

Chapter 8



The Palmer Legacy

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Palmer Legacy 8

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Chapter 8

You Buried Them

“Come out of the shadows, boy.” The man’s voice was pitched low, just on the edge of audible. “Seek the Lord’s light. I know what you’ve done.” The boom of a gunshot rattled the windows of the long, chilly hallway.

“I didn’t do anything!” Noah knew that was wrong. He had kissed his own mother. Her tongue had been in his mouth. Whatever justice sought him out, he deserved it. Noah ran away from the violence that followed him, running blindly down the never-ending hall. The moon hung right outside the rattling windows as he fled. Each window passed slower and slower as his legs turned to lead. His lungs seized and panic gripped him. Despite another bone-jarring shockwave from the pursuing gunman, he stopped under a cascade of silver light. He put a hand up on the cold pane of glass. “Can’t breathe.”

“I do not know this house.” As the voice drew nearer, it softened. The sound of spent shells falling to the carpet jingled like muted bells. “But I know one that has tasted the forbidden fruit. You compound the original sin, boy. You bring folly down on us all.”

“H... h... help.” Noah stood frozen. A cold hand seized his wrist and pulled him sideways. He was suddenly in a bedroom, staggering behind a woman in a bustled dress.

“Shh.” Eloise looked back at him in the moonlight and gently closed the door behind them. “He almost had you. You can’t let him catch you standing there like a stupefied rabbit. Heavens, you wouldn’t want my husband’s hands upon you.” For a split second she appeared ashen and cadaverous, with a black rivulet running from her lips down her chin. The moment passed, and she was her rosy, freckled self again. “Come this way. He is confused, but he’ll check in here eventually.”

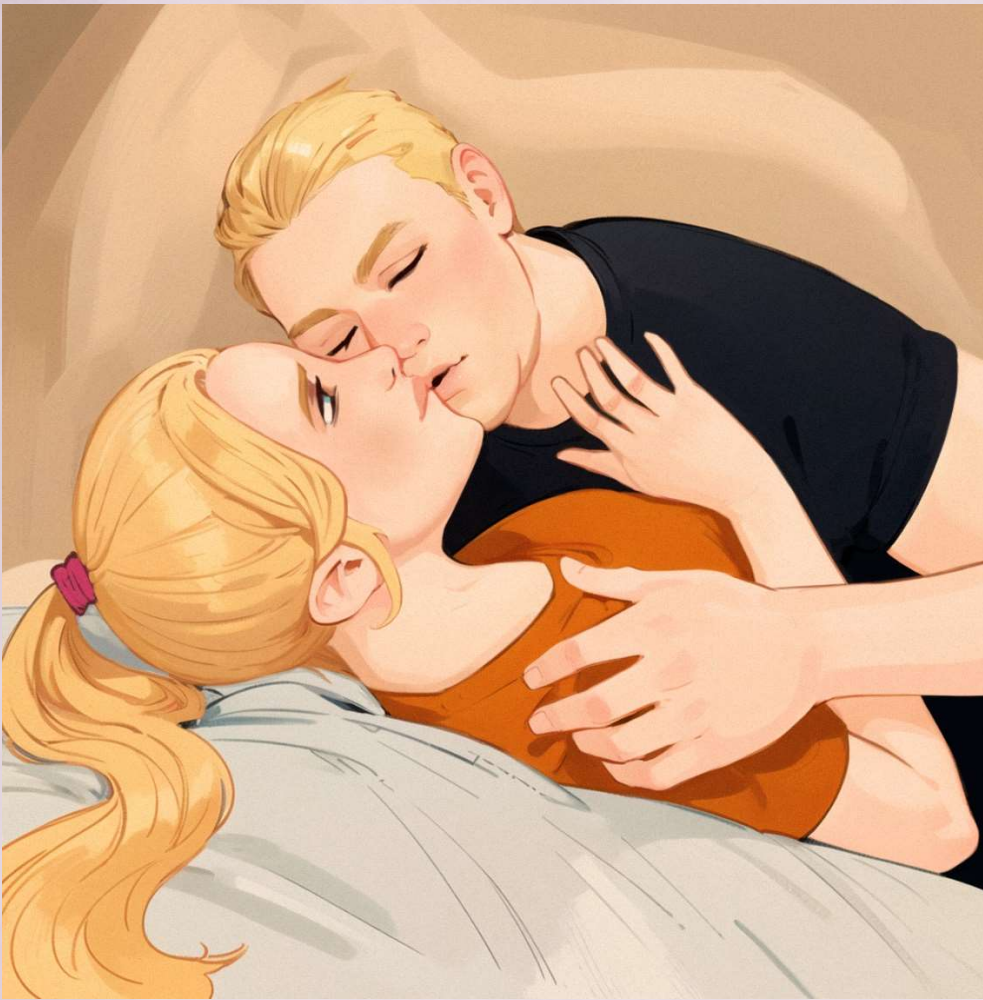
“Pl ... pl ... please ...?” It occurred to Noah that he was dreaming. That knowledge eased the invisible elephant on his chest.

“I’ll take care of you, dearie. Eloise Palmer is on the case.” She moved a hidden switch by the fireplace, and the hearth swung open, revealing a staircase within. She held his hand tightly as they descended into darkness. “Look, there’s light ahead. You need not stumble so.”

Just as she described, increasing light filled the stairwell as they descended. As they rounded the steady curve, Noah could see a window. He slowed to look through it. “This is ... Sam’s room. Wait ... slow ... down.” He was still winded from his panic attack.

“That doesn’t concern us, dear.” Eloise’s tone was firm but gracious. She pulled him on.





Noah steadied himself and slowed his feet. "Eddie's trying to kiss Sam ... he *is* kissing her. Ewwwwwww." He took one last look at the twins locking lips and was past the window. Soon, darkness swept over them. And then, again, it steadily grew lighter. Noah barely noticed. He was turning over the scene from Samantha's room. He shivered as he thought it over. Another window came into view. This one looked out on a moon-lit lawn. Noah slowed as they passed. He saw a long form loping on the wooded edge of a broad lawn. In the moonlight, it took him a second, but he recognized Kathy. No, it wasn't just the moonlight, the fact that his friend was running on all fours, dressed in torn and tattered pajamas, made it hard to place her. "That's Kathy! Wait."

Eloise stopped and then took a step up so that she was next to Noah. She put her chin on his shoulder and stared through the window, her free hand gently caressing the contours of his back. "I have heard about Kathy. She's the pugilistic one, yes? The one that satisfied your honor with that Jimmy boy?"

"Um ... yeah. How did you know about that?" It was a stupid question. She was his dream. She knew everything he knew.

"Your mother told me." Eloise sighed. The sight of the bounding eighteen-year-old girl pleased her handsomely. "You pick your friends well, Noah. I am impressed." She continued their descent, pulling him along with her.

"What's happening to her?" Noah followed Eloise into growing darkness.

"That's outside my purview. I'm but a shadow of a shade of a woman."

The gears in Noah's mind were grinding. He needed to ask the right questions before she bared her breasts to him again, and he lost all cohesive thought. "What *is* your purview?"

"*You*, silly. And your mother." Growing light cast her face in half-shadow as she looked over her shoulder and winked at him. "And your sisters. And ... your father." A sour expression flickered across her face.

Noah could see another window up ahead as they rounded the curve. He had seen two friends already, so naturally he expected to see Ella. But he was looking into a hallway he didn't recognize. "What's this?"

"Someone else's purview, I imagine." Eloise shrugged.

Noah stared at the hall, slowing down again. He hoped to get some clue about what he was looking at. Sudden pandemonium erupted as a door slammed open and a woman burst into the hall. She came running right at the window, the cross around her neck bouncing on top of her dress in time with her large breasts. Her face was pure anxiety. She passed by the window and went out of sight. "I know her. That's Mrs. Botti. Paul's mom. What was she running from?"

Noah resisted Eloise's pull and craned his neck as they moved past. Just before he lost his view into the window, Paul walked out into the hall scratching his head. Noah gasped. The eighteen-year-old religious zealot was naked from the

waist down and sported the biggest dick Noah had ever seen. "Wait ... there's something wrong with him. It's moving ... holy shit ... what's wrong with it?"

"Not my purview." Eloise tugged him ever downward, away from the windows.

"What were those things? Is this a dream, or ...?" Noah's foot failed to find steady purchase. The icy hand that had been firmly clasped in his disappeared. He fell through blackness. He landed in the soft cradle of his mother's breasts. His worries fluttered away on swift wings. He spent the rest of his dream nuzzling warm, pliant slopes and mindlessly sucking on thick nipples.

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"Goodness, gracious." Adeline stopped in the hall, staring at the open sliding door that led to the backyard. She was wearing a robe and slippers and had been on her way to make coffee. "Have you been out this morning?" It was perfectly clear that Kathy had. But her strange appearance in the doorway begged the question. It begged lots of questions. "What on Earth?" Adeline completely forgot about getting her coffee started.

"I ... I'm ... not ... sure," Kathy stammered. She looked down at herself. Her pajamas were torn and stained with dirt and grass. She tried to remember what had happened.





“What on Earth?” Adeline stood gaping at the situation. Her mind short-circuited. When her daughter’s eyes fell to Adeline’s now open robe, she quickly closed it and tied her terrycloth belt tight.

The fleeting sight of her mother’s breast triggered something in Kathy’s mind. Words flowed from her lips without her knowing where they came from. “I spent all night among the trees. I see the weakness in your knees. I once was good at many things. For you I jumped through circus rings. But now that you are near your fall. You’ll learn ... my tongue’s no good ... for basketball.”

Neither woman noticed a change to the painting hanging over the fireplace. The eyes of the portrait’s subject glowed like hot coals as she gazed out into the living room.

“What? What did you say?”

Adeline was quite certain that her daughter was on drugs.

Kathy realized that she was slowly prowling toward her mother. She shook her head and stopped. “I’m sorry. I think I was sleepwalking or something.” She shook her head again and tried to clear it. “I’m going to go take a shower.” She walked past her mother and went upstairs.

Adeline stood, her knees shaking. She stared at the muddy footprints her daughter had left on the carpet. “Get it together, Adeline,” she whispered to herself. “It’s drugs. It’s drugs, and your daughter needs you.” Coffee forgotten, she went upstairs. She needed to talk to her husband.

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Shannon walked down the dark hall. Paul had been sleeping in far too often, and it was her duty as a mother to make sure he met the day. She opened his door and stepped inside. She couldn’t see much but what the faint ambient light from their small town illuminated near the window. She closed the door and fumbled for the light switch.

“Mom? Get out of here. What are you doing?” Paul’s blood froze. He removed his hands from his cock in a reflex, so as not to get in trouble for touching himself.

“The Bible says, *You also must be ready, for the Son of Man is coming at an hour you do not expect.*” She laughed to herself, found the switch, and turned on the lights. It took her eyes a moment to adjust. She blinked repeatedly, trying to dispel the vision before her. “What is ... that?” She pointed a finger of accusation at the horrible, gargantuan penis that writhed on the bed. It was somehow attached to her son. “I don’t ... I ... don’t understand.” Even as her mind rebelled at her discovery, a calm fell over her. She breathed in deeply and tranquility spread throughout her body. She pulled her gaze away from the horrid thing and took in the rest of the scene. Paul wore only a Bible-study t-shirt and his socks. He held his hands up as if she was there to arrest him, and his eyes were wide with shock. His testicles were absurdly large, and were tinged a frightening blue hue. Her attention went back to his penis. It contorted in an impossible and rageful fashion. “What do you need, Paul?” She took a step toward the bed. She had to do something.





“I need ... I need ...” His eyes fell to the swell of her bosom under her dress. He had spent so much time staring at the busts of the women in his new painting, that what happened next seemed almost natural. “I need ...” His hands quickly went back to his penis. “I need to see your boobs, Mom.”

The absurd request jarred her mind. She had never seen a man touch himself before. But she imagined that what he was doing with that hideous appendage was a gross parody of what most men did. “Stop it. Just stop it.” Her hand flew to the cross around her neck and tightly held it. When he didn’t stop, she screamed, flung open the door, and ran down the hallway.

“Mom?” When she was gone, Paul stopped his masturbation. He got up, walked to the hall, and looked for her. But she was gone. He scratched his

head. *Now I’ve gone and done it.* He was a dead man for sure. His mother was going to tell his father. It was going to be terrible. He walked back into his room and closed the door. There was no reason that he had to face the upcoming punishment with blue balls. He sat on the bed and went right back to stroking himself. He stared at the painting as he always did. And the painting, as it had done the night before, helped him out. He assumed this was God’s work. He didn’t know how else to explain it. The women in the painting smiled at him, zipped down their uniforms, and thrust their enormous bosoms out before them. “Hello, ladies.” Paul smiled at the women and pumped himself to completion.

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Samantha dressed and got her backpack ready. As she did every day recently, she planned on slipping out before the rest of her family woke. When the door swung open, it became apparent that she had failed at that task. The first thing to hit her was the familiar sickly, sweet smell. A sheen of sweat covered Eddie's brow. The second thing was his enormous erection running up from his briefs under his t-shirt. She twisted her mouth in revulsion. Despite her disgust, her pussy flooded. She couldn't help it. The scent did things ... to her. "You're gross. I could have been changing. Get out of my room." She threw a pillow at him.



Eddie clumsily dodged the pillow. "You weren't changing. Why do you always have to be like that?" He approached his sister slowly, his hands out to the sides, palms up. "We should be close. We're twins! Don't you want to be close to me?" He gave her an unctuous smile.

Samantha inhaled the air deeply. Her nerves vibrated. She nodded.

"What do I have to do to be a better brother?" He stopped about a foot away from her, their blue eyes locked.

"You want to be a better brother?" Samantha's elfin face relaxed. Her whole body felt like jelly.

"Remember when we were little and we used to play with your Furbies?" His smile widened.

"You buried them and never told me where they were." Her voice was uncharacteristically faint and reedy.

"That was your fault. You ... um ... never mind." Eddie inched closer to her. "Before I buried them, remember how much fun we had out on the back deck?"

“Yeah.” Now receptive and open, Samantha’s thrumming body was a beacon calling her brother home. She thought about the text from Noah the night before. His mother had kissed him. With tongue! And now ... she was fairly certain her brother was going to do the same to her. Was there something in the water? Was all of Clover Falls slowly going mad? Did she want this? The answer to that last question was caught in a civil war between two very different parts of her brain.

“You’re pretty.” Eddie leaned closer. He could see that her eyes still had some fight in them. If she was anything like their mother, after a few make out sessions, her resistance would erode. “I take that back. I always thought you were pretty. Now ... you’re beautiful.”

“You really think ... mmmpppppphhhhhh?” Samantha’s words were cut off by the kiss. Her brother’s wet lips were on hers. A second later, his tongue aggressively barged its way into her mouth. She rubbed her thighs together. The war between her id and ego was almost over, and one side was ready to be crowned victor. She ran her hands up his arms. Why did she have to like it? It made no sense. She held his shoulders and gently pulled away from the kiss.



“You like it, Sam?” Eddie smiled.

“There’s more where that ...

oooooooooooooooooooo.” He doubled over in pain, his balls on fire. Agony surged into the core of his being. His sister had kned him right in his overripe testicles.

“You ... bitch.”

“No, you don’t. You don’t get to stay in my room.” Listening to him moan and wheeze, it was impossible for Samantha to keep a lopsided grin off her face. She pulled him by the back of his t-shirt into the hall, grabbed her backpack, and quickly left. The last she saw of Eddie, he was curled up in the fetal position outside her closed door. Running into him at school that day was going to be awkward. Heck, Samantha’s whole life was now incredibly awkward. Leaving early and getting home late wasn’t going to work anymore. As she walked down the sidewalk with the first rays of sunlight lighting her way, she breathed deeply. The fresh air cleared her head. She pulled out her phone and texted Noah. She needed a plan. And he’d help her out.

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When his alarm sounded, it took Noah a long time to pry himself away from the soft warm embrace of his dream. The clarion bell of Eloise Palmer's voice rang through his mind as he lay in bed, staring at the ceiling. *The bond, the pact, the contract made. We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation, dearie.* Of course, he had rejected her. He always rejected her. It was clearly a deal with the devil, and Noah was no fool. However beguiling she was, he wouldn't fall for that one. A soft knock on the door disturbed his thoughts. "Come in."

Jessica entered her son's room, closed the door behind her, and looked around. "Oh, you're still in bed." She sat down on the edge of his bed and patted the down comforter over his chest. "I wanted to talk. It'll only take a minute." Her gaze fell to his full, strong lips. Had that kiss really happened? It was too surreal to believe. When she made eye contact, she saw his deep, hazel eyes searching hers. "We need to talk about what happened yesterday."

"Yeah, okay." Noah nodded with apprehension.

"That must have been very surprising for you. And I promise it won't ever happen again." She straightened her spine and mustered all her authority. "But you'll have to trust me that we had to ... do that thing. And you were a good guy for helping me." Her heart thumped like a drum in her chest. Much to her disappointment, she had passed a dreamless night. Now, all her prayers were focused on what would happen when she was alone with the painting in a few short hours. She felt almost frantic thinking about what would happen if Thomas didn't return. "Can you trust me on this?"

"Yeah, Mom." Noah noticed her flaring nostrils. Her eyes were wide and bright, and she excitedly glanced about the room as she talked. It couldn't be that their kiss had riled her up. He supposed no woman would be exhilarated about him, especially his mother. So, what was causing her excitement? "Just ... um ... one thing. Why did we have to ... do that?"



She patted his chest again. "I won't always be able to share my reasoning with you, honey. I'm sorry about that. As your mother, that's just how it is sometimes. Have faith that you helped me. And hopefully ..." She forced a big smile. "It'll give you confidence with girls at school."

"Yeah, okay." He knew not to push it. He watched her get up, smooth out her dress, and leave. When the door closed, he picked up his phone. He nearly dropped it when he read the texts waiting for him from Samantha.

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“Bravo, bravo.” Eloise enthusiastically clapped her hands, standing in the middle of Jessica’s office.

Thomas, also clapping his hands, stood next to her with a warm smile on his freckled face.

“Oh, my.” Jessica blushed and quickly closed the door behind her. A flood of euphoric expectation moved through her. Or was it the expectation of euphoria? Whatever it was, it felt sublime. When they continued applauding her, Jessica waved her hand at them to stop. “Really ... I don’t deserve that.” But in the moment, Jessica luxuriated in their adoration.

“Give us a curtsy.” Thomas wore his usually tattered nineteenth-century garb.

“Huzzah!” Eloise had a flat

belly and wore her tattered dress from the painting.

“Okay, okay.” Cheeks turning scarlet, Jessica lifted the skirt of her dress and gave them a deep curtsy. “What’s all the fuss about?”

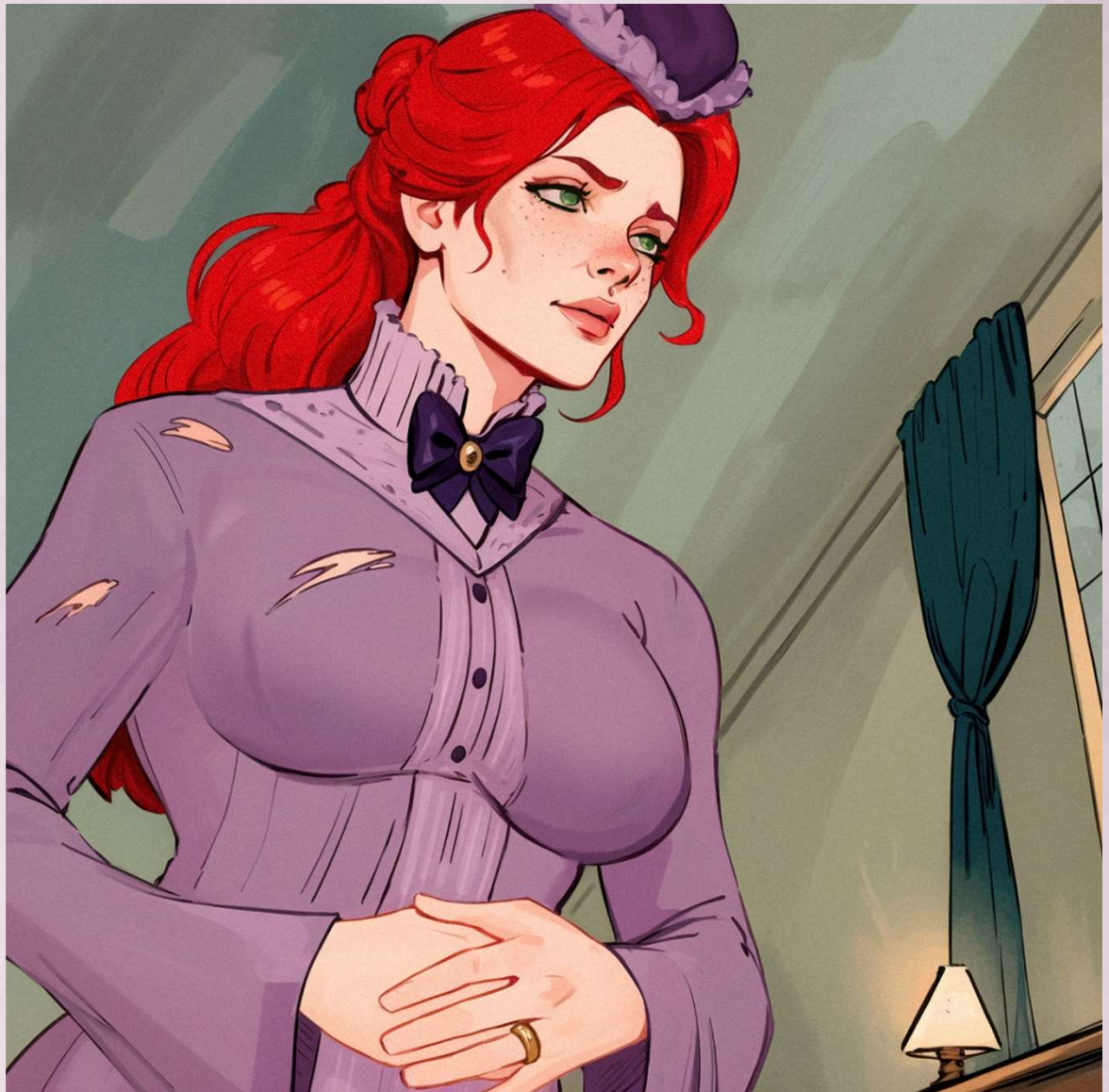
“You know very well why we cheer.” Eloise’s clapping tapered off. She put a hand to her son’s arms to still him.

“That kiss was no mean feat. We’re proud of you, Mrs. Reader.” Thomas folded his arms and beamed at her with satisfaction. “That’s how it all started with Mother. A single kiss.”

“Oh?” Jessica’s smile disappeared.

“Stop that nonsense, Thomas.” Eloise ruffled her son’s copper hair. “We only asked of her a kiss. One kiss. And she came through in record time.” Eloise walked toward her quarry with steepled hands, a pensive look on her face. “And what, pray tell, would the lady desire as her just reward?”

“Oh ... I’m ... I’m ... happy enough just to see my friends again.” Jessica’s smile returned. It occurred to her that she didn’t have to do the coy dance with Eloise that would be



required if she were talking to a woman in town. She added quickly, “Perhaps I could learn more from you and ... Thomas?” She turned her focus to the protruding crotch of the nineteen-year-old’s trousers.

“Perhaps.” Eloise giggled. “But there is something we need from you first.”

“But I already ...” Jessica composed herself and smiled sweetly. “What is it you need?”

“The bond, the pact, the contract made.” Eloise watched Jessica with mercurial, green eyes. “We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you, dearie, is your approbation.”

“Approbation?” Jessica squinted and rubbed her neck as she tried to puzzle out what Eloise had just said. *What was that about a “devil?”*

“It means you have to approve.” Thomas slowly unbuckled his belt. “And then we can begin our new lessons.”

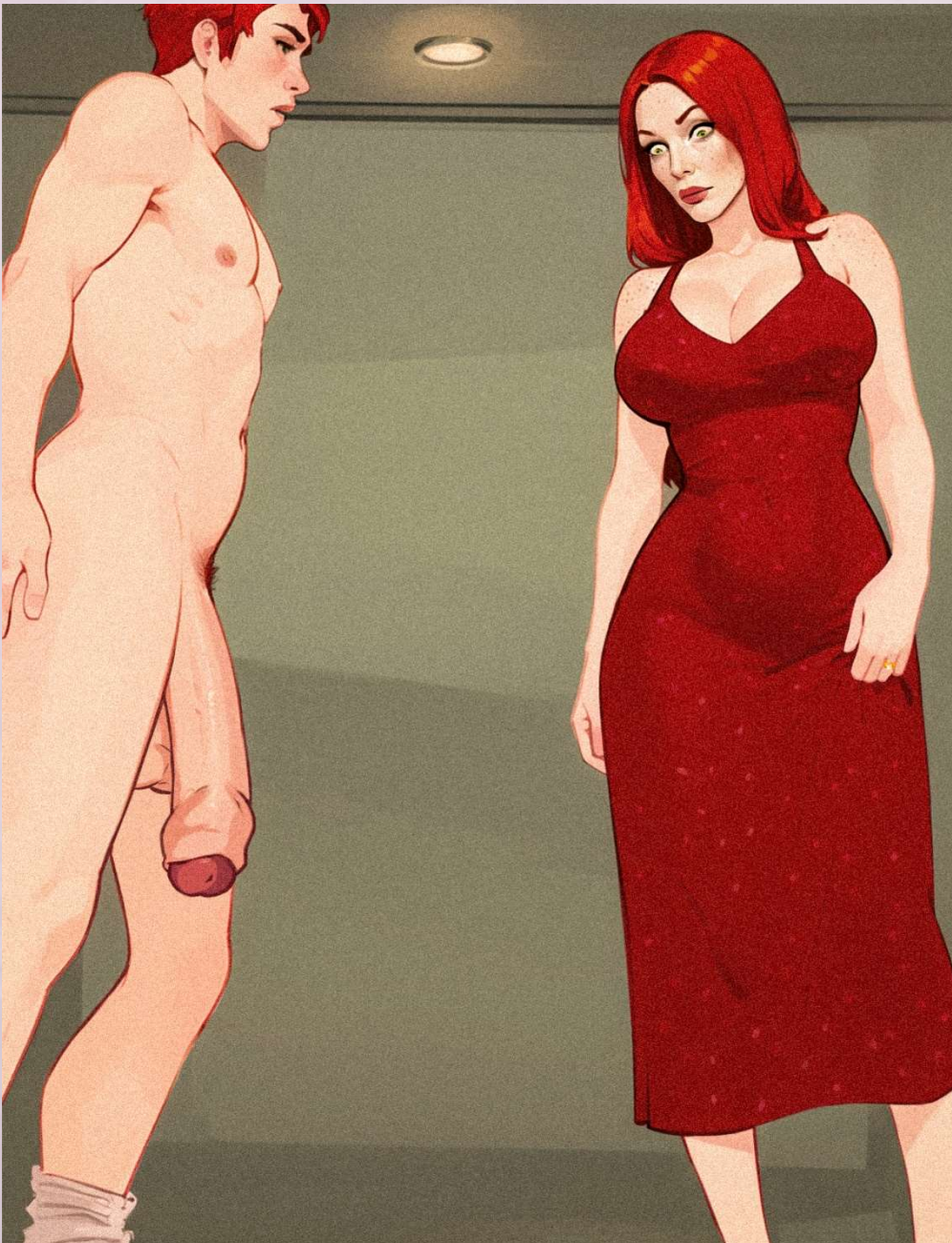
“I’m not sure what you’re asking.” Jessica’s forehead furrowed. She desperately wanted to be done talking, but she was a smart business woman. She wouldn’t agree to anything without understanding it. Her focus was drawn back to Thomas’s pale, muscled body as the young man slowly stripped. Jessica was a gushing waterfall downstairs. Ben Shapiro’s wife be damned.

“Thomas and I have a powerful friend who shares our antipathy toward the hypocrisy of our formerly regimented lives. He yearns only for you to burn and melt in the most delicious fire.” Eloise nodded solemnly. “Just as you read it in *First Love*. You must agree that it’s lovely.”

Jessica bit her lip and nodded. She ogled Thomas’s bare upper half. She could clearly see the outline of every one of his six abs. *What a body.*

“Without the knowledge of what you forfeited, you long ago entered into a covenant with a petty tyrant. This toddler of a deity is small and full of wrath. He has denied you what is your birthright. He seeks to keep you in the dark while He himself follows his own joys unrestrained, mostly bloodlust.” Eloise stepped next to Jessica, and brushed her red hair behind her shoulders. “That He should deny you but partake Himself seems unjust. Is it fair?”

“Not fair,” Jessica whispered. Her eyes grew round as Thomas lowered his trousers. Even soft he was huge. But she could see he wouldn’t be soft for long. A warmth spread in her chest knowing that she had such power over this magnificent man.



“Your husband would keep you in the dark.” Eloise’s soft voice wove around them. “Your father kept you in the dark. Your pastor would keep you in the dark. My friend would light your path. He is the Day Star.” She tenderly took Jessica’s hand and clasped it in hers. “We ask only that you approve of the path offered to you and that you have faith in us. You must answer yes. You have already seen what happens when we’re apart.”

“I ... um ...” Not long ago, she had never had an orgasm. And that had been just fine with her. But now that she had seen the breadth of pleasure the world had to offer, there was no going back. All she had to do was say yes. “You have my approbation.”

“Oh, excellent. I knew we could count on you.” Eloise sighed with pleasure.

“Now can we continue the lessons?” Jessica walked toward Thomas and his rising penis. She stopped. “Wait ... I feel warm.” Jessica trembled. A heat built in her vagina, hips, and breasts. At first, it was pleasurable. She rubbed herself through her dress. But soon it became too much. She turned and ran out of the office in a panic, headed for her bathroom. “I need to cool down.” Jessica raced through the house, turned on the shower as cold as it would go, and slammed the bathroom door. She stepped under the water with her dress still on. Not only were her breasts unbearably hot, but they now pushed uncomfortably at her bra. Her mind raced. Was her bra somehow shrinking?



"You did miss us, didn't you?" Eloise laughed.

Jessica turned her head to look at the woman, but could get no words out. Her mouth hung open, water dripping from her chin. It should have been shameful to be watched in any intimate situation, especially while committing adultery with a teenager. She stared at Eloise and found the shame. But those feelings were outcompeted by ecstasy. She let Thomas finger her for what felt like ages. When he turned his attention to her clit, her fingers were already pruned, and her teeth were chattering from the cold. But the cascade of earth-shattering climaxes took her mind off such things. Jessica knew that on one level, she was still in her bathroom. But on another level, a more important level, she was in Heaven. Eventually, she feebly pushed his hand away. "You have been ... so selfless ... with me." She shut off the shower, turned, and stood dripping in front of Thomas. "Is there ... something ... I could do ... for you?" She slowly lowered herself to her knees.

"Let's see how well you remember your lessons." Thomas smiled.

"Mom?" Hailey pounded on the door. "Are you okay? It sounded like you were shouting?"

"Darn." Jessica looked up at Thomas. But before she could say anything else, he and Eloise quickly faded into nothingness.

