



CHAPTER 17

MURDER AT
PALMER LODGE

FICTION

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Murder at Palmer Lodge 17

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“Clarissa ... it sounds like ... you’re in pain.” Austin was trying to slow his hips down. Her pussy was so tight and wet that his hips didn’t want to comply. He had recently been hearing lots of ecstasy from the women around him, but Clarissa’s wails sounded different. Maybe she just wasn’t built to take him. “Should I stop?” Still gripping the handholds her waist offered, he finally got his hips to slow. He went from pounding to leisurely stroking.

“No ... no ... no ...” Clarissa still felt pain, but she felt lots of other things, too: among them curiosity, awkwardness, and growing pleasure. She kept her eyes forward so she wouldn’t have to see her brother’s sex face. She imagined he looked really dumb, but wouldn’t turn to confirm it. “No ... don’t stop ... don’t ... ugh ... stop ... I like ... dick.”

“Oh ... okay.” He sped his hips back up. Hearing her say those words was strange. In fact, those words made an uncomfortable situation almost tense. He supposed this was different than having sex with his mother and cousins in the game. This was his real sister. This was Clarissa, not some character she was playing. Even with some odd butterflies in his belly, he continued to accelerate the speed of his thrusts. “So ... you ... um ... like my dick ... doll?” He was finding it difficult to stay in character with her. Again, she was his real sister. *Holy shit, I’m fucking Clarissa!* The thought hit him hard. In amazement, he looked at her tight ass ripple.

“Yeah ... uuuggghhhh ... it’s not hurting ... so much ... anymore.” She gripped the sheets and looked at her breasts dance under her with each impact she absorbed. “Wait ... wait!”



Austin stopped his hips completely. He waited for further instruction.

“No ... I didn't mean ... you should stop.” Clarissa panted, looking down at the sweat that dripped off her nose to the sheet below. “I meant ‘wait’, I was starting to feel something new. Keep fucking me, Austin.” *Maybe I'm really not a lesbian. I want to keep going.* “Really make me take it.” She clenched her teeth when the pounding recommenced. “Yeah ... ugh ... ugh ... like that ... something new ... something ... ooohhhhhh ... Austin ... I didn't think ... eeeeeiiiiiiii.” Her mind left her, and she could find no more words for her brother. Only high squeals and grunts.

“Shit ... Clarissa ... you're cumming.” Austin had a knack for saying the obvious around his sister. At least she couldn't call him out on it like she usually did. Not as long as he kept smashing her right through her orgasm. When her arms gave way and she fell to the mattress, he mounted her prone form, placing his hands on her back, and continued to give her the dick she apparently liked. *If keeping this dick is the reward for winning, I better figure out the murderers before Clarissa. If I can tame her with it, imagine what I could do in the real world.*



Somehow, her brother drove her from one climax right to the next. When she was finally descending, the pain had returned. He was crashing into her cervix in the current position, and it wasn't a friendly feeling. “Wait ... wait ...” When he kept humping her, she realized she'd ruined ‘wait’ as a safe word earlier. “It hurts ... I need you to stop ... Austin.”

With an audible plop, he pulled out of her. He let his turgid cock rest on her left butt cheek. “You okay?”

"Yeah ... just give me ... a sec." The feeling of his heavy dick lying on her ass was sublime. Another point in favor of her straightness. "No ... don't move ... leave your dick ... there." She lay still, feeling the weight of his cock. Thoughts of finding someone with a similar dick in real life flooded her mind. *I'm engaged. That's crazy. Sex with Brad is good.* But the more she thought about it, the more convinced she was that she was straight. She might be a sex fiend, but at least she wasn't a lesbian. Or maybe both of those choices would change the woman she had always thought of herself as. After several minutes, she rolled over, pushed her brother onto his back, and mounted him in reverse. She still didn't want to look at his face. "I'll handle it from here."



"Okay." He stared in awe as she reached under her with her small, delicate hand and guided his cock into her pussy. Watching her hole stretch for him was wonderfully obscene. She pushed him almost all the way in. When she lifted her hips, he smiled at the tight pink circle her pussy made around his cock. Soon enough, she was riding him hard. He noticed that she always left about an inch of his cock out of her pussy. He supposed she'd found the right length for her. That made him wonder if his mother and cousin had especially accommodating pussies, or if they just liked the pain. He could see Eunice enjoying pain, but not his mother. And that left the inexplicable Beatrice, who skipped her pussy altogether. His sister's difficulty in taking his cock shed a whole new light on Beatrice's gaping asshole. Turning his mind back to the woman at hand, he watched Clarissa's beautiful, slender body as she rode him for a long time. Occasionally, she'd stop riding him, convulse, and let out strained wails. He lost track of how many times she came.

“Are ... you ... ugh ... ugh ... close?” She bounced hard, but was careful to keep him away from her cervix. She risked a look over her shoulder. She’d been right. He had the most stupid grin on his face. He looked like he’d lost eighty IQ points since she’d walked in the room. “I think ... I’ve had enough ... orgasms ... for today,” she said. “And I’m ... getting tired.” His dick still felt sublime stretching her out, but she needed to rest.

“Yeah ... I’m ready ... you ready?” He took hold of her hips and pulled down, careful not to impale her all the way. “Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” He arched his back and emptied himself inside her.

“Austin ... Austin ...” Clarissa gasped. “I ... feel it ... uuuggghhhhhh.” It was easy to pretend that this was real, that her dumb brother was trying to knock her up. That thought sent her over the edge into another massive orgasm.



A while later, they lay side by side on the bed. Clarissa was on her belly, her face turned away from her brother. Austin lay on his back, his soft dick resting on his thigh. He stared at the swell from her lower back back out to her ass. *Once I get out of this game, how am I ever going to forget what this was like?*



“Are you looking at my ass?” Clarissa didn’t know if she wanted him to say yes or no.

“Yeah.” Austin thought his character would slap her ass at this point. But he held himself back.

“Well, don’t get used to it. We’re going back to normal now. I just needed some dick. And you were the only game in town.” She sighed. “I would have fucked Brad. But he’s ... you know ... dead. I ...” She sat up and put an arm over her breasts. “I think I know who the murderer is. But I need to double check.” She had to talk to Eunice right away. Rolling off the bed, she covered her pussy, too. “I’m going to use your bathroom to get cleaned.”

“Sure, okay.” He watched her pick up her clothes and disappear into the bathroom. Panic seeped into his veins. *Does she really know?* Suddenly, he was on his feet, dressing. He didn’t have time to wash the cum off his dick or the sweat off his skin. While his sister was still in the bathroom, Austin hopped out of his room, one shoe on his foot, the other in his hand. He went down the hall and knocked on his assistant’s door.

Beatrice opened the door wearing her nurse's outfit. "Well, don't you look disheveled?" She reached out and unknotted his tie and slowly put it back into a neat Windsor knot. "Who was the lucky lady this time? Don't tell me it was the grieving widow again."



"Well, yes." His tie perfect, Austin stepped into her room and closed the door. "But that was before. Afterward, it was the detective."

"The lesbian?" Beatrice laughed.

"Why are you dressed like that?" Austin stared at the outfit. She was insanely hot.

"I heard a woman screeching in your room when I passed in the hall. I could feel your bed thumping through the floorboards. I figured the poor creature would need a doctor or nurse afterward." Beatrice adjusted her glasses and winked. "What do you think? Should I tend to Mrs. Devonshire's broken pussy?"



"Wow ... that sounds great. But ... she's almost solved the case. We don't have any time to waste. Tell me who the murderer is." He put his hands on her shoulders and stared deeply into her eyes.

"Well, that seems like a clue to me," Beatrice said in a distant voice.

"You're not going to help me." Austin frowned. "Well, we need to catch the killer, see? And we gotta do it pronto, doll. So, where do we start?"

"You tell me boss." Beatrice turned to get her purse. She bent over, giving her boss a great view of her ass. "Should I change first?"

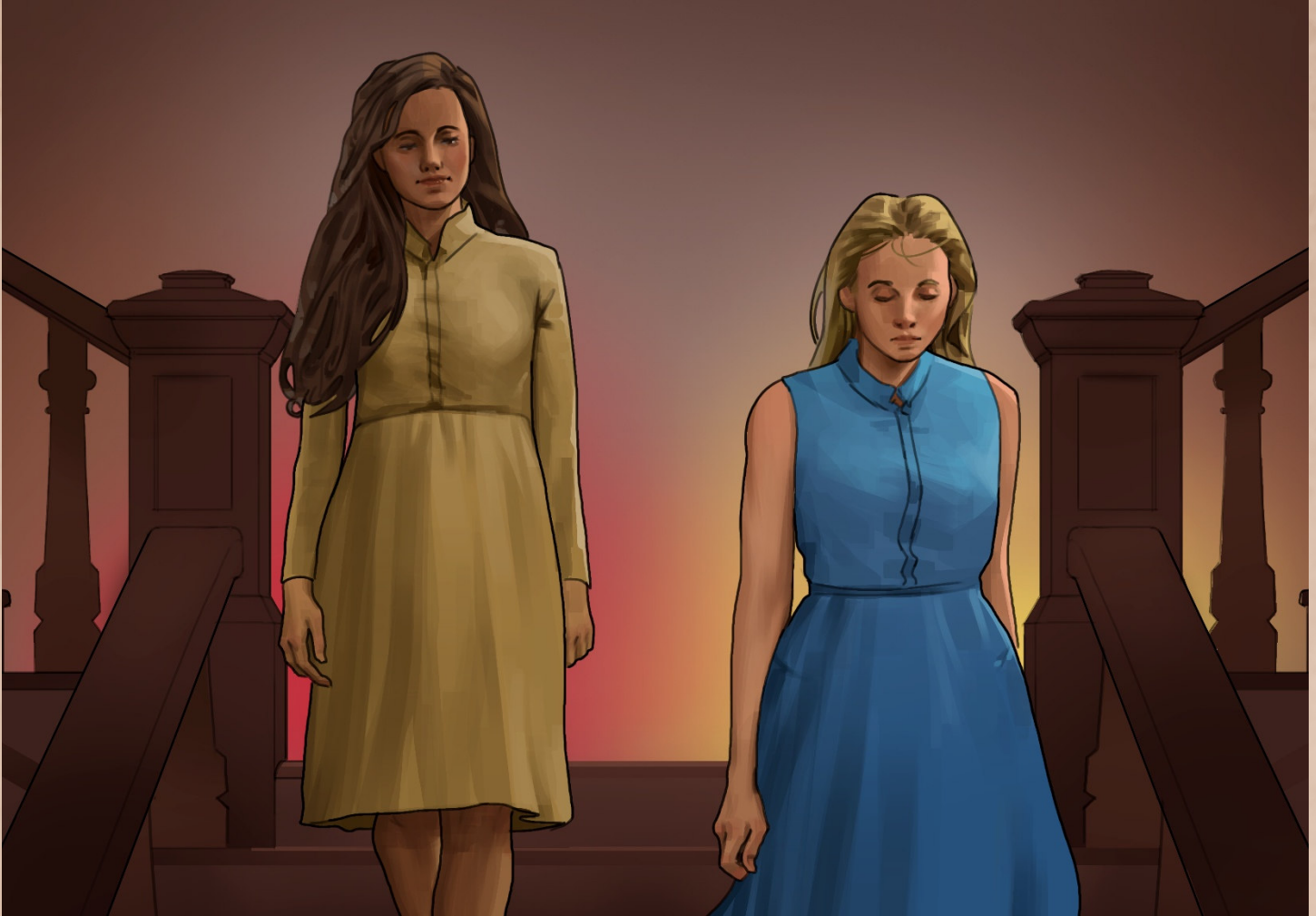
"No ... no ... you can wear that outfit. It might ... come in handy." Despite all its earlier efforts, Austin's dick was engorging again. He wanted nothing more than to pull that uniform up to her waist and plunder his cousin's ass again. But he wanted to win the game more. "Bring your revolver."

"Why do you think I went for my purse?" She straightened, slung her purse strap over her shoulder, and patted his head like he was a puppy. She inhaled deeply. "You smell like sex, by the way."

"It can't be helped. Come on." He turned and headed for the door. He wasn't sure where he was going, but he was going to solve the case.

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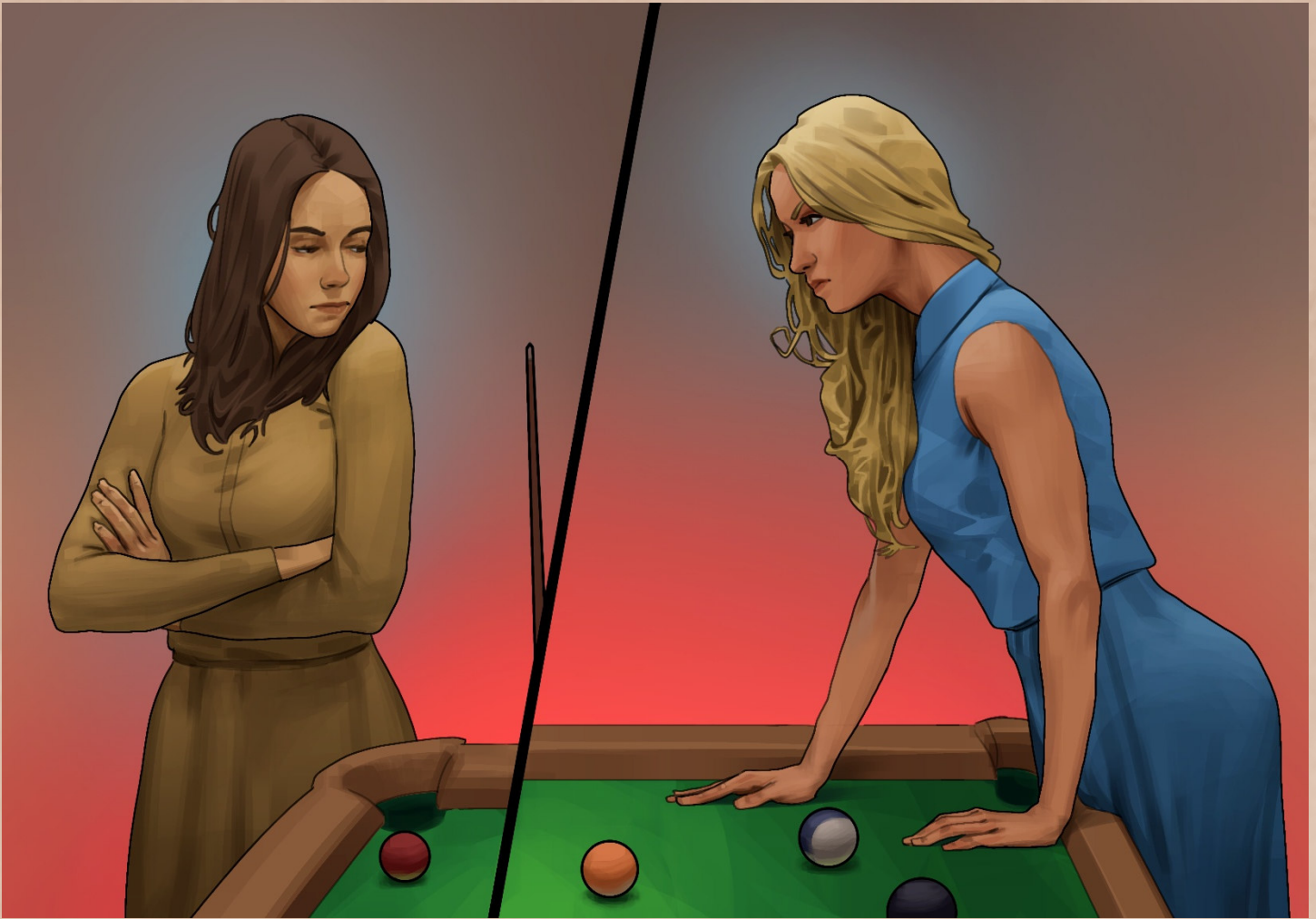
“How did you get past my mother?” Eunice followed Clarissa down the main stairway past the gorgeous Christmas tree. Their heels clicked, echoing around the lobby. There didn’t seem to be anyone else around.



“I told her I’d rat her out to her husband. I know what you and your mother have been doing.” Clarissa turned left, but she didn’t hear the other woman following her. She stopped and turned back toward Eunice. “What?”

“I let you watch us. I thought you’d be more discreet than to blab about it in the open,” Eunice hissed, staring daggers at the other woman.

“Come on, let’s have some privacy then. I didn’t say anything incriminating.” Clarissa gave the other woman a tight smile. She turned and walked toward the billiard room, hoping Eunice would follow her. She was indeed followed. When they were in the room, Clarissa made sure they were alone, and then put the billiard table between herself and Eunice. “So, you did see me spying. You know about the secret passageway?”



"I saw you peeking like a degenerate." Eunice walked over to the cue rack and picked one out. "I thought you were better, but you're just like the men."



Clarissa gulped. "I'm your friend, Eunice. You must have wanted me to watch. Is that why you pushed your mother into those trysts while I was there?"

"I *did* want you to watch." Eunice rapped the cue on the table to test its substance. "But I've made mistakes before."

"Did you see anyone else peeking at you from that vent?" Clarissa tried to hold her voice steady.

"What if I did?" Eunice began to walk around the table, holding the cue over her shoulder.

"I'd like to know who it was." With shaky legs, Clarissa moved around the table to keep some distance between them.

“That’s enough of that.” Beatrice stood in the doorway holding her revolver.

Austin stood next to her looking into the room, a confused frown on his face.

