



CHAPTER 11

MURDER AT  
PALMER LODGE

# FICTION

*Rawly Rawls*

## *Murder at Palmer Lodge 11*

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Clarissa pushed Eunice away from her. "Wait ... wait ... we shouldn't be doing this." She found that in her effort to create some space between them, she had put her hand firmly on the other woman's boob. Realizing that fact did nothing to change her position. Instead, she gave the tit a nice heft and a squeeze, gauging its substance. She decided that her cousin had a delightful rack.



"Eunice? Where are you dear?" Melanie's voice carried through the library.

"Shit ... your mother," Clarissa whispered. She winced, but still kept her hand firmly on Eunice's tit, massaging it through her dress. At least they were well hidden among the shelves of miscellany. "You better get back to her."

"She doesn't like you." Eunice had a wicked smile on her face. "My mother doesn't like you, but I do." She whispered the words in a sing-song voice.

"Yes, you said that before." Reluctantly, Clarissa let go of the boob. "You were going to tell me something about Mr. Palmer. What was it?"

“Mother says you poke your nose into the world of men.” Eunice leaned forward and tenderly bit Clarissa’s bottom lip. Slowly, she pulled back and released it with a grin. “I suppose she thinks you should poke your nose somewhere more feminine.” Eunice grabbed Clarissa’s hand and put it between her legs. “Would you care to try something ... novel?”



“Eunice ... are you here?” Melanie’s voice was getting closer.

Clarissa let her fingers explore between her cousin’s legs. With the dress in the way, she couldn’t feel much detail. Even so, her tummy was tumbling and her vagina was humming. She forced herself to concentrate. *I’m going to win this stupid game.* “What about Mr. Palmer?”

“Mother’s almost found us. I’ll come to your room later and tell you.” Eunice removed the hand from between her legs, kissed Clarissa on the cheek, and quickly stepped down the aisle.

“There you are, Eunice.” Melanie sounded relieved when her daughter moved out from behind the shelves. “What were you doing?”

“Mrs. Devonshire and I were looking at the collectibles. This lodge is full of such wonderful oddities.” Eunice kissed her mother on the cheek and sat down at their cribbage table, giving the stuffed ostrich a wary glance. “We found some wonderful, hidden gems. Didn’t we Mrs. Devonshire?”

Clarissa's cheeks heated. Wishing that Eunice hadn't mentioned her, she stepped out into the open. "Yes ... I'm always interested in mysteries. And this building is full of them." She straightened her dress. "Good day, Ms. Hadfetter." She gave Eunice an embarrassed smile. "Good day, Mrs. Hadfetter." She nodded to the other woman.



"Good day," both Hadfettters said. Then, they returned to cribbage.

Clarissa hustled out of the library. She would have to look for clues elsewhere.

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“Nnnnnngggggggg!” Alexis was naked on all fours on Austin’s bed. Her jaw was clenched tight, and her eyes were opened wide. Between her teeth she bit a portion of Austin’s bedsheet. Her face was beet red, and she was just starting to perspire. She hadn’t expected taking a man in her ass to hurt so much at the outset. And she was even more surprised when minutes later she was paid for that pain with pleasure in ever compounding returns. Her breasts flopped back and forth under her, as her body absorbed the heavy strokes of the detective behind her.



“I knew you could ... ugh ... ugh ... do it ... Mom.” Austin chided himself for pretending that this was his real mother, but he couldn’t help himself. He thanked his lucky stars for having an assistant like Beatrice. He was sure she’d thrown the game of billiards so that he could be alone with the woman who was and wasn’t his mother. Beatrice had also whispered something to Alexis, which was probably why he was in such a warm, tight spot at the moment. Not to mention Beatrice making up the idea that Mom was slang for a hot woman. Now he could engage his fantasy to the max. “Mom ... Mom ... Mom!”

“Uuuuunnnnnbbbbboggghhh.” Alexis’s eyes rolled back. She was going to have some sort of orgasm, just from that massive penis in her butt. She wouldn’t have believed such a thing was possible had it not been happening. Her husband was a fool for not having tried this with her. All her husbands had been fools. That wasn’t news to her, but her climax was. “Gggggghhhhhhhhhhh,” she said through the sheet and clenched teeth. She tossed her head back and forth and let that magnificent penis open her most private hole. The orgasm, when it hit, was out of this world.

“Shit ... yeah ... you love it.” Austin could see the delicate muscles on her back spasm and flex. Between that and her frenzied, muffled cries, he was sure she was cumming. He gripped her wide hips harder and kept

pounding her. *This is the best board game ever!* He drove her to two more orgasms, before finally finding his own. "Mom ... Mom ... your ass is making ... me ... uuuuuggggghhhhhhhh." He buried himself in her and erupted.



Later, he watched her gingerly dress. He lay naked on his side, smiling his face off. "You look like you might be a little sore."

"Honestly, Mr. Aquiline. At the time it was marvelous, but ..." She looked over at him as she fixed her bra in place. "... but now ... it feels like you might have broken me in half." She regarded him for a moment, and then let out a strained laugh. "I can tell from your grin that you enjoy that idea. But let me tell you, it will be an odd stay at the lodge if I can't sit on my rump. People will wonder."

"I wouldn't worry, Mrs. DelaCross." Austin rolled onto his back, his sleeping cock flopping onto his hip. "There's a woman I spend time with who takes my dick back there with ..." He searched for a word his character might use. "... with alacrity. She has no trouble sitting on her butt."

“Yes, I know. I pieced that together.” Alexis pulled on her dress. She took a moment to collect herself, and walked over to the bed. She turned around and held her hair up for him. “Would you mind buttoning me up?”



“Sure.” Austin helped her finish dressing. Then he sent her on her way. He stuck his head out into the hall to watch her head back to her room. The way her walk had turned into a waddle was priceless. He promised himself he would never forget what that looked like.

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"Ms. Lund." Clarissa found Beatrice alone in the lobby, looking at the Christmas tree. "Where's your intrepid detective?"

"Oh, hello, Mrs. Devonshire." Beatrice turned and smiled at the other woman, adjusting her glasses. "Austin is interviewing one of the guests." She looked Clarissa up and down. "I suppose that's what you're doing, too. Do you have the killer in your sights?"



"Well ... um ... where were you last night?" Clarissa folded her arms and stood next to the tree, trying to look formidable. "Were you with ... Mr. Aquiline ... or ... I suppose that you ... um ... might have gone exploring?"

Beatrice barked out a laugh. "Your cheeks are turning crimson. How many people have you questioned? You're supposed to be this great amateur detective. This heiress with a penchant for maneuvering around the motives of nefarious people. And you can't even ..." Beatrice studied her face. Clarissa was turning an even deeper shade of red. Beatrice waved her finger like Clarissa had been naughty. "You saw Austin and I humping, didn't you? You came to the kitchen to look for evidence. But we beat you to it. And then you witnessed how committed I am in my service."

"I ... um ..." Clarissa turned away.

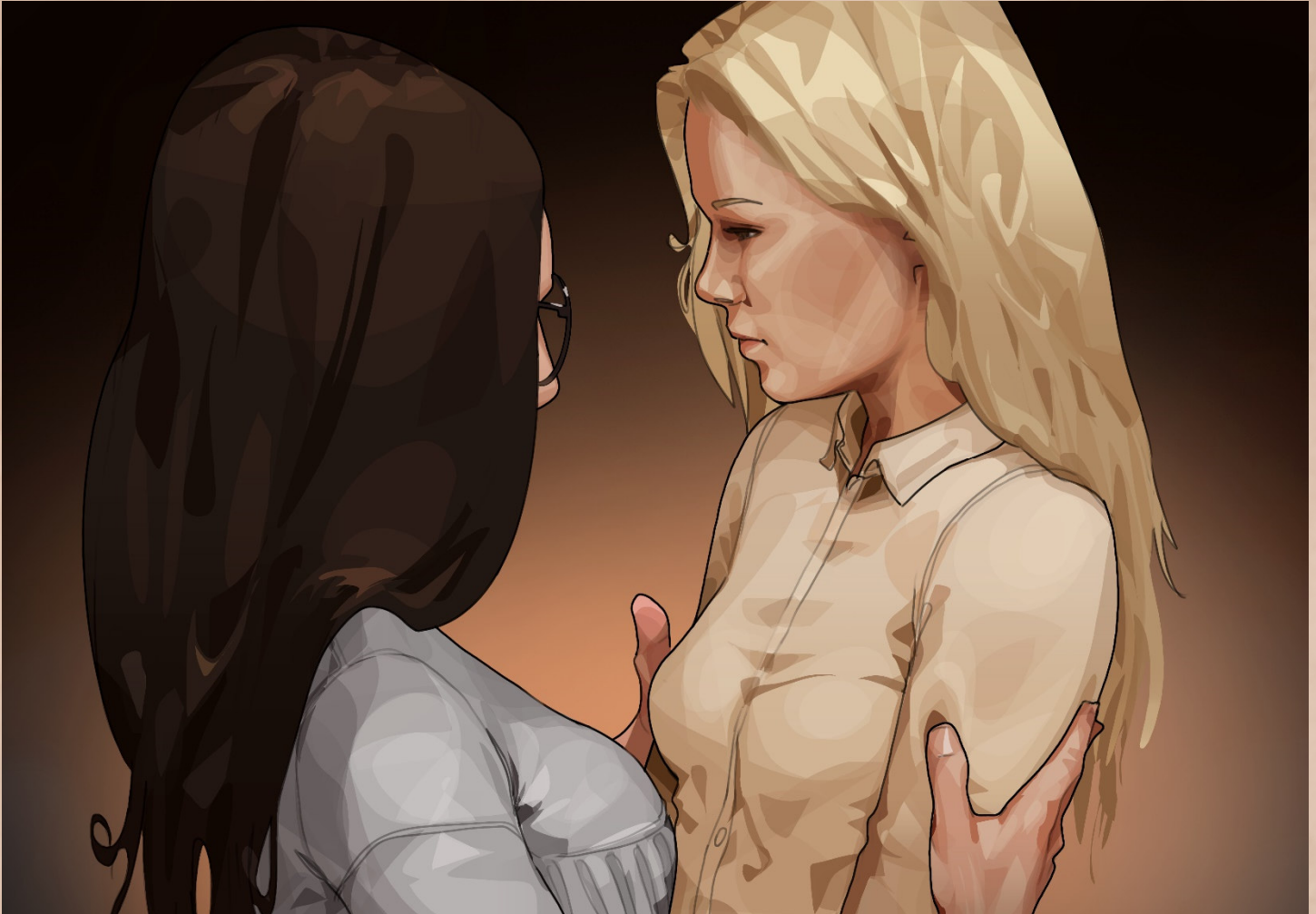
"Don't be shy. I know Austin is a lot to take in the first time you see ... all of him." Beatrice walked up behind her and patted her shoulder.

Clarissa flinched at the touch. This game was difficult.

“Or ... maybe it wasn’t Austin that you took a fancy to.” Beatrice leaned her lips close to the other woman’s ear. “My husband used to say that I had the curves of an angel, and ... the sphincter of Hades. Do you like angelic bodies, Mrs. Devonshire?”

“Why is every woman in this lodge hitting on me?” Clarissa wanted to step away, but she liked the weight of Beatrice’s hand on her shoulder.

“If by ‘hitting on’, you mean making a proposal, then I have one question.” Beatrice turned the other woman around so that their noses were inches apart. She held Clarissa’s shoulders firmly and looked into her eyes. “Which women, other than Mrs. Palmer, have made advances? That seems like just the sort of maneuver a murderer might do to learn more about a dangerous detective hot on her trail.”



Clarissa’s jaw dropped. This woman was right. The guests were playing with her. How could she have been so stupid? “I ... um ... have to go.” She shook free of the other woman and ran away, quickly ascending the stairs.

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After a shower, Austin walked into his room. The heat of the fire felt sublime on his naked skin. His cock dangled and swung in the most contented way. "I know what my mom's ass is like now." And he would never forget it. He stepped over to pour some more brandy, when he saw a card waiting for him on the side table. He sat on the armchair, picked up the card, and read it.

*Roll six or less for a postcoital nap. Roll seven or more and the killer will strike again.*

"Hmmm." Austin put the card down and looked at the pair of dice neatly placed on the side table. "That doesn't really seem like equal outcomes." His only answer was the fire's crackling.



Picking up the dice, he glanced at the bed. The covers were still in disarray from his tumble with Mrs. DelaCross. He thought about Beatrice wandering the lodge at that moment. The game wouldn't murder her, would it? What about his sister? Or him? A seed of panic formed in his belly. He no longer wanted to throw the dice, but he doubted that was an option. He was in the game, so he had to play the game.

"Here's looking at you, lady luck." Austin thought it was something his character might say. He rolled. The first die stopped on a two while the second one continued to spin. He barely had time to register that good news when he was hit with the bad. A five. "Shit."

Austin stood and hurriedly dressed. He needed to find his sister and Beatrice as quickly as possible.

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“Good evening, fraulein. Would you like some wine?” Milo stood in a tuxedo in the lobby. He carried a bottle of Burgundy in his hand, two glasses in the other.



Beatrice was reading in a leather armchair by the lobby’s grand hearth. The great Christmas tree wasn’t far away. It seemed like a very cozy spot to her. “Oh, hello, Mr. Hadfetter. I didn’t know you spoke German.” She put down the book and studied the man. His eyes seemed crazed, on the verge of sanity. But, of course, that’s always how the man looked.

“I’m not, you see. But when it’s just you and me, I’ll hit that mark. On a lark.” He stepped toward her, moving slowly.

“Oh ... I see.” Beatrice wished her pistol was in her hand, rather than tucked away in her ankle holster. “Not a step closer, please.” Her smile faltered when the man continued his advance toward her.

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Clarissa answered the knock at her door. Eunice stood there, with her hands behind her back, smiling sweetly. "Oh, hello," Clarissa said.



"Good evening." Eunice glanced past Clarissa into her room. "Are you alone? I saw Mr. Aquiline hustling past me in the hall. He wasn't coming back here with drinks or anything?"

"No, he's probably looking for his secretary." Clarissa's cheeks bloomed crimson again. The flirtatious way Eunice eyed her made her belly flip. *She could be the murderer playing me for information. Of course, I could play her for information.* "Come in, Ms. Hadfetter. You were going to tell me about Mr. Palmer."

"Indeed, I was." Eunice stepped into the room, her hands staying behind her back. She patiently waited for the door to close. "You do look lovely in that dress."

"Thank you." Clarissa took a deep breath and closed the door. It was time to be a detective.