

CHAPTER 14



MURDER AT PALMER LODGE

FICTION

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Murder at Palmer Lodge 14

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Clarissa's scream faded. She suppressed the urge to perform an encore. Looking around, she tried to settle herself. *I'm a detective. I should detect.* Brad was still pinned like a butterfly to the wall inside the secret passage. There was no one else around. She stopped her heavy breathing and listened. She didn't hear anyone approaching to investigate her scream. The lodge was a big place. If no one was in this wing at the time, she doubted anyone would have heard her.



"I wish I had an assistant. It's so unfair that Austin gets Beatrice." She said the words quietly into the space, trying to keep herself company. For the moment, she avoided looking at Brad. She reminded herself that he really wasn't her fiancé. Not this version of him. This one was happily married to a bizarro version of her mother. *Or maybe not so happily married, depending on who stuck him with the sword.* She rubbed her chin.

"If I had my own assistant, I'd get to have sex with her." She muttered as she looked around for clues. It didn't occur to her that she could have wished for Brad to be her earnest sidekick instead of Beatrice. She smiled at the thought of Austin all alone while Clarissa and Beatrice strategized the case in her room in the middle of a marathon scissor session.

“Ah, ha!” In a darkened corner just inside the secret door, Clarissa found a twin diamond wedding band. She remembered seeing it before, but wasn’t sure where. She brought it out to the light and studied it. The diamonds were large and beautiful. She was sure the thing was expensive.



One nice thing about the period clothing she was forced to wear, her dresses had pockets. She stowed the ring in a pocket along her seam. The rest of her search was fruitless, which brought her back to Brad. She couldn't tell anyone about him without letting everyone know about the secret passage. But, maybe she could move him.

It took the better part of a half hour to dislodge the sword and drag his body into the servants' room. She closed the secret door and leaned his body up against it so there wouldn't be a trail of blood leading from the now hidden entrance. Satisfied, she went to get help. She would assemble everyone in the room and watch them closely. Maybe someone would give something away.



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“What’s the motive? Did he have enemies here?” Beatrice shifted her weight and clenched her butt, trying to prevent Austin’s cum from leaking out of her asshole. “Who would want to hurt him? He seemed so very ... boring.” She glanced around the room at everyone who was packed into the small servants’ quarters.

Clarissa was covered in blood, a look of grim disgust on her face.

Rob stood near his wife, although every time he tried to lay a comforting hand on the woman, she slapped it away.

Eloise stood with cool detachment in the corner. Despite her tranquility, her son was busy rubbing her back, consoling her.

Melanie and Eunice hugged each other, both with wan faces. Eunice kept glancing at Austin. Milo was still sleeping in his room. Melanie had told the group she’d given him a sedative to relax him after that excitement in the lobby.

Alexis was sobbing loudly out in the hall just outside the room.

Woof and Sub were out in the hall with Alexis, waiting for orders to move the body and clean the mess it would leave behind.



Austin leaned his lips close to Beatrice's ear. "Clarissa is covered in blood. Maybe she did it?"

"I can hear you, Austin." The lines of disgust deepened on Clarissa's face. She had been trying for several minutes not to think about Beatrice's unusually uptight body language. The woman was clearly trying to hold in the sperm in her butt, and Clarissa's mind couldn't stop thinking about what it would be like to watch her brother's cum squelch out of her cousin's ass. *It would be disgusting. It really would.* She didn't quite convince herself, shuddering and turning away from her brother's loyal assistant.

"Right, well, um ... did you murder Brad? He's your fiancé, so maybe this was a fantasy of yours or something?" Austin shrugged.

Everyone in the room, except for Austin and Clarissa, said in a monotone, "That sounds like a clue to me."



"You can't bring the real world in here, Austin. It makes everyone glitch. Watch ..." Clarissa thought for a moment. "Brad isn't really married to Alexis. And ..." She gave a sideline glance at Rob. "... this guy is actually my dad."

"That sounds like a clue to me," the characters droned.

"Anyway, I didn't kill him. What's my motive in the game?" Clarissa looked around. Everyone but Austin looked comatose. "I mean, what motive could a refined lady detective like me have?"

The blank stares disappeared, and the people in the room returned to themselves.

“Well, Mrs. Devonshire, I have read some of your exploits,” Beatrice said. “And while Austin and I seek out murders that have *already* happened. I have noticed that you tend to be present when murders *are* happening. This is very convenient for you. I wonder what a lady might resort to if she went through a dry spell of homicides?”

“Shut up.” Clarissa’s cheeks flushed with anger. “You’re just cranky because you’ve got cum leaking out of your butt.”

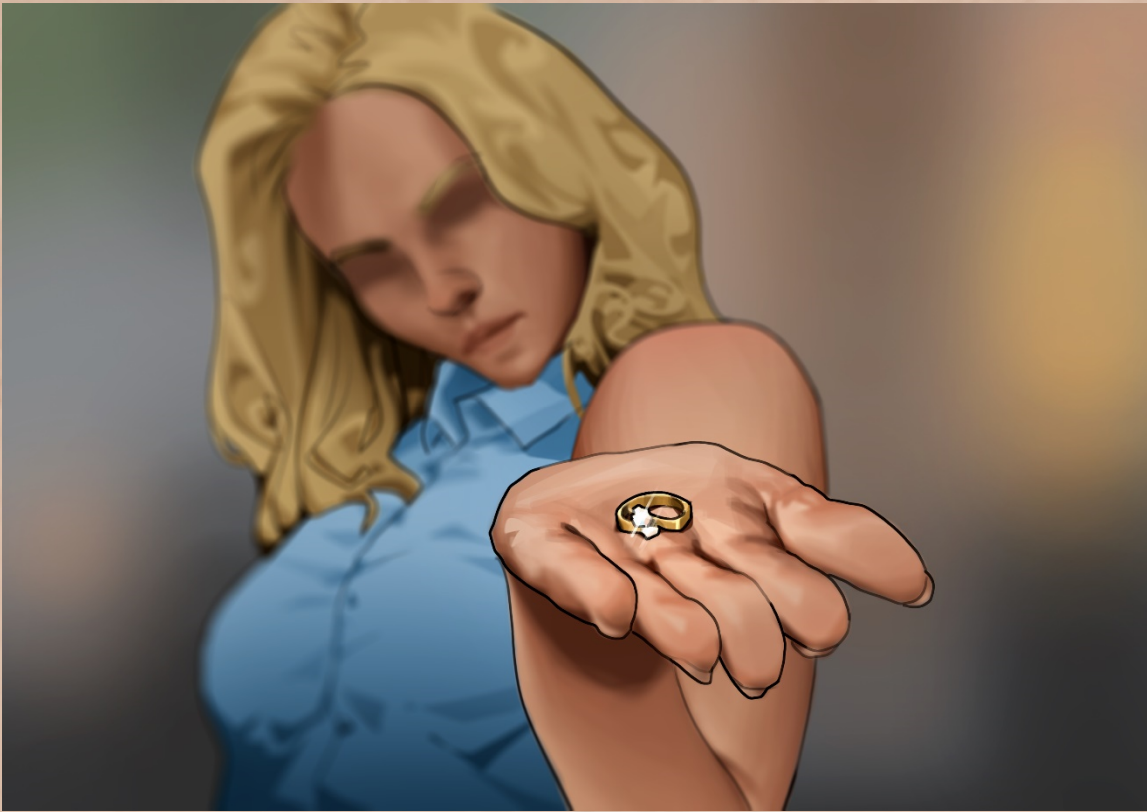
“How did you know that?” Beatrice narrowed her eyes. “Have you been spying on me?”



“No!” Clarissa couldn’t help but glance at the hidden door. She didn’t want to reveal her secret. It gave her an advantage in the game and also ... *I want to spy on them again.* She couldn’t give up the chance to see Melanie, Eunice, and Beatrice doing naughty things. *And Austin’s dick is nice. I’m not a lesbian.* “Shut up!”

“You’re just cranky because everyone witnessed you giving up the goods to Ms. Hadfetter.” Beatrice stamped her foot. This turned out to be a mistake. Her eyes went wide as what felt like a gallon of cum leaked out of her. She hurried out of the room, pushing past Clarissa.





“Well ... I ...”
Clarissa couldn’t bear to look anyone in the eye. To distract from the moment, she reached into her pocket and pulled out the ring. “I found this at the scene of the crime. Brad’s murder, I mean. Right here.” She pointed at the floor. It wasn’t exactly where she’d found the ring, but it was close enough.
“Wait ... you *just* found that? I found that at the bottom of

the pool yesterday.” Austin stared at the familiar ring, his brows knitted in confusion. “I left it in my room.”

“Well, maybe you dropped it when you murdered Brad?” Clarissa would have folded her arms authoritatively, but her dress was too soaked in blood for the gesture to be comfortable.

“It’s my wedding ring. I lost it the night my husband was murdered.” Eloise stayed in the corner with her fawning son.

“Well ... I’m keeping it for now.” Clarissa thrust the ring back into her pocket. She glanced at the remaining people in the room. They were all staring at her. Even Woof and Sub had their heads peeking in the door. “I know what you’re all thinking. I’m not ... I’m not ...” She turned and ran out of the room. She thought she might have to dodge Alexis in the hall, but the woman had already left to go sob somewhere else.

“Well ... I suppose I should go after them.” Austin figured that was the gallant thing to do. He left the room.

“I ... um ... have to go check on Father.” Eunice ran after Austin.

“Eunice?” Malanie turned and ran after her daughter.

“Be a good boy and put Mr. DelaCross’s body with my husband’s in the cellar.” Eloise’s thin smile was directed at Woof. “You might as well lock the sword down there, too.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Woof and Sub both saluted her with their paws.

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Austin lost both Clarissa and Beatrice's trail. The lodge was a big place, and he didn't know where either of them had gone. He was alone in the library searching for them behind rows of books and trophies when a pleasant voice made plain he was no longer by himself.

"You found that ring in the pool, Mr. Aquiline?" Eunice stood at the end of the aisle he was in, giving him a bashful smile. "You're so brave. The water must have been positively frigid."

"Oh, hello. Yes, it was." Austin nodded and returned her smile. He had grown to appreciate his cousin Beatrice's beauty, but hadn't much considered Eunice. At the moment, with the firelight dancing on her, she looked quite pretty. "I had to strip out of my clothes."

"Ohhhh ... that must have been quite a sight." Eunice swayed her hips as she walked down the aisle toward him. "I wish I had been there."

"Well ... stuff does shrink in the cold." There was a nervous ring to Austin's laugh. He had already fucked women who looked like his mother and cousin. Why not his other cousin? "I thought ... you know ... that you liked Clarissa Devonshire."

"I like men, too. Especially men Mother says I cannot have." She stopped in front of him, reached out, and adjusted his tie. She tightened it to the point where it was just starting to constrict his breathing. "I even offered myself to Mr. Palmer for a tumble, but the puritan fool slapped me in the face." A dark storm passed across her visage. "He got what he deserved." Suddenly, her smile returned. "But you deserve something much better. Much better," she purred into his ear.



“Ugh ... I can’t breathe ...” Austin tried to push her hands away, but instead, she tightened his tie further. She looked like a delicate thing, but her grip was like steel.

“Isn’t it exciting?” While still holding his tie with one hand, she slipped her other hand into his trousers. “See? You’re already hard. If only Mother could see me now.” She pumped his penis with her hand.

“Can’t ... uuuuggghhh ... breathe!” Austin was struck by the sudden realization that this woman had him in the palm of her hand. She was so different from the characters his mother and other cousin were playing. He saw stars in front of his eyes. He stopped resisting and was grateful when she loosened his tie just enough for him to take several gulps of air.

“I bet you would like to know what Mr. Palmer missed when he slapped me.” Eunice lowered his pants and underwear. Still holding his tie, she turned around and lifted her skirt over her butt. “Stick it in.” She wasn’t wearing underwear.

“Okay,” Austin wheezed. When she yanked on his tie, he jerked forward.

“Mother’s going to be so cross with me if you break my vagina with that giant spear.” Eunice’s giggle was cut off when he entered her from behind. The pain of it made her pull on his tie again, causing him to release a wonderful whimpering sound.



"You're ... ughh ... ughh ... fucking me ... just to get under ... your mother's skin?" Austin had both hands on her hips. He was already pumping away. If she was going to choke him, he wasn't going to give her pussy time to adjust.

"Everyone ... I ... seduce ... is to vex ... eh ... eh ... eh ... Mother." Eunice's eyes started to roll back. She let go of his tie and put her hands on the shelf in front of her for support. "Despite ... ugh ... ugh ... your brutish ... ooohhhh ... approach ... it's starting ... to feel ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii."

Austin reached around her head and clasped his hand over her lips to stifle her scream. He didn't want anyone thinking he was murdering her. Although, with her strange behavior, he wondered if maybe he was humping the murderer at that very moment.

