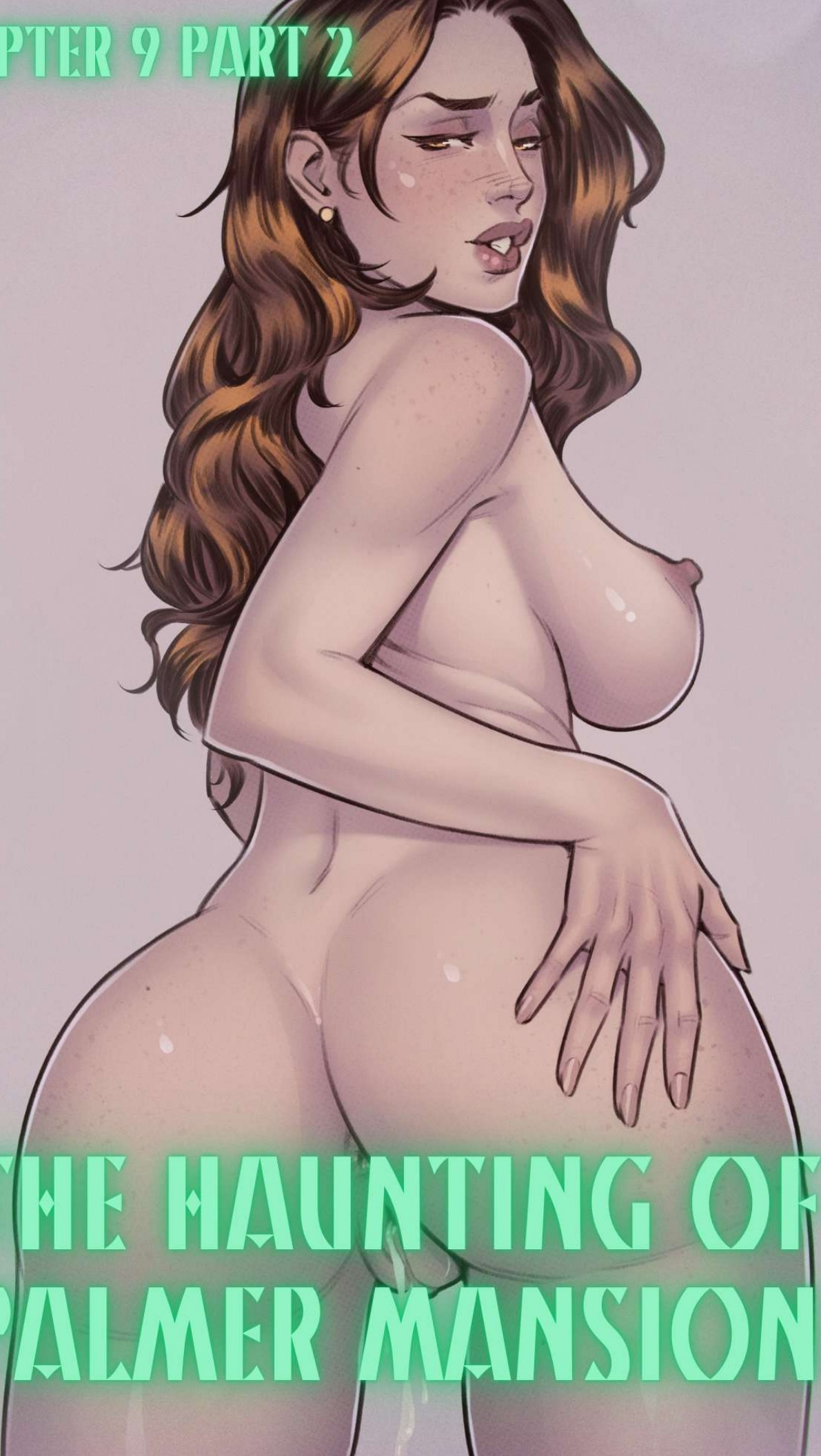


CHAPTER 9 PART 2



THE HAUNTING OF PALMER MANSION



The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

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Illustrations by TenderMinDD

Written by RawlyRawls

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"You can spray it on me, Danny." Julie wiggled her butt as her son slid his long rod back and forth. "Just don't get your stuff on the plans."

"I ... won't." The war in Daniel's brain between obedience and desire was over. He spun her hips and turned her around to face him, her boobs shook in her bra at the sudden movement.

"What are you doing?" Julie stood just before him with a confused look on her face. She saw Eloise standing behind Daniel and her eyes widened further. "She's behind you."

"Who?" Daniel froze and looked over his shoulder. He relaxed when he saw who it was. "Mrs. Palmer is friendly, remember."

"She is not." Julie turned back to Daniel again and bent down to retrieve one of the sachets from her purse. "Go away devil. I command you to ... oh ... Danny? ... uh ... uh ... uh ..." While she bent over, panties now around her ankles, her son slid his monster into her wet vagina. It was odd how such a large thing could so easily slip inside her. She felt his fingers press into the flesh around her hips and just like that he was banging away at her backside. Her vagina stretched to accommodate him. "You ... did ... thiisssss ..." Julie hissed at Eloise.

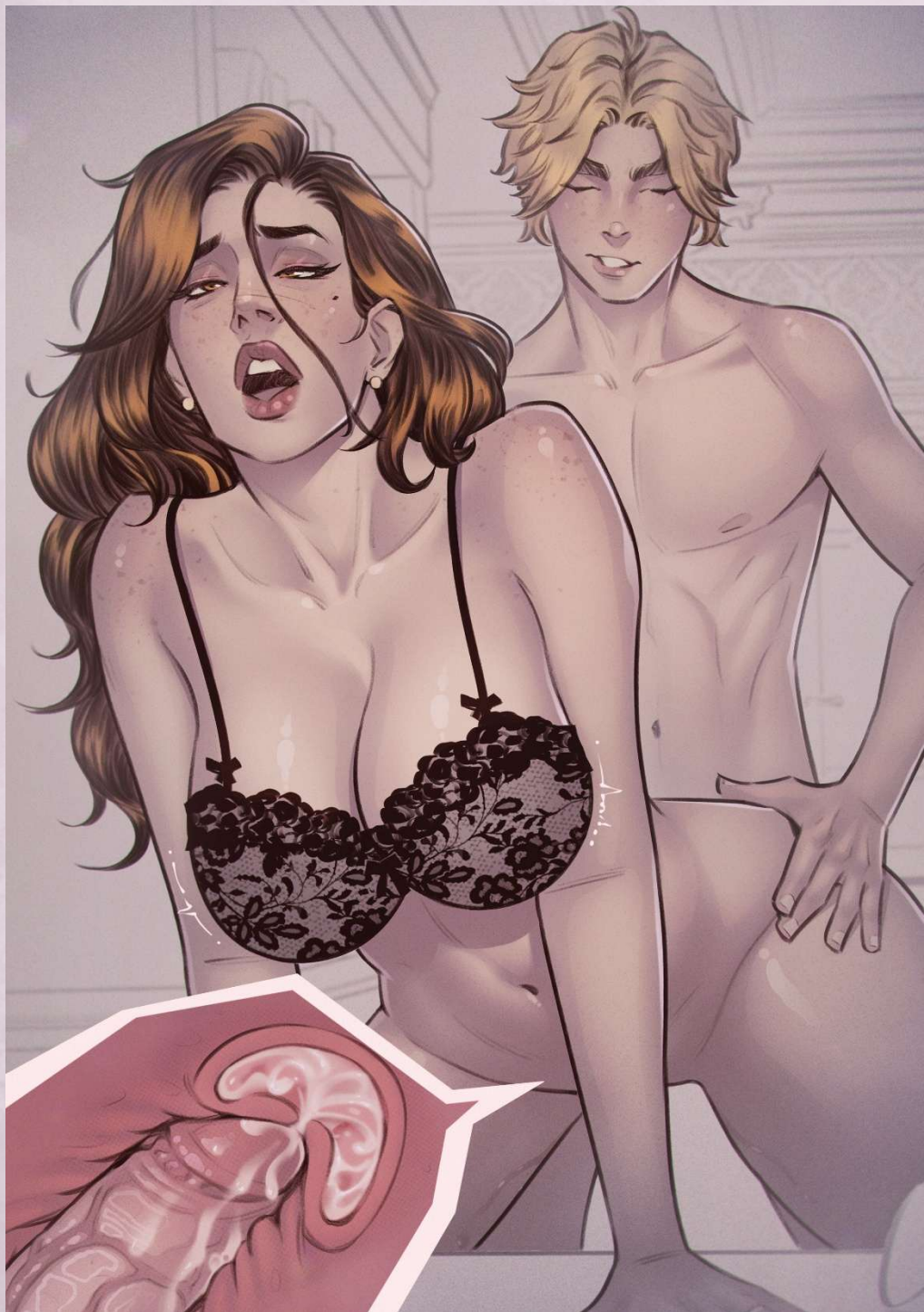
"Me?" Eloise arched her eyebrow in surprise. "I wouldn't deny myself the joy of watching *you* do this." Eloise smiled her sweet, innocent smile and folded her arms over her pregnant belly. "Sure, I may have helped things along with wayward Penelope a little. But you?" She slowly shook her head as Daniel increased the power of his thrusts. "For you, I only lit the path."

"Oh my gosh, it's ... happening ... oooooohhhhhhhhh." Julie shuddered out an orgasm as Daniel's monster plundered her depths. Only minutes ago, she was so sure she'd never have sex with her son again. And now, as she recovered from her orgasm, she was actively humping back at him. George could not compete with his son. Heck, the mundanity of life couldn't compete with the thrill and passion she felt speared on that oversized penis. Was it true? Had Julie done this to herself? She doubted it. But either way, she couldn't bring herself to care. The sachet dropped from Julie's hand to the floor.



"Can I ...?" Daniel gritted his teeth. He was so close. "Can I do it inside?"

"I ... don't ... know ..." Another orgasm built inside Julie. She turned her head and looked at Eloise who returned her gaze with an expectant smile. Julie closed her eyes. "Yes ... Danny ... fill me all the way ... up." In a brief flash, she had an image of herself the day they moved into the Palmer Mansion. The woman she was then would never have cheated on her husband. She'd certainly never let her son consummate her adultery. She would have been disgusted at the thought of someone watching her have sex, least of all some sort of devilish apparition. She'd never dreamed of a penis the size of the one currently inside her. And, on top of all that, the woman she had been would not have played pregnancy roulette. That woman had fallen far, far down a well of lust and desire. "Fill ... me ... with your stuff."



"Thank you ... Mom." Daniel watched the rippling shockwaves move their way over her ass again and again as he smashed into her. He closed his eyes. "I'm ... cummmnnnnngggg." His hips jerked on their own as his dick spouted inside his mom. He could hear Julie shrieking as she came with him. Her high, sweet voice distorted and throaty.

A minute later, without letting him slip out of her, Julie straightened, reached back, and caressed his narrow hips. She let out a sigh as Daniel's hands slid up her sides and cupped her boobs. Her butt fit so snugly against him, his penis wedged perfectly inside her. "I can't believe you did that, sweetie."

"Me neither." Daniel's grip on Julie's heavy tits tightened. He bounced his hips gently against her wide butt.

"Oh my goodness, Danny," Julie cooed. "Again? You already finished in me." But she didn't resist his movements.

"No one's home, Mom." Daniel pulled himself out of her, lowered his head a little, and held her ass cheeks apart so he could see the cum dripping from her pussy. His white stuff leaked from her splayed lips and ran down the inside of her legs. "Let's do it again."



"Okay." Julie couldn't think up a better response. She blushed as Daniel inspected her vagina, and then let him manhandle her. Turning her around to face him again, he pushed her right leg a little to the side. She grunted when his penis slipped back into her, making a crude sound as it displaced copious amounts of sperm.

Facing each other now, the mating couple kissed. Both wrapping their arms around the other.

Julie broke the kiss. "I've never done it standing like this." She marveled at her son's stamina and energy as he thrust his hips against hers.

Eloise clapped and giggled off to the side. "You are now open to all sorts of new delights, Mrs. Anderson. Just you wait ..." Eloise burst into a fit of cheerful, sing-song laughter. "... just you wait."



An hour passed and Julie found herself riding her son like a cowgirl on the floor. "I ... I feel like a teenager ... myself." Her bra long since discarded, she held onto her boobs and pressed them against her chest as she bounced on that long pole.

"Suck on your ... uh ... uh ... nipple." Daniel gripped her hips and helped guide the rhythm of her motion.

"I've ... never ..." Julie added something to her list of firsts. She cupped her left breast and brought it up to her mouth. She sucked in her large pink nipple and rolled her tongue around it. The feeling was incredibly naughty and sublime.

The sight of his mom pleasuring her own boob sent Daniel over the edge. With a series of urgent grunts, he dropped another load inside Julie.

The nipple popped out of her mouth when she felt the hot jets of cum coating her insides. "Ohhhhh, Daaannnnnyyyyyy." She leaned backward and let another orgasm sweep over her. Her arms flailed out to the sides with her fingers making awkward, mindless gestures. "I feel it ... I feel it ..." Julie's whole body convulsed and her vagina rhythmically spasmed around Daniel's penis.

A few minutes later, Julie opened one eye and looked down at her sweet son. He looked worn out and perfectly happy. The smell of their sweat and cum hung thick in the air. She opened the other eye and a lazy smile spread across her face. "Are you ... finally ... satisfied?" She took a deep breath in and out.

"You take such good care of me." Daniel sighed.

"My little man." Julie leaned forward and pressed her breasts against his skinny chest. She planted a kiss on his forehead and rested her cheek against his tousled blond hair. Her vagina involuntarily spasmed around the fat penis still inside her. "My very big little man."

"Can we have sex again?" Danny flexed his dick and felt his mom's pussy jerk in response.

"We have to clean up, pumpkin." But Julie didn't really feel like moving at the moment.

"I don't mean now. I mean later." His dick jumped again and her pussy responded. What a wonderful little game he'd just discovered. "I mean, I want to keep having sex with you in the future. I don't ever want to stop."

"I bet." Julie thought about how to handle this best. She was out of ideas. "You're a teenager, Danny. You'd put that thing in me every day, all day, if I let you."

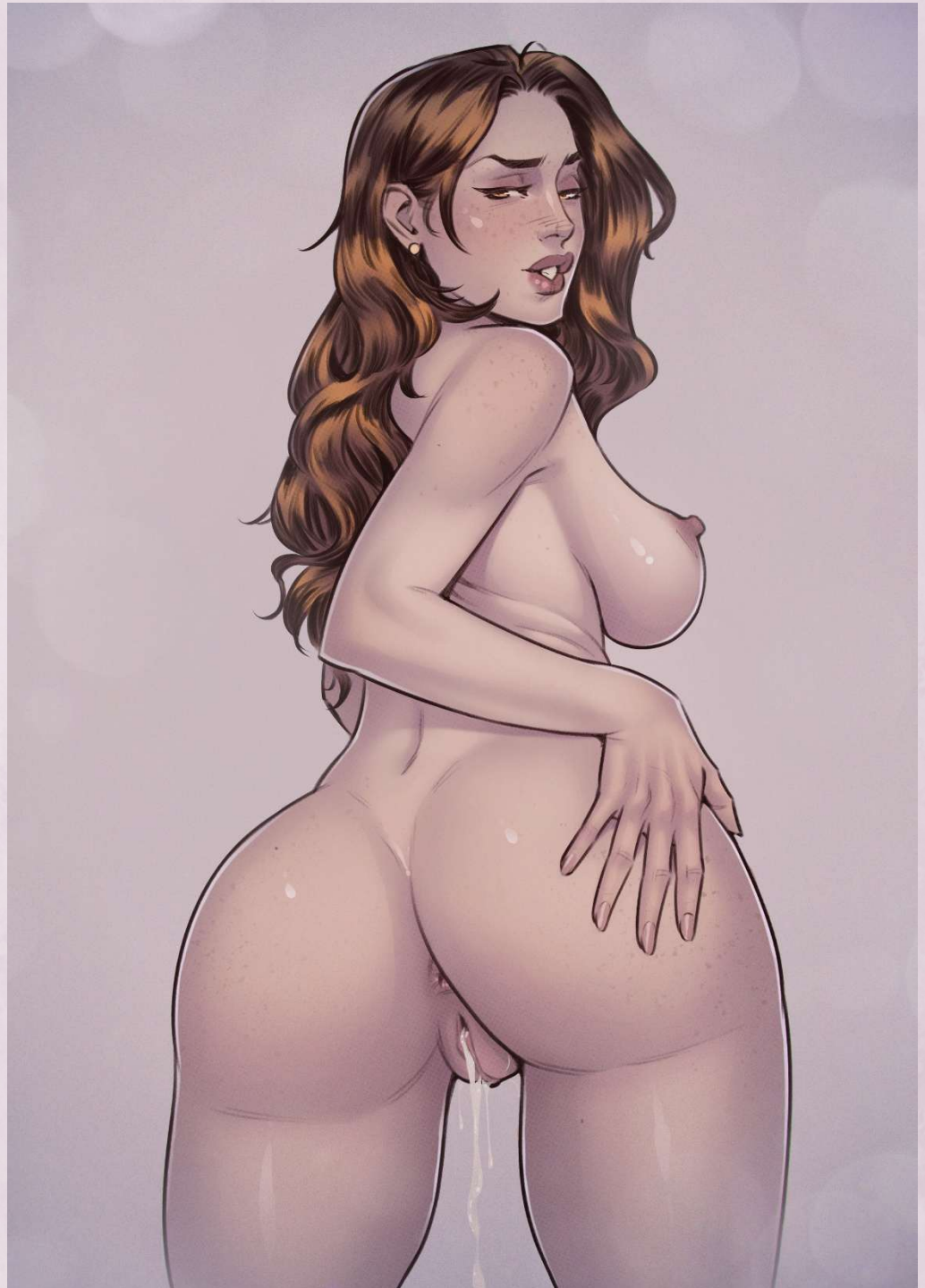
"I mean it, Mom." Daniel held her shoulders and lifted her a little so he could look into her eyes. "I don't want to stop."

"How can I say no to that earnest face?" Julie slowly nodded. "But, if we do this, you need to leave Penelope alone. And we have to be more careful." Julie looked over her shoulder at the open door. "Promise?"

"I promise." Daniel offered her a wide, goofy smile and she smiled back.

"Now, let's get cleaned up." Julie pulled off him and his penis flopped out of her vagina. She looked down between her hanging breasts at her poor slit. It gapped open and oozed sperm. "Gosh, Danny. We have a lot to clean up."

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A loud thump woke Daniel. He opened his eyes and blinked at the dark bedroom. His window hung open and his curtains gently wafted in the crescent moon's light. Another crash sounded somewhere in the house and Daniel tensed. He looked over to his bedroom door and could see it was open about six inches. He thought he'd closed it. He always closed it.

"You've done it now, Tommy." Frederick's voice carried down the hall. "You had to plant your seed, didn't you?" The mysterious clock started to chime the hour, and then it was silenced with a mighty crash.

Daniel trembled. He closed his eyes.

"Where is the philandering mare? Where is my wife that spreads her legs for any passing steed?" Another series of loud bangs filled the house with discordant ringing as Frederick finished off the clock. "Come out, Ellie."



A cold hand brushed Daniel's cheek and he opened his eyes. Eloise looked like an angel, her pale, freckled skin radiant in the moonlight. She wore a nightgown that hung open just enough for some cleavage to peek out. "We must be going, Daniel. He can sense what you did to your mother."

"What did I do?" Daniel whispered.

"Bred her, of course." Eloise offered a frightened, half-smile. "Come now." She took his hand and pulled him from bed.

Daniel followed the ghost, her frigid hand pressed firmly into his. He shivered, naked expect for his tight boxers.

"Remove that hateful ward so that we might escape." Eloise led him to the fireplace and pointed down to the salt symbol on the floor by the hearth.

"Sure." Daniel moved his bare foot toward the symbol to sweep it away, but his foot stopped just short of the salt. He tried the other foot, but still found he couldn't touch the thing. "I can't."

"That is not encouraging." Eloise cocked her head and stared down. The magic thing looked back up at her

while it glowed its sickly, vengeful green. "It seems you have too much of the house in you already, dearie."

She gave his hand a firm squeeze. "I didn't want to do this, but climb out that window. There is a ledge just outside. A perfect perch for a thin lad like you. He won't find you there."

Daniel looked at his open bedroom window.

"Go on, now." Eloise pulled him toward the window, but Daniel didn't move. "We haven't much time."

"I'm afraid of heights."

"Listen to me, Danny. You have so much ahead of you. But not if my dear husband gets his hands on you." She let go of his hand and lowered her nightgown, exposing her milky-white, left boob.

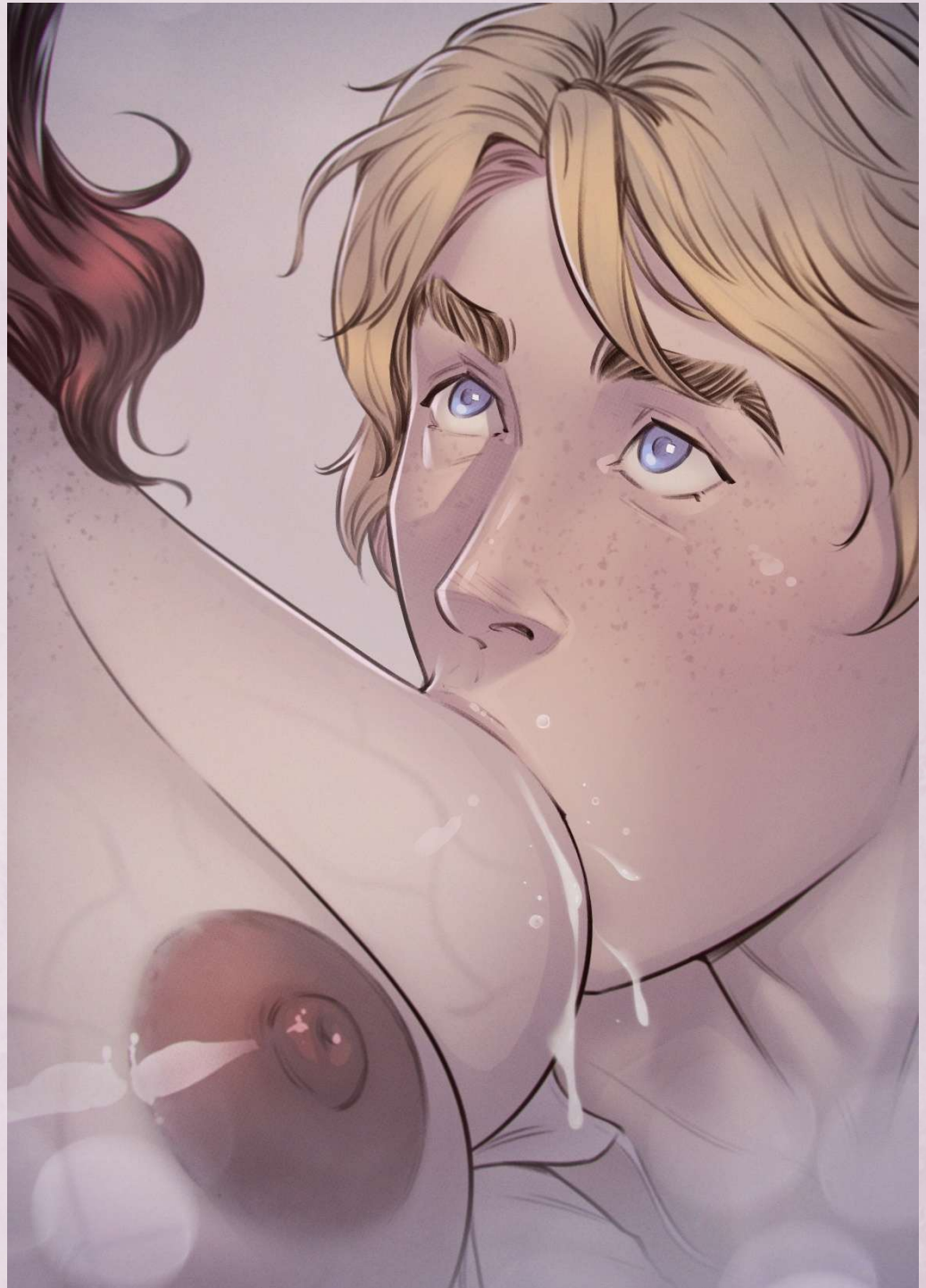
"Come, now calm yourself." She firmly grasped Daniel's head by the back of his hair and brought his lips to her nipple.

He eagerly gulped down the cold, sweet liquid. His fear temporarily pushed aside.

"Ssshhhhhhhh." Eloise softly stroked his hair. "There, there, child." She gently pulled him off her breast and looked into his eyes. "Are you ready to climb the ledge now?"

"Sorry, no." Daniel shook his head.

Eloise sighed in exasperation. "In that case, it's into the devil's maw." She grabbed his hand again tightly and pulled him through the bedroom door and into the dark hall. A clattering crash echoed up the grand stairs from the main floor. Eloise crept toward the stairs. "I will get you to your mother. You'll be safe there," she whispered over her shoulder.



Loud stomping now filled the mansion, growing louder with each percussion. "And now the treachery is found." Frederick's deep voice reverberated as he climbed the stairs. "Not so much a boy as a viper in our midst. Stand aside, Ellie."

"We are found." Eloise froze near the top of the western stairway. She turned to Daniel and grabbed his shoulders. The faintest hint of panic filled her green eyes. "Run to the west tower and lock the door behind you. Place this at the foot of the door." Eloise's face contorted with great effort as she produced one of the Samatar sachets and dropped it in Daniel's hand.

"What are you going to do?" The sachet felt so heavy in Daniel's hand, like it was filled with lead. A great fatigue spread through him. The sound of footfalls neared. Daniel could now see a tall, broad shadow climbing the east stairway with resolute purpose.

"I will delay poor Frederick." Eloise gave Daniel a sad smile and turned toward her husband. "Run," she whispered.



Daniel turned and fled down the hall. Behind him he could hear harsh words.

"If it was always murder in your heart, you might have simply run me through with a steel."

Frederick's voice lowered. "We'd all be better off. Out of the way."

"If you want him, the path lies through me." Eloise sounded resigned.

"Very well," Frederick's voice was now almost a snake's hiss.

Daniel hopped up the stairs to the tower, opened his sister's door, and closed it behind him. When he dropped the sachet like instructed, he felt his energy return to him. He could no longer hear what they were saying, but soon the muffled sounds of violence filtered through the door.

"Danny?" Brittney sat up in bed, rubbing her eyes. "What are you doing?"

"Britt?" Daniel walked toward the bed on trembling legs. "Do you hear that?"

"No." Brittney cocked her blonde hair to the side and listened. "No, I don't hear anything."

"Really?" Daniel could still hear the scuffle from the second floor. He took a deep breath. It was reassuring that his sister couldn't hear it. It made Frederick seem much farther away. "Look, I had a nightmare, can I sleep with you tonight?"

"Like when we were kids?" Brittney smiled groggily and lifted her blanket. She was wearing warm pajamas under the covers. "Sure, Danny." She patted the sheet next to her. She watched her skinny brother climb into bed with her. She turned away from him and lay down on her side.

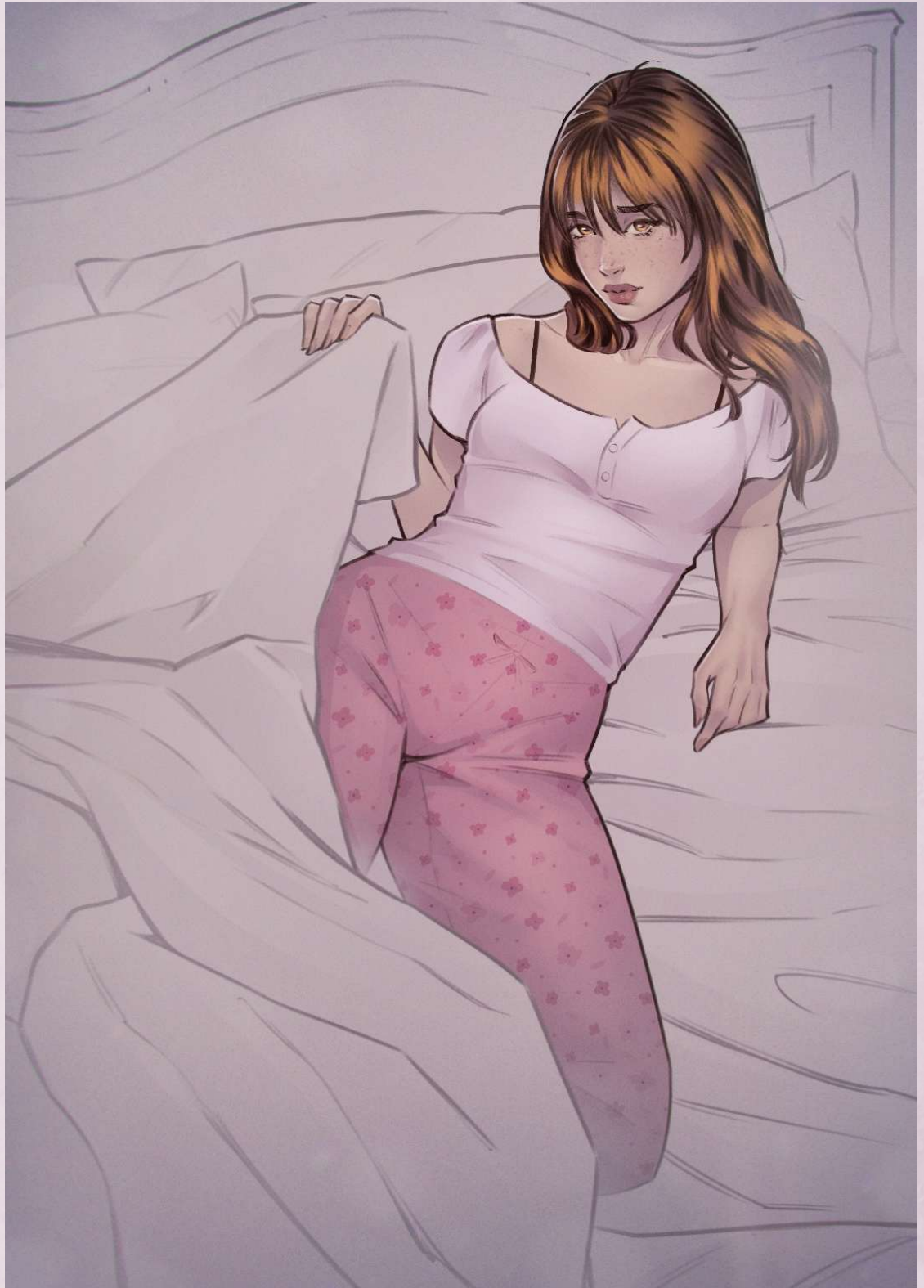
"Thanks." Daniel snuggled up to her back and put his arm over her side, careful not to touch her breasts. This was more than comforting. The sounds from below died away. They lay, spooning in the quiet for a while.

"Danny?" Brittney's voice was a sleepy whisper.

"Yeah?"

"You're poking me with your thing." The way she said it was very matter of fact. They were twins, and there wasn't any reason for pretense between them.

"Sorry." Daniel turned to his other side. He felt bad that he was hard in his sister's bed, but as the terror faded away, and her warmth and smell surrounded him, he couldn't help himself.



"It's okay. It was just a little uncomfortable." She flipped over to spoon him and draped her arm over his side. "The nightmare will be gone in the morning. Goodnight."

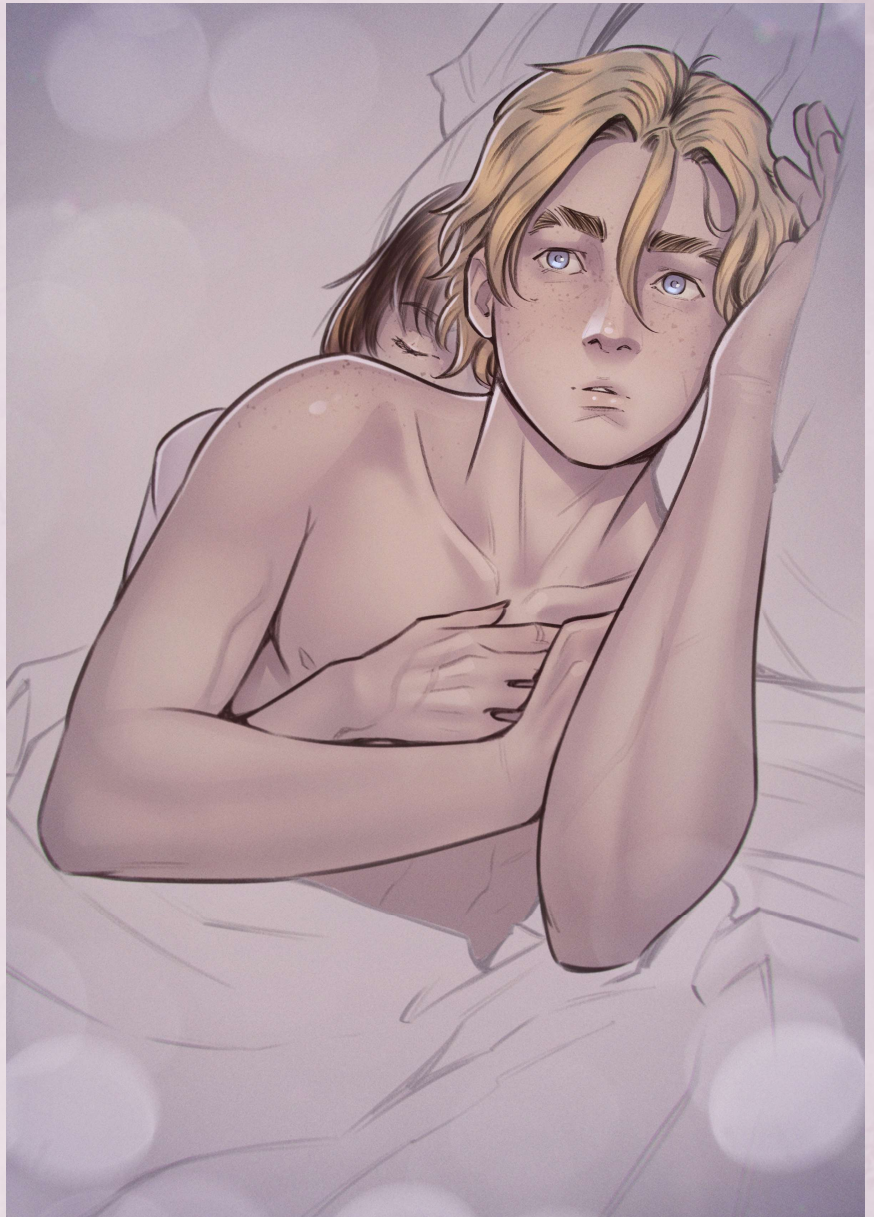
"Goodnight." Daniel already felt the nightmare receding in his sister's embrace. Soon, they were both softly snoring.

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The faint glow of morning infused the circular tower room as Brittney woke. She stretched and crawled out of bed. Autumn had settled in outside and the room gave her a chill. She was happy for her pajamas. She walked to the door on her way to bathroom. Before opening the door, she bent down and picked up the little cheesecloth bag on the floor. It had the same herb smell as the one her mother had given her. Brittney shrugged, Julie must have given one to Daniel too and he dropped it while running from his nightmare. Their mother was really taking the haunting thing seriously.

Brittney opened the door and tossed the little sachet on a nearby shelf. She padded down the stairs in her bare feet. The soft ticking of a clock followed her down the hall. Everything was clean, quiet, and muted in the dawn. Just as it should be.

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The pickup truck pulled out of their short driveway. Penelope stood out on her front step, waving to her husband as he sped off to work. She turned and entered her house, closing the front door behind her. Normally, this was the point in the morning when she'd get some coffee and read the news. Instead, she bolted for the bedroom.

Within a minute, she was naked on her bed, with her hand working her pussy furiously. Images of young cocks danced before her eyes. She thought of Thomas and his cruel good looks. Her memories of her time in the locked room were shrouded in fog. But she did recall the moment he'd jammed his penis in her reluctant pussy. It had only taken about thirty seconds of his pistoning for her to realize what she'd missed out on when she'd married Brad. She'd wound up eagerly taking Thomas in positions she'd never before dreamed of. It was so good that she'd begged him for more.



Thomas was a revelation. But Daniel's bigger cock was the image that played a refrain in her mind as she worked herself to a morning orgasm. Such a contrast to Brad and Thomas, Daniel was sweet and clearly afflicted with a puppy-dog crush on his brother's wife. And his cock hit all the right places so very deep inside her. Penelope squealed out an orgasm as she thought of riding him. She needed to do it again.

Naked and sweaty, Penelope leaned over and grabbed her phone from her bedside table. She dialed Daniel's number. It was still early so he probably hadn't left for school yet. As the phone rang, her heart thumped in her chest. It went to voicemail. "Um ... Danny ... hello, it's Pen. I ... um ... we ... we have to talk. Call me back." She hung up and dropped the phone on the bed next to her. Her hand snaked back down past her blonde bush. Her fingers slipped inside her and she worked herself toward another orgasm.