

CHAPTER 4 PART I



THE HAUNTING OF
PALMER MANSION

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

Chapter 4 Part 1

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

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Julie sat in the study on Sunday afternoon, staring at her computer monitor. She sighed. It wasn't easy selecting floor tile for the bathrooms. She worked her way through period-relevant tile from salvaged projects. They had to save money at every step for their Palmer Mansion restoration.

As she scrolled through the geometric patterns, Julie's mind wandered to the deluge of sperm Daniel had sprayed on her. She'd once heard a vulgar comic say that every man's dream was to cover women in sperm. *They want to drown them in cum*, he'd said. Julie thought the comic was just as horribly crass now as she did when she'd first heard him, but she might now understand the impulse better. It really had pleased Daniel to paint her with his seed like he did. And it had moved something in her as well. She, maybe, sort of liked it. That was a strange thing to admit to herself.

Julie blinked and adjusted her reading glasses. The online tile store was gone from her monitor, replaced by a sex shop. Somehow, while she'd been daydreaming, she'd gone to a site she'd never seen before.

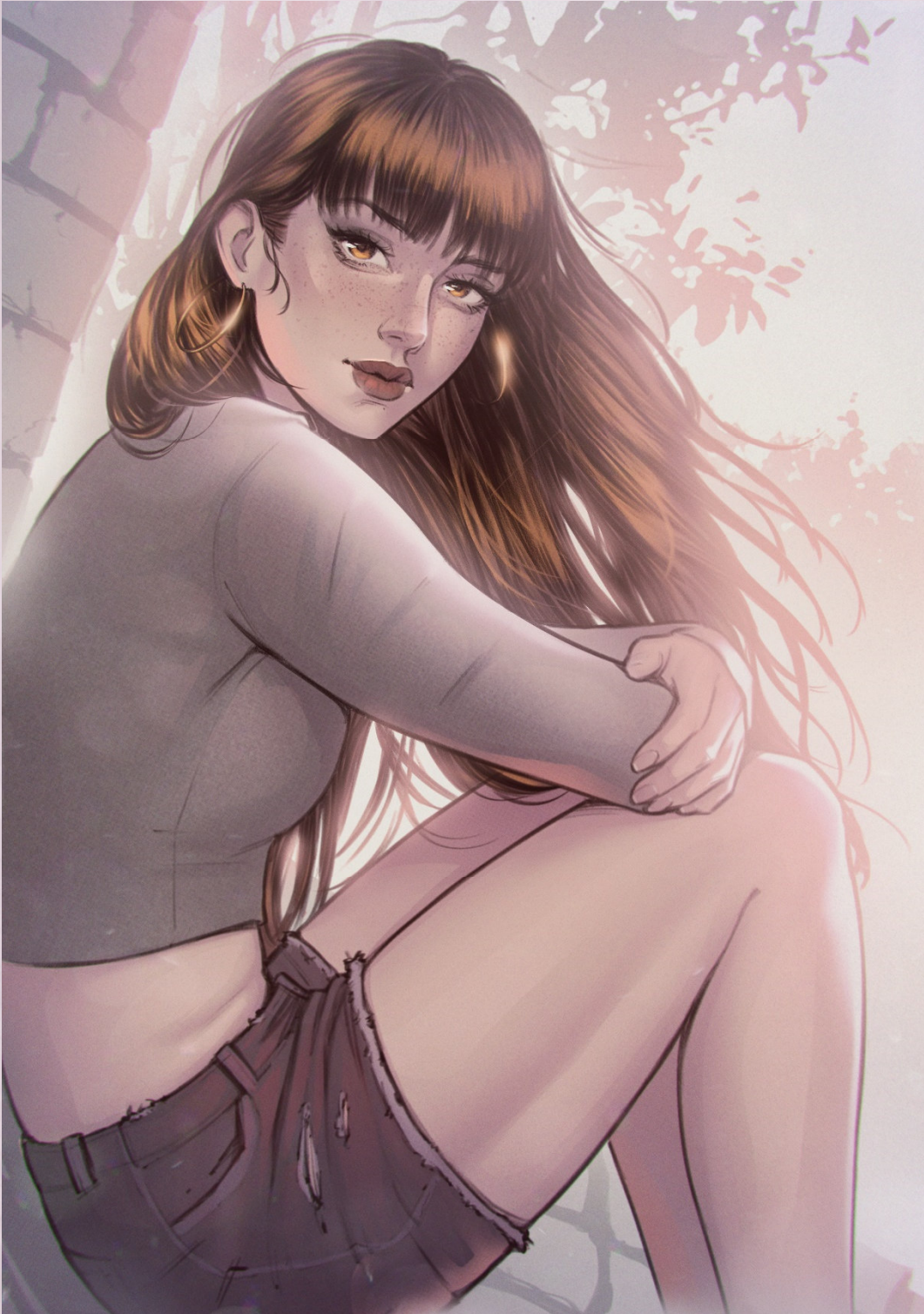
How in the world had that happened? She was now staring at what the store promised were *huge, pussy-changing* dildos. Julie put her left hand to her mouth and moved the cursor to the exit box. But instead of leaving, she scrolled down the page. She decided to have a little look out of curiosity.

Five minutes later, she'd somehow purchased a jet-black, eleven-inch phallus with expedited shipping. Julie quickly closed the page and went back to her bathroom tile browsing. All the rest of the day, she felt a definite wetness between her legs. *Pussy-changing* was such a deplorably crude and sensationalized description. But as her mind continued to wander, Julie couldn't help but wonder how true it might be. Maybe she'd have the courage to find out when the new toy arrived. Of course, whatever she did with the thing, she'd be sure to include her husband.

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The stairs creaked as Daniel made his way up to the east tower room. "Britt? You up here?" He pushed the door to the tower and it squealed its way open. He thought he better add oiling door hinges to his parent's punch list. "Britt?" Most of the windows in the tower were open and a cool breeze blew through the circular space.



"I'm out here," Britt called over her shoulder from outside the northernmost window.

Daniel walked to the window and looked out. His twin sister sat cross-legged on the fish scale shingle roof that hung about three feet out from the tower and ran three-quarters of the way around. Her brown hair tossed and turned in the wind.

"What are you doing out there?" Suddenly dizzy, Daniel leaned back into the room and stepped away from the window. He could no longer see Brittney, but she wasn't that far away.

"I like to come here and think." Brittney didn't bother looking back, she knew her brother was afraid of heights. "It's so beautiful. I was just thinking about the sermon today."



“Oh?” Daniel tensed as movement caught his eye to the east. He relaxed when he saw Eloise gingerly climb in through a window to his right. Eloise cradled her big belly as she stretched her legs over the windowsill. Her long, flowing dress was without a bustle. It’s was quite striking with hues of blue and green. She smiled when she made eye contact with Daniel and walked over to him, careful to keep out of view of Brittney’s window.

“Yeah, Corinthians 10:13, specifically. *No temptation has overtaken you that is not common to man. God is faithful, and He will not let you be tempted beyond your ability, but with the temptation He will also provide the way of escape, that you may be able to endure it.*”

“What ...” Daniel watched as Eloise approached, her bone-white finger placed on her pink lips.

With her left hand, Eloise reached into his shorts and found his penis already hard. She nodded her head approvingly, her red hair blowing, ever so slightly, in the breeze.

“What about it, Britt?” Daniel trembled at that frigid touch.

Eloise leaned forward and pressed her lips on Daniel’s ear. “You did well with your mother. What a lovely achromatic painting you gave that pretty woman. Well done, indeed.” She giggled softly. “Now we continue.”

“Now?” Daniel whispered back. But he offered no resistance as she lowered his shorts and boxers.

“I was just wondering if that’s true.” Brittney breathed in the fresh air and watched the puffy white clouds blow slowly past. “I mean, if there really is a God, do you think He always gives us an out from our temptations? And if He does, why give us temptations in the first place?”

"Well ..." Daniel tried hard to keep his concentration as Eloise sunk to her knees with a let's-be-naughty smirk on her freckled face. "Maybe it means that we can enjoy temptation and God will step in only if it gets out of hand." Daniel sighed as Eloise took him into her icy mouth. The cold heightened his pleasure. He looked down at the twin diamonds on her finger and wondered why she still wore the ring if she had so completely turned on her marriage vows. Then he thought of Frederick's anger out in the hallway. But even that remembered fear couldn't spoil the high he got whenever Eloise paid him that special kind of attention.

"I don't know, Danny. That sounds like wishful thinking." Brittney looked over her shoulder but couldn't see her brother through the window. He was such a sissy about heights. "You haven't been doing drugs or anything, have you?" Brittney didn't think he had. She usually had a sixth sense when something was wrong with her brother. Although, lately, he'd been sort of a blank slate.

"No ... uuuummmm ... nothing like that." Daniel's legs trembled as Eloise circled his purple head with her frigid tongue. "Uuuuhhhh ... tell me more." Daniel's eyes widened as Eloise grabbed his oversized balls, one in each palm, and took his monster dick down her throat with one fluid motion. He didn't think it would be possible to take so much cock so easily, but then again, she wasn't exactly human.

"You sound strange." Brittney sighed, she didn't want to go back inside just yet, but it sounded like her brother needed her. "Do you need me to come in?"

"I'm ... fine." Daniel fought the impulse to put his hands on her head. She might not like that. Despite the incredibly long strokes she took down her throat, there was almost no noise. "Stay ... outside. Why are you thinking ... uh ... about temptation? Are you ... getting serious with ... Ted?"

"Not really." Brittney looked down at the overgrown yard far below and spotted an abandoned rose bush that was still sending out the most beautiful red flowers. She thought she'd have to go down there and pick some sometime. "The sermon just spoke to me, I guess. How about you, Danny? Any girlfriends I should know about?"





“Nooooo.” Daniel grit his teeth. His whole body trembled. He tried to stifle his groans as he let loose inside Eloise’s pretty mouth. He could see her jaw and neck work as she gulped shot after shot of cum down into her stomach.

“Well, that’s too bad, Danny. You’re a nice boy and you’ll make some girl really happy.” Brittney could hear her brother groaning a little and assumed it was her spot high above the ground that upset him so. “I’ll come in.”

Eloise pulled her mouth off his rod and wiped her lips with the back of her hand. She winked at him and faded away like dust on the breeze.

Daniel’s whole body buzzed from the blowjob and he almost missed the telltale sounds of his sister scooting along the shingles outside. She was coming back in. Daniel hastily pulled his shorts over his still hard dick and pulled his t-shirt over the head as it stuck up

past his belly button. He turned and waddled for the stairs.

“Hey, where are you going?” Brittney stuck her head inside the window and watched her skinny brother retreat. Why was he walking like that?

“I have to use the bathroom,” Daniel said over his shoulder. He got to the stairs and descended. “Bye.”

“Okay, bye.” Brittney thought about why he was waddling to the bathroom and guessed he had one of those big boners she’d seen him get recently. “Ew, gross.” He was going to the bathroom to take care of it. Her nose wrinkled in disgust. Teenage boys were so nasty.

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"Don't I look pretty, George?" Julie twirled in her powder blue chemise and corset. It was late on a weekday night, the kids were sleeping, and the parents had been hard at work on the house all day. Time for some fun.

"You always look pretty, Jules." George tried not to frown. "What about some different lingerie tonight? It's been a while since you wore that red, lacey set I got you for Valentine's Day."



"Oh, come on." Julie stuck her hip to the side and placed her hand on it, striking a pose. "You know you like it." She laughed and walked to the closet. She always felt so giddy when wearing the Victorian underwear. "Plus, I've got a surprise for you." She opened the closet door and bent to retrieve something.

"Well, I like surprises." George watched her from his reclined position on the bed. He did like how the corset accentuated Julie's boobs and the flare of her hips. He just wanted to see a little more skin. Nonetheless, his dick stiffened in his boxers as he watched her round bottom.

"Here we are." Julie straightened and turned toward George.

"What ...?" George's eyes went wide. Whatever he was expecting from his straitlaced wife, it

wasn't this. In both hands, she held before her the most enormous dick George had ever seen, certainly, almost a foot long and very thick. It was as black as pitch and evil looking. "What is that?"

"I thought we could spice things up a bit." Julie's face opened in a broad smile. She held the phallus out in front of her, one hand circled around the veiny shaft, the other holding the round balls. "You wanna see me try and fit this thing in my little vagina?" She raised an eyebrow and cocked her hip at him again.

"Uh ... Julie ... this is very ..." George mumbled. His dick softened as he saw her wedding ring pressed into that veiny monstrosity. "Why?"

"I just thought we should try it." Julie bounded over to the bed, her breasts rocking up and down in the corset. "I don't have any panties on. You'll have to get me very wet, Georgie."

"Um ..." George couldn't take his eyes off the horrible thing. "I have a headache, Jules." He rolled onto his side away from his wife and pressed his head into the pillow. "No sex tonight."

"Really?" Julie stopped by the bed and the smile dropped from her face. "I ... I wanted to share this with you, George."

"I've got a headache. Too much work on the house." George pulled the blankets up over him. "Could you get the light?"

"Okay." Julie's shoulders slumped and she looked down at the thing in her hands. Frown lines creased her pretty face. Why had she bought this thing? And why would she think it would make George feel anything but anxiety over his own small penis? Was his penis small? Julie hadn't thought so until recently. Julie returned to the closet and put the dildo away. She then went over by the door and flipped the light switch. The room fell into darkness. "Goodnight, dear."

"Goodnight," George grumbled from the bed.



Julie padded over to their bathroom to change out of the corset and chemise. She resolved to be a better wife to George. She'd make it up to him. Make him feel like a man again. She vowed to put big penises out her mind completely. No more helping her son. And she'd throw that dildo away in the morning. But ... maybe ... She thought it over as she pulled off the lingerie. Maybe she'd just hold that dark phallus one more time. That wouldn't hurt anything. Just to feel the weight in her hands. And if Daniel really needed some help, she might just give it to him. A mother's responsibility is to care for her son, after all. And that was just as important as her wifely duties.

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Julie made breakfast, fed her family, and sent the twins off to school. She then kissed her husband on the cheek and sent him off to the hardware store. She had the whole house to herself for a little while, a rarity. And to her great surprise, a few minutes later, she found herself sitting on the edge of her bed, rubbing the head of that giant dildo up against her wet vaginal lips.



One minute she was stripping to take a much-needed shower, the next she had the dildo in her hands. The thing was so substantial and manly. Her fingers trembled as she tried to push it in. “Oooohhhhhh.” She grunted and looked down between her hanging breasts as just the very tip stretched her out. The jet-black thing looked like a phallus made of night. It was almost like some ancient darkness spread her opening, trying to get in. She reminded herself it was just molded silicone as her moans filled the bedroom.

It was too much. “For you, Danny. I’d do anything.” Where had those words come from? Suddenly she imagined her skinny son trying to shove his monster into her. It was even bigger than what she held in her hands. She knew such an act would destroy her marriage and her vagina, but the thought was irrepressible.

“Oh, Danny.” She struggled to push more of the dildo into her, but only got another fraction of an inch in. She looked down at her poor vagina, it was spread around the head obscenely.

Why did this feel so good?
“Oh, no.” A surge of pleasure flooded through her, and suddenly her vagina erupted.

“What’s ... happening?” Julie’s whole body trembled and she dropped the dildo to the floor where it landed with a solid thud. “Oooohhhhhhhh.” A small geyser of clear liquid shot out of her vagina and sprayed upon the floor. And then another and another. Julie tossed her head back onto the bed and shrieked out the most amazing orgasm of her life.

When she was done, she lay there for a while, her heart thumping and chest heaving with each breath. She finally stood and looked at the puddle on the floorboards. Nothing like that had ever happened to her before. “I must get rid of that thing.” She eyed the dildo with contempt and thought of the sermon from that past Sunday. *God is faithful, and he will not let you be tempted beyond your ability, but with the temptation he will also provide the way of escape, that you may be able to endure it.*

Escape. God would give her the strength to throw away the dildo so that she might escape this new feeling. She didn’t want the dildo to come between her and George. She resolved to take that enormous thing to the trash just as soon as she cleaned up her mess.



Once the floor was again spotless, and the sheets changed. Julie somehow lost her resolve and she hid the dildo behind some books on one of the shelves in the library, one of which was Turgenev's *First Love*. As she neatly lined up the books in front of the monster, she thought that this was just as good as throwing it away. Out of sight, out of mind. She turned and went back upstairs to take that much needed shower.

