

CHAPTER 15



MURDER AT PALMER LODGE

FICTION

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Murder at Palmer Lodge 15

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“Mother ... ugh ... ugh ... uuugghhh ... would be so cross ... if you dumped your flood ... inside me.” Eunice rode Austin hard. They were on the floor of the library, between stacks of books and collectables. She was facing him, still holding his tie. Naked now, her clothes were strewn on the floor around them.



“You’re ... choking me ... again.” Austin still wore his shirt, and his tie was snug around his collar. He looked up into his cousin’s ecstatic face. He had thought Beatrice was kinky. But Eunice seemed even more out there. He wondered if they were perverts in real life. If so, they hid it well. “Loosen ... up ...” He tried to get a finger under his tie to pull it away from his neck. Stars danced in front of his eyes. He didn’t know if it was the lack of oxygen, or her tight, wet pussy that was doing it to him.

“Insert your deposit ... eh ... eh ... eh ... and I’ll release ... my grip.” She had her feet planted on the floor, bouncing on him. It had been a learning process when she’d first climbed on. He was longer than any man she’d been with. That had meant higher lunges, and also some painful smashing at the back of her womb. But she now had a handle on it. *Men love bouncing. He should finish soon.*

"Why ... are you so ... strong?" Austin's eyelids fluttered. "God damn ... your pussy ... is ... is ... " His hips bucked, and he blasted inside her.



"Yessss ... yessss ... I'm going to make ... mother ... eat it. Oooooohhhhhhhhh." Her eyes rolled back, her hips fell out of rhythm, and she ascended into another lovely orgasm.

It was a mind-shattering climax for Austin. By the time he returned to reality, Eunice was already off his dick, standing and dressing. He looked up at her lovely body as it slowly disappeared behind her clothes. "Wow ... that was ... " He struggled to find the words.

"Copacetic?" She smiled down at him with cool detachment. "I agree. You were serviceable. Maybe we'll tumble again sometime." She bent down to put on her shoes.

"Why are you leaving ... so quickly?" He blinked, and propped himself up on his elbows.

"I'll feed mother while it's fresh. You understand." She winked, turned, and quickly waddled down the aisle. She was walking in such a way as to hold the sperm inside.

Clarissa was hidden behind a chair in the library. She had wandered in while Eunice and Austin were in the middle of sex. She had spied on them. *I wanted to see my brother's stupid dick, not Eunice.* And she had hid when she heard them finish. She peeked at Eunice as the woman strutted out of the library in a stiff, funny way. How many women in the lodge were trying to hold in her dumb brother's stuff?



When Eunice was out of the library, Clarissa got up and followed her. She raced down the hall toward her secret passage. She needed to see what would happen between Eunice and her mother. *I'm just looking for clues. It's disgusting what they're doing with each other.*

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"Beatrice?" Austin knocked on his assistant's door. When she opened it, he saw that she'd changed into a new outfit. "Oh, you look nice."

"And you look like hell warmed over." Beatrice ruffled his messy hair. "And you smell like a brothel. Which lady was it this time? Tell me it was Mrs. Devonshire. She could benefit from getting a little loosened up." She stepped aside and let him into the room. Closing the door after him.



"It was Eunice. She came onto me." Austin told her everything that had happened in the library. He was well past playing coy with his assistant. They sat by the fire as he filled her in.

When he was done, Beatrice adjusted her glasses and rubbed her chin. "So, I suppose we know who the murderer is now."

"We do? Is that why you ran off earlier, you figured it out?" Austin was mystified.

"My running off was your fault." She shrugged. "It's not the first time I sprang a leak on the case thanks to you." She pointed a finger at him. "So, how do we want to play it? Do we apprehend the killer with guns blazing, or ...?"

"I know who the killer is, but I want to hear you say it." Austin leaned forward in his chair.

"That sounds like a clue to me." Her words were robotic, and her eyes glazed over.

"Oh, I suppose I have to figure it out myself." He frowned. "Let's collect some more evidence first. Just to be sure."

"Sounds good, boss. You're always on top of the case." Intelligence returned to her face. "Speaking of being on top of things, you need to bathe. Go take care of that, and meet me back here."

"Okay." Austin stood to go.

"Oh, by the way. Someone rifled through my dresser while I was out. They didn't take anything, but ..."
Beatrice shrugged.

"It's the same person that took that ring from my room, no doubt." Austin nodded.

"No doubt," Beatrice said thoughtfully and watched him go. She was happy to have him around to navigate tricky situations. She wouldn't want to solve crimes on her own like poor Mrs. Clarissa Devonshire.



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Oh ... shit ... look at them! Clarissa was in her secret passage, gazing through the spyhole down on mother and daughter, who were doing some very non-familial things. *She's tricking her into eating Austin's ...*

"Father is still sleeping." Eunice motioned to the bed where Milo was lying in a drug-induced slumber. "And I need your motherly affection." She undressed in front of her mother. Her skin glowed from the burnishing she'd just given it. She'd showered to wash the manly scent off her, but had tried her best to hold in the sperm the whole time. "The second murder is almost too much for me." She put the back of her hand on her forehead and pantomimed fainting.

"Well, he should sleep a good while longer." Melanie eyed her husband and smoothed out her dress. "Have you been good, or have you been misbehaving? I won't make you feel good if you've been a bad girl."

"I've been a good girl, Mother." Making her twenty-three-year-old features look younger by giving her mother doe eyes, Eunice smiled innocently. "I always obey you." She sat on an armchair and spread her legs. *Mother will have to move quickly, or I'll leak before she gets to work.* "Please take care of me."

"Keeping you on the right path is an exhausting undertaking." Melanie hitched up her skirt and knelt in front of her daughter on the floor. "But I won't shirk my motherly duties. When you're bad, you will be punished. When you're good, you will be rewarded." She eyed the vivacious, familiar vagina in front of her. Her daughter looked extra wet. Leaning forward, Melanie licked the slit from bottom to top. She then formed some suction at the middle, sucking her daughter's lips into her mouth. With a tongue made deft by plenty of experience, she dove into Eunice's cave.

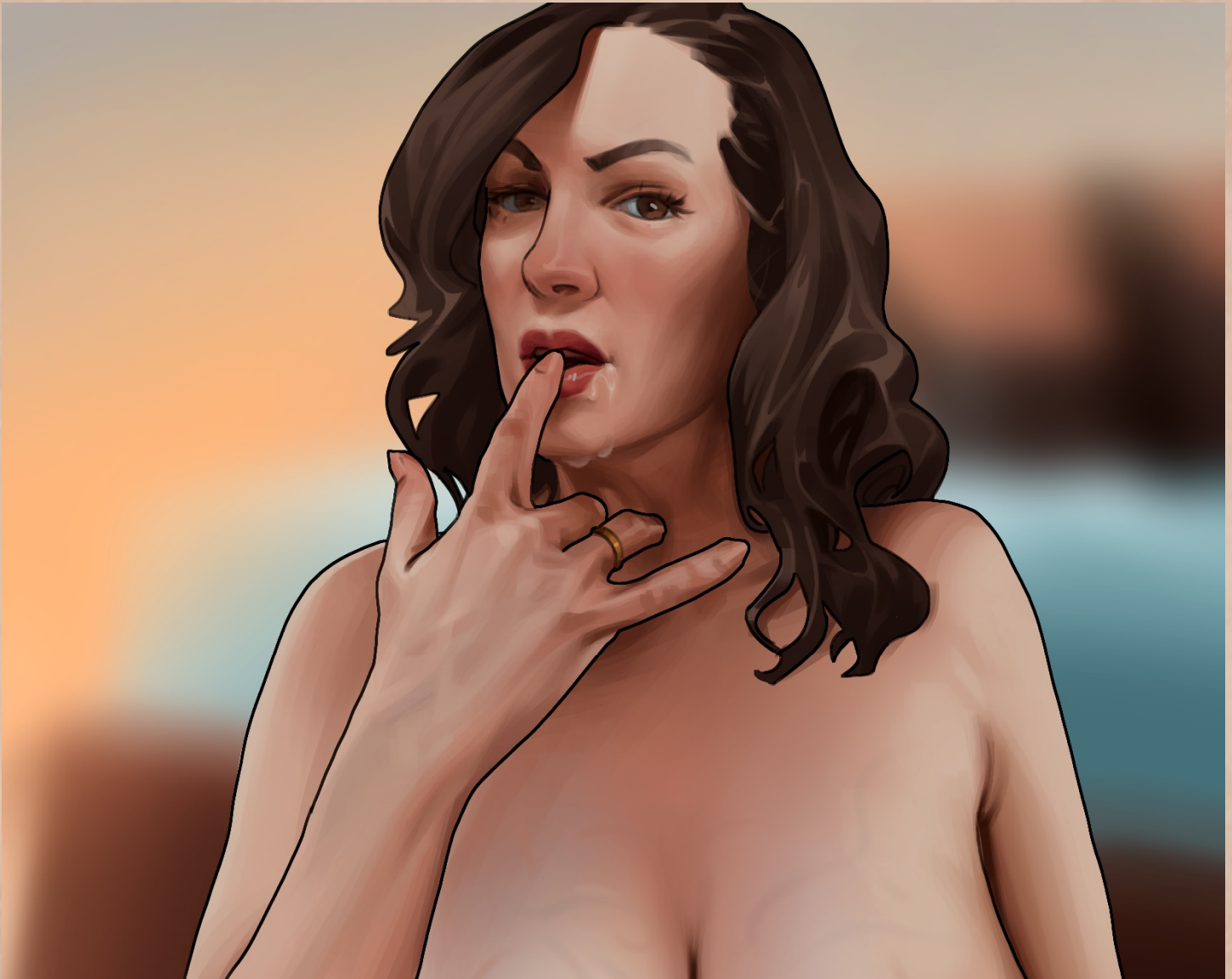


From her perch in the secret passage, Clarrisa stared with wide eyes. She was masturbating furiously, strumming her clit like a guitar. *She's tricking her mother into it!* All pretense of looking for clues was gone.

A large, wide grin was plastered on Eunice's face. She watched her mother's expression move from rapture, to doubt, to open questioning. Yet the woman kept slurping and gulping from Eunice's vagina.

Something wasn't right. Melanie knew her daughter's flavor well. And this wasn't it. When she looked up at her daughter's face, she saw the jest there. Melanie lifted her lips up and sat back. "What have you done?"

Eunice let out an explosive laugh. As a result of the mirthful contraction, her pussy burped out a copious amount of Austin's cum. The disgust on her mother's face was pure perfection. "I took a tumble with that detective you hate. I let him do it inside."



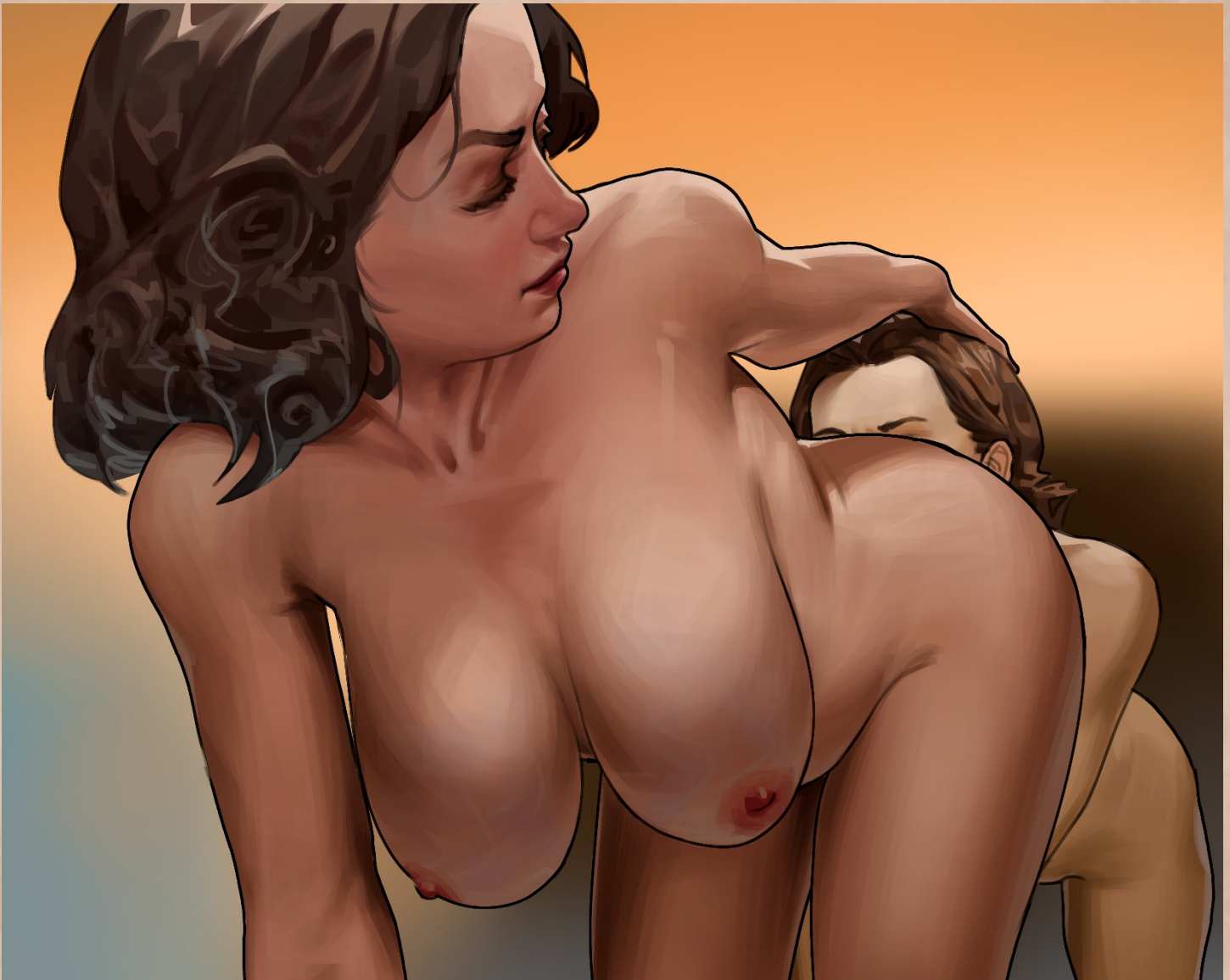
"You brat! You scheming ... brat." Melanie stood and grabbed her daughter's hair. She pulled her out of the chair. "You need to be punished!"

"Yes, I do." Eunice fell to the floor, shaking with excitement. She watched her mother get on her hands and knees, flipping her dress up over her waist and pulling her panties down.

When Melanie was in position, she looked over her shoulder. "I'll have you service my rear as punishment. I want you to think about what you've done." She glared at Eunice, so that the young woman would have no question about following orders.

"You know I don't like to go back there." Eunice trembled, getting into position.

"Of course not. That's why it's punishment." Melanie reached behind her, grabbed the back of her daughter's head, and pulled Eunice's face to Melanie's crack.



Watching the humiliation from above, Clarrisa soared toward an orgasm. She wondered what it would be like to make a woman do that to her. She wondered what it would feel like to have that kind of control. Her eyes rolled back, and she came while watching the twisted lesbian games go on below.

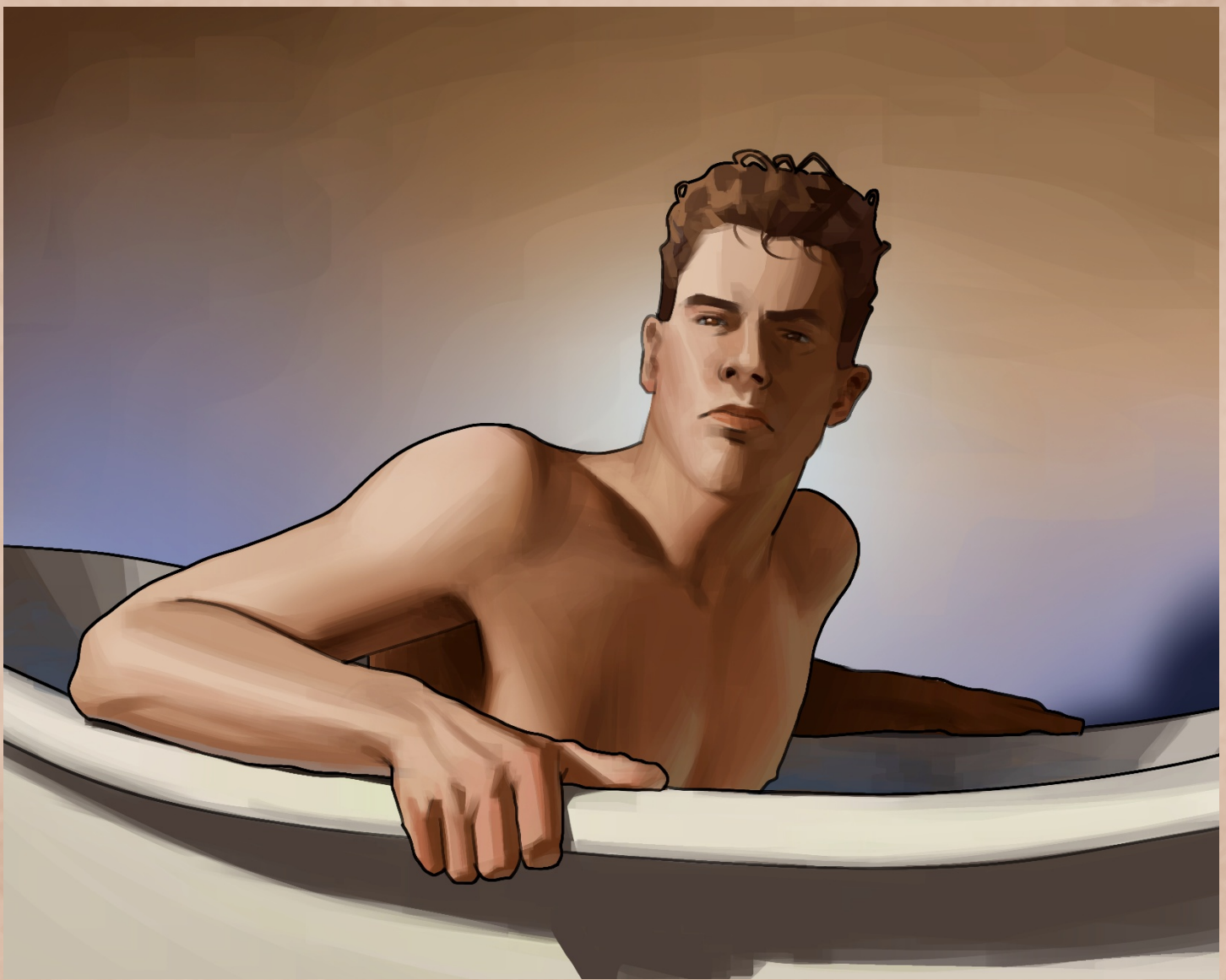
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Austin was soaking in the tub when he thought he heard the room's door handle rattle. He shifted position, listening. The water splashed around him, making it difficult to hear any faint noises from his room.

"Beatrice?"

There was no answer.

"Hello?" Without leaving the tub, Austin looked around the bathroom for a weapon. His soft cock floated just beneath the water's surface, swaying with his movements. "I should have a gun," he muttered. Before he could come to a decision, the bathroom door creaked open. *I can't die in this game. I can't die in this game.* He prayed that was true. From his angle in the tub, he couldn't see anyone in the now open doorway. "Hello?" A chill seeped into his bones.



"I hope you don't mind, Mr. Aquiline. I needed comfort in this most terrible time." Alexis walked into the bathroom. She was already naked, her heavy, hanging breasts jiggling with each step.

"Oh ... Alexis." Austin's muscles loosened, the tension ebbing out of him. "I'm sorry for your loss. Your husband was ..." He stared up at the underside of her boobs as she stood next to the tub. "Wait, didn't I lock the door?"

"You must have forgotten. But don't worry, Mommy locked it for you after she came in." Even though her eyes were red from crying, she wore a flirtatious smile on her lips. "I do so love that youthful slang, 'mommy'." I tried to have Bradley call me that, but he refused. And now, after his passing ... I'll never get another try to convince him." Her smile faded and her lips quivered. "Oh, look, someone's happy to see me." She pointed to the young detective's penis as it swelled, its head now cresting the waterline.

"I see you're grieving. It would be cruel to turn you away. You can join me in the tub if you wish." Austin tried to sound like a thoughtful detective. It wasn't easy to stay in character when all these beautiful women were throwing themselves at him. *She's my own mother. I don't know how I'll ever look at her the same way back in real life.*

"That's very kind of you." Alexis climbed into the tub. There wasn't a lot of room, but she managed to straddle him with her knees up. Without any trouble, she slipped his long, hard prong into her waiting vagina.

"Oooohhhhhh ... your leviathan is ... a balm ... for my soul."



"Happy ... uuughhh ... to help." Austin reached up and hefted her tits. "You're a good ... mommy ... I want you ... to feel good."

"I'm a ... good mommy ... I'm ... ooohhh ... a very good ... mommy." She moved her hips, making the water slosh and splash to the tile floor at each high tide. "I've lost ... another husband. It's tragic ... eeehhhhh ... but who knows ... maybe I've already ... found another one?"



Austin didn't know what to say to that, so he kept quiet. When he pinched her nipples, she arched her back and cried out. All he could think while watching her orgasm was that this woman had a very odd way of grieving.