

CHAPTER 4 PART 2



THE HAUNTING OF
PALMER MANSION

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

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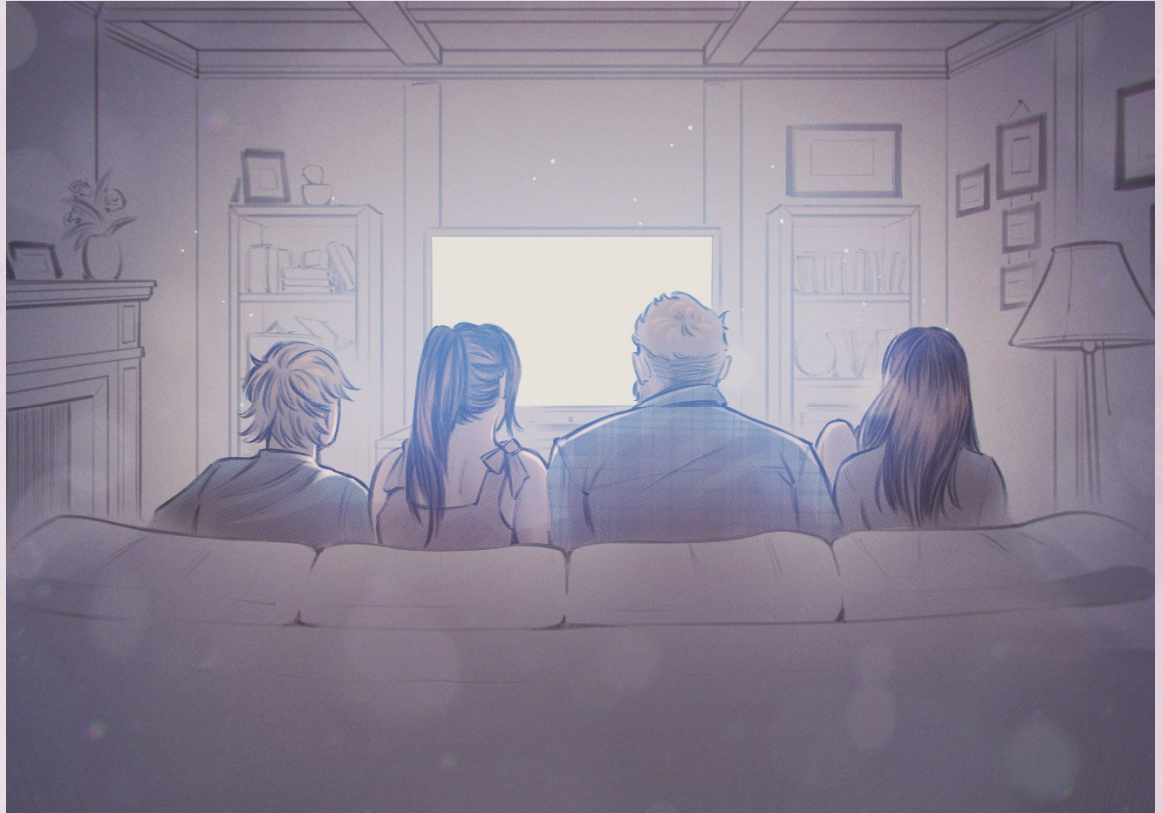
This is a reboot of an earlier illustrated version of this novel.

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The Andersons assembled on the couch in the basement for a movie night. It was a family tradition to all get together on the third Thursday of the month for a screening. Although it wasn't the same since Brad moved out.

Daniel sat on one end of the couch, leaning on his mother's shoulder. George sat on the other side of Julie, holding her right hand in his left. Brittney curled herself on the other end of the couch, in the corner with her knees pressed into her chest.

Most of the family kept their eyes on the screen, watching the latest sci-fi extravaganza. On screen, lasers flew and spaceships exploded. But Daniel's eyes kept wandering away from the TV and toward the fireplace. In the days since Eloise had led him down those hidden stairs, Daniel had tried to find the lever or latch that turned each fireplace but couldn't get any of them to open.



As his eyes looked around the shadowy mantle, he caught some movement to the left on the stairs to the main level. Eloise stood there in one of her long flowing dresses. She smiled and beckoned to Daniel with her finger. Daniel rose from the couch and walked toward the stairs.

"Where are you going, mister?" Julie watched him leave.

"Bathroom." Daniel didn't look back.

"Well, don't be long." Julie snuggled into her husband's warm side. "I think they're almost at the mothership."

"Sure, Mom." Daniel mumbled and climbed the stairs. He couldn't see Eloise anymore, but once in the main hall, he heard the crackle of fire in the living room and saw an orange, rhomboid glow cast through the open door ahead. He walked down the hall, turned into the living room, and stopped. There was indeed a roaring fire in the fireplace. Eloise sat on the hearth, with her long dress tucked under her. Her eyes shone with the reflected blaze and with greeting.

"So nice to pull yourself away from that image-box for me." She stood and smoothed out her dress. Her pale arms seemed to glow in the warm, luminous room. "You continue to make me proud, Danny, and I so love giving you rewards."

A sudden thought occurred to Daniel as he took in the swell of her belly, boobs, and hips under her flowing dress. "How come you don't have that thing on the back of your dress?"

"The bustle?" Eloise cocked her head. "It's not in style anymore, dearie."

"But I saw you wearing a dress like that before." Daniel furrowed his brow. One part of his mind told him it didn't matter what she wore. She was going to be naked soon anyway. But another part of his mind wanted to follow this rabbit down its hole.

"It was in style when I wore it." She smiled and nodded with encouragement at him. "I always keep up with the latest fashion."

"So ..." Daniel half-turned and closed the sliding door behind him. "I'm seeing a younger and older you at different times? One when the bustle was in fashion and one when it wasn't?"

Eloise smiled and winked at him.

"But ..." Daniel thought it through. "You're always pregnant." He lowered his pants and pulled off his micro-boxers. His dick stood proudly, casting a long shadow against the far wall.

"Now, Danny, you know I wasn't always pregnant." Eloise slipped out of her dress and dropped it to the floor. Naked, she stepped back onto a luxurious bearskin rug in front of the hearth, cupping her swollen breasts and belly with her thin arms.

"Two different children, then?" Daniel didn't care about the rug or the animal heads adorning the walls. He didn't even notice all the new furniture stuffed into that room.

Eloise clapped her hands in delight. "Such a clever boy. Different children. Same belly. Different times. Different fathers."

"Frederick was the father of the first child. Right?" Daniel walked toward her, his dick swaying before him, the firelight dancing off his flesh. "Who was the second father?"

"The past is done and gone, Danny." Eloise opened her arms to him. "I have so much to teach you now. We must prepare you, dearie. You still know so little."

Daniel stepped onto the rug, the bear fur soft between his toes. He placed one hand on the fleshy curve of her butt and the other on the delicate arch of her back. He fell into her cold embrace and stretched up to plant his lips on hers. Her boobs and belly pushed wonderfully against him. His dick fit snugly between her legs.



Eloise broke their kiss and looked down into his eyes. "Mate me, Danny." She dropped down to her knees. "A mare is meant for the gallop." She turned, dropped to all fours, and presented her round ass to him. "Ride me."

Daniel wasted no time in entering her, and he didn't even need her help. He now knew where her opening was and he slid right in. He found a steady rhythm and watched in fascination as her butt rippled with each thrust.

"You have a tender heart." Eloise looked back at him over her flawless, white shoulder with languid, lust-filled eyes. "But that is not enough for a woman, young stallion. Control ..." She bit her bottom lip as his cock hit somewhere deep inside her. "Your first lesson is control. You must take a woman by the reins and drive her as you would a wild mare you mean to tame. This is the secret few of the fairer sex will tell. But mark my words, all desire it." She turned her head forward and stared into the fire. "Take my hair, Danny."



"Okay." Daniel had not thought himself the type to grab a woman by the hair, but he wasn't about to say no to her. He took a fistful of copper hair with his left hand and pulled her head back a little.

"Yes." Eloise arched her back, her round belly dropping closer to the rug below. "This is ... oooohhhhhh ... the most important lesson. Everything else you learn ... is nestled inside this one fact. A woman longs for surrender. Tame her and she is yours."

"Not ... uh ... uh ... uh ... all women." But even as he said this, Daniel tightened his grip on her hair and dug his fingertips into the cool flesh just south of her right hip.

"Yes, all women. I ... will ... show you, my sweet. You have ... paid ..." Eloise grunted as she bounced under his control. She no longer pushed back with each thrust, she couldn't. She just did her best to absorb the onslaught. It was perfect. "You paid, Danny, and now ... you will receive your bounty." Her fingers dug into the rug. "Tell me ... tell me what you wish to do."

"I'm gonna ... cum."

"No." She shook her head, her hair still firmly in his grasp. "No, impose ... upon me, Daniel."

"Take ... my ... cum ... Mrs. Palmer ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." Daniel shot his load deep inside Eloise's frigid pussy. His hips fell out of rhythm but kept bucking.

Eloise gasped and took the heat deep in her. It felt so good to be filled to the brim with life. Eventually the boy behind her stilled and released her hair. "We still have work to do, but that was fine. Mighty fine." She moved forward and dislodged him. "You've filled my crinkum crankum, and that's always a good thing, dearie." She turned onto her side and looked up at him. "Now get dressed and get yourself back to your family."

"Um ... okay." Daniel nodded. He stood and went to fetch his clothes.

"You're a good boy, Danny." Eloise luxuriated in the post-coital feelings that swept through her. She watched the skinny boy shrug into his clothing. "Soon, you'll be a great boy." She smiled. "Now get you away to your dear mother and request the aid you so rightly deserve." Cum leaked out between her legs and pooled on the rug. She had so much to teach that young eighteen-year-old. And he seemed eager to learn.

"Now?" Daniel opened the door.

"Yes, now." Eloise smiled her warmest smile up at him as the fire crackled behind her.

"Take the reins, Danny."

Daniel nodded, waved to Eloise, and walked out of the living room.

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A space battle raged on TV as Daniel returned to the basement.

"You smell funny." Brittney looked up at her brother as he awkwardly walked behind the couch and sat down on the other end by their mother. "Anyway, you missed a lot. The good guys are taking control of the mothership."

"Oh, yeah?" Daniel's hard dick pressed painfully into his soft belly as he sat down. He moved his butt around on the cushion and tried to get comfortable.

"You do smell strange, Danny." Julie lifted her head off her husband's shoulder and looked at her son. He smelled like some sort of pungent tropical flower. "And why are you squirming like that?"



"Sorry, Mom." Daniel finally stuck his butt toward the end of the cushion and leaned back. Now his dick wasn't poking him anymore. "Just having a hard time getting comfortable."

Julie looked down at Daniel's pants and saw the clear outline of his mammoth package. "Oh." Her eyes went wide. The poor boy had such a hard time with his thing these days. "I see."

"Quiet everyone." George didn't take his eyes off the TV screen. "We're about to see the aliens."

"Sorry, Dad." Daniel leaned over and whispered in his mother's ear, "I'm having trouble again and I need your help."

Julie shook her head and squeezed George's hand tighter. George squeezed back, but his attention stayed on the movie.

"Please," Daniel whispered. "I tried in the bathroom, but it didn't work." He found that ever since moving into their new house, lies came much easier to him. "I'll be quick. We'll be back in time for the end of the movie."

"Daniel Gregory Anderson," Julie hissed and gave Daniel a steely glare. But her heart softened as she looked into her son's pained blue eyes. She disentangled her arm from George's arm, stood, and looked down at her lovely husband. "I have to help Daniel with something. We'll be right back."

"Can't it wait?" George looked up at her and frowned.



"Apparently, it cannot." Julie walked off toward the stairs.

"You're missing the movie," George called after her.

"We'll be back in a jiffy, dear." Julie climbed the stairs, her dress billowing behind her. "Come on, Danny."

"Right." Daniel blinked his eyes. He couldn't believe she'd agreed. He rose from the couch and walked around the back again so his stiff dick wouldn't be obvious to his father and sister.

"Don't be long." George said as his son followed his wife out of the basement.

"We won't," Daniel said over his shoulder. He climbed the stairs and entered the long main hall.

"I can't believe I agreed to this." Julie waited for him, standing with her hands on her hips and tapping her bare foot on the floor. "Come on, let's get you taken care of." She grabbed Daniel's hand and pulled him into the bathroom. She then shut the door and locked it behind them. "Okay, pants off. We have to hurry."

"Thanks, Mom. I really needed this." Daniel pulled off his pants and boxers and his dick flopped out.

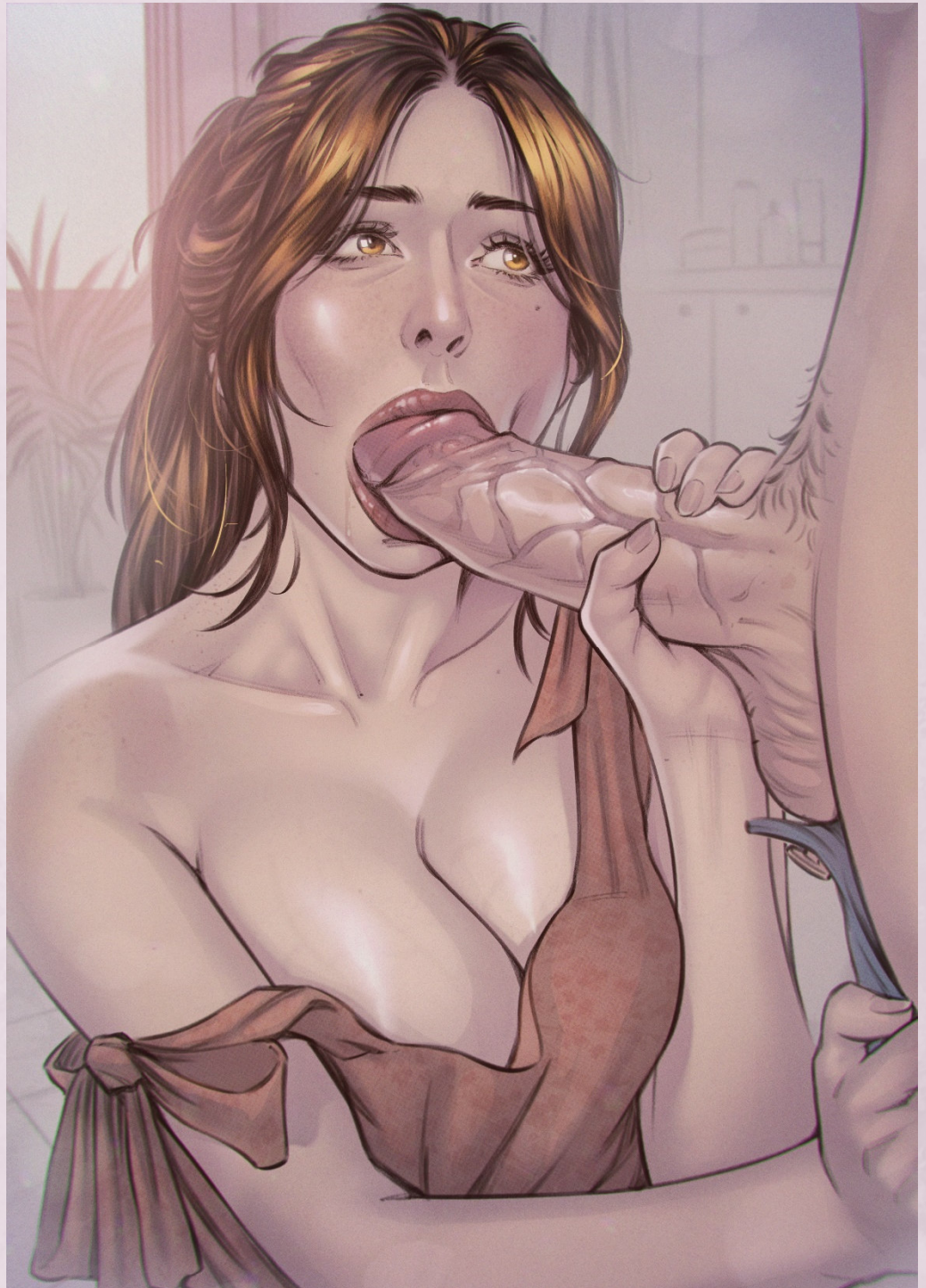
"Yes, I can see. It looks really ... um ... engorged." Julie reached out and gently brushed her fingernails along the purple head. "What is that smell? It's musky and flowery ... like ..." Julie scrunched up her nose and moved her hand away from his penis. "Did you already take care of yourself? You smell like sperm and I'm not going to be doing this if you can do it yourself."

"No. I promise." Daniel's mouth sprouted lies like they were trees in a growing forest. "It's just the precum. I get a lot of precum when it won't go down."

"Oh." She reached back for the long, heavy thing and grasped the shaft in her left hand. "Well, I suppose that's unusual and a bit unseemly, but I'm your mother and I've seen it all. And ... the thought is actually kind of ... um ..." Her hand moved back and forth. "... interesting."

"Can you do it with your mouth again? It's not cheating." Daniel watched as she lowered herself to her knees on the tile. He had a wonderful view of her pretty face as it went slack, absorbed, as she was, with watching the slightly pulsing dick.

"It better not be cheating ..."
Julie licked the head and tasted Daniel's salty flavor. "... or I'd be a very bad wife."
She opened wide and took the head inside. That was all she could fit. She remembered her technique for taking care of Daniel and bobbed her head with little short strokes while pumping his shaft with both hands. Her brown ponytail danced as she worked to bring Daniel off.



"You're ... aaaahhhh ... a great wife." Daniel looked down at her pretty lips as they contorted around his dickhead. "And the ... best mom in the world."

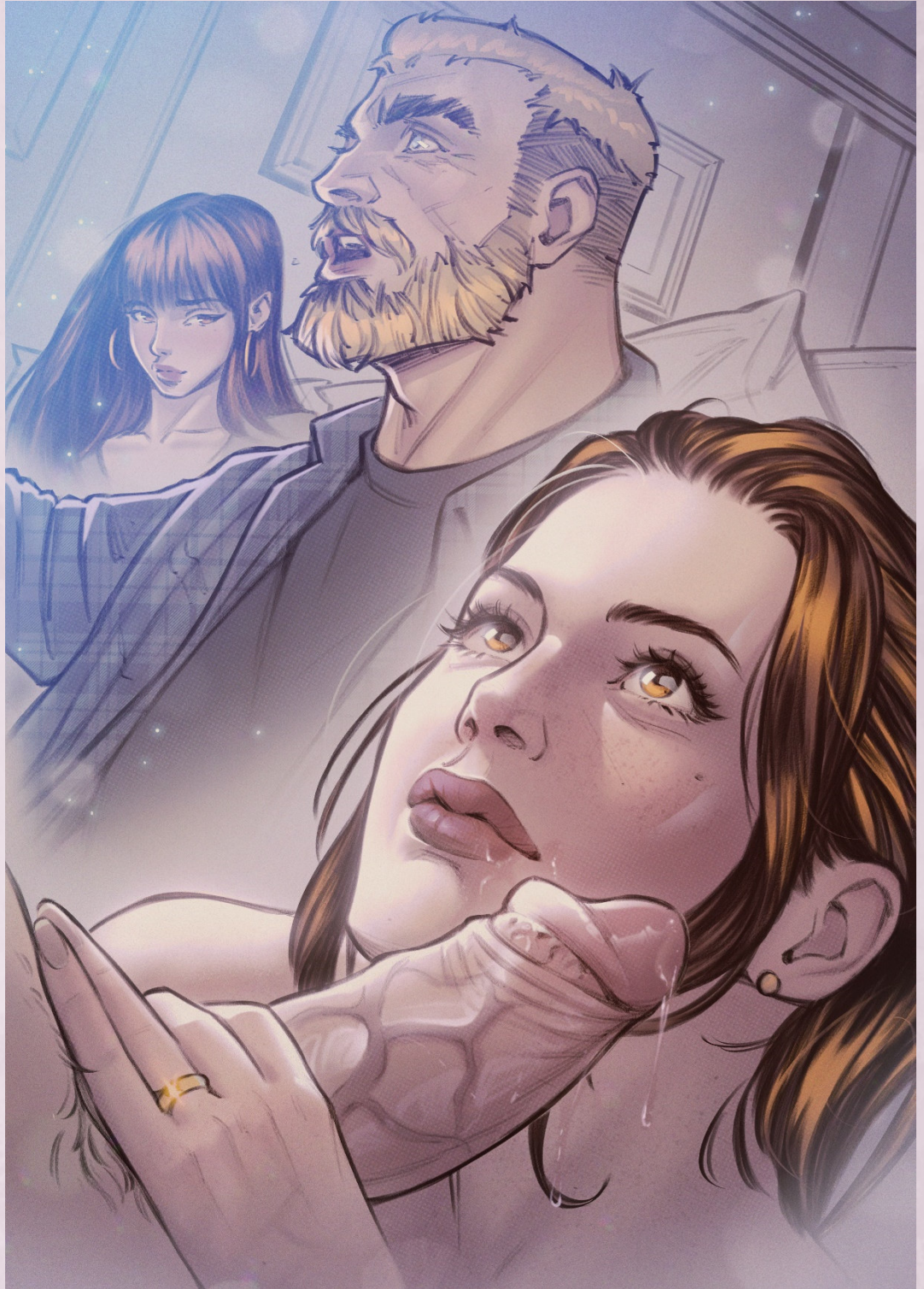
"Mmmmmmmm," Julie said.

Down in the basement, George let out a woop as the protagonist took control of the mothership. Brittney smiled at her father, and wondered what the other half of the Andersons were up to.

A little later in the bathroom, Julie still worked Daniel, giving him short pumps with her mouth and long strokes with her hands. She pulled her mouth off his thing and looked up. "We ... really need to ... get back to the ... movie." She panted from the effort, but her hands kept working the shaft. "Are you close? Do you need my boobs again?"

"Yeah, Mom. That'd help this go way faster."

Daniel watched Julie shrug out of the top of her dress, and reach behind and unclasp her bra. He held his breath as her tits dropped out of confinement. They were so perfect, with her large pink nipples, and the blue web of veins that ran just under the skin. They made his mother look so vulnerable.





“You have to tell me before you explode this time.” Julie rose up on her knees a little and pressed her son’s rod between her boobs. “You can’t cover me with your stuff like you did before.” The memory of that moment sent an involuntary shiver down her spine and caused her vagina to dampen even more than it was already. She could feel her panties soaking through. “We don’t have time for a shower.”

“Sure, Mom.” Daniel wondered what Eloise would think about that. He didn’t want to disappoint the apparition, but she hadn’t said anything about it this time. Daniel looked around the bathroom, half expecting to see Eloise’s reflection in the mirror, but there was no sign of her. He looked back down at his mother and sighed as she eagerly slid his saliva-soaked dick between her large, soft tits. Julie stuck out the tip of her tongue just a little as she focused all her energy on making Daniel cum.

After a few minutes, Julie looked up into her son’s eyes. “Are you close, Danny?”

“Not yet.” Daniel’s mouth hung open as he watched the remarkable sight playing out in front of him.

“We have to hurry this along.” Julie looked at the locked door and then back at Daniel. “What can I do?”

“How about your butt, Mom?”

“I beg your pardon, young man?” Julie let go of her breasts and leaned back. Her arms were tired.

“If I could rub it on your butt, I’m sure I wouldn’t last long.” Daniel took hold of his dick and stroked it while Julie thought things over.

"It wouldn't be cheating if you just rubbed on my butt." Julie stood, turned her back to Daniel, and lifted her dress up to her waist. "And ... also ... I'll need to keep my panties on." She leaned forward and placed her hands on the countertop next to the sink. Her feet inched out as she spread her legs to lower her butt down to her son's level.

"Of course." Daniel stepped up behind and looked down at her amazing ass. He couldn't decide what he liked best. The way it flared out from her narrow waist? The way it jiggled with just the slightest of her movements? The round, perfect curves? He loved all of it. "Here I go." He placed his dick between her cheeks with the head all the way up above the crumpled dress hanging from the small of her back. He grabbed a cheek in each hand and then rubbed his shaft in a seesaw motion.

Back in the basement, the move accelerated toward its climax. "Behind you! The alien's behind you, dummy," George shouted at the TV. The stupid pilot had forgotten to look behind him. George was so into the movie, he didn't even notice his wife and son still weren't back yet.

"That's it, pumpkin." Julie braced herself against the rubbing monster behind her. She hoped Daniel couldn't tell how wet she was. "Let me know when you're ready." She looked down at her hands to avoid looking into the mirror and her ring sparkled up at her. She did not want to see what she looked like submitting to her son in this way. What they were doing may not have been cheating, but it certainly was dirty.

"I'm ... ready ... Mom." Daniel moved his eyes from that wobbling butt, past her ruffled dress hanging around her waist, and up her pale, bare back to where her delicate shoulder blades arched. She was beyond beautiful.





“Good boy, Danny.” Julie quickly turned around, grabbed a bath towel from the towel rack, and dropped to her knees again. “Shoot it out. Get it all out of there, sweetie.” She grabbed his penis and gave the most furious handjob of her life.

“Mom ... Mom ... Moooooommmmm.” Daniel’s balls churned.

Down in the basement, Brittney covered her eyes to hide from the images on the screen. “Ew, gross. The alien’s oozing all over her.”

George chuckled. “It’s just a movie, Britt.”

Back up in the bathroom, sensing the moment, Julie lifted the towel up and caught spurt after spurt with soft Egyptian cotton. She looked up at Daniel and marveled at how the orgasm had taken him over. He shut his eyes, gritted his teeth, and shook all over. “Let it all out. That’s a good boy.” The towel started to soak through so she folded it up to help absorb all that sperm. She knew from experience just how much her son stored in those giant balls of his.

“Wow ...” Daniel panted and opened his eyes. “Thanks, Mom.”

“You’re welcome, pumpkin.” Julie took the towel away and saw a little stray cum left behind on the purple head. She leaned forward and licked it off with her pink tongue. Her shoulders gave a quick shiver at the salty, tangy taste. “All better?” Julie rolled the towel into a ball and put it in the sink. She then picked up her bra, stood up, and put it back on.

“Yeah, thanks Mom. I don’t know what I’d do without you.” Daniel sighed and pulled up his micro-boxers. He stuffed his deflating dick into the pouch.

“Well, if I wasn’t helping you, you’d definitely need a doctor.” Julie pulled her dress up and slipped her arms back in. She shook her hips to get the dress to fall back down to her knees. “You’ve got so much in there.” She nodded at his boxers. “It’d be unhealthy if it got backed up.”

“Yeah, totally.” Daniel pulled up his pants and buttoned them. “What are we going to tell Dad and Britt?”

"Well ..." Julie turned to the mirror and checked herself out. She looked fine. Certainly not like she'd just had a giant penis between her breasts. "... I don't think we should lie. But ..." She looked at Daniel in the mirror and raised an eyebrow.

"Let's just tell them I needed some help figuring out what to say to a girl." Daniel ran a hand through his messy blond hair. "You're a girl, Mom. And you helped me say stuff to you. So, it's sorta true."

"Good enough." Julie nodded. "Speaking of girls, maybe you could find someone at school who'd help you with your thing. I can't keep doing this forever." She saw Daniel's face fall and Julie quickly added, "I'll be here if you need it. I just don't want you relying on your mother for this sort of thing, sweetie."

"Thanks, Mom." Daniel's face brightened. "I'll see if I can find myself a girlfriend."

"That's my boy." Julie picked up the towel and held it away from her body. "I'm going to go put this in the laundry hamper in your room. I can't take it down to the washing machine right now." She gave Daniel a chagrined smile, imagining walking the cum filled towel right by her daughter and husband in the basement. "Stay here, I'll be right back." Julie jogged down the hall and up the stairs in her bare feet.

Daniel stepped out into the hall and waited. A minute or so later, Julie returned and they went back down for the rest of movie night.

"Hey, where'd you two go? You missed it." George looked up from the couch and pointed to the TV where the credits rolled.

"Oh, I'm sorry dear." Julie frowned and folded her arms over her chest. "Danny needed some help with a girl."

"Oh, a girl huh?" Brittney looked at her brother and waggled her eyebrows. "Anyone I know?"

Daniel shook his head.

"Fine, keep your secrets." Brittney laughed. She knew her brother needed lots of help, he was way too shy around the girls in school. "I hope it works out with her."

"Uh ... thanks, Britt." Daniel looked at his beautiful mom. "I do too."

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Later that night, Julie tried to make it up to George by giving him his first titjob. "You like it, honey?"

"It's ... different." George's dick didn't actually feel all that great engulfed in her boobs.

"Maybe if I try it this way." Julie felt frustrated. He was too small to make it work right. Or maybe her breasts were too big. It was a disappointing endeavor. "How about my mouth?"

"That'd be better." George nodded as she devoured his dick.



Julie sucked hard and even let him finish down her throat. She swallowed and smiled up at him. She hoped he'd be up for round two. Julie really wanted some sex after all the foreplay she'd had that day with the Anderson men. "How about a little more? I'll ride you, honey. You wouldn't have to work at all."

"What's gotten into you, Jules?" George groaned and rolled over in bed. "That's enough for one night."

Julie sighed and went to go turn off the light. She contemplated sneaking into the library and retrieving the dildo, but she'd sworn she wouldn't use that thing again. She flipped the switch and the room went dark.

"Goodnight, George."

"Goodnight, Jules."

She walked across the room and lay down next to him in bed. When she closed her eyes, she could think only of how Daniel's penis had felt rubbing against her behind. What would it be like to allow that thing in? She tried very hard not to think about the answer to that question.