

THE HAUNTING OF PALMER MANSION

CHAPTER 1



DARK STONE STORIES

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Chapter 1



“Do you plan on living in the house?” Roger Peddler sat across the table from George and Julie Anderson. They were an attractive middle-aged couple. She was a tall brunette with a pretty smile, wearing a navy skirt suit that looked off the rack. He was a tall man with some gray in his short blond beard, wearing a brown corduroy coat and red tie. This was the first time he’d met the buyers, and he had a pang of guilt to see them all smiles and eagerness. “My wife and I ... I mean ex-wife and I planned on fixing up the place, but we didn’t get very far.”

“We have the same plan.” George accepted a document from the closing agent and signed it. “We’ll live in the house while we fix it up.”

“Do you have a son?” Roger signed one of his own documents and pushed it away from him.

“We have three beautiful children, Mr. Peddler.” Julie cocked her head and raised an eyebrow. “Our eldest is married and off in the world. The twins still live with us.”

“Are the twins girls?” Roger’s voice sounded thin and unsure of itself.

“A boy and a girl.” George’s voice was more than a little sharp. “What business is it of yours?”

“None, none.” Roger shook his head. “This house may test your marriage.”

Julie’s pretty, curving lips slumped into a frown and she put her left hand on her husband’s right hand and squeezed. Her large wedding ring stood out on her delicate fingers. “Our marriage is rock solid, Mr. Peddler. This is not the first home we’ve rehabbed.”

“I thought my marriage was unbreakable too.” He took a sip from one of the plastic water bottles on the table. “And how old is your son?” Roger’s heart beat in his ears. He knew he was pushing it with this nice family, but he had to know.

“The twins are eighteen.” Julie squeezed George’s hand a little harder. She wanted him to know she’d had about enough of this.

“Maybe ... maybe ... maybe ...” Roger nodded to himself. “Maybe the house will ignore him.”

Everyone in the room buzzed with tension. The seller’s agent looked like he’d rather be elsewhere. The closing agent kept her eyes on her papers.

“Watch the boy.” Roger looked over at George. “Just watch your boy while you’re in that house.”

George turned to the closing agent. “Can we sign the rest of the paperwork in a different room? My wife and I would rather not share space with him.” He jabbed his finger at Roger.

“Of course.” The closing agent stood and ushered them out of the room.

Julie spared a glance back at Roger as they left. He was staring at her butt, shaking his head, and muttering “slut” to himself. In all her years buying and selling homes, this was the most unusual closing she’d been a part of.

“It’s got good bones.” George looked up at their new house with a satisfied smile. The Victorian mansion had



been a beauty at one point, but it had fallen into some disrepair. Nothing too worrisome. There was some rotted siding and peeling shingles. It needed paint. But lots of the original detailing remained. The two turret towers still stood proud on either side of the house. “What do you think, Jules?”



"I'm still in shock at the price." Julie walked up next to her husband, the weeds crunching under her sneakers. She slipped her arm around his waist and squeezed. "We lucked out, honey." Julie kissed George on the cheek and then looked back at the car. "You twins wanna see your new house?"

"Coming." Daniel shut off his phone, slipped it into his pocket, and hopped out of the car. "Wow, we're living here? It's huge." Daniel was a small, bookish teen. He pushed his longish, blond hair back off his forehead. "How many rooms, Mom?" Daniel couldn't look away from the house, taking in the old fish scale shingle accents and finely carved geometric shapes around the windows. In all his eighteen years, he'd never seen anything quite like it.



“There are twenty-two rooms, Danny.” Julie gave her husband another squeeze and then walked over and stood next to her son. “Seven bedrooms, five bathrooms, four living rooms, a den, a library, a kitchen, a dining room, and, of course, the grand entryway.”

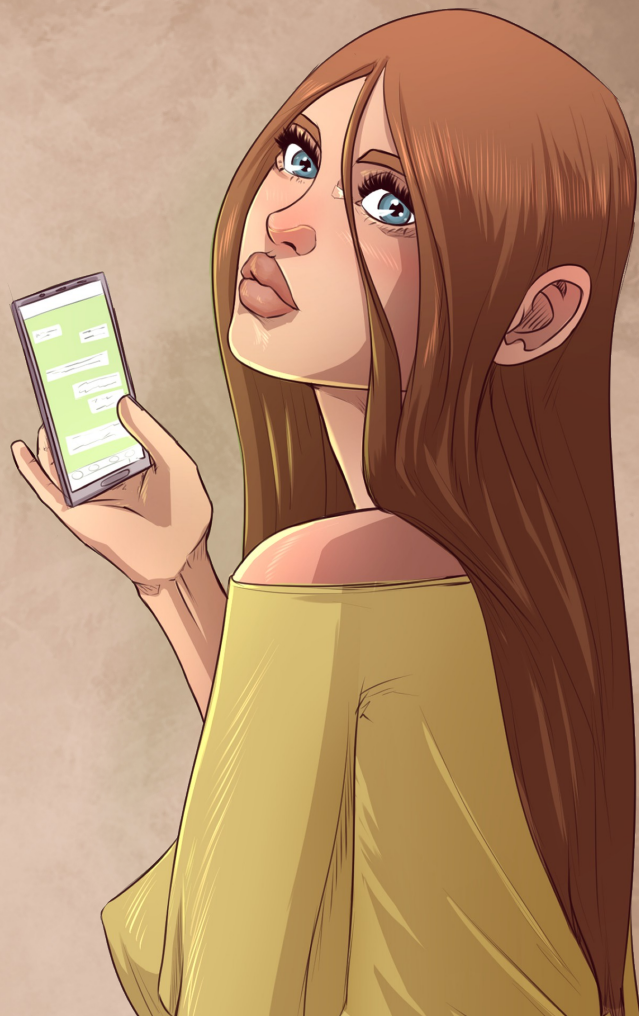
“That’s twenty-one.” Daniel looked up into his mom’s warm, brown eyes. “What about the other one?”

“Well, your father and I don’t know yet.” Julie smiled down at him. “There’s a room next to the study that’s locked. The seller says he didn’t have a key.”

“Oh, cool, a spooky mystery.” Daniel smiled and nodded with exuberance. “Hey, Britt,” he called over his shoulder. “Come and see this.”

“In a minute, dufus.” Brittney still sat in the back seat of the station wagon, texting her friends. Her long brown hair fell down around her face and did its best to hide her from the world.

A pickup truck drove down the old cobbled driveway and parked next to them. Daniel’s older brother, Brad, waved to Daniel with a sardonic flourish from the driver’s seat. His wife, Penelope, waved and smiled at



Daniel too, with a bit more authenticity. She had her blonde hair up, and she wore an old t-shirt, ready to work. Daniel felt some butterflies in his stomach the way he always did around her.

“Brad’s here?” Daniel looked back up at his mom, as if he had hopes that his eyes were playing tricks on him.

“Of course, sweetie. The movers will be here soon. We need help, right?” Julie patted Daniel on his skinny shoulder. She was mostly oblivious to Daniel’s apprehension about spending time with his bully of a brother, and his sweet, beautiful wife. “I hope when you’re a man, you’ll be as considerate as your brother.” Julie walked back over to her husband, took his hand, and walked down the cracked concrete of the front walk. “Let’s get this house opened up.”

“I’m eighteen.” Daniel said under his breath. “I’m a man.”

“No, you’re not.” Brad walked up next to Daniel and punched him on the arm, hard enough for Daniel to know it wasn’t playful. “You’re still a runt, Danny.” Brad hit him again, laughed, and walked after their parents.

Daniel stood in the weeds and rubbed his arm, watching Brad stalk off. His brother was his opposite in many ways. Brad was tall, broad-shouldered, and his muscles bulged out of his t-shirt. And he was not nearly as thoughtful as their mom thought.



“He doesn’t really mean it.” Penelope walked up and gave Daniel a pitying, sympathetic smile. “He’s actually very considerate.” She patted Daniel on the head like he was a lost puppy, and followed her husband up the walkway.

“He means it,” Brittney whispered. She had finally left the car and stood a few feet from Daniel, eyeing their new house. “It really is a monstrosity, isn’t it?”

“Our brother or the house?” Daniel looked at Brittney, admiring her quick, friendly smile.

“Both?” Her small, elfin features caught the morning sun as she looked up at windows in the west tower.

“Yeah, you’re probably right.” Daniel walked off toward the house. “Come on, Britt, let’s go pick out our rooms.”

“Okay.” As Brittney followed her brother, she kept her eyes up on the windows like she had spotted something interesting. But she said nothing more.

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Even with help from the movers, the Andersons were hot and sweaty by the time the family’s stuff was settled. Most of the boxes and furniture were in their assigned rooms.

Julie and George took the master bedroom on the second floor for their own.

Daniel took the second-floor bedroom with the fireplace, on the opposite end of the house.

Brittney, wanting to have some space of her own, took the circular bedroom in the east tower, above Daniel.

Brad and Penelope set up a guest bedroom for themselves across the hall from the master bedroom. The couple didn’t plan on spending the night all that often, but there were bedrooms to spare. They’d sleep there that Saturday night, help with the unpacking Sunday, and then leave Sunday night. It wasn’t a long drive back to their small home across town.

The house was clearly a product of its era. Only the entry way and the second-floor living room had open layouts. All the other rooms were cloistered and compartmentalized. All around them, there was rich wood paneling and bountiful carving and inlay. The Victorian builders loved to pour on an excess of detail and a mansion like this had certainly spared no expense when the house was built in 1886.

The family ate delivered pizza together in the oak-paneled dining room when their work was done. After that, Daniel excused himself to take a shower. He grabbed a towel from one of his boxes and found the bathroom across the hall from his new bedroom. It had an old clawfoot tub with a shower curtain hanging from a rickety curved rod. He sighed to himself, but it would have to do.

Downstairs, Julie washed dishes and thought about how they’d probably need to start with remodeling the kitchen. She could really use a dishwasher. Suddenly a chill passed over her and she



shivered. She felt George step up behind her and give her jean-clad butt a pat. “Hands off, George. Save it for our new bedroom.”

“What?” George called in from the dining room where he was clearing the table with Penelope’s help.

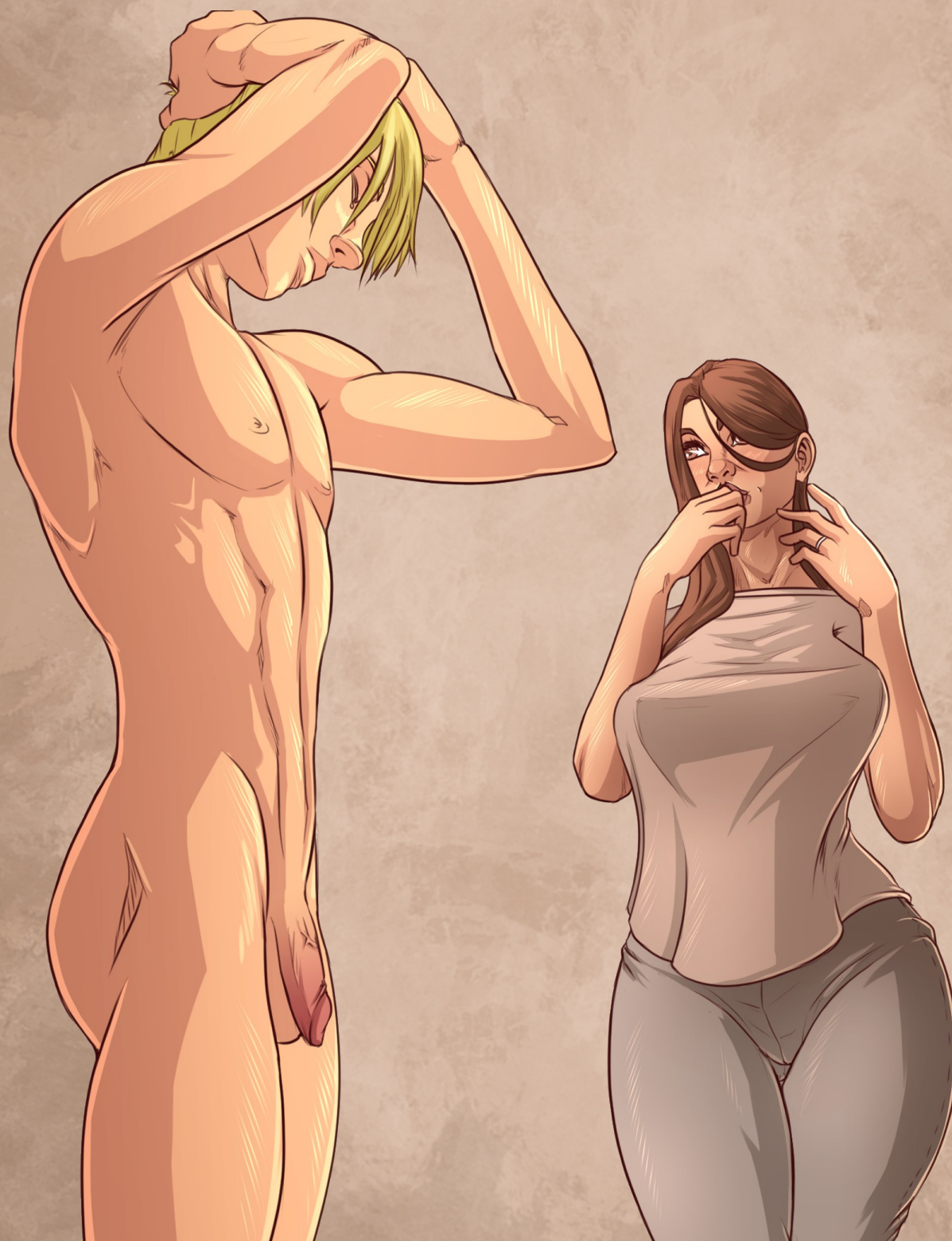
Julie’s pulse quickened and she turned, but no one was in the kitchen with her. She turned off the sink and put her hands on her hips. That was odd. She could have sworn somebody gave her butt a little smack. Well, she was tired. “Nothing, honey,” she called back to her husband. And now that she thought about it, she was dirty. So very dirty. Without another word, she walked out of the kitchen, down the hall, and upstairs.

The thought occurred to Julie that she should use the master bath and it might be good to grab a change of clothes and a towel. But instead, she walked right to the bathroom across from Daniel’s new bedroom. She opened the door and slipped in. She could hear Daniel softly singing to himself as he scrubbed himself. Julie’s heart thumped in her chest. She left the door open behind her and walked up to the shower curtain. For some

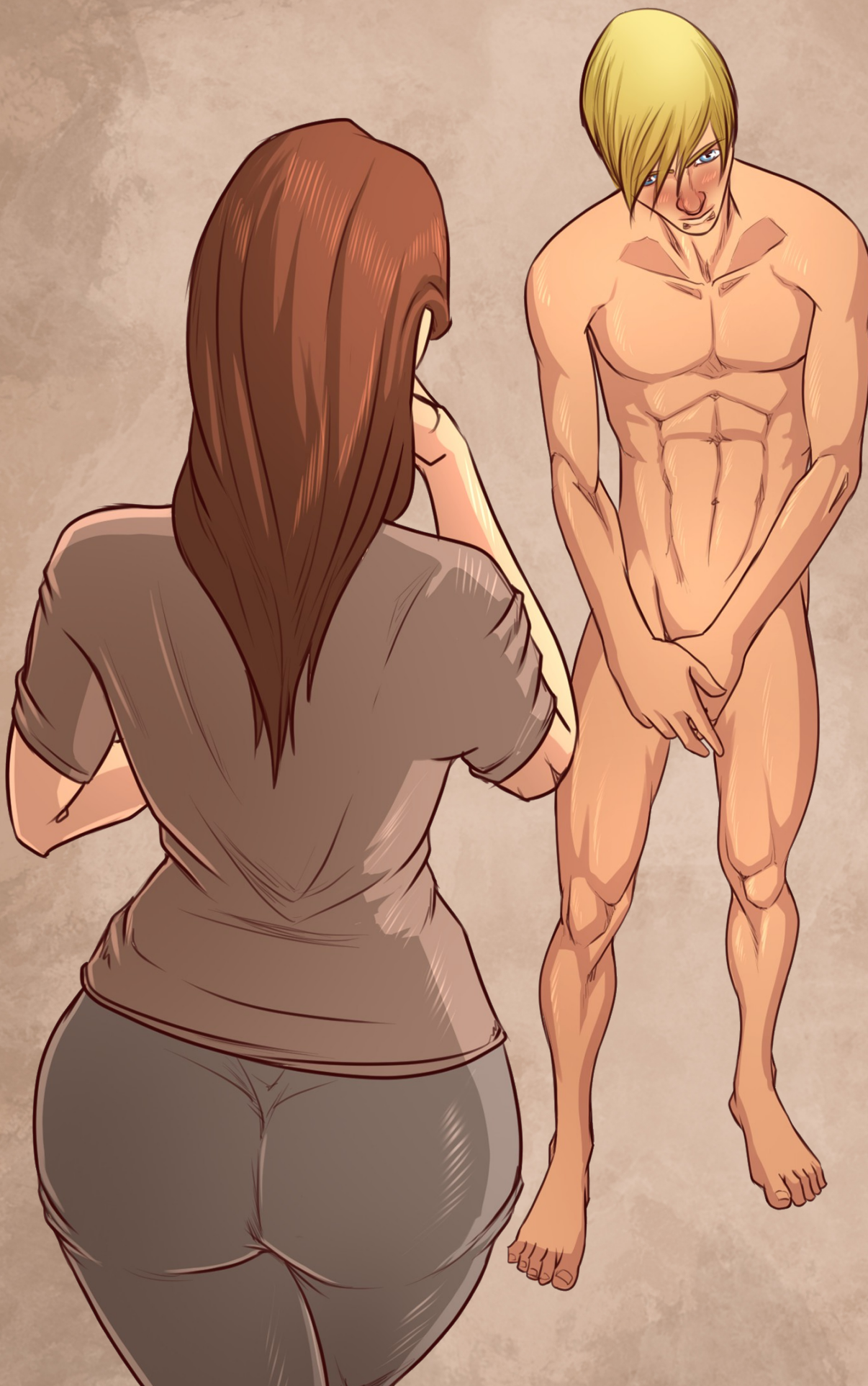
reason, she needed to make sure Daniel cleaned off properly. It was her motherly duty after all.

“Hit me baby one more time —” Daniel sung to himself. The shower curtain flung open and Daniel gave a high-pitched shriek. He turned to see his mother standing there with a distant look in her eyes. “Shit, Mom, what are you doing?”

The shriek snapped her out of it. “Oh, I’m so sorry, Danny. I didn’t know anyone was in here.” She looked him up and down. His pale, thin teenage body was slick with water. She couldn’t help but notice his tiny penis. It seemed he had



not inherited his father's hefty seven inches. That was too bad for her little man. "I ... um ... thought this shower was empty."



"Like, you didn't hear me?" Daniel caught his mom looking at his junk, and he quickly put both hands over his crotch. He knew he was small and the look of pity in his mom's eyes confirmed it. This was mortifying. "Get out, Mom."

"Of course, sorry. I'm so sorry, Danny." Julie retreated back out into the hall and closed the door. That was all so strange. She must be more tired than she thought. She walked back to the stairs with the most peculiar feeling. It was like she was moving in a stodgy dress, with an awkward bustle in the back. She had to look down to confirm to her brain that she in fact still had her t-shirt and jeans on. She'd go to bed early, she decided.

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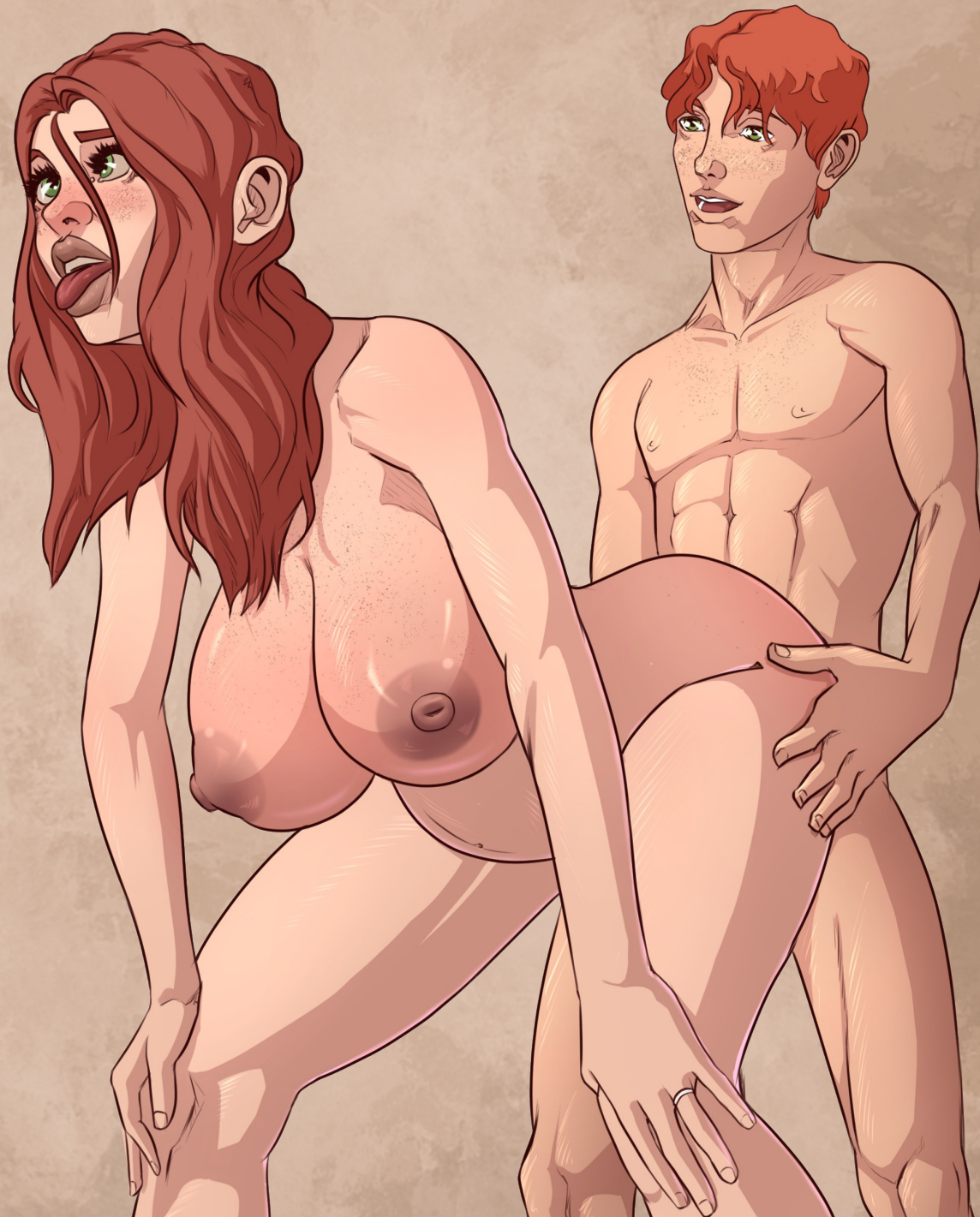
Something woke Daniel in the middle of the night. The old mansion creaked as its timbers contracted and expanded, a type of breath any old house would take. The cool night air settled around the house. Daniel's curtains billowed in the moonlight as a breeze blew through his open window. When had he opened his window? And if there was a draft blowing in there must be a cross breeze. Daniel looked over to his bedroom door and saw that it stood open too. That was odd.

A thump sounded down the hall and echoed into his room. That must have been what had woken him. And then another thump. And pretty soon the sound picked up a steady rhythmic beat. It wasn't so much a thumping as a slapping sound, he decided. Probably his stupid brother trying to prank him. Daniel threw off the covers and walked toward the door. The smooth, cool floorboards pressed up against his feet. He hugged himself against the breeze. It was very cold in his room.

Once at the door, Daniel peeked out into the hall. To his right all was quiet at the stairs that went up to his sister's room in the east tower. To his left, the hall extended a long way. Past the grand staircase, all the way down to the closed doors of the bedrooms where the rest of the family slept.

"What the?" Daniel's eyes widened. A naked woman with flowing red hair, large breasts, and a pregnant belly leaned her elbows on the railing overlooking the grand stairway. He could just hear her soft grunts. Behind her labored a young man probably Daniel's age, or maybe a little older. He gripped the pregnant woman's hips and thrust in and out of her with an enormous dick. His strokes were so long, Daniel thought he'd plop out of the woman, but, instead, he drove back into her again and again.

On the floor, all around the mating couple were





strewn old timey clothes that surely must have fallen out of a Dickens novel. Daniel's little penis hardened in his pajama bottoms.

The red-haired woman turned her head and looked at Daniel. Her green eyes blazed into his soul. "There you are, dearie." She gritted her teeth with each thrust. "The bond, the pact, the contract made." She spoke softly but the words carried down that long hall to Daniel. "We paid and received and the Devil took his due." Her whole body jiggled wonderfully with each hard thrust. Daniel had never seen anything he wanted more than this pregnant woman.

"Who ... who ..." Daniel stammered. "Who are you?"

"I am Mrs. Palmer, and you may know me the way the stud knows the mare if you wish." The woman smiled a sweet wistful smile. "You may possess all that you see."

"How?" Daniel watched her shaking ass and the lovely curve of her delicate back.

"You need only say that you want me." Mrs. Palmer grunted as the young man behind her picked up the pace. He was hammering her now. "Say you will pay the price to have what you will."

"I ... I ..." Daniel did want her.

"Offer your approbation, dearie. Then, you will know this pleasure." Mrs. Palmer braced herself as the young man grunted and stopped his thrusts, clearly cumming inside her. She pushed back and hissed through her teeth. "Pay the price and you can

have what my sweet Thomas has. For ever and ever." Panting, she kept her eyes locked on Daniel.

"I want you." Daniel didn't know what the price was, but he was more than willing to pay anything. "I'll pay the price."

“Good boy,” Mrs. Palmer said. And with that, she and Thomas disappeared, along with all of their clothes.

“Hello?” Daniel blinked.

A warmth grew in his small, stiff penis. At first it felt pleasant, but then it quickly became unbearable. It was so hot. His balls too. Everything down there felt like it was on fire. He ran across the hall and turned on the shower all the way to cold. He jumped in with his pajamas still on and pulled down his bottoms. The cold water did nothing to cool his fevered skin. His dick was glowing a reddish color he had never seen before, but one he’d later describe as something sanguine. The color of pleasure and blood.

As he watched with his mouth slack in horror, his dick grew. With each beat of his pulse it added a little to its girth and length. Veins defined themselves along his shaft. The head swelled and turned a dark purple color. Daniel tried not to hyperventilate. After several minutes, the dick

stopped growing and stood out from his skinny frame with monstrous proportions. Probably longer than a foot and so terribly thick. The glow left his penis, and spread to his balls. Now they too grew with each beat of his heart. He reached down and grabbed his dick with both hands and stroked. He’d never known such pleasure before. When his balls stopped their expansion, they were quite swollen and crisscrossed with little purple veins.

“Oh my, God, I’m ... going to ... explode.” Daniel let loose a torrent of cum onto the shower curtain and sagged down to his knees. That was more cum than he was used to producing in a whole month. His dick went soft, but it was still so huge as it rested in his hands.

Daniel wiped the cum down the shower drain, stood, and turned the shower off. Still soaking wet, with his bottoms around his ankles, he stumbled out of the tub and into the hall. His dick swayed like a pendulum between his scrawny thighs. He managed to cross the hall into his bedroom, close the door behind him, and tossed his exhausted body into bed. Daniel fell asleep almost immediately, and dreamed heavenly dreams of taking Mrs. Palmer from behind.



What a wonderfully large house. They were a lucky family to find this steal, Julie thought to herself as she padded down the second-floor hall wearing a casual summer dress. It was a clear, sunny morning and most of the family ate breakfast down in the dining room. Everyone except Daniel, that is. He hadn't gotten himself out of bed yet, which was unusual for him. He was often the first to rise. He'd probably stayed up too late with a book or something. Julie knocked on the door, but received no answer.

"Danny, I'm coming in." Julie opened the door and stepped in. She found him lying on top of the covers, on his stomach. His little white butt nearly blinded her in the morning light. She giggled to herself, she hadn't seen his naked butt in years. Now she'd seen his diminutive penis and butt in the course of two days. "Danny?" Julie walked over to the bed and shook his shoulder. His pajama top was damp. Maybe he'd had night sweats. She felt sorry for him. His nightmares probably had something to do with her seeing his little thingy. "Time to wake up, pumpkin."



"What?" Groggily, Daniel turned his head on the pillow and blinked his eyes up at his mother. He'd always known she was pretty, but in that moment, she looked completely enthralling. His eyes went to her cleavage as she bent at the waist. His cheeks flushed and he looked up to her sweet smile. Very fine crow's feet lines, obvious in the morning light, extended next to her eyes. The small wrinkles looked so lovely and reassuring.

"It's time to wake up." Julie noticed her little man taking a peek down her dress, but she didn't mind. Teenagers couldn't really help themselves after all. "We're leaving for church in an hour. And we have a lot of unboxing to do today." Julie straightened and gave Daniel a wink. "I'm going to go get changed. Get ready and go grab some breakfast." Julie did her best not to giggle as she left the room. She closed the door after her.

“Oh, shit.” Daniel realized only after she’d left that he’d been mooning her. He turned onto his back and his soft, giant dick flopped onto his belly. “Oh, double shit.” He looked down at what until yesterday had been an awkward problem on the tiny end of the scale, but was now an embarrassment of riches. How was he even going to stuff all that into his briefs?

Daniel hopped out of bed, did his best to tuck that monster comfortably into his underwear, and put on his church clothes.

When he arrived downstairs, he found his siblings in the dining room finishing off their pancakes.

“The runt has landed,” Brad said between mouthfuls. He wore an ill-fitting suit that couldn’t quite contain his broad shoulders. He had his blue tie flipped over his shoulder.

“Good morning, Daniel.” Penelope gave Daniel that usual sad smile that said she felt sorry for her husband’s little brother, but she wasn’t going to do anything about it.

“Why are you walking so funny?” Brittney looked Daniel up and down as he found a seat and served himself some pancakes.

“Just sore from all that moving.” Daniel flipped his red tie over his shoulder to keep it away from any wayward syrup.

“Do you even lift, bro?” Brad laughed at his own joke and looked at his wife.

Penelope was torn between supporting her husband and not wanting to further humiliate poor Daniel. She chose the former and chuckled, but didn’t make eye contact with either of them.

Both Daniel’s sister and sister-in-law were already in their church dresses. Daniel’s eyes took in the swell of their breasts under the conservative cut. Penelope certainly had more in the boob department, but she was in her twenties. Daniel supposed Brittney would grow bigger. Then he realized he was thinking about his sister’s tits and his mouth turned down in revulsion.

“What’s wrong now?” Brittney’s sharp features were accentuated by the inquisitive look on her face.

“Nothing. Just a bad taste in my mouth.” Daniel tried to keep his thoughts about Brittney clean, but all sorts of torrid images burst into his brain. Did she shave her pussy? What did her butt look like? Sure, he’d seen her in a bathing suit dozens of times, but he’d never really looked. Much to his dismay, his new freak-of-a-dick started pushing at his underwear as it swelled with blood. He needed to think of something else. “How’d you sleep up in your tower?” Shit, now he was thinking about her laying naked in bed. The world was going topsy-turvy.

“I slept like a log.” Brittney cocked her head at him. “What’s wrong with you today?”

“Nothing, nothing.” Daniel shook his head.

“I think he’s finally hit puberty,” Brad said.

“Enough with that, Brad.” George walked into the room with his jacket and tie on. “Okay, Andersons. Let’s get this show on the road.”



Everyone but Daniel got up from the table and took their dishes into the kitchen. Daniel sat there for ten minutes and slowly ate his pancakes until his dick finally deflated. Maybe he was hitting puberty way late. Maybe that's all this was. Then he thought of Mrs. Palmer and a chill ran down his spine. No, something else was happening.

Eventually, Julie came to get him. "We're out the door, Danny. Come on."

"Coming, Mom." Daniel got to his feet and followed her out of the house. He needed to talk to somebody. The pastor? No way. His dad? That would be weird. His sister? No. His mom? Butterflies rose in his stomach as he contemplated confiding in her. He wasn't sure why, but it would have to be her.

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On Sunday afternoon, Julie sat on the floor in the middle of the library unpacking and organizing books. The jeans and t-shirt she had on were dusty from the day's labors. Her hands stopped when she pulled the book *First Love* by Ivan Turgenev out of its temporary cardboard home. She remembered reading it when she was in college. A love



story between a teenage man and an older woman. As she recalled, the woman was capricious and the man overcome by infatuation. She opened the book and read a random passage. *"I burnt as in a fire in her presence ... but what did I care to know what the fire was in which I burned and melted--it was enough that it was sweet to burn and melt."*

Seamlessly, Julie felt that she had moved into dream. A pregnant woman in a bustled dress stood over her, looking down at the book. "I read that book on its first American printing." The woman's copper hair fell around her face. "It's a rather scandalous and scorching tale."

Julie looked up at the woman and a sense of calm spread over her. "Who are you?"

"My name's Mrs. Eloise Palmer. How do you do?" Eloise held her hand out.



"I'm Julie Anderson." Julie reached out for the hand, but it was offered in such a way that she knew she wasn't supposed to shake it. She was supposed to kiss it. Did women greet each other this way all those years ago? Julie didn't think so, but she took the hand and delicately placed her lips on Eloise's knuckles. The woman's skin was icy on Julie's warm lips. She released the hand and looked down at the book.

"Go on," Eloise said. "Read another passage."

"Sure." Julie felt that the whole world had gone foggy. She flipped pages and read. "*Beware of the love of women; beware of that ecstasy - that slow poison.*"

Eloise laughed. It was a pretty, tinkling sound. She held her swollen belly. "I'm glad my Thomas never read that book. We wouldn't want to warn our boys, now would we? I do believe he turned eighteen the year I read this."

"What year was that?" Julie looked back up into those beguiling green eyes.

"It was 1897, of course." Eloise smiled.

"Of course." Julie nodded.

"Now, Mrs. Anderson, would you like to know the pleasures I found with my Thomas?" Eloise's smile grew and her freckled face radiated happiness.

"I don't understand." Julie shook her head, trying to clear the cobwebs from her brain.

"The bond, the pact, the contract made," Eloise said. "We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation, sweet Julie."

"No." Julie dropped the book and ran her hands through her long brown hair. "No, this is wrong."

"Mom, are you in here?" Daniel poked his head into the doorway.

Julie found herself lying on the floor in the middle of all those books. She sat up and looked around the room wildly. Mrs. Palmer was gone. Had Julie drifted off to sleep while unpacking? What a strange dream. It had been a trying few days. She looked back to her son who had a worry line etched into his forehead. "What's wrong, pumpkin?"

"I think I need to see a doctor." Daniel stepped into the library and closed the door behind him. The door could lock from inside. That was an odd feature for a library. He locked it. "I'm going through some ... changes." He looked down at his mother. The outline of her bra straps under her old t-shirt fascinated him. He'd never really noticed what wonderfully round, full boobs she had. He tried not to stare at how her breasts warped the logo on her shirt.

"No insurance, remember? Hopefully we can avoid the doctor." Julie stood up and brushed herself off, shaking the last clinging remnants of that dream away. "Tell me what the problem is."

"Last night I had a strange dream about a pregnant lady, and then this happened." Daniel unbuttoned his pants.

"Wait, Danny. Did this woman have ...?" Julie gasped and lost her train of thought as Daniel lowered his pants and underwear and she got a good look at what hung between his legs.

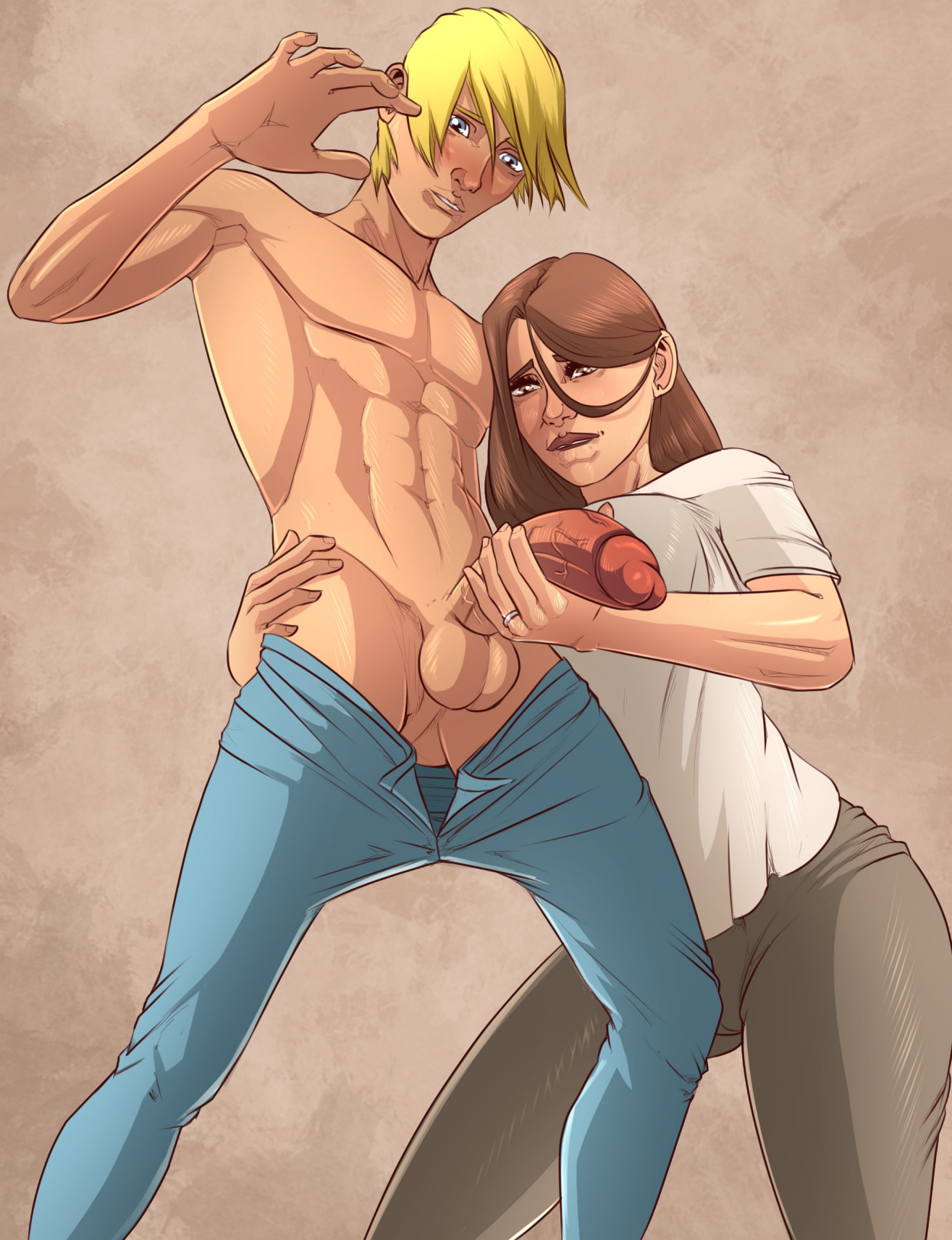
"See. That's why I need a doctor." He looked away from his mother.



“Is that real?” Julie tentatively walked toward her son. It looked real enough, just ridiculously exaggerated. The skin tone was right for Daniel. It swayed a little like she’d expect such a large hunk of meat to sway as Daniel shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

“I’m not messing with you, Mom.” Daniel spared a glance as she approached. Her eyes were narrow, and she moved almost like a cat on the hunt. It was disconcerting.

“I’ll need to touch it.” Julie drew near to him and reached her left hand down to the soft appendage. “Just to check.” She brushed her fingertips down the top and the thing jerked and grew a little. “Oh, I see. It’s real.” She took a deep breath. “It’s real, alright.” In her head she heard Eloise’s voice. Julie needed only to pay the price and she could possess everything before her.



“Mom ... uh ... you better stop now.”

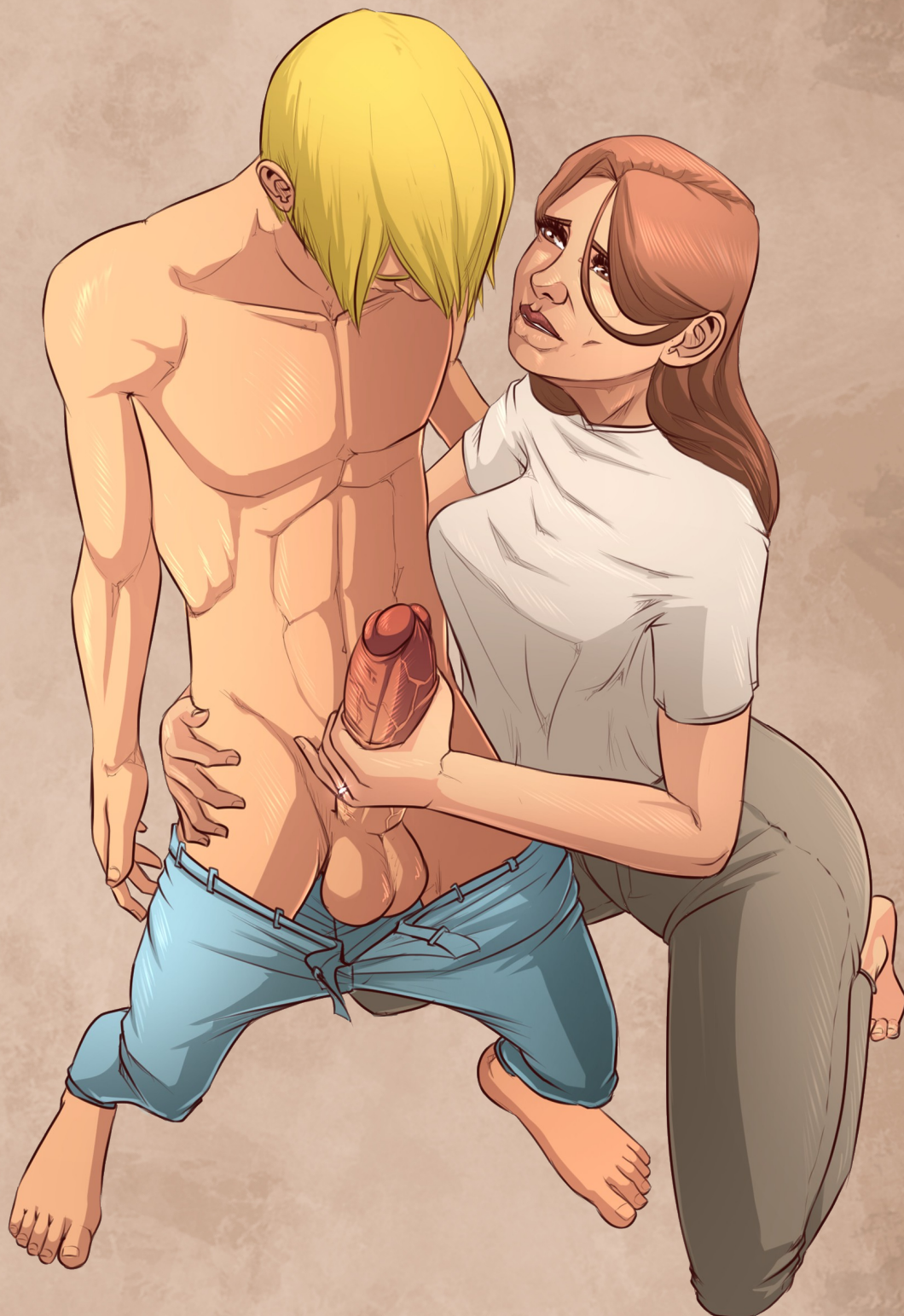
“Just a sec, pumpkin.” Julie slowly wrapped her fingers around the thing’s monstrous girth and squeezed, pressing her wedding ring into the spongy flesh. Some part of her brain flashed warning lights and repeated to her a passage from church earlier that day. Corinthians 7:5, *Do not deprive each other except perhaps by mutual consent and for a time, so that you may devote yourselves to prayer. Then come together again so that Satan will not tempt you because of your lack of self-control.* Julie let go of her son’s hardening thing.

“I’m sorry, it just did that on its own.” Daniel looked down. His dick was now almost fully hard, head purple and veins bulging.

“Go take a cold shower, Danny, and we’ll talk about his later.” She gave him a shove toward the door. “And for heaven’s sake pull your pants up.”

Daniel turned, pulled up his pants, and rushed for the door. Tears welled in his eyes. He was so confused. Base urges and conscience pulled in far flung directions. He didn’t think the cold shower would help, but at least it was the perfect place to fap. He opened the door and rushed down the hall.

Julia’s chest heaved and she shook her head. Her mind vacillated between thinking the whole thing was the product of a fevered mind beset by a tempestuous few days, to focusing back to the reality of Daniel’s strange penis as she held it in her hand. They’d need to get the wi-fi working, because Julie needed to do some research on how quickly the teenage penis was supposed to grow. She was pretty sure it wasn’t that fast. Good Lord, he was now twice the size of his father.



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Sunday evening rolled around and Julie found Daniel in his room. He was laying on his bed messing around on his phone. Goodness gracious, she could see the bulge of his soft penis in his shorts. “Get up, Danny. Let’s have another look at it. I Googled your condition and didn’t find anything. I think if it looks healthy, we’ll just call this an unusual growth spurt.”

“Okay, Mom.” Daniel got off the bed, stood on the hardwood in his bare feet, and dropped his shorts. His breathing quickened. Did he like showing off his dick to his mom? Was that the reason he’d picked her to help him with this problem? Daniel was glad he hadn’t tried his father. That would have been nothing but embarrassment. “Wow, sweetie. That really is some growth spurt.” Julie’s eyes widened as her gaze roved over the great hanging thing. “Okay, George,” Julie called over her shoulder. “I do think you need to see it.” She hadn’t wanted to bring in her husband. Maybe she’d exaggerated the memory of Daniel’s penis from earlier in the day. After all, she had been groggy from that dream about the pregnant woman. But clearly, it was just as big as she remembered it. She needed a man’s opinion.

“What?” Daniel looked at the door in a sudden panic.

“Alright, pal, let’s see what all the fuss is about.” George stepped in from the hall where he’d been waiting. He got one look at his son with his shorts around the ankles and stopped in his tracks. “Well that does look out of place, doesn’t it?” George took another step and stood next to his wife. “You should check it, Jules. Make sure it’s ... I don’t know ... normal.”



"We can see it's not normal, honey." Julie frowned at her husband. "I don't want to touch it." In her mind, she added *again*. But she couldn't have George know she'd already held the thing.

"I'm right here, Mom." Daniel's cheeks flushed and he looked away. He expected his dick to shrivel up and disappear. That's what his old dick would have done. But this monster just hung there. At least he didn't have an erection. That would be a real nightmare.

"Sorry, Danny." George looked back at Daniel. "You are as God created you and you have nothing to be ashamed of."

Daniel didn't think that was right. It was Mrs. Palmer that did this and Daniel was pretty sure she wasn't working with God. "There was a lady last night –"

"Hold on, Danny. One thing at a time." Julie didn't mean to be cross, but she wanted to focus on the issue at hand. "We need to deal with this now."

"Well, it looks healthy enough." George leaned a little forward as he tried to assess his son's dick without getting too close. "Does it hurt?"

"No, it's okay," Daniel said. "But I really have to tell you about –"

"There you are. What's everybody doing in ..."
Brad walked into the room and stopped in his tracks.
"Holy shit. What the hell, Mom and Dad?"

"Language, Bradley." Julie turned and shook a finger at Brad. "We're just trying to see if your brother needs any medical attention."

"I bet he does." Brad shook his head like he was deep in thought. "He's a freak." Brad didn't like any of this. His stupid little brother was swinging some serious pipe. He'd never tell Penelope about this.

Daniel wanted to crawl into a hole and die.
Instead he just stood there with his dick out in the breeze.

"That's not helpful, Bradley." Julie scowled at her eldest.

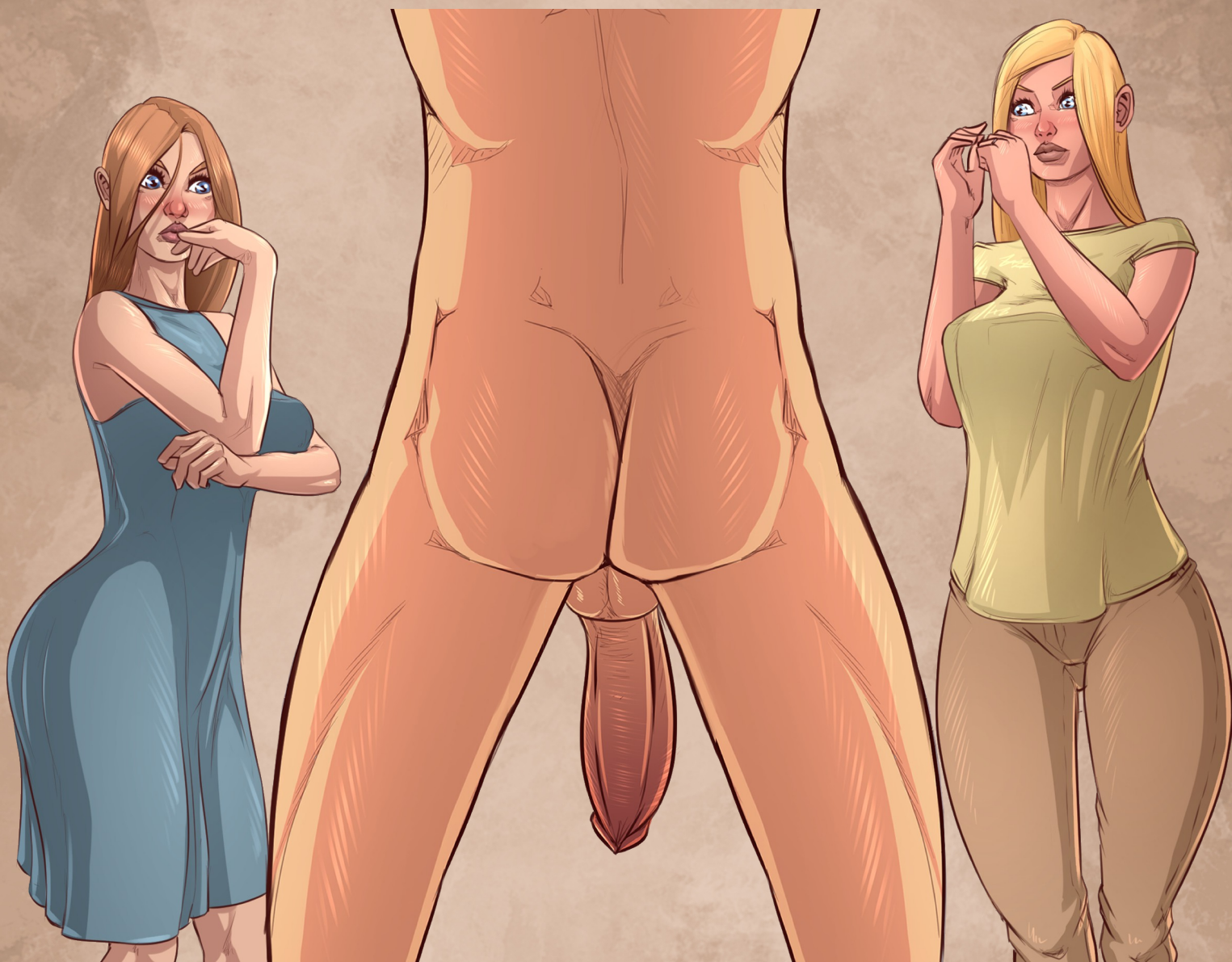
"Well, now." George sighed. He looked away from Daniel and offered a wan smile to his wife. His youngest son suddenly made him very uneasy. "It seems healthy enough. If it doesn't bother him, there's no need for a doctor."

"This house is so big. It took forever for us to find ..."
Penelope walked into the room and her jaw dropped.
Brittney walked in next to her and her hand went to her mouth. Both women quickly had very rosy cheeks. All four eyes fixed themselves on Daniel's dick.



“What ... what happened to Danny?” Brittney couldn’t look away from the horrible thing between his legs.

“It’s perfectly natural.” George moved toward the door and tried to shepherd his family back into the hall. “We come in all shapes and sizes.”



“But that’s not Danny’s thing, Dad.” Brittney let herself be pushed out of the room.

“Of course it is, Britt.” George cleared out everyone but Julie, and their voices faded down the hall.

“You can put that away now.” Julie watched him pull up his shorts and underwear, he struggled to tuck his thing into his clothes. “So, it’s decided. If it hurts or changes in any way, you let me know. Otherwise, this will be the last we talk about it. Okay?”

“Sure, Mom.” Daniel looked at the floor.

Julie turned and walked to the door and a sudden thought entered her mind. She looked back at Daniel still standing there. “Cheer up. It would have been so much worse if they saw the little thing you used to have. I think the men were jealous. Don’t you?” Julie smiled her warm, caring smile but it occurred to her that was a very odd thing for her to say.

“Thanks, Mom.” Daniel looked up and smiled back. “Yeah, sure.”

“Good. That’s all settled then.” Julie slipped out the door and closed it behind her.

Dreams slipped past Daniel as he slept. There was no room as the house whispered into his mind. Over and over again, Daniel heard that he'd paid the price and now it was time to take what was his. Daniel woke with a sudden start and sat up in bed. Moonlight fell through his bedroom window. Again, the damned window hung open and the curtains billowed. What was going on? He was sure he closed it this time. Daniel took a deep breath. He was about to get out of bed and rectify the situation when he noticed a shadow looming by the fireplace.

The shadow took a step toward the bed. Daniel's blood ran cold. It took another slow step. The form was a woman in a Victorian dress with long flowing hair cascading over her shoulders.

"Hello?" Daniel's voice croaked weakly.

"You paid the price, now take what you will." Eloise Palmer stepped into the moonlight and looked down at Daniel in his bed. Her pale skin

almost glowed as she dropped her dress to the ground and moved closer. She stood over him completely naked. "Did you see the doubt in their eyes? They all know what will come."

"Who?" Daniel looked up at her swollen freckled breasts. Her nipples were dark and her areolas expansive. His gaze trailed down over her round belly to the red triangle of hair between her slender legs.



"You know who, Danny." Eloise pulled his blanket and sheet slowly off the bed. Her green eyes narrowed at the sight of his manhood barely contained by his pajamas. "You're ready for me. Good boy." She bent down and grabbed the cuffs of his bottoms. The twin diamonds on her wedding ring caught the moonlight. With a swoop of her arms she pulled the bottoms off Daniel and his dick sprung free. "What a fine bludgeon you now have."

"I'm ... a virgin ... Mrs. Palmer." Daniel gripped the sheet in either hand as she climbed into bed with him.

"Not for long, darling." Eloise straddled him and reached below her to grasp his cock. "Soon, you'll find yourself surrounded in acquiescent quim. Anyone you want, Danny. Anytime you want her."

"Your skin is so cold." Daniel shivered as she dropped her hips and he slid into her. Her insides were as chilly as her exterior.

"Warm me up then." Eloise groaned and took long, slow bounces up and down. Her boobs and belly shook with every thrust. "That's a good lad." She cupped her boobs in her hands and leaned her head back. Eloise rolled her eyes and her pretty lips parted. "So ... goooooood."

"Am ... I ... uh ... uh ... uh ... dreaming?" This was so far beyond any fantasy Daniel could conjure up.

"Nooooooo." Eloise switched to gyrating her hips and placed her cold hands on his meager chest. "It's time ... Danny ... for *la petite mort*." Her hips stopped and she trembled all over. Her dangling boobs shook just above Daniel's face. When she'd recovered from her orgasm, she went back to long, bouncing strokes

again. This time with both hands on her pregnant belly. "Very good, Danny. Now it's your turn."



The sounds of Daniel's soft grunts, Eloise's more animalistic ones, and the slapping of frigid skin on warm skin filled the large, dark bedroom. She rode him for a long time.

"Mrs. Palmer ... it's happening ..." Daniel shut his eyes tight. "Oooohhhhhhh." He came and came inside this strange woman. Nothing in his life had prepared him for the ecstasy of that moment.

When Daniel opened his eyes, golden morning light streamed through his open window and his mother was knocking on his door. Eloise was nowhere to be seen.

"Time for breakfast, Danny." Julie had the good sense not to barge in on her growing boy after the incidents the day before. She wanted no more to do with his enormous thing. "School bus will be here in thirty."

"Okay, Mom." Daniel called back through the door. What a strange night that had been. He looked down at his rigid marvel of a dick and wondered if he had time for a fap in the shower before breakfast.

