

A digital illustration of a young woman with long, wavy brown hair and black-rimmed glasses. She is wearing a brown, long-sleeved sweater and is seated, holding a large, open book with a dark red cover. Her eyes are closed, and she has a serene expression, suggesting she is deeply engrossed in reading. The background is a faint, sketch-like drawing of a library or study, featuring bookshelves filled with books, a decorative vase on a table, and architectural details like columns and a doorway. The overall color palette is muted, with soft purples and greys, giving it a quiet, atmospheric feel.

CHAPTER 8 PART I

THE HAUNTING OF PALMER MANSION

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

Chapter 8 Part 1

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Written by RawlyRawls

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

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The exhaust fan hummed in the small bathroom. Khadra turned off her shower and pulled back the curtain. Steam hung in the air, but the fan pulled enough moisture that the mirror hadn't fogged. Khadra ignored the reflection of her dark, slim figure. She ran her fingers through her curly black hair and let it fall around her shoulders.

A bath towel hung to her left. She grabbed the soft cotton and wrapped herself. Khadra stepped out of the shower and was about to take another towel for her hair when she froze. There, on the bathroom counter, was that monstrous phallus from the Anderson home. The last she'd seen it, Maxamed had tossed it into their trashcan in the garage.

Was this a joke played on her by her loving husband? Had he retrieved it and placed it here? Khadra stepped over to the counter and slowly reached her hand down to the thing. Was this the work of demons? So far in their work, the Samatars had not had any demons follow them home. She cursed under her breath. They hadn't placed any ward symbols on the phallus when they'd thrown it away. That was a mistake.

Khadra's fingers touched the thing and she felt a little spark pass from the silicone into her finger tips. A thought popped into her head. Of course, Maxamed put it there. He wanted her to try this massive thing inside her. Her hand gripped it and lifted it to her nose. It smelled clean. There was no lingering scent. The weight of it surprised her. It offered so much heft. She knew she should prepare dinner, but instead she sat on the toilet lid. If her husband wanted her to try it, she would.

The dildo seemed, by its very presence, to ask her to bare herself. Khadra removed the towel and let it fall on the toilet behind her. The head of the pitch-black monster was so very wide. She spread her legs and looked past her modest breasts down to the triangle of black hair above her slit. Her hands trembled as she brought the thing up to her vagina. Allah help her, she was already so wet. She could clearly see the moisture as she rubbed the head up and down.

Slowly, with trembling hands, she pushed the phallus into her. She had never been so full. Maxamed was a fool for leaving this here for her. The comparison did him no favors.





After a few minutes, she worked the phallus all the way in. She held it there, her vagina stretched to the limit and spasming around the thing. She then pulled it most of the way out and slammed it back in. Khadra did this again and again. Her brown eyes went wide as she watched it disappear inside her. Another noise in the bathroom joined the droning exhaust fan above her. She realized that she was listening to her own grunts. She sounded like a filthy swine as the thing pushed deep inside her again and again.

There was a knock on the door. "That is a very long shower," Maxamed said loudly through the door. "The children and I are waiting for dinner."

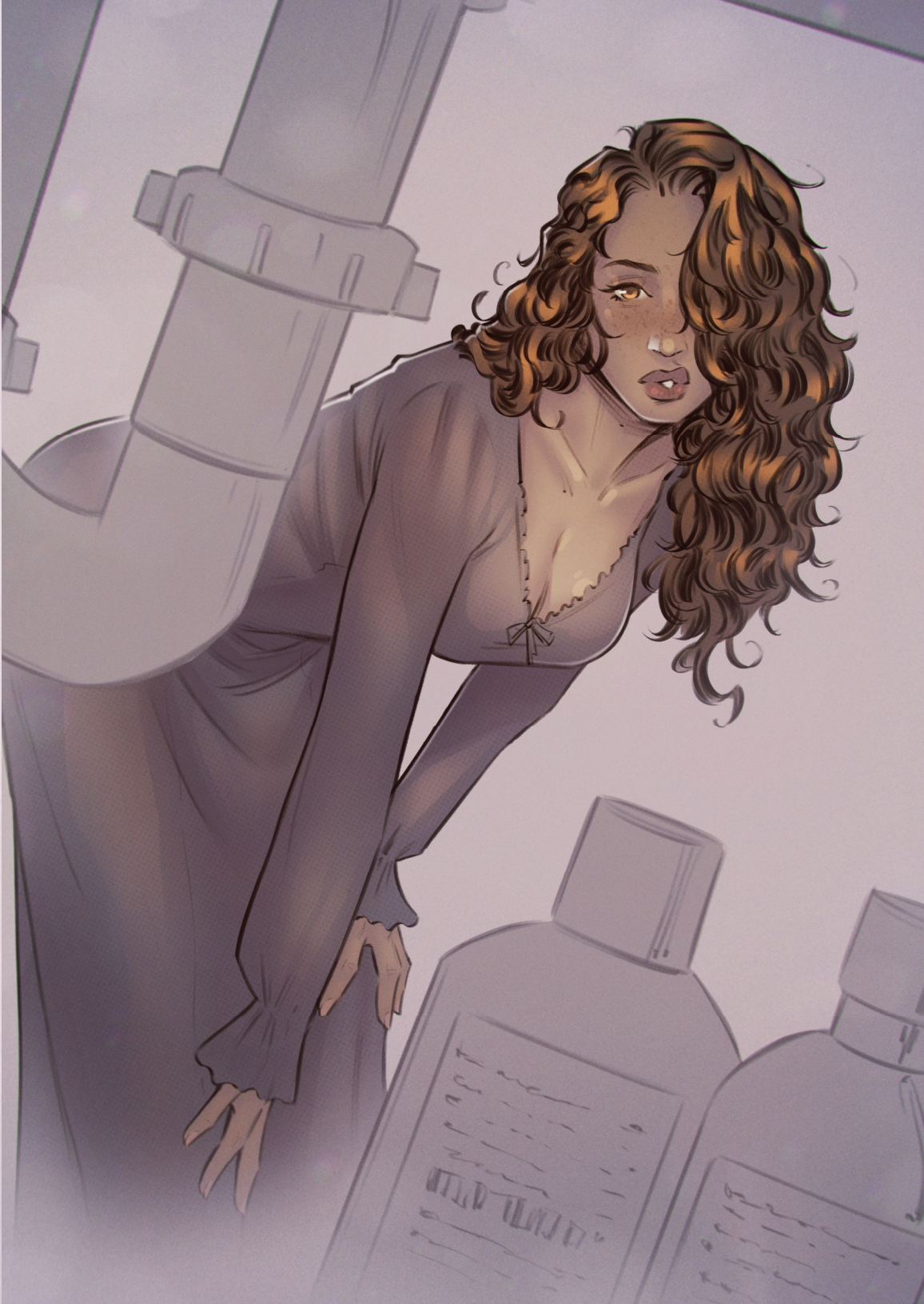
The dildo slipped out of Khadra's vagina and fell to the floor. What was she doing? She tried to control her panting and closed her legs. Her vagina longed for the pleasure it had just lost, but her husband's voice had broken the enchantment the thing held over her. Khadra knew this was demon's work. "Sorry." Naked on the toilet she let her breathing slow. "I will be out ... in a minute."

"Very well," Maxamed said as he left the bathroom door.

Khadra wrapped herself with the towel again, took some tissue paper, and lifted the slick phallus off the tile floor. She would need a ward against this thing, but she did not want her husband to know what had happened. She decided to hide the monster under the sink and come back later with salt. At night, she would bury the thing out back and bind it in place with a ward. That would keep the demons away from her family.

Later that night, while her family slept, Khadra returned to the bathroom. She opened the sink cabinet, and stared inside. The phallus was gone. This was not good. She would need to ward the whole house and make up a plausible excuse to give Maxamed for such an aggressive move. Maybe she would tell him the Palmer House had come to her in her dreams. She could deal with it. She rubbed her legs together and thought about where all the wards would go.

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A door opened and Penelope stumbled out into the hall. She took a few lurching steps and then stood, wobbling on shaky legs. "Hello?" Her voice echoed in the large house. No one responded. Behind her, the door closed with a solid thud. Penelope shivered. She was a mess. Mascara ran down her pretty face. Her blonde hair stuck out in all directions. Her dress was torn around the bust. She reached up and felt her breasts. They seemed so heavy and ... different.

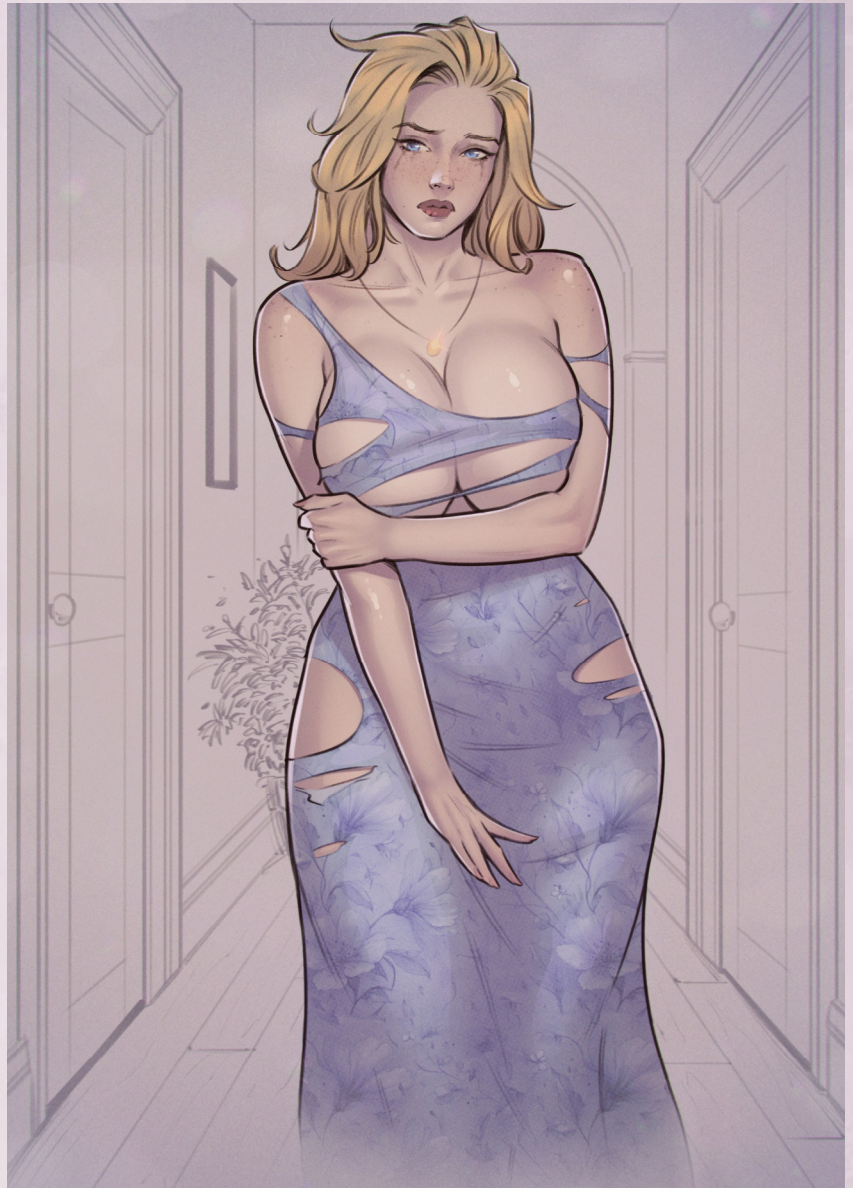
A memory flashed in her mind. She had been banging on a locked door while someone, or something, stalked her from behind. Had that just happened? Penelope shook her head and walked with unsteady feet toward the stairs. Good God, her belly and vagina felt so cold.

As she climbed the stairs, Penelope tried to remember, but she had only a vague sense of what had happened that day. Had she really performed a disgusting blowjob on her brother-in-law. That had to be a dream. She reached the top of the stairs and stumbled down the second-floor hall.

"Hello? Is there anyone here?" Penelope walked into the guest bathroom and quickly undressed. She felt so dirty. With her clothes on the tile floor, she looked down at herself in disbelief. She'd grown. Or had she always had such ponderous breasts? Everything felt confused and inverted. All her thoughts swam in an ocean of muddled fog. She stepped to the shower, turned on cold water, and stepped in. As she let the water cascade over her, a sudden thought crystalized in her mind. This house was made of and for secrets, and she had been placed in a position of trust. She shivered under the shower and realized she would do anything to avoid betraying this place. Even if it meant lying to her husband. But she couldn't quite place what secrets needed keeping. Something important, she was sure. She scrubbed her round body and turned off the shower.

As she dried with a large towel, she listened for sounds in the house. But all she heard was the persistent ticking of some great clock in the mansion. All the Andersons seemed to have disappeared. She picked up her torn and disheveled clothes and walked naked back to the guest room she shared with her husband. She dropped the clothes in the corner and found an oversized t-shirt. She pulled it on, the glint of her ring catching her eye. She paused and stared at the gorgeous diamond Brad had given her. Her loyalty to her husband had never before been in question. But now ... Penelope shook her head and climbed into bed.

As soon as her head hit the pillow, Penelope drifted off to sleep. In dreams, waiting for her, was an enormous cock twitching and ready to bring ecstasy.



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Brad found his wife sleeping in their guest bed. He shook her awake. "What are you doing, Pen?"

Her blue eyes fluttered open. "I was having the most wonderful dream." Her lips fell in a frown as her vision focused on her husband. "Oh, Brad. I was just taking a nap."

"I can see that." Brad furrowed his brows. "We've been looking all over for you. We thought you went for a walk and got lost. Daniel said you were crying. Was the little shit lying?"

"No, I ..." A far-off look clouded her eyes. "Daniel's not a little shit. He's a ... a ..."

"Douchebag?"



"Stop it, Brad." Penelope pulled back the covers and stepped out of bed. Her t-shirt went down to about mid-thigh, but she had nothing else on. "What time is it?"

"It's after nine." Brad gave her body a strange look. She seemed different to him. "You missed dinner, but Mom saved you some ravioli."

"Yum." Penelope picked up a pair of panties and pulled them on. They felt tight on her hips.

"They're just stupid Trader Joe's ravioli."

"I like Trader Joe's." Penelope tried to shimmy on some jeans, but they wouldn't go past her thighs. "My pants shrunk." She pulled them off and pulled on some yoga pants instead.

"Actually, maybe you should lay off the ravioli. Maybe it's time for a diet." Brad eyed his wife. She didn't look bad, but she was certainly putting on weight. He couldn't believe he hadn't noticed before. A cold pit formed in his stomach. Fear gripped his heart. The one thing he couldn't abide was being married to a fatty.

"Stop it, Brad." She playfully swatted his shoulder. "Don't you dare comment on my weight." She slipped on some socks and walked to the door.

"Since when do you tell me what I can't comment on." He followed her out into the hall. The t-shirt covered her butt, but he could tell her ass was wider and rounder than when they'd married.

"Sorry, babe." Penelope looked back at him and forced a smile. "Everything's fine. Everything's normal. Now, I'm hungry. Let's get something to eat."

"Um, okay." Brad followed her down the stairs. "It's late, so I guess we're sleeping here tonight."

"That'll be nice."

"I thought you couldn't stand this house, Pen."

"Maybe I've changed my mind." As she thought about it, she realized she had changed. She'd changed quite a bit.

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"What're you reading, Mom?" Daniel walked into the library. A clock somewhere in the house struck twelve, lumbering chimes. Daniel thought it likely the clock belonged to the Palmers and to another time. He was pretty sure his family didn't own a chiming clock. He wondered if anyone else heard it. He closed the door behind him and moved toward his mother.

"It's called *First Love*." Julie took off her reading glasses and looked up at her son standing near the closed door.

"What's it about?" Daniel walked awkwardly toward her. He was already hard.

"Well, um ..." Julie bit her bottom lip and looked down at the book. "It's about a teenager that falls in love with an older woman."

"Oh, cool." Daniel stopped next to the armchair where his mother curled her body. He looked down at the way her dress dipped and swelled over her many curves. It was glorious. "Does she love him back?"

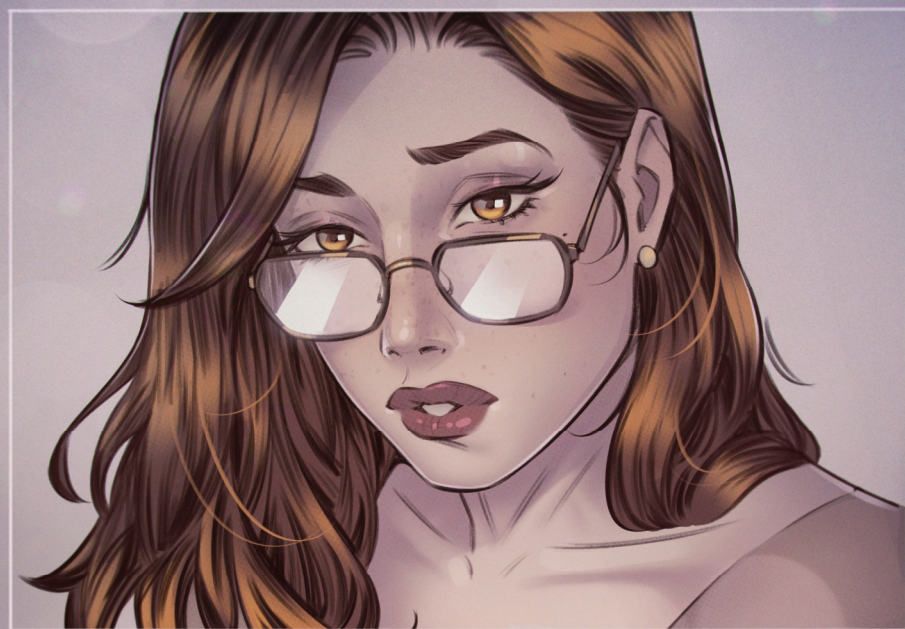
"Well, no. She doesn't." Julie looked up into Daniel's blue eyes and knew why he'd sought her out for. "Not like me, I suppose."



"Well, I guess I'm luckier than that dude." His hands moved to his waist to unbutton his pants. "Where's Dad?"

"He's sleeping." Julie stole a quick glance at the closed door. "But we've got a full house tonight." She wagged a finger at his crotch. "We can't do that here."

"Really?" Daniel went ahead and unbuttoned his pants. He lowered the zipper. "Everyone's asleep. No one's gonna know." He dropped his pants around his ankles and lowered his boxers. He watched his dick spring out.



"My, gosh." Julie stared at his monster, taking in all thirteen inches. She glanced at the door again, and then back to the twitching penis. "I don't know, Danny." She took a deep breath. "Well ... um ... maybe ..."

Julie bit her bottom lip. "Can you be quick?" She set her book and glasses on the end table and reached for Daniel.

"I think so." He watched her soft, pretty face lean over to his dick and slide the head past her lips. Little crow's feet formed by her eyes as she contorted her mouth to suck him in. Her face was so pure, innocent, and loving. His dick was not. Daniel loved seeing the two come together.

"Tell her," Eloise's voice whispered in Daniel's ear.

Daniel looked up and saw the pregnant apparition standing behind Julie, by a bookshelf, gazing down at an open book. It was a dictionary. She looked up at him. He raised his eyebrows quizzically at her and moaned as his mother's tongue swirled around the head.

"I don't remember your word for it. Starts with an S." Eloise's pink lips curled into a friendly crescent. She

rolled her eyes like she was thinking. "Whatever the word, tell her dark things, Danny. Ribald things."

"Oooohhhhhh, Mooooommmmm." Daniel laced his fingers in Julie's brown hair. He shook his head at Eloise, realizing that only he could hear her. He didn't want to talk dirty to his mother.

"Mmmmmpppppphhhhhhhhhh." Julie was in heaven helping her teenager cope with his manhood. She felt so important and connected in that moment.

“Women long for coarse discourse.” Eloise ran her fingers down a page in the dictionary. “We are told to be good and sweet and becoming. But we long to be made a strumpet by a prodigious engine such as you possess. See how she loses herself in the act?”

“Mom?” Daniel looked down at his mother.

Julie gagged a little as her head bobbed with short, slurping strokes. She milked his thick shaft with her right hand and squeezed her left breast with the other. She gave no indication that she could hear Eloise behind her, her eyes shut tight as she worked her son toward climax.



"Tell her ..." Eloise's finger stopped on the dictionary's page. "Here we are. The word is slut. Tell her she's a slut."

Daniel shook his head at Eloise.

"Careful with your recalcitrance, Daniel." Eloise slid the book silently back on the shelf and stared over at mother and son with a darkening visage. "Tell her now. Do not make me cross." As her words wound themselves around Daniel's ears, the apparition faded until only Julie and Daniel were left in the library.

"Uh ... Mom ...?" Daniel loosened his grip on Julie's hair. "You ... um ... look like a slut."



"Hhhmmmm?" Julie spit out Daniel's penis and stopped stroking him. Saliva dangled from her chin. "What did you say?"

"I ... um ... said you looked like a slut?" Daniel visibly cringed as his mother's soft brown eyes turned hard.

"Daniel Gregory Anderson." Julie let go of his penis with her right hand and her other hand fell from her breast. "I'm shocked to hear those words come from your mouth." She stood up and wiped the spit from her chin with the back of her hand. "What would your father say?"

"Well ... um ... you sorta were ... sucking on my ..." Daniel squirmed, suddenly very self-conscious to have his dick exposed to his mother.

"Goodness gracious." A line formed down the center of Julie's forehead as she frowned at Daniel. "Are you defending yourself?"

"Well ..."

"Apologize this instant." Julie folded her arms over her ample bust.

"I'm sorry, Mom." Daniel hung his head and stared down at his dick. Eloise had steered him wrong.

"Say it like you mean it." Julie cocked her head and waited for Daniel to make eye-contact. She needed to set him straight.

Daniel looked up into Julie's stern eyes. "I'm really sorry, Mom. I won't do it again."

"Thank you, pumpkin." Julie smoothed out her dress and took a deep breath. "Now maybe we need to cool it with all this stuff we've been doing. I'm afraid it's sending you down the wrong path. I was trying to help, but ..."
Julie shook her head and blushed as she thought about what she'd just been doing to her son.

"No, Mom." Daniel felt his stomach drop. He couldn't lose this thing he now had with his mother. "I'm sorry. I was just trying to ... to ... be ..."

"Pull up your pants." Julie stepped around him and walked to the door. "And get to bed. It's late."

"Please?" Daniel called after her.

"No more funny business." Julie opened the door. She checked both ways down the hall. No one there. "And that's final." She slipped out of the room without looking back.

Daniel sat and slumped in the chair, totally dejected. His penis softened. This was terrible. Tears formed in his eyes. He put his head in his hands and quietly sobbed.

