she pulled him into an embrace.

"Mom? I don't understand. What's - mmmppppphhhhhhh." Noah melted into her arms. Her massive tits pressed into his chest, and her sweet tongue was in his mouth again. Kissing her was almost familiar. He didn't turn his hips. He let his erection poke her belly. His hands moved down her sides. The flare of her waist out to her hips was so much more dramatic than with Samantha. And when he reached around to her butt, he found so much more to hold than he had with his friend.

Jessica's fevered mind was in a frenzy. Her hands went under his shirt. His torso didn't bulge, but there were so many tight muscles to run her fingernails over.

"Mmmppppphhhhhhh." She pushed him against the wall with a thump. One of the family portraits that lined the stairway fell and broke with a clatter.

The kiss ended. Mother and son looked upstairs with wide eyes to see if the noise would draw anyone's attention.

"What ... are we doing ... Mom?" Noah let her take his hand and guide him downstairs. They were careful to step around where shards of glass were likely to be. "Should we clean that up before someone -"



"We'll clean it later." Jessica pulled him into the living room. She turned on a lamp, dropped his hand, and faced him. "This feels right, doesn't it, honey?"



"Mom, I ... oh, boy." He watched her remove her nightgown. She was only wearing panties underneath. He had seen her naked through the window, but that was at some distance, and she had been bent over. Now, she was standing right in front of him. She shifted her hips a little to the side, giving him a better angle to ogle her boobs. He didn't pass up the opportunity. "Wow. I mean ... wow." He openly stared at her beauty.

"Well?" Jessica bit her lip. The hunger in his eyes twisted her stomach in knots. The Palmers were right to want this for her and for themselves. Noah was hers, she was his, and together they were perfect.

"I ... um ... I ..." He took a step back, trying to reel in his

mind. "You're beautiful, Mom. But I -" She rushed into his arms. The force of her charge toppled them onto the couch. The body that settled on him was amazingly soft, pliant, and heavy. Her lips pressed against his again. Noah surrendered. It didn't matter if this was wrong or right. It was basic and undeniable, and it was ... happening.

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Samantha could see the light on at the bottom of the stairs. She slowly moved down each step, wondering about the object lying on the carpet about halfway down. By the time she saw it was a broken framed portrait, it was too late to avoid the glass. "Oh, shit!" Her words were a sharp hiss. "Son of a ..." Pain shot from the bottom of her foot up her leg. She leaned against the wall. It took her a moment to collect herself. Carefully, she moved away from the frame and avoided more broken glass. On one foot she hopped down the rest of the stairs, clutching the railing.

Warm light fell out of the living room. She limped toward it. She could hear low voices murmuring. She was about to call out, but then thought better of it. When she peeked into the room, she forgot about her throbbing foot completely.

Wearing only her panties, Jessica leaned against her son, her curving body spilling over his narrow one. They were on the couch. Her boobs rested heavily on his chest, one of her legs was draped over Noah's thighs, and her hand was moving quickly in his lap. Samantha blinked. His dick poked out of his bottoms, and she was lovingly stroking him. The diamond on her finger twinkled at Samantha. Mother and son kissed passionately.

Too many thoughts tried to share Samantha's brain at once. She wondered if her head would explode. Even with his dick out, Noah and Jessica looked almost wholesome together. But maybe that was relative to everything else she'd recently witnessed. She remembered thinking that she'd brought Noah out of



his shell when they made out in his room. And then his mother had caught them, and he'd retreated. And here she was catching him with his mother. As her mind raced, she saw Noah reach for his mother's boob and gently massage it. Her breast was enormous. Her freckles stopped on the upper slopes. The boobs themselves were pale white with meandering blue veins that Samantha could just see from her vantage. Jessica's areolae and nipples were large and pink.

Leaning her shoulder on the wall, Samantha's hand moved under her pajamas and panties. It was not the right thing to do, but her pussy was soaked. They were all being manipulated. That much was plain. But making that realization matter in the moment was impossible. With all her weight on one foot, Samantha masturbated while watching her best friend and his mother.

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Jessica broke the kiss and looked at her son's face from inches away. His expression was pure bliss. He was just how she'd imagined him with Eloise and Thomas's prompting. "Are you happy, honey?" She stroked him with a quickening pace.

"Yes ... I mean ..." Noah stared at her pouting lips. He wanted her with every fiber of his being. Every fiber ... but one. A neuron fired repeatedly in the back of his brain telling him that this was the woman who had taught him table manners, taught him to ride a bike, and taught him that this sort of thing was massively wicked. "No ... I don't think ..."

"Shh." She pecked him on the lips. "I've been learning new life skills. And I want to share." She looked down at his turgid penis. "You have such a nice one, Noah. It's so tall and strong. I'm proud of you. And I want you to feel good. Tell me that you feel good."

That pesky neuron stopped firing. "It ... feels good ... Mom. I'm ... close." Noah looked down at her shaking boob. Her stroking arm pressed into her wobbling flesh just above the elbow. "Really ... close."

“That’s good. Let it out. Mom’s here to make you happy. Let me make you happy. Yes ... yes ... yes.” She could feel his body tremble. “That’s it ...”

“Ugh ... Mom ... ugh ... uuugggghhhhhhhhhhh.” Like any teenage boy, Noah had logged many, many orgasms. At least once a day, sometimes twice. But they all paled in comparison to the one that hit him with his mom’s hand wrapped around his dick, and her encouraging words in his ear. His hips bucked off the couch, cum shot in the air, and his mind rocketed off to the moon.

“Oh ... my ... oh ... my.” Unlike the icy chill Thomas’s effluence, Noah’s sperm was hot as it landed on her hand, boob, and arm. And there was so much. Jessica had thought that Thomas made copious amounts because he was ... well ... magically visiting her from a painting. But her son’s volume equaled Thomas’s. It kept coming and coming, shooting majestically into the air. Jessica heard laughter and realized it was her. She was so elated that her giggles bounced around the quiet house. Between Noah’s grunts and her laughter, it was a wonder that Andrew, Samantha, and Hailey weren’t awake. She looked toward the stairs and caught a glimpse of disappearing blond hair. Maybe someone else was awake. But the thought didn’t dim her joy in the least. She focused on coaxing the last of Noah’s load with her strokes, just as the painting had taught her. Eventually, he stopped bucking and spewing. Her hand slowed. He would be sensitive, and she didn’t want to cause him any discomfort.



"Holy ... smokes ... I can't believe ... you did that ... Mom." Noah opened his eyes to half-mast. His smile was sluggish and languid.

"I really needed that." She kissed his sweaty cheek. "And it seems you did, too."

"I guess so." Noah shook his head, mystified. "My stuff is ... all over you. Aren't you ... grossed out?"

"I think your stuff is beautiful, honey." Jessica's smile shone like a beacon. She looked down at her handiwork.

"You're still hard. Would you like another ..." She searched for the word. "... hand ... thingy?"

"No ... thank you." Ever polite, Noah gently pushed her hand away from his dick. "We should get cleaned up before someone comes down. We were pretty loud ... I think."

Jessica rolled onto her back and pulled her panties down her long legs. "Actually, I wonder if you might even things out." She wiped her hands and carelessly tossed her panties away. She didn't want to get any of his dangerous sperm near her unprotected vagina. She spread her legs and put her fingers on either side of her lips, spreading her box for him.



"I ... can't ..." Noah stared at her pussy. Her triangle of hair seemed even a brighter shade of copper than her long locks. Her lips were dark pink and the inside even pinker. "I mean ... I've never." He slipped off the couch and crawled between her legs. "This is ... where I came from." He was an iron shaving next to a powerful magnet. He looked up to where her boobs hung perfectly to the sides of her chest and licked his lips. He continued his gaze upward and saw her warm smile.

"Actually, you came from here." Jessica moved her hand up and pointed to the c-section scar. "And so did your sisters."

"Oh ... right." Noah reached out, but couldn't bring himself to touch her pussy. His fingers instead brushed the tender insides of her thighs. "What ... do I do?" He had only kissed girls before. That included his tumble with Samantha a few hours earlier.

"Would you try licking it, honey?" Jessica wanted to tell him that Thomas seemed to enjoy giving her oral sex, but she couldn't very well tell her son what she'd been up to.

"Really?" Noah made a dubious face, looking back and forth between her green eyes and her pink pussy. "I mean I know people do that ... it's just ..."

"I promise you'll like it." Who was this woman? Jessica hardly recognized herself. She was corrupting her sweet Noah, and it was one of the most exciting things to ever happen to her. "Just lean forward ... and lick ... yeeesssssss ... that's good ... feel free to explore ... oohhhhhhhhhh ... honey ... that's good. How is ... oohhhhhhhh ... it?"

"It ... tastes ... good ... Mom," Noah said between licks. "Good" might not have been the right word. But the tangy and salty stuff that leaked out of her was primal and made his dick even harder than it had been. He put his hands on her thighs, spread her legs a little more, and went to town on her pussy. He had no idea what he was doing, so he licked and sucked on anything and everything. Her little moans and gyrating hips told him he was doing something right. That went on for a long while. By the time his tongue was getting tired, he could feel her thighs quaking.

"Noah ... Noah ... Noah ... I can feel ... how much ... you want me and I ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... I ..." By contrast, Jessica now understood how skilled Thomas was with his tongue. But the



urgency and passion Noah demonstrated was going to send her over the edge. That, and knowing that she had never been closer to her son. "You're making me ... uuuggghhhhhhhh ... see stars ... I'm ... having a ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Jessica tossed her head side to side, her hair flying. Ecstasy coursed through her veins. She soared in the heavens for a long time. When she came to, she found that Noah was sitting up between her legs and smiling at her. "Oh ... my ... your face is ... so wet." She let out a bright laugh.

"That's okay, Mom." Noah didn't even bother trying to wipe his face off. He beamed with pride. He had made her cum on his first try. He stood on shaky legs. "You were pretty loud that time, too. We should get cleaned up."

"Okay ... okay ..." Jessica's limbs were still twitching with pleasure. "But ... promise me one thing."

"Don't worry, I won't tell anyone. I promise." Noah put away his hard dick. It tented his pajamas right where they were soaked through with cum.

"Not that." Jessica shook her head. "Promise me ..." She stared into his eyes from her reclined position on the couch. "Promise me ... we can do this again ... sometime."

"Oh ... I ..." Noah nodded slowly, his smile fading. Even though he was still committed to reversing what the paintings had done to Clover Falls, he knew that his mother was indelibly alluring. He looked inward and realized that he lacked the willpower to say no. She had him. It was all he could do not to fall back into her arms that instant. "Yes ... we can do it again ... sometime." He turned to go.

"That makes me so happy, honey." Jessica sat up and looked around. "Why don't you take a shower and go to bed. I'll clean up down here." She stood and picked up her nightgown. "And Noah?"



Noah stopped in the doorway and looked back. He got one more glimpse of her zaftig form before it slipped under her nightgown. "Yeah?"

"Watch out for broken glass on your way up." She gave him a wink.

"Okay." Noah turned and carefully made his way upstairs. He showered and dumped his sticky pajamas in the hamper. Wrapped in a towel, he returned to his room, expecting to find it dark and Samantha asleep. The lights were on, and she was sitting at his desk in her pajamas, holding a pair of tweezers. Her left foot was propped up. Noah could see she'd been bleeding. "What happened?"

"I have a piece of glass in my foot. Can you get it out?" Samantha gave him a wan smile and held out the tweezers to him.

"Yes ... but ... how did you get glass in your foot?" It was a stupid question. It seemed Samantha was going to witness to all of his collapses into depravity. When she didn't respond, he carefully tucked his towel around his waist and sat on the bed next to her. "You saw, didn't you?"

"Get that shard out of my foot. It hurts." She bit her lip, ready for him to go to work. "Then I think we need to talk."

"Yeah, okay." Noah bent over and examined the bottom of her foot. He could see the shard just poking out. He took a deep breath. "This might hurt."

Samantha gripped the armrests and gritted her teeth. "Do it."

