

The Palmer Legacy



Chapter 4

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Palmer Legacy 4

Illustrations by AkyraRayne

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

To see more AkyraRayne:

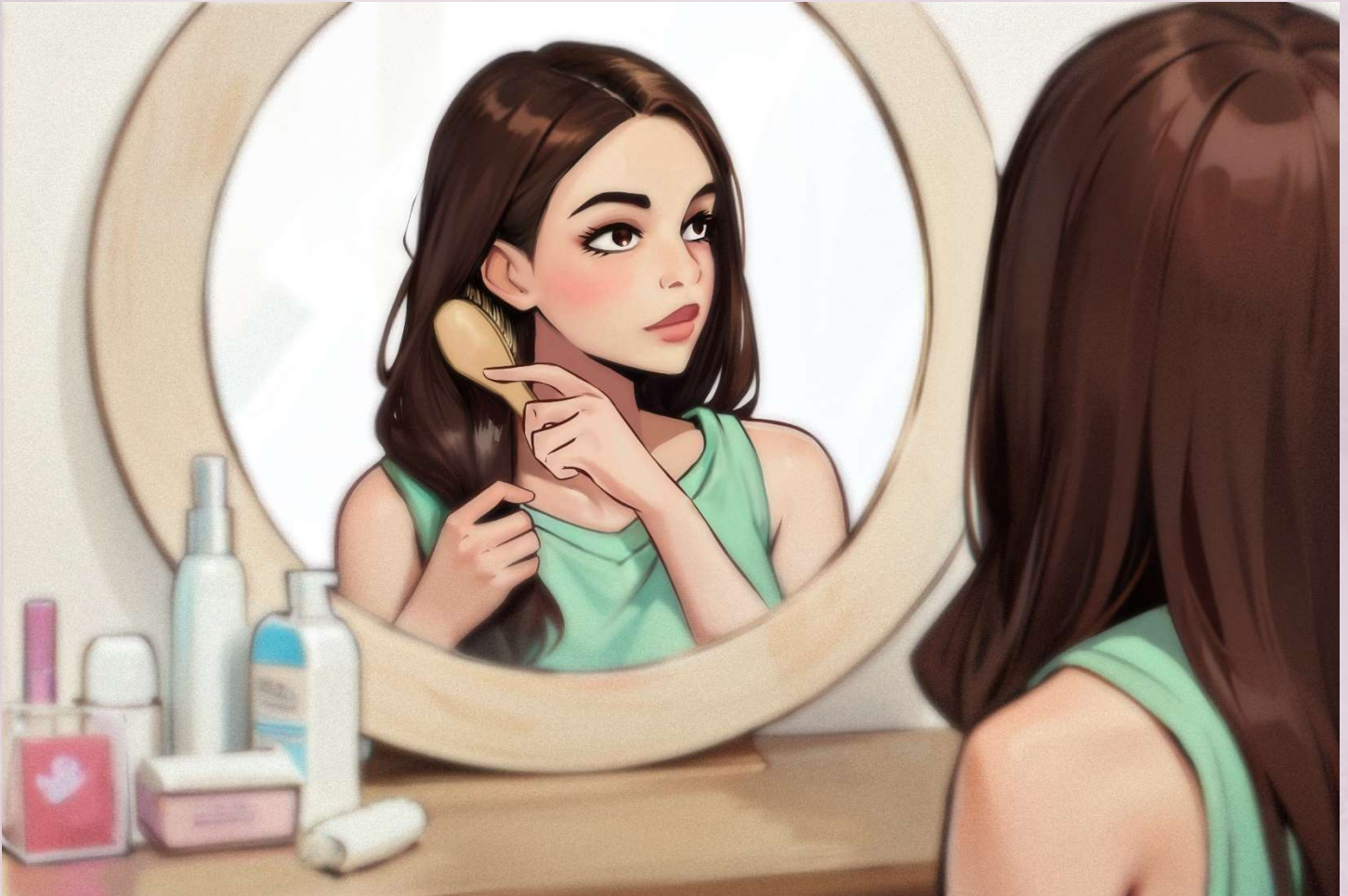
<https://twitter.com/AkyraRayne> or

<https://www.patreon.com/AkyraRayne>

Chapter 4

A Woman Peaks in Your Age Range

“Come in.” Hailey looked toward her bedroom door as her brother walked in. She gave him a placid smile and went back to brushing her hair in the mirror. “You’re going to be late for school.”



“I’ve got time.” Noah sat on her bed. He made eye contact through the mirror. “Have you noticed anything strange about Mom lately?”

“No, why?” Hailey wondered if Noah knew anything about their mother’s illness. She stopped brushing and held her breath.

“There’s this painting that Mom bought. The one in her office. I think it’s doing something ... strange. I don’t know.” Noah’s words flooded out of him in a rush. “I’ve been having weird dreams and sleepwalking. And Mom’s been sleepwalking. And the woman in the painting looks almost exactly like Mom. And my friend Samantha’s mom bought a painting. And there’s a woman in that one that looks like *her* mom. And a guy that looks like her brother. And that painting creeps her out. And ...” He stopped when he saw his sister was laughing at him. “What?”

"I thought you were going to talk about something else." Hailey went back to brushing her hair. "You're never going to find a girlfriend living in a fantasy world." She stared at her reflection as she talked. "You ever think of dating Samantha? Or Ella? You two are practically joined at the hip. I have a boyfriend now, you know. And it's the best. He takes me out on dates and treats me ..." She looked over and saw that her brother was gone. He'd slipped out while she'd been talking. "Typical." She shrugged, closed her door, and retrieved her bong from the closet.

Noah was disappointed. But his sister's reaction didn't surprise him in the least. He walked downstairs and found his father eating breakfast. "Where's Mom?"

"Good morning, sport." Andrew paused the spoonful of grapefruit on its way to his mouth. "Your mother hasn't been sleeping well the last few days. She's still in bed."



"Oh, okay." Noah nodded. "Can I go check in on her?"

"Better let her rest. She has an important meeting with a client today." Andrew smiled helpfully.

"Right." Noah shrugged. He fished out his phone and texted Samantha. "I'll just grab some toast and head off to school."

"Good idea, champ." Andrew smiled at his son, watching him fiddle with his phone and get himself ready for school. He wasn't sure how Noah was able to get anything done watching his phone all the time.

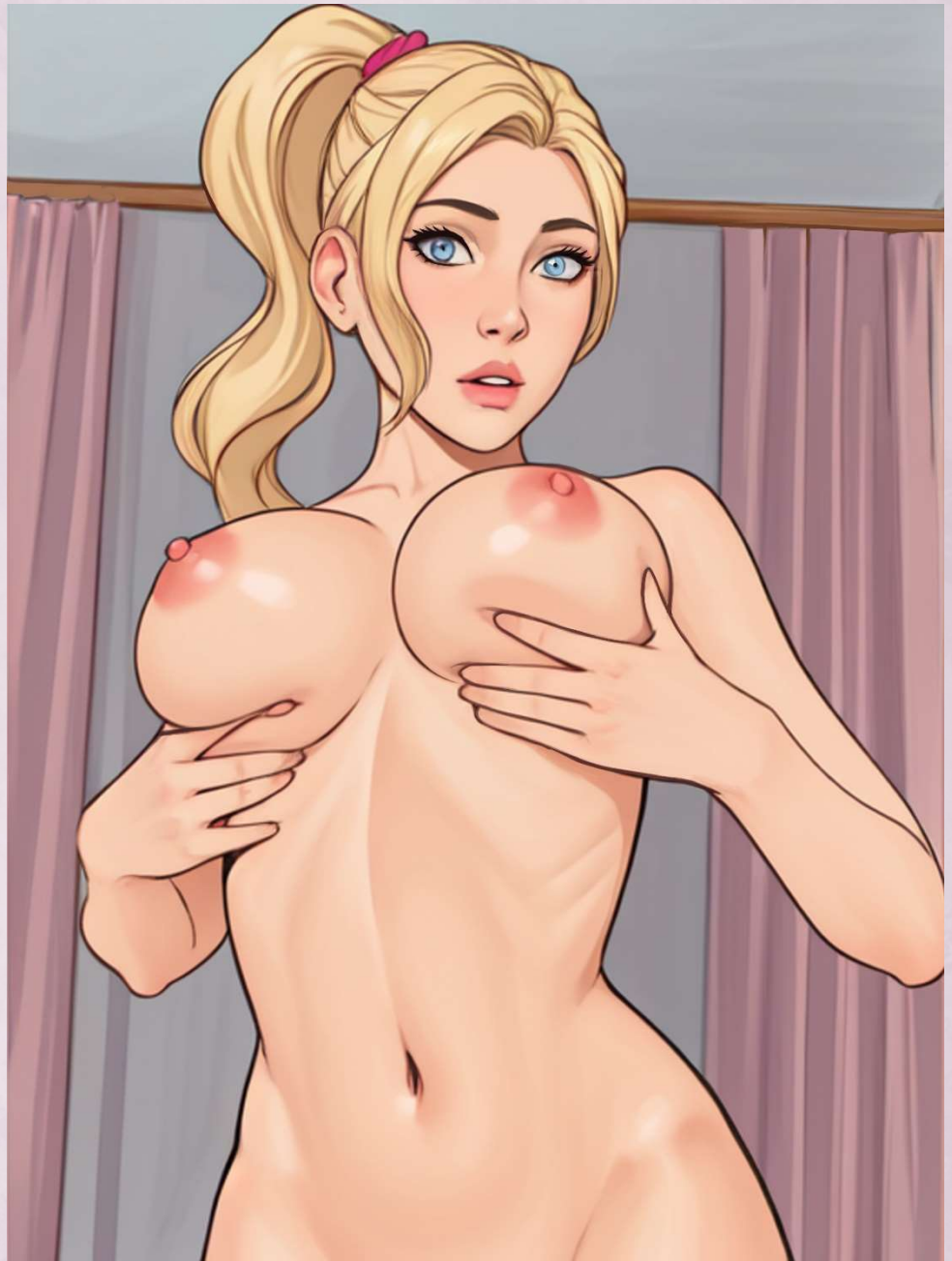
~~

Samantha put her blond hair in a ponytail and picked up her buzzing phone. Noah was sending a barrage of texts about the paintings. She texted back. *Yes, things are strange around here. No time now. Talk at school.* She went to her dresser and pulled out a bra. The fit was too tight. She tried another one with the same result. And another. After the fourth bra didn't fit, she figured it was her and not a sartorial malfunction. She held her boobs in her hands speculatively. She had given up years ago on growing big ones. But maybe at eighteen her body wasn't done maturing. They were definitely bigger. She tried on a sports bra and that fit better. She finished getting dressed, brushed her teeth, and went downstairs.

"Hello, everyone." Samantha stopped in her tracks. Her brother and mother were in the middle of a protracted hug. She was rubbing his back vigorously. Her father sat at the kitchen table with a blank expression on his face, his coffee mug steaming in front of him.

"Oh ... um ... hello, Sam."

Lindsey pushed away from her son, still holding his shoulders. During the hug she had felt his massive erection poking her belly, so she angled him away from Samantha. She didn't want to embarrass her sweet son. "Ready for school?"



“Um ... yeah.” Samantha didn’t like the expression on her mom’s face. She looked like she’d just been caught with her hand in the cookie jar. She liked her brother’s sweaty face even less. He smiled at her over his shoulder. Something smelled saccharine and sickly in the air. “Does anyone else ... smell that?” She picked up her backpack. Her heart was suddenly beating a mile a minute, and her stomach was warm and queasy with excitement for a reason that she didn’t understand. “Dad ... do you smell that?”



“Melvin ... Melvin?” Lindsey tried to catch her husband’s attention, but he stared into space without giving any indication that he heard them. Lindsey looked at her daughter. “He’s resting, sweetie.”

“Want a hug, sis?” Eddie leered at her like a maniac.

“I need some fresh air. I’ll walk to school.” Samantha couldn’t think straight. She turned, grabbed her jacket, threw on her shoes, and raced outside. The chill morning air scoured the cloying smell from her lungs. She took several deep breaths as she walked to the street, watching her breath float away. Her mind cleared. She pulled her phone from her back pocket and texted Noah. *Just had the strangest morning. We really do need to talk.*

~~

Jessica was groggy when she finally dragged herself from bed. She had been having the most lurid, inappropriate dreams. Her panties were a mess. She hauled herself into the bathroom, stripped, and turned on a cold shower. When she regarded herself in the mirror, she gave a start. She looked exhausted and harried. Then she looked down and screamed. Right next to her sink lay an enormous dildo. It was jet-black, had



ridiculous veins, and was eleven or twelve inches long. Jessica stopped screaming and forced her mind to reason through the situation.

“Hailey didn’t leave the horrible thing here. Noah certainly would never,” she whispered to herself. “Either Andrew ... or ... I’m dreaming again.” She poked it with her finger. The spongy mass of it felt real enough.

“Mom? Are you okay?” Worried about the scream, Hailey walked into her mom’s room and peeked into the bathroom. She saw her mother naked, moving quickly.

At the first sound from her daughter, Jessica picked up the phallus and threw it in the trash. “I’m fine, sweetie. Just saw a spider. A little privacy, please.”

“Yeah, okay.” Hailey shook her head as her mother’s curves disappeared behind the closing bathroom door.

She went back to her room.

Jessica shivered, thinking about what it had felt like to grasp the large thing. Almost like when she’d held Thomas’s penis. Her knees trembled as she entered the shower. Gasping, she let the frigid temperature of the water penetrate her skin. She clearly wasn’t dreaming. Maybe Andrew had listened to her about spicing things up? Possible, but very out of character for him. At any rate, she thought she would ask him about it after work. She scrubbed off quickly, and got out of the shower.

When she checked her trashcan, the thing was still there. She’d hide it in her closet to show her husband. When she caught sight of the clock, she dried off in a hurry. She had a busy day, and she was in danger of running late.

~~

In biology, all four friends sat at a table in the back of the room. Samantha and Noah had their heads together, whispering urgently.

Ella sat with her chin resting on her arms, barely listening to the teacher.

Kathy leaned her long frame to the side, trying to listen to her friends. Samantha was talking about her brother being a creep that morning. That was no surprise to Kathy, he was a creep every morning. It was time for Kathy to cut into the conversation. "I've got something that might interest you two weirdos."

"What?" Noah looked over at Kathy's mischievous grin.

"Quiet back there." The teacher glared at them.

"Sorry, Mr. Spellman," Samantha called to the front of the room, smiling innocently. She stirred the beaker in front of them. That seemed to be the right thing to do because Mr. Spellman continued with his lecture.

"My mom bought one of those paintings. She hung it in the living room last night." Kathy raised her black eyebrows like this was very good gossip.

"And?" Noah raised his sandy eyebrows higher.

"And?" Kathy snickered.

"Does anyone in the painting look like a family member?" Samantha's whisper was sharp with impatience. "Is your family acting ... strange?"

"No on both accounts." Kathy shrugged her wide shoulders. "It's just a painting. Although ..." She glanced at the teacher and leaned in closer to her friends. She could smell the mint gum Samantha was surreptitiously chewing. "The painting itself is a little creepy. It's like Halloween-themed or something. There's a wild woman in torn clothes howling at the moon. In the background, you can barely see some people running on all fours into the woods. I don't know why my mom likes it. Or why Dad let her put it up." Kathy shrugged elaborately again. "Go crazy with that, you two."

"You sure it's from The Belle Dame?" Noah didn't know how Kathy's painting fit into the puzzle that he and Samantha were trying to unravel.

Kathy nodded and went back to staring at the front of the class.

"I think we should all see it. We should see yours, too, Sam. I don't ..." Noah stopped talking when Mr. Spellman glared at him. He tried to pay attention the rest of the class, but his mind was racing. Something was going on.





"I don't know what else to tell you, Mrs. Reader. You seem perfectly healthy." Nancy Kommiss peeled off her protective gloves and threw them in the waste bin. Her smile was a little thin. This wasn't the first time a woman had come in with questions like this, and it never ceased to amaze her.

"But what about ... what about ... my symptoms, Dr. Kommiss? There is a lot of ... wetness." Jessica's freckled cheeks turned a deep shade of scarlet. This was the third terribly awkward event that week. It was horrible, but since such things came in threes, at least she knew she was at the end of it all.

"It's not uncommon for a woman your age to start feeling these feelings. I don't know if you know this, but a man's sexual peak is in his teens. But a woman peaks in your age range." Nancy pulled out a blank piece of paper and drew two curves like dueling rollercoaster tracks. One rushed up early, and then fell toward the end. The other built up slowly and crested much later. She held up the diagram for Jessica to see. "The first one here is men. This one here is you." She pointed to the late-rising rollercoaster. "I could give you a pamphlet on healthy sexuality. We have them around here for teenagers, but ... let's see." She opened a drawer and rummaged around.

"No pamphlet, thank you." Jessica averted her eyes. "What do I do to ... make it stop?"

Nancy closed the drawer and looked back at her patient with an arched eyebrow. "You've had three children, Mrs. Reader. You and your husband know what to do. I suggest you make regular romantic plans with him. Is ... everything still working on his end? If not, his doctor can prescribe -"

"Oh, he's quite able. That's not a problem." Jessica stood and smoothed out her dress nervously. "Please don't tell anyone about this."

"I'm your doctor, Jessica. Even if I wanted to, I am prohibited from -"

“Thank you, Dr. Kommis.” Jessica quickly walked to the door and opened it. She desperately needed out of that office. “Have a great day.” She turned and fled the building. It was perfectly natural to gush from her vagina? She had suspected it wasn’t an illness, but had hoped her condition might be something modern medicine could cure. It seemed there would be lots more cold showers in her future.



~

The echoes of multiple basketballs ricocheted around the gym. Ella and Noah walked side-by-side, doing laps rather than engaging in the shootaround. They waved to Kathy after she sank a jump shot, a big smile spread on her face. Kathy wagged her finger at the boy trying to guard her.

“Do you think it’s weird that the biggest jock we know is a girl?” Noah sighed.

“No. Why? Do you?” Ella smirked. She liked making her friend uncomfortable.

“No. I mean ... um ...” He looked for a way to quickly change the subject. His mind went right back to the paintings. “Would you think it’s strange if I suddenly discovered that I like curvy redheaded women with freckles?”



Ella glanced at him sidelong and snickered. “I read somewhere that most boys want to ‘date’ their moms. It’s not weird, Noah.”

“No ... that’s not ... I ...” Noah ducked as a wayward basketball sailed past his head. He straightened up and continued his brisk walk. “I didn’t say anything about my mom. I met someone. Well, not really met her. But ... I don’t know ... she makes me feel different. When I’m with her my mind goes blank ... and my knees feel all tingly ... and my stomach ties itself into knots.”

“Is the introverted Noah Reader in love?” Ella

pushed out her bottom lip like she was very impressed. “Who is the lucky woman? I can’t think of anyone at school that looks like your mom.”

“She doesn’t look like my mom.” Noah knew that wasn’t true. Eloise had even suggested that he call her “Mother.”

“Why did you even ask me in the first place? You said ‘Would you think it’s strange ...’” Ella was now genuinely curious. “It’s because she looks like your mom that you asked, right?”

“I don’t know. There are some similarities.” Noah shrugged. “So, am I a pervert or something?”

“Big time pervert, Reader.” Jimmy Ronning overheard them and chucked his basketball at Noah.

Noah wasn't able to duck in time and the ball caught him in the face, sending him sprawling to the floor. Kathy raced over and slapped Jimmy hard enough that he staggered back. She had a few inches on him and she clenched her fists in fury. Jimmy turned and walked away quickly. Kathy and Ella helped Noah back to his feet.

"Ow." Noah could see the concern on their faces. "Am I terribly disfigured?" His smile stung his split lower lip.

"You'll live." Ella clapped him on the back. The coach blew the whistle and people turned toward the locker rooms. "Jimmy is such an asshole." She looked up at Kathy. "I'm glad you smacked him."

"Me too." Kathy shook out her hand. "Time to hit the showers. Stay clear of Jimmy, Noah."

"Will do." He gave her a salute and they went to their respective locker rooms.



~~

Jessica was early for her one o'clock meeting at The Belle Dame. She parked in the back lot. Shutting off the car, she sat and thought about the chart her doctor had drawn for her. Jessica's arc was ascending as her husband's arc descended. She was peaking. It wasn't her fault. She looked around. There was no one about. Hardly anyone ever parked back there. Street parking was so much more convenient.



"If I touch myself once a week, that isn't so bad." There was nothing stopping her. The memory of the feel and heft of the dildo blazed in her mind. She slowly pulled up the hem of her dress. Her mind fixed on how dainty Thomas's mammoth penis had made her feel when her trembling fingers had tried to encircle it. Her hand crept between her legs. "Oooohhhhhhhh." She was so close to feeling another orgasm. It was okay. She couldn't help it. She was peaking!

A car pulled into the lot and Jessica tugged her dress back down her thighs in fright. Her chest rose and fell. She watched the car park. They hadn't seen anything, but that had been stupid of her. This sort of desire was so new to her. She had escaped it her

whole life ... until now. But she could see that she would have to learn to live with it. She would have to be smart about it. She got out of her car. She didn't bother bundling up since the store would be hot. She smiled at the driver of the car through the car's window. "Okay, let's make a client happy," she whispered to herself.

~~

While Mr. Luci had convinced Lauren Keitaro to keep the painting, he couldn't persuade her to enjoy it. She cleaned her living room slowly, careful not to look at the portrait with the woman gazing at herself in the mirror. Come to think of it, Lauren wasn't sure how Mr. Luci had got her on board with keeping the damn thing. It made her skin crawl to be near it. Memories of her dreams came flooding back to her as she dusted the coffee table.

"He didn't have to convince you, timorous woman." Erato's sonorous words flowed around the room like running water. "You have been wound tight and you must decompress. Your very substance cries out to revel."

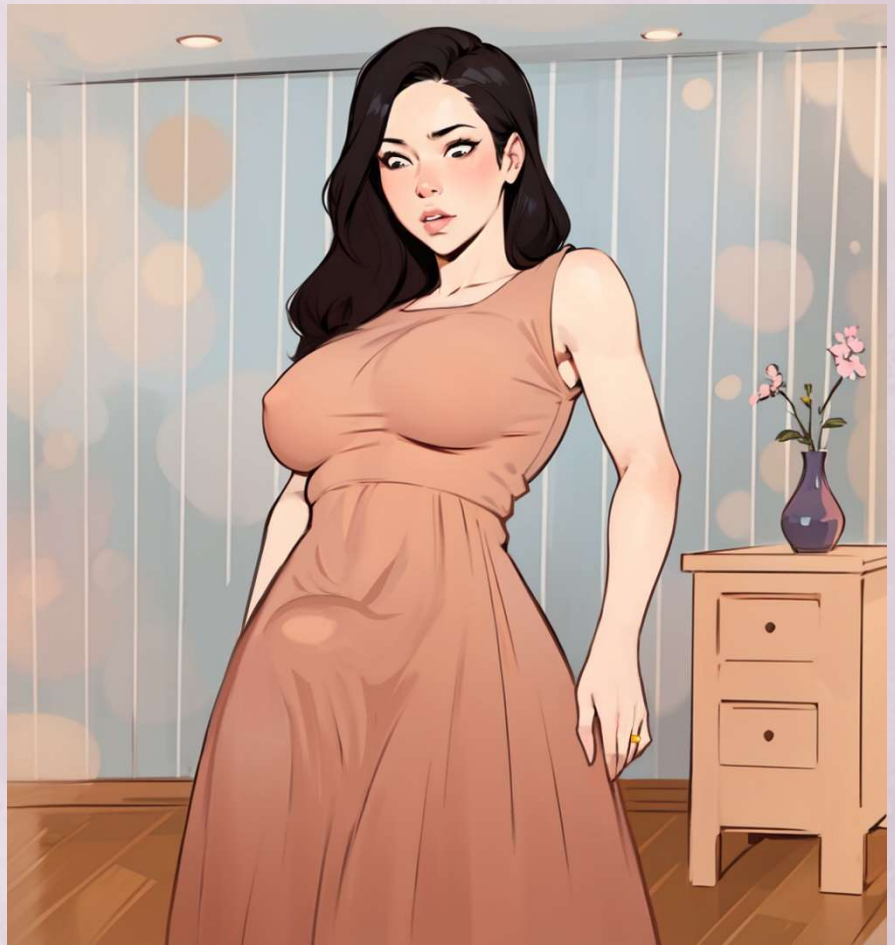
"I don't understand." Lauren straightened and slowly turned toward the painting. "I'm not asleep. How can I be dreaming?" Her eyes widened in surprise when the art piece came into view. The woman gazing at the mirror hadn't changed. But her reflection was Lauren's daughter, a malevolent grin on her face. Melanie's blue hair was back in a ponytail, and she wore a low-cut dress that ended at mid-thigh. Lauren would never let her real daughter wear any such thing. "You're not Melanie."

"Maybe not, but I am her reflection." The mirrored Melanie danced to unheard music, swaying her hips seductively and holding her hands over her head. "What do you think, Mom? I've seen the way you stare at me when you think I'm not looking." She turned her ass toward Lauren and wiggled it to an imaginary beat. "I felt how tightly you grabbed my butt when you were pounding me in your dream. What do you say? Let's party." She reached behind her back and unzipped the dress.

"I only ... look at you because I'm envious of your youth. Of your beauty. You're twenty and ... I'm not anymore." Why was she engaging the painting in conversation? Why couldn't she leave? As Melanie seductively undressed, Lauren felt a strange tingling between her legs. She looked down to see that the front of her dress was tented. "Oh ... no."

"If I don't turn you on, what's that, silly?" Melanie pointed to her mother's hidden erection. The young woman now only had her bra and panties on. She continued to dance as she removed her bra. "Pull it out. You know you want to."

"Oh, my." Lauren slowly lifted the hem of her dress. She could see that her daughter's boobs were large like hers, but at twenty years old, they defied gravity. Her dark nipples and areola zigged and zagged as Melanie shook her breasts and laughed. "Is this what my husband feels like when he sees a woman?" Holding up her dress with one hand, she pulled down her panties. The long cock flopped out into the open. The runes on its shaft glowed brightly, competing with the midday sunlight falling through the living room windows.



“Yes, men are more naturally suited to join the bacchanal. They cannot help but hear the call. This is what my silly father feels. But Dad would never get to see me like this.” Little by little, Melanie inched her panties down her thighs, exposing the dark triangle of hair between her legs. She had a Cheshire Cat grin when she saw the formerly reserved and guarded Lauren tentatively grasp her cock and experiment with new sensations.



“Oh ... no ... oh ... no ...”

Lauren’s nerves vibrated. She pumped the magical cock and lightning bolts of pleasure shot through her body. It was awkward at first, but after a few minutes her movements were more fluid. Both hands manipulated the long thing. She found that attention to the knobby head increased her pleasure tenfold. “It’s marvelous ... I don’t want to wake up.” She stared at the thing pretending to be her daughter, her eyes fixed on those wonderfully jiggling boobs. “Yes ... dance for me ... Melanie. So ... pretty ... so ... pretty ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.” She was not prepared for the explosion of ecstasy or sperm that erupted from her cock. Her scream was loud and bestial.

Lauren woke on the couch with a start. She was breathing hard and soaked in sweat. Immediately she reached for her new penis to continue the ecstasy, but found only her vagina between her legs. “No ... no, no, no.” She slumped in disappointment, looking up at the painting. It was just as it had always been. Her daughter was not reflected anywhere. Her mind

swirled as she thought about what she’d witnessed and done. Looking around, she slowly stood. She must have fallen asleep while cleaning. She picked up the duster, but then dropped it immediately. She raced upstairs. She had the house to herself. She might not have a penis, but her vagina would more than make do. She desperately needed to masturbate.

~~

The meeting at The Belle Dame had gone exceedingly well. Mrs. Vitova had wanted to buy two paintings, but Mr. Luci had said that his policy was one per household. Jessica understood the tactic. There was a limited supply, and Mr. Luci clearly wanted to get his paintings into as many homes as possible. The art would do the advertising for him. At any rate, they had selected a fine one of two identical queens wearing copper crowns. Mrs. Vitova flushed with joy as they put it in her car.

Jessica sat in her office, regarding her own painting. She had been so busy with her client that she hadn't found the time to ask Mr. Luci more about Mrs. Palmer or her family. "I won't ask you, because I don't trust you. But I trust him." Jessica pointed a playful finger at the painting. All her immediate tasks completed, she could finally lock herself in the bathroom and relieve herself of what she had learned was natural sexual frustration. She stood.

"Hey, Mom. I'm home." Noah stuck his head in the office door.



All thoughts of her impending climax dispersed when Jessica saw her son. "Gosh, Noah. What happened to your face?" She raced across the room, pulled him toward the light, and inspected his black, swollen eye.

"It's nothing, just a basketball hit me in PE." Noah flinched away from her when she tried to touch his tender cheek.

"It was Jimmy Ronning again, wasn't it?" She saw him nod slowly, and she pressed his good cheek into her bosom. "I'm going to have a talk with Mrs. Ronning. This has gone too far." She tenderly stroked his sandy hair.

"It's fine, Mom." Noah was now staring right at the painting. Movement caught his eye. Eloise had one eyebrow raised and her mouth wide open in mirthful shock.

She cupped her own boobs, bounced them a bit, and then nodded toward the soft pillows supporting Noah's cheek. He blinked, and the painting was normal again. He pulled away from his mom. "Kathy slapped him hard. I don't think he'll do anything again."

"Oh. Well, I wish you ... um ... well, that was nice of her." Jessica was a bit intimidated by Kathy Bly's size. She could only guess how Jimmy felt with that tall woman coming at him. "I might still have a talk with Mrs. Ronning."

"Don't, Mom. It'll make it worse." Noah split his attention between his mother's concerned face and the painting.

"Oh, your lip is cut, too." She gently touched his lower lip. He had such full, strong lips. Her finger started to slip into his mouth.

"Gross. What are you doing?" Noah pulled her finger out his mouth and laughed. "I'm going to go grab an icepack and do some homework. Don't worry about me."

"Okay, honey." Jessica's eyes followed him out, but her mind was already drifting to other things. She wagged a finger at the painting on her way out. "Look what you started," she whispered to it. Jessica made a beeline for her closet. But the mysterious dildo wasn't where she'd left it. She had wanted to hold it again, to feel its girth. But now it was nowhere to be found. Had she dreamed it that morning? The phallus's appearance and disappearance made no sense. She shook her head, gave up the search, and locked herself in the bathroom.

"I'll only do this when I really need to blow off some steam." She carefully undressed, sat on the toilet lid, and spread her legs. She was about to start when she realized she might make some noise. Both Hailey and Noah were home and might hear her if they wandered into her bedroom. She stood, flipped on the noisy bathroom fan, and got back in position. Her belly cartwheeled over and over and her nerves tingled. As she gently explored her lower lips, she was reminded of the ascent of a roller coaster, slowly clacking to the crest of the tracks. The anticipation was better than the actual thing. She collected moisture on her fingertips and playfully moved to her clitoris. Her other hand slowly lodged a finger inside. No, this was better than the anticipation. It was pure heaven on Earth.



Thoughts flittered through her racing mind. She had never had any fantasies and couldn't think of anything titillating. Jessica closed her eyes, pushing Andrew into her mind's eye. He was fit and still handsome at his age. But her ecstasy receded when she pictured him. She sped up her hands and valiantly tried to think sexy thoughts about her husband, but he faded away. The next image was not a surprise. The icy expanse of Thomas's penis crept into her mind. A high whining sound rose deep from inside her. Her thighs trembled and pleasure surged. "You look ... ooohhhhhhh ... so much like me ... Thomas," she whispered.

The thought that rose up next caught Jessica off guard. It was the feel of Noah's head pressed against her breasts. What if ... what if ... he was with her at that moment with his head pressed against her while she manipulated herself? What if ... she was manipulating him? These were not the sort of thoughts a mother should ever have. But the self-admonition only seemed to spur on her out-of-control libido. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii." Jessica keened as her climax overtook her. Her hips bucked, her boobs shook, and her feet slapped the floor with each shuddering wave of ecstasy. At that point, her mind turned off completely.



When she came back to herself, she was a wet, sweaty mess. Jessica had the strong inclination to start all over again. But she knew she would never finish dinner in time if she went down that road. Her family was counting on her. She had let the pressure out, and now her duties called. She stood on shaky legs and turned on a cold shower. She gasped when she stepped under the icy water, letting it wash away all those dirty thoughts. The doctor had said that most women peaked at this time in life. Maybe she would talk about it with Mara sometime. Her friend was so practical. Maybe Mara had found a way to turn peak sexuality into a marital asset, rather than a thing that had come between her and her husband.

