

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

Chapter 8



DARK STONE STORIES

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The exhaust fan hummed in the small bathroom. Khadra turned off her shower and pulled back the curtain. Steam hung in the air, but the fan pulled enough moisture that the mirror hadn't fogged. Khadra ignored the reflection of her dark, slim figure. She ran her fingers through her curly black hair and let it fall around her shoulders.

A bath towel hung to her left. She grabbed the soft cotton and wrapped herself. Khadra stepped out of the shower and was about to take another towel for her hair when she froze. There, on the bathroom counter, was that monstrous phallus from the Anderson home. The last she'd seen it, Maxamed had tossed it into their trashcan in the garage.

Was this a joke played on her by her loving husband? Had he retrieved it and placed it here? Khadra stepped over to the counter and slowly reached her hand down to the thing. Was this the work of demons? So far in their work, the Samatars had not had any demons follow them home. She cursed under her breath. They hadn't placed any ward symbols on the phallus when they'd thrown it away. That was a mistake.

Khadra's fingers touched the thing and she felt a little spark pass from the silicone into her finger tips. A thought popped into her head. Of course, Maxamed put it there. He wanted her to try this massive thing inside

her. Her hand gripped it and lifted it to her nose. It smelled clean. There was no lingering scent. The weight of it surprised her. It offered so much heft. She knew she should prepare dinner, but instead she sat on the toilet lid. If her husband wanted her to try it, she would.

The dildo seemed, by its very presence, to ask her to bare herself. Khadra removed the towel and let it fall on the toilet behind her. The head of the pitch-black monster was so very wide. She spread her legs and looked past her modest breasts down to the triangle of black hair above her slit. Her hands trembled as she brought the thing up to her vagina. Allah help her, she was already so wet. She could clearly see the moisture as she rubbed the head up and down.

Slowly, with trembling hands, she pushed the phallus into her. She had never been so full.

Maxamed was a fool for leaving this here for her. The comparison did him no favors.

After a few minutes, she worked

the phallus all the way in. She held it there, her vagina stretched to the limit and spasming around the thing. She then pulled it most of the way out and slammed it back in. Khadra did this again and again. Her brown eyes went wide as she watched it disappear inside her. Another noise in the bathroom joined the droning exhaust fan above her. She realized that she was listening to her own grunts. She sounded like a filthy swine as the thing pushed deep inside her again and again.

There was a knock on the door. "That is a very long shower," Maxamed said loudly through the door. "The children and I are waiting for dinner."

The dildo slipped out of Khadra's vagina and fell to the floor. What was she doing? She tried to control her panting and closed her legs. Her vagina longed for the pleasure it had just lost, but her husband's voice had



broken the enchantment the thing held over her. Khadra knew this was demon's work. "Sorry." Naked on the toilet she let her breathing slow. "I will be out ... in a minute."

"Very well," Maxamed said as he left the bathroom door.

Khadra wrapped herself with the towel again, took some tissue paper, and lifted the slick phallus off the tile floor. She would need a ward against this thing, but she did not want her husband to know what had happened. She decided to hide the monster under the sink and come back later with salt. At night, she would bury the thing out back and bind it in place with a ward. That would keep the demons away from her family.

Later that night, while her family slept, Khadra returned to the bathroom. She opened the sink cabinet, and stared inside. The phallus was gone. This was not good. She would need to ward the whole house and make up a plausible excuse to give Maxamed for such an aggressive move. Maybe she would tell him the Palmer House had come to her in her dreams. She could deal with it. She rubbed her legs together and thought about where all the wards would go.

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A door opened and Penelope stumbled out into the hall. She took a few lurching steps and then stood, wobbling on shaky legs. "Hello?" Her voice echoed in the large house. No one responded. Behind her, the door closed with a solid thud. Penelope shivered. She was a mess. Mascara ran down her pretty face. Her blonde hair stuck out in all directions. She reached up and felt her breasts. They seemed so heavy and ... different.

A memory flashed in her mind. She had been banging on a locked door while someone, or something, stalked her from behind. Had that just happened? Penelope shook her head and walked with unsteady feet toward the stairs. Good God, her belly and vagina felt so cold. As she climbed the stairs, Penelope tried to remember, but she had only a vague sense of what had happened that day. Had she really performed a disgusting blowjob on her brother-in-law. That had to be a dream. She reached the top of the stairs and stumbled down the second-floor hall.

"Hello? Is there anyone here?" Penelope walked into the guest bathroom and quickly undressed. She felt so dirty. With her clothes on the tile floor, she looked down at herself in disbelief. She'd grown. Or had she always had such ponderous breasts? Everything felt confused and inverted. All her thoughts swam in an ocean of muddled fog. She stepped to the shower, turned on cold water, and stepped in. As she let the water cascade over her, a sudden thought crystalized in her mind. This house was made of and for secrets, and she had been placed in a position of trust. She shivered under the shower and realized she would do anything to avoid betraying this place. Even if it meant lying to her husband. But she couldn't quite place what secrets needed keeping. Something important, she was sure. She scrubbed her round body and turned off the shower.

As she dried with a large towel, she listened for sounds in the house. But all she heard was the persistent ticking of some great clock in the mansion. All the Andersons seemed to have disappeared. She picked up her torn and disheveled clothes and walked naked back to the guest room she shared with her husband. She dropped the clothes in the corner and found an oversized t-shirt. She pulled it on, the glint of her ring catching her eye. She paused and stared at the gorgeous diamond Brad had given her. Her loyalty to her husband had never before been in question. But now ... Penelope shook her head and climbed into bed.

As soon as her head hit the pillow, Penelope drifted off to sleep. In dreams, waiting for her, was an enormous cock twitching and ready to bring ecstasy.



Brad found his wife sleeping in their guest bed. He shook her awake. "What are you doing, Pen?" Her blue eyes fluttered open. "I was having the most wonderful dream." Her lips fell in a frown as her vision focused on her husband. "Oh, Brad. I was just taking a nap."

"I can see that." Brad furrowed his brows. "We've been looking all over for you. We thought you went for a walk and got lost. Daniel said you were crying. Was the little shit lying?"

"No, I ..." A far-off look clouded her eyes. "Daniel's not a little shit. He's a ... a ..."

"Douchebag?"

"Stop it, Brad." Penelope pulled back the covers and stepped out of bed. Her t-shirt went down to about mid-thigh, but she had nothing else on. "What time is it?"

"It's after nine." Brad gave her body a strange look. She seemed different to him. "You missed dinner, but Mom saved you some ravioli."

"Yum." Penelope picked up a pair of panties and pulled them on. They felt tight on her hips.

"They're just stupid Trader Joe's ravioli."

"I like Trader Joe's."

Penelope tried to shimmy on some jeans, but they wouldn't go past her thighs. "My pants shrunk." She pulled them off and pulled on some yoga pants instead.

"Actually, maybe you should lay off the ravioli. Maybe it's time for a diet." Brad eyed his wife. She didn't look bad, but she was certainly putting on weight. He couldn't believe he hadn't noticed before.

A cold pit formed in his stomach. Fear gripped his heart. The one thing he couldn't abide was being married to a fatty.

"Stop it, Brad." She playfully swatted his shoulder. "Don't you dare comment on my weight." She slipped on some socks and walked to the door.

"Since when do you tell me what I can't comment on." He followed her out into the hall. The t-shirt covered her butt, but he could tell her ass was wider and rounder than when they'd married.

"Sorry, babe." Penelope looked back at him and forced a smile. "Everything's fine. Everything's normal. Now, I'm hungry. Let's get something to eat."

"Um, okay." Brad followed her down the stairs. "It's late, so I guess we're sleeping here tonight."

"That'll be nice."

"I thought you couldn't stand this house, Pen."

"Maybe I've changed my mind." As she thought about it, she realized she had changed. She'd changed quite a bit.



“What’re you reading, Mom?” Daniel walked into the library. A clock somewhere in the house struck twelve, lumbering chimes. Daniel thought it likely the clock belonged to the Palmers and to another time. He was pretty sure his family didn’t own a chiming clock. He wondered if anyone else heard it. He closed the door behind him and moved toward his mother.

“It’s called *First Love*.” Julie took off her reading glasses and looked up at her son standing near the closed door.

“What’s it about?” Daniel walked awkwardly toward her. He was already hard.

“Well, um ...” Julie bit her bottom lip and looked down at the book. “It’s about a teenager that falls in love with an older woman.”

“Oh, cool.” Daniel stopped next to the armchair where his mother curled her body. He looked down at the way her dress dipped and swelled over her many curves. It was glorious. “Does she love him back?”

“Well, no. She doesn’t.” Julie looked up into Daniel’s blue eyes and knew why he’d sought her out for. “Not like me, I suppose.”

“Well, I guess I’m luckier than that dude.” His hands moved to his waist to unbutton his pants. “Where’s Dad?”

“He’s sleeping.” Julie stole a quick glance at the closed door. “But we’ve got a full house tonight.” She wagged a finger at his crotch. “We can’t do that here.”

“Really?” Daniel went ahead and unbuttoned his pants. He lowered the zipper. “Everyone’s asleep. No one’s gonna know.” He dropped his pants around his ankles and lowered his boxers. He watched his dick spring out. “My, gosh.” Julie stared at his monster, taking in all thirteen inches. She glanced at the door again, and then back to the twitching penis. “I don’t know, Danny.” She took a deep breath. “Well ... um ... maybe ...” Julie bit her bottom lip. “Can you be quick?” She set her book and glasses on the end table and reached for Daniel. “I think so.” He watched her soft, pretty face lean over to his dick and slide the head past her lips. Little crow’s feet formed by her eyes as she contorted her mouth to suck him in. Her face was so pure, innocent, and loving. His dick was not. Daniel loved seeing the two come together.

“Tell her,” Eloise’s voice whispered in Daniel’s ear.

Daniel looked up and saw the pregnant apparition standing behind Julie, by a bookshelf, gazing down at an open book. It was a dictionary. She looked up at him. He raised his eyebrows quizzically at her and moaned as his mother’s tongue swirled around the head.



“I don’t remember your word for it. Starts with an S.” Eloise’s pink lips curled into a friendly crescent. She rolled her eyes like she was thinking. “Whatever the word, tell her dark things, Danny. Ribald things.” “Oooohhhhhh, Mooooommmmm.” Daniel laced his fingers in Julie’s brown hair. He shook his head at Eloise, realizing that only he could hear her. He didn’t want to talk dirty to his mother. “Mmmppphhhhh.” Julie was in heaven helping her teenager cope with his manhood. She felt so important and



connected in that moment. “Women long for coarse discourse.” Eloise ran her fingers down a page in the dictionary. “We are told to be good and sweet and becoming. But we long to be made a strumpet by a prodigious engine such as you possess. See how she loses herself in the act?” “Mom?” Daniel looked down at his mother. Julie gagged a little as her head bobbed with short, slurping strokes. She milked his thick shaft with her right hand and squeezed her left breast with the other. She gave no indication that she could hear Eloise behind her, her eyes shut

tight as she worked her son toward climax.

“Tell her ...” Eloise’s finger stopped on the dictionary’s page. “Here we are. The word is slut. Tell her she’s a slut.”

Daniel shook his head at Eloise.

“Careful with your recalcitrance, Daniel.” Eloise slid the book silently back on the shelf and stared over at mother and son with a darkening visage. “Tell her now. Do not make me cross.” As her words wound themselves around Daniel’s ears, the apparition faded until only Julie and Daniel were left in the library. “Uh ... Mom ...?” Daniel loosened his grip on Julie’s hair. “You ... um ... look like a slut.” “Hhhmmmm?” Julie spit out Daniel’s penis and stopped stroking him. Saliva dangled from her chin. “What did you say?” “I ... um ... said you looked like a slut?” Daniel visibly cringed as his mother’s soft brown eyes turned hard. “Daniel Gregory Anderson.” Julie let go of his penis with her right hand and her other hand fell from her breast. “I’m shocked to hear those words come from your mouth.” She stood up and wiped the spit from her chin with the back of her hand. “What would your father say?”



“Well ... um ... you sorta were ... sucking on my ...” Daniel squirmed, suddenly very self-conscious to have his dick exposed to his mother. “Goodness gracious.” A line formed down the center of Julie’s forehead as she frowned at Daniel. “Are you defending yourself?” “Well ...” “Apologize this instant.” Julie folded her arms over her ample bust.

"I'm sorry, Mom." Daniel hung his head and stared down at his dick. Eloise had steered him wrong.

"Say it like you mean it." Julie cocked her head and waited for Daniel to make eye-contact. She needed to set him straight.

Daniel looked up into Julie's stern eyes. "I'm really sorry, Mom. I won't do it again."

"Thank you, pumpkin."

Julie smoothed out her dress and took a deep breath. "Now maybe we need to cool it with all this stuff we've been doing. I'm afraid it's sending you down the wrong path. I was trying to help, but ..."

Julie shook her head and blushed as she thought about what she'd just been doing to her son.

"No, Mom." Daniel felt his stomach drop. He couldn't lose this thing he now had with his mother. "I'm sorry. I was just trying to ... to ... be ..."

"Pull up your pants."

Julie stepped around him and walked to the door. "And get to bed. It's late."

"Please?" Daniel called after her.

"No more funny business." Julie opened the door. She checked both ways down the hall. No one there.

"And that's final." She slipped out of the room without looking back.

Daniel sat and slumped in the chair, totally dejected. His penis

softened. This was terrible. Tears formed in his eyes. He put his head in his hands and quietly sobbed.



Julie nearly ran into her daughter-in-law in the hallway. “Goodness, Penelope. What are you doing up? It’s after midnight.”

“Oh ... sorry.” Penelope tried to focus. “Just getting some ... water.”

“Well, okay.” Julie looked the woman up and down but couldn’t see much in the gloom of the hallway. She could tell that Penelope’s legs were bare under her long t-shirt. “Goodnight then.” Julie stepped around her and opened the door to the master bedroom.

“Goodnight, Julie.” Penelope wandered off down the hall toward the stairs.

Julie didn’t have time to think about Penelope. She wanted to make love to her husband. Now that she’d ended it with Daniel, she felt a pressing need to make a connection with George. She needed to make amends. She closed the door behind her and walked over to the bed.

George slept on his side, gently snoring. Julie disrobed, slipped under the covers, and reached around his hip. Her hand wormed its way inside his pajamas and grasped his penis. It surprised her how small it felt. She sighed and stroked the soft little thing. She supposed everything was relative and she’d have to get used to it again.

Eventually, she got her husband hard and woke him. She mounted George and slipped him inside her, but was stunned by the how little she felt in her vagina.

“What’s gotten into you,

Jules?” George reached up and massaged his wife’s boobs.

“Just wanted to feel you, George.” Julie rocked her hips, but sex with George wasn’t what it used to be. Had Daniel ruined her with his massive thing? The thought frightened her.

“Your boobs ... are they bigger?” This was the first time George had touched her breasts in a while.

“It’s just hormones. Now let me ...” Julie adjusted her hips and bounced on him, but was still met with frustration.

“Oh ... oh ... oooohhhhhhh.” George shook.

“Wait, you don’t have a condom on.” Julie pulled off him and finished him with her hand.

When he’d calmed down, George looked over at Julie in the darkness. “That was great. I still got it, don’t I?” He smiled.

“You sure do,” she lied. Julie got out of bed and walked toward the bathroom. “I need a shower.” But what she really needed was to satisfy herself. She suddenly regretted letting the Samatars take that enormous dildo. Her fingers would have to do.



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The tick-tock of the Palmer clock echoed throughout the mansion as Penelope descended the stairs. It seemed to her that her own heartbeat fell in time with it, like the mechanics of the clock were some sort of metronome for her very life.

Penelope trailed her fingertips along the wall to help guide her in the darkness. She couldn't remember what she had been looking for. As she searched her mind, a sudden memory sprung up. She was in a small room with a large taxidermized bear in the corner. It was frightening.

Something else came to her. In the memory, her dress was up around her waist and she rode a redheaded young man for all she was worth. The feeling that gripped her as the memory played in her mind was that of complete penetration. Filthy, animalistic entry by an enormous cock. Her insides trembled at the thought of it. She stumbled at the bottom of the stairs, and saw a strip of light cast from a room to her right. She staggered toward it.

The lighted room was the library and she stopped in the open door when she arrived. Inside, she could see Daniel sitting in an armchair, his head in his hands. He looked like he was crying. Her heart broke for him. Someone had trampled on a beautiful flower, and Penelope needed to nurse it back to health.

Penelope took a deep breath to clear her mind of those awful memories and stepped into the room. She hadn't taken three steps when another memory stopped her in her tracks. Thomas. The redheaded man with the monster cock was named Thomas. My God. Thomas was the name of the man that had broken her marriage vows. His cold dick had plundered her insides and deposited icy loads of semen deep inside her. She shivered. Had she climbed on his lap willingly, bouncing on him like she was trying to win the Kentucky Derby?

"Daniel?" With another deep breath, Penelope pushed the memory aside. "Are you okay?"

"Pen?" Daniel looked up through blurry eyes. "I was just ... um ... thinking."

"You look so sad." Penelope walked across the room, very conscious of her bare legs. "What can I do to help?" She stopped next to his chair and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Are you good with girl troubles?"

"You had a breakup?" Penelope offered a reassuring smile. It was strange how quickly she'd been able to release those terrible memories. Like a passing dream.

Daniel nodded.

"I'm here for you." Penelope squeezed his shoulder.

"I always thought you were so pretty." Daniel put his hand on hers and felt its warmth. "But now, you look even more ... beautiful." Even with her baggy t-shirt, Daniel could see her curves. Her blonde hair looked radiant in the warm lamplight.

"Thank you." Penelope tensed as another memory surfaced. This new memory was even more shocking than her sudden, enthusiastic infidelity with that boy, Thomas. She had made some sort of deal. She could still see the freckled face leering up at her as she screamed out orgasm after orgasm. Thomas asked if she wanted to feel that way again and she said yes. She would accept and pay for that pleasure. Then she felt so hot and her body turned a luminescent red. The heat that had crept over her had been so intense that she pressed herself into Thomas's frigid flesh. Praying he'd unload in her again so that his cold seed would offer relief to her poor vagina. Penelope shook her head. "I'm okay." She breathed in, held it, and then slowly exhaled. The memory faded.

"Um ... alright." Feeling bold for the first time in his life around this amazing woman, Daniel took her hand from his shoulder and brushed her fingers over his lips.

"You really are a handsome young man, aren't you?" Penelope gazed down at his blue eyes and held her breath again when he gently placed her finger in his mouth. "Oh, Jeez. That's so ..."

She now knew that she really had given Daniel a blowjob earlier. It had happened. Nothing in this house was a dream. And, at the same time, all of it was. Had she been wrong to run out on him? "You look a little like Brad, but you're so different."

Daniel took the finger out of his mouth and lifted up the hem of her shirt. He found white panties and gently pulled them off her wide hips and past muscular thighs. "Brad's an asshole. I'm not." He could see her neatly trimmed blonde bush and protruding pussy lips. They looked perfect.

"No, he means well." Penelope caressed his cheek with her wet finger. "He just ... oh ... what are you ...? Oooohhhhhhh." Her eighteen-year-old brother-in-law dropped her panties to the floor, spread her legs a little, and placed his tongue right on her slit. He held her firmly by her butt cheeks. "That's so ... goooooooodddddd." She wove her fingers into his blond hair and dug her nails into his scalp. Her thighs trembled. The sound of his tongue slurping at her pussy was completely obscene. Through fluttering eyelids, Penelope watched the open

A digital illustration in a stylized, painterly manner. A blonde woman with long, flowing hair is the central figure, wearing a vibrant purple short-sleeved top. She is depicted from the waist up, standing and looking upwards with her mouth slightly open. Her right hand is placed on the back of a man's head. The man, with short blonde hair, is wearing an orange t-shirt and blue pants. He is kneeling on a brown, textured surface, looking up at the woman. The background is a mottled, light brown color, suggesting an outdoor or studio setting. The overall style is reminiscent of digital art or animation.

“Now ... I ... didn’t mean ... that’s not the sort of help ... I,” Penelope stammered.  
 “I just really need to be close to someone right now.” Daniel pulled on her hips and lowered her to her knees on the floor between his legs. “I want to forget about the breakup. Can you help with that?”  
 Penelope looked up at his monster cock, twitching and oozing precum. Her blue eyes went round and glassy.  
 “You want me to suck it? Again?” Her unsure hands reached up and felt the veiny thickness. The dick was not

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only out of proportion with his body, it would have been out of proportion attached to any man she'd ever known.

"Yes, please." Daniel leaned back in the chair and gazed down at the look of amazement on her face.

"Well, I suppose." Penelope leaned forward and took him into her mouth. Her tongue met his salty precum and she purred. In a day, she'd gone from a faithful wife who'd never considered infidelity, to willingly taking a cold, strange cock in her pussy and sucking off her brother-in-law twice. Reflecting on the past twenty-four hours made her head spin. She stroked his dick with both hands and awkwardly bobbed her head as she tried to adjust her technique to his size.

"Better than I imagined." Daniel placed his hands on the back of her head.

The words made Penelope suck even harder. He'd been imagining this. Of course, the little guy had been crushing on her. How had she never seen it before? The hands on her head pushed a little and the cock went deeper into her mouth. She gurgled and gagged a little. The pressure continued, and with each successive bob her head dropped farther and farther down. This was impossible. Even with Brad's much smaller penis, she'd never been able to blow him like this. It felt like the world just kept tilting under her. Her hands moved from the shaft to Daniel's hips, holding on for dear life.

"Yes." Daniel pushed and pulled on Penelope's hair until she took almost the whole thing. "You were ... uh ... uh ... uh ... made for this, Pen."



"Uuuuugghhhhh." Why wasn't she gagging anymore? The long dick was down her damn throat. The idea sunk in. Daniel was right, she was made for this. What a thing, to discover you were made for blowing giant cocks. "Not yet. Not yet." Daniel pulled Penelope off his dick and looked down as she gasped for air. "I want to do it with you."



“Do ... what?” She looked up at him, pulling the collar of her shirt up and wiping off the dripping saliva around her mouth.

“Hop on.” A flicker of uncertainty passed on Daniel’s face. “I mean, you’re so beautiful, and it would really help with the breakup if I could ... you know ... put it inside you.”

Penelope laughed. She couldn’t help herself. “You’re serious? I can’t cheat on Brad.” *Again*, she silently cursed to herself. “And ...” She nudged the enormous cock with her finger and lost her train of thought. It swayed a little. He had to be over a foot long. “It won’t fit. Even if I wanted to, you’d tear me in two.” She wrapped her fingers back around the shaft and slowly pumped him, trying to ignore her wedding ring sparkling in the warm light. “Maybe I could finish you with my hands, and then we could forget about the whole thing. Okay?” But even as she said it, she knew she was going to cheat on Brad for a second time. Whatever had happened to her in that locked room with Thomas had opened some sort of door inside her.

“Let’s just put the tip in, then.” Daniel pulled off his shirt and tossed it behind him. “If it doesn’t fit, I promise I won’t ever ask again.”

“What about your brother?” Penelope felt a warm tingling in her belly just holding Daniel’s cock.

“Brad deserves this.”

“That’s not true.” But it dawned on Penelope that it might actually be true.

“Climb on, Pen.” Daniel looked at her with plaintive eyes. “I always thought you were too good for Brad. Too smart. Too sweet. Too beautiful.”

“Really?” Penelope blushed and stood up, still holding on to Daniel’s cock with her left hand. There was just enough room on the chair for her legs on either side of his narrow hips. She mounted him. “I wouldn’t normally do this. But you looked so sad. And ... ooohhhhhh ...” She placed the cockhead at her entrance and lowered her hips just a fraction of an inch. “Oh ... ooohhhhhh ... and this house is ... I don’t think I should have messed up that salt symbol thing on the ... uh ... floor.” She lowered herself a little more, staring at a bookcase blankly. “I ... uuuggghhhhhh ... you’re so big. Even bigger than Thomas.”



“Who’s Thomas?” Daniel placed his hands under the hem of her shirt and gripped her soft, warm hips. “He’s ... uh ... uh ... just ...” She dropped her hips a little more and put her hands on Daniel’s slim shoulders. She was almost halfway. “... an old boyfriend.”

“Oh, cool.” Daniel pulled down on her hips and speared her all the way with his dick. He gazed up at her pretty face as it twisted into what looked like a silent snarl. Her eyes rolled upward.

“Jeez, Danny. You’re ... oooohhhhhh ... in my belly.” Penelope had taken Thomas, so maybe it shouldn’t have surprised her that Daniel fit inside her, too. “I feel like ... uh ... uh ... I’m sitting on a ... skyscraper.” She rocked her hips tentatively, afraid of pain that never came. All she could feel was her erstwhile tight pussy in extreme tension as it loosened and wrapped around him. That, and the flood of pleasure that came with it.

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Julie didn’t remember waking, or leaving her bedroom. But somehow, she found herself on the main floor near the library. It was still dark out, but she didn’t know the time. Light spilled out of the open library door. Naked, except for her panties, Julie covered her breasts with an arm and stepped closer to the light. She then heard it. Soft slapping, stifled moans, and murmuring. The unmistakable sounds of sex. She’d seen Eloise ride her son in the library before, and that was what she expected to find as she peered around the door frame.

When she saw what was happening in the library, Julie’s free hand went to her mouth in shock. Penelope was clearly riding Daniel’s giant thing with slow, impossibly long strokes. The look on Penelope’s face was one of surprise, lust, and awe. The poor woman’s mouth hung open and her eyes stared upward. Julie couldn’t see her son’s face as Penelope’s boobs, still hidden by her shirt, pressed up against him. Those breasts were bigger than Julie remembered. Goodness, her daughter-in-law had made the deal, too. What a hussy. The more she thought about it, and the more she watched her family slowly copulate, the more it became clear to Julie that this was her fault. She shouldn’t have cut off Daniel so abruptly. Of course he would fall into another woman’s arms. Julie then thought of Brittney, and prayed the house hadn’t tried to corrupt her. First thing tomorrow, Julie would drive over to the Samatar house and demand a device that would protect her daughter.

There was a hole in Julie’s logic, blinded as she was by the mansion’s influence. As she turned away from the door and put her back to the hallway wall, it never occurred to her that they should all leave the house that instant. As she lowered her hand under her panties and made quick circular motions with her fingers, she didn’t consider packing up the family and running far, far away. Instead, she listened to the mating couple and felt the electricity surge from her clit as she masturbated herself.



The house would protect itself. And to do that it needed more time with the Andersons.

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The abandon with which Penelope rode that monster cock would have certainly surprised her husband, had he not been sound asleep upstairs. His wife had always been so meek in their lovemaking, letting Brad do the work. Now she humped his brother like a woman possessed. Which, technically, she was.

"I'm ... on the ... pill." Penelope needed him to cum inside her. She had never desired anything so much before that moment.

"What?" Daniel couldn't see her face as her boobs bounced in his face. He regretting not pulling off her t-shirt earlier, but now he just held on to her hips for dear life.

"Cum in me ... uh ... uh ... uh. Fill ... me ... Danny."

"You want me to ...?" Daniel's voice was muffled by cotton and bouncing boob.

"Unload your ... balls ... inside." Penelope's movements became more erratic as she was on the verge of having another orgasm.

"Okay." Daniel was close. He let the pleasure continue to build. After about twenty more strokes from his sister-in-law's pussy, he let go. "Pen ... Pen ... Pen ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." He tightened his grip on her hips to hold her all the way down on his dick as he erupted in her warm pussy.

"Oh, my Gooooooodddddd." Penelope threw her head back and tossed her arms around his shoulders. A whole galaxy of stars danced before her eyes. Waves of euphoria washed over her, timed with each hot spurt of cum that hit her womb.



Slowly the couple came down from their high. Their breathing, ragged at first, became more even. "I've never felt anything like that." Penelope leaned back on his lap so she could look down on his face. Daniel's dick twitched inside her. Her pussy spasmed in response. "Are you feeling better?" "Yes." Daniel nodded and looked up into her lovely face as sweat dripped down her forehead. A wide smile crept across his face.

"We have to keep this between the two of us. Understand?" Penelope playfully touched the tip of his nose with her finger. "You can't go bragging to your buddies. Brad would totally murder both of us." When she mentioned her husband, Penelope looked to the open door and her face fell. "We should have been more careful." She pulled off him and his dick fell out of her with an audible slurp.

"Sorry." Daniel couldn't move from the chair as he watched her.

"My, gosh. What did you do to me, Danny?" Penelope lifted her shirt a little and spread her legs. She looked down. Below her triangle of blonde hair, she could see his cum already dripping out. "I have to get cleaned up and back to bed before Brad notices I'm gone." She bent down, picked up her panties, and balled them up. "Can you clean in here?" She pointed to the hardwood floor where some cum had splashed. Penelope then placed the balled panties between her legs to catch any more drippings. She couldn't leave a trail of cum to the upstairs bathroom.

"Yeah." Daniel nodded, still in a bit of a daze. He watched her awkwardly waddle toward the door, trying not to drip. "Thank you, Pen. You're the best."

"You're welcome." Penelope looked over her shoulder at Daniel. She couldn't help smiling when she saw the happiness and relief written on his face. Even though cheating on Brad was wrong, she knew she'd done a good thing. "Goodnight." Penelope waddled out of the library.

"And thank you, Mrs. Palmer," Daniel whispered. He thought that maybe he could hear joyous, cascading laughter from far away. He stirred from the chair and got moving. He needed to clean up before daylight. No one could know he'd had sex with his beautiful sister-in-law.

