

A stylized illustration of a woman with long, wavy brown hair, wearing a red sleeveless dress. She is holding a pool cue in her right hand and has her left hand resting on the edge of a pool table. The pool table has a green felt top and a wooden frame. A single orange ball is visible on the table. The background is dark with a warm, yellowish glow. The text 'CHAPTER 10' is written in a glowing green, serif font in the upper right corner.

CHAPTER 10

MURDER AT  
PALMER LODGE

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

## Murder at Palmer Lodge 10

Illustrations by Laimov

Written by RawlyRawls

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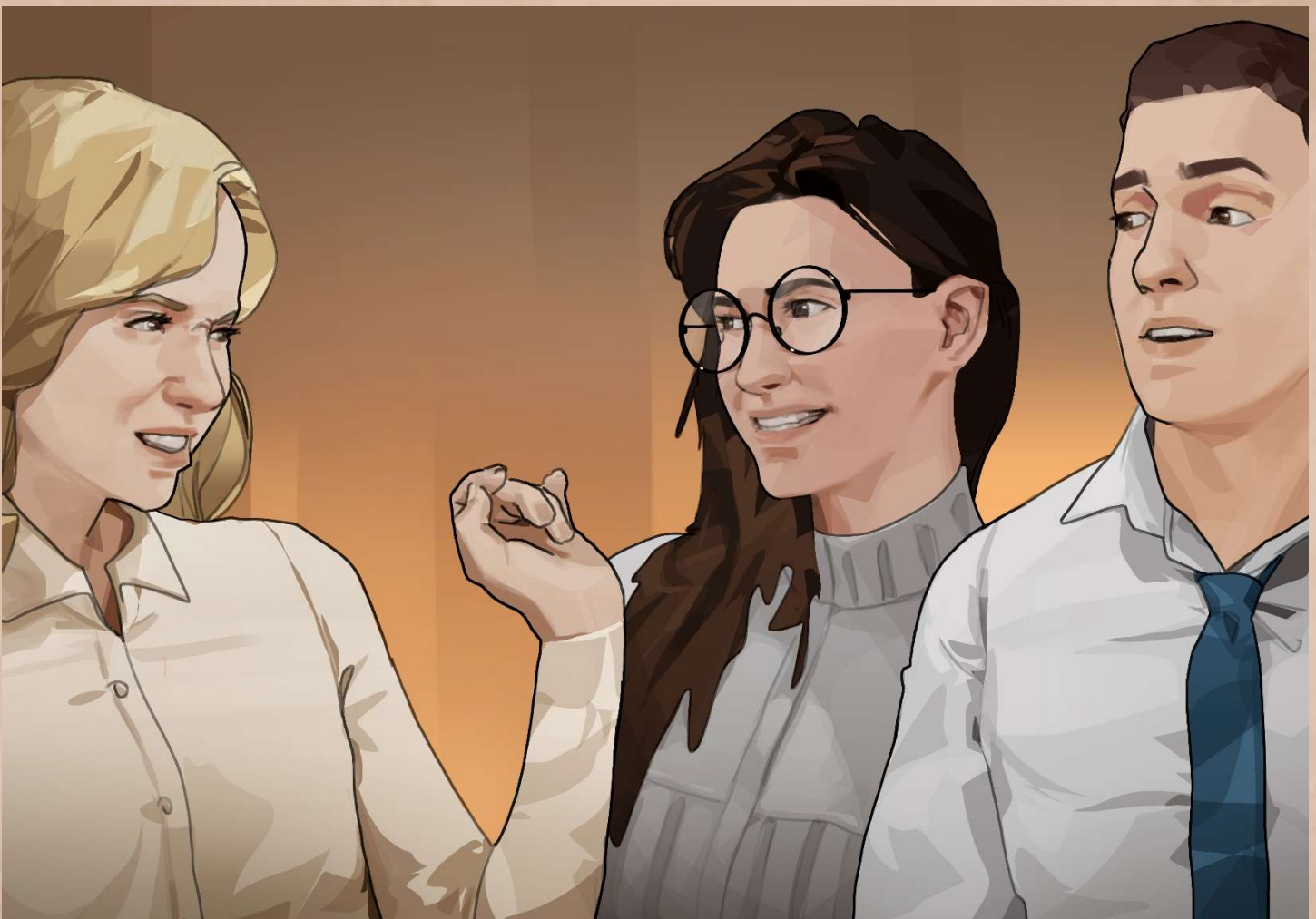
"So, the killer, or whoever took the body, could have come into the cellar anytime between about one a.m. and when Mrs. Palmer woke Thomas." Clarissa stood in the hall outside Thomas's room with Austin and Beatrice.

"It doesn't narrow the time down much, does it?" Austin rubbed his chin.

"And, as you say, it might not even be the murderer that hoisted Mr. Palmer on his own rhino horn." Beatrice closed Thomas's door. "Did it strike either of you as odd that Mrs. Palmer sat on her son's lap throughout that whole interview?"

"Yes, indeed." Austin was sure that's what his character would say.

"I'm not jealous." Clarissa looked over at her brother and cousin. They were both staring at her with keen interest. "I mean, I'm married, right? To ... D ... Rob ... Rob Something. And I just met Mrs. Palmer ... and that was a strange interview we just finished. What ... why are you looking at me like that? I'm ... I'm not ... oh ... fuck all." She waved a disgusted hand at their perverted grins.



"If only we had a way to spy on the guests. Listening to their doors with glass to our ears hardly seems like it will work." Beatrice nodded thoughtfully. "Remember that time in Tokyo, boss?" She winked at Austin. "Do you think that'll work here?"

Clarissa stood with a frown on her face, looking at Thomas's closed door. Mother and son were still inside. *I am not jealous. Anyway, he's her son!* "Look, I'm going to win this game. There has to be some sort of prize, and it goes to me."

"A man has been murdered. This is hardly a game." Austin looked nervously at Beatrice.

"It's make-believe, and we roll fucking dice to see what happens next! None of this is real." Clarissa gestured wildly. "Beatrice isn't herself. You're my fucking brother. Not some ne'er-do-well detective. Stop acting like this is real. It's a game, and I'm going to win it." Clarissa stormed off.

"Well, that seems like a clue to me," Beatrice said in a monotone.

"You didn't register any of that, did you?" Austin waved a hand in front of her blank eyes.

"Well, that seems like a -" Beatrice started.

"... a clue to you. Right." He snapped his fingers in front of her face. "Are you back now?"



Beatrice turned a thousand-watt smile on him. "Only place I'd want to be, right by your side, boss."

"Let's mingle with the guests. Maybe we'll learn something." Austin strode with purpose down the hall in the direction his sister had gone.

"Oh, you want to mingle with Mrs. DelaCross." Beatrice laughed. "You do have a way of fucking your way to solving our cases. And she *is* a stately woman. Let's grill her." She giggled and followed her boss.

"Right ... let's search around downstairs." Austin said.

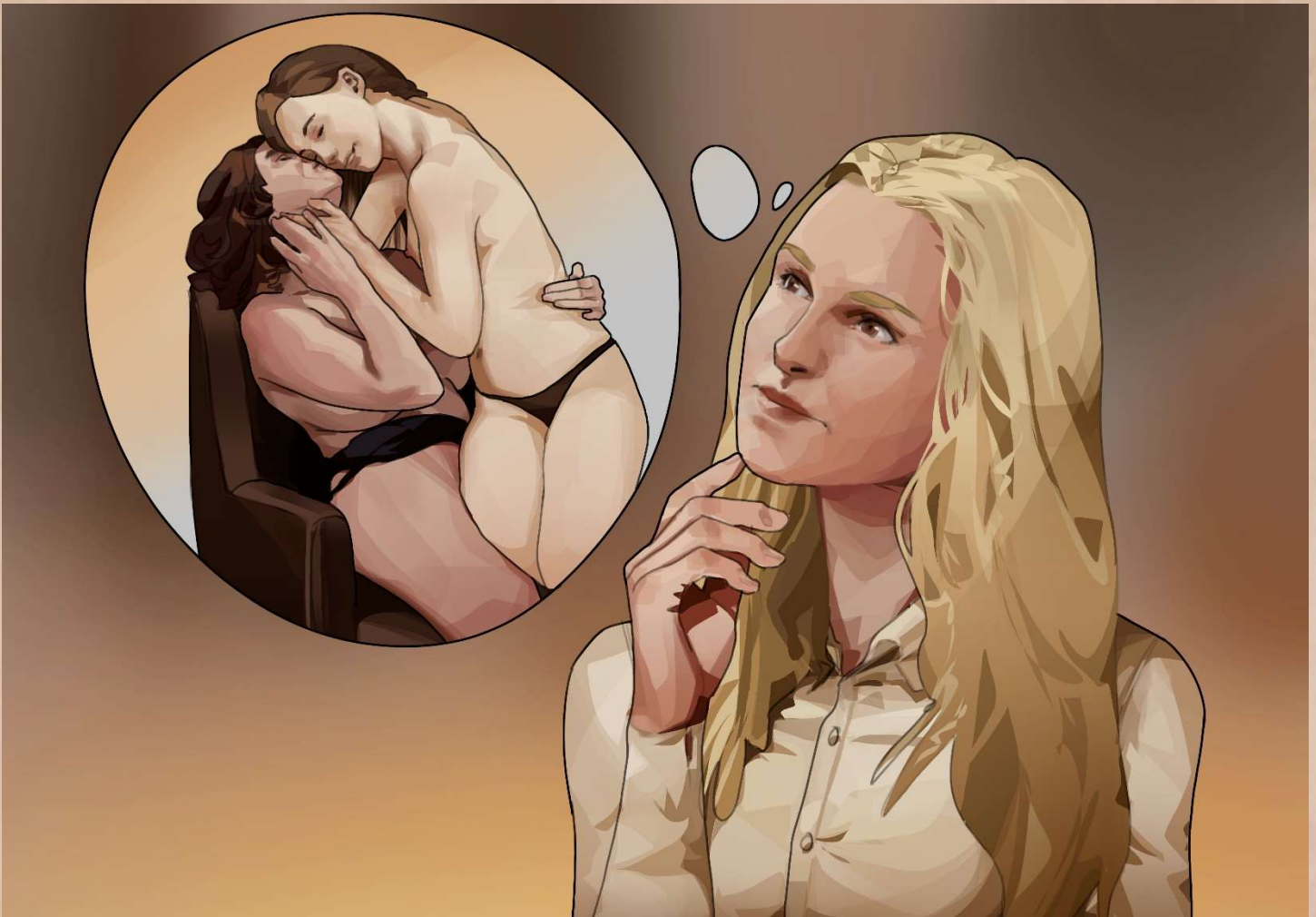
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"You two seem to have an especially close mother-daughter bond." Clarissa kept the pleasant smile on her face, but groaned inwardly. It was nice to know that there were lesbians at the lodge who were bigger perverts than she was herself. *Although, I'm not a lesbian.*

"Oh ... Eunice and I are almost like sisters." Melanie was playing cribbage with her daughter in the library. They were tucked into a table between a taxidermized ostrich and a badger.

"I wouldn't say that." Eunice sighed and stared at the front of her mother's dress. She was quite sure sisters didn't lap at each other's breasts.

"Yeah ... I don't know." Clarissa tried to clear her head from the memory of these two women naked together ... their curvaceous bodies rubbing ... their soft, feminine features pressing together ... their ... "No!"



"Excuse me?" Melanie looked up from her cards at the strange woman.

"I mean ... no, you definitely could be sisters." Clarissa pressed her lips together.

"You are most kind." Melanie smiled and looked at her pocket watch. "Oh, I need to check in on my husband. Would you like to sit in for me?" She stood.

"I don't know how to play," Clarissa sat opposite Eunice.

"Perfect. The way my Eunice pulverizes me at this game, I hardly feel like I know how to play either." Melanie gave them a little, polite wave as she made her way out of the library. "A woman of little sense like you will be the perfect substitute."

“Did she just insult me?” Clarissa frowned at where the woman had disappeared. Motes danced in the morning sunlight. The library was uncannily quiet.

Eunice sat for a long while, staring at Clarissa.

“What? Do I have something on my face?” Clarissa felt her heart flutter. *I am not attracted to my cousin!*

“You fancy me, don’t you?” Eunice’s lips twisted in a clever smile.



“No ... I’m married,” Clarissa said.

“I don’t see a ring.” Eunice shrugged.

“Well, I came here with my husband. Surely, you saw one of those?” Clarissa didn’t like how this was going. She needed to get back on the topic of the dead man that the groundskeeper was currently trying to de-prong in the lobby. “Speaking of husbands, you seem to have had a rough go of it with Mr. Palmer. You know, before his passing.”

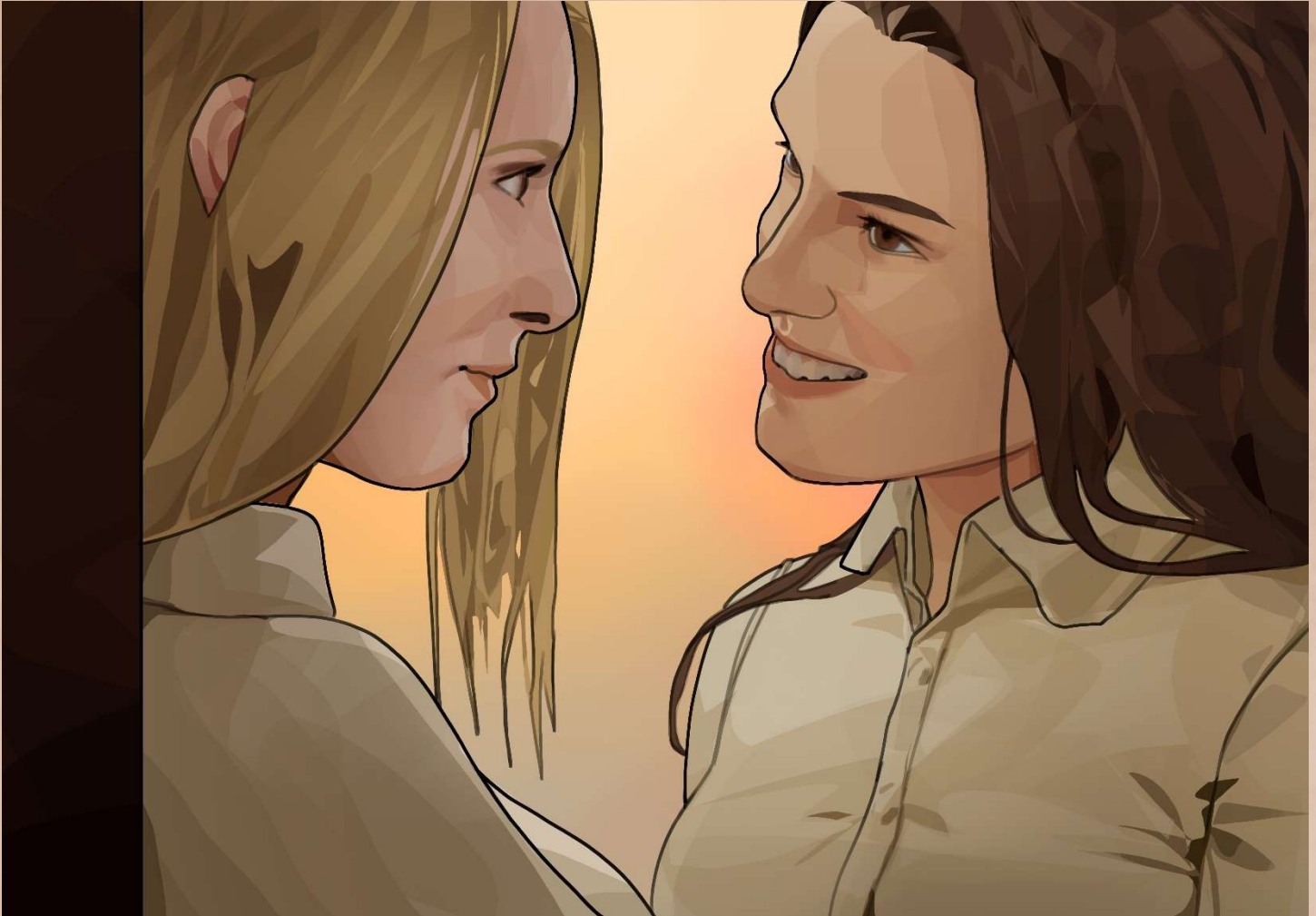
“Mother doesn’t like you.” Eunice winked at her. “Mother says women shouldn’t be out gallivanting around and poking their nose into men’s business.”

“Oh ... I ... um ...”

“But I think you’re grand.” Eunice leaned across the table. “I think you’re smart and pretty. Do you think I’m pretty?”

"Well ... you are ... um ..." Clarissa found herself trembling. She wasn't about to be seduced by her dumb cousin. "Mr. Palmer?"

"I'll tell you about him. But we'll need some privacy." Eunice stood, took Clarissa's hand, and pulled her toward the back of the library. There were shelves of books and artifacts. She dragged Clarissa behind one, pushed the woman's rump against the shelf, and stood directly in front of her. Their noses were only inches apart. "Now, what do you want to know?"



"Um ... you're still holding my hand." Clarissa marveled at the difference between Eloise's icy touch and Eunice's warmth. The woman's fresh, minty breath was in Clarissa's nose.

Eunice squeezed the amateur detective's hand. "I can see why you've solved so many mysteries. You miss nothing." She leaned in a little closer, giving Clarissa a peck on the tip of her dainty nose.

"Are you ... hitting on me?" Clarissa's voice was barely above a whisper.

"If by 'hitting on' you mean taking a fancy to, then yes." Eunice kissed her cheek. "Again, I'm impressed with how you read the clues."

"But I ... mmmppphhhhh." Clarissa was suddenly making out with her cousin in the library.

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"Mrs. DelaCross, may we join you?" Austin walked into the billiard room with Beatrice by his side.

"Oh, excellent. I was hoping someone might wander in for a game. Please, make yourself at home, Mr. Aquiline." Alexis was sitting in an armchair by the large, ferocious bear. She had a book in one hand and a martini in the other. The book went down on the arm of the chair, the martini stayed in her hand. "And I do love playing games with you," she purred.

"You were waiting for other guests?" Beatrice smiled sweetly, walked over to the cue rack, and pulled a cue off the wall. "You must really love playing with big sticks." She slid her hand up and down the shaft, feeling for any bend in the cue.

"Oh, isn't she delightful?" Alexis laughed and raised her glass to Beatrice. "I enjoy the game, and my husband was too shaken by the display in the lobby to join me. The poor man has a delicate disposition and often misses out on my games." She sipped her martini and stood. "Ms. Lund, was it?"

Beatrice nodded, rubbing chalk on the tip of her stick.

"May I play you in the first game?" Alexis put down her drink and pulled a cue from the rack.



“Certainly.” Beatrice smiled sweetly. “And Austin gets to take the winner?”

“Splendid.” Alexis’s laugh filled the large, drab room with chiming warmth. She took the chalk from Beatrice and coated the tip of her cue. Her eyes glanced back and forth between her two companions. “You two are lovely, aren’t you? You’re his assistant and nothing more?” She arched an eyebrow.



Austin was racking the balls when he heard this. “Mom, you can’t ...”

“‘Mom’?” Alexis put her hand to her chest in offense. “Did you call me, ‘Mom’?”

“Sorry, it’s a slang term that young people use. An attractive woman is a ‘mom’ or a ‘mommy.’” Beatrice readied her shot and broke to get the game started. “It’s quite a compliment. Sometimes Austin calls me Mommy.”

“Oh ... I knew that. I’m not that much older than you, you know.” Alexis leaned over the table to make a shot, making sure her butt was sticking out in Austin’s direction.



Austin sat and watched the women play, his dick turning into a bar of iron.

The game was somewhat evenly matched, but eventually, Alexis pulled ahead. Beatrice and Austin casually pried into her whereabouts the night before. They found out only that she had a wonderfully romantic evening with Bradley, and they didn’t leave their room as instructed by their host. As far as alibis go, it wasn’t flimsy. But on the other hand, neither Austin nor Beatrice thought the older woman capable of hoisting a dead man onto a rhino horn.

Eventually, the game came down to a potential winning shot for Alexis.

“Wait.” Beatrice walked up to the woman as Alexis leaned over the table, exposing her cleavage to the eager Austin. Beatrice put her lips to the other woman’s ear. “If you’re going to win, you should know that Austin adores my ass. He never gets the front door, if you know what I mean. If you want to have a wild ride, give him the blindside.”

“You think to distract me? I’ll make this shot either way.” Alexis gave Austin a confident glance. These detectives were quite unusual.

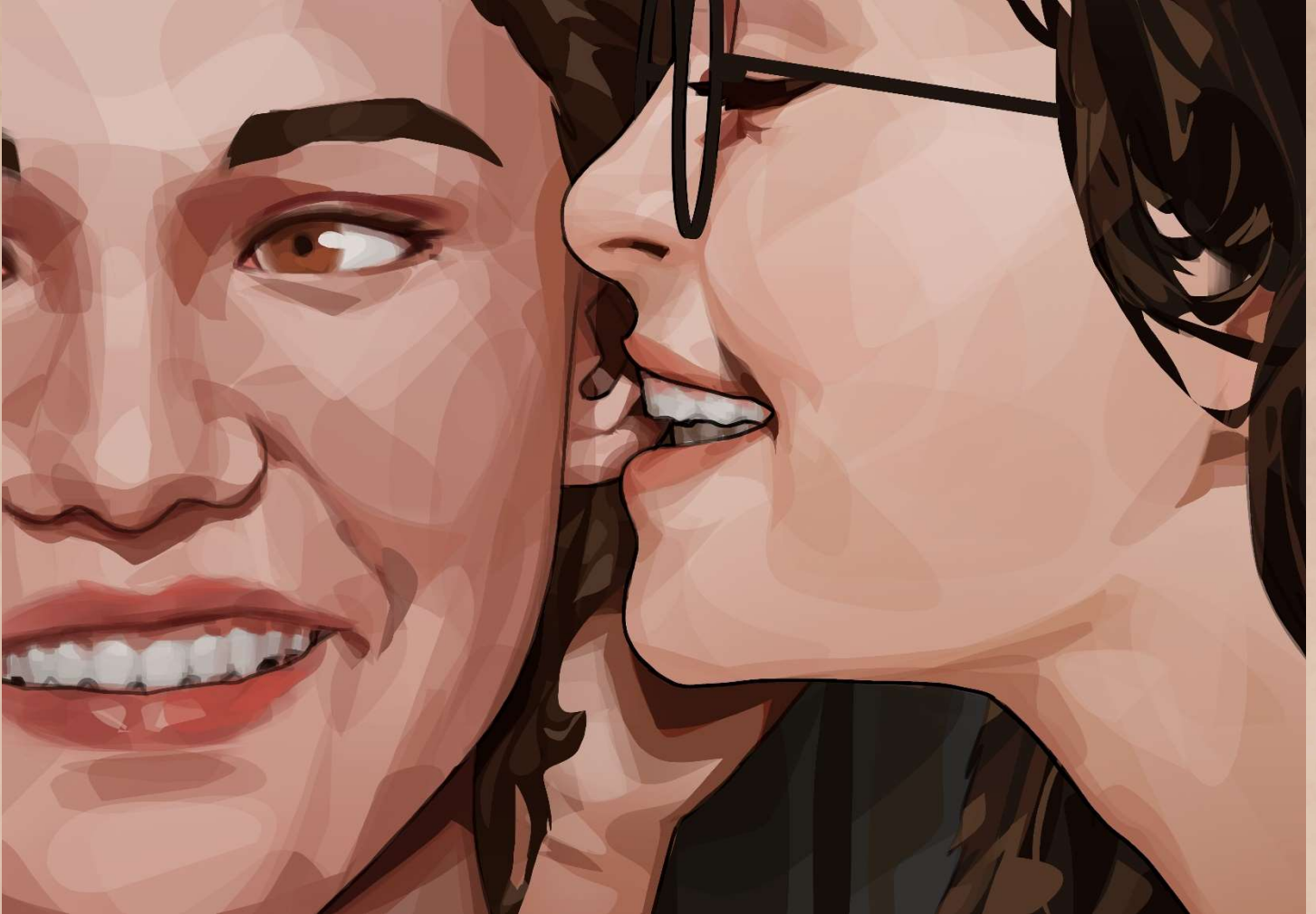
“I know you fancy him, and you’re about to win the right to some privacy with my young buck.” Beatrice kept her voice low. “I’m just doing my job. I’m an excellent secretary, Mrs. DelaCross. I always reflect on how best to keep the boss happy.”

"I've never done *that*, Ms. Lund!" Alexis whispered. She took several deep breaths to calm herself.

"What are you ladies talking about?" Austin said.

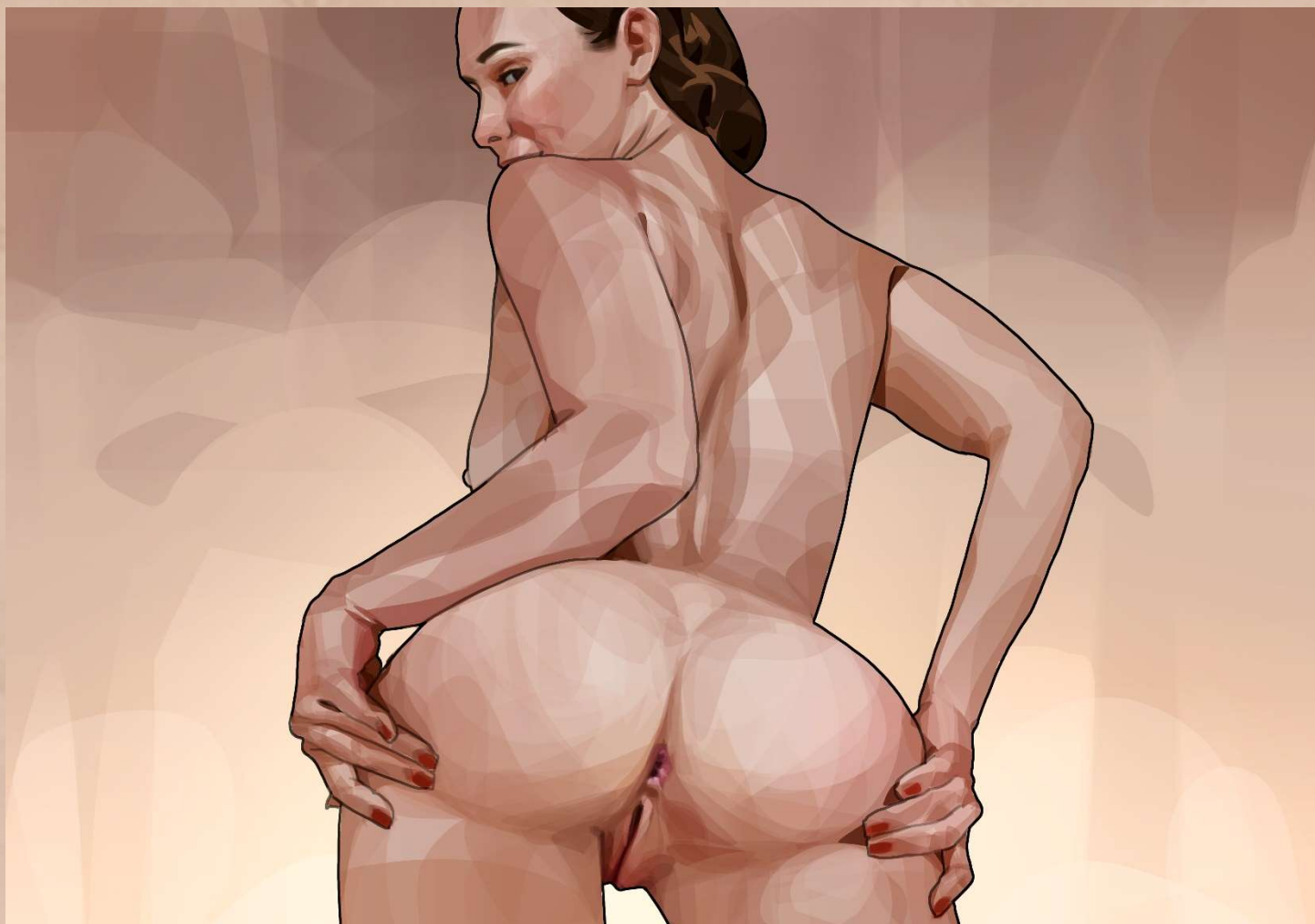
"I recommend some oil. And give yourself a few minutes to adjust. After that, it's as natural as can be." Beatrice cupped her hands around her mouth and nibbled on Alexis's ear. "Don't blow this shot."

Alexis tightened her mouth in determination. She sunk the last ball and won the game.



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"Oh ... my ... God." Austin was back in his room, standing by the fire. His mother, or the character that looked like his mother, was standing naked a few feet away. She had her back to him and was bent forward. Her hands lifted her substantial, round ass cheeks, exposing her tight, pink butthole to him.



"I know what you're thinking." Alexis looked at him over her shoulder.

"You do?" Austin doubted she knew. He barely knew what *he* was thinking, staring down at his mother's asshole. Part of him was guilty for letting the game make his mother so vulnerable and exposed to him. Part of him was vowing to himself that this wouldn't be the last time he took in this sight.

"You're wondering if I killed Mr. Palmer." She giggled. "Ask yourself, would a murderess be willing to show a detective all her secrets, as I'm doing for you right now?"

"No?" Austin unbuckled his belt and lowered his pants.

"Correct. I'm laying myself bare to you, Mr. Aquiline." She moved over to the bed and got on her hands and knees, still pointing her ass at him. "I've never had a man back there before. Do you think it will hurt?"

"Yeah." Austin looked down at his mammoth dick and nodded. He grabbed the oil from the end table and slathered his cock. "Call me Austin. And I'll call you Mom. Because, you know, slang."

"Yes, that sounds good, Austin." She gripped the sheets as he came closer. "But if it is going to hurt, please be gentle. I ... ooohhhhhh ... goodness ... that smarts." Alexis clenched her teeth as he grabbed her wide hips and slowly pressed his penis into her butt. "At least ... you won't ... put your stuff ... in my womb ... again."

“At least ... there’s that.” Austin dug his fingers into her soft flesh, pulling her back onto his dick. She was as tight as could be. “Might ... cum in your pussy ... later though.”

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Alexis threw her head back and forth. She couldn’t process his words. She was too busy squirming as he plumbed deeper and deeper. She remembered what Beatrice had said and prayed that the woman was correct.

