

CHAPTER 5 PART 3



THE HAUNTING OF
PALMER MANSION

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

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

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Dutifully, Daniel trailed his kisses down her slightly rounded belly and over the dark triangle of pubic hair between her legs.

“Cool it down. Please, please, please.” Julie opened her legs as she stood under all that cold water to give him better access.

“Yes ... Mom ...” Daniel said between kisses as he moved his mouth along her lips. Frigid water cascaded over both of them. A few seconds later, the glow left her pussy and he felt his mom’s hand on the back of his head. She pushed his face into her and Daniel stuck out his tongue. It went between her lips and he tasted her tanginess.

“Oh, Danny.” Julie squirmed as the heat completely faded away. “What are we ... doing? Uh ... oh, Danny, ... uh ... oh, my gosh. Right ... there ...” Julie shook uncontrollably as she felt her son’s tongue working inside her.

“Oooooohhhhhhhhh.” An orgasm swept over her.

Daniel closed his eyes and let his mom go wild. When she’d calmed down, he stood up and nudged her out of the way so he could wash off.

“Wow ... Daniel ... no one has ever done that ... for me ... before.” Julie leaned against the shower wall catching her breath. She looked down and saw that indeed her breasts were larger than before. She cupped them and felt their weight. “What happened to me?”

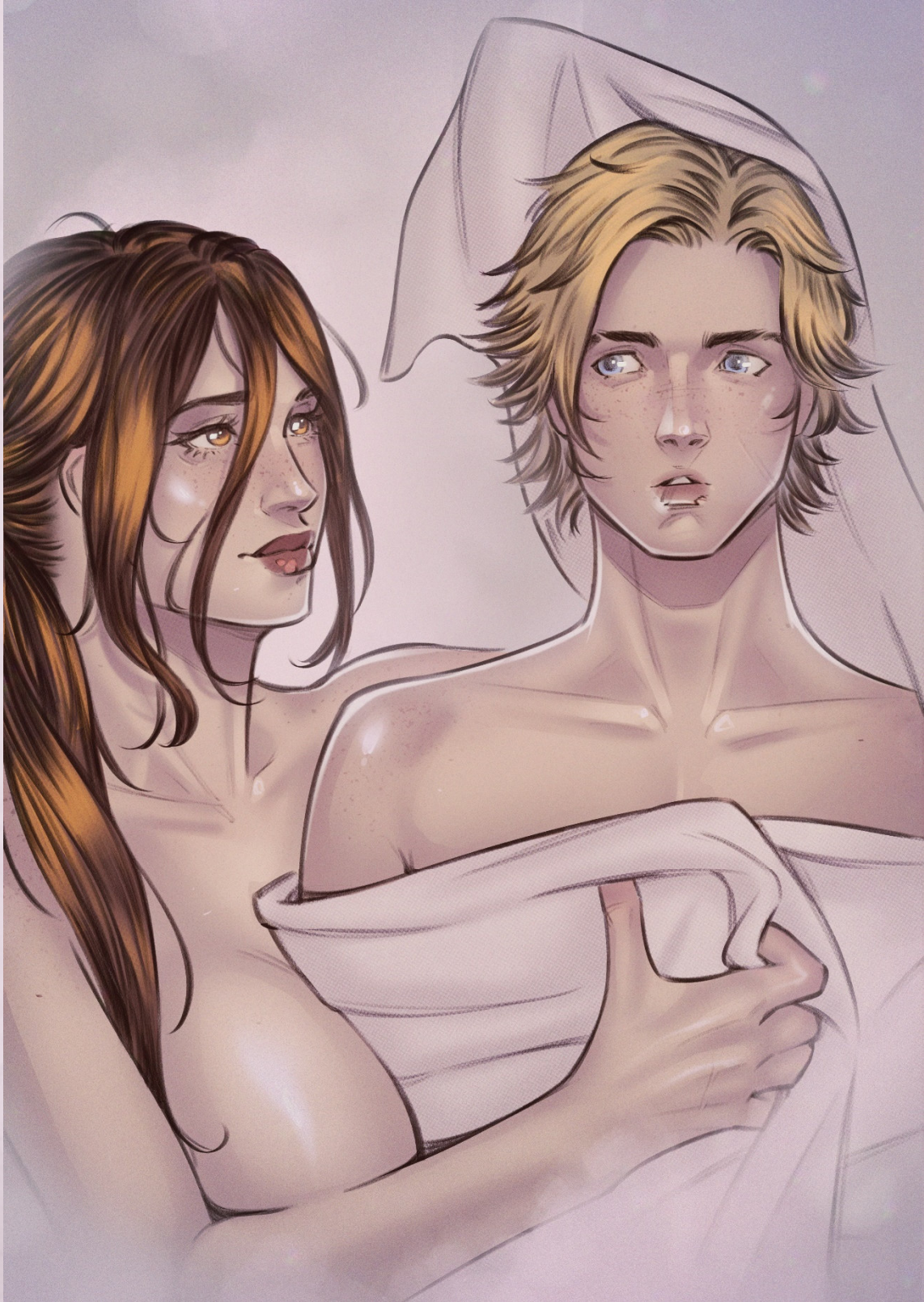
“It’s Mrs. Palmer, I think.” Daniel turned toward his mother and opened his eyes. He accidentally poked her hip with dick. Her hips looked wider, she had more of an hourglass figure. It didn’t seem like the apparition had done anything to her butt as far as Daniel could tell. Daniel pulled off his sopping shirt and dropped it out on the bathroom floor. “Mom, can I?” Daniel didn’t wait for an answer, with Julie’s hands still cupping the bottom of her boobs, he turned her toward him, bent a little, and took her right nipple into his mouth.

“Oooooohhhhhhhhh. What are you doing to me, Danny?” Julie shivered. The cold water fell all over them. She let go of her left boob and dropped her left hand down to Daniel’s still raging erection. She hadn’t relieved him yet. She could feel him shivering. “It’s freezing in here.” She pushed him away and turned off the water. “Are you cold?”

“Yes.” But Daniel didn’t much care about the temperature.



"Let me take care of you, sweetie." Julie reached for a towel and pulled it into the shower with them. She dried him off slowly, pausing a few times to plant tender kisses on his skinny chest and his robust penis. She then dried herself. "I can't believe I'm going to say this, but we should go upstairs and get one of your father's condoms." She stepped out of the shower and offered him her hand. "I'm going to take care you properly."



"Really?" Daniel took his mom's hand in his.

"You better hurry, mister, before I change my mind." They left the bathroom, walking naked hand in hand. Julie held her breasts with her left hand for a show at modesty and to keep them from swaying about. Her wedding ring sparkled on top of her boobs as they moved up the curving stairway, catching the afternoon light falling through the great stained windows above. Once at the top, Daniel's limp became too much and Julie dropped her hand from her boobs and put his arm over her shoulder. She helped her injured son into the bedroom she shared with her husband and sat him down on her marital bed. "Stay there, I'll be right back."

"Okay, Mom." Daniel's whole body buzzed. They were going to do it. His dick pulsed with every heartbeat. He watched Julie's perfect butt shake as she jogged into the bathroom. He thought about how her body had changed and decided the house hadn't done that much

to her. It had simply given her more of what she already had. She came back in from the bathroom holding a little foil packet in one hand and a bath towel in the other. Daniel thought she looked even more tantalizing from the front as her boobs shook and swayed from side to side.

"I hope this fits." Julie felt dreamy, euphoric, and high. Her mind drifted in a way similar to when she'd taken Ecstasy with her boyfriend in college. She knew her brain wasn't working quite right, but she didn't care. She got on her knees in front of Daniel, put the towel next to her, and tore the packet open.

"How are we going to ... um ... get my dick ... in you? You're too tight." Daniel didn't want to break the spell that was over them and immediately wished he hadn't said anything. He could see her dark pupils dilated to wide circles. She didn't seem to notice or care that her little pussy couldn't fit his big dick.



“Don’t worry about that.” They’d cross that bridge when they got to it. Julie ignored the nagging thoughts that scratched at the back of her mind about morality and Christian decency. “Let’s just get this on.” She reached up and tried to unroll the condom over the purple head in front of her. It wouldn’t go. “Oh, no.” Julie frowned and tried again, this time pulling hard at the edges of the condom. But it just wouldn’t stretch wide enough. She rested the rolled condom on the tip of the head and felt Daniel’s pulse through her fingertips.



“I’ll pull out, Mom.” Daniel was ready.

“That’s a sentence no mother expects to hear,” Julie murmured. She dropped the condom to the floor and stood. She pushed Daniel back on the bed and straddled his narrow hips. “You’ll let it out in the towel when it’s time. Okay?” She reached under her and grabbed his beastly thing.

Daniel nodded and looked up at his beautiful mother. His nostrils flared. He could smell her wetness and it was heaven’s scent.

“Now ... ooohhhhhh ...” Julie lowered herself. “... we’ll see about ... getting this inside me.” To her surprise, she felt a great spreading sensation as inch after inch of the penis penetrated her. “Gosh, Danny ... uuuuuggggghhhhhh ... you fit.” The most animalistic impulses she’d ever felt welled inside Julie. She bottomed out and sat perfectly still on her son’s hips. “It’s in my belly. How ... does it feel ... to you?”

“Your pussy feels ... uh ...” Daniel grunted as he felt his dickhead push up against something. “... amazing.” His mom’s insides were so much warmer than Eloise’s.

“Language ... Danny ...” Julie place her hands on Daniel’s chest and rocked her hips experimentally. She could feel him pushing around her insides. It was both unsettling, and exquisite. “A woman’s vagina ... is not a p-u-s-s-y.” She spelled out the word so she wouldn’t have to say it. Her hips rocked faster. “You’re ... so deep ... uh ... uh ... uh ...” Soft grunts escaped her lips. She’d never made such sounds before. She leaned back, placed her hands on Daniel’s thighs, and bounced up and down. Julie was so used to her husband’s thing, that she kept thinking she’d dislodge Daniel at the top of her motion, but his penis never left her. Emboldened, she bounced higher and still he stayed. Julie’s eyes rolled in her head. Why had no one told her sex could be like this?



“Wow, wow, wow,” Daniel mumbled to himself as he watched her enormous, teardrop boobs swing in opposite circles to one another.



“Daaannnyyyyyyy,” Julie shrieked as an orgasm overtook her. Her shoulders convulsed and her body shook.

Daniel couldn't believe that his reserved mother could bounce and writhe as she did. She bared her clenched teeth and her face twisted with one eye open and one eye closed. She seemed a woman possessed. Maybe she was.

When her orgasm passed, Julie rode Daniel harder. She put the soles of her feet on the bed and held her arms out to the side. Her fingers flexed and made odd gestures as rapture moved through her. “I'm humping ... uh ... uh ... uh ... you, Danny. I'm humping you.”

A thought occurred to Daniel. “You're cheating ... on Dad. This is cheating.” He gripped the blanket by his hips. He could feel his balls churning.

“Oh, my gosh. Uh ... uh ... uh ...” Julie's grunts and squeals filled the room. “You're right. What would your father think?”

Across town, George sat in the police station waiting room next to his daughter. She was on her phone, ignoring him. The hairs on the back of his neck suddenly stood up. Something was happening. Something ... wrong. George looked around the room, but didn't see anything amiss. He slouched down in his chair and tried to ignore the sensation. He took a deep breath. It was nothing, he told himself. Just the aftereffects of the prowler accosting the twins. Everything was fine. He pulled his phone out of his pocket and texted Julie to see how she and Daniel were doing. He waited several minutes for her to respond. When she didn't reply, he texted again. But he didn't hear back. After a while, he opened a puzzle on his phone and tried to take his mind off his worries.

Back in the Palmer Mansion, Julie had just worked through another orgasm. She was back to bouncing on her son with astonishingly long strokes. She looked down at his young, handsome face and admired the vitality of youth. She reveled in her eighteen-year-old's raw, physical stamina and power.



"I'm going to cum, Mom." Daniel gripped the blanket tighter. "The ... towel."

"Don't worry ... oooohhhh ... about the towel." Julie slid high enough to dislodge him and then pounced on his penis. She sucked him into her mouth and stroked with both hands. She must be crazy. She was intent on milking him dry.

"Oh ... Mom ... aaaahhhhhhhhh." Daniel's cock erupted in Julie's mouth. Pure joy filled his body. He shuddered with each shot down his mother's throat.



Julie's eyes fluttered as the hot, salty mess filled her mouth. Her cheeks expanded and then she began swallowing. She gulped and gulped and felt the heat move down to her belly. She never would have believed that she could swallow so much. When he was done, she kept her mouth on him for a long time, swirling her tongue around the bulbous head.

"Mom?" Daniel looked down at her, with her lips stretched around him. "Did you swallow it all?"

"Mmmmmmmmm." Julie nodded with the penis still in her mouth. Eventually, she let go and looked up at Daniel. Some wayward cum dripped down her dainty chin. "That was crazy, Danny."

"Yeah." Daniel nodded. "Can we do it again?"

"Yes." The reality of what had just happened slowly crept into Julie's mind. "I mean, no." She shook her head. "No, no, no." She climbed off the bed and looked at the bedside alarm clock. "We don't know when your father and sister could come home." Mentioning her husband was like a splash of cold water on her face.

"Your father ... what have we done, Danny?"

"It's okay, Mom." Daniel sat up. His dick, still hard, pressed into his stomach. "What do you need me to do?" Seeing her distressed like she was brought on a surge of guilt. He didn't want to destroy his parents' marriage. But looking at her breathtaking beauty, he knew this couldn't be a one-time thing. Daniel couldn't reconcile the two thoughts as they pulled at him.

“Can you walk?” Julie bent down and picked up the towel she had brought out with her with the intention of using it for her son’s sperm. Goodness. She touched her stomach. Sperm that she’d swallowed. She wrapped the towel around her torso so that she was covered.



"Let me see." Daniel scooted off the bed and stood. "It hurts, but I think I can walk."

"This is what you can do for me, pumpkin." Julie bent down and picked up the unused condom. She made a mental list of all the things she needed to pick up and clean before George got home. Change the blanket on their bed. Clean up the bathroom downstairs. Take another shower. It was all doable. "Get yourself into the shower and make that thing go down." She pointed at his penis. "Then get dressed and get some ice on your ankle. I'll do the cleaning. Can you do that?" She bent down and picked up the torn foil packet.

"Yeah, Mom." Daniel limped to the door, his dick swaying slowly with every halting step. He turned back to look at Julie. "I didn't mean to ..."

"We'll talk about it later." Julie tried to give him a smile.

"And what about your ... um ... boobs and stuff?" Daniel nodded to the cleavage just above the towel. "What are you gonna tell Dad?"

"They really are bigger, aren't they?" Julie raised her eyebrows and looked down at her body.

Daniel nodded.

"I'll tell your father it's hormones or something." Julie shooed her son with her hands. "Now go, before they get home."

"Um ..." Daniel didn't move.

"Thank you, Mom. That was the best thing that ever happened to me. I love you so much."

"I love you too, sweetie. Now, get a move on." Julie turned and pulled the blanket off the bed. Thankfully nothing had soaked through to the sheets.

Daniel turned, left his parents' room, and limped down the hall. His mind was pulled in so many directions. He wondered what would become of them in Palmer Mansion.

