

*Chapter 17*



*The Palmer Legacy*

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

# The Palmer Legacy 17

Illustrations by AkyraRayne

Written by RawlyRawls

*This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!*

*Have questions about a story? Need to look up characters or past plot points? Check out the comprehensive Rawlyverse wiki page <https://wiki.rawlyrawls.net/x/ujrplw>*

*Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!*

*To see more AkyraRayne:*

*<https://twitter.com/AkyraRayne> or*

*<https://www.patreon.com/AkyraRayne>*

## Chapter 17

### Erato Will Protect Me

"Here it is." Noah handed Samantha the bloody shard of glass he'd extracted and set about bandaging her foot. "You'll be good as new in a minute."

"You're a real Florence Nightingale, Noah." Samantha looked at his stoic face as he concentrated on her foot. She knew for a fact that she was crushing hard, because even though he had just mashed his kissable lips all over his mother's vagina, Samantha still wanted to smooch him. "So ... you and your mom, huh?"

Noah paused his nursing for a moment, his cheeks blushing. He glanced up into her blue eyes and went back to wrapping gauze. "I didn't start it, Sam. She woke me up and started kissing me. I was really happy with what you and I did earlier. What happened with my mom didn't have anything to do with ... um ... it means ... uh ..." He was now overwrapping her foot, not wanting to stop for fear he'd have to make eye contact again.

"Noah, stop ... stop." Samantha pressed her lips together. "You're turning me into a mummy."

Noah stopped and tied off the gauze. "I know I blew it with us. And I'm sorry." He looked up at her. "We've known each other all these years, and we *finally* ... kiss ... and then I do that stuff with my mom. You kicked Eddie in the balls when he tried ... and I just fell into my mom's arms. I'm sorry."

"Look, Noah. I get it. Your mom is amazing. And the paintings are messing with us. I'm not mad." Her smile was soft and warm.

"You're not?"

"I'm not." Samantha nodded. "The paintings are messing with me, too. I ... I'm not talking about Eddie. I have to tell you the truth so this isn't one-sided." Her cheeks turned scarlet. "I ... um ..." She could plainly see how confused he was. He had no idea what she was about to say. "I touched myself while watching you with your mom. I thought it was ... um ... hot. I liked the way you looked with her."

Noah stared at her dumbfounded. He had believed that boys were horny and girls were not. He and Samantha were both eighteen, and he just assumed that his teenage hormones were the only ones in overdrive.



"Say something. You're staring at me like I'm deranged. I just made myself really vulnerable. What are you thinking?" Samantha's shoulders tightened.

"I'm thinking I want to kiss you again. I'm so lucky to have you in my life. Even if we're friends and nothing more. You're brave, and smart, and beautiful. And you're a mystery. I would never have guessed that -"

"Why don't you then?" Samantha arched her eyebrows.

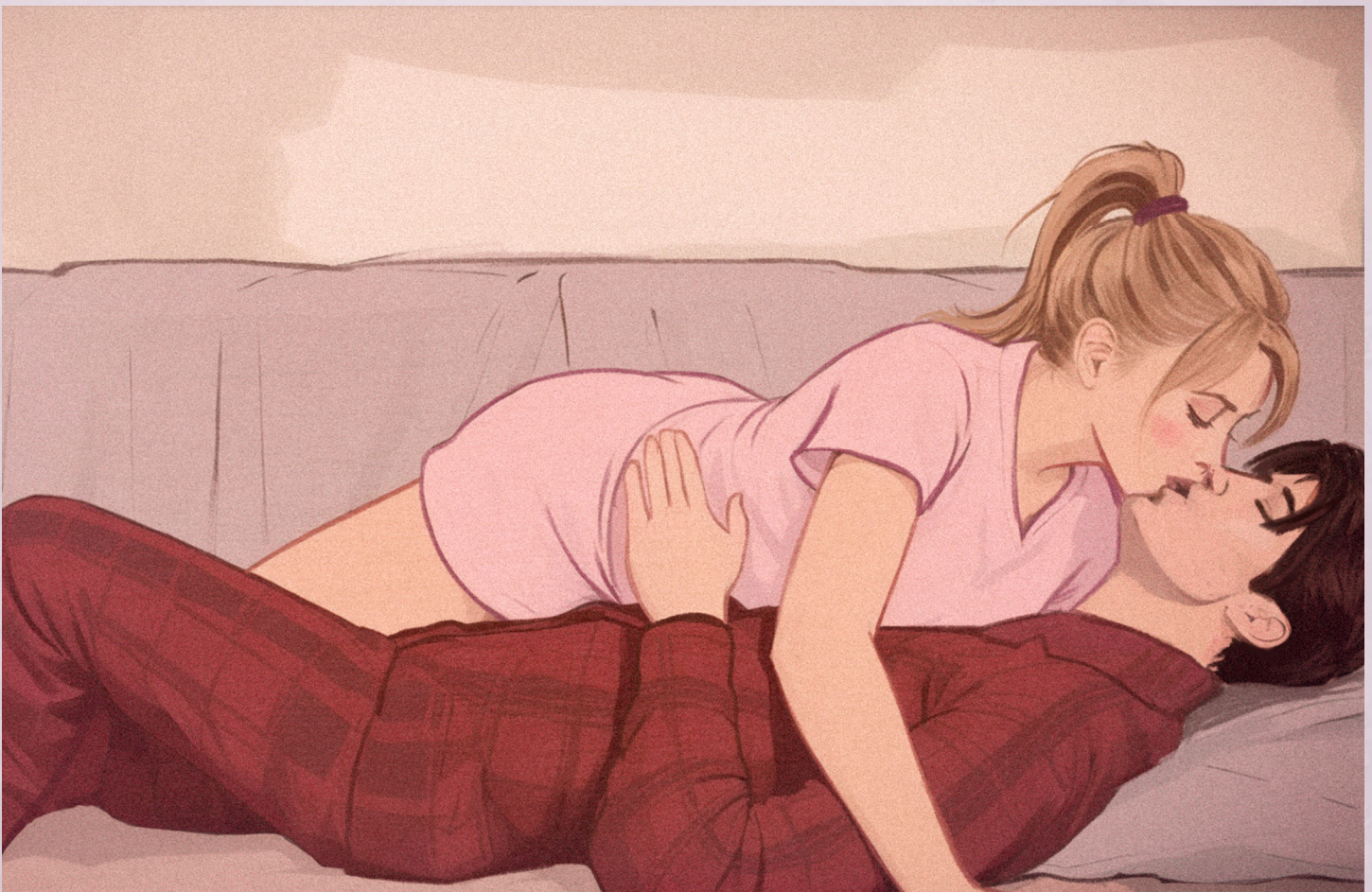
"Why don't I what?"

"Kiss me." She leaned a little closer to him, and her eyelids fluttered.

"You want to kiss me after what I did with my mom?" Noah felt like his brain was playing catch-up with the situation and not doing a good job.

"I just told you what I did while I was watching you. Kiss me before I change my mind." She parted her lips and leaned a little closer.

"Yeah ... okay." Noah was still holding the roll of gauze when their lips met. He tried to feel up her boob with it, and they both laughed. Soon enough, they were groping and rolling together on the floor again, their tongues entwined. They didn't part for more than an hour. It was very late when they returned to their beds and drifted off to sleep. Until morning, they both dreamed of burying their faces in freckled cleavage that turned into milky white boobs.



~~

"Paul, sweetness, rise and shine." Shannon opened Paul's bedroom door. "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?" She smiled to herself. She didn't blame her hormonal eighteen-year-old son for oversleeping. She had been joined with him like a lock and key for most of the night. It surprised her that she had risen so early to put together their plans. She supposed His grace energized her so that she might accomplish His will.

"Not now, Mom." Paul rolled over, facing the wall and pulled his blanket over his head.

"You won't escape me that easily." Shannon laughed. Normally, when he was slow to wake up, she would rouse him by poorly singing hymns. But she had a better plan. She moved to the bottom of the bed, lifted his blanket, and climbed under it. She inhaled deeply. The smell of teenage sweat and sperm was heavy in the confined space. It made her dizzy and increased her wetness. She rolled him onto his back, pleased to find him still naked. His penis



squirmed a greeting in her hands. It was thick, full and ready for another joining. She opened her mouth wide and sucked him in while pumping the shaft.

Twenty minutes later, Shannon was sweaty, naked, and riding her son. "Ugh ... deep."

"Ride faster ... Mom." Paul stared at her wobbling boobs. He wanted to see them bounce.

"I'm ... still ... adjusting to this ... new experience ... uuggghhhhh." Shannon gritted her teeth.

"Tell him about the pastor's wife." Mary stood in the foreground of the painting, practically leaning out of it.

"Tell him about our plan."

"Have you two been talking ... without me?" Paul met his mother's distant gaze.

"You fell right to sleep ... when I put you to bed last night ... but I was ... too jazzed ... uh ... uh ... after what we did. And then Mary ... came to me ... in a vision." Shannon looked over at the painting with a brief smile.

"Pastor Mills and his wife ... will be coming by the house ... today."

Paul was feeling too good to frown. But his mouth twitched downward at the news. "I don't want to see them ... there's no ... uh ... school today ... I want to spend every minute ... with you."

“Awwwwww ... that is heartwarming.” Mary put a hand to her ample breast. “But remember the epistle of fecundity. We help those lost in the wilderness find their way.”



Shannon’s hips sped up. She no longer felt sore. She braced her hands on her son’s meager chest. She swelled with pride at the pure joy on his face. “Mary has shown me ... the righteous path ... uh ... uh ... uh ... I will help you ... bed Mrs. Mills. Once she ... has seen the way ... Mrs. Mills will aid us ... with the rest of the church.”

“Really ... Mom? I get to ... sleep with her? That’s ... awesome.” He tried to imagine the prim Mrs. Mills naked, but he couldn’t. She was beautiful, but had always been sexless. “You’re really doing this ... for me?” Wild thoughts and his mother’s tight vagina spiraled him toward the edge. He gripped her hips tightly.

“For God ... Paul. We’re doing this ... for Him.” Shannon could see he was about to release. The anticipation of his stuff inside her again was a high all of its own.

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Paul thrust his hips up and emptied himself inside his mother. Sparks danced in front of his eyes. Far off, he could hear those strange animal sounds she made whenever she accepted his sperm.

~~



“Can we speak a moment, Sam?” Jessica stepped into the hall bathroom where Samantha was brushing her teeth and closed the door behind her.

“Uh ... sure.” Samantha spit in the sink, put the toothbrush down, and wiped her mouth. She tried not to stare at the steep slope of Jessica’s boobs poorly hidden by an oversized sweater. “What’s up?”

“I know you saw us last night.” Jessica tried to keep her tone gentle. She didn’t want this young woman thinking she was in trouble. “I found some blood in the living room doorway, and I see that you’re limping this morning. Is your foot okay?”

“Um ... yes. Noah patched me up.” Samantha tried to smile, failed, and bravely waited for the other shoe to drop. This talk clearly wasn’t about her foot.

“What you saw last night was an intimate moment that needs to be kept a secret. My husband would never understand.” She looked deep into Samantha’s pretty blue eyes. “But you understand, don’t you? You understand the special bond I have with Noah?”

“Yes ... Mrs. Reader.” Samantha nodded slowly.

“Good. I knew it. You’re a smart girl.” Jessica smiled. “And I see no reason why we both can’t be there for Noah in our own ways. Do you want to date my son? I understand that it’s a tricky situation.”

“I ... um ... I ... well ...” Samantha wanted to disappear.

“You have my blessing.” Jessica stepped forward. “And I hope that I have yours.”

“Yes,” Samantha squeaked.

“Excellent.” Jessica pulled Samantha into a hug, pressing the eighteen-year-old’s face against her heavy boobs. “I’m so glad we see eye-to-eye on this.” She released the hug and held Samantha’s shoulders. “You can stay here as long as you want. And if you want to talk to me about whatever is going on at home, I’m here for you.”

“Thank you.” Samantha’s nose was filled with the rich aroma of coffee from Jessica’s breath. She stared at pink lips that had so recently been locked with Noah’s lips. Heck ... by the transitive property, she had practically kissed Jessica Reader herself.

“I’m glad we had this talk.” Jessica opened the door. “Have a great day.”

“You too, Mrs. Reader.” She watched Jessica’s round butt disappear

down the hall. She looked back down to her phone on the counter and saw she had a text from Ella. “It’s about time.” She picked up the phone. “What have you been up to, Ella?”



~~

"I'm glad you're coming with me, Mom." Hailey openly stared at her mom's boobs from the passenger seat. The sweater wasn't doing as much to hide them as her mom thought. Hailey imagined what her mom would look like squirming on Lauren's magical cock. She decided it would be quite a sight.

"Me too. It was nice of Lauren to invite me. I haven't been over to her place in years. But since you're spending so much time there ..." Jessica glanced at her daughter and saw a distant look on her face. "Is everything okay, honey? Did anything happen with your boyfriend? I know the first year of college can be a difficult time."

"I didn't tell you? I broke up with him. He was dead weight." Hailey shrugged.

"I see." Jessica frowned. There was something ... not right with her daughter, and Jessica was going to get to the bottom of it.

~~



Samantha didn't pack up her stuff at Noah's house before she left. She had no plans on spending another night at her own home. She would meet with Ella, see what was so important, and then leave before Eddie could show his ugly face. She found Ella waiting for her on the front walk. Her friend looked as tired as Samantha felt. "Hey, Ella. What's going on?"

"Let's go in and I'll show you. It's about the painting." Ella walked to the front door.

"Is Eddie home? I don't want to see him." Samantha stayed on the walkway. She folded her arms over her chest. "Maybe we don't have to go inside. Just tell me what's going on. And while you're at it, tell me what's up with the dog painting at your house. Did it do anything weird?"

"I saw Eddie and your mom leave a few minutes ago. And yeah, the painting my mom bought and your painting are somehow connected." Ella had listened to enough of her friend's conspiracy theories to play along. "That's what I want to show you. All The Belle Dame paintings are connected, Sam."

Samantha pressed her lips together. It made sense. "Okay, let's go in. Show me what you have to, and then we're leaving."

"Right, sure." Ella's smile wavered. She rubbed her legs together. It was hard to believe that she was serving up her best friend to Eddie. But the longer she was away from that magnificent dick, the more its absence ate at her.

~~



"Mrs. Palmer?" Noah stood in his mother's office, carefully regarding the painting. All three Palmers were back in frame. "What happened with Kathy? Are you okay? Is she okay?"

Eloise stayed still as a statue seated in her chair, the male Palmers standing on either side of her. Frederick now stood very near the frame. He seemed farther and farther away from his wife.

"I'd like to talk, Mrs. Palmer." Noah wasn't sure how to summon her. "Please? My mom and I -"



"Shit ... you're still here?" Jimmy Ronning burst through the doorway. He was breathing hard. "Sometimes you go ... with Sam. That makes my life ... easier ... you know."

Noah turned at the intrusion and stared. His whole body tightened. "What the fuck are you doing in my house?" When Jimmy stepped toward him, Noah flinched.

"Relax. We're friends now." Jimmy held up his hands palms out. "Later today, you're going to help me. Like I said yesterday, I'm really sorry about how I treated you before. I was terrible."

"You're in my house." Noah backed up against the wall.

Jimmy looked around the room like he was just noticing his surroundings. "That's true. The door was open, and you invited me in."

"I did not."

"On a different today you did. For sure. And we talked about your mom and my

mom. You and Sam figured out the riddle." Jimmy snapped his fingers. "We don't have time for this. We have to be at Sam's house ..." He looked at his watch. "... like five minutes ago. Go get your bike."

"My bike?" Noah scratched his head.

"Look. Sam's in trouble. And Ella's there too." Jimmy retreated to the door, trying to get Noah to follow him. "I would have stopped Sam from going over, but I slept in today for some stupid reason. This is always the earliest I can get here. And sometimes she goes without you, like right now. And you need to be there."

"I do?" Noah stared at Jimmy. He was earnest. Noah decided to trust him. "Okay, let's go." Two minutes later they were cycling as fast as they could, racing toward Samantha's house.

~~

“Did you buy this painting from The Belle Dame?” Jessica stood in Lauren’s living room, her hands clasped in front of her. She gazed at the portrait of a woman staring at her reflection in the mirror.

Hailey and Melanie snickered in the corner of the room.

Lauren walked up to her guest with two glasses of white wine and handed one to Jessica. “Yes, I bought it there. And ever since, it’s been one big party.” Lauren wore a dress that gave the room an eyeful of cleavage, and she teetered in her highest heels.



Hailey and Melanie burst into a cascade of laughter.



“Stop it, Hailey. Act your age.” Jessica frowned at her daughter, but Hailey kept laughing, even slapping her knee. Jessica shook her head and put the glass on the mantelpiece. It was almost eleven in the morning. Why was Lauren serving wine? Jessica was too polite to say anything.

“We’re just having ... fun ... Mrs. Reader,” Melanie said between giggles. “You’ll learn to have fun ... too ... really soon.” With that, her laughter redoubled.

“Is this what they do all day?” Jessica’s frown deepened.

“They have fun, yes.” Lauren poured two more glasses of wine from a bottle on the coffee table and handed them to Hailey and Melanie.

“The girls are twenty, not old enough to drink.” Jessica was close to grabbing her daughter by the scruff of her

neck and hauling her out of there. “Frankly, I’m surprised at you, Lauren. You’re dressed like a streetwalker. You’re enabling bad behavior for Hailey and Melanie. I thought you were a more responsible mother. What would they say at church if they knew you were supplying them with alcohol?”

“Oh, the mother hens at church would be very surprised if they knew what I’ve been up to.” Lauren gulped her wine and poured herself another glass. “But someday ... perhaps ... all of Clover Falls will join in the bacchanalia.”

“The ... what ...?” Jessica watched the once conservative wife and mother that she had known for decades chug her wine and toss the glass carelessly behind her. Thankfully, it hit the sofa and didn’t break. Jessica thought of the broken frame and Samantha’s poor foot. “I’m not sure what’s ...” Her jaw dropped as she watched Lauren pull off her dress. Underneath Lauren wore only a push-up bra. A giant penis flopped out into the open. The head of the thing was bright purple and the shaft was covered with glowing runes. “What the ...?” Jessica was now so used to her vagina gushing, that it was almost no surprise that it happened in response to the sight before her. Almost ... but then she reminded herself that this was a woman with an unnatural, unholy penis.

"We are here to revel." Erato spoke from the painting. She had replaced the reflection in the mirror, staring out at the women with hungry eyes. The high priestess stroked her own rune-covered cock. "You try to hide it, but I can see that you're built for this, Jessica. Almost as if Pan himself molded you from clay. You will be the very center of the celebration."

"Oh ... gosh." Jessica glanced at the painting and took a step back. She looked over at her daughter and could see her undressing. Melanie was doing the same. The world around Jessica unraveled. She had known to be wary of the paintings - her sweet Noah had warned her - yet she had walked right into this snare. "You're not going to ..."





"I am." Lauren's cackle bounced off the walls. She danced around Jessica, thrusting her hips and making her magical dick sway in wild arcs. "I'm going to fuck you, Jessica. Just like I fucked your daughter ... and my daughter. I'm going to fuck every woman in Clover Falls. When I'm finished, the streets will be lined with merriment. And all the dead weight, like my husband and yours, will be our servants. Perhaps we'll allow them to serve us wine." She stopped dancing and took hold of Jessica's hair, pulling her down to her knees. "I'm sure you have much to learn about fucking, and I'll be your dedicated teacher. Shall we start with blowing? Have you ever tried taking a cock in your mouth? Did your tepid Andrew ever ask for such a thing?" She slapped Jessica's freckled cheek with her heavy cock, leaving behind a trail of clear liquid.

"What would ... Eloise do?" Jessica could feel herself falling. A few short hours ago, she had shared the

most precious moments with Noah, and here she was face-to-face with a horrific new penis. She hadn't even put her son in her mouth. So, why was she considering giving Lauren that honor?

"Who's Eloise?" Lauren pressed the cockhead to Jessica's pink lips. She didn't mind that the woman kept her mouth shut. The party was coming, and once it started, there was no stopping it.

Jessica turned her head so the penis wouldn't enter her mouth when she replied. "Eloise and Thomas have shown me the truth. This is not it."

"The only truth is celebration. Life is revelry." Erato arched her back and masturbated with two hands. She looked like she was ready to spray the inside of her painting.

"You better guard the doors, girls. We don't want her to escape." Lauren, still smiling, nodded at Hailey and Melanie.

There were two exits from the living room. Naked, the girls each ran to one and stood with their arms out and knees bent, like they were ready for a tackle.

Jessica kept her face away from the penis, glaring at her daughter. "We're going to have an uncomfortable conversation when this is all over, young lady."

In response, Hailey burst into another fit of hysterical laughter.

"The woman I was, would have been cowed by your thing." Jessica risked looking up at Lauren. Her friend's eyes were maniacal.

"Was?" Lauren shrugged. "You talk too much. Suck ... my ... fat ... cock." She swung her hips so the head of her penis hit one of Jessica's cheeks with each syllable.

"But the woman I am now, is a woman who won't let anyone with a penis tell her what to do." Jessica slapped the hideous rune-covered thing away from her face and stood. She picked up the wine bottle. She thought again about the shard of glass in Samantha's poor foot. "I can see you need help." Holding the bottle by the neck, she smashed it down on the coffee table. It exploded, sending glass and wine flying about the room.

Lauren, Hailey, Melanie, and Erato laughed uproariously at Jessica.

"Your Mom ... is a riot." Melanie looked at her friend. "I can't wait until she's ... whimpering ... on the floor." She jerked her hips and slapped the air like she was giving it to someone doggystyle.

"Mom ... just chill." Hailey held up her hands palms outward. "When you're fucked silly and covered in cum, I'll give you a hit from my bong. I can't wait to get high with you."

"You can't ... hurt me ... with that bottle." Lauren wiped tears of laughter from her eyes. "Erato will protect me."

"Right ... Erato." Jessica stepped back. The other women were so busy guarding the exits that no one stood between Jessica and the painting. "I don't want to hurt you, Lauren. Just the thing that did this to you." Jessica lunged for the painting.

The laughter vanished. Lauren leapt for Jessica, but it was too late.





With a slash, Jessica brought the sharp, jagged edge of the bottle onto the canvas. She slashed right through the image of Erato with a loud ripping sound. A strong wind moved about the room. Lauren fell to her knees at Jessica's feet. Unimpeded, Jessica slashed again and again, shredding the painting, until no images were discernable. All that was left was tattered colors clinging to a frame. Behind the fragments of canvas lurked a mesmerizing darkness. Jessica had the urge to touch it, but backed away instead. She tripped over Lauren and fell on her butt.

The dark from behind the painting reached into the room, unfurling tendrils and grasping the frame. It then coiled back on itself, pulling all traces of the painting into nothingness. The blackness shrunk as the last piece of frame disappeared. Where Erato's Mirror had hung, there was only unblemished bare wall.

"Oh ... my ... gosh ... oh ... my ... gosh." Lauren looked around. "What ... the heck!"

"Mom?" Hailey, still naked, stumbled over to her mother, dropped to her knees, and hugged her. "I feel like ... I just had ... a crazy trip."

"It's okay, Hailey." Jessica hugged her and patted her back. "That's what it was. Bad drugs."

"Yes ... yes ... it wasn't real." Lauren reached for her vagina, inspecting it with her hands. "It must have been ... drugs." She stared at Jessica, trying very hard not to see the precum that still smeared her cheek. "Melanie ... we took drugs."

Melanie put her back to the wall and slid to the floor. "Drugs?" Had she really done those things with her mom and Hailey? Had she really dumped her sweet boyfriend?

With her daughter still clutching her, Jessica stood. "Lauren, let me help you clean up. You must be exhausted."

"No." Lauren looked down at her pushed-up boobs like she was seeing an alien. "No ... please ... just get out. This didn't happen. None of this happened. Please ... please ... don't ever tell anyone what happened."

"Of course, Lauren. No problem." Jessica knew how powerful a tool denial could be. The woman she had been had used it often enough. She wouldn't rob the Keitaros of that. She guided Hailey to her clothes and quickly dressed her. "We're going now."

The Keitaro women didn't acknowledge her. They were both staring into space.

"Come on, Hailey." Jessica took one last look at the broken bottle lying on the floor, put her arm around Hailey's shoulders, and left the room. They quickly got in their car and drove home in silence.

~~

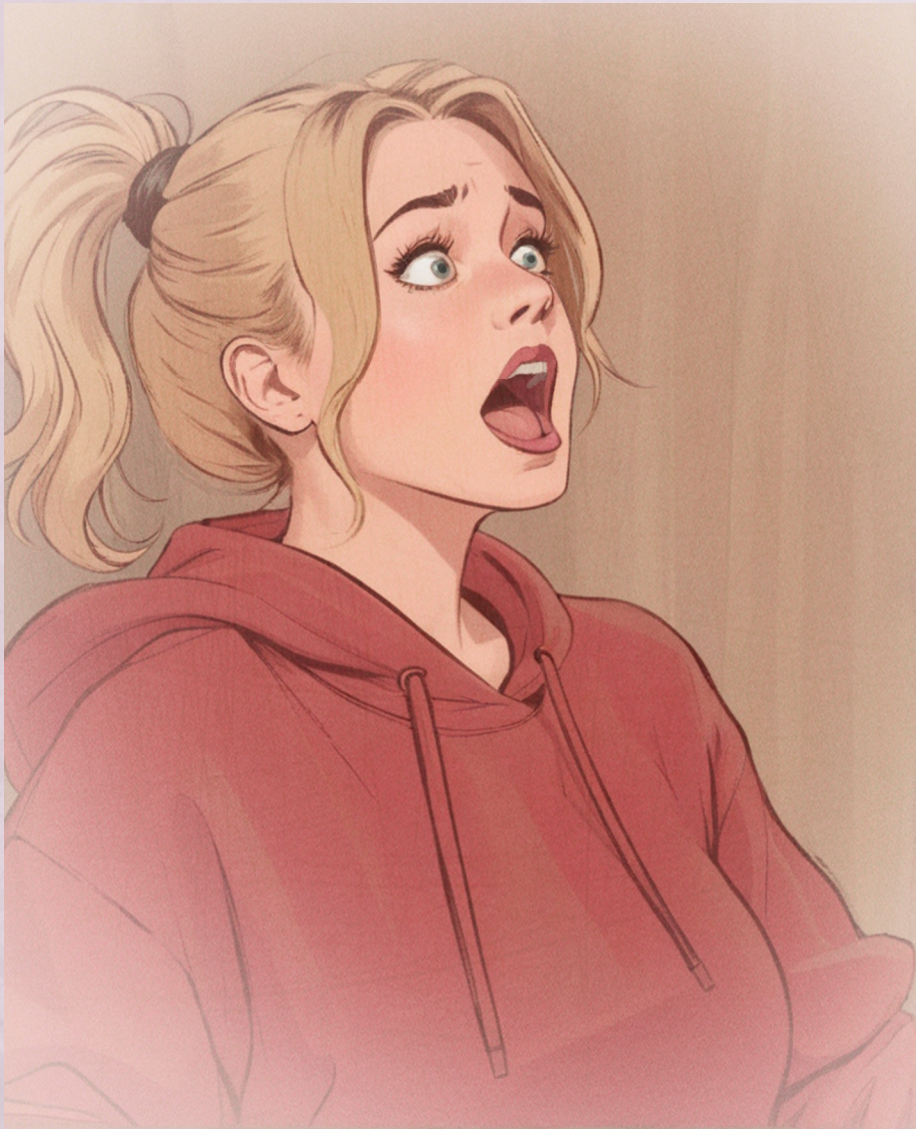
"Welcome home, Sam." Eddie stepped into the room with a sheen on his face. His t-shirt was soaked through at the belly and pits with sweat. He winked at the strange metal ball in the painting, but it said nothing.

"I thought you said he wasn't home." Samantha stepped closer to Ella. She should have known something was wrong when they entered the house and that sickly sweet scent was there.

"I was wrong." Ella shrugged matter-of-factly.

"Welcome home, sweetie." Lindsey stepped into the room behind her son. White goo dripped from her chin onto her blouse.

"We've all been looking forward to this moment, Sam." Debra Wright stepped into the room, too, a bright smile on her face.



"Mrs. Wright?" Samantha shook her head, trying to clear it. "Why are *you* here?"

"The Big D." Debra smiled like that was the answer to all of life's questions.

"You'll love it, Sam. I promise." A tiny note of apology crept into Ella's voice. "There's nothing else like it."

"Just don't get greedy. Okay, sweetie?" Lindsey's forehead furrowed with concern. "I know you sometimes have trouble sharing."

"I have to ... go ..." Samantha turned but stopped when she felt Ella's small hand on her arm.

"He's your brother, and he loves you, Sam." Ella pulled her friend away from the door. "He really wants you to see it ... to feel it. And then I can have a turn."

"Oh ... shit." Samantha twisted her arm out of Ella's grasp but didn't run. She turned toward her brother's smarmy smile. "You did it with Ella?"

Eddie gave her a boastful shrug. "She loves my dick. They all love my dick."

"You're disgusting." Samantha's mind raced, but her feet remained planted. She struggled to think straight. "The painting is manipulating you." She nodded to the framed canvas where three guys posed with their mothers on a rickety dock next to a half-submerged metal ball. "The whole town is -"

"Hello, Sam." Julia Price stepped into the room. The place was crowded with women. "Eddie asked me to be here to offer my testimonial. I was frightened of his thing at first, as I'm sure you are. I ran from the classroom the first time he took it out." She twisted her blond hair nervously. Her brown eyes wide and earnest. "But honestly, I'm so happy I gave your brother another try. Being with him has changed my life."

Samantha stared at her pretty teacher. She tried very hard not to picture their teacher bouncing on top of her fat brother. "I think ... I'm in trouble." When she took a step toward Eddie, all the other women clapped and cheered. When she took another step, Eddie dropped his pants and his monstrous dick fell into view.

