

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

Chapter 15



DARK STONE STORIES

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The damp washcloth felt cool in Khadra's hands. It was supposed to be warm. She pressed it up against her husband's forehead. It had been over a day since their failed attempt to rid Daniel of his demon. Maxamed had not yet turned lucid. Khadra had sent their children to her parents' house as she devoted herself to taking care of her husband. Although, she was quite worried about his anger when he woke up. He had seen her copulate with Daniel, shoving the eighteen-year-old's massive thing up inside her. She just hoped he'd understand it was the house that had done that and not her.

Time to freshen up the washcloth. Khadra stood and left her husband in their bed. She walked over to the bathroom and turned on the faucet. She froze when she looked to her right. There, standing upright on the counter, was that damnable black phallus. Khadra stood staring at it for a long time with the water running and steam rising before her. Eventually, she shut the water off.

"Just one more time," Khadra whispered. She slowly pulled off her dress and removed her panties. She was naked in the bathroom with that black thing. "I don't need to do this." She picked up the dildo, closed the bathroom door, and sat down on the toilet lid. "I just want to see what it's like. One ... last ... time ... uuuuggggghhhhhhh." She spread her legs and shoved it inside her. While not as massive as Daniel's tool, it hit spots her husband couldn't. Her body buzzed with pleasure as she moved the thing in and out.

"Khadra?" Maxamed's voice called from the bedroom, muffled by the bathroom door. "What happened?" Khadra's heart felt like it wanted to beat out of her chest. With a moment of indecision, she kept the dildo all the way inside her. She grunted as it touched some magical place inside. Then, very slowly, she withdrew the phallus, washed it in the sink, dried it with a hand towel, and tossed it into a drawer. "I'm coming, Maxamed." This was a delicate moment. Khadra didn't know how Maxamed would react to the incident at the mansion. She threw on her dress and rushed back into the bedroom.

"What happened?" Maxamed looked up at her, still with his head on the pillow.

"What do you remember?" Khadra sat down next to him. She'd forgotten the washcloth, so she patted his chest through the blanket.

"We went to that accursed house. I ... I ..." Maxamed blinked his dark eyes. "I took the boy to the unlocked room. And ..." He paused. Memories would not come back. "Did I accidentally chloroform myself?"

"Yes." Khadra sighed with relief. She hated telling the lie, but it was for the greater good.

"And you got me back here? By yourself?"

"It wasn't easy." Khadra nodded.

"Chloroform is a vile drug." Maxamed looked away from his loving wife up to the ceiling. "It gave me such dreadful dreams. I can only see flashes. That ... that you willingly consorted with a monster." He looked back down at her soft, brown eyes. "Tell me that was not a prophetic vision. Tell me that we will have nothing further to do with that accursed family."

"Those were not prophecies, dear husband." She patted the covers again and stood. At least that wasn't a lie. What he described were memories not prophecies. "We will have nothing further to do with the Andersons." Also, not a lie. "Now let me fetch you some food."

"Yes, thank you." A grim tautness left Maxamed's face and he relaxed into his pillow. "The children?"

"At my parents'." Khadra moved to the door. "I'll be back with some lunch. You must be hungry." She left the room and stopped at the bathroom. She paused and then stepped inside. She'd dodged a bullet with Maxamed, and maybe she could take a few minutes to celebrate. The phallus was still in the drawer. She closed the bathroom door, lifted up her dress, and pushed it home. "Oooooohhhhhhhh." Her husband's lunch could wait a few extra minutes.

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The shopping basket bulged with items Julie didn't need. She'd thrown in Band-Aids, Q-tips, tampons, Aspirin, and various other things she had plenty of at home. She hoped that the extra-large, magnum condoms would go unnoticed by the clerk if the box came with an avalanche of miscellany. She placed the basket on the conveyor belt and watched the clerk go to work.

"We don't sell many of these." After checking a few items, the clerk, an older woman, held up the box of condoms. "Not in this size, anyway. You married well, miss." She smiled a knowing grin and appraised Julie.

"My husband packs a little one." She leaned closer to Julie. "Is it true what they say?"

"Um." Julie looked around, but no one else was about. "Sorry?" Her cheeks burned. She wanted nothing more than to pay and get out of there, but the clerk was having none of it.

"Is bigger really better?" The clerk winked. "I've never experienced a ... magnum."

Julie gave a slight nod and her cheeks turned more red.

"I knew it." The clerk gave out a quick laugh and bagged the condoms, running the next item over the scanner. "So how big is your husband?"

"I couldn't possibly say." Julie shrugged.

The clerk stopped what she was doing and looked at Julie. She made a point of looking at Julie's wedding ring and then back up to her brown eyes. "It's not your husband is it?" She didn't wait for Julie's answer. "No it isn't. I can tell. You sly minx. Who is he then? The pool boy?" She went back to checking items. "The lawn boy? I always had fantasies about them. They're all sweaty and tan. Who?"

Julie stood perfectly still.

"Keep your secrets then." The clerk held up the last item, a bottle of lube. "I'm not surprised you need this, given his size. Lordy, Lordy." She finished bagging and announced the total.

Julie shook her head and put her credit card through as quickly as possible. She grabbed her bag and didn't wait for the receipt, heading for the exit.

The clerk called after Julie as she fled. "More power to you, miss. We could all use a little something extra." The clerk shook her head and chuckled.

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"What do you think?" Julie twirled in the center of Daniel's room. She wore lacy, red lingerie. A matching bra and panty set that did its best to accentuate her already bountiful curves. "Wow, Mom. You look incredible." Daniel sat on the edge of his bed, his pajamas barely containing his hardon. It had been over a week since the Samatars had tied him up in the locked room. While that was frightful, and that bear still gave him nightmares, Daniel was willing to forgive the house if it continued to give him moments like these. "Where'd the new underwear come from?"

"Well, to be honest, your father has shown a little more interest in me lately. And since none of my old sexy outfits fit, I picked up a few items at the department store." Julie faced Daniel and pushed her hip to the right, striking what she hoped was a sexy pose. The delighted look on her eighteen-year-old's face conveyed mission success on her part. "I hope you don't mind sharing me a little. I mean ..." Was she apologizing for sleeping with her husband? A small frown passed across her pink lips. "I mean, I ..." She couldn't formulate the sentence for telling Daniel they weren't exclusive. Because, of course they weren't. She was married. But they were doing all sorts of naughty stuff. It was so confusing.

"It's cool, Mom." Daniel slowly undressed. "I want Dad to be happy. Thank you for sharing the outfit with me."

"You're such a good boy, Danny." Julie's smile returned as she watched that massive penis swing into view. She turned and walked back to the bag she'd left by the door, swaying her round butt a little extra for him. She bent at the waist and retrieved the condoms and lube, giving him a real show. She straightened and walked back across the room. "I got you some condoms that should fit." She placed them on his nightstand.

"I don't want to wear those, Mom."

"They're not for wearing with me, silly. They're for when you experiment with other girls. Like we talked about." Julie turned and tossed Daniel the bottle of lube, and he caught it out of the air. "Also, I got you some special oil for when we ... you know." Her smile turned shy.



“Wow, thanks.” Daniel opened the bottle, put some in his hand and spread the lube all over his dick.

“I thought we’d do a little foreplay first.” Julie licked her lips.

“You take care of me all the time. How much cum have you swallowed this week?” Daniel stood and stepped over to his mom. He hated to remove those awesome panties, but it needed to be done. He slid them off her and she stepped out of them.

“A lot,” Julie whispered. She didn’t like when he talked like that.

“Well then, let me take care of you a little.” Daniel reached down, cupped Julie’s ass and lifted her up higher and higher until her pussy was right in front of his face and her thighs dangled over his shoulders. He still held on to her ass. Thank goodness for the mansion’s high ceilings.

“Oh, gosh. How are you lifting me, Danny?” She looked down, afraid her frail son would drop her to the hardwood floor below. But instead, he pushed her up against his face and licked at her slit. “Oh, Danny.” She felt his tongue push inside her, and then he nibbled on her clit. All worries about his sudden strength left her. She dug her fingers into his blond hair and cried out as he pleased her in the most improbable position. “Oh, gosh. Oh, gosh. Oooohhhhhhhh, goooooosshhhhhhhhhh.” To her embarrassment, Julie squirted all over Daniel’s handsome face when her orgasm overtook her. He didn’t seem to mind, as he continued to lap and nibble at her.

Three times Julie came on Daniel’s tongue before he lowered her halfway to the floor. He turned her away from him, with his hands under her knees. He then nestled his dick between her ass cheeks and rubbed her until his dick found her anus. Fortunately, she was loose enough from their previous encounters, that the oily head slipped in.

“How ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... are you doing this?” Julie’s hips involuntarily wiggled as she felt him enter her butt. She’d never been held so open and exposed. “I

weigh more than you, Danny. I ... ughhhhhhh.” As his penis entered her guts, it took her breath away. She let him bounce her up and down on his shaft. More and more sunk into her. “Eloise made me ... uh ... uh ... uh ... stronger, Mom.”

Daniel bent his knees and leaned back a little to more evenly distribute their combined weight. He got into a good rhythm, and soon she bounced in the air on his dick.

“You like it?”

“Yes. Oh, my ... yes.” Julie’s left hand moved

between her legs and she stuck two

fingers into her vagina. The moment was heaven. “I never ... imagined.” Julie grunted like a wild animal. “I ... never imagined.” She wondered what that store clerk would say if she could see Julie now.

“I know I have to share you with Dad, but I’m the only one that gets to do this. Right, Mom?”



“Yes.”

“You want my dick. Right?”

“Yes,” Julie squeaked. She didn’t like the coarse language, but Julie couldn’t very well reprimand him with his penis all the way up her butt.

“You’re his wife, but my girlfriend?” Daniel tightened his grip on the bottom of her thighs. The moment was too perfect. He felt his balls churning. She didn’t answer him, so he upped the pace a bit. “You’re my slut, right, Mom?”

Julie shook her head and felt her vagina contract on her fingers. She wouldn’t answer such questions, but she knew it was true. Despite her upbringing, all the hours spent in church, and all her good intentions, she was an adulteress. A harlot. Her son had hooked her on his giant cock. A massive orgasm ripped through her. She was lost. Minutes later, Daniel’s soft grunting told her that he was ready and she felt the heat of his release deep inside her. Taking his seed while he tossed her about like a ragdoll sent her hurtling over the edge again. She screamed and it was a wonder she didn’t wake the whole house.

“That was ... amazing.” When he finished cumming, Daniel pulled her off his dick and tossed her onto his bed. Julie curled up on her side, trembling. Daniel flopped down behind her and unclasped her lacy, red bra. He’d actually gotten pretty good at unhooking a bra. “I want more, Mom.” He pulled her onto her back and removed the bra. He then crawled between her legs.

“More?”

“I want your pussy, too.” He rubbed the head of his still hard dick along her slit, admiring her neatly trimmed bush.

“No.” Julie lifted her head up and stared between her heaving breasts to the V of her legs. Daniel’s long penis looked so menacing as it nuzzled her folds, the purple head angry and ready to pierce down to her soul. “I ... don’t ... want ... a ... baby ...” she panted. Her fuzzy mind struggled to form cogent thoughts.



“I’ll pull out then.” Daniel was a good son who usually listened to his mother, but this was too tempting. He slid into her.

“Condom ... condom ... condom,” Julie chanted with each powerful thrust. She braced herself and continued to hold her head up, watching Daniel retake her vagina.

“The condoms ... ah ... ah ... aren’t for you ... remember?” Daniel placed his hands on the blanket and held himself up so he could look down at his unraveling mother. Her boobs swayed up and down, almost hitting her in the face at the top of their journey.

“Don’t want ... baby ... want ... baby ... baby ...” Julie’s hands crept around Daniel’s hips and she cupped his little butt. Her fingers dug into the tight flesh and felt it flex with each thrust. Would she really give him this again? “Go ahead ... Danny ... you can ... fill me.”

“You’re leaking ... Mom. Your ... boobs.” Daniel could see droplets flying from her flopping tits. “You’re ready for a ... ugh ... ugh ... baby.” He leaned forward, and sucked in her left nipple. The milk was every bit as sweet as Eloise’s. But warm and so full of life. He humped her and gulped down milk. He could feel her grip tighten on his ass, pressing him more fervently into her.

“Yeeeeessssssssss, Daaaaannnnnyyyyyyyyy,” Julie hissed. How could she deny him anything? “Let ... it out.” When she felt that hot seed splash inside her, Julie convulsed, and her face twisted with pleasure. She might regret it in the morning, but at that moment she wanted nothing more than to let Daniel’s little swimmers have full access to her womb.

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The days passed. Julie split her clandestine time between the twins. Feeding and rubbing Brittney and taking Daniel’s seed over and over. Khadra managed to keep her distance from the house. But she couldn’t avoid the ubiquitous black dildo, which appeared whenever she had a moment to herself. She was able to resist that temptation, sometimes. But more often than not, she failed and found that she’d impaled herself on the thing, with thoughts of Daniel playing in her head. Her husband hadn’t been the

same since the locked room episode. He complained frequently of devilish dreams and the demons that wanted to possess his wife. “That house wants to make you its bride, but you’re my bride,” Maxamed would often say in fervent tones. Khadra had taken to leaving the children at her parents’ house for days at a time.

On the other side of town, Penelope tried to be patient with her teenage paramour. She opened her home to him whenever he had free time after school. She looked at her husband differently. Wondering why she had picked *that* Anderson to marry. When her morning nausea started, she knew what had happened. She snuck away from Brad to throw up in the bathroom when necessary. Hopefully, Brad suspected nothing.

All the while, the house watched and listened. The clock ticked and the hallways grew colder as winter arrived. Palmer Mansion had been here before and would be here again. But for a little while, it quieted as it built itself up for bigger events to come.

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“I’ve known few women so dedicated to arithmetic.” Eloise stood by the sofa in the main living room, wearing a long flowing dress. She looked down at the scribbles Brittney made on her pad of paper.

Brittney gave a start and looked up at the Victorian woman. She collected herself. “It’s not arithmetic. It’s calculus.” She should have been frightened to have a strange, unexpected visitor, but for some reason she took it in stride. It was very much like the day she’d seen that young man, Thomas, in the very same room. Brittney took in the woman’s freckled beauty and the rise of the woman’s pregnant belly under the floral pattern on her dress. “I’m dreaming, aren’t I?”

“No.” Eloise snapped her fingers and the fireplace roared to life, seasoned timbers crackling and popping with flame.

“That seems like a very dreamy thing to do.” Brittney nodded at the fire. “Also, I’m pretty sure I’d be terrified if this wasn’t a dream.”

“They crafted you of puissance, did they not?” Eloise smiled at the eighteen-year-old girl. “I am much pleased with your agency.”

“What?” Brittney shook her head and put down the pad of paper. “Never mind.” She looked around the room, remembering when Thomas had appeared. That young man and the woman looked very much alike. And the room looked the same as it did back then, with dark oil paintings and mounted trophy heads on the walls.

“You’re a Palmer, aren’t you?”

“And a clever girl, too. I’m Mrs. Eloise Palmer.” Eloise nodded and smiled brightly. “May I join you?” She sat down next to Brittney and put her hand on the girl’s bare knee. Her binary diamonds sparkled on her finger. She frowned at Brittney’s short skirt. How scandalous modern sartorial decisions were. “I’d like to help you, dearie.”

“With what?” Brittney found Eloise’s smile disarming. Her math forgotten, Brittney lost herself in Eloise’s pretty, green eyes. It occurred to Brittney that she might be a lesbian.

“Well, first thing’s first.” Eloise reached behind her neck and unbuttoned her dress. “It’s late afternoon and you haven’t eaten anything since you arrived home. You must be famished.” Eloise lowered her dress, exposing her large breasts. Her dark nipples stood out on her pale, freckled flesh.

“They’re beautiful.” Brittney licked her lips.

“They’re not just for regarding, dearie.” Eloise clasped the teenager firmly on the back of her head, brushed Brittney’s brown hair from her face with her other hand, and brought Brittney’s mouth to her right nipple.

“Drink.” Eloise held her firmly as the girl struggled for the briefest of moments against this new intimacy. But then the sound of sucking and gulping joined the crackling of the fire. “Good girl.” Eloise let Brittney suckle for a while, and then moved Brittney to her other breast.

“Mmmmmppppphhhhhhhh.” Brittney practically purred as she drunk from this strange woman in what had to be a perverted dream. The cold milk slid down her throat. She could feel its chill spreading out from her stomach. She wanted more and more. Brittney didn’t think of herself as a greedy person, but she wanted to drain Eloise dry.

“There now.” Eloise lifted Brittney from her breast and looked into the girl’s dazed, blue eyes. “Now that we’re sated, let’s move onto today’s lesson.”

“Lesson?” Brittney blinked. It seemed the room slowly swam around her.

“You need to learn how to please a woman if you don’t want to squander our benefactor’s gifts.” Eloise stood and slowly undressed as the girl stared at her. When she was naked, Eloise sat back down on the sofa and gently moved Brittney to the floor between her legs. “Your enthusiasm is much admired. But zeal is no substitute for skill.”

“I’m not sure we should ...” Brittney’s voice trailed away as she looked at the woman’s pussy up close. A redhaired triangle rose above the slit. Higher still was the round, pregnant belly. Brittney focused on the pussy itself. Slight, protruding lips, with a delightful tangy scent. Brittney felt Eloise’s hand return to the back of her head and then pressure moved her closer and closer until her nose brushed against short red hairs. Brittney darted her tongue out and licked at the moisture. Like the rest of her, Eloise’s pussy was cold. And she tasted wonderful, almost spicy. Brittney took another lick and another. Soon she was lapping happily.

“As always, your enthusiasm is something to behold.” Eloise guided the girl’s head. She couldn’t quite see Brittney’s work with her belly in the way, but she’d trained so many women over the years that these first licks were second nature to Eloise. “Do you know where my love-button is?” Eloise drew her breath in and held it.

“Yes. Good girl. Now nibble ... no, not so hard ... good ... yes ... now roll the button with your tongue ... oh ... and the finger is a nice touch ... aaaahhhhhhhh ...” Eloise’s legs trembled, and she held them open with a hand under each thigh. “You’re a ... oh ... natural, dearie. Here ... it ... comes ...” Eloise’s heavy breasts and round belly shook as she worked her way through a marvelous climax.

Brittney leaned back so she could see the pretty woman’s face as she came, but Brittney stayed on her knees and kept working that cold pussy with her fingers. Brittney’s shiny mouth curved into a smile when she saw one of Eloise’s eyelids flutter and the woman’s mouth hang open. What power to be able to reduce such a noble woman to jelly.

When Eloise calmed some, she removed Brittney’s fingers from her vagina and smiled down at the girl. “You learn fast. Excellent work.” Eloise stood and gathered her dress from the floor. “Next time I will show you how to receive such pleasure.”

“Really?” Did this woman just say she’d go down on Brittney? Just as she was going to ask Eloise a litany of questions, the room around them swam together and Brittney shut her eyes. When she opened them, she was sitting on the couch, with her calculus in her lap. The fireplace sat dark in the corner and the room seemed normal as ever. Brittney licked her lips and could still taste Eloise there. Her heart raced. Brittney couldn’t wait to see the Victorian woman again.

Most mornings, Julie followed Daniel into one of the house's many bathrooms to get his day off to a good start. It was a little risky, but what was a mother to do? She couldn't send him off to school with a monster stiffy. It was a Wednesday when Julie first accepted the truth of what had happened to her. She was on her knees, lovingly sucking Daniel's purple head. He stood with his butt resting against the sink. Her stomach had felt a little off for a few days and it seemed to be getting worse. She pulled back and gagged. "Danny ... I ... I'm sorry ..." She scooted over to the toilet and lifted the lid. "I don't feel ... so ..." And Julie threw up. She tried to make it as ladylike as possible, but it was hard to do with such dreadful retching.

"Oh, Mom." Daniel stepped over to the toilet and held her hair back for her. "What's wrong?"

"I'm not ... aaaaaaaggghhhhhhhhhhh." She emptied her breakfast into the toilet. As awful as it was, it was comforting to have Daniel hold her hair and pat her tenderly on the back. Even if she knew his giant dick was still hard and hanging over her. A few more retches and she was done. "I've felt off the last few days." She stood and went to the sink. She washed her face and rinsed her mouth out.

"Are you sick?" Daniel stood quietly and watched her freshen up. The thought that something bad might happen to his mother chilled his bones.

"No, no. I'm okay." Julie didn't really feel sexy at that moment, but she couldn't send Daniel on his way without taking care of him. "No kissing or ... other stuff with the mouth right now." She turned her back to him, lifted her skirt, and pulled her panties to the side. "You can take me like this." She bent over the sink and spread her butt cheeks with her hands.



"Um, okay. Is your pussy okay?" Daniel got behind her. "Yes." She'd given up trying to stop him from using the word "pussy." It wasn't that bad, after all. "You can use my pussy, Danny." She grunted as he slid it in. Given how many loads he'd dumped in her unprotected womb, it wasn't any wonder that Daniel had planted a baby in her. She gritted her

teeth as he revved up his pace behind her. George certainly hadn't been the one. "That's it ... Danny ... let it all out." She moved her hands from her butt onto the edge of the sink and gripped tightly. She looked at the woman in the mirror with her brown hair flopping with each thrust, her cleavage bouncing, and the ecstatic expression on her face. What a sight. She looked up to her son. He had a look of serious concentration and effort on his handsome face. He was going to orgasm soon.

"Do you want me ... uh ... uh ... to pull out today?" Daniel slapped her ass and enjoyed the additional ripples that spread from the area of impact.

“No, it’s okay, sweetie. Do it ... ooohhhh ... inside.” Julie wondered if he was playing dumb, or if he really didn’t know that it didn’t matter where he spurted now. He was only eighteen. He might not know.



“Oooooohhhhhhhh, yeeeeessssssssss.” Julie’s pussy spasmed as he unloaded yet again inside her. Her orgasm carried her off into the clouds. When she came back to the bathroom, Daniel was already pulling up his pants. “That was awesome. Thanks, Mom.”

“You’re ... welcome ... pumpkin.” Julie pulled her panties back into place and lowered her dress. She turned and kissed Daniel on the cheek. “Be good today.”

“I will.” Daniel nodded. He couldn’t wipe that stupid grin off his face.

“The bus is almost here. Go get ‘em.” Julie smacked him on the butt and sent him out of the bathroom. When would she tell him that he’d made her a grandmother? Or that he’d given himself another sibling? Julie tried to wrap her mind around it and had a hard time accepting the inevitable. Maybe she’d tell him when she sorted it in her own head. Or maybe when it became obvious. Whichever came sooner.

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“Are these getting bigger?” Brittney whispered as she groped her mom’s boobs. She wiggled on top of Julie, halfway under the covers. Faint starlight fell through the circle of windows in her tower room onto the bed. Brittney lowered her face to a soft, warm nipple and continued drinking.

“I don’t think so.” Julie wasn’t sure. They shouldn’t grow so soon, but they shouldn’t have milk either. “I don’t know.” Julie grabbed the sheets as she felt her daughter move off her nipple and kiss the underside of her boob.

“You’re ... so ... soft ... and ... warm,” Brittney said between kisses. She worked her way down over the slight curve of Julie’s belly.

“Wait, Brit. Don’t ...” Julie gripped the sheets in panic and anticipation as her daughter kissed her way under the covers down to between Julie’s legs. “Oooohhhhh, swwweeeeetttttiiiiieeeee.” Julie’s hips rocked as Brittney’s tongue found her vagina and then worked up to her clit. Julie clenched her teeth and twisted her upper body back and forth. Strange guttural sounds escaped her lips. “How ...?” She wanted to ask her daughter how she was so good at going down on a woman. Was she a natural? But Julie’s brain locked up and no more words would form. Her daughter’s fingers entered her pussy, and Julie grunted her way through a massive orgasm. Over the past several days, Brittney had practiced quite a bit with Eloise. She was very happy with the fruits of her labor as she felt and heard her mom going crazy. Her sweet, churchgoing mother writhed on her tongue, completely at Brittney’s mercy. The only thing better would be if Brittney was getting some attention, too. She turned her body around so that her butt stuck out of the covers, near Julie’s head.

“I don’t think I can, pumpkin.” Julie looked up as Brittney lifted one of her legs over Julie’s face. She was now gazing at the tight, smooth curve of Brittney’s upper thighs and butt. And hovering above Julie’s chin was her daughter’s pussy.

“Go ahead, Mom.” Brittney continued to work Julie with her fingers, and she wiggled her ass a little in Julie’s face. “Try it.” Brittney dropped her mouth back to Julie’s pussy.

“Um ...” Julie put her hands on Brittney’s butt. She did want to give Brittney the same out-of-this-world feelings her daughter had given her. She lifted her head off the sheets and tentatively licked at the slit. Not so bad. She did it again, and again. She worked her tongue in between Brittney’s protruding lips. Her daughter tasted wonderful, bright, earthy, and sharp.

“Mmmmpphhhhhh.” Brittney lifted her face up. “That’s good. Keep doing that, Mom.”

Julie’s fingers pressed into Brittney’s firm butt, pushing her harder onto her mouth. She nibbled on those prominent pussy lips. Not long ago, when Daniel had gone down on her, Julie had wondered why she’d waited so long in life to have someone do that for her. Now, as she slurped and nibbled, she wondered why she had waited so long to eat pussy. The obvious answers that she was married and had only been with men, didn’t really occur to her at the moment.

Mother and daughter spent most of the night with their new found pleasures.

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The cafeteria buzzed with lunchtime cacophony as students ate and goofed off. Daniel sat at a table with a couple friends from class, thoughtfully munching chicken tenders and listening to the conversation.

“Check out that hot chick. Is she a senior?” Grady said.

“No way. Look at her.” Hassan shook his head and smacked his friend’s shoulder. “She’s like a model or something.”

“Oh, shit.” Grady averted his eyes. “She’s smiling and waving at me.”

Daniel followed their gaze and smiled at the woman striding over to them. She was more beautiful than a model, he thought. “You morons, that’s my sister-in-law.”

“Sorry.” Grady looked back up at her and waved.

“Yeah, sorry dude.” Hassan smiled. Daniel’s brother was a lucky man, he thought.

“It’s cool.” Daniel got up with his lunch tray. “I’ll go see what she wants. Catch up with you later.”

“Later.” Hassan watched Daniel greet her, dump his tray, and leave the cafeteria. Hassan’s eyes stayed on the woman’s round butt, rolling under her dress until she disappeared from sight. He made a mental note to get invited to some of Daniel’s family gatherings.

Outside the cafeteria, Daniel leaned in close to Penelope. “What are you doing here?”



"I wanted to see you." Penelope fidgeted with the front of her long, green dress and pouted.



"Didn't you get my text?" Daniel took her by the shoulder and guided her down an uncrowded hallway. "I'll come over Friday after school." He took her through the kiln room and back to an empty alley where he sometimes hung out when he needed some space at school. "I have a lot going on, and you can't just show up at school."

"A lot going on?" Penelope looked around the alley. It was cramped with some pallets resting up against one wall. No one around. "You mean your girlfriend? Is she at school right now? I'd love to meet her."

"I never said she went to school with me." Daniel watched as a sly smile spread across Penelope's face.

"You little devil." She reached up under her dress and pulled down her panties. In her heels, she carefully stepped out of them and stashed the panties in her purse. "You're dating an older woman. Is she in college?"

"She's ... not in college." Daniel's dick hardened.

"Is she as pretty as me?" Penelope turned her back to Daniel, lifted up her dress, and rested it above her butt.

"Well, yeah." Daniel looked down at her perfect, round ass. "She's really pretty." He dropped his pants and underwear and moved behind her.

"Does she have a thing for teenage dick?" Penelope looked back over her shoulder and saw that his cock was out. It was pure, ravaging perfection. "Is she a slut for you too, Danny?" She knew he liked dirty talk.

"Yes." Daniel slid his dick in and listened to Penelope whimper. He grabbed her hips and banged into her. "Brad and I ... ugh ... ugh ... used to do it here." Penelope pressed her fingers into the brick wall. She could feel the cold air teasing her bare ass

and legs. And the hot dick so very deep inside her. "Well ... not in this ... ah ... ah ... ah ... exact spot. But in the ... high school. Usually in the ... storage room." She dropped her voice an octave on the last two words as he hit a sweet spot in her pussy.

"Is that why you came here today?" Daniel reached up and took a handful of her blonde hair in his left hand.

"Reliving the past with an Anderson boy?"

"No." Penelope tried to shake her head, but Daniel's grip wouldn't allow it. "This is different."

"How different?" Daniel looked around the alley. It occurred to him that it would be very bad if someone found him pounding his sister-in-law at school. But he couldn't stop. People hardly ever came back there, anyway.

“Sex with Brad was ... Oh, God ... good ... but with you ... it’s ...” Penelope tried to stifle her screams as she came, and the sound that came out of her was somewhere between a wheeze and a growl. When the stars stopped flashing before her eyes, she pushed her ass back at Daniel. “With you ... it’s like a religious ... ugh ... ugh ... experience. And I need more and more.” She wanted to tell him about the baby growing inside her. But maybe a back alley at school wasn’t the right place.

“I’m gonna cum ... Pen ... I’m gonna ...” Daniel coated her insides with a hot, sticky mess. His fingers tightened on her hair and hip, and then gradually loosened again. He gave her butt a gentle slap and pulled out of her.

“Aaahhhhhhhh,” Penelope sighed and turned around.

“You can’t go back to class like that.” She pushed his frothy dick to the side, let go, and watched it sway back and forth. “Let me clean you up.” Penelope squatted down in front of him and licked up and down his long shaft. She sucked up all their combined cum. Good God, she really was

a slut. She glanced up at Daniel, and could see the dreamy smile on his lips that he always got after cumming. “There now, all clean.”

“Thanks, Pen. You’re the best.” Daniel tucked his dick away and pulled up his pants.

“Better than your girlfriend?” Penelope stood, retrieved her panties from her purse, and carefully pulled them back on.

Daniel shook his head.

“Oh, boo, Danny.” Penelope tried to frown, but her smile wouldn’t quit. “Just as good?”

Daniel nodded.

“Well, thank you for lying so convincingly.” She leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. She’d only meant it to be a peck, but soon they were in each other’s arms, making out in the alley. He was such an urgent kisser. Penelope loved it.

A bell rang and they broke their kiss.

“Shit. I gotta go.” Daniel tried to adjust his dick so his hardon wouldn’t be too obvious. “I’ll see you Friday?” He kissed her on the cheek and raced off through the kiln room.

“Yeah, Friday.” Penelope watched him go. She held her hand up to her chest and felt her heart racing. She was totally screwed. Who fell in love with their brother-in-law? What a stupid thing to do. “Play it cool, Pen. Play it cool,” she whispered to herself. She adjusted her panties and walked back into the school. She knew her way out. It hadn’t been that long ago that she’d roamed those halls with Brad. But now, she had his brother’s cum leaking into her panties.

