

CHAPTER 16

MURDER AT  
PALMER LODGE

# FICTION

*Rawly Rawls*

## Murder at Palmer Lodge 16

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*Written by RawlyRawls*

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*Oh, my. Oh, my. I think I'm a lesbian.* Clarissa was finished masturbating. She looked down at her aunt and cousin in their room as they dressed. Eunice had a smirk on her face. Melanie was eyeing her sleeping husband with an expression like the cat that had just eaten the canary. Clarissa moved away from the view, crawling toward the secret exit.

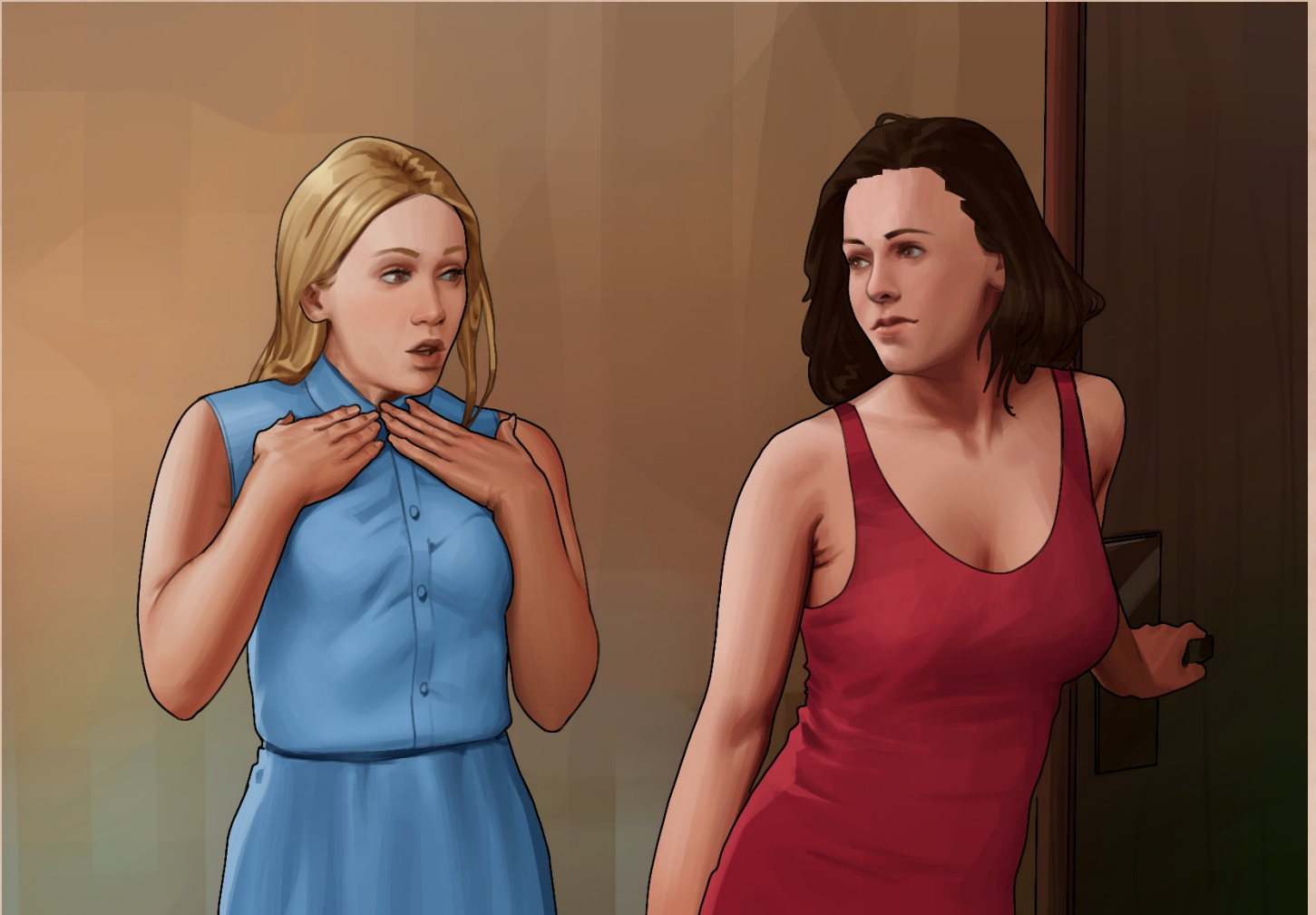


Clarissa was happy to find no dead bodies, or anyone living for that matter, when she exited through the secret door. She took a minute straightening her clothes and collecting herself in the servants' room. *Am I really? I have a fiancé out in the real world. Is the game sending me a message by killing him off in here? Does it know?* She shook her head. *There are men here. I can sleep with one to see if he does anything for me.* It was a desperate plan, but it was what the times called for.

She wasn't going to sleep with her crazy uncle. The thought of touching the disgusting character her father was playing made her skin crawl. *That was an insult, making him my husband.* Of course, she would have slept with Brad. It wouldn't even be cheating, not really. But his body was keeping cool in the cellar, so it was too late for that. She wasn't about to let a dog hump her, even if it could speak English. That left ... her dumb brother or Thomas. *I should really choose Thomas. I'm not related to him.* But she found her feet heading toward her brother's room. Butterflies fluttered in her stomach.

"Clarissa! Clarissa!" Rob called loudly, his voice echoing through the lodge.

"Oh, no," Clarissa whispered. She quickened her steps, not wanting to get caught by her gropey husband. She turned down the guest hall and nearly ran into Alexis as she was exiting Austin's room. "Mom?"



Alexis gave the young, amateur detective a quizzical look and closed the door behind her. "You're using that slang, too?"

"I ... what?" Clarissa hadn't been using slang.

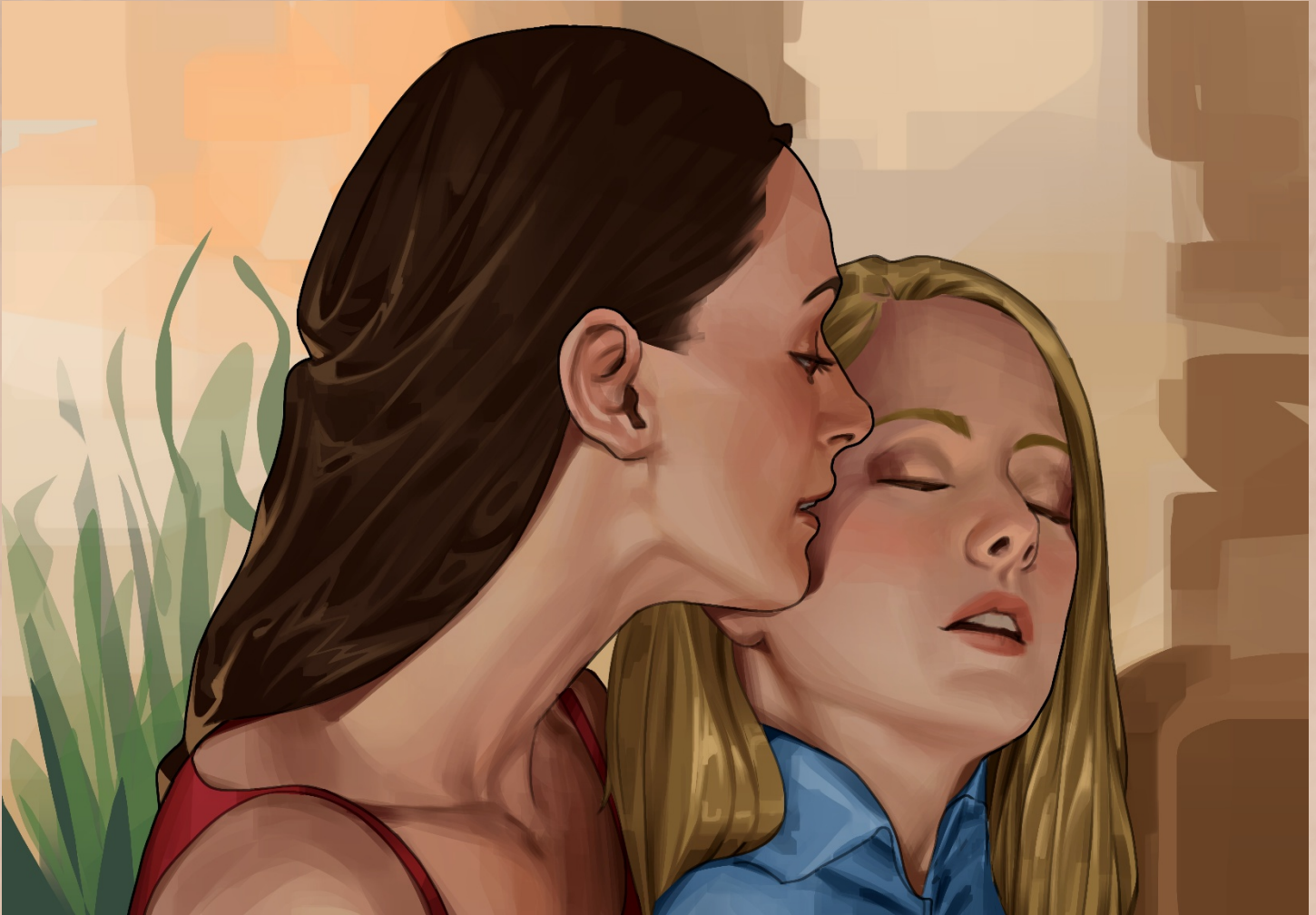
"You said, 'Mom'. Call me Mommy this time. I want to hear it from those pretty lips." Alexis worked on straightening her dress as she stood in the hall, her back to Austin's door.

"Hi, Mommy." Clarissa gave her an awkward wave.

"Ooohhhh ... I like that." Alexis nodded her satisfaction. "I could use a pretty, young woman to mother in this trying time." She adjusted her underwear. "I would invite you to my room now, but I ... um ... " She looked over her shoulder at the doorway she'd just passed through. "I'm not ready. Find me later."

"Oh, okay." Clarissa had been ready to run away to this woman's room if invited. *I'm here for dick, not for my mother!* She pressed her lips into a tight line and balled her fists. "I'll see you soon, Mrs. DelaCross ... um ... I mean ... I'll see you soon, Mommy."

"Ooooo ... that sent a shiver down my spine, Mrs. Devonshire." Alexis kissed the young woman on the cheek, walked past her, and disappeared into her own room.



Clarissa took a moment to breathe deeply. She rubbed her thighs together. It was obvious her panties were soaked. She pictured her mother doing a slow striptease for her. *I could have sex with my mother here without any consequences. She'd never know.* She turned and passed down to the DelaCross room, lifted her hand to knock, but paused. *If I do this, there would be no uncertainty about who I am. I'd have to leave Brad in the real world and date women.* Glancing back to her brother's room, she exhaled slowly. Without knocking on her mother's door, she walked back to Austin's room and rapped her knuckles three times. The door opened, and there was her silly brother, his chest bare, his lower half wrapped in a towel. She looked down at the lump of his soft penis under the towel and felt her belly do a flip. *I like dicks.* She took that as a good sign.



"Clarissa, I ... um ... I was just cleaning up after ..." Austin ran his hand through his wet hair.

"Oh ... my ... God. Were you just fucking our mom?" Her belly did several more flips. "You're depraved." She didn't mind the hypocrisy of damning him for it, when she very much would have done the same thing given the chance. She was used to being hypocritical where her brother was concerned.

"No ... I haven't seen ... Mrs. DelaCross." He looked up and down the hall, but there was no one there but his sister. "You want to talk about the case? Come in." He stepped aside, pulled his sister into the room, and closed the door. There was a chill in the air, and he was wet, so he walked over by the hearth and warmed himself while looking into the fire. "My assistant knows who the murderer is, but won't tell me. I have to figure it out on my own, I guess. Did something similar happen to you?"

"I'm on my own. The game didn't give me an assistant, asshole." Clarissa gritted her teeth. "I saw you with Eunice in the library. And I know you're banging Mom. Is there any woman in this lodge you haven't slept with?"

"Sure, there's Aunt Melanie, Eloise Palmer, and ... you." Austin shrugged.

"You said that Eunice was strong while you two were going at it." As casually as possible, Clarissa walked over to her brother. She took hold of his shoulders and turned him so that he was facing her. "Was that just dirty talk ... or was she actually strong?"

"You slept with her, you tell me." Austin folded his arms over his chest.

"She didn't ... manhandle me ... like she did you ... I ..." Clarissa's face turned beet red. "This is impossibly awkward. Just answer the question."



"Yeah, she was stronger than me. I couldn't get her to loosen my tie."

"But she's a skinny girl and you're ..." She pointed to her brother's biceps, which were a little flexed with his folded arms. "... a strong boy."

"So? Is this leading to an insult or something, because if that's why you stopped by, I have to meet Beatrice in a ..." He lost his train of thought when she pulled the towel off his waist and threw it over the back of a chair. His long, soft cock swayed from the movement.

"I don't care that you slept with Mom or our cousins. It's fine." Slowly, Clarissa lowered herself to her knees in front of her brother. "What we do in this game doesn't count in real life, right? You know I slept with ... women here ... and I'm not a lesbian. It doesn't count."



"You're ... not a lesbian ..." Austin nodded his head slowly, staring down at his sister's pretty lips. In real life, Clarissa was more a pain than anything else. He hadn't ever thought about what she would look like sucking his cock. But he was thinking hard on the topic now.

"So ... we're agreed." Tentatively, Clarissa reached a hand out for her brother's cock. When her fingers clasped on the soft flesh, she shivered. *I do like this.* "It's heavy."

"Wait until it gets hard." Austin put his hands on his hips.

"When is ...? She froze. "Oh, I feel it swelling, Austin. I like it!"

"Right ... that's good." Austin didn't know what to say to that. He tried to get into character. "Look, doll, it's time to charm the snake."

Clarissa giggled. "Do you think ... I mean ... is it possible ... in the game ... could I ... get pregnant?"

"Not from a blowjob." He leaned his hips forward. His cock was almost fully hard now. The head brushed against her chin.

"It's not possible, right? What happens in Murder at Palmer Lodge, stays in Murder at Palmer Lodge. It has to." She reached a hand under that fat shaft and gently squeezed his testicle. It was swollen with seed. "I can't believe I'm touching you here." She gave it another squeeze for emphasis.

"Me either." Austin narrowed his eyes. "Is ... is the game making you do this? Like ... it's what your character would do, so ... you have to ... uuuuggghhhh ... oh shit." Austin arched his back when his sister sucked his cock into her mouth.

"Uuummm ... uuummm ..." Clarissa shook her head, not removing the massive cockhead from her mouth. *Talk about awkward. All the previous dicks in my life didn't prepare me for this.* With some caution she tried to get more of him past her lips, but that made her gag, so she eased up. "Mmmnnnn?" She lifted her eyebrows as if to question what she was supposed to do with such a colossal beast.



“I don’t know ... Beatrice just shoves it down her throat ... uuugghhh ... like it’s no big deal.” He stared at her, admiring the way the blowjob deformed her pretty face into something comical. “You can just ... suck on the head ... yes ... that feels good. Yes ... yes ... I can feel your tongue ... Clarissa.”



Satisfied in the knowledge that she would only be able to bob on his dickhead, Clarissa went to work. She wasn't sure what her end goal was. Did she want him to explode? Somehow, tasting his cum seemed a whole lot worse than letting him finish in her pussy. *That's what I want. A dick in my pussy. Even if it's more than twice the size of Brad's, it's what I want.* She blew her brother for a good long while in front of the fireplace. Eventually, she came up for air. "Wow ... that was ... crazy." On shaky legs, she stood.

"Are we ... done?" Austin was disappointed, but it would totally be like Clarissa to leave him blue-balled. He wasn't surprised. He was trying to decide if he'd go to Beatrice or his mother to finish him off when his thoughts were derailed by his sister undressing. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to see if I can take that monster in my pussy, duh." Down to her underwear, she reached behind and unclasped her bra. "Did you think I was just going to please you and go?"



"No ... I ..." His eyes went round at the sight of her boobs. "Damn ... you have nice tits."

"Don't make this weirder than it already is." Clarissa turned her back to him so he couldn't stare at her chest. Warm relief filled her. It was easier doing this without making eye contact. *I know what position I'll give him.* She lowered her underwear, stepped out of them, and got onto all fours, her knees depressing the edge of the mattress. Her ass faced directly at him. A long pause extended awkwardly between them. The only noise was the pop and crackle of fire. "Well, put it in. I know you know what to do."



“Clarissa ...” Slowly, he stepped behind his sister. He found her pale ass incredibly inviting. “... which hole should we ...?”

Forgetting about not wanting eye contact, she looked over her shoulder with incredulous eyes. “My pussy, moron. If you tried my ass, you’d break me in half. There isn’t a hospital on this island, is there?”

“No ... but Beatrice only lets me in the back door. She ... likes it ... I think.” Austin clenched his jaw in frustration. His sister was really taking him out of character. He didn’t like how indecisive he felt.

“Well, I didn’t know our cousin was a freak. But now I do. And the fact that she’s some sort of anal contortionist has nothing to do with my butt.” She turned her eyes forward and dropped her head. “This is a one-time, pussy-only thing. Now put it in before I change my mind.”

Austin took a deep breath and lined up his cock. “How deep do you want me to go, doll?”

“Austin ...” Despite the feel of his dickhead on her nether lips, she giggled at his dirty talk. “I assume you’re going to go as deep as you can. I just want to feel it. I want to ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Clarissa’s eyes crossed, and her mouth gaped when he entered her. *It hurts more than I thought. But ... I like it ... I ... really like it.* “Go ... slow ... uuuggghhhh ... Austin ... go ... sllloooooowwwwww.”

