

Chapter 22

The Palmer Legacy



FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Palmer Legacy 22

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Chapter 22

Final Table!

“Noah, honey? Can I come in?” Jessica entered her son’s room with a bright smile on her face. She closed the door behind her. She found him at his desk jotting notes on a piece of paper.

“Hi, Mom.” Noah turned his head toward her. He was too nervous to smile. He knew from Jimmy that his mother would come right to his room and offer a blowjob. He had been making notes about the paintings to keep his mind off what was likely to happen that afternoon. If he thought about it too much, he was fairly certain his head would explode. A wave of excitement swept through him, turning his stomach over and over.

“Your father is engrossed in his poker. Your sister is out. Paget and Clive arrive tomorrow.” She crept toward him slowly with a sly look on her face. The way she pretended to stalk him reminded her of playing monster with him over a decade ago. But he was eighteen now. A man. It was a different game she had in mind. “This



may be the best chance we get to have a little fun for some time. Would you like me to do what I did last time? You seemed to really like that.”

“Actually, Mom, while I loved what we did last time, I thought we could try something ... different.”

“Oh?” She glanced at the paper on his desk. There were two short lists. On one side, there was a category with *Mr. El-Kanna* as the heading. Underneath, Noah had written *1950s/metal ball, long tongue/red eyes, spaceship*. He had drawn little pictures of each. The other heading read *Mr. Luci*. Underneath was written *nineteenth-century/family, woman in mirror?, others?* She cocked her head. “What are you working on?”

“Nothing, Mom. I was just killing time.” He tried not to stare at the cleavage revealed by her dress as she bent toward him. “About us ... um ... I was thinking it might be special if you wore some lingerie.”

“Oh ... I don’t know.” She looked into his intelligent, handsome face and bit her lower lip. “If your father comes upstairs and sees me walking down the hall in skimpy underwear, he might have questions. Also, I don’t think my lingerie fits anymore.”

“He’s not coming up.” Noah was firm. It wasn’t necessary to the plan, but he really did want to see her in a sexy outfit. “You’re gorgeous, Mom. It would make me so happy if you did that for me. Please?” He could see she was still unconvinced. “Did you know that I dream about how beautiful you are?”

“No, I didn’t.” Jessica’s freckled cheeks flushed. She reminded herself that according to her doctor, she and Noah were both at the height of their sexual cravings. She had dreamed about him, too. “You really think I’m that ... beautiful? As pretty as Sam?”

“Yes.” Noah nodded. “You’re the woman of my dreams.”

“But ... I’m your mother.”

“My mother is the woman of my dreams.” Noah nodded earnestly. He kept his crotch hidden under the desk. It wasn’t time for her to ask questions about his size, and he was pretty sure she wouldn’t miss the erection tenting his pants if it was out in the open.

“My ... gosh. That’s a *lovely* thing to say. Really lovely.” Her face went blank for a moment, and then her smile returned. “Mommy’s going to get changed. I’ll be right back.” She quickly exited her son’s room, wondering how she would squeeze into her lingerie. She hoped she wouldn’t look too ridiculous.

Noah leapt from the chair, closed the door, and undressed. He placed his phone on his desk so that the camera pointed toward his bed. He jumped on top of the covers and lay on his back.



The time to avoid thinking about sex was over. He stroked himself with both hands as he waited. The time for sex was almost here.

Jessica's lingerie was the most modest thing Victoria's Secret made. When she bought it, it had been no more revealing than a one-piece swimsuit. But now it was a good deal more revealing since it was a few sizes too small. Her bust practically spilled out of the top. She told herself that Noah would love it regardless. She opened her bedroom door and peered out. It was clear that Andrew wasn't leaving his tournament for anything. This was the perfect time. Otherwise, she'd have to wait until January to be with Noah again. Even her time with Thomas would be constrained with such a full house. *Carpe diem*. She trotted down the carpeted hall and entered Noah's room. Without looking up, she locked the door behind her. "Well, I think it's pretty silly but ..." When she turned and saw him the blood drained from her face. "What happened to your thing? Oh, gosh! Did it get hurt or something?" She raced to the bed and knelt beside it.



"It's okay, Mom." Noah had expected this.

"But it's so big ... and red ... and angry looking." She reached for it, but didn't touch. She was afraid of hurting him. "It didn't look like that before." She remembered being so proud of the penis that she'd made. The one between her son's legs looked like the evil twin of the one she'd gotten to know. "What happened?"



"Mrs. Palmer." Noah could see understanding lock in behind his mother's green eyes. "It was an accident. She didn't mean to. And I didn't mean to. But it happened. We're working on changing me back."

"Does it hurt?" She leaned closer to inspect it, giving him a prime view of her overflowing freckled cleavage. She could see him staring out of the corner of her eye. She inhaled deeply. He smelled wonderful. This was something Thomas lacked. Her painted paramour had no discernable scent. But Noah smelled musky and wild. She remembered buying him deodorant when he'd entered his teenage years. Now, she was grateful he wasn't wearing any. She lowered her nose to the short, curly brown hair at the base of his mammoth penis and inhaled deeply.

"What are you doing, Mom?" Noah watched her nostrils flare.

Jessica didn't think Andrew had ever smelled like their son. She took one more deep breath. "I asked if it hurts." She ventured a small, delicate kiss on the crimson head of his cock. "Answer me, please."

"It doesn't hurt." This was a statement counter to Jimmy's advice. But he didn't feel like lying to her. "It feels really good ... actually." He took her left hand and placed it on the shaft. He stared at her sparkling wedding ring. Guilt took his next words away. Instead of encouraging her, he simply stared at her delicate, feminine hand squeezing his oversized veins.

“It’s still ... really nice.” Her right hand joined her left, and she pumped him tenderly. “Well, as long as it feels good ... and you and Eloise are going to change it back ... there’s no harm in us having a little fun with your scary monster.” She giggled. This was a new monster game she was going to play. “You’d be surprised what I can do with something this size. Mmmppppphhhhhhhhhh.” She spread her jaws wide and took him into her mouth. Soon she was bobbing her head while pumping fiercely with her hands. It dawned on her that there was room for her mouth and both hands to move on the tall pole. He rivaled Thomas’s length and girth.



“Oooooohhhhhhhh ... Mom ... that’s really ... good.” He regrouped from the sight of the ring. His dad didn’t matter. She had already cheated on him with Thomas. The thoughts twisted and twisted, until Noah focused on how it would be better for the family if she chose him over Thomas. The blowjob had been going on for a while. Noah lost all track of time. “Mom ... Mom ... I want to try something else. But first ... I didn’t really get to see you ... in that lingerie.”



Jessica pulled her lips off her son’s penis and released it from her hands. “Okay ... okay ... we can try something else.” Her eyes watered from his size. She hoped her mascara wasn’t running. “Okay ... I’ll give you ... a little show. You’ve ... earned it ... honey.” Jessica stood next to the bed and posed for him. She thrust her hip to the side. She turned her back to him and bent over. She turned her side to him and arched her back. All the while, she watched the look of awe and wonder on his face. She reminded herself that *she* was the source of wonder. It thrilled her. “What do you think?”

“Better than my dreams.” Noah told the truth. The sight of her alluring curves hooked themselves deep inside his being and tugged at him. He had to have her. He was so close. He longed to bury his face in her milky cleavage just as he had in his dreams ... but he had other things to do first. “I love you so much, Mom.” While she was still posing, he reached for her wrist and pulled her onto the bed with him.

“Oh ... gosh ... Noah.” Jessica could feel the heavy weight of his penis slapping against her bare thigh as they playfully wrestled. He was delightfully warm. She giggled. “You’re so ... forceful ... all of a sudden.” She found herself under him, their faces inches apart. His sweet

breath filled her nostrils.

“Do you remember the first time we kissed?” He drank in the sight of her expectant, freckled face. She really was the woman of his dreams. She was easily as pretty as Samantha, and Samantha was gorgeous. And the way her mascara ran down her cheeks made her seem all the more vulnerable and lovely.

“Of course.” She trembled under him. Her poor lingerie was probably stained beyond cleaning. She had been creaming herself like crazy for the past twenty minutes.

“You never said why you kissed me. Was it because you wanted to?”

“Honestly, honey ...?” She met his smoldering gaze. “I kissed you because of Eloise. Because Mrs. Palmer wanted me to. But now? *I* want to kiss you now. Will you kiss me?”

Noah lowered his lips to hers. He held each of her wrists pinned to the bed on either side of her flowing copper hair. He pressed his scrawny chest up against her soft, swollen bust. Their tongues quickly entwined. Without thinking about it, his hips rocked, sliding his cock against her lingerie-covered pussy. He could feel her wetness. The bottom of his shaft and the top of his balls were wet and sticky. They dry humped and made out for a long time. Noah eventually released her wrists. Her hands wandered, caressing his back and running through his thick hair.



It was time. Jessica broke their kiss and made eye contact again. "It seems ... from the way ... you're moving down there ... that you want something. Am I right?"

"Yeah." Noah nodded. "I want ... to put it in."

"I was hoping you'd say that." She reached down and pulled her lingerie to the side.

"Will it fit?" He took hold of his cock, but he wasn't used to its size. And his knowledge of a woman's anatomy needed work. He had trouble lining it up.



“Yes. Yes. It will.” Jessica nodded enthusiastically. This was it. She was going to let her sweet son claim his prize. She had travelled a long twisting journey to arrive at this point, but the destination seemed inescapable. “Let me help you.” She pushed his hands away and circled her fingers around his prodigious girth. She had become so habituated to humping Thomas without a condom, that the thought of protection didn’t even cross her mind. “It’s a bit lower ... yeah ... right there ... right there ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... Noah ... you’re inside me.” She let go of his penis and held his butt. She pressed her fingers into his flesh, feeling his muscles contract as he pushed deeper. “Holy ... moly ... you’re deep.” She spread her legs wide in the air, curling her toes.

“Mom ... Mom ... you feel so good.” He bottomed out, his balls resting on her ass. His impulses pulled him in so many directions. He wanted to rip the lacy material off her breasts and devour her nipples. He wanted to kiss her again. He wanted to pound her pussy into oblivion. But he did none of those things. He locked eyes with her and

held himself all the way inside, watching her eyelids flutter and her mouth gape.

“Noah ... honey ... I’ve ... uuuggghhhhhhhhhh ... never felt closer ... to anyone ... in my life. I think ... ugh ... that your penis ... is pushing up against ... ooooohhhhhhhhh ... my soul.” Her body shook, her fingernails dug into his butt, and she made the oddest wailing noises. “It’s ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii ... happening ... and you haven’t even ... started yet.”

“Mom?” Noah watched his mother loudly cum on his cock for the first time. “I can feel you squeezing me.” It was true, her pussy spasmed on his dick. He prayed that his dad kept his headphones on, or it was game over. The noises she made were something between uncontrollable sobs and hysterical laughter.

“Noah ... uuuggghhhhhhhh ... gug ... gugggggggggg ... gggghhhhhh ... Noaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh ... my sweet ... my ... uuuggghhhhhh ... sweet ... perfect son.” Slowly, Jessica returned from the peak of her high. Her eyes focused on the concerned face hovering above her. “Hump me ... hump me ... Noah ... hump me.” She pushed his butt to get him moving. “Yes ... yes ... I feel it ... I feel it ... yes ... yes ... you and me ... we’ll be locked together ... forever ... hump me ... hump me ... hump me.” She continued chanting in rhythm to his squeaking bed.

Noah obliged her. His body seemed to know what it was doing so his mind got out the way. His hips were a blur. He wondered for a moment if his bed could take the abuse but decided he didn’t care. It could collapse, and it wouldn’t matter. Their house could fall around them, and he wouldn’t stop pounding his mother. His hands wanted some leverage, so he let them do what they wanted. He reached under his mother and took hold of her round ass. They were now both firmly gripping each other, four hands digging into four ass cheeks. “Nothing else ... feels like this ...”



“Yes ... yes ... nothing else ... like this.” Jessica realized it was true. Sex with Thomas had turned her world upside down. But she didn’t love her ghostly partner. Not really. Noah, on the other hand, she loved with all her heart, and now she lusted for him with every nerve in her body. She could have it all. She was having it all. It was clear that they had crossed the Rubicon. There was no coming back. This was her life now. “You’re going to make me ... uuugghhhhhh ... again ... it’s ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiii ... happening again ... aaaahhhhhhhhhh.” Her eyes rolled back into her head, and she screamed out her second climax.

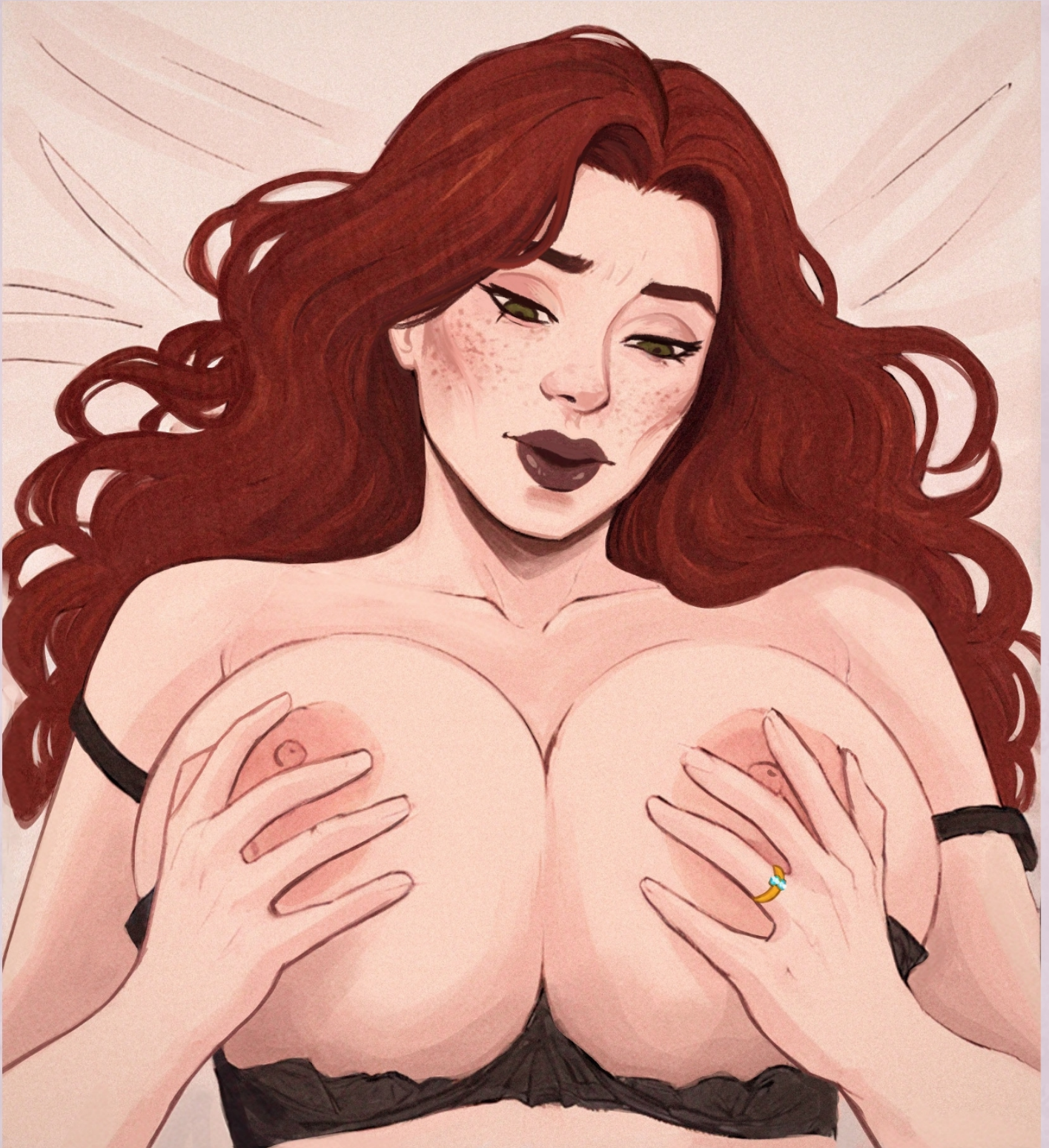
Downstairs, Andrew pumped his fist. “Final table!” The tournament went on break for five minutes. He thought about getting up to get some water, maybe visit the bathroom. But no, he was in the zone. He adjusted his headphones and nodded his head to the music. Maybe that was the difference. Music. Noah had unknowingly given him a gift. With tunes in his ears, there was no flop, turn, or river that could throw him. He was going to win the tournament. He could feel it.

Upstairs, Jessica could feel her son’s massive cock pressing places only Thomas had touched. She was delirious with delight. “I’m yours ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... and you’re mine ... ugh ... ugh ... and together ... ooooohhhhhhhhh ... we’re perfect.”

“Speaking ... of perfect ... Mom ... show me ... your boobs.” It wasn’t much of a segue, but he was tired of waiting. Noah would have torn the lingerie from her chest himself, but he didn’t want to relinquish his hold on her ass. The leverage it gave him was exquisite, and her butt was so wonderfully supple, full, and pliant.



“Yes ... yes ... of course.” In a frenzy, Jessica pulled the straps off her shoulders and lowered the frilly garment. She gripped her heavy boobs and pushed them together. Mother and son stared at her breasts as they undulated in time with Noah’s thrusts. “Do you like ... them? Ooohhhh ... please tell me ... you like them.”



“Yes!” Noah raised his voice, forgetting about his father. “I love them ... so much.” Her areolae and nipples were large, pink, and inviting. He lowered his lips to her nipple, sucking it in and nibbling on her flesh. He didn’t know how to properly suck on a boob, and it didn’t matter. He let his longing be his guide. After countless dreams and cravings, he finally had his face buried in his mother’s breasts.

“Ohhhh ... not so rough ... oh ... my ... ohhhhhhhhhh ...” She squirmed but didn’t try and stop him. Much like when he’d put his tongue on her vagina, he demonstrated little skill with her breast but made up for it with raw, unbridled desire. It was a trade she was more than happy with. His pinches and bites caused her to wince a few times, but the pain blended with the pleasure flowing from between her legs. “Take what you want ... yesssssssss ... Noah ... I’m yours ... take everything ... that I have.” Her hands raked down his back, feeling his pulsing small muscles working tirelessly. She listened to the wet grunting noises he made around her nipple. “Are you going to ... ugh ... ugh ... finish?”

Noah lifted off her breast and stared into her eyes. He was a man possessed. Not by Eloise, or a painting, or Mr. Luci. He was under the spell of his own desires. The savagery of his thumping thrusts grew, but his hips didn’t increase their speed. His body paused at the zenith of each backstroke, slammed his dick home, paused at the bottom, pushed her hips deep into the mattress, and then moved to the next backstroke. It was instinctual, ferocious mating. “I’m ... uuggghhhhhh ... going to ... cum.”

“Okay ... okay ...” Jessica gritted her teeth, trying to stave off another orgasm. She needed to have her wits about her. “Maybe ... ugh ... maybe ... ugh ...” Her eye lost focus and regained it again. “Maybe ...” A crash echoed in the room. Suddenly, they were at an odd angle. The mattress under her sloped to the floor at her feet. They had broken his bed. She remembered the day she and Andrew had spent hours assembling it. They had argued the whole time, but finally put it together for their son. Now, it had snapped in two, but her son didn’t miss a beat. His hips continued to pummel her. “Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Her climax hit and bloomed when she felt the heat of his seed



inside her. He was similar to Thomas, but so very different, too. Where the Painted Man was cold and otherworldly, Noah was hot and completely familiar. “Eeeeeiiii ... eeeeeiiiiii ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Her eyes rolled back, her eyelids fluttered, and her cheeks turned beet red under the running mascara. She had never been happier.

“Cumming ... cumming ... Mom ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Noah matched her cries in a lower register, the two harmonizing as they came on his broken bed.



In his study, Andrew glanced away from the screen. Was Noah blasting his music? That was very unusual for their well-mannered son. Well, now wasn't the moment to deal with it. The tournament was down to five players, and Andrew had the third largest stack. He adjusted his headphones, turned up his music, and focused on winning.

Time passed. Noah and Jessica hadn't moved from his canted bed. He still lay on top of his mother, his cheek resting on her shoulder. They were still panting and sweaty. His hard dick connected them, but he wasn't moving. "I've never ... been happier ... in my life."

“Even with ... Sam?” Jessica absentmindedly stroked his damp hair.

“Sam is amazing. But you’re ... um ... you.” His hand was resting on her tit. He gave her soft flesh a playful squeeze.

“Are you happier than when I finally let you ride the Madre Diablo rollercoaster that one summer? Happier than when you got that six-thousand-piece Lego set for Christmas? Happier than when you and your friends went camping, and you caught that giant trout?” She couldn’t wipe the smile off her face. Even when she thought about his swimmers busily working their way toward her eggs, it didn’t faze her.

“Yes, yes, and yes.” Noah nodded against her soft skin. “This is the best moment of my life.”

They were silent for a while, each lazily exploring their own thoughts.

“What was that list you were working on when I came in? Why was God on one side, and Mr. Luci on the other?” She gently ran her fingers down his back. All the fine muscles that had been working so hard had relaxed. His form was delicate and smooth without them.

“God?” Noah had no idea what she was talking about.

“El-Kanna.”

“What?” Noah was too comfortable to lift his head to look at her, but he was curious. “What’s El-Kanna?”

“This is my fault.” She sighed. “I should have sent you to Sunday school more often. El-Kanna is a name for God in the Old Testament. It means Jealous God. ‘A holy Jealousy that God has for his people because He is a consuming fire’ or something. I don’t remember much about it. *My* Sunday school days were a long time ago.”

“I didn’t know that’s what his name meant.” Noah needed the list to explain it to her. He slowly pulled out of his mother and stood. He forgot about his notes when he got a look at her gaping pussy. Her pink lips were enflamed, and her little copper curls were matted with sweat and cum. “Mom ... I came inside you.” It was obvious, but he felt it needed to be said. He stared at the sperm leaking out of her. “We shouldn’t have ... I mean ... I shouldn’t have.”



“Shh. It’s okay.” Jessica climbed out of bed and stood on shaky legs. “I mean, it’s not okay. We shouldn’t do it again. And I’ll have to sit on the toilet for a while and drain as much as I ... uuummmppppppphhhhhh.” Noah’s lips were suddenly on hers, his hard penis wedging itself between her thighs. She kissed him back for a minute, darting her tongue into his mouth. Then, she pushed him away. “That’s very sweet, honey. But I have to get this stuff out of me. And your father isn’t going to be on his computer forever. It’s a wonder ... that ...” She lost her train of thought when she looked down at his mighty penis still covered in their combined froth.

“You’re right ... of course. I just saw you standing there with your lingerie around your waist, and your amazing boobs. And your hips. And you looked so ... so ... mmmmmppppppphhhhhh.” Noah was shocked by the ferocity of his mother’s kiss. She grabbed his butt and pulled him to her, lodging his dick between her thighs again. She writhed against him until he was humping her thighs while they made out.

Jessica broke the kiss, turned around, and put her hands on the wall next to one of his posters. “We’ll do this quickly ... okay? One more time won’t matter. Not if we’re quick, and I take care of it ... right afterward.” She felt his hands on her hips and then the expanse of his knobby head pressed against the wrong hole. She raised herself onto her toes to help him and sighed when he found his way into the right hole. She was so stretched out that it wasn’t too difficult for him to find. “Oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... I will never ... get ... enough ... of this.” In no time, her son was plowing her mercilessly from behind. “When did you ... become ... so forceful? You were always ... so sweet ... with me.”

Noah’s hips slowed. “Sorry ... Mom ... I just never ... needed anything ... so badly ... before.” Even though he was abashed, he couldn’t stop humping her, or tear his eyes away from her wide, rippling butt.

“No ... no ... I didn’t mean ... ugggghhhhhh ...” Jessica shivered with delight. “I like what you were doing ... I like it ... keep doing it ... I love it ... I looooovvvve it.” Her knees were so weak, she prayed she could stay upright. “Pull my ... hair ... I’m yours ... honey ... and you’re ... mine. Yes ... yes ... like that ... make me yours ... ugggghhhhhh.” With her son’s fingers tightly wound in her hair, and her breasts swinging wildly under her, Jessica visited pure rapture yet again.



It was clear to Noah from his mother's strangled sounds and the way her body spasmed that she was cumming. She had given herself completely to him. His cock was in control of her pussy, his hand gripped her hip, and his other hand directed the position of her head. He didn't know how he would explain any of this to Samantha. It didn't matter. That was a puzzle for another time, but all other times felt impossibly far away. The present moment was the universe. He was joining his mother completely, and he was going to leave part of himself inside her ... again. "Gonna ... cum ... Mom ... it's uuuuuggghhhhhh ... too good ... gonna cummmmm ... again ... inside you ... aaaaaahhhhhhhh."

"Please ... please ... eeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Jessica sang her joyous harmony with her son as he filled her for the second time that day. It was paradise on Earth.



When they finally pulled apart, it took every ounce of willpower Jessica had to leave. She wanted desperately to pull him to his broken bed and cuddle Noah all evening. But that wasn't to be. Andrew would finish his tournament. And Hailey would return home. So, she slowly waddled back to her bedroom, trying hard not to drip on the carpet. She made good on her promise to drain as much as she could. That took a long time. She stared at the bathroom wall and thought about what her life had become, what she wanted, and what was possible.

Eventually, she stood, turned on the shower, and slipped into the warm water. She wondered what Noah was thinking about. She wondered what he wanted, and what he thought possible. She wanted to ask him why Mr. El-Kanna and Mr. Luci had dueling lists. She would find time to ask all those questions. It wouldn't be easy with Paget coming home for Christmas, but she would somehow find time for her son.

