

CHAPTER 7 PART I



THE HAUNTING OF  
PALMER MANSION

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

# The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

## Chapter 7 Part 1

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"So, you two are spending the night?" Julie looked over the dining table at Brad and Penelope.

"Yeah ... we'll go to church with you tomorrow ... so ..." Brad talked while chewing some steak.

"Don't talk with your mouth full, sweetie." Julie took a sip of wine. "It's not polite."

"Sorry." Brad took a minute to swallow the food in his mouth and then looked at his eighteen-year-old, little brother. "So, has freakazoid here been to the doctor about his mutated dangler?"

"Goodness." Julie placed her wineglass on the table with a hard thud. The red liquid sloshed inside it. She gave her eldest an icy look.

"Shut up, Brad." Brittney also gave her big brother a fierce stare. "You're such a bully."

Brad's wife, Penelope, gazed over at Daniel with a quizzical look on her face. Her brother-in-law was scrawny in all the places Brad filled out. Daniel had none of the muscles, or the height, that Brad had. But the teenager was also quite large where Brad was not. How odd. Life was full of strange juxtapositions. Daniel caught her staring, and Penelope blushed and turned her eyes to her plate. She brushed her blonde hair behind her shoulder and raised her fork, taking a dainty bite of Brussels sprout.

"I'm afraid Brittney's right." George wanted to intervene before the siblings went at each other's throats. "You should apologize to everyone at this table."

"Sorry." Brad smiled. He didn't look very sorry. "So, doctor or not?"

"We can't afford the doctor right now, and he's doing fine." Julie thought about how Daniel had taken her in the basement just hours ago. Her youngest son was certainly healthy. If anything, his parts worked too well.

"So, has it shrunk back down to normal size?" Brad leaned toward Daniel. "Or do you still got Frankenstein's package down there?"

Julie took a deep breath. George and Brittney glared at Brad. Penelope looked down at her plate.

"Frankenstein was the doctor, not the monster." Daniel met Brad's gaze. "I never thought I'd see you jealous, Brad."



"Jealous of a freak?" Brad let out a harsh, false laugh.

"That's enough, Brad." George really wanted to change the subject. How had his family devolved into insulting each other's bodies? "Let's talk about something else."

"I'm not a freak." Daniel was sick and tired of his brother's shit. "There's lots of guys with these issues. Mom even helped me find some new underwear that fit."

"You need help with your underwear?" Brad sneered. "What did she measure it for you, too?"

"No," Daniel whispered.

"It's no big deal." Julie looked at her husband. "I've always bought underwear for the children."



"Yeah." George had known about the new underwear, but didn't like the suggestion that Julie had measured Daniel. George wished he didn't care. All bodies were God's work, after all. But try as he might, he wasn't comfortable with Daniel's size. It felt ... dangerous somehow. "Of course she helped Daniel with an uncomfortable situation. The teenage years are awkward. I remember. I'm sure you remember, Brad. You're all lucky you have a mother willing to help you with anything."

This last statement caught Julie mid-sip, and she coughed up her wine, spraying it on the table cloth.

George patted her back. "You okay?"

"Yeah, just got something down ... the wrong pipe." Julie's face was very red. "Let's talk about something else."

"Of course, dear." Nothing would make George happier. The less he thought about that situation the better. "You've upset your mother, Brad. We'll hear no more about this."

"Sure, Dad." Brad nodded and eyed his little brother. "Sorry." He smiled his wolfish smile.

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The labyrinth was a cold, dark place with slate-gray walls. Julie raced down one corridor after the next, stopping at dead ends and taking random turns. Her naked form shook with each stride. Her unsupported boobs ached as they bounced, forcing her to run with her arms pressed firmly on her bosom. Cold sweat dripped down her neck and spine.

Something followed her. With each false turn and dead end, she felt the thing draw closer. The chase felt like an unwinding ball of thread. She rapidly approached the vanishing center.

A hand shook her shoulder. "Julie. Wake up Julie," a voice whispered in her ear.

"Danny?" Julie's eyes shot open. She was in bed with her husband snoring next to her. Soft starlight filtered in from their bedroom window casting deep shadows throughout the room. Julie sucked in her breath. A redheaded woman stood over her, with her cold hand resting on Julie's naked shoulder.

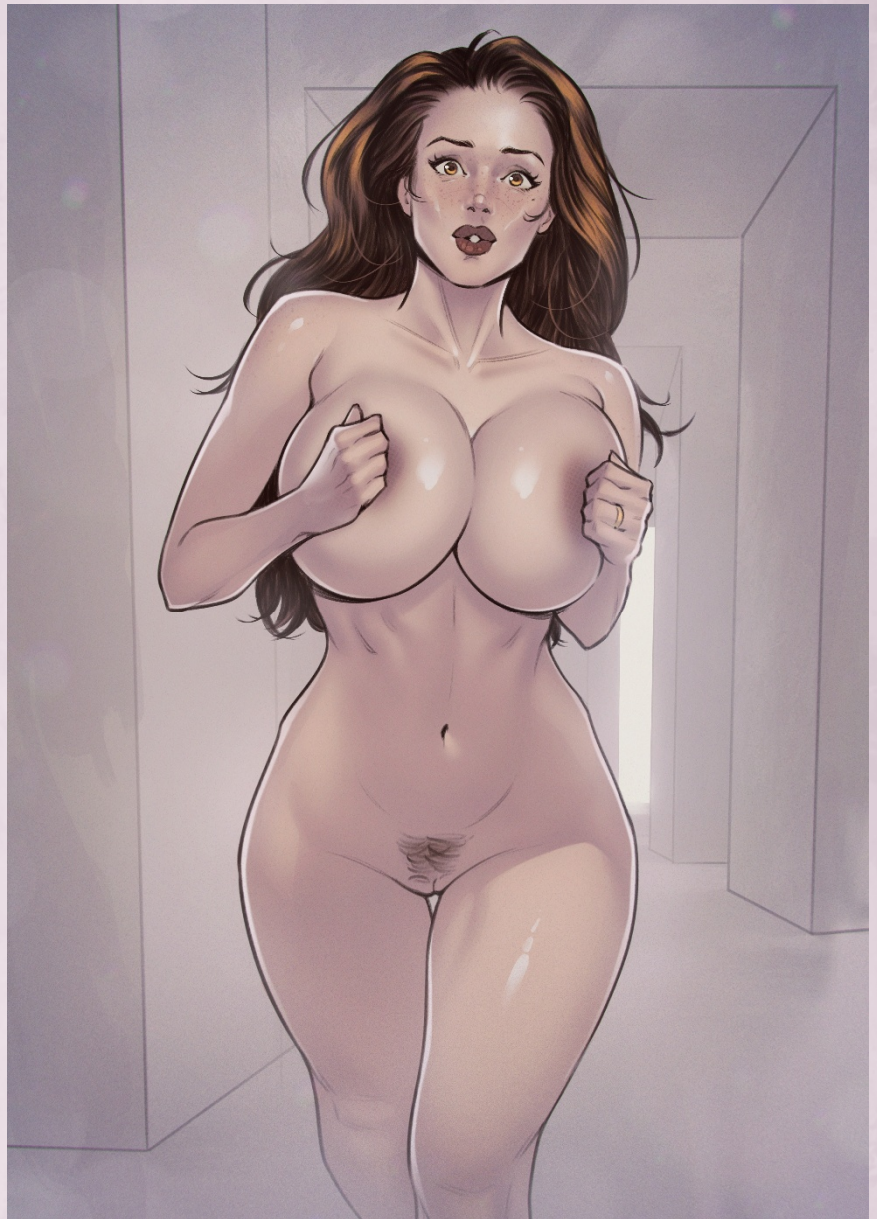
"No. Not Danny. It's me." Eloise gave the wife a reassuring smile. "You were having night terrors and I couldn't bear to watch you suffer through it."

"I thought the Samatars sent you away," Julie whispered. She pulled her blanket up to her chin.

"They tried their best, dearie. Don't fault them for their failures." Eloise removed her hand from Julie's shoulder and stood up straight. "Come with me, it's quite urgent." She turned and walked out of the bedroom.

"Wait. Wait." Julie whispered after the apparition. But Eloise disappeared down the hall. "Damn it." Julie slipped out of bed and threw on one of her husband's oversized flannel shirts. It hung open, exposing the valley between her newly enlarged breasts, but she didn't feel like she had time to button it. Julie raced out of the room and saw Eloise walking by the stairway railing to her right. Julie followed, holding her breasts as she had in her dream to keep them from bouncing about. Goosebumps covered her bare legs. The only thing she wore on her lower half was her panties. "Mrs. Palmer?" Julie called after the woman. "What happened to me? How do I fix it? You need to put things back to normal."

"That is what I've come to show you." Eloise looked over her shoulder. The long, dark Victorian dress disappeared into shadow as it trailed behind her. "Bond what was broken. Mend the stitches and return to form."



“What?” Julie hustled after Eloise. “You’re going to fix this? Fix these?” She emphasized the word *these* by squeezing her heavy boobs. Julie had almost caught up to the pregnant woman. She passed by her son’s closed bedroom door. She reached out to grab Eloise, but the woman vanished. Julie heard the toilet flush in the bathroom to her left. Julie stood in the hall dumbfounded.

The bathroom door opened with a flood of light and there stood Daniel humming the theme from Star Trek. He didn’t notice his mom in the hall as he wiped his hands on a towel and flipped off the light, dropping them into darkness again. He stepped into the hall without really looking where he was going and bonked into his



half-naked mother. “Mom?” Their bodies pressed up against one another. Blood rushed to his dick.

“Danny ... I was just ...” Julie stumbled when her son bumped into her. She held his shoulders for support. Eloise’s promise to return them to normalcy fell to the back of Julie’s mind as she now had Daniel’s warm, lithe body next to her. She turned to face him and looked down into his earnest blue eyes. She could barely see him in the gloomy hall. “I thought I saw –” But Daniel cut her off by planting a soft kiss on her lips. Within seconds, she was making out with her son. A moment ago, she had been on the verge of getting that apparition to reverse this, but now she couldn’t pull her tongue out of Daniel’s mouth. Her arms encircled his shoulders and she felt his hands slide onto her butt. There was so much desire in the way he grabbed her and pulled her hips toward him. Even though he’d already spurted all over her back earlier that day, he was so hard. Julie lost herself in their kiss.

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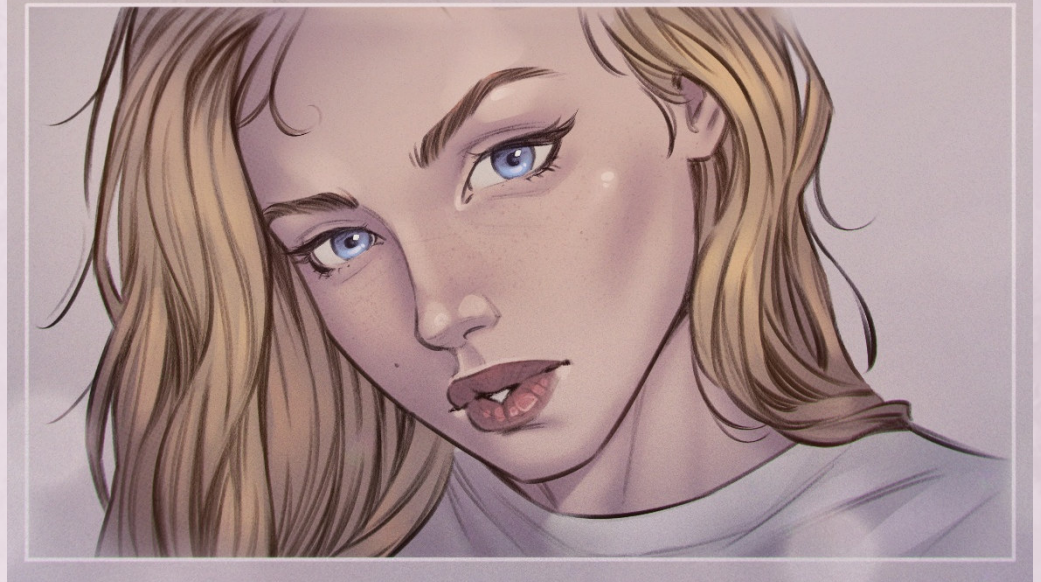
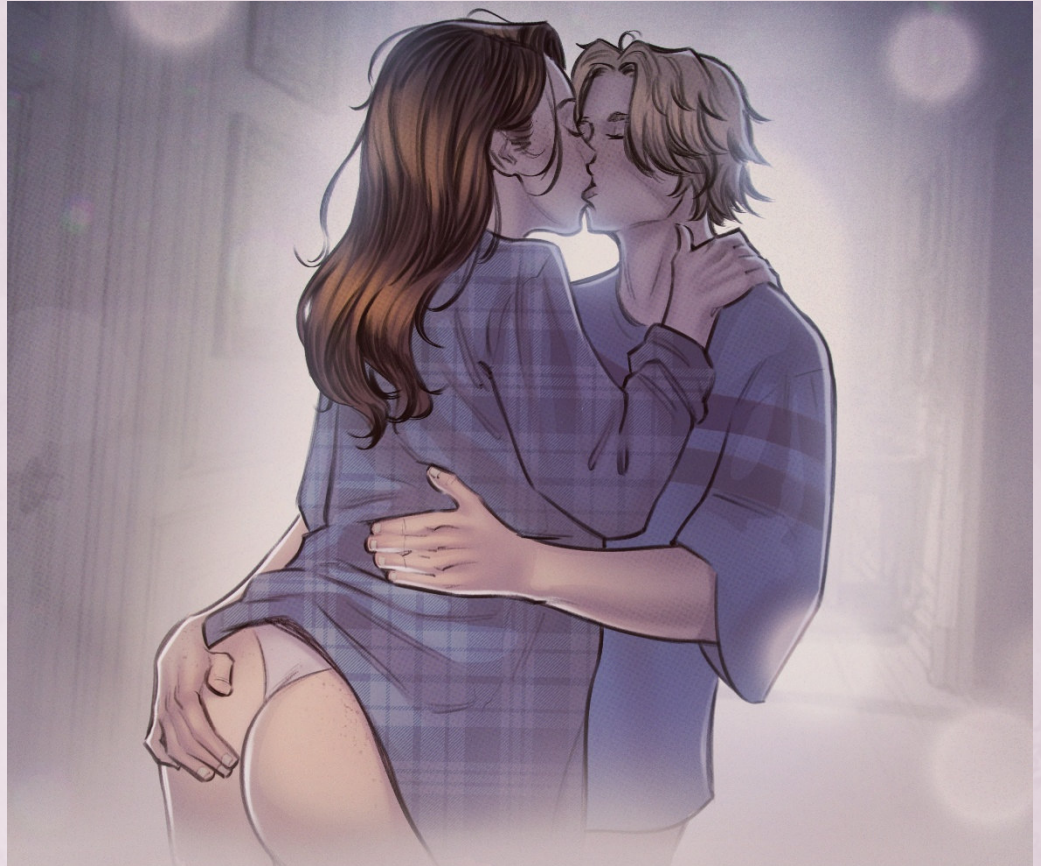
The memory of a tall man in a top hat menaced Penelope as she woke from a deep sleep. Her eyes opened with a start. She put her hand on her husband's strong chest and felt him sleeping soundly. Her heartbeat slowed. Then, without a thought, she was out of bed and up on her feet. She tugged at the hem of the oversized t-shirt she slept in and wandered toward the bedroom door.

There was something. Something out in the hall. Penelope had to look and see. She struggled with the doorknob, vision still blurred from sleep. She got the door open and stepped into the hall. George and Julie's bedroom door stood open, which was odd. Then she heard something down at the other end of the hall. Penelope rubbed her eyes, but couldn't quite make out what she was seeing in the gloom. Two people seemed to stand in the shadows very close together. What were they doing?

This house had crept Penelope out from the start. But as her vision cleared, creepy turned to something more daunting. A pit formed in her stomach. That couldn't be her mother-in-law down at the other end of the hall? Penelope squinted at the figures and decided it was. There stood Julie pressed up against a shorter man. They embraced. Oh, my God. As her eyes took in more of the spectacle, she realized she was seeing Daniel and Julie kissing like a couple of lovebirds.

"Stop, that's ... that's ... just stop," Penelope tried to shout at them, but her words came out a garbled, scratchy whisper. Nothing in her life had prepared her for this kind of shock. Julie Anderson was a righteous Christian woman. How could she?

The lovers at the end of the hall seemed to float further away. Penelope took an unsteady step. She needed to put an end to this. But everything turned darker. She realized she was going to faint.



Out of the darkness, a naked, pregnant woman strode toward Penelope. The woman's red hair flowed down around her shoulders and she cradled her pale, bulging belly. "The bond, the pact, the contract made," the woman said. "We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation, good Penelope."

"What? No," Penelope croaked. The whole world slipped. She took one more step and toppled over onto the cold hardwood. In the bedrooms on either side of her, George and Brad slept soundly. Sprawled in the hall, Penelope found a cold, dreamless sleep, too.

