

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

Chapter 9



DARK STONE STORIES

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Julie watched her daughter-in-law and son closely at breakfast. She had to hand it to them, they didn't act like anything out of the ordinary had happened. Sure, Daniel was quiet as he munched his cereal. And, yes, Penelope was a bit taciturn. But if Julie hadn't seen them rutting like animals with her own eyes, she would never have known.

Brad, George, and Brittney certainly seemed none the wiser. Julie excused herself from the table and went into the kitchen to pour herself another mug of coffee. She listened to George prattle on about bathroom tiles. Brad occasionally offered a remark to let his father know he was listening. Julie tuned them out and watched the steam rise from her cup. It swirled, twisted, and jelled into two clots rhythmically pulsing together.

Oh, Gosh. Julie's hand went to her mouth. She glanced over her shoulder, but no one in the dining room was watching her. The wisps of steam had coalesced and formed two figures in the air above the kitchen counter. They were clearly representative of a man and a woman, and they humped just as Penelope and Daniel had done the night before. Just as Julie, herself, had done with her son. She watched the mating figures undulate, and butterflies flapped in her stomach. What was wrong with the Andersons? The women

who'd sworn to love and protect their men had tossed their vows out like yesterday's recycling. Julie watched the steam hump and hump. She realized that if she was going to prevent Daniel from mating Penelope again, she'd have to give a little and help him with his penis again. The thought sent more butterflies to her tummy, and wetness to her panties. Of course, she wouldn't need to have sex with him again. Oral sex wasn't cheating, and that should be enough to satisfy a horny teenager.



“Mom?” Brittney carried her empty plate into the kitchen.

“Yes?” Julie frantically waved at the steam, erasing the humping figures.

“Can I have a few bucks?” Brittney placed her plate in the sink. “I have a STEM class this afterschool and I’ll need to buy a snack.”
“Sure, pumpkin.”
Julie nodded and fetched her purse. She pulled out a five-dollar bill and handed it to her daughter.
“Good?”

Brittney nodded and her elfin features lit up in a smile.

“Thanks, Mom.

You’re the best.”

“You’re welcome, Britt.” Julie smiled back. She needed to get to the Samatar house this morning. If nothing else, she’d protect that sweet innocence written all over Brittney’s eighteen-year-old face.

Julie shepherded her children out the door. The twins walked down the long driveway to catch the bus. Brad and Penelope got in their pickup truck to drive back to their house. When they’d gone, Julie returned to the dining room to find George finishing his

coffee.

“I’m headed back to the east tower.” George smiled up at his wife. “Want to help with some electrical?”

“I ... can’t.” Julie frowned.

“What’s up?” George stood and walked over to his wife.

“I ...” Julie couldn’t think of a lie. She wasn’t good at duplicity, despite all the secrets she’d been keeping from George recently. “I need to stop by the Samatar’s house.”

“Can’t it wait?” George’s smile faded.

“No, it can’t.” Julie took a deep breath. “I’ll be back soon.”

“Well, don’t give them any money.” George gave his wife a pat on the butt and walked past her. He couldn’t help notice how round her backside had become. “Find me in the tower when you’re back. I could use your help today.”

“Yes, dear.” Julie turned and watched him go. She felt so torn. George needed her to be his true and faithful wife. Daniel needed her to take care of him as only a mother could. Brittney needed her protection. Brad needed her to save his marriage. And even the house needed her to keep its secrets. She took a deep breath and retrieved her purse and car keys. She’d do her best to give everyone what they needed.



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The pickup truck pulled away from the short driveway. Penelope waved to Brad as he sped off to work. She let herself into their house. Their space was filled with tasteful furniture, framed art prints, and photos of Brad and Penelope. There was a framed picture from their wedding day and another from their honeymoon hanging in the living room. Everything seemed so small and empty.

Penelope shivered as she thought about how stretched and full her pussy had been just hours ago as eighteen-year-old Daniel dumped a huge load inside her. How surreal a thing. Her thighs trembled. Jeez, she was walking around with Daniel's cum in her that very moment. Earlier that morning, she'd brushed her teeth with a womb full of teenage jizz. She'd talked calmly with her husband in their truck driving home. She eaten breakfast, with a pussy full of sperm. Penelope rushed toward her bedroom, shedding her clothes along the way.

Naked on her bed, Penelope's hand found her pussy and she rubbed at her lips and clit. She had about eight hours until Brad returned home. She intended to have many orgasms in that time. All the while thinking about enormous cocks. Thoughts about Daniel's hot load wove around thoughts about the impossibly cold cum Thomas had deposited in her vagina the day before. The boys in that house had used her for their pleasure, and she'd loved it. She'd loved it so



much, she'd made a devil's bargain with a phantom. Penelope's large breasts wobbled as she brought herself to the first of many orgasms she intended to give herself that day. She screamed out in the small, empty house. When she came down from the high, her hand went right back to work.

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The Samatar house was about as different from Palmer Mansion as a house could get. A blocky bungalow with no detail or charm, situated in a neighborhood full of such houses. Julie rang the doorbell and waited, her hands clasped in front of her. Her fingers, mindlessly, twisted at the blue fabric of her dress. Julie looked down and noticed a line of salt running just in front of the threshold. The salt ran off to the side of the door, where it formed a symbol that, to Julie, looked very much like a fire-breathing dragon.

Khadra opened the door. "Oh, hello, Mrs. Anderson." She smiled at the white woman and thought that Julie looked quite worried. "Come in."

"Hello, Khadra." Julie stepped over the threshold and suddenly felt very tired, like the house had drained her energy. "I'd like some help."

"You would?" Khadra nodded her head and adjusted her hijab. "I trust that our wards kept the demons under control?"

"Um ..." Julie needed to sit, she felt so exhausted. "May I?" She found a chair in the living room and sat down.

"Excuse my manners." Khadra nodded. "May I offer you some tea?"

Julie shook her head.

"Well, then." Khadra sat on the couch across from Julie, her knees pressed together under her loose dress.

"What can I do for you? I'm afraid my husband is not at home."

"That's okay." Julie leaned her head back on the headrest and looked to the side. She spotted more salt on the windowsills, with more symbols. She saw a snake symbol, and what looked like a porcupine, maybe. The details weren't great in art made of salt.

"Mrs. Anderson?"

"Sorry. I'm so sleepy." Julie's eyes found Khadra again, and she focused on her host. Julie decided that Khadra was quite a beauty, with her smooth brown skin, and pretty smile. "I'd like to get a charm to protect my family."

"That is what we did." Khadra nodded, her smile fading. Her client looked pale. Well, she was always pale, but more so than usual. Pallid, even. "And we're scheduled to come back on Wednesday to check up on the wards. Everything is in order there?"

"Can you please give me something for my children? To protect them. Maybe for them to wear, or put around their neck, or something?" Julie struggled against her fatigue. She wanted nothing more than to lay her head back and take a little nap right there in that strange living room.

"Did something happen, Mrs. Anderson?" Khadra rose from the couch and moved over to her sideboard, careful to keep the housewife in her field of view. She opened a drawer and pulled out several cheesecloth sachets filled with pennyroyal, pure salt, and silver dust.

"I saw a ghost." Julie didn't want to lie anymore, but she couldn't tell this woman the whole perverted truth. "A pregnant woman from the nineteenth century. She fornicated with her son."

"A cursed sin." Khadra walked over to Julie. "The son was also a ghost?"

"Yes. Of course."

"Most troublesome." Khadra handed Julie the sachets. "There are four bags here, one for each family member. Have each person keep the bag on them at all times." Khadra rubbed the poor woman's shoulder. "I am beginning to see what we are dealing with. Maxamed and I will come prepared on Wednesday. We can banish these demons."

"Thank you." Julie put the sachets into her purse and summoned all her effort to stand. "I have to get back to my husband now." She walked on trembling legs to the front door, opened it, and stepped out into the cool morning. Once outside, she felt enlivened and refreshed. She turned and smiled at Khadra, who now held the door.

"We are not wealthy, Mrs. Anderson." Khadra couldn't help but notice Julie's changed demeanor.

"Of course." Julie reached into her purse and retrieved thirty-five dollars, all the money she had on her. "We're a bit short on funds, too. But here, take this." She handed Khadra the money.

"Thank you." Khadra took the money and tucked it away in her long, formless dress. "See you in a couple days."

"Yes, see you." Julie waved and walked back to her car with a spring in her step.

Khadra watched her go and closed the door. She turned to go about her chores and stopped in her tracks. There on the hallway floor rested that godless, black phallus. She wrestled with her next move for several minutes, staring down at the thing. Eventually, she picked it up with a quick swipe and raced to the bathroom.

Several minutes later, as she moved the great dildo inside her tight vagina, grunting and cursing as it plowed new depths, she wondered if Julie was somehow responsible for the dildo's reappearance. Khadra plunged the thing into her again and again as she sat on the toilet seat, her dress around her waist. Her whole body buzzed with pleasure and she felt a near-apocalyptic orgasm approaching. She would need to dispose of this silicone nightmare, but first she needed it to give her release.

Khadra climaxed. As her ecstasy passed, she swore she would bury the phallus in the backyard. Her vagina spasmed around the monster. But minutes later, she found herself pumping it again and letting it take her to new heights.

After her third orgasm, the dildo inexplicably disappeared again. One moment, the mass of it weighed down her hands, the next, nothing. She cleaned up and searched the whole house, but she couldn't find it anywhere. Finally, she went back to her daily chores and resolved to conquer the Anderson house on Wednesday. She and her husband would defeat the infestation that had made her do such unbecoming things.



After school, Daniel found his mother in the study looking at the mansion blueprints. “Where’s Dad?” He could see her large sideboob pressed into the edge of the desk as she hunched over to examine the plans.

“Hello, Daniel.” Julie took off her reading glasses and looked up from the desk. She blinked at her son as her thoughts returned to the present. “He’s meeting some friends for a beer.” “And Brittney’s doing her STEM thing.” Daniel looked around the study conspiratorially. “We have the house to ourselves.” “We need to talk, Danny.” Julie stood and smoothed out her conservative, blue dress.

Daniel frowned. “I’m sorry I said those things, Mom.” Daniel looked down at the floor to avoid his mother’s cool stare. “Mrs. Palmer wanted me to say bad things, and –”

Julie held up her hand to cut him off. “I accept your apology. And you’re not to listen to Mrs. Palmer anymore, understand?” “Yes.” Daniel kept his eyes on the floor. His hands went into his pockets.

“But that’s not what I wanted to talk to you about.” Julie stepped over to Daniel and placed her finger under his chin. She lifted up his face until his blue eyes looked back into her brown ones. “I saw you last night.” “You ... what?” Daniel’s pulse quickened. Penelope had left the door to the library open. Oh, God, he was in so much trouble. Daniel cringed.

“I saw you and Penelope in the chair.” Julie frowned.

This was no easier for her to say than for Daniel to hear. "I know you've had quite the crisis with your large you-know-what and your trouble finding a suitable outlet for your pent-up stuff." Julie took a deep breath. "But you can't go sticking it into any woman that passes by. Understand?" Daniel nodded very slowly.

"Heavens, Danny. She's your sister-in-law." Julie looked into his eyes and saw the pain and discomfort there. But this talk needed to happen. "I know you and Brad don't always get along, but you can never touch his wife again. Got it?"

"I'm so sorry." Daniel tried hard not to cry.

"I know, pumpkin. Come here." She pulled him into a hug and let him rest his head on her shoulder. She patted his back. "I know you're having trouble controlling your thing. Most teenage boys have these problems, you just have more going on down there than most boys. You're pretty far out on the bell curve. That's why I'll continue to help you until we can figure out an alternate solution. But no more sex, okay? Neither one of us should do that to your father."

"Okay, Mom." Daniel's hands slipped around Julie's hips and found her round ass. He took two big handfuls and pulled her toward him. "I'm sorry about what I said." He rubbed his stiffening dick against her belly. "And I'm sorry about Penelope."

"We all make mistakes, Danny." Julie reached her hand up and played with his hair. "You're at an age where you'll make plenty of mistakes. The important thing is that you learn." She let him rub his thing on her. The way he gripped her butt sent a shiver up her spine. "Now, I can tell you need some relief."

"Yes, please." Daniel let go of her ass as she sunk to her knees. He watched her primly fold the hem of her dress under her and gaze up at him with love and anticipation.

"Promise you'll make better decisions."

"I promise." Daniel nodded.

Julie lightly kissed the bulge in his pants.

"Do you need a towel, Mom?" Daniel did his best to be considerate.

"No thank you, Danny. I've gotten pretty good at drinking it up." She blushed at that, unzipped his pants, and dropped



them. The dark tip of his penis stuck out the top of his micro-boxers. She lowered the underwear and inhaled sharply. "I always forget just how big you are. Then I see it and ..." She leaned forward and took him into her mouth. Fifteen minutes later, Julie leaned back and the penis popped from her mouth. She stroked him with both hands as she looked up and caught her breath. "Are you ... close?"



Daniel shook his head.
"Gosh ... Danny."
Her arms were tired.
"Your father would have finished ... a long time ago."
"Let us not become ... weary in doing good, for at the proper time ... we will reap a harvest if we do not give up."
Daniel smiled down at his mother as she worked him frantically. She was never more beautiful than when she tried coaxing his cum with a slightly manic look in her eye.
"Now is not the time ... to quote the bible ... at me." Julie let go of his penis, stood, and carefully removed her dress. She hung it on the nearby chair, and bent over the desk, her palms on the

house plans. "You can rub it on my butt." She looked over her shoulder at him. This was a dangerous move on her part, clad only in bra and underwear, her butt in the air. Daniel might not be able to resist temptation. But she needed him to let loose. "Go on, sweetie."

"Sure, Mom." Daniel stepped behind her and brushed his fingertips down the alabaster curve of her ass. She gave one quick shiver and he thrilled to see her shake. He lowered her panties down her thighs and rested his dick along her butt crack. "You have the best ass, Mom."

"Language, young man. It's a butt ... or a backside ... or ... ooohhhhhhhh ... that feels good." She pushed back at him as his dick slid along her butt and the tip pushed repeatedly into the small of her back.

Eloise stood in the doorway and watched mother and son. She was not smitten by the bible as the Andersons were. But she did have a favorite passage or two. There was, of course, Ezekiel 23:20. *There she lusted after her lovers, whose genitals were like those of donkeys and whose emission was like that of horses.* That was a good one. But Daniel's quote about patience was most apt for Eloise's calling. The apparition had plowed a steady course over the centuries and would continue onward, ensnaring all those in her orbit sooner or later. Eloise smiled and stepped into the room, her bustled dress rustling ever so slightly.

"You can spray it on me, Danny." Julie wiggled her butt as her son slid his long rod back and forth. "Just don't get your stuff on the plans."



"I ... won't." The war in Daniel's brain between obedience and desire was over. He spun her hips and turned her around to face him, her boobs shook in her bra at the sudden movement.

"What are you doing?" Julie stood just before him with a confused look on her face. She saw Eloise standing behind Daniel and her eyes widened further. "She's behind you."

"Who?" Daniel froze and looked over his shoulder. He relaxed when he saw who it was. "Mrs. Palmer is friendly, remember."



"She is not." Julie turned back to Daniel again and bent down to retrieve one of the sachets from her purse. "Go away devil. I command you to ... oh ... Danny? ... uh ... uh ... uh ...". While she bent over, panties now around her ankles, her son slid his monster into her wet vagina. It was odd how such a large thing could so easily slip inside her. She felt his fingers press into the flesh around her hips and just like that he was banging away at her backside. Her vagina stretched to accommodate him. "You ... did ... thiisssss ...". Julie hissed at Eloise.

"Me?" Eloise arched her eyebrow in surprise. "I wouldn't deny myself the joy of watching *you* do this." Eloise smiled her sweet, innocent smile and folded her arms over her pregnant belly. "Sure, I may have helped things along with wayward Penelope a little. But you?" She slowly shook her head as Daniel increased the power of his thrusts. "For you, I only lit the path."

"Oh my gosh, it's ... happening ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Julie shuddered out an orgasm as Daniel's monster plundered her

depths. Only minutes ago, she was so sure she'd never have sex with her son again. And now, as she recovered

from her orgasm, she was actively humping back at him. George could not compete with his son. Heck, the mundanity of life couldn't compete with the thrill and passion she felt speared on that oversized penis. Was it true? Had Julie done this to herself? She doubted it. But either way, she couldn't bring herself to care. The sachet dropped from Julie's hand to the floor.

"Can I ...?" Daniel gritted his teeth. He was so close. "Can I do it inside?"

"I ... don't ... know ..."

Another orgasm built inside Julie. She turned her head and looked at Eloise who returned her gaze with an expectant smile. Julie closed her eyes. "Yes ... Danny ... fill me all the way ... up."

In a brief flash, she had an image of herself the day they moved into the Palmer Mansion. The woman she was then would never have cheated on her husband. She'd certainly never let her son consummate her adultery. She would have been disgusted at the thought of someone watching her have sex, least of all some sort of devilish apparition. She'd never dreamed of a penis the size of the one currently inside her. And, on top of all that, the woman she had been would not have played pregnancy roulette. That woman had fallen far, far down a well of lust and desire. "Fill ... me ... with your stuff."

"Thank you ... Mom." Daniel watched the rippling shockwaves move their way over her ass again and again as he smashed into her. He closed his eyes. "I'm ... cumminnnnggg." His hips jerked on their own as his dick spouted inside his mom. He could hear Julie shrieking as she came with him. Her high, sweet voice distorted and throaty.

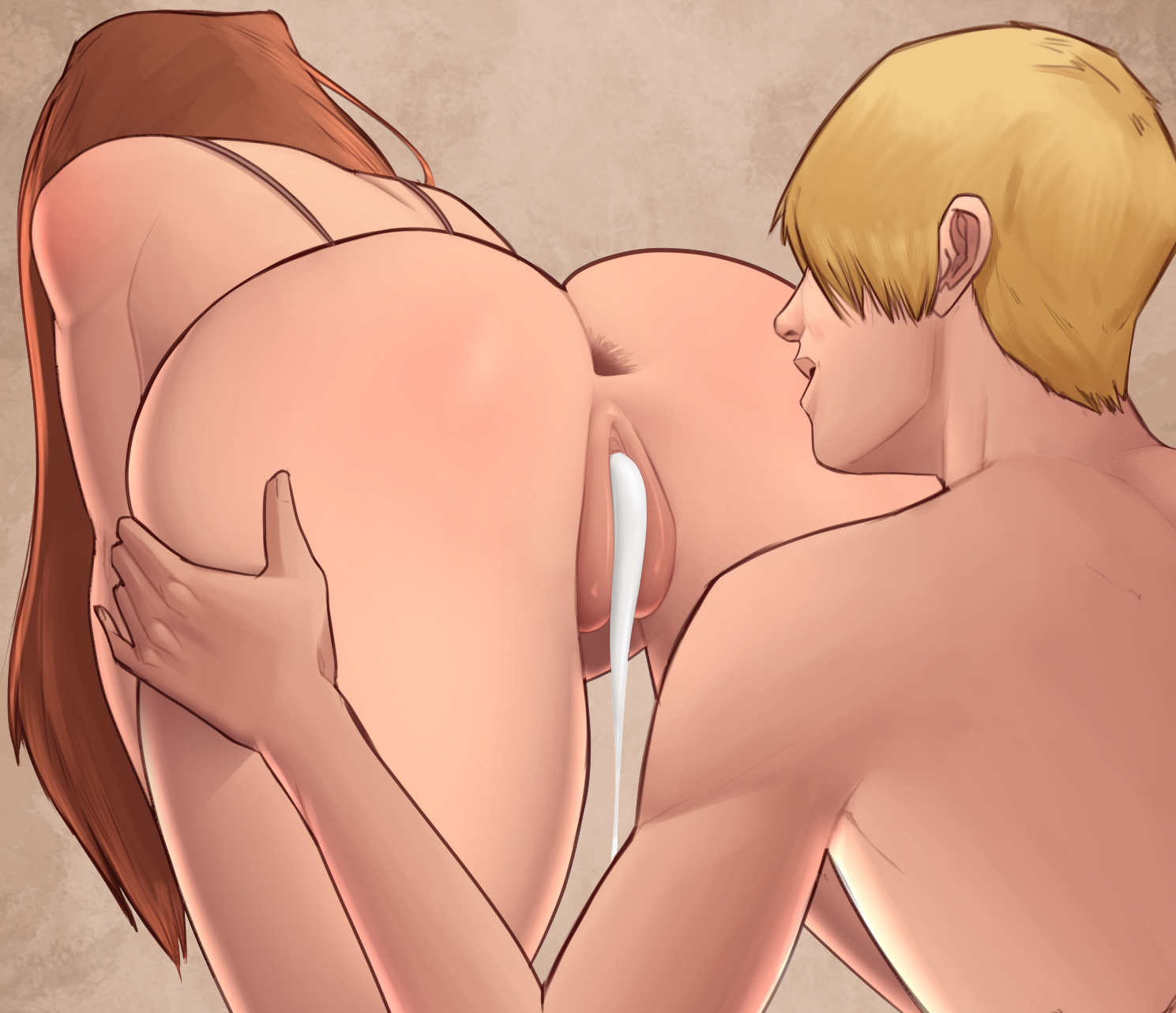


A minute later, without letting him slip out of her, Julie straightened, reached back, and caressed his narrow hips. She let out a sigh as Daniel's hands slid up her sides and cupped her boobs. Her butt fit so snugly against him, his penis wedged perfectly inside her. "I can't believe you did that, sweetie."

"Me neither." Daniel's grip on Julie's heavy tits tightened. He bounced his hips gently against her wide butt.

"Oh my goodness, Danny," Julie cooed. "Again? You already finished in me." But she didn't resist his movements.

“No one’s home, Mom.” Daniel pulled himself out of her, lowered his head a little, and held her ass cheeks apart so he could see the cum dripping from her pussy. His white stuff leaked from her splayed lips and ran down the inside of her legs. “Let’s do it again.”



“Okay.” Julie couldn’t think up a better response. She blushed as Daniel inspected her vagina, and then let him manhandle her. Turning her around to face him again, he pushed her right leg a little to the side. She grunted when his penis slipped back into her, making a crude sound as it displaced copious amounts of sperm. Facing each other now, the mating couple kissed. Both wrapping their arms around the other. Julie broke the kiss. “I’ve never done it standing like this.” She marveled at her son’s stamina and energy as he thrust his hips against hers.

Eloise clapped and giggled off to the side. “You are now open to all sorts of new delights, Mrs. Anderson. Just you wait ...” Eloise burst into a fit of cheerful, sing-song laughter. “... just you wait.”

An hour passed and Julie found herself riding her son like a cowgirl on the floor. “I ... I feel like a teenager ... myself.” Her bra long since discarded, she held onto her boobs and pressed them against her chest as she bounced on that long pole.

“Suck on your ... uh ... uh ... nipple.” Daniel gripped her hips and helped guide the rhythm of her motion.

“I’ve ... never ...” Julie added something to her list of firsts. She cupped her left breast and brought it up to her mouth. She sucked in her large pink nipple and rolled her tongue around it. The feeling was incredibly naughty and sublime.

The sight of his mom pleasuring her own boob sent Daniel over the edge. With a series of urgent grunts, he dropped another load inside Julie. The nipple popped out of her mouth when she felt the hot jets of cum coating her insides. “Ohhhhh, Daaannnnnyyyyyy.” She leaned backward and let another orgasm sweep over her. Her arms flailed out to the sides with her fingers making awkward, mindless gestures. “I feel it ... I feel it ...” Julie’s whole body convulsed and her vagina rhythmically spasmed around Daniel’s penis. A few minutes later, Julie opened one eye and looked down at her sweet son. He looked worn out and perfectly happy. The smell of their sweat and cum hung thick in the air. She opened the other eye and a lazy smile spread across her face. “Are you ... finally ... satisfied?” She took a deep breath in and out.

“You take such good care of me.” Daniel sighed. “My little man.” Julie leaned forward and pressed her breasts against his skinny chest. She planted a kiss on his forehead and rested her cheek against his tousled blond hair. Her vagina involuntarily spasmed around the fat penis still inside her. “My very big little man.”

“Can we have sex again?” Danny flexed his dick and felt his mom’s pussy jerk in response.

“We have to clean up, pumpkin.” But Julie didn’t really feel like moving at the moment.

“I don’t mean now. I mean later.” His dick jumped again and her pussy responded. What a wonderful little game he’d just discovered. “I mean, I want to keep having sex with you in the future. I don’t ever want to stop.”

“I bet.” Julie thought about how to handle this best. She was out of ideas. “You’re a teenager, Danny. You’d put that thing in me every day, all day, if I let you.”

“I mean it, Mom.” Daniel held her shoulders and lifted her a little so he could look into her eyes. “I don’t want to stop.”

“How can I say no to that earnest face?” Julie slowly nodded. “But, if we do this, you need to leave Penelope alone. And we have to be more careful.” Julie looked over her shoulder at the open door. “Promise?”

“I promise.” Daniel offered her a wide, goofy smile and she smiled back.

“Now, let’s get cleaned up.” Julie pulled off him and his penis flopped out of her vagina. She looked down between her hanging breasts at her poor slit. It gapped open and oozed sperm. “Gosh, Danny. We have a lot to clean up.”



A loud thump woke Daniel. He opened his eyes and blinked at the dark bedroom. His window hung open and his curtains gently wafted in the crescent moon's light. Another crash sounded somewhere in the house and Daniel tensed. He looked over to his bedroom door and could see it was open about six inches. He thought he'd closed it. He always closed it.

"You've done it now, Tommy." Frederick's voice carried down the hall. "You had to plant your seed, didn't you?" The mysterious clock started to chime the hour, and then it was silenced with a mighty crash.

Daniel trembled. He closed his eyes.

"Where is the philandering mare? Where is my wife that spreads her legs for any passing steed?" Another series of loud bangs filled the house with discordant ringing as Frederick finished off the clock. "Come out, Ellie."

A cold hand brushed Daniel's cheek and he opened his eyes. Eloise looked like an angel, her pale, freckled skin radiant in the moonlight. She wore a nightgown that hung open just enough for some cleavage to peek out. "We must be going, Daniel. He can sense what you did to your mother."

"What did I do?" Daniel whispered.

"Bred her, of course." Eloise offered a frightened, half-smile. "Come now." She took his hand and pulled him from bed.

Daniel followed the ghost, her frigid hand pressed firmly into his. He shivered, naked expect for his tight boxers.

"Remove that hateful ward so that we might escape." Eloise led him to the fireplace and pointed down to the salt symbol on the floor by the hearth.

"Sure." Daniel moved his bare foot toward the symbol to sweep it away, but his foot stopped just short of the salt. He tried the other foot, but still found he couldn't touch the thing. "I can't."

"That is not encouraging." Eloise cocked her head and stared down. The magic thing looked back up at her while it glowed its sickly, vengeful green. "It seems you have too much of the house in you already, dearie." She gave his hand a firm squeeze. "I didn't want to do this, but climb out that window. There is a ledge just outside. A perfect perch for a thin lad like you. He won't find you there."

Daniel looked at his open bedroom window.

"Go on, now." Eloise pulled him toward the window, but Daniel didn't move. "We haven't much time."

"I'm afraid of heights."

"Listen to me, Danny. You have so much ahead of you. But not if my dear husband gets his hands on you." She let go of his hand and lowered her nightgown, exposing her milky-white, left boob. "Come, now calm yourself." She firmly grasped Daniel's head by the back of his hair and brought his lips to her nipple. He eagerly gulped down the cold, sweet liquid. His fear temporarily pushed aside.

"Sssshhhhhhhh." Eloise softly stroked his hair. "There, there, child." She gently pulled him off her breast and looked into his eyes. "Are you ready to climb the ledge now?"

"Sorry, no." Daniel shook his head.

Eloise sighed in exasperation. "In that case, it's into the devil's maw." She grabbed his hand again tightly and pulled him through the bedroom door and into the dark hall. A clattering crash echoed up the grand stairs from the main floor. Eloise crept toward the stairs. "I will get you to your mother. You'll be safe there," she whispered over her shoulder.

Loud stomping now filled the mansion, growing louder with each percussion. "And now the treachery is found." Frederick's deep voice reverberated as he climbed the stairs. "Not so much a boy as a viper in our midst. Stand aside, Ellie."

"We are found." Eloise froze near the top of the western stairway. She turned to Daniel and grabbed his shoulders. The faintest hint of panic filled her green eyes. "Run to the west tower and lock the door behind you. Place this at the foot of the door." Eloise's face contorted with great effort as she produced one of the Samatar sachets and dropped it in Daniel's hand.

"What are you going to do?" The sachet felt so heavy in Daniel's hand, like it was filled with lead. A great fatigue spread through him. The sound of footfalls neared. Daniel could now see a tall, broad shadow climbing the east stairway with resolute purpose.

"I will delay poor Frederick." Eloise gave Daniel a sad smile and turned toward her husband. "Run," she whispered.

Daniel turned and fled down the hall. Behind him he could hear harsh words.

"If it was always murder in your heart, you might have simply run me through with a steel." Frederick's voice lowered. "We'd all be better off. Out of the way."

"If you want him, the path lies through me." Eloise sounded resigned.

"Very well," Frederick's voice was now almost a snake's hiss.

Daniel hopped up the stairs to the tower, opened his sister's door, and closed it behind him. When he dropped the sachet like instructed, he felt his energy return to him. He could no longer hear what they were saying, but soon the muffled sounds of violence filtered through the door.

"Danny?" Brittney sat up in bed, rubbing her eyes. "What are you doing?"

"Britt?" Daniel walked toward the bed on trembling legs. "Do you hear that?"

"No." Brittney cocked her blonde hair to the side and listened. "No, I don't hear anything."

"Really?" Daniel could still hear the scuffle from the second floor. He took a deep breath. It was reassuring that his sister couldn't hear it. It made Frederick seem much farther away. "Look, I had a nightmare, can I sleep with you tonight?"

"Like when we were kids?" Brittney smiled groggily and lifted her blanket. She was wearing warm pajamas under the covers. "Sure, Danny." She patted the sheet next to her. She watched her skinny brother climb into bed with her. She turned away from him and lay down on her side.

"Thanks." Daniel snuggled up to her back and put his arm over her side, careful not to touch her breasts. This was more than comforting. The sounds from below died away. They lay, spooning in the quiet for a while.



"Danny?" Brittney's voice was a sleepy whisper.

"Yeah?"

"You're poking me with your thing." The way she said it was very matter of fact. They were twins, and there wasn't any reason for pretense between them.

"Sorry." Daniel turned to his other side. He felt bad that he was hard in his sister's bed, but as the terror faded away, and her warmth and smell surrounded him, he couldn't help himself.

"It's okay. It was just a little uncomfortable." She flipped over to spoon him and draped her arm over his side.

"The nightmare will be gone in the morning. Goodnight."

"Goodnight." Daniel already felt the nightmare receding in his sister's embrace.

Soon, they were both softly snoring.

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The faint glow of morning infused the circular tower room as Brittney woke. She stretched and crawled out of bed. Autumn had settled in outside and the room gave her a chill. She was happy for her pajamas. She walked to the door on her way to bathroom. Before opening the door, she bent down and picked up the little cheesecloth bag on the floor. It had the same herb smell as the one her mother had given her. Brittney shrugged, Julie must have given one to Daniel too and he dropped it while running from his nightmare. Their mother was really taking the haunting thing seriously.

Brittney opened the door and tossed the little sachet on a nearby shelf. She padded down the stairs in her bare feet. The soft ticking of a clock followed her down the hall. Everything was clean, quiet, and muted in the dawn. Just as it should be.

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The pickup truck pulled out of their short driveway. Penelope stood out on her front step, waving to her husband as he sped off to work. She turned and entered her house, closing the front door behind her. Normally, this was the point in the morning when she'd get some coffee and read the news.

Instead, she bolted for the bedroom. Within a minute, she was naked on her bed, with her hand working her pussy furiously. Images of young cocks danced before her eyes. She thought of Thomas and his cruel good looks. Her memories of her time in the locked room were shrouded in fog. But she did recall the moment he'd jammed his penis in her reluctant pussy. It had only taken about thirty seconds of his pistoning for her to realize what she'd missed out on when she'd married Brad. She'd wound up eagerly taking Thomas in positions she'd never before dreamed of. It was so good that she'd begged him for more.

Thomas was a revelation. But Daniel's bigger cock was the image that played a refrain in her mind as she worked herself to a morning orgasm. Such a contrast to Brad and Thomas, Daniel was sweet and clearly afflicted with a puppy-dog crush on his brother's wife. And his cock hit all the right places so very deep inside her. Penelope squealed out an orgasm as she thought of riding him. She needed to do it again.

Naked and sweaty, Penelope leaned over and grabbed her phone from her bedside table. She dialed Daniel's number. It was still early so he probably hadn't left for school yet. As the phone rang, her heart thumped in her chest. It went to voicemail. "Um ... Danny ... hello, it's Pen. I ... um ... we ... we have to talk. Call me back." She hung up and dropped the phone on the bed next to her. Her hand snaked back down past her blonde bush. Her fingers slipped inside her and she worked herself toward another orgasm.

