



CHAPTER 12

MURDER AT
PALMER LODGE

FICTION

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Murder at Palmer Lodge 12

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“Mr. Hadfetter. I really require some space. Please retreat.” Beatrice had backed herself up against the fireplace. The roaring fire heated her rump beyond what was comfortable. But she didn’t move except for lifting her foot up onto the hearth. Her pant leg still hid her pistol, but the ankle holster was closer that way. “I’m quite happy alone, thank you.”

“I like to rhyme all the time.” Milo slowly closed in. He moved the wine bottle so that it rested on his shoulder. It was a position from which he could swing the heavy thing easily. “In the dirt and in the grime. Bashing heads is quite sublime.”

“Shit.” Austin walked out of the second-floor hall and stood at the railing overlooking the lobby. He saw Milo stalking Beatrice with murder in his eyes, hefting a full wine bottle like it might serve as a club. “Beatrice!”

“Hello, Austin. If you’re quite done plugging Mommy, I would very much like your assistance.” Beatrice didn’t look up at him. Instead, she kept her eyes on Milo. Her hand moved slowly down her leg toward her ankle.



“Right ... assistance.” He looked to the stairway railing, but it wasn’t the kind one could slide down. “You there, Mr. Hadfetter, step away from my assistant.”

Milo paused, then took another step toward Beatrice. He was only about eight feet away from her. “I do enjoy a spot of red rum in my tum tum.” He hissed the words into the wide, open room.

“I don’t think that will work with him, Austin.” Beatrice’s hand slipped under the hem of her pant leg. “Remember at the hotel in Bombay? The tall Sikh fellow? Let’s try that.”

I should have a fucking character sheet. What is she talking about? Not knowing what else to do, and trying to imagine how a world-renowned detective would handle the situation, Austin vaulted over the railing, jumping out into the air. He was so focused on landing on Milo that he didn't notice the shocked look on Beatrice's face as she finally glanced his way, or the surprise that registered in the eyes of varied taxidermized beasts as they watched from their mounts on the walls. It felt wonderful and free to sail through the air. Austin loved his new board game in that moment. Then, his brief flight concluded. He glanced off Milo and crashed to the floor. Something in his leg cracked, and he no longer loved the game. He screamed in pain.



Milo was knocked off balance. He twisted, dropping the wine bottle and glasses. The bottle thudded and spun across the floor toward the front door. The glasses shattered at his feet. He stumbled and fell to a knee, confused.

Swiftly, Beatrice drew her pistol and stepped nearer to Milo, leveling it at his face. When he focused on her, she could see the malevolence drain from him. "So, now you come to understand ..." she said. "... that I have got the upper hand. Kindly put your hands behind your head, or very soon you will be dead." She glanced at Austin. "Stop screaming, it's distracting."



"Aaaaahhhhhhhh ... shit ... shit ... shit!" Austin yelled.

"I only wanted a drink. Not asking too much, don't you think?" Milo put his hands on the back of his head and smiled.

"What is going on out here?" Melanie appeared at the upper railing. She shrieked when she saw the revolver in Beatrice's hand. "Point that thing somewhere else. My sweet Milo is harmless."

"Incorrect, Mrs. Hadfetter. I believe he might be the killer." She kept the barrel pointing right at Milo's forehead. "Isn't that right, Austin?"

“Ahhhh ... fuck ... I think I broke my ankle.” Austin writhed on the floor, holding his leg.



Woofer wandered in from the restaurant. “I heard an awful racket. Did the man jump from the second story?” He pointed at Austin in disbelief.

Subwoofer entered through the front door, bent down and picked up the bottle of wine, and looked at Austin. “Wait ... did the man jump from -?”

“I already did that bit,” Woofer said.

“Oh, my. What happened to Mr. Aquiline?” Alexis waddled up next to Melanie and looked down at the commotion in the lobby. “Is he hurt?”

“Ahhhhhhh ... fuck,” Austin said.

Eloise and Thomas arrived on the main floor of the lobby via the hall to the library.

“Has there been another murder?” Eloise said with a look of horror on her face.

"I see no one dead, Mother." Thomas went over to Austin and helped him up. "Looks like a twisted ankle, my dear fellow."



Austin gritted his teeth. He didn't think games were supposed to hurt. Not like this.

Rob ambled in from the direction of the library. "Has anyone seen my wife?"

"Actually, that's a good question." Beatrice looked around the lobby. "My boss, in his own clever way, made enough noise to call everyone here. The lobby, it seems, is no longer a very private place for a murder." She put her foot back on the hearth, lifted her pant leg, and put her gun away. "Austin's manly shouts were no doubt heard all throughout the lodge. So ..." She raised her eyebrow and looked at Austin.

"So ... um ..." Austin tried to ignore the pain. "So ... why aren't Clarissa and Eunice here?"

Beatrice nodded. "Exactly. And where is Brad DelaCross?"

"Oh ... no ... where is my sweet Bradley?" Alexis waddled to the edge of the stairs, but her butt hurt too much for her to descend.

"Mrs. Hadfetter ... see that your husband behaves himself. I don't think he's the killer. It would be too ... obvious." Austin was feeling more himself again. Or, at least, he was feeling more like his character. "We should all stay as a group and search the lodge for the missing guests. We'll start upstairs first."

"Yes, sir." Eloise gave him an impressed eyebrow raise and nod.

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“Ohhh ... Eunice ... yyyeeessssssssss.” Clarissa stood in the middle of her room. Her cousin, or the character that looked like her cousin, was kneeling under Clarissa’s dress, completely hidden. She was lapping at Clarissa’s pussy with ardent purpose. Clarissa put her hands on the bulge in her dress where Eunice’s head was.



“Nnnnoommmm ... noommmmmmm.” Eunice pulled away from the lovely vagina. It was wonderfully dark, humid, and damp under the dress. “My mother would be so angry if she caught me with the likes of you!” She went back to eating her treat. “Nnnnoommmmm ... nnoommmmm.”

There was a knock on the door. Before Clarissa could ask who it was, the unlocked door burst open. Several inquisitive heads peeked in at once. Clarissa stood facing the door, her jaw dropping in shock. “I’m not a ...” Her voice rose an octave and trailed away.

“Well, we found my wife. Thank God,” Rob said.

“Clarissa, what are you doing?” Austin narrowed his eyes and looked at the bulge under her dress.

“Austin ... I ... um ... I ...” Clarissa stammered. *Why is Eunice still licking me? I’m going to die of shame!*

“I think we found Ms. Hadfetter, too.” Beatrice was supporting Austin’s weight with his arm over her shoulders. The effort didn’t stop her wagging her eyebrows or smirking.

Melanie gripped her husband's hand and gasped. "Ohhhhh ... Eunice ... you didn't ..."

"Yes ... Mother," Eunice said between licks from beneath the dress. She started giggling and had to stop munching on that forbidden box.

The sound of Eunice's laughter rose from her hiding place to fill the room.

"With that ... hussy?" Melanie put a hand to her mouth in horror.

Eunice came out from under the dress with a wet, shiny grin on her face. "Yes, Mother!"



"By Jove, that girl." Melanie raced into the room, took her daughter's wrist, and pulled her out into the hall. She marched down the hall, dragging her husband and daughter after her. "Whatever will I do with you two? Whatever will I do?" Her sibilant voice barely carried back to the others still in the doorway of Clarisa's room.

The guests and hosts watched the Hadfettters depart. When they had disappeared into their room, all those eyes turned back toward Clarissa.

"What?" Clarissa's face was so hot she thought she might combust. She wondered just how crimson her cheeks were. "What? I was interrogating her!" She hated the smirk on her brother's face. "Well?"

"Come by my room later. In case you have more *questions* for me." Eloise's laugh rang loud and clear.

"Mother." Thomas rolled his eyes.

“Ugh ... I’m not a ...” Clarissa ran across the room, pushed the onlookers aside, and raced down the hall.

“Darling, come back!” Rob lumbered after her. “I forgive you!”



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“So, Brad has disappeared, and it seems that your competition is going to seduce every woman in the lodge.” Beatrice helped Austin into his room, his arm still draped over her shoulders. He was limping heavily. “And Hadfetter really is mad as a hatter.”

“Yeah, strange day.” Austin collapsed on the bed. He was exhausted. “My ankle is crazy swollen. Can you get me some ice? Or maybe Advil?”

“You want me to go down to the kitchen for ice? Really?” Beatrice adjusted her glasses and frowned at him. “Or should I check to see if other parts of your body are swelling? Goodness, I can’t believe you jumped today. Did you completely forget about Bombay?” Her eyes suddenly lit up. “Oh, silly me. Wait here, I have just the thing.” She turned and sped out of his room.

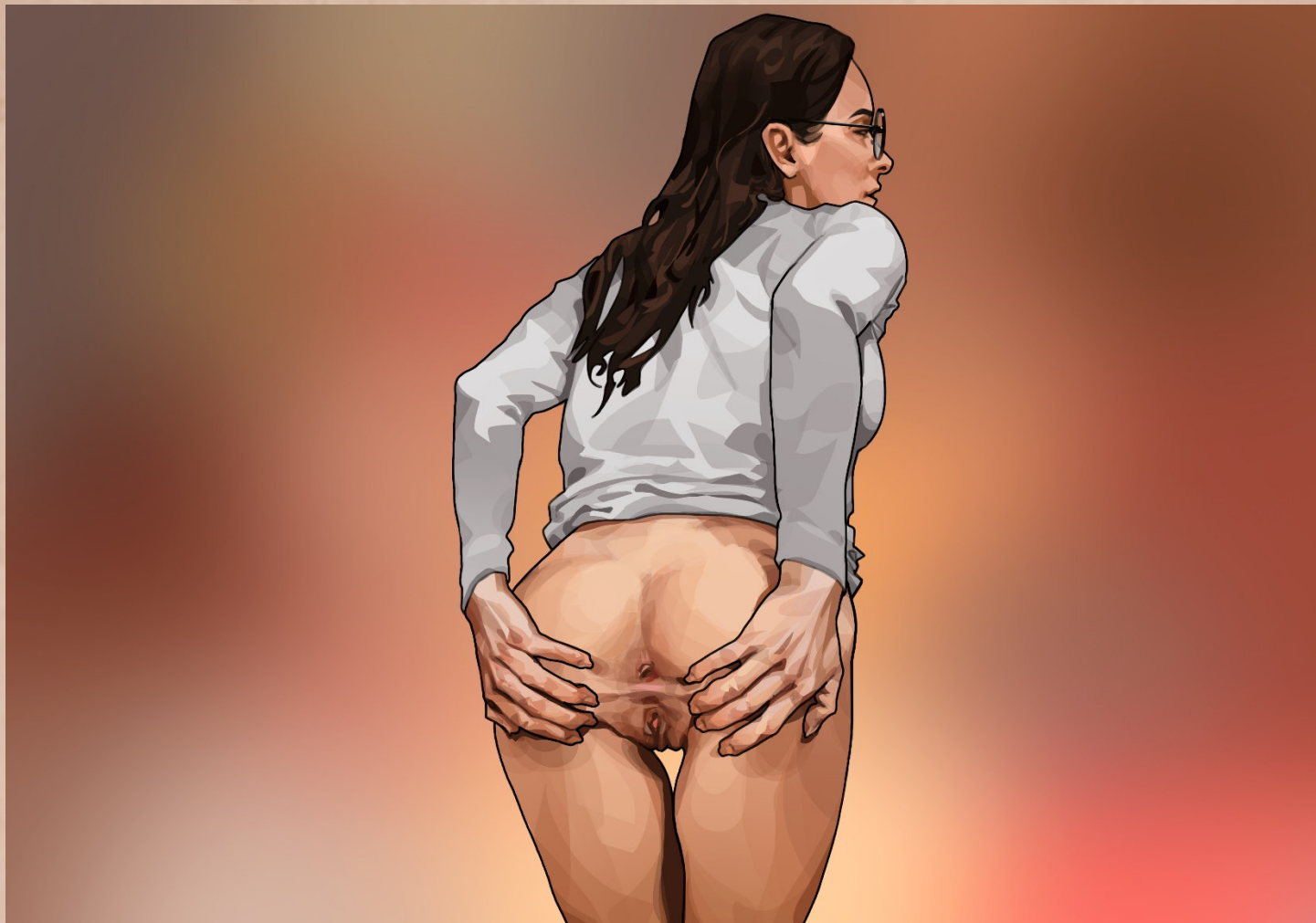
“Is ‘the thing’ some ice?” Austin called after her. As his ankle throbbed, Austin stared into the fire, feeling sorry for himself.

Ten minutes later, Beatrice came back into the room wearing her nurse’s outfit and carrying a small, leather bag. “And how is my patient this evening?”



“Did you find any Advil?” Austin’s dour mood picked up upon seeing her prance around in the skimpy outfit. It reminded him of their first day at the lodge. A smile broke out on his face at the memory.

“What’s Advil?” Beatrice grinned at him. “Is it something a nurse keeps hidden from her patients?” She slowly wiggled her dress up over her hips, turned away from him, and gave him an eyeful of pale, round ass. Reaching behind her, she spread her cheeks, revealing her pink asshole. “This nurse knows how to deal with swelling.”



“What about your pussy?” Austin could just see her slit glistening from his position on the bed.

Beatrice stopped dancing and looked over her shoulder at him with a frown. “You know that’s off limits. That’s Fred’s.” There was challenge in her eyes.

“Your husband?” He saw her look darken. *Her dead husband. Is my assistant a bit crazy?* “Um ... yes ... of course ... my old pal, Fred ... your husband. It’s his pussy for sure. I was just wondering if you wanted me to kiss it for you like Eunice was doing to Clarissa?”

“You are behaving so strangely on this trip.” She went to her bag and pulled out a bottle of oil. “Take off your pants. I’m going to sit on your cock now.”

Austin knew better than to mess with a nurse. He complied. It wasn’t easy with his ankle barking at him, but the pain was lessened by the thought of her tight asshole. He tossed his jacket aside too, but didn’t bother removing his socks, shirt, or tie. He watched her slather the oil onto his dick. She was efficient and cool, her earlier playfulness gone. He wished he hadn’t said anything about her husband.

"Whenever you're injured on the job, I'm there for you, Austin." She gently pulled him to the edge of the bed, turned facing away from him, and sat on his dick. It slipped right into her hole like it was made for her backside. "Uuuuggghhhh ... this nurse ... is always ... in ... ugh ... oohhhhhhh." She rode him slowly.



"I'm ... grateful ... to have such a ... wonderful ... nurse." Austin stared at the way her ass sucked in his cock. Would his real cousin be able to take a dick this big in her butt? If he won the game, would he get to find out? He would have to ask Eloise.

"I am always ... there for you ... ugh ... ugh ..." Beatrice rode him harder. "My ass ... is always ... on duty."