

THE HAUNTING OF PALMER MANSION

CHAPTER 3



DARK STONE STORIES

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"I'm thinking of going to the library this weekend to see what else we can learn about this new house of ours." George looked around the table with a twinkle in his eye. He still had some dust in his messy blond hair even though they were sitting down to dinner. "Who's with me?"

"Sounds interesting, Dad." Brittney chewed her *Kung Pao* chicken takeout thoughtfully. "What do you want to find?"

Both Julie and Daniel kept their eyes on their respective plates of food. They'd been uncharacteristically quiet that evening.

George frowned at them. "Everything alright with you, Jules? Danny?"

They both looked up at him and quickly nodded.



"Yeah, I think the move –" Julie stopped talking when Daniel accidentally cut her off.

"... lots of tests at school, so ..." Daniel looked over at his mother, his cheeks flushed, and he looked back down at his plate. He pushed a cashew around with his fork.

"Well, you two sure are acting strange." George shook his head and looked at his daughter. "To answer your question, I'd like to know what happened to Frederick and Eloise in 1896. And maybe we could get a plan for the house, see what that locked room is all about. I haven't found any keys that might fit that lock. Has anybody else?"

Julie and Daniel shook their heads and looked off in different directions.

"No, Dad." Brittney chipped in.

"Okay, then." George scratched at his graying

beard and thought about what mysteries lay in the Mansion's past. "Well, I'm going to the library on Saturday. Who else wants to do some digging with me?"

"I will." Brittney raised her hand.

"Maybe I'll use that time for a nap," Julie said. "I haven't been sleeping well."

"Homework." Daniel glanced at his father quickly.

"Well, it's just you and me then, Britt." George sighed.

Brittney happily nodded.

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"You inspire me, Mrs. Julie Anderson." Eloise looked up from a felt-upholstered wingback chair near the hearth in the main living room. Somewhere in the house a clock chimed two o'clock in the morning. The pale woman read by firelight, placing her finger in the leather-bound book to mark her place as she greeted her visitor. "I hadn't read *First Love* in a long time. Very inspirational." The pretty woman had her red hair up in a bun, and wore a white, frilly nightgown that went all the way to her ankles. The loose fabric almost concealed her pregnant belly. "And you brought the book back into my house. Well done."

“How?” Julie looked around the room. She knew that the chimney needed a major cleaning before it would work again, but there was a roaring fire in the fireplace. On the walls, the glassy-eyed heads of a boar, a deer, and a moose stared blankly. The furniture was all wrong, too. The room was filled with ornate and shiny pieces with delicately turned edges. “How did I get here?” Julie suddenly perceived her nakedness. She found herself dressed only in a pair of white panties. She covered her breasts with both hands.

“You must have walked downstairs, silly.” Eloise scrunched up her nose in light-hearted mockery. “Please don’t cover yourself on my account, darling. I think your ruby-tipped globes are quite divine and I could alight my gaze upon them all night.” Eloise waited for Julie to drop her hands. When Julie persisted in her modesty, Eloise smiled, shrugged, and opened the book again. “Suit yourself.” She flipped a few pages and stopped. “You really are perfect for this house, sweet Julie. You brought me back to this book. I wouldn’t say *First Love* started it all, but it did give me ideas about men.”

“What are you talking about?” Julie shivered and walked past Eloise to stand by the fire. She felt no added warmth.

“Let me read you a passage.” Eloise’s green eyes fell to the pages in her lap. “Ah, here we are. This is from the teenage boy’s perspective. Remember, darling, he’s in love with an older lady.” Eloise read:

One day, I was sitting thus on the wall, gazing off into the distance and listening to the chiming of the bells ... when suddenly something ran over me—not a breeze exactly, not a shiver, but something resembling a breath, the consciousness of some one’s proximity...

I dropped my eyes. Below me, in a light grey gown, with a pink parasol on her shoulder, Zinaída was walking hastily along the road. She saw me, halted, and, pushing up the brim of her straw hat, raised her velvety eyes to mine.

“What are you doing there, on such a height?”—she asked me, with a strange sort of smile.

—“There now,”—she went on,—“you are always declaring that you love me—jump down to me here on the road if you really do love me.”

Before the words were well out of Zinaída’s mouth I had flown down, exactly as though some one had given me a push from behind. The wall was about two fathoms high. I landed on the ground with my feet, but the shock was so violent that I could not retain my balance; I fell, and lost consciousness for a moment. When I came to myself I felt, without opening my eyes, that Zinaída was by my side.—“My dear boy,”—she was saying, as she bent over me—and tender anxiety was audible in her voice—“how couldst thou do that, how couldst thou obey?... I love thee ... rise.”



Her breast was heaving beside me, her hands were touching my head, and suddenly—what were my sensations then!—her soft, fresh lips began to cover my whole face with kisses ... they touched my lips.... But at this point Zinaída probably divined from the expression of my face that I had already recovered consciousness, although I still did not open my eyes—and swiftly rising to her feet, she said:—“Come, get up, you rogue, you foolish fellow! Why do you lie there in the dust?”—I got up.”

Eloise stopped reading and looked up. “There now, do you see?”

“No.” Julie shook her head and took a step closer to the seated woman. It seemed the chill in the room emanated off Eloise’s pale, freckled skin.

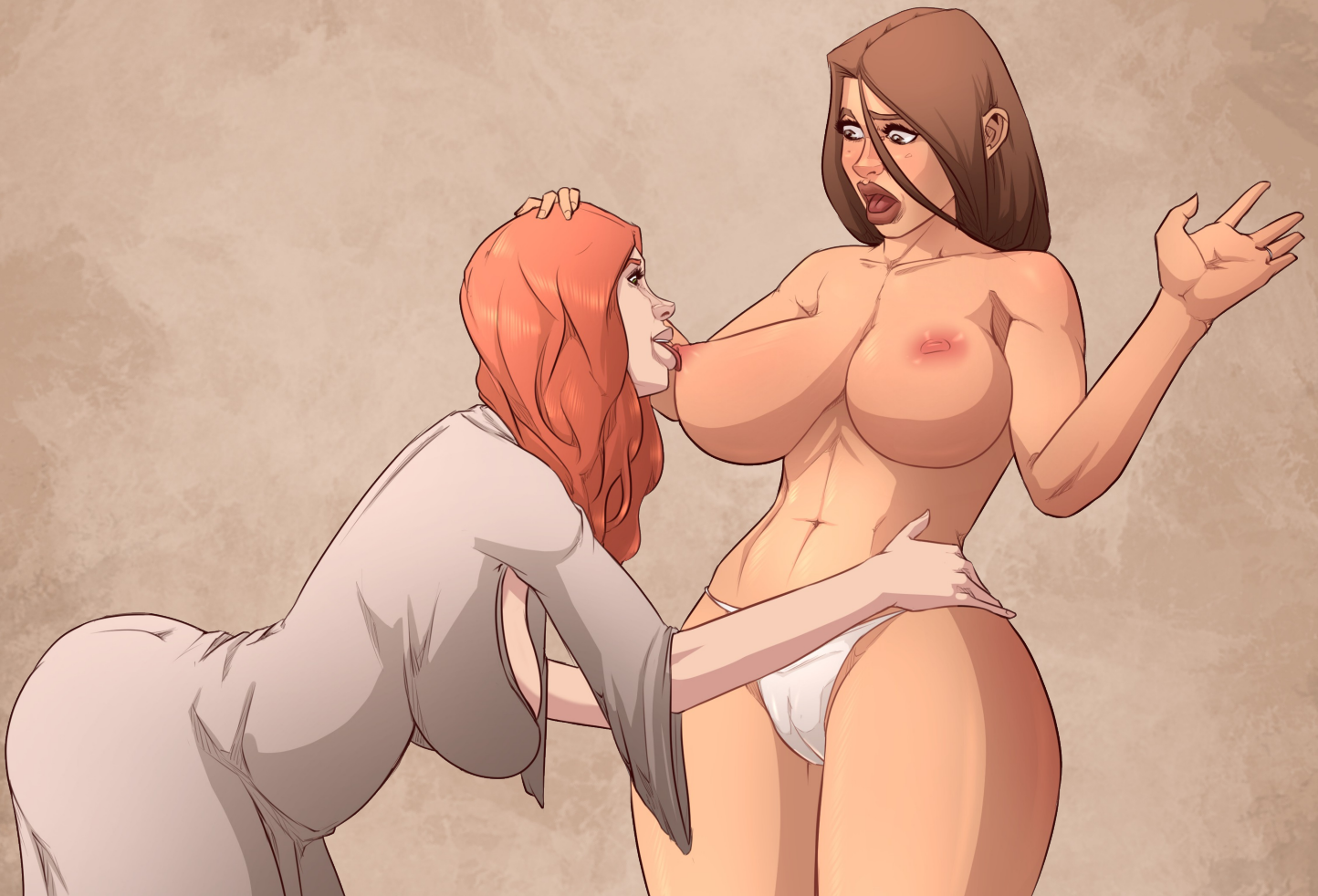
“We ask them to jump, darling, and they do it without a second thought.” Eloise looked up at Julie with the most comforting crescent of a smile. “They melt under our kisses and long for nothing more than a woman’s touch. A real woman, mind you. Not the girls seeking to entrap them in their skirts. I could give you and Daniel such pleasure. Everything you ever wanted and more.”

“I’d never ...” Julie took a step back.

“But you’ve already launched yourself, darling. You need only to take hold of God’s breath like one of those wonderous new dirigibles.” Eloise stood and gracefully walked over to Julie. She reached up and moved Julie’s arms down by her sides and regarded the woman’s exposed breasts. “Like two teardrops. Your feminine form takes my breath away. Imagine what it will do to young Danny.”

“He’s only eighteen.” Julie felt her nipples harden as Eloise reached up and rolled them between icy fingertips.

“He’s my son,” Julie squeaked. The whole room swam. It seemed different furnishings occupied the same space and pushed up against each other, time rubbing on time.



“Details.” Eloise bent at her waist and gave Julie’s right nipple a lick with her frigid tongue. She thrilled as the housewife shuddered at her touch. She straightened and looked into Julie’s eyes. “We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation, sweet Julie.”

The word *Devil* broke Julie from her stupor. “Peter 5:7. *Your adversary the devil prowls around like a roaring lion, seeking someone to devour. Resist him, firm in your faith.*” Julie swatted away Eloise’s cold hands, covered up her boobs again, and ran from the living room. Less than a minute later, she fell into bed next to her beloved, snoring George. Her chest heaved and she pulled the covers over her head, calming herself some. She had simply gone too far with Daniel while helping him with his thing. Her conscience, using nightmares now,

exerted its price. She wouldn't do anything inappropriate with Daniel again and all should return to normal. Her breathing slowed. And when things did return to normal, the nightmares would surely fade away.

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On Wednesday, Brittney brought her new boyfriend home after school. Ted Haskins was an affable boy. He was also a senior at the twin's high school. Brittney wanted him to see the wondrous expanse of the house she now occupied.

She brought him up to her tower room and he was indeed dazzled.

Especially by the view.

"You can see for miles. Do you have neighbors?" Ted held his hand over his eyes and looked through one of the north windows.

"Behind the trees to the south.

They're pretty close actually, but we haven't met them yet." Brittney sat on her bed and patted the spot next to her. "Come here, Ted."

Ted turned and looked south. The trees weren't that far away, but he couldn't see the house hiding behind them. "What'd you have in mind?" He walked over and flopped on the bed.

The teenagers made out for a while. Right in the middle of a rapturous moment as he wiggled his hand under Brittney's shirt, something tickled Ted's foot. Ted broke their kiss and looked down. He gave a started grunt and backed up against the headboard. A young man with freckles and red hair smiled down at him from the foot of the bed. Ted's tormentor wore baggy clothes with suspenders.

"What is it?" Brittney watched the color drain from her boyfriend's face.

"Who ..." Ted pointed to the foot of the bed, looked at Brittney, and then back. The intruder was gone.

"What is it, Ted?" Brittney looked down at the foot of the bed but could see nothing amiss.

"There was a boy here a second ago." Ted stood and straightened his shirt. "He messed with my foot."

"Daniel's helping my parents in the basement, I think." Brittney frowned up at him.

"Not your brother." Ted looked around the room but couldn't see anything but teenage clutter. "Look, I should probably get going. Can you walk me out? This house is ... really convoluted." He hugged his broad chest with his arms.

"Sure." Brittney got up, adjusted her bra, and led him downstairs. Once at the front door, she kissed him on the cheek. "Look, I'm sorry about whatever that was. We still on for Friday?"

"Sure." Ted looked past her into the shadowy house. "Bye." He turned and jogged down the footpath, got into his car, and sped away.

Brittney closed the massive oak door with loud thud. That wasn't how she'd wanted her afternoon to go. She walked back upstairs to maybe listen to some music.



In the middle of the night, Daniel woke with a start. Starlight filtered in through his open window from the moonless sky outside. What the heck, the window stood open again, letting in the cold night air. Why did it keep doing that? He knew he'd closed it this time. Daniel looked to see if his bedroom door was open too. It looked closed. Daniel didn't think Eloise would be responsible for something so petty. Or mean. She was so sweet to Daniel.

The sound of a muffled smash carried into his room through his closed door. It was a noise like someone dropping china on the floor. And then he heard a man's voice, also muffled by the door, but nearby.

"Who's the father, Ellie?" The man said. He had a quiver in his voice. The sound of someone on the edge.

"Your little friend sung to me. Sung like a pretty bird. I know that is not my child you carry."

A pop sounded, like a firecracker, and Daniel's body jerked at the noise. He pulled his covers up around his chin and lay perfectly still.

"I will not countenance the buck's face, Ellie," the man said.

Daniel had read enough to know the man was saying he wouldn't allow his wife to cheat on him. To make him a cuckold.

"Come on out, Tommy." The man's voice dripped menace. "Tell me where your mother hides." The voice was closer to Daniel's door now. Five more pops went off, accompanied by the sound of splintering wood.

Daniel held his breath. Was his door locked? He heard the tinkling of metal. He guessed that the man carried a revolver and he'd dropped the spent bullet casings on the floor to reload.

A sudden awareness spread through Daniel's nerves. There was someone else in the bedroom with him. All his muscles contracted when a white shape sped toward him out of the shadows by the dead fireplace. He gave a long sigh when he saw Eloise's kind face. Her presence was somewhat less comforting when he saw her green eyes were wide with fright. She wore a long white nightgown that covered her ankles.

"Come now, young one," Eloise whispered. She offered her left hand to Daniel and the binary diamonds on her ring shimmered in the starlight. She looked over her shoulder at the door and then back to Daniel. "We mustn't let him find us here. He suspects our congress." Wordless, Daniel took her hand. He'd forgotten how cold she was, her icy grip firm. He allowed her to pull him out of bed. The smooth floorboards beneath his bare feet were almost as cool as the woman's hand. Thank goodness for the warmth of his flannel pajamas.



“Storm’s coming, Ellie,” the man said. He might have been right outside the bedroom door. There was another clattering crash and two more pops. “When it arrives, even the Devil won’t save you.”

“Hurry.” Eloise pulled Daniel directly toward the fireplace with some urgency.

As they approached, Daniel realized that the hearth was somehow sideways and a yawning black gap looked out at him from either side. “What?” He let her lead him into the darkness. They paused on the other side of the fireplace, Eloise moved her free hand against the wall, and with a quiet grinding the hearth swung back and closed them off from the bedroom.

“I had the builders install this hidden stairway without Frederick’s knowledge.” Eloise’s voice held a muted tone in the enclosed space. “Even early in our marriage, he was a man of moods oftentimes deplorable. And, of course, the workmen were eager to please the lady of the house.” Her frozen hand held firmly to Daniel’s warm one. “Careful now, there’s a step here. Good. And now here.” She reached up and gripped his elbow with her

free hand as she guided him down the winding stairs in the black. “Frederick still knows nothing of this passage.”

“Thank God for that.” Daniel took step after cautious step down and down.

“Yes.” There was a smile in Eloise’s voice.

“Or someone.”

“Where are we going?” Daniel opened his eyes as wide as he could but could see only blackness.

“The basement, dearie.” Eloise steadied Daniel as he almost lost his balance. “And here we are, no more of those dreadful stairs, you brave boy.” There was the sound of a flipped switch and then slow grinding. The basement hearth turned sideways and Eloise pulled Daniel through.

The living room down in the basement was the largest room in the house. There was a treadmill left by the previous owners in one corner and a billiard table that also came with the house nearby. The Andersons had put a couch down here and had perched their television on a cardboard box near the fireplace. The only light in the room came from a nightlight George had plugged in near the stairs.

“I can’t believe it.” Daniel looked around as the fireplace swiveled closed behind them.

“A secret staircase.” He let the pregnant woman pull him over to the couch. She sat down and had him lie next to her, his head in her lap. The chill seeped out of her as she played with Daniel’s hair, but he didn’t mind.

“We’ll be safe down here, darling. He never looks for us down here.” Eloise paused and let the quiet around them bolster her words. “You must have had such a fright. I know just the thing to sooth you.” She shrugged her arms out of her nightgown and lowered the garment past her breasts. Her nipples stood out prominent and dark on her



alabaster breasts. She slid her hips down to the edge of the couch and propped Daniel's head on her bulging belly. "There now, drink and calm yourself."

"I don't understand." The icy tips of her fingers pressed against his cheek and turned his mouth toward her breast. With her other hand, she squeezed her right tit and plopped the nipple between his lips. Then Daniel understood. The sweetest, most delicious tangy flavor filled his mouth and he gulped it down. The temperature was the same as milk taken straight from the fridge. All his muscles relaxed and Daniel gave into the most

wonderful drink he'd ever tasted.

"There now. That's a good boy." Eloise looked down at him with a soft smile.

"Everything's better now. I'll take care of you."

"Mmmmm,"

Daniel said.

"I just have a favor to ask, Danny." She stroked his cheek softly as he drank. "If I am to maintain my visits, you'll need to have your mother take another step. She is most resistant to me, you see."

"Mmmm?"

David continued gulping that sweet, cold milk.

"Have her take care of you again. But this time, darling, I'd like her to use her breasts

to satisfy your cravings." Eloise purred the words. "Understand? Those ruby-tipped globes are wasted on that father of yours. Clear enough?"

Daniel nodded and sucked. Eloise wanted him to coax a titjob out of his mom. There was some aversion on Daniel's part to the idea, but he would do anything to keep Eloise around. And one little titjob wouldn't hurt anyone. He'd just have to find a way to convince his sweet mother. Daniel drifted off to sleep at Eloise's breast. Birds sang and cool morning light fell over Daniel's bed. He woke with a start and sat up in bed. He knew the night's events had been no dream. He needed to find the courage to do as Eloise asked. Even if it took some time, he'd find a way.



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Julie made breakfast Saturday morning. The kitchen was finally coming together. George and Julie had installed the new stove the day before and it worked perfectly. Also, they now had a dishwasher, thank God. The sink worked as it should. They'd even done half the countertops. Of course, this was only part of one small room and they had a whole mansion to update. But slow and steady wins the race.

"Where's Danny?" Julie called over her shoulder from the stove.



"In the shower, I think." Brittney called back from the dining room table where she read a book. She knew what her brother did in the shower, which is why she had taken the unoccupied bathroom on the other side of the second floor as her own. Boys were so gross. George stepped up next to his wife and gave Julie's round bottom a good smack. "Sure you don't want to come with us? Who knows what secrets we'll unearth at the library?" "I'm sure, George." Julie smiled at him and flipped the bacon in the pan. "I could use my beauty rest." "If you get any more beautiful, Jules, you'll burn a hole in my heart." George kissed her rosy cheek and looked down at the frying pan. "Speaking of which, we better get that exhaust fan working. This smells great, but we don't want grease all over our new kitchen." "Our partially new kitchen, you mean." "Our soon to be completely new kitchen, I mean." George gave her butt another satisfying smack and went to pour himself some coffee.

"Don't miss me too much today, Jules."

"Don't worry, honey," Julie said. "I'll have Danny to keep me company while you two are gone." The sudden unbidden image of Daniel's enormous penis flashed in Julie's mind. She blinked and willed the thought away.

"Back to normal, back to normal," she muttered.

"What was that, dear?" George took a long sip of hot coffee.

"Nothing, George. I hope you and Britt have fun today." Julie couldn't quite seem to get the image of her son's throbbing penis out of her mind. Maybe a good nap would really do her some good.

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Daniel tried to get up the courage to ask his mother for more help with his dick, just as Eloise wanted. But he put it off and put it off. Instead, when she went down for a nap, he took the opportunity to fap. Maybe once he came, he'd have the courage to ask her for a titjob. But honestly, he didn't know how she'd ever say yes. Naked, sitting in his desk chair, he opened up the computer folder with pictures of redheaded women. He hadn't found a model yet that really looked like Eloise, but these women helped him fantasize. Pretty soon he was really going at it, both hands on his dick and looking at a particularly busty, freckled woman. Maybe after his mom's nap he'd ask her for what Eloise wanted. Hopefully they'd still have enough time before the other half of the family arrived home.

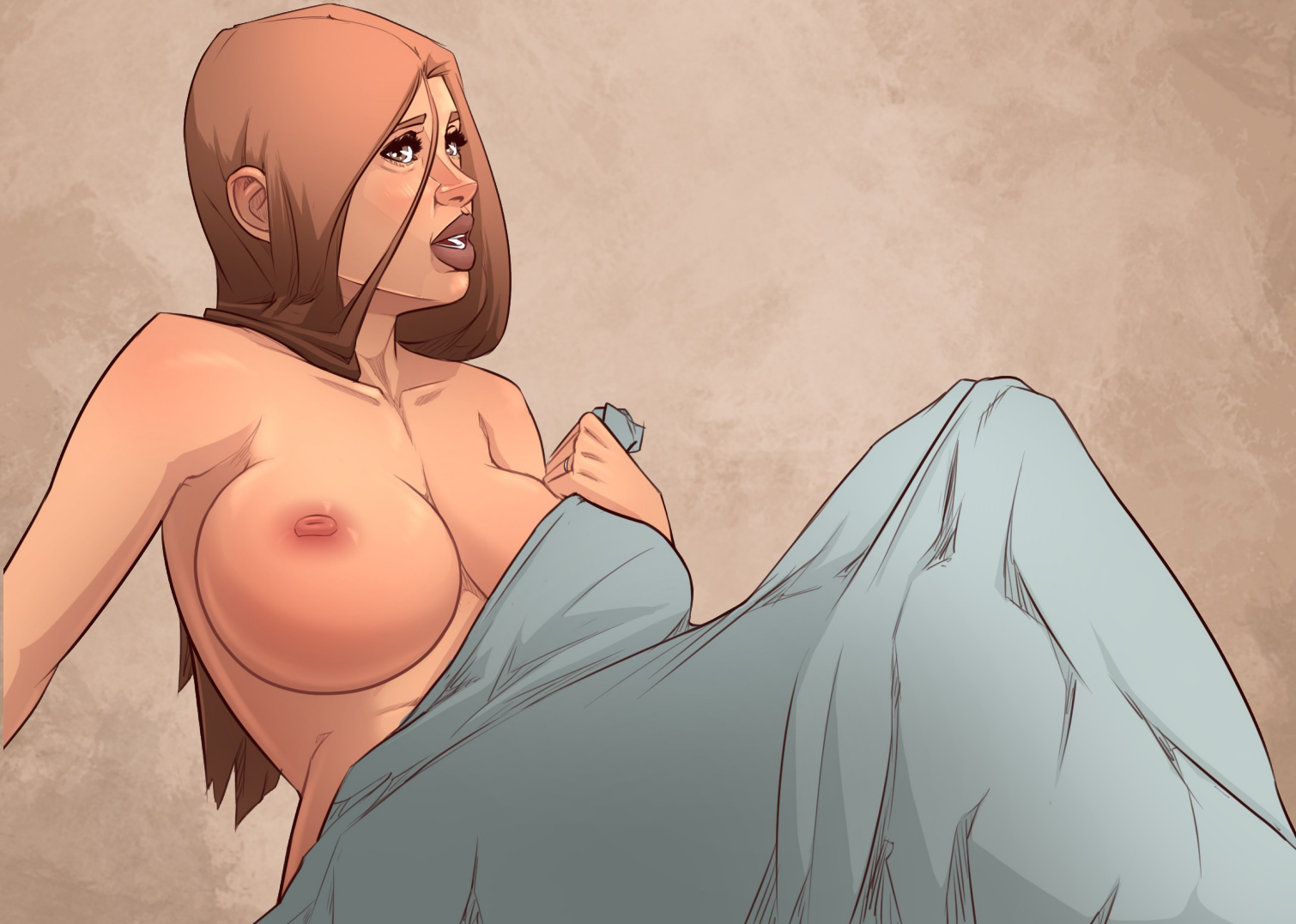
In her dream, Julie walked out of the Palmer Mansion on a beautiful morning, the sun streaming down. There were trees around the house she did not recognize. She twirled in her dress, so happy for modern fashion with the abandonment of the bustle. These new dresses beautifully flared from her waist all the way to the ground. A carriage waited for her, the horses eager and whinnying. She took her husband's right hand in her left and walked down the merry front path. The scent of spring blossoms hung in the air. Her husband was a tall man she recognized from somewhere, but couldn't quite place him. It seemed she should know her husband, she thought. He was handsome and barrel chested, with a mustache, top hat, and long jacket.

"Who's the father, Jules." Her husband's grip became a vice on her hand and Julie shrieked in pain.

"I don't know what you mean, Frederick." Julie hollered as the bones in her hand popped. As things do in dreams, it became clear his name was Frederick. This was Frederick Palmer. The thought seared into Julie's brain. The delicate bones in her left hand broke one by one as Frederick squeezed harder and harder. Julie screamed. "Please ..."

"Is it the boy?" Frederick turned his dark eyes on her and there was nothing behind them. Only a deep, unending blackness. "Give him succor now. Protect him as you will. But if it is he that planted that pernicious seed, I will away with you both."

Julie sat up in bed gasping for air, clutching her blanket to her naked breasts. What a terrible nightmare. She managed to catch her breath and then looked at the bedside clock. It was eleven in the morning. Such a horrific dream for such a short nap. She held up her left hand and thought she could see the red imprint of fingers along



the back slowly fading away. She made a fist and released it, looking at her wedding ring. Her hand was fine. It was just a dream. There was no red handprint now. She must have imagined it.

"Danny," she whispered to herself. "I must succor my child." Julie climbed out of bed, her naked breasts bouncing. The words that escaped her mouth seemed both foreign and completely at home. "*Children are a heritage from the Lord, offspring a reward from Him,*" Julie whispered. She only wore her panties and that

would never do, so Julie scanned the room. She found one of her husband's large t-shirts and threw it on, giving her some modesty. "To help Danny is to help Him. And God asks for the aid of the righteous." On bare feet, Julie padded out of her room and down the long hall. She didn't know where she was going. Once at the other end of the hall, she looked around. Why was she there? The stairs went up to the east tower just before her, but Brittney was at the library with her father. There was a bathroom to her left, but she didn't need that. A soft grunting sound came muffled through Daniel's bedroom door. *Succor the child*. Julie knew what she needed to do.

A bath towel hung by the shower in the bathroom. Julie stepped in there and grabbed it. She then crossed the hall and opened Daniel's door without knocking.

Julie should have been shocked, embarrassed, or at least disturbed by what she saw, but all she could think was that Daniel needed her help. He sat naked in his desk chair, looking at a picture of a voluptuous, naked woman on his computer monitor.

Both hands furiously pumped at that hard, giant penis between his legs. Sweat beaded on his arms, shoulders, and face. His cheeks were red with the effort of his task. His hands stopped when his mother barged in, but they still held onto the veiny shaft. He made no effort to hide or cover himself. Instead he pivoted his chair to face her.

"You can't get it to come out, can you?" Julie stepped into the room and closed the door behind her. "I think God sent me a dream so that I'd help you."

"What?" Daniel glanced back at the picture of the naked redhead with huge boobs and freckles. He then looked back at his mom.

"Oh, yeah. I do need help." Daniel finally registered what she was wearing. One of his dad's big t-shirts and completely bare legs. Because the t-shirt hung so low, he couldn't even tell if she had panties on.

"Okay, pumpkin." Julie flashed a brief, nervous smile. "Mom's on the job." She took a step into the room and stopped. She twisted the towel in both hands. "Unless ... it's too weird for you ... you know ... having me touch you again."



“No, it’s okay.” Daniel thought of Eloise and wanted very much to make the dead woman happy. “The last time you did it, I felt so much better afterward.”

“Well, let’s get you taken care of then.” Julie walked over to Daniel, rolled his chair way from the desk, spun him so that he was facing the monitor again, and knelt down on the floor. She placed the towel next to her right knee. “You can look at that picture if it speeds things along.”

“Thanks, Mom.” Daniel didn’t care much about the naked women on his monitor at the moment.

“Should I ...?” She looked up at the monstrosity, her brown eyes wide, her pupils dilated. “Should I use my mouth again?” Julie reached forward with her right hand and tentatively caressed his right testicle. It was so heavy and full.

Daniel nodded.

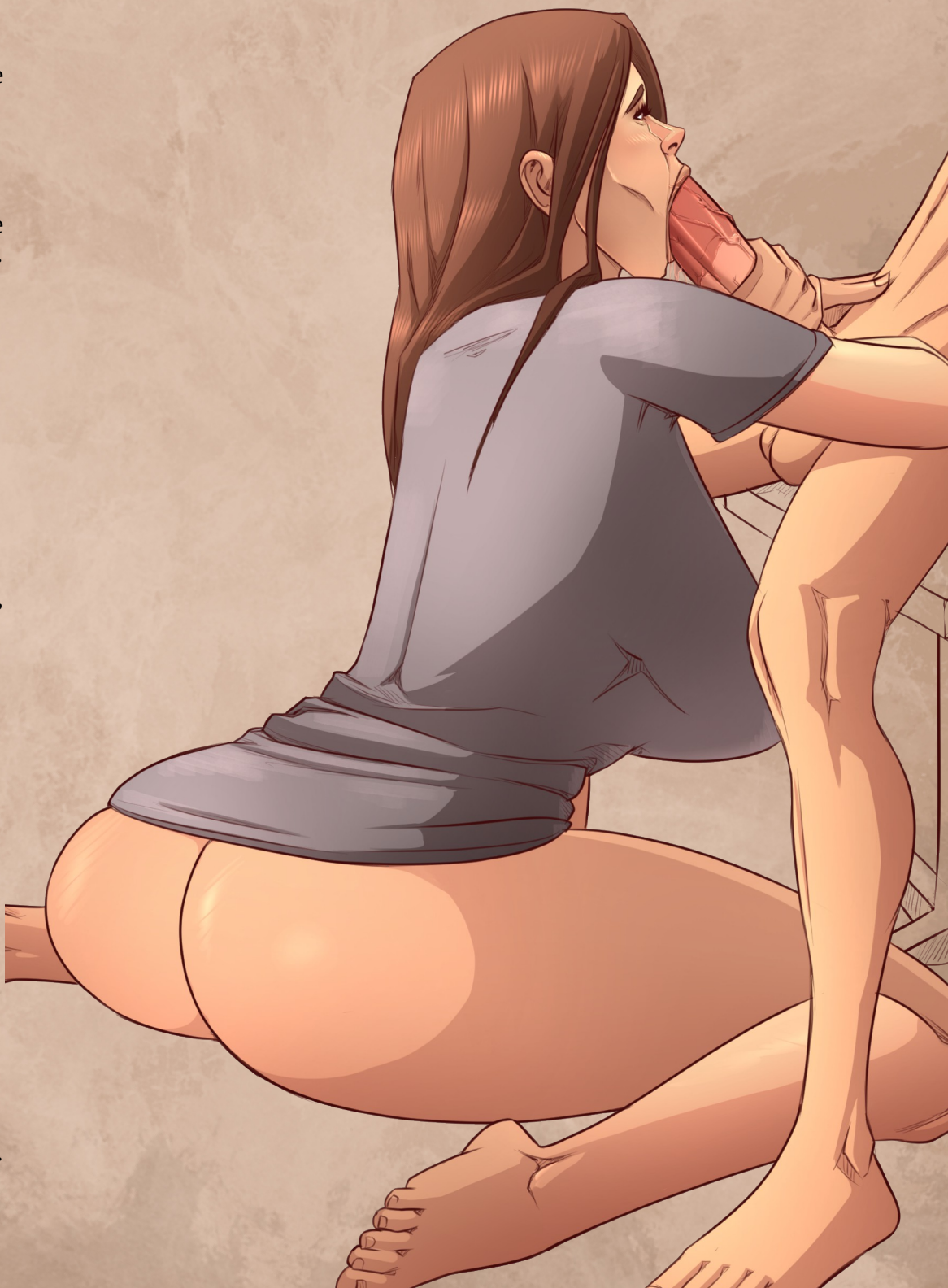
“I can do that. The mouth isn’t cheating. Right?” She looked past the penis at his skinny chest and thin arms. Such a miracle that this mighty tool would belong to her slight son.

“Right, Mom.”

“Just don’t tell your father, Danny.” She circled the shaft with the fingers on her left hand and gently closed them. It was so incredibly thick. “Or anyone else.” Julie’s focus when to the purplish top of his thing. Such an angry color for such a mild boy. She raised herself up a little on her knees and slowly slid the wide, flared head between her lips. “I won’t tell anyone.” Daniel secretly crossed his fingers as he said this. He’d sure as heck tell Eloise.

“Ggggooooooggghhhh.”

Julie had wanted to say *good*, but the cockhead got in her way. She bobbed her head in small quick strokes, remembering how best to service Daniel from last time. His thing was so dissimilar to his father’s. This was an almost completely different act than the marital fellatio Julie often performed. She moved her other hand to his pole and pumped up and down with both hands, squeezing tightly. The more she practiced, the more fluid it seemed.



“You’re the best, Mom.” Daniel sighed and slouched further into his chair. Julie looked amazing with her pretty face contorted around his dick. Her crows-feet wrinkles etched themselves a little deeper as she struggled to blow her son. Her nostrils flared as she forced herself to breathe through her nose. “I hope Dad appreciates you.”



Julie popped her mouth off Daniel’s thing and looked up at his young, handsome face. “He does, Danny.” Then she went right back to sucking. On the other side of town at that moment, George chewed on a pencil, reading through some very old files. He was close to something big. He just knew it. Something really big. He had no idea how close his wife was at that moment to something even bigger. Back in the Palmer Mansion, Daniel looked up from his mother’s bobbing brown hair to his monitor. Instead of the redheaded model he expected, he saw Eloise’s beauty staring back at him. Confused, he blinked several times. On the screen, Eloise

nodded her head and the camera panned back. He could see that the ghost sat naked in a wingback chair, by a roaring fire. Her heavy boobs, pregnant belly, and fiery bush were all on full display. She grabbed a breast in each hand, squeezed them together, and moved them up and down. Daniel understood. He nodded at the monitor and Eloise winked an eye back at him. She dropped her breasts and leaned forward in her wingback chair in anticipation of what was to come.

“Hey, Mom.” Daniel looked down at Julie as she worked his dick. “That feels ... really great. But could I ...?” Julie spit out his thing and looked up at him again. “What is it, Danny?” She panted a little. It was hard to get in enough air just breathing through her nose. “I’m here to help.”

“Could you ... I mean ... would you ...?” Daniel stammered.

“Yes?” Her hands still slid slowly up and down his penis as she looked up.

“Could you do it with your boobs?” Daniel spit the words out quickly.

“With my ...?” Julie turned it over in her head a moment and then understood. “Ohhhh. I see.” Her hands kept up their work as she thought about the request. “Really, Danny?” She cocked her head at him. “Really?”

“Yeah, Mom. Please?” Daniel could already tell she was going to do it by the look in her eyes. “It wouldn’t be cheating.”

“I suppose not. It’s not cheating if it’s just the boobs.” She let go of her son’s thing and reached for the hem of her husband’s shirt with both hands. She pulled off the shirt and tossed it behind her. Her boobs dropped and jiggled.

“They’re beautiful, Mom.” Daniel fixed his stare on those magnificent tits. They hung perfectly on her chest, large, round and full. With thick pink nipples and small areolas. Daniel pulled his eyes away and looked at the monitor behind his mom. Eloise smiled broadly. His eyes dropped down to his mom’s face and he could see her cheeks were redder than usual.

“Thank you for the compliment, Danny.” Dressed only in her black panties, Julie held her breasts, scooted herself forward, and wrapped them around his tool. She figured there was enough spit left over from the blowjob for lubrication. “I’ve never done this before, so it may take me a minute to figure it out.” She softly bit the tip of her tongue in concentration and tried one long pump with her breasts, using her hands to move her boobs up and down. Satisfied with the result, she did it again and again. Pretty soon she had an awkward, but consistent rhythm. “Dad’s missing out.” Daniel couldn’t look away from what his sweet mom was doing to him. “It’s okay.” Julie raised her eyes from Daniel’s thing and looked up into her son’s face. She could see the pleasure written there as he gritted his teeth. That she could bring her son such joy filled her with happiness. “I wouldn’t be able to do this for George anyway. Not like this.” She looked back down at the monster that slid between her tightly pressed boobs. “He’s so different from you, Danny.” Back at the library, George held up a paper excitedly. The plans, he’d found the plans. This would make their work so much easier and might solve the mystery of the locked room. When he brought a copy home, Julie would be so thrilled. This would surely be the most exciting thing she’d seen all day. He poured over the plans.

In the Palmer Mansion, Daniel looked over his mother’s shoulder as she worked so hard to bring him off. On his monitor, he could see Eloise, still naked in her chair, biting her fingernails in expectation. Eloise nodded at



Daniel and made the same volcano explosion motions with her hands that she'd made while watching him and Julie in the study the other day. Daniel resolved not to disappoint her this time.

"Are you close, sweetie?" Julie stared down at that purple dome as it slipped between her cleavage.

"Not ... yet ..." If Daniel warned her, she'd use the towel to finish him. Eloise didn't want that. So instead, he grunted and let loose. Cum rocketed out of his dick, splashing up into Julie's face and hair. It also flew through the air and landed on the wood floor all around them.

On the computer monitor, Eloise silently bounced up and down on her chair, clapping her hands wildly and laughing with great joy.

"Eeeewwwwwwww." Julie closed her eyes, let go of her boobs, and turned away from the spewing thing. "Oh, my gosh, Danny. It's in my face." She could still feel cum landing on her side as she wiped the hot, salty mess off her lips and out of her eyes. "You can't just do that, Danny. You have to let me know." Julie blindly reached



for the towel by her knee, found it, and brought it up to her face. After a few seconds, she felt no more sperm landing on her, so at least he was done.

“Sorry ... Mom.” Daniel didn’t have a bible verse for this situation, but he did have a handy aphorism. *Better to ask for forgiveness than permission*. He chose not to share it with her. “It was just ...” he panted and looked at the mess he’d made. There was cum all over his stomach, thighs, and his mostly naked mother. The floor around them was a mess. It really had been a volcanic eruption. “It was just so ... sudden.” Daniel glanced at the monitor and the image of Eloise was gone, replaced by the redheaded model from before.

“It’s okay, pumpkin.” It dawned on Julie that in trying to do God’s will, she’d just bathed herself in what seemed like a gallon of teenage cum. That realization, was followed by another. She was incredibly wet. She’d been so focused on her son’s pleasure, that she hadn’t even noticed how much her body had responded to the acts they’d just committed. “I’m going to go take a shower and wash all this off.” Julie stood gingerly, rubbing the towel against her breasts to remove some of the congealing sperm there. “I want you to clean up this mess right away.” She walked to the door.

“Of course.” Daniel didn’t move from the chair. He watched her panty-clad butt as she walked to the door, opened it, and disappeared down the hall. “Sorry.” He called after her. And he was sorry. Or at least a part of him was. But another part of him reveled in what had just happened and how Eloise would reward him the next time she paid him a visit.

When Julie got in the shower, much to her surprise, she found her hand moving to her vagina. She took a long, hot shower and orgasmed several times as she masturbated, thinking about how she had just satisfied her son. They were some of the best orgasms she’d had in years. Maybe, just maybe, she’d offer to help Daniel out another time. Only if he still needed her help.