

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

Chapter 4



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!

-

Julie sat in the study on Sunday afternoon, staring at her computer monitor. She sighed. It wasn't easy selecting floor tile for the bathrooms. She worked her way through period-relevant tile from salvaged projects. They had to save money at every step for their Palmer Mansion restoration.

As she scrolled through the geometric patterns, Julie's mind wandered to the deluge of sperm Daniel had sprayed on her. She'd once heard a vulgar comic say that every man's dream was to cover women in sperm. *They want to drown them in cum*, he'd said. Julie thought the comic was just as horribly crass now as she did when she'd first heard him, but she might now understand the impulse better. It really had pleased Daniel to paint her with his seed like he did. And it had moved something in her as well. She, maybe, sort of liked it. That was a strange thing to admit to herself.

Julie blinked and adjusted her reading glasses. The online tile store was gone from her monitor, replaced by a sex shop. Somehow, while she'd been daydreaming, she'd gone to a site she'd never seen before. How in the world had that happened? She was now staring at what the store promised were *huge, pussy-changing* dildos. Julie put her left hand to her mouth and moved the curser to the exit box. But instead of leaving, she scrolled down the page. She decided to have a little look out of curiosity.

Five minutes later, she'd somehow purchased a jet-black, eleven-inch phallus with expedited shipping. Julie quickly closed the page and went back to her bathroom tile browsing. All the rest of the day, she felt a definite wetness between her legs. *Pussy-changing* was such a deplorably crude and sensationalized description. But as her mind continued to wander, Julie couldn't help but wonder how true it might be. Maybe she'd have the courage to find out when the new toy arrived. Of course, whatever she did with the thing, she'd be sure to include her husband.

~

The stairs creaked as Daniel made his way up to the east tower room. "Britt? You up here?" He pushed the door to the tower and it squealed its way open. He thought he better add oiling door hinges to his parent's punch list. "Britt?" Most of the windows in the tower were open and a cool breeze blew through the circular space.

"I'm out here," Britt called over her shoulder from outside the northernmost window.

Daniel walked to the window and looked out. His twin sister sat cross-legged on the fish scale shingle roof that hung about three feet out from the tower and ran three-quarters of the way around. Her brown hair tossed and turned in the wind.

"What are you doing out there?" Suddenly dizzy, Daniel leaned back into the room and stepped away from the window. He could no longer see Brittney, but she wasn't that far away.

"I like to come here and think." Brittney didn't bother looking back, she knew her brother was afraid of heights. "It's so beautiful. I was just thinking about the sermon today."

"Oh?" Daniel tensed as movement caught his eye to the east. He relaxed when he saw Eloise gingerly climb in through a window to his right. Eloise cradled her big belly as she stretched her legs over the windowsill. Her long, flowing dress was without a bustle. It was quite striking with hues of blue and green. She smiled when she made eye contact with Daniel and walked over to him, careful to keep out of view of Brittney's window.

"Yeah, Corinthians 10:13, specifically. *No temptation has overtaken you that is not common to man. God is faithful, and He will not let you be tempted beyond your ability, but with the temptation He will also provide the way of escape, that you may be able to endure it.*"

"What ..." Daniel watched as Eloise approached, her bone-white finger placed on her pink lips.

With her left hand, Eloise reached into his shorts and found his penis already hard. She nodded her head approvingly, her red hair blowing, ever so slightly, in the breeze.

"What about it, Britt?" Daniel trembled at that frigid touch.

Eloise leaned forward and pressed her lips on Daniel's ear. "You did well with your mother. What a lovely achromatic painting you gave that pretty woman. Well done, indeed." She giggled softly. "Now we continue."

"Now?" Daniel whispered back. But he offered no resistance as she lowered his shorts and boxers.

"I was just wondering if that's true." Brittney breathed in the fresh air and watched the puffy white clouds blow slowly past. "I mean, if there really is a God, do you think He always gives us an out from our temptations? And if He does, why give us temptations in the first place?"

"Well ..." Daniel tried hard to keep his concentration as Eloise sunk to her knees with a let's-be-naughty smirk on her freckled face. "Maybe it means that we can enjoy temptation and God will step in only if it gets out of hand." Daniel sighed as Eloise took him into her icy mouth. The cold heightened his pleasure. He looked down



at the twin diamonds on her finger and wondered why she still wore the ring if she had so completely turned on her marriage vows. Then he thought of Frederick's anger out in the hallway. But even that remembered fear couldn't spoil the high he got whenever Eloise paid him that special kind of attention.

"I don't know, Danny. That sounds like wishful thinking." Brittney looked over her shoulder but couldn't see her brother through the window. He was such a sissy about heights. "You haven't been doing drugs or anything, have you?" Brittney didn't think he had. She usually had a sixth sense when something was wrong with her brother. Although, lately, he'd been sort of a blank slate.

"No ... uuuummmmm ... nothing like that." Daniel's legs trembled as Eloise circled his purple head with her frigid tongue. "Uuuhhhh ... tell me more." Daniel's eyes widened as Eloise grabbed his oversized balls, one in each palm, and took his monster dick down her throat with one fluid motion. He didn't think it would be possible to take so much cock so easily, but then again, she wasn't exactly human.

"You sound strange." Brittney sighed, she didn't want to go back inside just yet, but it sounded like her brother needed her. "Do you need me to come in?"

"I'm ... fine." Daniel fought the impulse to put his hands on her head. She might not like that. Despite the incredibly long strokes she took down her throat, there was almost no noise. "Stay ... outside. Why are you thinking ... uh ... about temptation? Are you ... getting serious with ... Ted?"

"Not really." Brittney looked down at the overgrown yard far below and spotted an abandoned rose bush that was still sending out the most beautiful red flowers. She thought she'd have to go down there and pick some sometime. "The sermon just spoke to me, I guess. How about you, Danny? Any girlfriends I should know about?"

"Noooo." Daniel grit his teeth. His whole body trembled. He tried to stifle his groans as he let loose inside Eloise's pretty mouth. He could see her jaw and neck work as she gulped shot after shot of cum down into her stomach.

"Well, that's too bad, Danny. You're a nice boy and you'll make some girl really happy." Brittney could hear her brother groaning a little and assumed it was her spot high above the ground that upset him so. "I'll come in."

Eloise pulled her mouth off his rod and wiped her lips with the back of her hand. She winked at him and faded away like dust on the breeze.

Daniel's whole body buzzed from the blowjob and he almost missed the telltale sounds of his sister scooting along the shingles outside. She was coming back in. Daniel hastily pulled his shorts over his still hard dick and pulled his t-shirt over the head as it stuck up past his belly button. He turned and waddled for the stairs.

"Hey, where are you going?" Brittney stuck her head inside the window and watched her skinny brother retreat. Why was he walking like that?

"I have to use the bathroom," Daniel said over his shoulder. He got to the stairs and descended. "Bye."

"Okay, bye." Brittney thought about why he was waddling to the bathroom and guessed he had one of those big boners she'd seen him get recently. "Ew, gross." He was going to the bathroom to take care of it. Her nose wrinkled in disgust. Teenage boys were so nasty.

~~

"Don't I look pretty, George?" Julie twirled in her powder blue chemise and corset. It was late on a weekday night, the kids were sleeping, and the parents had been hard at work on the house all day. Time for some fun. "You always look pretty, Jules." George tried not to frown. "What about some different lingerie tonight? It's been a while since you wore that red, lacey set I got you for Valentine's Day."

"Oh, come on." Julie stuck her hip to the side and placed her hand on it, striking a pose. "You know you like it." She laughed and walked to the closet. She always felt so giddy when wearing the Victorian underwear.

"Plus, I've got a surprise for you." She opened the closet door and bent to retrieve something.

"Well, I like surprises." George watched her from his reclined position on the bed. He did like how the corset accentuated Julie's boobs and the flare of her hips. He just wanted to see a little more skin. Nonetheless, his dick stiffened in his boxers as he watched her round bottom.

"Here we are." Julie straightened and turned toward George.

"What ...?" George's eyes went wide. Whatever he was expecting from his straitlaced wife, it wasn't this. In both hands, she held before her the most enormous dick George had ever seen, certainly, almost a foot long and very thick. It was as black as pitch and evil looking. "What is that?"



"I thought we could spice things up a bit." Julie's face opened in a broad smile. She held the phallus out in front of her, one hand circled around the veiny shaft, the other holding the round balls. "You wanna see me try and fit this thing in my little vagina?" She raised an eyebrow and cocked her hip at him again.

"Uh ... Julie ... this is very ..." George mumbled. His dick softened as he saw her wedding ring pressed into that veiny monstrosity. "Why?"

"I just thought we should try it." Julie bounded over to the bed, her breasts rocking up and down in the corset.

"I don't have any panties on. You'll have to get me very wet, Georgie."

"Um ..." George couldn't take his eyes off the horrible thing. "I have a headache, Jules." He rolled onto his side away from his wife and pressed his head into the pillow. "No sex tonight."

"Really?" Julie stopped by the bed and the smile dropped from her face. "I ... I wanted to share this with you, George."

"I've got a headache. Too much work on the house." George pulled the blankets up over him. "Could you get the light?"

"Okay." Julie's shoulders slumped and she looked down at the thing in her hands. Frown lines creased her pretty face. Why had she bought this thing? And why would she think it would make George feel anything but anxiety over his own small penis? Was his penis small? Julie hadn't thought so until recently. Julie returned to the closet and put the dildo away. She then went over by the door and flipped the light switch. The room fell into darkness. "Goodnight, dear."

"Goodnight," George grumbled from the bed.

Julie padded over to their bathroom to change out of the corset and chemise. She resolved to be a better wife to George. She'd make it up to him. Make him feel like a man again. She vowed to put big penises out her mind completely. No more helping her son. And she'd throw that dildo away in the morning. But ... maybe ... She thought it over as she pulled off the lingerie. Maybe she'd just hold that dark phallus one more time. That wouldn't hurt anything. Just to feel the weight in her hands. And if Daniel really needed some help, she might just give it to him. A mother's responsibility is to care for her son, after all. And that was just as important as her wifely duties.

~~~~~  
Julie made breakfast, fed her family, and sent the twins off to school. She then kissed her husband on the cheek and sent him off to the hardware store. She had the whole house to herself for a little while, a rarity. And to her great surprise, a few minutes later, she found herself sitting on the edge of her bed, rubbing the head of that giant dildo up against her wet vaginal lips.

One minute she was stripping to take a much-needed shower, the next she had the dildo in her hands. The thing was so substantial and manly. Her fingers trembled as she tried to push it in. "Oooohhhhhh." She grunted and looked down between her hanging breasts as just the very tip stretched her out. The jet-black thing looked like a phallus made of night. It was almost like some ancient darkness spread her opening, trying to get in. She reminded herself it was just molded silicone as her moans filled the bedroom.

It was too much. "For you, Danny. I'd do anything." Where had those words come from? Suddenly she imagined her skinny son trying to shove his monster into her. It was even bigger than what she held in her hands. She knew such an act would destroy her marriage and her vagina, but the thought was irrepressible. "Oh, Danny." She struggled to push more of the dildo into her, but only got another fraction of an inch in. She looked down at her poor vagina, it was spread around the head obscenely. Why did this feel so good? "Oh, no." A surge of pleasure flooded through her, and suddenly her vagina erupted.

"What's ... happening?" Julie's whole body trembled and she dropped the dildo to the floor where it landed with a solid thud. "Oooohhhhhhhhhhh." A small geyser of clear liquid shot out of her vagina and sprayed upon the floor. And then another and another. Julie tossed her head back onto the bed and shrieked out the most amazing orgasm of her life.

When she was done, she lay there for a while, her heart thumping and chest heaving with each breath. She finally stood and looked at the puddle on the floorboards. Nothing like that had ever happened to her before. "I must get rid of that thing." She eyed the dildo with contempt and thought of the sermon from that past Sunday. *God is faithful, and he will not let you be tempted beyond your ability, but with the temptation he will also provide the way of escape, that you may be able to endure it.*

Escape. God would give her the strength to throw away the dildo so that she might escape this new feeling. She didn't want the dildo to come between her and George. She resolved to take that enormous thing to the trash just as soon as she cleaned up her mess.



Once the floor was again spotless, and the sheets changed. Julie somehow lost her resolve and she hid the dildo behind some books on one of the shelves in the library, one of which was Turgenev's *First Love*. As she neatly lined up the books in front of the monster, she thought that this was just as good as throwing it away. Out of sight, out of mind. She turned and went back upstairs to take that much needed shower.

~

The Andersons assembled on the couch in the basement for a movie night. It was a family tradition to all get together on the third Thursday of the month for a screening. Although it wasn't the same since Brad moved out. Daniel sat on one end of the couch, leaning on his mother's shoulder. George sat on the other side of Julie, holding her right hand in his left. Brittney curled herself on the other end of the couch, in the corner with her knees pressed into her chest.

Most of the family kept their eyes on the screen, watching the latest sci-fi extravaganza. On screen, lasers flew and spaceships exploded. But Daniel's eyes kept wandering away from the TV and toward the fireplace. In the days since Eloise had led him down those hidden stairs, Daniel had tried to find the lever or latch that turned each fireplace but couldn't get any of them to open.

As his eyes looked around the shadowy mantle, he caught some movement to the left on the stairs to the main level. Eloise stood there in one of her long flowing dresses. She smiled and beckoned to Daniel with her finger. Daniel rose from the couch and walked toward the stairs.

"Where are you going, mister?" Julie watched him leave.

"Bathroom." Daniel didn't look back.

"Well, don't be long." Julie snuggled into her husband's warm side. "I think they're almost at the mothership."

"Sure, Mom." Daniel mumbled and climbed the stairs. He couldn't see Eloise anymore, but once in the main hall, he heard the crackle of fire in the living room and saw an orange, rhomboid glow cast through the open door ahead. He walked down the hall, turned into the living room, and stopped. There was indeed a roaring fire in the fireplace. Eloise sat on the hearth, with her long dress tucked under her. Her eyes shone with the reflected blaze and with greeting.

"So nice to pull yourself away from that image-box for me." She stood and smoothed out her dress. Her pale arms seemed to glow in the warm, luminous room. "You continue to make me proud, Danny, and I so love giving you rewards."

A sudden thought occurred to Daniel as he took in the swell of her belly, boobs, and hips under her flowing dress. "How come you don't have that thing on the back of your dress?"

"The bustle?" Eloise cocked her head. "It's not in style anymore, dearie."

"But I saw you wearing a dress like that before." Daniel furrowed his brow. One part of his mind told him it didn't matter what she wore. She was going to be naked soon anyway. But another part of his mind wanted to follow this rabbit down its hole.

"It was in style when I wore it." She smiled and nodded with encouragement at him. "I always keep up with the latest fashion."

"So ..." Daniel half-turned and closed the sliding door behind him. "I'm seeing a younger and older you at different times? One when the bustle was in fashion and one when it wasn't?"

Eloise smiled and winked at him.

"But ..." Daniel thought it through. "You're always pregnant." He lowered his pants and pulled off his micro-boxers. His dick stood proudly, casting a long shadow against the far wall.

"Now, Danny, you know I wasn't always pregnant." Eloise slipped out of her dress and dropped it to the floor. Naked, she stepped back onto a luxurious bearskin rug in front of the hearth, cupping her swollen breasts and belly with her thin arms.

"Two different children, then?" Daniel didn't care about the rug or the animal heads adorning the walls. He didn't even notice all the new furniture stuffed into that room.

Eloise clapped her hands in delight. "Such a clever boy. Different children. Same belly. Different times. Different fathers."

"Frederick was the father of the first child. Right?" Daniel walked toward her, his dick swaying before him, the firelight dancing off his flesh. "Who was the second father?"

"The past is done and gone, Danny." Eloise opened her arms to him. "I have so much to teach you now. We must prepare you, dearie. You still know so little."



Daniel stepped onto the rug, the bear fur soft between his toes. He placed one hand on the fleshy curve of her butt and the other on the delicate arch of her back. He fell into her cold embrace and stretched up to plant his lips on hers. Her boobs and belly pushed wonderfully against him. His dick fit snugly between her legs. Eloise broke their kiss and looked down into his eyes. "Mate me, Danny." She dropped down to her knees. "A mare is meant for the gallop." She turned, dropped to all fours, and presented her round ass to him. "Ride me." Daniel wasted no time in entering her, and he didn't even need her help. He now knew where her opening was and he slid right in. He found a steady rhythm and watched in fascination as her butt rippled with each thrust. "You have a tender heart." Eloise looked back at him over her flawless, white shoulder with languid, lust-filled eyes. "But that is not enough for a woman, young stallion. Control ..." She bit her bottom lip as his cock hit somewhere deep inside her. "Your first lesson is control. You must take a woman by the reins and drive her as you would a wild mare you mean to tame. This is the secret few of the fairer sex will tell. But mark my words, all desire it." She turned her head forward and stared into the fire. "Take my hair, Danny."

"Okay." Daniel had not thought himself the type to grab a woman by the hair, but he wasn't about to say no to her. He took a fistful of copper hair with his left hand and pulled her head back a little.

"Yes." Eloise arched her back, her round belly dropping closer to the rug below. "This is ... ooohhhhhh ... the most important lesson. Everything else you learn ... is nestled inside this one fact. A woman longs for surrender. Tame her and she is yours."

"Not ... uh ... uh ... uh ... all women." But even as he said this, Daniel tightened his grip on her hair and dug his fingertips into the cool flesh just south of her right hip.

"Yes, all women. I ... will ... show you, my sweet. You have ... paid ..." Eloise grunted as she bounced under his control. She no longer pushed back with each thrust, she couldn't. She just did her best to absorb the onslaught. It was perfect. "You paid, Danny, and now ... you will receive your bounty." Her fingers dug into the rug. "Tell me ... tell me what you wish to do."

"I'm gonna ... cum."

"No." She shook her head, her hair still firmly in his grasp. "No, impose ... upon me, Daniel."

"Take ... my ... cum ... Mrs. Palmer ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." Daniel shot his load deep inside Eloise's frigid pussy. His hips fell out of rhythm but kept bucking.

Eloise gasped and took the heat deep in her. It felt so good to be filled to the brim with life. Eventually the boy behind her stilled and released her hair. "We still have work to do, but that was fine. Mighty fine." She moved forward and dislodged him. "You've filled my crinkum crankum, and that's always a good thing, dearie." She turned onto her side and looked up at him. "Now get dressed and get yourself back to your family."

"Um ... okay." Daniel nodded. He stood and went to fetch his clothes.

"You're a good boy, Danny." Eloise luxuriated in the post-coital feelings that swept through her. She watched the skinny boy shrug into his clothing. "Soon, you'll be a great boy." She smiled. "Now get you away to your dear mother and request the aid you so rightly deserve." Cum leaked out between her legs and pooled on the rug. She had so much to teach that young eighteen-year-old. And he seemed eager to learn.

"Now?" Daniel opened the door.

"Yes, now." Eloise smiled her warmest smile up at him as the fire crackled behind her. "Take the reins, Danny." Daniel nodded, waved to Eloise, and walked out of the living room.



~

A space battle raged on TV as Daniel returned to the basement.

"You smell funny." Brittney looked up at her brother as he awkwardly walked behind the couch and sat down on the other end by their mother. "Anyway, you missed a lot. The good guys are taking control of the mothership."

"Oh, yeah?" Daniel's hard dick pressed painfully into his soft belly as he sat down. He moved his butt around on the cushion and tried to get comfortable.

"You do smell strange, Danny." Julie lifted her head off her husband's shoulder and looked at her son. He smelled like some sort of pungent tropical flower. "And why are you squirming like that?"

"Sorry, Mom." Daniel finally stuck his butt toward the end of the cushion and leaned back. Now his dick wasn't poking him anymore. "Just having a hard time getting comfortable."

Julie looked down at Daniel's pants and saw the clear outline of his mammoth package. "Oh." Her eyes went wide. The poor boy had such a hard time with his thing these days. "I see."

"Quiet everyone." George didn't take his eyes off the TV screen. "We're about to see the aliens."

"Sorry, Dad." Daniel leaned over and whispered in his mother's ear, "I'm having trouble again and I need your help."

Julie shook her head and squeezed George's hand tighter. George squeezed back, but his attention stayed on the movie.

"Please," Daniel whispered. "I tried in the bathroom, but it didn't work." He found that ever since moving into their new house, lies came much easier to him. "I'll be quick. We'll be back in time for the end of the movie."

"Daniel Gregory Anderson," Julie hissed and gave Daniel a steely glare. But her heart softened as she looked into her son's pained blue eyes. She disentangled her arm from George's arm, stood, and looked down at her lovely husband. "I have to help Daniel with something. We'll be right back."

"Can't it wait?" George looked up at her and frowned.

"Apparently, it cannot." Julie walked off toward the stairs.

"You're missing the movie," George called after her.

"We'll be back in a jiffy, dear." Julie climbed the stairs, her dress billowing behind her. "Come on, Danny."

"Right." Daniel blinked his eyes. He couldn't believe she'd agreed. He rose from the couch and walked around the back again so his stiff dick wouldn't be obvious to his father and sister.

"Don't be long." George said as his son followed his wife out of the basement.

"We won't," Daniel said over his shoulder. He climbed the stairs and entered the long main hall.

"I can't believe I agreed to this." Julie waited for him, standing with her hands on her hips and tapping her bare foot on the floor. "Come on, let's get you taken care of." She grabbed Daniel's hand and pulled him into the bathroom. She then shut the door and locked it behind them. "Okay, pants off. We have to hurry."

"Thanks, Mom. I really needed this." Daniel pulled off his pants and boxers and his dick flopped out.

"Yes, I can see. It looks really ... um ... engorged." Julie reached out and gently brushed her fingernails along the purple head. "What is that smell? It's musky and flowery ... like ..." Julie scrunched up her nose and moved her hand away from his penis. "Did you already take care of yourself? You smell like sperm and I'm not going to be doing this if you can do it yourself."

"No. I promise." Daniel's mouth sprouted lies like they were trees in a growing forest. "It's just the precum. I get a lot of precum when it won't go down."

"Oh." She reached back for the long, heavy thing and grasped the shaft in her left hand. "Well, I suppose that's unusual and a bit unseemly, but I'm your mother and I've seen it all. And ... the thought is actually kind of ... um ..." Her hand moved back and forth. "... interesting."

"Can you do it with your mouth again? It's not cheating." Daniel watched as she lowered herself to her knees on the tile. He had a wonderful view of her pretty face as it went slack, absorbed, as she was, with watching the slightly pulsing dick.

"It better not be cheating ..." Julie licked the head and tasted Daniel's salty flavor. "... or I'd be a very bad wife." She opened wide and took the head inside. That was all she could fit. She remembered her technique for taking care of Daniel and bobbed her head with little short strokes while pumping his shaft with both hands. Her brown ponytail danced as she worked to bring Daniel off.

"You're ... aaaahhhhhh ... a great wife." Daniel looked down at her pretty lips as they contorted around his dickhead. "And the ... best mom in the world."

"Mmmmmmmmm," Julie said.





Down in the basement, George let out a woop as the protagonist took control of the mothership. Brittney smiled at her father, and wondered what the other half of the Andersons were up to.

A little later in the bathroom, Julie still worked Daniel, giving him short pumps with her mouth and long strokes with her hands. She pulled her mouth off his thing and looked up. "We ... really need to ... get back to the ... movie." She panted from the effort, but her hands kept working the shaft. "Are you close? Do you need my boobs again?"

"Yeah, Mom. That'd help this go way faster." Daniel watched Julie shrug out of the top of her dress, and reach behind and unclasp her bra. He held his breath as her tits dropped out of confinement. They were so perfect, with her large pink nipples, and the blue web of veins that ran just under the skin. They made his mother look so vulnerable.

"You have to tell me before you explode this time." Julie rose up on her knees a little and pressed her son's rod between her boobs. "You can't cover me with your stuff like you did before." The memory of that moment sent an involuntary shiver down her spine and caused her vagina to dampen even more than it was already. She could feel her panties soaking through. "We don't have time for a shower."

"Sure, Mom." Daniel wondered what Eloise would think about that. He didn't want to disappoint the apparition, but she hadn't said anything about it this time. Daniel looked around the bathroom, half expecting to see Eloise's reflection in the mirror, but there was no sign of her. He looked back down at his mother and sighed as she eagerly slid his saliva-soaked dick between her large, soft tits. Julie stuck out the tip of her tongue just a little as she focused all her energy on making Daniel cum.

After a few minutes, Julie looked up into her son's eyes. "Are you close, Danny?"

"Not yet." Daniel's mouth hung open as he watched the remarkable sight playing out in front of him.

"We have to hurry this along." Julie looked at the locked door and then back at Daniel. "What can I do?"

"How about your butt, Mom?"

"I beg your pardon, young man?" Julie let go of her breasts and leaned back. Her arms were tired.

"If I could rub it on your butt, I'm sure I wouldn't last long." Daniel took hold of his dick and stroked it while Julie thought things over.

"It wouldn't be cheating if you just rubbed on my butt." Julie stood, turned her back to Daniel, and lifted her dress up to her waist. "And ... also ... I'll need to keep my panties on." She leaned forward and placed her hands on the countertop next to the sink. Her feet inched out as she spread her legs to lower her butt down to her son's level.

"Of course." Daniel stepped up behind and looked down at her amazing ass. He couldn't decide what he liked best. The way it flared out from her narrow waist? The way it jiggled with just the slightest of her movements? The round, perfect curves? He loved all of it. "Here I go." He placed his dick between her cheeks with the head all the way up above the crumpled dress hanging from the small of her back. He grabbed a cheek in each hand and then rubbed his shaft in a seesaw motion.

Back in the basement, the move accelerated toward its climax. "Behind you! The alien's behind you, dummy," George shouted at the TV. The stupid pilot had forgotten to look behind him. George was so into the movie, he didn't even notice his wife and son still weren't back yet.

"That's it, pumpkin." Julie braced herself against the rubbing monster behind her. She hoped Daniel couldn't tell how wet she was. "Let me know when you're ready." She looked down at her hands to avoid looking into the mirror and her ring sparkled up at her. She did not want to see what she looked like submitting to her son in this way. What they were doing may not have been cheating, but it certainly was dirty.

"I'm ... ready ... Mom." Daniel moved his eyes from that wobbling butt, past her rumpled dress hanging around her waist, and up her pale, bare back to where her delicate shoulder blades arched. She was beyond beautiful.

"Good boy, Danny." Julie quickly turned around, grabbed a bath towel from the towel rack, and dropped to her knees again. "Shoot it out. Get it all out of there, sweetie." She grabbed his penis and gave the most furious handjob of her life.

"Mom ... Mom ... Mooooommmmm." Daniel's balls churned.

Down in the basement, Brittney covered her eyes to hide from the images on the screen. "Ew, gross. The alien's oozing all over her."

George chuckled. "It's just a movie, Britt."

Back up in the bathroom, sensing the moment, Julie lifted the towel up and caught spurt after spurt with soft Egyptian cotton. She looked up at Daniel and marveled at how the orgasm had taken him over. He shut his eyes, gritted his teeth, and shook all over. "Let it all out. That's a good boy." The towel started to soak through



so she folded it up to help absorb all that sperm. She knew from experience just how much her son stored in those giant balls of his.

“Wow ...” Daniel panted and opened his eyes. “Thanks, Mom.”

“You’re welcome, pumpkin.” Julie took the towel away and saw a little stray cum left behind on the purple head. She leaned forward and licked it off with her pink tongue. Her shoulders gave a quick shiver at the salty, tangy taste. “All better?” Julie rolled the towel into a ball and put it in the sink. She then picked up her bra, stood up, and put it back on.

“Yeah, thanks Mom. I don’t know what I’d do without you.” Daniel sighed and pulled up his micro-boxers. He stuffed his deflating dick into the pouch.

“Well, if I wasn’t helping you, you’d definitely need a doctor.” Julie pulled her dress up and slipped her arms back in. She shook her hips to get the dress to fall back down to her knees. “You’ve got so much in there.” She nodded at his boxers. “It’d be unhealthy if it got backed up.”

“Yeah, totally.” Daniel pulled up his pants and buttoned them. “What are we going to tell Dad and Britt?”

“Well ...” Julie turned to the mirror and checked herself out. She looked fine. Certainly not like she’d just had a giant penis between her breasts. “... I don’t think we should lie. But ...” She looked at Daniel in the mirror and raised an eyebrow.

“Let’s just tell them I needed some help figuring out what to say to a girl.” Daniel ran a hand through his messy blond hair. “You’re a girl, Mom. And you helped me say stuff to you. So, it’s sorta true.”

“Good enough.” Julie nodded. “Speaking of girls, maybe you could find someone at school who’d help you with your thing. I can’t keep doing this forever.” She saw Daniel’s face fall and Julie quickly added, “I’ll be here if you need it. I just don’t want you relying on your mother for this sort of thing, sweetie.”

“Thanks, Mom.” Daniel’s face brightened. “I’ll see if I can find myself a girlfriend.”

“That’s my boy.” Julie picked up the towel and held it away from her body. “I’m going to go put this in the laundry hamper in your room. I can’t take it down to the washing machine right now.” She gave Daniel a chagrined smile, imagining walking the cum filled towel right by her daughter and husband in the basement.

“Stay here, I’ll be right back.” Julie jogged down the hall and up the stairs in her bare feet.

Daniel stepped out into the hall and waited. A minute or so later, Julie returned and they went back down for the rest of movie night.

“Hey, where’d you two go? You missed it.” George looked up from the couch and pointed to the TV where the credits rolled.

“Oh, I’m sorry dear.” Julie frowned and folded her arms over her chest. “Danny needed some help with a girl.”

“Oh, a girl huh?” Brittney looked at her brother and waggled her eyebrows. “Anyone I know?”

Daniel shook his head.

“Fine, keep your secrets.” Brittney laughed. She knew her brother needed lots of help, he was way too shy around the girls in school. “I hope it works out with her.”

“Uh ... thanks, Britt.” Daniel looked at his beautiful mom. “I do too.”



~

Later that night, Julie tried to make it up to George by giving him his first titjob. “You like it, honey?” “It’s ... different.” George’s dick didn’t actually feel all that great engulfed in her boobs. “Maybe if I try it this way.” Julie felt frustrated. He was too small to make it work right. Or maybe her breasts were too big. It was a disappointing endeavor. “How about my mouth?” “That’d be better.” George nodded as she devoured his dick. Julie sucked hard and even let him finish down her throat. She swallowed and smiled up at him. She hoped he’d be up for round two. Julie really wanted some sex after all the foreplay she’d had that day with the Anderson men. “How about a little more? I’ll ride you, honey. You wouldn’t have to work at all.” “What’s gotten into you, Jules?” George groaned and rolled over in bed. “That’s enough for one night.” Julie sighed and went to go turn off the light. She contemplated sneaking into the library and retrieving the dildo, but she’d sworn she wouldn’t use that thing again. She flipped the switch and the room went dark. “Goodnight, George.” “Goodnight, Jules.” She walked across the room and lay down next to him in bed. When she closed her eyes, she could think only of how Daniel’s penis had felt rubbing against her behind. What would it be like to allow that thing in? She tried very hard not to think about the answer to that question.