

The Palmer Legacy



Chapter 5

FICTION

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The Palmer Legacy 5

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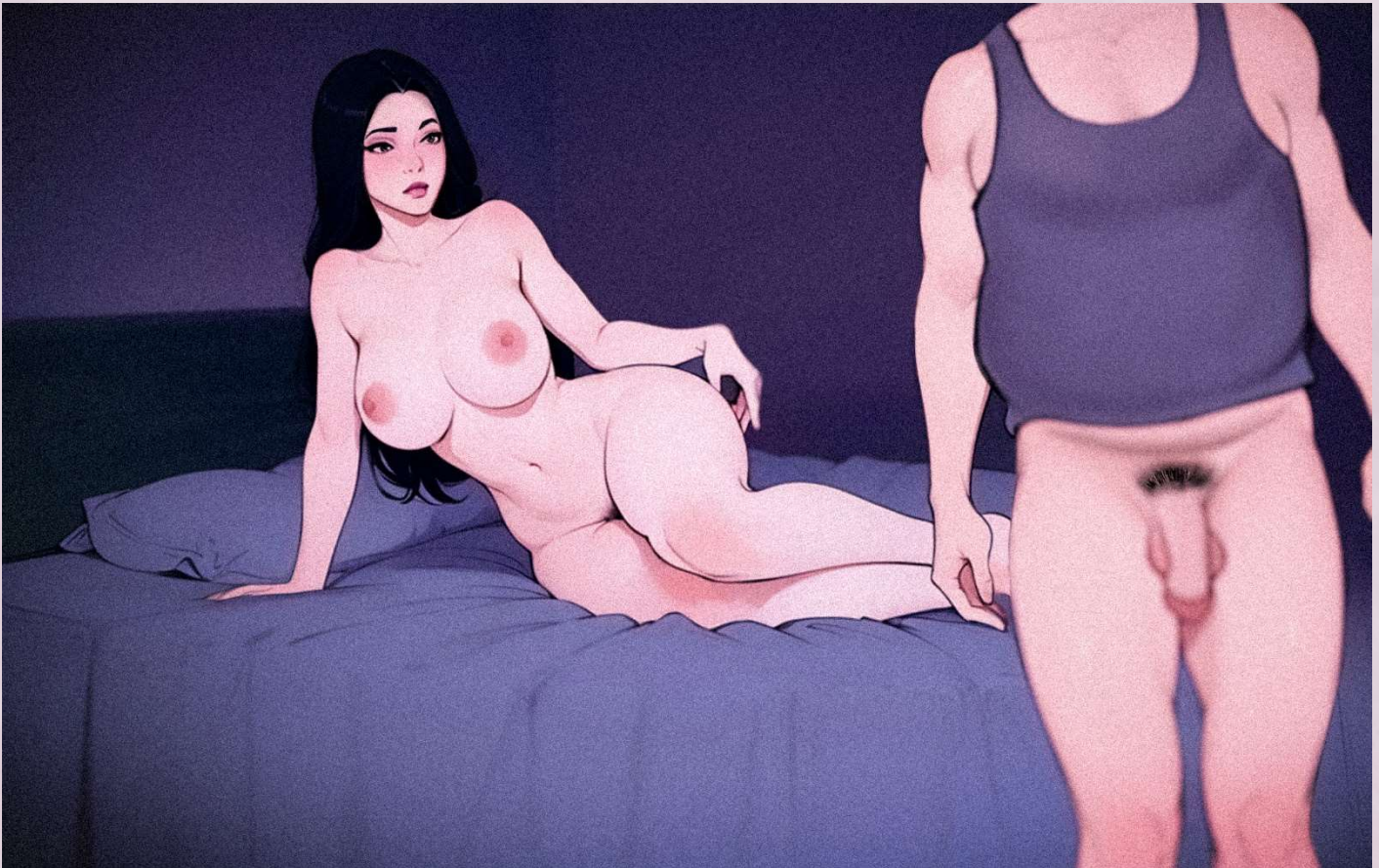
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Chapter 5

The Woman Doesn't Look Like My Mom

"Wow, you were ... really worked up ... this morning," Kenji rolled off his wife, his penis quickly softening.

"Yes ... thank you for that ... dear." Lauren watched her husband's doughy body rise and head for the bathroom. The second he closed the door, her hand found her unsatisfied vagina. "That wasn't enough," she murmured.



Echoing inside her head, straight from her dreams, she heard the mirror's voice say, *Do you accept that it is time to revel? Do you give yourself freely to the High Priestess of Pan?*

"Yes," Lauren whispered through clenched teeth. "I need more. My life ... needs ... more."

Very well. Then on this day, I give you your freedom. The voice faded in Lauren's mind.

"Oh ... goodness ... oh ... my ... ddddddaaaaaaaammmmmnnnnnnnnnnnn." Lauren stifled a scream as she came. She could do to herself what her silly husband could not. As she came down from her high, she wondered if she had time for another before he returned from the bathroom. Her fingers went back to work. She thought so.

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In his dream, Noah buried his face in freckled breasts. At first, he wondered if they belonged to Eloise or his mother. But then he realized that the soft, inviting flesh was warm, not ice cold. He was nuzzling his mother's cleavage. Even in the dream, he knew it was wrong, but pulling away uprooted him from sleep. He sat up in bed, his heart racing. "It doesn't mean anything," he said to his dark, quiet bedroom. Outside the window, he could see a glow in the east that presaged a Saturday sunrise. He hopped out of bed, dressed, and went downstairs.



"Morning, Dad." Noah sliced a bagel and dropped it in the toaster. "We're the only ones ready to greet the day. What's the plan?" He mouthed the word "tournament" in sync with his father. Andrew always spent a big chunk of Saturdays playing online poker tournaments.

"How about you, sport?" Andrew smiled and sipped his coffee.

"I'm hanging with friends today." Noah shrugged. "We think the Belle Dame paintings might be evil or something, so we're going to do some research and inspect the ones at our houses."



"That's nice." Andrew went back to reading his magazine.

"I think it's why Mom hasn't been sleeping well." Noah plucked his bagel out of the toaster and bounced it around in his hands, enjoying the heat.

"That's a real shiner you have there." Andrew didn't look up from his magazine. "Your mom said that the Ronning kid hit you. Need me to talk to his father?"

"I'm eighteen, Dad. I think I can handle it."

"I thought your friend Kathy handled it for you. That's what your mother said." Andrew sipped his coffee.

"I have to go get ready. Good luck in the tournament." Noah bit into

his bagel, exhaling around the heat as it burned his tongue. He went back upstairs where no one would bother him.

The women of the house hadn't risen by the time Noah headed out. But he did see his dad parked in front of the computer in his study, grinding away at his tournament.

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"Why are we starting here? I thought the lady in Kathy's painting didn't look like anyone in her family?" Samantha walked next to Noah, her hands thrust deep in her jacket pockets.

"Might as well start with the odd one out." Noah ran his tongue over the inside of his cracked lip.

"Why not go to The Belle Dame and see a bunch of paintings in person?" Ella walked a few paces behind, physically manifesting her indifference to her friends' game of mystery. "That might be a *little* interesting." She didn't mind implying that they were wasting their time. Because they were.

"I mean ... yeah ... we could do that." Samantha tied her blond hair in a ponytail. Her eyebrows knitted in thought. "Maybe we could question the owner. See if he seems suspicious."

"Yeah, that's good." Noah nodded. They turned onto Kathy's driveway and walked toward the front door. "My mom said he seemed really nice, but it would be worth looking into."

"Welcome to your first stop on the tour." Kathy waited next to the open front door, her long, curvy frame leaning on the wall. "Come in. And take your shoes off. Mom is a neat freak." She eyed Noah when she said this. Boys were always dirtier than girls.

The friends shuffled into the house, said hello to Kathy's dad and mom as they sipped coffee in the dining room, and made their way to the living room. Kathy was an only child, so the house was quiet. It caused the friends to speak in hushed voices. All four of them fanned out in front of the painting.

"See, the woman doesn't look like my mom." Kathy smiled. "Or dad." She added a sarcastic shrug.

"You're right about that." Noah stared with wide eyes at the piece of art. Kathy's dad had dark skin, and he was, well, not a woman like the subject of the painting. Kathy's mom had blond hair and pale skin. The woman in the painting had olive skin, black hair, torn clothes, and howled at the moon.

"Um ... Kathy?" Samantha looked over at her olive-skinned, black-haired friend.

"See, it doesn't look like anyone in my family." Kathy shrugged again. "They're just paintings."

"Do *you* see it, Ella?" Noah nudged his friend. Ella had been very still since they'd entered the living room.

"I mean ..." Ella looked back and forth from the painting to Kathy. "It's uncanny."



“What is?” Kathy folded her arms over her chest, suddenly looking unsure of herself.

“You haven’t had any strange dreams or anything?” Noah watched Kathy closely.

Kathy shook her head slowly. “All dreams are strange. I’m not going to tell you about my dreams.” She frowned.

“I hate to break it to you, but the woman in the painting looks like you, Kathy. Not exactly, but ... I mean ... just look.”

“Ohhhhhhhh ...” Kathy saw the painting with new perspective. She hadn’t expected to see herself there, so she hadn’t seen it. Now that she looked for it, it was impossible to unsee. “Oh, shit.”

The four eighteen-year-olds stood in silence for a while.

“Okay, this is weird.” A quick shiver shook Kathy’s shoulders. Fighting the urge to leave the room, she stepped closer to the painting and examined the subject. The brush strokes made it impossible to see the finer details in the woman’s face, but she had Kathy’s wide-set eyes, turned-up nose, and coloration. Under the shredded clothes, the woman possessed a familiar big booty, with boobs that always got in her way during basketball. “What’s going on, you guys?”



“We’ll figure out what’s going on.” Samantha walked up to Kathy and put a hand on her back. She felt her friend’s muscles tense. “What about the people running into the forest?” She pointed at the shadows running on all fours.

“It’s too dark. I can’t see who they are.” Kathy squinted at the painting.

“I think ... they’re all female.” Ella stepped up next to her friends. “But it’s hard to be sure.”

“Did your mom say why she wanted this painting?” Noah looked around the living room. The new art didn’t seem to fit with the cheerful décor.

“You can ask her.” Kathy shrugged.

Noah did just that. He found Kathy’s parents charming and friendly, but all he could get out of Mrs. Adeline Bly was that she loved the painting’s whimsy.

The next house on their list was Samantha’s. The friends walked together down quiet suburban streets. All but Kathy had bundled themselves in warm jackets and hats. Kathy only wore a light sweater. Ella chatted away about school and boys, trying to lighten the mood. It didn’t work.

When they arrived, Samantha let them in the front door. “My dad’s out with friends, but my mom and brother are around somewhere. If we’re lucky, we won’t see Eddie.” Her friends all nodded their agreement. “Hi

Mom, I'm home," she called into the house. Not getting an answer, she shrugged. "It's in the living room." Samantha beckoned her friends to follow.

"Yeah, you weren't kidding about it being from the 1950s." Noah eyed the painting. It was just as Samantha had described. There were three guys posing on a rickety looking dock with women who were probably their moms. Halfway submerged in the water next to them was a retro futuristic-looking metal ball. And, as Samantha had said, one of the guys looked like Eddie Owens, and one of the mom's looked like Mrs. Lindsey Owens. "Well, other than your mom and brother, I don't recognize anyone in the painting."

"Other than my mom and brother? Do you know how strange this all is?" Samantha felt her heart start to flutter. "And there's been this smell in our house lately. I think it's related." She sniffed the air. "There it is. The air is all sickly sweet. Does anyone else smell that?"

Kathy raised her hand. "No offense, Sam, I don't like the way your house smells."

"That's not how it should smell. There's something in the --" Sam was interrupted when her mother walked into the living room.

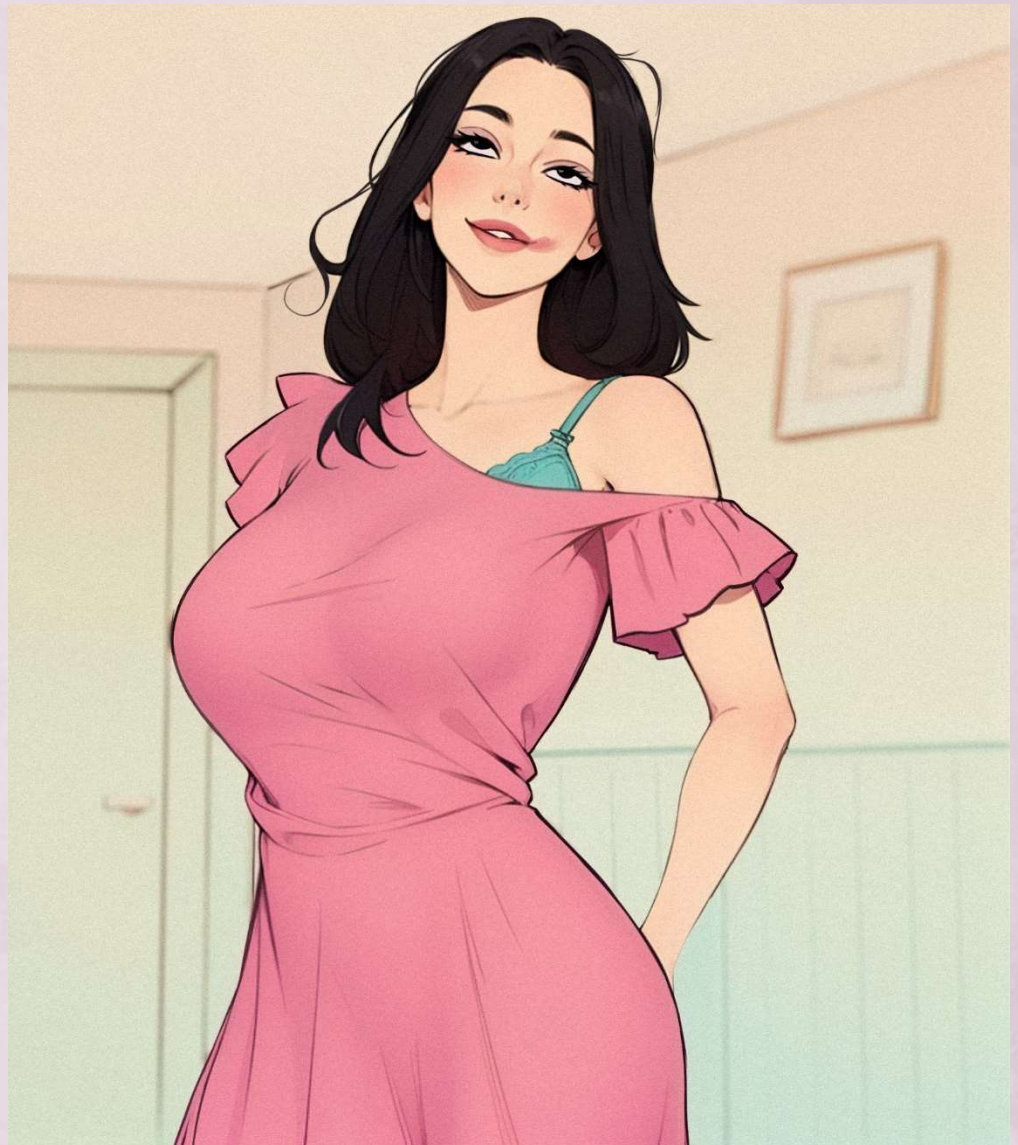
"Oh, hello everyone." Lindsey smiled and tried to straighten her dress. Her hair was a mess, her lipstick was smeared, and one shoulder of her dress hung on her upper arm, exposing her bra strap. "I was just ... um ... busy upstairs." Her eyes darted around the room.

Ella, Kathy, and Noah murmured greetings. They could all see that Mrs. Owens, who was normally very put together, was out of sorts.

"Hi, Mom. Where's Eddie?" Samantha was suddenly more nervous than usual about her brother, although she wasn't sure why.

"Your brother is ... um ... busy upstairs." Lindsey gave a start and stepped out of the doorway like she'd just been slapped on the rear.

"Hello, ladies." Eddie stepped into the room past his mother. His shirt was untucked, and his sweaty face wore a leering grin. He winked at Noah to let him know that he hadn't forgotten him when he'd addressed them all as ladies.



"I feel strange." Ella's brain began to fog. She could now smell the scent Samantha had been talking about.

"Me too. My mind's going fuzzy." Kathy rubbed her thighs together. "And I feel hot."

"I think we need some fresh air." Samantha could feel it, too. She herded her friends toward the front door.

"Won't you stay for a little while?" Lindsey frowned. "I'll make lemonade." But she watched her daughter and friends leave. When the front door slammed, she locked eyes with her son. "I'm sorry I didn't get to finish."

"We can finish now." Eddie dropped his pants and briefs, his fat, hideous cock flopping out in the open.

"Can we go back upstairs, sweetie?" Lindsey cast a nervous look around the room. "What if they come back? Or your father?"

"Dad's gone for the day." Eddie jerked his cock while he waited for his mother to comply. "And those bitches fled the second they saw me. They are so fucking stuck up."



"Please don't call your sister and her friends that word." Lindsey was so confused. She found herself walking to her son and dropping to her knees in front of him. "I'll continue if you promise to be nicer to Sam."

Eddie smirked. "I promise to be nicer to my sister." He had noticed that Samantha jiggled more than usual when she was running out of the living room. Was it his imagination, or were her boobs and butt rounder than before? He watched his mom swallow the bulbous head of his cock. Come to think of it, *her* boobs looked bigger, too. He leaned to the side to look at her cleavage around his dick. Whatever was happening, he was here for it. "Oooooohhhh ... shit. Suck it ... Mom. I'm going to ... cum ... down your throat again."

“Mmmpppppphhhhhhh.” Lindsey knew he wasn’t lying. She reached a hand to cup his balls and could feel them contracting in a way she’d learned meant he was going to orgasm.

“You going to swallow it all? Are you my cum dump, Mom?” Eddie leaned his head back, grabbed her ponytail, and forced her lips down his shaft. He didn’t mind her choking gurgles in the least. He smiled at the sound of her shallow breath whistling through her nose. “I’m cumming ... aaaaaahhhhhhhh.”



Lindsey didn’t agree with the things he was saying, but she gulped down his sperm all the same. As expected, the amount overwhelmed her. When he finished, she ended up on her hands and knees, coughing her son’s stuff onto her elegant Persian carpet. She gave a jump when he slapped her ass on his way out of the room.

“That was good, Mom.” Eddie laughed and buttoned his pants as he walked. “Maybe you can suck me off one more time before Dad gets home. Come up to my room in a half hour.”

“Okay.” Lindsey stared at the stain on her carpet. It was all so confusing, but she’d do it. It seemed her son had needs she had never imagined, and she was the only one who could take care of him.

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"Your husband is playing poker through a screen of some kind?" Eloise cocked her head in bemusement and smiled. "And he finds this enjoyable?"



"Yes. He spends every Saturday competing in a tournament. He's very good ... at poker." Jessica nervously wrung her hands together as she stood in front of her painting. "It can take all day if he does well."

"I see." Eloise's carefree laugh bounced around the room. "And sweet Noah is no doubt out seeking revenge upon the ruffian that accosted him. He would need to satisfy his honor, I trust. That's what you would do, right dear?"

"Oh, yes." Thomas stood next to his mother, slowly undressing. "My honor is paramount."

"No. Not at all. Noah is a good guy. Anyway, his friend, Kathy, slapped Jimmy Ronning. It's taken care of." Jessica emphatically shook her head. She couldn't take her eyes off Thomas's freckled muscles as they came into view. "He's out with his friends doing ... something ... about solving ... a mystery." The more of the twenty-year-old man she could see, the less her mind seemed to work.

"A woman raced into battle for him?" Eloise clapped her hands with joy. "That sounds lovely. I hope I get to meet Kathy someday. Maybe I'll ask Noah to bring her over for a viewing."

"Ask Noah?" Jessica pulled her eyes away from the veiny monstrosity emerging between Thomas's legs. "You're in my dreams. You can't talk to Noah."

"Oh yes. So it seems." Eloise shrugged. "Now, let's focus on your education."

"I already touched myself yesterday. I can't do it again so soon." Jessica's hands slid over the front of her dress. She reminded herself that the pleasures of her clitoris would still be there later. She didn't need it at the moment, even if the roller coaster of her sexual maturity was peaking.

"Your Puritan thinking bores me, Mrs. Reader." Eloise rolled his eyes. "If you won't touch yourself, then touch Thomas. Yes, drink him in with your eyes. I see your hunger as plain as day. You must learn how to handle a real man."

"A real man? But I'll only ever be with Andrew." Jessica only realized after the words were out that she was conceding an aspersion upon her husband's manhood.

"Not in your dreams, dear. Here you can have anyone you like. You can feast with no one to stop you." Eloise offered a polite smile, like she was bearing the tedium of explaining it all to a child.

"Unlike that artificial thing you found, I am not machined by man." Thomas thrust his hips forward. His cock rose and rose, until it cantilevered out of the painting into Jessica's world. He laughed softly, like he'd caught himself in a silly lie. "I suppose I was machined of man *and* woman, in her belly." He turned his hips so that his penis tilted toward his mother. "What I mean is that I was once flesh and blood, and you may know every ridge and curve on my bludgeon. That is, if you desire it."



Jessica bit her lip and nodded. His mighty penis was hers to fondle again. This was a temptation too great to resist. She glided across the room and stood a foot in front of the portrait. The Palmers were silent as she grasped the penis. "So thick ... and cold." She caressed it, running her fingertips over the pronounced veins. Andrew was so smooth by comparison. "These are the ridges you meant?"



"They are." Thomas's voice was calm and reassuring.

"Bend over and inspect it closely." Eloise's words buzzed with expectation. She leaned toward the foreground, rubbing her pregnant belly. "Today you will learn about using your tongue to pleasure a man."

"Oh, I don't think so." But Jessica bent over and brought her eyes within inches of the flaring dome at the head of his penis.

"We'll just have to see, won't we?" Eloise laughed. The Reader woman really did bedevil her every step of the way.

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With her husband and daughter out of the house, Lauren found herself drawn to the painting. She walked into the living room, her pulse already thumping in her ears. The reflection was an image of her daughter again, gazing out at her with a mischievous smile. Even the woman in front of the painting had turned to look at Lauren, her face full of ... revelry.

"Well?" Melanie's reflection used Erato's voice. "Are you ready for the bacchanal?"

"I'm not dreaming, am I?" Lauren pinched her own arm. "Ouch."

"This morning while you debauched yourself in bed, you accepted us. You accepted this. We bleed into your world now." Melanie's reflection lifted her sweatshirt and tossed it behind her. She shook her shoulders, bouncing her dark nipples and areola so quickly that they were hard to follow. "Your dreams are realized."

"I want this." Lauren nodded. "I want to feel that ... penis again."

Melanie's reflection snapped her fingers. "And there you have it."

"You grow girl." The woman standing before the painting, pointed between Lauren's legs and let out a maniacal laugh.



"Mom?" Melanie's voice carried into the living room from the foyer. "I'm home. Rich had something to do at ..." She stopped in the doorway. She barely recognized her mother, who had never looked that happy for as long as Melanie could remember. "Is someone here with you, Mom? I thought I heard voices."

"You and your boyfriend sit in his apartment all day and night and ... you never ... party!" Lauren prowled slowly toward her daughter.

"We go out sometimes. I mean, Rich is tired from school. And ..." Melanie could have sworn that she caught movement over her mother's shoulder. She looked and her mouth dropped open. In her mom's new painting, there was an image of ... her. Somehow Melanie could see herself reflected in the mirror, but she was topless and ... twerking. "What ... the ... fuck." She dropped her duffel bag to the ground.

"You're twenty years old, honey." Lauren stepped slowly toward her daughter. "I would kill to have perky tits like yours. You should go out carousing every night. Rich is dead weight. He's holding you down. I'll show you the way. Together we can ... party."

Melanie's brain swam. Her conservative, Japanese-American mom had never before used the word "tits" or said anything positive about partying. She was far behind the situation that was unfolding around her and didn't know how to catch up. She glanced at her own round, twerking ass in the painting. "I don't understand, Mom. What's happening?" A giddiness pushed the cloud of confusion to the far recesses of her mind. Melanie surprised herself with a laugh at the absurdity of it all. "I do ... want to party."



"That's right. You're no stick in the mud." Lauren had no idea where her words were coming from, but they thrilled her. She had never been more free. Decades devoted to a docile and sedentary life disappeared. Her shoulders relaxed, the weight of the world no longer upon them. "Life was made to be lived." Lauren's body paused its prow toward her daughter. Awkwardly, her arms waved over her head, her hips swayed side to side, and she moved to a new rhythm. She had no practice, so it took her a moment to comprehend her movements. She was dancing, and it felt wild ... and unrestrained.

Melanie let out a long, hysterical laugh. "Oh ... my God, you're ... dancing, Mom. I wouldn't have ... believed it unless ... I saw it with ..." Holding her belly as the laughter peeled out of her, Melanie's attention was drawn to the front of her mom's dress. Something tented and bounced the fabric between her legs. "What's ... that?"

"The key to our freedom, honey." Lauren gyrated her hips slower, seductively raising the hem of her dress. The rune-covered penis came into view.

"Oh ... my ... God." Melanie knew their lives were about to change. She could feel it in her bones. But whatever was happening in that room had swept her away in a flood of exuberant joy. She thought about how she would explain to Rich that her mother danced in front of her with some sort of crazy purple strap-on. She

laughed even harder, thinking about the expression on Rich's face. She was so caught up in her thoughts, she barely registered her mother's hands on her shoulders, forcing her to her knees. Her mind returned to the present when her laughter was cut off by the dildo entering her mouth. She looked up into her mother's crazed eyes. "Mmmpppphhhhhh." Clarity seized her. This was her *mother*. The whole world had gone insane in a matter of minutes. But when her mom grabbed Melanie's blue hair and started bobbing her lips on the cock, everything went muddled again. This was no ordinary dildo. It was warm and supple. From the expression on her staid and prim mother's face, it seemed to be giving her pleasure. Melanie was blowing her mother and they were both loving it. Her hands went to her mom's round ass to get some leverage, and she really went to work. Rich had the biggest penis she'd been with. This one was bigger than that, but close enough that Melanie knew what she was doing.

"Yes ... yes ... let's ... fucking ... go." Lauren didn't break eye contact with her daughter. She knew she would soon cum down her throat, and she wanted their souls to be locked when that happened. "We're going to party forever, honey." She thrust her hips forward and listened to her daughter gag. "Forever."



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"I'll admit, things are a little strange. Maybe the art shop makes these to order? Or like, adjusts the subjects so they look like the purchaser?" Ella followed her friends into Noah's house. It was time to view his painting.

"Kathy didn't buy that painting, her mom did." Samantha looked back at Ella with a frown. "Did the owner of The Belle Dame stalk her before selling it to her? How do you explain that he knew what Kathy looks like?"

"Did you go with your mom to buy it?" Ella looked up at Kathy towering above her.

"Nope." Kathy shook her head as they walked toward Mrs. Reader's office.

"Well then, I don't know. Maybe when we talk to the owner, we can ..." Ella's voice trailed away when Noah opened the office door.

All four teenagers tried to understand what they were seeing.

Jessica was rolling the lovely frigid penis with her tongue. It was delightful. She was so caught up in her first foray into fellatio that it took her a second to notice she had company.



"Mom?" Noah squinted at her. She was bent forward, with her hands on her knees. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was open about a foot from the painting. He would have thought she was inspecting the painting but for her shut eyelids.

Jessica tried to spit out the penis, but found it wasn't there. A jolt of pure fear hit her. She straightened, opened her eyes, and saw her son and his friends

staring at her. Adrenaline pumped into her system. Her whole body tightened into knots. "Oh, hello, Noah. Hi, Ella, Kathy, and Sam." Her voice cracked with tension, and she waved at them pathetically. *Had they seen Thomas's penis?*

"Hello, Mrs. Reader," the three teenage girls mumbled over each other. A long silence followed.

"Is there something wrong with the painting?" Ella pointed at the portrait. When Jessica didn't respond, Ella continued. "You were looking at it really closely." Despite the fact that she was sure Jessica's eyes had been closed, this was the only explanation that made any sense.



Jessica could barely hear Ella over the thundering pulse in her ears. "Yes ... yes ... that's what I was doing." She smiled weakly. "I thought I noticed something ... but it was nothing." This was the fourth embarrassing nightmare to hit her in the last few days. Weren't they supposed to only come in threes? She walked quickly toward the teenagers, who stepped aside for her. "I have to go to the bathroom," Jessica said stupidly.

When his mom was gone, Noah looked at his friends. "See what I mean? She's acting really weird," he whispered. They all nodded their agreement.

"Do you want us to go?" Samantha could see how uncomfortable Noah was.

"No, let's look at the painting." Noah took a deep breath and walked across the room. He stuffed his hands into his pockets so that no one would see them shaking. "What do you all think?" His friends followed him and stood at his shoulders, a few feet from the work of art.

"Well, that lady does look almost like your mother." Ella pressed her lips together in thought and rubbed her chin.

"Yeah, we're three for three today." Samantha sighed. "What does it mean?"

Kathy stood silently. She was the only one to actually be in one of these paintings. And the thought crept her out to no end. Goosebumps rose on her arms as she stared at the likeness of Mrs. Reader.

"Do you know anyone who looks like the men?" Ella pointed at who she supposed were the husband and son.

"No." Noah shook his head. "Do you?" His friends shook their heads. Noah shrugged. "Let's go to my room and figure out what to do about all of this."

"Yeah, sounds good." Samantha followed him out of Mrs. Reader's office. "I don't really want to go home right now." As she left the room, she glanced back. For a second, she thought the red-haired woman was pregnant. She blinked, but the painting hadn't changed. No pregnancy. She hurried to catch up with her friends.

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“Ugh ... God ... Mom ... you’re in my ... belly.” Melanie lay on her back on the living room floor, her feet bouncing high in the air. She knew the women in the painting were watching her, but she couldn’t bring herself to look away from the woman conquering her pussy. “I think ... I’m going to ... cum ... again.”

“Yes ... revel ... yes ... revel ... yes ... revel ...” Lauren chanted between huffs and puffs, humping into her daughter with long, punishing strokes. Sweat dripped from her naked body, flying from her bouncing boobs in small droplets that covered Melanie and anything else close by. “Will you go back ... to Rich’s boring ... apartment ... or will you ... uh ... uh ... uh ... stay home ... with me?”

“I want to ... party ... oooooohhhhhh ... I want to ... partyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy.” Melanie’s eyes rolled back, and she lost herself in another orgasm.

“Yes ... you’re so pretty ... at the height of ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... I can’t ... take it.” Lauren gripped her daughter’s boobs and let her own climax rip through her. She shut her eyes tight and flooded Melanie’s pussy.

