

CHAPTER 5 PART I



THE HAUNTING OF
PALMER MANSION

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

Chapter 5 Part 1

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

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"Danny, you in here?" Brittney poked her head into the library.

"I'm here." Daniel looked up from his book. He sat in an old upholstered chair. One leg dangled and swung listlessly over the chair's floral-print arm. "Just reading."

"Man, it's impossible to find anyone in this house." Brittney walked into the room and sat down facing her brother. She smiled at him and brushed her long, brown hair behind her shoulders. Her modest, floral print dress almost matched the chair she perched on. "What are you reading?"

"*The Manchurian Candidate*." Daniel stuck his finger in the book to keep his place. "It's a crazy book." Daniel's face twisted into a wry smile. "At one point, the Russians have this guy, Shaw, under hypnosis and make him ... ah ... make love to his mother."

"Really? Gross." Brittney wrinkled her nose. "And spoilers, Danny. What if I wanted to read it?"

"Sorry." Daniel looked away from his sister to the spines of books along the wall to his right. "Is it really that bad, Britt? Doing it with his mother, I mean."

"Duh-doy. Yeah it is." Brittney offered a slight curve of a smile, stood, walked to the shelf, and pulled down their bible. "I'm pretty sure it's in Leviticus. But I don't remember off hand." She walked back to her chair and sat, thumbing through the pages. She stopped and read. "Here it is. *The nakedness of thy father, and the nakedness of thy mother, shalt thou not uncover: she is thy mother; thou shalt not uncover her nakedness.*" She looked up and gave Daniel a triumphant smile. "That seems clear. Good old Shaw should not boff his mom. That was messed up for the Russians to do that to him."

"Yeah, but it only says nakedness. They could do it with their clothes on. Also, Abraham's brother married his niece. Moses's mom married a nephew, I think. And there's lots of cousins getting it on with cousins all throughout the Old Testament." Daniel hated to lose an argument to his sister. But especially this one. He had a vested interest in this. Guilt hung constantly in the background over what he and Julie had done. Daniel would do anything for Eloise, but it would be better if the stuff she had him do with his mom was at least morally ambiguous. And now that Daniel and his mother had started their intimacies together, Daniel was growing to like it. He didn't want to like something that was wrong.

"Ignore that other stuff, Leviticus is clear." Brittney looked down at the bible in her hands. "It goes on to say that can't get naked with your father, sister, brother, stepmother ..." She scanned the page. "Doesn't say anything about cousins." Brittney looked back at her brother with her deep blue eyes. "So, I guess cousins are fair game." She put the book down next to her chair with a thump.

"I guess." Daniel didn't like it, but what did the bible know anyway? It was written by a bunch of grumpy men thousands of years ago.

"Anyhoo, if you don't mind putting your spy thriller down for a few minutes, there's some roses I'd like to go pick in the backyard. Want to come?" Brittney stood, smoothed out her long dress, beckoned to her brother, and strode out of the library.

"Sure." Daniel dog-eared the page he was on and stood. He left the book on the chair and followed his sister.

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Julie waited in the den just behind the half-closed door. She felt like a fool hiding in her own house, but here she was. She listened to her children across the hall in the library but couldn't quite make out their words. They were arguing about something in a good-natured way. The twins were always so agreeable. It was her first-born, Brad, who had really tried his parents' patience. Finally, she heard them leave the library and walk down the hall. Once Brittney and Daniel disappeared out the front door of the house, Julie tiptoed out of the den.



"Maybe I shouldn't do this," Julie whispered to herself. She looked down the hall toward the main stairs. George was up in the west tower and he'd asked for her help. And here Julie was, sneaking around like a teenager with her first crush. She took a deep breath and walked into the library. She'd help her husband later. She just needed to see that giant fake penis one more time. She'd just get it out of her system.

Five minutes later, she sat on the toilet lid in the bathroom next to the den. Her dress was bunched around her waist and her panties lay on the tile floor. "Just for a minute," Julie mumbled. She took the head of that jet-black phallus and rubbed it against her moist vaginal lips. She grasped the thing with both hands and marveled at its girth.

"Uuuuggggghhhhhhh." Julie trembled as she pushed it into her. "Oh, gosh. It's too big." She got about half the head in and stared down at her poor stretched vagina. She hoped things would tighten back up quickly after she was done. She didn't want George noticing anything different during their intimate time. She pushed and a little more of the veiny thing moved into her.



"That's quite the herculean task you've undertaken." Eloise stood by the bathroom door, watching Julie with cool green eyes.

"What?" Julie shrieked and dropped the dildo to the floor, where it made a solid whack.

"Oh, don't stop on my account, dearie." Eloise smiled and took two steps toward Julie. She bent down slowly, cradling her large belly with one hand, and got to her knees. Her long, bustled dress flowed out around her on the floor. She picked up the dildo in her left hand. "This magnificent steed is quite wet, my mischievous lady."

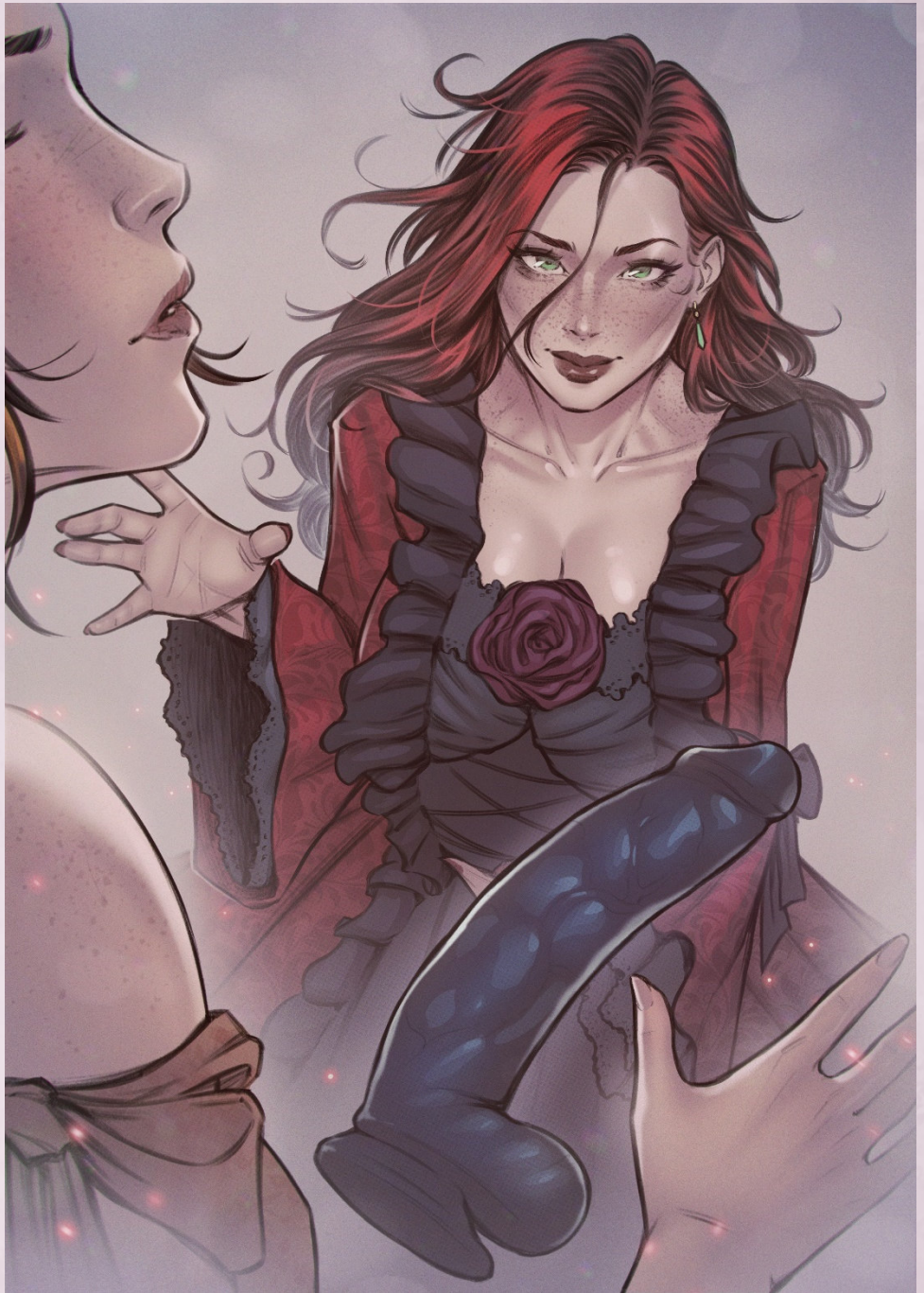
"I'm dreaming ... I'm dreaming ..." Julie's brown eyes went wide and her breath shallow.

"Well, then dream away, Mrs. Anderson." Eloise leaned forward and pushed Julie's dress back up her legs from where it had fallen in her fright. "Nothing but the most pleasant dreams for you." Eloise lowered her gaze to that trim bush between Julie's legs and the protruding lips just beneath. "You kept your legs open for me, that was very good." She brought up the dildo and rubbed the head against Julie's nethers. "Such a strange thing this is. I had one fashioned of wood, but this is a better material. What do you call it?"

"Silicone," Julie squeaked.

"Well, it certainly does the job." Eloise pushed the phallus's head into the vagina before her. "My, you are tight. That George of yours must be Lilliputian."

"What? No ... he's got a ... big one," Julie lied. Her pulse beat like a heavy drum in her ears. She watched the dildo push its way in again, this time the whole head made its way inside her. "Aaaahhhhhh. It's too ... much. I don't want to ... squirt from down there ... again."





“Oh, you had the downstairs flood?” Eloise felt the resistance in the poor woman’s vagina and stopped her pushing, letting the round head of the thing sit in its new snug home. “Some women spend a lifetime without knowing that pleasure. You’re a lucky one.” She looked up into Julie’s eyes and gave the woman her most reassuring smile. “Attend, Mrs. Anderson. Daniel is larger than this.” She wiggled the dildo a little for emphasis. “Imagine the ecstasy when you stretch to accommodate him.”

“That would be ... cheating.” Julie shook her head. “I’d never do that to ... ooohhhhhh ... George. Or to ... Daniel. He’s my ... son.”

“You say that like it’s a point against the endeavor.” Eloise pulled the counterfeit cock from the woman and looked at its glistening head. “But his relation to you is a point for. Many points, actually. There is nothing like letting your son know you completely. And knowing him ... every inch of him. Until then -”

Julie stood and pushed Eloise to the side. Julie’s brown ponytail swished as she moved past the

pregnant woman toward the bathroom door. “I am dreaming, I am dreaming. None of this is real.” Julie looked back at the woman now sitting on her butt by the vanity. Her dress looked very uncomfortable in such a position.

“Careful, Julie, I am with child.” Eloise watched the frightened wife carefully. “Such rough treatment is most unagreeable to me.”

“You’re not real.” Julie opened the door, jumped out into the hall, and raced toward the stairs.

George walked toward her with a look of concern on his gentle face. "There you are, Jules. I really could use your help ..." He stopped when he saw her face. "Are you okay?" His wife had a frantic look in her eyes, and her dress was rumpled.

"Fine ... I'm fine." Julie thought things over. If George was here, then what had just happened in the bathroom wasn't a dream. For the first time in her adulthood, Julie considered the existence of ghosts plausible. Heck, it was a likelihood now. "I was just ... having trouble with the bathroom sink." Julie smoothed out her dress.

"Oh, really? Let me have a look." George gave his wife a tender kiss on the cheek and stepped past her toward the open bathroom door.

"No," Julie shrieked. That specter was in there. And even if she was all hallucination, the dildo was in there. George would be crushed if he found Julie using it behind his back. "Let's go work in the tower. Don't ..." She trailed off and hung her head as George entered the bathroom.

"Jeez, Julie," George called out. "You shouldn't leave your things lying around. What if the children wanted to use this bathroom?"

"I ..." Julie walked toward him. He was taking it better than she thought he would. She arrived at the open door and looked in to find her husband holding her forgotten panties in his right hand. He offered them to her and Julie reached out and took them. "Sorry, George. The sink must have distracted me."

"Right, the sink." George turned the hot tap and then the cold. Water ran into the basin as it should. "Everything seems in order. What was wrong with it?"

Julie didn't answer him, she looked around the floor for the abandoned dildo, but she couldn't see it.



"Did you lose something else?" George watched her with bemusement. "Drop your bra, too?"

"No." Julie shook her head. "I've got everything." The dildo wasn't there. Maybe the ghost had taken it with her to pleasure herself. The thought sent a chill down her spine. "I was just thinking, George. Maybe we should bring in someone to rid our house of ... unwanted spirits."

"That's crazy, Jules. Did you see a ghost?" George laughed and placed his hand on his wife's slim shoulder. As funny as this was, she did have a worried look about her.

"Yes ..." Julie could see he was laughing at her. "I mean no. I don't know."

"Don't be silly. There are no such things as ghosts." George ushered her out of the bathroom. "Let's stick together and the house won't seem quite so spooky. Right?"

"Right." Julie didn't know what to think.

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Weeds brushed against the twins' legs as Brittney and Daniel turned the southeast corner of the house. The old, uneven cobble path did its best to turn their ankles, so the twins tread with some caution.

"What do you think the garden looked like in its heyday?" Brittney looked over her shoulder at Daniel as he followed her.

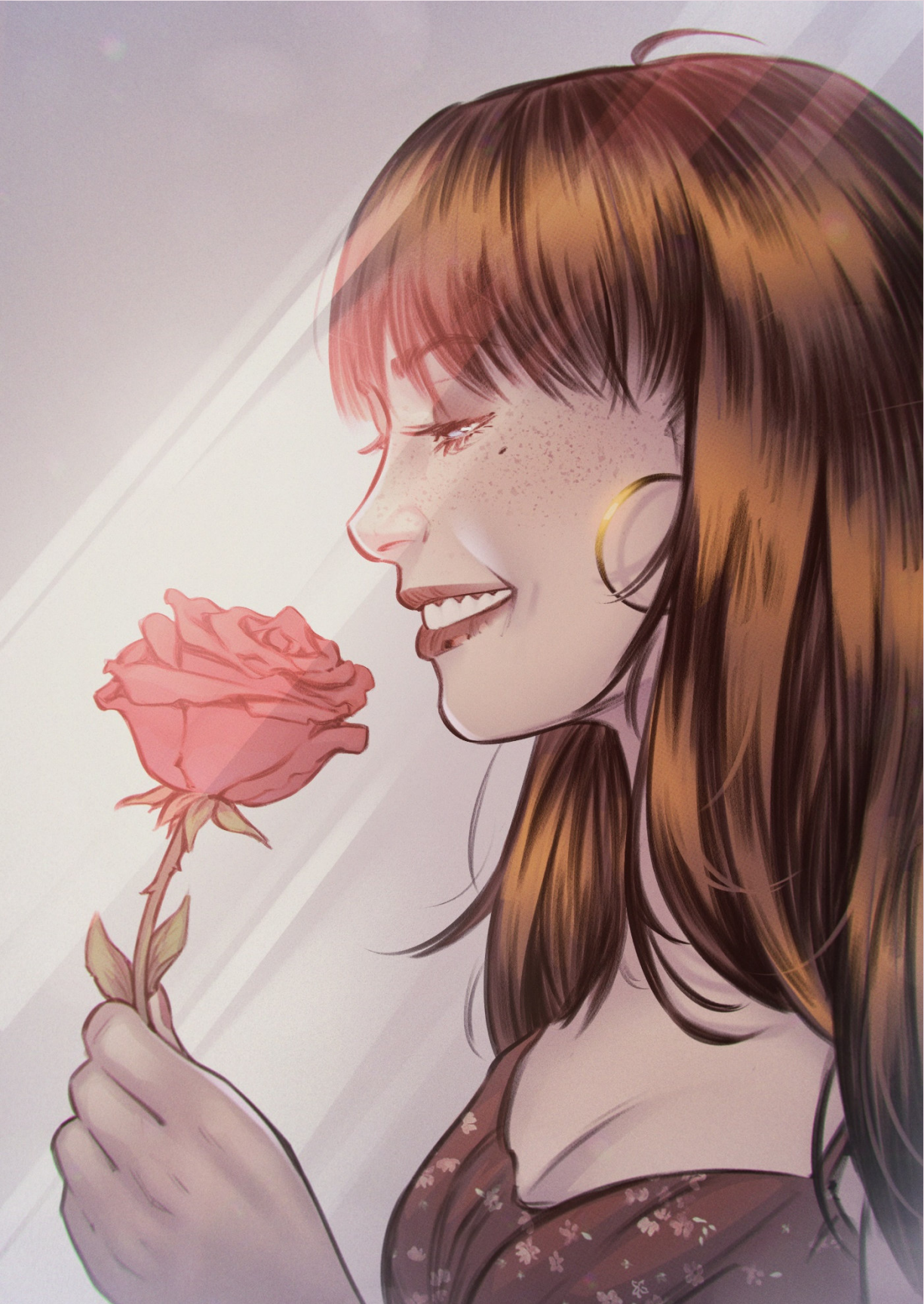
"The Palmers probably had servants tend the garden. I bet it was full of flowers and very neatly trimmed." The fresh air around them invigorated Daniel. A stiff breeze blew into their faces from the north. "Thanks for getting me out here, Britt. I haven't really explored the exterior yet."

"Me neither." Brittney walked around the northeast corner. "Oh, they're beautiful." The rose bush seemed even more prolific viewed from ground level. The flowers were a deep crimson, with large petals nestled together. "Scissors, please."

"Sure." Daniel stopped next to her, fished the scissors he'd brought out of his pocket, and handed them to her. He watched her hop through the weeds over to the rose bush. Her body was so relaxed under her billowing dress and her face carefree as she circled the plant looking for perfect flowers.



“This bush is marvelous, don’t you think, Danny?” Brittney reached up with her scissors and snipped a stem, careful not to grab the thorns.



"Yeah, it's nice." Daniel smiled. He felt so removed from all the strange happenings that had gone on inside the mansion next to them. It was both a gnawing worry and a relief. He desperately needed to see Eloise again soon. But he also knew that the licentious path he and Julie traveled would lead to irrevocable events. Daniel didn't want to do anything that would harm his relationship with his loving mother. But even without Eloise's prodding, he felt drawn to further things with Julie. It was all so confusing.

"Who's that?" Brittney gazed toward the northwest corner of the house.



"What?" Daniel slipped out of his reverie and followed her gaze. A tall, square man with a top hat strode toward them with purpose. The hem of his long, velvet jacket just brushed the tops of the weeds below him. His black mustache drooped around the corners of his mouth, and his black eyes seemed to look right through them. Good God, Daniel thought, his eyes were so very black.

"What mischief have you brought upon my garden, you scoundrels?" The man balled his hands into fists by his sides. He was about thirty feet away from the twins.

"Who is that?" Brittney squinted at the man, but squinting didn't make his presence any more logical.

"Let's go." Daniel could see Brittney wasn't about to run, so he stepped over to her and grabbed her free hand in his. Daniel recognized the voice from the night Eloise led him down the secret stairs. This was Frederick Palmer in the flesh. Or whatever ghosts are made of. "Now, Britt." As Frederick closed within twenty-five feet, Daniel pulled hard on his sister's hand and they were off and running.

"What's going on, Danny?" Brittney

dropped the scissors in the weeds and clutched the roses she'd picked in her right hand. She ran with Daniel back the way they'd come.

"Crazy dude in our garden." They rounded the northeast corner at a sprint. "What's it look like?" Weeds flew by their knees. Neither of the twins looked back.

"Get back here you thieves." Frederick's voice hung in the garden air, reverberating around them. "I'll hunt you down, miscreants."

Daniel hazarded a look over his shoulder. Frederick stood at the corner of the mansion they'd just passed. The man's hands hung stiffly by his sides and his eyes welled hate. Relief filled Daniel, as it seemed Frederick had given up the chase. Just then, Daniel's foot went sideways on a cobblestone and his ankle rolled over. He tumbled into the weeds with a short yelp.

"Come on, Danny. Get up." Brittney bent down and helped him back to his feet. She put his arm around her shoulders and they limp-jogged around the southeast corner of the house. She didn't dare look back.

The twins burst in the front door and slammed it behind them. They leaned their backs against the door and looked at each other with wide eyes.

"That was crazy." Brittney let out a nervous laugh.

Daniel, panting, watched his sister as her laughter picked up until it was an uproarious cackle. He couldn't help himself, he laughed, too.

Their parents, having just left the main floor bathroom, found the twins scuffed, scraped, bleeding, and sharing what seemed like either a hilarious or insane moment.

"What happened to you?" Julie rushed up to Daniel. The right knee of his pants was torn and blood stained the fabric. He wasn't putting any weight on his right ankle. She looked to her daughter, where blood dripped from her right fist as she clutched the thorny rose stems tightly.

"Some ... guy ... chased us." Brittney's laughter slowed. "With a ... top hat."

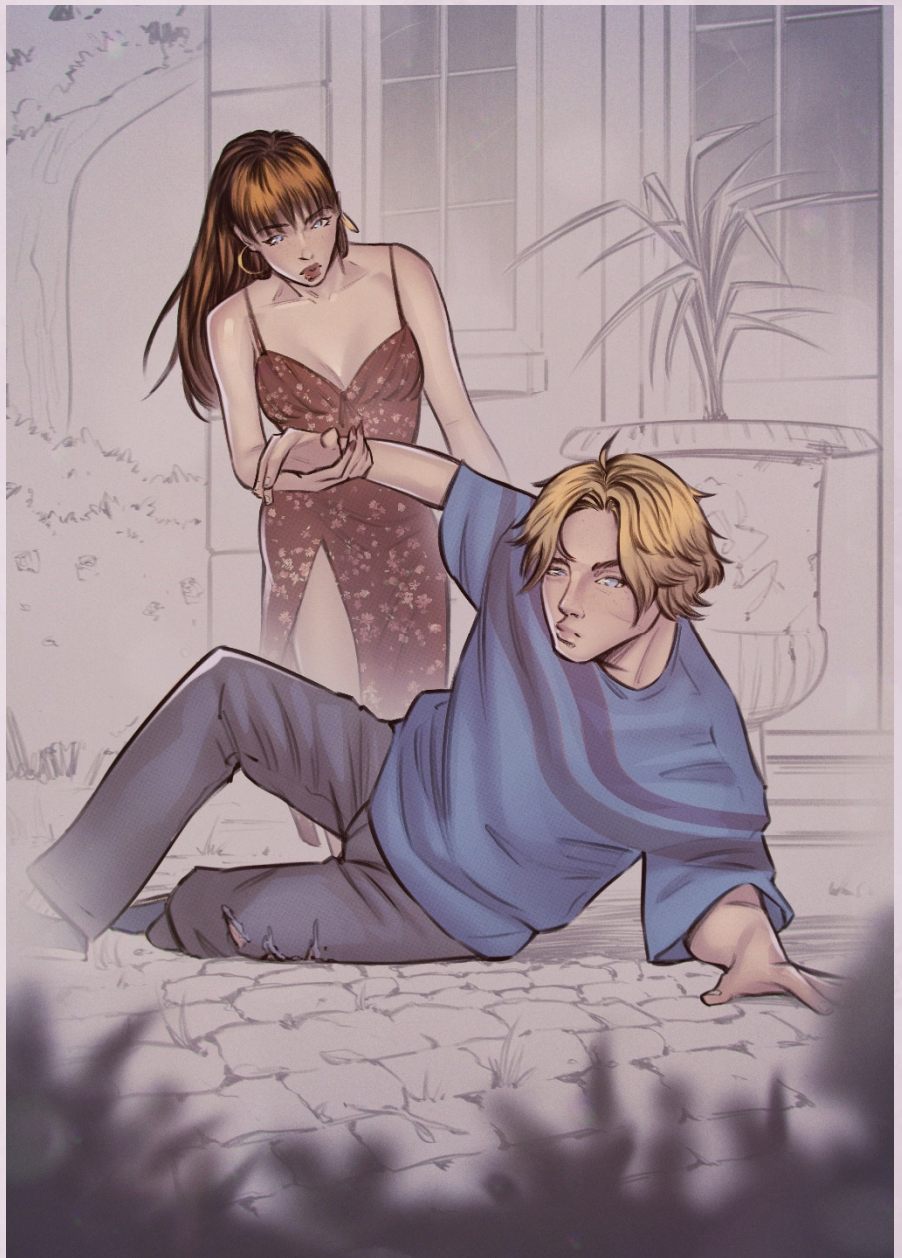
"Oh my, Gosh." Julie bent down and moved Daniel's arm from his sister's shoulders to hers. "Just now?"

The twin's laughter died completely.

"In the garden." Brittney nodded.

"It's okay, Mom." Daniel looked up into his mom's soft brown eyes. "He wasn't very fast." His blond hair fell down over his forehead and into his eyes.

"Let's get you cleaned up," Julie said to Daniel. "George, can you see if the man is still outside?"



"On it." George ran to the study and came back out with a wood baseball bat. He opened the door and jogged outside.

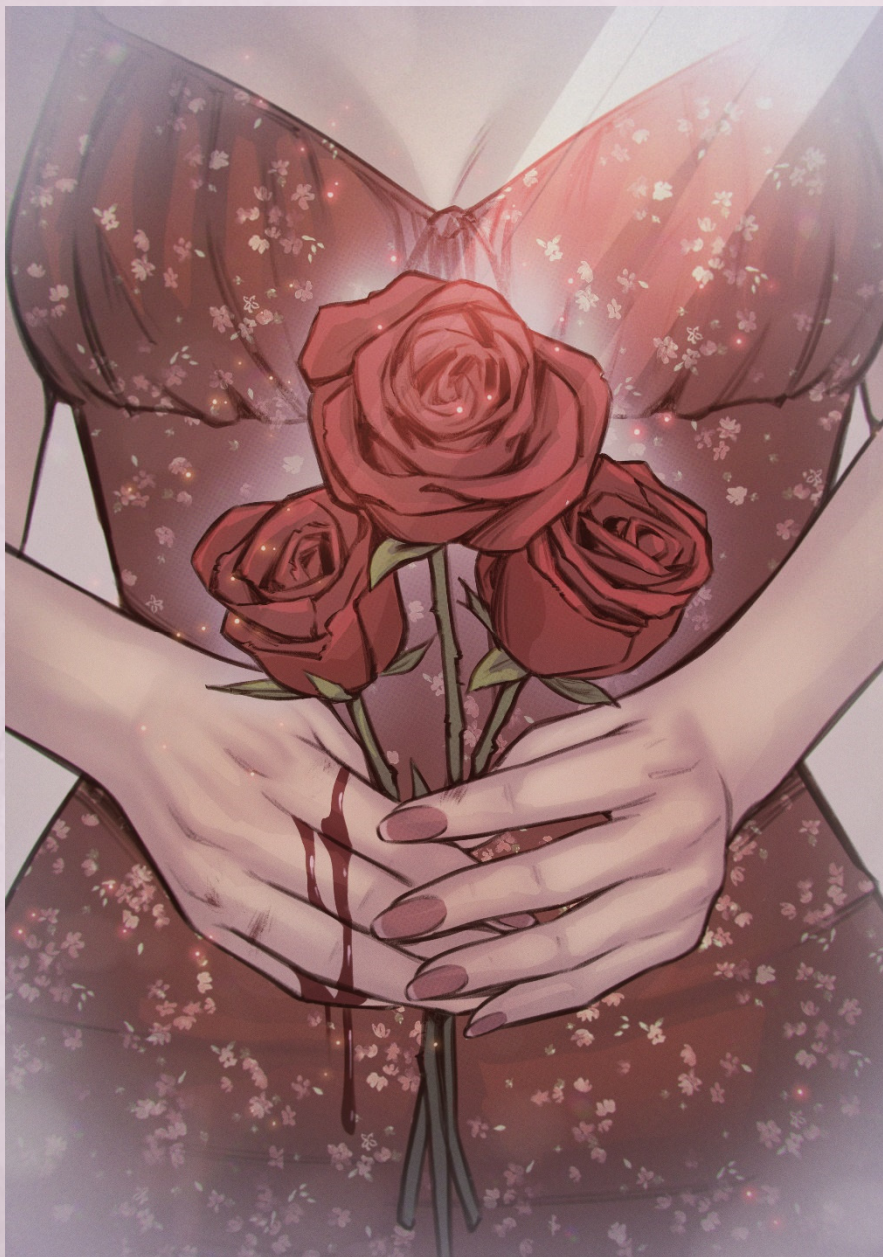
"Brittney, pumpkin, you better toss out those flowers and clean your hand off." Julie helped her limping son toward the bathroom.

A minute later, George reentered the house and slammed the massive front door behind him. "No one there." He breathed hard from the run around the house. "You two sure you saw somebody?"

"Clear as day," Brittney said. "You must have scared him off, Dad."

"Hhhmmmm." George looked at his wife and Daniel as they disappeared toward the bathroom. "Where you going, Jules?"

"I'm taking care of Danny, George." Julie got Daniel into the bathroom, sat him on the toilet lid, and closed the door.



"Okay, I guess." George looked over to his daughter as she marched off toward the kitchen. "Where are you going?"

"To put these in water." Brittney held up the roses. Their ruby hue matched the blood that trickled down her arm. "And to clean my hand off. Turns out, thorns are sharp."

"Every rose has its thorns, Britt." George locked the front door and followed her into the kitchen. "I'll keep you company."

"Thanks, Dad." Brittney walked into the kitchen and headed for the sink.