

CHAPTER 8 PART 2



THE HAUNTING OF
PALMER MANSION

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Haunting of Palmer Mansion

Chapter 8 Part 2

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>

Julie nearly ran into her daughter-in-law in the hallway. "Goodness, Penelope. What are you doing up? It's after midnight."

"Oh ... sorry." Penelope tried to focus. "Just getting some ... water."

"Well, okay." Julie looked the woman up and down but couldn't see much in the gloom of the hallway. She could tell that Penelope's legs were bare under her long t-shirt. "Goodnight then." Julie stepped around her and opened the door to the master bedroom.

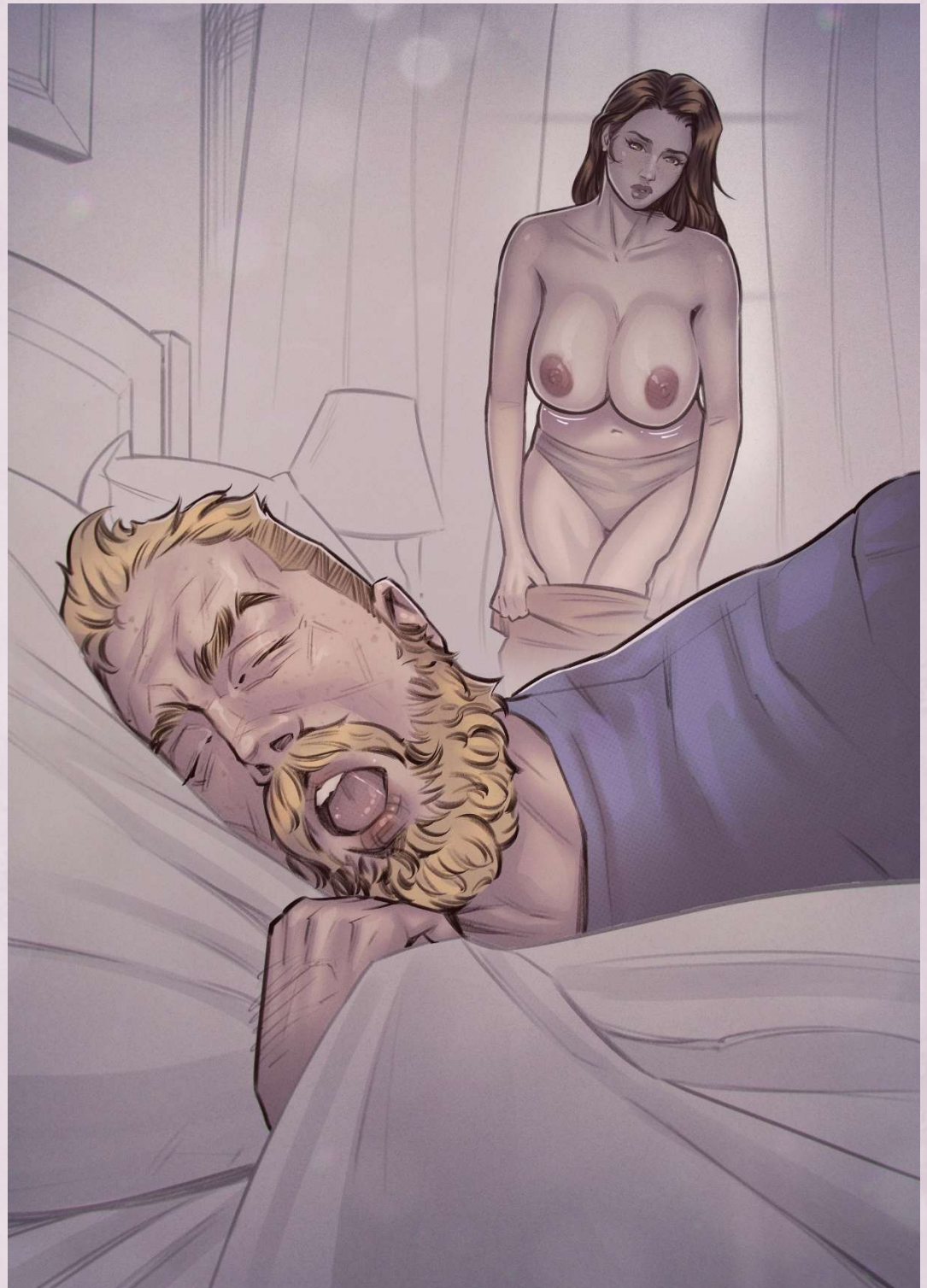
"Goodnight, Julie." Penelope wandered off down the hall toward the stairs.

Julie didn't have time to think about Penelope. She wanted to make love to her husband. Now that she'd ended it with Daniel, she felt a pressing need to make a connection with George. She needed to make amends. She closed the door behind her and walked over to the bed.

George slept on his side, gently snoring. Julie disrobed, slipped under the covers, and reached around his hip. Her hand wormed its way inside his pajamas and grasped his penis. It surprised her how small it felt. She sighed and stroked the soft little thing. She supposed everything was relative and she'd have to get used to it again.

Eventually, she got her husband hard and woke him. She mounted George and slipped him inside her, but was stunned by the how little she felt in her vagina.

"What's gotten into you, Jules?" George reached up and massaged his wife's boobs.



"Just wanted to feel you, George." Julie rocked her hips, but sex with George wasn't what it used to be. Had Daniel ruined her with his massive thing? The thought frightened her.

"Your boobs ... are they bigger?" This was the first time George had touched her breasts in a while.

"It's just hormones. Now let me ..." Julie adjusted her hips and bounced on him, but was still met with frustration.



"Oh ... oh ... oooohhhhhh." George shook.

"Wait, you don't have a condom on." Julie pulled off him and finished him with her hand.

When he'd calmed down, George looked over at Julie in the darkness. "That was great. I still got it, don't I?" He smiled.

"You sure do," she lied. Julie got out of bed and walked toward the bathroom. "I need a shower." But what she really needed was to satisfy herself. She suddenly regretted letting the Samatars take that enormous dildo. Her fingers would have to do.

~~



The tick-tock of the Palmer clock echoed throughout the mansion as Penelope descended the stairs. It seemed to her that her own heartbeat fell in time with it, like the mechanics of the clock were some sort of metronome for her very life.

Penelope trailed her fingertips along the wall to help guide her in the darkness. She couldn't remember what she had been looking for. As she searched her mind, a sudden memory sprung up. She was in a small room with a large taxidermized bear in the corner. It was frightening.

Something else came to her. In the memory, her dress was up around her waist and she rode a redheaded young man for all she was worth. The feeling that gripped her as the memory played in her mind was that of complete penetration. Filthy, animalistic entry by an enormous cock. Her insides trembled at the thought of it. She stumbled at the bottom of the stairs, and saw a strip of light cast from a room to her right. She staggered toward it.

The lighted room was the library and she stopped in the open door when she arrived. Inside, she could see Daniel sitting in an armchair, his head in his hands. He looked like he was crying. Her heart broke for him. Someone had trampled on a beautiful flower, and Penelope needed to nurse it back to health.

Penelope took a deep breath to clear her mind of those awful memories and stepped into the room. She hadn't taken three steps when another memory stopped her in her tracks. Thomas. The redheaded man with the monster cock was named Thomas. My God. Thomas was the name of the man that had broken her marriage vows. His cold dick had plundered her insides and deposited icy loads of semen deep inside her. She shivered. Had she climbed on his lap willingly, bouncing on him like she was trying to win the Kentucky Derby? "Daniel?" With another deep breath, Penelope pushed the memory aside. "Are you okay?"

"Pen?" Daniel looked up through blurry eyes. "I was just ... um ... thinking."

"You look so sad." Penelope walked across the room, very conscious of her bare legs. "What can I do to help?" She stopped next to his chair and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Are you good with girl troubles?"

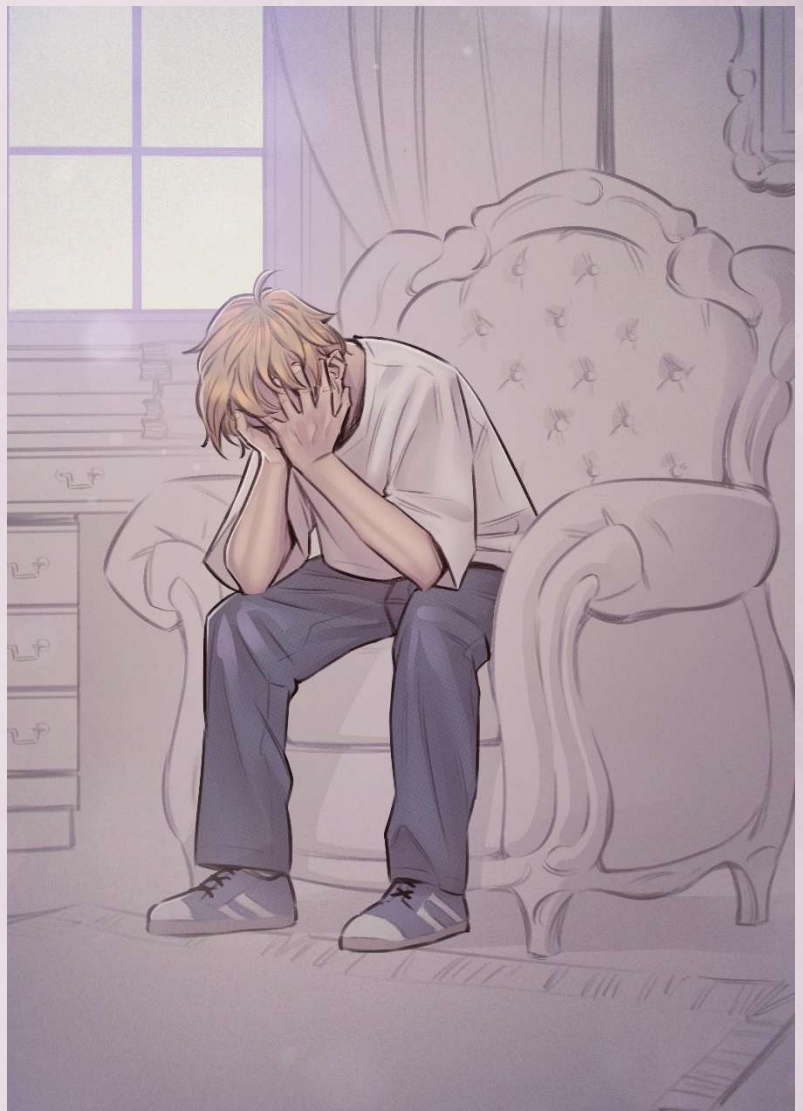
"You had a breakup?" Penelope offered a reassuring smile. It was strange how quickly she'd been able to release those terrible memories. Like a passing dream.

Daniel nodded.

"I'm here for you." Penelope squeezed his shoulder.

"I always thought you were so pretty." Daniel put his hand on hers and felt its warmth. "But now, you look even more ... beautiful." Even with her baggy t-shirt, Daniel could see her curves. Her blonde hair looked radiant in the warm lamplight.

"Thank you." Penelope tensed as another memory surfaced. This new memory was even more shocking than her sudden, enthusiastic infidelity with that boy, Thomas. She had made some sort of deal. She could still see the freckled face leering up at her as she screamed out orgasm after orgasm. Thomas asked if she wanted to feel that way again and she said yes. She would accept and pay for that pleasure. Then she felt so hot and her body turned a luminescent red. The heat that had crept over her had been so intense that she pressed herself into Thomas's frigid flesh. Praying he'd unload in her again so that his cold seed would offer relief to her poor vagina. Penelope shook her head. "I'm okay." She breathed in, held it, and then slowly exhaled. The memory faded.



"Um ... alright." Feeling bold for the first time in his life around this amazing woman, Daniel took her hand from his shoulder and brushed her fingers over his lips.

"You really are a handsome young man, aren't you?" Penelope gazed down at his blue eyes and held her breath again when he gently placed her finger in his mouth. "Oh, Jeez. That's so ... " She now knew that she really had given Daniel a blowjob earlier. It had happened. Nothing in this house was a dream. And, at the same time, all of it was. Had she been wrong to run out on him? "You look a little like Brad, but you're so different."



Daniel took the finger out of his mouth and lifted up the hem of her shirt. He found white panties and gently pulled them off her wide hips and past muscular thighs. "Brad's an asshole. I'm not." He could see her neatly trimmed blonde bush and protruding pussy lips. They looked perfect.

"No, he means well." Penelope caressed his cheek with her wet finger. "He just ... oh ... what are you ...? Oooohhhhhhh." Her eighteen-year-old brother-in-law dropped her panties to the floor, spread her legs a little, and placed his tongue right on her slit. He held her firmly by her butt cheeks. "That's so ... goooooooodddd." She wove her fingers into his blond hair and dug her nails into his scalp. Her thighs trembled. The sound of his tongue slurping at her pussy was completely obscene. Through fluttering eyelids, Penelope watched the open door to the library, but she couldn't bring herself to part with Daniel long enough to close it. "I'm going to cccuuuummmmmmmmmmm." She gyrated her hips and creamed on his young tongue.

When her hips quieted, Daniel pulled back and looked up at her. "I'm not

sad anymore." His face glistened with her juice. His dick stood hard and ready, recovered from the letdown with Julie.

"Now ... I ... didn't mean ... that's not the sort of help ... I," Penelope stammered.

"I just really need to be close to someone right now." Daniel pulled on her hips and lowered her to her knees on the floor between his legs. "I want to forget about the breakup. Can you help with that?"

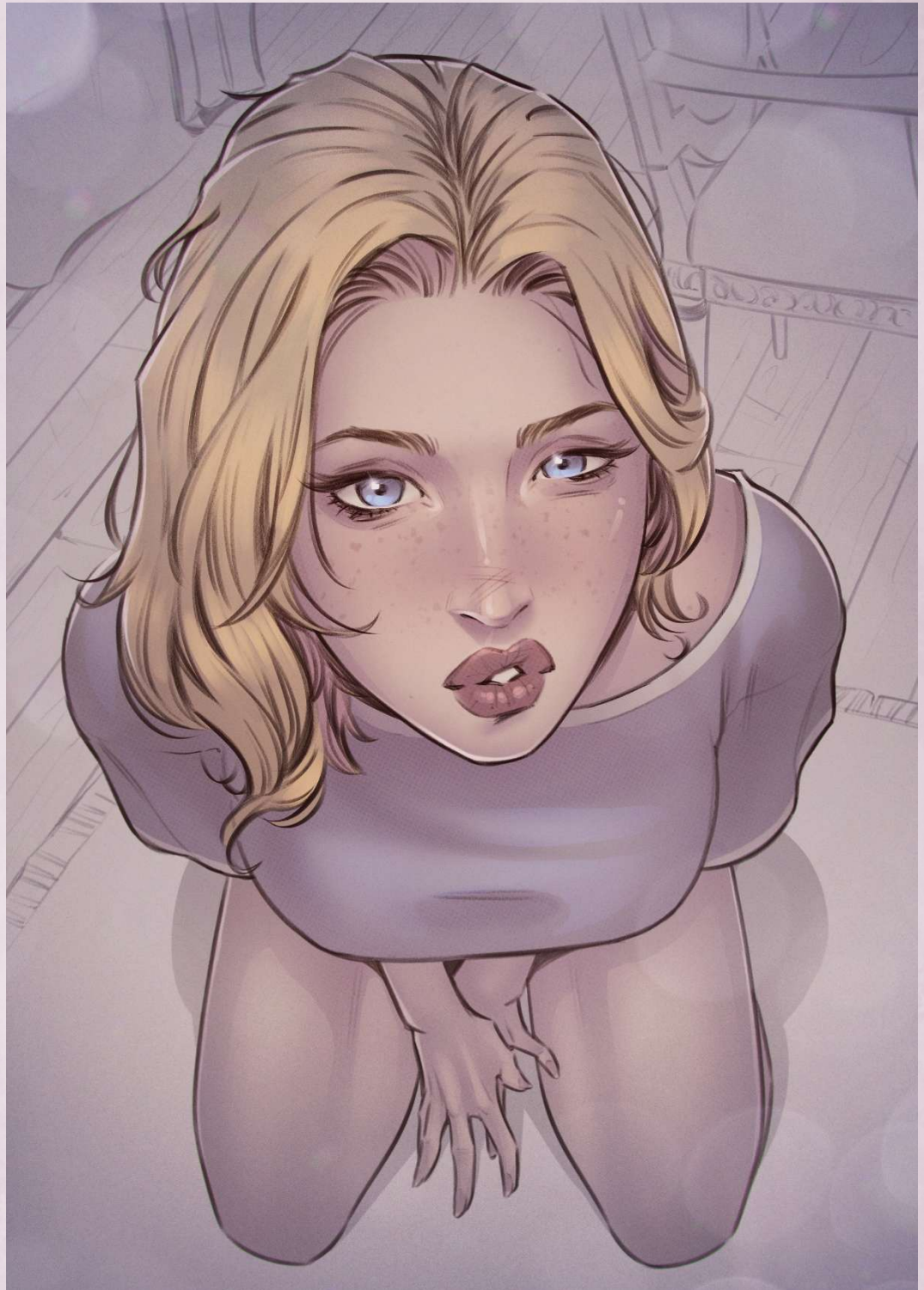
Penelope looked up at his monster cock, twitching and oozing precum. Her blue eyes went round and glassy. "You want me to suck it? Again?" Her unsure hands reached up and felt the veiny thickness. The dick was not only out of proportion with his body, it would have been out of proportion attached to any man she'd ever known.

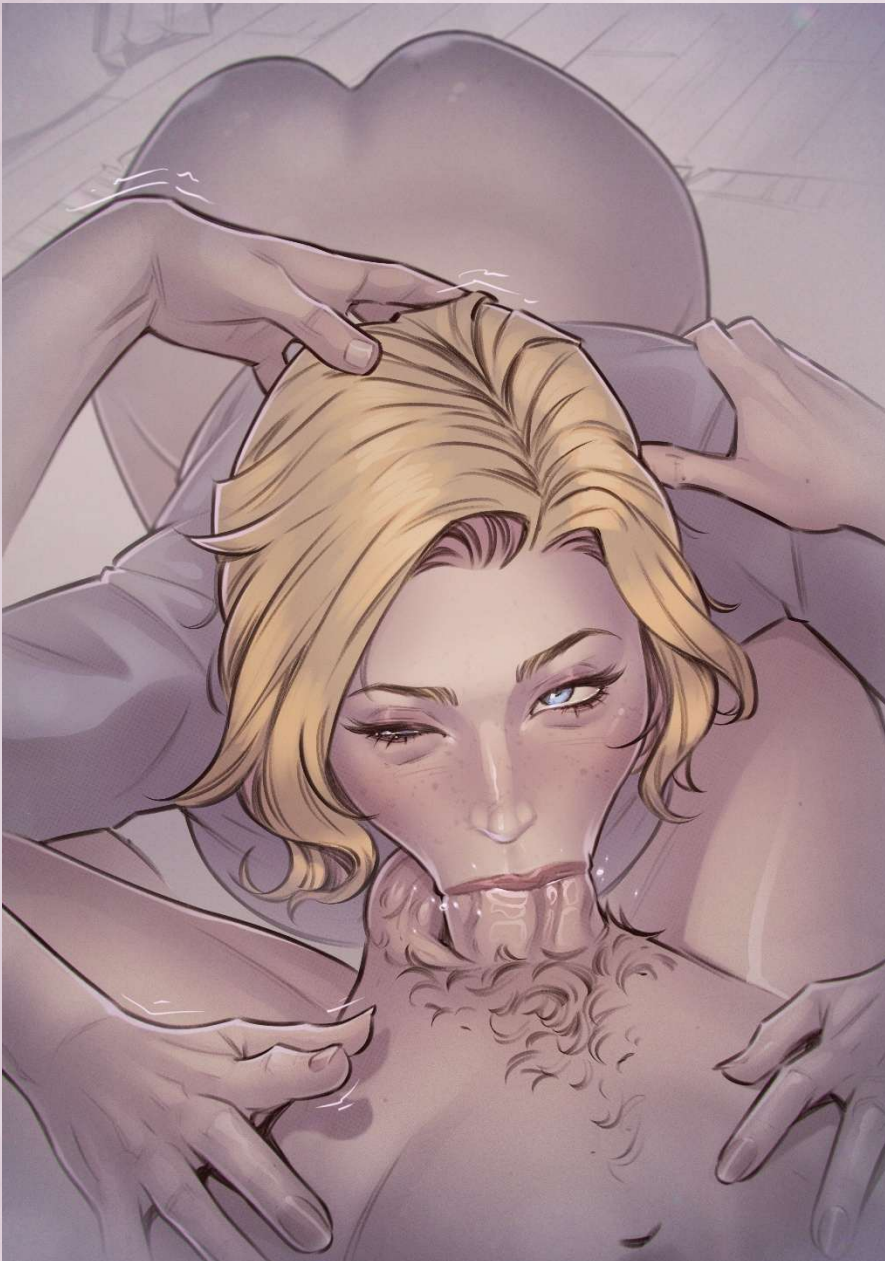
"Yes, please." Daniel leaned back in the chair and gazed down at the look of amazement on her face.

"Well, I suppose." Penelope leaned forward and took him into her mouth. Her tongue met his salty precum and she purred. In a day, she'd gone from a faithful wife who'd never considered infidelity, to willingly taking a cold, strange cock in her pussy and sucking off her brother-in-law twice. Reflecting on the past twenty-four hours made her head spin. She stroked his dick with both hands and awkwardly bobbed her head as she tried to adjust her technique to his size.

"Better than I imagined." Daniel placed his hands on the back of her head.

The words made Penelope suck even harder. He'd been imagining this. Of course, the little guy had been crushing on her. How had she never seen it before? The hands on her head pushed a little and the cock went deeper into her mouth. She gurgled and gagged a little. The pressure continued, and with each successive bob her head dropped farther and farther down. This was impossible. Even with Brad's much smaller penis, she'd never been able to blow him like this. It felt like the world just kept tilting under her. Her hands moved from the shaft to Daniel's hips, holding on for dear life.





"Yes." Daniel pushed and pulled on Penelope's hair until she took almost the whole thing. "You were ... uh ... uh ... uh ... made for this, Pen."

"Uuuuuggghhhh." Why wasn't she gagging anymore? The long dick was down her damn throat. The idea sunk in. Daniel was right, she was made for this. What a thing, to discover you were made for blowing giant cocks.

"Not yet. Not yet." Daniel pulled Penelope off his dick and looked down as she gasped for air. "I want to do it with you."

"Do ... what?" She looked up at him, pulling the collar of her shirt up and wiping off the dripping saliva around her mouth.

"Hop on." A flicker of uncertainty passed on Daniel's face. "I mean, you're so beautiful, and it would really help with the breakup if I could ... you know ... put it inside you."

Penelope laughed. She couldn't help herself. "You're serious? I can't cheat on Brad." *Again*, she silently cursed to herself. "And ..." She nudged the enormous cock with her finger and lost her train of thought. It swayed a little. He had to be over a foot long. "It won't

fit. Even if I wanted to, you'd tear me in two." She wrapped her fingers back around the shaft and slowly pumped him, trying to ignore her wedding ring sparkling in the warm light. "Maybe I could finish you with my hands, and then we could forget about the whole thing. Okay?" But even as she said it, she knew she was going to cheat on Brad for a second time. Whatever had happened to her in that locked room with Thomas had opened some sort of door inside her.

"Let's just put the tip in, then." Daniel pulled off his shirt and tossed it behind him. "If it doesn't fit, I promise I won't ever ask again."

"What about your brother?" Penelope felt a warm tingling in her belly just holding Daniel's cock.

"Brad deserves this."

"That's not true." But it dawned on Penelope that it might actually be true.

"Climb on, Pen." Daniel looked at her with plaintive eyes. "I always thought you were too good for Brad. Too smart. Too sweet. Too beautiful."

"Really?" Penelope blushed and stood up, still holding on to Daniel's cock with her left hand. There was just enough room on the chair for her legs on either side of his narrow hips. She mounted him. "I wouldn't normally do this. But you looked so sad. And ... ooohhhhhh ..." She placed the cockhead at her entrance and lowered her hips just a fraction of an inch. "Oh ... ooohhhhhh ... and this house is ... I don't think I should have messed up that salt symbol thing on the ... uh ... floor." She lowered herself a little more, staring at a bookcase blankly. "I ... uuuggghhhhhh ... you're so big. Even bigger than Thomas."

"Who's Thomas?" Daniel placed his hands under the hem of her shirt and gripped her soft, warm hips.

"He's ... uh ... uh ... just ..."
She dropped her hips a little more and put her hands on Daniel's slim shoulders. She was almost halfway. "... an old boyfriend."

"Oh, cool." Daniel pulled down on her hips and speared her all the way with his dick. He gazed up at her pretty face as it twisted into what looked like a silent snarl. Her eyes rolled upward.

"Jeez, Danny. You're ... ooohhhhhh ... in my belly." Penelope had taken Thomas, so maybe it shouldn't have surprised her that Daniel fit inside her, too. "I feel like ... uh ... uh ... I'm sitting on a ... skyscraper." She rocked her hips tentatively, afraid of pain that never came. All she could feel was her erstwhile tight pussy in extreme tension as it loosened and wrapped around him. That, and the flood of pleasure that came with it.

~~





Julie didn't remember waking, or leaving her bedroom. But somehow, she found herself on the main floor near the library. It was still dark out, but she didn't know the time. Light spilled out of the open library door. Naked, except for her panties, Julie covered her breasts with an arm and stepped closer to the light. She then heard it. Soft slapping, stifled moans, and murmuring. The unmistakable sounds of sex. She'd seen Eloise ride her son in the library before, and that was what she expected to find as she peered around the door frame.

When she saw what was happening in the library, Julie's free hand went to her mouth in shock. Penelope was clearly riding Daniel's giant thing with slow, impossibly long strokes. The look on Penelope's face was one of surprise, lust, and awe. The poor woman's mouth hung open and her eyes stared upward. Julie couldn't see her son's face as Penelope's boobs, still hidden by her shirt, pressed up against him. Those breasts were bigger than Julie remembered. Goodness, her daughter-in-law had made the deal, too. What a hussy.

The more she thought about it, and the more she watched her family

slowly copulate, the more it became clear to Julie that this was her fault. She shouldn't have cut off Daniel so abruptly. Of course he would fall into another woman's arms. Julie then thought of Brittney, and prayed the house hadn't tried to corrupt her. First thing tomorrow, Julie would drive over to the Samatar house and demand a device that would protect her daughter.

There was a hole in Julie's logic, blinded as she was by the mansion's influence. As she turned away from the door and put her back to the hallway wall, it never occurred to her that they should all leave the house that instant. As she lowered her hand under her panties and made quick circular motions with her fingers, she didn't consider packing up the family and running far, far away. Instead, she listened to the mating couple and felt the electricity surge from her clit as she masturbated herself.

The house would protect itself. And to do that it needed more time with the Andersons.

~

The abandon with which Penelope rode that monster cock would have certainly surprised her husband, had he not been sound asleep upstairs. His wife had always been so meek in their lovemaking, letting Brad do the work. Now she humped his brother like a woman possessed. Which, technically, she was.

"I'm ... on the ... pill." Penelope needed him to cum inside her. She had never desired anything so much before that moment.

"What?" Daniel couldn't see her face as her boobs bounced in his face. He regretting not pulling off her t-shirt earlier, but now he just held on to her hips for dear life.

"Cum in me ... uh ... uh ... uh. Fill ... me ... Danny."

"You want me to ...?" Daniel's voice was muffled by cotton and bouncing boob.

"Unload your ... balls ... inside." Penelope's movements became more erratic as she was on the verge of having another orgasm.

"Okay." Daniel was close. He let the pleasure continue to build. After about twenty more strokes from his sister-in-law's pussy, he let go. "Pen ... Pen ... Pen ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." He tightened his grip on her hips to hold her all the way down on his dick as he erupted in her warm pussy.

"Oh, my Gooooooodddddddd." Penelope threw her head back and tossed her arms around his shoulders. A whole galaxy of stars danced before her eyes. Waves of euphoria washed over her, timed with each hot spurt of cum that hit her womb.



Slowly the couple came down from their high. Their breathing, ragged at first, became more even.

"I've never felt anything like that." Penelope leaned back on his lap so she could look down on his face. Daniel's dick twitched inside her. Her pussy spasmed in response. "Are you feeling better?"

"Yes." Daniel nodded and looked up into her lovely face as sweat dripped down her forehead. A wide smile crept across his face.

"We have to keep this between the two of us. Understand?" Penelope playfully touched the tip of his nose with her finger. "You can't go bragging to your buddies. Brad would totally murder both of us." When she mentioned her husband, Penelope looked to the open door and her face fell. "We should have been more careful." She pulled off him and his dick fell out of her with an audible slurp.

"Sorry." Daniel couldn't move from the chair as he watched her.

"My, gosh. What did you do to me, Danny?" Penelope lifted her shirt a little and spread her legs. She looked down. Below her triangle of blonde hair, she could see his cum already dripping out. "I have to get cleaned up and back to bed before Brad notices I'm gone." She bent down, picked up her panties, and balled them up. "Can you clean in here?" She pointed to the hardwood floor where some cum had splashed. Penelope then placed the balled panties between her legs to catch any more drippings. She couldn't leave a trail of cum to the upstairs bathroom.

"Yeah." Daniel nodded, still in a bit of a daze. He watched her awkwardly waddle toward the door, trying not to drip. "Thank you, Pen. You're the best."

"You're welcome." Penelope looked over her shoulder at Daniel. She couldn't help smiling when she saw the happiness and relief written on his face. Even though cheating on Brad was wrong, she knew she'd done a good thing. "Goodnight." Penelope waddled out of the library.

"And thank you, Mrs. Palmer," Daniel whispered. He thought that maybe he could hear joyous, cascading laughter from far away. He stirred from the chair and got moving. He needed to clean up before daylight. No one could know he'd had sex with his beautiful sister-in-law.

