

Chapter 2



The Palmer Legacy

FICTION

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The Palmer Legacy 2

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Your River Flows

The AP History essay on nineteenth century architecture was not coming along easily for Noah. He leaned back in his desk chair, his eyes closed, trying to collect his thoughts. He didn't even hear his mom enter the room. He jumped and opened his eyes when she thumped something down on his desk.

"You left your book in my office." Jessica stood with her arms crossed, looking down at the leatherbound copy of *First Love*. "I'm not sure if you should be reading stories like that. It's a bit racy."

"That book looks ancient." Noah picked it up and examined it. "It's not mine." He opened it and read a few lines from a random page. The narrator threw himself from a twelve-foot wall because a woman asked him to. "Seems interesting."

"This isn't your book?" Jessica cocked her head, puzzled. "I thought you left it when you helped me with the painting."

"Nah, never seen it before." He handed the book back to her. "Maybe Dad left it for you?"

"Maybe." Jessica was nonplussed. "I really thought ..." She stared down at the book's cover. The leather was cracked and worn around the edges. It really was an ancient thing. "Well, I'm glad it's not yours. You should be reading wholesome things."

"Sure, Mom." Noah's brain turned back to his homework. "Can I take a few pictures of your new painting? I have to write an essay on nineteenth century architecture, and there's that mansion in the background. Might be cool to tie that in somehow."

"Of course, honey." Jessica patted his sandy hair absentmindedly.

"Whatever you like."

"Thanks, Mom." He watched her turn and slowly walk from his room without another word. He shrugged and went back to work on the essay.



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Jessica's husband denied ownership of the book, too. She couldn't think where it had come from. And to make matters worse, she had a strange reaction to the thing. With her husband in bed, she locked herself in the bathroom with it like she was hiding smut, and read it through again. The way the young man threw himself after the older woman with such unbridled lust and disregard for social norms made her feel weightless, like she'd just stepped off the edge of a cliff. Her vagina tingled in an entirely new way.



Just that very evening, she had agreed with her husband that a woman with wetness "down there" had to be ill in some way. That was what she'd been taught, and experience had never dissuaded her. But if that was true, she was sick herself. Because when she finished the book, she stood, lifted the waistband of her panties, and saw that she was soaked. She wondered if she should see a doctor. But her middle child was arriving the next day, and there was no way to find the time. It was all so bewildering.

After a cold shower, Jessica bundled herself into a pair of flannel pajamas. She climbed into bed next to her husband, trying to think flattering thoughts of Andrew. But her mind was fixated on the young narrator of the book, who lusted after the unobtainable, untouchable older woman. She was beginning to understand why Mara read those tawdry romance novels.

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"Say cheese." Noah took several pictures of the painting from different angles. All six eyes seemed to follow him wherever he went in the office. "Is it just me, or is it cold in here?" He put his phone back in his pocket and admired the portrait. For the first time, he noticed that he could clearly see the woman's nipples through her dress. That was odd. That seemed like a detail he would have noticed.

"I guess it's cold where you are, too." Noah stepped closer to the painting, peering at the woman's heavy breasts. He wondered what sort of underwear Victorian women wore. Did she have a bra on? The expression on the painted lady's face was insouciant. Her playful gaze seemed to be telling him that she wouldn't wear such constraining undergarments. "Is it weird that I think you're hot? I mean ... it's weird because you look so much like my mom." He quickly checked the door. Such an admission would be incredibly embarrassing if one of his parents were listening in. But he was alone.



"I can see my breath in here." Noah rubbed his arms. He walked over and checked the vents in the office. He could feel them blowing heat. He shrugged. If it bothered his mom, he was sure she could deal with it herself. He gave the painting a finger-gun on the way out and stopped dead in his tracks. He blinked. For a split-second, he thought the painted lady was aiming a finger-gun back at him. But now he could see she was in her normal pose, one hand in her lap, one resting on her son's arm. "I need some sleep." Noah left the office quickly and got ready for bed.

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It was more than a little unsettling for Jessica to wake up in the middle of the night standing in her office. Once again, she was

in front of the painting. She immediately hugged herself against the penetrating cold, shivering in her flannel pajamas.

"What on Earth am I doing here?" she whispered to herself. Silver moonlight fell through the office windows. She blinked, trying to get her bearings. For some reason she was holding the mysterious book.

"You are here to regale me with tales of your conquests, darling." A soft woman's voice filled the room. "Or maybe it is the other way around. I am every bit as confused as you. I am here with you, but not here. I am dreaming but awake. I am floating like one of those marvelous new dirigibles, high in the clouds." Laughter echoed off the walls, ringing like a clear bell.

Jessica froze and looked around the room for the source of the voice. She saw no one. Her heart thumped in her chest. Her muscles tightened. "Excuse ... me?"

“Over here ... yes ... there you have it. I’m Eloise Palmer.” Eloise waved from inside the painting. She was now clearly pregnant under her bustled dress. Her son still stood to her left, but the space to her right was vacant.

“I’m ... Jessica ... Reader.” So, she hadn’t woken at all. She was still in bed next to Andrew, in the grip of another vivid dream.

“A splendid meeting, Mrs. Reader.” Eloise bowed her head, her gaze dropping to the book in Jessica’s hand. “Oh, you have a copy of my precious story. Not just *a* copy, *my* copy. How did you get that?”

“It was on my desk.” Jessica held up the book like she was offering it back to the painting.

“I can’t take it back ... in my present condition.” Eloise shrugged. “Oh, how rude of me. I haven’t introduced you to my son. This is Thomas. Thomas, wish Mrs. Reader a good evening.”

“Good evening, Mrs. Reader.” Thomas’s smile was warm and welcoming.

“Where is the other man?” Jessica nodded to the vacated space in the painting.

Eloise’s smile disappeared. “You mean my husband, Frederick? He is off only God knows where. Quite literally.” Her frown deepened. “He can’t stand us, nor we him.”

A grandfather clock chimed two o’clock somewhere in the house. Jessica didn’t remember owning a chiming clock. Come to think of it, she could now hear a slow and steady *tick ... tock*. “I’m very sorry to hear about your husband. Andrew and I are so close, I don’t know what I’d do without him. Did Frederick do something to you?” Jessica flinched at the sudden dark horror that spread from Eloise. The roses wilted and fell from the bush behind her. The bright Victorian house faded and deteriorated. A miasma of gloom spread from the painting into the office. The temperature dropped. “I’m sorry. That was very rude of me,” Jessica took a step back. The darkness quickly receded.



"Think nothing of it, darling." Eloise stood, her hands on her pregnant belly. "The night progresses and we have much to accomplish." She cast a proud glance at her son. "Go ahead and undress, Thomas. Let her see a young man's body."

"Of course, Mother." Thomas slowly began removing his torn clothes.

"Wait ... what?" Jessica's eyes widened. The book landed with a thump on the floor next to her. "I don't want to see a young man's body." But that wasn't true. She thought back to how lean, tight, and hard her son's body had looked when she'd seen him in his underwear the night before. He was so different from Andrew. Her eyes were glued to Thomas as more and more of his pale skin came into view.

"Yes, there is something breathtaking about a man of nineteen. There is so much potential bound in his strength." Eloise licked her lips as she watched Jessica. "You can clearly see his carefree exuberance and joyful abandon. This is, of course, true at eighteen, as well. Your son is proof of that."



"My ... son?" Jessica's eyes widened when Thomas's penis came into view. It hung and swayed between his legs as he finished undressing. "My son doesn't look like that." She stared at Thomas. Something trickled down the inside of her thigh. She realized that she was so wet that a rivulet had escaped her panties.

"Your river flows at the sight of him." Eloise laughed again. "What was it your husband and his friend were talking about earlier? I mean the moment where they made their ignorance of women so very plain. It was a song they referenced. What is W ... A ... P?"

"It's vulgar ... I can't say it." Jessica hugged herself tightly, her eyes never leaving Thomas. Was it her imagination or was the monster between his legs growing?

"I must know." Eloise's words were soft and playful.

"I can't."

"Tell me now, Mrs. Reader." Biting steel

entered Eloise's voice. She could see that the woman was a timid thing, and might be better moved by a stick than a carrot.

"It means ... 'Wet Ass Pussy,'" Jessica whispered. She cleared her throat. "I haven't heard the song, only what people have said about it. I thought it was fiction." Her heart was in her throat. The penis in the painting had grown significantly, raising itself to half-mast. Her stomach was doing cartwheels and somersaults. Her mouth hung open.

"Fiction? How else would a woman ready herself?" Eloise fanned her face with her dress in mock embarrassment. "You have birthed three, so you must have some knowledge of how to work a man's bludgeon."

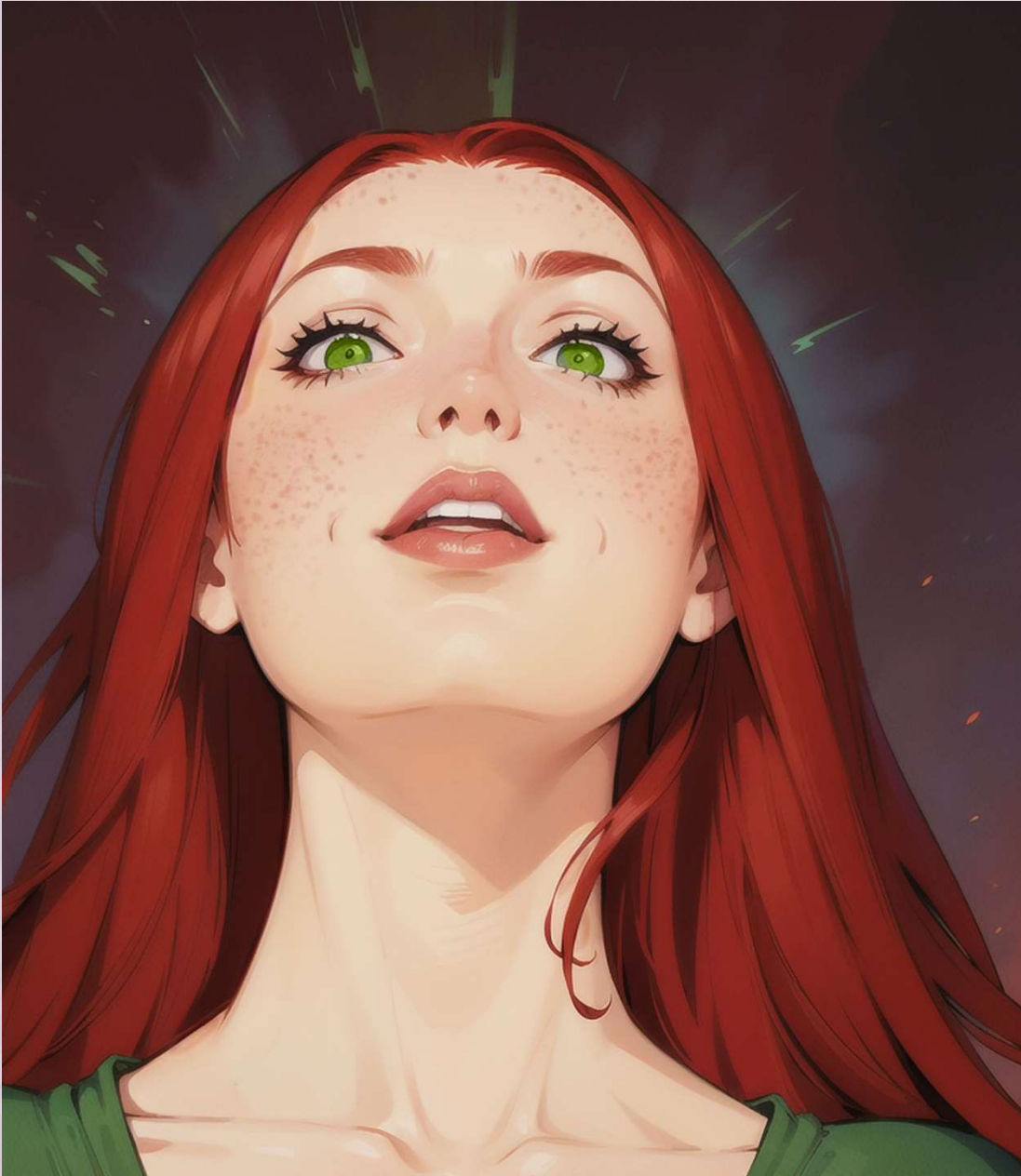
“Go easy on her, Mother.” Thomas was almost fully hard. His long cock cantilevered out in front of him.

“Imagine what she has had to work with. Remember how you were before you found *First Love*.”

“Oh, I remember. I was one such as Mrs. Reader. Meek, timid and beyond naïve.” Eloise giggled. “I thought I existed to fit on the arm of a man. It was the dogma of the day that I serve, forsaking my own pleasure. Indeed, pleasure was singularly a man’s domain. But then I found that a woman’s satisfaction could thrive. And that my crinkum crankum was indeed ... mine. It did not belong to my husband. Does any of this sound familiar?”

“Yes,” Jessica squeaked.

“Except for the last part?” Eloise rubbed her round belly.



“Yes.” Jessica nodded. Her body hummed and her head buzzed as she watched Thomas. “Wait ... no ... don’t touch it, Thomas.” To her horror, she saw his hands grasp his great, big thing and pump. She had never seen a man do that before. The thought of what she was witnessing threatened to overwhelm her brain.

“Don’t faint, darling.” Eloise moved to the fore of the painting, like she might catch the woman if she fell. But she could not.

“This is a dream.” Jessica’s legs trembled.

“Will you touch yourself if we tell you it is a dream?” Thomas raised an eyebrow at her.

“I would never.” Jessica put a hand to her mouth. “Not even in a dream.”

“What if I showed you how?” Eloise began undressing herself. “No need to look so horrified, Mrs. Reader. We don’t judge. Every woman must start somewhere. And your journey starts here, with us.”

Jessica looked back and forth between the undressing woman and the masturbating young man. Her gaze lingered on Eloise's body. Her belly was impossibly round, and the woman's boobs were swollen with fat, dark nipples.

"First, I'm going to teach you to find pleasure on your own." Eloise, naked now, sat back down in her wicker chair. "Pay close attention now." She spread her legs and revealed her red bush and pink lips. She reached her fingers to either side and spread for Jessica. "You will learn the where, how, and when of your quim."

"Okay." Jessica's voice was barely audible. She felt like she might explode. She closely watched the woman masturbate. Her brain continued to overheat. She wavered on her feet. Eloise showed Jessica how to properly tend to her clitoris. The world swam around

Jessica. When the pregnant woman climaxed, the dam burst inside Jessica's brain. Jessica's eyes rolled back in her head and she pitched sideways in a dead faint.



When she woke, her husband was shaking Jessica's shoulder. Cool morning light streamed through the bedroom window.

"I think you had a nightmare again, dear. You were moaning and grunting." Andrew stared at her sweaty face with concern.



"Andrew?" A faint frown crossed her lips. Her forehead creased with a vertical worry line. "Yes, it was ... a nightmare." She wasn't used to lying to her husband. But she wasn't about to tell him that he'd rudely disturbed a wet dream. "I don't feel well." She saw that her husband was already dressed for work.

"I gathered." Andrew stood and closed the curtains. "Why don't you rest in bed? I'll see Noah off to school. Will you still be able to pick up Hailey at the airport?"

"I think so. Yes." Jessica nodded and pulled the covers up to her chin. She desperately wanted her husband to leave the room. "I'm sure I'll feel better soon. Have a good day at work, dear."

"I will." With a wave, Andrew left the bedroom and closed the door behind him.



The second he was gone, Jessica's right hand went between her legs. Once again, she found her panties a sopping mess. She reached under them and caressed her lower lips just as the painting had taught her. She then slowly worked a finger barely inside, collecting wetness by moving up and down along her slit. Then, the finger slipped in up to the first knuckle. Then farther, finding the spots Eloise had suggested. "Oh ... Andrew," she whispered. "Let me see you touch yourself." She pumped her vagina, imagining what her husband might look like masturbating. The rustling sound of her blankets filled the room. It was almost comical the way her bedding flapped with her movements.

"Oooohhhhhhhh ... I need ... I need ..." Jessica knew her husband was still downstairs with Noah, and yet she fervently chased her own passion. Her husband ... her husband ... the image of him did nothing for her. He was so much smaller than ... Thomas. "Oh ...

Thomas ... you're so ... *big*." Her left hand crept down between her legs and found her clitoris. She pumped with one hand while rubbing with the other. She stupidly thought Eloise would be proud of her.

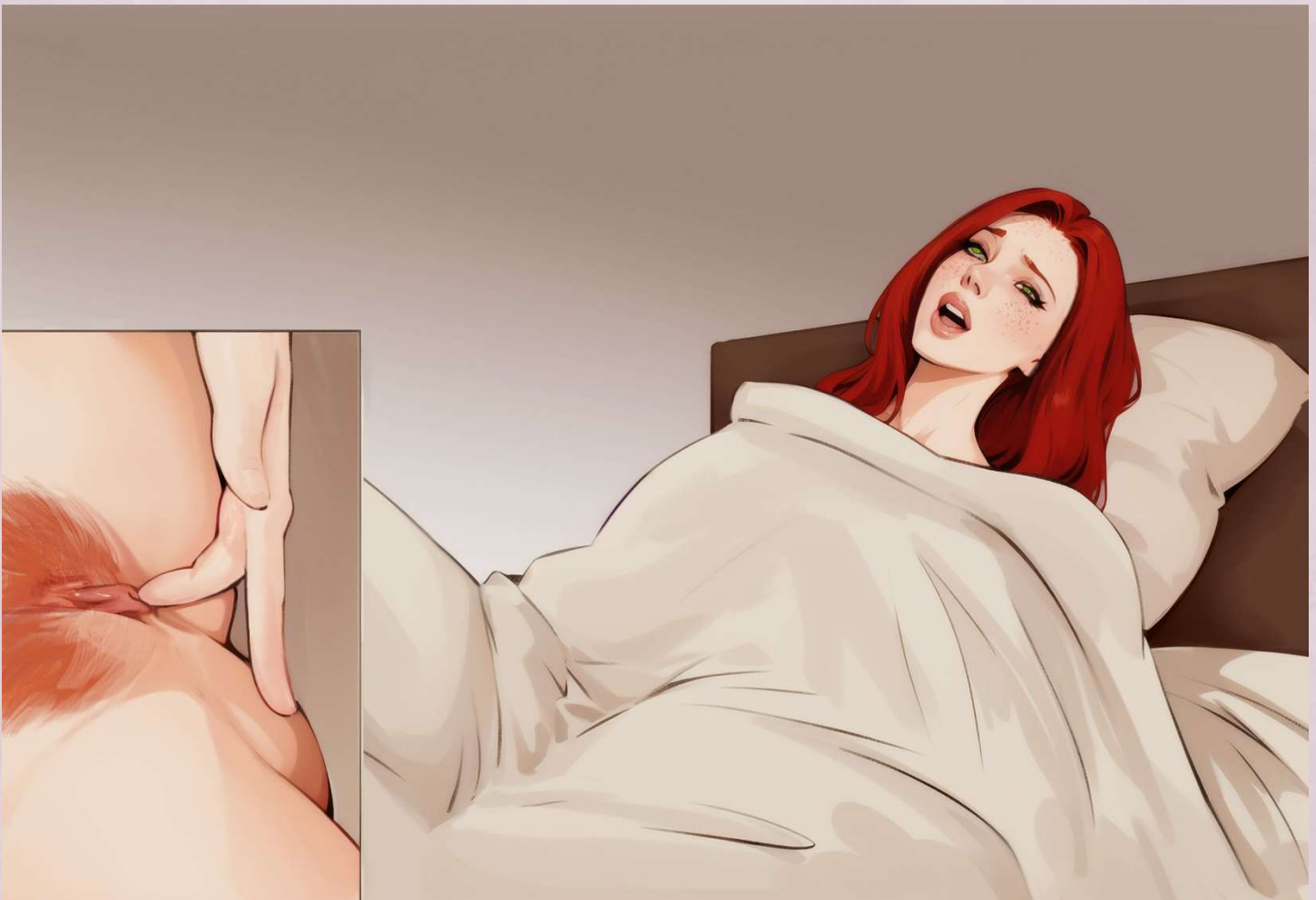
"Bye, Mom." Noah's muffled voice came through the door.

Jessica froze, her right index finger still inserted, and her left hand on her button. She then heard Andrew admonishing their son not to disturb her. Noah ... Noah ... the sound of his voice unlocked something inside her. The image of Thomas faded away. Now, she imagined what her son looked like when he masturbated.

She had never considered it before, but he must do it all the time. Teenage boys were insatiable. And Noah had a big one. She had seen the outline of it in her office. Not as big as Thomas's ... but still quite heavy and full. Eloise was right, there was so much potential bound in Noah's tight, strong body. What had Eloise said? "... carefree exuberance and joyful abandon."

Without thinking, her hands went back to work on her vagina. Pressure mounted inside her. "Oh ... gosh ... what's happening ... ugh ... to me?" Her face contorted and she lifted her head off the pillow, her body tightly wound. "I don't ... oh my ... I ... uuuuuuggggghhhhhhhhhh." She shuddered as the first orgasm of her life swept over her. When it was done, she prayed her men hadn't heard her. She panted in bed, listening. Maybe they were already gone.

With the coast apparently clear, she went right back to honing her new skills. Five minutes later, she was screaming with delight, surrendering to her second orgasm.



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The painting hung over the mantle. Lauren Keitaro stood naked in the middle of her living room, regarding the work of art. Her husband had left for work early. Her daughter had spent the night at her boyfriend's house as she often did since starting community college. Lauren had the house to herself, so she'd taken a nap. But somehow, she found herself awake and far from bed.

The portrait of the lovely woman regarding herself in a mirror seemed ... different somehow. The subject herself was the same, with her sweet smile, fashionably cut brown hair, and long dress. The mirror was the same. She could see the intricate brush strokes where the artist had captured the writhing creatures carved into the oak frame of the mirror. She blinked. The woman's reflection had changed.

"What in the world?" Lauren stepped closer to the painting and peered at the front of the reflection's dress. It bulged out quite oddly. It was almost like the woman was pretending to have a penis. She looked back at the smiling woman engaged in admiring her reflection. She could plainly see there was no mound in the front of the woman's dress. She looked back at the reflection and shivered. It was, of course, impossible, but she could have sworn the bulge was bigger now. "It's the bacchanal," Lauren whispered. The second she said it, she wondered at the nonsense coming out of her own mouth. What did that even mean?

"It means it's time to revel." A woman's voice startled Lauren, and she jumped away from the painting.

"Who?" Lauren looked around her living room, covering her boobs with her arm, and placing a hand over the black hair between her legs. "Who said that?"

"I did." The woman's reflection in the painting turned her head to look directly at Lauren.



"Oh ..." Lauren could plainly see that the painting was talking to her. Her head swam.

"Would you like to see what I have for you under my dress?" Without waiting for an answer, the reflection slowly lifted her dress. A cock with a bright, purple head and runes written down the shaft came into view. "I was once high priestess to the god Pan. I was a dryad who bathed in jubilation. Mankind destroyed my forests. But that did not stop my debauchery."

"I'm dreaming." It was the only thing that made sense to Lauren.

"You have a lascivious imagination then." The reflection turned her gaze down between Lauren's legs.



Lauren didn't need to follow the reflection's gaze. Her trembling fingers that had been covering her modesty already felt it. Something huge hung between her legs. Lauren shot her hand away like it had been stung. She slowly lowered her gaze and leaned forward to look between her legs. Her eyes were round as saucers, and her mouth hung open. Dangling down there was a purplish penis covered in runes. Lauren screamed and ran from the room, her new appendage bouncing crazily with each step. The world swirled and went black.

"The bacchanal!" Lauren sat up suddenly in bed. She was covered in sweat. Her sheets were soaked in it. "It was a dream." She sighed. Very slowly, she lifted up her covers. There was no penis down there. She explored the area with her hand just to make sure. She only found her vagina. Once down there, her fingers lingered. Soon, she was furiously

masturbating, her mind focused on that odd dream. She didn't know if she was grateful or terrified to have purchased that painting from The Belle Dame, but she did know that she was about to have a monster orgasm.

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The phone beeped on her bedside table, but Jessica didn't hear it. She was too busy exploring a new world of sensations. It was incredible that her clitoris had been there all these years without giving her a hint of its capacity for pleasure. How many orgasms had she had that day? She wasn't sure. She hadn't eaten, showered, or even thought about work. Was this why the world hadn't told her? Was this a secret kept so that women would carry on with their humdrum lives?

Another urgent beep filled the room. "Humdrum lives ... oh ... my gosh." Jessica removed her hands from between her legs and reached for her phone. Her hands were so slick she dropped it to the floor. She wiped

her hands on the sheet and reached for it.

There were numerous missed texts from her daughter Hailey. She had forgotten to pick her up at the airport. "Oh ... no ... no ... no."

Jessica texted her daughter to tell her she was on her way and jumped out of bed. Even though she needed one, there was no time for a shower. She threw on some clothes and ran downstairs.

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"You were napping?" Hailey frowned at her mother from the passenger seat, crossing her arms over her modest breasts. "You can just say you forgot me, Mom. I'm in the middle. I'm used to it."

"I didn't forget you." Jessica inwardly cringed at the lie. "I wouldn't forget your brother or sister either. It has nothing to do with when you were born. I slept through my alarm. I'm so sorry, honey."

"Whatever." Hailey ran her hands through her brown hair and looked out the window. She sighed. "Is that a new perfume?"

"Perfume?" Jessica hadn't put anything on. She inhaled without smelling anything.

"It smells sort of earthy and ... I don't know ... tangy?"



Jessica's cheeks turned scarlet, and her knuckles went white on the steering wheel. Her daughter was smelling the mess Jessica had made of herself. "Oh ... um ... I don't smell anything." Maybe this is what Ben Shapiro's wife meant when she said that a wet vagina was a sign of illness. She had lost herself in pleasure and completely shirked her responsibilities. She swore that she would never touch herself again.

Hailey shrugged, still looking out the window. It was a nice scent, even if her mom couldn't smell it.

"How's college going? Met any boys yet?" Jessica made small talk

with her daughter for the rest of the drive.

When they arrived home, Hailey grabbed her bags, ran straight up to her room, and closed the door. Jessica stood by herself in the kitchen. She wandered into her office and closed the door as the thump of her daughter's muffled music started from above. The painting was perfectly normal. Eloise wasn't pregnant. She sat in her chair fully clothed. Thomas wore all his Victorian layers. Frederick was in the picture, looking as dour as ever. She blinked at him. He looked like he was a little further from his wife than he'd been the day before. Jessica shook her head. That was just the Mandela Effect. She smiled thinking of how confidently Noah had explained it to her.

"Time for work." Jessica walked to her desk. She had a client expecting an update on her design. Jessica sat in her chair, swiveled once around, and turned on her computer. While she waited for it to warm up, she regarded the painting. "Gosh ... Mrs. Palmer ... I wish you hadn't shown me how to turn myself on." Her brain turned foggy and her stomach flipped. If it had all been a dream, how had her dream known all those naughty things? She realized she was staring at the front of Thomas's pants. Was she ... gushing again?



The subjects in the painting didn't move. Jessica stared at them and pushed her chair back from her desk. She lifted her dress up to her waist and pulled her panties down to her knees. Excitement and expectation tingled her nerves. "How did I learn this? Was it always ... inside me?" Her hands went back to her vagina. Her fingers gently caressed her lips. She could hear the slickness of her wetness. "Am I sick? Is there something wrong with me? Or ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhh ... is this just ... aaaahhhhhh ... perfection?" She slid a finger inside. The room filled with squelching sounds and heavy breathing. She closed her eyes and conjured images of Thomas's young, hard body.

It hadn't taken her long to break the promise never to touch herself. But it wasn't like she was forgetting her daughter this time, and work could wait. Everything could wait as she slipped closer and closer to another orgasm.



The office door swung open. "Mom, I was looking for ..." Hailey's thought flew away. Her body and mind came to a halting stop. She stared at her mother. Even with the monitor obscuring much of her mother's body, it was clear what she was doing. Hailey's cheeks grew hot.

Jessica's eyes shot open. "Hailey! I ... I ..." She frantically pulled her dress down. She stood up, realized her hands were wet, and put them behind her back. "I was just thinking about my project."

"It's okay, Mom." Hailey backed away. What a bomb to drop on her the first day of winter break. When she still lived at home, she had worried about her mom walking in on her when she was experimenting with herself. But she'd never thought it would be the other way around. Her mom wasn't that kind of woman. Or ... maybe she was. "I was just ... I found what I was looking for." She looked at the console table by the door and grabbed one of her mom's magnifying glasses. "Got it."

“Oh, good. You can borrow that as long as you like.” Jessica took a step toward her daughter. She had neglected to pull up her panties and they made her stumble. Her hands came back out into the open and she caught herself on her desk, leaving streaks of wetness on the wood.

“I ... gotta go.” Hailey turned and fled. How totally embarrassing for her mom. What a disaster. She raced upstairs, closed her door, and went searching for her bong and stash. She needed something to help her forget what she’d just seen.

In her office, Jessica slowly pulled up her panties and smoothed her dress. “This is all your fault,” she said to the painting. “You should never have told me those things.” The painting didn’t speak. It didn’t move. It was an inanimate object. “I think I’m going crazy. I need ... I need ...” She took a deep breath and pictured the shocked expression on Hailey’s face. It was more powerful than dunking her head into an ice bath. “I need a shower.”

Jessica left her office, praying she wouldn’t run into her daughter. She might have to have a talk with Hailey at some point, but she needed to compose herself first, to wash away the stench of her bad deeds. Gosh, she’d more or less cheated on poor Andrew in her imagination. She entered the bathroom and stripped. She turned the shower on and let it run cold. She gasped when she stepped into the frigid water. The bracing chill further clarified her mind. She made a solemn promise to never touch herself again. This time, she meant it. Instead, she would see if she could spice things up in the bedroom with Andrew. As she scrubbed herself, she formed a plan and repeated it to herself in her mind. Later that night, she would seduce her husband and teach him her new skills.

