

CHAPTER 2 PART 1

A digital illustration of a woman with long, wavy brown hair and striking orange eyes. She is wearing a light purple, sleeveless dress with a ruffled neckline and a dark purple, patterned corset over it. The background is a soft, purple-toned room with draped curtains. The overall mood is mysterious and gothic.

THE HAUNTING OF  
PALMER MANSION

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

### *The Haunting of Palmer Mansion*

### *Chapter 2 Part 1*

Illustrations by TenderMinDD

Written by RawlyRawls

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

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The bus dropped off the twins at the end of their long driveway. They talked about classes and friends as they walked back to their new house. Once home, Brittney went off to the main living room to do some homework. There was a couch in there and Brittney liked to imagine a roaring fire in the fireplace, which was a cozy thought. Daniel said goodbye to his sister and hunted for his parents. This proved difficult as the mansion was quite expansive.

Eventually he found them in the west tower room, creating their punch list.

“Floorboards are loose here.” George stroked his graying, blond beard as he surveyed the enormous, circular room. The windows looked out in all directions. He could see the east tower. It looked like Brittney was home as he caught a glimpse of a woman’s shape moving about her room. “Some of the sills and jambs show rot. Not too bad.”

“Got it.” Julie scribbled down on her pad of paper. “What about electrical?”

“Hey, Mom and Dad. I’m home.” Daniel walked up the creaking stairway and entered the vacant tower room. He was huffing and puffing from walking all around the mansion. Daniel stopped, bent over, and put his hands on his thighs. The uncomfortable bulk of his dick made the circuit of the house even harder. His briefs weren’t supportive enough and he now walked with an odd gait.

“Hey, pal. How was school?” George turned to look at his son.

“Good.” Daniel looked up at his parents. They were in their dusty construction clothes.

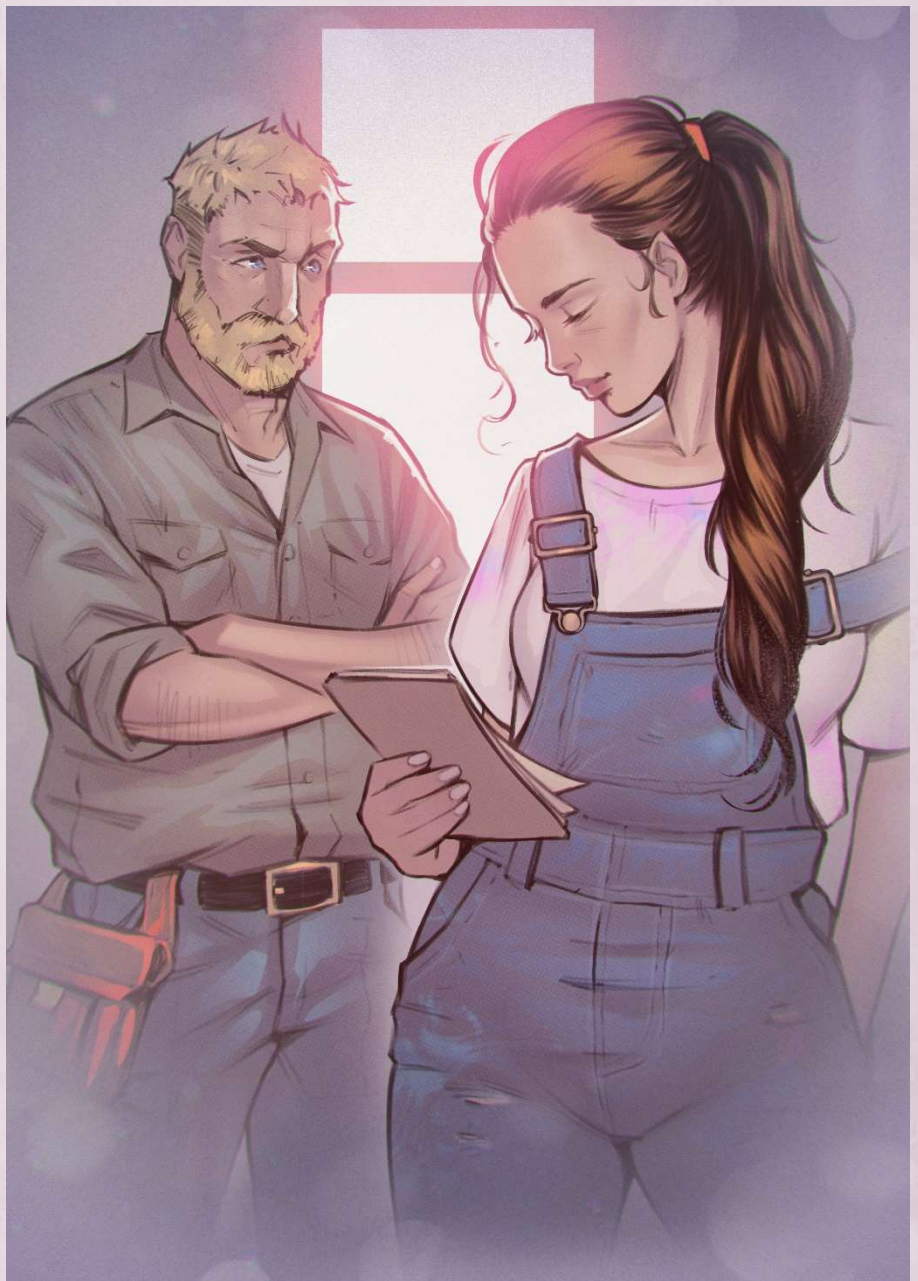
“I see your sister’s up in her tower already.” George pointed out the window at the other turret.

“No, I think she’s in the main living room doing homework.” Daniel turned his gaze in the direction his father pointed, but didn’t see anyone.

“Maybe it was Penelope?”

“They went home this morning.” Julie tucked her pad of paper under her arm.

“Well it wasn’t Brittney.” He wondered if it was Eloise, but after he’d lost his virginity last night, Daniel didn’t want to talk about her with his parents.



“Well, I hate to argue –” George squinted over at the other tower.

“Then don’t.” Julie slapped George on the back and a cloud of dust rose in the air. She smiled at him and then at her son. Even in her ragged work clothes, Julie was a beauty. “Tell us something that happened today at school.”

“Well ...” Daniel straightened and sighed. He’d finally caught his breath. “I think I need new underwear. I was really uncomfortable. Especially during PE.”

“That’s a problem we can solve.” Julie handed George the punch list. “I’m going to help Daniel find some new underwear online.” She walked toward her son, the loose floorboards squeaking a protest under her sneakers. Her brown ponytail swished back and forth behind her head.

“I could really use your help, Jules.” George did need her help. It was a lot of house to cover.

“You’ll be fine without me, honey.” She took Daniel’s warm hand in hers and led him back down the stairs. “It’s not like Danny’s going to steal me away, George,” she called over her shoulder. Julie laughed at that. It was an easy, friendly sound, like the ringing of merry church bells.

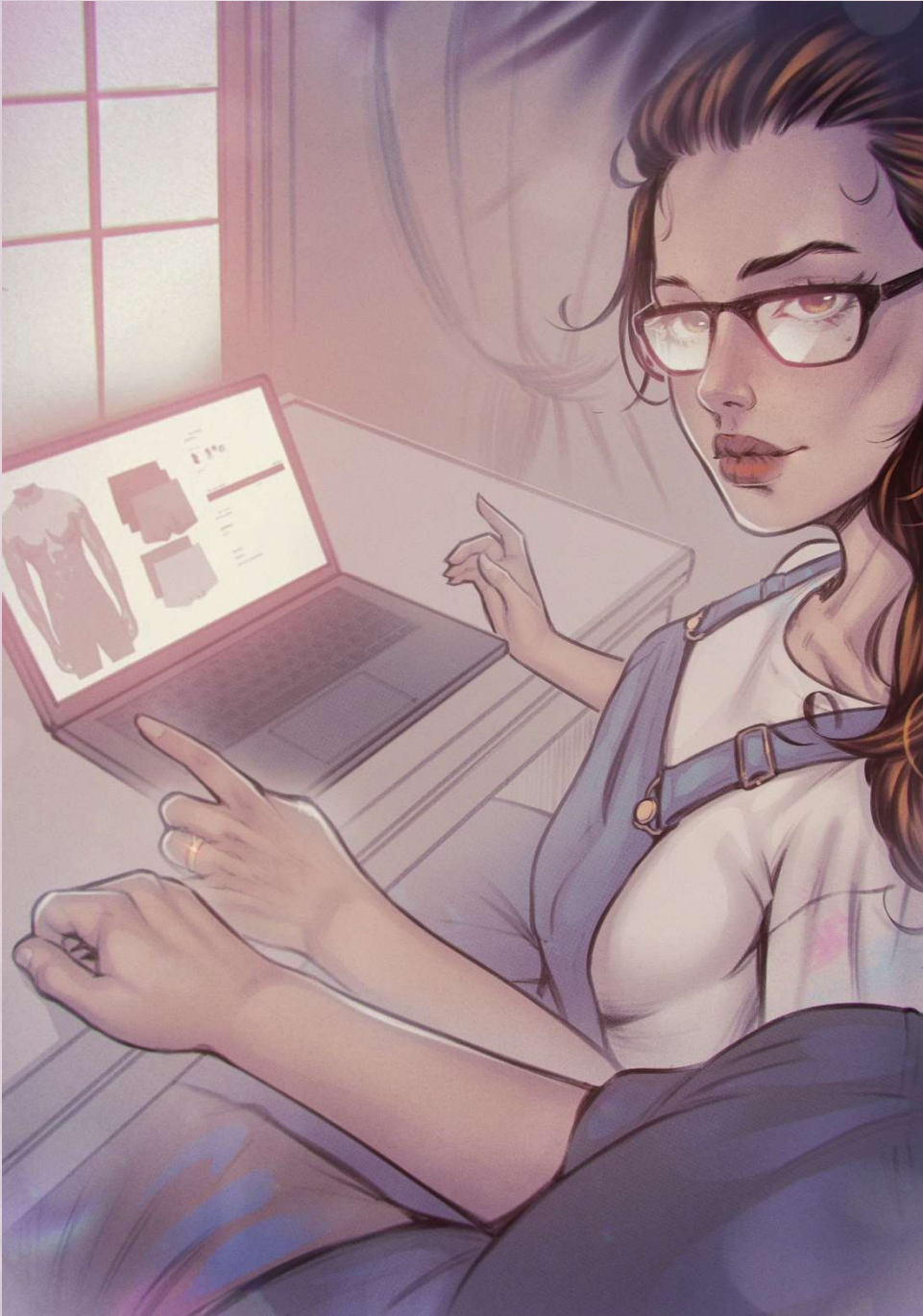
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"This isn't easy." Julie scrolled the page on her laptop. "I mean, if we get the XXL, it'll just hang off your butt. You're still skinny everywhere but that one place."

"Over there, Mom." Daniel pointed at the screen and she stopped scrolling. "That iron strength micro boxer. It says it's made for men with big packages."

"It does, thank goodness." Julie clicked on the link and adjusted her reading glasses. "Good for up to seven inches when soft," she read. "How big is your thing, Danny?"



"I don't know." Daniel was suddenly aware that his shoulder was resting against his mom's shoulder as their chairs were side by side. The touch was almost electric. He leaned away from her a little.

"Come on. I know all men measure it. Especially teenagers. You must have measured it." She turned to look at him and tried to offer a reassuring smile like this was all perfectly normal, even though they both knew it was not.

"I didn't measure it." Daniel inhaled. Julie's breath was sweet and her lips looked so plump and inviting. He'd kissed a few girls in his day, but none as womanly as his mother. Not even close. He looked up into her warm brown eyes, magnified by her glasses. "Let's just get this one. I bet medium will fit."

"Nonsense, I'll get your father down here and he can show you how to measure it." Julie took off her glasses, stood, and walked toward the door.

"No, Mom. I'd die if I had to show it to him again." Daniel steepled his hands in prayer. "Can you just do it, please?"

Julie stopped and looked back at him. He looked so sincere. "Fine. I'll go get the measuring tape in the kitchen. I'll be back in a minute."

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Brittney worked her way through her calculus. She sat cross-legged on the sofa, her phone playing white noise to help her concentrate. The cavernous room felt almost cozy.

"That math looks hard," an unfamiliar voice said. "I always tried to study in this room too. The fire always made it so snug and comfy."

Surprised, Brittney looked up to see a boy roughly her age leaning against the great timber mantel. Even more surprising, a fire now roared in the fireplace. The white noise on her phone shifted to the crackling and popping of a blazing fire. Brittney felt the room swim around her. Were those animal heads on the wall? But like in all dreams, she accepted the fantastical as mundane. The boy had short red hair, freckles, and looked like he'd been dressed by Huckleberry Finn. "I'm sorry, who are you now?"

"I'm Tom. And you are Miss ...?" Thomas bowed and raised his eyebrows, clearly looking for her name.

"I'm Brittney." She giggled. He had such strange affectations. "How old are you Tom?" Brittney put her homework down on the coffee table and brushed her long brown hair behind her shoulders.

"I'm nineteen." Thomas finished his bow and leaned back against the mantel with an air of insouciance. "Always nineteen."

"Well, that's very strange. I'm eighteen, but not always." Brittney laughed again. "For example, just a few weeks ago I was seventeen."



"I see." Tom smiled. "What sort of games do you like to play?"

"I don't know. Mostly 4x strategy games." Brittney looked around the room. Where had all the ornate furniture come from? The fire cast everything with an orange glow, but offered no heat.

"I don't know what that is, Miss Brittney."

"What games do you play?" Brittney smiled at this odd boy.

"I play carnal games mostly. Those are the most fun. Don't you think?" Thomas looked down at his trousers and there was an obvious bulge growing there. Soon it was an impossibly large tent.

"Oh, my. What's that?" Brittney's smile faded.

"Do you want me to show you?" Thomas shrugged out of his suspenders and reached down to unbutton his trousers.



"No. I don't want to see it." Brittney shook her head. "It's too big. Too big," she shouted.

"Brittney, sweetie?" Julie's voice echoed around the room.

Thomas, the fire, and his other manifestations shimmered and then disappeared.

Julie walked into the living room. "What's wrong, Brittney?" She had a measuring tape in her hand and a look of worry on her face. "I heard you shouting."

"It was just a bad dream." Brittney looked around the room in bewilderment. Everything was just as it'd been when she walked in a little while ago. "I just drifted off while studying." She picked up her homework off the coffee table.

"Oh, okay." Julie nodded. "I'm going to go help your brother with something, then I'll check back in on you."

"Thanks, Mom." Brittney waved her off. The white noise on her phone crackled and popped.

"Sure, pumpkin." Julie stepped back into the hall and headed back to the study.

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“Wow, Danny. Is it even bigger than yesterday?” Julie knelt in front of her son, tape measure in hand. She looked at that great hanging thing, a formidable leviathan not yet wakened from its slumber. Her gaze went behind it to those two tumescent balls. The rough flesh was crisscrossed with little purple veins running every which way.

“I don’t think so.” Danny looked past his mom at Eloise who quietly stepped in from the hallway and gently closed the study door behind her. She put a pale finger to her pink lips and smiled at Daniel. Her bustling dress made no sound as she gracefully stepped into the room, her pregnant belly not totally concealed by the patterned fabric.

“Well, let’s get this over with.” Julie reached out with her left hand, hesitated, and then took hold of the soft shaft. “It’s so warm.” She brought the measuring tape up and unwound it. “Five, six, seven, eight inches. Goodness, Danny. You’re longer than your father is when he’s erect.” Julie hadn’t meant to say that out loud.

“Really?” Danny watched Eloise as she stood behind his mother. Eloise put her hands together and then slowly pulled them apart until there was more than a foot of distance between them. She nodded, and offered a sweet, proud smile when she saw that Daniel understood.

“Okay, eight inches it is.” Julie put down the measuring tape on the floor, but for some reason she hadn’t yet released her son’s penis. “Maybe those micro boxers will work. Seven is pretty close to eight.”

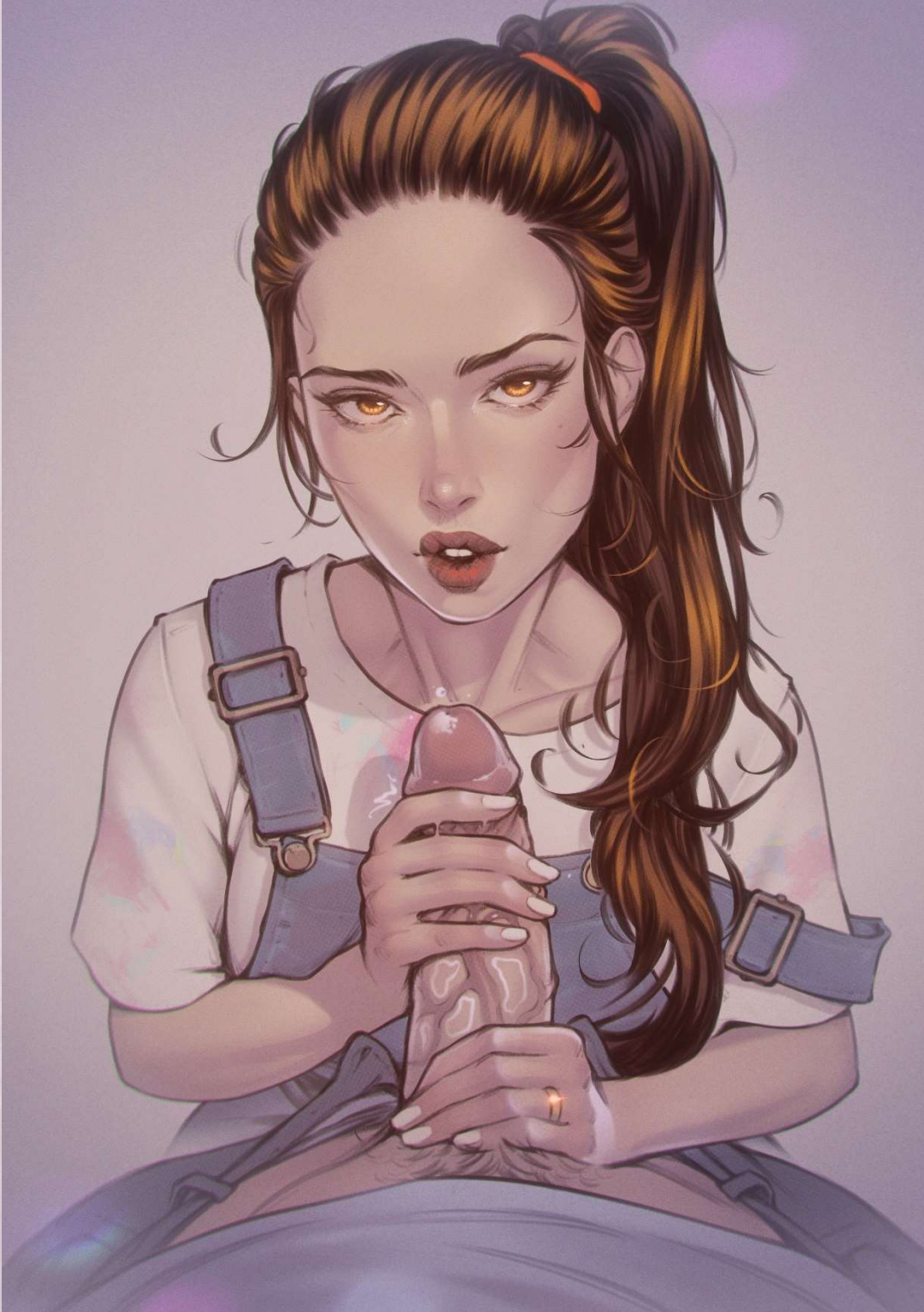
“Uh, Mom.” Daniel tried not to stammer. “We should ... see how long it is hard.” Danny looked at Eloise as she vigorously nodded and then his gaze fell to his mom’s pretty eyes. There was a nervous tension in those eyes.



"I don't think so, Danny." The color drained from Julie's face. She bit her bottom lip. "Unless ... unless ... you think it's really important for your comfort."

"I need your help, Mom."

"Okay, okay, okay." Julie took a deep breath and looked back down at the flaccid penis. "I'll help you this one time so we can get you the proper underwear." Her left hand made one tentative stroke up and down the shaft. She paused. And stroked again. And again. Pretty soon, she had a nice rhythm. She could feel the thing in her hand swelling as Danny's blood rushed into it. "There we go. Is it all the way hard yet?"



"Not ... yet." Daniel watched her boobs shake under her t-shirt as she worked frantically to get him all the way hard.

"Not yet? Okay, okay." Julie grabbed him with her right hand too and worked both hands on the shaft together. She'd never given a handjob with two hands before, there hadn't been enough room on those other men. Oh, no, she thought. She was giving Daniel a handjob. It was really happening.

"You can ... measure ... now." Daniel panted and tried hard not to cum in his mom's unsuspecting face.

"Thank goodness." Still stroking with her left hand, Julie reached down and grabbed the tape measure with her right hand. She should really stop the handjob now, but for some reason she couldn't. "Holy Moses, Danny. It's thirteen inches long." That was an unlucky number, she thought.

Behind Julie, Eloise nodded encouragement to Daniel. With her stark, white hands, she made a motion like an erupting volcano. She mouthed the words *all over her*.

Daniel shook his head at the pregnant woman. "Mom ... you ... have to stop. Or ..."

"Sorry, Danny." Julie's left hand finally stopped and she let go of the wakened leviathan. "Go take care of that in the bathroom."

Eloise frowned, and for a second her pretty, freckled face looked quite dark. She turned and walked to the study closet, opened the door and disappeared inside.



"Thanks, Mom." Daniel in only his t-shirt, stepped around his mom and raced to the study door. His giant cock bounced wildly in front of him. He opened the door and vanished down the hall on his way to the bathroom.

Julie turned to watch him go. It was almost comical how disproportioned he was. She took a deep breath and stood. She was about to turn back to her laptop and order Daniel some micro boxers when she noticed the open closet door. That was odd. She walked over to the door and put her hand on it to close it, but stopped when she saw what was hanging inside.

All by itself on a black hanger was a powder blue chemise and corset. Victorian lingerie. It looked a little unwieldy, but also quite pretty. Julie wondered if George would like seeing her wearing that outfit. Then she wondered how Daniel would feel if he saw her like that. Would his thirteen inches harden when she presented herself to him? What was she thinking? That was crazy. But she would certainly wear it for George. Julie turned and walked back to the laptop and ordered some new underwear for Daniel.

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“What do you think, honey?” Julie twirled for her husband in the middle of their bedroom. The kids were in bed, it was late, and Julie felt lively for the first time in days. The perfect recipe for romance.

“I guess it has a certain, understated appeal.” George looked her up and down from his position on the bed. The corset did push her boobs up, and the chemise did accentuate the contours of her hips. But it was certainly no Victoria’s Secret. “Where’d you find that, again?”

“In the study closet.” Julie stood and cocked her hip to the side. She felt so sexy in that lingerie. Her pussy had started dripping the moment she’d fastened the corset.

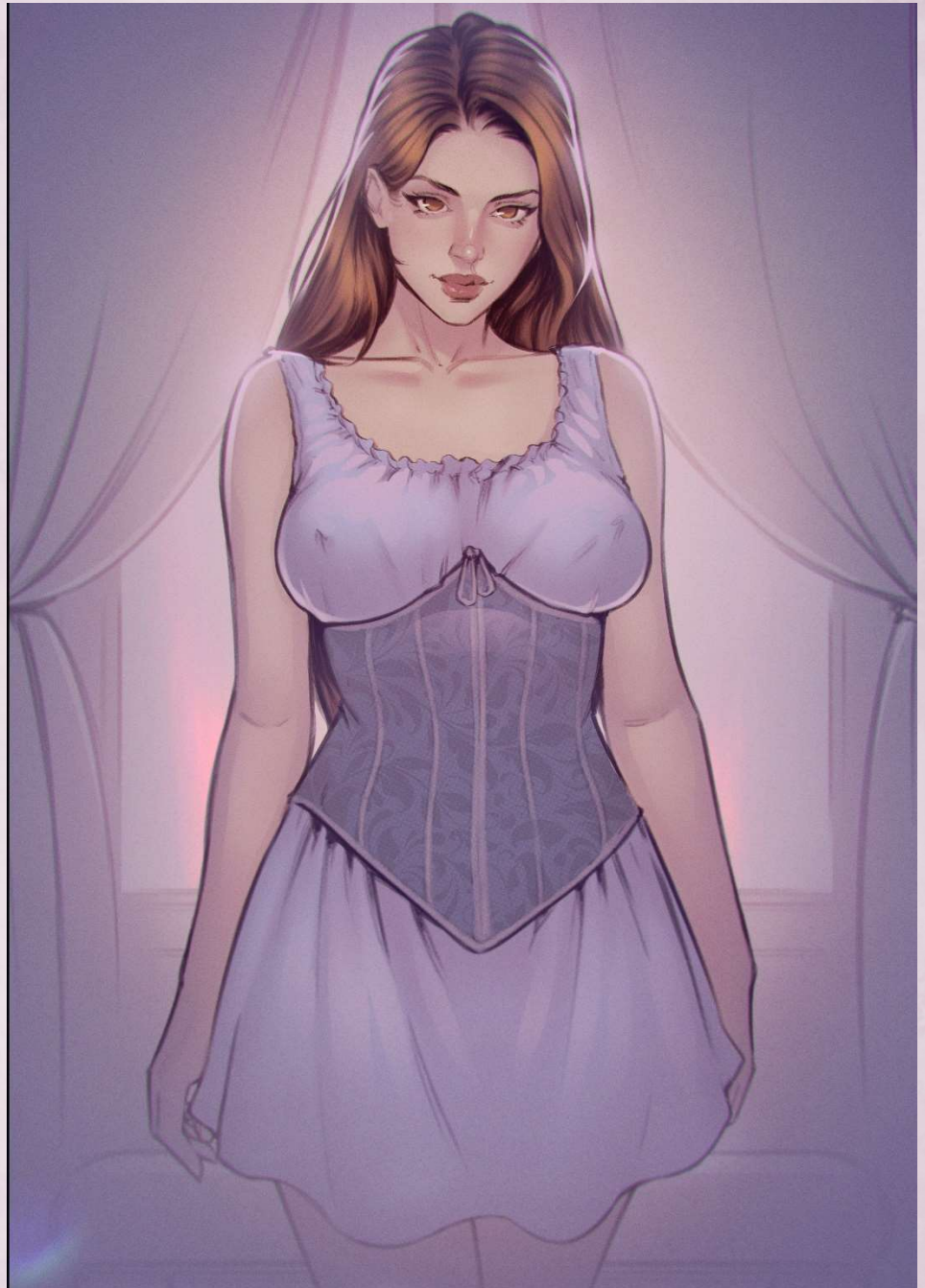
“And you just put on someone else’s lingerie?” George wondered how he’d ever get that getup off her.

“I washed it first, silly.” Julie gave him a pretend pout and stalked to the bed. “Come on, George. I want to feel your little thing inside ... your big thing. Your very big penis inside me.” She crawled up onto the bed.

“Very well, come and get it, Jules.” George pulled her into an embrace. He tried not to let her see that her *little thing* comment had unnerved him. He had always been so confident in his size. Now, he wasn’t sure. It took him longer than usual to get hard, but if she noticed, Julie didn’t say anything. They made sweet love in their new bedroom, and George was at least grateful that he lasted longer than usual. Almost seven minutes.

Julie hid her disappointment well. For the first time in her life, she wanted more than what George could give. She tried to push those feelings aside and reassured herself that things would return to normal. But as she drifted off to sleep that night, her mind kept coming back to visions of her son’s majestic penis, fully rigid in her trembling, delicate fingers.

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A week passed and the Andersons settled into their new home. Most of the odd occurrences that plagued them when they first moved in, had dissipated.

Julie still did have daydreams, here and there, of holding Daniel's manhood. But they had lessened, and she expected that those thoughts would soon vanish entirely.

Daniel found his new underwear much to his liking. He hadn't seen Eloise at all since she'd encouraged him to cum on his mother and he'd declined. Eloise's absence did not sit well with Daniel. He'd settled on two alternatives. Either he was crazy, or Eloise Palmer was a ghost. Either way, Daniel thought she was amazing, and that sex was amazing, and he didn't want the specter that took his virginity to disappear forever.

Brittney didn't see Thomas again and that was fine with her. She liked the house, and grew quite fond of her tower room with its panoramic views of the sweeping grassland around their new house.

Monday evening was takeout time again. Without a functioning kitchen, they'd been eating a lot of take out lately. George worked away under the sink. He cursed as he banged his elbow into the panel behind where he was trying to put in the disposal. The board gave a little. He jostled it and then pulled it to the side. There was a compartment behind it with some old papers. He took them out and crawled from under the sink.



"Hey, Jules, check this out." George called over to his wife as she opened Styrofoam containers on the dining table. "Seems we now know the first owners. Frederick and Eloise Palmer built this house over the course of two years starting in 1884." He skimmed the papers and didn't notice the startled look on his wife's face.

"What dear?" Julie recognized the name from her dream in the library. How had she known the name Eloise Palmer? It must have been buried in the home's disclosures and her mind had unconsciously cataloged it.

Daniel froze as he set the table. He wasn't crazy after all. Eloise Palmer was a ghost. He had to figure out how to get her back. The Palmer house was the best thing to happen to him. Ever.

"The Palmers, honey." George jabbed his finger at the browned paper. "It says they lived here for only twelve years before ..." George skimmed the page but couldn't find what he was looking for. "Before something happened and the mansion was inherited by Frederick's cousin." George put the paper down. "The Palmer Mansion, huh? It has a nice ring to it." He walked to the dining room door and looked in at his family.

“What are you all staring at? Do I have something in my beard?” He rubbed his beard vigorously.

“Nothing,” all three Andersons mumbled back to him.

Gears turned in Julie’s mind as she rationalized these revelations away.

Daniel thought about how he might best communicate with the dead. He needed to coax Eloise back into his room.

Brittney thought of the boy by the fire. “Does it say anything about them having a son?”

“Not in these papers.” George shook his head.

Brittney smiled to herself. To think she was worried about ghosts. How silly was that?

