

An illustration of a woman with long, wavy brown hair, wearing a brown long-sleeved top and blue jeans, standing in a kitchen. She is looking back over her shoulder towards the viewer. The kitchen features a sink with bubbles, a window, and a box labeled 'PARSON'S'. The overall style is a soft, painterly illustration with a pinkish-purple tint.

CHAPTER I PART I

THE HAUNTING OF  
PALMER MANSION

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

### *The Haunting of Palmer Mansion*

### *Chapter 1 Part 1*

Illustrations by TenderMinDD

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

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

To see more of TenderMinDD's art:

<https://patreon.com/tendermindd>

“Do you plan on living in the house?” Roger Peddler sat across the table from George and Julie Anderson. They were an attractive middle-aged couple. She was a tall brunette with a pretty smile, wearing a navy skirt suit that looked off the rack. He was a tall man with some gray in his short blond beard, wearing a brown corduroy coat and red tie. This was the first time he’d met the buyers, and he had a pang of guilt to see them all smiles and eagerness. “My wife and I ... I mean ex-wife and I planned on fixing up the place, but we didn’t get very far.”

“We have the same plan.” George accepted a document from the closing agent and signed it. “We’ll live in the house while we fix it up.”

“Do you have a son?” Roger signed one of his own documents and pushed it away from him.

“We have three beautiful children, Mr. Peddler.” Julie cocked her head and raised an eyebrow. “Our eldest is married and off in the world. The twins still live with us.”

“Are the twins girls?” Roger’s voice sounded thin and unsure of itself.

“A boy and a girl.” George’s voice was more than a little sharp. “What business is it of yours?”

“None, none.” Roger shook his head. “This house may test your marriage.”

Julie’s pretty, curving lips slumped into a frown and she put her left hand on her husband’s right hand and squeezed. Her large wedding ring stood out on her delicate fingers. “Our marriage is rock solid, Mr. Peddler. This is not the first home we’ve rehabbed.”

“I thought my marriage was unbreakable too.” He took a sip from one of the plastic water bottles on the table. “And how old is your son?” Roger’s heart beat in his ears. He knew he was pushing it with this nice family, but he had to know.

“The twins are eighteen.” Julie squeezed George’s hand a little harder. She wanted him to know she’d had about enough of this.

“Maybe ... maybe ... maybe ...” Roger nodded to himself. “Maybe the house will ignore him.”

Everyone in the room buzzed with tension. The seller’s agent looked like he’d rather be elsewhere. The closing agent kept her eyes on her papers.

“Watch the boy.” Roger looked over at George. “Just watch your boy while you’re in that house.”



George turned to the closing agent. "Can we sign the rest of the paperwork in a different room? My wife and I would rather not share space with him." He jabbed his finger at Roger.

"Of course." The closing agent stood and ushered them out of the room.

Julie spared a glance back at Roger as they left. He was staring at her butt, shaking his head, and muttering "slut" to himself. In all her years buying and selling homes, this was the most unusual closing she'd been a part of.

~~

"It's got good bones." George looked up at their new house with a satisfied smile. The Victorian mansion had been a beauty at one point, but it had fallen into some disrepair. Nothing too worrisome. There was some rotted siding and peeling shingles. It needed paint. But lots of the original detailing remained. The two turret towers still stood proud on either side of the house. "What do you think, Jules?"

"I'm still in shock at the price." Julie walked up next to her husband, the weeds crunching under her sneakers. She slipped her arm around his waist and squeezed. "We lucked out, honey." Julie kissed George on the cheek and then looked back at the car. "You twins wanna see your new house?"



"Coming." Daniel shut off his phone, slipped it into his pocket, and hopped out of the car. "Wow, we're living here? It's huge." Daniel was a small, bookish teen. He pushed his longish, blond hair back off his forehead. "How many rooms, Mom?" Daniel couldn't look away from the house, taking in the old fish scale shingle accents and finely carved geometric shapes around the windows. In all his eighteen years, he'd never seen anything quite like it.

"There are twenty-two rooms, Danny." Julie gave her husband another squeeze and then walked over and stood next to her son. "Seven bedrooms, five bathrooms, four living rooms, a den, a library, a kitchen, a dining room, and, of course, the grand entryway."

"That's twenty-one." Daniel looked up into his mom's warm, brown eyes. "What about the other one?"

"Well, your father and I don't know yet." Julie smiled down at him. "There's a room next to the study that's locked. The seller says he didn't have a key."

"Oh, cool, a spooky mystery." Daniel smiled and nodded with exuberance. "Hey, Britt," he called over his shoulder. "Come and see this."

"In a minute, dufus." Brittney still sat in the back seat of the station wagon, texting her friends. Her long brown hair fell down around her face and did its best to hide her from the world.



A pickup truck drove down the old cobbled driveway and parked next to them. Daniel's older brother, Brad, waved to Daniel with a sardonic flourish from the driver's seat. His wife, Penelope, waved and smiled at Daniel too, with a bit more authenticity. She had her blonde hair up, and she wore an old t-shirt, ready to work. Daniel felt some butterflies in his stomach the way he always did around her.

"Brad's here?" Daniel looked back up at his mom, as if he had hopes that his eyes were playing tricks on him.

"Of course, sweetie. The movers will be here soon. We need help, right?" Julie patted Daniel on his skinny shoulder. She was mostly oblivious to Daniel's apprehension about spending time with his bully of a brother, and his sweet, beautiful wife. "I hope when you're a man, you'll be as considerate as your brother." Julie walked back over to her husband, took his hand, and walked down the cracked concrete of the front walk. "Let's get this house opened up."

"I'm eighteen." Daniel said under his breath. "I'm a man."

"No, you're not." Brad walked up next to Daniel and punched him on the arm, hard

enough for Daniel to know it wasn't playful. "You're still a runt, Danny." Brad hit him again, laughed, and walked after their parents.

Daniel stood in the weeds and rubbed his arm, watching Brad stalk off. His brother was his opposite in many ways. Brad was tall, broad-shouldered, and his muscles bulged out of his t-shirt. And he was not nearly as thoughtful as their mom thought.

"He doesn't really mean it." Penelope walked up and gave Daniel a pitying, sympathetic smile. "He's actually very considerate." She patted Daniel on the head like he was a lost puppy, and followed her husband up the walkway.

"He means it," Brittney whispered. She had finally left the car and stood a few feet from Daniel, eyeing their new house. "It really is a monstrosity, isn't it?"

“Our brother or the house?” Daniel looked at Brittney, admiring her quick, friendly smile.

“Both?” Her small, elfin features caught the morning sun as she looked up at windows in the west tower.

“Yeah, you’re probably right.” Daniel walked off toward the house. “Come on, Britt, let’s go pick out our rooms.”

“Okay.” As Brittney followed her brother, she kept her eyes up on the windows like she had spotted something interesting. But she said nothing more.

~



Even with help from the movers, the Andersons were hot and sweaty by the time the family's stuff was settled. Most of the boxes and furniture were in their assigned rooms.

Julie and George took the master bedroom on the second floor for their own.

Daniel took the second-floor bedroom with the fireplace, on the opposite end of the house.

Brittney, wanting to have some space of her own, took the circular bedroom in the east tower, above Daniel.

Brad and Penelope set up a guest bedroom for themselves across the hall from the master bedroom. The couple didn't plan on spending the night all that often, but there were bedrooms to spare. They'd sleep there that Saturday night, help with the unpacking Sunday, and then leave Sunday night. It wasn't a long drive back to their small home across town.

The house was clearly a product of its era. Only the entry way and the second-floor living room had open layouts. All the other rooms were cloistered and compartmentalized. All around them, there was rich wood paneling and bountiful carving and inlay. The Victorian builders loved to pour on an excess of detail and a mansion like this had certainly spared no expense when the house was built in 1886.

The family ate delivered pizza together in the oak-paneled dining room when their work was done. After that, Daniel excused himself to take a shower. He grabbed a towel from one of his boxes and found the bathroom across the hall from his new bedroom. It had an old clawfoot tub with a shower curtain hanging from a rickety curved rod. He sighed to himself, but it would have to do.

Downstairs, Julie washed dishes and thought about how they'd probably need to start with remodeling the kitchen. She could really use a dishwasher. Suddenly a chill passed over her and she shivered. She felt George step up behind her and give her jean-clad butt a pat. "Hands off, George. Save it for our new bedroom."



"What?" George called in from the dining room where he was clearing the table with Penelope's help.

Julie's pulse quickened and she turned, but no one was in the kitchen with her. She turned off the sink and put her hands on her hips. That was odd. She could have sworn somebody gave her butt a little smack. Well, she was tired. "Nothing, honey," she called back to her husband. And now that she thought about it, she was dirty. So very dirty. Without another word, she walked out of the kitchen, down the hall, and upstairs.

The thought occurred to Julie that she should use the master bath and it might be good to grab a change of clothes and a towel. But instead, she walked right to the bathroom across from Daniel's new bedroom. She opened the door and slipped in. She could hear Daniel softly singing to himself as he scrubbed himself. Julie's heart thumped in her chest. She left the door open behind her and walked up to the shower curtain. For some reason, she needed to make sure Daniel cleaned off properly. It was her motherly duty after all.

"Hit me baby one more time -" Daniel sung to himself. The shower curtain flung open and Daniel gave a high-pitched shriek. He turned to see his mother standing there with a distant look in her eyes. "Shit, Mom, what are you doing?"



The shriek snapped her out of it. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Danny. I didn't know anyone was in here." She looked him up and down. His pale, thin teenage body was slick with water. She couldn't help but notice his tiny penis. It seemed he had not inherited his father's hefty seven inches. That was too bad for her little man. "I ... um ... thought this shower was empty."

"Like, you didn't hear me?" Daniel caught his mom looking at his junk, and he quickly put both hands over his crotch. He knew he was small and the look of pity in his mom's eyes confirmed it. This was mortifying. "Get out, Mom."

"Of course, sorry. I'm so sorry, Danny." Julie retreated back out into the hall and closed the door. That was all so strange. She must be more tired than she thought. She walked back to the stairs with the most peculiar feeling. It was like she was moving in a stodgy dress, with an awkward bustle in the back. She had to look down to confirm to her brain that she in fact still had her t-shirt and jeans on. She'd go to bed early, she decided.

~~

Something woke Daniel in the middle of the night. The old mansion creaked as its timbers contracted and expanded, a type of breath any old house would take. The cool night air settled around the house. Daniel's curtains billowed in the moonlight as a breeze blew through his open window. When had he opened his window? And if there was a draft blowing in there must be a cross breeze. Daniel looked over to his bedroom door and saw that it stood open too. That was odd.

A thump sounded down the hall and echoed into his room. That must have been what had woken him. And then another thump. And pretty soon the sound picked up a steady rhythmic beat. It wasn't so much a thumping as a slapping sound, he decided. Probably his stupid brother trying to prank him. Daniel threw off the covers and walked toward the door. The smooth, cool floorboards pressed up against his feet. He hugged himself against the breeze. It was very cold in his room.

Once at the door, Daniel peeked out into the hall. To his right all was quiet at the stairs that went up to his sister's room in the east tower. To his left, the hall extended a long way. Past the grand staircase, all the way down to the closed doors of the bedrooms where the rest of the family slept.



"What the?" Daniel's eyes widened. A naked woman with flowing red hair, large breasts, and a pregnant belly leaned her elbows on the railing overlooking the grand stairway. He could just hear her soft grunts. Behind her labored a young man probably Daniel's age, or maybe a little older. He gripped the pregnant woman's hips and thrust in and out of her with an enormous dick. His strokes were so long, Daniel thought he'd plop out of the woman, but, instead, he drove back into her again and again.

On the floor, all around the mating couple were strewn old timey clothes that surely must have fallen out of a Dickens novel. Daniel's little penis hardened in his pajama bottoms.

The red-haired woman turned her head and looked at Daniel. Her green eyes blazed into his soul. "There you are, dearie." She gritted her teeth with each thrust. "The bond, the pact, the contract made." She spoke softly but the words carried down that long hall to Daniel. "We paid and received and the Devil took his due." Her whole body jiggled wonderfully with each hard thrust. Daniel had never seen anything he wanted more than this pregnant woman.

"Who ... who ..." Daniel stammered. "Who are you?"

"I am Mrs. Palmer, and you may know me the way the stud knows the mare if you wish." The woman smiled a sweet wistful smile. "You may possess all that you see."

"How?" Daniel watched her shaking ass and the lovely curve of her delicate back.

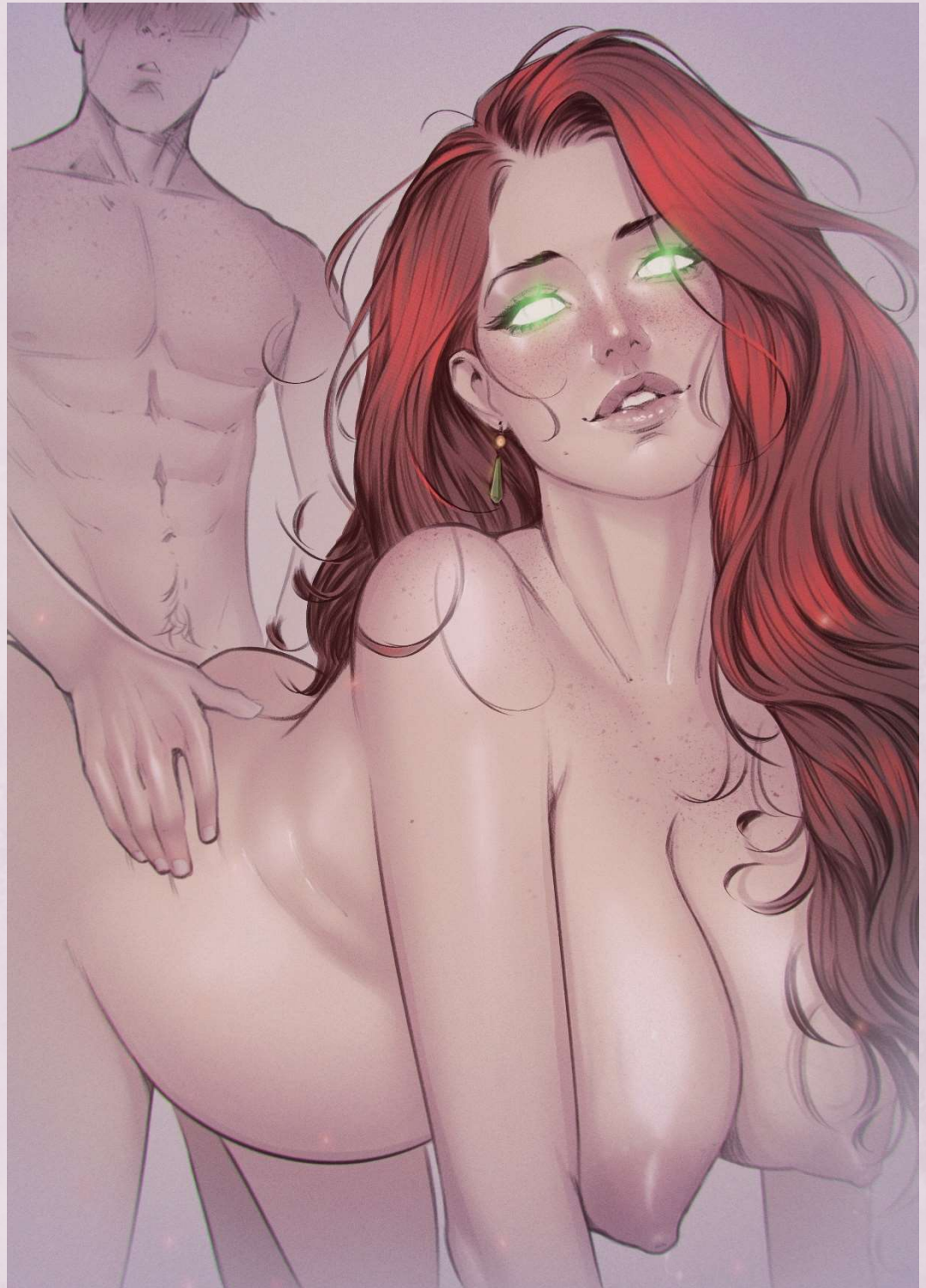
"You need only say that you want me." Mrs. Palmer grunted as the young man behind her picked up the pace. He was hammering her now. "Say you will pay the price to have what you will."

"I ... I ..." Daniel did want her.

"Offer your approbation, dearie. Then, you will know this pleasure." Mrs. Palmer braced herself as the young man grunted and stopped his thrusts, clearly cumming inside her. She pushed back and hissed through her teeth. "Pay the price and you can have what my sweet Thomas has. For ever and ever." Panting, she kept her eyes locked on Daniel.

"I want you." Daniel didn't know what the price was, but he was more than willing to pay anything. "I'll pay the price."

"Good boy," Mrs. Palmer said. And with that, she and Thomas disappeared, along with all of their clothes.



“Hello?” Daniel blinked. A warmth grew in his small, stiff penis. At first it felt pleasant, but then it quickly became unbearable. It was so hot. His balls too. Everything down there felt like it was on fire. He ran across the hall and turned on the shower all the way to cold. He jumped in with his pajamas still on and pulled down his bottoms. The cold water did nothing to cool his fevered skin. His dick was glowing a reddish color he had never seen before, but one he’d later describe as something sanguine. The color of pleasure and blood.



As he watched with his mouth slack in horror, his dick grew. With each beat of his pulse it added a little to its girth and length. Veins defined themselves along his shaft. The head swelled and turned a dark purple color. Daniel tried not to hyperventilate. After several minutes, the dick stopped growing and stood out from his skinny frame with monstrous proportions. Probably longer than a foot and so terribly thick. The glow left his penis, and spread to his balls. Now they too grew with each beat of his heart. He reached down and grabbed his dick with both hands and stroked. He'd never known such pleasure before. When his balls stopped their expansion, they were quite swollen and crisscrossed with little purple veins.



“Oh my, God, I’m ... going to ... explode.” Daniel let loose a torrent of cum onto the shower curtain and sagged down to his knees. That was more cum than he was used to producing in a whole month. His dick went soft, but it was still so huge as it rested in his hands.

Daniel wiped the cum down the shower drain, stood, and turned the shower off. Still soaking wet, with his bottoms around his ankles, he stumbled out of the tub and into the hall. His dick swayed like a pendulum between his scrawny thighs. He managed to cross the hall into his bedroom, close the door behind him, and tossed his exhausted body into bed. Daniel fell asleep almost immediately, and dreamed heavenly dreams of taking Mrs. Palmer from behind.