



CHAPTER 6 PART I

# THE HAUNTING OF PALMER MANSION





# The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

## Chapter 6 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!

Have questions about a story? Need to look up characters or past plot points? Check out the comprehensive Rawlyverse wiki page  
<https://wiki.rawlyrawls.net/x/ujrplw>

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 version of this novel.

To see more of TenderMinDD's art:  
<https://patreon.com/tendermindd>

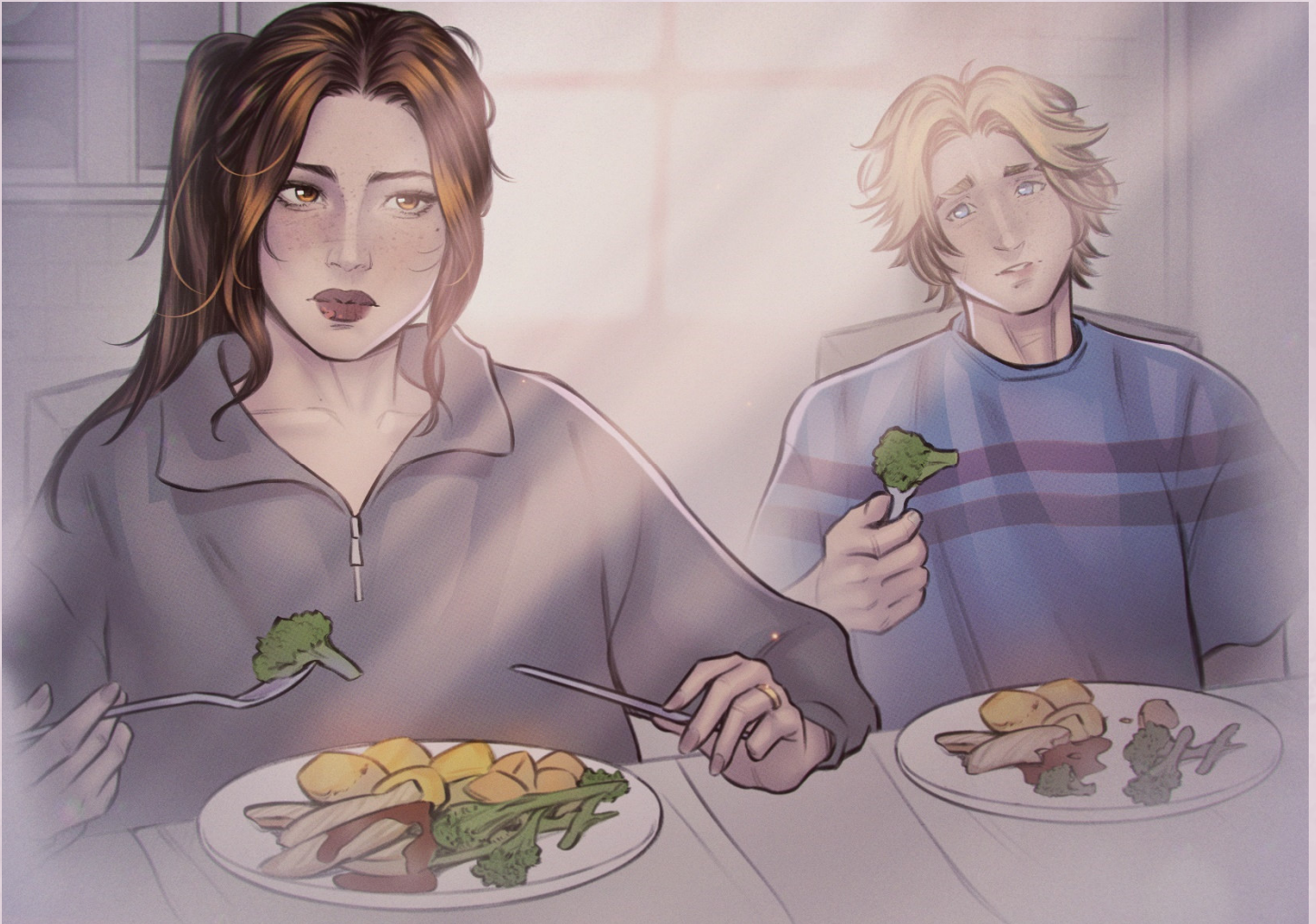


"There's something different about you." George looked at his wife across the dinner table. "New haircut?"

"No." Julie shook her head and blushed. Was her husband really so clueless? She'd made a deal with a dead woman. That deal had somehow changed her body. More importantly, she'd done irredeemable things with her eighteen-year-old son. "Nothing's different."

"She's just wearing different clothes, Dad." Daniel eyed his broccoli and pushed it around his plate with his fork.

"Yeah, Mom. You're always on the frumpy side of things, but you really went the extra mile tonight." Brittney pointed at the oversized shirt Julie wore over her dress. "Is that one of Dad's sweatshirts?"



"Yes." Julie nodded and took a sip of water. "I think I'd like some wine tonight. Do you want some wine, George?"

"Yes, to wine." George stroked his beard. "But it's not the clothes. Something else changed, but I can't quite put my finger on it."

"It's nothing," Julie said in a hushed voice. She quickly stood and rushed into the kitchen to fetch a bottle of wine and two glasses.

"I'll have some wine, too," Brittney called after her.

"When you're twenty-one." George gave his daughter a stern look. "Not a day before."



"Here you go, George." Julie returned to the dining room with two glasses and the bottle. She put a wine glass in front of her husband and looked at the red liquid sloshing back and forth, thinking of that hellish glow that had emanated from her breasts, hips, and between her legs. What sort of bargain had she struck? Julie didn't know.

"Thank you." George looked up at his wife as she stood next to him eyeing her wine. "You can sit back down now."

"What?" Julie's cheeks flushed a deeper red and she returned to her seat. "Sorry, I was just thinking." She placed the wine bottle in the middle of the table and took a long sip from her wine.

"Good ... broccoli." Daniel had yet to take a bite. His cheeks also turned rosy as he thought about why his mom might be so nervous. Daniel had invaded her earlier that day. He'd plundered her and stretched her. It was more than strange trying to pretend everything was normal when it wasn't. Daniel felt a bit woozy. Would her pussy tighten back up or would it be different now?

"What's up with you two?" Brittney watched her brother closely. "You're acting weird, Danny."

"It's just been a long, strange day, Britt." George watched his wife finish off her wine and pour herself another glass. "What with the prowler and everything."

"I want us to bring in an expert on the supernatural, George. I feel like our house is haunted." Julie looked over at her husband with soft, brown eyes.

"Not this again." George took a bite of chicken and chewed. "Even if I thought it was a good idea, we don't have the money. That and ghosts aren't real."

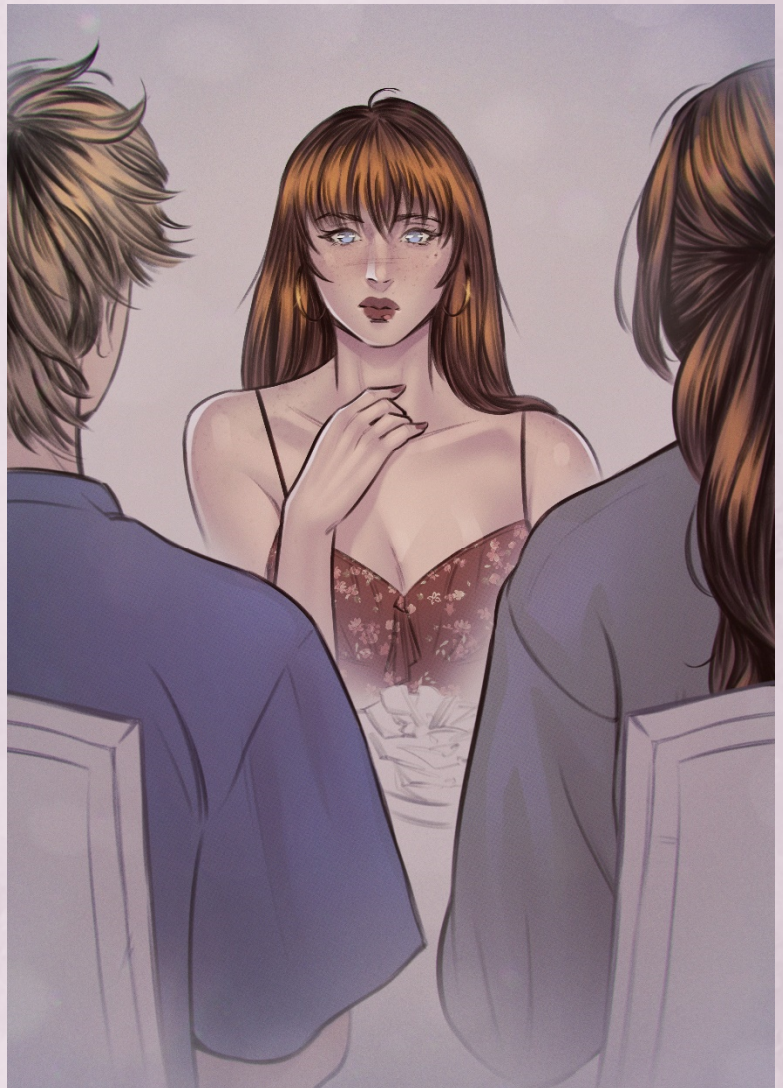
Julie was tempted to refute his pig-headedness by telling George about her experiences that day. She could strip right there at the table and show him what the mansion had done to her. But she would never hurt her husband like that. She chose a different tack. "It's in the bible. Just look at 1 Samuel 28. King Saul brings in the Witch of Endor to communicate with prophet Samuel's ghost. And it works. The ghost talks to them." She took another sip of wine. "I'll find someone who'll help us for free. I promise."

"Your own Witch of Endor?" George could feel himself losing this argument.

"Something like that." Julie nodded and polished off her second glass of wine. She poured herself a third.

"Fine." George sighed. "But I don't want this getting in the way of our remodel."

"Fine." Julie nodded. She could get a handle on the situation.





~~

That night, Julie secluded herself in the study. She shopped for new bras online, but didn't really know what size she needed. Drunk and exhausted, she was really just waiting for her husband to go to sleep before she went to bed.





Much later, in the darkness of her bedroom, she removed her clothes down to her panties and slipped under the sheets next to the snoring George. What would she tell him when he finally noticed her more womanly body? Would he even notice?

Julie lay in her bed a long time, her mind returning again and again to that deep penetration by Daniel's oversized thing. She knew that after those events, she'd never be the same. But she hoped that if they could exorcise the house, she and Daniel might return to some semblance of normal. Without thinking about it, her hands moved down under her panties. She quietly stroked herself to orgasm while her husband snored next to her. She was terrified of getting caught by him, but she couldn't stop. After about ten minutes, she shuddered through ecstasy and worked to catch her breath.

The masturbation had a calming effect. A little while later, sleep took her and she dreamed of giving herself to dark creatures. It was a fitful night of tossing and turning.

~~





The hallway was a scary place at night. Of course, Daniel was old enough that the dark shouldn't frighten him. And that was true until Frederick Palmer changed it. Now the great mansion was a looming threat with all its lights extinguished for the day. Unfortunately, Daniel had to pee and the only way to get to the bathroom was to cross that gloomy hall.

Daniel flipped off the blanket and limped across his room. Moonlight bathed the floorboards in a pale glow. He adjusted his micro-boxers, the only thing he wore, and shivered. He looked both ways, but the long hall offered nothing but still shadows. He wanted to dart into the bathroom, but his gimpy ankle wouldn't let him. He slowly moved across the hall, flipped on the bathroom light, and relieved himself. When he was done, he turned toward the bathroom doorway and froze. He still held his torpid dick in his hands.

"No smile for me, Daniel?" Eloise stood in the hall, looking in at him. She wore a long, white nightgown and cradled her large belly with her left hand. Eloise looked down at the soft penis. "Your leviathan sleeps, I see. I can understand that it would be tired. Such a busy day."

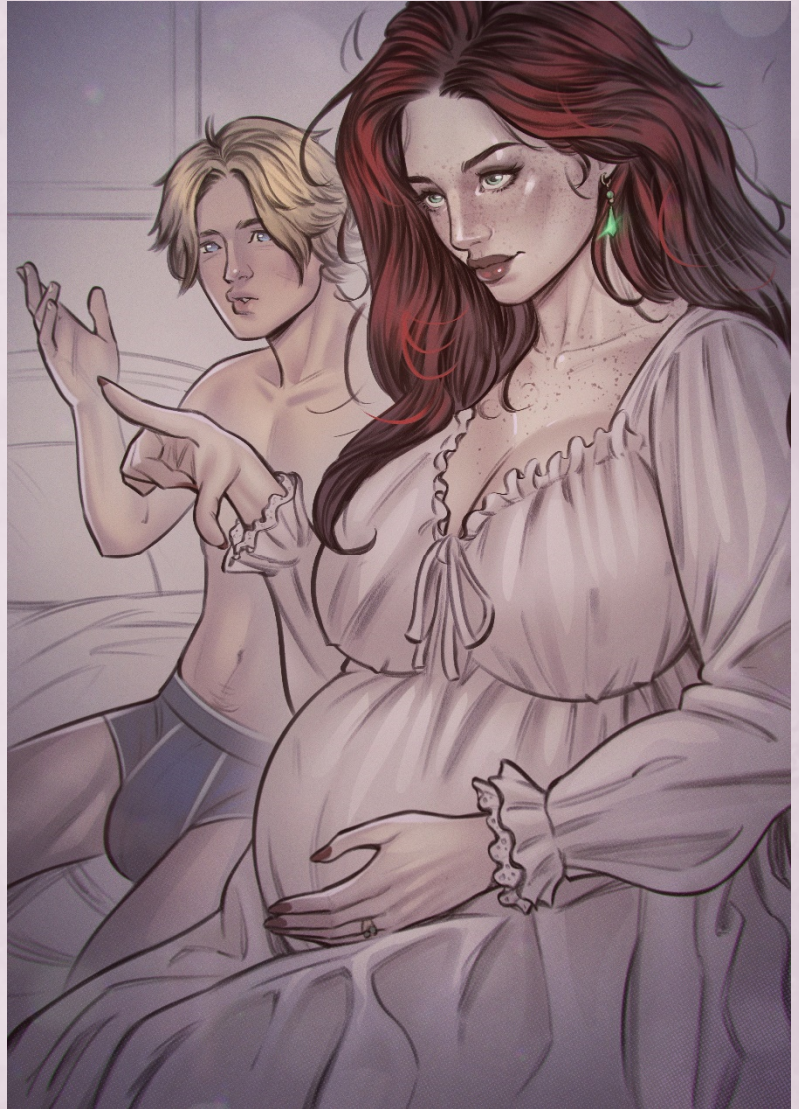
"I'm sorry, Mrs. Palmer." Daniel tucked his dick back in his underwear. He flushed the toilet and washed his hands at the sink. "You startled me. I thought you might be ... him."

"Mr. Palmer?" Eloise arched an eyebrow and looked to her left and right conspiratorially. "He does indeed search, even now. But his anger blinds him, dearie. He is ... attenuated at present. Never fear." She held her arms open in front of her. "Now, let me embrace my little conqueror. We have much to celebrate."

Without thinking, Daniel finally gave her that smile and limped into her arms. Despite the cool temperature of her skin, he felt so perfectly at home pressed up against the swelling mountains of her breasts and belly. He squeezed her tight and looked up into her mirthful, green eyes. "I did it, Mrs. Palmer. I don't know if I should have, but I did it."

"You certainly did." Eloise kissed him on the forehead and took his hand in hers. She led him back into his bedroom and closed the door behind them. "Never feel shame for what you do with your mother, Danny. It is the most natural thing and will bring you both an ocean of happiness." She brought him to his bed, moving slowly so as not to push his sprained ankle too much. They sat down on the edge of the mattress. She gazed at a picture on the wall with lots of curving lines and circles. "What does that illustration chart?"

"That poster?" Daniel glanced at the wall. "That shows every mission beyond Earth's orbit. You see that's Earth there. That's Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and so on."





"Missions? You've lost me, I'm afraid." A slight frown crept across her freckled face. There was so much to this new world that was beyond her.

"Well ... um ... maybe I could explain it later?" Daniel regarded the gentle curve of her feminine jawline and her dainty, alluring neck. "We were talking about my mom?"

"Yes, of course." The sadness disappeared and Eloise's white teeth reappeared, framed in a bright smile. "You found a task worthy of that mighty bludgeon." She looked down at his underwear and could see his penis hardening. "And it's not as weary as I thought. All to the good."

"So, you're happy?" Daniel pushed his blond hair back on his head and gave her a look full of eagerness. "Can we ...?"

Eloise let out her jaunty, melodic laugh. "Young men have a mind for only one thing. But first, some discourse. While I am pleased that you maneuvered Julie Anderson into bed, I have some disquiet over your manner once she opened her flower to you."

"What do you mean?" Daniel's fingers twisted the blanket in his hand. Had he done something wrong? Well, of course he'd done something wrong. He'd had sex with his mother.

"Attend, Daniel." Eloise reached up and caressed his soft cheek with her fingertips. "You are no longer the meek thing you were. If you mate with acquiescence, you'll lose your women to the stallion in the neighboring pasture. Understand? You don't want to play the part of the gelding, like your father."



"Wait just a second, he -" Daniel fell back on the bed as her frigid hands pushed on his bare chest.

"But fear not, young one." Eloise lifted her nightgown to her waist and straddled Daniel. "I will teach you all that you must know. Now, seize my bosom."

"What?" Daniel looked up at her in confusion.

"Demonstrate your longing. Take my breasts in your hands and maul them, dearie." She smiled sweetly down at him, like she'd asked him to fetch her an ice cream.

"I'm not supposed to. I shouldn't have even pulled your hair that one time. I mean, I want to, but it's not right." Daniel stared at her with wide eyes.

"Don't make me cross." Eloise's face darkened and her smile evaporated. Suddenly looking quite formidable, she swung her right hand and struck Daniel's left cheek with her open palm. The sound of the slap reverberated around the room. "Do as I ask."



"Yes, Mrs. Palmer." Daniel's cheek burned. He resolved not to disappoint Eloise again. "Like this?" He reached up and massaged her boobs, tugging a pulling. They were so full and supple, and so cold.





"I can see I'll have to be patient. You are such a tender soul." Eloise sighed and a little half-smile returned to her lips. The darkness had passed. "You have the tools, dearie. But you have much to learn. We'll take small steps." She reached under her and pulled his boxers down to his thighs. "But I don't mean to only reprimand you on your day of glory. You may have your reward." She grasped his throbbing cock and slid it into her vagina. The rod was so warm, and it filled her with the most wonderful heat. "Let me guide you a little." She reached down and took his hands in hers. She placed his small hands on her rocking hips. "You sat there like a lump while your mother did all the work. You may think that your prodigious bludgeon is enough for any woman on its own. But that is not so."

"I don't want to ... uh ... uh ... hurt anyone." Daniel grunted as her frigid pussy clamped on his dick.

"Never fear ... oooohhhhhh ... I ask only that you hold me with some urgency at this time. Women yearn to be needed." Eloise sped up her hips. She pulled her nightgown over her head, exposing her pale skin to the moonlight. "All women want to be kneaded." She tossed the nightgown to the floor. The round mounds of her boobs and belly shook with the effort of her coupling. "Evidence to a woman your desire by releasing your manly nature. Continue your practice on me. Now."

"Okay." Daniel sat up so that he could reach around and cup her butt. He pressed hard into her icy flesh and massaged each cheek.

"Yeesssssss." Eloise cherished the feeling of his thin chest pushing against her pregnant belly. They fit together perfectly. The young gentleman and the mature lady, both at the height of vitality. "You need no permission. Win my heart through my body, as a ruffian would. Take what you want. This is what a woman wants. This is what your mother wants."

"I ... uh ... uh ... understand." Daniel's pleasure built as the pale woman undulated on his lap. He leaned forward, without asking, and pressed his lips to the chill of her breasts. He softly nibbled at the supple nipple between his teeth.





"That's it, dearie," Eloise hissed. She cradled his head in her hands, running her fingers through his blond hair.  
"Take ... take ... take ... all that I offer. And then push me to offer more."





"Mmmmmmmmm." Daniel sucked on the nipple and cold, sweet milk flowed into his mouth. He gulped the intoxicating drink down. His hands gripped her firm butt, pressing her onto his dick with each forward churn of her hips.

Eloise rode Daniel like that for a long time. She cooed and grunted as he moved his mouth from one breast to the other, taking her milk from her. Eventually, she felt the spasms in his thighs and hips. He was ready. "Now it's ... ooohhhhhh ... your turn to give, Danny. Fill me with your infernal seed."

Daniel barely heard her words, he was so lost in the ecstasy of the moment. "Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." He unloaded inside the apparition's pussy, convulsing with each shot of cum. When he was done and coming down from his high, he found that he'd already been tucked into bed. He was so tired. He looked up to see the naked redhead lean over him and give him a kiss on the forehead. "Goodnight," Daniel said and closed his eyes.

"Goodnight, my prince," Eloise whispered. "May you conquer many in your dreams." She straightened up and smiled down at the boy as he drifted into sleep. And she, herself, drifted off, too, disappearing from the room like dust on the wind.

