

CHAPTER 3 PART 2



THE HAUNTING OF
PALMER MANSION

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion Chapter 3 Part 2

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This is a reboot of an earlier illustrated verion of this novel.

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Julie made breakfast Saturday morning. The kitchen was finally coming together. George and Julie had installed the new stove the day before and it worked perfectly. Also, they now had a dishwasher, thank God. The sink worked as it should. They'd even done half the countertops. Of course, this was only part of one small room and they had a whole mansion to update. But slow and steady wins the race.

"Where's Danny?" Julie called over her shoulder from the stove.

"In the shower, I think." Brittney called back from the dining room table where she read a book. She knew what her brother did in the shower, which is why she had taken the unoccupied bathroom on the other side of the second floor as her own. Boys were so gross.

George stepped up next to his wife and gave Julie's round bottom a good smack. "Sure you don't want to come with us? Who knows what secrets we'll unearth at the library?"

"I'm sure, George." Julie smiled at him and flipped the bacon in the pan. "I could use my beauty rest."

"If you get any more beautiful, Jules, you'll burn a hole in my heart." George kissed her rosy cheek and looked down at the frying pan. "Speaking of which, we better get that exhaust fan working. This smells great, but we don't want grease all over our new kitchen."

"Our partially new kitchen, you mean."

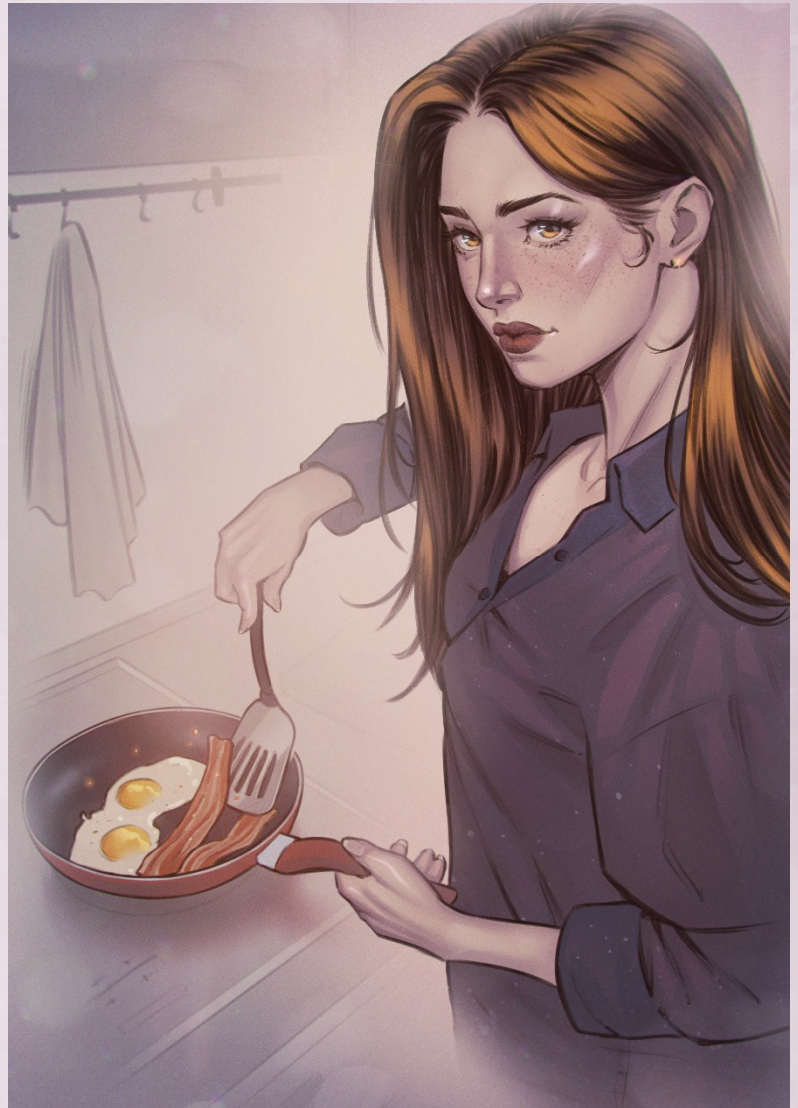
"Our soon to be completely new kitchen, I mean." George gave her butt another satisfying smack and went to pour himself some coffee. "Don't miss me too much today, Jules."

"Don't worry, honey," Julie said. "I'll have Danny to keep me company while you two are gone." The sudden unbidden image of Daniel's enormous penis flashed in Julie's mind. She blinked and willed the thought away. "Back to normal, back to normal," she muttered.

"What was that, dear?" George took a long sip of hot coffee.

"Nothing, George. I hope you and Britt have fun today." Julie couldn't quite seem to get the image of her son's throbbing penis out of her mind. Maybe a good nap would really do her some good.

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Daniel tried to get up the courage to ask his mother for more help with his dick, just as Eloise wanted. But he put it off and put it off. Instead, when she went down for a nap, he took the opportunity to fap. Maybe once he came, he'd have the courage to ask her for a titjob. But honestly, he didn't know how she'd ever say yes.

Naked, sitting in his desk chair, he opened up the computer folder with pictures of redheaded women. He hadn't found a model yet that really looked like Eloise, but these women helped him fantasize. Pretty soon he was really going at it, both hands on his dick and looking at a particularly busty, freckled woman. Maybe after his mom's nap he'd ask her for what Eloise wanted. Hopefully they'd still have enough time before the other half of the family arrived home.

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In her dream, Julie walked out of the Palmer Mansion on a beautiful morning, the sun streaming down. There were trees around the house she did not recognize. She twirled in her dress, so happy for modern fashion with the abandonment of the bustle. These new dresses beautifully flared from her waist all the way to the ground.



A carriage waited for her, the horses eager and whinnying. She took her husband's right hand in her left and walked down the merry front path. The scent of spring blossoms hung in the air. Her husband was a tall man she recognized from somewhere, but couldn't quite place him. It seemed she should know her husband, she thought. He was handsome and barrel chested, with a mustache, top hat, and long jacket.

"Who's the father, Jules." Her husband's grip became a vice on her hand and Julie shrieked in pain.

"I don't know what you mean, Frederick." Julie hollered as the bones in her hand popped. As things do in dreams, it became clear his name was Frederick. This was Frederick Palmer. The thought seared into Julie's brain. The delicate bones in her left hand broke one by one as Frederick squeezed harder and harder. Julie screamed. "Please ..."

"Is it the boy?" Frederick turned his dark eyes on her and there was nothing behind them. Only a deep, unending blackness. "Give him succor now. Protect him as you will. But if it is he that planted that pernicious seed, I will away with you both."

Julie sat up in bed gasping for air, clutching her blanket to her naked breasts. What a terrible nightmare. She managed to catch her breath and then looked at the bedside clock. It was eleven in the morning. Such a horrific dream for such a short nap. She held up her left hand and thought she could see the red imprint of fingers along the back slowly fading away. She made a fist and released it, looking at her wedding ring. Her hand was fine. It was just a dream.

There was no red handprint now. She must have imagined it.

"Danny," she whispered to herself. "I must succor my child." Julie climbed out of bed, her naked breasts bouncing. The words that escaped her mouth seemed both foreign and completely at home.

"Children are a heritage from the Lord, offspring a reward from Him," Julie whispered.

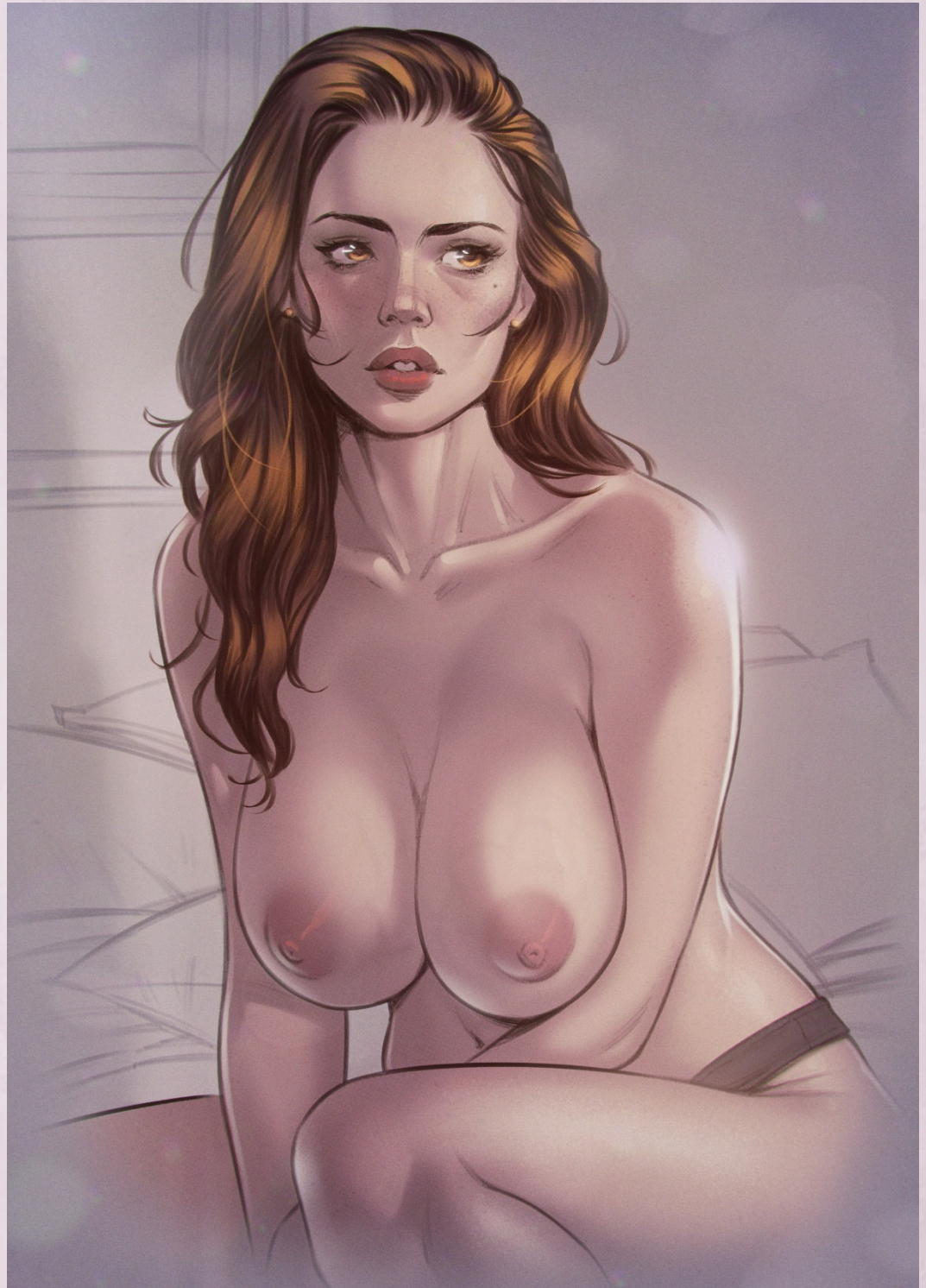
She only wore her panties and that would never do, so Julie scanned the room. She found one of her husband's large t-shirts and threw it on, giving her some modesty. "To help Danny is to help Him. And God asks for the aid of the righteous." On bare feet, Julie padded out of her room and down the long hall. She didn't know where she was going.

Once at the other end of the hall, she looked around. Why was she there? The stairs went up to the east tower just before her, but Brittney was at the library with her father.

There was a bathroom to her left, but she didn't need

that. A soft grunting sound came muffled through Daniel's bedroom door. *Succor the child.* Julie knew what she needed to do.

A bath towel hung by the shower in the bathroom. Julie stepped in there and grabbed it. She then crossed the hall and opened Daniel's door without knocking.





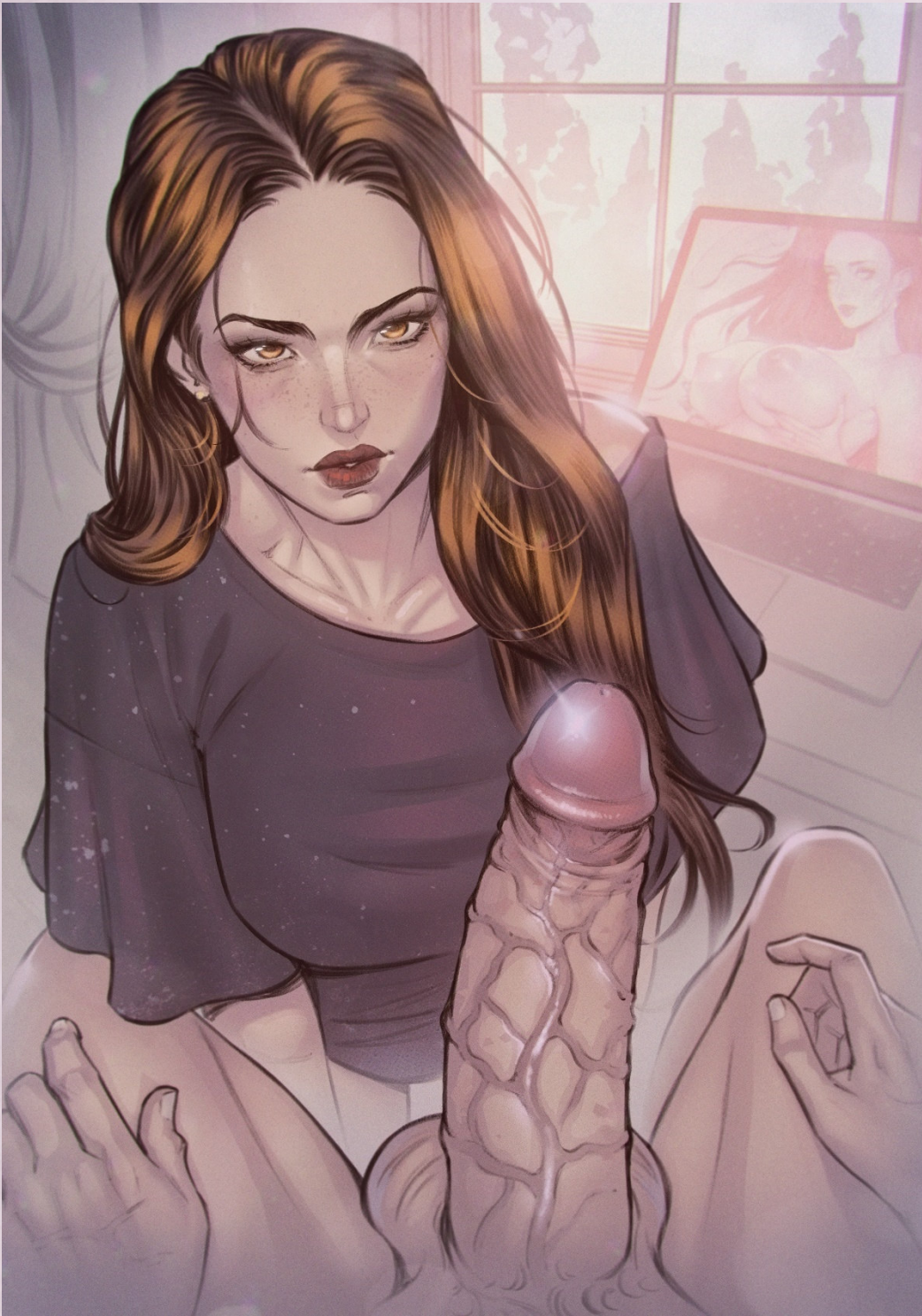
Julie should have been shocked, embarrassed, or at least disturbed by what she saw, but all she could think was that Daniel needed her help. He sat naked in his desk chair, looking at a picture of a voluptuous, naked woman on his computer monitor. Both hands furiously pumped at that hard, giant penis between his legs. Sweat beaded on his arms, shoulders, and face. His cheeks were red with the effort of his task. His hands stopped when his mother barged in, but they still held onto the veiny shaft. He made no effort to hide or cover himself. Instead he pivoted his chair to face her.

“You can’t get it to come out, can you?” Julie stepped into the room and closed the door behind her. “I think God sent me a dream so that I’d help you.”

“What?” Daniel glanced back at the picture of the naked redhead with huge boobs and freckles. He then looked back at his mom. “Oh, yeah. I do need help.” Daniel finally registered what she was wearing. One of his dad’s big t-shirts and completely bare legs. Because the t-shirt hung so low, he couldn’t even tell if she had panties on.

“Okay, pumpkin.” Julie flashed a brief, nervous smile. “Mom’s on the job.” She took a step into the room and stopped. She twisted the towel in both hands. “Unless ... it’s too weird for you ... you know ... having me touch you again.”

“No, it’s okay.” Daniel thought of Eloise and wanted very much to make the dead woman happy. “The last time you did it, I felt so much better afterward.”



“Well, let’s get you taken care of then.” Julie walked over to Daniel, rolled his chair way from the desk, spun him so that he was facing the monitor again, and knelt down on the floor. She placed the towel next to her right knee. “You can look at that picture if it speeds things along.”

“Thanks, Mom.” Daniel didn’t care much about the naked women on his monitor at the moment.

“Should I ...?” She looked up at the monstrosity, her brown eyes wide, her pupils dilated. “Should I use my mouth again?” Julie reached forward with her right hand and tentatively caressed his right testicle. It was so heavy and full.

Daniel nodded.

“I can do that. The mouth isn’t cheating. Right?” She looked past the penis at his skinny chest and thin arms. Such a miracle that this mighty tool would belong to her slight son.

“Right, Mom.”

"Just don't tell your father, Danny." She circled the shaft with the fingers on her left hand and gently closed them. It was so incredibly thick. "Or anyone else." Julie's focus went to the purplish top of his thing. Such an angry color for such a mild boy. She raised herself up a little on her knees and slowly slid the wide, flared head between her lips.

"I won't tell anyone." Daniel secretly crossed his fingers as he said this. He'd sure as heck tell Eloise.

"Ggggoooooogggghhhh." Julie had wanted to say *good*, but the cockhead got in her way. She bobbed her head in small quick strokes, remembering how best to service Daniel from last time. His thing was so dissimilar to his father's. This was an almost completely different act than the marital fellatio Julie often performed. She moved her other hand to his pole and pumped up and down with both hands, squeezing tightly. The more she practiced, the more fluid it seemed.

"You're the best, Mom." Daniel sighed and slouched further into his chair. Julie looked amazing with her pretty face contorted around his dick. Her crow's-feet wrinkles etched themselves a little deeper as she struggled to blow her son. Her nostrils flared as she forced herself to breathe through her nose. "I hope Dad appreciates you."

Julie popped her mouth off Daniel's thing and looked up at his young, handsome face. "He does, Danny." Then she went right back to sucking.

On the other side of town at that moment, George chewed on a pencil, reading through some very old files. He was close to something big. He just knew it. Something really big. He had no idea how close his wife was at that moment to something even bigger.

Back in the Palmer Mansion, Daniel looked up from his mother's bobbing brown hair to his monitor. Instead of the redheaded model he expected, he saw Eloise's beauty staring back at him. Confused, he blinked several





times. On the screen, Eloise nodded her head and the camera panned back. He could see that the ghost sat naked in a wingback chair, by a roaring fire. Her heavy boobs, pregnant belly, and fiery bush were all on full display. She grabbed a breast in each hand, squeezed them together, and moved them up and down. Daniel understood. He nodded at the monitor and Eloise winked an eye back at him. She dropped her breasts and leaned forward in her wingback chair in anticipation of what was to come.

“Hey, Mom.” Daniel looked down at Julie as she worked his dick. “That feels ... really great. But could I ...?”

Julie spit out his thing and looked up at him again. “What is it, Danny?” She panted a little. It was hard to get in enough air just breathing through her nose. “I’m here to help.”

“Could you ... I mean ... would you ...?” Daniel stammered.

“Yes?” Her hands still slid slowly up and down his penis as she looked up.

“Could you do it with your boobs?” Daniel spit the words out quickly.

“With my ...?” Julie turned it over in her head a moment and then understood.

“Ohhhh. I see.” Her hands kept up their work as she thought about the request. “Really, Danny?” She cocked her head at him. “Really?”

“Yeah, Mom. Please?” Daniel could already tell she was going to do it by the look in her eyes. “It wouldn’t be cheating.”

“I suppose not. It’s not cheating if it’s just the boobs.” She let go of her son’s thing and reached for the hem of her husband’s shirt with both hands. She pulled off the shirt and tossed it behind her. Her boobs dropped and jiggled.

“They’re beautiful, Mom.” Daniel fixed his stare on those magnificent tits. They hung perfectly on her chest, large, round and full. With thick pink nipples and small areolas. Daniel pulled his eyes away and looked at the monitor behind his mom. Eloise smiled broadly. His eyes dropped down to his mom’s face and he could see her cheeks were redder than usual.

“Thank you for the compliment, Danny.” Dressed only in her black panties, Julie held her breasts, scooted herself forward, and wrapped them around his tool. She figured there was enough spit left over from the blowjob for lubrication. “I’ve never done this before, so it may take me a minute to figure it out.” She softly bit the tip of her tongue in concentration and tried one long pump with her breasts, using her hands to move her boobs up and down. Satisfied with the result, she did it again and again. Pretty soon she had an awkward, but consistent rhythm.

“Dad’s missing out.” Daniel couldn’t look away from what his sweet mom was doing to him.

“It’s okay.” Julie raised her eyes from Daniel’s thing and looked up into her son’s face. She could see the pleasure written there as he gritted his teeth. That she could bring her son such joy filled her with happiness. “I wouldn’t be able to do this for George anyway. Not like this.” She looked back down at the monster that slid between her tightly pressed boobs. “He’s so different from you, Danny.”



Back at the library, George held up a paper excitedly. The plans, he'd found the plans. This would make their work so much easier and might solve the mystery of the locked room. When he brought a copy home, Julie would be so thrilled. This would surely be the most exciting thing she'd seen all day. He poured over the plans.

In the Palmer Mansion, Daniel looked over his mother's shoulder as she worked so hard to bring him off. On his monitor, he could see Eloise, still naked in her chair, biting her fingernails in expectation. Eloise nodded at Daniel and made the same volcano explosion motions with her hands that she'd made while watching him and Julie in the study the other day. Daniel resolved not to disappoint her this time.



"Are you close, sweetie?" Julie stared down at that purple dome as it slipped between her cleavage.

"Not ... yet ..." If Daniel warned her, she'd use the towel to finish him. Eloise didn't want that. So instead, he grunted and let loose. Cum rocketed out of his dick, splashing up into Julie's face and hair. It also flew through the air and landed on the wood floor all around them.

On the computer monitor, Eloise silently bounced up and down on her chair, clapping her hands wildly and laughing with great joy.



"Eeeewwwwwwww." Julie closed her eyes, let go of her boobs, and turned away from the spewing thing. "Oh, my gosh, Danny. It's in my face." She could still feel cum landing on her side as she wiped the hot, salty mess off her lips and out of her eyes. "You can't just do that, Danny. You have to let me know." Julie blindly reached for the towel by her knee, found it, and brought it up to her face. After a few seconds, she felt no more sperm landing on her, so at least he was done.

"Sorry ... Mom." Daniel didn't have a bible verse for this situation, but he did have a handy aphorism. *Better to ask for forgiveness than permission.* He chose not to share it with her. "It was just ..." he panted and looked at the mess he'd made. There was cum all over his stomach, thighs, and his mostly naked mother. The floor around them was a mess. It really had been a volcanic eruption. "It was just so ... sudden."

Daniel glanced at the monitor and the image of Eloise was gone, replaced by the redheaded model from before.

"It's okay, pumpkin." It dawned on Julie that in trying to do God's will, she'd just bathed herself in what seemed like a gallon of teenage cum. That realization, was followed by another. She was incredibly wet. She'd been so focused on her son's pleasure, that she hadn't even noticed how much her body had responded to the acts they'd just committed. "I'm going to go take a shower and wash all this off." Julie stood gingerly, rubbing the towel against her breasts to remove some of the congealing sperm there. "I want you to clean up this mess right away." She walked to the door.

"Of course." Daniel didn't move from the chair. He watched her panty-clad butt as she walked to the door, opened it, and disappeared down the hall. "Sorry." He called after her. And he was sorry. Or at least a part of him was. But another part of him reveled in what had just happened and how Eloise would reward him the next time she paid him a visit.

When Julie got in the shower, much to her surprise, she found her hand moving to her vagina. She took a long, hot shower and orgasmed several times as she masturbated, thinking about how she had just satisfied her son. They were some of the best orgasms she'd had in years. Maybe, just maybe, she'd offer to help Daniel out another time. Only if he still needed her help.

