

CHAPTER 7 PART 2



THE HAUNTING OF  
PALMER MANSION

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

# The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

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Neither Daniel nor Julie noticed Penelope at the other end of the hall. They were too caught up with each other. Even as the young woman fell to the floor, they didn't hear or see her.

"Mmmmmpphhh." Julie broke the kiss with her son. "We have to stop." She looked down to see the flannel shirt had fallen open and her breasts were now exposed.

"A little more, Mom. Please?" Daniel bent a little, leaned forward, and took her warm nipple into his mouth. He rolled it around with his tongue.

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Julie cradled his head with her left hand, pushing him up against her boob. "Okay, sweetie. Just a little more."

Daniel pulled off her shirt and moved his hands to her hips. He maneuvered her backwards down the hall and then into his bedroom. All the while, sucking her breast. He closed his door with his foot and pushed her back to his bed. When they arrived, Julie fell backwards onto the sheets.

"We can't keep doing this, Daniel." Julie leaned up on her elbows and watched Daniel pull off his tight boxers. Seeing that long, fat penis with all its bulging veins and its discolored head made Julie wonder how she wasn't frightened of the thing. She should have been frightened. But instead, all she felt was awe and longing.

"I know we can't keep doing this, Mom." Daniel felt in control as he looked down at her curving body. Her tits hung out to the sides perfectly. Her hips arched out with extraordinary grace from her waist. He could just see the top of her brown bush as she pressed her legs together. "But we should enjoy this thing we have for at least a little while longer. The bible says there is nothing better for a man than to eat and drink and tell himself that his labor is good. Right?" Daniel spread her legs and dropped to his knees on the floor next to his bed. He pulled her panties aside and gazed with reverence at the protruding pussy lips.





“What does Ecclesiastes have to do with ... oh ... oh ... oooohhhhhhhhh.” Julie threw her head back on the mattress as her son’s tongue explored her vagina. “Oh, gosh, Danny. You’re ... eating and drinking meeeeeeee.” An orgasm rapidly approached. How had she lived her whole life without asking anyone to go down on her? How would she live the rest of her life once her family went back to normal? Would George do this for her? “You’re going to ... make me ... explode.” Julie’s whole body trembled and she gripped the sheets tightly with fists on either side of her hips. If his tongue felt this good inside her and on her lips, what would it be like if and when he found her clit? Julie couldn’t fathom it. “Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Her eyes lost focus and she came on Daniel’s tongue, her hips bucking on the mattress.

Hearing his mom squeal out her orgasm, Daniel lifted his head and wiped off his mouth. He roughly maneuvered the quivering Julie into the middle of the bed, got between her legs, and lined up his cock. Some part of his mind called out to him to quit this while he still

could. But those thoughts were drowned out by the pulsing, howling animal id that urged him on. Watching her slick entrance, he slipped the head of his dick inside her and smiled at how it so easily distorted her pussy.

“Danny, are we ...?” Julie came down from her orgasm to find herself pinned by Daniel’s monster. He was going to mate her again, and there was nothing she could do about it. The penis sunk into her, and she found that there was nothing she wanted to do about it. He filled her up so perfectly. As his balls came to rest on her butt, she felt the tip of his thing nudging at her very soul. “If we keep doing ... it ... we’ll never be able ... to stop.” Julie grunted and felt that magical tool slide in and out of her. “How does this keep ... happening?”

"I don't know, Mom." Daniel looked down into her soft, brown eyes with pure adoration as he pumped her pussy. "But I love you." He knew in that moment that whatever Eloise gave him, or any other women that came into his life in the years ahead, nothing could replicate the pure rapture of bonding with his mother.

"I love you ... so much ... Danny. I would do ... anything ... mmmppphhh." Her words were lost as his handsome face descended and he kissed her again. Their bellies slapped together, his trim and flat, hers more supple and curved. George had never kissed her with such passion or longing. Oh, no, poor George. The thought of her husband was almost enough to break the spell. But then Daniel rolled his tongue around hers and shoved her organs around with his tool, and she lost herself in rapture again.

Daniel broke their kiss and lifted himself up so he could look down on Julie again. He placed his hands behind her knees and held her legs open. He could see Julie's belly bulging with each stroke. It was mesmerizing. "Look, Mom. Look what I'm doing to you."

"What?" Julie looked up at him and saw where he was looking. She lifted her head and looked past her wobbling breasts down to her tummy. "Oh, gosh ... Oh, gosh. How can that ... be?" She could see his thing protruding underneath her flesh as he bottomed out each time. The sight of her deforming belly sent her over the edge. She lost herself in another orgasm.

More than twenty minutes, and several orgasms later, Julie sensed that Daniel was close. "Not ... uh ... uh ... inside." Julie opened her eyes and looked up as Daniel still held her legs, sweat dripping off his nose and landing on her chest. She scarcely recognized his cute, sweet face as it twisted with purpose and desire. "Not ... inside ... please."





“Okay.” Daniel pulled out of her and fapped his dick for all he was worth. He looked down at Julie, her hair damp with sweat, her mouth hanging open with something akin to reverence, her breasts heaving with each breath. “You’re ... so ... perfect ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Cum blasted out of him and sailed through the air. It splashed down on her boobs, stomach, face, and hair.

Julie closed her eyes and accepted his seed all over her. There was so much of it. She felt spurt after spurt land and she listened as Daniel’s groans died down. Eventually, he finished and she wiped the sperm out of her eyes. “You are some sort of miracle, Daniel Gregory Anderson.” She opened her eyes and was happy to see the look of complete satisfaction on his face.

“I’m so lucky, to have you.” Daniel slumped forward. He didn’t care if she was covered in his cum. He wanted to lay his head on her breast, have her arms surround him, and drift off to sleep.

“No you don’t, mister.” Julie held up a hand and caught his chest, stopping him from lying down. “If we fall asleep in here ...” She looked down at

herself. “... covered in your stuff ...” She sat up and moved to the side of the bed. “... someone is going to catch us.” She stood and held her hand out to him. “We’re lucky this is such a large house and the Andersons are heavy sleepers. It’s shower time, pumpkin. Let’s get cleaned off.”

“Sure, Mom.” Daniel took her hand and let her lead him across the hall into the bathroom.

Of course, Julie shouldn’t have been surprised by what happened next. Once the shower was going, and they were rubbing each other’s bodies with soap, things got out of hand. Julie found herself on her knees lovingly sucking Daniel’s thing. The young man could just keep going and going. After a while, he unloaded in her mouth. She devoured all his salty seed.

They finished cleaning and each went back to their own bed. Julie curled up on her side next to her warm husband, her vagina stretched and her belly full of semen. How had it come to this? How was she going to rein them in? She drifted off to sleep thinking about her crazy day. Her son had taken her twice and she had loved every second of it.

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George sat on a horse, the saddle creaking under him as he adjusted his weight. He'd never ridden a horse before, so it was odd to sit on one. Before him a wide dirt road wended off through the prairie. His horse shuffled its feet with anxiety as it waited.

Behind him, the sound of hooves appeared and gradually grew louder. George turned his head to see a man in a top hat riding a midnight black horse up the long road. The man pulled the reins and stopped next to George. The horse and the man were quite large. So much so that George had to look up to see the man's pallid face. George's gaze hung on the dark drooping mustache and then moved up to his eyes. George had never seen eyes so devoid of light.

"You're a fool, Mr. Anderson." The man's voice was slow and gruff. He brushed at the lapel of his long, velvet jacket.

"Why?" George wanted to ride away from the man, but he didn't know how to make his horse move.

"You countenance the buck's face." He leaned forward and offered a grim smile.

"What?" George gulped and felt his throat constrict.

"Horns." The man shook his head and his smile drooped along with his mustache. "They saddle you with horns. They do it right under your nose."

"Who?" George wasn't usually a monosyllabic kind of person, but this man brought it out in him.

"Who am I?" The man reached up and briefly tipped his top hat at George. "Mr. Frederick Palmer at your service." His smile did not return. "Heed me. Or become the gelding." Frederick's eyes absorbed more and more light as darkness fell around them.

Soon, shadows spread across the prairie. George kicked his horse but it wouldn't budge. Frederick leaned toward him with malevolence written all over his stony face. George screamed and the dark moved upon him. There was nothing but black.



“No.” George sat up in bed with real fear in his heart. Cool morning sunlight fell in through his bedroom window. He put out his hand and felt his wife’s reassuring warmth next to him. Just a dream. Well, not a dream really. More of a nightmare. Maybe there was something to Julie’s fears about this house. George decided to be more supportive of his wife.

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When Penelope woke, she expected to find herself on the cold hallway floor. But instead, she was snug in the guest bed next to Brad. She peeked out from under the covers and could see their bedroom door firmly shut.

What a strange dream. Like in all dreams, things that made sense in the dead of night now seemed absurd. Julie kissing her own son? That was crazy. And a naked, pregnant lady roaming the halls talking about deals? That was bonkers. Penelope sighed and stretched.

There was one thing she couldn't quite figure out. Given that she'd dreamed about upsetting, perverted, and morally reprehensible things, why was her pussy so wet? As she fell back asleep, she pondered that fact. No answers came to her.

