



Chapter 21

The Palmer Legacy

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Palmer Legacy 21

Illustrations by AkyraRayne

Written by RawlyRawls

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Chapter 21

She Smacked Me Good

The bell over the door chimed merrily as Samantha, Noah, and Kathy entered The Belle Dame. They looked around in wonder. The place was almost completely bereft of paintings. Only two hung from the walls. “Mr. Luci?” Noah didn’t see anyone. He turned to Samantha. “Maybe he’s going out of business.”

“Oh, hello.” An old man with a white beard and a friendly face appeared through a door in the back. “We haven’t had any customers in a while. Market saturation and all that.” He trundled toward them with a smile on his face. He wore a cardigan, wrinkled corduroy pants, and looked as casual as Mr. Luci did formal.

“Is ... Mr. Luci ... here?” Kathy sniffed the air. There was something familiar about the man.

“He is not.” The man stopped before them and stuffed his hands into his pockets, his avuncular smile undisturbed.

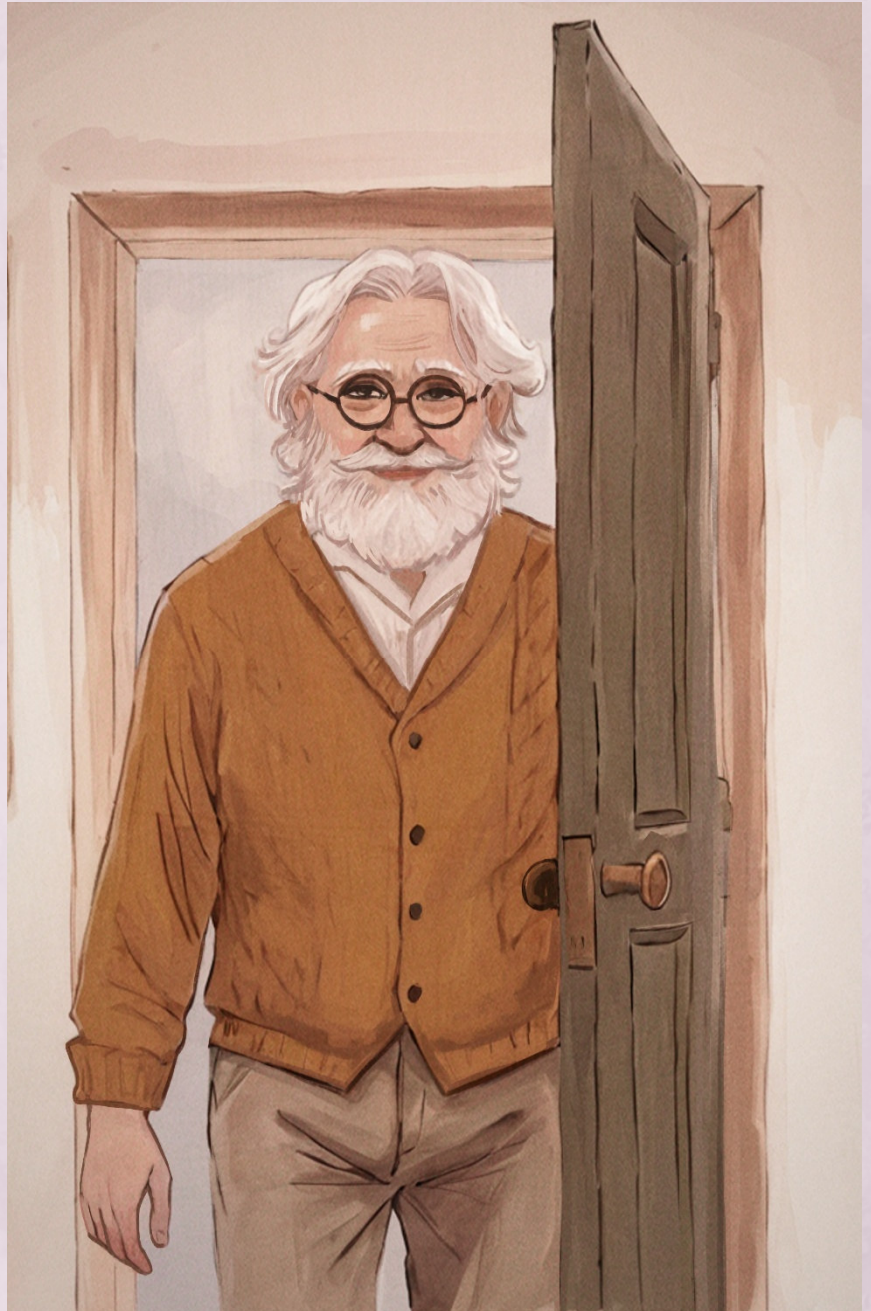
Samantha realized she still had her coat on. “It’s not sweltering in here.”

The man let out a deep, ringing laugh. “Mr. Luci does put a heavy finger on the thermostat.”

“How can we reach him?” Noah scratched his head. Everything in the store was so unexpected, and he was trying to catch up. “Mr. Luci, I mean.”

“He’ll be back later.” The man shrugged. “I’m Mr. El-Kanna, I’m a partner in The Belle Dame. Can I interest you in a painting? The final two are both mine.” He gestured at a portrait of a big, blue alien firing a blaster and racing down a corridor with several women around him. Then, he nodded to a painting of an Asian woman staring at a laptop with a younger Asian man seated next to her. The screen wasn’t visible, but it was obvious from her expression that she was looking at something shocking.

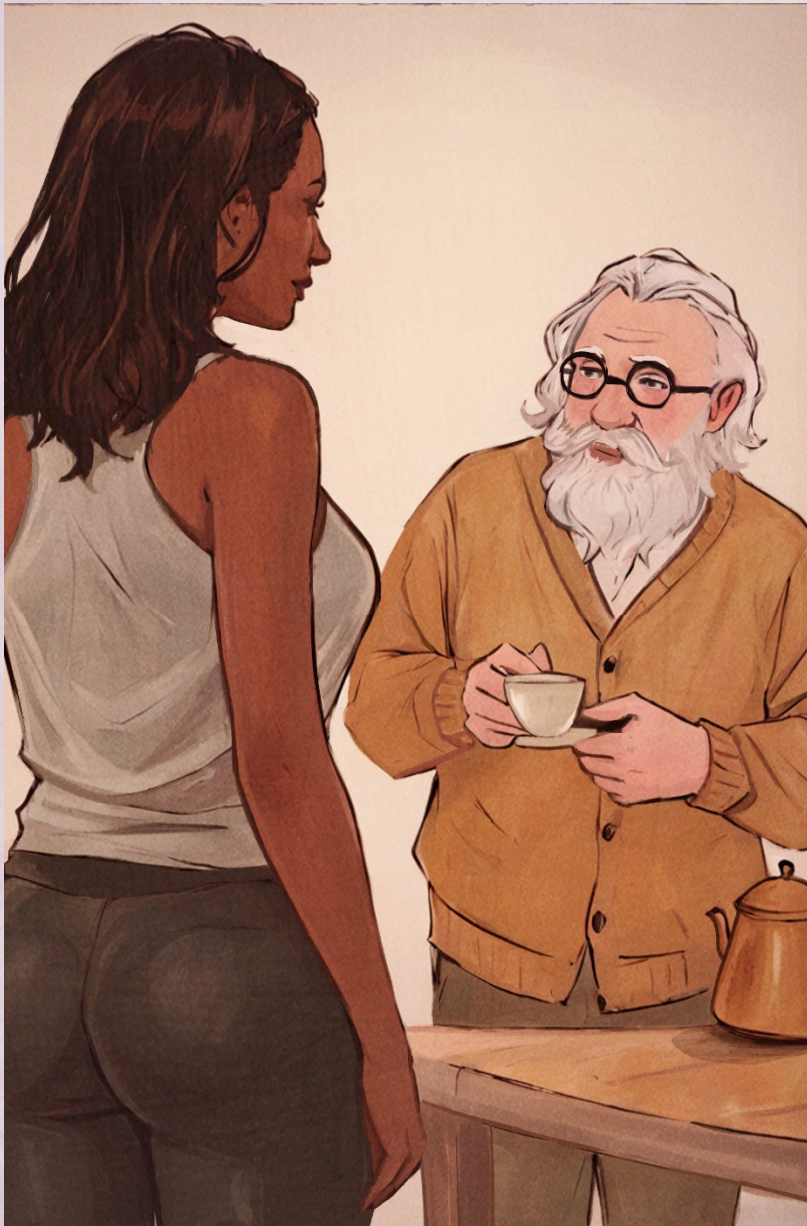
“Yours? I thought Mr. Luci made all the paintings.” Noah was even more confused.



Mr. El-Kanna sighed like he'd had this conversation too many times. "Mr. Luci is boastful and prone to exaggeration. About half the paintings are mine and half his." He nodded at Kathy. "You're Mrs. Bly's daughter, correct?" He smiled when she nodded. "Your painting is one of mine." He pointed a finger at Noah. "Mrs. Reader bought yours, of course, and it's one of Mr. Luci's." He then nodded at Sam. "You look just like your mother. Your painting is mine." He held his hands, palms up, moving them up and down like he was weighing something. "About half and half."

"Well, there's a problem with my painting. Maybe you could come see it?" Noah's stomach turned over. He felt very uneasy around this man.

"That's impossible, I'm afraid. All sales are final." Mr. El-Kanna ambled over to a small table and poured himself a steaming mug from a copper kettle. "Can I offer any of you some tea?"



"No thanks." Kathy stalked toward the man, looking down on him with narrowed eyes. "You made my painting?"

"I did." Mr. El-Kanna nodded. "One of my spookier pieces. *Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak tenderly to her.*"

"Is that the Bible?" Samantha stepped next to Kathy. When Noah stopped next to her and held her hand, she squeezed it tightly.

"Yes, it's Hosea 2:14." Mr. El-Kanna frowned at the three of them. "You don't know your Bible?"

"My family goes to church sometimes." Noah shrugged.

Kathy shook her head.

"I'm Jewish." Samantha smiled pleasantly.

"Hosea is from the Torah." Mr. El-Kanna's scowl deepened.

"We're not religious." It was Samantha's turn to frown. Thinking of her family brought her mind back to the monster her brother had become and her mother's fate.

"That is unfortunate." Mr. El-Kanna sighed. "I fear Mr. Luci may have already won." He sipped his tea slowly.

"Won what?" Kathy forced her breath to slow down. She couldn't very well toss this kindly old man across the store, despite her inclination.

"You're kindling violent thoughts, aren't you?" Mr. El-Kanna's smile returned. "Oh, don't worry. I'm not opposed to wrath when it is well deserved. I am, however, but a simple old man. I deserve only your kindest thoughts."

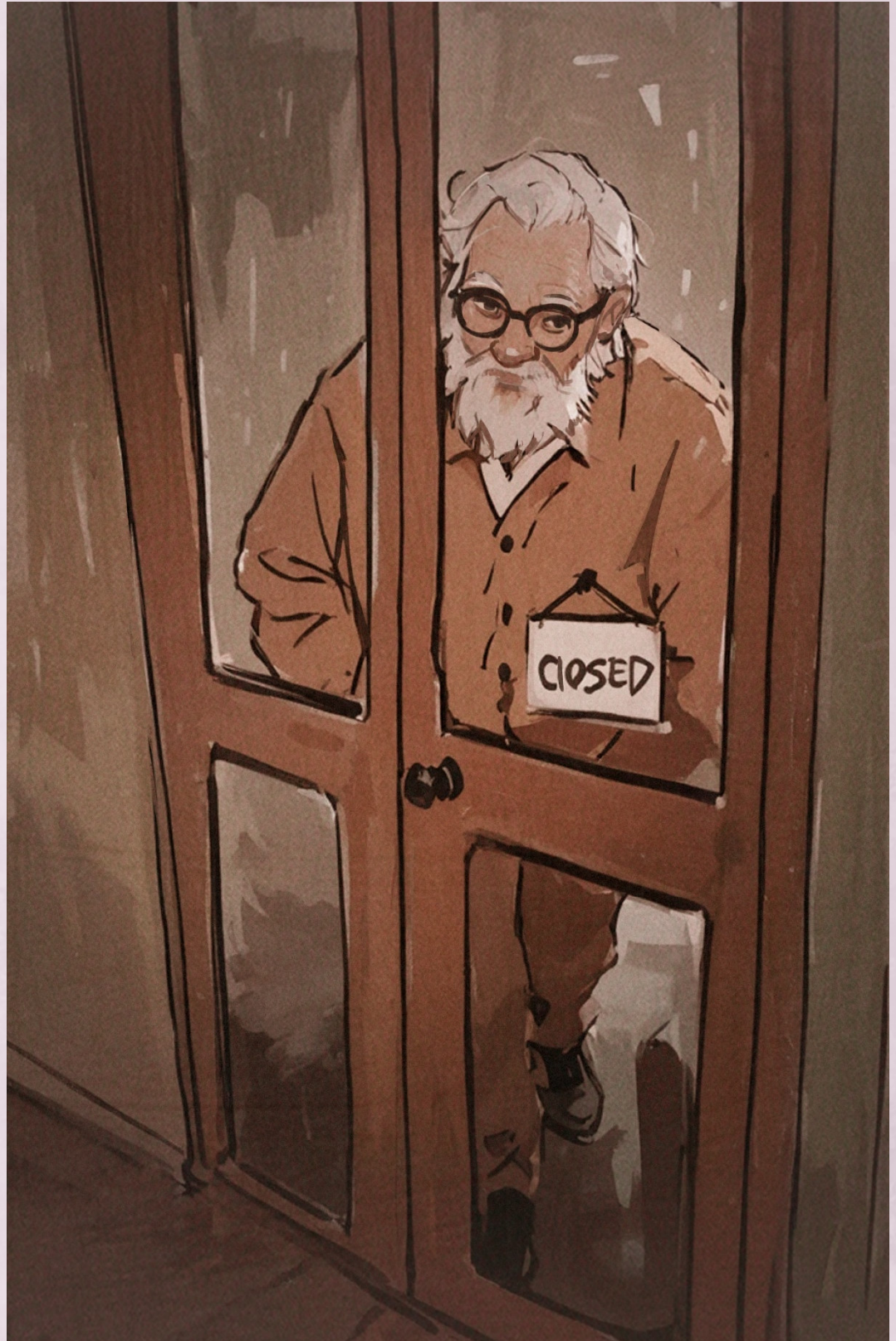
Noah could see Kathy's shoulders bunching. He stepped between her and the old man. "We need Mr. Luci to come by my house and see the painting. When can that happen?"

"Never." Mr. El-Kanna stood and walked to the front door. "We don't make house calls." He held the door open. "We're closing early today. Time for you three to run along."

"What did you mean by 'Mr. Luci may have already won'?" Kathy let her friends pull her toward the door, but she resisted on the threshold. The chill winter air swirled around her and entered the store.

"You're letting in a draft." Mr. El-Kanna gave her a wink. "Goodbye now."

Without meaning to, Kathy followed her friends out onto the sidewalk. The door closed behind them and clicked as Mr. El-Kanna locked it. He turned the "open" sign to "closed" and walked slowly through the store. The three friends watched him disappear through the door in the back.



“Is he leaving out the back?” Noah turned and raced down the alley. “Come on,” he called. But when the teenagers arrived behind the store, they found no door or any sign of the old man.

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“Mom! Mom! Snap out of it!” Ella clapped her hands, but her mother continued to crawl around on the floor, barking. “I wish Dad were here.” She pressed her lips together and tried not to think about how unseemly her mother looked in her tight yoga pants and her butt high in the air.

“Ruff ... ruff ... need ... need ... ruff ...” Mara’s face tightened in concentration for a moment and then relaxed as the thoughts drifted away.

There was a knock on the door. Ella checked her phone. She wasn’t expecting her friends to stop by. The latest text from Samantha said they were going to The Belle Dame. She ignored the front door. The last thing she wanted to do was show the world that her mother thought she was a dog. When the doorbell rang, her mother barked louder and ran toward the front hall. Ella worked hard to pacify her. “Quiet, Mom, they’ll hear you. Quiet!” She guided her mother into the laundry room and closed the door. She then went to the front door and opened it a crack. Lindsey Owens was there with a wide smile on her face.



"Hello, dear." Lindsey put her foot against the door so that Ella couldn't slam it in her face. "Is your mother or father home?"

"Mrs. Owens?" Ella stared in confusion. She could hear her mother's muffled barking behind her. "No ... Mom and Dad aren't home. You'll have to come back later." She tried to close the door, but it wouldn't budge.

"We're actually here to see you, sweetie." Lindsey's smile bordered on manic.

"I'm not supposed to." Ella had a moment of weakness thinking about Eddie. But her mother's barking reminded her of her duty to her family. "I'm sorry I ... wait, what do you mean 'we'?" She could see no one outside other than Lindsey.

"I'm disappointed we had to come to your house." Eddie's voice came from behind Ella.

"What?" Ella wheeled around to find Eddie inside her home.

"I hope you don't mind, I let myself in." Eddie leered at Ella. "I'm disappointed in you, Ella." He waved a finger at her. "And speaking of bitches, can you please shut that dog up?" He looked around for the source of the yelping.

"Oh ... shit ..." Ella stood frozen, her mouth hanging open. With intruders in the house, her mom was now barking her head off and banging against the laundry room door.

"Shut ... that fucking ... mutt up." Eddie looked at his mother. "It's behind that door over there, Mom." He pointed. "Go give it a steak or something."

Lindsey exhaled in relief. For a moment she thought he was going to tell her to hurt the poor pooch, and she was worried she might have to tell him no. "On it." She went to the kitchen, found some leftover chicken in the fridge, and went to the rattling door. She opened the door to the laundry room with the Tupperware open and ready. "Oh ... my ... gosh." She gasped when she glimpsed inside the room. She quickly closed the door and retreated back to Eddie.



"I told you to feed it." Eddie tried not to lose his temper, but the dog was grinding on his nerves.

"Let's just go to your house, Eddie. I'll blow you again if you want." Ella stumbled when she backed up against the wall.

"We're here now, and it can't wait." Eddie took the chicken from his mother and went to the laundry room himself. "Here doggy, doggy. I have a treat for you." He opened the door and stared in disbelief. Ella's mom was bounding around the room on all fours and barking like a maniac. "Holy ... shit." He dropped the Tupperware on the floor and burst out laughing. "You're mom's a bitch, Ella. Like ... for real."

"Wake up, Mom!" Ella clapped her hands to no avail. Her brain swam. This was all too much, and that sickly sweet smell from Eddie's house had followed him here. It made her knees weak.

Mara sniffed the air and stopped yapping. She turned her rump toward Eddie and held it high in the air.

"What's she doing?" Eddie shook his head, still laughing.

No one responded for several beats.



Finally, Lindsey piped up. "She's ... um ... presenting herself to you ... I think."

Lindsey cocked her head. "Mrs. Rizzuto? Mara?" The woman looked over her shoulder at them, but her eyes were half covered by her curly black hair, and her gaze was uncomprehending.

"Wild." Eddie quickly discarded his clothes. Not long ago, he would have been self-conscious letting his belly hang out in front of three beautiful women. Now, he didn't give it a second thought. "Totally ... fucking ... wild." He heard Mara whimper when she got a look at his massive erection. "You want this, bitch?" He entered the laundry room and dropped to his knees behind her, grabbing the stretchy fabric covering her wide ass. He grunted as he pulled at it, trying to tear a hole. It was tougher than it looked.

Mara growled at his suddenly aggressive behavior.

"Behave yourself." He was pleased when she quieted down. "I guess we'll do this the old-fashioned way." He moved his hands to her waistband and pulled her pants and panties to her knees. He spread her legs a little and saw the moisture glisten on her folds.

"You're fucking hot for me." He looked to the door where Ella and Lindsey stood staring with rapt attention. "We're facing the wrong way." He turned Mara on her hands and knees so that they were both facing the others.

Mara whimpered and rocked her hips in anticipation of the impending mounting.

"Oh ... Mom ... what are you doing?" Ella's eyes were wide, her gaze fixed on the mammoth cock as it slowly entered her mother.

"Eddie, sweetie, I'm not sure you really need to ..." Lindsey's voice died away when Mara started howling. She watched the woman's eyes roll and her muscles spasm in a frenzy. Lindsey had become quite familiar with all sorts of new aspects of human sexuality, but the way Mara behaved was completely novel. As Eddie sank deeper and deeper, the howling grew in intensity.

"She's even ... tighter than you ... uuugghhhhh ... Ella." Eddie grinned at the women ogling them from the doorway. "Your dad has been ... ignoring ... some prime ... pussy." Eddie took handfuls of her ass. He pushed her forward until only the tip was inside Mara, then pulled her butt back onto him. In no time at all, they were humping at a frenetic pace.

"Oh ... Mom." Ella stared at her mother's ecstatic face. Her expression was so twisted, it was hard to recognize her. There was a frantic joy in her face, in her strange wailing, and in the way she threw her whole body into mating with Eddie. It was a beautiful and terrible sight. Ella wondered if this was what she looked like with Eddie inside her. She was going to feel Eddie's magic dick again. It would be strange having him put his cock inside her after it'd been in her mother. She found that the thought actually thrilled her. "I'm going to ... I'm ... um ... going to ... let you ... do it," she mumbled.

"What was that, dear?" Lindsey put a hand on her shoulder, her eyes never leaving the mating couple.



"I'm going to let Eddie do the same thing to me ... when he's ... done with my mom." Ella had failed her family. She had been put in charge of protecting them, but instead she had welcomed salacious chaos into her home.

"That's a ... good bitch ... that's a good bitch ... ugh ... ugh ... a good ... tight ... bitch." Eddie gripped her ass so hard he was sure the finger marks would be obvious hours later. He didn't care. It didn't matter what her husband thought. It didn't matter what anyone thought. This yapping bitch was his now. And he wasn't ever letting go. "You like that ... you like that ... you filthy animal?"



"Ruffff ... ruuuuffffffff ...
uuuuuggggggghhhhhhhhhhh." Mara threw her head back. Her body stiffened, accentuating the arch of her back. She gurgled out canine gibberish as her orgasm swept what was left of her mind away.

Lindsey sighed and squeezed Ella's shoulder. "When Eddie gets this excited with a new woman, she's a keeper. I'm going to be a grandmother so many times over." She shook her head. "I suppose he'll get you pregnant, too?"

Ella glanced at the woman, her mouth hanging open and her eyes wide. "Yes," she whispered. "Whatever you want."

Lindsey's laugh was bitter. "It's not what I want. It's what he wants. And he wants you and your mother." She nodded to her son, who was hooting and hollering and slapping Mara's ass.

"Whatever Eddie wants." Ella nodded her agreement.

"I want ... I want ..." Eddie looked over at Ella, his expression crazed. "I want to knock up your mom and you ... on the same day. I'm cumming ... I'm ... aaaaahhhhhhh ... cummmminnnngggg." He gripped Mara's ass and buried himself all the way inside her. His belly shook as spasms passed through his body.

"Aaawwwwoooooooooooooo." Mara howled out her pleasure and collapsed to her belly on the floor, her mate still deep inside her.

“Shit ... she’s so tight ... I feel like I’m knotted ... to the bitch.” Eddie, slick with sweat, rested his weight on her. His belly neatly fit into the curve of her lower back. “You like that ... Mrs. Rizzuto? You like being ... knotted?”

“Ruff ...” Mara said feebly. Soon, Eddie’s long cock slid out of her with a sloppy plop, and it was her daughter’s turn. But Mara was so overcome, she scarcely noticed. Even when her mind returned to her, and she could form words again, she did nothing more than lie on her side and stare at Eddie and Ella smashing together like dogs.



“You’re mine ... uh ... uh ... uh ... Ella.” Eddie stared at the flare from her waist out to her ass. She wasn’t as slim as she’d been just the other day. He didn’t understand why it happened, but he’d noticed the trend toward curves with all the women he’d taken. A more curious person might have asked why. But it didn’t matter to him. Everything was going his way. And that was the way it should be. “You’re ... ugh ... mine ... and ... your mother’s ... mine.”

“Okay ... okay ...” Ella squeaked. She prayed the moment would never end. A tide of pleasure surged inside her. She never wanted it to recede. “I’m yours ... ah ... ah ... ah ... we’re yours ... forever ... and ... oooohhhhhhhh ... ever.”

Mara cast a glance at Lindsey. How odd that two mothers of eighteen-year-olds would be staring with longing at their progeny bumping uglies. She spotted Lindsey's hand moving furiously under her dress. One mother was leaking sperm while the other pleased herself. She could think of nothing more sordid than what was happening in her house. She had thought things couldn't get any stranger than the uncontrollable barking. She had been wrong. After Eddie finished in Ella, it was Mara's turn again. She rode him with abandon. He called her names no one had ever dared utter to her face. But she didn't even wince.

"You're the horniest ... bitch I've ever fucked." Eddie held her hips and forced her to bounce on him. Grinding was nice, but he wanted to see his length penetrating her again and again. He stared past his belly at the tight pink ring her pussy formed around his veiny shaft. "You're ... ugh ... ugh ... a total slut. You're ... my slut."

"Yes ... yes ... yes ... oooohhhhhhhh." Mara's large boobs bounced in unison on her chest.

"Say ... it ... bitch." Eddie was getting ready to cum again.

"I'm ... your filthy ... bitch ... Eddie." Mara couldn't believe the words coming out of her mouth. "I'm your ... slut."

"Language, Eddie." Lindsey didn't stop masturbating while reprimanding her son.

"Lay off, Mom." Eddie winked at her. "This is the way ... uh ... uh ... uh ... things are now. And you love it. I know ... ugh ... you do."

Lindsey had no reply.

Eddie took his sweet time at the Rizzuto house, cumming twice in Mara and twice in Ella. He finished with his mother while the Rizzutos watched. Afterward, they were famished. Mara made them all an early supper. They ate mostly in silence, Eddie making the occasional crude remark.



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"Hey there!" Jimmy jumped onto the sidewalk in front of Kathy, Samantha, and Noah.

Kathy growled.

Samantha stopped abruptly and put her hand over her heart. "You gotta stop jumping out of bushes, Jimmy."



"Sorry." He smiled like he wasn't sorry. "I like to mix things up, otherwise today gets boring. Sometimes I come up from behind you. But Kathy really doesn't like that. Sometimes I dance across the street, but there's a speeding car in three ... two ... one ..."
A car screeched around the corner, tore the side mirror off a parked car, and sped past them. The eighteen-year-olds could see that the driver's seat contained a woman riding a man with his hands barely on the wheel. It quickly disappeared with squealing tires around another turn.
"The bushes are safer."

"So, if you're here today, that means that you solved the puzzle yesterday." Noah rubbed his forehead and thought. "If I can remember yesterday, that means it had to be your last yesterday. And then ... since I'm here right now talking to you and I'm aware of all this, this has to be your last today, right?"

"Yes, to the first part. No, to the second part." Jimmy shrugged, looking a little bored. "You've made the second point before on today's

that repeated. You always think this is your only today. But you're almost always wrong." He gave them a sly grin. "Except this time, you happen to be right. Pure coincidence."

"So ... you and your mom ..." Samantha raised her eyebrows. "I mean ... if you passed yesterday ... that means you and your mom did it?"

“Correct.” Jimmy shot her with a finger gun. “I won’t give you all the details. But let’s just say that you and Noah were doing it right about the same time my mom was riding me like a rodeo cowgirl.”

Samantha blushed. “How did you ...?”

“Gross ... dude.” Kathy curled her lip.

“We must have told him on another today, Sam,” Noah said.

“Right.” Samantha continued to blush.

“Correct again.” Jimmy shot Noah with a finger gun. “I just want to say that I really love you guys. Without you, I’d still be stuck on yesterday. Maybe forever. And it looks like I’ve solved today’s puzzle today. You helped figure that out on a different today. So, thanks! I want to return the favor to you by telling you that sometimes today, you and your mom do it. And that makes everyone happy. So, you know, go for it.”

“Oh, come on, Jimmy.” Samantha folded her arms.

“Don’t knock it until you’ve tried it.” Kathy smirked.

“I’m not jealous or anything. I was just saying to Noah last night that ... that ...” Samantha looked around at everyone. “How did we get here? This is *insane*, isn’t it?”

Everyone nodded their heads in agreement.

“So, we all agree that Noah banging his mom is fine and dandy.” Jimmy smiled pleasantly. “Great! So, I’ll fill you in on how it works out when it goes well. You’re lucky really. I had to work so hard with my mom. Yours is ...” He laughed. “Let’s just say, I have a good feeling about this today. A very good feeling.”

The four friends walked toward Noah’s house, Jimmy sharing his thoughts.

Samantha fell a few paces behind and checked her phone. Ella wasn’t responding to her texts. It was probably for the best. Samantha didn’t know how she would explain to Ella that they were prepping Noah to have sex with his mother. Ella probably wasn’t ready for that level of insanity.



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"If I remember correctly, this is the young man you struck to defend Noah's honor?" Eloise smiled warmly at Kathy like they were old friends. The Painted Lady stood with the teenagers in Jessica's office. The painting behind her was empty.



"She smacked me good." Jimmy nodded. He had watched this woman crawl out of her painting a few minutes before, and it hadn't bothered him in the slightest. It wasn't the first time he'd seen that trick. "And I deserved it."

"I'm sure you did." Eloise laughed. "But reliving old times isn't why you're here. How did it go at The Belle Dame?"

Noah and Samantha told her about Mr. El-Kanna, and their disappointing interview with him. Eloise rubbed her pregnant belly, deep in thought as she listened. A worry line creased her forehead.

When they'd finished the story, they waited for Eloise to say something. When she didn't, Noah pressed on. "There's something else."

"Yes?" Eloise raised an eyebrow.

"I've decided ... I mean we've decided ... um ... that is ... I'm going all the way with Mom." He waited for a reaction, but Eloise's eyes were still focused inward. "Today ... I'm going to see if my mom wants to ... have sex ... today."

"That's wonderful news. If you're asking for my blessing, you most certainly have it." Eloise's face radiated as she processed the latest news.

Noah looked around at his friends. Samantha and Kathy didn't make eye contact. Jimmy smiled at him and gave him a thumbs-up. Noah sighed. "That's not what I'm asking for, Mrs. Palmer. I need you to change me back. I can't possibly do anything with ... um ... this dick. It's too big."

Jimmy snickered, but didn't say anything. Samantha turned beet red. Kathy rolled her eyes.

"It most certainly is not!" Eloise put her hands on her hips. "You have a wonderful bludgeon. And I happen to know your mother does very well with that size."

Jimmy burst out laughing. "I'm sorry ... sorry ..." He worked hard to suppress himself.

"About that ..." Noah met Eloise's green-eyed gaze. "I know that my mom and Thomas have been ... together. If I do this, I want that to stop. No more Mom and Thomas."

“Well, I give you a mighty bludgeon, and you start swinging it around, don’t you?” Eloise’s laugh was high and sweet.

Jimmy’s shoulders were still bobbing as he tried to control his chortling.

“Stop fucking around, Mrs. Palmer.” Kathy shifted her weight to the balls of her feet.

“Indeed.” Eloise glanced nonchalantly at Kathy.

“Noah, I believe your mother is old enough to decide for herself how to best sate her womanly desires. I would never shackle a lady like that. If you want her to stop, bring it up with her. Perhaps if you gave her a good reason, she might forget all about my sweet Thomas.” She smiled innocently.

“Jeez.” Samantha grunted her disgust.

“And what is your role here exactly?” Eloise turned the full force of her gaze on Samantha.

“I’m Noah’s girlfriend. And friend. And ... I’m pretty sure you know all that already.” Samantha stamped her foot.

“What a twisted web you’ve woven, Noah.” Eloise didn’t take her eyes off Samantha.

“Okay, fine. I’ll handle Thomas on my own.” Noah’s face flushed with anger and embarrassment.

“Just change my body back to normal.”

“We’ve been over this already. You needed to get Mr. Luci over here if you wanted to reverse our binding agreement.” Eloise shrugged. “But you failed. And ... I still need to talk to him.” She turned her back on them and walked toward the painting, her head bowed in thought.



"You're not going to help us, are you?" Kathy relaxed. It was plain that their meeting was over.

"I am going to cheer my heart out. Huzzah, Noah! Huzzah!" Eloise smiled, slowly climbed into the painting, and seated herself on her familiar chair. "Please update me once the deed is done." She winked at Noah.

"Come on." Samantha took Noah's hand and pulled him from the room. Jimmy and Kathy followed. They closed the door after them and stood in the dark hall.

"Your mom gets home soon?" Samantha squeezed Noah's hand.

Before Noah could answer, Jimmy said, "She always gets home at 3:17. About ten minutes." He slapped Noah on the back. "You got this, buddy. I believe in you. Now, I gotta get home. My mom's baking and the rest of

the family is out. She brings me warm cookies while I'm watching a movie and we -"

"Get out of here, Jimmy." Samantha kicked him lightly on the butt.

"I'm gone." Jimmy headed for the door. "I've got a good feeling about this today."

"Kathy and I are going to go check on Ella. She's not responding to my texts." Samantha let go of Noah's hand and kissed him on the cheek. She leaned her lips close to his ear. "This is so hot. I wish I could see it. You'll have to tell me all about it later," she whispered.

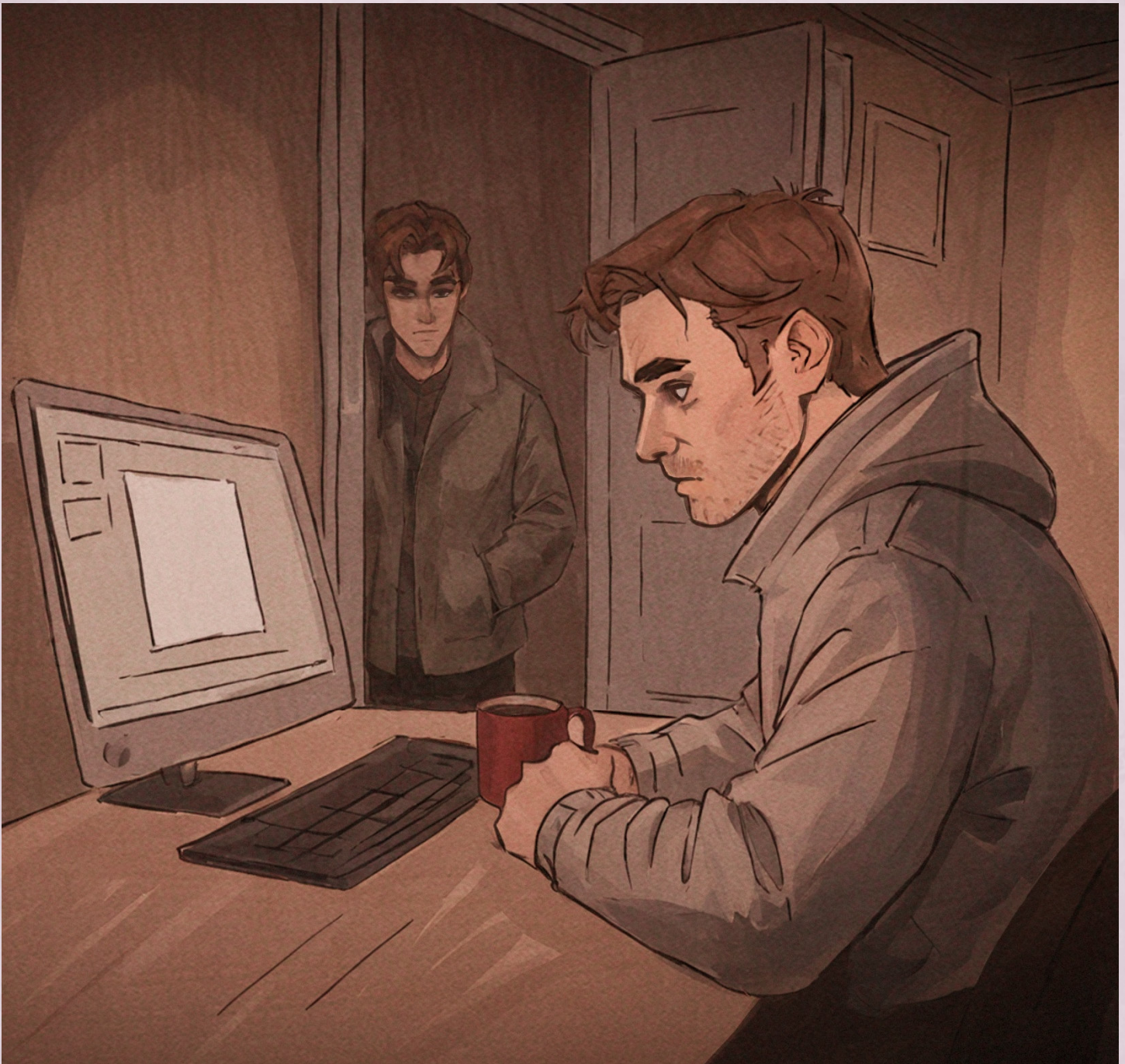
"You know I have super hearing now, right?" Kathy smiled. "Did I not mention that?"

"Shut up, Kath. You didn't hear anything." Samantha kissed Noah once more on the lips. "Come on Kathy, let's make sure Ella's okay. Break a leg, Noah."

"Yeah, best of luck." Kathy offered a feral grin as she turned to go.



"Later." Noah walked them to the door and closed it after them. He had only a few minutes until his mom arrived home. Jimmy had assured him that Hailey was out with friends, but Noah thought he'd better check. As he walked through the house, he stopped by his dad's study. His father sat there engrossed in his poker tournament. Noah stood in the doorway, staring. "Well ... shit." He'd forgotten about his dad.



Andrew glanced over his shoulder. "Oh, hey, sport. What did you say?"

"I said, I'm going to put on some music, so you might want to put on your headphones." Noah did not flinch at the devious lies coming out of his own mouth.

"Yeah, sure. I'm in the money now. Don't want to lose concentration." Andrew turned his focus back to the computer screen. "I'll listen to some music, too."

Noah walked upstairs shaking his head.