

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

Chapter 5



DARK STONE STORIES

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"Danny, you in here?" Brittney poked her head into the library.

"I'm here." Daniel looked up from his book. He sat in an old upholstered chair. One leg dangled and swung listlessly over the chair's floral-print arm. "Just reading."

"Man, it's impossible to find anyone in this house." Brittney walked into the room and sat down facing her brother. She smiled at him and brushed her long, brown hair behind her shoulders. Her modest, floral print dress almost matched the chair she perched on. "What are you reading?"

"*The Manchurian Candidate*." Daniel stuck his finger in the book to keep his place. "It's a crazy book." Daniel's face twisted into a wry smile. "At one point, the Russians have this guy, Shaw, under hypnosis and make him ... ah ... make love to his mother."

"Really? Gross." Brittney wrinkled her nose. "And spoilers, Danny. What if I wanted to read it?"

"Sorry." Daniel looked away from his sister to the spines of books along the wall to his right. "Is it really that bad, Britt? Doing it with his mother, I mean."

"Duh-doy. Yeah it is." Brittney offered a slight curve of a smile, stood, walked to the shelf, and pulled down their bible. "I'm pretty sure it's in Leviticus. But I don't remember off hand." She walked back to her chair and sat, thumbing through the pages. She stopped and read. "Here it is. *The nakedness of thy father, and the nakedness of thy mother, shalt thou not uncover: she is thy mother; thou shalt not uncover her nakedness.*" She looked up and gave Daniel a triumphant smile. "That seems clear. Good old Shaw should not boff his mom. That was messed up for the Russians to do that to him."

"Yeah, but it only says nakedness. They could do it with their clothes on. Also, Abraham's brother married his niece. Moses's mom married a nephew, I think. And there's lots of cousins getting it on with cousins all throughout the Old Testament." Daniel hated to lose an argument to his sister. But especially this one. He had a vested interest in this. Guilt hung constantly in the background over what he and Julie had done. Daniel would do anything for Eloise, but it would be better if the stuff she had him do with his mom was at least morally ambiguous. And now that Daniel and his mother had started their intimacies together, Daniel was growing to like it. He didn't want to like something that was wrong.

"Ignore that other stuff, Leviticus is clear." Brittney looked down at the bible in her hands. "It goes on to say that can't get naked with your father, sister, brother, stepmother ..." She scanned the page. "Doesn't say anything about cousins." Brittney looked back at her brother with her deep blue eyes. "So, I guess cousins are fair game." She put the book down next to her chair with a thump.

"I guess." Daniel didn't like it, but what did the bible know anyway? It was written by a bunch of grumpy men thousands of years ago.

"Anyhoo, if you don't mind putting your spy thriller down for a few minutes, there's some roses I'd like to go pick in the backyard. Want to come?" Brittney stood, smoothed out her long dress, beckoned to her brother, and strode out of the library.

"Sure." Daniel dog-eared the page he was on and stood. He left the book on the chair and followed his sister.

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Julie waited in the den just behind the half-closed door. She felt like a fool hiding in her own house, but here she was. She listened to her children across the hall in the library but couldn't quite make out their words. They were arguing about something in a good-natured way. The twins were always so agreeable. It was her first-born, Brad, who had really tried his parents' patience. Finally, she heard them leave the library and walk down the hall. Once Brittney and Daniel disappeared out the front door of the house, Julie tiptoed out of the den. "Maybe I shouldn't do this," Julie whispered to herself. She looked down the hall toward the main stairs. George was up in the west tower and he'd asked for her help. And here Julie was, sneaking around like a teenager with her first crush. She took a deep breath and walked into the library. She'd help her husband later. She just needed to see that giant fake penis one more time. She'd just get it out of her system.

Five minutes later, she sat on the toilet lid in the bathroom next to the den. Her dress was bunched around her waist and her panties lay on the tile floor. "Just for a minute," Julie mumbled. She took the head of that jet-black phallus and rubbed it against her moist vaginal lips. She grasped the thing with both hands and marveled at its girth.

"Uuuuugggggghhhhhhhh." Julie trembled as she pushed it into her. "Oh, gosh. It's too big." She got about half the head in and stared down at her poor stretched vagina. She hoped things would tighten back up quickly after she was done. She didn't want George noticing anything different during their intimate time. She pushed and a little more of the veiny thing moved into her.

"That's quite the herculean task you've undertaken." Eloise stood by the bathroom door, watching Julie with cool green eyes. "What?" Julie shrieked and dropped the dildo to the floor, where it made a solid whack.



“Oh, don’t stop on my account, dearie.” Eloise smiled and took two steps toward Julie. She bent down slowly, cradling her large belly with one hand, and got to her knees. Her long, bustled dress flowed out around her on the floor. She picked up the dildo in her left hand. “This magnificent steed is quite wet, my mischievous lady.”

“I’m dreaming ... I’m dreaming ...” Julie’s brown eyes went wide and her breath shallow.

“Well, then dream away, Mrs. Anderson.” Eloise leaned forward and pushed Julie’s dress back up her legs from where it had fallen in her

fright. “Nothing but the most pleasant dreams for you.” Eloise lowered her gaze to that trim bush between Julie’s legs and the protruding lips just beneath. “You kept your legs open for me, that was very good.” She brought up the dildo and rubbed the head against Julie’s nethers. “Such a strange thing this is. I had one fashioned of wood, but this is a better material. What do you call it?”

“Silicone,” Julie squeaked.

“Well, it certainly does the job.” Eloise pushed the phallus’s head into the vagina before her. “My, you are tight. That George of yours must be Lilliputian.”

“What? No ... he’s got a ... big one,” Julie lied. Her pulse beat like a heavy drum in her ears. She watched the dildo push its way in again, this time the whole head made its way inside her. “Aaaahhhhhh. It’s too ... much. I don’t want to ... squirt from down there ... again.”

“Oh, you had the downstairs flood?” Eloise felt the resistance in the poor woman’s vagina and stopped her pushing, letting the round head of the thing sit in its new snug home. “Some women spend a lifetime without knowing that pleasure. You’re a lucky one.” She looked up into Julie’s eyes and gave the woman her most reassuring smile. “Attend, Mrs. Anderson. Daniel is larger than this.” She wiggled the dildo a little for emphasis. “Imagine the ecstasy when you stretch to accommodate him.”

“That would be ... cheating.” Julie shook her head. “I’d never do that to ... ooohhhhhh ... George. Or to ... Daniel. He’s my ... son.”

“You say that like it’s a point against the endeavor.” Eloise pulled the counterfeit cock from the woman and looked at its glistening head. “But his relation to you is a point for. Many points, actually. There is nothing like letting your son know you completely. And knowing him ... every inch of him. Until then –”

Julie stood and pushed Eloise to the side. Julie’s brown ponytail swished as she moved past the pregnant woman toward the bathroom door. “I am dreaming, I am dreaming. None of this is real.” Julie looked back at the woman now sitting on her butt by the vanity. Her dress looked very uncomfortable in such a position.

“Careful, Julie, I am with child.” Eloise watched the frightened wife carefully. “Such rough treatment is most unagreeable to me.”





“You’re not real.” Julie opened the door, jumped out into the hall, and raced toward the stairs. George walked toward her with a look of concern on his gentle face. “There you are, Jules. I really could use your help ...” He stopped when he saw her face. “Are you okay?” His wife had a frantic look in her eyes, and her dress was rumpled. “Fine ... I’m fine.” Julie thought things over. If George was here, then what had just happened in the bathroom wasn’t a dream. For the first time in her adulthood, Julie considered the existence of ghosts plausible. Heck, it was a likelihood now. “I was just ... having trouble with the bathroom sink.” Julie smoothed out her dress.

“Oh, really? Let me have a look.” George gave his wife a tender kiss on the cheek and stepped past her toward the open bathroom door. “No,” Julie shrieked. That specter was in there. And even if she was all hallucination, the dildo was in there. George would be crushed if he found Julie using it behind his back. “Let’s go work in the tower. Don’t ...” She trailed off and

hung her head as George entered the bathroom.

“Jeez, Julie,” George called out. “You shouldn’t leave your things lying around. What if the children wanted to use this bathroom?”

“I ...” Julie walked toward him. He was taking it better than she thought he would. She arrived at the open door and looked in to find her husband holding her forgotten panties in his right hand. He offered them to her and Julie reached out and took them. “Sorry, George. The sink must have distracted me.”

“Right, the sink.” George turned the hot tap and then the cold. Water ran into the basin as it should. “Everything seems in order. What was wrong with it?”

Julie didn’t answer him, she looked around the floor for the abandoned dildo, but she couldn’t see it.

“Did you lose something else?” George watched her with bemusement. “Drop your bra, too?”

“No.” Julie shook her head. “I’ve got everything.” The dildo wasn’t there. Maybe the ghost had taken it with her to pleasure herself. The thought sent a chill down her spine. “I was just thinking, George. Maybe we should bring in someone to rid our house of ... unwanted spirits.”

“That’s crazy, Jules. Did you see a ghost?” George laughed and placed his hand on his wife’s slim shoulder. As funny as this was, she did have a worried look about her.

“Yes ...” Julie could see he was laughing at her. “I mean no. I don’t know.”

“Don’t be silly. There are no such things as ghosts.” George ushered her out of the bathroom. “Let’s stick together and the house won’t seem quite so spooky. Right?”

“Right.” Julie didn’t know what to think.

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Weeds brushed against the twins' legs as Brittney and Daniel turned the southeast corner of the house. The old, uneven cobble path did its best to turn their ankles, so the twins tread with some caution.

"What do you think the garden looked like in its heyday?" Brittney looked over her shoulder at Daniel as he followed her.

"The Palmers probably had servants tend the garden. I bet it was full of flowers and very neatly trimmed." The fresh air around them invigorated Daniel. A stiff breeze blew into their faces from the north. "Thanks for getting me out here, Britt. I haven't really explored the exterior yet."

"Me neither." Brittney walked around the northeast corner. "Oh, they're beautiful." The rose bush seemed even more prolific viewed from ground level. The flowers were a deep crimson, with large petals nestled together.

"Scissors, please."

"Sure." Daniel stopped next to her, fished the scissors he'd brought out of his pocket, and handed them to her. He watched her hop through the weeds over to the rose bush. Her body was so relaxed under her billowing dress and her face carefree as she circled the plant looking for perfect flowers.

"This bush is marvelous, don't you think, Danny?" Brittney reached up with her scissors and snipped a stem, careful not to grab the thorns.

"Yeah, it's nice." Daniel smiled. He felt so removed from all the strange happenings that had gone on inside the mansion next to them. It was both a gnawing worry and a relief. He desperately needed to see Eloise again soon. But he also knew that the licentious path he and Julie traveled would lead to irrevocable events. Daniel didn't want to do anything that would harm his relationship with his loving mother. But even without Eloise's prodding, he felt drawn to further things with Julie. It was all so confusing.

"Who's that?" Brittney gazed toward the northwest corner of the house.

"What?" Daniel slipped out of his reverie and followed her gaze. A tall, square man with a top hat strode toward them with purpose. The hem of his long, velvet jacket just brushed the tops of the weeds below him. His black mustache drooped around the corners of his mouth, and his black eyes seemed to look right through them. Good God, Daniel thought, his eyes were so very black.

"What mischief have you brought upon my garden, you scoundrels?" The man balled his hands into fists by his sides. He was about thirty feet away from the twins.

"Who is that?" Brittney squinted at the man, but squinting didn't make his presence any more logical.

"Let's go." Daniel could see Brittney wasn't about to run, so he stepped over to her and grabbed her free hand in his. Daniel recognized the voice from the night Eloise led him down the secret stairs. This was Frederick Palmer in the flesh. Or whatever ghosts are made of. "Now, Britt." As Frederick closed within twenty-five feet, Daniel pulled hard on his sister's hand and they were off and running.

"What's going on, Danny?" Brittney dropped the scissors in the weeds and clutched the roses she'd picked in her right hand. She ran with Daniel back the way they'd come.

"Crazy dude in our garden." They rounded the northeast corner at a sprint. "What's it look like?" Weeds flew by their knees. Neither of the twins looked back.

"Get back here you thieves." Frederick's voice hung in the garden air, reverberating around them. "I'll hunt you down, miscreants."

Daniel hazarded a look over his shoulder. Frederick stood at the corner of the mansion they'd just passed. The man's hands hung stiffly by his sides and his eyes welled hate. Relief filled Daniel, as it seemed Frederick had given up the chase. Just then, Daniel's foot went sideways on a cobblestone and his ankle rolled over. He tumbled into the weeds with a short yelp.

"Come on, Danny. Get up." Brittney bent down and helped him back to his feet. She put his arm around her shoulders and they limp-jogged around the southeast corner of the house. She didn't dare look back.

The twins burst in the front door and slammed it behind them. They leaned their backs against the door and looked at each other with wide eyes.

"That was crazy." Brittney let out a nervous laugh.

Daniel, panting, watched his sister as her laughter picked up until it was an uproarious cackle. He couldn't help himself, he laughed, too.

Their parents, having just left the main floor bathroom, found the twins scuffed, scraped, bleeding, and sharing what seemed like either a hilarious or insane moment.

"What happened to you?" Julie rushed up to Daniel. The right knee of his pants was torn and blood stained the fabric. He wasn't putting any weight on his right ankle. She looked to her daughter, where blood dripped from her right fist as she clutched the thorny rose stems tightly.

"Some ... guy ... chased us." Brittney's laughter slowed. "With a ... top hat."

"Oh my, Gosh." Julie bent down and moved Daniel's arm from his sister's shoulders to hers. "Just now?"

The twin's laughter died completely.

"In the garden." Brittney nodded.

"It's okay, Mom." Daniel looked up into his mom's soft brown eyes. "He wasn't very fast." His blond hair fell down over his forehead and into his eyes. "Let's get you cleaned up," Julie said to Daniel.

"George, can you see if the man is still outside?"

"On it." George ran to the study and came back out with a wood baseball bat. He opened the door and jogged outside.

"Brittney, pumpkin, you better toss out those flowers and clean your hand off." Julie helped her limping son toward the bathroom.

A minute later, George reentered the house and slammed the massive front door behind him. "No one there." He breathed hard from the run around the house. "You two sure you saw somebody?"

"Clear as day," Brittney said. "You must have scared him off, Dad."

"Hhhmmmm." George looked at his wife and Daniel as they disappeared toward the bathroom.

"Where you going, Jules?"

"I'm taking care of Danny, George." Julie got Daniel into the bathroom, sat him on the toilet lid, and closed the door.

"Okay, I guess." George looked over to his daughter as she marched off toward the kitchen. "Where are you going?"

"To put these in water." Brittney held up the roses. Their ruby hue matched the blood that trickled down her arm. "And to clean my hand off. Turns out, thorns are sharp."



“Every rose has its thorns, Britt.” George locked the front door and followed her into the kitchen. “I’ll keep you company.”

“Thanks, Dad.” Brittney walked into the kitchen and headed for the sink.

“Why are you holding your panties, Mom?” Daniel looked at Julie’s left hand where her underwear was balled in her fist.

“Oh, ah ... that’s not important.” Julie set the panties down on the floor by the door and silently cursed the dearth of pockets in women’s fashion. “More importantly, who chased you, Danny?” Julie bent at the waist, pulled her son’s pants down to his shins, and got a good look at the abrasion on his knee. “That’s a nasty scrape, let me get the peroxide.” Julie straightened and opened the medicine cabinet behind the mirror.

“I don’t want to talk about that man.” Daniel’s gaze traveled up his mom’s curvy body, hidden as it was, under her dress. Conflicting emotions surged through him. With the medicine cabinet open and Julie rummaging through it, only Daniel could see the bathroom mirror now. In the mirror, Eloise stood inside, smiling down at Daniel as if the mirror was a window with her freckled forehead pressed upon the glass.

“I can understand you were very frightened.” Julie put the peroxide bottle on the sink and rummaged some more. “But you’ll have to tell me and your father so we can figure out what happened. We might have to call the police.”

Eloise made a motion with her hand like she was holding something large in front of her mouth. She moved her hand backward and forward and bulged her check out with her tongue again and again. It was clear she wanted Daniel to talk his mom into a blowjob.

“No.” Daniel shook his head.

“What’s that, pumpkin?” Julie searched through the bandages, looking for the ones for knees and elbows. “Nothing, Mom.” Daniel continued to shake his head at Eloise. Even if he wanted another blowjob from his mom, it was the wrong time. Not with his father and sister just down the hall. Not with his ankle throbbing. “I just think we shouldn’t bother the police about it.” Daniel thought about his mom’s



mouth wrapped around his dick. Maybe he did want more attention from Julie. But it would have to wait. *Later*, he mouthed at Eloise.

Now, Eloise mouthed back. *Or*, she shook her head and her face darkened.

“Well, you and your sister can tell us all about the man once we get you cleaned up.” Julie pulled out the correct bandages and closed the medicine cabinet. The mirror went from a window to the spirit world to a plain reflective surface again. “There now, let’s get you patched up.” Julie got to her knees in front of Daniel. He still sat where she’d left him on the toilet seat. She reached out and removed his left shoe. When she wiggled his right one, her son whimpered. “Sorry, sweetie. It has to come off. We’ll get some ice on that ankle. I’m sure it’s just a sprain.” She worried that it might be something worse. She thought about x-rays, multiple trips to specialists, and medication. They really couldn’t afford all that.

“It’s okay. It doesn’t hurt that bad.”

“Here goes.” Julie pulled the shoe gently off her eighteen-year-old son and set it beside her. “That’s a brave boy.” She then gingerly pulled off his pants and socks and placed them on top of the shoes. “Now let’s have a look at that knee, mister.” Julie turned the open peroxide bottle over on a cotton ball, placed the bottle back on the sink, and leaned forward. “This will sting a bit.”

“Ouch.” It didn’t feel great but looking down his mother’s dress at her cleavage took some of the sting out of it. “There, now.” Julie finished cleaning the wound, opened the bandage, and placed it snugly over the abrasion.

“One down, one to ...” Julie lost her train of thought as she looked up to discover that Daniel was hard. How could he have an erection at a time like this? Teenagers were curious animals.

“Um, what’s going on with that?” She pointed at the boxers that couldn’t contain all his thirteen inches. She could see the outline of the upper part of his glorious penis under the bottom of his shirt.

“Sorry, Mom. When you were fixing my knee, I could kinda see your cleavage.” Daniel couldn’t make eye contact. He looked off toward the mirror and saw Eloise looking out from the inside again. The apparition smiled and nodded at Daniel.

“You ... uh ... like my body that much?” Julie frowned. “It’s really nice.”

Daniel nodded and

stole a quick glance at Julie, his blue eyes meeting her brown ones. He looked away again.

“Well, I guess that’s a nice compliment.” Julie blushed. Her poor son looked so nervous. She wanted to put him at ease. “I suppose with the internet you’ve seen more boobs than all your ancestors combined. So, if you still



like mine ...” Julie shrugged and smiled. Her brain went fuzzy for a second and then she had complete clarity. Julie knew what she had to do. “I don’t think we can deal with your ankle until we deal with that. I know how much you need relief sometimes.” Julie pointed to his penis again. “What do you think?”

“You want to touch it?” Daniel could hear his pulse in his ears.

“I don’t know about *want*, pumpkin.” Julie reached up to Daniel’s waist and hooked his micro-boxers with trembling fingers. “But I *need* to do something. We can’t have you swelling in two places. It’s my responsibility to take care of you.” She pulled down the boxers and gently removed them. Julie’s breath caught in her throat as the purple-headed monster swung out in the open. In all respects but one, Daniel was a meek, delicate flower. But that one aberration was a beast. “Now I’m just going to use my hands and a towel. That’s not cheating.” “No, it’s not cheating,” Daniel echoed. His eyes lingered on the mirror where Eloise silently clapped her hands in anticipation. He then looked down at his gorgeous mother as her fingers wrapped around his thickness. In that moment, Daniel didn’t care what Leviticus or his conscience told him. He wanted his mother. He wanted to possess her completely.

“My Gosh, Danny. Your thing is so manly.” Julie bit her bottom lip as her hands stroked up and down. “It’s even bigger than ...” She was going to say her new dildo, but she didn’t want Daniel knowing about that.

“Dad?” Daniel let the pleasure move through him. He wanted to bask in that feeling forever. “Were you going to say that I’m bigger than Dad?”

“No.” Julie looked up at her son with his messy blond hair and that little half-smile on his face. “Well, yes, actually,” she lied. “But let’s not talk about your father.” Her gaze fell down to that huge pole in front of her. Her eyes distant as she gazed at the savage beauty of it.

“Okay.” Daniel watched her work his dick in silence for several minutes.

“You know, we already agreed that using your mouth to help me isn’t cheating on Dad.”

“Yeah.” Julie nodded. “How’s your ankle doing?”

“My ankle?” Daniel had forgotten about the throbbing pain in his ankle.

“My ankle would feel better if you used your mouth.”

“Right.” Julie moved her left hand down to Daniel’s left ball and cupped its weighty substance. She looked at the little purple veins that crisscrossed the rough flesh of his testicles. Julie had never seen balls like Daniel’s, but they looked right to her. This was how a man was supposed to be. “Not cheating,” Julie murmured. She lowered her mouth to the wide, purple head and gave it a quick lick. “You taste salty, Daniel.” Julie then opened wide and sucked on his penis. She bobbed her head with little short strokes, a new method for blowjobs that was fast becoming familiar to her.



“You’re the best ... mom ... ever.” Daniel’s eyes trailed from his mom’s bouncing brown ponytail up to Eloise watching from the mirror.

The beautiful redhead’s breath seemed to fog up the inside of the mirror and she wiped it away with her pale hand so she could continue to watch this mother fall as so many others in this house had fallen before her.

Ten minutes passed as Julie pumped Daniel’s penis with her mouth. She pulled off him and looked up. “Is this helping?”



“It’s good, Mom. But, could I rub your butt again?” Daniel’s hands gripped the white porcelain of the toilet and he pressed his butt into the lid. This was almost too much. He watched her stand, turn her back to him, and lift up her dress to her waist. This was the first time Daniel had seen her ass without panties on. It was perfectly heart-shaped and almost as white as the porcelain he sat on.

“We’ll have to be careful not to hurt your ankle.” Julie backed up and sat on his lap. Her son’s monster stood up straight and pressed between her cheeks as it rose up to the small of her back. “I’ll be gentle.” She rocked up against him and felt the weight of his thing push back against her. He was incredibly large.

“Since I don’t have

panties on, we have to be careful. Make sure it doesn’t get close to my you-know-what.”

“Okay, Mom.” Daniel moved his hands from the toilet to her hips. His ankle hurt, but the pain felt so very far away. He watched her ass ripple and shake as she rocked and bounced back against him, rubbing her butt against the length of his dick. He stole a glance at the mirror and Eloise was still there making a circle with the fingers of her right hand and running it through with her left index finger. She wanted him to have sex with his mother and Daniel was far enough gone to want it too. He was pretty sure Julie wouldn’t let him, however.

A quiet knock sounded on the door and mother and son froze mid rub in the bathroom.

“How’s it going in there? Is Danny, alright?” George sounded worried.

“Yes, honey.” Julie tried to keep the flutter out of her voice. “Don’t come in, I know how you feel about blood. We’re ... um ... cleaning him up.”

"You've been in there a long time, Jules." George leaned against the door, but didn't try the handle. It was true, he couldn't stand the sight of blood.

"It was a nasty scrape, and Danny also turned his ankle." Julie pushed back against Daniel's swollen penis ever so slightly as she talked to her husband. Goodness, gracious he had a brute of a thing. A surge of guilt swept through her, but then she reminded herself that what they were doing wasn't really cheating. Daniel stayed perfectly silent behind her.

"Okay, then." George nodded to himself. Julie would take care of Danny. That was the great thing about marriage, the other spouse could always fill in when life played to one of your weaknesses. She had always been the one to patch up bleeding children. "I'm going to take Brittney down to the police station to file a report. It shouldn't take more than a couple hours. Then we can work on the west tower. Sound good?"

"Yes, Georgie."

Julie rocked her hips again. Even with her poor husband on the other side of the door. What was she doing? "I'll be ready to help you when you get back."

"Great, bye."

George walked down the hall.

"Bye." Julie moved faster on her son's lap, almost forgetting about taking it easy on his ankle.

"Embrace it, Mrs. Anderson."

Eloise spoke from the mirror, a look of pure delight on her face.

"Tend to your scion. Feed the family tree."

"What?" Julie turned her head toward the mirror. "Do you see the lady in the mirror, Danny?"

"Yeah, Mom." Daniel dug his fingers into the flesh around his mother's hips, preventing the dress from falling back over her butt. "That's Mrs. Palmer."

"We do need an exorcist." Julie should have been terrified, but her fear floated so very far away from her. She pressed her hands into her knees and kept rubbing Daniel with her bare butt.

"No, Mom. She's helping us."

"Really?" Julie watched the freckled woman in the mirror. Mrs. Palmer did look like a friendly, innocent person. Maybe she was helping. "What do you want, spirit?"

"Complete the bond, Julie." Eloise's smile was earnest and true. "Take Daniel whence he came."

"You can't mean ..." Sweat beaded on Julie's forehead.

"Just the tip, Mom." Daniel squeezed Julie's hips and lifted her about fourteen inches off his lap. He held her there, above him. He could see her pussy clearly with her legs spread and her feet planted on either side of Daniel's feet. Her lips protruded wonderfully and glistened. Daniel knew he was about to go home. "Just this one time."

"Okay, Danny." Julie reached under her and grabbed the purple head. "Just the tip and just for a moment." She lined him up with her opening and lowered herself down on his penis. "Aaaaaahhhhhhhh. It's too ... big." The head lodged itself inside her vagina and spread her out. "It'll never ... fit ... oooooohhhhhhh."



“So ... tight ... Mom.” Daniel had the perfect view as the pink interior of his mom’s pussy gripped him like a vice. He hated to admit it, but Julie was right. He would never fit in such a tight pussy.

“The bond, the pact, the contract made.” Eloise watched from the mirror with mercurial, green eyes. “We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation, sweet Julie. Then you can have it all. You can feel it all. You can fit it all.”

“Aaaaaahhhhh. Okay, okay. I ... approve ... let me ... have this.” There was no pretense in Julie’s mind about helping Daniel with his ankle, or any other excuse. She had been swept up in the moment and wanted him desperately. “I’ll pay ... any price ...”

“Very good, my lady.” Eloise bowed her head slightly to Julie and disappeared. The mirror was just a mirror again.

“I feel warm.” Julie trembled, still skewered on just the head of Daniel’s penis. A warmth built in her vagina, hips, and breasts. At first it was a pleasurable feeling, but then it was too much. “I need to cool down.” Julie stood up and let her son’s penis plop out of her. She leaned over to the shower and turned on its coldest setting. She then stepped under the water with her dress still on. Not only were her breasts unbearable hot, but they now pushed uncomfortably at her bra. Her mind raced. Julie thought her bra was somehow shrinking. She pulled off her dress and dropped it to the shower floor. She then undid her bra and dropped it too. She looked down to see that her breasts glowed a crimson red, as did her hips. The same red shone from between her legs, too. “What’s happening, Danny? Help meeeee.”

Dumfounded, Daniel watched his naked mother in the shower. He could see that same sanguine glow that had consumed him the night his dick grew. And he could see his mother’s hips gently expanding with every breath she took, and her boobs enlarging as they shook with her raking breaths. Not knowing what else to do, he stood, limped over to the shower, and climbed in. He still had his shirt on, and it soaked through immediately. The cold did nothing to diminish his raging hardon. He reached around his mom from behind and rubbed her breasts to help.

“Aaahhhhh. I’m on fire.” Julie felt her son trying to help, but his touch did nothing for her.



Daniel, desperate to help, turned her around and planted kisses all over her boobs. They were noticeably bigger than before. The glow faded some. "Thank you." Julie sighed. "Thank you, Danny. That's helping." His lips felt so cool on her turgid breasts. The red light left her breasts and hips completely, but hadn't yet faded from between her legs. "It's still too hot ... down there."

Dutifully, Daniel trailed his kisses down her slightly rounded belly and over the dark triangle of pubic hair between her legs.

"Cool it down. Please, please, please." Julie opened her legs as she stood under all that cold water to give him better access.

"Yes ... Mom ..." Daniel said between kisses as he moved his mouth along her lips. Frigid water cascaded over both of them. A few seconds later, the glow left her pussy and he felt his mom's hand on the back of his head. She pushed his face into her and Daniel stuck out his tongue. It went between her lips and he tasted her tanginess.

"Oh, Danny." Julie squirmed as the heat completely faded away. "What are we ... doing? Uh ... oh, Danny, ... uh ... oh, my gosh. Right ... there ..." Julie shook uncontrollably as she felt her son's tongue working inside her. "Ooooooohhhhhhhh." An orgasm swept over her.

Daniel closed his eyes and let his mom go wild. When she'd calmed down, he stood up and nudged her out of the way so he could wash off.

"Wow ... Daniel ... no one has ever done that ... for me ... before." Julie leaned against the shower wall catching her breath. She looked down and saw that indeed her breasts were larger than before. She cupped them and felt their weight. "What happened to me?"

"It's Mrs. Palmer, I think." Daniel turned toward his mother and opened his eyes. He accidentally poked her hip with dick. Her hips looked wider, she had more of an hourglass figure. It didn't seem like the apparition had done anything to her butt as far as Daniel could tell. Daniel pulled off his sopping shirt and dropped it out on the bathroom floor. "Mom, can I?" Daniel didn't wait for an answer, with Julie's hands still cupping the bottom of her boobs, he turned her toward him, bent a little, and took her right nipple into his mouth.

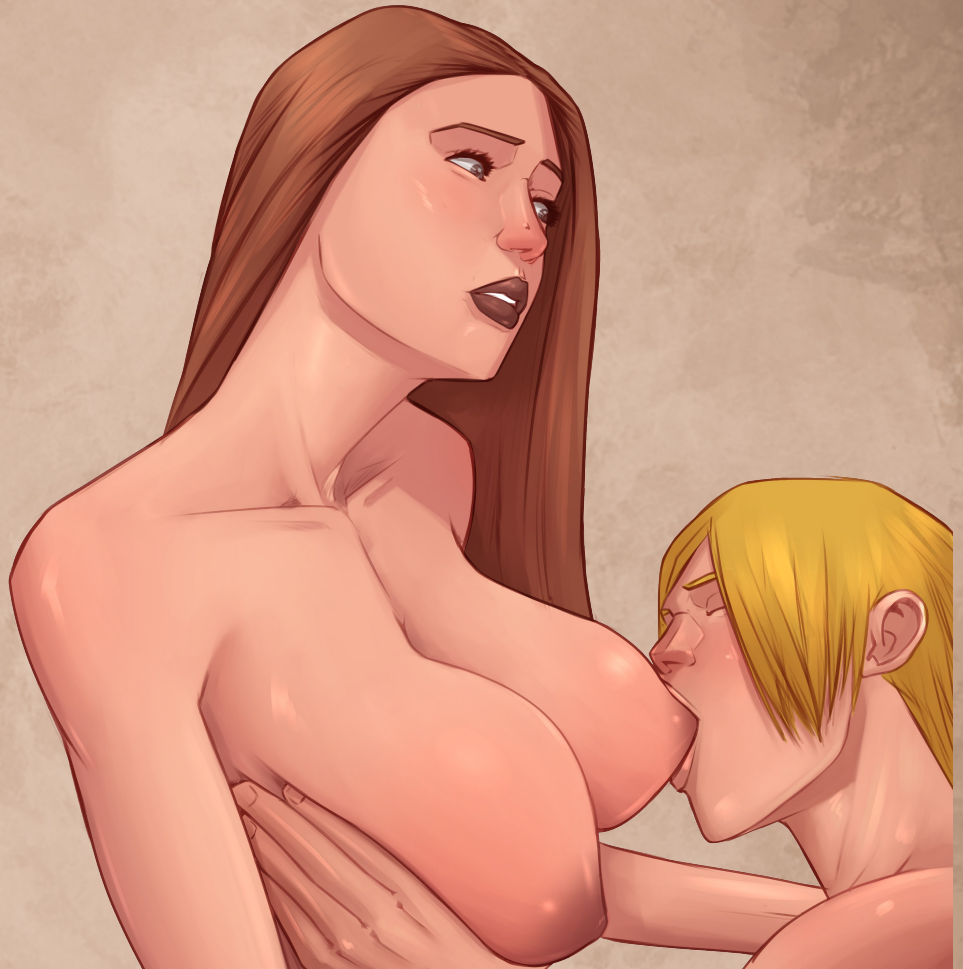
"Oooooohhhhhhhh. What are you doing to me, Danny?" Julie shivered. The cold water fell all over them. She let go of her left boob and dropped her left hand down to Daniel's still raging erection. She hadn't relieved him yet. She could feel him shivering. "It's freezing in here." She pushed him away and turned off the water. "Are you cold?"

"Yes." But Daniel didn't much care about the temperature.

"Let me take care of you, sweetie." Julie reached for a towel and pulled it into the shower with them. She dried him off slowly, pausing a few times to plant tender kisses on his skinny chest and his robust penis. She then dried herself. "I can't believe I'm going to say this, but we should go upstairs and get one of your father's condoms." She stepped out of the shower and offered him her hand. "I'm going to take care you properly."

"Really?" Daniel took his mom's hand in his.

"You better hurry, mister, before I change my mind." They left the bathroom, walking naked hand in hand. Julie held her breasts with her left hand for a show at modesty and to keep them from swaying about. Her wedding ring sparkled on top of her boobs as they moved up the curving stairway, catching the afternoon light falling through the great stained windows above. Once at the top, Daniel's limp became too much and Julie dropped



her hand from her boobs and put his arm over her shoulder. She helped her injured son into the bedroom she shared with her husband and sat him down on her marital bed. "Stay there, I'll be right back."

"Okay, Mom." Daniel's whole body buzzed. They were going to do it. His dick pulsed with every heartbeat. He watched Julie's perfect butt shake as she jogged into the bathroom. He thought about how her body had changed and decided the house hadn't done that much to her. It had simply given her more of what she already had. She came back in from the bathroom holding a little foil packet in one hand and a bath towel in the other. Daniel thought she looked even more tantalizing from the front as her boobs shook and swayed from side to side.

"I hope this fits." Julie felt dreamy, euphoric, and high. Her mind drifted in a way similar to when she'd taken Ecstasy with her boyfriend in college. She knew her brain wasn't working quite right, but she didn't care. She got on her knees in front of Daniel, put the towel next to her, and tore the packet open.

"How are we going to ... um ... get my dick ... in you? You're too tight." Daniel didn't want to break the spell that was over them and immediately wished he hadn't said anything. He could see her dark pupils dilated to wide circles. She didn't seem to notice or care that her little pussy couldn't fit his big dick.

"Don't worry about that." They'd cross that bridge when they got to it. Julie ignored the nagging thoughts that scratched at the back of her mind about morality and Christian decency. "Let's just get this on." She reached up and tried to unroll the condom over the purple head in front of her. It wouldn't go. "Oh, no." Julie frowned and tried again, this time pulling hard at the edges of the condom. But it just wouldn't stretch wide enough. She rested the rolled condom on the tip of the head and felt Daniel's pulse through her fingertips.

"I'll pull out, Mom." Daniel was ready.

"That's a sentence no mother expects to hear," Julie murmured. She dropped the condom to the floor and stood. She pushed Daniel back on the bed and straddled his narrow hips. "You'll let it out in the towel when it's time. Okay?" She reached under her and grabbed his beastly thing.

Daniel nodded and looked up at his beautiful mother. His nostrils flared. He could smell her wetness and it was heaven's scent.

"Now ... ooooohhhhhhh ..." Julie lowered herself. "... we'll see about ... getting this inside me." To her surprise, she felt a great spreading sensation as inch after inch of the penis penetrated her. "Gosh, Danny ... uuuuuggggghhhhhh ... you fit." The most animalistic impulses she'd ever felt welled inside Julie. She bottomed out and sat perfectly still on her son's hips. "It's in my belly. How ... does it feel ... to you?"

"Your pussy feels ... uh ..." Daniel grunted as he felt his dickhead push up against something. "... amazing." His mom's insides were so much warmer than Eloise's.

"Language ... Danny ..." Julie place her hands on Daniel's chest and rocked her hips experimentally. She could feel him pushing around her insides. It was both unsettling, and exquisite. "A woman's



vagina ... is not a p-u-s-s-y.” She spelled out the word so she wouldn’t have to say it. Her hips rocked faster. “You’re ... so deep ... uh ... uh ... uh ...” Soft grunts escaped her lips. She’d never made such sounds before. She leaned back, placed her hands on Daniel’s thighs, and bounced up and down. Julie was so used to her husband’s thing, that she kept thinking she’d dislodge Daniel at the top of her motion, but his penis never left her. Emboldened, she bounced higher and still he stayed. Julie’s eyes rolled in her head. Why had no one told her sex could be like this?

“Wow, wow, wow,” Daniel mumbled to himself as he watched her enormous, teardrop boobs swing in opposite circles to one another.

“Daaannnnnyyyyyyy,” Julie shrieked as an orgasm overtook her. Her shoulders convulsed and her body shook.



Daniel couldn't believe that his reserved mother could bounce and writhe as she did. She bared her clenched teeth and her face twisted with one eye open and one eye closed. She seemed a woman possessed. Maybe she was.

When her orgasm passed, Julie rode Daniel harder. She put the soles of her feet on the bed and held her arms out to the side. Her fingers flexed and made odd gestures as rapture moved through her. "I'm humping ... uh ... uh ... uh ... you, Danny. I'm humping you."

A thought occurred to Daniel. "You're cheating ... on Dad. This is cheating." He gripped the blanket by his hips. He could feel his balls churning.

"Oh, my gosh. Uh ... uh ... uh ..."

Julie's grunts and squeals filled the room.

"You're right. What would your father think?"

Across town, George sat in the police station waiting room next to his daughter. She was on her phone, ignoring him. The hairs on the back of his neck suddenly stood up.

Something was happening. Something

... wrong. George looked around the room, but didn't see anything amiss. He slouched down in his chair and tried to ignore the sensation.

He took a deep breath.

It was nothing, he told himself. Just the

aftereffects of the prowler accosting the twins. Everything was fine. He pulled his

phone out of his pocket and texted Julie to see how she and Daniel were doing. He waited several minutes for her to respond.

When she didn't reply, he texted again. But he didn't hear back. After a while, he opened a puzzle on his phone and tried to take his mind off his worries.

Back in the Palmer Mansion, Julie had just worked through another orgasm. She



was back to bouncing on her son with astonishingly long strokes. She looked down at his young, handsome face and admired the vitality of youth. She reveled in her eighteen-year-old's raw, physical stamina and power.

"I'm going to cum, Mom." Daniel gripped the blanket tighter. "The ... towel."

"Don't worry ... oooohhhhh ... about the towel." Julie slid high enough to dislodge him and then pounced on his penis. She sucked him into her mouth and stroked with both hands. She must be crazy. She was intent on milking him dry.

"Oh ... Mom ... aaaahhhhhhhhh." Daniel's cock erupted in Julie's mouth. Pure joy filled his body. He shuddered with each shot down his mother's throat.

Julie's eyes fluttered as the hot, salty mess filled her mouth. Her cheeks expanded and then she began swallowing. She gulped and gulped and felt the heat move down to her belly. She never would have believed that she could swallow so much. When he was done, she kept her mouth on him for a long time, swirling her tongue around the bulbous head.

"Mom?" Daniel looked down at her, with her lips stretched around him. "Did you swallow it all?"



"Mmmmmmmmm." Julie nodded with the penis still in her mouth. Eventually, she let go and looked up at Daniel. Some wayward cum dripped down her dainty chin. "That was crazy, Danny."

"Yeah." Daniel nodded. "Can we do it again?"

"Yes." The reality of what had just happened slowly crept into Julie's mind. "I mean, no." She shook her head.

"No, no, no." She climbed off the bed and looked at the bedside alarm clock. "We don't know when your father and sister could come home." Mentioning her husband was like a splash of cold water on her face. "Your father ... what have we done, Danny?"

"It's okay, Mom." Daniel sat up. His dick, still hard, pressed into his stomach. "What do you need me to do?" Seeing her distressed like she was brought on a surge of guilt. He didn't want to destroy his parents' marriage. But looking at her breathtaking beauty, he knew this couldn't be a one-time thing. Daniel couldn't reconcile the two thoughts as they pulled at him.

"Can you walk?" Julie bent down and picked up the towel she had brought out with her with the intention of using it for her son's sperm. Goodness. She touched her stomach. Sperm that she'd swallowed. She wrapped the towel around her torso so that she was covered.

"Let me see." Daniel scooted off the bed and stood. "It hurts, but I think I can walk."

“This is what you can do for me, pumpkin.” Julie bent down and picked up the unused condom. She made a mental list of all the things she needed to pick up and clean before George got home. Change the blanket on their bed. Clean up the bathroom downstairs. Take another shower. It was all doable. “Get yourself into the shower and make that thing go down.” She pointed at his penis. “Then get dressed and get some ice on your ankle. I’ll do the cleaning. Can you do that?” She bent down and picked up the torn foil packet.

“Yeah, Mom.” Daniel limped to the door, his dick swaying slowly with every halting step. He turned back to look at Julie. “I didn’t mean to ...”

“We’ll talk about it later.” Julie tried to give him a smile.

“And what about your ... um ... boobs and stuff?” Daniel nodded to the cleavage just above the towel. “What are you gonna tell Dad?”

“They really are bigger, aren’t they?” Julie raised her eyebrows and looked down at her body.

Daniel nodded.

“I’ll tell your father it’s hormones or something.” Julie shooed her son with her hands. “Now go, before they get home.”

“Um ...” Daniel didn’t move. “Thank you, Mom. That was the best thing that ever happened to me. I love you so much.”

“I love you too, sweetie. Now, get a move on.” Julie turned and pulled the blanket off the bed. Thankfully nothing had soaked through to the sheets.

Daniel turned, left his parents’ room, and limped down the hall. His mind was pulled in so many directions. He wondered what would become of them in Palmer Mansion.