

CHAPTER 13



MURDER AT PALMER LODGE

FICTION

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Murder at Palmer Lodge 13

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“Secret passage ... secret passage ... secret passage.” Clarissa raced down the stairs and turned toward the restaurant. All she could think about was that Melanie was going to punish Eunice for licking out Clarissa’s box. Clarissa desperately wanted to see the punishment.

The secret door opened easily once she found the hidden button again. She didn’t bother to bring a candle with her this time, since she knew light from the rooms would filter in through the spyholes, giving her enough illumination to see. The stairway up, however, was pitch black. She stumbled and felt her way as she ascended.



It was terrible that she’d been caught engaged in a lesbian encounter by everyone in the house. Well, almost everyone. It was horrid that they would now all think she was a lesbian, when she was clearly not. Before this stupid game, she hadn’t ever done anything more than fantasize about pretty girls. The thought of all those eyes on her while Eunice lapped away under her skirt made her cheeks burn and tears fall from her eyes. Even worse, despite the shame, she was hustling through the dark so that she could spy on a mother and daughter as they engaged in sapphic passions. *It’s just a game, Clarissa. It doesn’t matter.* But it did matter. Her brother would remember all of this. Her body trembled from embarrassment and excitement.

Sure enough, she got to the top of the stairs, crawled down one corridor, turned, and there was light again. Streams of warm electric firelight and firelight caught the dust in the area from several of the holes. She assumed the dark spyholes were from rooms that were themselves dark. Her pussy tingled and gushed as she crawled to the right place and looked down. *Oh my!* Clarissa put a hand to her mouth and stared.

Milo was asleep on the bed. There was a half-full tumbler and a bottle of laudanum on the nightstand next to him. Melanie and Eunice were both naked. The mother sat on the edge of a chair, her daughter bent over her lap. Eunice's once-white bottom, was now covered in red handprints.



"I should have known you would throw ..." Melanie spanked her daughter's ass. "... yourself ..." She slapped again. "... at that man pretending to be a woman."

"Clarissa ... ow! ... tastes ... very much ... ow! ... like a woman ... Mother." Eunice was grinning despite the pain.

"Oh ... you're incorrigible." Melanie grabbed her daughter's hair and pulled it, twisting her head so that Melanie could see Eunice's smirk. "You need to wash the taste of that detective and that grin from your mouth, young woman."



Melanie pushed her daughter to the floor, down to her knees, spread her own legs, and roughly pulled Eunice's lips to Melanie's nether-lips. "First, you throw yourself at that piece of human refuse, Frederick. Then, the lady detective?"



“Mmmmmppphhhhhhhhh.” Eunice worked her magic tongue in and on her mother’s pussy. She could feel her mother relaxing. Eunice prided herself on her pussy-work. She knew she had to be the best in the lodge. She knew Clarissa would be back for more. *And when that happens, I’ll rub it in my mother’s face. And then, she’ll rub her snatch in mine!* “Mmmmmppphhhhhhhhh.” She was probably better at giving a blowjob than anyone else at the lodge, too. Although, there was something about Austin’s assistant that gave Eunice pause. *I bet that woman can suck cock!*



“I can tell ... ooohhhhhhh ... that you’re still thinking ... naughty thoughts.” Melanie’s frown had mostly twisted into a look of passion. “I need to ... ooohhhhhhh ... baptize you ... with purity ... before you spread your legs ... for someone even worse.”

Prickles of expectant pleasure ran down Eunice’s spine. *Who will she forbid now?*

“Make me ... spray ... so that I might ... uuuggghhhh ... wash away ... your perversion ... before you bed ... both ... ghastly detectives.”

So, I can’t sleep with Austin, eh? Eunice pulled her face away from her mother’s pussy, and inserted two fingers in.

Melanie pushed her hips forward and tilted them up a little. She stared down at the naughty minx as Eunice massaged that special spot on the roof of Melanie’s vagina. “Ooohhhhh ... your baptism ... will be soon.”

Up in the secret passage, Clarissa had a hand under her skirt, diddling her clit. Her other hand massaged her boob through her dress. *What is all this baptism talk?* If Melanie was talking about her wetness, well Eunice's face was already shiny. Clarissa could clearly see the firelight glinting off her cousin's lips and nose as she grinned up at her mother and fingered her with determination. Whatever was going to happen, Clarissa wanted to see it. She nearly forgot to breathe as she watched daughter pleasure mother.



“Oooohhhhhh ... Eunice ... are you ready ... are you ... ready ... to wash your sins away?” Melanie’s legs were shaking uncontrollably. One eyelid was almost closed, the other fluttered. Her mouth hung wide open. “I’m ... about to ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!”

“Cleanse me, Mother!” Eunice removed her fingers from her mother’s pussy and placed her face about six inches away. She closed her eyes, opened her mouth, and stuck out her tongue.

Oh, my God. Clarissa had heard rumors of women squirting, but she had mostly thought those the product of her friends’ over-active imaginations. *Aunt Melanie is like a geyser.* Clarissa’s fingers rubbed harder on her button. She couldn’t believe the long jets of juice that shot out of the older woman’s pussy, splashing in Eunice’s ecstatic face. Clarissa watched the hedonism as long as she could, then she closed her eyes, bit down on her dress, and climaxed in the gloom. It was a massive orgasm that transported her mind out of the game entirely.



When she returned to herself, Clarissa looked back down through the spyhole. Melanie was slumped in the chair with an idiotically happy smile on her face. Eunice was drying her face with a towel. And Milo was still sleeping in bed. *What a strange family.*

With shaking limbs, Clarissa put her clothes back in the right places and crawled forward toward the exit she had taken last time. The servants' quarters were more out of the way, and she didn't want anyone who happened to be in the restaurant to see her suddenly emerge from the wall.

She heard groans and cries of pleasure from her brother's spyhole before she was able to look in. It sounded like Austin and Beatrice were going at it again. She crawled up to the hole and looked in. Her eyes went wide. Beatrice was riding her brother in reverse. From Clarissa's angle, she could see that the enormous penis was plunging in and out of her cousin's butt. *How is she enjoying that? It looks like total annihilation.* It seemed to Clarissa that Beatrice was wearing some sort of nurse's outfit. Austin was partly dressed in what he'd been wearing before.



"Mrs. Hadfetter could have ... ugh ... ugh ... done it. She hated ... Mr. Palmer ... enough." Beatrice didn't miss a beat as she humped her employer. They often talked about cases during sex, so she was well-practiced at the technique. She found it helped her string out the rising pleasure of her orgasms, which was a nice bonus. "But ... how could she have ... moved the body?"

"Milo ... ugh ... ugh ... looks big ... and strong ... maybe ... all three Hadfettters ... murdered Mr. Palmer ... together?" Austin was imagining what sorts of conversations the real Beatrice would have with him while riding his cock. Would they talk about movies? About school? He really wanted to find out.

“What ... motives ... do Mr. Hadfetter ... uuuugggghhhhh ... and Ms. Hadfetter ... have?” Beatrice stopped bouncing and rotated her hips. She was almost there.

“They’re both ... crazy ... right? Milo tried to ... knock out your brains ... with a wine bottle.” Austin was in love. This woman was perfect for him. Her ass was a vise, and her smile was angelic. When she looked over her shoulder at him, he thought he might die from pure pleasure. *I’ll definitely need to seduce the real Beatrice.* “And ... Eunice ... was talking to her mother ... while lapping pussy. It’s like ... she wanted to be caught. Crazy.”

Clarissa listened and watched in the secret passageway. She was ardently rubbing her pussy again, watching that giant dick disappear right up her cousin’s back hole. She had to bite her dress again to keep from calling out as her pleasure spilled over.

“You make ... a good point ... boss. I ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Beatrice’s eyes rolled back.

“That’s right ... cum on my cock ... uuuggghhhhhh ... so fucking hot.” Austin was so high from the sex that he could barely feel his injured ankle.

“Nnnngggggggggggg.” Clarissa was seriously cumming along with her cousin. This game was driving her wild. She watched her brother and cousin hump and scheme for a good long while. Clarissa stopped masturbating when Austin finally unloaded in Beatrice’s ass. After one last, massive orgasm, a disheveled Clarissa crawled away. Her arms and legs were shaking so madly, she thought maybe she ought to curl up and rest in the secret passageway. But that wouldn’t do. It was too creepy. So, she pushed on. It got darker once she got to the stairs. As she descended, she couldn’t see anything. Exhausted, she just wanted to find a place to hide away from the others and nap. Maybe Eloise would let her use the master suite. *Don’t be stupid, Clarissa. That woman is certainly angry that you let another woman between your legs. Especially, because you’re not a lesbian.*



Clarissa was in the middle of chiding herself when she got to the bottom of the stairs, and began searching with her hands for the mechanism that would open the door. Her feet stepped in something wet and sticky. "Is there a leak in here?" she whispered. It had been raining ever since they got to the lodge.

She froze when her hand brushed up against something that felt like cloth. Tentatively, she reached out and felt a little more. It was a jacket. She knew this as her fingers found the lapel. She pushed a little. There was a chest under the jacket. Her blood went cold. She wasn't alone in the dark. "Hello?"

There was no response. Her pulse thundered in her ears. Pulling back from the man, she searched for the way out. "Um ... one sec ... you must have gotten stuck in here. I'll get us out." Her skin crawled knowing there was a man so close to her. She didn't have any weapons. She wasn't a strong person. She didn't know how to fight. *What happens if this is the murderer, and I die in the game?* Her hand found the switch, and the door opened.

"There we go!" She leapt out into the empty servants' room and looked back, taking a defensive position. "I know judo!" It wasn't true but sounded tough to her.

Clarissa didn't need to worry for her safety. As she blinked in the light of the room, she could clearly see the little stairway she'd been in. Brad DelaCross stood inside, pinned to the wall. When she'd been feeling around, she had just missed touching the sword handle that was fixed to the man's left breast. The rest of the sword had been plunged through Brad, piercing the wall behind him.



"I ... I ... I ..." Clarissa could think of nothing else to do, so she screamed.

