

CHAPTER 5 PART 2



THE HAUNTING OF
PALMER MANSION

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

Chapter 5 Part 2

Illustrations by TenderMinDD

Written by RawlyRawls

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

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“Why are you holding your panties, Mom?” Daniel looked at Julie’s left hand where her underwear was balled in her fist.

“Oh, ah ... that’s not important.” Julie set the panties down on the floor by the door and silently cursed the dearth of pockets in women’s fashion. “More importantly, who chased you, Danny?” Julie bent at the waist, pulled her son’s pants down to his shins, and got a good look at the abrasion on his knee. “That’s a nasty scrape, let me get the peroxide.” Julie straightened and opened the medicine cabinet behind the mirror.

“I don’t want to talk about that man.” Daniel’s gaze traveled up his mom’s curvy body, hidden as it was, under her dress. Conflicting emotions surged through him. With the medicine cabinet open and Julie rummaging through it, only Daniel could see the bathroom mirror now. In the mirror, Eloise stood inside, smiling down at Daniel as if the mirror was a window with her freckled forehead pressed upon the glass.

“I can understand you were very frightened.” Julie put the peroxide bottle on the sink and rummaged some more. “But you’ll have to tell me and your father so we can figure out what

happened. We might have to call the police.”

Eloise made a motion with her hand like she was holding something large in front of her mouth. She moved her hand backward and forward and bulged her cheek out with her tongue again and again. It was clear she wanted Daniel to talk his mom into a blowjob.

“No.” Daniel shook his head.

“What’s that, pumpkin?” Julie searched through the bandages, looking for the ones for knees and elbows.

“Nothing, Mom.” Daniel continued to shake his head at Eloise. Even if he wanted another blowjob from his mom, it was the wrong time. Not with his father and sister just down the hall. Not with his ankle throbbing. “I just think we shouldn’t bother the police about it.” Daniel thought about his mom’s mouth wrapped around his dick. Maybe he did want more attention from Julie. But it would have to wait. *Later*, he mouthed at Eloise.

Now, Eloise mouthed back. *Or*, she shook her head and her face darkened.

"Well, you and your sister can tell us all about the man once we get you cleaned up." Julie pulled out the correct bandages and closed the medicine cabinet. The mirror went from a window to the spirit world to a plain reflective surface again. "There now, let's get you patched up." Julie got to her knees in front of Daniel. He still sat where she'd left him on the toilet seat. She reached out and removed his left shoe. When she wiggled his right one, her son whimpered. "Sorry, sweetie. It has to come off. We'll get some ice on that ankle. I'm sure it's just a sprain." She worried that it might be something worse. She thought about x-rays, multiple trips to specialists, and medication. They really couldn't afford all that.

"It's okay. It doesn't hurt that bad."

"Here goes." Julie pulled the shoe gently off her eighteen-year-old son and set it beside her. "That's a brave boy." She then gingerly pulled off his pants and socks and placed them on top of the shoes.

"Now let's have a look at that knee, mister." Julie turned the open peroxide bottle over on a cotton ball, placed the bottle back on the sink, and leaned forward. "This will sting a bit."

"Ouch." It didn't feel great but looking down his mother's dress at her cleavage took some of the sting out of it.





“There, now.” Julie finished cleaning the wound, opened the bandage, and placed it snugly over the abrasion. “One down, one to ...” Julie lost her train of thought as she looked up to discover that Daniel was hard. How could he have an erection at a time like this? Teenagers were curious animals. “Um, what’s going on with that?” She pointed at the boxers that couldn’t contain all his thirteen inches. She could see the outline of the upper part of his glorious penis under the bottom of his shirt.

“Sorry, Mom. When you were fixing my knee, I could kinda see your cleavage.” Daniel couldn’t make eye contact. He looked off toward the mirror and saw Eloise looking out from the inside again. The apparition smiled and nodded at Daniel.

“You ... uh ... like my body that much?” Julie frowned.

“It’s really nice.” Daniel nodded and stole a quick glance at Julie, his blue eyes meeting her brown ones. He looked away again.

“Well, I guess that’s a nice compliment.” Julie blushed. Her poor son looked so nervous. She wanted to put him at ease. “I suppose with the internet you’ve seen more boobs than all your ancestors combined. So, if you still like mine ...” Julie shrugged and smiled. Her brain went fuzzy for a second and then she had complete clarity. Julie knew what she had to do. “I don’t think we can deal with your ankle until we deal with that. I know how much you need relief sometimes.” Julie pointed to his penis again. “What do you think?”

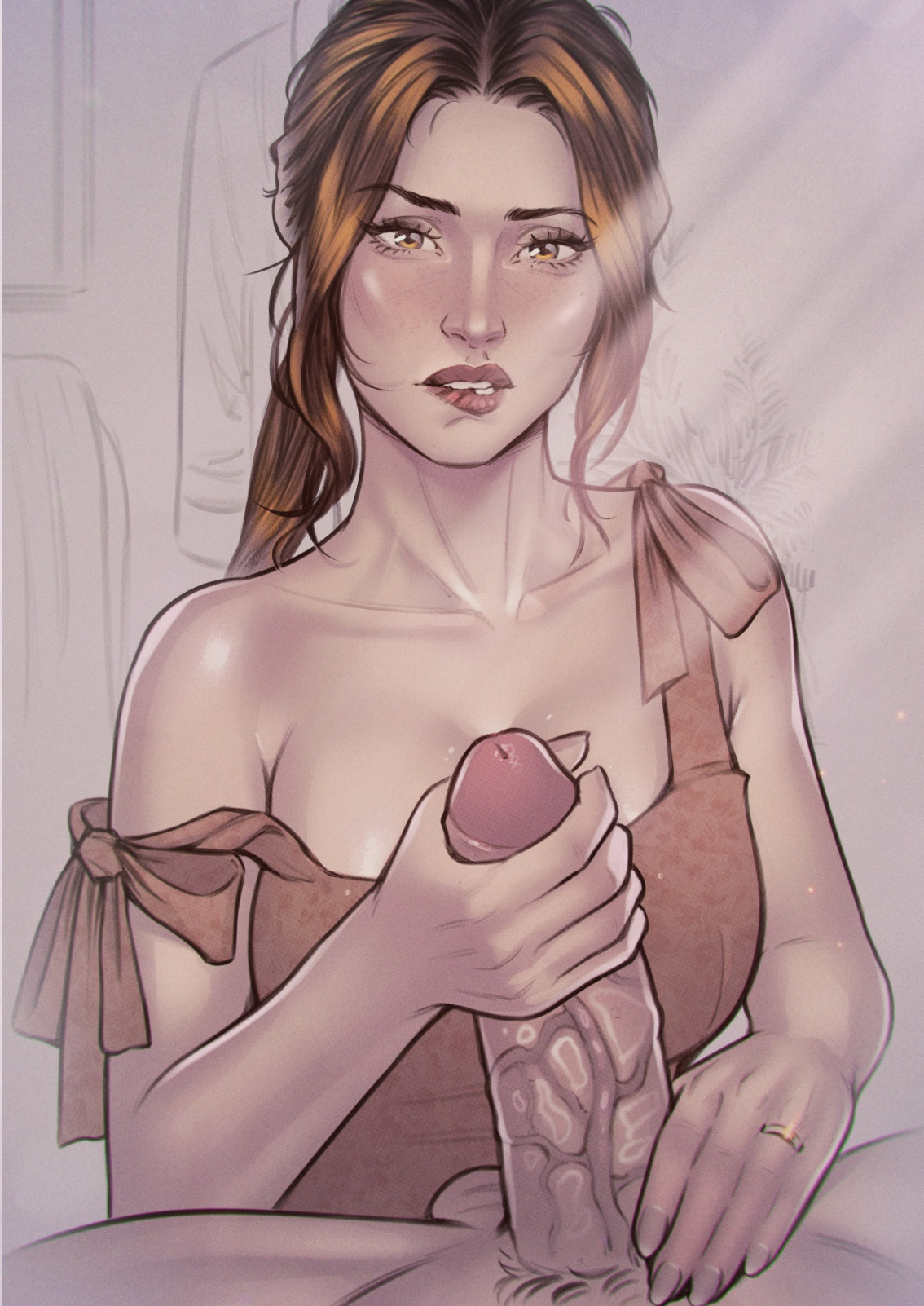
“You want to touch it?” Daniel could hear his pulse in his ears.

"I don't know about *want*, pumpkin." Julie reached up to Daniel's waist and hooked his micro-boxers with trembling fingers. "But I *need* to do something. We can't have you swelling in two places. It's my responsibility to take care of you." She pulled down the boxers and gently removed them. Julie's breath caught in her throat as the purple-headed monster swung out in the open. In all respects but one, Daniel was a meek, delicate flower. But that one aberration was a beast. "Now I'm just going to use my hands and a towel. That's not cheating."



“No, it’s not cheating,” Daniel echoed. His eyes lingered on the mirror where Eloise silently clapped her hands in anticipation. He then looked down at his gorgeous mother as her fingers wrapped around his thickness. In that moment, Daniel didn’t care what Leviticus or his conscience told him. He wanted his mother. He wanted to possess her completely.

“My Gosh, Danny. Your thing is so manly.” Julie bit her bottom lip as her hands stroked up and down. “It’s even bigger than ...” She was going to say her new dildo, but she didn’t want Daniel knowing about that.



"Dad?" Daniel let the pleasure move through him. He wanted to bask in that feeling forever. "Were you going to say that I'm bigger than Dad?"

"No." Julie looked up at her son with his messy blond hair and that little half-smile on his face. "Well, yes, actually," she lied. "But let's not talk about your father." Her gaze fell down to that huge pole in front of her. Her eyes distant as she gazed at the savage beauty of it.

"Okay." Daniel watched her work his dick in silence for several minutes. "You know, we already agreed that using your mouth to help me isn't cheating on Dad."

"Yeah." Julie nodded. "How's your ankle doing?"

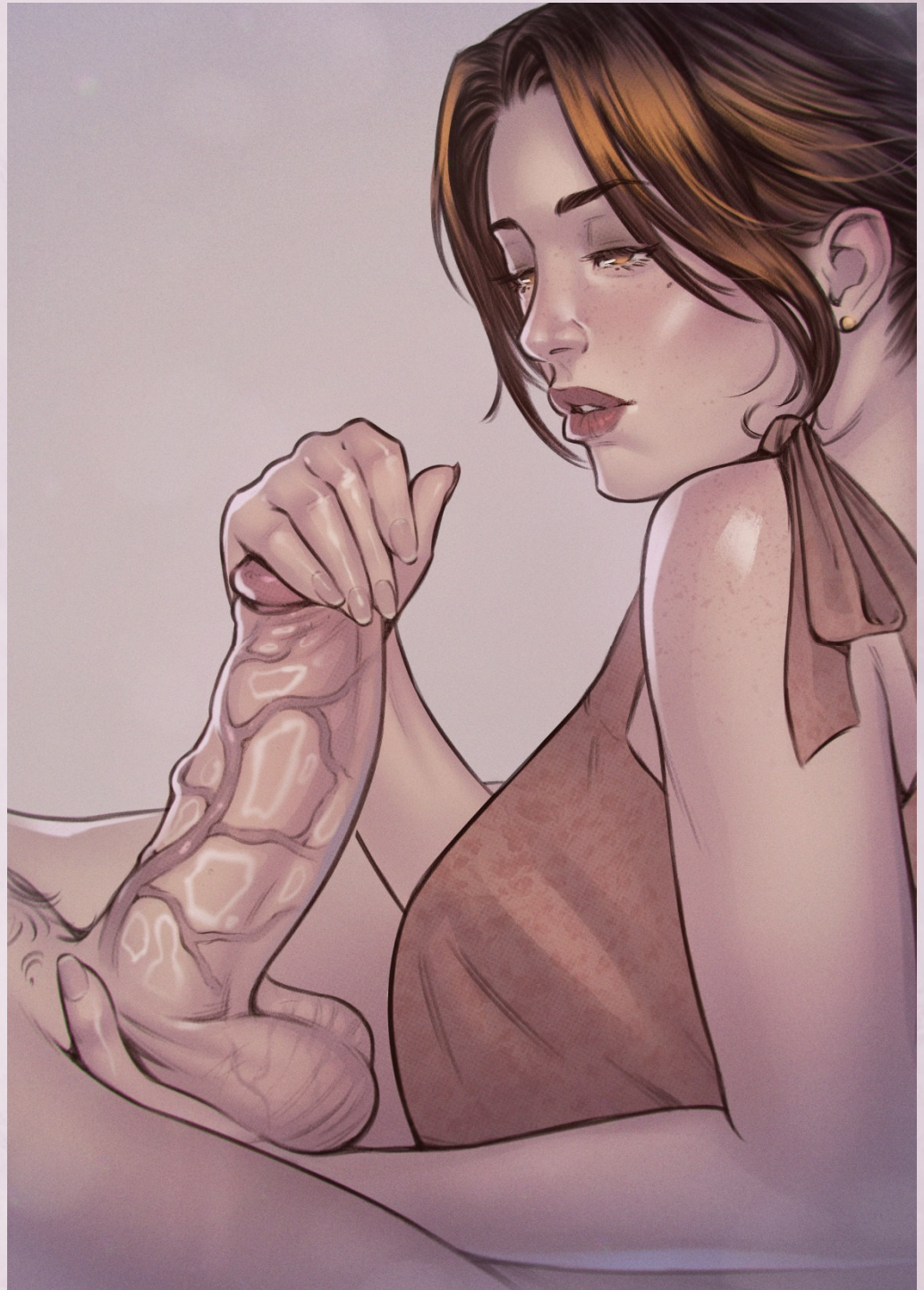
"My ankle?" Daniel had forgotten about the throbbing pain in his ankle. "My ankle would feel better if you used your mouth."

"Right." Julie moved her left hand down to Daniel's left ball and cupped its weighty substance. She looked at the little purple veins that crisscrossed the rough flesh of

his testicles. Julie had never seen balls like Daniel's, but they looked right to her. This was how a man was supposed to be. "Not cheating," Julie murmured. She lowered her mouth to the wide, purple head and gave it a quick lick. "You taste salty, Daniel." Julie then opened wide and sucked on his penis. She bobbed her head with little short strokes, a new method for blowjobs that was fast becoming familiar to her.

"You're the best ... mom ... ever." Daniel's eyes trailed from his mom's bouncing brown ponytail up to Eloise watching from the mirror.

The beautiful redhead's breath seemed to fog up the inside of the mirror and she wiped it away with her pale hand so she could continue to watch this mother fall as so many others in this house had fallen before her.



Ten minutes passed as Julie pumped Daniel's penis with her mouth. She pulled off him and looked up. "Is this helping?"



"It's good, Mom. But, could I rub your butt again?" Daniel's hands gripped the white porcelain of the toilet and he pressed his butt into the lid. This was almost too much. He watched her stand, turn her back to him, and lift up her dress to her waist. This was the first time Daniel had seen her ass without panties on. It was perfectly heart-shaped and almost as white as the porcelain he sat on.

"We'll have to be careful not to hurt your ankle." Julie backed up and sat on his lap. Her son's monster stood up straight and pressed between her cheeks as it rose up to the small of her back. "I'll be gentle." She rocked up against him and felt the weight of his thing push back against her. He was incredibly large. "Since I don't have panties on, we have to be careful. Make sure it doesn't get close to my you-know-what."



"Okay, Mom." Daniel moved his hands from the toilet to her hips. His ankle hurt, but the pain felt so very far away. He watched her ass ripple and shake as she rocked and bounced back against him, rubbing her butt against the length of his dick. He stole a glance at the mirror and Eloise was still there making a circle with the fingers of her right hand and running it through with her left index finger. She wanted him to have sex with his mother and Daniel was far enough gone to want it too. He was pretty sure Julie wouldn't let him, however.

A quiet knock sounded on the door and mother and son froze mid rub in the bathroom.

"How's it going in there? Is Danny, alright?" George sounded worried.

"Yes, honey." Julie tried to keep the flutter out of her voice. "Don't come in, I know how you feel about blood. We're ... um ... cleaning him up."

"You've been in there a long time, Jules." George leaned against the door, but didn't try the handle. It was true, he couldn't stand the sight of blood.



"It was a nasty scrape, and Danny also turned his ankle." Julie pushed back against Daniel's swollen penis ever so slightly as she talked to her husband. Goodness, gracious he had a brute of a thing. A surge of guilt swept through her, but then she reminded herself that what they were doing wasn't really cheating. Daniel stayed perfectly silent behind her.

"Okay, then." George nodded to himself. Julie would take care of Danny. That was the great thing about marriage, the other spouse could always fill in when life played to one of your weaknesses. She had always been the one to patch up bleeding children. "I'm going to take Brittney down to the police station to file a report. It shouldn't take more than a couple hours. Then we can work on the west tower. Sound good?"

"Yes, Georgie." Julie rocked her hips again. Even with her poor husband on the other side of the door. What was she doing? "I'll be ready to help you when you get back."

"Great, bye." George walked down the hall.

"Bye." Julie moved faster on her son's lap, almost forgetting about taking it easy on his ankle.

"Embrace it, Mrs. Anderson." Eloise spoke from the mirror, a look of pure delight on her face. "Tend to your scion. Feed the family tree."

"What?" Julie turned her head toward the mirror. "Do you see the lady in the mirror, Danny?"

"Yeah, Mom." Daniel dug his fingers into the flesh around his mother's hips, preventing the dress from falling back over her butt. "That's Mrs. Palmer."

"We do need an exorcist." Julie should have been terrified, but her fear floated so very far away from her. She pressed her hands into her knees and kept rubbing Daniel with her bare butt.

"No, Mom. She's helping us."

"Really?" Julie watched the freckled woman in the mirror. Mrs. Palmer did look like a friendly, innocent person. Maybe she was helping. "What do you want, spirit?"

"Complete the bond, Julie." Eloise's smile was earnest and true. "Take Daniel whence he came."

"You can't mean ..." Sweat beaded on Julie's forehead.

"Just the tip, Mom." Daniel squeezed Julie's hips and lifted her about fourteen inches off his lap. He held her there, above him. He could see her pussy clearly with her legs spread and her feet planted on either side of Daniel's feet. Her lips protruded wonderfully and glistened. Daniel knew he was about to go home. "Just this one time."

"Okay, Danny." Julie reached under her and grabbed the purple head. "Just the tip and just for a moment." She lined him up with her opening and lowered herself down on his penis. "Aaaaaahhhhhhhh. It's too ... big." The head lodged itself inside her vagina and spread her out. "It'll never ... fit ... ooooohhhhhhh."





“So ... tight ... Mom.” Daniel had the perfect view as the pink interior of his mom’s pussy gripped him like a vise. He hated to admit it, but Julie was right. He would never fit in such a tight pussy.

“The bond, the pact, the contract made.” Eloise watched from the mirror with mercurial, green eyes. “We paid and received and the Devil took his due. All we need from you is your approbation, sweet Julie. Then you can have it all. You can feel it all. You can fit it all.”

“Aaaaaahhhhh. Okay, okay. I ... approve ... let me ... have this.” There was no pretense in Julie’s mind about helping Daniel with his ankle, or any other excuse. She had been swept up in the moment and wanted him desperately. “I’ll pay ... any price ...”

“Very good, my lady.” Eloise bowed her head slightly to Julie and disappeared. The mirror was just a mirror again.

“I feel warm.” Julie trembled, still skewered on just the head of Daniel’s penis. A warmth built in her vagina, hips, and breasts. At first it was a pleasurable feeling, but then it was too much. “I need to cool down.” Julie

stood up and let her son’s penis plop out of her. She leaned over to the shower and turned on its coldest setting. She then stepped under the water with her dress still on. Not only were her breasts unbearable hot, but they now pushed uncomfortably at her bra. Her mind raced. Julie thought her bra was somehow shrinking. She pulled off her dress and dropped it to the shower floor. She then undid her bra and dropped it too. She looked down to see that her breasts glowed a crimson red, as did her hips. The same red shone from between her legs, too. “What’s happening, Danny? Help meeeeeee.”

Dumfounded, Daniel watched his naked mother in the shower. He could see that same sanguine glow that had consumed him the night his dick grew. And he could see his mother’s hips gently expanding with every breath she took, and her boobs enlarging as they shook with her raking breaths. Not knowing what else to do, he stood, limped over to the shower, and climbed in. He still had his shirt on, and it soaked through immediately. The cold did nothing to diminish his raging hardon. He reached around his mom from behind and rubbed her breasts to help.

“Aaahhhhh. I’m on fire.” Julie felt her son trying to help, but his touch did nothing for her.

Daniel, desperate to help, turned her around and planted kisses all over her boobs. They were noticeably bigger than before. The glow faded some.

“Thank you.” Julie sighed. “Thank you, Danny. That’s helping.” His lips felt so cool on her turgid breasts. The red light left her breasts and hips completely, but hadn’t yet faded from between her legs. “It’s still too hot ... down there.”

