

# The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

## Chapter 10





# DARK STONE STORIES

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The bus was most of the way to school when Daniel noticed the missed call and voicemail. He listened to Penelope's message. When the bus let the students off at high school, Daniel hung back and then bolted through some trees and caught one of the side streets that ran behind the school. His brother's place was only about a ten-minute walk. He could skip first period. Maybe even second if he had to. He texted Penelope to let her know he'd be there soon. Penelope texted Daniel back that she couldn't wait to see him, with a heart emoji.

Brad's house was on a quiet cul-de-sac, lined with small, boxy homes. Daniel huffed and puffed as he walked up the front drive. He rang the doorbell and waited only about five seconds before the door swung open. Penelope stood in a tight tank top and yoga pants. Her curves bulged under her clothes. Daniel tried to keep his eyes up on her pretty, blue eyes.

"Hello, Daniel. You skipping school?" Penelope stuck her head out and looked around the neighborhood. Satisfied that no one watched them, she waved Daniel inside and closed the door behind them.

"Um ... yeah." Daniel looked around the small house. He could see most of the first floor from his spot by the door. Brad's place seemed so tiny compared to what Daniel was used to at Palmer Mansion.

"That's so very unlike you, Danny." Penelope's face brightened in a shy smile. "Brad and I always used to skip to go ... well, you know ... hang out." She reached up with her left hand and twisted a strand of her blonde hair. Her wedding ring twinkled at Daniel. "When I called, I didn't think you'd come right over. Not that I'm not happy. I mean ... it's fine. I mean ... want some coffee?" Penelope frowned and shook her head. "No, you don't drink coffee. Of course. Um ..."

She'd never in her life been nervous around Daniel before. Having her shy, eighteen-year-old brother-in-law over felt like hosting some Hollywood celebrity. "Maybe some water?" Daniel awkwardly stuffed his hands in his pants pockets. He followed her into the kitchen, allowing his eyes to take in her wide, rolling butt under the stretched spandex. Daniel was used to feeling timid around Penelope. He'd had a crush on her forever, and she'd always gazed right past him. He



realized that this was the first time he'd looked forward to visiting his brother's house. It was such a familiar place, but so different in that moment. "You look really great, Pen."



"You think so?" She looked over her shoulder at him from the sink with one eyebrow arched hopefully. "Thanks." She filled a glass up at the faucet and turned toward Daniel.

"Before you say anything, I guess I have to tell you that I can't ... um ... do any more stuff with you. Like we did in the library." Daniel took the glass from her and took a step back. He held it but didn't drink.

"Really?" Penelope's face fell. She looked like a kid that'd just seen her ice cream cone drop to the floor. She dropped her eyes to the tile near her bare feet. "Did you get back together with your girlfriend?"

"What?" Daniel cocked his head in confusion.

"You know. The last time we ... did stuff. I was helping you get over your breakup." A sad smile passed over her face.

"I've been through a few breakups myself. I know that you often get right back together. You know Brad and I broke up for a while when we were dating."

"Yeah." Daniel nodded. "I got back together with my girlfriend." It felt odd referring to his mom as his girlfriend, even if it was obliquely. But the more he rolled the idea over in his mind, the more he liked it.

"Well good." Penelope tried to be mature about this as she ignored the longing between her legs. "I mean ... that's good ... I'm happy for you. And I love Brad. What we did was ... wrong." She looked back up into Daniel's young, handsome face.

"Yeah. I'm pretty sure the bible says not to do that for a bunch of different reasons." Daniel didn't want to tell her they'd been spotted by his mom. He didn't want to explain that his mom was going to have more sex with him as long as he didn't screw it up again.

"Okay. Well then ... I guess we know where we stand."

Penelope nodded slowly and stepped toward Daniel to show

him out, frown lines furrowing her face. "You better get back to school." She reached out and patted his blond hair, the most platonic gesture she could think of.

Daniel thought about Eloise and how she'd faced down Frederick for him. He hadn't seen her since. He didn't even know if she was okay. He remembered the fear in Eloise's eyes as he'd run away. The apparition hadn't risked herself so Daniel could lead a boring goody-two-shoes life. Daniel was doing what his mom wanted but letting Eloise down. You couldn't please everyone all the time.

"Come on, you better get on your —" Penelope's eyes bulged as Daniel pressed his lips to hers. Her eyelids fluttered closed and she moaned. She felt his hands press into the small of her back and pull her up against him. Her large curves pressed against the slender teenager. She felt a bit oafish with their mismatched sizes, but that thought quickly floated away. Her arms moved around his shoulders.

They made out in the kitchen for a while.

Daniel broke the kiss and unbuttoned his pants. "I'm sorry, Pen, but I've always loved you." He dropped his pants and lowered his micro-boxers. "I know I shouldn't do this, but I can't help it. Brad's such an idiot, I can't believe he married someone as perfect as you."

"Oh, God, Danny." Penelope's eyes stared at the long, thick cock that cantilevered out from Daniel's narrow frame. "I ... can't help it either." She pulled him into another embrace and bent her neck down to plant small lingering kisses. His dick burrowed itself between her thighs. She could feel the heat of it through her yoga pants. She nibbled on his ear and thrilled when a little moan escaped his lips. "Just do me a favor and don't say mean things about Brad anymore." She swirled her tongue in his ear and listened to him whimper. "We probably shouldn't mention him at all. Not while we're ... alone together."

“Okay.” Daniel nodded and his hands took a tight grip on her ass. His hips started moving, rubbing his dick between her legs.

“And ...” She looked down on him and gave him a quick kiss on the nose. “This isn’t love. You have a crush. And I ...” She kissed him quickly on the lips. “When this is all over, I’m going back to your brother. I’ll always be with your brother. Understand?”

“I guess.” Daniel tried not to let his disappointment show.

“Don’t be sad.” Penelope sunk down to her knees. “Let’s turn that frown upside down.” She opened her mouth wide and swallowed his cockhead. This boy had such unbridled power between his legs. It was a thrill to please it. To please him. She bounced her head back and forth and reached for his balls. They were full and ready. She couldn’t believe she’d taken all that cum inside her the first time they had sex. Daniel had left so much in her that she’d leaked well into the morning. Was she really ready to let him dump another load in her pussy? Goodness, she’d probably be leaking when Brad got home from work.

“That feels ... really good ... Pen.” Daniel watched his brother’s beautiful wife bury more and more of his dick down her throat. She was a natural. Soon it was almost all the way in. Her eyes watered as she looked up at him. She might

say it wasn’t love.

But if it wasn’t,

there was

something very

near to love in her

eyes as she looked

up at him and

slurped on his

dick.

It took ten minutes

of impossibly long

strokes with her

mouth before

Daniel’s balls

began

rhythmically

pulsing under

Penelope’s

fingers.

“Mmmppphhh.”

She wanted to

cheer him on. To

tell him to let it all

out. But her

speech was

somewhat

compromised.

“I want to ...”

Daniel took a

fistful of her

blonde hair and

pulled her off his

dick. He looked

down on her pouty

lips as she gasped

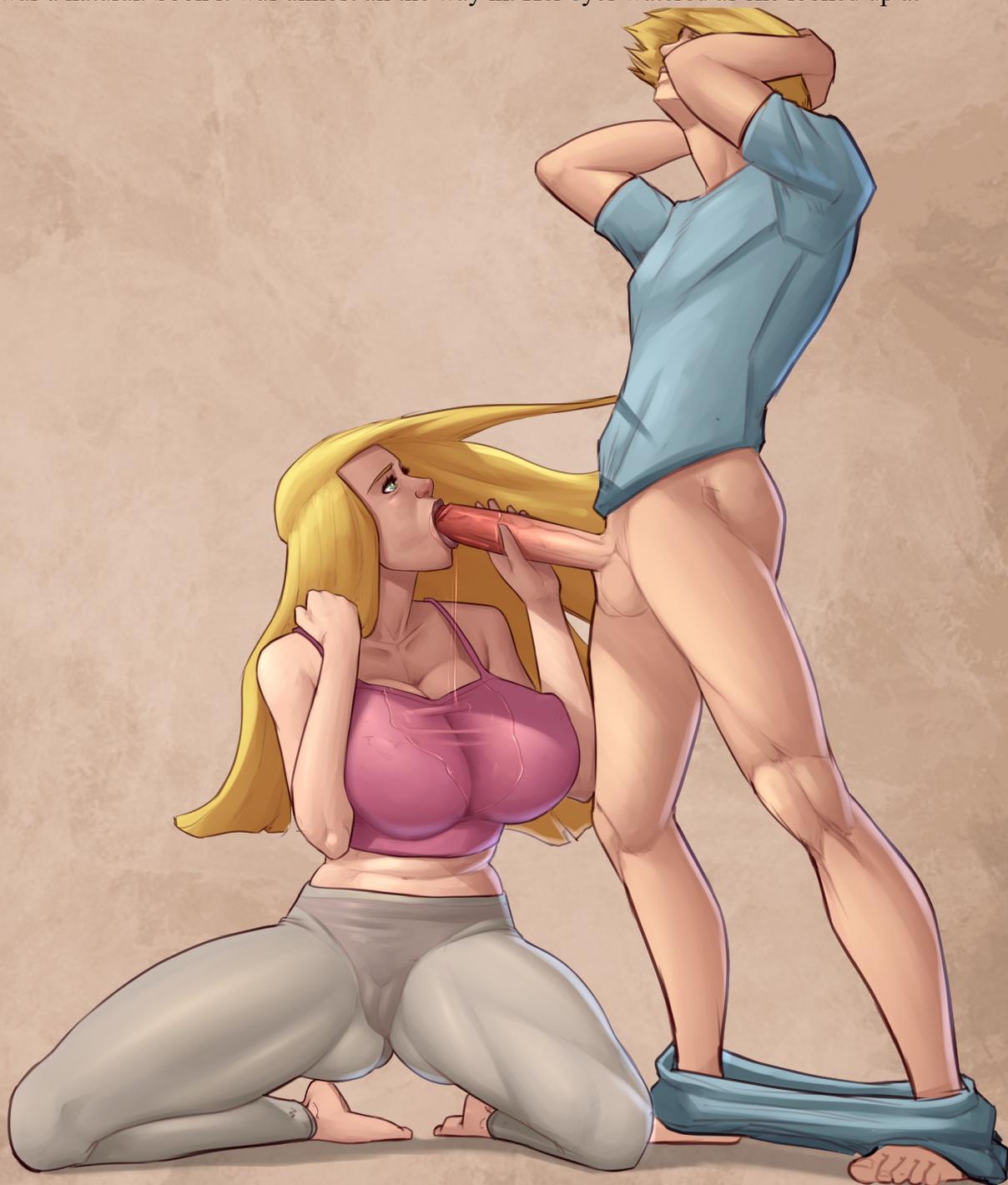
for air. “... cover

you.”

“Really?”

Penelope let Brad cum on her sometimes. But she suspected this would be very different. She continued to

caress his churning balls while Daniel stroked his cock inches from her face. “Do it,” she whispered and closed her eyes.



“Oh ... Pen ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Daniel exploded and watched as shot after shot of cum landed on Penelope’s perfect face.

“Ewwww ... Danny ... there’s so much.” The hot liquid splashed over her. When she opened her mouth to talk, she could taste the salty stuff. It had a dark, pungent flavor. So different from any other man she’d been with. She stuck out her tongue and tried to catch as much as she could in her mouth. She surprised herself by swallowing it. When he finished, she released his balls and wiped the cum from her eyes.

“You look ... amazing, Pen.” Daniel looked down at her as she squinted her eyes open. He’d wanted to cover her and he certainly had.

“I’m sure I look disgusting.” She wiped her hands on her yoga pants and stood up. “I thought we were going to have sex again, but this is probably better.”

She turned and walked to the sink. “I better get cleaned up.”

“You’re so beautiful.” Daniel took in her hourglass figure from behind. He kicked away his pants and underwear and stepped up behind her.

“What are you –?” Penelope grasped the counter as Daniel pulled down her pants and panties to her thighs. “I know teenagers can go and go, but –” She bit her lip as the bulbous head pushed up against her slit. She expected him to struggle finding her hole, but he knew what he was doing. He had a girlfriend, Penelope reminded herself. “Oooohhhhh.”

She marveled that she could accommodate his size and worried that Brad might notice if his



brother wrecked her pussy. She braced herself against the counter and absorbed his thrusts from behind.

“Your ... butt ... is ... perfect.” Daniel punctuated each word with a thrust deep inside her. He watched her backside wobble and shake. He tightened his grip on her hips and slammed harder.

“Thank ... you ... Danny.” Penelope blinked her eyes as cum dripped down past her eyebrows. She could see out the window above the sink. One of the neighborhood wives walked her dog down the street. Penelope prayed the dog-walker wouldn’t look into the Anderson house and see Penelope, covered in cum, getting ravaged by a teenager. The dog-walker moved on down the street without noticing. “We can’t do this ... uh ... uh ... here.”

“Where?” Daniel didn’t stop his wild pace. The sound of slapping skin on skin filled his ears.

“Anywhere ... but ... oooohhhhhh ... no windows.” The thought of getting caught by the neighbors sent surges of panic and added adrenaline. The world had suddenly gone very crazy.

“Okay.” Daniel pulled out and led her by the hand to the hallway. He found her quite pliable and put her on her hands and knees. She still had her tank top on and her yoga pants a third of the way down her legs. “I never want to stop.” He slid back into her pussy. His hips quickly accelerated back to full speed.



“Me ... either,” Penelope squealed. Her first orgasm swept over her and she gritted her teeth. She looked down at the hardwood floor and watched Daniel’s cum drip off her and splatter below. What a mess. And she wanted it messier still.

A little while later, Daniel grunted out his second orgasm, coating her insides. Penelope shrieked when she felt the hot stuff fill her up. As her orgasm passed, Daniel pulled out of her and fell on his back just inside the carpeted living room. She crawled next to him, rolled onto her back, and looked over to see his cock finally deflating. Even soft, it was still so jarringly large resting on his trim belly.

“Well, now that you’re back with your girlfriend, we’re both in trouble.” She draped her arm over her eyes, she didn’t want Daniel to look at her sweaty, cum-covered mess of a face.

“What do you mean?” Despite Penelope’s words, Daniel couldn’t stop smiling. Mating his sister-in-law was pure rapture. “You cheated on your girlfriend, and I cheated on my husband. I won’t tell if you don’t tell.” She smiled behind her arm at the ridiculousness of what they’d done. Penelope could feel the cum leak out of her used pussy onto the carpet, but she didn’t care. She’d get a steam cleaner or something before Brad got home. That was still many hours away.

“I should probably get back to school.” Daniel sat up and looked around the room for his clothes. His eyes rested on the leather recliner and he gawked at it. His brother sat in that very seat all the time, drinking his beer and watching his football. Just a few feet away.

“That sounds more like the Danny I know.” Penelope sat up and grabbed her rumpled tank top. She wiped her face with it, but knew she was still a complete mess. Her large boobs pressed against her thighs as she watched Daniel stand and get dressed. “School is so important,” she said in a lightly mocking voice. “I’m Danny the nerd and I’d rather do math than spend time with a woman.”



“You sound like Brad.” Daniel pulled his shirt over his head and looked down at her with a frown. He sat down on the edge of the recliner and pulled on his socks.

“Oh, I’m sorry.” Penelope pulled her knees further up to her chest, warding off the uncomfortable moment. “I was just teasing. I didn’t mean to –”

“It’s fine.” Daniel dropped his eyes. “Don’t worry about it. I gotta go.” He walked to the front door, put on his shoes and left his brother’s house. With any luck, he’d get to school in time for lunch.

“Bye, Danny,” Penelope called to the slamming door. She stood and slowly moved toward the stairs. She was very sore. The young man had ridden her hard. “Way to kill the mood, Pen,” she said to herself. Daniel was always such a sensitive boy. She’d have to be more careful in the future.

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we’ve all seen what he’s got down there ... Well, he can’t exactly run up and down a soccer field with that thing bouncing back and forth.”

Julie pictured her little man running naked down a soccer field with his monstrous package swaying from side to side. She smiled at the thought. “No,” Julie agreed.

After the twins returned home from school, Julie left George to the plumbing and went to help Daniel in his bathroom upstairs.

“Oh ... Mom ... it’s coming out.”

Daniel gazed into her warm, brown eyes as she swallowed his cum. Julie hadn’t yet figured out how to take him deep in her throat like Penelope had, but the way her lips stretched around his dickhead was a total delight for Daniel. “Mmmpppppphhhh.” Julie greedily gulped down Daniel’s salty mess.

After Daniel finished, Julie sent him to go do homework, cleaned his stuff off her chin, and rejoined her husband in the west main floor bathroom. Was this going to be an afterschool routine? Julie suspected that it might be.

“How was their day?” George didn’t look up at his lovely wife as he stared at the leaky shutoff valve under the sink. He figured his wife had left him to check in on the twins.

“Oh, you know how high school is.”

Julie cleared her throat with a delicate cough. “Some days can be frustrating.”

“You’re talking about Danny?” George shook his head. He’d have to switch the main water shutoff again if he couldn’t get this thing to stop dripping. “Hand me that wrench, please.” He held his hand behind him.

Julie handed George the wrench and leaned her wide hip against the wall.

“Yes, I was talking about Danny.”

George grimaced as he tightened the valve. “I worry about that boy sometimes. I used to think he needed sports or a girlfriend, but now that

“And what girl would want to be with something that large?” George shook his head and released the pressure on the wrench. The leak stopped. He’d done it. “I worry about him with girls, Jules.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t worry about that. I’m sure some girls would be interested.” Julie blushed. She could still taste her son’s salty effluence on her tongue. “Psalm 52:8. I am like a green olive tree in the house of God; I trust in the lovingkindness of God forever and ever.”

“Point made, Jules. I trust His plan.” George turned to look up at his wife. She looked so radiant and beautiful. Truly full of life. He smiled. “You always seem to –” A whining hiss came from the valve and then a spray of water. “Shit. Shit, shit, shit.” George stood, pushed past Julie and raced down the hall toward the main shutoff in the basement.

Julie sighed and went to get some towels. They were going through a lot of towels lately.

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That afternoon was when Daniel finally started to panic about Eloise. He searched the entire house and found nothing out of the ordinary. He listened for that telltale ticking clock, but it was gone. He’d hoped Eloise would return when he’d had sex with Penelope that morning, but she hadn’t. Then, his mom blew him after school, and he thought Eloise would definitely show up to encourage or congratulate him. But nothing.

Could Eloise be hurt? Did she need his help? Starting in the basement, Daniel searched every inch of the house. Except, of course, for the locked room and the hidden stairway. He couldn’t get into either of those places. He finished his search in the empty west tower room. Nothing.

“Mrs. Palmer?” Daniel walked up to one of the slightly curved windows and watched the reds and purples of the setting sun over the prairie. “Eloise?” There was no reply.

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At dinner, George and Britt talked politics while Julie sipped her red wine and Daniel glumly pushed around broccoli on his plate. He felt a tap on his ankle and looked up. His mom had just kicked him lightly with her bare foot to get his attention.

“You okay, Danny?” Julie raised an eyebrow. “Is everything ...?” She subtly nodded toward his crotch under the table. George and Britt continued their conversation, oblivious to the other half of the family. “Is everything good with you? Physically, I mean?” She could feel her cheeks grow hot, but it was a mother’s duty to look after the welfare of her son.

“No, I’m okay with that right now.” Daniel quickly glanced at his bloviating father and then back to his mom with that shy smile on her face. “I’m just ...” He sighed. “Never mind. Can I be excused? I have a bunch of homework.”

“Sure thing, pumpkin.” Julie frowned and watched Daniel take his plate into the kitchen.

“Bye, Mom.” Daniel walked back through the kitchen and out to the hall. His dad and sister continued their conversation, ignoring him.

“Bye, sweetie.” Julie’s eyes followed his skinny butt as it disappeared out the door. Teenagers were so moody. One moment, he’s smiling down at her as she gulped his semen. The next, he’s barely making eye contact and disappearing to his room. She shook her head. Things were complicated. She’d give him some space and then check in with him tomorrow. That set Julie’s mind in motion. Tomorrow the Samatars were coming over for their one-week follow-up. What did she need to do to prepare? Julie started a mental list.

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On the bus ride to school the next day, Daniel listened to another voicemail Penelope had left him. It was clear from the timing, that she was waiting for Brad to go to work before risking the call.

“Hello, Danny. I’m ... sorry about how yesterday ended.” Her voice was thin and reedy on the recording. “I didn’t mean to ... the last thing I’d do ... well, I’m just really sorry. Okay? I haven’t always been there for you. But ... I’d really like to see you. If you feel like cutting school again, I’m at home. Okay, bye.”

Daniel sighed. He wasn’t that angry at her for teasing him. But he wasn’t feeling great about it either. The real feeling eating at him was his worry for Eloise. He felt sick with dread that something terrible had happened to her. He texted Penelope back. *Busy with school today. I’ll check in later.* He added an emoji of a dog skateboarding for good measure.

“There is a darkening in this house. Do you feel it?” Maxamed eyed his wife as they set up their communication circle in the empty west tower. She wore her normal hijab and flowing dress, but something about her outfit irked Maxamed. Maybe it was the immodesty of her wrists. He could see an awful lot of brown skin just below the sleeves. He frowned and continued to pour his salt lines on the old hardwood.

“I feel it.” Khadra nodded with solemnity at her husband. “We dealt the demons a blow last week. This week I think we will wipe them from this Earth.”

“Yes, indeed.” Maxamed finished his lines and sat cross legged in the circle, careful not to stretch his suit trousers. He tossed his black tie over his shoulder. He thought of the inhabitants of this house. The children away at school. The husband and wife blissfully minding their own business fixing the bathroom downstairs. And all the others that dwelled in this space. He looked at the flat black dreamstone they’d placed at the center of the circle and thought he could see a faint vision. It was a solar system of spirits. A fertile feminine planet, with so many moons. A large, frigid outer planet, quite masculine and on an erratic elliptical path. And other small celestial bodies, quickly gliding around a large dark, pulsing star. Maxamed often got his visions in this way, a translation of what is and was. He tried to use the demons from his vision to locate the demons in this house. “Sit with me, woman.”



“Yes.” Khadra moved inside the salt circle and sat cross-legged opposite the dreamstone from her husband. She watched the matte, black stone, ready for whatever vision Allah would bestow. The next thing she knew, her husband and the room were gone and she stood in the library doorway downstairs. Khadra had never had a vision this strong before. She sucked in her breath and blinked. Trying to bring herself back to the room with her husband, but she could not.

The walls were hung with strange portraits she’d not seen before. The lighting flickered and she looked at a sconce on the wall. She recognized the whale oil lamp from her books on history. A loud slapping sound startled Khadra and she slunk further into the shadows of the doorway. She peeked down the hall to see a large man shaking a redheaded woman by the shoulders.

“You’re nothing but a bitch in heat.” The man let go of her shoulders and backhanded her across her pretty, freckled face.

The woman fell to her knees. “It wasn’t me, Frederick. It was the house.” She looked up at him, wilting on the floor. Tears ran down her white cheeks and caught the lamplight. “This house wants something from us.”

“Where’s the boy?” Frederick loomed

over her, with dark, black eyes and a drooping black mustache.

“Please, he’s only nineteen.” The woman’s hands went to her belly and Khadra noticed for the first time that under her long, flowing dress, she carried a pregnant belly.

Frederick reached down and slapped her again. She cried out and fell sideways, now lying prone on the floor.

“You’re a smart woman, Mrs. Samatar.” A voice just over Khadra’s shoulder nearly gave her a heart attack. “Who’s there?” Khadra turned to look back into the dark library. Standing just a few feet behind her in the shadows of the unlit room was the same woman that was lying out in the front hall. Except, this version of the woman was not pregnant. She looked deathly pale, and she had cuts and bruises wherever her long-dress left her skin exposed.

“I am Mrs. Eloise Palmer.” Eloise gave the dark-skinned woman a little curtsy. “And as I said, you are smart. What do you witness out in my hall?”

Khadra looked back out the doorway and saw the man grab a fist full of the other Eloise’s collar and hoist her up in the air.

“The boy?” Frederick hissed.

“Never,” the hallway Eloise said.

Khadra turned back to the library Eloise with wide eyes. “The birth of demons,” she whispered.

“Poetic.” Eloise’s smile would have been pretty but for the oozing blood and missing teeth. “And not far off. Frederick is a monster of the first order. I tried to stop him, but I could not. I only delayed him. And now I am weakened, Mrs. Samatar. Most feeble.” Eloise let out a raspy cough. It sounded like she had fluid in her lungs. “I will not help you, demon.” Khadra knew of demonic tricks. She looked back into the hall where Frederick choked hallway Eloise with both hands, her feet dangling above the floor. Hallway Eloise sputtered two words. “The ... baby ...”

“What do I care for another’s vile babe?” Frederick lowered his right hand and unbuckled his belt. “You behave the trollop. I’ll treat you as a trollop.” He lowered his trousers.

“Sickening.” Khadra turned away from the scene in the hall and stepped into the room, closer to the library Eloise. “You planted that hellish phallus in my home.”

“Your husband brought it into your home.” Eloise shook her head slowly. She reached her hands to her belly, but there was no pregnancy there to protect. “And I don’t control such things.”

“I will not help you.” Khadra closed her eyes and willed herself back to her husband.

“I ask not for myself. I ask for the boy.” Eloise sighed in exasperation. “I am stuck here and cannot help him.”

“I will not help your demon child.” Khadra’s words bit into Eloise.

“Not that boy.” Eloise’s voice began to fade. “The Anderson boy. Daniel. Go to him and see that he is safe. Do whatever you must to comfort him.”

“What?” But it was too late. First a surge of heat flashed quickly through her slim body, then a wave of nausea swept over Khadra and she was back in the tower room with her husband. She pitched sideways and lost consciousness.

“Khadra?” Maxamed rose quickly. His wife had fainted. A wind blew through the circular room and spread the salt all about the floor. Maxamed could feel a great evil receding. Whatever his wife had done, it had worked.

“Khadra?” He felt her pulse and it was strong, thank Allah. He lifted her up and carried her downstairs.

Behind him the matte stone shook and cracked. Pulsing red fissures spread along the black mineral in meandering paths. The glowing red embedded in the rock looked almost like living veins.

“Where am I?” Khadra opened her eyes to find herself in a strange bedroom, lying on top of the covers on an unknown bed. She smiled when her eyes focused and found the concerned face of her husband. George and Julie Anderson also looked on by the foot of the bed.

“You’re in our guest bedroom.” Julie’s half-smile was weak and worry etched itself in lines on her face.

“What ...” Khadra tried to sit up but her head fell back on the pillow, pushing her hijab down on her forehead. She reached up to adjust it with trembling hands. “... happened?”

“I am not sure.” Maxamed watched his wife very closely. “You seem to have expended a great energy to rid this house of the demons that plagued it. I’ve never seen such a thing before. You even broke our dreamstone. I’ve tested the house thoroughly with every instrument we possess. This house is now clean.” A faint, proud smile passed across his dark lips. “Can you walk? It is time to fetch the children from your mother’s.”

“I don’t think so.” Khadra tried to lift herself again, but she found that a deep fatigue had settled in her bones.

“Perhaps you pick up the children and I’ll rest here for a little while?”

“Yes.” Julie nodded and looked for confirmation at her frowning husband. “We would be happy to have you stay. Wouldn’t we George?”

George grumbled. He was ready to be done with this circus. But he nodded his assent.

"I'll bring you some soup and you can rest until you regain your strength." Julie nodded again, happy to have something to offer these helpful people. "You can even stay the night, if it suits you."

"We could not impose." Maxamed eyed the woman and her hospitality with suspicion. "But if you would care to make a donation, that would be very much appreciated. We performed a difficult task here." He actually had no idea how his wife had done what she'd done, but it did indeed seem difficult.

"We're a little short on funds." Julie shrugged and gave Maxamed an apologetic smile.

George sighed. "I'll tell you what we can do. If you need any repairs on your house, I'll come by and do some work. Free of charge."

"That is most kind." Maxamed nodded his accord. "We do have such needs."

A faint snore came from the bed. Maxamed, George, and Julie all looked back at Khadra. She'd drifted off to sleep.

"I will fetch my children now." Maxamed looked around the guest bedroom, and then pressed his lips together. "I will call in two hours' time. If my wife still sleeps, I will take you up on your hospitality. There are no more demons in this house. She may rest at ease."

"Of course." Julie nodded. "We'll take good care of her."

"Thank you." Maxamed turned for the door. He had to collect his equipment, drive over to his mother-in-law's house, take his children home, feed them, bathe them, and put them to bed. It was not father's work, but he could make do for one night. His wife deserved a good rest after what she'd accomplished.

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Daniel marched up Palmer Mansion's front walk. He passed weeds and decomposing pavers. His twin, Brittney, walked quickly ahead of him. She wanted to call her boyfriend or something. Behind him the sounds of the school bus driving away faded. Daniel suddenly felt queasy as the ground shifted under him. He blinked his eyes and was no longer in the same place. He stopped and tightened his grip on his backpack straps, looking around in the gloom.

A chill ran down Daniel's spine. How had it gotten dark so quickly? He looked around to see that his initial take was wrong. Actually, he was in the same place. He stood on the front walk, but it was nighttime. The mansion belched out orange, glowing lights from its windows. Around him, instead of weeds, he could see flowers bobbing in the breeze.

"Out of the way, boy." A harsh man's voice split the silence behind Daniel. "The Lady's had an accident." The man shoved Daniel to the side.

"Who?" Daniel tripped and fell into the flowers. Now seated on his butt, Daniel watched the procession of several men hurrying up the walk. Down on the driveway, a horse whinnied, and Daniel noticed a black carriage waiting.

"Come with me, Daniel." A soft woman's voice carried on the evening air.

Eloise appeared before him, but she looked different. She wasn't

pregnant, and she was cut, bruised, and bleeding. Daniel's palms went clammy at the sight of her. She walked up to him in her bustled dress and offered a bloodied, white hand to help him up.



"Mrs. Palmer? What happened to you?" Daniel took her hand and was surprised to feel warmth as she squeezed his fingers and pulled him up.

"Nothing I wouldn't do again. A mother's duty, above all else, is to protect her loved ones from harm." Eloise brushed Daniel off. "There now. Let us walk. You do not want to see what those men bring forth in a few minutes." She took his hand again and pulled him down a path that led around the house.

"Where are we?" Daniel looked up at the Victorian detailing on the house above him. So intricate and brightly painted. It looked nothing like the faded façade he was used to.

"We're in the past, dearie." She led him toward a small, neatly trimmed rose bush. "I am not well, and this is the only place I may appear to you now."

"What do you need me to do?" Daniel stopped with Eloise at the rose bush and watched her delicately touch a red rose with her bloodied left hand. She wore no wedding ring.

"These roses were always my favorites." She leaned forward and inhaled deeply. "Magical, don't you think?"

"Mrs. Palmer." Daniel gave a cursory sniff. They did smell good. "I need you back with me in the present. How can I help you?"

"You're such a good boy, aren't you?" She turned and regarded him with bloodshot eyes. "There is a woman sleeping in your guest bedroom. When she wakes, introduce her to your bludgeon. There would be much power for the house in her sacrifice." Eloise shook her head, the orange glow from the house's windows shining in her green eyes. "Frederick once again has rendered me low, but I have risen before. Do this for me and I will rise again."

"What, exactly, do you want me to do?" Daniel was afraid she'd just asked him to seduce a strange woman in their house.

"Entice her down the prurient path." Eloise became almost transparent. She leaned in and took another long smell of her favorite flower. "Do this for me or this may be our parting." She then faded into nothingness.

"Mrs. Palmer? Eloise?" Daniel spun around looking for any sign of her and found himself back in broad daylight. The rose bush was again overgrown and the house, as he looked at it, a shadow of its former glory. He took a deep breath to calm himself and smelled the beguiling scent of the roses. He wondered who he'd find in the guest bedroom.

~

"Danny, come here a second. We have to talk." Julie caught Daniel as he came home from school.

"Sure, Mom." Daniel had butterflies in his stomach thinking about what Eloise had asked him to do.

Julie led Daniel into the library and closed the door behind them. She then told him about all the events of the afternoon. It was hard to give him the news that Eloise Palmer would no longer visit him. "I know you liked Eloise, so I'm sorry I have to tell you all this. But it's really for the best. Mrs. Palmer wasn't a good influence."

"Nah, Mom. She's not gone for good." Daniel nodded his head earnestly.

"You're not hearing me, pumpkin. Mr. Samatar did tests with all his instruments. The house is now free."

"Okay, Mom." Daniel didn't want to argue.

"So, you're fine with saying goodbye to Eloise?"

"Sure."

"Well, then. Do you need some help with your thing?" Julie blushed a little and looked down at the bulge in her son's pants.

"Not right now, Mom. Thanks." Daniel opened the door and looked back at Julie. "I've got a lot of homework, maybe later. Bye."

"Really? I thought ..." But Julie was talking to an empty doorway as Daniel fled. She shook her head.

Teenagers were such mercurial beasts. Just yesterday, she'd thought Daniel would be constantly pestering her for sex. Now he seemed disinterested. Maybe he'd found another girl. Or maybe freeing the house of its spirits had returned the Andersons to normal. Julie reached up and hefted her large breasts. That didn't seem right. She dropped her breasts and headed out of the library. She'd need to check in on Khadra soon.

~

It was well past midnight when Daniel exited his bedroom. He'd waited for everyone to go to bed, and then given it a little extra time. Khadra was still asleep in the guest bedroom. She'd only waken once that afternoon, to sip at some soup Julie brought her.

The house slept along with its inhabitants. Silence filled the second-floor hall. Daniel crept past the unfurnished open living room on his left and the grand stairs to his right. He snuck past his parents' room and opened the door to the guest bedroom where Penelope and Brad had slept just a few nights ago. The thought of Penelope tugged at Daniel. He'd see her again soon, he assured himself. He slipped into the bedroom and closed and locked the door behind him. He flipped on the light.

There on the bed was Mrs. Khadra Samatar. She slept curled on her side on top of the covers, still wearing her hijab and full-cover dress. Daniel stepped up to the bed. How was this going to work? He stood there and prayed that Eloise would appear and help him, but of course she couldn't. He was doing this for her.

"Mrs. Samatar." Daniel touched her shoulder and shook her gently. He really hoped she wouldn't scream when she woke up. "Wake up, please."

"Maxamed?" Khadra blinked her eyes and stretched. She felt much better after all that sleep. Almost like charging up a battery. It took her a second to remember where she was. When she saw Daniel, she recoiled and moved to the other side of the bed. "What do you want, Daniel?" Her face softened. A sudden feeling of protectiveness for this young man flooded through her.

"Oh, good. You remember my name." Daniel smiled. "I ... well ... this is awkward." He looked into her almond shaped eyes. She was a beautiful woman.

"Where is your mother and father?" Khadra realized her feet were bare and showing. She tucked them up under her dress.

"They're asleep. It's late." The butterflies in Daniel's stomach flapped harder as he tried to think how this might go. "So, you got rid of the ghosts, right?"

"Yes." Khadra nodded, remembering. "Yes, the demons are gone."

"But I still have a problem."

"What is it?" Khadra knew that she needed to take care of Daniel Anderson. That was the only clear thought in her mind.

"Well." Daniel unbuttoned his pants. "The ghosts changed me down there and it hasn't gone back to normal." Technically true. "Can you help?" He did need her help with it. He wasn't really lying.

"Do not –" Khadra gasped and lost all focus when the boy's massive thing flopped out. It was even more shocking when she realized that was his size while soft. Had the demons really done this to him? "Let me see it better."

The teenager shimmied closer to the bed, his enormous member hanging with two overripe balls dangling behind it.

"It is clearly unnatural." Khadra moved across the bed to get a closer look. Without thinking, her hands darted out and took hold of it. It was so warm and solid. She squeezed it softly and admired its pliancy. "I'm not sure what I can do for you."



A phrase popped into Daniel's mind. "You need to draw the poison out, Mrs. Samatar."

"Yes." Khadra watched her dark fingers move on the pale flesh. She stroked the penis slowly. "Draw the poison out." The thing swelled in her hands. She watched in amazement as it got bigger, and bigger. Until it was even larger than that godless, black phallus she'd used on herself. "It's incredible."

"Could you take off your head scarf?" Daniel was loathe to have her remove her hands from his dick, but he wanted to see what she had hidden under that scarf.

"I remove the hijab only for my husband." But even as she said those words, her right hand left the penis in front of her and pulled off her hijab. She shook out her wavy, black hair. She brought her hands back together on Daniel's thing and pumped harder. "Draw out the poison," she murmured.



"Wow. You're beautiful." Daniel stared down at her soft, feminine face as she worked him. He had no doubt that despite what the Samatars said, the house still had influence and power. And that Khadra was under its spell. "It's a little dry. Can you put it in your mouth?"

"That is a thing I would only do for Maxamed. I would never -" But she was surprised to discover that what cut off her words was her lips locking around the head of that giant penis. She bobbed her head on it. Allah help

her. She wanted desperately to protect this boy and please him any way she could. “Mmmmmpppphhhhhhh.” She groaned around the penis.

“Sssshhhhhh.” Daniel wove his fingers gently into her wavy hair. “My mom and dad are sleeping across the hall.”

That thought sent a surge of panic through Khadra’s little body, but she didn’t stop. She kept pumping him with her hands and her mouth.

Many minutes later, it occurred to Khadra that this was the longest she’d ever spent pleasing a man. She hoped he would finish soon. But, at the same time, she thrilled to hear the soft grunts and moans her ministrations elicited.

“Mrs. Samatar ... I’m going to ... cum ...” Daniel tried to be as quiet as possible as he unloaded in the small, dark woman’s mouth.



Hot, salty sperm filled Khadra’s mouth, bulging out her cheeks. And then she swallowed it down. And again and again. It was the tastiest, most fulfilling meal she’d ever had. In the past, she had thought Maxamed offered copious loads, but now that she’d experienced a flood, she realized her husband spurted only a trickle.

“Enough ... enough ...” After cumming, Daniel was a bit sensitive and Khadra kept sucking and sucking. Gently pulling on her hair, he removed himself from her mouth. “Thank you, Mrs. Samatar.”

“Call me ... Khadra.” Her small breasts rose and fell under her dress as she tried to catch her breath. “Is the poison out?” She never took her eyes off the monstrous beast as she sat back on the bed, her weight resting on her butt.

"I'm sorry, no." Daniel shook his head and gently pushed her onto her back. He could tell Eloise needed more. And, as he lifted Khadra's dress to her waist and spread her legs, he needed more, too.

"Wait, wait, oooohhhhhhhhhhh." Khadra felt him pull her panties to the side and press that massive head against her opening. It slipped right in. Why was she so wet for someone other than her husband? She found herself willingly hunching her hips up against the teenager and placing her hands on his skinny butt. She pressed him into

her and stifled a moan. "Slow, slow, sloooowwwwww.

I've never had anything this big."

"Okay." Daniel let his dick slip inch by inch into her tight pussy. She was so much

smaller than Julie and Penelope. He realized he was taller than her and he might even outweigh her. She felt so different wiggling under him.

Soon, he bottomed out and then got into a good pace sawing in and out of her pussy with long, easy strokes. He looked down at her contorted face, with his cum on her chin, and quickened the pace a little. He had just enough experience now to know she was about to cum.

"Daniel ... Daniel ... oooohhhhhh.

What is happening to meeeeeeeeeee?" Khadra opened her legs further and her hips convulsed as he hit some deep spot inside her she hadn't known about until that very moment. Who knew pleasing a man could be so wonderful for the woman?

"Ssshhhhhh." Daniel put a hand over her mouth to quiet her as she moaned through her orgasm.

"I thought ... I was ... caring for you ... but you treat me ... like a queen." Khadra's words were muffled by Daniel's fingers. She surrendered the last bit of resistance and let the humping teenager do with her as he willed.

"Sure ... just keep it down ... okay?" Daniel removed his hand from her mouth and put both hands under her and grabbed her tight ass for leverage.

"Ow, ow, ow." Khadra pushed at his shoulders. "Too deep."

"Sorry." Daniel stopped his hips. "How's this?" He started his motion up again, going very slow. Khadra nodded up at him.

"And this?" He moved a little faster.

"It is good."



“And ... this?” Daniel now slammed into her with long, powerful strokes.

“I can ... uh ... uh ... take it.” Khadra nodded up at her blue-eyed paramour. “You’re making me ... have ... another one.” She shuddered out another orgasm.

Khadra didn’t know how much time passed, but it was three or four of her mind-shattering orgasms later when she felt Daniel begin to tremble on top of her.

“Gonna cum ... again.” Sweat dripped down Daniel’s face. His hips smashed into her hips over and over again. The mattress dipped under them with each thrust. The bed squeaked, making too much noise. But Daniel couldn’t stop himself.

“Not —” But Khadra never got to say *inside me*. She felt the eruption in her vagina and it carried her off on her most intense orgasm yet. When she arrived back in the here and now, they lay motionless in bed, Daniel breathing heavily on top of her.



“You’re amazing ... Khadra.” Daniel smiled down at her.

Khadra stared in wonder up into his blue eyes. “You are ... a force of nature.” Much to her disbelief, Daniel’s hips started moving again, his penis sliding inside her once more. “I did not ... banish all the demons ... did I?” Khadra looked up at him with wide eyes. She raised her feet high in the air to give him better access to her vagina.

“I hope not.” Daniel’s dick made unsettling sounds as Khadra’s pussy squelched with their cum.

“You can’t release inside again.” Khadra leaned her head back and tried not to moan. “I could get pregnant.”

“Sure thing.” Daniel humped away at the Somali wife.

Silently, from the other side of the room, Eloise watched the mating pair. Her white smile was full of motherly warmth. Her freckled face was whole and unbroken, but she wasn’t quite back to her old self. Not yet. She rubbed her tummy out of habit and found the flatness there discomfiting. She did her best to hide the sounds of sex from the rest of the house, tucking this room away for the time being. She watched the dark wife fall to her handsome boy and silently cheered him on when he dumped a second load inside her some time later.

The world was back on its axis. And with any luck, Eloise would be back to full strength soon. She faded away as Daniel rolled off Khadra.

“I cannot believe that happened. Give me your shirt.” Khadra’s vagina was still pulsing with pleasure.

“Okay.” Daniel took off his shirt and handed it to her.

“Thank you.” Khadra balled it up and placed it between her legs. His stuff was already leaking out of her. “You better return to your bedroom.”

“Yeah, good idea.” He hopped off the bed and pulled on his pants. “When can I see you again?”

“You cannot.” Khadra looked up at him from her position lying on the bed, holding the shirt between her legs. Her dress still bunched around her waist. Her black hair formed a halo around her head on the blanket. “I need to get cleaned. And then I will leave this house and never return.”

“Really?” Daniel looked around the room. He saw no sign that Eloise had returned. Had this been a failure?

“However I may feel toward you, this house cannot tempt me away from my husband. From my life. I will walk home in the dark this night and never return. I will –” The bed shook as Daniel jumped back on the bed next to her. She looked at him in surprise.

“I’m sorry, you just look so pretty.” He kissed her, gently nibbling on her bottom lip.

She tried to push him away, but soon she was eagerly sucking on his tongue. Not long after that, she was riding him with vacant eyes and slack jaw. It was almost dawn when they finally finished mating.

Daniel left her to return to his room, and Khadra did her best to clean up the mess. She was too tired to leave for home when she was done, so just as the sun came up, she set her head down on the pillow and drifted off to sleep.