

THE HAUNTING OF PALMER MANSION

CHAPTER 2



DARK STONE STORIES

Illustrations by JDseal

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of our novels, please visit: <https://subscribestar.adult/dark-stone-stories>. This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/EqsVRBU> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

-

The bus dropped off the twins at the end of their long driveway. They talked about classes and friends as they walked back to their new house. Once home, Brittney went off to the main living room to do some homework. There was a couch in there and Brittney liked to imagine a roaring fire in the fireplace, which was a cozy thought. Daniel said goodbye to his sister and hunted for his parents. This proved difficult as the mansion was quite expansive.

Eventually he found them in the west tower room, creating their punch list. "Floorboards are loose here." George stroked his graying, blond beard as he surveyed the enormous, circular room. The windows looked out in all directions. He could see the east tower. It looked like Brittney was home as he caught a glimpse of a woman's shape moving about her room. "Some of the sills and jambs show rot. Not too bad."

"Got it." Julie scribbled down on her pad of paper.

"What about electrical?"

"Hey, Mom and Dad. I'm home." Daniel walked up the creaking stairway and entered the vacant tower room. He was huffing and puffing from walking all around the mansion. Daniel stopped, bent over, and put his hands on his thighs. The uncomfortable bulk of his dick made the circuit of the house even harder. His

briefs weren't supportive enough and he now walked with an odd gait.

"Hey, pal. How was school?" George turned to look at his son.

"Good." Daniel looked up at his parents. They were in their dusty construction clothes.

"I see your sister's up in her tower already." George pointed out the window at the other turret.

"No, I think she's in the main living room doing homework." Daniel turned his gaze in the direction his father pointed, but didn't see anyone. "Maybe it was Penelope?"

"They went home this morning." Julie tucked her pad of paper under her arm.



“Well it wasn’t Brittney.” He wondered if it was Eloise, but after he’d lost his virginity last night, Daniel didn’t want to talk about her with his parents.

“Well, I hate to argue –” George squinted over at the other tower.

“Then don’t.” Julie slapped George on the back and a cloud of dust rose in the air. She smiled at him and then at her son. Even in her ragged work clothes, Julie was a beauty. “Tell us something that happened today at school.”

“Well ...” Daniel straightened and sighed. He’d finally caught his breath. “I think I need new underwear. I was really uncomfortable. Especially during PE.”

“That’s a problem we can solve.” Julie handed George the punch list. “I’m going to help Daniel find some new underwear online.” She walked toward her son, the loose floorboards squeaking a protest under her sneakers. Her brown ponytail swished back and forth behind her head.

“I could really use your help, Jules.” George did need her help. It was a lot of house to cover.

“You’ll be fine without me, honey.” She took Daniel’s warm hand in hers and led him back down the stairs. “It’s not like Danny’s going to steal me away, George,” she called over her shoulder. Julie laughed at that. It was an easy, friendly sound, like the ringing of merry church bells.

~~

“This isn’t easy.” Julie scrolled the page on her laptop. “I mean, if we get the XXL, it’ll just hang off your butt. You’re still skinny everywhere but that one place.”

“Over there, Mom.” Daniel pointed at the screen and she stopped scrolling. “That iron strength micro boxer. It says it’s made for men with big packages.”

“It does, thank goodness.” Julie clicked on the link and adjusted her reading glasses. “Good for up to seven inches when soft,” she read. “How big is your thing, Danny?”

“I don’t know.” Daniel was suddenly aware that his shoulder was resting against his mom’s shoulder as their chairs were side by side. The touch was almost electric. He leaned away from her a little.

“Come on. I know all men measure it. Especially teenagers. You must have measured it.” She turned to look at him and tried to offer a reassuring smile like this was all perfectly normal, even though they both knew it was not.



"I didn't measure it." Daniel inhaled. Julie's breath was sweet and her lips looked so plump and inviting. He'd kissed a few girls in his day, but none as womanly as his mother. Not even close. He looked up into her warm brown eyes, magnified by her glasses. "Let's just get this one. I bet medium will fit."

"Nonsense, I'll get your father down here and he can show you how to measure it." Julie took off her glasses, stood, and walked toward the door.

"No, Mom. I'd die if I had to show it to him again." Daniel steepled his hands in prayer. "Can you just do it, please?"

Julie stopped and looked back at him. He looked so sincere. "Fine. I'll go get the measuring tape in the kitchen. I'll be back in a minute."

~~

Brittney worked her way through her calculus. She sat cross-legged on the sofa, her phone playing white noise to help her concentrate. The cavernous room felt almost cozy.

"That math looks hard," an unfamiliar voice said. "I always tried to study in this room too. The fire always made it so snug and comfy."

Surprised, Brittney looked up to see a boy roughly her age leaning against the great timber mantel. Even more surprising, a fire now roared in the fireplace. The white noise on her phone shifted to the crackling and popping of

a blazing fire. Brittney felt the room swim around her. Were those animal heads on the wall? But like in all dreams, she accepted the fantastical as mundane. The boy had short red hair, freckles, and looked like he'd been dressed by Huckleberry Finn. "I'm sorry, who are you now?" "I'm Tom. And you are Miss ...?" Thomas bowed and raised his eyebrows, clearly looking for her name.

"I'm Brittney." She giggled. He had such strange affectations. "How old are you Tom?" Brittney put her homework down on the coffee table and brushed her long brown hair behind her shoulders.

"I'm nineteen." Thomas finished his bow and leaned back against the mantle with an air of insouciance. "Always nineteen."

"Well, that's very strange. I'm eighteen, but not always." Brittney laughed again. "For example, just a few weeks ago I was seventeen."



"I see." Tom smiled. "What sort of games do you like to play?"

"I don't know. Mostly 4x strategy games." Brittney looked around the room. Where had all the ornate furniture come from? The fire cast everything with an orange glow, but offered no heat.

"I don't know what that is, Miss Brittney."

"What games do you play?" Brittney smiled at this odd boy.

"I play carnal games mostly. Those are the most fun. Don't you think?" Thomas looked down at his trousers and there was an obvious bulge growing there. Soon it was an impossibly large tent.

"Oh, my. What's that?" Brittney's smile faded.

"Do you want me to show you?" Thomas shrugged out of his suspenders and reached down to unbutton his trousers.

"No. I don't want to see it." Brittney shook her head. "It's too big. Too big," she shouted.

"Brittney,
sweetie?"

Julie's voice
echoed around
the room.

Thomas, the
fire, and his
other
manifestations
shimmered
and then
disappeared.

Julie walked
into the living
room. "What's
wrong,
Brittney?" She

had a
measuring
tape in her
hand and a
look of worry
on her face. "I
heard you
shouting."

"It was just a
bad dream."

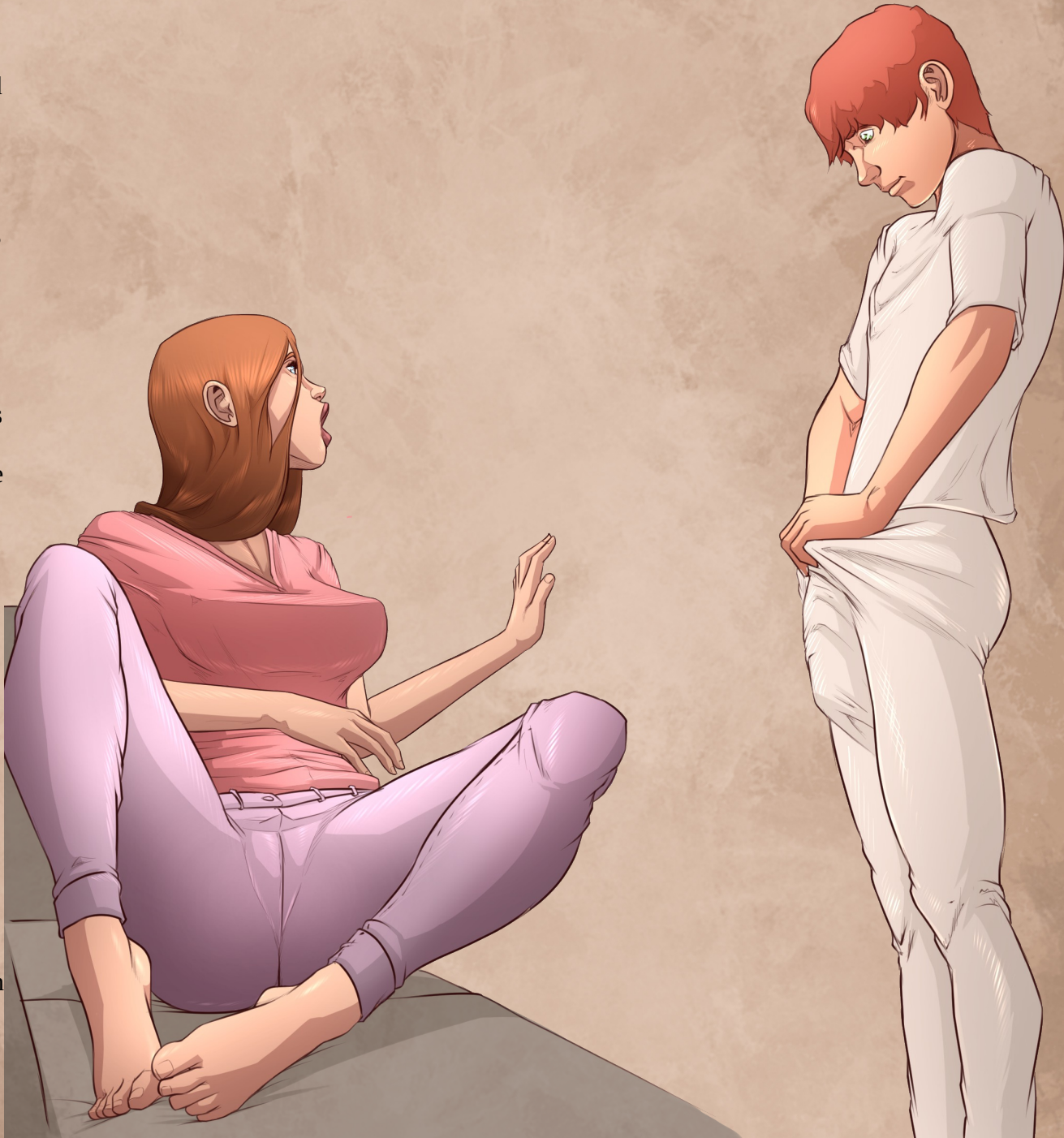
Brittney
looked around
the room in
bewilderment.
Everything
was just as
it'd been when
she walked in
a little while
ago. "I just
drifted off
while

studying." She picked up her homework off the coffee table.

"Oh, okay." Julie nodded. "I'm going to go help your brother with something, then I'll check back in on you."

"Thanks, Mom." Brittney waved her off. The white noise on her phone crackled and popped.

"Sure, pumpkin." Julie stepped back into the hall and headed back to the study.



~~~

“Wow, Danny. Is it even bigger than yesterday?” Julie knelt in front of her son, tape measure in hand. She looked at that great hanging thing, a formidable leviathan not yet wakened from its slumber. Her gaze went behind it to those two tumescent balls. The rough flesh was crisscrossed with little purple veins running every which way. “I don’t think so.” Danny looked past his mom at Eloise who quietly stepped in from the hallway and gently closed the study door behind her. She put a pale finger to her pink lips and smiled at Daniel. Her bustled dress made no sound as she gracefully stepped into the room, her pregnant belly not totally concealed by the patterned fabric. “Well, let’s get this over with.” Julie reached out with her left hand, hesitated, and then took hold of the soft shaft.



“It’s so warm.” She brought the measuring tape up and unwound it. “Five, six, seven, eight inches. Goodness, Danny. You’re longer than your father is when he’s erect.” Julie hadn’t meant to say that out loud.

“Really?” Danny watched Eloise as she stood behind his mother. Eloise put her hands together and then slowly pulled them apart until there was more than a foot of distance between them. She nodded, and offered a sweet, proud smile when she saw that Daniel understood.

“Okay, eight inches it is.” Julie put down the measuring tape on the floor, but for some reason she hadn’t yet released her son’s penis. “Maybe those micro boxers will work. Seven is pretty close to eight.”

“Uh, Mom.” Daniel tried not to stammer. “We should ... see how long it is hard.” Danny looked at Eloise as she vigorously nodded and then his gaze fell to his mom’s pretty eyes. There was a nervous tension in those eyes.

“I don’t think so, Danny.” The color drained from Julie’s face. She bit her bottom lip. “Unless ... unless ... you think it’s really important for your comfort.”

“I need your help, Mom.”

“Okay, okay, okay.” Julie took a deep breath and looked back down at the flaccid penis. “I’ll help you this one time so we can get you the proper underwear.” Her left hand made one tentative stroke up and down the shaft. She paused. And stroked again. And again. Pretty soon, she had a nice rhythm. She could feel the thing in her hand swelling as Danny’s blood rushed into it. “There we go. Is it all the way hard yet?”

“Not ... yet.” Daniel watched her boobs shake under her t-shirt as she worked frantically to get him all the way hard.

“Not yet? Okay, okay.” Julie grabbed him with her right hand too and worked both hands on the shaft together.

She’d never given a handjob with two hands before, there hadn’t been enough room on those other men. Oh, no, she thought. She was giving Daniel a handjob. It was really happening.

“You can ... measure ... now.”

Daniel panted and tried hard not to cum in his mom’s unsuspecting face.

“Thank goodness.”

Still stroking with her left hand, Julie reached down and grabbed the tape measure with her right hand. She should really stop the handjob now, but for some reason she couldn’t. “Holy Moses, Danny. It’s thirteen inches long.” That was an unlucky number, she thought.

Behind Julie, Eloise nodded encouragement to Daniel. With her stark, white hands, she made a motion like an erupting volcano. She mouthed the words *all over her*.

Daniel shook his head at the pregnant woman.

“Mom ... you ... have to stop. Or ...”





“Sorry, Danny.” Julie’s left hand finally stopped and she let go of the wakened leviathan. “Go take care of that in the bathroom.”

Eloise frowned, and for a second her pretty, freckled face looked quite dark. She turned and walked to the study closet, opened the door and disappeared inside.

“Thanks, Mom.” Daniel in only his t-shirt, stepped around his mom and raced to the study door. His giant cock bounced wildly in front of him. He opened the door and vanished down the hall on his way to the bathroom. Julie turned to watch him go. It was almost comical how disproportioned he was. She took a deep breath and stood. She was about to turn back to her laptop and order Daniel some micro boxers when she noticed the open closet door. That was odd. She walked over to the door and put her hand on it to close it, but stopped when she saw what was hanging inside.

All by itself on a black hanger was a powder blue chemise and corset. Victorian lingerie. It looked a little unwieldy, but also quite pretty. Julie wondered if George

would like seeing her wearing that outfit. Then she wondered how Daniel would feel if he saw her like that. Would his thirteen inches harden when she presented herself to him? What was she thinking? That was crazy. But she would certainly wear it for George. Julie turned and walked back to the laptop and ordered some new underwear for Daniel.

~~

“What do you think, honey?” Julie twirled for her husband in the middle of their bedroom. The kids were in bed, it was late, and Julie felt lively for the first time in days. The perfect recipe for romance.

“I guess it has a certain, understated appeal.” George looked her up and down from his position on the bed. The corset did push her boobs up, and the chemise did accentuate the contours of her hips. But it was certainly no Victoria’s Secret. “Where’d you find that, again?”

“In the study closet.” Julie stood and cocked her hip to the side. She felt so sexy in that lingerie. Her pussy had started dripping the moment she’d fastened the corset.

“And you just put on someone else’s lingerie?” George wondered how he’d ever get that getup off her.

“I washed it first, silly.” Julie gave him a pretend pout and stalked to the bed. “Come on, George. I want to feel your little thing inside ... your big thing. Your very big penis inside me.” She crawled up onto the bed.

“Very well, come and get it, Jules.” George pulled her into an embrace. He tried not to let her see that her *little thing* comment had unnerved him. He had always been so confident in his size. Now, he wasn’t sure. It took him longer than usual to get hard, but if she noticed, Julie didn’t say anything. They made sweet love in their new bedroom, and George was at least grateful that he lasted longer than usual. Almost seven minutes.

Julie hid her disappointment well. For the first time in her life, she wanted more than what George could give. She tried to push those feelings aside and reassured herself that things would return to normal. But as she drifted off to sleep that night, her mind kept coming back to visions of her son’s majestic penis, fully rigid in her trembling, delicate fingers.

~~

A week passed and the Andersons settled into their new home. Most of the odd occurrences that plagued them when they first moved in, had dissipated.

Julie still did have daydreams, here and there, of holding Daniel’s manhood. But they had lessened, and she expected that those thoughts would soon vanish entirely.

Daniel found his new underwear much to his liking. He hadn’t seen Eloise at all since she’d encouraged him to cum on his mother and he’d declined. Eloise’s absence did not sit well with Daniel. He’d settled on two



alternatives. Either he was crazy, or Eloise Palmer was a ghost. Either way, Daniel thought she was amazing, and that sex was amazing, and he didn't want the specter that took his virginity to disappear forever. Brittney didn't see Thomas again and that was fine with her. She liked the house, and grew quite fond of her tower room with its panoramic views of the sweeping grassland around their new house. Monday evening was takeout time again. Without a functioning kitchen, they'd been eating a lot of take out lately. George worked away under the sink. He cursed as he banged his elbow into the panel behind where he was trying to put in the disposal. The board gave a little. He jostled it and then pulled it to the side. There was a compartment behind it with some old papers. He took them out and crawled from under the sink. "Hey, Jules, check this out." George called over to his wife as she opened Styrofoam containers on the dining

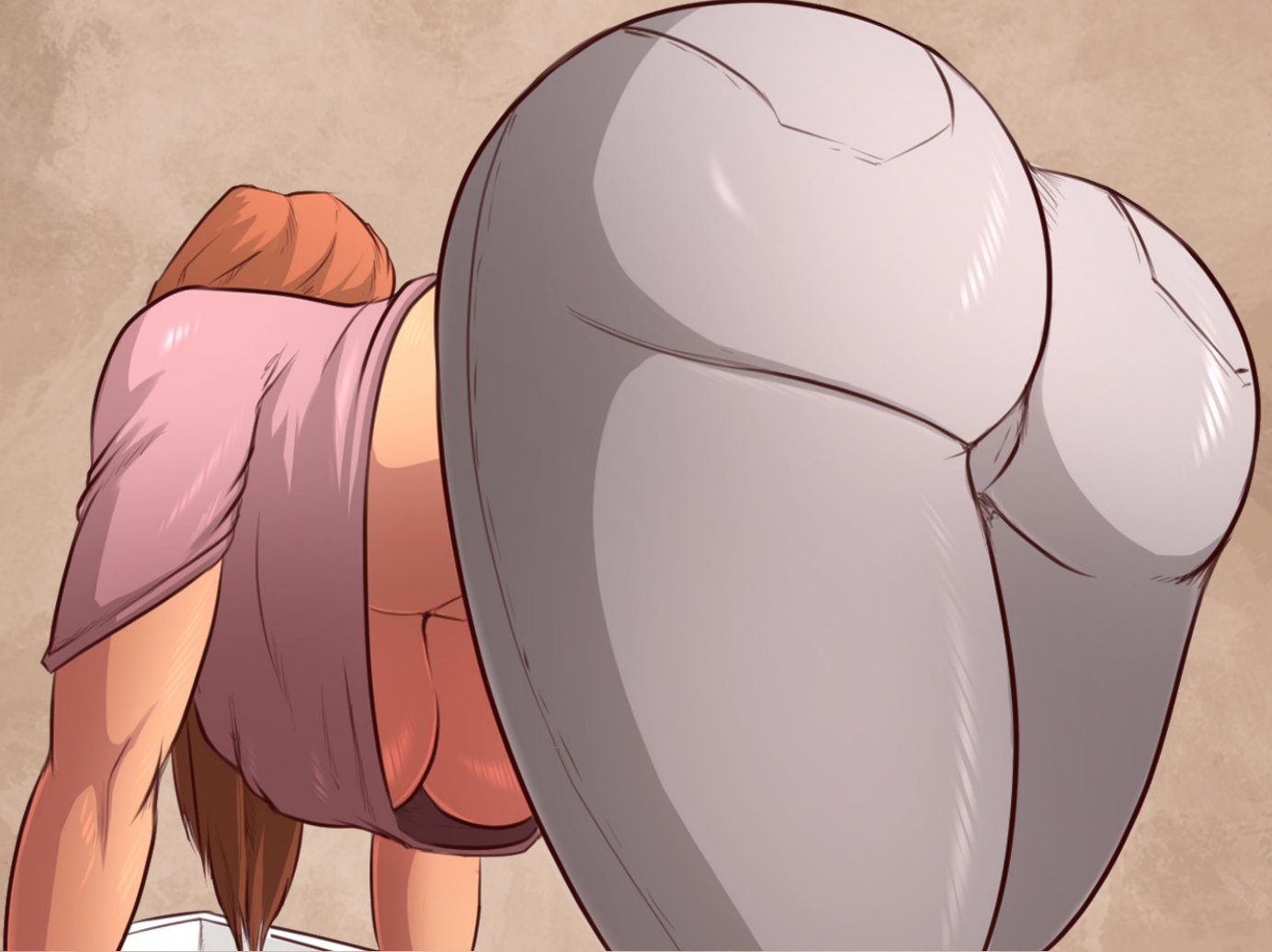


table. "Seems we now know the first owners. Frederick and Eloise Palmer built this house over the course of two years starting in 1884." He skimmed the papers and didn't notice the startled look on his wife's face. "What dear?" Julie recognized the name from her dream in the library. How had she known the name Eloise Palmer? It must have been buried in the home's disclosures and her mind had unconsciously cataloged it. Daniel froze as he set the table. He wasn't crazy after all. Eloise Palmer was a ghost. He had to figure out how to get her back. The Palmer house was the best thing to happen to him. Ever. "The Palmers, honey." George jabbed his finger at the browned paper. "It says they lived here for only twelve years before ..." George skimmed the page but couldn't find what he was looking for. "Before something happened and the mansion was inherited by Frederick's cousin." George put the paper down. "The Palmer Mansion, huh? It has a nice ring to it." He walked to the dining room door and looked in at his family. "What are you all staring at? Do I have something in my beard?" He rubbed his beard vigorously. "Nothing," all three Andersons mumbled back to him. Gears turned in Julie's mind as she rationalized these revelations away. Daniel thought about how he might best communicate with the dead. He needed to coax Eloise back into his room. Brittney thought of the boy by the fire. "Does it say anything about them having a son?" "Not in these papers." George shook his head. Brittney smiled to herself. To think she was worried about ghosts. How silly was that?

Julie found herself slipping out of bed in the dead of night. She shivered. She was naked and so very cold. Julie stepped over to the closet and grabbed one of George's flannel shirts. Something called to her, a name whispered, snaking its way through the mansion's long hallways. She wrapped George's shirt around her and left the master bedroom. A deep ticking sound kept a steady rhythm. Out in the second-floor living room, Julie found a great grandfather clock that had no business being there. It chimed midnight as she watched, with a strange, somber melody. She hugged the flannel shirt tightly around her and walked down the stairs.

In addition to the ticking of the incongruous clock, another beat kept rhythm in the house. It was a wet, smacking metronome, sounding down the west main floor hallway. Julie followed the noise down the hall. On either wall were hung the strangest oil paintings. She stopped and looked at one. It was a family portrait of a stern man, a smiling woman, and a shy son. These artworks did not belong on Julie's walls. She looked closer and recognized the smiling woman as the pregnant woman from her library



dream. The original owner of the house, Eloise Palmer.

Julie's feet scuffed at the smooth floorboards as she shuffled past the mysterious locked room, past the study, past the second living room, and she stopped at the door to the library. It was cracked open and the slapping sounds echoed out of there. She hugged George's shirt tighter around her and pushed the door open. "Oh, my gosh." Her hand went to her mouth.

Inside the library, laying amongst the stacks of yet-to-be-shelved books, was a young, red-headed man. He was on his back and completely naked. Riding him with long, languid thrusts was Eloise Palmer. With her ripe pregnant belly, her fat, dark nipples, and her myriad freckles she was quite a sight. But what made the scene truly shocking was the monster penis sawing in and out of her, and the contorted, lust-filled, expression on her face.

"I'm dreaming." Julie felt something trickle down her bare leg. She realized that her vagina was so wet that it was dripping. "Heavens." She put a hand between her legs, under the hanging flaps of George's shirt and felt her slit. She'd never been that wet before.

"Mrs. Julie ... Anderson." Eloise caught sight of the wife in the library doorway and her face lit in the sweetest smile. "You found me ... and ... uh ... uh ... uh ... Thomas." Her hips kept bouncing their steady rhythm. She



held onto her round belly with one hand and an engorged boob with the other. “You are dreaming and you are not dreaming.”

Thomas did not look Julie’s way, but instead fixed his eyes on the wobbling, vigorous woman above him.

“You’re so ... so ...” Julie’s hand moved between her legs. She would never have touched herself in real life, but in a dream it was okay.

“Eyes ... up here, darling.” Eloise watched Julie with some modest reproach. “It’s never polite to stare at another woman’s breasts.” Eloise gave Julie a wink. “But you like what you see, don’t you? I offer you this and so much more. We already paid and received and the Devil took his due. Extend your approbation, good Julie. You may have this too.”





“No.” Julie shook her head and her fingers found her clit. Electricity moved up her spine. “Mark 3:11. And whenever the unclean spirits saw him, they fell down before him and cried out.” Her hand moved faster and Julie felt her climax approach. “Play coy, then, and watch Thomas fill his mother’s womb yet again.” Eloise thrust fitfully as Thomas grunted below her. Her eyes rolled back in her head as he coated her insides. “No. He can’t be

...” Julie grunted out her own glorious climax, hunching herself against her hand and letting George’s shirt fall open. “... your son.” Julie cried out as her orgasm swept through her. “Honey.” George called to his wife from the master bath door. “You slept through the alarm. Time to get up.” “What?” Julie opened her eyes. She was in bed with George’s flannel shirt wrapped around her. What a horrible nightmare. She crawled out of bed and headed to the shower. She felt so dirty. She sighed. So very dirty.

~

The rickety old shower in the bathroom across the hall from Daniel's bedroom was becoming Daniel's favorite place to fap. Brittney, in an effort to avoid his male teenage grossness, had taken the bathroom down at the other end of the second floor as hers. So, Daniel could fap away without being bothered. This was essential these days, because since he'd had his growth spurt that first night in the house, he'd needed to relieve himself several times a day.

Daniel was in the middle of his before-school-fap when a woman's voice breathed its way past his shower curtains. He froze.

"Such a mighty tool. A shame to use it as such." Eloise pulled back the shower curtain with slow persistence until her green eyes could take in all of the eighteen-year-old.

"Thank God you're back, Mrs. Palmer." Daniel stood there with water cascading over his thin body, both hands stationary on his dick. "I thought you might be gone forever."

"You disappointed me, Danny." Eloise smoothed out her bustled dress, her hands lingering on her bulging belly. A slight frown pulled her perfect lips down. "I made it very clear. You were to cover Julie Anderson in your wonderful effluence. You refused me."

"But she's my mom." Daniel let go of his dick and reached out for the ghost. One of her ice-cold hands gently slapped him away.

"She is a sow, darling." Eloise, buoyed by her own words, smiled again. "A sow that you will sow with your great gift."

"I'm not sure what that means." Daniel stroked his dick. If she wasn't going to touch him, he'd at least get to look at this beautiful woman while fapping. "But I'm not going to do my mom."

"You are a recalcitrant young man, are you not?" Eloise reached into the shower and brushed one chilly finger down his arm. "I'll make you a deal. Get her to prime your release and I will take you to bed again. Bargain?"

"You want her ... uh ... to see me cum?" Daniel was close. His eyes went from that pretty, warm face down to the curve of her boobs hidden under her dress.

"I want her to coax your sperm. She must pull it out. I will accept that as payment for another tussle with you, dearie." Eloise faded into the steamy bathroom until there was nothing left of her.

"Maybe ... uh ... maybe ... okay." Daniel unloaded his balls onto the shower curtain and stood there gasping. He would do it. He needed to feel Eloise again.



~~

Several days passed quietly as Daniel mustered the courage to ask his mother for what he needed. He finally made his move Sunday afternoon. His dad was having his post-church nap down on the sofa in the basement while football played in the background. His sister was out with some friends. He found his mom in the library, shelving books. Daniel stopped in the doorway. He took in the swell of her ample sideboob under her stained t-shirt and the womanly curves that her hips and butt presented in her jeans as she reached for a high shelf. She was a beautiful woman. He realized he'd always known this, but had placed those thoughts deep in the far-reaches of his mind.



“Hi, Mom.” Daniel stepped into the room and stood next to a stack of paperbacks.

“Hello, pumpkin.” Julie tucked the book onto the shelf and turned to face her son. Her smile faded when she saw his face.

“What’s wrong?”

“Remember how you said to come to you if anything changed with ... my thing?” Daniel looked at the floor.

“Well, it hurts and I can’t seem to finish no matter how hard I try.”

“Oh, dear.” Julie swept her brown hair out of her face. “Our pastor wouldn’t approve of my saying this, but have you tried the internet?” Julie tugged at the neck of her t-shirt. “You know ... porn?”

“I’ve tried.”

“Oh, I see.” Julie thought for a minute.

“Maybe it’s time to go see that doctor.”

“No, Mom. I know how expensive that is. And with all the house repairs ... I think I just need a little help to finish.”

“You mean me?” She put her hand to her breast.

Daniel nodded.

“I touched you the one time so we could find you the right underwear.” Julie took an unconscious step toward Daniel. “To do it again would be a sin.”

“*Children are a heritage from the Lord, offspring a reward from Him.*” Daniel smiled. “To help me is to help Him.”

Julie was going to refuse him again, but a sudden shift in energy flowed through her. She felt almost as if she stood before him in a dress and corset, rather than her ragged work clothes. “Oh, Danny. You always had a way with words. I can’t believe I’m going to do this.” She walked past Daniel and closed the library door. “We have to be

quick. Your father will be up soon.” She looked around the room but didn’t see anything to catch the coming mess. “This old t-shirt will have to do as a rag.” She pulled her shirt off and held it in her hand. Her breasts wobbled in their supportive bra. “Eyes up here, mister.”

“Sorry, Mom.”

Daniel unbuttoned his jeans and pulled them off. His dick was hard and poking out the top of his underwear.

“Those mini-boxers look very supportive.”

Julie stepped in front of Daniel and lowered herself to her knees. “They almost contain your hard thing.” She giggled as she reached up and pulled down his underwear.

Her giggles stopped dead when his penis sprung out in front of her. The purple head swayed only inches from her face. A small drop of precum dripped down.

“Good, Lord. I hope this is the right thing to do.”

“It is, Mom.” Daniel stepped out of his underwear and stood before her in only his shirt.

“It really hurts.” Daniel knew that lying was also a sin, but despite his upbringing, he didn’t have much of the fear of God in him.



“Let’s get this done.” She put her shirt by her knee, reached out with both hands, and placed them on his thing. It was astoundingly thick and the bulging veins pulsed slightly under her fingers. She carefully stroked him back and

forth. Her dream from the other night came back to her. Eloise and her son Thomas copulating in this very room. Had that actually happened, or was her mind overwhelmed by life’s changes? One thing Julie knew, she’d never cheat on her husband. Especially with her own son. No amount of bible sweet talk could make that happen. “It’s a very manly tool, Danny.” Her hands moved faster on the shaft. “Like Dad’s?” “Different.” Julie shook her head and looked up at her handsome son. “Let’s not talk about your father. I don’t think he’d approve of this.” “Yeah.” Daniel put his hands on his hips and looked down at his mother’s pretty face and her jigglng boobs inside

her bra. “Probably not.” He was happy Eloise had forced him to do this. His mom’s handjob was quickly becoming his new favorite moment in this house.

They were quiet for a while as Julie worked Daniel's dick. His precum had made his cock slick and the sound of wet hands sliding on skin was all they heard for a while.

"I see what you mean about not being able to finish. Are you close, Danny?" Julie looked up at him with plaintive eyes. She wanted to complete her task before George woke and tracked them down.

Daniel grunted and shook his head.

"Oh, my. Well ..." She looked back down at the organ in front of her. "My mouth isn't cheating, right? And by helping you, I'm helping Him."

"Right ... uh ... Mom."

Just like that, she leaned forward and took him into her warm mouth. She rarely did this for George, and his thing was so different from Daniel's thing. It was awkward at first, but she persisted. She gave little bobs with her head, not daring to try to take more than the head. Eventually, she swirled her tongue too. After a while, she decided it wasn't so bad. Even the salty taste of his precum was something of a delight in its own way. "Mmmmmmm." She groaned and murmured around his fat, purple head. She could see her wedding ring as it bounced and blurred with her hand's movement in front of her. It was okay, her mouth wasn't cheating.

The library was now filled with slurping and popping sounds. Eloise, unnoticed, watched from the shadows by the closet. She never tired of witnessing a mother's first suck of her son's cock. The spectacle was pure magic. Such

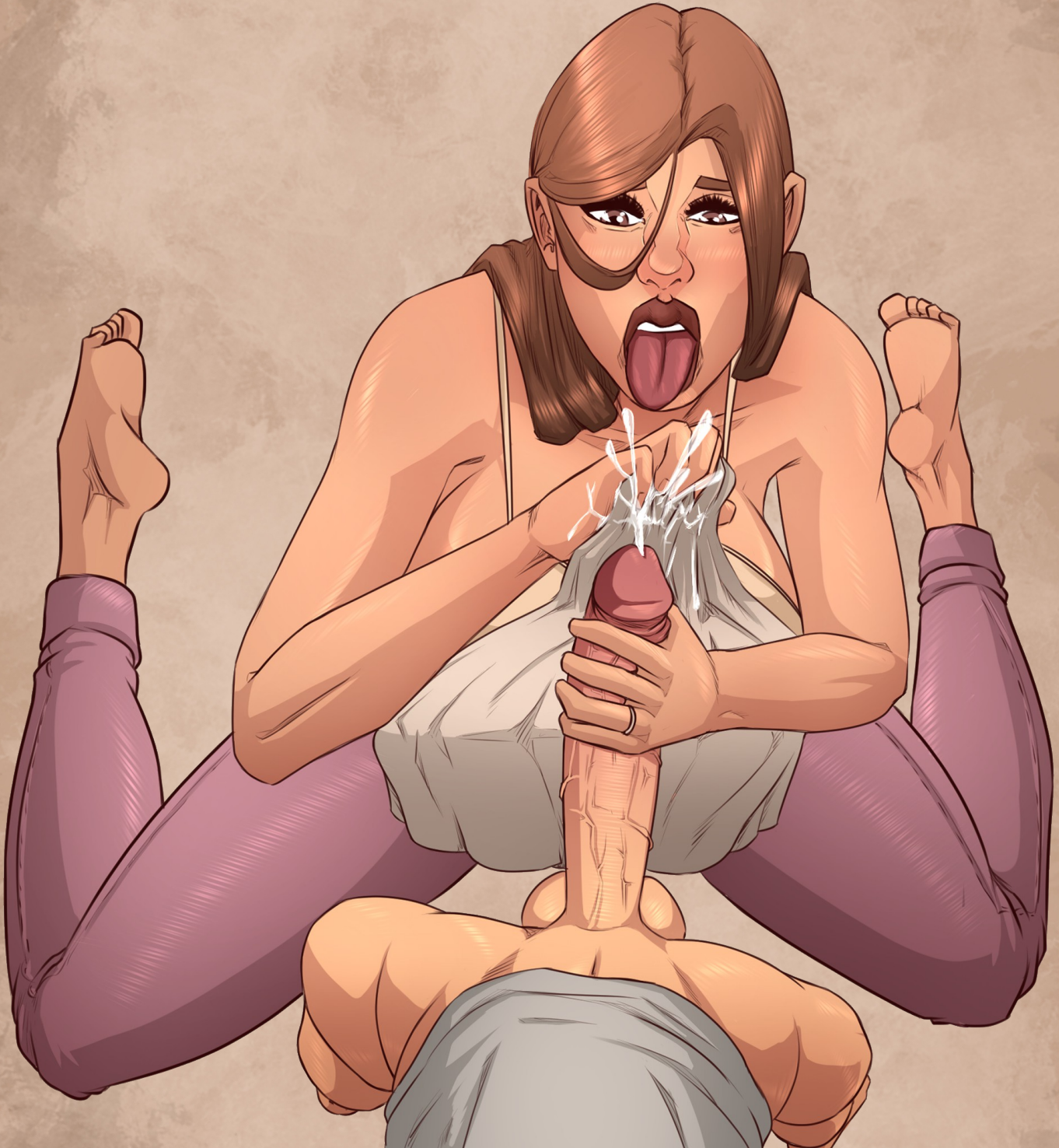
moments were worth every bit of the Devil's due. The only thing better than watching a mother teeter on the edge, was watching her fall. "Mom ... you're going to ... uh ... make me ..." Daniel shook all over. Realizing the moment had come, Julie pulled her mouth off his thing with a pop and picked up her



shirt. She held it up to his penis with her right hand, and continued to stroke with her left. “Finish, Danny. Please, finish.”

“Mooooooooommmmmmm.” Daniel erupted.

Spurt after spurt of the hot, viscus liquid soaked into the shirt. Julie could feel the pulsing force as it pushed against her right hand. His orgasm continued, and soon the shirt could hold no more and cum dripped between her fingers and down onto the wood floor. “Oh, my gosh. Oh, my gosh,” Julie repeated over and over. When he was done, the



shirt, her hands, and the floor were a hot, sticky mess.

“Wow.” Daniel took a long shuddering breath. “Thanks, Mom. I feel way better now.”

“You’re ... um ... welcome, Danny.” Julie’s face was white as a sheet. “Don’t tell ...” She took a couple of deep breaths. “Don’t tell anyone about this. It’s our secret, okay?”

“Sure.” Daniel nodded, bent down for his boxers, and pulled them on. His hard dick poked out of the elastic waistband. He pulled his shirt over it and pulled on his pants. “It’s a secret.”

“Good, boy.” Julie took the t-shirt and tried to mop up the mess on the floor, but the cloth was too soaked with cum already. She’d need to go get a towel or something. “Now run along, Danny. I’ll clean this up.”

“Okay. Love you, Mom.” Daniel turned and headed for the door.

“Love you too, pumpkin,” Julie said as she looked at her sticky, saturated shirt. She needed to clean up the mess before her husband wandered back upstairs.

~~

After that amazing blowjob from his mom, Daniel walked down the hall back to his room with a little hop to his step. This wasn't easy because he was still completely hard, and there was nothing any underwear could do to fully contain his engorged monster.

He opened the door to his room and there stood Eloise by the fireplace, wearing a powder blue chemise. When she saw him, a wide smile spread across her pale face and she hopped up and down, clapping her hands with joy.

“You did it, Danny.” She gave a quick, excited laugh. “I'm so proud of you.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Palmer.” Daniel stepped into his room and closed the door behind him. He couldn't wipe the grin off his face. “And thank you for asking me to do it.”



“You're welcome, darling.” Still smiling, Eloise stopped her jumping and lifted up the chemise past her hips. She wasn't wearing anything underneath and she exposed her red triangle to Daniel. “There's nothing like a mother at service to her boy. Best thing since the horse and buggy. Don't you agree?” She turned her back to him, still holding up the chemise, and wiggled her pale butt.

“Yeah. That was great.” Daniel pulled his pants down and took off his underwear. He removed his shirt and tossed it behind him.

“Now do we get to do it?” His eyes fixed themselves on the twin, white globes of her ass.

“What a rambunctious boy.” Eloise watched him over her shoulder with her captivating smile. She lowered herself to her knees on the rug by the fireplace and then leaned forward until she was on all fours, presenting her ass up in the air to Daniel.

“Minutes ago, you were in your mother's mouth. Now you want more?” The chemise hung off her shoulders and back, hiding most of her round belly and swollen boobs below her.

“Yes, please.” Daniel raced to the rug and knelt behind Eloise. He gently caressed the curve of her butt and shivered at her frigid skin.

“Very well. But first attend, Danny.” She kept her green eyes

on him, looking back over her shoulder. “Will you put your mother to her wifely tasks on your bludgeon again?”

“I don’t know.” Daniel frowned. “I thought if I got her to do what we just did I could be with you again. That was my first blowjob and it was awesome. But ... I don’t want to cross any lines with my mom.”

Eloise laughed that high tinkling sound of hers, so filled with joy. “Silly, boy. The Rubicon is behind you. But never mind for now. You may have me. That was our deal, and I am a woman of my word.”

“So, can I ...?” Daniel grabbed his dick with his right hand and scooted in right behind her.

“You may.”

Daniel pushed his dick into the chill of her soft flesh, but couldn’t find the hole.

“I’d almost forgotten this is only your second time.” Eloise reached behind her and grasped the purple head. “That hole you poke is only for special occasions, Danny. Until then, you get my crinkum crankum.” She lowered his penis and slid it into her wet vagina. The heat of his member filled her.

“So ... good ... Mrs. Palmer.” Her icy insides enveloped him and sent shivers through his nervous system. He took hold of her wide, cold hips and thrust in and out.



“Yes, darling.” Eloise looked down at her white hands on the dark floorboards and gritted her teeth against the onslaught. The twin diamonds on her wedding ring shone with the orange glow of a fire long since extinguished.

“You may take all that you see. I honor my contracts and so does He.”

Daniel grunted and plowed the ghost for a long time. He sent her through several shrieking orgasms. At first, he was worried that her screaming would bring his parents. But not so worried that he ever considered stopping. When his mom and dad didn’t come rushing through his bedroom door, he completely forgot about them and just gave himself over to the bestial act. His narrow hips slapped up against her ample butt and the pleasure mounted and mounted.

“I’m going to ... cum ... in your pussy ... Mrs. Palmer.” Daniel didn’t care that she was some sort of phantasm. Sex felt amazing and he never wanted to give it up. “Aaaaahhhhhhhhh.” He spasmed and released his load inside her.

“It’s yours ... it’s yours ...,” Eloise hissed and pushed back against the young buck.

When his orgasm subsided, Daniel looked down to find Eloise gone. He hoped she’d be back soon. He stood, stumbled over to bed and tumbled forward on the sheets. Daniel fell into a deep sleep and dreamed of his mother falling, and falling. Forever falling. His nap was both thrilling and terrifying.