

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

Chapter 11



DARK STONE STORIES

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A clock ticked somewhere in the house as Daniel stumbled down the second-floor hallway in the early morning. He'd just exited the guest bedroom, leaving Khadra stuffed with his cum. Every time he thought life had hit peak crazy, it went up a notch.

Ahead in the gloom, he could see a white, shimmering figure near his bedroom door. Daniel's feet quickened and his heart skipped a beat. In the gray, pre-dawn light, he could see her red hair and he could almost make out her freckles. Daniel smiled. He'd done it. He'd saved Eloise.

"I did it, Mrs. Palmer." Daniel ran the rest of the way and flung himself into her arms. He was surprised to find nothing where he expected a solid woman, and he sprawled on the hardwood. He turned over and looked up.

"What a good lad you are, Daniel." She smiled down at him with warmth and affection. "Your work with Mrs. Samatar was splendid."

"I don't understand." Daniel slowly rose to his feet. He put out his finger and pressed it to her right shoulder. It went through her as if she were air. He noticed that her belly, under her long dress, was flat. "How come I can't touch you?"

Worry lines creased Eloise's freckled face. "While you were a hero for bedding that troublesome woman, I'm afraid it wasn't enough to restore me to my former self." She stepped toward Daniel and lifted her hand as if caressing his cheek, but, of course, she could not. "You must rebuild the energy I lost."

"How?" Daniel was ready to do anything for her.

"Conquest, silly." She nodded and her form faded. "Aid in their fall and the house will rise." Eloise vanished from sight, but her voice lingered.

"I will," Daniel said into the murky hallway. Although he didn't know exactly what Eloise had asked of him, he'd do it. And he trusted that she'd make it clear soon enough.

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When Khadra sat down to breakfast at the Anderson home, she lowered her eyes and kept most of what she said to the range of 'please' and 'thank you'. She was so incredibly tired. That eighteen-year-old boy, now quietly sitting on the opposite end of the table, hadn't let her get a wink of sleep until dawn. He'd had her copulating like an animal. His monstrous organ had hurt her small vagina at first, but once she'd gotten used to it, there was no pleasure in her life that was its equal. She shivered at the thought of the things they'd done.

"More toast, Khadra?" Julie sounded chipper.

"No, thank you." She shook her head and sipped at her coffee. She reached up to adjust her hijab. To let another man see her uncovered hair was such a sin. And to think, hours ago she'd done that, and so much more.

"How about some bacon?" Julie held up a plate with crispy bacon, right off the skillet. "You need to regain your energy after what happened."

Khadra's face tightened in a panic. Did she know about what had happened with her son? No. Khadra took a deep breath. Julie was only referring to what happened with the dreamstone. "Um ... thank you, but I cannot eat pork."

"Oh gosh." Julie's smile morphed into a sheepish grin. "Of course. How silly of me." She held out the coffee carafe. "More coffee?"

"Yes, please." Khadra sipped her coffee and ate her toast and bided the minutes until she could call her husband and have him pick her up. She felt a pull to stay in that house forever and let that teenager treat her as his rightful wife. But she knew that was insanity, and she hoped some distance would have her thinking clearly again.

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It was almost time to leave for the bus. Daniel and his mother stood just outside the heavy front door and watched Maxamed pull down the driveway and park just at the bottom of the front walk where Khadra waited for him. It was the same exact spot where that black carriage had waited in Daniel's vision the other night. He and Julie waved when Khadra gingerly got into the small, beat-up sedan, but only Maxamed waved back from the driver's seat. And then the Samatars drove off into the overcast morning.

"I had a funny feeling about that woman this morning, Danny?" Julie gave her son a sideways glance. "Maybe it's nothing. Maybe it's just whatever she did to rid our house of those spirits."

"Maybe," Daniel agreed.

"How are you feeling this morning, pumpkin?" Her eyes fell down to the soft lump in his pants.

“Better.” Daniel looked over at her and caught her gaze. “I mean worse.” She looked breathtakingly beautiful in the diffuse light, with her curves jutting under her dress, her curious face, and her appraising eyes. “I mean, I will need some help when you have some time.”

A thin smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. “I was thinking ...” Julie said the words slowly, and looked over her shoulder into the house. Her husband and daughter were nowhere to be seen. “Maybe you could skip the bus this morning. I could drop you off at school. That might buy us an extra fifteen minutes.”

Ten minutes later, Brittney got on the bus without her twin. It was strange that her mom was going to drop him off, but apparently, they had something important to do that morning.

At that moment, in the laundry room in the basement, Julie leaned with her elbows on the washing machine. Her dress was around her waist, her panties around her ankles, and her son’s long thing rubbed against her butt crack over and over again. “Let me know when it’s time, Danny. You can’t make a mess again. Okay?”



“Sure ... Mom ...” Daniel held her hips and rubbed himself. It felt so good not to worry about Eloise. He could concentrate on the delicious curve at the small of his mom’s back and her wobbling butt. He pulled back and lined up the head with her dripping pussy and pushed in.

“Oh ... maybe that’s not the best ... ooohhhhhh ... idea, sweetie.” He stretched her out so wonderfully. Her body buzzed as that massive penis burrowed its way into her.

“But you said we could have sex again.” He hit bottom, pulled almost all the way out, and thrust back in again. Her pink pussy lining made a perfect sleeve around his dick.

“Oh ... gosh ...” Julie panted. “But we have to ... get you to ... school. And your father ... might come looking ...”

“It’ll be ... uh ... uh ... faster this way.” Daniel slammed into her, enjoying the way her whole body tensed every time he smacked up against her ass.

“Okay, sweetie.” Who was she kidding? It would be faster this way. “Just not ... inside ... it’s a bad time of month ... for me.”



“Where?” He reached with his right hand and wrapped his fingers in her long, brown hair. He pulled her head back a little, getting her to arch her back more. He loved the way she squealed in response.

“I’ll ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... swallloooooowwwwwww.” Julie let her orgasm rip through her. She was completely at her son’s mercy. It was the most delightful feeling.

Daniel smashed her from behind for a while longer, driving her to two more orgasms. Soon, he was ready. “Can ... I ... cum inside?” He pulled a little harder on her hair.

“Yeeessssssss.” Julie barely knew what she was saying. All she knew was that she wanted to live with this pleasure forever. She wanted the rapture to swallow her whole. She heard Daniel’s soft, guttural groans behind her and then felt the heat of his seed inside her. Julie gritted her teeth and shrieked out her most massive orgasm yet.

Up in the kitchen, George stopped loading the dishwasher from breakfast. What was that sound? It sounded sort of like opera. He looked around the kitchen. Strange. Maybe he'd go and find Julie and see if she heard it, too. "Wow, Mom." Daniel tried to catch his breath. He felt Julie's pussy rhythmically squeeze his dick as she finished cumming. He pulled out of her and looked down. His dick was a frothy mess.



"I thought you had ... lost interest in me, Danny. But I was ... very wrong ... it seems." Julie's whole body buzzed. Her mind couldn't quite clear itself. "I just had a lot ... on my mind. It's almost like you're my girlfriend ... now." The words were awkward in his ears.

“Don’t say ... that stuff, Daniel.” Julie’s eyes regained focus, and she bent over to fetch some towels. She tossed one to Daniel and put the other one between her legs. “I’m your ... mother. I’m just helping you out with a difficult situation.”

“Okay.” Daniel used the towel to rub off his slowly deflating dick.

“Now let’s get you to school.” Julie pulled up her panties, knowing that she would be leaking quite a bit of Daniel’s sperm into them on the drive over to school. “And let’s be more careful in the future.”

“But Mom –” Daniel pulled up his pants.

“I’m not saying whose fault it was. But we can’t risk pregnancy.” She shook her hips and let her dress fall down around her knees. “Okay, let’s get you to school.” Julie smiled. She felt good. As she walked up to the main floor, she realized she felt really, really good.

Daniel grabbed his backpack and they walked to the front door.

“There you are,” George called down to them from the grand east stairway. “What’s Danny doing home? I thought the school bus left already.”

“Oh.” Julie spun around and tried not to look guilty. “We ... um ... we ... um ...”

“She was helping me with some homework I forgot to do last night.” Daniel frowned up at his father. “She’s taking me to school now.”

“Oh, okay.” George, oblivious to their discomfort, smiled down at them. “Did you hear a high-pitched sound a little while ago? Sounded almost like a lady singing.”

“No, dear.” Julie shook her head and shot Daniel a stern look out of the corner of her eye.

“Okay, maybe it was the wind.” George shrugged. “Or maybe the ghosts have returned.” He laughed. “I’m going to sweep up those ridiculous salt symbols now that the Samatars are done.” He waved goodbye, turned, and walked up the stairs to put on his work clothes.

“We have to be more careful,” Julie said under her breath as she led Daniel out to the car.

But wouldn’t you know it, not ten minutes later, she leaned sideways from the driver’s seat, blowing her son while he sat in the passenger’s seat. Their car rocked ever so slightly in an empty lot three blocks away from the high school. She eagerly drank his salty stuff when he spewed it down her throat. Her skills were improving to the point that she didn’t let any escape her mouth.

They were a little late for school, so she had to check him in at the front desk. It was awkward for Julie talking to the school’s administrative assistant with the taste of sperm on her tongue and her vagina oozing into her panties. But Julie soldiered through, kissed Daniel on the forehead, and sent him off to class.

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“So, this is what’s left of our dreamstone?” Khadra carefully unwrapped the rags that surrounded the rock on her coffee table. She pulled her hand away and sucked in her breath when she saw what their precious stone had become. “This has been used for generations, Maxamed.” The large, black stone was crisscrossed by long red veins now, pulsing to some unholy beat.

“Yes.” Maxamed stood with his arms folded over his tie, carefully watching his wife.

“It’s become an abomination.” She reached her hand to touch it, but stopped. Some instinct told her not to.

“When I go back to Somalia, I can get us another one.” Maxamed pressed his lips together. “This one seems to have soaked up all the demons into it and calcified them. At least they won’t harm anyone anymore.”

“But have you ever heard of such a thing?” The pulsing mesmerized Khadra. Her hand extended toward the stone again.

“I have not.” Maxamed shook his head. “But I will ask around.”

“It’s really quite compelling.” Khadra’s finger touched the rock and a warmth ran up her arm. A loud crack reverberated around their living room and the stone broke into thirteen pieces. Khadra stepped back in alarm, the heat moving to her chest.

“What did you do, woman?” Maxamed swooped in and examined the erstwhile dreamstone. It had broken neatly, without any chipping. “This cannot stay in our house.” He bundled the pieces up in the rag and ran out the front door.

Khadra watched her husband drop the bundle out by the sidewalk, and then he slowly walked back into the house. Maxamed left the front door open when he returned and stood with his back to it.

“If the demons are tied up in the stone, there is a danger there it seems.” He stood with his hands on his hips.

“How should I best dispose of the evil we purged from the Anderson home? Perhaps the bottom of a lake. Or maybe if we seek the help of an elder who ...”

Khadra tuned out her husband. She watched a group of teenagers walk down the sidewalk and open the rag he'd left on the edge of their lawn. Three boys and two girls reached down and snatched up all thirteen pieces. And then they walked off laughing and teasing each other. Just like that, her husband wouldn't need to worry about disposing the dreamstone.

"... or an abandoned well." Maxamed looked at his placid wife, annoyed that she had somehow broken the dreamstone and then offered no ideas of her own for its disposal. "Why did your touch break it?"

"I think ... I think ... I had a vision of its destruction," Khadra lied. "And my touch was its annihilation. I bet if you went back to the covering now, it would be empty. The evil that plagued the Andersons is gone from this Earth."

"That would be very strange." Maxamed slowly turned and walked out through his open front door. He stepped down the walkway and stopped next to the rag. He bent down to pick it up. It was empty. She was right. None of this made any sense. Maxamed knew he would have to ask around the community to see what others knew of these strange things. He took the empty rag and tossed it in his neighbor's curbside garbage can and walked back into the house. "How are you feeling, Khadra?"

"I am tired, husband. Might I have some quiet time to rest in our bedroom?" She turned and walked toward the bedroom without waiting for his reply.

"Of course, I will not disturb you." He needed her to regain her strength. There was so much strangeness surrounding them now, it was hard to tell if things would finally quiet down. This job seemed hardly worth the work George Anderson had promised to do on their house.

When Khadra closed and locked the door to her bedroom, she was not surprised to see that giant black dildo waiting for her on the neatly made bed. "Even if I wanted to use you, I am too sore from my time with that boy," she whispered to the thing. "And I do not want to use you at all." She picked it up off the bed and put it in her dresser drawer. She wasn't concerned about Maxamed finding it. She knew it would soon disappear, playing its devious games.

"I have willpower, you see?" Khadra looked at the closed drawer as she removed her hijab and dress. She unhooked her bra and let her small breasts fall free. There was something wrong with her panties. She looked down to see a wet spot on the front. Allah help her, she was still leaking that boy's sperm. How much had he deposited in her? She put on new panties and got into bed. She was proud of her willpower with that dark phallus. That she could deny that evil thing boded well as she put her time with the Andersons behind her. She quietly drifted off to sleep.

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At second period, a note from the office pulled Daniel out of calculus. He walked down the long halls back to the main office and was shocked to see Penelope happily chatting with the secretary when he got there.

"Hello, Mr. Anderson. Your sister-in-law signed you out for your doctor's appointment," the secretary said.

"She what?" Daniel was very confused.

"Remember? Your mom couldn't take you today, so she asked me to do it." Penelope smiled and nodded at him. Her blue eyes filled with sincerity.

"Sure." Daniel nodded. He had no such memory. "My books are still in the classroom."

"We'll have someone pick them up, and we'll hold them here for you." The secretary offered her most benign smile. "Have a good appointment."

"Thanks." Daniel followed Penelope out of the school in silence watching her dress swish back and forth.

When they were out in the parking lot, he stepped closer to her. "I thought we couldn't afford a doctor. Did Mom finally freak out about my dick?"

"For someone so smart, you certainly are a dummy sometimes." She looked at him sideways, with an apologetic smile. "I made it up."

"You what?" Daniel stopped. "I have to go back. I can't miss calc for nothing. I'll be behind everyone else."

"Come on, dummy. You can miss a little class. You skipped the other day, remember?" Penelope grabbed his hand and pulled him toward her car. "Didn't you get my voicemail this morning?"

"No." Daniel let her guide him toward her SUV. "I was ... um ... busy."

"You're always so busy." She opened her passenger door and shoved him in. "If you don't answer your messages, this is what you get."

"Kidnapped?" Daniel said as she slammed the door and walked around to the driver's side.

Penelope settled herself in the driver's seat and looked over at him with some seriousness. "Look, I know school is important to you, but you gotta know that this is important to me." She put her hand on his lap and

squeezed his cock. She left her hand there as his dick grew. Her eyes fell down to the bulge in his shorts. "And I can tell this is important to you, too." She moved her hands to the elastic waist and pulled his shorts down. "Pen, this is my school parking lot." Daniel looked around with his brow furrowed. There was no one around, only parked cars. "Someone will see us." "I just want to have a look really fast." She pulled down his underwear and stared as his semi-hard penis sprang out. "It's really incredible, Danny." She started the car and pulled out of her parking spot. Her left hand went to the wheel, her right hand fell to his dick and stroked him. "This is the sort of dick that would move the rise and fall of nations."



"I don't ... think ... that's how countries work, Pen." Despite the situation, it felt really good. He let her do her thing.

"Maybe not." Penelope drove them out on the main road and turned toward her house. It was hard to keep her eyes forward. "Does that feel good, Danny?"

Daniel nodded.

"It feels good in my hand, too." She pulled onto her street. "Are you happy I pulled you out of class now, smartypants?"

"No ..." Daniel watched her take her hand off the wheel to hit the garage opener on her sun visor. "Yes ..."

They pulled into the garage. "I don't know."

"You're so flustered. It's cute." Her right hand continued on his cock while she hit the button to close the garage door and turned off the car. "And to think, I was so nervous about coming to see you at school." She climbed over to Daniel, pulled up her dress, and straddled his lap. "I hope I'm not crushing you." She pulled her panties to the side and lined his dick up with her slick pussy.

"No, it's fine." Daniel looked up at her as she wiggled her hips and lowered herself onto him. Her blonde hair shaded her face in the dimly lit garage, but he could clearly see her expectant smile and then the look of surprise as she felt him stretch her out.

"I'm ... aaahhhhhh ... not going to leave your brother." Penelope slowly started bouncing on him, she could raise her hips so high above his lap without dislodging him it was almost comical.

"I ... didn't ask you to." He reached up and cupped her heavy boobs through her dress. "And I have a girlfriend ... remember? I'm not leaving her."

"I'd very much ... uh ... uh ... uh ... like to meet her." Penelope's hips sped up, her nerve endings sparked with pleasure.

"I don't think ... that's a good ... idea."

"I won't embarrass ... you ... Danny." She could hear the wet sounds coming from her pussy in the closed space of the car. She twisted her hips a little each time she hit bottom and grunted like a mad woman. Nothing else felt like this eighteen-year-old's dick. "You have ... sex with her ... yet?"

"Yes." He gripped her boobs harder and looked up to see her eyes closed tight and her mouth hanging open.

"Then ... uh ... uh ... uh ... we have a lot in common. We've both ... had you inside us. We've both ... had the best sex ... of our lives."

Penelope screamed as her orgasm tightened her muscles, and her pussy clenched down on his cock. She pushed down with her hips and jerked on his lap for several seconds.

Daniel let her work out her orgasm, and then pulled her boobs up and down to get her bouncing on him again.

"I didn't know you were so ... kinky, Pen."

"Me neither." She sighed and put her hands on top of Daniel's hands. She pressed his fingers harder into her breasts. "Brad and I thought ... we knew what sex was." Her pussy quivered. Shit, she was about to cum again. "But ... we didn't. Oh, God ... Brad still doesn't." She shrieked out another orgasm. When she finished, she pulled off him and climbed into the back. She spread a spare towel she kept in the car out on the seat. "Let's not stain the upholstery." And beckoned Daniel back with her. They mated in her car for two hours until Daniel finally came inside her. She sighed, laying on her back with her legs spread, cradling his sweaty head to her left boob. "That took you a long time to cum. Is your girlfriend using you up?"

"To be honest ..." He sighed and pressed his nose into her soft flesh. She smelled sweet and musty. It was perfect. "I have been having way more sex than I ever thought I would."



“Well, you deserve it, Danny.” She played with his blond hair as they lay there. Spending languid time with Daniel, with his huge cock still lodged inside her, was just about the best feeling in the world. After the feeling of humping him, of course. “Should I take you back to school?”

“Probably.”

Neither of them moved for a good long while. Eventually, they cleaned best they could, dressed, and Penelope drove Daniel back to school. He made it just in time for the final bell.

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Things were getting overwhelming for Daniel, so other than daily blowjobs from his mom, he took a few days off from sex. He didn't want Penelope to show up at school again, or do anything else unexpected. He especially didn't want her to do anything that might tip off Julie about what was going on. So, he promised her via text that he'd stop over after school on Monday. He hoped that would hold her off.

Friday night rolled around, and Daniel went to bed early. He was in the middle of a wonderful dream, when a cold hand on his shoulder pulled him from sleep. His eyes shot open in panic, but then a wide, groggy smile spread across his face in the dark. He looked up to see Eloise beaming down at him. She wore a long nightgown, and Daniel could see that she was still not pregnant.

“Your efforts are bearing fruit, dearie.” Eloise smiled back at her handsome boy and gently sat at the edge of his bed. “As you can see, I can touch you again. You're filling the house with such wonderful energy. Positively rambunctious.”

“It's great to see you, Mrs. Palmer.”

“And as always, Danny, you are a sight for sore eyes.” She folded his blanket and tucked it under his chin.

“Now, did I see that you planted your seed inside your mother again?”

Daniel nodded.

“Well, done. Truly phenomenal. And for that I will reward you.” Eloise twisted her ring with its binary diamonds around her finger very slowly. “But first I have a few requests.”

“What?” Daniel raised his eyebrows.

“I would like you to take the marvelous Mrs. Julie Anderson through the back avenue.”

“Her butt?” Daniel hated to tell Eloise no, but he shook his head. “Mom would never go for it.”

“She would.” Eloise nodded good naturedly. “If it's that, or bearing another child, she'll try it. I promise.”

“Really?” Daniel was skeptical.

“I would also like you to bring your brother's wife back to the house and take her here.” She smiled patiently, like a teacher laying out the coursework for the week. “It was good for the house when you shook her carriage at her place. But it would be much better within these walls.”

“I don't know.” Daniel didn't much like these requests. “We'll get caught.”

“Just as you and your mother have been caught?” Eloise winked at him. “I can't make you disappear, but I can help obfuscate your relations, dearie.”

“You can?” Thinking it over, it now made sense that Brittney or his father hadn't discovered what he'd been up to. He was never as careful as he intended.

“My last chore for you is to visit Mrs. Samatar tomorrow at eleven o'clock in the morning.” Eloise pulled the blanket down past Daniel's knees and took in an eyeful of his pale, skinny form. She smiled at his hard bludgeon, poking up past the waistband of his strange underwear. It rested past his bellybutton. “Her husband and children will leave her for a time tomorrow. Make congress with her again and invite her back to the house for a later date. Can you do that for me?” She brushed her fingertips along his cockhead and gently pulled down his underwear.

“Yes.” Daniel nodded.

“Good boy.” Eloise stood and pulled her nightgown over her head. Without her pregnancy, she had smaller boobs, and a much younger looking body. “Now, for your reward I intend to teach you much you do not know about a woman's body.” She reached down, formed a v with her fingers, and pulled at her vagina. “Do you know about the love button?” With her other hand, she pointed out her clit.

Daniel nodded.

“Good, let me show you what to do with it. This is how to properly tend to the crinkum crankum.”

Daniel had forgotten how frigid Eloise's skin was. He was eager to learn. After he'd brought her to a loud orgasm, he watched her alabaster body bounce onto the bed and lay on her back. The red triangle of hair between her legs look so bright on her pale skin.

“With such a long bludgeon, you have more positions open to you than most men, dearie. Let me show you a few.” Eloise guided Daniel into a reverse missionary position, and they went at it for several minutes. “That’s amazing.” Daniel felt like he really could treat a woman differently than other men. It was an intoxicating thought.

“Most men would feel pain, but you have a distinct advantage.” She lifted his hips on the outstroke and dislodged him. “Now learn the Irish garden.”

She put him on his back and lowered herself facing away from him, so that her legs extended past his shoulders and her breasts kissed the sheets. They writhed like that for a while. “You may slap me, Danny.” “That’s okay.” Daniel instead gripped the back of her thighs.

“Slap me, Daniel.” She looked back over her shoulder at him with a dark look.

Daniel smacked her right butt cheek. And then the left one. “Like that?”

“That’s a good lad.”

Eloise ran him through many new positions. She called them names like iron throne, tulip, and rabbit ears. It was a whirlwind of sex for Daniel, and by the time they finished he’d cum in her frigid pussy three times.

Somewhere in the house, a clock chimed five times. Dawn was coming. Eloise tucked

Daniel back in bed and kissed his sweaty brow. “There now. Remember what you learned. These lessons will come of use sooner rather than later.”

“Goodnight, Mrs. Palmer.” Daniel closed his eyes with a contented smile. It was so nice to have her back.

“Goodnight my prince.” And with that, Eloise vanished.



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All houses seemed tiny to Daniel, now that he lived in Palmer Mansion. But the Samatar house seemed excessively small and unadorned from the outside. Daniel stood on the front step rubbing his hands together with nervous tension. If Eloise hadn’t asked this of him, he never would have been there. Not in a million years. He mustered his courage and rang the doorbell. When nothing happened, he gave the front door a timid knock. A few seconds later, the front door opened and Khadra looked out at Daniel. Her welcoming smile faded when she saw who it was. “Daniel. What are you doing here?” Deep inside, she felt a pull to protect and indulge the boy. But she now knew she had willpower and could resist the pull of that accursed house.

"I have to see you, Mrs. Samatar. Can I come in?" Daniel shifted his weight from one foot to the other and back again. He tugged at his t-shirt.

"I am sorry, you may not." Khadra wore her usual hijab and long, flowing dress. She was a small woman, but she made her presence known in the doorway. He would not pass into her home. "Even if I were to forget all that happened between us, I cannot allow a man into my home without my husband present." She looked around the neighborhood. No one watched them.

"Please?" Daniel wanted to reach out and touch her, but dared not. "I'm only eighteen, I'm sure Mr. Samatar wouldn't mind."

Khadra screwed her eyes at him like he was crazy, but stepped aside. She put a hand on his bony shoulder and pulled him into the house. "Fine, but be quick. I shouldn't be doing this." She closed the door behind them and led him into the living room.

The house smelled like strange spices to Daniel. The décor was different than any home he'd been in before, lots of small statues and lavish textiles on the walls. "Okay, this isn't easy to say, so ..." Daniel took a deep breath. "... I'll just say it. We need to have sex again."

"Are you crazy?" Khadra wasn't sure what she was expecting, but this wasn't it. Maybe an apology. Maybe an update on the demons that plagued that house. "I should beat you with my broom."

"Look, I'm sorry." Daniel unbuttoned his pants and dropped them around his ankles. He could see her eyes zero in on the bulge in his micro-boxers. "But you really liked it last time, remember?" He dropped his underwear, too. His dick flopped out at half-mast. "And there's still poison left. I need you to draw out the poison."

"You seem to have an inexhaustible supply of poison." Khadra stepped over to him and reached down toward that massive penis. She brushed her fingernails over the veins and watched it grow. The head of it grew darker and darker. Was her willpower really abandoning her now? "Don't you see? If I help you, I draw the poison inside me."

"I hadn't thought about it that way." Daniel sighed. Her touch felt so good.

"You poisoned my well." She gripped his strange thing and stroked it with her left hand. It was now hard as

steel. "But I suppose I did what needed to be done to protect you." She looked into the teenager's face and could see the pleasure her hand gave him. "Did you know that my touch ruptured the dreamstone? And that I watched as the little, evil pieces fled into the world? I could have stopped it. But I did not." Daniel shook his head. He wasn't sure what she was talking about. "Let's go to your bedroom." "Once more." Khadra bit her lip as her eyes traveled back down to that leviathan. "Just this once more, promise me."

"I promise." Daniel looked down at her dark hand moving on his dick.

"How come you don't have a wedding ring?"

"That is not Somali tradition."

Khadra took hold of his penis and led him by it into the bedroom she shared with Maxamed. A short time later, she rode him with his long thing way up inside her. She still had on her dress, pulled up around her hips, and she still wore her hijab. Her eyes glazed over, and she gritted her teeth in ecstasy. How could anything feel so good?



“Are you going to cum again?” Daniel looked up at the ecstatic woman as she gyrated her hips in little circles on him.

“Gggggghhhhhhhh.”

Khadra couldn't quite get words out of her mouth. Stars exploded before her eyes like watching Allah's creation. She threw her head back and screamed.

This small, dark woman, in her hijab, completely losing control on his dick was an unforgettable sight for Daniel. He just wished Eloise could be there to see it, too.

Suddenly, Daniel wondered what his mom would say if she could see this wife writhing with Daniel on her marriage bed. Maybe she wouldn't approve.

When her orgasm passed, Khadra changed her motion to long strokes. She placed her hands on Daniel's chest and bounced with enough force that she completely lifted off the bed on every upstroke. “What ... uh ... uh ... have you done ... to me?” She whined.

“How can I –” She was interrupted by her phone ringing. She turned her head. Her mobile was where she'd left it over on her dresser. She stopped her motions and looked down at Daniel in wide-eyed panic. “I must ... check that. It could be ... Maxamed.” She tried to slow her breathing.

“Let it go to voicemail.” Daniel flexed his dick inside her and felt her pussy involuntarily squeeze back. “I never answer my phone.” But he watched her pull off him and race across the room. He got a good view of her curvy butt before her dress fell back down around her ankles.

It was as she feared, her husband calling. Khadra picked up the phone, but before answering she looked over her shoulder at the pale, naked boy laying on her bed. His penis stood proudly up in the air. “Quiet now, he cannot know you are here.” Without giving Daniel a chance to respond, she answered the call and held the phone up to her hijab-covered ear. “Hello ... husband,” She said in Somali.

“You sound out of breath,” Maxamed said, also in Somali. “What's wrong?”





“I was just ... doing chores.” Khadra leaned with her elbows on the dresser, her back to the bed. She tensed when she felt hands on her backside, lifting her dress. She looked over her shoulder to see Daniel behind her. She gave him a fierce stare.

“You are supposed to be resting,” Maxamed said. “You’ve been through much. I did not take the children to my mother’s so that you could tire yourself around the house.”

“Sorry, I ... I ...” Khadra had a hard time forming a thought when Daniel slipped back inside her. It didn’t hurt at all anymore. He had changed her vagina. “I just ... wanted to get some ... things done.” She realized now she would need to do chores after Daniel left so that Maxamed wouldn’t get suspicious.

“Well, you sound terrible, woman.” Maxamed sounded a little angry. “Get to bed this instant.”

“Yesss.” Khadra turned and walked with little steps toward the bed, the teenager still humping her from behind. They crossed the room this way, and she got onto all fours on the mattress, his penis never leaving her vagina. “I am ... in bed ... now.” In this new position, Daniel gave it to her harder. She feared Maxamed would hear the slapping of his hips on her butt. “I musssst ... be going ... now.”

“Are you so winded from a trip to bed? Get some sleep. I cannot have a wife in such a weakened state.” Maxamed was so used to giving orders, but he did not know, he had little control over his wife at the moment.

Khadra held the phone away from her ear. Her husband’s voice sounded so tiny and insignificant. “Resting now, dear husband. Goodbye.” And she turned the call off and dropped the phone to the bed. “Why would you ... uh ... uh ... do that?” She launched her hips back at him with every thrust. “If he caught us ...” But she stopped speaking when Daniel stopped thrusting. He moved her legs so

that she was on her feet, squatting, with her hands placed right in front of her toes.

“I’m sorry. You just looked so cute bent over like that. I couldn’t stop myself.” He held her hips and started thrusting again.

“What ... is ... this?” Khadra felt so exposed. She’d never dreamed of a position like this.

“I don’t remember ... uh ... uh ... what Mrs. Palmer called it.” He slapped her butt and she yelped but offered no further protest. “I call ... the position ... froggy style,” Daniel panted.

“Allah have mercy. You’re ... even deeper ... this way.” Khadra was swept away by another orgasm.



Watching her shake and twist in this new position, Daniel felt his balls churn. “I’m gonna ... cum.” Hearing no protest from her, he unloaded deep inside Khadra. Spurt after spurt of hot spunk filled her up and an electric feeling ran through his nerves. After cumming, Daniel pulled her off his dick and she fell face forward onto the bed. Her dress still bunched above her butt. Daniel could see her pussy leaking cum. He gave her butt one last gentle smack and fell on the bed next to her. “That was great.”

“Mmmrrrpplh.” Khadra mumbled something into the blanket.

“So, I know I said this would be the last time, but ...” Daniel traced the curve of her butt with his fingers. She was so much smaller than Penelope and Julie. “I need you to come to the house. I promise that will be the last time. Okay?”

“The ... very ... last time?” Khadra’s vagina still hummed with joy, even as Daniel’s seed slowly leaked out of her. More poison, she thought.

“Scout’s honor.” Daniel wasn’t a scout, but that sounded like the right thing to say.

“When?” She mumbled into the blanket.

“How about tomorrow night, can you get away?” Daniel stood up and dressed himself slowly.

“Maxamed would never let me.” Khadra knew she was giving him an eyeful with her butt up in the air, but she couldn’t bring herself to move.

“After he goes to sleep then.” Daniel thought about that scary man sleeping in this very bed tomorrow night. How odd a thing that he was in this man’s inner sanctum.

A rush of warmth and a need to protect Daniel moved through Khadra. She rolled onto her side to look up at him. Her hijab was out of place, so she straightened it. “I will do that for you.” She nodded with a solemn expression on her face.

“Great.” Dressed now, Daniel bent down and kissed her on the cheek. “Thank you, so much. How about midnight? I’ll meet you at the front door.”

She nodded.

“I don’t want to be here when your husband gets back, so I’m going to jet. Okay? See you soon.”

“Go out the back way.” Khadra couldn’t help but smile seeing Daniel’s exuberance when she accepted his invitation. “The sliding door next to the living room.”

“Will do.” He waved and bounded out of the bedroom.

Khadra sighed. What had she gotten herself into? She forced her sore body to move. She had cleaning to do.