

*Chapter 6*



*The Palmer Legacy*

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

# The Palmer Legacy 6

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 6

### Matrimonial Difficulty

A branch snapped somewhere up ahead. Kathy stopped and sniffed the air. The scent of her prey mixed with peat, fern, and an old owl that watched from above. "Awwwwwooooooooooooooooooo." She could smell that her quarry was ready for her. On all fours, she bounded on damp earth, exhilarated by her freedom.

There was no question why the woman was so easy to track. She wanted to be caught. The scent grew stronger. Kathy let out a series of excited barks, as coyotes do once the outcome of the chase is forgone. And then ... she could see the small running shadow.

"No ... Kathy ... this isn't you ... don't ..." Panic surged through Adeline as she glanced over her shoulder. Her daughter was naked, filthy, and the most feral thing she'd ever seen. With her gaze behind her, Adeline tripped and sprawled on the soft earth. She turned on her back, frantically scooting away as her daughter drew nearer. She stared at Kathy's impossibly long tongue as it hung past her chin. "We can talk ... about this ... sweetie. I ... don't ..."



Words were of no interest to Kathy. She coiled and leapt on top of her mother, roughly spreading her legs. It was time to eat. She savored her mother's squeals as the feast began.

"Holy shit!" Kathy sat up in bed, panting. Her skin was clammy and feverish. She wiped her lips. She could still taste her mother's vagina. She shuddered, leaned over the side of the bed, and retched. When she was done, she hung over the side, her panty-covered ass up in the air. "It'll pass ... it'll pass ... it'll pass." She had no plans to tell her friends about the nightly visions, even as the dreams turned up their intensity. She would die of embarrassment if they knew. She was, however, starting to believe that Noah and Samantha were onto something. She wouldn't complain about more research sessions in the future. They needed to get to the bottom of things.

~~

"How was the tournament yesterday?" Noah munched on his breakfast at the dining table, watching his parents in their robes move about the kitchen.

"I was in the money." Andrew stopped and smiled proudly.



"My big, strong man. I'm so proud of you." Jessica gave her husband a kiss on the cheek and a lingering hug.

Hailey walked into the kitchen, stretched, and looked around, bleary-eyed. "Why is everyone up?"

"It's late." Noah tried not to look at his sister as she paraded around in nothing but an oversized shirt and panties. "You've been hitting the bong too hard."

"Shut up, idiot." Hailey looked around for something to throw at her brother, but didn't see anything that wasn't a knife or a ceramic mug. He didn't deserve *that*.

"Too much pot will make you irritable. You might have a problem, Hailey." Noah could see he'd gotten under her skin.

"Seriously. Shut the f ..." Hailey glanced

at her mom nervously.

"Knock it off, both of you. I won't have that kind of language in my house." Jessica stood with her hands on her hips, trying to look fierce. She stared into the dining room. "Your sister doesn't do drugs," she glared at Noah.

"Don't tell me you can't smell it. Come on, Mom." He caught her expression. "I mean, you're right. Hailey wouldn't do that." He shook his head, marveling at the power of denial.

"Say something, Andrew." Jessica hit her husband's shoulder.

"Listen to your mother." Andrew sipped his coffee.

"Thank you." Jessica smiled, happy to put the kerfuffle behind her. "I want you both to put on something nice. We're going to church this morning."

"I don't want to go." Hailey frowned and grabbed an English muffin.

"No one wants to go to church, Hailey. But we haven't been in a while, and I think we could all use some grounding. We could stand to listen to God a little more around here." Jessica marched off to get herself dressed.

"You heard your mother. Get dressed." Andrew followed his wife. His children grumbled, but set about getting ready for church.

~~

Jessica was just finishing her makeup when she noticed the massive dildo on the bathroom counter. "Oh my!" She quickly closed and locked the bathroom door. "How on Earth ...?" She moved around the bathroom, taking it in from different angles. It stood upright, a tall, fat, veiny tower of temptation.

"Everything alright?" Andrew said through the door.

"Just a tummy ache. I need a few minutes of privacy, and then we can go." She barely noticed the lies slipping off her tongue. "Make sure the kids are ready."

"Yes, dear."





Jessica listened for her husband. She heard nothing. Acting purely on reflex, she quickly hiked up her church dress and lowered her panties. Any recent promises of waiting to touch herself vanished from her mind. "Ohhhhhh ... Thomas." With her left hand she captured the dildo and squeezed it. Her glittering ring looked so bright next to the blackness underneath. Her right hand went to work on her clit. She made sure to avoid looking into the mirror. She didn't want anything to take her out of the moment.

The interruption yesterday had come before Eloise could

teach her everything about pleasing a man with her mouth. But she knew how to roll the head with her tongue. She had been doing that to Thomas when her son and his friends had walked in. "So ... big ..." She licked it, expecting something magical. But it tasted like what it was, a silicone phallus. Her son popped into her mind. *Just like Thomas, Noah would want my lips on his penis.* Would he really? That seemed unlikely. But the thought of it drove her wild. Her right hand moved in faster circles. "Noah ..." she whispered. She licked the dildo again.

"Mom." Noah knocked on the bathroom door. "Hailey says she's not going. Dad asked me to come get you. Are you ready? Can you talk to her?"

"Yes ... Noah." Pulling her hand away from her clitoris was torture, but she was needed as a mother. She found the strength, pulled her panties back up, and smoothed out her dress. "Not on ... my watch ... Hailey." Jessica finally ventured a look at her reflection as she washed her hands. She looked prim and ready for church. No one would ever know what she'd been doing, unless she leaked through her underwear. She quickly hid the dildo, put in a panty liner, and opened the door. "Ready. I'll handle your sister." And she did.

~~

“Hey, Melanie.” Hailey stopped in front of her old high school friend. They hadn’t seen each other in a while.

“Hello there, Hailey.” Melanie had one arm around her mother’s waist. With the other she gave Hailey a finger gun greeting.

“Did your mother drag you here, too?” Hailey looked inclusively around the church.

“I’m right here, Hailey.” Lauren made a show of frowning, but she was riding such a high that nothing was going to bring her down.

Hailey laughed awkwardly. “Sorry, Mrs. Keitaro. It’s just a figure of speech.” It did strike her as odd that Melanie and her mother were joined at the hip. Hailey had distanced herself from her family the second the service was over. Come to think of it, she didn’t remember Melanie ever being that close to her mother. She had thought that Mrs. Keitaro had a stick up her butt way back when.

“It’s fine, Hailey.” Lauren smiled magnanimously. “And how is college going? I hope you’re spending every night partying with men ... or women. Whichever you prefer.”

“Um ... yeah ... I have a boyfriend.” Hailey pressed her lips together in confusion. Was Mrs. Keitaro on drugs?

“Don’t let a dead weight pull you down.” Melanie laughed, and her mother joined in. “Text me if you want to party sometime.” She pulled her mother past Hailey, and they walked out of the church.



“Sure ... see ya.” Hailey watched them go. As they made their way out over the brown, winter lawn she thought she saw their hands slip down to each other’s butts. She blinked her eyes, but people moved into the doorway, and she couldn’t see them anymore. “Oh, hey, Mr. Keitaro. Your wife and daughter just left.”

“Really?” Kenji looked around in confusion. Usually, they stayed for a while to meet and greet. “Thanks for the heads up.” He rushed to the door.

“That was weird.” Hailey shrugged and looked around for anyone else that might be interesting. She didn’t find anyone.

~



"Hey, Sam. Can I come in?" Eddie opened his sister's bedroom door without waiting for a reply. He was pleased that she'd left it unlocked.

"What the fuck, Eddie?" Samantha looked up from her phone. She was mid-text with Noah, who was stuck at church. They hadn't found anything with their research the day before, and both were sharing ideas about how they should question the owner of The Belle Dame. "You can't just come into my room."

"We don't spend enough time together." Eddie's hair was slicked back from the shower he'd recently taken. "Twins should be really close, don't you think?"

Samantha stuck out her tongue in disgust. "Get out of my room."

"Come on, Sam. You've grown so much lately. I thought you'd be mature enough to hang out with me." He stared at her tits while he talked. Had they gotten even bigger? He didn't know why they were both maturing at eighteen, and he didn't care.

"Gross." Samantha put down her phone, stood, and walked over to her brother. "Why are you making that face?"

"I thought you might want a brotherly kiss." He puckered his lips, expecting her eyes to turn glassy.



"Get ... out ... of my ... room," Samantha growled. She shoved him and smiled when he staggered backward. She shoved him again and sent him into the hall, his arms pinwheeling until he hit the far wall.

He watched the door slam and heard it lock. "Bitch." Eddie didn't understand why sometimes women went crazy for him, and other times they smacked him. His mother had been the same way ... at first.

"Is everything okay, Eddie?" Lindsey hesitated at the top of the stairs. She could see her son was upset.

"No, Samantha is a bitch." He marched back to his room, opened the door, and stepped inside. He looked back at his mother. "Well, are you coming?"

She put a finger to her lips and tiptoed over to him. "Your father and sister are both home. I can't," she whispered. "Maybe later we -" She felt his strong grip on her wrist. Much to her shame, she let him pull her into the room and lock them in.

"I don't want to spend the afternoon thinking about Sam. Take my mind off it." He quickly undressed, his cock rising as the clothes fell on the floor around him.

"I ... I ... can't." She could see a sheen of sweat on his Rubenesque body. "You must be very upset." Her mind fogged over, and her attention focused on his ungainly penis.

"You say 'I can't' one more time, and I'll make you give me your pussy." Eddie's cheeks turned red with anger. He saw the slack expression on her face. This was the response he'd been going for with his sister. Well, his mother would have to do.

"You said we wouldn't do that again." She sank to her knees. "I can't do that, but how about my mouth?"

"I told you not to say those words." He placed the head of his cock under her chin and tilted his hips until their eyes met. "But I'm not crazy. You can give me your pussy later. A blowjob will do for now."

"Okay." Lindsey was so relieved. She seized his penis and took as much of him into her mouth as she could. Soon she was humming and pumping his giant thing in a frenzy. She barely slowed down when her daughter's footsteps thumped down the hall just outside Eddie's door.



Twenty minutes later, she rushed out of her son's room with sperm dripping down her chin and the front of her dress. She prayed her husband was still downstairs as she crept to her bathroom to get cleaned up.

~~



When Jessica went to retrieve the dildo, it had disappeared again. Suspicion settled over her as she searched the bathroom. Was her husband playing some sort of sick joke on her? Later, she questioned him in a roundabout way, but found out nothing. Without asking him directly, it was nearly impossible to pin him down. Her suspicions calcified. What game was Andrew playing? Did he not know that she liked the thing, that holding it gave her a sense of power? "I have to cancel our bike ride today, dear. I've got some work to do for a client." This wasn't true, but she needed to exact some sort of vengeance.

"Really?" Andrew's face sagged into a frown. "I was looking forward to getting out with you. Maybe you'll have time later this afternoon?"

"Not likely." Jessica stalked off to her office, a storm cloud of dark feelings hanging over her.

"Oh, dearie, I can see marital trouble a mile away." Eloise stood in the center of the office, wearing a bustled dress. She was pregnant again. The painting behind her was empty of Palmers. There was no sign anywhere of Frederick or Thomas. "I know about difficulties in matrimony." Eloise let out a curt laugh. "Believe me."

"I don't understand." Jessica stepped into the room. The world seemed to move slowly around her. "What are you doing ... out here?" She knew she was dreaming, but the moment was pregnant with a compelling certitude that this was indeed real.

"The more you accept me and Thomas, the more we can be with you. Or so it seems." Her smile was warm and welcoming. "And you've made great strides in your education."

"What is it you said about matrimonial difficulty? What happened with you and Frederick?"



The temperature dropped in the room. Eloise's hair moved as if buffeted by a gale, her eyes narrowed into black slits, and all the shadows in the room slowly gathered around her. She opened her mouth in a silent scream, her hands holding the grisly, dripping ribbons of what had been her insides.

"Sorry!" Jessica took a step back and cowered in fright. She glanced toward the door, planning her escape, but when she looked back at Eloise, the woman was again calm and unafflicted. She could have been Jessica's twin. Jessica exhaled slowly, her pulse drumming in her ears. "Let's talk about something else."

"Yes, let's talk about Thomas." Eloise let out a light mirthful laugh and picked up a book from Jessica's desk. It was Turgenev's *First Love*. She casually flipped through the pages as she spoke. "Answer me honestly, did

you pretend he was your son while you were rolling his nether-head with your tongue?"

"Where is Thomas?" Jessica licked her lips nervously. She had already forgotten about Eloise's tantrum.

"Answer me." Eloise stopped on a page and noted a passage with her finger.

"I ... um ... I ..." Jessica searched for the words. "Um ... it's not right." She glanced around the room hoping that Thomas might appear any minute and begin undressing. But Eloise was the only other person in the room.

"You attach too much to what is right and wrong. Those are rules written by hypocrites to contain the rest of us. What matters is what's in here." Eloise put a hand to her heart, a solemn expression on her face. "And what's in here." She dropped her hand to her vagina and gripped her dress, a hungry grin curving her lips. She returned her finger to the passage in the book. "Listen to this: *I burnt as in a fire in her presence ... but what did I care to know what the fire was in which I burned and melted? It was enough that it was sweet to burn and melt.*" She looked up from the old, leatherbound tome. "Do you understand?"

Jessica nodded slowly. Why was this woman so good at riling her up?

"So, were you pretending that Thomas was your son when you educated yourself with his bludgeon?" Eloise held her breath, waiting for the admission that was bound to come.

"Yes," Jessica squeaked. "God help me, I did."

"You'll find God's help is a long wait for a train that does not come." Satisfaction wrote itself on Eloise's smirk.

"Speaking of waiting, I was wondering if ... I mean ... is Thomas ... um ...?" Jessica spun her wedding ring around on her finger like a nervous schoolchild. "Can we continue my education?"

Eloise put down the book and slowly walked behind Jessica. She stood inches from the staid housewife and put her hands on Jessica's hips. "We can continue your education, yes. It's time you learned about playful repartee. How often do you and your husband kiss?"

"Um ... I kiss him all the time." Jessica stood very still, feeling the woman's round belly and large breasts press into her back.

"Forgive me. Perhaps I wasn't clear. How often do you kiss *passionately*?" Eloise spoke softly into the woman's ear.



“Well ... not for a couple years now.” If Jessica were to tell the truth, a couple decades would have been more accurate.



“In that case, we’ll have to work on your technique.” Eloise moved her head to Jessica’s shoulder and reached a hand to Jessica’s chin, turning her face far enough to the side so that they could lock eyes.

“I understand ... but I don’t think I could kiss Thomas.” Jessica’s voice was barely audible. She was twisted, looking over her shoulder, pressed back tightly on Eloise. She felt helpless.

“For this lesson, you won’t have to.” Eloise moved her hand to Jessica’s breast, holding her in place, and leaned

into position. She was pleased when Jessica didn’t recoil from the touch of their lips.

“Mmmpppppphhhhhh.” Jessica kissed a woman for the first time. Despite the ice of Eloise’s touch, Jessica was scalded by the heat of the woman’s intensity. The book was right. It was sweet to burn and melt with passion. She let the frigid tongue explore her mouth, wiggling her butt back into Eloise’s hips, so the pregnant belly rested perfectly in the arc of Jessica’s back. It had been so long since she’d made out with anyone that she wondered how much of the fire that suddenly kindled inside her was caused by Eloise’s skill, and how much was the thawing of Jessica’s hibernating desires.

Eloise gently toyed with Jessica’s tongue, coaxing it into more energetic games. She found that the woman made no moves of her own volition, but quickly reciprocated the duel between them. She felt the wife shudder when her cold hand slipped under Jessica’s dress and bra. Eloise deftly rolled Jessica’s fat nipple between her fingertips, eliciting muffled moans.

Eventually, Eloise spun Jessica toward her and put the woman's arms over her shoulders. She was pleased when Jessica ran her fingers through her hair, cupped her skull, and pressed their faces together more forcefully. Eloise's hands dropped down and held Jessica's round ass, encouraging her to rock her hips slowly.

When Jessica felt the other woman pull away, her hips continued to sway and her eyelids fluttered. She still swam in an ocean of new and returning longings. "Oh ... my ..." She smiled dreamily.

"You need more practice." Eloise held out a hand and kept Jessica at bay when she tried to relock their lips. "But not with me."

"Thomas?" Jessica's smile widened. "Is Thomas coming for kissing?"

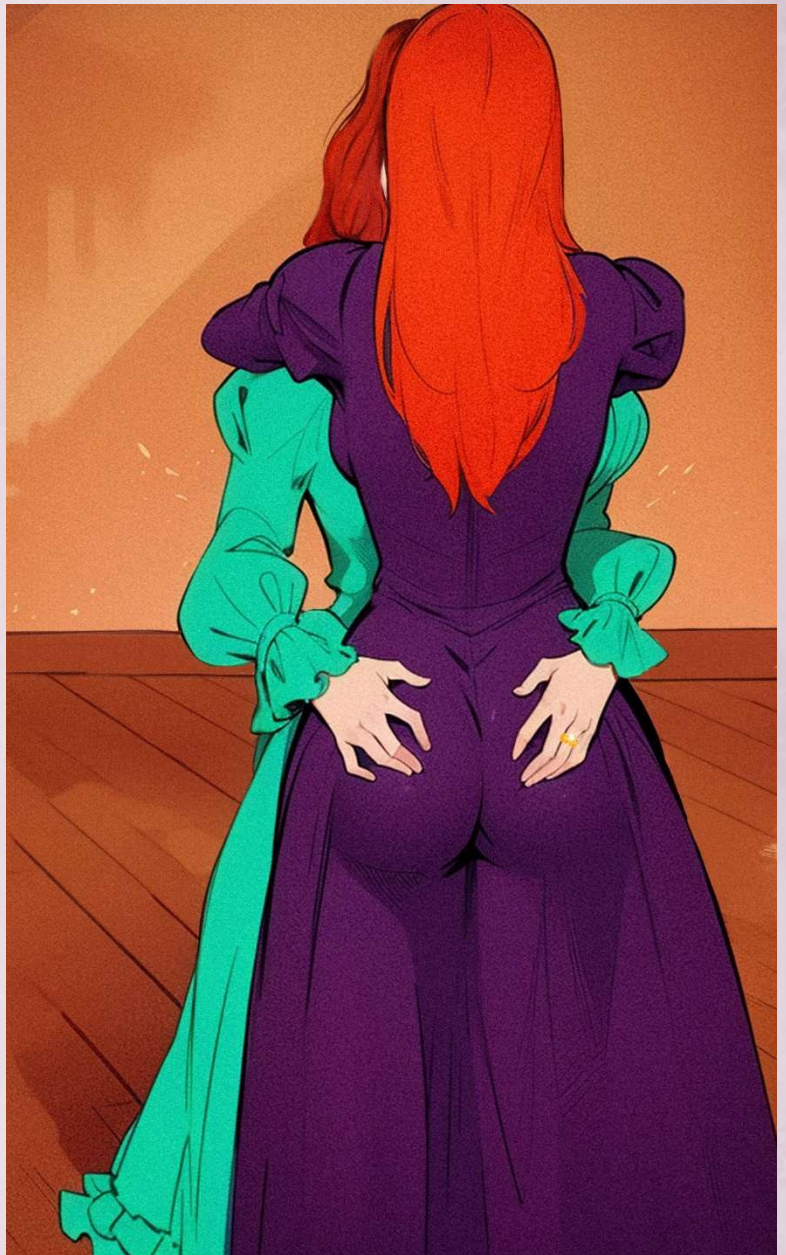
"No, he is not." Eloise walked back toward her painting, watching Jessica over her shoulder. "You will not hear from either of us until you have practiced in your world."

"I don't think Andrew will want to make out with me." Jessica frowned. "But I'll try."

"Andrew is neither here nor there." Eloise stepped back into the painting, her colors becoming less vibrant, her clothes changing, and her pregnancy vanishing. "If you want to see me, or Thomas, or that black phallus again, you must kiss Noah." She held up her finger to silence Jessica's protestations before they began. "Don't

worry about the code of hypocrites. You will burn as in a fire in his presence. And he in yours. It will be sweet to burn and melt." And with that she went back to her accustomed pose and said no more. The men that always bracketed her returned to their poses as well.

"Wait. What?" Jessica shook her head. "What? You're responsible for the obscene toy that appears and disappears all the time? And you want me to kiss my own son? Like we just did?" The painting was just a painting again. "Never ... happening. And I don't care if you don't come back to my dreams ever again. Do you hear me?" The painting made no response. "I don't care. Wake up, wake up, wake up!" But she didn't wake up. As she rushed to the bathroom to masturbate, she started to doubt she would wake. After two desperate orgasms, she took a shower and went about the rest of her day. She became convinced that she had not dreamed Eloise. It seemed that the last two days she had been visited by the Palmers in her waking hours. By dinner time, she was quite sure that was so. She had no idea what it meant for her sanity. But she took solace in the fact that she would never touch or talk to the Palmers again.



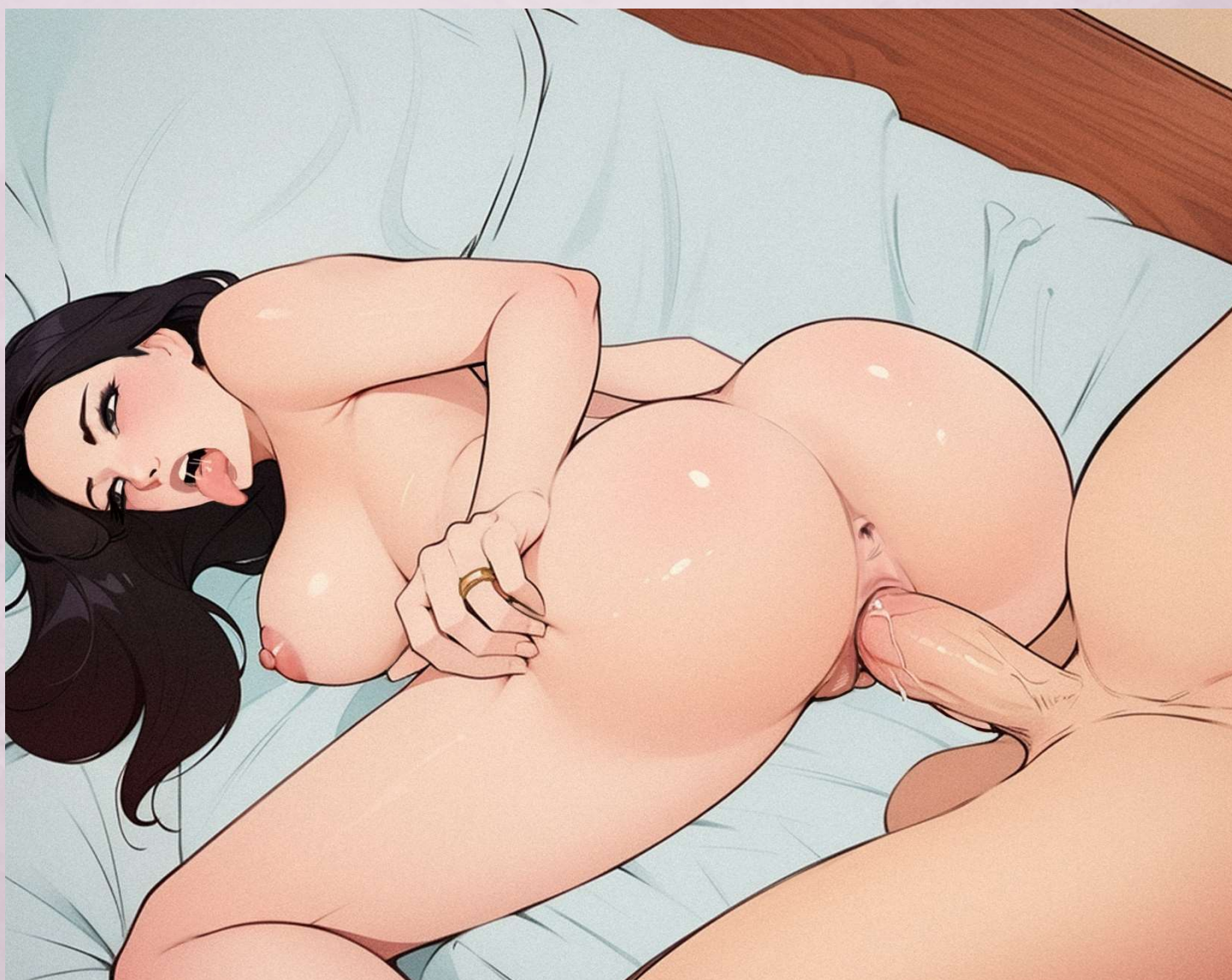
~~

“You want me to ... ugh ... nut in your ... pussy ... Mom?” Eddie held his mother’s black hair with his left hand, watching her slender frame absorb each punishing jolt he delivered from behind.

“No ... ugh ... Eddie ...” Why did he have to be so good at such a vile deed? Lindsey loved her son, and she was falling in love with his penis. “Do it ... uh ... uh ... uh ... outside ... please.”

“Yeeeeeeehaaaaawwwwwwwww.” Eddie lifted his right arm and moved it like he was about to throw a lasso. “I’d ... rather ... drop another load ... inside.” He smiled maniacally as he watched her ass shake. Was it his imagination, or was her butt getting bigger? He liked the look of it. Her soft flesh matched the quivering of his belly as they smashed together. “You’re my ... cum dump ... Mom.”

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh ... mmmmyyyyyyy ... Goooodddddd.” Lindsey clenched her teeth and came. He was going to put all his potent stuff inside her. And she was going to let him. Thank goodness her husband was in one of his recent stupors downstairs, because otherwise there was no way he would miss the sounds they made in their bedroom. Her bed rattled like the screws might fall out at any minute. Her son was hollering like a cowboy. And she was screeching like a woman in love. Which she was. She would do anything for her son and his monstrous cock. When he roared out his climax, she pushed back at him. She was a lunatic in a fit of raving madness. “Yes ... ugh ... yes ... ugh ... yeeeeessssssssss.” Her own orgasm quickly swept her away.



~

The four friends exchanged uneasy glances as they approached The Belle Dame. They crossed the street and stood outside looking into the shop. There were several women browsing at the moment. The owner, a small, bespectacled man in a tweed suit and bow tie stood by himself smiling at them.

"Well, he seems friendly enough." Noah offered a tense laugh.

"Famous last words." Samantha took a deep breath.

"He's harmless. Look at him." Ella waved to the man in the store. He waved back.

"No time like the present." Kathy, the only one not dressed for the cold, opened the glass door. A charming bell announced their arrival. Her friends followed her in.

Immediately, Noah, Ella, and Samantha began unzipping their coats and removing their hats.

"Christ, it's hot in here." Noah jumped when he realized that the shopkeeper was only a few feet away.



"Jesus, bless him, has little to do with our thermostat here at The Belle Dame." Mr. Luci offered an avuncular smile. "A big welcome to you four. Are you interested in one of my paintings?"

"No." Kathy said.

"Sorry, she means no thank you." Ella added quickly.

Samantha cleared her throat.

"What they mean is that we won't be buying today, but would love to learn more about your work here. We are very interested."

"Oh, lovely." Mr. Luci led them over to a portrait of a woman and a man standing on a suburban street with a gothic castle looming over them in the background. The man had his arm around the woman's shoulders, holding her possessively. She wore a vacant, wide-eyed stare as she gazed toward the viewer. "What would you like to know?"

"Um ... are all of these painted to order, or are they done beforehand?" Samantha noticed that the woman in the painting wore a wedding ring, but the man did not. Also, he was quite pale and severe looking. She thought he might fit seamlessly into an old monster movie. She shivered and hoped no one would buy this painting.

"Is this for a school paper or something?" Mr. Luci made a show of studying the painting.

"Yes." Noah nodded. "We're working together on a school project. I'm Noah. This is Ella, Samantha, and Kathy."

"Pleased to meet you. I'm Mr. Luci." Mr. Luci did not extend his hand, but nodded to each of them. "I would love to help with your research. All the paintings were created beforehand. But sometimes I do a little touchup before they leave."

"You're the artist?" Kathy could smell a fib here, but she didn't have the foggiest notion what it was.

"Is the gardener that plants the seed the author of a flower's life?" He shrugged.

The bell above the door rang as new customers entered the store. "Gosh, Mom. I was just thinking about a poster or something," Paul Botti said loudly to his mother, Shannon. He smiled when he spotted Noah and waved. They had several classes together. Noah waved back.

"I want to get something nice for you, Paul." Shannon fidgeted with the cross on her necklace as she looked around the store. "Do you see anything you like?"

"How about that one? It reminds me of The Last Supper, but in space." Paul made his way to the painting. He just had to have it. All thoughts of tasteful, Christian posters were gone. This would go up on his wall.

"Um ... right." Samantha turned away from the intrusion and furrowed her brow. She wasn't sure if Mr. Luci had answered the question or not.



“Look, here’s the thing.” Kathy stepped closer to Mr. Luci. She towered over the short man. “My mom bought a painting and the woman in it looks just like me. Well, not exactly, but really close. And Noah’s family and Sam’s family have paintings and the subjects look similar to people in their family. What gives?” She balled her hands into fists and pressed them into her hips. “Are you pranking us? I mean, what is going on here?”

Some of the women in the store looked over at the outburst with worried faces. Mr. Luci smiled at them and held up a reassuring hand to let them know everything was fine. He then turned his attention back to the eighteen-year-olds. “I have noticed that customers love the look of the familiar rendered in new and different ways.” He spoke in a calm, soothing voice. “Often the ladies that shop here gravitate to artwork that reminds them of themselves or loved ones. I think it’s heartwarming that your mother bought a painting with a subject that reminded her of you.” He smiled up at Kathy.

“The painting has a woman with torn clothes, howling at the moon. How is that heartwarming?” Kathy shook her head slowly.

“It’s playful whimsy.” Mr. Luci laughed.

“That’s what her mom told us,” Noah whispered to Samantha.

“I hope I was able to help with your project, but now I must return to my customers.” Mr. Luci nodded to each of them. “If you ever want to purchase something, please come again.” He gave them one more smile, turned, and glided off toward Paul and Shannon Botti. He could smell a sale.

Confused and deflated, the four friends left The Belle Dame. They walked back to Noah’s house discussing their meeting with Mr. Luci. They agreed that he seemed friendly, but he had failed to shed any light on the mysteries that surrounded them.

