



# *The Palmer Legacy*

*Chapter 3*

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

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Illustrations by AkyraRayne

Written by RawlyRawls

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## It's Very Spooooooky

"What do you think, Andrew?" Jessica spun around in their candlelit bedroom. Her lingerie was the most modest thing Victoria's Secret made, no more revealing than a one-piece swimsuit. But it did make her feel naughty.

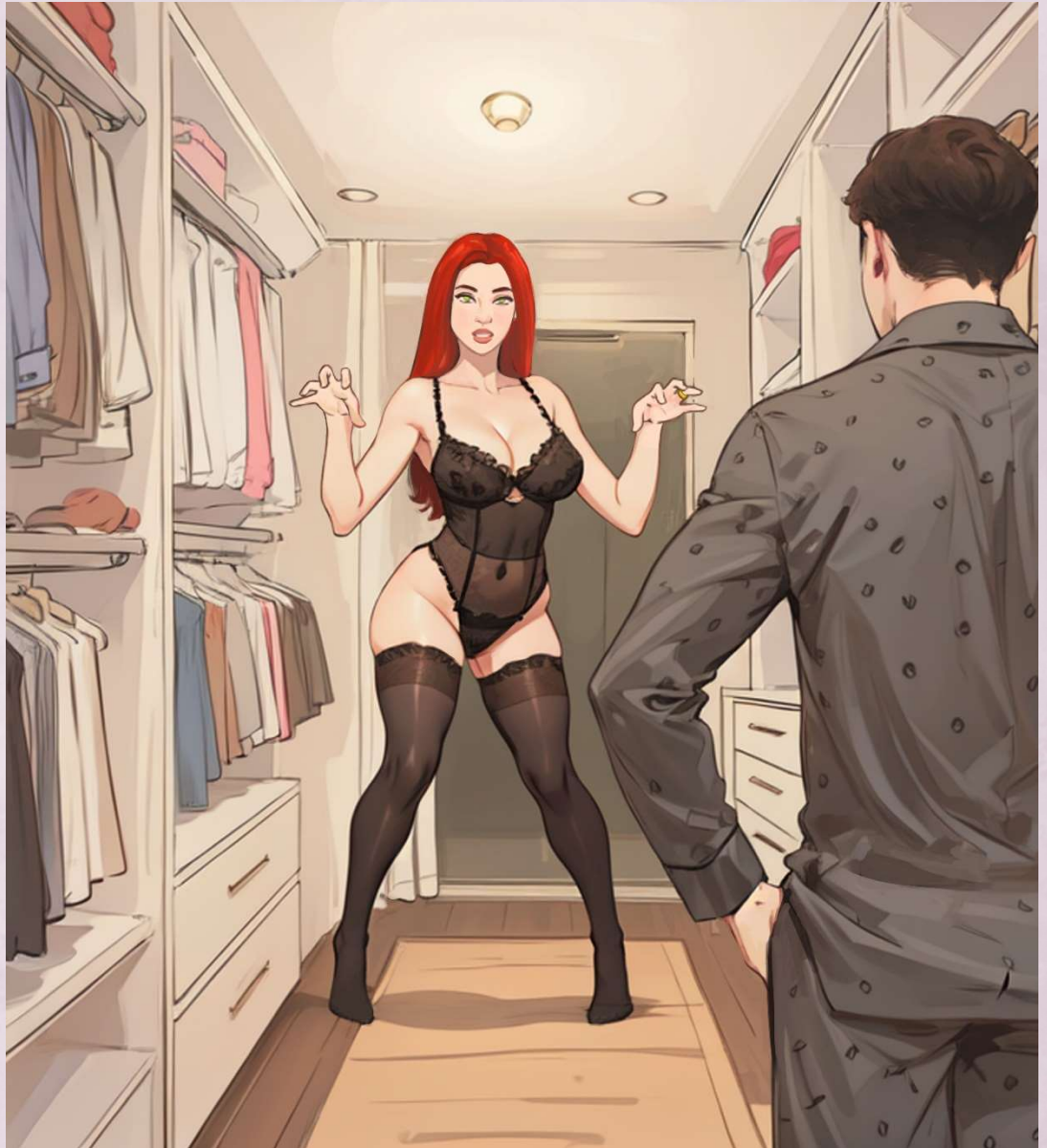
Andrew whistled. "I forgot you had that outfit." He regarded her from the closet where he was putting on pajamas. "What's the occasion?"

"Well ..." Jessica wanted to walk over to him with some sexiness. But she couldn't quite picture what that would look like. She pressed her lips together. *Catwoman!* Everyone thought she was sexy, and Jessica had seen her in a movie once. She strode toward her husband like a frisky cat. "It's been over a month since we did it, and I thought you deserved to have some fun."

"That's sweet of you, Jess." Andrew's face pinched. He hated disappointing his wife. But he wasn't in the mood. "Not tonight. Maybe later in the week, okay?" He stepped around her on his way to bed.

"But I thought we could try some new things." Jessica did her best not to pout. She leaned forward a bit so he could get a good look at her freckled cleavage. Once upon a time, that would have driven him mad with lust. When they were younger, he'd get so hot that he sometimes orgasmed the minute he put it in.

"New things?" Andrew laughed and got under the covers. "That doesn't sound like us, does it? No need to reinvent the wheel." He blew out the candles on the bedside table. "New things are dangerous. And so are candles. Please blow them out before you brush your teeth."





“Okay, dear.” There was defeat in Jessica’s voice. Did he want her to masturbate and cheat on him in her thoughts? Because that’s what he was pushing her toward. “We’ll do the regular old thing when you feel up for it. Maybe tomorrow.” She walked around the room with her shoulders slumped, blowing out candles. As she pulled off the lingerie, she thought about what Andrew was missing. More importantly, what she was missing. The image of Thomas touching his penis flashed in her mind. She pulled on an oversized t-shirt and panties and tried to think about something else. Her husband was sweet most of the time. That was a nice thing to think about. Then her mind wandered to Hailey. Goodness, she was going to have to talk to her daughter about the incident in the office.

Reflexively, Jessica’s thoughts turned to other things. She focused on the conversation they’d already had on the car ride home from the airport. Hailey was

dating a boy. That was excellent news. Her daughter had blushed when they talked about it. She seemed really into him. Jessica sighed and rubbed her thighs together when she climbed into bed. She tried to plan out the next day. “Goodnight, Andrew.” Her husband didn’t respond. He was already asleep. The thought occurred to her that he would never know if she touched herself. But then she remembered her promise and pressed her legs more firmly together. Mercifully, sleep didn’t take long to find her.

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Noah raced down endless darkened halls. Frigid air tugged at his exposed skin. The *tick ... tock* of a clock beat like the pulse of a great leviathan hiding somewhere nearby. Maybe he was inside the creature. But no, he could see the moon as he passed window after window. His feet padded through rectangles of silver light cast on the floral-patterned runner carpet.



“Come back here ... boy. You have trespassed in forbidden caverns.” A man’s deep, booming voice followed Noah down the endless hallway. “I have already cleansed your mother of her sins. Now come seek penance!” A gunshot rattled the windowpanes and reverberated in the house. Noah looked down at his body, but saw no blood. No bullet holes. Only the tattered waistcoat, vest, shirt, and trousers that he wore. Adrenaline surged and his body somehow moved faster. Another gunshot crashed around him like an angry rhinoceros. His feet didn’t falter.

The moon vanished. Blackness greeted him. Noah’s next step found nothing at all. He screamed as he fell into empty space. He twisted about, falling and falling. The landing was much softer than expected. He found himself in a tender, cool embrace, his head resting on the ample curve of a breast. He looked up into sweet, caring green eyes. His heart slowed when he took in the broad smile set in a heart-shaped, freckled face. For a second, he thought he was in his mother’s arms. But it was the lady from his mother’s painting that held him close.



"You're lucky I was here to catch you, darling." Eloise brushed his sandy hair out of his eyes. "My, you're so pale. You look like you've seen a ghost." She laughed, a pleasant ringing that filled the open space outside her mansion.

"I ... I thought you were my mom." Noah blinked up at her. His heart melted, his mind slowed, and a great swelling of longing filled him.

"We do look very much alike, agreed. Quite uncanny. But I am not your mother, Noah." She bent her face toward his, her boob pressing harder into his ear. "My name is Eloise Palmer, and you can call me Mother if it makes you feel more comfortable."

"Um ... no thanks." The thought of calling this woman "Mother" made him far from comfortable.

Eloise giggled and moved her face even closer to Noah. His hot breath steamed where it met her frosty



exhalation. "You are a handsome young man. I so love the vigor of youth. You have eighteen years, yes?"

Noah nodded. He was enthralled.

"And you have lain with a woman?" Her red eyebrows arched with the question.

"I ... um ... no ... I've only kissed girls."

"Well, then that's where we'll start, darling." Eloise planted a kiss on his warm lips.

Noah shivered when her icy tongue entered his mouth. He knew he should pull away, but couldn't bring himself to do it. Instead, he ran his hands over the coarse fabric of her dress and kissed her back.

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The mirror sparkled. Lauren stared at her reflection. She didn't recognize the woman she saw. She was naked with an ugly, twisted expression on her face. It was lust. Her face was transformed by desire. Her hips drove forward again and again, her heavy boobs shaking absurdly. There was a woman in front of her, doubled over, with her tight butt rippling every time Lauren's hips slammed into her. It took her overheated mind a moment to grasp that she was humping another woman from behind. She looked from the mirror to the woman in front of her.

Lauren's hips faltered, and her grip loosened on the woman's hips. A soft, beguiling voice filled her ears and enflamed her desire. Her hips sped up again.

"I wish you to find your truth, Mrs. Keitaro." Erato's words flowed like water around the room, ebbing and flowing, lingering and then vanishing. "And nothing has the heft of veracity like hunger. Nothing is more honest than desire realized. Authenticity is at the heart of yearning ... for your daughter."

Shock and horror filled Lauren. She looked down at the back of the woman's head as it bounced with each shock she absorbed. The hair was the same shade of blue as Melanie's and the same length. Was she ... was she humping her twenty-year-old daughter? That was impossible for so many reasons. Melanie was sleeping at her boyfriend's house that night. And, more to the point, Lauren didn't have a penis. Finally, she stopped and backed away. A long, rune-covered shaft sprung from between Lauren's legs, making slurping sounds as it left Melanie's poor vagina.



"Aaaaahhhhhhhhh." Lauren was shaken awake.

"Gods alive, Lauren. You're going to wake the neighborhood." When he saw his wife's eyes open, Kenji put his head back on the pillow. "You were having a nightmare. It's the middle of the night."

"Oh ... sorry ... honey." Lauren listened to her husband fall back asleep. Nightmare indeed. It had been so vivid. Lauren picked up her phone and scrolled Twitter. She needed something to keep her awake. She did not want to go back to that dream.

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The office was lit only by the streetlamp outside. Jessica found herself shivering, standing in front of the painting. "Not again," she whispered.

"Welcome back, darling." Eloise smiled from inside the portrait. "What more would you like to –"

"Zip it, Mrs. Palmer." Jessica wagged a finger at the painting. "I know I'm dreaming and you're just some part of my subconscious or something, but I've had about enough of you. You have put a real strain on my marriage."

"I was simply trying –" Eloise was cut off again.

"Zip ... it!" Jessica screamed. "I don't want any more lessons from you."

Eloise put a hand over her bosom, a pained expression on her face. "If you would allow me to explain –"

"I will not!" Jessica's yell rattled around the room. "Wake up ... wake up ... wake up!" And to her amazement, it worked. She woke up, opening her eyes in her own warm bed. But ... something was wrong. She felt her husband pressed up against her knees on one side of her. But on the other, someone was holding her shoulder and rubbing

themselves on her butt. She shoved a hard elbow back and knocked the person off the bed. She heard an "oof" that she recognized and rolled over to look. "Noah? What on Earth are you doing?"

"Mom?" Noah rubbed his eyes. "I was dreaming that I ..." He looked around from his

vantage on the floor. "What am I doing here?"

"Shh." Jessica could hear Andrew's even breathing. Thank goodness they hadn't woken him up. "You must have been sleepwalking." She thought about what to tell him. Imagining his embarrassment if he learned that he had been rubbing his ... privates against her, she opted for a white lie. "I heard you fall on the floor. You must have walked in and tripped. Are you okay?"

"My ribs hurt." Noah rubbed his side, speaking in a whisper so as not to wake his dad. "But I'm fine." He stood, shook his head in bewilderment, and left.

Jessica was so bewildered she forgot to say goodbye to her son. She stared at the door as he closed it behind him. He always slept only in his underwear, and she had never thought much of that choice. But she'd only ever seen his package when it was soft. What she had just seen wasn't soft at all. He was so hard that the head of his penis had stuck above the waistband of his briefs. He must have been so discombobulated from his sleepwalking that he didn't notice.



First, her daughter walked in on her while Jessica was ... doing things to herself. Second, she saw the uncovered tip of her son's long, turgid erection. Her belly felt like she'd stepped into nothingness. Events always happened in threes. She prayed there wouldn't be a third unbearably awkward thing. With her husband still sleeping, Jessica forced her hands not to wander down between her legs. She didn't pray as often as she should, but she prayed even harder that she would have the strength not to give in to temptation. And it worked. As she lay in bed waiting for morning, she was able to keep her hands away from pleasure.

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The Belle Dame was packed when Jessica entered, announced by the ringing bell on the door. The familiar heat of the place oppressively enveloped her. She looked around the room. All women, some of whom she knew. She spotted Mr. Luci toward the middle of the room engaged in a conversation with Lauren Keitaro. Jessica knew Lauren, their daughters had been in the same class together all the way through high school. She was used to seeing a warm smile light up Lauren's angular face. But the woman was frowning deeply as she talked with Mr. Luci.

Smiling at a few women as they made eye contact, Jessica walked toward Mr. Luci. She gazed at the walls. Some of the paintings were new. She guessed they had replaced

sold pieces. People in Clover Falls were buying this hot new commodity. She would have to include The Belle Dame in her customer designs.

She sidled closer to Lauren and eavesdropped while regarding a painting of a woman playing a violin deep in the forest. A young man reached out for the woman from the shadows. Jessica saw that the two subjects shared the same features and hair. It seemed a good many of the paintings depicted mothers and sons, or maybe aunts and nephews. It was hard to say. Jessica leaned forward. The young man held a short staff of some kind and the head of it glowed red. She shivered. The head of the staff reminded her of what she'd seen that morning. Her mind clouded and the trickle between her legs started anew. As she rubbed her thighs together, she decided it wasn't a trickle, but more of a cascade. She shifted her weight and listened to Lauren.

"I can't tell you what the dream was about, Mr. Luci. But it was ... uncomfortable. And it had to do with the painting." Lauren listened to the purveyor of art, but his voice was too low for Jessica to make out his words. "Yes ... I suppose you're right. But I ... um ... yes ..." Lauren let Mr. Luci talk some more. "I don't know ..." she said.

Jessica could wait her turn no longer. She felt the first rivulet run down the inside of her thigh. She was soaked. She bundled back up and raced from the store. She would have to learn more about the painting another time.



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“Oh, God. Let’s just forget it.” Hailey put her hands over her eyes, trying to block the moment out. “I didn’t see anything yesterday.”

“We’re both grown women and ... um ... we should be able to ...” Jessica looked at her daughter’s slender form. Her mind fogged. When she’d returned home from The Belle Dame an hour before, she’d taken a cold shower. She’d thought the bracing water had washed away her dirty thoughts. But despite what Ben Shapiro’s wife said, her vagina was gushing again. Bravely, Jessica soldiered on, trying to clear her head. “You caught me at an intimate moment.”

“Oh ... *God* ... Mom.” Hailey peeked at her mother through her fingers. She thought she might die from embarrassment. Her mother’s cheeks were scarlet, and her eyes darted around the room. It was clear this was no easier for her.



"Watch your language, Hailey. I ..." Jessica couldn't bring herself to share the truth. "I was told by my doctor to do a self-check periodically. It turns out I may not be one hundred percent healthy."

Hailey dropped her hands into her lap and leaned forward, her eyes even wider than before. This was much worse news than what she'd thought. "Are you going to be okay? I mean ... if anything happened to you ... I ... I ..." Tears welled in her eyes.

"Oh ... no ... it's nothing serious." Jessica was both grateful that her daughter had swallowed the lie and disgusted at herself for telling it. She held out her arms to Hailey and tightly squeezed her when they hugged. "I should be fine. I've just been having symptoms of ... a possible underlying illness. I'm not sure the doctor even knows what she's talking about." That was true. What did Ben Shapiro's wife know anyway? Why should she listen to her?

"Do whatever you have to do to take care of yourself, Mom." She put her ear on her mom's chest, listening to her heart. It was beating fast. Hailey wondered how sick she really was. "But next time, lock the door. Okay?"

"Yes. Sorry about that. Will do." Jessica tummy flipped feeling her daughter press against her bosom. She ended the embrace and quickly left her daughter's room. It was time for another icy shower.



The cafeteria buzzed with students. Noah sat next to Ella in silence as they poked their food with forks. His mind kept playing over his dream and how it abruptly ended when he fell in his parents' room. The lack of control involved in sleepwalking was deeply upsetting.

"Hey, you two." Samantha Owens walked over with Kathy Bly towering next to her. They both held lunch trays. "Mind if we join you?"

"Sure." Ella waved hello. She smiled at the odd couple. Samantha was a petite thing, and Kathy was a basketball star with nothing petite about her.

"Hi Noah." Kathy sat next to her friends and placed her tray in front of her.

"How you two doing?" Samantha put her blond hair in a ponytail.

"Okay, I guess." Ella shrugged.



Samantha paused before digging into her lunch and eyed Noah. He was usually so friendly. "What's his problem?" She looked at Ella.

"Bad dreams last night. The poor guy didn't sleep a wink." Ella elbowed Noah in the side.

"Ow. What?" He blinked and smiled at the newcomers. "Hello ... sorry." He rolled his eyes

at Ella and rubbed his ribs. "That's the problem. I did sleep. And my dreams were ... weird. Ever since my mom got a new painting ... I've ... I don't know. It creeps me out."

"Did she get it from The Belle Dame?" Samantha lowered her voice conspiratorially. "My mom bought one from there, too. And it creeps me the eff out, too!"

"My mom's painting is of a woman that looks almost exactly like her. She's sitting for a portrait with her family in front of a mansion." Noah sat up. This was interesting. "How about you?"

Ella and Kathy ate and watched the back and forth between their friends.

"My mom's painting is set in the 1950s. It has three guys posing with their moms, I think. There's also a retro futuristic looking metal ball next to them." Worry lines creased Samantha's elfin face. "It's fucking strange. You won't believe me, but one of the guys looks like Eddie. And his mom in the painting looks, well ..."

“She looks like your mom?” Kathy tossed her head to get her short black hair out of her eyes. “Sooooo ... spooooooky.” She laughed and Ella joined in, but Noah and Samantha’s faces stayed serious.

“So, the guy in the painting is chubby? That doesn’t mean he looks like Eddie.” Ella gave up on her lunch and put down her fork. The thought of Samantha’s twin brother turned her stomach. As sweet as she was, he was a jerk.

“No ... they really do look similar.” Samantha pushed her tray to the side and leaned closer to her friends. She dropped her voice low enough so that they could barely hear her over the buzz of the cafeteria crowd. “You can come over and see sometime. Not today, I have dance lessons. But maybe later in the week. You’ll see.” She somberly looked around the table. “And I’ve been having strange dreams, too.”

Ella folded her arms. As the practical one, it was time to shut this down. “We’re all eighteen. We graduate in months. Everything is changing around us. Of course, we’re going to have strange dreams. It doesn’t mean there’s something weird going on.”

“Do you have a Belle Dame painting?” Samantha pressed her lips into a thin line, leaning away from Ella.

“My mom actually wants one, but my dad won’t let her get it.” Ella shrugged.

Noah looked questioningly at Kathy.

“Me?” Kathy laughed again. “No. But I’ll let you know if we get one. It’s very spooooooky.”

The bell rang and they all got up. Noah and Samantha exchanged a meaningful glance and they all went to put their trays away.



~~

"You like the idea?" Jessica leaned back in her desk chair, a wide grin on her face. She held her phone up to her ear, nodding along with her client's requests. "That sounds good, Mrs. Vitova. Yes, I'll see you at The Belle Dame tomorrow at one ... yes ... yes, I'm sure we'll find the right painting for that space. Yes ... okay ... goodbye, Mrs. Vitova." She disconnected and sighed. Her client had heard from a girlfriend about the new shop and seemed quite excited. Jessica was always happy to please a client. She closed her eyes and pictured the Vitova living room.

Three rapping knocks broke her reverie. Jessica opened her eyes. "Come in." She waited but the door didn't budge. There wasn't a sound. She wondered if it was Noah returning from school. Or maybe Hailey was making sure she wasn't giving herself another exam. "Coming." Jessica stood, walked around her desk, and opened the door. There was no one there.

*"Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,"* Eloise's silky voice filled the room.

*"'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;*

*But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,*

*And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,*

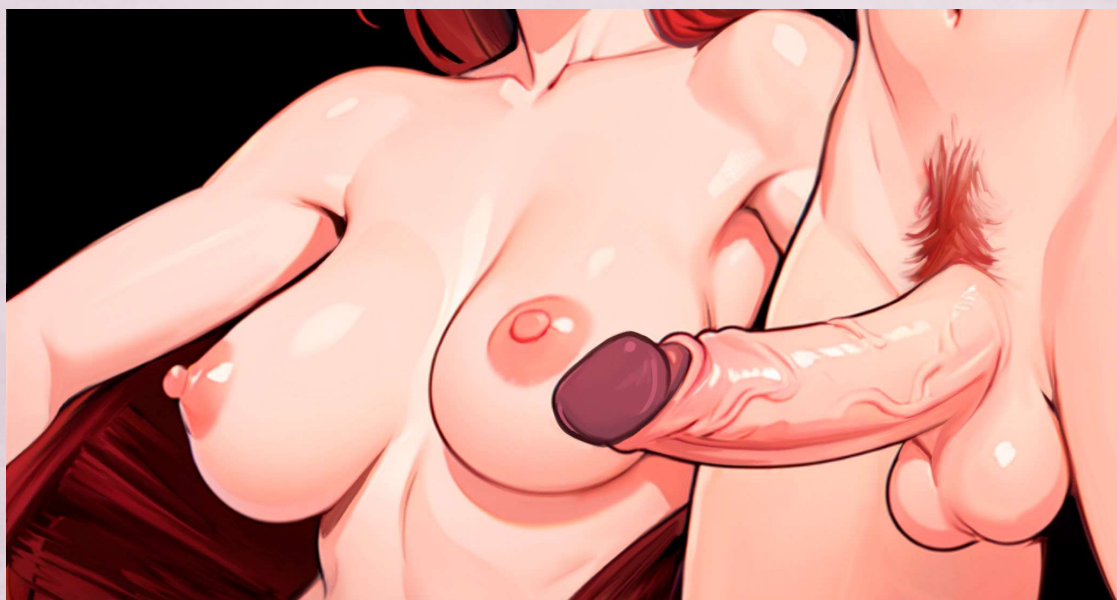
*That I scarce was sure I heard you' – here I opened wide the door; –*

*Darkness there and nothing more.*

*Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,*

*Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before."*

The high, trilling ring of Mrs. Palmer's laugh filled the suddenly frigid air.



*"Am I dreaming?"*

Jessica turned and closed the door. In a trance, she walked across the office to the painting. Frederick had vanished again. Eloise sat naked in her wicker chair, her sparkling green eyes full of gaiety. She was not pregnant as she had been before. As she leaned forward, her nipples lightly caressed her thighs.

Standing next to her, Thomas was also naked. His rigid penis pointed almost directly at Jessica. "Oh ... my. Is that ... because of me?" She pointed at the veiny, gargantuan thing.

"Do you want it?"

Thomas stepped toward the foreground of the painting, his penis swaying with his movements.

"I *am* dreaming." Jessica nodded to herself.

"It's like pulling teeth with you, darling. Why hem and haw?" Eloise leaned back and hefted one breast in her hand, then the other. "You are built just as I. Surely, you see the stares and covetous glances as men watch you walk by. You see the desire smoldering in the eyes of young men like my Thomas. Just like me, you are a hot ticket. And, just like me, Thomas would like to punch that ticket."

"Why would I dream something so ... wicked? Did he get you pregnant?" Jessica didn't want to anger the woman again. "Don't answer that. I should ignore you like I did last night. Wake up! Wake up! Wake up." She waited, but the dream continued.

"You seek to wake with your son rubbing up against you?" Eloise giggled. "That does sound cozy."

"I know there is something wrong with me, and I'll see a doctor just as soon as ..." Jessica's hand went to her mouth when Thomas pressed himself against the barrier between her world and theirs. His penis protruded out into the room. It was larger than it appeared in the painting. She realized that was because in the painting, it was scaled down to the size of the portrait, but in her world, it was as if the man were standing before her with only his veiny thing made real.

"You mastered the first lesson readily enough. I see no need to waste time teaching you more self-pleasure." Eloise gazed proudly at her son. "It's time you learned to please someone other than yourself. Does the look of his bludgeon meet with your approbation?"

"No," Jessica squeaked. This was another lie. The penis was swollen, burgeoning beauty personified. The head was bulbous and a distinct purple color that reminded her of a ripe fruit.

"You ogled Noah's one-eyed colossus this morning, and you wondered. Did you not?" Eloise turned her gaze back to Jessica. "As you say, you are dreaming. Consequences are for times other than these." The *tick ... tock* of a clock filled the silence as Eloise waited. After a moment, she pressed on, "My Thomas is stouter than your Noah in frame of body and bludgeon. But perhaps Noah will one day find his potential. In the mean time, reach out and see what a full-fledged man feels like. Forget all the lies and half-truths you learned about the other sex. Try for yourself and learn firsthand."

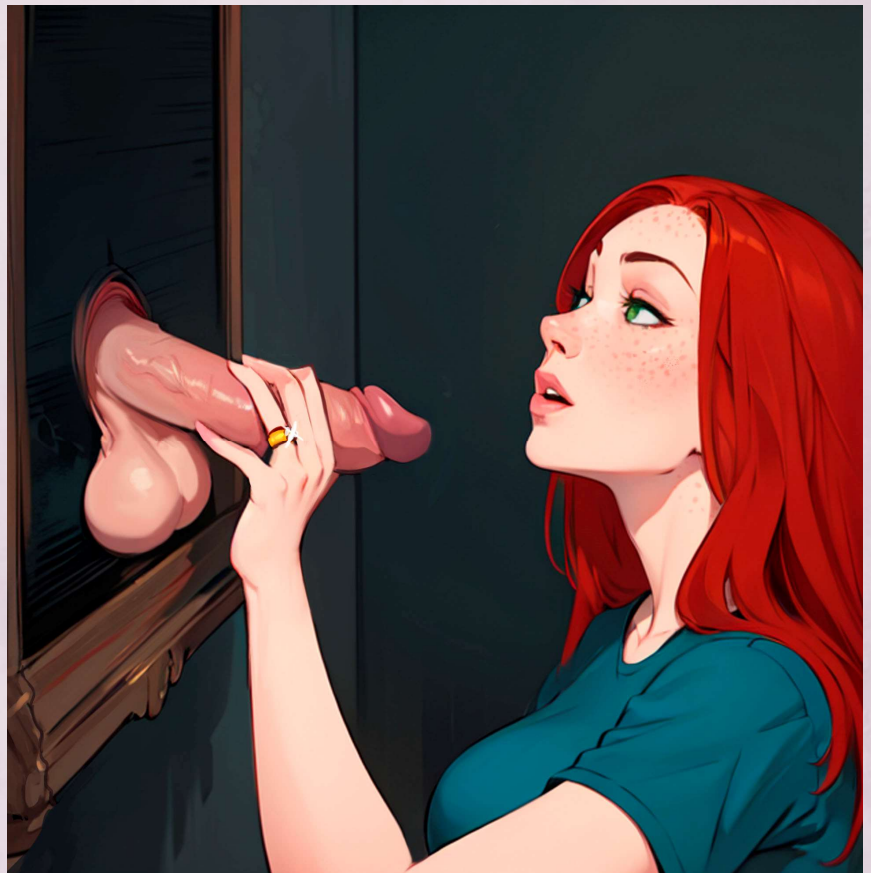
"I shouldn't." Jessica slowly reached out with slim, trembling fingers. The diamond on her ring caught the light, reminding her of Andrew. She had worked so hard to push her husband into her mind recently, but now she pushed him out. Instead, she zeroed her focus on the bloated head of the penis waiting for her.

"Go ahead, Mrs. Reader." Thomas confidently nodded to her from inside the painting.

Jessica flickered a glance at his face. "You look so much like your mother," she whispered.

"Which means he looks like you, darling," Eloise said. "You could even pretend he was your son. Not Noah, but another."

"Another ... son." Jessica gripped the penis in her hand. She held it softly, running her fingers around the half-dome of its head. "What do you want me to do with this?"



"You're doing fine, Mrs. Reader." Thomas smiled. "Get used to the size. Feel the gravity of my cock. Imagine what it could do to your quim."

"Oh ... my." She hefted it, her hand ever so slightly pumping back and forth. "It's so ... it's so ... um ..."

A knock on the door broke the spell. Jessica blinked. The penis was gone. The painting was back to normal. She stared uncomprehendingly at the door as it opened.

"Hi, Mom. I just got home and ..." Noah didn't find his mother at her desk as he expected. He looked around and spotted her right next to the painting, her hand outstretched toward the canvas. "What are you doing?"

"Hello, honey." Jessica forced a smile. "I was just ... taking some measurements. Some of my clients want paintings from The Belle Dame, and I was ... um ... taking measurements."

"Right, okay." Noah's eyes narrowed. "Is everything okay? I mean, you seem a little distracted lately."

"I'm fine. Did you need something?" She pushed her red hair out of her face, smoothed out her dress, and walked back to her desk, keenly aware that she was sweating all over and leaking between her legs.

"No, it's okay." Noah gave her a half-hearted wave. "I'll catch up with you soon." He left to get himself a snack and think things over.

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In the Owens' house, Eddie stood before the new painting fapping his monster erection. He stared at one of the women in the painting. The one that looked like his mother. "What ... the fuck ... is happening?" He was sure the day before his dick had been half the size it was now, and all his sexual energy had been focused on the girls at school. But now ... he desperately wondered what this woman looked like under her conservative, 1950s housedress. And what his own mother might look like under her stupid sweaters and mom jeans.

Not just his mother. His bitchy sister, Samantha, too. Sure, she was built like a twig ... and that wasn't normally his thing ...

It was a good thing he had the house to himself. His round belly shook as he pumped himself closer and closer to completion. "Aaaaahhhhhhh ... Mom .... uuugggghhhhhhh ... Sam ... I'm going to ... I'm going to ... shit ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." He had never before reached such a high or cum so much. There was practically a lake in front of him when he stopped shaking. He pulled up his pants and went to find a towel to clean up.

