

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

Chapter 7



DARK STONE STORIES

Illustrations by JDseal

Written by RawlyRawls

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“So, you two are spending the night?” Julie looked over the dining table at Brad and Penelope.

“Yeah ... we’ll go to church with you tomorrow ... so ...” Brad talked while chewing some steak.

“Don’t talk with your mouth full, sweetie.”

Julie took a sip of wine. “It’s not polite.”

“Sorry.” Brad took a minute to swallow the food in his mouth and then looked at his eighteen-year-old, little brother. “So, has freakazoid here been to the doctor about his mutated dangler?”

“Goodness.” Julie placed her wineglass on the table with a hard thud. The red liquid sloshed inside it. She gave her eldest an icy look.

“Shut up, Brad.” Brittney also gave her big brother a fierce stare. “You’re such a bully.”

Brad’s wife, Penelope, gazed over at Daniel with a quizzical look on her face. Her brother-in-law was scrawny in all the places Brad filled out. Daniel had none of the muscles, or the height, that Brad had. But the teenager was also quite large where Brad was not. How odd. Life was full of strange juxtapositions. Daniel caught her staring, and Penelope blushed and turned her eyes to her plate. She brushed her blonde hair behind her shoulder and raised her fork, taking a dainty bite of Brussels sprout.

“I’m afraid Brittney’s right.” George wanted to intervene before the siblings went at each other’s throats. “You should apologize to everyone at this table.”

“Sorry.” Brad smiled. He didn’t look very sorry.

“So, doctor or not?”

“We can’t afford the doctor right now, and he’s

doing fine.” Julie thought about how Daniel had taken her in the basement just hours ago. Her youngest son was certainly healthy. If anything, his parts worked too well.

“So, has it shrunk back down to normal size?” Brad leaned toward Daniel. “Or do you still got Frankenstein’s package down there?”

Julie took a deep breath. George and Brittney glared at Brad. Penelope looked down at her plate.

“Frankenstein was the doctor, not the monster.” Daniel met Brad’s gaze. “I never thought I’d see you jealous, Brad.”

“Jealous of a freak?” Brad let out a harsh, false laugh.

“That’s enough, Brad.” George really wanted to change the subject. How had his family devolved into insulting each other’s bodies? “Let’s talk about something else.”

“I’m not a freak.” Daniel was sick and tired of his brother’s shit. “There’s lots of guys with these issues. Mom even helped me find some new underwear that fit.”

“You need help with your underwear?” Brad sneered. “What did she measure it for you, too?”

“No,” Daniel whispered.

“It’s no big deal.” Julie looked at her husband. “I’ve always bought underwear for the children.”

“Yeah.” George had known about the new underwear, but didn’t like the suggestion that Julie had measured Daniel. George wished he didn’t care. All bodies were God’s work, after all. But try as he might, he wasn’t comfortable with Daniel’s size. It felt ... dangerous somehow. “Of course she helped Daniel with an

uncomfortable situation. The teenage years are awkward. I remember. I'm sure you remember, Brad. You're all lucky you have a mother willing to help you with anything."

This last statement caught Julie mid-sip, and she coughed up her wine, spraying it on the table cloth.

George patted her back. "You okay?"

"Yeah, just got something down ... the wrong pipe." Julie's face was very red. "Let's talk about something else."

"Of course, dear." Nothing would make George happier. The less he thought about that situation the better.

"You've upset your mother, Brad. We'll hear no more about this."

"Sure, Dad." Brad nodded and eyed his little brother. "Sorry." He smiled his wolfish smile.

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The labyrinth was a cold, dark place with slate-gray walls. Julie raced down one corridor after the next, stopping at dead ends and taking random turns. Her naked form shook with each stride. Her unsupported boobs ached as they bounced, forcing her to run with her arms pressed firmly on her bosom. Cold sweat dripped down her neck and spine.

Something followed her. With each false turn and dead end, she felt the thing draw closer. The chase felt like an unwinding ball of thread. She rapidly approached the vanishing center.

A hand shook her shoulder. "Julie. Wake up Julie," a voice whispered in her ear.

"Danny?" Julie's eyes shot open. She was in bed with her husband snoring next to her. Soft starlight filtered in from their bedroom window casting deep shadows throughout the room. Julie sucked in her breath. A redheaded woman stood over her, with her cold hand resting on Julie's naked shoulder.

"No. Not Danny. It's me." Eloise gave the wife a reassuring smile. "You were having night terrors and I couldn't bear to watch you suffer through it."

"I thought the Samatars sent you away," Julie whispered. She pulled her blanket up to her chin.

"They tried their best, dearie. Don't fault them for their failures." Eloise removed her hand from Julie's shoulder and stood up straight. "Come with me, it's quite urgent." She turned and walked out of the bedroom.

"Wait. Wait." Julie whispered after the apparition. But Eloise disappeared down the hall. "Darn it."

Julie slipped out of bed and threw on one of her husband's oversized flannel shirts. It hung open, exposing the valley between her newly enlarged breasts, but she didn't feel like she had time to button it. Julie raced out of the room and saw Eloise walking by the stairway railing to her right. Julie followed, holding her breasts as she had in her dream to keep them from bouncing about. Goosebumps covered her bare legs. The only thing she wore on her lower half was her panties. "Mrs. Palmer?" Julie called after the woman. "What happened to me? How do I fix it? You need to put things back to normal."





“That is what I’ve come to show you.” Eloise looked over her shoulder. The long, dark Victorian dress disappeared into shadow as it trailed behind her. “Bond what was broken. Mend the stitches and return to form.”

“What?” Julie hustled after Eloise. “You’re going to fix this? Fix these?” She emphasized the word *these* by squeezing her heavy boobs. Julie had almost caught up to the pregnant woman. She passed by her son’s closed bedroom door. She reached out to grab Eloise, but the woman vanished. Julie heard the toilet flush in the bathroom to her left. Julie stood in the hall dumbfounded.

The bathroom door opened with a flood of light and there stood Daniel humming the theme from Star Trek. He didn’t notice his mom in the hall as he wiped his hands on a towel and flipped off the light, dropping them into darkness again. He stepped into the hall without really looking where he was going and bonked into his half-naked mother. “Mom?” Their bodies pressed up against one another. Blood rushed to his dick.

“Danny ... I was just ...” Julie stumbled when her son bumped into her. She held his shoulders for support. Eloise’s promise to return them to normalcy fell to the back of Julie’s mind as she now had Daniel’s warm, lithe body next to her. She turned to face him and looked down into his earnest blue eyes. She could barely see him in the gloomy hall. “I thought I saw –” But Daniel cut her off by planting a soft kiss on her lips. Within seconds, she was making out with her son. A moment ago, she had been on the verge of getting that apparition to reverse this, but now she couldn’t pull her tongue out of Daniel’s mouth. Her arms encircled his shoulders and she felt his hands slide onto her butt.

There was so much desire in the way he grabbed her and pulled her hips toward him. Even though he’d already spurted all over her back earlier that day, he was so hard. Julie lost herself in their kiss.





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The memory of a tall man in a top hat menaced Penelope as she woke from a deep sleep. Her eyes opened with a start. She put her hand on her husband's strong chest and felt him sleeping soundly. Her heartbeat slowed. Then, without a thought, she was out of bed and up on her feet. She tugged at the hem of the oversized t-shirt



she slept in and wandered toward the bedroom door. There was something. Something out in the hall. Penelope had to look and see. She struggled with the doorknob, vision still blurred from sleep. She got the door open and stepped into the hall. George and Julie's bedroom door stood open, which was odd. Then she heard something down at the other end of the hall. Penelope rubbed her eyes, but couldn't quite make out what she was seeing in the gloom. Two people seemed to stand in the shadows very close together. What were they doing?

This house had crept Penelope out from the start. But as her vision cleared, creepy turned to something more daunting. A pit formed in her stomach. That couldn't be her mother-in-law down at the other end of the hall? Penelope squinted at the figures and decided it was. There stood Julie pressed up against a shorter man. They embraced. Oh,

my God. As her eyes took in more of the spectacle, she realized she was seeing Daniel and Julie kissing like a couple of lovebirds.

"Stop, that's ... that's ... just stop," Penelope tried to shout at them, but her words came out a garbled, scratchy whisper. Nothing in her life had prepared her for this kind of shock. Julie Anderson was a righteous Christian woman. How could she?

The lovers at the end of the hall seemed to float further away. Penelope took an unsteady step. She needed to put an end to this. But everything turned darker. She realized she was going to faint.

Out of the darkness, a naked, pregnant woman strode toward Penelope. The woman's red hair flowed down around her shoulders and she cradled her pale, bulging belly. "The bond, the pact, the contract made," the woman said. "We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation, good Penelope."

"What? No," Penelope croaked. The whole world slipped. She took one more step and toppled over onto the cold hardwood. In the bedrooms on either side of her, George and Brad slept soundly. Sprawled in the hall, Penelope found a cold, dreamless sleep, too.

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Neither Daniel nor Julie noticed Penelope at the other end of the hall. They were too caught up with each other. Even as the young woman fell to the floor, they didn't hear or see her.

"Mmmmmpphhh." Julie broke the kiss with her son. "We have to stop." She looked down to see the flannel shirt had fallen open and her breasts were now exposed.

"A little more, Mom. Please?" Daniel bent a little, leaned forward, and took her warm nipple into his mouth. He rolled it around with his tongue.

"Oooooohhhhhhhhh." Julie cradled his head with her left hand, pushing him up against her boob. "Okay, sweetie. Just a little more."

Daniel pulled off her shirt and moved his hands to her hips. He maneuvered her backwards down the hall and then into his bedroom. All the while, sucking her breast. He closed his door with his foot and pushed her back

to his bed. When they arrived, Julie fell backwards onto the sheets.

"We can't keep doing this, Daniel." Julie leaned on her elbows and watched Daniel pull off his tight boxers. Seeing that long, fat penis with all its bulging veins and its discolored head made Julie wonder how she wasn't frightened of the thing. She should have been frightened. But instead, all she felt was awe and longing.

"I know we can't keep doing this, Mom." Daniel felt in control as he looked down at her curving body. Her tits hung out to the sides perfectly. Her hips arched out with extraordinary grace from her waist. He could just see the top of her brown bush as she pressed her legs together. "But we should enjoy this thing we have for at least a little while longer. The bible says there is nothing better for a man than to eat and drink and tell himself

that his labor is good. Right?" Daniel spread her legs and dropped to his knees on the floor next to his bed. He pulled her panties aside and gazed with reverence at the protruding pussy lips.

"What does Ecclesiastes have to do with ... oh ... oh ... oooooohhhhhhhhh." Julie threw her head back on the mattress as her son's tongue explored her vagina. "Oh, gosh, Danny. You're ... eating and drinking meeeeeeee." An orgasm rapidly approached. How had she lived her whole life without asking anyone to go down on her?





How would she live the rest of her life once her family went back to normal? Would George do this for her? “You’re going to ... make me ... explode.” Julie’s whole body trembled and she gripped the sheets tightly with fists on either side of her hips. If his tongue felt this good inside her and on her lips, what would it be like if and when he found her clit? Julie couldn’t fathom it. “Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhh.” Her eyes lost focus and she came on Daniel’s tongue, her hips bucking on the mattress.

Hearing his mom squeal out her orgasm, Daniel lifted his head and wiped off his mouth. He roughly maneuvered the quivering Julie into the middle of the bed, got between her legs, and lined up his cock. Some part of his mind

called out to him to quit this while he still could. But those thoughts were drowned out by the pulsing, howling animal id that urged him on. Watching her slick entrance, he slipped the head of his dick inside her and smiled at how it so easily distorted her pussy.

“Danny, are we ...?” Julie came down from her orgasm to find herself pinned by Daniel’s monster. He was going to mate her again, and there was nothing she could do about it. The penis sunk into her, and she found that there was nothing she wanted to do about it. He filled her up so perfectly. As his balls came to rest on her butt, she felt the tip of his thing nudging at her very soul.

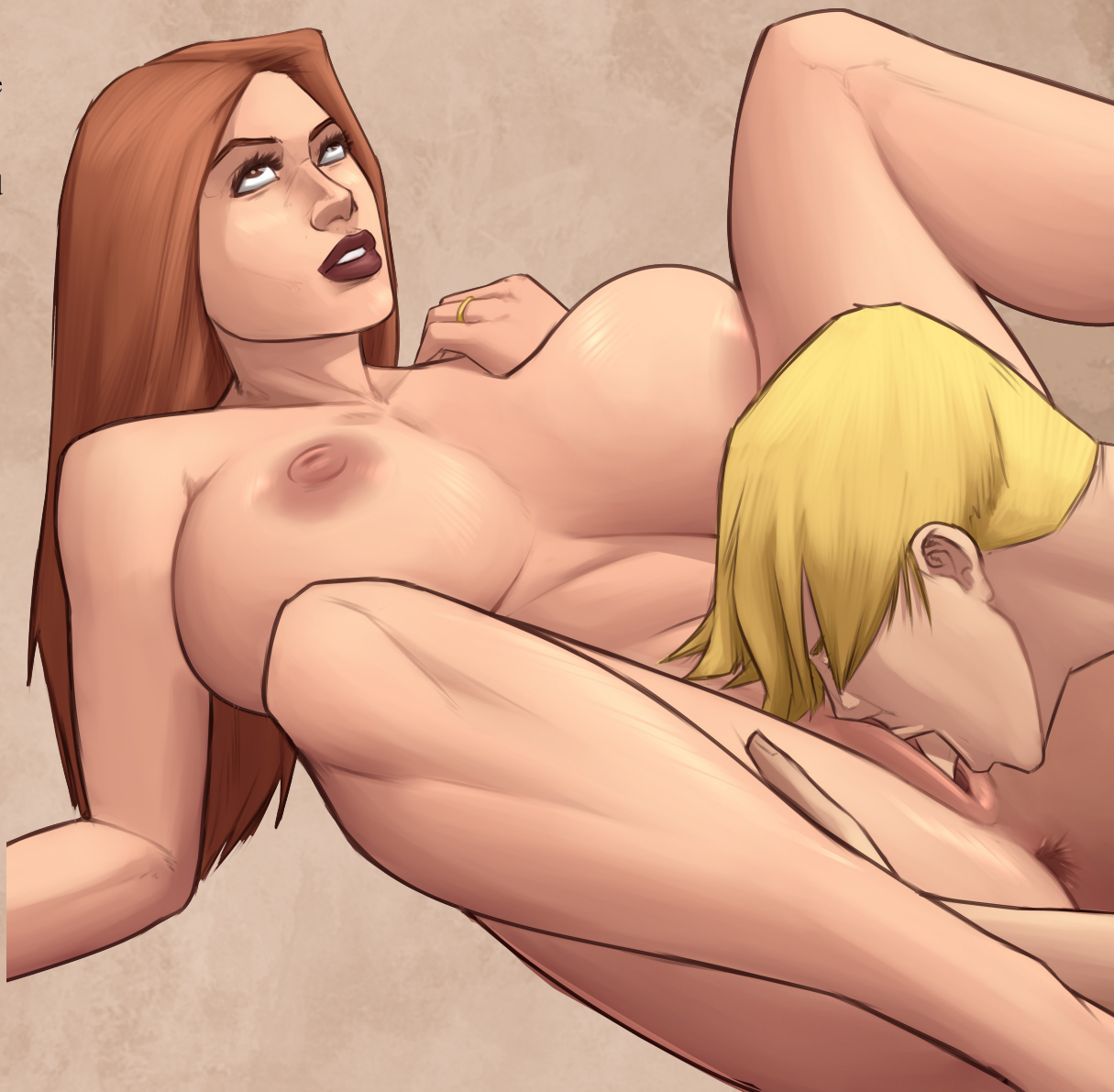
“If we keep doing ... it ... we’ll never be able ... to stop.” Julie grunted and felt that magical tool slide in and out of her. “How does this keep ... happening?”

“I don’t know, Mom.” Daniel looked down into her soft, brown eyes with pure adoration as he pumped her pussy. “But I love you.” He knew in that moment that whatever Eloise gave him, or any other women that came into his life in the years ahead, nothing could replicate the pure rapture of bonding with his mother.

“I love you ... so much ... Danny. I would do ... anything ... mmmppphhhh.” Her words were lost as his handsome face descended and he kissed her again. Their bellies slapped together, his trim and flat, hers more supple and curved. George had never kissed her with such passion or longing. Oh, no, poor George. The thought of her husband was almost enough to break the spell. But then Daniel rolled his tongue around hers and shoved her organs around with his tool, and she lost herself in rapture again.

Daniel broke their kiss and lifted himself up so he could look down on Julie again. He placed his hands behind her knees and held her legs open. He could see Julie’s belly bulging with each stroke. It was mesmerizing.

“Look, Mom. Look what I’m doing to you.”





“What?” Julie looked up at him and saw where he was looking. She lifted her head and looked past her wobbling breasts down to her tummy. “Oh, gosh ... Oh, gosh. How can that ... be?” She could see his thing protruding underneath her flesh as he bottomed out each time. The sight of her deforming belly sent her over the edge. She lost herself in another orgasm.

More than twenty minutes, and several orgasms later, Julie sensed that Daniel was close.

“Not ... uh ... uh ... inside.”

Julie opened her eyes and looked up as Daniel still held her legs, sweat dripping off his nose and landing on her chest. She scarcely recognized his cute, sweet face as it twisted with purpose and desire.

“Not ... inside ... please.”

“Okay.”

Daniel pulled out of her and fapped his dick for all he was worth.

He looked

down at Julie, her hair damp with sweat, her mouth hanging open with something akin to reverence, her breasts heaving with each breath. “You’re ... so ... perfect ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh.” Cum blasted out of him and sailed through the air. It splashed down on her boobs, stomach, face, and hair.

Julie closed her eyes and accepted his seed all over her. There was so much of it. She felt spurt after spurt land and she listened as Daniel’s groans died down. Eventually, he finished and she wiped the sperm out of her eyes. “You are some sort of miracle, Daniel Gregory Anderson.” She opened her eyes and was happy to see the look of complete satisfaction on his face.

“I’m so lucky, to have you.” Daniel slumped forward. He didn’t care if she was covered in his cum. He wanted to lay his head on her breast, have her arms surround him, and drift off to sleep.

“No you don’t, mister.” Julie held up a hand and caught his chest, stopping him from lying down. “If we fall asleep in here ...” She looked down at herself. “... covered in your stuff ...” She sat up and moved to the side of the bed. “... someone is going to catch us.” She stood and held her hand out to him. “We’re lucky this is such a large house and the Andersons are heavy sleepers. It’s shower time, pumpkin. Let’s get cleaned off.”

“Sure, Mom.” Daniel took her hand and let her lead him across the hall into the bathroom.





Of course, Julie shouldn't have been surprised by what happened next. Once the shower was going, and they were rubbing each other's bodies with soap, things got out of hand. Julie found herself on her knees lovingly sucking Daniel's thing. The young man could just keep going and going. After a while, he unloaded in her mouth. She devoured all his salty seed. They finished cleaning and each went back to their own bed. Julie curled up on her side next to



her warm husband, her vagina stretched and her belly full of semen. How had it come to this? How was she going to rein them in? She drifted off to sleep thinking about her crazy day. Her son had taken her twice and she had loved every second of it.

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George sat on a horse, the saddle creaking under him as he adjusted his weight. He'd never ridden a horse before, so it was odd to sit on one. Before him a wide dirt road wended off through the prairie. His horse shuffled its feet with anxiety as it waited.

Behind him, the sound of hooves appeared and gradually grew louder. George turned his head to see a man in a top hat riding a midnight black horse up the long road. The man pulled the reins and stopped next to George. The horse and the man were quite large. So much so that George had to look up to see the man's pallid face. George's gaze hung on the dark drooping mustache and then moved up to his eyes. George had never seen eyes so devoid of light.

"You're a fool, Mr. Anderson." The man's voice was slow and gruff. He brushed at the lapel of his long, velvet jacket.

"Why?" George wanted to ride away from the man, but he didn't know how to make his horse move.

"You countenance the buck's face." He leaned forward and offered a grim smile.

"What?" George gulped and felt his throat constrict.

"Horns." The man shook his head and his smile drooped along with his mustache. "They saddle you with horns. They do it right under your nose."

"Who?" George wasn't usually a monosyllabic kind of person, but this man brought it out in him.



“Who am I?” The man reached up and briefly tipped his top hat at George. “Mr. Frederick Palmer at your service.” His smile did not return. “Heed me. Or become the gelding.” Frederick’s eyes absorbed more and more light as darkness fell around them.

Soon, shadows spread across the prairie. George kicked his horse but it wouldn’t budge. Frederick leaned toward him with malevolence written all over his stony face. George screamed and the dark moved upon him. There was nothing but black.

“No.” George sat up in bed with real fear in his heart. Cool morning sunlight fell in through his bedroom window. He put out his hand and felt his wife’s reassuring warmth next to him. Just a dream. Well, not a dream really. More of a nightmare. Maybe there was something to Julie’s fears about this house. George decided to be more supportive of his wife.

When Penelope woke, she expected to find herself on the cold hallway floor. But instead, she was snug in the guest bed next to Brad. She peeked out from under the covers and could see their bedroom door firmly shut. What a strange dream. Like in all dreams, things that made sense in the dead of night now seemed absurd. Julie kissing her own son? That was crazy. And a naked, pregnant lady roaming the halls talking about deals? That was bonkers. Penelope sighed and stretched.



There was one thing she couldn’t quite figure out. Given that she’d dreamed about upsetting, perverted, and morally reprehensible things, why was her pussy so wet? As she fell back asleep, she pondered that fact. No answers came to her.



Sunday afternoon rolled around and the family loitered in the main living room.

"The pastor said the church doesn't acknowledge ghosts or demons." George sat on the couch and watched his wife. She was still wearing her church dress with a cardigan over it. George eyed the little peep hole that her bust created between the fastened buttons. Her breasts looked ... bigger. "According to him, they don't exist." "Okay." Julie nodded. "I just think we need to follow up with somebody else at the church. There has to be someone there that can help us."

"No more Samatars?" Brittney sat cross-legged on the floor.

"No, we'll have them back, too." Julie nodded. "I just want to get as much help as our budget will allow."

"What's our budget?" Brittney was surprised they had money for this.

"Well ..." Julie coughed. "Zero?"

"Maybe we could put a few dollars into this," George said.

Julie smiled at her husband and mouthed *thank you*. "Speaking of the Samatars, I've been meaning to ask who removed the symbol by the locked door?"

Penelope raised her hand on the end of the couch. "The sugar on the floor? I accidentally stepped on that, so I cleaned it up."

"It was salt." Julie eyed her daughter-in-law. The woman seemed even more shy around her than usual. "Did you *clean* any other symbols?"

Penelope shook her head.

"Well, I know it was an accident, but I'd like us all to leave the symbols be. Okay?" Julie sighed. She wondered if that destroyed symbol was why Eloise was free to move about the house last night.

"Great job, Pen." Brad glared at his wife. "I told you Mom wanted to leave those things where they were." Brad reclined in a plush chair and moved his eyes back to his phone. "So, you're serious about these ghosts, Mom? Are you into this too, Dad?"

"Well, I want to make everyone comfortable." George nodded. "And I have had some odd feelings in this house."

Penelope felt bad about upsetting Julie and her husband. Her confusion about the conversation just added to her stress. Tears filled her eyes. She stood and rushed out of the room. She still had on her church dress. The hem of it swished behind her as she moved. She stopped in the hallway and waited, hoping her husband would come to check and see if she was okay. When he didn't come out, tears really began flowing down her cheeks. She put her hands on her face and walked past the front door and eventually turned into the library. She found a comfortable chair and sat down. She felt so fragile since that crazy dream last night.

"Don't worry, dearie. They'll forgive you." A soft woman's voice carried through the room.

Penelope was suddenly very aware how little attention she'd paid her surroundings as she walked into the library. She removed her hands from her watery, blue eyes and brushed her blonde hair away from her face. Across from her in a chair sat a woman in a long, flowing dress. The woman sat very straight, and watched her with an expectant smile. Penelope took in the woman's red hair, freckles, and swollen belly. It was the pregnant lady from her dream. Was she dreaming again?

"Forgiveness is the fragrance that the violet sheds on the heel that has crushed it." The woman's smile was sympathetic and reassuring. "Mark Twain said that. Anyway, Julie will forgive your little cleaning spree. As for me, I'd like to thank you. You've done me a service and I intend to make recompense." The woman tilted her head and winked a green eye at Penelope.

"Who are you?" Penelope realized she'd been holding her breath. She exhaled.

"I am Mrs. Eloise Palmer." Eloise's smile broadened. Her face filled with warmth and generosity. "And you are the second Mrs. Anderson, are you not?"

"Well, yeah." Penelope's tears dried. "Sort of. I've only been an Anderson for a little while. I married Brad. I'm Penelope."

"A splendid acquaintance met." Eloise looked at a book she held open in her lap. "This is *First Love* by Ivan Turgenev. Do you know it?"

"I ... I ... don't read very much." Penelope started to feel faint again.

"A pity. A lovely woman reintroduced it to me recently." Eloise brushed her fingertip along the page, looking for a particular line. "I do believe it played a not inconsequential part in her fall."

"Her fall?" Penelope couldn't understand what was happening.

"Ah, here it is." Eloise read aloud, "*No! I cannot love people whom I find that I look down on. I need someone who would himself master me, but then, goodness me, I shall never come across anyone like that. I will never fall into anybody's clutches, never, never.*" Eloise looked up from the book. "That is you, is it not? You looked



to your good husband to master you, but he cannot. You seek to fall into someone's clutches, but fear opportunities passed."

"Brad?" Penelope rubbed at her temples. "No. He ... I mean ... yes ... he takes care of me."

"You missed the mark when you picked him, but not by much. Where Brad fails another Anderson would succeed."

"Daniel?" Penelope arched her eyebrows in disbelief. "You're crazy. He's like my little brother."

"I can give you everything you've missed by wedding the lesser Anderson, dearie." Eloise closed the book and leaned in her chair closer to Penelope. "Pleasure you hadn't dreamed of. Belonging. Protection. You need only make the bond. You see, we paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your

approbation."

"I don't know what that means." Penelope instinctively crossed her arms over her chest, closing herself off to this woman.

"It means." Eloise stood, walked over to Penelope, and lightly touched her pink cheek with a frigid finger. "If you say yes to my offer, I will change your life for the better. Do say yes."

"No."

"Very well." Eloise dropped her hand and walked toward the door. "I thought you might have better sense than that." She stopped in the doorway and looked back. "I've had a thought. Let me give you a little taste of the world on the other side." Eloise chuckled to herself and disappeared down the hall.

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Daniel had watched Penelope leave the living

room. He could tell she was crying, but no one else seemed to notice or care. He sat and listened to his family discuss how to rid the house of its haunting, but he stayed silent. The last thing he wanted was a successful exorcism.

After a while, Daniel stood and quietly exited the room. No one seemed to notice his exit either. He walked down the hall, checking rooms. Penelope's beauty and her pitying kindness toward Daniel made her difficult to talk to. But he did want to check on her. He still wore his suit from church. Daniel took off his jacket and slung it over a baluster at the bottom of the east stairs.

The library was where he finally found Penelope. She was sitting in an armchair and looking at the old faded wallpaper above the bookshelves.

Daniel entered the room. "Penelope?"

"Jeez." Penelope gave a start and looked over at him. "You surprised me, Daniel." Her eyes were red from crying and she had a far-off expression as she watched him approach. Black mascara ran down her cheeks.





“Are you okay?” Daniel stopped next to her chair. He put his hands behind his back and clasped them. He could feel how sweaty his palms were.

“I thought Brad was coming for me, but it was you. Brad can be so stupid.” Penelope waved her hand dismissively at Daniel, but accidentally brushed the bulge in his pants with her wedding ring. “Oh, sorry.” She pulled her hand back like it had been bitten by a snake.

“It’s okay.” But it wasn’t. Daniel could feel his dick swelling. “It was an accident.”

Like iron to a magnet, Penelope’s eyes locked in on the bulge in Daniel’s pants. “It’s so odd. You’re so different from your brother. In every way.”

“How so?” Daniel’s breath came in short gasps. He looked down at her ample cleavage, exposed from his angle standing above her.

“Just that. That’s all.” Penelope caught movement out of the corner of her eye. She saw Eloise reenter the library and shut the door behind her. “Daniel. I don’t mean to alarm you, but there’s a strange woman in here with us. I think I’m dreaming. I had the strangest dream last night, and now here I am again. I must have fallen asleep in this chair.”

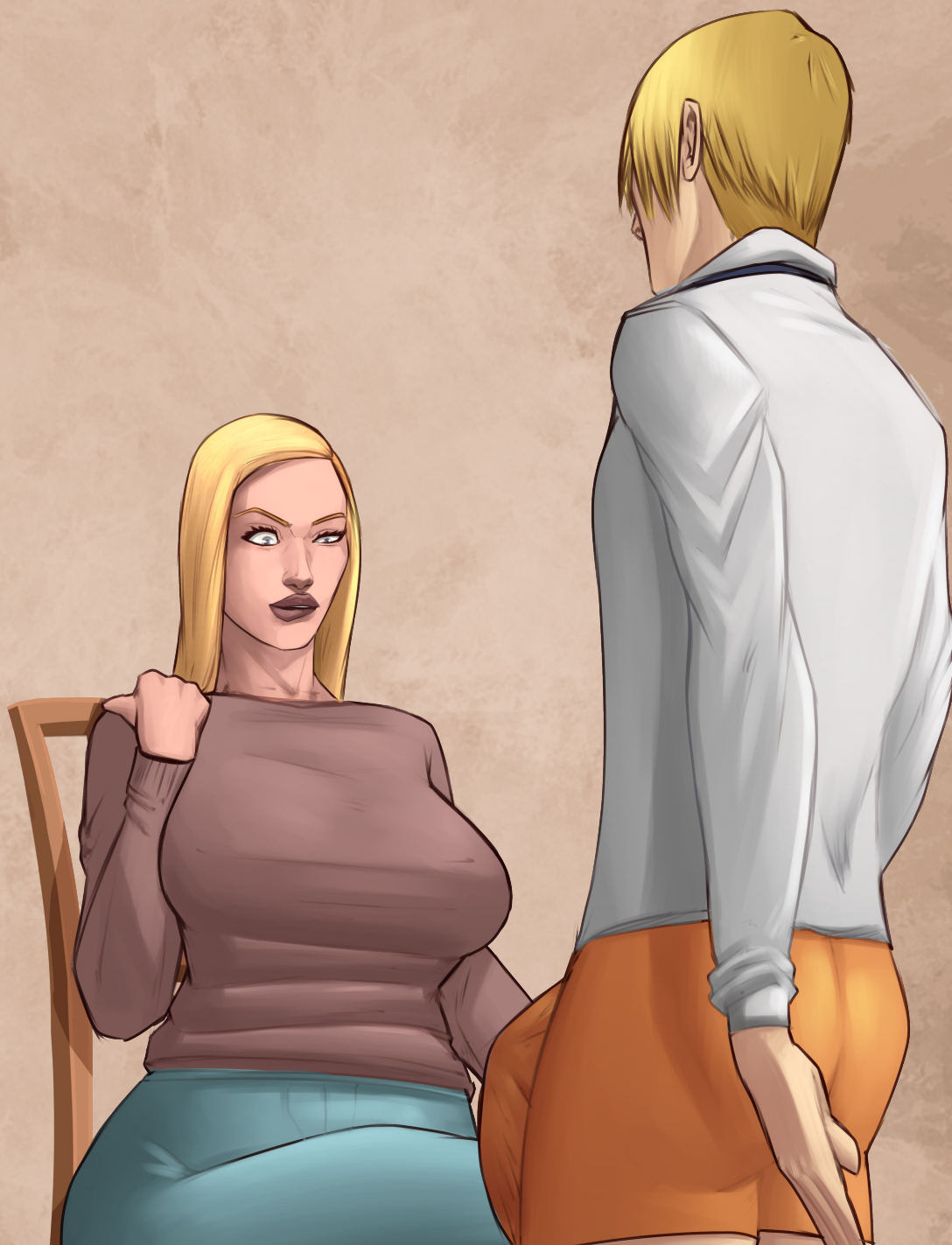
Daniel looked over his shoulder. “That’s just Mrs. Eloise Palmer. She’s friendly, don’t worry.” He made eye contact with Eloise and the redhead nodded encouragement at him. Daniel knew what that meant. He had a chance with Penelope. His anxiety spiked as he thought about his mother’s disapproval and Brad’s probable homicidal reaction. Eloise nodded again and gave him a smile that filled him with confidence. It would be okay. His anxiety melted away.

“Oh, silly me.” Penelope giggled. She watched Eloise find a seat on the other side of the room and then she looked back at Daniel’s pants. “Since this is a dream, can I get another look at it? Ever since we all saw it that one day, I just keep ... wondering ...”

“This isn’t a dream.”

Daniel unclasped his hands and unbuttoned his pants. His trembling fingers made the task difficult, but he managed it and dropped his pants.

“That’s just what a dream would say.” Penelope giggled again. She reached out and flipped his blue tie over his shoulder. She then pulled down his underwear. She gasped when she beheld the rigid dick that sprung out. “I ... I knew it was big ... but ... oh my God.” She reached out a finger to touch the purple head. It was spongy, yet firm. She withdrew





her finger and looked at the white mark she'd made there quickly disappear. Clear liquid dribbled from his little hole. So much precum. "It looks so ... aggressive. I wonder what it looks like in real life." She leaned back in her chair. "Okay, that's enough. You can put it away now."

"Really?" Daniel pressed his lips together in disappointment.

"I promised you a taste," Eloise said from across the room. "Have your taste, dearie."

"Um ... even in a dream ... I don't think I should." But she leaned over and licked the head with her tongue. It was salty, warm, and ... powerful. Before she knew it, she had the whole head in her mouth, swirling her tongue round and round.

"You grab a bull by the horns, Mrs. Anderson." Eloise reclined in her seat, the slightest smile touching her pink lips. "You grab young Daniel by the ..."

With the head still in her mouth, Penelope reached out and took hold of Daniel's balls. "Uuuuuuugggggghhhh." She was surprised by their size and weight. How much cum did he have stored in there? Penelope's shoulders shuddered as she thought about what it would be like to find out.





“You’re so perfect, Penelope. Why do you always take Brad’s side?” Daniel looked down into her pretty face and watched her blue eyes look up at him. Her eyes went wide and she froze, her little nostrils flaring. Making eye contact with her brother-in-law was frightful because in that moment she realized this wasn’t a dream at all. She was really sucking on Daniel’s cock. She held his actual balls between her fingers. She spit the cockhead out of her mouth and let go of his testicles. “Oh, Jesus. I didn’t mean to. Brad is my husband, Daniel. Oh, shit. I thought I was dreaming.”

“Don’t stop, Penelope.” Daniel looked down at his dick, glistening in the afternoon light with her saliva. “I’m sorry I mentioned Brad.”

“Jesus Christ. Brad. No, no, no.” Penelope panicked and looked about the room in awe. “I was just curious about your ... your ...” She pointed at the grotesque dick that jutted out from Daniel’s slender hips. “I thought it wasn’t ... real.” Penelope looked into the corner of the room. “That lady, Mrs. Palmer... Is she real?”

Eloise smiled and nodded at the young woman.

“Yeah,” Daniel said.

“No, no, no. This is an evil house, Danny.” Penelope raced to the library door. “We need to leave. I need to get Brad.” She opened the door and ran into the hall, her church dress flowing behind her. Once out in the hall, she was suddenly confused. She couldn’t remember where she’d left her husband.

The first door  
to the left in  
front of the  
stairs hung  
open. Was  
Brad in there?

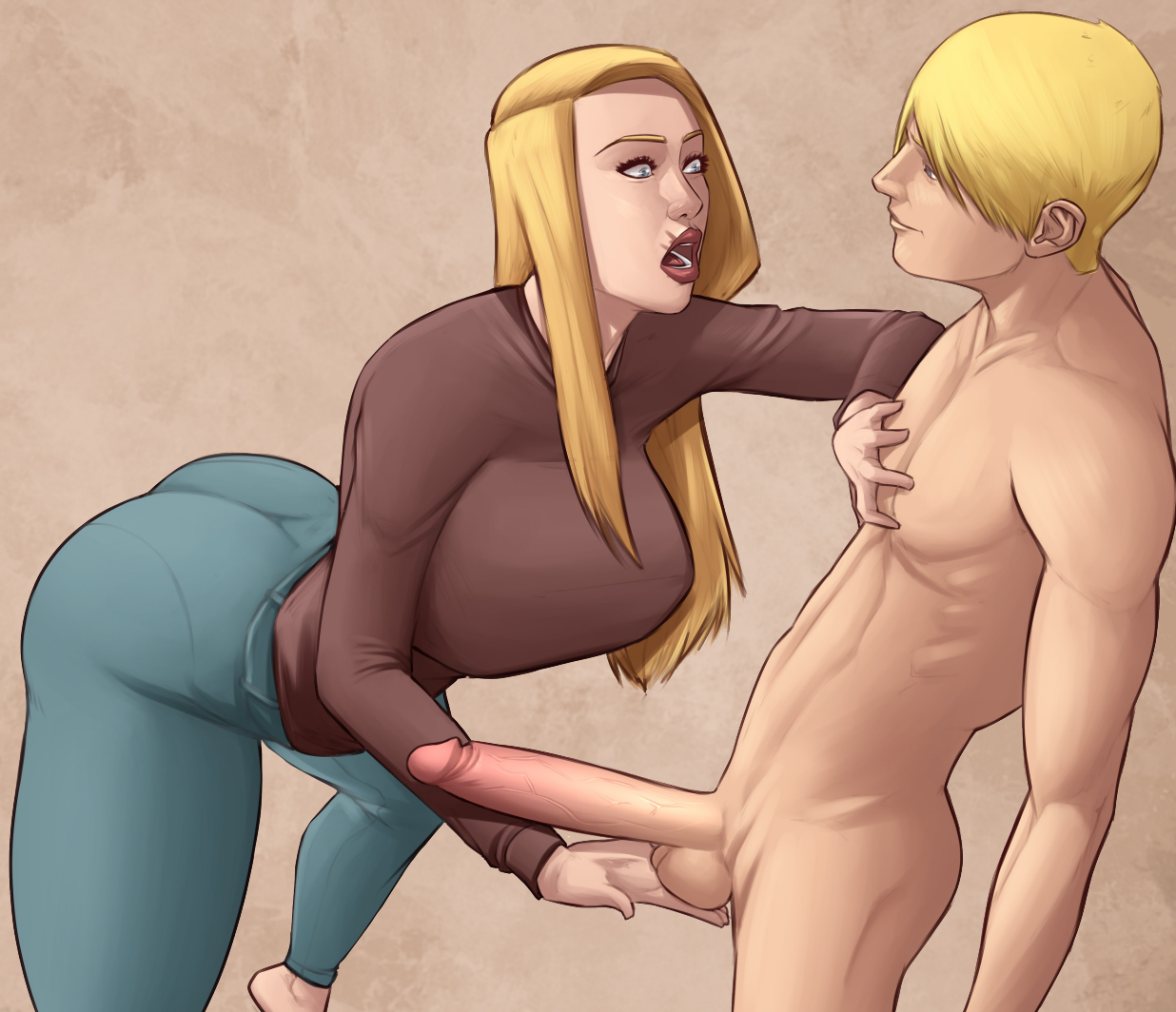
Penelope  
wasn’t sure,  
but she  
wandered  
toward the  
door. As she  
stepped inside  
the room, she  
thought that  
maybe this  
was the  
locked room  
that no one  
had been in  
before. The  
one whose  
symbol she’d  
accidentally  
destroyed.  
But that  
couldn’t be  
right. She was  
so confused.

She stepped  
further into the room and the door swung closed behind her.

“What?” Penelope squinted in the low light. There was a sofa along one wall with an oil lamp flickering on an end table. In a far corner, stood a ten-foot high bear. It had been taxidermied in a fearsome pose. Against the opposite wall from the sofa, a sideboard was covered in beautifully detailed, multi-colored bottles. On the sofa, reclined a young, redhaired man in overalls. He tipped his herringbone flat cap to her and winked a green eye. “Welcome, Mrs. Anderson. Mom said I should expect you.”

“Who are you?” But Penelope could tell. With his freckles, angular jaw, and wide-set green eyes. He could only be Mrs. Palmer’s son.

“My name’s Thomas and we’re going to be good friends.” He stood and smiled. “Really good friends.”





Penelope turned to run back the way she'd come, but the door was locked behind her. She pounded on the door and yelled for her husband Brad, but no one in the rest of the house could hear her.

"This is a special room," Thomas said from behind her. "A private room. My father built it at great expense to keep all that happens here from the rest of the world." He moved toward the screaming woman. "Father did very bad things in here. But we're going to do good things."

"No." Penelope looked over her shoulder at the approaching boy. He was certainly only a little older than Daniel. She pounded the door with her fists. "Noooooooooooo." But no one came to her rescue.

Back in the library, Eloise walked over to the door and gently closed it. She then turned and shrugged at Daniel. "Sometimes, things don't go as planned. My daddy always told me, never be afraid to hitch your cart to a new horse."

"What's that mean?" Daniel had both hands on his dick. He wasn't sure what to do with his raging hardon.

"It means I'm tractable, dearie." She walked over to Daniel and kneeled before him. She gently replaced his hands on his penis with her own icy fingers and stroked him. "When a plan doesn't work, we have another waiting in the wings." She licked the oozing precum off the head.

"We?"

"Me and the house, Danny." Eloise took another lick and looked up at him with urgent eyes. "Now we don't have too much time before the others come looking for you. Let's get you taken care of." She sucked him into her mouth and took long, gurgling strokes. She pressed both hands onto his butt. Eloise felt quite happy when Daniel reached down and threaded his fingers through her hair. He forced more and more of his penis into her throat until she was taking great long plunges, pressing her nose to his nether hair at the bottom of each grunting lunge forward.

After about five minutes, Daniel let his seed fly into Eloise's cold mouth. When he finished cumming, Eloise was gone. He took a minute to compose himself, and then pulled up his underwear and pants. He walked toward the library door. He needed to apologize to Penelope and smooth things over with her before she told everything to Brad. He hoped he wasn't too late. Brad would kill him if he knew what happened.

Little did Daniel know, Penelope was in no condition to confide anything to her husband at that moment. In a secret room, a redheaded teenager was changing her whole perspective on a great number of things.

