

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

Chapter 6





DARK STONE STORIES

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“There’s something different about you.” George looked at his wife across the dinner table. “New haircut?” “No.” Julie shook her head and blushed. Was her husband really so clueless? She’d made a deal with a dead woman. That deal had somehow changed her body. More importantly, she’d done irredeemable things with her eighteen-year-old son.

“Nothing’s different.”

“She’s just wearing different clothes, Dad.” Daniel eyed his broccoli and pushed it around his plate with his fork.

“Yeah, Mom. You’re always on the frumpy side of things, but you really went the extra mile tonight.”

Brittney pointed at the oversized shirt Julie wore over her dress. “Is that one of Dad’s sweatshirts?”

“Yes.” Julie nodded and took a sip of water. “I think I’d like some wine tonight. Do you want some wine, George?”

“Yes, to wine.” George stroked his beard. “But it’s not the clothes. Something else changed, but I can’t quite put my finger on it.”

“It’s nothing,” Julie said in a hushed voice. She quickly stood and rushed into the kitchen to fetch a bottle of wine and two glasses.

“I’ll have some wine, too,” Brittney called after her.

“When you’re twenty-one.” George gave his daughter a stern look. “Not a day before.”

“Here you go, George.” Julie returned to the dining room with two glasses and the bottle. She put a wine glass in front of her husband and looked at the red liquid sloshing back and forth, thinking of that hellish glow that had emanated from her breasts, hips, and between her legs. What sort of bargain had she struck? Julie didn’t know.

“Thank you.” George looked up at his wife as she stood next to him eyeing her wine. “You can sit back down now.”

“What?” Julie’s cheeks flushed a deeper red and she returned to her seat. “Sorry, I was just thinking.” She placed the wine bottle in the middle of the table and took a long sip from her wine.

“Good ... broccoli.” Daniel had yet to take a bite. His cheeks also turned rosy as he thought about why his mom might be so nervous. Daniel had invaded her earlier that day. He’d plundered her and stretched her. It was more than strange trying to pretend everything was normal when it wasn’t. Daniel felt a bit woozy. Would her pussy tighten back up or would it be different now?

“What’s up with you two?” Brittney watched her brother closely. “You’re acting weird, Danny.”

“It’s just been a long, strange day, Britt.” George watched his wife finish off her wine and pour herself another glass. “What with the prowler and everything.”



“I want us to bring in an expert on the supernatural, George. I feel like our house is haunted.” Julie looked over at her husband with soft, brown eyes.

“Not this again.” George took a bite of chicken and chewed. “Even if I thought it was a good idea, we don’t have the money. That and ghosts aren’t real.”

Julie was tempted to refute his pig-headedness by telling George about her experiences that day. She could strip right there at the table and show him what the mansion had done to her. But she would never hurt her husband like that. She chose a different tack. “It’s in the bible. Just look at 1 Samuel 28. King Saul brings in the Witch of Endor to communicate with prophet Samuel’s ghost. And it works. The ghost talks to them.” She took another sip of wine. “I’ll find someone who’ll help us for free. I promise.”

“Your own Witch of Endor?” George could feel himself losing this argument.

“Something like that.” Julie nodded and polished off her second glass of wine. She poured herself a third.

“Fine.” George sighed. “But I don’t want this getting in the way of our remodel.”

“Fine.” Julie nodded. She could get a handle on the situation.



fitful night of tossing and turning.

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That night, Julie secluded herself in the study. She shopped for new bras online, but didn’t really know what size she needed. Drunk and exhausted, she was really just waiting for her husband to go to sleep before she went to bed. Much later, in the darkness of her bedroom, she removed her clothes down to her panties and slipped under the sheets next to the snoring George. What would she tell him when he finally noticed her more womanly body? Would he even notice?

Julie lay in her bed a long time, her mind returning again and again to that deep penetration by Daniel’s oversized thing. She knew that after those events, she’d never be the same. But she hoped that if they could exorcise the house, she and Daniel might return to some semblance of normal. Without thinking about it, her hands moved down under her panties. She quietly stroked herself to orgasm while her husband snored next to her. She was terrified of getting caught by him, but she couldn’t stop. After about ten minutes, she shuddered through ecstasy and worked to catch her breath. The masturbation had a calming effect. A little while later, sleep took her and she dreamed of giving herself to dark creatures. It was a

The hallway was a scary place at night. Of course, Daniel was old enough that the dark shouldn't frighten him. And that was true until Frederick Palmer changed it. Now the great mansion was a looming threat with all its lights extinguished for the day. Unfortunately, Daniel had to pee and the only way to get to the bathroom was to cross that gloomy hall.

Daniel flipped off the blanket and limped across his room. Moonlight bathed the floorboards in a pale glow. He adjusted his micro-boxers, the only thing he wore, and shivered. He looked both ways, but the long hall offered nothing but still shadows. He wanted to dart into the bathroom, but his gimpy ankle wouldn't let him. He slowly moved across the hall, flipped on the bathroom light, and relieved himself. When he was done, he turned toward the bathroom doorway and froze. He still held his torpid dick in his hands.

"No smile for me, Daniel?" Eloise stood in the hall, looking in at him. She wore a long, white nightgown and cradled her large belly with her left hand. Eloise looked down at the soft penis. "Your leviathan sleeps, I see. I can understand that it would be tired. Such a busy day."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Palmer." Daniel tucked his dick back in his underwear. He flushed the toilet and washed his hands at the sink. "You startled me. I thought you might be ... him."

"Mr. Palmer?" Eloise arched an eyebrow and looked to her left and right conspiratorially. "He does indeed search, even now. But his anger blinds him, dearie. He is ... attenuated at present. Never fear." She held her arms open in front of her. "Now, let me embrace my little conqueror. We have much to celebrate."

Without thinking, Daniel finally gave her that smile and limped into her arms. Despite the cool temperature of her skin, he felt so perfectly at home pressed up against the swelling mountains of her breasts and belly. He squeezed her tight and looked up into her mirthful, green eyes. "I did it, Mrs. Palmer. I don't know if I should have, but I did it." "You certainly did." Eloise kissed him on the forehead and took his hand in hers. She led him back into his bedroom and closed the door behind them. "Never feel shame for what you do with your mother, Danny. It is the most natural thing and will bring you both an ocean of happiness." She brought him to his bed, moving slowly so as not to push his sprained ankle too



much. They sat down on the edge of the mattress. She gazed at a picture on the wall with lots of curving lines and circles. "What does that illustration chart?"
"That poster?" Daniel glanced at the wall. "That shows every mission beyond Earth's orbit. You see that's Earth there. That's Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and so on."

"Missions? You've lost me, I'm afraid." A slight frown crept across her freckled face. There was so much to this new world that was beyond her.

"Well ... um ... maybe I could explain it later?" Daniel regarded the gentle curve of her feminine jawline and her dainty, alluring neck. "We were talking about my mom?"

"Yes, of course." The sadness disappeared and Eloise's white teeth reappeared, framed in a bright smile. "You found a task worthy of that mighty bludgeon." She looked down at his underwear and could see his penis hardening. "And it's not as weary as I thought. All to the good."

"So, you're happy?" Daniel pushed his blond hair back on his head and gave her a look full of eagerness.

"Can we ...?"

Eloise let out her jaunty, melodic laugh. "Young men have a mind for only one thing. But first, some discourse. While I am pleased that you maneuvered Julie Anderson into bed, I have some disquiet over your manner once she opened her flower to you."

"What do you mean?" Daniel's fingers twisted the blanket in his hand. Had he done something wrong? Well, of course he'd done something wrong. He'd had sex with his mother.

"Attend, Daniel." Eloise reached up and caressed his soft cheek with her fingertips. "You are no longer the meek thing you were. If you mate with acquiescence, you'll lose your women to the stallion in the neighboring pasture. Understand? You don't want to play the part of the gelding, like your father."

"Wait just a second, he—" Daniel fell back on the bed as her frigid hands pushed on his bare chest.

"But fear not, young one." Eloise lifted her nightgown to her waist and straddled Daniel. "I will teach you all that you must know. Now, seize my bosom."

"What?" Daniel looked up at her in confusion.

"Demonstrate your longing. Take my breasts in your hands and maul them, dearie." She smiled sweetly down at him, like she'd asked him to fetch her an ice cream.

"I'm not supposed to. I shouldn't have even pulled your hair that one time. I mean, I want to, but it's not right." Daniel stared at her with wide eyes.

"Don't make me cross." Eloise's face darkened and her smile evaporated. Suddenly looking quite formidable, she swung her right hand and struck Daniel's left cheek with her open palm. The sound of the slap reverberated around the room. "Do as I ask."



“Yes, Mrs. Palmer.” Daniel’s cheek burned. He resolved not to disappoint Eloise again. “Like this?” He reached up and massaged her boobs, tugging a pulling. They were so full and supple, and so cold.

“I can see I’ll have to be patient. You are such a tender soul.” Eloise sighed and a little half-smile returned to her lips. The darkness had passed. “You have the tools, dearie. But you have much to learn. We’ll take small steps.” She reached under her and pulled his boxers down to his thighs. “But I don’t mean to only reprimand you on your day of glory. You may have your reward.” She grasped his throbbing cock and slid it into her vagina. The rod was so warm, and it filled her with the most wonderful heat. “Let me guide you a little.” She reached down and took his hands in hers. She placed his small hands on her rocking hips. “You sat there like a lump while your mother did all the work. You may think that your prodigious bludgeon is enough for any



woman on its own. But that is not so.”

“I don’t want to ... uh ... uh ... hurt anyone.” Daniel grunted as her frigid pussy clamped on his dick.

“Never fear ... oooohhhhhh ... I ask only that you hold me with some urgency at this time. Women yearn to be needed.” Eloise sped up her hips. She pulled her nightgown over her head, exposing her pale skin to the moonlight. “All women want to be kneaded.” She tossed the nightgown to the floor. The round mounds of her boobs and belly shook with the effort of her coupling. “Evidence to a woman your desire by releasing your manly nature. Continue your practice on me. Now.”

“Okay.” Daniel sat up so that he could reach around and cup her butt. He pressed hard into her icy flesh and massaged each cheek.

“Yeesssssss.” Eloise cherished the feeling of his thin chest pushing against her pregnant belly. They fit together perfectly. The young gentleman and the mature lady, both at the height of vitality. “You need no permission. Win my heart through my body, as a ruffian would. Take what you want. This is what a woman wants. This is what your mother wants.”

“I ... uh ... uh ... understand.” Daniel’s pleasure built as the pale woman undulated on his lap. He leaned forward, without asking, and pressed his lips to the chill of her breasts. He softly nibbled at the supple nipple between his teeth.

“That’s it, dearie,” Eloise hissed. She cradled his head in her hands, running her fingers through his blond hair. “Take ... take ... take ... all that I offer. And then push me to offer more.”

“Mmmmmmmmm.” Daniel sucked on the nipple and cold, sweet milk flowed into his mouth. He gulped the intoxicating drink down. His hands gripped her firm butt, pressing her onto his dick with each forward churn of her hips.

Eloise rode Daniel like that for a long time. She cooed and grunted as he moved his mouth from one breast to the other, taking her milk from her. Eventually, she felt the spasms in his thighs and hips. He was ready. “Now it’s ... oooohhhh ... your turn to give, Danny. Fill me with your infernal seed.” Daniel barely heard her words, he was so lost in the ecstasy of the moment.

“Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” He unloaded inside the apparition’s pussy, convulsing with each shot of cum. When he was done and coming down from his high, he found that he’d already been tucked into bed. He was so tired. He looked up to see the naked redhead lean over him and give him a kiss on the forehead. “Goodnight,” Daniel said and closed his eyes.

“Goodnight, my prince,” Eloise whispered.

“May you conquer many in your dreams.” She straightened up and smiled down at the boy as he drifted into sleep. And she, herself, drifted off, too, disappearing from the room like dust on the wind.



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The twins sat in the dining room eating breakfast before school. “How’s the ankle?” Brittney said between bites of bagel.

“I’ll live.” Daniel paused his spoonful of cereal on its way to his mouth. “How’s your hand?”

“I’ll live.” Brittney held up her lightly bandaged hand and offered a thin smile. “I just don’t want to see that man with the top hat ever again.”

“Me too.” Daniel nodded and took the bite of cereal. That was so very true.

The doorbell chimed, playing the first eight notes from Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony.

“I’ll get it.” Julie stepped out of the kitchen and walked through the dining room. She wore a skirt and an oversized t-shirt.

“You look ... different, Mom,” Brittney called after her.

“Don’t be rude, pumpkin.” Julie smiled at her daughter. Her plan today was to pretend nothing was wrong. Fake it until you make it.



Daniel could just barely hear Julie talking to someone as she answered the door. A few minutes later, she returned to the dining room with two people behind her. “Daniel and Brittney, meet our guests.” Julie smiled at her children. “This is Mr. Maxamed Samatar and Mrs. Khadra Samatar.” Julie stepped to the side so her children could say hello. Maxamed was a tallish man with dark skin, short black hair, and a crisp blue suit and tie. He did not smile at the twins. Khadra was a short, slim woman, wearing a dress that covered all but her hands, and a headscarf that covered her hair and neck. Her complexion matched her husband’s, but she offered a wide smile with lots of white teeth.

“Hello, children.” Khadra nodded to each twin in turn. “Hello.” Brittney returned the smile and looked at the equipment each guest held. They had all sorts of electronic devices in their hands and hung over their shoulders.

“Hi.” Daniel hadn’t ever met a woman with a hijab before, but he had seen them around. He thought Khadra was quite striking with her pretty, heart-shaped face. He wondered what her hair looked like. But, he guessed, that was the point of the hijab. “Are you helping with the remodel?”

“We are here to –” Khadra started to say something, but was cut off by her husband.

“We are experts with the

paranormal.” Maxamed’s countenance looked grim. “We are here to investigate and rid your home of any demons that may linger. I get the feeling that we may be needed. I feel the presence of Dhegdheer. Do you not, Khadra?”

“Let’s not scare the children.” Khadra’s smile widened further as she tried to reassure the two youngsters.

“We’re not children. We’re eighteen.” Brittney raised an eyebrow and looked at Julie. “What’s this about, Mom?”

“Nothing, pumpkin.” Julie stepped over to her daughter and patted her on the shoulder. “Ghosts?” Daniel’s face turned pale. He suddenly worried for Eloise. “You’re here to rid the house of ghosts?” While Daniel talked to the Samatars, Brittney stood and leaned close to Julie. “Ghosts, Mom? This is weird. I don’t think they’re even Christian,” Brittney whispered. “They were free,” Julie whispered to her daughter as Daniel peppered the Samatars with questions. “I don’t mind who they worship. I just want them to check the house. It’s just a precaution.” Julie leaned away from Brittney and addressed the room. “The twins were just leaving for school. Would you like to put down your things?”



“We’ll set them down below the main stairs and get started. This could take all morning.” Maxamed eyed Julie like he did not like what he saw. “Where is your husband?”

“He’s up in the west tower.” Julie walked past her guests to the dining room doorway. “I’ll lead you to him. You can drop your stuff on the way.” She turned back to the twins. “Off to school with you two.” She then left with the Samatars right behind her.

“I don’t like it.” Daniel furrowed his brows and stared at the empty doorway.

“It’s weird, but whatever.” Brittney picked up her backpack from where it leaned by the wall. “Does Mom look like she’s putting on weight to you?”

“Maybe a little.” Daniel slowly stood and moved toward his own backpack. He didn’t want to leave the house and let those people harm Eloise. But what could he do?

“She looks good, don’t get me wrong.” Brittney didn’t notice the far off look in her brother’s eyes. “I’m just worried that the move may have been harder on her than normal. Gaining weight is a sign of ...” Brittney talked and talked as they made their way to the front door.

Beyond his sister’s voice, Daniel heard a whisper pass down the long hall. It was Eloise’s sweet voice.

“Never fear, dearie,” Eloise said. “I’ve faced worse. I’ll be here when you return.”

Daniel smiled and looked at his sister. She was still talking about weight. She didn’t seem to hear Eloise. He took a deep breath. This was good. Everything would be fine. The twins left the house to go catch their bus.

When Maxamed and Khadra started their investigation, Maxamed switched to speaking Somali. He knew his wife preferred English, but he always thought the mother tongue would give them the upper hand on American evil spirits. “They have lots of white people books,” Maxamed said in Somali. He surveyed the library, holding his electromagnetic field detector in front of him.

“What are white people books?” Khadra also spoke Somali. She was a good wife and tried to do what was asked of her.

“I’m picking up something on the meter. A heavy EMF.” Maxamed stepped closer to the books and stopped with his detector touching a book titled *First Love*. “This, Khadra, is a white person book.”

“Is it?” Khadra moved close to her husband and read the spine. “It’s Russian, not American.”

“Russians are white people.” Maxamed turned off his detector and looked carefully at the spine of each book in the area.

“That is the problem with you, husband.” Khadra shivered despite the warm temperature in the room. “It is always us and them with you. I am American. You are American. It is simply we, now.”

“Watch your tongue, woman.” Maxamed pulled out *First Love* and looked in the gap where it had been.

“Sorry.” Khadra lowered her eyes.

“There is something here behind the books.”

Maxamed took more books from the shelf and stared. “Allah, have mercy.”

“What is it?” Khadra peered into the opening her husband had made and gasped. “What malevolent spirit taunts us so?”

“Grab me a bag and tongs.” Maxamed watched his slender wife dig into her bag. “Do you think it is the lady’s? She was dressed like a harlot.”

“No. She’s the innocent sort.” Khadra rose with the bag and tongs and handed them to her husband. “Look at the size. What woman could fit that inside her?”

“If you take my tool inside you, surely you could take this.” Maxamed chuckled to himself. “Do not answer that. This thing is that of a giant.”

Khadra giggled but did not answer. She watched her husband bag it up and stuff it in his tote. “What other tricks does this spirit have in store?”

“We shall see.” Maxamed put the books back on the shelf. “We shall see.”



The paranormal investigators sat across the dining table from George and Julie. They had spent the morning going through the house. Somewhere far off in the house a clock struck noon.

Khadra cocked her head and listened. That was odd, she didn't remember seeing a large chiming clock as they searched the house.

"Can we offer you lunch?" Julie smiled at the couple.

"No thank you, Mrs. Anderson." Maxamed barely curved his lips in reply. "Ridding the world of evil spirits is payment enough. Of course, some people choose to donate to our cause. That would be greatly appreciated." George shot Julie a harsh look.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Samatar." Julie patted George's hand on the table. "We're a little short on funds right now."

"Well, maybe when you spend some time in your lovely house without the company of spirits, you will find some funds. Yes?" Maxamed nodded to himself. "Our instruments picked up many anomalous results. The library was of particular interest to us. We found objects that had lingering traces of an entity." Maxamed placed Julie's copy of *First Love*, on the table. "Do you know this book?"

"Yes." Julie nodded and thought about Eloise's interest in the novel. "That's my book."

"Strange." Khadra opened the book and peered at the first page. "Perhaps —"

"Perhaps it is of little interest." Maxamed cut off his wife. "We also found this tool in the library. I must warn you, this is ... um ... uncomfortable for us." He reached into his tote. "But that is what the spirits desire. To make us uneasy." He pulled the massive, black dildo, out of his tote. It was still in a clear plastic bag. He placed it on the table.

George's eyes widened, but he said nothing.

"Um ... um ..." Julie stammered. How did it get back in the library? "I've ... we've never seen that before."

Khadra eyed Julie closely. Was this her phallus after all? Khadra could not imagine this innocent woman taking such a thing inside her. She adjusted her headscarf and tried to think purer thoughts.

"Just as I thought." Maxamed nodded with gravity. "These evil spirits love tricks. We will dispose of this for you."

"Thank you." George glared at his wife.

"We have made symbols of protection with salt on the floor of the library, the main living room, and the boy's room upstairs," Maxamed said. "Also, the fireplaces. Wherever our sensors picked up activity. Please do not disturb the symbols."

"Is that really necessary?" George sighed. He couldn't believe his wife got him to agree to this.

"Most necessary." Maxamed's dark lips pressed together. He did not like being questioned. "The last thing to discuss is the locked room by the main stairs. We must gain access."

"We don't have a key." George shrugged. "I'll get to it eventually. The best we can tell from the original house plan is that it was some sort of drawing room. Smaller than the other living rooms."

"I do not think that is right." Maxamed shook his head slowly. "That I do not like. I will place a very strong protection symbol outside that door. In a week's time, we will return to freshen our symbols. If the door is unlocked by then, that would be very well for all."

"Sure." George would get to it when he got to it.

"We will now finish up with your home." Khadra offered her pretty smile and stood.

"In a week, we'll return. We encourage you to consider a donation at that time so that we may continue our invaluable work." Maxamed gathered his things and stood next to his wife.

"We'll think about it." Julie stood too.

"Thank you." Maxamed nodded and the couple exited the dining room.

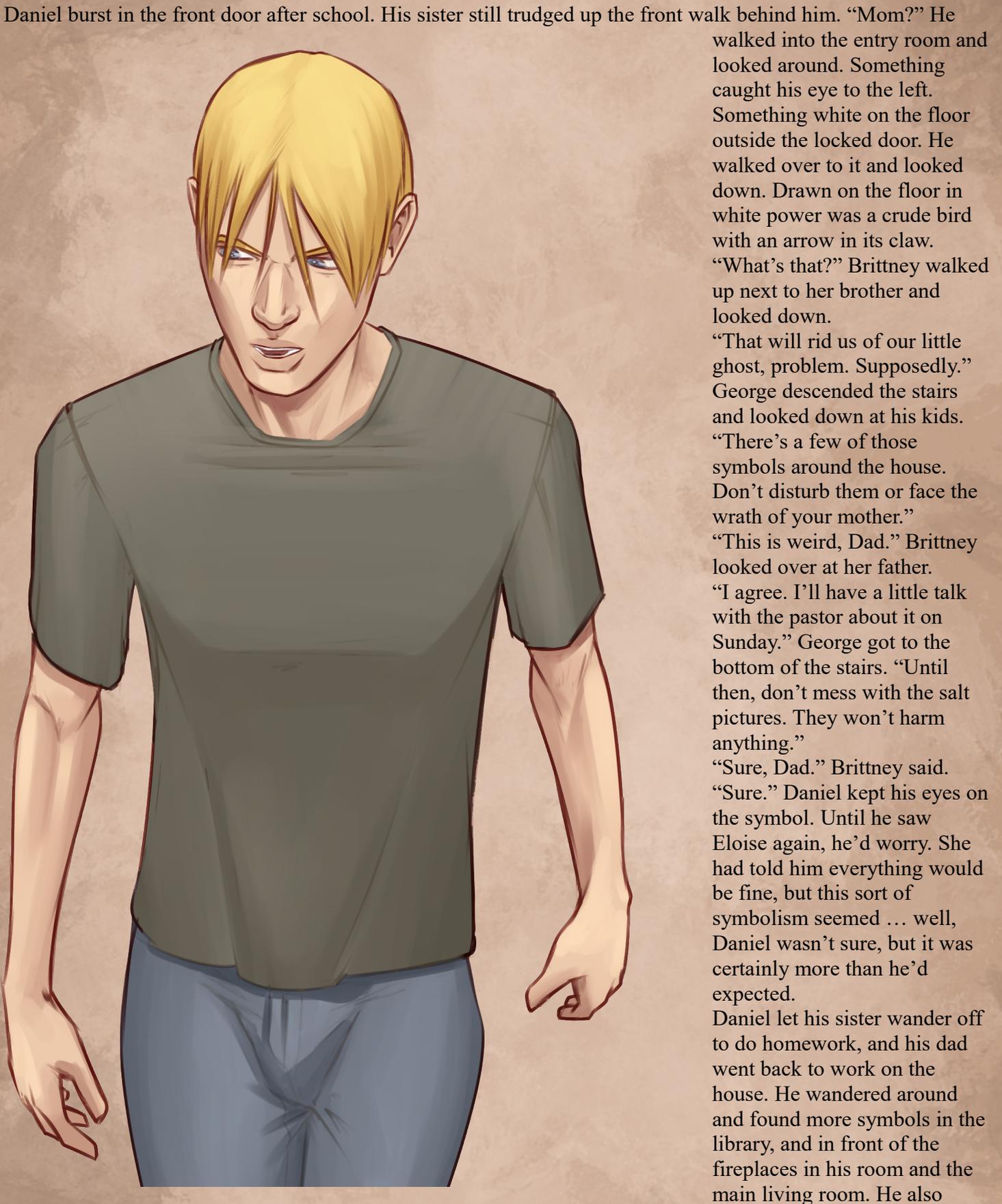
"What a scam," George whispered.

"They've calmed my nerves, dear." Julie patted George's shoulder. "Maybe we will give them a small donation when they come back."

"And how did that huge black thing end up in the library, Jules? I thought you threw it away." George stood, suddenly very nervous that his wife had been using that monster behind his back.

"It wasn't me." Julie looked into his eyes with complete sincerity. "I don't know how that thing got in the library."

"Okay, fine." Funny thing was, George believed his wife. She hadn't put it there. Maybe the house was haunted. Or maybe she was sleepwalking. Whatever was happening, George wished his list of projects wasn't quite so long. He didn't want his family to spend any more time in the Palmer Mansion than they had to.



Daniel burst in the front door after school. His sister still trudged up the front walk behind him. “Mom?” He walked into the entry room and looked around. Something caught his eye to the left. Something white on the floor outside the locked door. He walked over to it and looked down. Drawn on the floor in white power was a crude bird with an arrow in its claw. “What’s that?” Brittney walked up next to her brother and looked down. “That will rid us of our little ghost, problem. Supposedly.” George descended the stairs and looked down at his kids. “There’s a few of those symbols around the house. Don’t disturb them or face the wrath of your mother.” “This is weird, Dad.” Brittney looked over at her father. “I agree. I’ll have a little talk with the pastor about it on Sunday.” George got to the bottom of the stairs. “Until then, don’t mess with the salt pictures. They won’t harm anything.” “Sure, Dad.” Brittney said. “Sure.” Daniel kept his eyes on the symbol. Until he saw Eloise again, he’d worry. She had told him everything would be fine, but this sort of symbolism seemed ... well, Daniel wasn’t sure, but it was certainly more than he’d expected. Daniel let his sister wander off to do homework, and his dad went back to work on the house. He wandered around and found more symbols in the library, and in front of the fireplaces in his room and the main living room. He also

found his mom jogging on the treadmill in the basement. He froze when he saw her wide hips and side-boob bouncing with each stride. Even in an oversized t-shirt and baggy shorts, she was a splendid sight.

“Hi, Mom.”

“Oh, hello, pumpkin.” Julie looked over her shoulder at him and caught him staring at her butt. She didn’t remember Brad checking her out that way when he was a teenager. Then again, she hadn’t ever done naughty things with Brad. She blushed and turned her head forward again. “Did Dad tell you about the symbols?”

“Yeah, Mom.”

“We should be free and clear of the Palmers now. Everything will go back to normal.” Julie frowned at that and hit the button to stop the treadmill. If things were going to go back to normal, why was her body still so darn curvy? She’d resisted buying new clothes in the day since she’d made that bargain, but at the very least she’d need some new bras soon. Her poor boobs ached and were spilling out of the sports bra under her shirt. Maybe she’d need some new pants, too. She couldn’t even fit into any of her jeans now.

“I hope not.” Daniel realized he still had his backpack on. He slipped out of it and dropped it by the stairs.

“What do you mean?” The treadmill came to a full stop and beeped. Julie had to do a double take at her seven-minute-thirty-eight-second per mile average.

She hadn’t run like that since she was a girl in high school track. “The Samatars seemed very professional. I think we can put all this behind us.” She grabbed her hand towel and wiped off her sweaty face.

“Mrs. Palmer is helping us, Mom.” Daniel closed the distance between them. He could smell her sweat from several feet away. It smelled like raw energy. He loved it. “And speaking of help, I need some assistance with my ...”

“Not a chance, Danny.” Julie kept her back to him, towel still up to her face. “I do feel a sense of clear headedness since the Samatars did their thing. I think what we did was very wrong. Maybe we should sit down and talk about –” Julie sucked in her breath as she felt hands sliding down her hips. “What are you doing?”

“I’m taking some advice, Mom.” Daniel reached around Julie and dug his fingers into the front of her pelvis. He pulled her back against the hard dick in his pants.

“My, gosh,” Julie whispered. “It’s really hard, isn’t it?”

“Yeah, Mom.” Daniel moved his hips and rubbed against the back of her shorts. His hands wandered northward and cupped her breasts through her shirt and sports bra. This level of assertiveness didn’t feel natural, but he didn’t want to be the gelding like Eloise had said. “You can just use your boobs again. We don’t need to have sex.”

“I can’t ...” Julie shut her eyes. All her focus went to that goliath pressed up against her backside. “I can’t think straight. I thought we could move on ... from this ... but ...” Her son’s hands were so forceful as they kneaded her breasts. She could clearly feel how deeply he desired her. His own mother.

Heaven help them. She turned around in his arms and she looked down at his gentle blue eyes. “Not here, sweetie. Anyone could walk down those stairs any minute.”

“I love you, Mom.” Daniel leaned up and gently nibbled at her soft, full lower lip. His tongue entered her mouth and soon they were making out.

“Mmmmmmmmm.” Julie wanted to tell him how much she loved him, too. But she didn’t want to break their kiss. Her hands moved around his shoulders as he groped and rubbed her back. They kissed for a good long





walked to her son. “There’s something magical about you, Danny. I never thought ...” She stopped in front of the washing machine and took hold of his penis. “I just never thought.” Her hands stroked him up and down.

“You’re so beautiful.” Daniel’s eyes moved from Julie’s full boobs, with their large, pink nipples and small areola, up to the mesmerized expression on her pretty face.

Soon, Julie was bent at the waist, enveloping her son’s thing with her breasts. She performed the act like she’d done with him before, a hand held to the outside of each boob, pressing them up and down. She spit down on that purple head for lubrication. She took a peek up at Daniel’s face. Judging from his expression, she guessed that she’d become pretty good at this new sex act. “What a good boy,” she breathed. She didn’t have a towel with her to soak his seed up. Well, she supposed she’d have to swallow it all up. Nothing to be done about that. She stroked him like that for more than ten minutes.

“It’s not ... uh ... uh ... coming out, Mom.” Daniel’s face was red and he grunted as he worked hard to hold back his orgasm. “Can I put it ... inside you again?”

while. Eventually, she pulled back. “Not in here, I said.” She took his hand and led him toward the door to the utility half of the basement, where the washer and dryer and other mechanicals were. She noticed he still walked with a slight limp, but he seemed much better. He’d healed very fast, it seemed. She opened the door, turned on the light, and they walked into the unfinished room. She closed the door behind them.

“Thanks, Mom. I really appreciate the help.” Daniel pulled down his underwear and pants and left them on the concrete floor. He walked over to the washing machine and pulled himself up so he was sitting on top. He took off his shirt and dropped it. His dick stood out proudly, the dark-purple head swaying side to side slightly with his elevated pulse. “Here?”

“Yes.” Julie wanted to make eye contact with her son, but her gaze was drawn to that monster between his legs. She pulled off her shirt and then she pulled off her sports bra. A chill ran through her as her sweaty boobs were exposed to the cool basement air. She



“No sex, Danny.” Julie shook her head and watched the monstrous organ sliding between her breasts. “I am not going to cheat on your father again. Can you imagine what he’d do if he found out?”

“Yeah, he’d go crazy.” Daniel didn’t mention that he thought his dad would probably go crazy if he caught his wife giving their son a titjob, too. Daniel considered the lies everyone tells themselves. “Can I just put the tip in? Please?”

“I said no, mister.” Julie looked up into his sweet face. She could see sweat dripping down his forehead. “No whining. You should be happy I’m doing this for you.”

“I am.” Daniel put his hands on his mom’s shoulders. He could feel her little muscles working as she worked her boobs up and down with her arms. “Sorry.” He tried to focus on enjoying the titjob. It was, after all, miraculous in and of itself.



At that moment, Eloise descended the basement stairs on bare feet. Her bustled dress trailed behind her. She wore her red hair up, with a fashionable little hat pinned just off center. She entered the basement and looked to her left. One of those ghastly symbols glowed a pallid green at her from the floor by the fireplace. This one showed a crude frog holding a trident. Eloise stepped over to the thing and tried to annihilate the frog by spreading the salt with her foot. But she found she could not touch the thing. She crossed her arms and frowned. The frog symbol stared back up at her. Why did it glow in such a sickly way? Eloise turned away from the symbol and

silently crossed the basement. She would eventually put the Samatars in their place. But first, she needed to help Daniel.

The door to the unfinished half of the basement silently opened and Eloise stepped through. She could hear the slick wetness of Julie’s breasts as she tried to bring her son to completion. Eloise caught Daniel’s eye as she shut the door behind her, but Julie was too busy staring at his steed to notice the entry of a third wheel. Eloise smiled at Daniel and held her finger up to her pink lips for silence. She then stalked across the floor until she was right behind Julie.

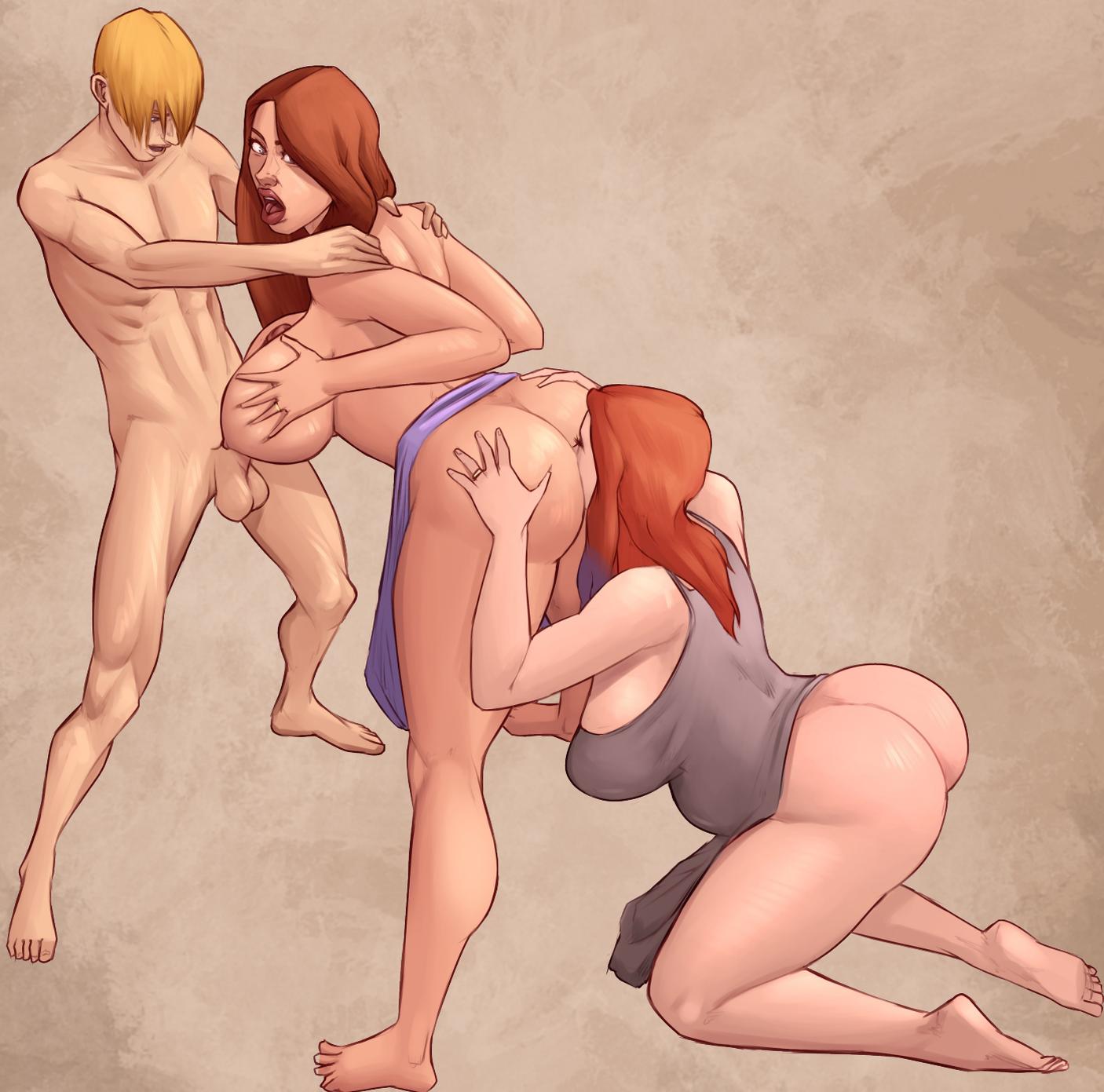
“Are you close?” Julie’s arms were tiring.

“Almost.” Daniel watched Eloise as she sank to her knees behind his mother, cradling her swollen belly. “Oh.” Julie gave a start and stopped stroking Daniel with her breasts. “Something cold on my back. Ohhhh.” Julie shivered and felt her shorts and panties drop to the floor. “How?” Julie tried to turn around, but Daniel’s grip on her shoulders tightened and he held her facing him.

“It’s Mrs. Palmer,” Daniel whispered.

“Oh, no. She was supposed to be ... oooooohhhhhhh.” In one motion, those freezing hands spread Julie’s legs and pulled her butt up so she was bent further at the waist. Then a shock of pleasure spread through her as something amazing happened to her vagina. “What is she doooooinnnnnggggg?” But Julie knew. She could feel those hands of ice, one on each butt cheek. And she knew the frigid thing squirming along her vaginal lips was another woman’s tongue. For the second time in her life, and the second time in two days, someone was giving her oral sex.

“Wow, Mom, she’s eating you out.” Daniel could just see Eloise’s hat and her perfect hair bob behind his mother’s ass.



“Language ... Daniel ... uh ... uh ... don’t ...” Julie’s mind trailed off. Her hands dropped her boobs and grabbed her son’s penis. Her mouth descended and she took the head into her mouth. As pleasure surged through her from that icy tongue, she bounced her head with short strokes. After a few minutes, Eloise backed off Julie’s nethers and stood. “She’s ready, now. Hop down from there.”

“Okay.” Daniel pulled his dick out of his mom’s mouth and slid off the washing machine. He stood next to his panting mother as she put her hands on the edge of the machine and tried to focus her mind.

“You have the tool of an animal, Danny.” Eloise spread Julie’s legs a little more and lowered her hips so that Daniel could line up from behind. “Take her like an animal.” Eloise smacked Julie’s backside and enjoyed the sound that reverberated around the Spartan room.

“Just the tip?” Daniel got behind his mother and looked down at her wide hips and gorgeous pale ass.

“Enough with that nonsense, lad.” Eloise then slapped Daniel’s little ass. The sound was not the same. “Take her like you mean it.”

“Here I go, Mom.” Daniel lined up his dick with her pink pussy lips. Clear precum mixed with Julie’s own secretions.

“I don’t think we ... uuuuuggggghhhhhh.” Julie’s muscles spasmed as inch after inch slid into her. She gripped the edge of the washing machine as tightly as she could. Her son’s monster was a key and she was the accepting lock. They were made to be like this. “Be ... gentle.”

“Do not be gentle.” Eloise leaned against the dryer and watched the couple. Such pure beauty to see this God-fearing mother falling and falling.



“Okay.” Daniel grabbed Julie’s hips and held tightly. Once he was all the way in, he pulled most of the way out and slammed back in. He watched the ripples spread on Julie’s ass and listened to her grunt. He slammed her again and again. At first there was no rhythm, but then he fell into a predictable meter with each violent thrust. Daniel willed his orgasm away, he wanted to plow his mom like this forever. He could see the sides of her breasts swinging below her and the little muscles on her back tensing and relaxing with each thrust she absorbed.

“I’m ... I’m ... You’re going to make me ... ooooooohhhhhhhh.” Julie didn’t have much of a singing voice, but she sounded practically operatic as she orgasmed, head flailing side to side.

“Her hair, dearie. Take her hair.” Eloise clapped and cheered them on.

“You ... feel ... so ... good ... Mom.” Daniel let go of her hip with his right hand and took a pile of Julie’s brown hair in his fist. He pulled her back so that she looked up at the ceiling and arched her back.

“Oh ... oh ... nobody ... nobody ... has ...” Julie was losing her mind. Daniel had complete control over her. She came again and again as he took her like he owned her. In the back of her mind, she knew this wasn't the sweet boy she raised. That the house, that Eloise, had influenced him and seduced him. But at the moment, she couldn't bring herself to care about anything but allowing him to use her as he needed. “I'm getting ... close.” Daniel's grip tightened on her hair. He looked down to see how grotesquely stretched



her pussy was around his dick.

“Not ... inside.” Julie trembled through another orgasm. She could feel her vagina gushing. Oh no, she was squirting again. The second time in her life. Before she could feel any shame, the orgasm carried her mind away.

“Wow.” Daniel looked down as the concrete floor, his legs, and his dick were suddenly covered in liquid. Even with the extra lubrication, she was still so tight. He looked over at Eloise with a question written on his face.

“It's just the downstairs flood. It means she likes it. Now, listen to your mother, Danny.” Eloise nodded firmly.

“Not inside.”

“Yes.” Of course. How could Daniel ever consider cumming in his own mother? Things were changing so fast. Eloise leaned forward and whispered in his ear, “Wait for permission on that one. One day she’ll beg for it. We don’t want any regression, do we?”



Daniel couldn't believe Julie would ever beg for his cum. But then again, he had her bent over the washing machine, so anything was possible. He pulled out of his mother and Eloise grabbed his dick with her cold hands. Daniel looked down at her pale fingers, at the ring with those binary diamonds, as Eloise jacked him to completion. “It’s ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Daniel let go of his mom’s hair and screamed as he unloaded on Julie’s butt and back. Thick ropes of cum covered her.

“Danny, Danny, Danny,” Julie murmured. She hung her head and felt the hot splashes all the way up onto her shoulder blades. There was so much of it. When he was done, Julie straightened and turned around. The apparition was gone. She hugged her son, cradling his head to the upper part of her left breast. His still hard penis slipped snugly between her thighs.

“That was ... incredible.” Daniel saw spots dancing before his eyes.

“It really was.” Julie squeezed his thin frame tightly. “I lived my whole life never knowing it could be like this. I brought you into the world. And you brought me this.” She pressed her thighs together around his penis.

“What are we going to do?”

“Round two?” Daniel looked up hopefully into her soft, brown eyes.

“Not a chance.” Julie pushed him away. She could feel his semen dripping down her back. “Your father and sister are home.” Her eyes regained some of their focus. “I mean, goodness. They’re home right now while we’re like this. And I almost forgot, Brad and Penelope are coming for dinner tonight.” She looked around the floor for her clothes and noticed the wet spot she’d made on the concrete by the washing machine.

“Brad?” Daniel frowned. He hadn’t realized his brother was coming. That chased some of the high out of his brain. He hated his brother, but he loved his mom. He could see the worry in her eyes. “What do you need from me?”

“Help me clean and get dressed.” Julie walked over to the hamper and bent to look in. “I’ll get something to wipe us off first. We’ll both need a shower. Afterward, you can help me with dinner. Okay?”

“Sure, Mom.” Daniel gazed at her round butt as she bent over the hamper. The way her boobs hung down in front of her was so inviting. But he was a good son. He wouldn’t take her again however tempting it was. He’d help her clean and prepare. “Whatever you need.”