

CHAPTER 9 PART I



THE HAUNTING OF PALMER MANSION



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Chapter 9 Part 1

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

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Julie watched her daughter-in-law and son closely at breakfast. She had to hand it to them, they didn't act like anything out of the ordinary had happened. Sure, Daniel was quiet as he munched his cereal. And, yes, Penelope was a bit taciturn. But if Julie hadn't seen them rutting like animals with her own eyes, she would never have known.

Brad, George, and Brittney certainly seemed none the wiser. Julie excused herself from the table and went into the kitchen to pour herself another mug of coffee. She listened to George prattle on about bathroom tiles. Brad occasionally offered a remark to let his father know he was listening. Julie tuned them out and watched the steam rise from her cup. It swirled, twisted, and jelled into two clots rhythmically pulsing together.



Oh, Gosh. Julie's hand went to her mouth. She glanced over her shoulder, but no one in the dining room was watching her. The wisps of steam had coalesced and formed two figures in the air above the kitchen counter. They were clearly representative of a man and a woman, and they humped just as Penelope and Daniel had done the night before. Just as Julie, herself, had done with her son. She watched the mating figures undulate, and butterflies flapped in her stomach.

What was wrong with the Andersons? The women who'd sworn to love and protect their men had tossed their vows out like yesterday's recycling. Julie watched the steam hump and hump. She realized that if she was going to prevent Daniel from mating Penelope again, she'd have to give a little and help him with his penis again. The thought sent more butterflies to her tummy, and wetness to her panties. Of course, she wouldn't need to have sex with him again. Oral sex wasn't cheating, and that should be enough to satisfy a horny teenager.

"Mom?" Brittney carried her empty plate into the kitchen.

"Yes?" Julie frantically waved at the steam, erasing the humping figures.

"Can I have a few bucks?" Brittney placed her plate in the sink. "I have a STEM class this afterschool and I'll need to buy a snack."

"Sure, pumpkin." Julie nodded and fetched her purse. She pulled out a five-dollar bill and handed it to her daughter. "Good?"

Brittney nodded and her elfin features lit up in a smile. "Thanks, Mom. You're the best."

"You're welcome, Britt." Julie smiled back. She needed to get to the Samatar house this morning. If nothing else, she'd protect that sweet innocence written all over Brittney's eighteen-year-old face.

Julie shepherded her children out the door. The twins walked down the long driveway to catch the bus. Brad and Penelope got in their pickup truck to drive back to their house. When they'd gone, Julie returned to the dining room to find George finishing his coffee.

"I'm headed back to the east tower." George smiled up at his wife. "Want to help with some electrical?"

"I ... can't." Julie frowned.

"What's up?" George stood and walked over to his wife.

"I ..." Julie couldn't think of a lie. She wasn't good at duplicity, despite all the secrets she'd been keeping from George recently. "I need to stop by the Samatar's house."

"Can't it wait?" George's smile faded.

"No, it can't." Julie took a deep breath. "I'll be back soon."

"Well, don't give them any money." George gave his wife a pat on the butt and walked past her. He couldn't help notice how round her backside had become. "Find me in the tower when you're back. I could use your help today."

"Yes, dear." Julie turned and watched him go. She felt so torn. George needed her to be his true and faithful wife. Daniel needed her to take care of him as only a mother could. Brittney needed her protection. Brad needed her to save his marriage. And even the house needed her to keep its secrets. She took a deep breath and retrieved her purse and car keys. She'd do her best to give everyone what they needed.



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The pickup truck pulled away from the short driveway. Penelope waved to Brad as he sped off to work. She let herself into their house. Their space was filled with tasteful furniture, framed art prints, and photos of Brad and Penelope. There was a framed picture from their wedding day and another from their honeymoon hanging in the living room. Everything seemed so small and empty.

Penelope shivered as she thought about how stretched and full her pussy had been just hours ago as eighteen-year-old Daniel dumped a huge load inside her. How surreal a thing. Her thighs trembled. Jeez, she was walking around with Daniel's cum in her that very moment. Earlier that morning, she'd brushed her teeth with a womb full of teenage jizz. She'd talked calmly with her husband in their truck driving home. She eaten breakfast, with a pussy full of sperm. Penelope rushed toward her bedroom, shedding her clothes along the way.

Naked on her bed, Penelope's hand found her pussy and she rubbed at her lips and clit. She had about eight hours until Brad returned home. She intended to have many orgasms in that time. All the while thinking about enormous cocks. Thoughts about Daniel's hot load wove around thoughts about the impossibly cold cum Thomas had deposited in her vagina the day before. The boys in that house had used her for their pleasure, and she'd loved it. She'd loved it so much, she'd made a devil's bargain with a phantom. Penelope's large breasts wobbled as she brought herself to the first of many orgasms she intended to give herself that day. She screamed out in the small, empty house. When she came down from the high, her hand went right back to work.



The Samatar house was about as different from Palmer Mansion as a house could get. A blocky bungalow with no detail or charm, situated in a neighborhood full of such houses. Julie rang the doorbell and waited, her hands clasped in front of her. Her fingers, mindlessly, twisted at the blue fabric of her dress. Julie looked down and noticed a line of salt running just in front of the threshold. The salt ran off to the side of the door, where a it formed a symbol that, to Julie, looked very much like a fire-breathing dragon.



Khadra opened the door. "Oh, hello, Mrs. Anderson." She smiled at the white woman and thought that Julie looked quite worried. "Come in."

"Hello, Khadra." Julie stepped over the threshold and suddenly felt very tired, like the house had drained her energy. "I'd like some help."

"You would?" Khadra nodded her head and adjusted her hijab. "I trust that our wards kept the demons under control?"

"Um ..." Julie needed to sit, she felt so exhausted. "May I?" She found a chair in the living room and sat down.

"Excuse my manners." Khadra nodded. "May I offer you some tea?"

Julie shook her head.

"Well, then." Khadra sat on the couch across from Julie, her knees pressed together under her loose dress. "What can I do for you? I'm afraid my husband is not at home."

"That's okay." Julie leaned her head back on the headrest and looked to the side. She spotted more salt on the windowsills, with more symbols. She saw a snake symbol, and what looked like a porcupine, maybe. The details

weren't great in art made of salt.

"Mrs. Anderson?"

"Sorry. I'm so sleepy." Julie's eyes found Khadra again, and she focused on her host. Julie decided that Khadra was quite a beauty, with her smooth brown skin, and pretty smile. "I'd like to get a charm to protect my family."

"That is what we did." Khadra nodded, her smile fading. Her client looked pale. Well, she was always pale, but more so than usual. Pallid, even. "And we're scheduled to come back on Wednesday to check up on the wards. Everything is in order there?"

"Can you please give me something for my children? To protect them. Maybe for them to wear, or put around their neck, or something?" Julie struggled against her fatigue. She wanted nothing more than to lay her head back and take a little nap right there in that strange living room.

"Did something happen, Mrs. Anderson?" Khadra rose from the couch and moved over to her sideboard, careful to keep the housewife in her field of view. She opened a drawer and pulled out several cheesecloth sachets filled with pennyroyal, pure salt, and silver dust.

"I saw a ghost." Julie didn't want to lie anymore, but she couldn't tell this woman the whole perverted truth. "A pregnant woman from the nineteenth century. She fornicated with her son."

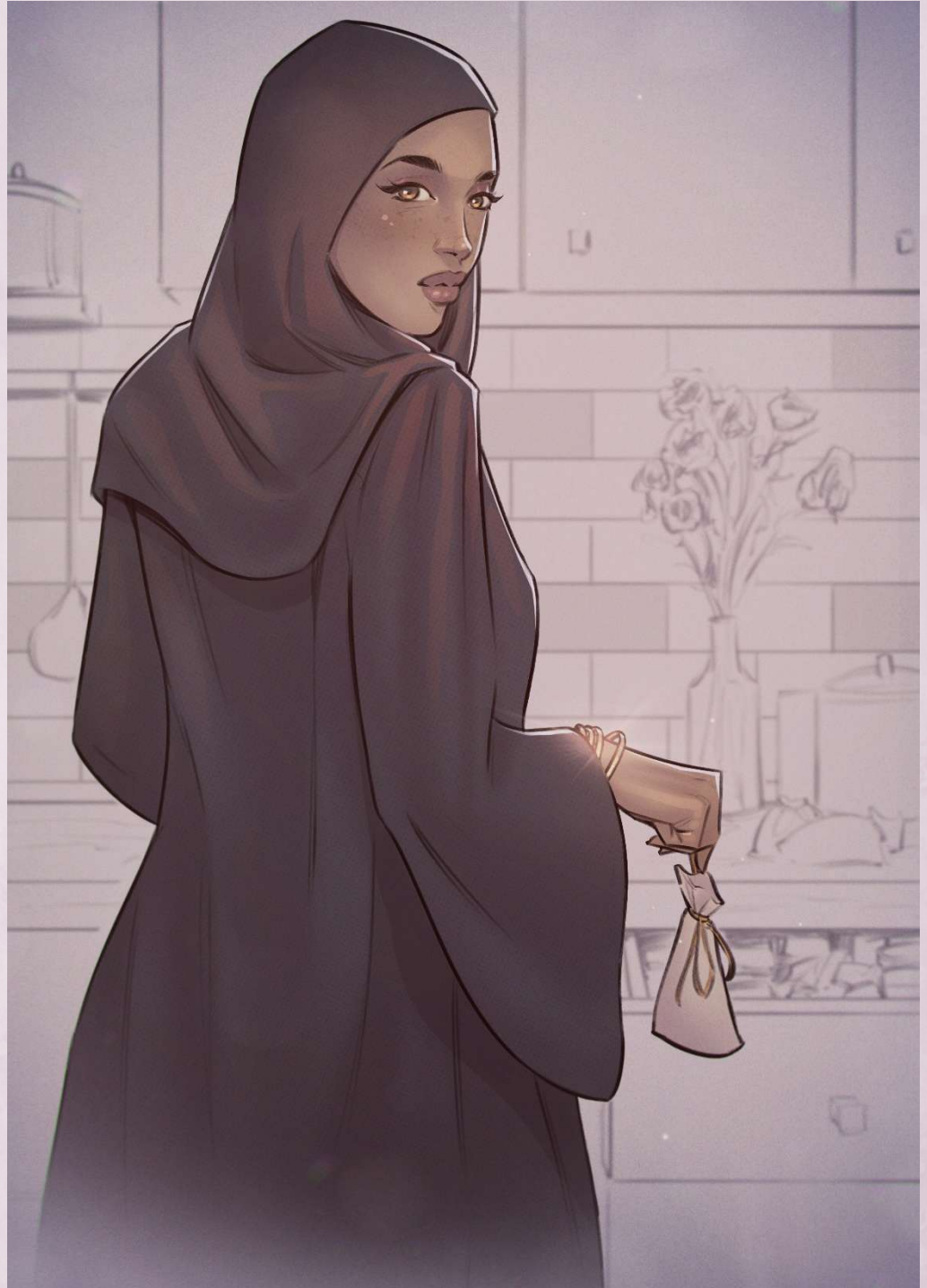
"A cursed sin." Khadra walked over to Julie. "The son was also a ghost?"

"Yes. Of course."

"Most troublesome." Khadra handed Julie the sachets.

"There are four bags here, one for each family member. Have each person keep the bag on them at all times." Khadra rubbed the poor woman's shoulder. "I am beginning to see what we are dealing with. Maxamed and I will come prepared on Wednesday. We can banish these demons."

"Thank you." Julie put the sachets into her purse and summoned all her effort to stand. "I have to get back to my husband now." She walked on trembling legs to the front door, opened it, and stepped out into the cool morning. Once outside, she felt enlivened and refreshed. She turned and smiled at Khadra, who now held the door.



"We are not wealthy, Mrs. Anderson." Khadra couldn't help but notice Julie's changed demeanor.

"Of course." Julie reached into her purse and retrieved thirty-five dollars, all the money she had on her.

"We're a bit short on funds, too. But here, take this." She handed Khadra the money.

"Thank you." Khadra took the money and tucked it away in her long, formless dress. "See you in a couple days."

"Yes, see you." Julie waved and walked back to her car with a spring in her step.

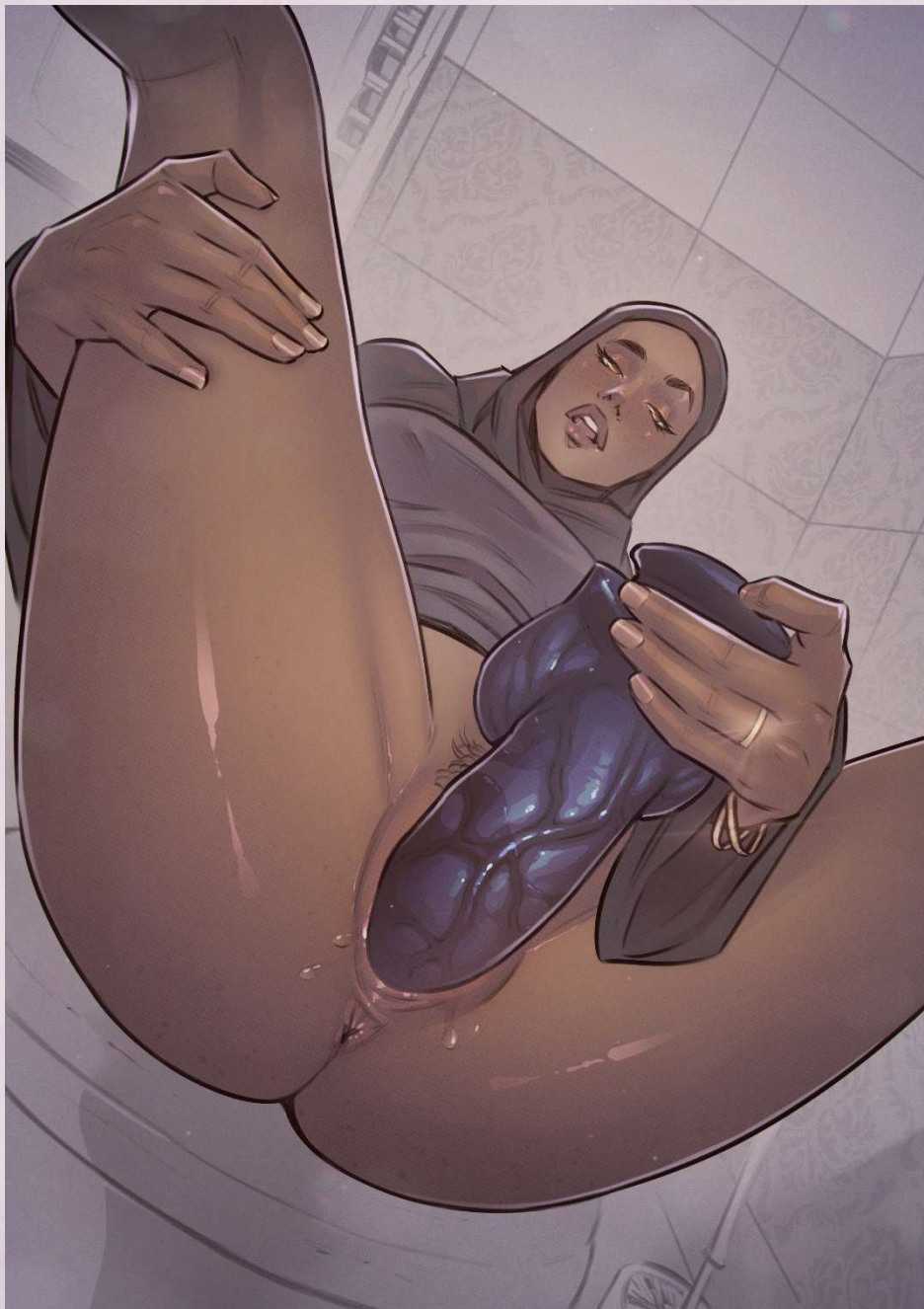
Khadra watched her go and closed the door. She turned to go about her chores and stopped in her tracks. There on the hallway floor rested that godless, black phallus. She wrestled with her next move for several minutes, staring down at the thing. Eventually, she picked it up with a quick swipe and raced to the bathroom.

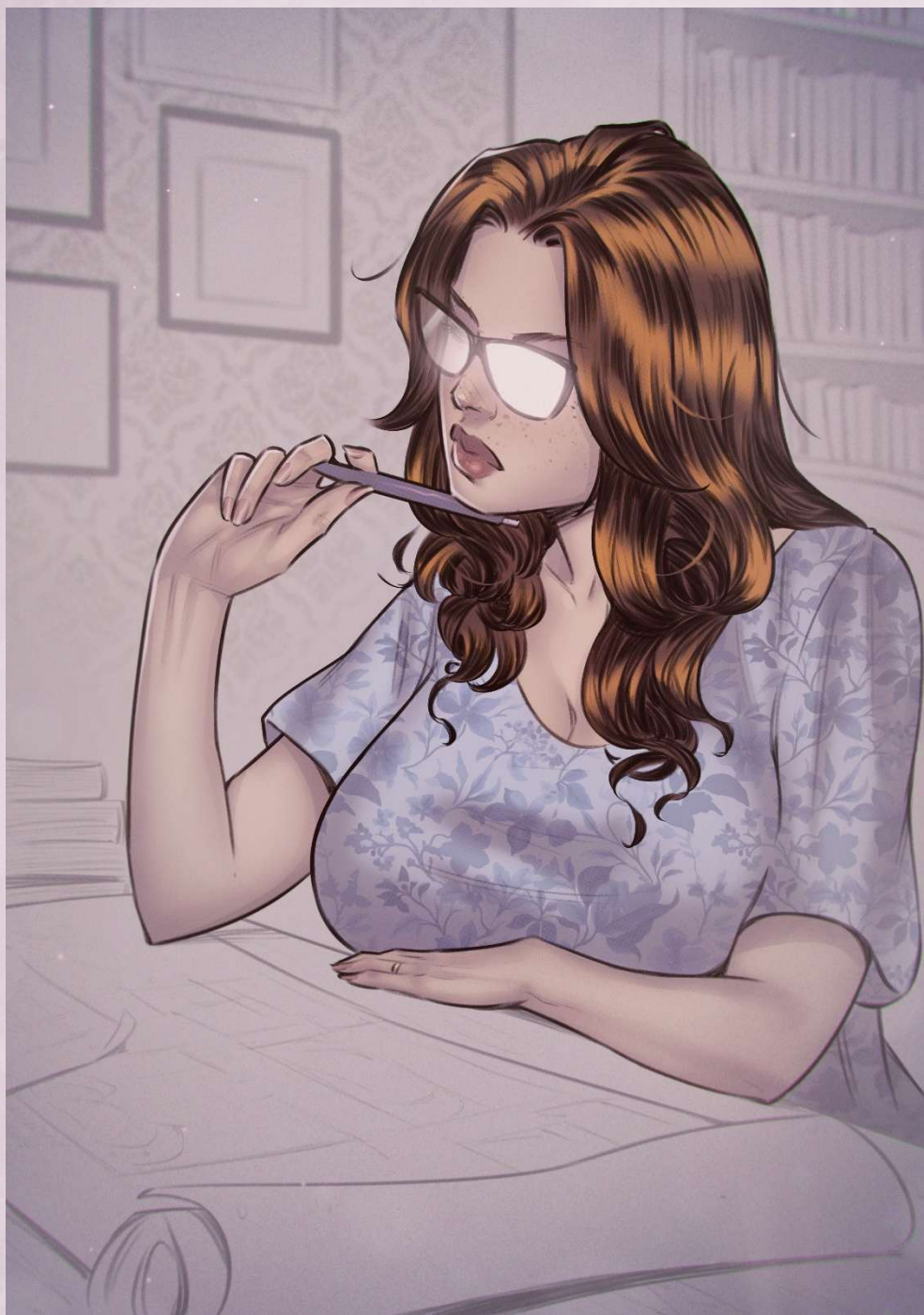


Several minutes later, as she moved the great dildo inside her tight vagina, grunting and cursing as it plowed new depths, she wondered if Julie was somehow responsible for the dildo's reappearance. Khadra plunged the thing into her again and again as she sat on the toilet seat, her dress around her waist. Her whole body buzzed with pleasure and she felt a near-apocalyptic orgasm approaching. She would need to dispose of this silicone nightmare, but first she needed it to give her release.

Khadra climaxed. As her ecstasy passed, she swore she would bury the phallus in the backyard. Her vagina spasmed around the monster. But minutes later, she found herself pumping it again and letting it take her to new heights.

After her third orgasm, the dildo inexplicably disappeared again. One moment, the mass of it weighed down her hands, the next, nothing. She cleaned up and searched the whole house, but she couldn't find it anywhere. Finally, she went back to her daily chores and resolved to conquer the Anderson house on Wednesday. She and her husband would defeat the infestation that had made her do such unbecoming things.





After school, Daniel found his mother in the study looking at the mansion blueprints. "Where's Dad?" He could see her large sideboob pressed into the edge of the desk as she hunched over to examine the plans.

"Hello, Daniel." Julie took off her reading glasses and looked up from the desk. She blinked at her son as her thoughts returned to the present. "He's meeting some friends for a beer."

"And Brittney's doing her STEM thing." Daniel looked around the study conspiratorially. "We have the house to ourselves."

"We need to talk, Danny." Julie stood and smoothed out her conservative, blue dress.

Daniel frowned. "I'm sorry I said those things, Mom." Daniel looked down at the floor to avoid his mother's cool stare. "Mrs. Palmer wanted me to say bad things, and -"

Julie held up her hand to cut him off. "I accept your apology. And you're not to listen to Mrs. Palmer anymore, understand?"

"Yes." Daniel kept his eyes on the floor. His hands went into his pockets.

"But that's not what I wanted to talk to you about." Julie stepped over to Daniel and placed her finger under his chin. She lifted up his face until his blue eyes looked back into her brown ones. "I saw you last night."

"You ... what?" Daniel's pulse quickened. Penelope had left the door to the library open. Oh, God, he was in so much trouble. Daniel cringed.

"I saw you and Penelope in the chair." Julie frowned. This was no easier for her to say than for Daniel to hear. "I know you've had quite the crisis with your large you-know-what and your trouble finding a suitable outlet for your pent-up stuff." Julie took a deep breath. "But you can't go sticking it into any woman that passes by. Understand?"

Daniel nodded very slowly.

"Heavens, Danny. She's your sister-in-law." Julie looked into his eyes and saw the pain and discomfort there. But this talk needed to happen. "I know you and Brad don't always get along, but you can never touch his wife again. Got it?"

"I'm so sorry." Daniel tried hard not to cry.

"I know, pumpkin. Come here." She pulled him into a hug and let him rest his head on her shoulder. She patted his back. "I know you're having trouble controlling your thing. Most teenage boys have these problems, you just have more going on down there than most boys. You're pretty far out on the bell curve. That's why I'll continue to help you until we can figure out an alternate solution. But no more sex, okay? Neither one of us should do that to your father."

"Okay, Mom." Daniel's hands slipped around Julie's hips and found her round ass. He took two big handfuls and pulled her toward him. "I'm sorry about what I said." He rubbed his stiffening dick against her belly. "And I'm sorry about Penelope."

"We all make mistakes, Danny." Julie reached her hand up and played with his hair. "You're at an age where you'll make plenty of mistakes. The important thing is that you learn." She let him rub his thing on her. The way he gripped her butt sent a shiver up her spine. "Now, I can tell you need some relief."

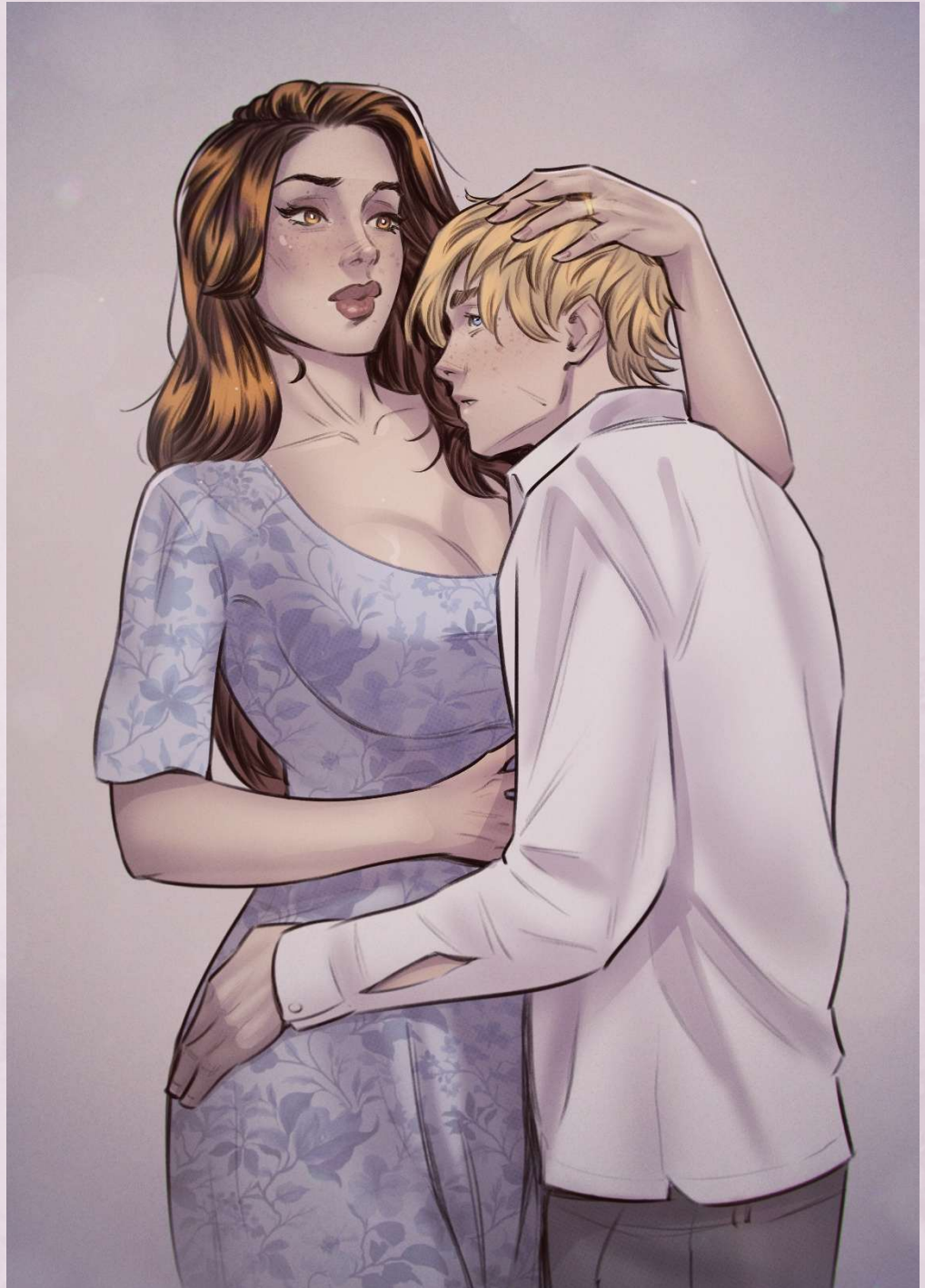
"Yes, please." Daniel let go of her ass as she sunk to her knees. He watched her primly fold the hem of her dress under her and gaze up at him with love and anticipation.

"Promise you'll make better decisions."

"I promise." Daniel nodded.

Julie lightly kissed the bulge in his pants.

"Do you need a towel, Mom?" Daniel did his best to be considerate.



"No thank you, Danny. I've gotten pretty good at drinking it up." She blushed at that, unzipped his pants, and dropped them. The dark tip of his penis stuck out the top of his micro-boxers. She lowered the underwear and inhaled sharply. "I always forget just how big you are. Then I see it and ..." She leaned forward and took him into her mouth.



Fifteen minutes later, Julie leaned back and the penis popped from her mouth. She stroked him with both hands as she looked up and caught her breath. "Are you ... close?"

Daniel shook his head.

"Gosh ... Danny." Her arms were tired. "Your father would have finished ... a long time ago."

"Let us not become ... weary in doing good, for at the proper time ... we will reap a harvest if we do not give up." Daniel smiled down at his mother as she worked him frantically. She was never more beautiful than when she tried coaxing his cum with a slightly manic look in her eye.

"Now is not the time ... to quote the bible ... at me." Julie let go of his penis, stood, and carefully removed her dress. She hung it on the nearby chair, and bent over the desk, her palms on the house plans. "You can rub it on my butt." She looked over her shoulder at him. This was a dangerous move on her part, clad only in bra and underwear, her butt in the air. Daniel might not be able to resist temptation. But she needed him to let loose.

"Go on, sweetie."

"Sure, Mom." Daniel stepped behind her and brushed his fingertips down the alabaster curve of her ass. She gave one quick shiver and he thrilled to see her shake. He lowered her panties down her thighs and rested his dick along her butt crack. "You have the best ass, Mom."

"Language, young man. It's a butt ... or a backside ... or ... oooohhhhhhhh ... that feels good." She pushed back at him as his dick slid along her butt and the tip pushed repeatedly into the small of her back.

Eloise stood in the doorway and watched mother and son. She was not smitten by the bible as the Andersons were. But she did have a favorite passage or two. There was, of course, Ezekiel 23:20. *There she lusted after her lovers, whose genitals were like those of donkeys and whose emission was like that of horses.* That was a good one. But Daniel's quote about patience was most apt for Eloise's calling. The apparition had plowed a steady course over the centuries and would continue onward, ensnaring all those in her orbit sooner or later. Eloise smiled and stepped into the room, her bustled dress rustling ever so slightly.

