

CHAPTER 2 PART 2



THE HAUNTING OF PALMER MANSION

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

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Julie found herself slipping out of bed in the dead of night. She shivered. She was naked and so very cold. Julie stepped over to the closet and grabbed one of George's flannel shirts. Something called to her, a name whispered, snaking its way through the mansion's long hallways. She wrapped George's shirt around her and left the master bedroom. A deep ticking sound kept a steady rhythm. Out in the second-floor living room, Julie found a great grandfather clock that had no business being there. It chimed midnight as she watched, with a strange, somber melody. She hugged the flannel shirt tightly around her and walked down the stairs.

In addition to the ticking of the incongruous clock, another beat kept rhythm in the house. It was a wet, smacking metronome, sounding down the west main floor hallway. Julie followed the noise down the hall. On either wall were hung the strangest oil paintings. She stopped and looked at one. It was a family portrait of a stern man, a smiling woman, and a shy son. These artworks did not belong on Julie's walls. She looked closer and recognized the smiling woman as the pregnant woman from her library dream. The original owner of the house, Eloise Palmer.

Julie's feet scuffed at the smooth floorboards as she shuffled past the mysterious locked room, past the study, past the second living room, and she stopped at the door to the library. It was cracked open and the slapping sounds echoed out of there. She hugged George's shirt tighter around her and pushed the door open. "Oh, my gosh." Her hand went to her mouth.

Inside the library, laying amongst the stacks of yet-to-be-shelved books, was a young, red-headed man. He was on his back and completely naked. Riding him with long, languid thrusts was Eloise Palmer. With her ripe pregnant belly, her fat, dark nipples, and her myriad freckles she was quite a sight. But what made the scene truly shocking was the monster penis sawing in and out of her, and the contorted, lust-filled, expression on her face.

"I'm dreaming." Julie felt something trickle down her bare leg. She realized that her vagina was so wet that it was dripping. "Heavens." She put a hand between her legs, under the hanging flaps of George's shirt and felt her slit. She'd never been that wet before.

"Mrs. Julie ... Anderson." Eloise caught sight of the wife in the library doorway and her face lit in the sweetest smile. "You found me ... and ... uh ... uh ... uh ... Thomas." Her hips kept bouncing their steady rhythm. She held onto her round belly with one hand and an engorged boob with the other. "You are dreaming and you are not dreaming."



Thomas did not look Julie's way, but instead fixed his eyes on the wobbling, vigorous woman above him.

"You're so ... so ..." Julie's hand moved between her legs. She would never have touched herself in real life, but in a dream it was okay.

"Eyes ... up here, darling." Eloise watched Julie with some modest reproach. "It's never polite to stare at another woman's breasts." Eloise gave Julie a wink. "But you like what you see, don't you? I offer you this and so much more. We already paid and received and the Devil took his due. Extend your approbation, good Julie. You may have this too."



"No." Julie shook her head and her fingers found her clit. Electricity moved up her spine. "Mark 3:11. *And whenever the unclean spirits saw him, they fell down before him and cried out.*" Her hand moved faster and Julie felt her climax approach.

"Play coy, then, and watch Thomas fill his mother's womb yet again." Eloise thrust fitfully as Thomas grunted below her. Her eyes rolled back in her head as he coated her insides.

"No. He can't be ..." Julie grunted out her own glorious climax, hunching herself against her hand and letting George's shirt fall open. "... your son." Julie cried out as her orgasm swept through her.

"Honey." George called to his wife from the master bath door. "You slept through the alarm. Time to get up."

"What?" Julie opened her eyes. She was in bed with George's flannel shirt wrapped around her. What a horrible nightmare. She crawled out of bed and headed to the shower. She felt so dirty. She sighed. So very dirty.

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The rickety old shower in the bathroom across the hall from Daniel's bedroom was becoming Daniel's favorite place to fap. Brittney, in an effort to avoid his male teenage grossness, had taken the bathroom down at the other end of the second floor as hers. So, Daniel could fap away without being bothered. This was essential these days, because since he'd had his growth spurt that first night in the house, he'd needed to relieve himself several times a day.

Daniel was in the middle of his before-school-fap when a woman's voice breathed its way past his shower curtains. He froze.

"Such a mighty tool. A shame to use it as such." Eloise pulled back the shower curtain with slow persistence until her green eyes could take in all of the eighteen-year-old.

"Thank God you're back, Mrs. Palmer." Daniel stood there with water cascading over his thin body, both hands stationary on his dick. "I thought you might be gone forever."

"You disappointed me, Danny." Eloise smoothed out her bustled dress, her hands lingering on her bulging belly. A slight frown pulled her perfect lips down. "I made it very clear. You were to cover Julie Anderson in your wonderful effluence. You refused me."

"But she's my mom." Daniel let go of his dick and reached out for the ghost. One of her ice-cold hands gently slapped him away.

"She is a sow, darling." Eloise, buoyed by her own words, smiled again. "A sow that you will sow with your great gift."

"I'm not sure what that means." Daniel stroked his dick. If she wasn't going to touch him, he'd at least get to look at this beautiful woman while fapping. "But I'm not going to do my mom."

"You are a recalcitrant young man, are you not?" Eloise reached into the shower and brushed one chilly finger down his arm. "I'll make you a deal. Get her to prime your release and I will take you to bed again. Bargain?"

"You want her ... uh ... to see me cum?" Daniel was close. His eyes went from that pretty, warm face down to the curve of her boobs hidden under her dress.

"I want her to coax your sperm. She must pull it out. I will accept that as payment for another tussle with you, dearie." Eloise faded into the steamy bathroom until there was nothing left of her.

"Maybe ... uh ... maybe ... okay." Daniel unloaded his balls onto the shower curtain and stood there gasping. He would do it. He needed to feel Eloise again.



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Several days passed quietly as Daniel mustered the courage to ask his mother for what he needed. He finally made his move Sunday afternoon. His dad was having his post-church nap down on the sofa in the basement while football played in the background. His sister was out with some friends. He found his mom in the library, shelving books. Daniel stopped in the doorway. He took in the swell of her ample sideboob under her stained t-shirt and the womanly curves that her hips and butt presented in her jeans as she reached for a high shelf. She was a beautiful woman. He realized he'd always known this, but had placed those thoughts deep in the far-reaches of his mind.

"Hi, Mom." Daniel stepped into the room and stood next to a stack of paperbacks.

"Hello, pumpkin." Julie tucked the book onto the shelf and turned to face her son. Her smile faded when she saw his face. "What's wrong?"

"Remember how you said to come to you if anything changed with ... my thing?" Daniel looked at the floor. "Well, it hurts and I can't seem to finish no matter how hard I try."

"Oh, dear." Julie swept her brown hair out of her face. "Our pastor wouldn't approve of my saying this, but have you tried the internet?" Julie tugged at the neck of her t-shirt. "You know ... porn?"

"I've tried."

"Oh, I see." Julie thought for a minute. "Maybe it's time to go see that doctor."

"No, Mom. I know how expensive that is. And with all the house repairs ... I think I just need a little help to finish."

"You mean me?" She put her hand to her breast.

Daniel nodded.

"I touched you the one time so we could find you the right underwear." Julie took an unconscious step toward Daniel. "To do it again would be a sin."

"Children are a heritage from the Lord, offspring a reward from Him." Daniel smiled. "To help me is to help Him."

Julie was going to refuse him again, but a sudden shift in energy flowed through her. She felt almost as if she stood before him in a dress and corset, rather than her ragged work clothes. "Oh, Danny. You always had a way with words. I can't believe I'm going to do this." She walked past Daniel and closed the library door. "We have to be quick. Your father will be up soon." She looked around the room but didn't see anything to catch the coming mess. "This old t-shirt will have to do as a rag." She pulled her shirt off and held it in her hand. Her breasts wobbled in their supportive bra. "Eyes up here, mister."

"Sorry, Mom." Daniel unbuttoned his jeans and pulled them off. His dick was hard and poking out the top of his underwear.





“Those mini-boxers look very supportive.” Julie stepped in front of Daniel and lowered herself to her knees. “They almost contain your hard thing.” She giggled as she reached up and pulled down his underwear. Her giggles stopped dead when his penis sprung out in front of her. The purple head swayed only inches from her face. A small drop of precum dripped down. “Good, Lord. I hope this is the right thing to do.”

“It is, Mom.” Daniel stepped out of his underwear and stood before her in only his shirt. “It really hurts.” Daniel knew that lying was also a sin, but despite his upbringing, he didn’t have much of the fear of God in him.

“Let’s get this done.” She put her shirt by her knee, reached out with both hands, and placed them on his thing. It was astoundingly thick and the bulging veins pulsed slightly under her fingers. She carefully stroked him back and forth. Her dream from the other night came back to her. Eloise and her son Thomas copulating in this very room. Had that actually happened, or was her mind

overwhelmed by life’s changes? One thing Julie knew, she’d never cheat on her husband. Especially with her own son. No amount of bible sweet talk could make that happen. “It’s a very manly tool, Danny.” Her hands moved faster on the shaft.

“Like Dad’s?”

“Different.” Julie shook her head and looked up at her handsome son. “Let’s not talk about your father. I don’t think he’d approve of this.”

“Yeah.” Daniel put his hands on his hips and looked down at his mother’s pretty face and her jiggling boobs inside her bra. “Probably not.” He was happy Eloise had forced him to do this. His mom’s handjob was quickly becoming his new favorite moment in this house.

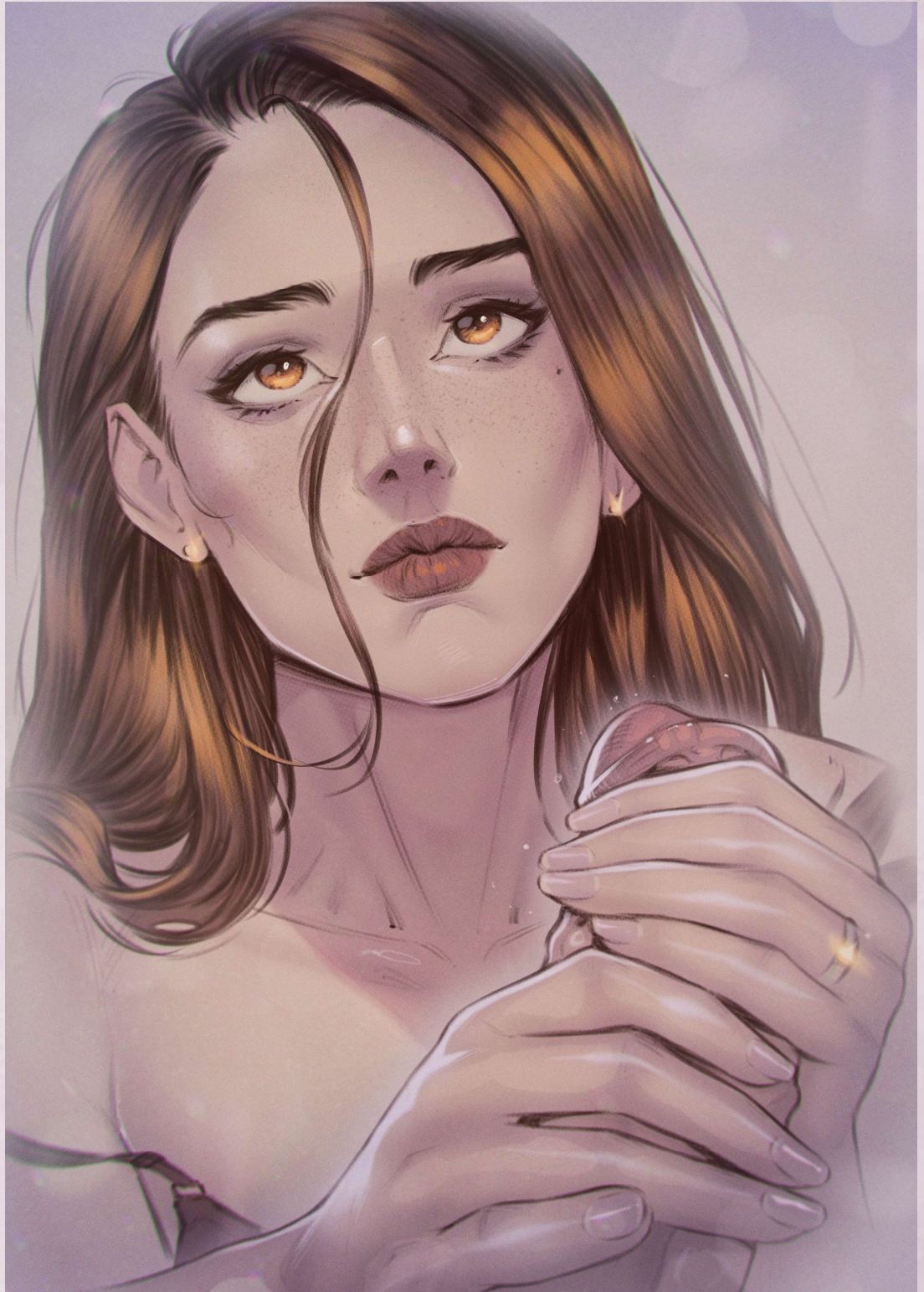
They were quiet for a while as Julie worked Daniel's dick. His precum had made his cock slick and the sound of wet hands sliding on skin was all they heard for a while.

"I see what you mean about not being able to finish. Are you close, Danny?" Julie looked up at him with plaintive eyes. She wanted to complete her task before George woke and tracked them down.

Daniel grunted and shook his head.

"Oh, my. Well ..." She looked back down at the organ in front of her. "My mouth isn't cheating, right? And by helping you, I'm helping Him."

"Right ... uh ... Mom."





Just like that, she leaned forward and took him into her warm mouth. She rarely did this for George, and his thing was so different from Daniel's thing. It was awkward at first, but she persisted. She gave little bobs with her head, not daring to try to take more than the head. Eventually, she swirled her tongue too. After a while, she decided it wasn't so bad. Even the salty taste of his precum was something of a delight in its own way. "Mmmmmmmmmmm." She groaned and murmured around his fat, purple head. She could see her wedding ring as it bounced and blurred with her hand's movement in front of her. It was okay, her mouth wasn't cheating.

The library was now filled with slurping and popping sounds. Eloise, unnoticed, watched from the shadows by the closet. She never tired of witnessing a mother's first suck of her son's cock. The spectacle was pure magic. Such moments were worth every bit of the Devil's due. The only thing better than

watching a mother teeter on the edge, was watching her fall.

"Mom ... you're going to ... uh ... make me ..." Daniel shook all over.

Realizing the moment had come, Julie pulled her mouth off his thing with a pop and picked up her shirt. She held it up to his penis with her right hand, and continued to stroke with her left. "Finish, Danny. Please, finish."

"Mooooooooommmmmmm." Daniel erupted.

Spurt after spurt of the hot, viscous liquid soaked into the shirt. Julie could feel the pulsing force as it pushed against her right hand. His orgasm continued, and soon the shirt could hold no more and cum dripped between her fingers and down onto the wood floor. "Oh, my gosh. Oh, my gosh," Julie repeated over and over. When he was done, the shirt, her hands, and the floor were a hot, sticky mess.

"Wow." Daniel took a long shuddering breath. "Thanks, Mom. I feel way better now."

"You're ... um ... welcome, Danny." Julie's face was white as a sheet. "Don't tell ..." She took a couple of deep breaths. "Don't tell anyone about this. It's our secret, okay?"

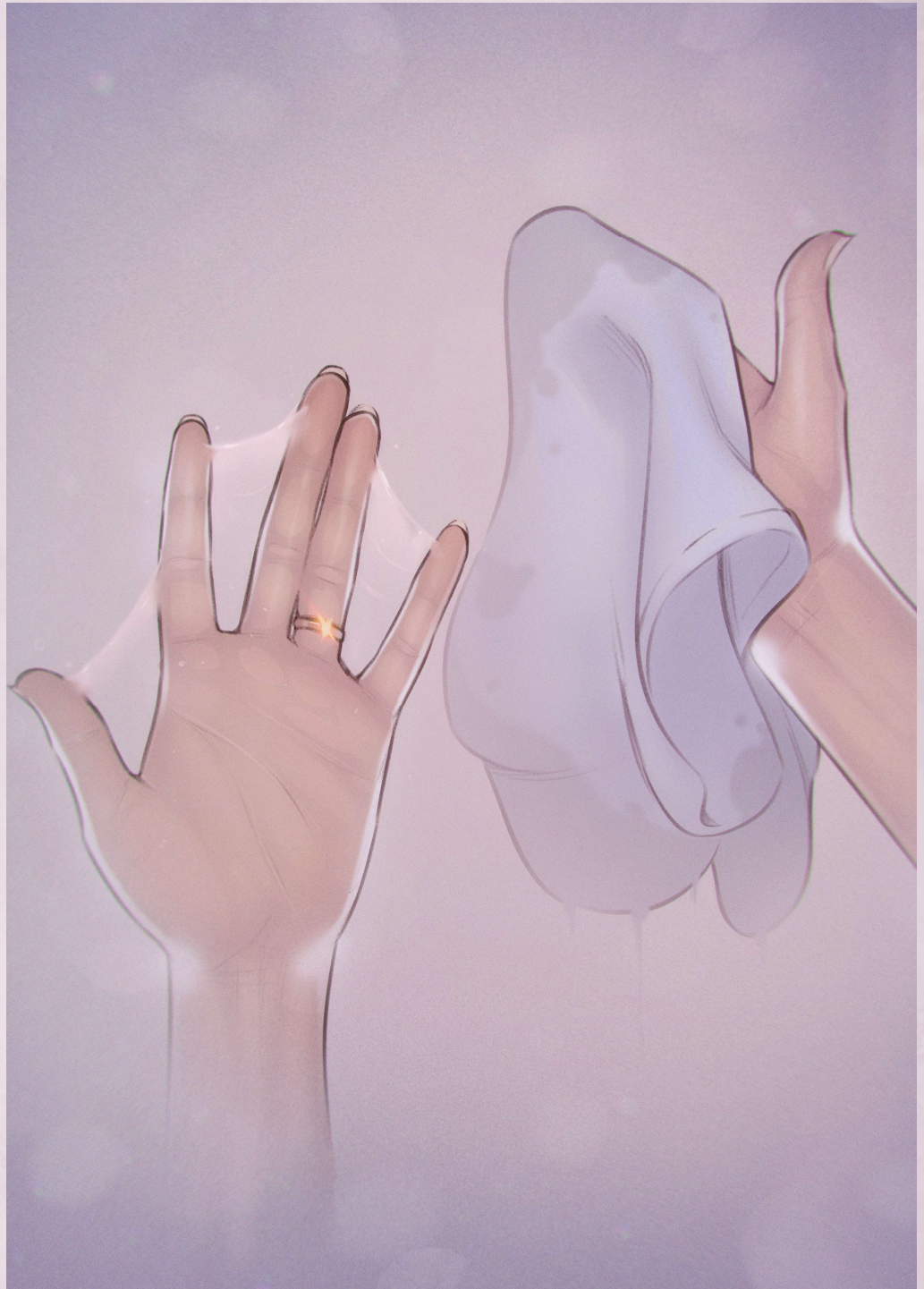
"Sure." Daniel nodded, bent down for his boxers, and pulled them on. His hard dick poked out of the elastic waistband. He pulled his shirt over it and pulled on his pants. "It's a secret."

"Good, boy." Julie took the t-shirt and tried to mop up the mess on the floor, but the cloth was too soaked with cum already. She'd need to go get a towel or something. "Now run along, Danny. I'll clean this up."

"Okay. Love you, Mom." Daniel turned and headed for the door.

"Love you too, pumpkin," Julie said as she looked at her sticky, saturated shirt. She needed to clean up the mess before her husband wandered back upstairs.

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After that amazing blowjob from his mom, Daniel walked down the hall back to his room with a little hop to his step. This wasn't easy because he was still completely hard, and there was nothing any underwear could do to fully contain his engorged monster.



He opened the door to his room and there stood Eloise by the fireplace, wearing a powder blue chemise. When she saw him, a wide smile spread across her pale face and she hopped up and down, clapping her hands with joy.

"You did it, Danny." She gave a quick, excited laugh. "I'm so proud of you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Palmer." Daniel stepped into his room and closed the door behind him. He couldn't wipe the grin off his face. "And thank you for asking me to do it."

"You're welcome, darling." Still smiling, Eloise stopped her jumping and lifted up the chemise past her hips. She wasn't wearing anything underneath and she exposed her red triangle to Daniel. "There's nothing like a mother at service to her boy. Best thing since the horse and buggy. Don't you agree?" She turned her back to him, still holding up the chemise, and wiggled her pale butt.

"Yeah. That was great." Daniel pulled his pants down and took off his underwear. He removed his shirt and tossed it behind him. "Now do we get to do it?" His eyes fixed themselves on the twin, white globes of her ass.

"What a rambunctious boy." Eloise watched him over her shoulder with her captivating smile. She lowered herself

to her knees on the rug by the fireplace and then leaned forward until she was on all fours, presenting her ass up in the air to Daniel. "Minutes ago, you were in your mother's mouth. Now you want more?" The chemise hung off her shoulders and back, hiding most of her round belly and swollen boobs below her.

"Yes, please." Daniel raced to the rug and knelt behind Eloise. He gently caressed the curve of her butt and shivered at her frigid skin.

"Very well. But first attend, Danny." She kept her green eyes on him, looking back over her shoulder. "Will you put your mother to her wifely tasks on your bludgeon again?"

"I don't know." Daniel frowned. "I thought if I got her to do what we just did I could be with you again. That was my first blowjob and it was awesome. But ... I don't want to cross any lines with my mom."

Eloise laughed that high tinkling sound of hers, so filled with joy. "Silly, boy. The Rubicon is behind you. But never mind for now. You may have me. That was our deal, and I am a woman of my word."

"So, can I ...?" Daniel grabbed his dick with his right hand and scooted in right behind her.

"You may."

Daniel pushed his dick into the chill of her soft flesh, but couldn't find the hole.

"I'd almost forgotten this is only your second time." Eloise reached behind her and grasped the purple head. "That hole you poke is only for special occasions, Danny. Until then, you get my crinkum crankum." She lowered his penis and slid it into her wet vagina. The heat of his member filled her.

"So ... good ... Mrs. Palmer." Her icy insides enveloped him and sent shivers through his nervous system. He took hold of her wide, cold hips and thrust in and out.

"Yes, darling." Eloise looked down at her white hands on the dark floorboards and gritted her teeth against the onslaught. The twin diamonds on her wedding ring shone with the orange glow of a fire long since extinguished. "You may take all that you see. I honor my contracts and so does He."

Daniel grunted and plowed the ghost for a long time. He sent her through several shrieking orgasms. At first, he was worried that her screaming would bring his parents. But not so worried that he ever considered stopping. When his mom and dad didn't come rushing through his bedroom door, he completely forgot about them and just gave himself over to the bestial act. His narrow hips slapped up against her ample butt and the pleasure mounted and mounted.

"I'm going to ... cum ... in your pussy ... Mrs. Palmer." Daniel didn't care that she was some sort of phantasm. Sex felt amazing and he never wanted to give it up. "Aaaaahhhhhhhh." He spasmed and released his load inside her.

"It's yours ... it's yours ...,"

Eloise hissed and pushed back against the young buck.

When his orgasm subsided, Daniel looked down to find Eloise gone. He hoped she'd be back soon. He stood, stumbled over to bed and tumbled forward on the sheets. Daniel fell into a deep sleep and dreamed of his mother falling, and falling. Forever falling. His nap was both thrilling and terrifying.

