

# *The Palmer Legacy*



*Chapter 7*

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

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## Chapter 7

### How Long Wilt Thou Sleep, O Sluggard

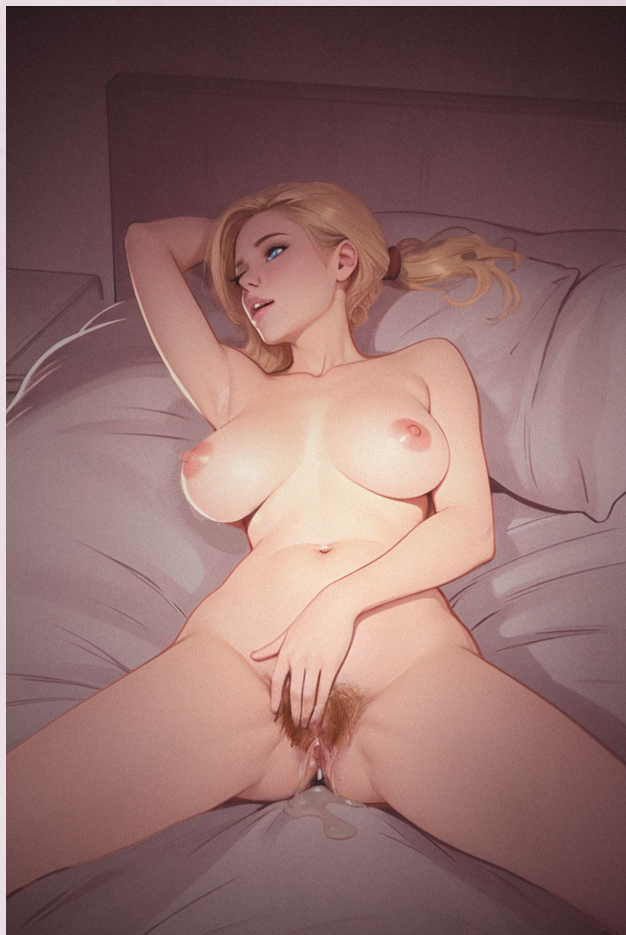
A creeping, insidious feeling followed Samantha after their trip to The Belle Dame. She could sense she was lost. Her friends were lost. Her mother was lost. Her father was lost. The only person who seemed to have found himself was her twin brother. And Eddie was much worse for his period of self-discovery. He swaggered, made obnoxious declarations, and seemed to get away with whatever he liked. Several days passed, and Samantha found herself leaving the house before her family woke and staying out as late as she could, usually rolling in right before her school-night curfew of eight o'clock.

From time to time, when she was at the house, her mind would suddenly fog over. She would lose track of her homework, or messaging friends, and find her hand in her panties rubbing away at her clit. She had rarely masturbated before the painting arrived. Now it was a daily occurrence. Sometimes, Eddie would knock on the door and ask to be let in, but even during those strange spells, Samantha kept enough wits about her not to open her locked bedroom door. Making matters even worse, her clothes were all too small for her. Inexplicably, her body had waited until age eighteen to fill out.

The days passed in a similarly confusing fashion for Kathy. Dreams of hunting women through the forest haunted her nights. She would wake up with sopping wet panties and a strange tangy taste on her tongue. Curiosity got the better of her. One morning she put some of that wetness on her fingers and placed it in her mouth. That was how she tasted pussy for the first time. And yes, the taste was quite similar to what she'd experienced in her nightmares. She could scarcely admit it to herself, but the woman she prowled most often was her own mother. The first few times she had woken up retching. But it seemed that repetition had acclimatized her mind to the huntress within her dreams.

As odd as his days were, things weren't as strange for Noah. He spent hours falling down rabbit holes on the internet, but found nothing helpful. The unsolved, unfolding mystery of the paintings caused some anxiety, but he still felt the comforting pull of normalcy. The rush of the last week of school before winter break was familiar. Bickering with Hailey was a day-in and day-out affair. And his oldest sister, Paget, would be returning home soon with her fiancé. Noah's father seemed quite normal. And his mother was ... distracted, but still herself.

After their visit to The Belle Dame, Ella barely gave the whole "mystery" a second thought. Sure, there were odd aspects to the paintings, but it wasn't a big deal. A minor prank at best. Her mother, Mara, mentioned several times at the dinner table that she might be the only woman in Clover Falls who didn't have a painting from The Belle Dame. Ella's father, Antonio, told Mara that she was being ridiculous. "There are hundreds of women in town, and certainly nowhere near hundreds of paintings." That didn't stop Mara from pouting.





“Oooohhhhhhhhhh ... my ... she owns ... his heart.” Jessica sat naked from the waist down on the bathroom counter, holding *First Love* with one hand while she fingered herself with the other. It wasn’t pornography by any stretch, but it was racy. And more than that, it spoke to something inside her. She longed to be worshiped the way Volodya, the younger man, burned for Princess Zasekin, the older woman. Thoughts of her husband, Andrew, lay abandoned in her fantasies, collecting dust. Her fantasies focused on Thomas, whose monstrous, icy penis had parted Jessica’s lips. She moved her fingers to her clit and rubbed out a trembling orgasm. “Oooohhhhhhhh ... my ... my ... oooohhhhhhhhhhhh.”

When the wave of pleasure had passed, she closed her legs and the book. She had only had her first orgasm a little more than a week ago, but already the ecstasy had ebbed. Her satisfaction now paled in

comparison to what it had been. When she’d first noticed the trend, she had thought it was the happy end to her sexual rollercoaster. Maybe her peak would be short-lived. Unfortunately, while the act itself diminished in intensity, her hunger for that missing feeling only increased. She soon found that myriad minor orgasms did not make up for fewer mind-shattering ones.

“Jessica?” Andrew knocked on the door. “You’ve been in there a while. Everything okay?”

“Give me some privacy!” Jessica spat out the words and regretted the venom in her voice almost instantly. But she said nothing else. Instead, she turned and washed her hands in the sink.

“Okay, well, I need the bathroom, too. I don’t want to be late to work.” Andrew sounded almost apologetic.

Jessica shook her head. “Sorry, dear. I’ll be out in a minute.”

Later, at breakfast, Jessica tried to settle her mind. She reminded herself, as she did most mornings, that once her men were off to school and work, and her daughter went back to her room, Jessica would have more time to touch herself. Maybe she would find the spark that she’d lost. If only the black dildo would show up again. She knew holding something thick and veiny like that might do the trick. Hailey and Noah were arguing on the other side of the kitchen, intruding into Jessica’s thoughts. “Cool it, you two.”

“But ... Mom ... Noah’s hogging all the -” Hailey started.



"I said ... effing ... *cool it!*" Jessica shouted. She watched both her kid's eyes go wide. But rather than cool it herself, she let her feelings vent. "Gosh ... *darn* it. I've had it up to here with your bickering." She held her hand up to her hairline. "Not ... another ... word." When Hailey opened her mouth, Jessica stood and stepped toward her daughter. With satisfaction, she saw Hailey's lips quickly shut. Jessica looked to Noah. His lips were also tightly shut. He had strong, full lips. She stared at her son's mouth. Would he let her kiss him? He might. She saw the way he stared at her sometimes.

Noah exchanged a look with Hailey. Their mother's gaze had been burning holes through his face for a

while. Hailey shrugged and rolled her eyes, suggesting their mother had gone bonkers.

Eventually, Noah risked speaking. "Mom? Are you okay?"

"Why does everyone ask me that? I'm fine." Jessica refocused her vision and looked into Noah's worried eyes. "You know what? I'll drive you to school today. Get your things."

"I'm fine walking. I like -" Noah wasn't able to finish.

"I'm driving you." Jessica waved her hand dismissively and walked off to find her purse.

"What's gotten into Mom?" Hailey whispered. "She almost swore at us."

"I think it's the painting. I've been feeling -" Noah watched Hailey turn her back to him.

"Not that again. Jesus, Noah." Hailey exited the kitchen. She was stressed, and her bong was calling to her.

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“Paul, sweetness, are you still asleep?” Shannon knocked gently on her son’s bedroom door. “*How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?*” She smiled to herself. She had a Bible quote for everything, even her hormonal eighteen-year-old son oversleeping.

“Don’t come in, Mom. I’m naked.” This was true. Paul had been lying on his bed mesmerized by what his penis had become. The change had started only a few days ago, and now he barely recognized himself. It wasn’t just the length or girth that alarmed him, it was that the thing moved about like it had a mind of its own. Even when he was fully hard, it writhed and twisted, as if eternally searching. He threw his blanket over it. “I’ll be downstairs in a little while.” He seized the thing and began pumping under the covers. He had learned that the only way to get it to a manageable size was to drain it. If his mother noticed him washing his bedding every day, she hadn’t mentioned anything. “I just ... need ... to pray ... before school.”



"That's my boy." Shannon beamed at the door, fingering the cross that hung around her neck. She hummed to herself as she walked back toward the kitchen.

Paul stared at the new painting hanging in his room while he committed unspeakable acts on himself. There were so many women gathered around the table, and they all seemed to be bursting out of their futuristic uniforms. He was learning that his orgasm would arrive faster if he stared at their boobs. The penis in his hands thrashed about like it was experiencing the same pleasure as Paul. His parents had sheltered him from sex-ed, so he wasn't sure if this was normal or not. He had his doubts, but he couldn't ask anyone, and he wasn't about to search for such a thing on the Godless internet. "Uuuuuugggghhhh ... feels ... really ... gggoooooooooddd." His penis erupted, coating the inside of his blanket.

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"Isn't it nice to have a little alone time with me?" Jessica smiled at her son as she backed the SUV out of her driveway.

"We already spend a lot of time together." Noah watched her freckled face closely. She had a mischievous look about her lips that he wasn't used to. He took a deep breath. He had seen that look on Eloise's face. The woman in the painting often looked like she might enjoy a bit of mischief.

"Not enough. And soon you'll be graduating." Jessica pressed her lips into a frown and slowly pulled out onto their empty suburban street. "I worry about you sometimes, honey. You haven't really dated anyone, and high school is almost over."



"Oh." Noah folded his arms tightly over his chest and slouched into his seat. He turned and gazed out the passenger window. He didn't elaborate on his enigmatic answer.

"Oh?" Jessica tried to smile brightly, but she could see him withdrawing.

"Samantha is really pretty. Did you ever ask her out? What about Kathy?"

"Sam and I are just friends, Mom. And Kathy's a giant and I'm ... not."

Undeterred, she continued. "What about Ella? Mara and I are best friends. Wouldn't it be a riot if our kids were dating?"

"She's practically my sister." Noah wanted the drive to be over as soon as possible, but his mom seemed to be taking a circuitous route.

"I think you might lack some confidence." Jessica pulled the car to the curb near a wooded area. "Did you brush your teeth this morning? I did." She bared her teeth at him so he could see her pearly whites.



Noah turned back toward his mother. "What are you talking about?" He could see the outline of her bra under her sweater. A dream from the night before flooded back to him. He had been nuzzling her magnificent boobs, licking and sucking her large nipples. Or had those been Eloise's boobs? The two sets were so much alike that they ran together in his mind. Then, he remembered their warmth and knew it had been his mother's.

"Eyes up here, mister." She pointed at her eyes and smiled when he made eye contact. "Maybe you need some practice. And if you won't do it with your pretty friends ..." She shrugged innocently.

"Mom, I have no idea what you're talking about." This was true. Noah was nonplussed. "Does this have something to do with the

painting?"

Jessica started to speak and stopped. She blinked at him. "Why do you ask?" *Did he know something?*

"The lady in the painting looks just like you. And Kathy and Samantha also have paintings. And there's a subject that looks like Kathy, and others that look like Sam's mom and brother. And -"

"I thought you were going to say something else." Jessica laughed. "She does look a bit like me." She shivered remembering Eloise's chilly lips on hers, the icy tongue darting blissfully into her mouth. "Kissing, Noah. As I was saying, you need practice kissing."

"I've kissed girls before, Mom," Noah muttered.

"I'm sure you have. I just think you might need to get more comfortable with it. A little confidence goes a long way with a girl." Jessica made a show of looking him up and down, shaking her head. "Look at the way you're sitting. That does not convey the right attitude."

Noah slouched further into the seat.

"Look. I went to the doctor's office last week, and she told me something interesting." Jessica took a deep breath. She was doing what Eloise Palmer had asked. She would get through one awkward kiss with her sweet Noah, and then Thomas would return. And so would the magnificent dildo. And maybe Eloise would force another kiss on Jessica. That wouldn't be so bad. "The doctor said that at eighteen, you're at your peak ... um ... of ... sexual maturity." Jessica worked hard to maintain her bright smile through all the awkwardness. "This is not an age when you should hide from women, honey. This is a time to spread your wings and take flight."

"I thought ... you said you expected me to be abstinent." Noah's stomach turned over in panicked confusion. Pressure built in his chest. His breathing became more shallow.

"I do." Jessica nodded earnestly. "Of course I do. But that doesn't mean you can't date a nice girl. And kiss her. And hold her hand." She reached out with her fingers, took Noah's hand, and squeezed it. She rested their clasped hands on the center console. She prayed he wouldn't notice her clammy palm.

"Mom?" Noah's heart just about beat out of his chest. He finally understood what she was driving at. This was too much like one of his dreams. His lungs tightened further.

"I want you to be happy and healthy, sweetie." Jessica leaned closer to her son. Her gaze fell to his strong, full lips. One kiss and she could go back to the lost pleasures of the Palmers. "Give me a kiss and build your confidence. Mommy is here for you." She closed her eyes and pursed her lips. Noah's warm hand squeezed hers tightly, then it was yanked from her grip. She heard the passenger door open. By the time she opened her eyes, Noah had unbuckled his seatbelt, grabbed his backpack, and fled the car. His face looked pale and worried. Jessica put a hand to her mouth, horrified at his expression. This was another excruciatingly awkward moment. They certainly weren't coming in threes.



"Thanks for the ride ... Mom. I'll walk ... from here." Noah closed the door and quickly walked down the street. He took deep breaths, trying to keep the panic attack at bay. He was relieved when he looked back to see his mother turn the SUV around and head back home. After a few minutes, the pressure in his chest eased. It wasn't an easy walk to school, partly because of his swirling thoughts, but mostly because he had to repeatedly wrestle the weirdest boner back under his waistband.

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Lauren's phallic power no longer seemed proximate to the painting. She had learned to summon the magical cock at will. Despite this, the second Kenji left for work each day, she would meet her twenty-year-old daughter in the living room by the painting. That's where they spent most of their time fornicating. That's where the party was. They enjoyed having an audience. The woman in the painting and her reflection cheered them on and often got into similar, naughty activities inside the canvas.

"We need ... more people ... for a proper ... ugh ... ugh ... bacchanal." Erato had replaced the usual woman inside the painting. The high priestess of Pan humped her own reflection standing before the empty mirror. Erato wore nothing but her branching, wooden crown as she held her likeness by the hair and slammed into her from behind. She had a feral look in her eyes, and her hair flailed wildly about her.

"She wants ... ssquuuueeeeeee ... more ... people ... ssquuuueeeeeee." Melanie stood with her ass out and her hands on either side of the painting's frame. Her nose almost touched the canvas. She braced herself against her mother's onslaught from behind. It was only ten in the morning, but there were empty beer bottles spread on the floor around her blue-painted toes.



Lauren let out a long laugh followed by a series of grunts. She loved the way Melanie squealed when she was really taking cock. Her once-rebellious daughter sounded like a tame, frightened pig. It was an endearing sound. "I could invite ... Kenji ... but I fear ... he'd be a stick ... uh ... uh ... uh ... in the mud." She took a handful of Melanie's blue hair in her fist and used it to make her daughter arch her back even more. It was a marvelous sight. Lauren watched sweat drip down her daughter's curving spine, settle above her ass, and then spray every which way with each shockwave traveling through her ass.

"We need ... revelers." Erato locked eyes with the squealing Melanie, and then with Lauren. "We don't want ... the wretched." Her eyes grew larger while her pupils shrunk into vertical slits. "Bring me ... energy ... bring me gaiety ... bring me ... uh ... uh ... the life ... of the party." She slapped her reflection's ass for emphasis.

"Yes ... yes ... yes ..." Lauren mirrored Erato's movements and slapped her daughter's butt with her free hand. "The life ... of the party ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." She threw her head back and came deep inside Melanie.

"Ssssquuuuuueeeeeeeeeeee." Melanie's eyes rolled back. Her body jerked with her own orgasm. She would do anything her mother and the painting asked.

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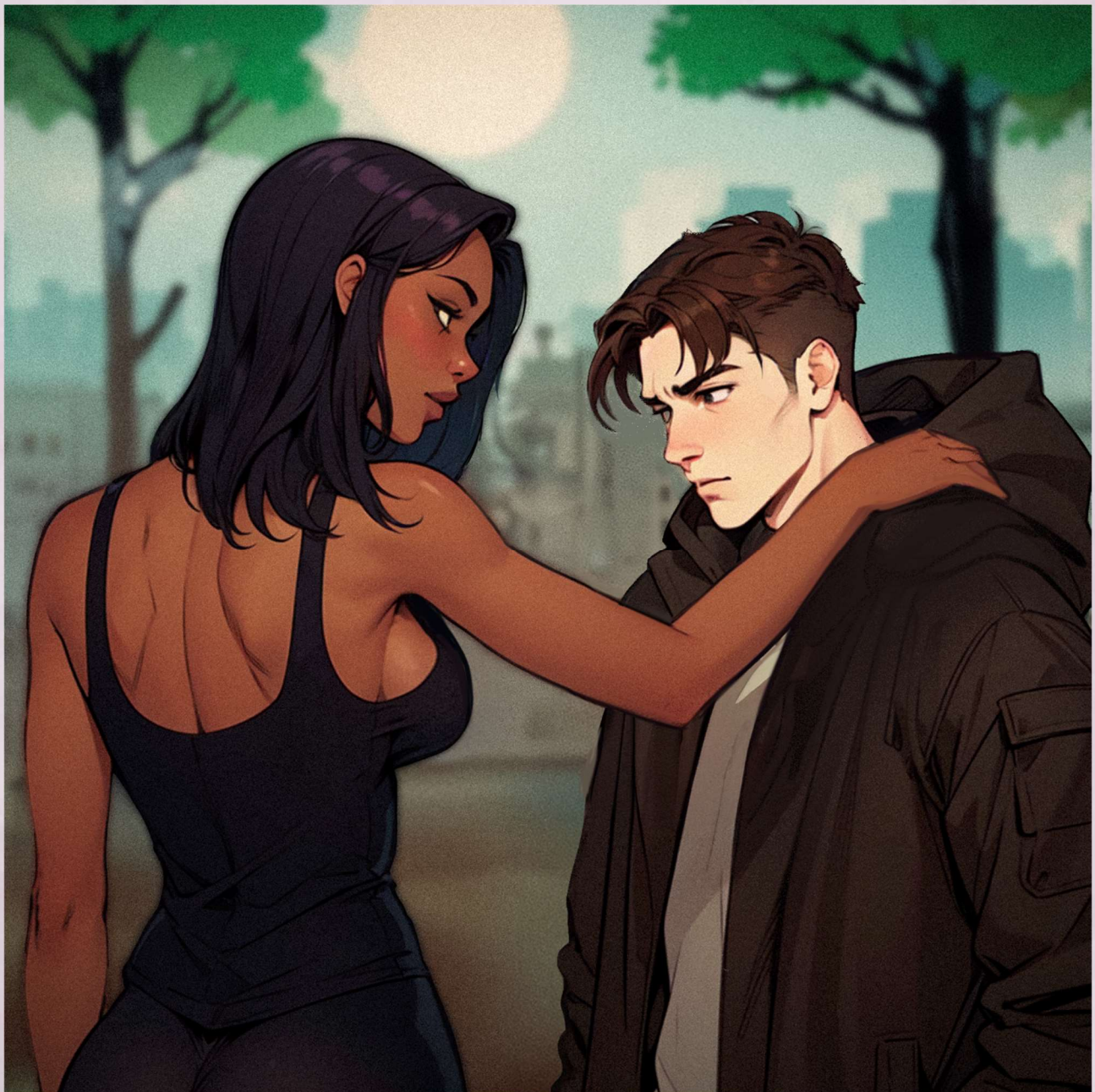


"I don't believe you." Ella was masterful at frowning, creating deep lines from her forehead to her mouth. She gave Noah one of her best frowns as she listened to his story. "Your mom would never. You misunderstood her or something. No way. There's no way." She shook her head and looked to Kathy and Samantha for support. She could see from their worried faces that they might believe him.

"I don't know. It could be ... like ... mind control or something?" Samantha shrugged. "My mom and Eddie have been so strange lately. I honestly can't believe I'm going to say this, but if I caught them kissing, I wouldn't be surprised." Her pink lips turned down in a sour expression.

"Jesus." Ella shook her head. She turned from her friends and looked out over the empty football field. It was lunch and they were walking the track for some privacy. None of them were hungry.

"Are you sure?" Kathy looked down at Noah. She only wore a tank top and leggings. Her friends were all bundled up. They stopped walking and formed a small circle, their breath misting between them. She put her hand tenderly on Noah's shoulder. "Maybe you misread it?"



"I didn't. She basically said I should kiss her for practice." Noah's shoulders bunched with tension. He should have seen this coming, but he hadn't expected to have to defend himself. "Then, she puckered her lips, closed her eyes, and leaned toward my mouth. If I hadn't left the car, we would have made out."

"Whoa." Ella's head-shake intensified. "Even if that's all true, there's no way Jessica Reader would make out with anyone that isn't your dad. Especially not *you*. If anything, she was going to peck you on the lips. For confidence, like you said. But I doubt even that -"

"Look at him, Ella." Samantha's shoulders were bunching, too. "It happened."

Ella glanced between Samantha and Noah. "You're enabling him, Sam." She turned and walked away.

"Wait, Ella." Kathy rolled her eyes at Samantha and Noah. "I'll talk to her." She set off after her friend.

Samantha and Noah stood next to each other with their hands stuffed in jacket pockets and watched their friends walk away. A breeze picked up and billowed the exposed part of Samantha's dress.

"Has she texted you or anything?" Samantha started walking the track again.

"Yeah." Noah fell into step on Samantha's right. "She texted me: *think about it* with a smiley face."

"Seems like corroborating evidence." Samantha pressed her lips together in thought. Noah's courage to share what happened with his mother inspired her. "I think Eddie is trying to ... um ... kiss me. He keeps ogling my boobs and saying ... stupid ... dirty things. Lots of innuendo. And I think that sickly sweet smell is his BO or something. I notice it when he's sweating. It's so gross. And when Eddie's sweating, my dad just zones out. I don't know what any of it means."

"That's crazy." Noah didn't know what else to say. He figured she just wanted to share and didn't expect him to fix anything. He didn't have the foggiest idea how to fix things anyway. "Maybe we can do some research in the library after school?"

"I have my dance class today." Samantha cocked her head as the bell rang. They turned back toward the school. It was time for class. "Maybe tomorrow. And ... you can text me anytime if something else happens with your mom."

"Sure. Same for you." Without other plans, Noah would head home after school. He prayed his mother would have forgotten the whole thing by then.



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A soft knock on his door broke Noah's concentration. He looked up from his homework. "Hailey?" It was wishful thinking.



"It's me, honey." Jessica tried the door. It was unlocked. She opened it, stepped in, and smiled at her son. "You didn't say hello when you got home. I like it when you stop by my office."

"Just busy." Noah's pulse skyrocketed. His eyes fell to the swell of her boobs under her dress. His gaze followed the outline of her bra up to her delicate shoulder. Her exposed bra strap looked so vulnerable where it snuck out from under her dress's neckline. He realized where he was looking and quickly returned his gaze to her green, smiling eyes.

"Okay, well, you seem a bit grumpy, and I understand why." She closed the door and walked over to his bed, sitting on the edge near his desk. She swiveled his chair so that their knees were

touching. "I'm sorry about this morning."

"You are?" Noah blinked at her. He couldn't stop the memory of his dreams coming back to him: her floral scent, the warmth of her breasts, his joy at being shown her exposed flesh. The way her little blue veins meandered under her freckled, alabaster peaks and valleys had captivated him. He blushed when he caught himself staring at her deep cleavage. He met her eyes again. His stomach did cartwheels. His breathing quickened.

"Yes. I shouldn't have sprung that on you. You were ready for school, and I wanted to peck you on the lips." Jessica forced a laugh. The ringing bell of her giggle came out easier than expected. "Here's the thing ... I can't really explain it ... but we *have* to kiss. We just have to. On the lips. It can be brief. You could call it practice, or motherly affection, or plain old trying something new. But we have to kiss."

"Mom ... I ..." Noah's head grew light and his thoughts distant. His chest felt like an elephant had decided to make a bench out of him. He wheezed, struggling with each breath.

"Oh ... my ..." Jessica's eyes widened in concern. "You're hyperventilating. You haven't had one of these attacks in ages." She took his shoulders and pulled him close, resting his head on her upper chest. "There ... there ... it'll pass in a minute. You'll be okay. I thought you had outgrown your panic attacks." She caressed his hair, calming him down.

Noah's face was buried in her cleavage. He was so close to living out his dreams. As the seconds passed, the elephant moved on. His lungs moved again. He shuddered out a sigh, somewhat aghast that he was drooling on her exposed skin.

"There now. Feel better, honey?" Jessica held his shoulders and lifted him up so they were face to face again, sitting next to each other on the bed. Her eyes fixed on his full lips. He seemed relaxed. It was now or never. She closed her eyes, puckered her lips, and leaned forward. There was no magic when their lips met. What had she been expecting? It was just a peck on the lips. *That should do it.* She gave him another peck for good measure and let her lips linger on his. When she felt his hand move on her thigh, something stirred inside

her. Jessica was reminded what it felt like to be touched again. Other than Eloise, no one had touched her with the desire she felt through her son's hand. She tenderly bit his bottom lip, pulled on it, and let go. His other hand dug into her hip, and she felt a million butterflies in her stomach. She opened her eyes, saw his scorching gaze, and kissed him again. This time her tongue slipped into his mouth, much the same way that Eloise had shown her.



Noah squeezed the flesh of her thigh and hip. Her tongue was in his mouth. The kiss burned the remnants of his panic attack to the ground. He melted into her, letting her hands on his back pull them tightly together. He had kissed a few girls, but it had always been tentative and uncertain. There was nothing but confidence and truth in the way his mother's tongue coaxed him to kiss her back. His mind tried valiantly to catalogue each of their movements, but he quickly lost himself in the moment, vaguely aware that their tongues were now dancing.



“Mmmppppphhhhhhh.” Jessica had found the magic. Or, perhaps, Eloise had led her right to it. It didn't matter. Jessica luxuriated in sensuality. It was hard to remember if she'd ever made out with anyone like she was with her son. Aside, of course, from the cold lips of the painted lady. She was sure Andrew had never kissed her like either of them. The thought of her husband hit her like stepping into one of her cold showers. She pulled away and gasped. “I'm sorry ... Noah. I got a little ... carried away.” Kissing her son was only supposed to be a means to an end.

“Wow ... Mom ... I ...” He melted all over again when she put a finger to his lips.

“Shh. We both have been a little pent-up lately. You need a girlfriend, and me, with ... your father. I ...” She snapped her mouth shut. She didn't want to drag him into all her insanity. “It was just supposed to be a peck. I can't really explain.” She stood, straightened out her dress, and looked down at him. His gaze was on her boobs again.

"Mom ... I ..." He wanted to tell her he loved it. He wanted to smother his face in her boobs. "I'm sorry."  
"We're both sorry." Jessica nodded. Sorry though she was, she was thrilled she would see Thomas again soon.  
"Don't mention this to anyone, okay?"  
"Yeah, of course." Noah nodded.  
"Great." Jessica offered a nervous smile. "I'll see you for dinner." She quickly turned and left the room.  
Noah reached for his phone and started texting Samantha. She was the only one who'd believe him.

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Two doors down the hall, Hailey picked up her phone. There was a text from Melanie. She regarded the phone for a while before swiping it open. Melanie wanted to hang out with her. "Hmmmmm." Hailey slowly exhaled the smoke from her lungs. It had been a couple years since she'd hung with Melanie, but what else was she going to do during winter break? She started to text back.

"Wait ... I promised myself I wouldn't text while high," she said to the empty room. "Wait ... what was I saying? Oh ... Melanie." She laughed at her short-term memory and texted her erstwhile friend. They quickly made plans.

