

A detailed illustration of a pregnant woman in profile, facing right. She has reddish-brown hair styled in an updo with a matching hat. She is wearing a dark red, long-sleeved Victorian-style dress with ruffles and a large floral brooch on the chest. Her hands are gently resting on her belly. The background is a soft, light purple with subtle sparkles.

CHAPTER 6 PART 3

THE HAUNTING OF
PALMER MANSION

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

Chapter 6 Part 3

Illustrations by TenderMinDD

Written by RawlyRawls

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This is a reboot of an earlier illustrated version of this novel.

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Daniel burst in the front door after school. His sister still trudged up the front walk behind him. "Mom?" He walked into the entry room and looked around. Something caught his eye to the left. Something white on the floor outside the locked door. He walked over to it and looked down. Drawn on the floor in white power was a crude bird with an arrow in its claw.

"What's that?" Brittney walked up next to her brother and looked down.

"That will rid us of our little ghost, problem. Supposedly." George descended the stairs and looked down at his kids. "There's a few of those symbols around the house. Don't disturb them or face the wrath of your mother."

"This is weird, Dad." Brittney looked over at her father.

"I agree. I'll have a little talk with the pastor about it on Sunday." George got to the bottom of the stairs. "Until then, don't mess with the salt pictures. They won't harm anything."

"Sure, Dad." Brittney said.

"Sure." Daniel kept his eyes on the symbol. Until he saw Eloise again, he'd worry. She had told him everything would be fine, but this sort of symbolism seemed ... well, Daniel wasn't sure, but it was certainly more than he'd expected.





Daniel let his sister wander off to do homework, and his dad went back to work on the house. He wandered around and found more symbols in the library, and in front of the fireplaces in his room and the main living room. He also found his mom jogging on the treadmill in the basement. He froze when he saw her wide hips and side-boob bouncing with each stride. Even in an oversized t-shirt and baggy shorts, she was a splendid sight.

“Hi, Mom.”

“Oh, hello, pumpkin.” Julie looked over her shoulder at him and caught him staring at her butt. She didn’t remember Brad checking her out that way when he was a teenager. Then again, she hadn’t ever done naughty things with Brad. She blushed and turned her head forward again. “Did Dad tell you about the symbols?”

“Yeah, Mom.”

“We should be free and clear of the Palmers now. Everything will go back to normal.” Julie frowned at that and hit the button to stop the treadmill. If things were going to go back to normal, why was her body still so darn curvy? She’d resisted buying new clothes in the day since she’d made that

bargain, but at the very least she’d need some new bras soon. Her poor boobs ached and were spilling out of the sports bra under her shirt. Maybe she’d need some new pants, too. She couldn’t even fit into any of her jeans now.

“I hope not.” Daniel realized he still had his backpack on. He slipped out of it and dropped it by the stairs.

“What do you mean?” The treadmill came to a full stop and beeped. Julie had to do a double take at her seven-minute-thirty-eight-second per mile average. She hadn’t run like that since she was a girl in high school track.

“The Samatars seemed very professional. I think we can put all this behind us.” She grabbed her hand towel and wiped off her sweaty face.

“Mrs. Palmer is helping us, Mom.” Daniel closed the distance between them. He could smell her sweat from several feet away. It smelled like raw energy. He loved it. “And speaking of help, I need some assistance with my ...”

“Not a chance, Danny.” Julie kept her back to him, towel still up to her face. “I do feel a sense of clear headedness since the Samatars did their thing. I think what we did was very wrong. Maybe we should sit down and talk about -” Julie sucked in her breath as she felt hands sliding down her hips. “What are you doing?”

"I'm taking some advice, Mom." Daniel reached around Julie and dug his fingers into the front of her pelvis. He pulled her back against the hard dick in his pants.

"My, gosh," Julie whispered. "It's really hard, isn't it?"

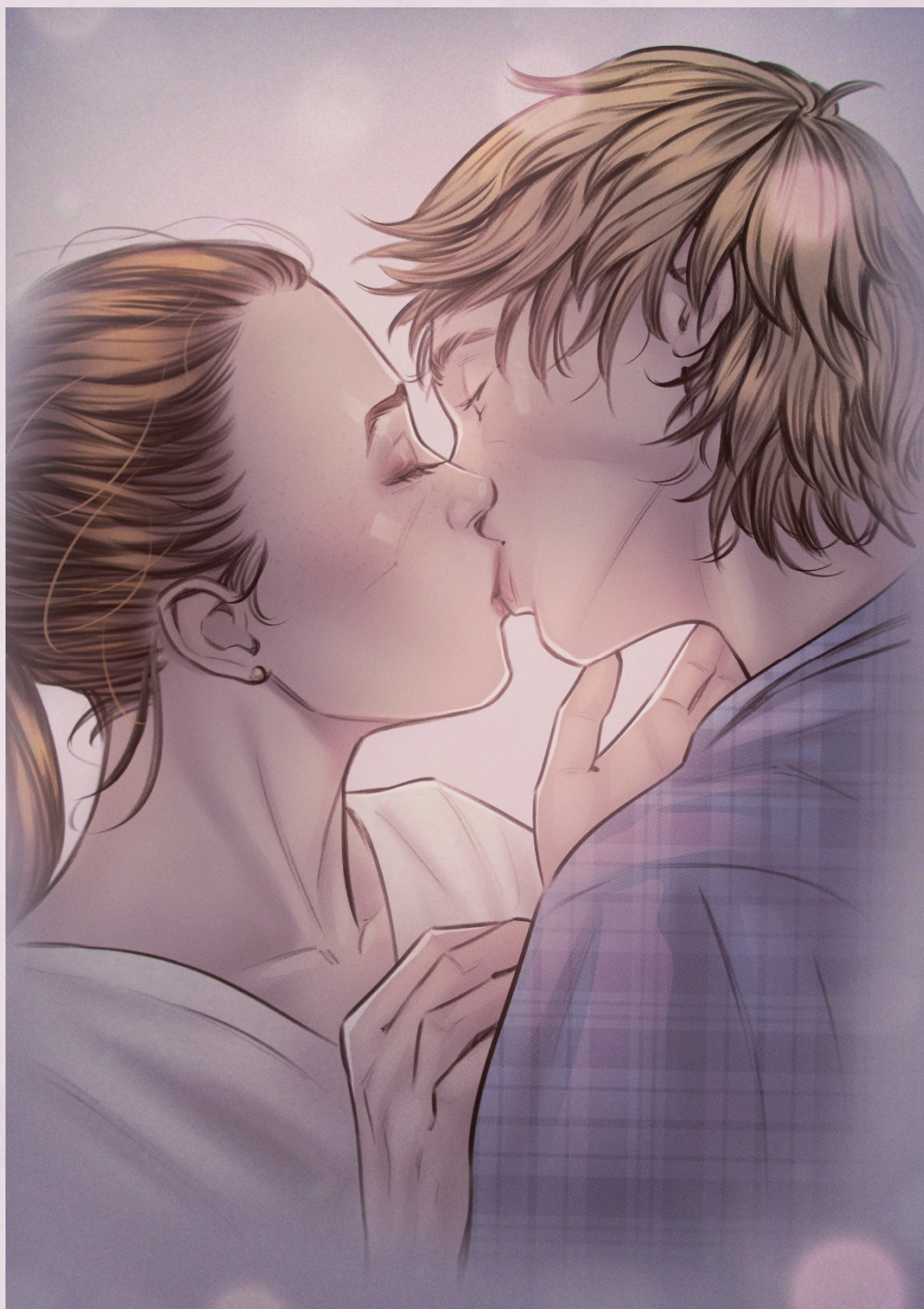


"Yeah, Mom." Daniel moved his hips and rubbed against the back of her shorts. His hands wandered northward and cupped her breasts through her shirt and sports bra. This level of assertiveness didn't feel natural, but he didn't want to be the gelding like Eloise had said. "You can just use your boobs again. We don't need to have sex."

"I can't ..." Julie shut her eyes. All her focus went to that goliath pressed up against her backside. "I can't think straight. I thought we could move on ... from this ... but ..." Her son's hands were so forceful as they kneaded her breasts. She could clearly feel how deeply he desired her. His own mother. Heaven help them. She turned around in his arms and she looked down at his gentle blue eyes. "Not here, sweetie. Anyone could walk down those stairs any minute."

"I love you, Mom." Daniel leaned up and gently nibbled at her soft, full lower lip. His tongue entered her mouth and soon they were making out.

"Mmmmmmm." Julie wanted to tell him how much she loved him, too. But she didn't want to break their kiss. Her hands moved around his shoulders as he groped and rubbed her back. They kissed for a good long while.



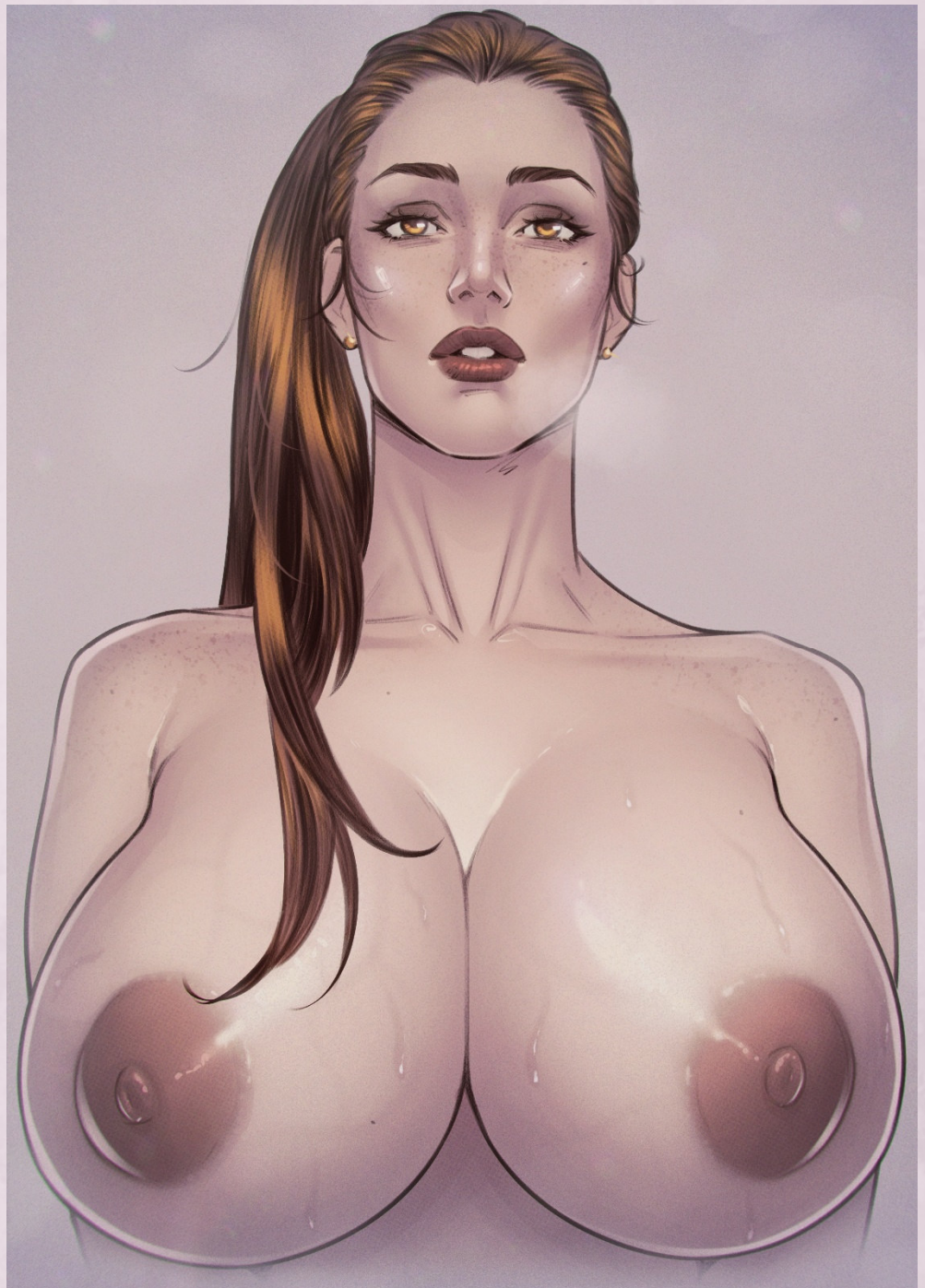
Eventually, she pulled back. "Not in here, I said." She took his hand and led him toward the door to the utility half of the basement, where the washer and dryer and other mechanicals were. She noticed he still walked with a slight limp, but he seemed much better. He'd healed very fast, it seemed. She opened the door, turned on the light, and they walked into the unfinished room. She closed the door behind them.

"Thanks, Mom. I really appreciate the help." Daniel pulled down his underwear and pants and left them on the concrete floor. He walked over to the washing machine and pulled himself up so he was sitting on top. He took off his shirt and dropped it. His dick stood out proudly, the dark-purple head swaying side to side slightly with his elevated pulse. "Here?"

"Yes." Julie wanted to make eye contact with her son, but her gaze was drawn to that monster between his legs. She pulled off her shirt and then she pulled off her sports bra. A chill ran through her as her sweaty boobs were exposed to the cool basement air. She walked to her son. "There's something magical about you, Danny. I never thought ..." She stopped in front of the washing machine and took hold of his penis. "I just never thought." Her hands stroked him up and down.

"You're so beautiful." Daniel's eyes moved from Julie's full boobs, with their large, pink nipples and small areola, up to the mesmerized expression on her pretty face.

Soon, Julie was bent at the waist, enveloping her son's thing with her breasts. She performed the act like she'd done with him before, a hand held to the outside of each boob, pressing them up and down. She spit down on that purple head for lubrication. She took a peek up at Daniel's face. Judging from his expression, she guessed that she'd become pretty good at this new sex act. "What a good boy," she breathed. She didn't have a towel with her to soak his seed up. Well, she supposed she'd have to swallow it all up. Nothing to be done about that. She stroked him like that for more than ten minutes.



"It's not ... uh ... uh ... coming out, Mom." Daniel's face was red and he grunted as he worked hard to hold back his orgasm. "Can I put it ... inside you again?"

"No sex, Danny." Julie shook her head and watched the monstrous organ sliding between her breasts. "I am not going to cheat on your father again. Can you imagine what he'd do if he found out?"





“Yeah, he’d go crazy.” Daniel didn’t mention that he thought his dad would probably go crazy if he caught his wife giving their son a titjob, too. Daniel considered the lies everyone tells themselves. “Can I just put the tip in? Please?”

“I said no, mister.” Julie looked up into his sweet face. She could see sweat dripping down his forehead. “No whining. You should be happy I’m doing this for you.”

“I am.” Daniel put his hands on his mom’s shoulders. He could feel her little muscles working as she worked her boobs up and down with her arms. “Sorry.” He tried to focus on enjoying the titjob. It was, after all, miraculous in and of itself.

At that moment, Eloise descended the basement stairs on bare feet. Her bustled dress trailed behind her. She wore her red hair up, with a fashionable little hat pinned just off center. She entered the basement and looked to her left.

One of those ghastly symbols glowed a pallid green at her from the floor by the fireplace. This one showed a crude frog holding a trident. Eloise stepped over to the thing and tried to annihilate the frog by spreading the salt with her foot. But she found she could not touch the thing. She crossed her arms and frowned. The frog symbol stared back up at her. Why did it glow in such a sickly way? Eloise turned away from the symbol and silently crossed the basement. She would eventually put the Samatars in their place. But first, she needed to help Daniel. The door to the unfinished half of the basement silently opened and Eloise stepped through. She could hear the slick wetness of Julie's breasts as she tried to bring her son to completion. Eloise caught Daniel's eye as she shut the door behind her, but Julie was too busy staring at his steed to notice the entry of a third wheel. Eloise smiled at Daniel and held her finger up to her pink lips for silence. She then stalked across the floor until she was right behind Julie.



"Are you close?" Julie's arms were tiring.

"Almost." Daniel watched Eloise as she sank to her knees behind his mother, cradling her swollen belly.

"Oh." Julie gave a start and stopped stroking Daniel with her breasts. "Something cold on my back. Ohhhh." Julie shivered and felt her shorts and panties drop to the floor. "How?" Julie tried to turn around, but Daniel's grip on her shoulders tightened and he held her facing him.

"It's Mrs. Palmer," Daniel whispered.



“Oh, no. She was supposed to be ... oooooohhhhhh.” In one motion, those freezing hands spread Julie’s legs and pulled her butt up so she was bent further at the waist. Then a shock of pleasure spread through her as something amazing happened to her vagina. “What is she doooooinnnnnggggg?” But Julie knew. She could feel those hands of ice, one on each butt cheek. And she knew the frigid thing squirming along her vaginal lips was another woman’s tongue. For the second time in her life, and the second time in two days, someone was giving her oral sex.

“Wow, Mom, she’s eating you out.” Daniel could just see Eloise’s hat and her perfect hair bob behind his mother’s ass.

“Language ... Daniel ... uh ... uh ... don’t ...” Julie’s mind trailed off. Her hands dropped her boobs and grabbed her son’s penis. Her mouth descended and she took the head into her mouth. As pleasure surged through her from that icy tongue, she bounced her head with short strokes.

After a few minutes, Eloise backed off Julie’s nethers and stood. “She’s ready, now. Hop down from there.”

“Okay.” Daniel pulled his dick out of his mom’s mouth and slid off the washing machine. He stood next to his panting mother as she put her hands on the edge of the machine and tried to focus her mind.

“You have the tool of an animal, Danny.” Eloise spread Julie’s legs a little more and lowered her hips so that Daniel could line up from behind. “Take her like an animal.” Eloise smacked Julie’s backside and enjoyed the sound that reverberated around the Spartan room.

“Just the tip?” Daniel got behind his mother and looked down at her wide hips and gorgeous pale ass.

“Enough with that nonsense, lad.” Eloise then slapped Daniel’s little ass. The sound was not the same. “Take her like you mean it.”

“Here I go, Mom.” Daniel lined up his dick with her pink pussy lips. Clear precum mixed with Julie’s own secretions.



"I don't think we ... uuuuuggggghhhhhh." Julie's muscles spasmed as inch after inch slid into her. She gripped the edge of the washing machine as tightly as she could. Her son's monster was a key and she was the accepting lock. They were made to be like this. "Be ... gentle."

"Do not be gentle." Eloise leaned against the dryer and watched the couple. Such pure beauty to see this God-fearing mother falling and falling.

"Okay." Daniel grabbed Julie's hips and held tightly. Once he was all the way in, he pulled most of the way out and slammed back in. He watched the ripples spread on Julie's ass and listened to her grunt. He slammed her again and again. At first there was no rhythm, but then he fell into a predictable meter with each violent thrust. Daniel willed his orgasm away, he wanted to plow his mom like this forever. He could see the sides of her breasts swinging below her and the little muscles on her back tensing and relaxing with each thrust she absorbed.

"I'm ... I'm ... You're going to make me ... ooooooohhhhhhhh." Julie didn't have much of a singing voice, but she sounded practically operatic as she orgasmed, head flailing side to side.

"Her hair, dearie. Take her hair." Eloise clapped and cheered them on.

"You ... feel ... so ... good ... Mom." Daniel let go of her hip with his right hand and took a pile of Julie's brown hair in his fist. He pulled her back so that she looked up at the ceiling and arched her back.

"Oh ... oh ... nobody ... nobody ... has ..." Julie was losing her mind. Daniel had complete control over her. She came again and again as he took her like he owned her. In the back of her mind, she knew this wasn't the sweet boy she raised. That the house, that Eloise, had influenced him and seduced him. But at the moment, she couldn't bring herself to care about anything but allowing him to use her as he needed.

"I'm getting ... close." Daniel's grip tightened on her hair. He looked down to see how grotesquely stretched her pussy was around his dick.

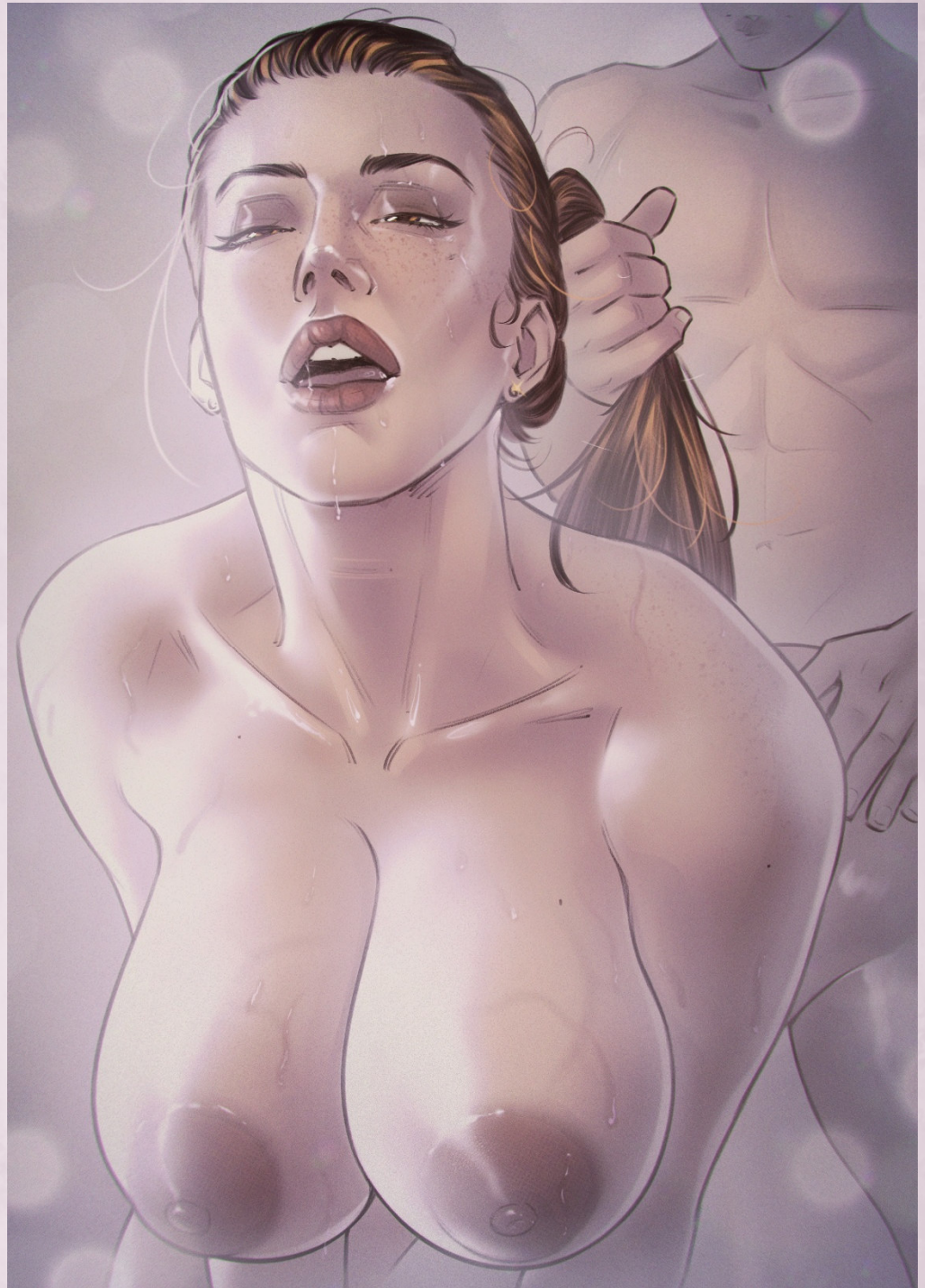
"Not ... inside." Julie trembled through another orgasm. She could feel her vagina gushing. Oh no, she was squirting again. The second time in her life. Before she could feel any shame, the orgasm carried her mind away.

"Wow." Daniel looked down as the concrete floor, his legs, and his dick were suddenly covered in liquid. Even with the extra lubrication, she was still so tight. He looked over at Eloise with a question written on his face.

"It's just the downstairs flood. It means she likes it. Now, listen to your mother, Danny." Eloise nodded firmly. "Not inside."

"Yes." Of course. How could Daniel ever consider cumming in his own mother? Things were changing so fast.

Eloise leaned forward and whispered in his ear, "Wait for permission on that one. One day she'll beg for it. We don't want any regression, do we?"



“Brad?” Daniel frowned. He hadn’t realized his brother was coming. That chased some of the high out of his brain. He hated his brother, but he loved his mom. He could see the worry in her eyes. “What do you need from me?”

“Help me clean and get dressed.” Julie walked over to the hamper and bent to look in. “I’ll get something to wipe us off first. We’ll both need a shower. Afterward, you can help me with dinner. Okay?”

“Sure, Mom.” Daniel gazed at her round butt as she bent over the hamper. The way her boobs hung down in front of her was so inviting. But he was a good son. He wouldn’t take her again however tempting it was. He’d help her clean and prepare. “Whatever you need.”

