

Chapter 23



The Palmer Legacy

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Palmer Legacy 23

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Chapter 23

The Christian Ladies of Clover Falls

Samantha and Kathy went to the Rizzuto house but couldn't find Ella or her mother. This was worrying. Samantha didn't want to bother Noah in the middle of whatever he might be doing with his mom, but as they fruitlessly searched around the home, she decided it was time to text him an SOS. Just as she pulled out her phone, she received a text from Ella letting her know that Ella's family had gone to her aunt's house for Christmas.

"That's a dicey decision. What if her mom goes canine on their trip?" Kathy read the message over her friend's shoulder.

"Maybe getting away from the painting will help Mrs. Rizzuto." Samantha was trying to make the best of it, but she didn't like Ella's decision either. "Maybe her dad didn't give her a choice." She texted Ella back, asking her to keep them in the loop if anything strange happened. Ella didn't respond.

When Samantha got back to the Reader's house that evening, the family was about to sit down to dinner. She didn't get the chance to debrief Noah. After dessert she sat and chatted with the Readers while he went straight to bed. By the time she got up to his room, he was already snoring. She stared at his sleeping form for a while, thinking about waking him. Was he giving her the cold shoulder? Had things changed now that he and his mom had done ... whatever they'd done? And how on Earth had he broken his bed? It was sloped to the floor by his feet. How could he even sleep like that? Boys were so strange. She shook her head but didn't wake him. It took her a long time to fall asleep that night.



"How nice to have you here, Lauren. You haven't attended one of our Christian Ladies of Clover Falls meetings before." Shannon smiled at her guest and handed her a cup and saucer filled with steaming tea.

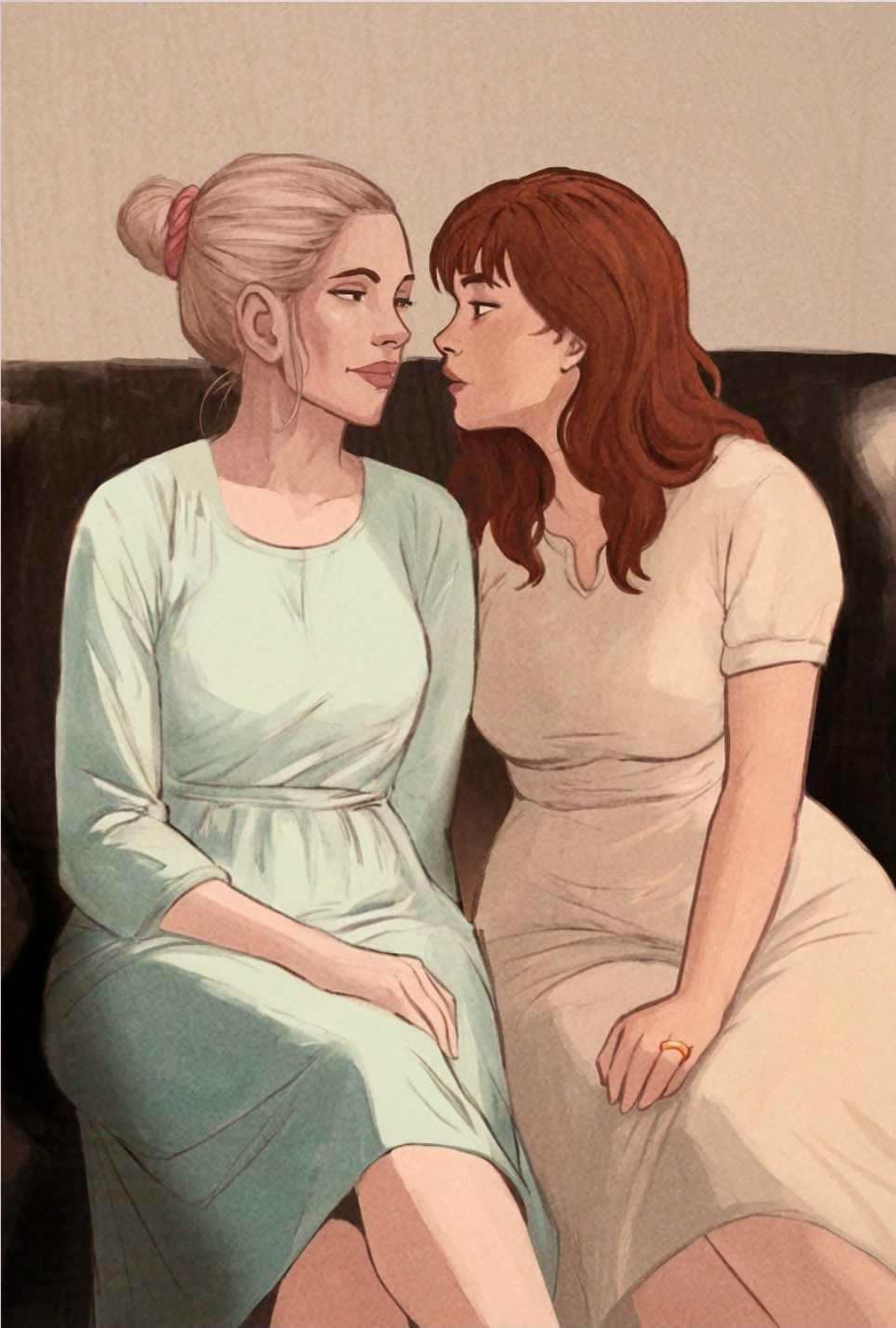
"I ... um ... well ..." Lauren Keitaro looked around Shannon Botti's living room. It was filled with six other chatting and smiling ladies. She did feel a little like a fish out of water. "I've been meaning to for a while. And now ... with Melanie home ... some things have been difficult. I'm really looking to connect with God."

"Well, we welcome everyone. Even those that seek Him only in stressful times." Joanna Mill's smile was tight and contained.

"Yes ... thank you." Lauren sipped her tea and looked away from the pastor's wife. She knew all these women from church but didn't see much of them outside Sunday services. Other than Joanna and Shannon, the group was made up of Holly Murphy, Zoe Haberle, Sofia Fischer, and Kim Kannur. They were all fine Christian wives and mothers. After what had happened with her mirror painting, Lauren didn't feel worthy of breathing the same air as these upstanding women. Everybody was staring at her. "Thank you," she said again. "Thank you for having me."

"Well, it turns out you've arrived at a special moment for our church. And an extraordinary day for the Christian Ladies of Clover Falls." Shannon paused to make eye contact with each lady in the room. "You will all be connected to God today in ways you only dreamed about before." She beamed at the thought of getting to bring these women the good news.





“Really?” Holly brushed a lock of brown hair off her forehead and raised an eyebrow at the pastor’s wife. She leaned toward Joanna, who’d always been the unofficial leader of their group. “What’s Shannon talking about?” she whispered.

Shannon’s smile faded. There were frowns all around the room. *Did these women just want to sip tea and gossip at every meeting? Couldn’t they see that their lives were about to change?* “I am trying ...” Her voice died away when Joanna raised a hand for silence. Shannon pressed her lips together and waited. She reminded herself that this was why they had recruited Joanna before anyone else.

“Breathe in deeply, ladies.” Joanna put down her teacup and demonstrated for them, inhaling deeply and slowly exhaling. She kept at it until everyone in the room joined in. She could see the intoxicating effect of Paul’s scent on their faces. Smiles sparkled. After five minutes of deep breathing, there were no complaints. She could see several of them squirming. Holly’s eyelids fluttered. Zoe and Sofia rubbed their legs together under their

prim dresses. “Now then ...” Joanna picked up her tea. The cup rattled faintly on the saucer, her fingers trembling. “How do we all feel?”

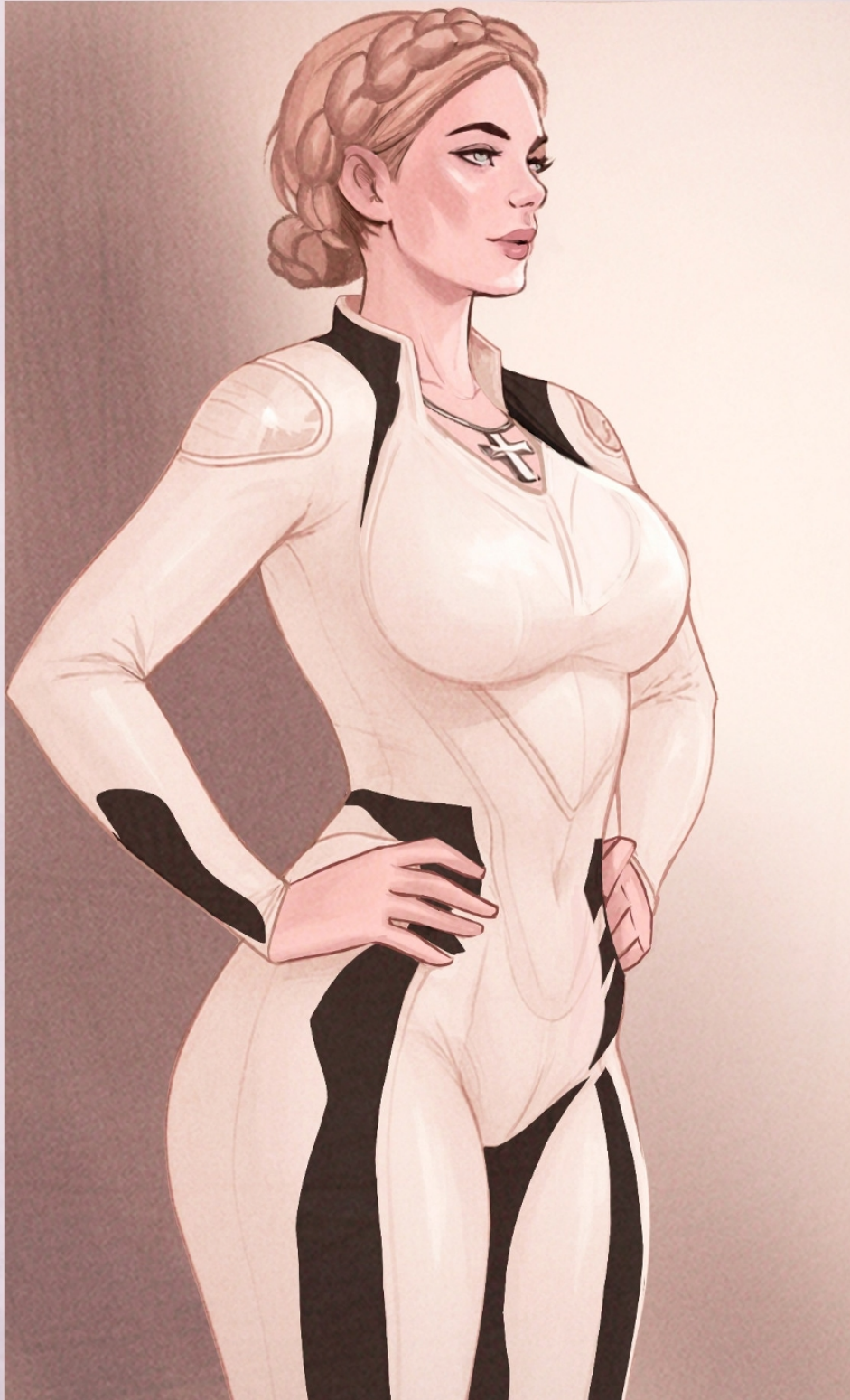
“Your house smells lovely, Shannon.” Kim beamed at her host.

“I feel something ... something ... wonderful.” Sofia gazed at her companions in awe. “Is this the connection to God?”

“It’s only the beginning.” Shannon nodded vigorously. “I am so glad you all feel His presence.”

“Indeed, we are eager for you to learn about the epistle of fecundity.” Mary strode into the room with confidence. Her blond hair was up in its traditional braid. She wore her Colony Control uniform that was far too snug for her voluptuous curves. She stopped in the middle of the room and placed her hands on her hips, enjoying the expressions of surprise and wonder. “You will join with His holy purpose as a lock mates with its matching key. Your lives will be pregnant with divine design.” She clapped her hands together and rubbed them energetically. “Let’s begin.”

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“Hey, Mom.” Hailey rubbed her eyes, trying to wake up. Sobriety made her sleepy. Her mom was sitting on one of the cushy armchairs in the living room, a blanket thrown over her. There was already a merry fire crackling in the hearth. “Have you seen Noah?”



“Um ... no ... I haven’t.” Jessica had trouble focusing her green eyes. She wore a Christmas sweater, a crooked smile, and a distant expression. “I’ll tell him you were looking ... ugh ... looking for him. There’s ... um ... waffles keeping warm ... in the oven.” She shooed her daughter away with a wave of her hand.

“Okay.” Hailey turned to go but stopped and looked back at her mother. Something odd was going on. The lump under the blanket seemed too large and ... she spotted the bottom of Noah’s socks sticking out from under the blanket on the floor. His socks were clearly filled with his feet. Which meant that Noah was ... on his knees between their mother’s legs. Hailey’s eyes widened, but her mother didn’t register her surprise. “Okay, I’ll go get those waffles.” Hailey turned and quickly left the room. She desperately wished she could think things over with the help of a few puffs from her bong. But it was long gone.

“That was ... too close.” Jessica pulled her son out from under the blanket. His face was shiny.

“Can I finish, Mom? You haven’t even ... you know.” Noah waited for her to give him the go-ahead to slip back under the blanket.

Jessica paused, her thoughts vacillating. She heard the clink of dishes from the kitchen, and that spurred her decision. “We have to stop.” She saw his face fall. “We really have to be smart about this. What if your sister discovered us? We can’t risk this family for a little bit of fun.”



“Even if that fun makes you whimper and tremble?” Despite his words, he knew she was right. Before she could respond, he put a finger to her lips. “It’s just hard keeping my hands off you, Mom. Now that I know I can have you.” He smiled at her. “Now that I know how you feel about me.” He reached into her hair and grabbed a fistful.

Jessica gasped and went limp in his grasp. When he quickly let go, she composed herself. “Yes ... um ... yes ... we won’t stop, Noah. But we have to be smart.”

“Roger that.” Noah stood and saluted her. “I’ll check in on Sam. She was still asleep when I left her.”

“Do that.” Jessica nodded. “But clean your face first.”

“On it.” Noah left for his bathroom.

After a minute, Jessica stood and walked to the main floor bathroom. She needed to finish what Noah had started. She wasn’t about to begin the day with a deferred orgasm.

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“Hold her still. Don’t let her run again.” Mary gently lifted Kim off her breast and eyed the struggling Holly. Holly was the tallest of the group and had some meat on her bones. Shannon and Joanna could barely restrain her. “Mrs. Keitaro, would you kindly move Mrs. Kannur to the sofa over there?”

“Of course,” Lauren whispered. She helped the now docile Kim move to the sofa. When Mary had first bared her breasts ten minutes before, only Kim and Holly had tried to run. The rest of the women were already quiescent. Lauren situated Kim on the sofa and sat down next to her, stroking her hand. There was a time when Lauren had found physical intimacy strange and awkward. Whatever else Erato had done to her, the painting had cured her of that particular aversion. Soon, Lauren pulled up Kim’s dress and tenderly caressed her naked thigh.

“Bring Holly to me.” Mary’s tone was cool and firm. She sat in the armchair, waiting to quell Holly’s misgivings.

“Wait ... don’t ... this isn’t God’s plan ... there’s something wrong with all of you ... stop ... Kim ... help me ... *please!*” No one in the room but Mary would meet her gaze. What sort of Christian ladies served up one of their own to something so horrific? Holly found herself pushed into Mary’s lap.

“It’s almost over ... and you will understand on the other side.” Mary brushed her fat nipple on Holly’s lips. The woman in her lap shuddered and opened her mouth. “See? Of course you like it. The taste is the promise of a new covenant.” She pushed the nipple into Holly’s mouth and listened to the woman’s eager gulps.



"Will we all have to drink?" Sofia squeaked.

"Yes, but not from the fount of our esteemed Mother Mary." Joanna looked toward the doorway. "You may enter now, Paul."

Paul slowly moved into the room like he was in a processional. He wore white vestments that were open down the middle, showing his white chest, flat belly, and writhing cock. His face was placid, and he held his hands to his sides in a gesture of open invitation. "Hello, Christian Ladies."

Kim, Sofia, Lauren, and Zoe gasped and stared in horror and wonder. Shannon smirked. Joanna licked her lips hungrily. Mary's mouth curved in an icy smile. Holly continued to guzzle milk as she lay with her legs awkwardly dangling over the arm of the chair.

"Who wants to be first?" Shannon looked around the room. Nobody volunteered. "Zoe?"

"Me?" Zoe slowly stood. Even though they hadn't been told explicitly, she knew what was expected of her. "I'm not sure about this. My husband -"

"Will be an attendant to Paul. He will serve the church in his own way, as you now serve it in yours." Joanna sounded almost confident. She had soaked up Mary's ideas in the night they spent together. "Fall to your knees before Paul and worship." She watched the raven-haired woman tentatively move to Paul and lower herself in front of him. "Now, grasp his ... thingamabob ... and experience the rapture He has given us."

"In my ... mouth?" Zoe glanced at Joanna. When the woman nodded back, Zoe took a deep breath. The scent of this eighteen-year-old teenager numbed the parts of her brain trying to deny this moment and enflamed the baser parts urging her to obey. She reached out and took hold of the abomination that was Paul's penis. It surprised her when it stopped squirming. A smile slowly crept across her lips. "It likes me. It stopped moving. It wants me to pet it."



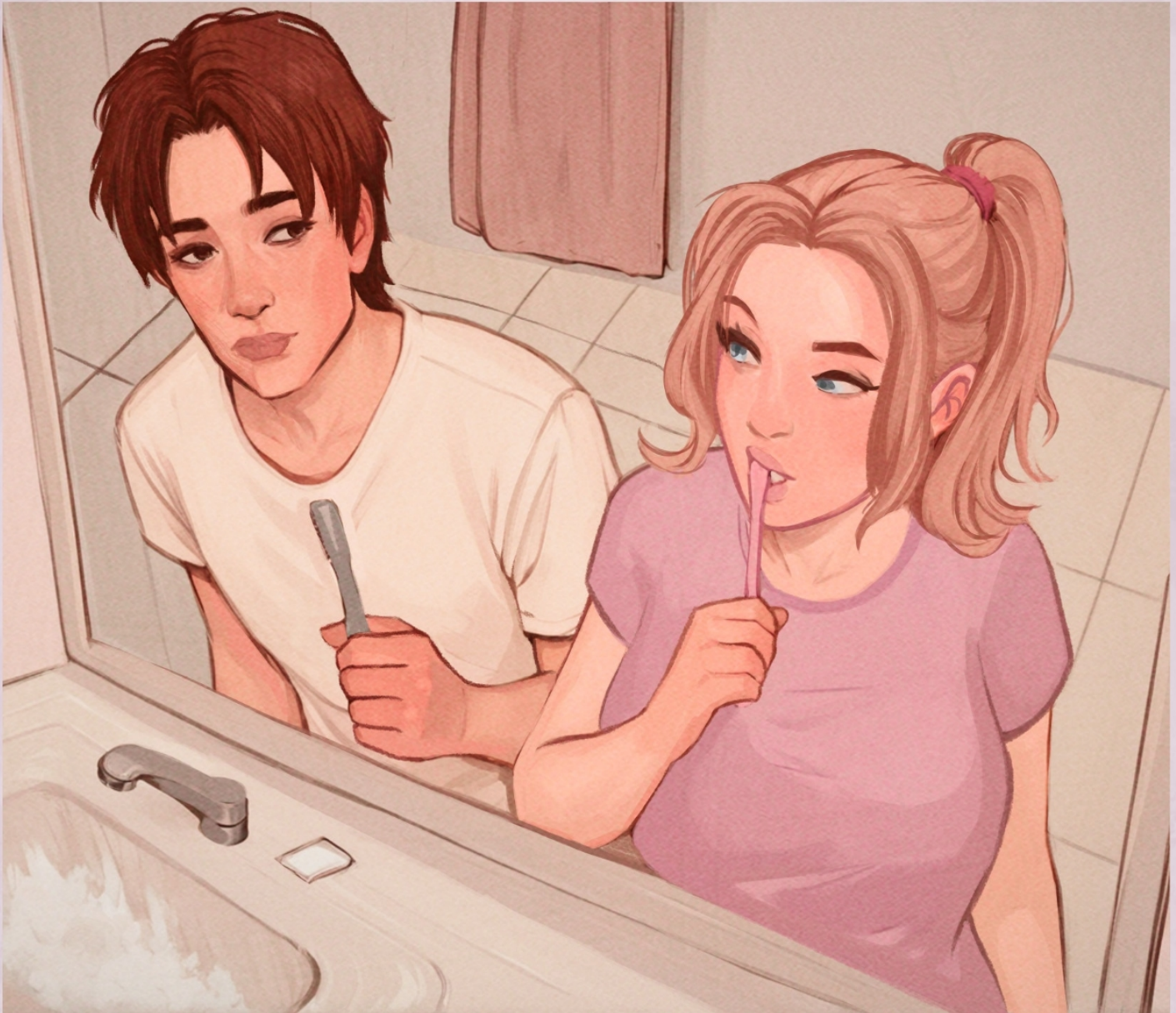
"It is not a dog. No petting. You must drink." Mary rolled her eyes. It wasn't easy building a new church out of heathens, but this was what she had to work with.

"Right ... okay." Zoe glanced at the other ladies. They were all staring at her with expressions that ran from thirst to horror. "Here goes nothing." She leaned closer to the monster between Paul's legs and slowly shoved it into her mouth.



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"I wish I had been there. I mean, you broke your darn bed. Was it as amazing as it sounds?" Samantha's words were garbled by her toothbrush. She and Noah stood side by side, cleaning their teeth and talking about what had happened with his mother.



"Well ..." Noah spit into the sink and rinsed off his brush. He locked eyes with Samantha in the mirror. "You said before it happened that you wanted to see me and Mom. So ... do you want to spend the morning at home with me watching a movie?"

"A movie? I guess." Samantha didn't understand boys sometimes. She finished with her teeth. When she'd realized what her boyfriend meant, she paused. "Wait ... did you record it?"

"Keep your voice down." Noah glanced at the locked door. He turned on the overhead fan. "I didn't tell Mom I recorded it. I wanted to, but ... she'd never go for it. And you wanted it. So, I had to choose."

"This is the best Christmas present ever." Samantha spit, rinsed her mouth and toothbrush, and gazed at him with a broad, goofy smile.

"Christmas? You're Jewish." Noah matched her smile.

"Doesn't matter. Best Christmas present ever." She kissed him, letting their tongues dance. She quickly pulled back. "When does Paget get here?"

"Around two, I think." Noah wanted to pinch himself. He was truly living his best life. The other nefarious paintings floated from his mind. "When she gets here, we're going to set up the tree. Mom's been waiting for Paget before we all put up the decorations."

"That gives us lots of time." She nodded. "Well, what are we waiting for?" Samantha pulled him back to his room and locked the door. "Is this why you wouldn't tell me about it last night? You wanted me to see it."

"That, and I was exhausted."
Noah sat on his canted bed.

"She gave you a workout, huh?"
The anxiety in Samantha's chest eased. She had been needlessly worried about Noah. He hadn't been avoiding her. His mother had worn him out.

"See for yourself." Noah grabbed his phone, swiped it on, and opened the video. He patted the mattress next to him. She sat down and put her head on his shoulder.

"Oh ... my gosh ... she's wearing lingerie." Samantha's eyes got big. "And she's spilling out of it. Oh ... and she's so worried about your big dick." She giggled.

Noah enjoyed Samantha's running commentary immensely. Right about the time he entered his mother in the video, he decided to reward her. "Here, hold this." He handed her the phone and lowered her pajamas.

"What are you doing?"
Samantha paused the playback. The screen was filled with two butts, a hand on every ass cheek. Noah's heavy balls were resting on his mother's asshole. It was a ravishing sight.



"I went down on my mom this morning." Noah pulled down her panties and breathed deeply. Her scent was pungent and delightful.

"You did?" Samantha stared at his lips. Not long ago that mouth had been on Jessica Reader's pussy, and soon it would be on hers. Samantha spread her legs for him.

"Yeah, Hailey almost caught us." Noah laughed. At eighteen, he and Samantha were no longer kids, but he remembered what it felt like to wake up on Christmas morning when he still believed in Santa Claus. The excruciating anticipation, the tantalizing proximity to magical new surprises, and the certainty of mind-blowing satisfaction were so similar to the present moment. "But my mom was cool about it."

"You aren't being ... aaahhhhhhhhh ... very careful ... ooohhhhhhhh ... are you?" Samantha tensed as he went down on her like a hungry wolf. "Easy ... easy ... tiger ... would you like some pointers ... on what you're doing down there?" When he looked up at her, she laughed at the exuberance and wetness on his face.



"Yes." He nodded earnestly.

"Okay. Try going a little slower, run your tongue up the middle ... yes ... aaahhhhh ... like that. And you can take the lips in your mouth ... no!" Samantha gave a little jump. "Not with your teeth ... not yet. Just use your lips ... to grab my lips ... yeah ... ooohhhhhhhh ... that's good. You can do the same thing ... with my clit." She laughed again when he looked up at her with questioning eyebrows. "You are so cute, Noah. It's the little button ... at the top ... here." She pointed to it. "You can lick it and rub it and ... suck on it ... but not too hard ... yes ... like that ... that's good."

"I lovfff yourfff pussy." Noah's words were slurred by his task.

"I can ... tell ... ooohhhhhhhhhh. Best ... boyfriend ... ever." Samantha lifted his phone up and hit play. "I'm going to watch the rest now ... while you ... do that ... okay?"

"Keepfff talking." Noah loved her commentary. He reached into his pajama bottoms and stroked his cock while he ate her out and listened to her take on the video. It was better than any Christmas morning.

“Gosh ... I ... ugh ... can see why ... you broke the bed.” Samantha’s legs trembled. “You’re nailing her. Where ... ooohhhhh ... is it all going? How ... is she taking ... that whole thing? Your mom has ... a super pussy ... or something. You would destroy me ... ooohhhhhhhhhhhhh ... if you ... ever ...” Samantha stared at the way Jessica’s pink pussy gallantly stretched to accommodate her son. She could see it for about half the time. The other half, his massive balls were in the way. “Oh ... gosh ... ooohhhh ... gosh ... I’m cumming ... Noah ... this is so hot ... I’m cummmminnnngggggggggg.”

Out in the hall, Hailey listened to Samantha’s orgasm through the door. Had Erato somehow infected her family? Her little brother was going crazy with all the women in the house. Well, almost all the women. This morning had not been good for her recovery from Erato. Before her experience at the Keitaro’s, she would have been shaken to her core by her discoveries of the past few hours. But it wasn’t shock she felt. It was emptiness. She listened for a while longer and then slunk down the hall and back to her room.

“Wait ... Noah ... you didn’t ... cum in her ... did you?” Samantha could see his hips moving erratically in the video. She blinked, staring at the frothy cock still plunging into Jessica. “You’re not ... ugh ... wearing ... a condom.”

Noah gave Samantha’s pussy one last kiss and came up for air. He moved back onto the bed next to her. “It was amazing, Sam.”

“Oh gosh ... it happened ... this is when you broke the bed.” Samantha’s hand replaced Noah’s tongue on her pussy. “I can see your balls contracting ... holy shit ... I’m watching you put it all inside her.”

“Yep.” Noah’s hand was still on his cock. Together the teenagers masturbated and watched him fill his mother to the brim.

“You could get her ... pregnant ... Noah.” She glanced at his hand working his giant dick under his pajamas and then looked back at the video where mother and son now lay in each other’s arms.

“Mom said that she drained it all out of her after the second time.”

“Does that work?” Samantha processed his words. “Wait, you came in her *again*?”



“We didn’t mean to. We were standing over there.” Noah pointed to the wall. “I kissed her, she kissed me, and then she turned around. It’s not on the video.”

"Nuh-uh." Samantha was light-headed. She thought of that meme from *When Harry Met Sally*. "I'll have ... what she's having." She rubbed her clit in little circles.

"We could do that if you wanted." Noah's hand sped up on his dick. The thought of seeding his mother and his girlfriend was riveting.

"I don't really mean it ... dummy." Samantha continued to stare at the small screen, even though mother and son were resting. "It wouldn't fit ... and ... I can't get pregnant. That's crazy."

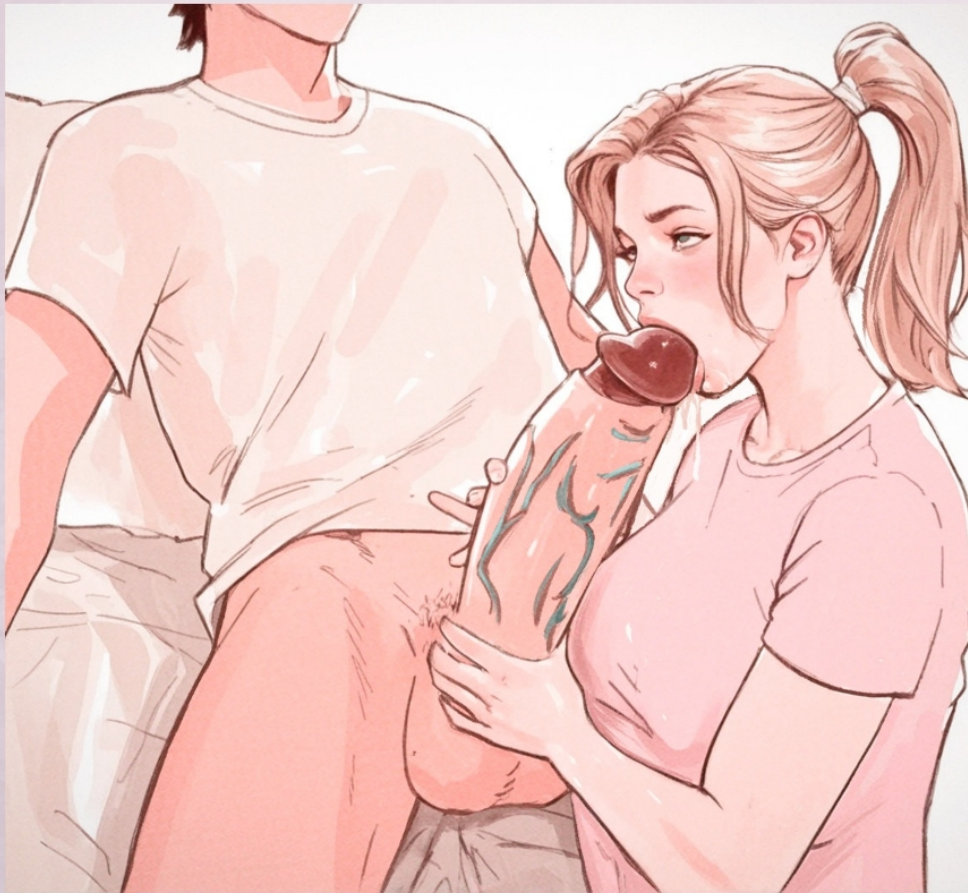
"In case you hadn't noticed, our town's gone crazy." Noah knew his hormones were out of control, but he didn't feel like reining them in. "Let's go crazy, too."

"Slow ... down ... cowboy." Samantha hung on the edge of another orgasm. "You're not ... putting that huge thing ... in me ... until we change it ... back."

"Yeah ... of course." Noah watched Samantha get herself off.

Outside in the hall, Jessica giggled at the sounds coming from her son's room. It was clear he was giving his girlfriend a good time. She wondered if Samantha enjoyed his enthusiasm as much as she did. Of course, Hailey was home, so they should be more careful. Jessica decided she would sit the teenagers down and lay down some ground rules for winter break. Soon, Hailey would go back to school, and Paget and Clive would go back to their cute, little starter home. Andrew would go to work. And then ... Jessica and Samantha would have Noah all to themselves. A shiver ran down her spine. But until then, they would have to get a handle on things. Maybe Eloise would help them keep a lid on their runaway libidos. She would have to ask the Painted Lady when she had a moment. Jessica tiptoed away as the sounds of Samantha's orgasm died away.

Samantha shut off the phone and dropped it on the mattress next to her. She lazily turned her gaze on her



furiously fapping boyfriend.

"But ... I can still fit it in my mouth." She pulled down his bottoms and smiled when his cock came into view. With its crimson head and enormous blue veins, it looked so much angrier than it used to. "You didn't think ... I'd leave you high and dry, did you?"

Samantha pushed his hand away and took hold of it. His dick looked even more ridiculous with her small, delicate fingers trying to encircle it. She opened wide and sucked him into her mouth, pumping him fiercely with her hands. She was going to try and swallow this time. She had been looking forward to trying since she'd discovered she loved the taste.

"Ohhhhh ... Sam ... you look amazing ... with it in your mouth. I -" Noah was interrupted when a red-headed woman in a bustled dress walked through the wall and into the room.

"Speaking of high and dry, I must interrupt." Eloise glided across the room and sat herself on the crooked mattress next to Noah.

"Ggggaaaaaaa?" Samantha spit the cock out of her mouth and sat up, her eyes wide with shock. "What ... the heck ... Mrs. Palmer?" She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. She still wore nothing on her bottom half, so she folded Noah's blanket over her legs.

"I do apologize. I know my timing couldn't be worse." Eloise gave the teenagers a polite smile. "You were doing very well, Samantha. If you straighten your neck a little, you might find it easier to get more of him in. Like this." She leaned over, grasped Noah's huge penis, and took it into her mouth. Slowly, she lowered herself down its great length. When her nose hit his pubic hair, she held out her hands in a *ta-da* gesture and looked up at Samantha.

Noah gasped as her icy throat squeezed around his cock. "Um ..." He looked down at the once pretty, freckled face that was now twisted by his size.

"Not impressed."

Samantha folded her arms over her chest. "You're not real." She glanced at Noah who was wincing. "How does it feel?"

"Cold." Noah couldn't make eye contact with his girlfriend.

Slowly, Eloise slid the cock out of her throat. She smacked her lips when they were free. "Not impressed?" She gave Samantha a mock frown. "I could do that trick with Thomas when I was still very much alive. Or the other me could at any rate." She shrugged. "Now, speaking of such things, we come to the purpose of my visit. I really do need to speak to Mr. Luci."



"We tried, honest." Noah bit his lip and glanced at his dick. "Can we talk about this later?" He desperately wanted Eloise to depart so Samantha could finish him off with her mouth.

"Oh, you poor dear." Eloise frowned like he was a lost puppy. "Your bludgeon is still so terribly stiff. I'll help you while we talk." She casually placed her hand on his cock and stroked the length of it. She deftly played with his foreskin and twirled her hand with each pump. "Better? Good." She smiled pleasantly at Samantha who was staring daggers at her. "We'll have to make another attempt. I'll be happy to speak with Mr. El-Kanna if he's the only one at the shop. But it must be done."

"It's ... Christmas Eve. The store will be closed." Noah watched her hand work, his gaze captivated by the ring she wore with its sparkling binary diamonds.

"Drat. I think you're right." Eloise nodded. "They are both quite busy on Christmas." She went silent as she thought, the only sound in the room was the squelching under her stroking hand.



"We'll try later." Samantha's fuse was burning dangerously low. "Get your hand off him." She pushed Eloise's icy hand away from her boyfriend's dick and replaced it with her own. "You can go now, Mrs. Palmer." Determined to outdo the stunning, nineteenth-century lady, Samantha put her other hand on Noah's dick and pumped him two-fisted.

"If I am to wait, I'm afraid we don't have time for another failed attempt at convincing them to come here. I must go to The Belle Dame." Eloise rubbed her chin, regarding the handjob. "Excellent work on his bludgeon, by the way. I love your technique."

"You can ... ugh ... go there?" Noah turned his gaze and met Samantha's warm blue eyes. She looked worried.

"Sadly, I'm shackled to the painting. Try as I might I cannot leave your house." Eloise curled her lip in frustration.

"So, how are you going to go to The Belle Dame?" Samantha didn't bother looking at the intruder; she lost herself in Noah's eyes.

"You are going to bring the painting there, of course." Eloise nodded her head with certainty. "Make the arrangements. We'll try as soon as The Belle Dame opens again. Perhaps the twenty-sixth?" She patted Noah

on the back. "Well-settled. Samantha, you may now finish him as originally intended. Pardon the interruption."

"But ..." Samantha watched the woman vanish. She shook her head. "What were you saying about our crazy lives?"

"That ... ugh ... they're crazy. Uuuuuggghhhhhhhhh ... that's good." Noah flopped back onto the mattress when Samantha took the head of his dick in her mouth again. "I'm gonna ... uuuuuggghhhhhhhhh." His body shook, his balls contracted, and he erupted in Samantha's mouth.

"Ggggggguuuuuuuuuuuggggggggg." Samantha tried her best to swallow, but there was too much. She managed to gulp down the first blast, but was drowned by the deluge that followed. She pulled off his dick and let him spray into the air like last time. He covered her face, hair, and arms. She got a look at his expression. He had the most goofy and adorable O face. Then cum landed in her eye, and she was temporarily blinded. Even without her vision, she finished him off. When he was done, she wiped his sperm out of her eye and put it in her mouth without thinking. "You taste so *good*, Noah!"

"So ... do you ... Sam." Noah bathed in the sight of his dazzling, his cum-spattered girlfriend and the mess they'd made of his room again. "Cleanup ... on aisle six."

They laughed together and snuck to the bathroom to wash themselves. They needed to be fresh and presentable when Paget and Clive arrived.

