

CHAPTER 7 PART 3



THE HAUNTING OF  
PALMER MANSION

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

# The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

## Chapter 7 Part 3

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Written by RawlyRawls

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Sunday afternoon rolled around and the family loitered in the main living room.

"The pastor said the church doesn't acknowledge ghosts or demons." George sat on the couch and watched his wife. She was still wearing her church dress with a cardigan over it. George eyed the little peep hole that her bust created between the fastened buttons. Her breasts looked ... bigger. "According to him, they don't exist."

"Okay." Julie nodded. "I just think we need to follow up with somebody else at the church. There has to be someone there that can help us."

"No more Samatars?" Brittney sat cross-legged on the floor.

"No, we'll have them back, too." Julie nodded. "I just want to get as much help as our budget will allow."

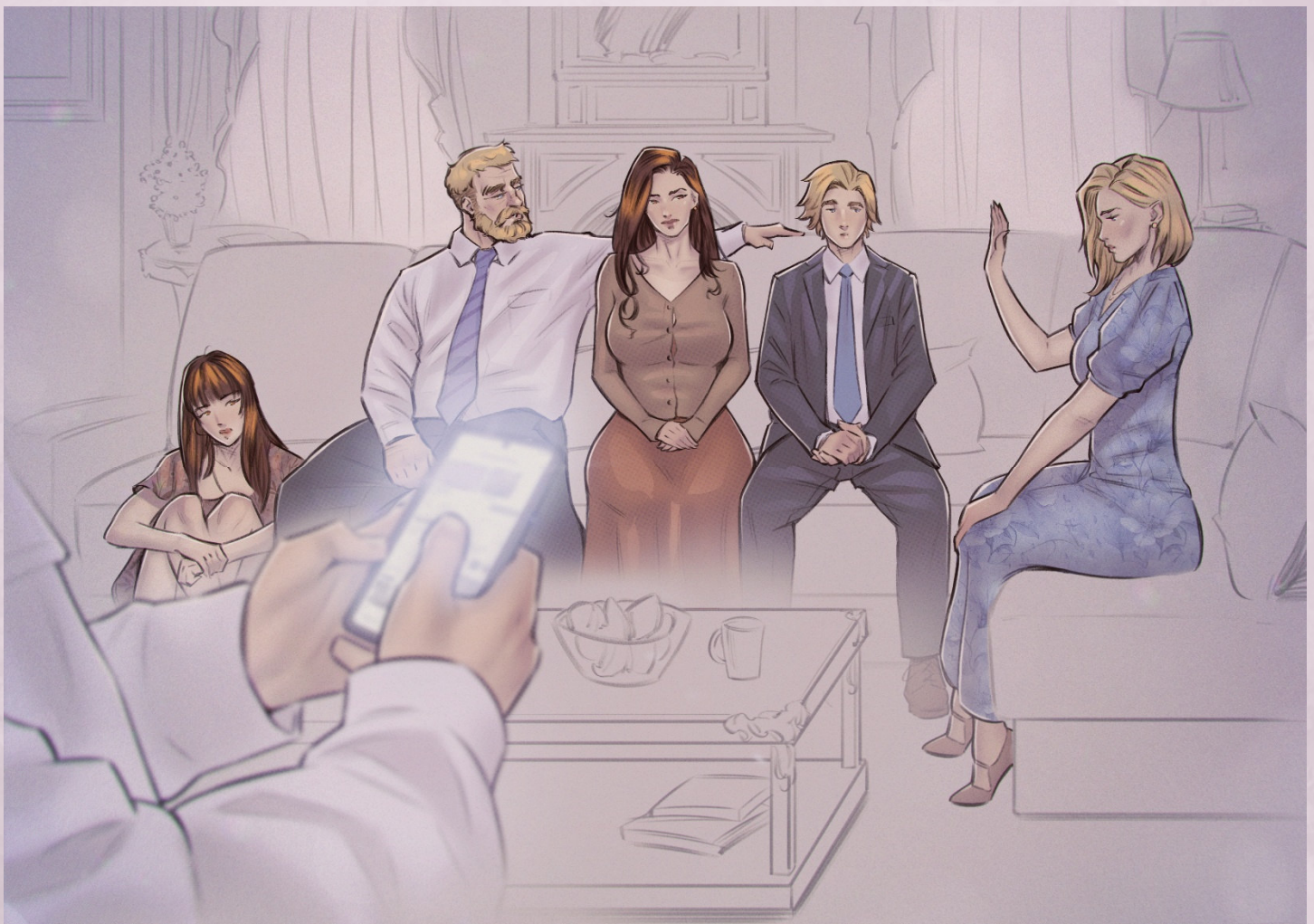
"What's our budget?" Brittney was surprised they had money for this.

"Well ..." Julie coughed. "Zero?"

"Maybe we could put a few dollars into this," George said.

Julie smiled at her husband and mouthed *thank you*. "Speaking of the Samatars, I've been meaning to ask who removed the symbol by the locked door?"

Penelope raised her hand on the end of the couch. "The sugar on the floor? I accidentally stepped on that, so I cleaned it up."



"It was salt." Julie eyed her daughter-in-law. The woman seemed even more shy around her than usual. "Did you *clean* any other symbols?"

Penelope shook her head.

"Well, I know it was an accident, but I'd like us all to leave the symbols be. Okay?" Julie sighed. She wondered if that destroyed symbol was why Eloise was free to move about the house last night.

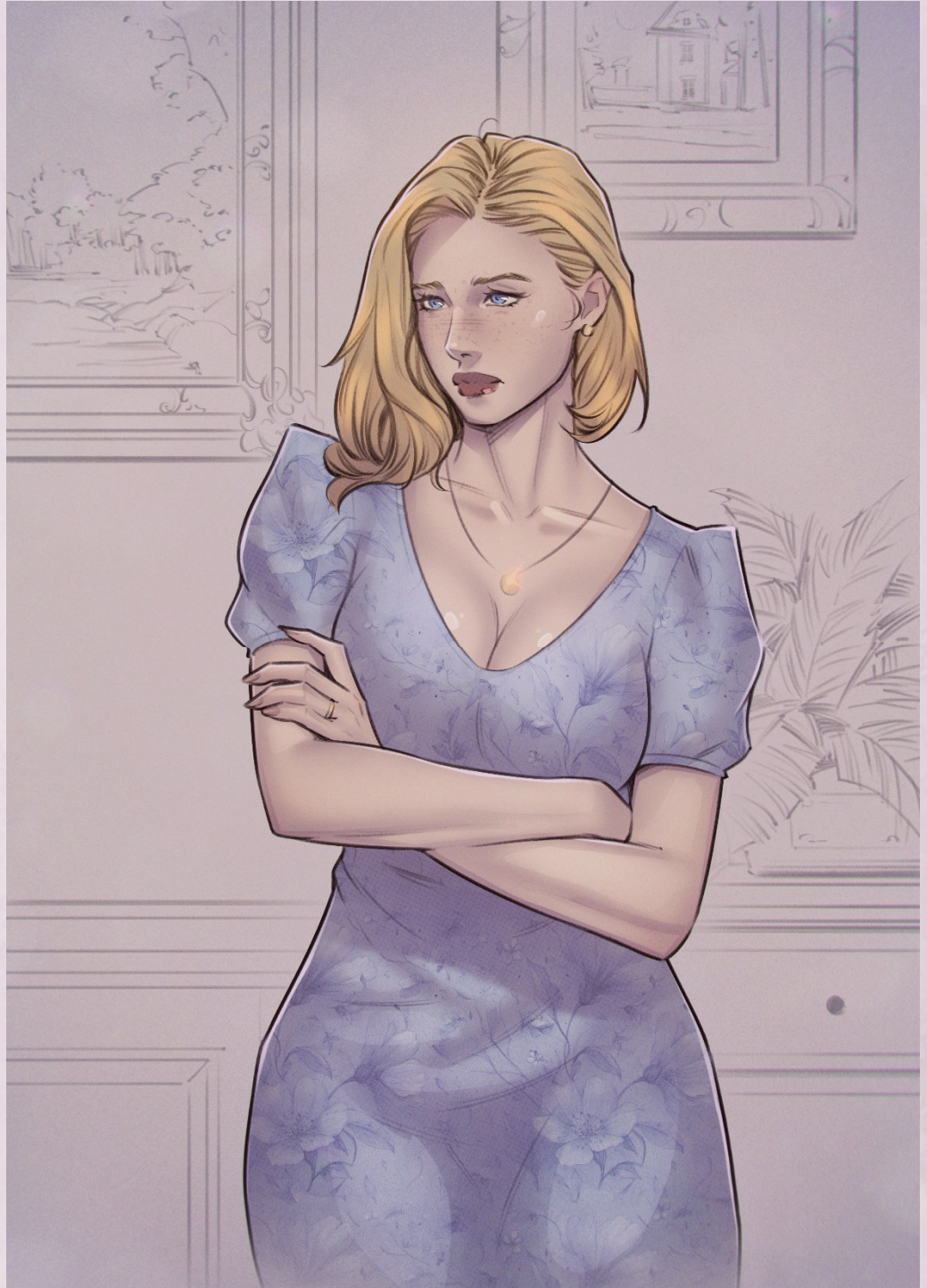
"Great job, Pen." Brad glared at his wife. "I told you Mom wanted to leave those things where they were." Brad reclined in a plush chair and moved his eyes back to his phone. "So, you're serious about these ghosts, Mom? Are you into this too, Dad?"

"Well, I want to make everyone comfortable."

George nodded. "And I have had some odd feelings in this house."

Penelope felt bad about upsetting Julie and her husband. Her confusion about the conversation just added to her stress. Tears filled her eyes. She stood and rushed out of the room. She still had on her church dress. The hem of it swished behind her as she moved. She stopped in the hallway and waited, hoping her husband would come to check and see if she was okay. When he didn't come out, tears really began flowing down her cheeks. She put her hands on her face and walked past the front door and eventually turned into the library. She found a comfortable chair and sat down. She felt so fragile since that crazy dream last night.

"Don't worry, dearie. They'll forgive you." A soft woman's voice carried through the room.





Penelope was suddenly very aware how little attention she'd paid her surroundings as she walked into the library. She removed her hands from her watery, blue eyes and brushed her blonde hair away from her face. Across from her in a chair sat a woman in a long, flowing dress. The woman sat very straight, and watched her with an expectant smile. Penelope took in the woman's red hair, freckles, and swollen belly. It was the pregnant lady from her dream. Was she dreaming again?

"Forgiveness is the fragrance that the violet sheds on the heel that has crushed it." The woman's smile was sympathetic and reassuring. "Mark Twain said that. Anyway, Julie will forgive your little cleaning spree. As for me, I'd like to thank you. You've done me a service and I intend to make recompense." The woman tilted her head and winked a green eye at Penelope.

"Who are you?" Penelope realized she'd been holding her breath. She exhaled.

"I am Mrs. Eloise Palmer." Eloise's smile broadened. Her face filled with warmth and generosity. "And you are the second Mrs. Anderson, are you not?"

"Well, yeah." Penelope's tears dried. "Sort of. I've only been an Anderson for a little while. I married Brad. I'm Penelope."

"A splendid acquaintance met." Eloise looked at a book she held open in her lap. "This is *First Love* by Ivan Turgenev. Do you know it?"

"I ... I ... don't read very much." Penelope started to feel faint again.

"A pity. A lovely woman reintroduced it to me recently." Eloise brushed her fingertip along the page, looking for a particular line. "I do believe it played a not inconsequential part in her fall."

"Her fall?" Penelope couldn't understand what was happening.

"Ah, here it is." Eloise read aloud, "*No! I cannot love people whom I find that I look down on. I need someone who would himself master me, but then, goodness me, I shall never come across anyone like that. I will never fall into anybody's clutches, never, never.*" Eloise looked up from the book. "That is you, is it not? You looked to your good husband to master you, but he cannot. You seek to fall into someone's clutches, but fear opportunities passed."

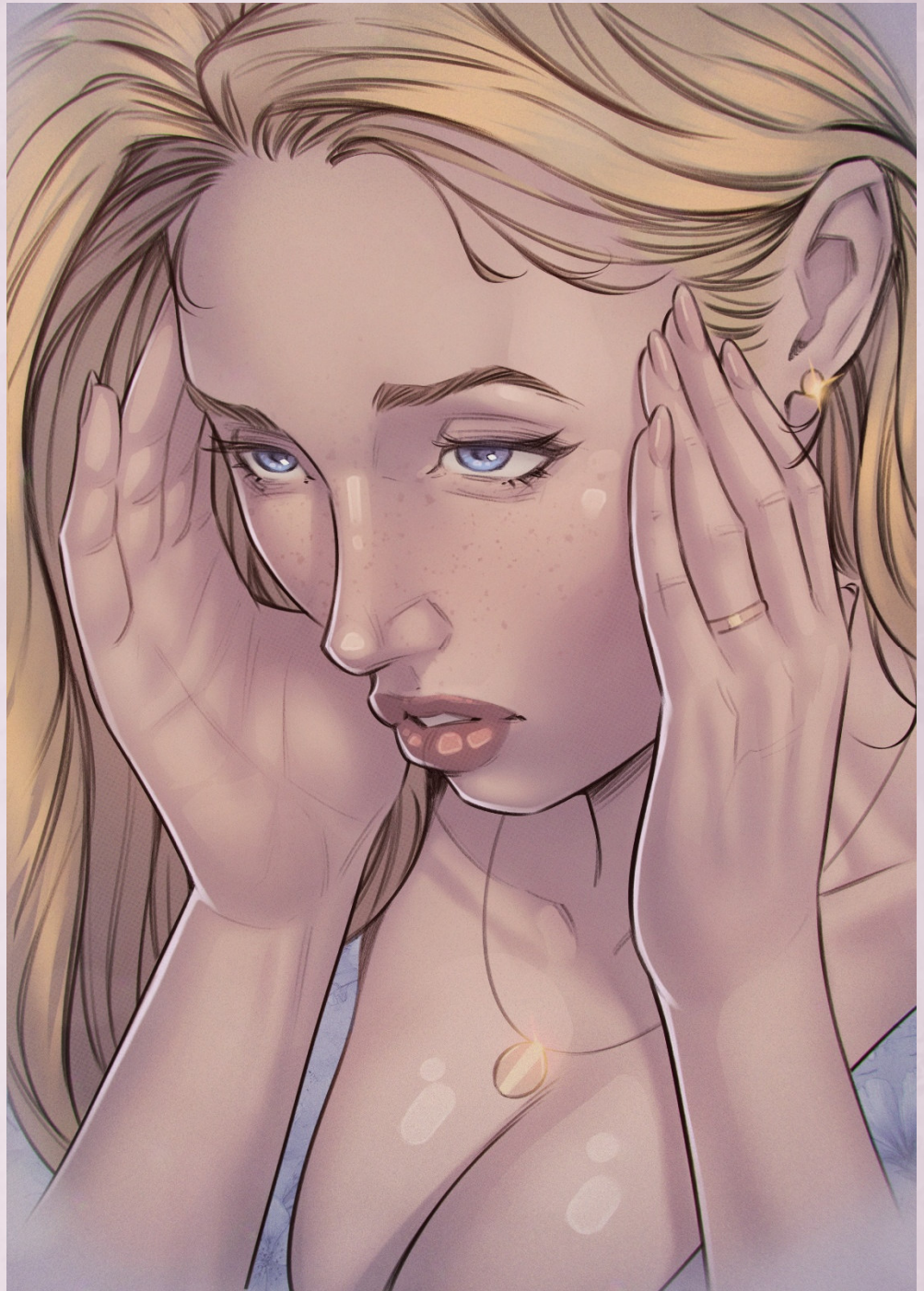
"Brad?" Penelope rubbed at her temples. "No. He ... I mean ... yes ... he takes care of me."

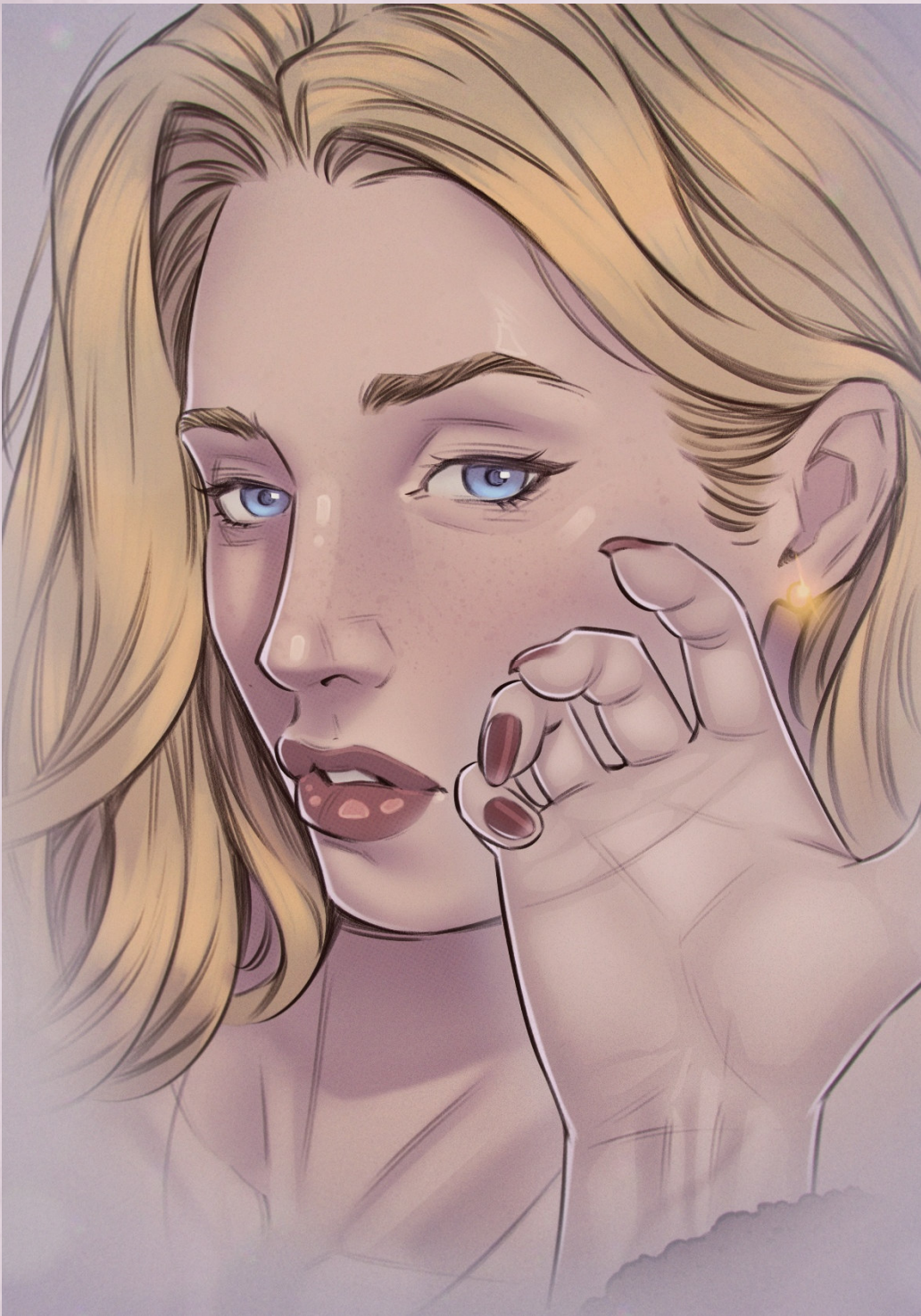
"You missed the mark when you picked him, but not by much. Where Brad fails another Anderson would succeed."

"Daniel?" Penelope arched her eyebrows in disbelief. "You're crazy. He's like my little brother."

"I can give you everything you've missed by wedding the lesser Anderson, dearie." Eloise closed the book and leaned in her chair closer to Penelope. "Pleasure you hadn't dreamed of. Belonging. Protection. You need only make the bond. You see, we paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation."

"I don't know what that means." Penelope instinctively crossed her arms over her chest, closing herself off to this woman.





"It means." Eloise stood, walked over to Penelope, and lightly touched her pink cheek with a frigid finger. "If you say yes to my offer, I will change your life for the better. Do say yes."

"No."

"Very well." Eloise dropped her hand and walked toward the door. "I thought you might have better sense than that." She stopped in the doorway and looked back. "I've had a thought. Let me give you a little taste of the world on the other side." Eloise chuckled to herself and disappeared down the hall.

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Daniel had watched Penelope leave the living room. He could tell she was crying, but no one else seemed to notice or care. He sat and listened to his family discuss how to rid the house of its haunting, but he stayed silent. The last thing he wanted was a successful exorcism.

After a while, Daniel stood and quietly exited the room. No one seemed to notice his exit either. He walked down the hall, checking rooms. Penelope's beauty and her pitying kindness toward Daniel made her difficult to talk to. But he did want to check on her. He still wore his suit from church. Daniel took off his jacket and slung it over a baluster at the bottom of the east stairs.

The library was where he finally found Penelope. She was sitting in an armchair and looking at the old faded wallpaper above the bookshelves.

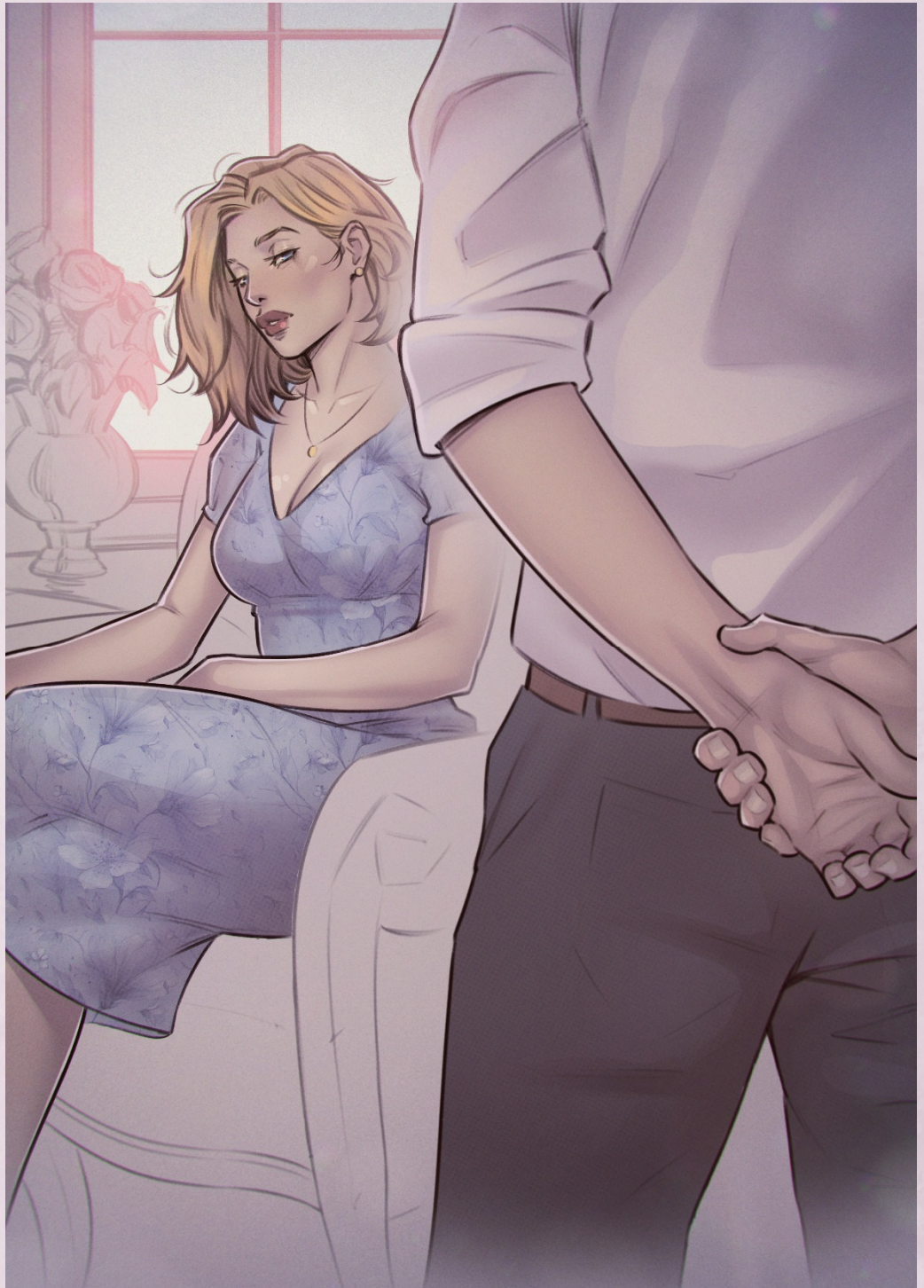
Daniel entered the room.  
"Penelope?"

"Jeez." Penelope gave a start and looked over at him. "You surprised me, Daniel." Her eyes were red from crying and she had a far-off expression as she watched him approach. Black mascara ran down her cheeks.

"Are you okay?" Daniel stopped next to her chair. He put his hands behind his back and clasped them. He could feel how sweaty his palms were.

"I thought Brad was coming for me, but it was you. Brad can be so stupid." Penelope waved her hand dismissively at Daniel, but accidentally brushed the bulge in his pants with her wedding ring. "Oh, sorry." She pulled her hand back like it had been bitten by a snake.

"It's okay." But it wasn't. Daniel could feel his dick swelling. "It was an accident."



Like iron to a magnet, Penelope's eyes locked in on the bulge in Daniel's pants. "It's so odd. You're so different from your brother. In every way."

"How so?" Daniel's breath came in short gasps. He looked down at her ample cleavage, exposed from his angle standing above her.



"Just that. That's all." Penelope caught movement out of the corner of her eye. She saw Eloise reenter the library and shut the door behind her. "Daniel. I don't mean to alarm you, but there's a strange woman in here with us. I think I'm dreaming. I had the strangest dream last night, and now here I am again. I must have fallen asleep in this chair."

Daniel looked over his shoulder. "That's just Mrs. Eloise Palmer. She's friendly, don't worry." He made eye contact with Eloise and the redhead nodded encouragement at him. Daniel knew what that meant. He had a chance with Penelope. His anxiety spiked as he thought about his mother's disapproval and Brad's probable homicidal reaction. Eloise nodded again and gave him a smile that filled him with confidence. It would be okay. His anxiety melted away.

"Oh, silly me." Penelope giggled. She watched Eloise find a seat on the other side of the room and then she looked back at Daniel's pants. "Since this is a dream, can I get another look at it? Ever since we all saw it that one day, I just keep ... wondering ..."

"This isn't a dream." Daniel unclasped his hands and unbuttoned his pants. His trembling fingers made the task difficult, but he managed it and dropped his pants.

"That's just what a dream would say." Penelope giggled again. She reached out and flipped his blue tie over his shoulder. She then pulled down his underwear. She gasped when she beheld the rigid dick that sprung out. "I ... I knew it was big ... but ... oh my God." She reached out a finger to touch the purple head. It was spongy, yet firm. She withdrew her finger and looked at the white mark she'd made there quickly disappear. Clear liquid dribbled from his little hole. So much precum. "It looks so ... aggressive. I wonder what it looks like in real life." She leaned back in her chair. "Okay, that's enough. You can put it away now."

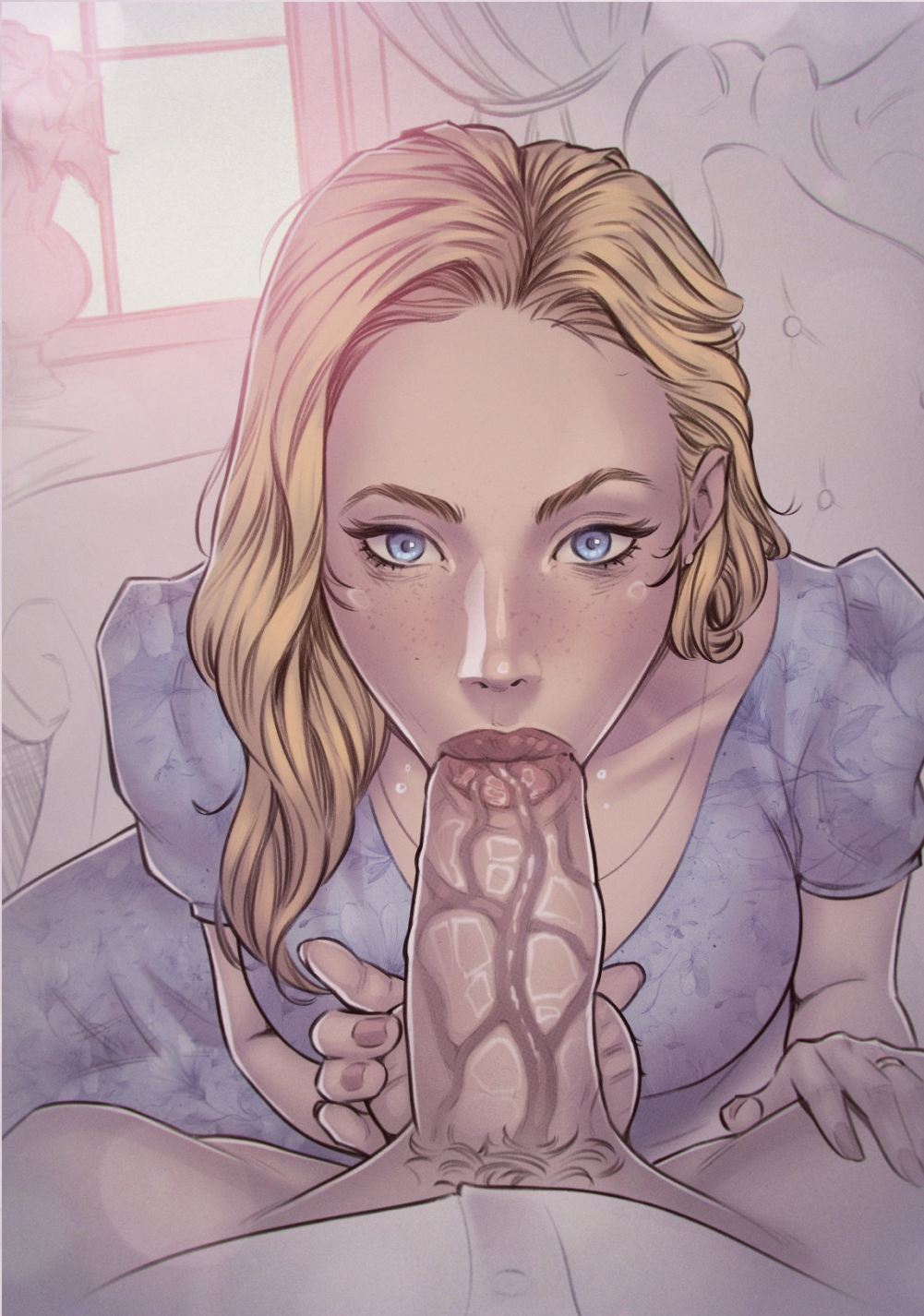
"Really?" Daniel pressed his lips together in disappointment.

"I promised you a taste," Eloise said from across the room. "Have your taste, dearie."

"Um ... even in a dream ... I don't think I should." But she leaned over and licked the head with her tongue. It was salty, warm, and ... powerful. Before she knew it, she had the whole head in her mouth, swirling her tongue round and round.

"You grab a bull by the horns, Mrs. Anderson." Eloise reclined in her seat, the slightest smile touching her pink lips. "You grab young Daniel by the ..."





With the head still in her mouth, Penelope reached out and took hold of Daniel's balls. "Uuuuuuggggghhhh." She was surprised by their size and weight. How much cum did he have stored in there? Penelope's shoulders shuddered as she thought about what it would be like to find out.

"You're so perfect, Penelope. Why do you always take Brad's side?" Daniel looked down into her pretty face and watched her blue eyes look up at him. Her eyes went wide and she froze, her little nostrils flaring.

Making eye contact with her brother-in-law was frightful because in that moment she realized this wasn't a dream at all. She was really sucking on Daniel's cock. She held his actual balls between her fingers. She spit the cockhead out of her mouth and let go of his testicles. "Oh, Jesus. I didn't mean to. Brad is my husband, Daniel. Oh, shit. I thought I was dreaming."

"Don't stop, Penelope." Daniel looked down at his dick, glistening in the afternoon light with her saliva. "I'm sorry I

mentioned Brad."

"Jesus Christ. Brad. No, no, no." Penelope stood and looked about the room in a panic. "I was just curious about your ... your ..." She pointed at the grotesque dick that jutted out from Daniel's slender hips. "I thought it wasn't ... real." Penelope looked into the corner of the room. "That lady, Mrs. Palmer... Is she real?"

Eloise smiled and nodded at the young woman.

"Yeah," Daniel said.

“No, no, no. This is an evil house, Danny.” Penelope raced to the library door. “We need to leave. I need to get Brad.” She opened the door and ran into the hall, her church dress flowing behind her. Once out in the hall, she was suddenly confused. She couldn’t remember where she’d left her husband.

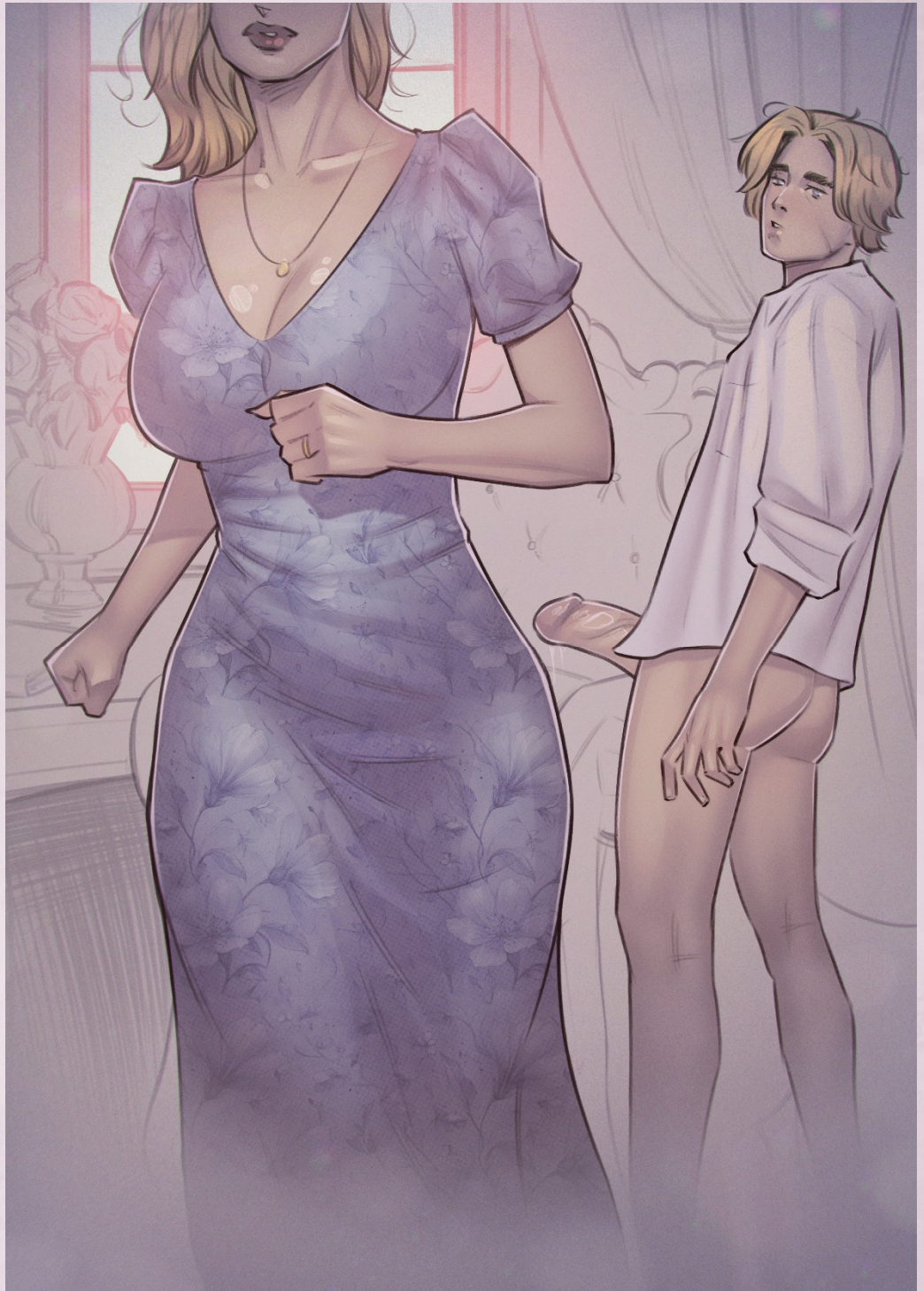
The first door to the left in front of the stairs hung open. Was Brad in there? Penelope wasn’t sure, but she wandered toward the door. As she stepped inside the room, she thought that maybe this was the locked room that no one had been in before. The one whose symbol she’d accidentally destroyed. But that couldn’t be right. She was so confused. She stepped further into the room and the door swung closed behind her.

“What?” Penelope squinted in the low light. There was a sofa along one wall with an oil lamp flickering on an end table. In a far corner, stood a ten-foot high bear. It had been taxidermied in a fearsome pose. Against the opposite wall from the sofa, a sideboard was covered in beautifully detailed, multi-colored bottles.

On the sofa, reclined a young, redhaired man in overalls. He tipped his herringbone flat cap to her and winked a green eye. “Welcome, Mrs. Anderson. Mom said I should expect you.”

“Who are you?” But Penelope could tell. With his freckles, angular jaw, and wide-set green eyes. He could only be Mrs. Palmer’s son.

“My name’s Thomas and we’re going to be good friends.” He stood and smiled. “Really good friends.”



Penelope turned to run back the way she'd come, but the door was locked behind her. She pounded on the door and yelled for her husband Brad, but no one in the rest of the house could hear her.

"This is a special room," Thomas said from behind her. "A private room. My father built it at great expense to keep all that happens here from the rest of the world." He moved toward the screaming woman. "Father did very bad things in here. But we're going to do good things."

"No." Penelope looked over her shoulder at the approaching boy. He was certainly only a little older than Daniel. She pounded the door with her fists. "Noooooooooooo." But no one came to her rescue.

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Back in the library, Eloise walked over to the door and gently closed it. She then turned and shrugged at Daniel. "Sometimes, things don't go as planned. My daddy always told me, never be afraid to hitch your cart to a new horse."

"What's that mean?" Daniel had both hands on his dick. He wasn't sure what to do with his raging hardon.

"It means I'm tractable, dearie." She walked over to Daniel and kneeled before him. She gently replaced his hands on his penis with her own icy fingers and stroked him. "When a plan doesn't work, we have another waiting in the wings." She licked the oozing precum off the head.

"We?"

"Me and the house, Danny."

Eloise took another lick and looked up at him with urgent eyes. "Now we don't have too much time before the others come looking for you. Let's get you taken care of." She sucked him into her mouth and took long, gurgling strokes. She pressed both hands onto his butt. Eloise felt quite happy when Daniel reached down and threaded his fingers through her hair. He forced more and more of his penis into her throat until she was taking great long plunges, pressing her nose to his nether hair at the bottom of each grunting lunge forward.

After about five minutes, Daniel let his seed fly into Eloise's cold mouth. When he finished cumming, Eloise was gone. He took a minute to compose himself, and then pulled up his underwear and pants. He walked toward the library door. He needed to apologize to Penelope and smooth things over with her before she told everything to Brad. He hoped he wasn't too late. Brad would kill him if he knew what happened.



Little did Daniel know, Penelope was in no condition to confide anything to her husband at that moment. In a secret room, a redheaded teenager was changing her whole perspective on a great number of things.