

*Chapter 9*



*The Palmer Legacy*

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

### *The Palmer Legacy 9*

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## Chapter 9

### You Have Grasped the Serpent

"Darn, darn, darn." Jessica shivered and turned off the frigid water. "I'm fine, Hailey. Just singing in the shower." She pressed her lips together and stepped out of the shower, goosebumps rising all over her skin. Her body moved awkwardly, but she willfully ignored the strange sensations as she reached for a towel.

"Weird singing, Mom. Really weird." Hailey shrugged on the other side of the door. "Anyway ... I'm going over to Melanie's house for a while. I'll be back for dinner."

"Sure ... have fun, honey." Jessica's mind raced. She'd have the house to herself now. Maybe when she went back to the painting, the Palmers would be there. Really there, on this side of the canvas.

"Bye, Mom." Hailey went back to her room, stuffed her bong and part of her stash into her backpack, and left the house.



Jessica dried off slowly. It took a minute for her mind to focus on what was wrong. She tentatively felt one of her breasts. She felt the other one, dropped her towel, and screamed. "What the heck ... what the heck?" She stared down at herself with wide eyes. She had always had boobs that were bigger than most. She had thought of them as a burden, until Andrew had said how much he enjoyed their size. After that, she carried them with a sense of pride. But now ... now ... her boobs would clearly be a burden again. They were humongous. "What ... happened?" She thought about the heat. It had been in her boobs, hips, and vagina. She carefully stepped in front of the mirror and stared in horror. "I'm an effing joke. Insane ... not possible ..."

Wider hips were paired with her unchanged waist, and the proportions were just ... wrong. Jessica turned a little and gave another shriek. "My butt!" She's always had a round bottom, but now it curved much more dramatically. "How is this even ... possible? It's not

... not possible. I'm dreaming." A chill went down her spine. She knew she wasn't asleep.

The deal. She agreed to that mumbo jumbo about asking and receiving the Devil. Why had she been so stupid? The Devil always made terrible deals. She had let her peaking hormones speak for her.

Rushing to the closet, she pulled on a pair of panties and tried to wiggle into her favorite pair of jeans. She couldn't get them buttoned. Not even close. Her new breasts bounced wildly as she worked. She gave up on the jeans and went to put on a bra. Then, another ... and another ... After the fifth bra, she realized that a good part of her wardrobe was obsolete. Jittery anxiety raced through her nerves. She could taste bile at the back of her throat. "How am I supposed to hide this?" She threw on a loose-fitting dress and looked at herself in the mirror. It was clear that she was a different woman. "Forget this. Change me back." She raced out of the closet. "Change me back!"

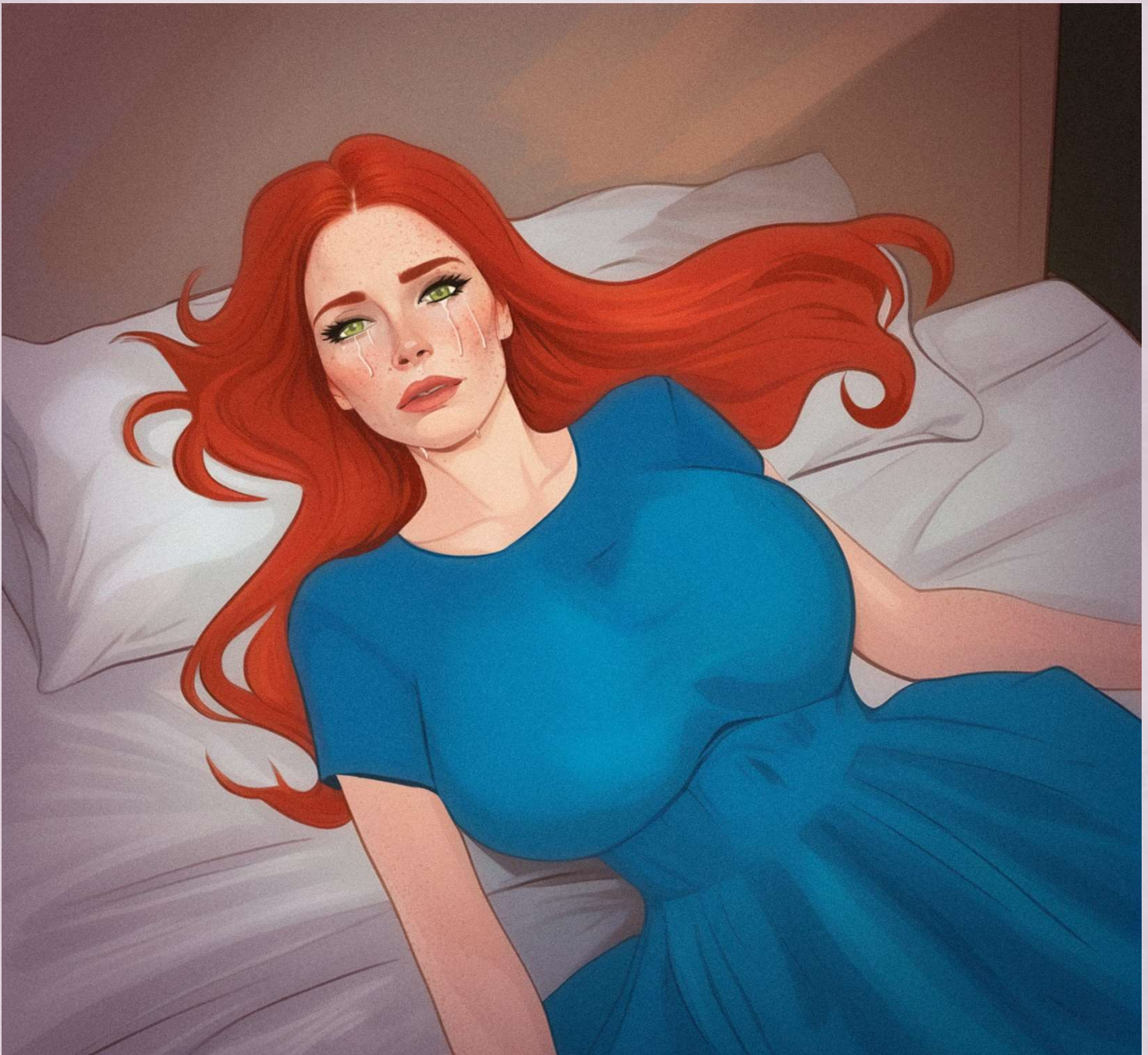
The office was dark and empty when she entered. The painting held its subjects in their familiar positions. Although, as she looked

at it, she thought Frederick was maybe even farther from his family than he'd been before. She marched up to the painting and stood before it with clenched fists. "Come out here right now." Jessica stamped her foot. "Change me back! Hello? I know you can hear me." The muscles in her shoulders bunched. "I look and feel ridiculous. My clothes are worthless. Change ... me ... back!"

The painting did nothing. Eloise didn't change her pose on the chair, her face locked in an enigmatic smile. Thomas stood protectively next to his mother, a placid smile on his face.



“Please ... you can’t ... I can’t ...” Jessica broke down into tears. “My husband ... will wonder what happened ... to me.” She turned from the painting, and plodded back to her bedroom. She slumped onto the bed, looking at the ceiling. The ungainly weight of her breasts pressed on her chest and shifted to the sides. She cursed the trick that had been played on her and her own stupidity for falling for it.



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"I kned him in the balls and got the hell out of there." Samantha sat on a dilapidated bench between the overgrown bushes behind the gym. It was third period. She hardly ever cut class, but circumstances seemed to call for it. "And I ... I ..." She wanted to tell Noah that she'd *wanted* to kiss her brother. Or a part of her did. But she couldn't admit such a horrible thing.

"This is going to sound crazy ..." Noah's hands trembled. He sat on the other end of the bench and stared at his friend.

"Crazier than my brother kissing me? Or your mom kissing you? Perfect Mrs. Reader doing something that ...?" She scrunched her face in disgust.

"I don't think it's my mom's fault. It's the painting. And the painting showed me that you would kiss Eddie. And that Kathy would be out running last night. And ... something really strange with Paul Botti." Noah took a deep breath. He was talking so fast he'd forgotten to breathe.

"The painting showed you?" Samantha shook her head.

"In a dream. Eloise Palmer, the lady in the painting, came into my dream and rescued me from ... something evil. Then we walked past a bunch of windows and I saw those things, Sam." He watched his friend, waiting for her to tell him that he was just dreaming. Or that he really had gone crazy.

"Well, Eddie did kiss me. Tell me everything from the dream. Maybe we can use this." Samantha sat back and listened.

The only part Noah omitted was the later half, nuzzling breasts after they caught his fall. He told her everything else. Even the part where he caught a glimpse of Paul's gargantuan, twisting dick.



"Daaaaammmmmnnnnnnnnnn." Samantha stared at him. "Okay ... okay ... so we have to see if Eddie was just a coincidence. If the other two things are true ... hhhmmmmmm ... maybe we can use this. Painting Lady might be able to tell us what's actually going on."

"Right." Noah hadn't thought of that. Mostly because Eloise didn't give off the vibe that she'd be into helping them stop whatever was happening.

"I'm going to text Kathy." Samantha pulled her phone from her backpack and went to work.

Noah silently watched her. She looked different somehow. It wasn't her clothes. He'd seen her wear them before, but something about her top seemed wrong to him.

"Kathy says that she was sleepwalking outside last night, came in with her pajamas torn, and now her parents think she's on drugs." Samantha looked up with concern in her eyes. "It sounds like what you saw."

"Poor Kathy. Is she okay?" Noah's blood froze. He'd seen her running on all fours. Was that what she'd been doing? Was she turning into an animal? Could he get the truth out of her? He was sure of only one answer, Kathy wouldn't confide anything like that to them.

"You know her, she made a joke out of it." Samantha put her phone away. "But it's not funny. We need to figure this out and stop it before something really bad happens." An uncontrollable shiver seized her at the memory of the excitement that accompanied her brother's aggressive tongue. She thought about how strange her mom had been acting and wondered if it wasn't already too late.

Seeing her shiver, Noah placed what was different about his friend. She had boobs. Well, she'd always had boobs, but the ones stretching her shirt were bigger than he remembered. He almost asked her about it, but thought better of it. Things were crazy but hadn't yet reached the level of insanity required to ask a woman about her breasts.

The bell rang in the distance. Samantha glanced over her shoulder and back to Noah. "I don't want to go home tonight. Can I stay at your place?"

"What?" Noah blinked at her. "You want to sleep over?"

"I already asked Ella. She said her parents wouldn't allow it on a school night." Samantha shrugged.

"What about Kathy?"

"Honestly. I'm getting a weird feeling from her. I didn't want to ask her before the sleepwalking thing. And now ..." Samantha shivered again. "I would rather deal with your kissing mother than deal with ... whatever's happening at her house. You saw her painting. It's flat-out spooky." She caught the look on his face. "Sorry for what I said about your mom. I know it's not her fault. It's not Kathy's fault either, but ..." She shrugged more elaborately. "You know what I'm saying."

It was Noah's turn to shiver. "Yeah, I know. But she's still our friend."

"Of course. Nothing will ever change that. I would just rather sleep at your place."

"Okay, I'll ask my mom." He stood and slung his backpack onto his shoulders. "I better get to class."

"Sure. But one more thing." Samantha stood and hugged her backpack to her chest. "We have to confirm the thing about Paul. To ... make sure your dream wasn't just a bunch of coincidences. And also, just to know what's going on."



"I was afraid you'd say that." Noah nervously licked his lips. "How?"

"I don't think he'd tell us if we asked him. Is he even in school today?" Samantha hugged her backpack tighter. She watched Noah shake his head in answer to her question. "Then I guess we have to stop by his house and peek through his window or something."

"I was afraid you'd say that, too." Noah nodded his head slowly.

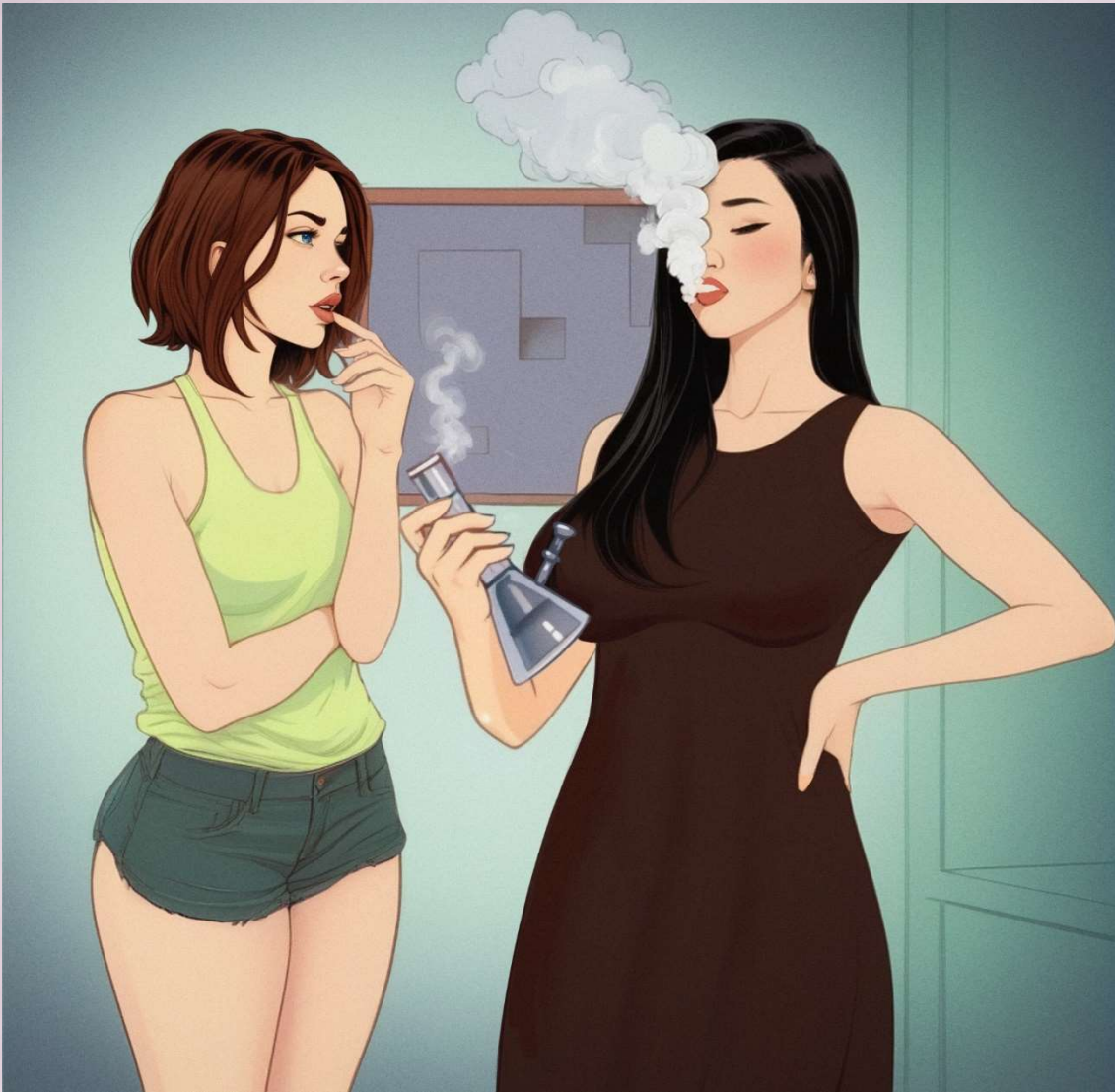
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"There now, are you happy?" Jessica dropped the shopping bags on the floor in front of the painting. "High-impact, bounce-control bras. 'Guaranteed to make you look smaller,' the saleslady said. And several dresses that make me look ... almost normal." She moved closer to the painting and inspected it. No change. "I'm a businesswoman, not someone who's going to throw a pity party. So, I went shopping. Now I'll be presentable until you change me back."

It felt empowering to have taken care of the problem. Jessica folded her arms and almost smiled. "Fine, don't talk. But I'm not sure how much time we'll have until everyone gets home." She looked around the office. "Are you in there, Thomas? If you want that thing ... I was about to do in the shower, now is the time. I forgive you for the deal-with-the-Devil stuff. I know you didn't mean it. We can continue with our lessons." Nothing. The painting just kept on being a painting. "Fine. Your loss. I'm going to go put my new clothes away." Jessica picked up the bags, turned, and marched out of the office with her head held high.

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“Wow, Mrs. Keitaro. I didn’t know you smoked.” Hailey watched her friend’s mom inhale deeply from the bong and hold it in. “High school would have been really different if I’d known you were so cool.”

“I didn’t smoke back then.” Lauren’s words came out thin and constricted. She hadn’t yet exhaled. “I didn’t learn how to party ... aaaahhhhhhhh.” The exhale was pure joy. “... until we bought the painting.” Her words came out normally. She nodded to the portrait over the mantel of the woman staring at her

reflection in the mirror.

“My mom has changed a lot.” Melanie laughed and took the bong from her mother. “I even dumped my boyfriend for her.” She lit the bowl and inhaled.

“What?” Hailey giggled uncontrollably. The painting made Mrs. Keitaro party? Melanie dumped her boyfriend for her mom? “I must be really high. I have no idea what you two are talking about.”

Lauren giggled with the young woman. Hailey was attractive and reveled in intoxication. She would fit right in. Melanie had done well to invite her over. She popped the top on another beer and handed it to Hailey. She popped one for herself and clanked the cans together. “To having a good time and living it up.”

“Cheers.” Hailey took a gulp of beer and smiled. “So, you two want to watch a movie or something?”

Lauren burst into laughter. Melanie joined in, the smoke from her lungs escaping into the room.

“What? Did I say something funny?” Hailey frowned. She felt like she was missing an inside joke. “I like to watch movies when I’m high.”

“Sorry ... sorry ... Hailey.” Lauren put her hand on the woman’s shoulder, enjoying how delicate it was. “It’s just that we don’t stare at screens anymore. We’re too busy living life. If you want to watch something, turn your attention to the painting.”

"The painting?" Hailey knitted her brows in confusion, but her eyes followed Lauren's pointing finger. The woman in the painting ... *moved*. She looked over her shoulder and winked at Hailey. And her reflection didn't mirror her. In fact, it wasn't her reflection at all anymore. It was a wild-looking woman with a crown of living branches and black hair flowing in the wind. She was dirty, naked, and sported the biggest cock Hailey had ever seen. "I am really fucking high right now," Hailey mumbled. The reflection's penis had strange writing on it that glowed, pulsing like a heartbeat.

"Do you see her? Do you see Pan's high priestess?" Lauren clapped her hands, giddy at what would come next.

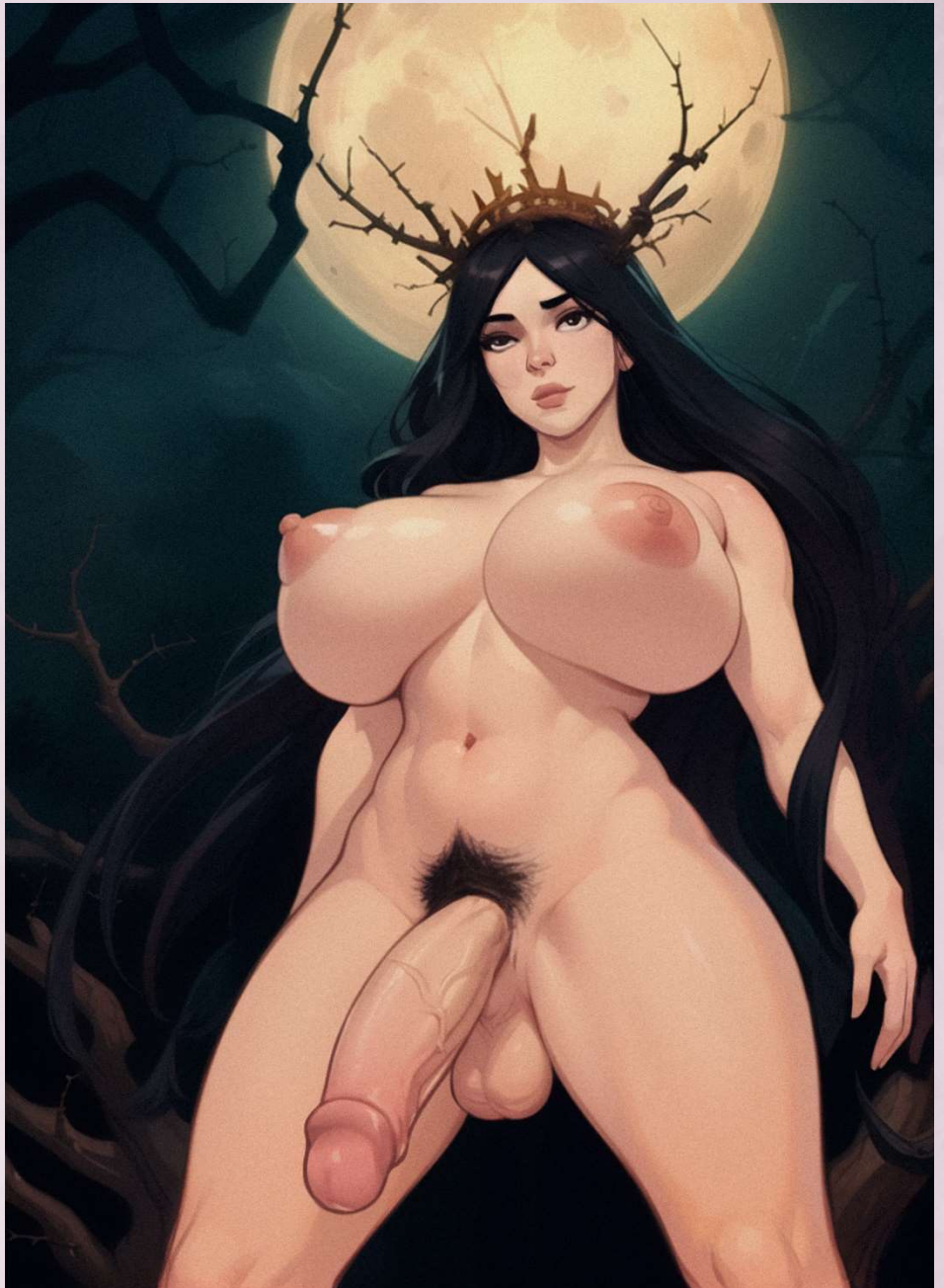
"What did you say, Mrs. Keitaro?" Hailey couldn't pull her eyes away from the painting, even when the priestess began stroking her freakish dick.

"That's High Priestess Erato. She bound her essence into a mighty oak, and men felled it to make that mirror." Melanie didn't even know what she was saying. She felt like a puppet but didn't mind it one bit. She had grown quite fond of being used.

"Okay ... but like ... that's just a painting of a mirror." Hailey was used to stoned philosophy. The slow rolling of her brain was familiar ground. "So ... um ... why would the painting have her essence or whatever? I assume that's why she's moving about, right? It's some sort of essence. Is the frame of the painting also made from that oak tree or ..." There was a whole string of strange possibilities. "I am so fucking high right now."

"I am a penumbra cast in shadow." Erato's pupils turned to vertical slits, and she stared at Hailey with all the intensity of one committed to a god. Her hands moved faster on her cock. "I am mirrored by another Erato. But who cares about trivialities? You came to revel. And now you will revel until you cum."

"Uh ... what?" Hailey stood on shaky legs. "Maybe I should go. I think this batch of Aunt Mary was off or something." She glanced at the painting. Erato was still masturbating furiously. Hailey had seen her boyfriend do that a few times, but he had looked timid compared to the feral woman in the painting.



"Nonsense." Lauren stood and pulled off her dress. Her panties could not contain the glowing cock between her legs. It stuck halfway out at an odd angle. She quickly lowered her underwear so it could be free. It pointed directly at Erato's newest merry-maker.

"Holy shit ... Mrs. Keitaro." Hailey stared at the giant cock between the older woman's legs. Lauren was a petite, pale lady, and that made the rune-covered phallus look even bigger. "I'm ... sooooooovoooo ... high."

Melanie stepped up behind her friend. She giggled as she lowered Hailey's shorts, and then lifted her tank-top over her head. "You're going to love it." Melanie's voice was a purring whisper in her friend's ear.

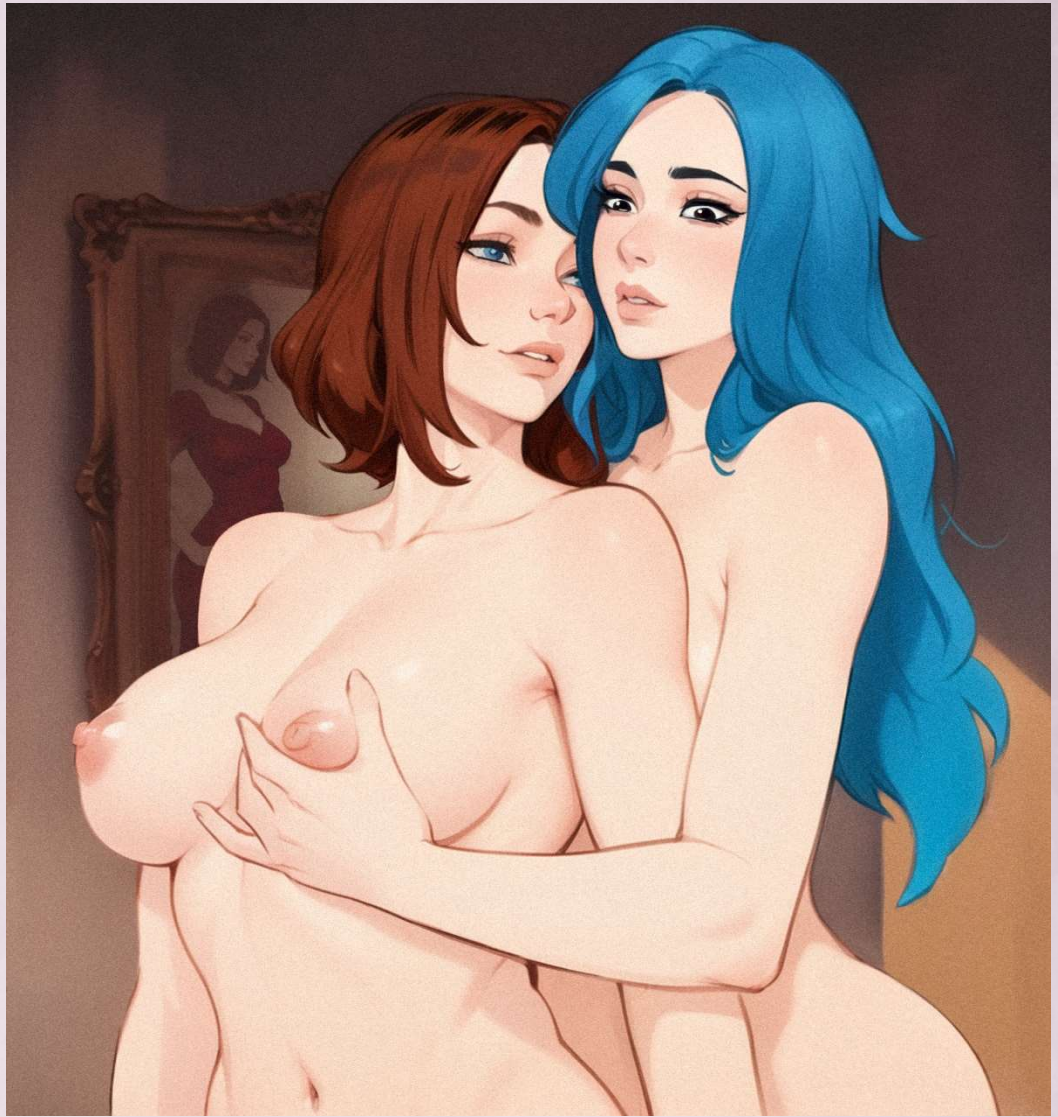
"I'm tripping." Hailey offered no resistance when Melanie unclasped her bra and pulled it from her shoulders. "This can't be happening. I mean ..."



“So pretty.” Melanie squeezed a butt cheek, and then stole a peek over Hailey’s shoulder. “She’s got puffies! Look at her nips, Mom.”

“They *are* puffy. How delightful.” Lauren closed the distance between them, until the head of her cock pressed against Hailey’s hip. She took hold of the young woman’s breasts and hefted them in her hands. “Full. So full of life. Just perfect.” Lauren leaned forward and took a fat nipple into her mouth.

“Oooohhhhhhhh ... God ... what are you ...?” Hailey leaned her head back, resting it on her friend’s shoulder. Blue hair fell over her face, obscuring her vision. She moaned and shook. “Crazy ... trip ... I’m having a ...” Her body



convulsed when a hand found her pussy. The narcotics had shut off the parts of her brain that might have saved her. When Melanie’s lips touched hers, Hailey let the whirlwind of desire pick her up and carry her away. Within minutes she was making out with her friend from high school, while her friend’s mother made her cum with nimble fingers.

Lauren pulled herself off Hailey’s tit. “She’s gushing ... Melanie. She’s ready.”

“Mmmppppphhhhh.” Melanie didn’t break the kiss. She wanted to revel in the feeling forever.



“Okay ... okay ... we’ll party standing up then.” Lauren lowered Hailey’s panties and spread her legs. The young woman was leaning back into Melanie’s arms as they kissed. Lauren pulled her hips a little forward so she’d have more room to work with. “You are only the second woman brought into our bacchanal. Only the second woman ... I’ve ... ugh ... entered.” Lauren eased her cock into Hailey’s vagina.

“Ooooooopprrrrhhhhhhhhhh.” Hailey’s words were lost in the kiss, but whatever she had to say sounded like it might have been urgent. Her friend didn’t remove her tongue from her mouth.

“Tight ... sooooooo ... tight.” Lauren steadily explored Hailey’s insides. “Your boyfriend doesn’t ... ugh ... have much of a ... cock. Or maybe ... he doesn’t use it. Either way ... uuuuuggghhhhhhh ... I knew he was ... dead weight.” With satisfaction, she hit bottom, waited a little for Hailey to adjust to her size, and started sawing in and out of Pan’s newest worshiper.

“Uuuuggggggppppphhhhhhhh.” Hailey convulsed. She stopped kissing Melanie back. She let Lauren lift her off the floor, and she scissored her legs behind the woman’s ass. She was held in the air now by mother and daughter, getting seriously humped by the former. The trip had quickly gone from bad to good to phenomenal. As her orgasm arrived at its peak, she prayed it wasn’t all a hallucination. If her friend’s mom really had an amazing, magical dick, she could hump it again. If this was all in her head, she might never again find such pleasure. Quickly, she stopped worrying. She stopped thinking about anything and surrendered herself to ecstasy.



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"Are you still touching it, Paul?" Shannon leaned against her son's closed door and fingered the cross around her neck.

"Yeah ... Mom." Her son's voice sounded strange. It was muffled by the door but also strained by his efforts.

"When I agreed to let you miss school, you promised you could make it smaller again." She tapped her foot and tried to ignore the butterflies in her stomach. *How was his thing still hard after all those hours? Was it still moving unnaturally?* "I told your father to go out with his friends tonight, but he'll be home eventually. Should I call the doctor?" It was a bluff, she wouldn't want a doctor, or anyone, to know what had happened to her sweet Paul. She listened at the door, but his only response was a long, agonized moan. "That's it, I'm coming in."

"No ... Mom ... don't." Paul watched the door open. He didn't stop masturbating. He couldn't. Even when their eyes locked, he continued to pump himself with both hands.



"Goodness gracious." Shannon put a hand to her mouth, her eyes wide with shock. Her senses were assaulted when the door swung open. There was semen all over the bed, and the pungent, overripe scent made her knees weak. The sight of her skinny, eighteen-year-old son grasping that monstrous, wriggling organ took her breath away. The squelching sound of his hands moving on the thing made her heart skip a beat. It should have been horrific. It *was* horrific. But she wanted nothing more than to be a part of it. She took several steps into the room, clutching her cross tightly with one hand. "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

"I said that ... already ... it didn't work." Paul's voice went higher as he saw his mother approach. "I even said 'Behold, I have given you authority to tread on serpents

and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall hurt you.' But it didn't work either."



Not only was her masturbation session frustrating, but Jessica's boob awkwardly bounced against her arm as she worked herself. It was a constant reminder of her changes, and she was furiously rubbing her clit in an effort to forget. "Oooohhhhhh ... Thomas." She remembered his frigid fingers inside her and closed her eyes. She sat on the lid of the toilet in her bathroom wearing nothing but one of her new, supportive bras.

When Jessica opened her eyes, a wide grin spread across her face. The enormous dildo stood upright on her bathroom counter.

"I come bearing gifts." Eloise leaned against the wall, wearing a bustled dress and a warm smile.

Jessica gasped and stopped her masturbation. She had been so focused on the black phallus, she hadn't noticed the woman. "Is Thomas here?" She looked quickly around the bathroom but didn't see him. She pulled back the shower curtain, and there was no one there.



"My son will continue your lessons later." Eloise stepped forward, lifted the dildo from the counter, and handed it to Jessica like it was a sacred object. She gave a little curtsy when Jessica took it from her. "For now, I wish to help you learn how to gain satisfaction when there are no Palmers to help you. We cannot always be by your side."

"Why not?" Jessica caressed the dildo, feeling its veins with her fingertips. "Whenever I need you, I could just come here and lock the door." She gestured at the bathroom.

"We are not here to do your bidding, Mrs. Reader." A harsh note entered Eloise's voice.

"Of course." Jessica looked down, was reminded of her boobs, and looked back up with pleading in her eyes. "I didn't know what I was agreeing to. You've turned me into a cow. Everyone will notice that there's something wrong. Change me back."

"Shall we continue with your lessons?" Eloise's voice cooled even more.

"Please? I'll keep my end of whatever else was in the deal. Just give me my body back." A thought occurred to Jessica. "What else was in the deal?"

"Lessons, dearie. We must focus on your lessons." Eloise swept to her knees in front of Jessica, spread Jessica's legs, and took the dildo back from her. "We must continue."

“And my body?” Jessica looked down at Eloise as the freckled woman inspected her vagina.

“If it pleases you, I’ll think about changing you back.” Eloise ran a finger between Jessica’s puffy lips. “Like a monsoon. How lovely.” She licked the wetness off her finger and brought the phallus to bear.

“Thank you for thinking about it. Oh, thank you, Mrs. Palmer.” She bit her lip as she watched the wide, silicone head approach her vagina. “You’re going to try to put that in? It’s way too big.”

“Think nothing of it.” Eloise glanced at Jessica’s face, looking past that ridiculous undergarment holding back her breasts. The material strained like a dam fighting a mighty river. “There is a concept you have been circling a while now, but you have yet to let it sink in: you were made for this.” She rubbed the head of the toy on Jessica’s vagina. “Your crinkum crankum was made for bigger and better things than it has known. Your ruby-tipped globes should have tamed all who encountered them. Especially, the strong and virile.”

“I don’t think ... I don’t think ... I don’t ... ooowwwwwwwwwww.” Jessica howled as the head of the dildo pushed into her. It met with resistance for seconds that felt like an eternity. And then, with a pop, the head was inside of her.

“Put your hand on it. Hold it at the base.” Eloise took the wife’s left hand and placed it at the bottom of the dildo. She smiled at Jessica’s glittering diamond and pale fingers made to look so stark by the black background. “There now. Together we are going to pleasure you like no man has.” She cradled Jessica’s hand and together they slid the massive thing into her. “You will learn to do this yourself. It will be almost as good as the real thing.”

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Jessica stared at the woman. Freezing fingers took control, helping Jessica take something enormous for the very first time.



"If it wasn't Paul, I wouldn't agree to this. But he's about the only man in Clover Falls that we could spy on with zero chance that we'd see something dirty. I bet he doesn't even touch his junk to pee." Ella strode down the dark sidewalk with her friends. An owl hooted in the distance.

"I hope we don't catch him doing ... anything." Kathy smiled to herself, thinking of what his uptight face would look like at the heights of pleasure. She chuckled to herself.

"Me too." Samantha spotted Paul's house in the shadows ahead. "You know which room is his?" She looked over at Noah.

"Yeah, it's in the back. We hung out a few times years ago." Noah took out his binoculars. They had one pair for the four of them. But if there was nothing to see, it wouldn't matter much. He didn't know if he wanted to confirm his dream or not. Dread formed a pit in his stomach. He would soon have answers to his questions. "This way." He led them into the back yard.

