

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

Chapter 12



DARK STONE STORIES

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Saturday afternoon rolled around and Daniel found the perfect moment to try and follow through with one of Eloise's requests. George had just left to do some work on the Samatar house. Brittney left a few minutes later to go on a date with her boyfriend, Ted. So, it was only Julie and Daniel in the house for several hours. Daniel found his mother moving briskly around the kitchen as she prepared dinner.

"Hey, Mom." Daniel leaned against the door. His heart thumped like it always did when he tried to initiate something with her. "Whatcha doing?"

"Making dinner, pumpkin." Julie's dress swished around her knees as she moved from the fridge to a mixing bowl. "Why are you still here? You should be out on a date like your sister. It's Saturday night. I remember how important Saturday nights were when I was single."

"I'm going out with friends tonight. As far as girls go, I'm a little shy about my size." He watched his mom's sideboob shake under her dress as she mixed something in the bowl with a large wooden spoon. "Any girl would freak when she saw my ... penis." He almost said 'dick'. He didn't want to get scolded before things even started with her.

"It's a numbers game, Danny." Julie bit her lower lip, thinking about her son showing his monstrous thing to some teenage girl. Something about him conquering the girls at his school sent a shiver down her spine. Who was she kidding? It wouldn't even fit in most women, certainly not eighteen-year-old girls. It barely fit in her. That thought made her blush. She coughed to clear her throat. "Numbers game. You have to meet lots of nice girls, one of them will think your thing is perfect."

"But, if I have to wait to have sex until I'm married, it might not fit at all in my wife." Daniel had heard over and over again that he should wait until marriage. And he had planned on that until they moved into Palmer Mansion.

"Well ..." Julie still mixed the bowl even though she didn't need to anymore. "I think that ship has sailed, sweetie. You have my permission to see where that thing will fit." She felt so ashamed saying those words, but the idea of him shoving his penis into other tight vaginas drove her a little wild. She felt moisture in her panties. Then a thought occurred to her. "But you'll need condoms. Really ... big ... condoms." Julie turned toward Daniel. "Oh, gosh. I wish you wouldn't pull your penis out in the open like that. Someone could see." Her brown eyes went wide and her lips parted. She stopped mixing and let go of the spoon.

"Sorry, Mom. Your body just looks really good." Daniel had his dick in his right hand, the waist of his pants and underwear were around his thighs. He stroked it slowly.

"Thank you for saying sorry, Daniel. And ... thank you for the compliment." Julie's eyes fell to the floor. "Do you want me to take care of you before you go see your friends?"

Ten minutes later, Julie stripped slowly in Daniel's room as her naked son watched from his desk chair. Butterflies flapped in her stomach. Every time with him was like her first time as a teenage girl, so many moments filled with delightful nervous expectation. She realized that the guilt and embarrassment she'd felt with Daniel had evaporated. She dropped her dress to the floor, now only in her bra and panties. She pulled the panties off with a little shake of her hips and tossed them aside.

"Do you have any sexy underwear, Mom?" Daniel stroked his dick with both hands and watched his mother undress. He loved the triangle of brown hair peeking out from between her legs.

"I do." Julie sighed. "I bought some to use with your father. But they don't fit anymore." She reached behind her back and undid the clasp on her bra. "I did find a chemise and corset in the library closet. I bet that still fits."

"What's a chemise and corset?" Daniel's eyes zeroed in on Julie's boobs as they dropped out of her bra. They hung and jutted perfectly. The little blue veins under her skin made them seem so vulnerable.

"It's like Victorian lingerie, Danny." She stood with her arms by her sides in the middle of Daniel's room, letting his gaze rove over her body as he masturbated. Her heart beat in her ears.

"Could you wear it sometime?" Daniel stood and maneuvered Julie onto his bed. He put her on her hands and knees and admired her divine curves. Her ass was so wonderfully round and wide. The way it tapered from her hips made Daniel's palms sweaty.

"Sure," Julie squeaked.

"Could you shake for me?" Daniel stroked his dick as he stood by the bed.

"What?" Julie looked up at him over her shoulder in surprise.

"You know, shake your ass."

"Language, Daniel." Julie arched her back. Was she really presenting herself to him like this? Just waiting to be mounted.

“Sorry, Mom.” Daniel looked from Julie’s confused eyes down the delicate arch of her back to her pale ass. “It’s just an expression. Can you shake your butt, please?” He stepped over to his desk, picked up his phone, and put on a Post Malone song. He left the phone playing on the desk and stepped back next to the bed.



“Like this?” Julie looked down at the blanket below as she shook her ass to the music’s beat. She was doing this to help her son, she reminded herself. “This is so embarrassing, Danny.” Her eyes took in the pattern of the astronaut-themed blanket pressed into her fingers. On the day she bought it in the department store all those years ago, she never thought she’d one day shake her ass above it. But here she was.

“That’s awesome, Mom.” Daniel grabbed his dick and stroked some more. “You look amazing.”

“Thank you.” Her cheeks were so hot. She felt the bed depress as Daniel climbed on behind her. “It’s still a dangerous time of month for me. You can’t do it in me, okay?”

“How about another place?” Daniel kneeled behind his mom, wondering what he’d use for lubrication. “Can I

cum in your butt?”

“What?” Julie looked over her shoulder back at her eighteen-year-old boy, his face eager with expectation. She stopped shaking her ass. “Your father asked me for that a long time ago. Before you were born. I’ll tell you the same thing I told him. Not in a million years.”

“But you can’t get pregnant that way.” Despite the continued argument, Daniel gave up and eased his dick into her pussy from behind as she glared at him over her shoulder. Her expression softened as he slid into her.

“You’d kill me with that thing, Danny.” She turned her head back and stared down at his blanket again. “That feels good, pumpkin. Just do that and pull ... ooohhhhhh ... out at the end. Okay?”

“Sure, Mom.”

Daniel got a nice rhythm going, matching the Post Malone beat. A few minutes later, he took his right hand off her hip and wet his thumb in his mouth. He then slowly wiggled it into Julie’s ass.

“What ... uh ... uh ... uh ... are you ...?” Julie was surprised to learn that she liked it.

“I’ve ... never ... had a man in two places ... at once.” Her fingers tightened their grip on the blanket. She looked down at the ring on her left hand. What would George say if he saw her now



taking her son's monster penis like a dog, with his finger up her butt, while listening to teenage music. She didn't think he'd be pleased. It was all so crazy.

"You ... like it ... ah ... ah ... ah ... Mom?" Daniel slid the rest of thumb into her and continued pumping her pussy with his dick. He could see the little muscles in her back spasming. She liked it. This was another thing he'd never have tried without Eloise's prodding.

"Oooooohhhhhh ... Daaaaannnnnyyyyyyy." Julie orgasmed with her son's finger in her butt.

"It ... feels good ... right?" Daniel seized the moment and pulled out of her pussy. He lined his cockhead up to



her butthole and pushed a little.

Coming down from her orgasm, Julie felt what he was doing and shrieked in panic. "No." She dropped forward onto her belly. "Not ... there ..." she panted.

"Okay." Daniel hated to let Eloise down, but he could hear the fear in his mom's voice. He pushed her legs together, spread her ass, and looked down at her gorgeous slit from the back. "I'll stay in your pussy." He slid back inside her and really started humping her. This was a terrific position, with her ass pushing into his hips and belly with each crushing lunge. The song changed to a rap song with a faster beat. He used it for rhythm.

"Danny ... Danny ... Danny." Her son drove her to orgasm after orgasm as he smashed her from behind. He mated with such ferocity that on every backstroke she could feel her belly and hips lift entirely off the mattress. She worried for a brief moment about the structural integrity of his bed. But then all rational thought left her. She wasn't sure how long Daniel used her pussy like that, but it seemed like it went on forever. She was lost in a fog of rapturous wonder.

"Oh ... Mom ... take it." Daniel didn't ask for her permission to dump his load in her. He hoped it was okay, but with the pleasure building he didn't feel like he had much of a choice. He emptied himself in her.

They lay like that for a while, until eventually Julie turned her head and looked over at the bedside clock.

“Your father should be home in a half-hour.” But still she didn’t move. “I can’t believe I let you put your stuff in me again.”



“Sorry, Mom.” Daniel pressed his cheek against her back and his dick firmly in her clutching pussy. “We’re both behaving like teenagers.” Julie sighed. “I guess next time you can try my butt. If it doesn’t fit, it doesn’t fit.” She thought about the pleasure she’d felt with his thumb and wondered what it’d be like to have his penis open her up back there. “But if it does, we could stop worrying about pregnancy. I don’t know how I’d explain another baby to your father.”

“Wow. Thanks, Mom.” A surge of energy rushed through Daniel. “Can we try it now?” He moved his hips and slid his dick out of her pussy.

“Certainly not.” Julie turned onto her side to deny him access. “We need to clean up before your father gets home. And I need to finish dinner.” She’d completely forgotten about dinner.

“Okay.” Daniel worked on his self-control. He bent down, kissed the perfect curve of her hip and hopped off the bed. “I’ll go take a shower.” His dick bounced as he left the room with a hop in his step.

Julie shook her head and watched his skinny, white butt disappear out the door. It was nice to see him so happy.

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Sunday morning rolled around and the twins sat by themselves at the dining table eating breakfast.

“Where’s Mom?” Brittney looked behind her like her mother might be sneaking in from the kitchen. No one was there.

“Probably getting ready for church.” Daniel shrugged and smiled over at her in between bites of English muffin. “Where’s Dad?”

“Getting ready for church?” Brittney shrugged and took a bite of her muffin. She leaned toward Daniel conspiratorially. “I have something to tell you.” She stood up, walked around the table and sat down next to Daniel. “Ted and I did it last night,” she whispered.

“You did?” Daniel’s eyebrows went up.

“Yep.” Brittney couldn’t quite wipe the smile off her face. “You’re the last virgin in the Anderson house.” She rolled her eyes up to the left like she was thinking. “I’m assuming Mom, Dad, and Brad all did it since they’re

married and we exist and everything. But it's gross to think about. Can you imagine Mom having sex?" Brittney giggled.

Daniel shook his head. He didn't have to imagine it. "I thought you were going to wait until you got married. I mean, that's what we're supposed to do. What happened?"

"Mom and Dad have unreasonable expectations, Danny. I'm a woman now." Brittney folded her arms in front of her small breasts and frowned.

"Sorry, Britt." Daniel forced a smile. She really was a woman now with her piercing blue eyes, flowing brown hair, and budding figure. "I'm really happy for you. How was it?"

"You want details, dufus?" Brittney punched her brother's shoulder. "To tell you the truth, it was over before I even really knew it started. But I'm sure it'll get better."

"Yeah." Daniel nodded. "That's what they say about the first time."

"Well, I did invite Ted over tonight for some more practice. He was scared to sneak over here at night. Can you believe it?" Brittney wrinkled her nose at the thought of her scaredy-cat boyfriend. "But I convinced him."

Daniel was pretty sure he knew how she convinced him. "Wait. He's sneaking in tonight?" Daniel had invited Khadra over that night.

"Yeah, but don't tell anyone." Brittney put her finger to her pink lips and put on a mock-sinister grin.

"Your secret's safe with me." Daniel shrugged. He supposed they could both sneak people in on the same night. It was a big house.

"What about you? Are you still going to wait for marriage, Danny?" Brittney leaned in toward her brother, inviting the exchange of secrets. His breath was cool with a faint hint of spice and muffin.

"I don't think so." Daniel shook his head and regarded his beautiful sister.

"Well, I'm sure you'll make some girl very happy someday." She patted his knee, stood up, and carried her plate into the kitchen.

Daniel thought about his mother screaming in ecstasy on her belly as he plowed her from behind. He was making her very happy these days. "Thanks, Britt."

"Of course." She passed him on her way back out to the hall. "We better get ready for church, too. It's almost time."

"Right behind you." Daniel stood and took his plate into the kitchen.

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Sneaking wasn't really Brittney's thing. She was too pure and honest a person. But she was also a teenager, and Daniel watched her sneak Ted in through the front door a little after his parents went to bed. The euphonic shadow of a clock that had returned to Palmer Mansion finished chiming ten when they slipped into the tower room. Daniel sighed. Ted was a fine person, but he felt a little jealous about Brittney's boyfriend.

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This was the craziest thing Khadra had ever done. She stood just outside the Anderson's front door. She'd fled a war-torn country. She faced down more than two dozen demons with cousins and later her husband. She'd raised two children in this strange place. She sighed. And now she had also defiled her consecrated promises to Maxamed. Twice. And she was about to do it for a third and final time.

The door creaked open as she stood there, fiddling with her thumbs. She wore a long, dark blue dress and a dark hijab. Perfect for sneaking. Khadra looked into the darkness and could see Daniel's welcoming blue eyes. And then his sweet smile.

"You made it," he whispered. "I'm so happy to see you. Come in." He waved her in like it was normal for a married wife to visit him at the witching hour. He wore plaid pajamas and no socks. His bare toes wiggled on the hardwood floor.

With a stutter of hesitation, Khadra followed Daniel into the house. He took her hand in his, a remarkably intimate gesture, and led her into the main living room. Khadra was shocked to find the room much changed. A roaring fire crackled in the hearth. The walls were adorned with nineteenth century portraiture and stuffed animal heads. She recognized some of the game from Africa. The furniture was also entirely out of place. Or maybe out of time.

"What is this place?" Khadra's almond-shaped eyes widened as she looked around.

"You see it, too?" Daniel gave her hand a squeeze and closed the door behind them. "Good. Sometimes I wonder if I'm going crazy." He pulled her toward a long, striped sofa with rolled arms. "Let's sit by the fire."

"The room is beautiful." Khadra let the teenager sit her down and she looked over at him. Despite his youth and meagre physique, she found him quite pleasing to look at. "And you look very handsome, Daniel." She looked down at her lap. She shouldn't say such things.

"Was it hard sneaking away tonight?" Daniel gently stroked the dark skin on the back of her left hand.

"It was." Khadra nodded. And with her free hand, she removed her hijab without him even asking. She wanted to look beautiful for this young man. Everything was so strange. She shook out her black hair. "I don't know what Maxamed would do if he caught me here." That was a lie. She knew exactly what he'd do.

"Wow, you look fantastic with your hair out." He admired the way her wavy hair caught the firelight. "I mean, really pretty. You know ..." Daniel lifted her hand and kissed her just below the knuckles. Her skin was soft, warm, and smelled like flowers. "I don't know what you look like under that long dress you always wear. Since this is our last time together, could I see ..." He kissed her hand again very gently. "... under your dress?"

"Since this is the last time." Khadra nodded and stood. She pulled her hand away from his and stepped in front of the fire. She reached down with her hands and pulled her dress slowly up her body. As the hem passed her hips and her belly button, a little surge of panic flashed through her. But she continued. She pulled it up past her breasts, encased in a black bra, and then the dress went over her head. She folded it neatly, turning away from Daniel, and placed it on the hearth. She knew as she bent down, she was giving him a good look at her panty-clad butt. She straightened and turned to him. "How's that?" She cocked her hip a little, but was unsure how to make herself look sexy. Allah help her, she wanted to look sexy for this boy.

"You look amazing, Mrs. Samatar." Daniel looked her trim body up and down. "Could you possibly take off your underwear?"

"Yes." Khadra bent down and took off her shoes and socks. She then slowly lowered her panties. She saw Daniel's eyes fix on the triangle of black hair between her legs and she looked off to another part of the room as she reached back to unclasp her bra. She gazed into the glassy eyes of a stuffed gazelle head. The poor beast looked stunned at the turn of events that had led it to that living room. Khadra could identify with the feeling. She removed her bra and placed her arms over her bare breasts. She was naked.

"Could I see your boobs, too?" Daniel took off his pajama top and hung it on the side of the sofa. The fire felt warm on his pale skin. He pulled off his bottoms and his underwear and let his dick flop free.

Khadra's gaze returned to Daniel and fell down to his lap. "Allah preserve me, you have such a mighty tool." She dropped her arms and let her breasts hang out in the open. Was her motherly body really worth so much fuss? Maxamed didn't seem to think so.

The wife stared at his penis, and the eighteen-year-old boy stared at her boobs. The breasts were not so large, and they hung a bit. She had nearly black nipples, with large areola. Her dark skin hid the blue veins he could see on his mom's boobs. Daniel admired the little stretch marks at the top of her breasts. His dick got harder still.

"I want to show you something I learned." Daniel stood up and guided her to a sitting position on the edge of the hearth.

"Would you like me to ... you know ... service you now?" Khadra looked up at him with soft eyes, her pupils dilated.

"No thank you." Daniel sank to his knees and spread her legs. Everything about her pussy was dark except for the little bit of pink that peeked out between her lips. "You were so nice to sneak out and see me tonight. I want to do something for you."

"What are you doing down there?" She felt him spread out her lips, exposing her clit. "No one has ever touched me there. You shouldn't ... oooooohhhhhh ... oh no .... mmmmmmmmm ... it's ... nice." She felt his tongue dart out and lick her slit. Quickly, he was alternating between licking and nibbling on her protruding lips and lapping at her clit. She vaguely knew people did this sort of thing, but she hadn't ever considered it for herself. If she had known how it felt all along, she might have gathered the courage to ask her husband for such treatment.

"You ... taste ... really good ... Mrs. Samatar," Daniel said between licks. There was nothing sweeter than slurping a married woman's pussy, Daniel decided. Especially now that he knew what he was doing. He worked a finger into her as well, and really gave Khadra the full treatment.

"There ... just there ... oooooohhhhhh ... that spot ..." Khadra placed her hands a little behind her and leaned back, opening herself up to him more. Through unfocused eyes, Khadra looked up at the strange room and was startled to see the redheaded woman from her vision sitting on a nearby armchair with her legs crossed. Eloise Palmer looked much better than when Khadra saw her last. Her face was unblemished and uncut. Her long, bustled dress untattered. Her smile was full of warmth.

“You ... you ...”  
Khadra couldn’t finish her thought as Daniel’s tongue rocketed her off with a powerful orgasm. She shook and her fingers pressed into the hot stone.

“How was that?”  
Daniel looked up at her, his face glistening in the orange glow.

“Marvel ... marvelous ...”  
Khadra pointed to Eloise. “But there is ... a demon ... here.” She should have been afraid, but all she felt was the buzzing afterglow of an intense orgasm. Something she was becoming familiar with.

“What?” Daniel raised his eyebrows and turned his head. He smiled when he saw it was only Eloise smiling back at him. He looked

back up at Khadra. “That’s Mrs. Palmer. She’s friendly.” He kissed the inside of her trim thighs. “You want me to eat you out some more, or should we try other new things?”

“Other new things.” Khadra shivered. Such crude language. Her ears were not used to such things, but she let Daniel move her from the fireplace to the bearskin rug.

“This doesn’t have to be the end, Mrs. Samatar.” Eloise’s voice was sweet, light, and without a care. Above all else, it was beguiling. “The bond, the pact, the contract made. We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation, sweet Khadra. You could feel these things again and again. The world was made for such pleasure. Quench yourself.”

“No.” Khadra shook her head as Daniel maneuvered her onto her belly with her legs pressed together. She looked up at Eloise and cried out when Daniel’s penis entered her.

Eloise shrugged. “Suit yourself.” She leaned back in the armchair and watched the debauchery with keen interest. “Enjoy your last time, then.” A minute later, she sat up with a look of expectation, like a baker ready to take steaming treats out of the oven. “Excuse me for a moment, I have to take care of something.” Eloise stood, raced to the door, and vanished down the hall.

Daniel’s penis felt so good inside her that Khadra barely noticed.



The east tower room was cold as temperatures dropped outside. Ted and Brittney cuddled under the blankets, working their way through a limited range of foreplay. Brittney didn't want to touch Ted's dick with her mouth, but she would allow handjobs. It was frustrating for Ted, but she finally seemed ready for their second sex session. He was sure the last time he'd blown her mind. He couldn't wait to do it again.

"You've got the rubber on?" Brittney lay on her back, her legs spread. "Good. Go ahead and put it in."

"Get ready, baby." Ted slid into her tight pussy and pumped his hips with little thrusts. It was heaven. Sex made him forget about everything else in the world. Homework, sports, even the scary house she lived in. It all faded away.

"Go, go, go," Brittney urged. She was hoping to feel a little something more this time. Sex was supposed to be this great thing, but so far it just seemed like uncomfortable groping.

"Yeah, baby. Take it." Ted felt the covers fall away and the cool air of the room played on his bare skin. He paid no attention and humped away. "You like it?"

"She doesn't like it, dearie." A strange woman's voice came from just to the side of the bed.

"What?" Ted looked up in surprise and disbelief, still humping his girlfriend.

"Try it more like this." The redheaded woman reached down and grabbed Ted's hips from behind. She then forced him to thrust with longer, more powerful strokes. Predictably, his dick flopped out of Brittney's pussy.

"Help ... help ..." Ted gasped as ice cold hands pressed into him and forced his hips up and down. "Stop ... please ..."

"What's wrong?" Brittney looked up at him with concerned eyes. "Teddy?"

Suddenly the woman and her frigid hands were gone. Nothing was holding Ted on top of his girlfriend, so he sprang up and quickly found his pants. "Jesus Christ, I gotta go, Britt."

"What happened?" Brittney found the sheet and pulled it up over her chest. One minute she was having unsatisfying, awkward sex, the next, Ted was running. Was it her fault the sex was so bad? Was that why he was leaving?

"That fucking creepy lady happened." Ted looked around the room wildly. "Is she a friend of your mom's or something? Sneaking into your room when you invite boys over? Seriously messed up."

"I don't invite boys over. Just you." Brittney's face went very somber. "I didn't see anyone."

"What?" Ted stopped and looked at Brittney. Was he losing his mind? He took a deep breath. "Okay, maybe I'm just tired. I'll sneak out, your parents won't ever know I was here." He finished dressing and paused. He didn't want to walk through that dark house, but he had no choice. "Actually, can you walk me to the door?" The thought of running into the cold woman in the halls sent a chill down his spine.

"I think I'm just going to stay here, Ted." She knew she couldn't hold back her tears much longer and she didn't want him to see her cry.

"Okay, goodnight." As he walked out, Ted realized he still had the condom on his limp dick. Oh well, he'd deal with it later.

Creeping downstairs, Ted almost made it to the front door when he saw an orange glow to his left. Curiosity defeated his cowardice, and he sneaked to an open door and peered in. His mouth dropped when he saw what was happening inside the grand room. Brittney's twin brother was plowing a black woman. He was behind her, standing with his legs out to either side, and he had a huge dick. She was on all fours, her eyes rolled back, and making a faint gurgling sound.

"Run along now," the woman's voice whispered just over Ted's shoulder. "You've seen enough."

With wide eyes, Ted turned and there was the redheaded woman staring at him out of the dark with cold, green eyes. Forgetting to be sneaky, he ran to the front door, opened it and ran down the front walk. He was at a full sprint down the driveway and then he got into his car and sped away.

Eloise followed him to the front door and watched him go. She closed the front door for him with a satisfying thud. "Inconsiderate youth." She clucked to herself. She then gracefully turned and strode back toward the main living room, her dress trailing behind her. Time to see if Khadra was ready for a deal.

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When Eloise returned to the living room and quietly shut the door behind her, she found the couple engaged in the knot. Khadra rode Daniel, with her feet planted on the bearskin rug on either side of his right leg, her knees high, her back straight, and her head lolling back and forth. Her pretty face twisted itself in rapture. "Strike while the iron's hot," Eloise whispered to herself.



“Daniel ... Daniel ... you’re in me ... and rubbing me ... it’s too much ...” Khadra could feel another orgasm building. She was vaguely aware of the demon entering their room. But she couldn’t bring her mind to worry. “Dear Mrs. Samatar,” Eloise cooed. “This can’t be the last time, can it?” Eloise walked over to her armchair and settled in. “You need more, don’t you?” “I need ... I need ...” Khadra bounced on that impossibly long penis and rubbed her clit along the inside of his skinny thigh. “I offer you a lifetime of this feeling.” Eloise leaned forward in her chair. “This is more than your god can offer. More than any god can offer. We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation.” “Yes ...” Khadra closed her eyes tight and bounced. Electricity moved through her nerves. It was as if the pleasure spoke for her.

“Yes ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... I’ll take ... the deal.”

“And so it’s done.” Eloise looked over to Daniel and tried to get him to focus. “Danny? You’ll want to move her someplace colder than this. As a reward, the house has given you the strength to carry her miles, but you need only to convey her to your washroom. Godspeed lad.” And Eloise blew away just as the fire flickered and went out.

“What’s happening?” A crimson glow consumed Khadra’s breasts. The light then spread to her hips and between her legs. “Aaaaahhhhhh. I’m burning.” Her building orgasm forgotten, she stood up in a panic. Carrying a woman was not familiar territory for Daniel. The closest shower was on the second floor, so he’d have to get her there in a hurry. “I know what to do, Mrs. Samatar.” He stood and lifted her in his arms, his dick still hard and swaying just beneath her. He placed his hand on her mouth when she screamed in agony. “Quiet now, you don’t want to wake anyone.” He then carried her out of the room and down the hall.

“Burning ...” Khadra voice was muffled by his hand.

“Almost there.” Daniel carried her up the stairs. She felt as light as a feather. She was a small woman, but still. He didn’t think his unathletic frame could carry anyone until that moment. What else could Eloise give him? They made it down the hall, the sanguine glow emanating from Khadra lighting their way. With a minimum of noise, they made it to his bathroom. He put her in the tub and turned on the cold water.

"Allah help me, I'm dying." But even as she said it, the heat felt a little more bearable under the cold water. She looked down to see her small breasts expanding. "Help me ... Daniel."

"Right." Daniel knew what to do. He stepped into the shower and kissed her swollen boobs.

"Aaahhhh. Thank you ... thank you ..." His lips felt so cool on her skin. The heat and the crimson light began to fade from her breasts. But she could still see the light emanating from between her legs. "It's still so hot ... down there."

"Hold on." Daniel lifted Khadra up and flipped her upside down in his arms, facing him. The cold water splashed off her back. He then buried his face in her pussy. Daniel liked his new abilities.

"Oooohhhhhhh. Yes ... that's so much ... better." A coolness seeped through Khadra. She regained enough awareness to figure out he turned her upside down and was slurping at her vagina. She had heard the demon say something about giving him strength. What had Khadra gotten herself into? His massive penis bumped into her right cheek. Without thinking, she turned her head and sucked him into her mouth.

"That's ... nice ..." Daniel said between licks. The glow had completely left her body, but he could feel her wider hips and her larger boobs pressed against his stomach. He pulled her off his dick and flipped her back to her feet. With one quick move he reached around her, turned off the water, and lifted her onto his shoulder. Dripping, he carried her out of the bathroom and into his bedroom. He closed the door, turned on the light, and set her down. He got a good look at her. "Wow, you were beautiful before, but ... wow ..."

Khadra looked down. The demon had transformed her.

How would she ever explain this to her husband? Her breasts now jutted out proudly from her chest, quite a bit larger. She cupped her left one. And heavier. The curve from her waist to her hip was more prominent. She wondered what the demon had done to her vagina. "Do you ..." She cupped her other boob and squeezed it. "Do you like it, Daniel?"

"Yes." Daniel stared at her. Her dark skin still had light stretch marks at the top of her boobs, and her dark nipples hadn't changed. But her tits now sloped out from her chest, and they had clearly grown several sizes. Daniel wondered how she'd explain this to her husband. "I think you look ... out of this world."

"Thank you." She dropped her boobs and looked at Daniel. "I think I look ... out of this world, too." She fell into his arms and kissed him on the lips. His penis slipped between her thighs, and his tongue slipped into her mouth. She needed Daniel more than anything at that moment. She realized it would be very difficult not to see him again. Soon, Khadra rode Daniel on his bed, bringing herself to multiple orgasms. Daniel watched,



mesmerized, as her tits bounced in wide circles, her black nipples going in counter-orbit to one another. He came in her as she rode him.

He then flipped her under him and pounded her tight pussy as she writhed and screamed, her legs spread as wide as they would go. He emptied himself inside her.



Afterward, the two tried to catch their breath, laying on their backs side by side and staring at the ceiling. “You ... astonish ... me.” Khadra placed her hand on his flat belly and her fingers moved down to his penis. “You’re still ... hard.”

“Yeah ... well ...” Danny looked over at her. He loved the way her boobs hung to the side while she was on her back. He wanted nothing more in that moment than to make her happy.

Seemingly reading his mind, Khadra said, “I haven’t felt like this since ... well ... ever.” She rolled onto her side. “I don’t think I need to draw out the poison anymore, but let me take care of you.” Khadra should have been fretting about demonic possession, infidelity, unwanted pregnancy, wanton sexual deviation, and countless other pressing concerns. Instead, she leaned over him, opened her mouth wide, and sucked the head of his monster into her mouth. It took him a while before he exploded down her throat, but she didn’t mind. In fact, Khadra relished the pleasure she gave this teenager. When he released his seed, she happily swallowed as much as she could. She then put her head on his tummy and they fell asleep.

Khadra woke in the early dawn, and it took a second to realize where she was. Her heart raced when it all came rushing back to her. She was naked in a teenager’s room, with his dried cum on her face, on her thighs, and inside her. She kissed the sleeping Daniel on his cheek, hoping that it was the last time they’d do this. Guilt and panic set in. She couldn’t have a white baby.

The hallways were cold as she slipped out of Daniel’s room and bounced down the stairs, holding her new boobs firmly to keep them from jarring around. She found her clothes in the dark living room and dressed. She then stole out of the house just as the sunrise lightened the eastern sky. She needed to hurry home and shower before Maxamed awoke. She would also need to somehow explain her new body and seduce him, so that his sperm would have a fighting chance in case she was fertile. As she walked to her car, she counted the days. She thought it was probably a safe time of month for her, but still she worried. She worried about all of it. And increasingly, she wondered how she would find her way out of this spider web the house had set around her.