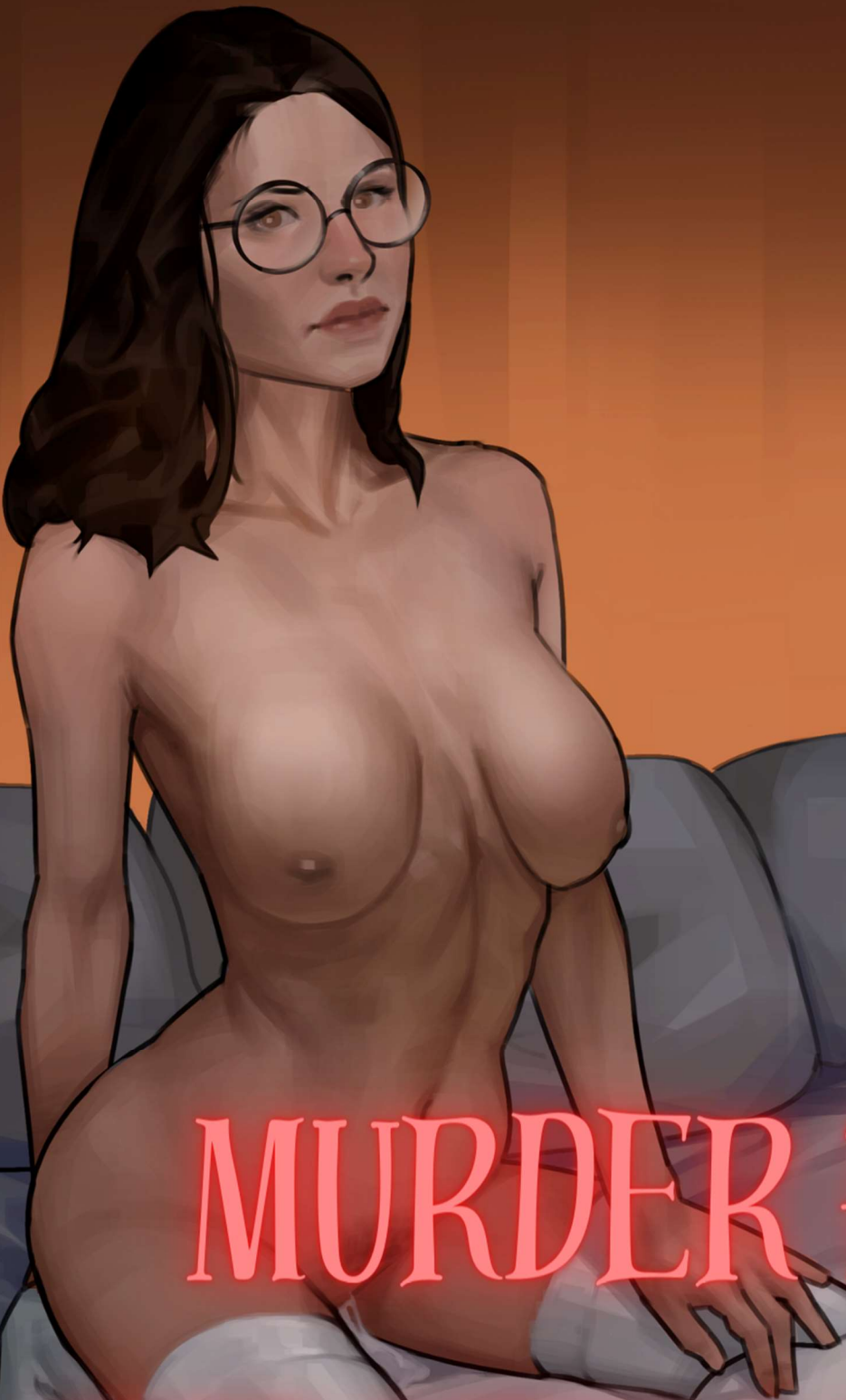


CHAPTER 2



MURDER AT PALMER LODGE

Mrs. Palmer

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Murder at Palmer Lodge 2

Illustrations by Laimov

Written by RawlyRawls

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"That ... was incredible." Austin lay on the four-poster bed, vibrating with post-orgasmic bliss. His cousin had ridden him to two orgasms. They were both naked, and she lay on her side, facing away from him. He watched the cum run out of her ass and slowly make the trek over her cheek to the sheet below. He wanted to touch her. To run his hands along the flare from her waist out to her hip, but this was his obnoxious cousin. Or was it? He reached out his hand, but hesitated and pulled it back.



"'Incredible' boss?" Beatrice snickered without looking over at him, resting her head on a pillow. The view out the window was pretty. The island was verdant, and the ocean looked rougher than it had been for their voyage over. "Usually, you have something more grandiloquent to say after I've milked your seed for two hours. Forgive me if I don't run to my books to transcribe 'incredible.'"

"I ... I mean ... I've never done that ... it's just ..." Thankfully, he was interrupted by the soft, crisp sound of paper sliding under the door. He rolled out of bed and walked across the room. He didn't make it to the door. He got distracted by his long, flaccid cock. How was he supposed to walk around with something like that? *I had this on the ferry ride over, and I didn't notice it. I'll probably just ... get used to it.*

"What does it say?" She kept her eyes on the ocean, wondering how the ferry ride would go for the other guests.

"What?" Austin stood in the middle of the room, still looking down at the thick, veiny dick dangling below.

"The paper that we both heard slide under the door. What does it say?" Finally, Beatrice gathered the energy to sit up and turn toward him. She'd really given her rump a workout. She'd be sore tomorrow. Strike that, she was sore now. "What are you doing? First, you look at me like a love-struck puppy while I'm giving you a standard, although vigorous, version of our usual. Now, you're giving that same gaze of adoration to your own cock."

"I ... um ..." He looked over at her.

"What in Jove's heaven is wrong with you?" She nodded her head at the nurse's outfit on the floor. "Maybe you need some real medical attention."

Austin picked up the paper by the door and read it. "It says that we're supposed to join Mrs. Palmer in the lobby before the others arrive."



"Great, maybe we'll find out what in tarnation is going on." Beatrice hopped out of bed, wincing as the movement dislodged more of her employer's spunk. She picked up the nurse's outfit, held it up to her chest, and nodded to him. "You get your brain working right. I'll freshen up and retrieve my notepad. See you in the lobby in ten?"

Austin nodded. He watched her quickly dress. Was his cousin that beautiful in real life? He knew she was shapely, but ... damn. He'd never look at her the same way again.

“Remember what I said. Get your head on straight.” She snapped her fingers in front of his face. “See you soon.” She walked out of the room, awkwardly clenching her asshole to avoid leaving a trail behind her.

“Holy ... shit.” Austin watched her go. She was even hot waddling.



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“Good afternoon, Mr. Aquiline.” Eloise smiled at the young man as he descended the stairs.

“Who, me?” Austin pointed at his chest, his finger on his poorly knotted tie.

“You are Austin Aquiline, raconteur, globetrotter, and gentleman detective, are you not?” Eloise nodded to encourage the lad to say yes.

Austin nodded. He would have to look up what raconteur meant.

“Will your assistant be joining us?” Eloise said.

“Um ... yes ... she’ll be just a minute.” Austin stopped in the lobby several feet from Eloise.

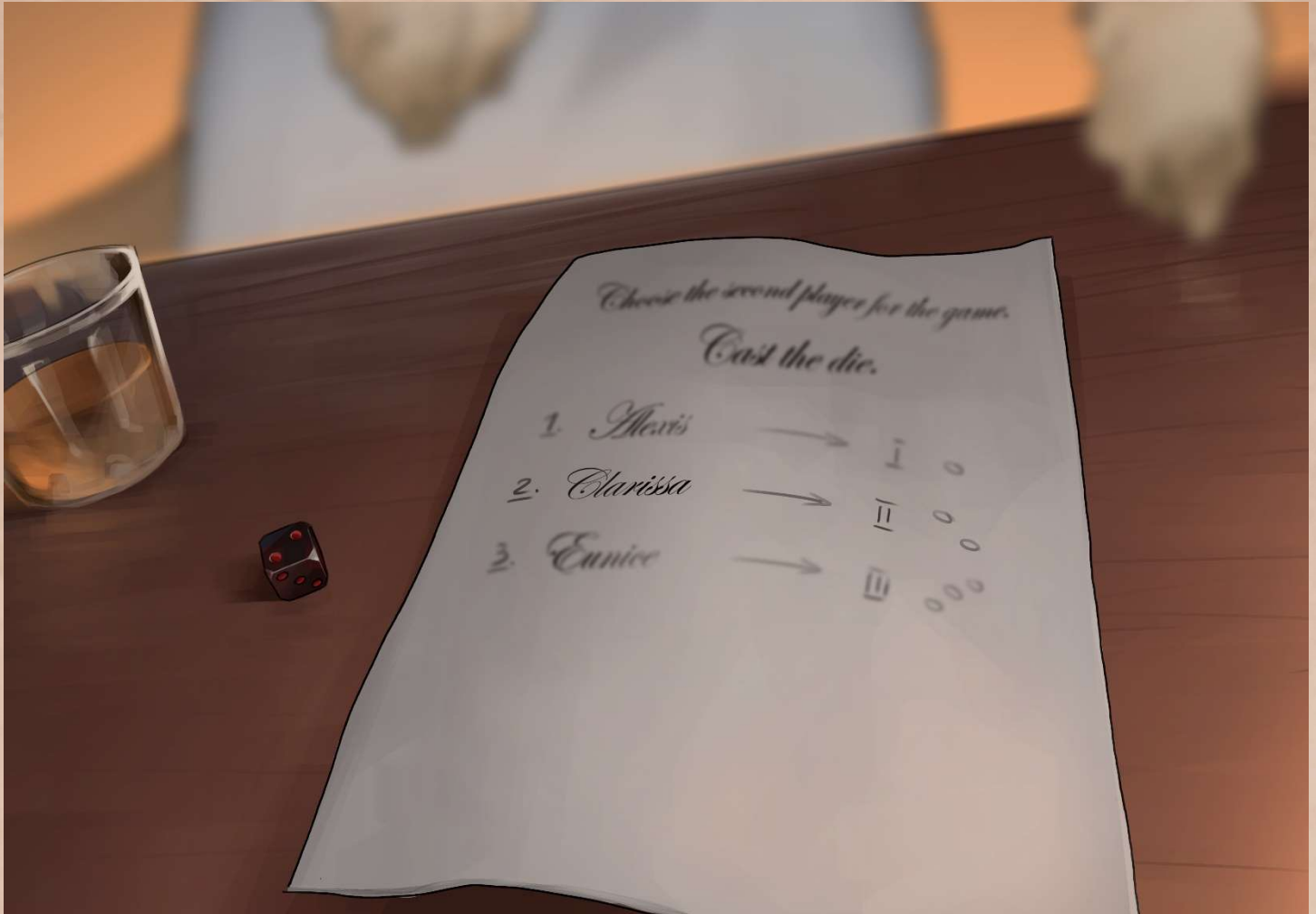
"I'm sure she needs time to recover. Was it a bumpy trip to our lovely lodge?" When he didn't say anything, Eloise smiled and inspected the Christmas tree. Moving an ornament from one branch to the next. "I've spent a good amount of time riding out rough travels. It can be murder on your rump."



"Um ... yeah." Austin ran his hands through his hair. "That's right. She's got a sore rump."

"I'm glad we're alone. There is something pressing that needs your attention. Please step into the dining hall and read the card that is waiting for you." Eloise nodded in the direction he needed to go. When he didn't move, she gently gave his back a little shove. "Off you go, dearie. Read the card."

Austin did as she asked. He walked into a dim room. Out of the corner of his eye, he caught movement behind the bar, but he didn't pay any attention to the bartender. His focus was on the card set up on one of the polished maple tables. A familiar black stone die rested next to it. The card read: *Choose the second player for the game. Cast the die.* Underneath, there was a list of his family members. Each had a number next to their name. Austin picked up the die and rolled. It was a two. He looked at the list. His sister's name was next to the number two.



"Storm's coming in." The bartender said. "Glad you made it today. Doubt the ferry'll be running tomorrow."

"Yeah ... well, that always happens in these games," Austin said without looking up at the man. "Storm comes in, and we're all trapped on the island." He shivered. "With a murderer."

"Suppose so. I reckon you know your way around a shindig like the Missus is planning," the bartender said.

"If I did, then I'd know what rolling my sister's name meant." Austin rubbed his chin, staring at the list of family names. *Second player?* "Yeah, um ... hey, my good man ..." If this was a game, he would try and get into character. He was some sort of adventurer. This was clearly early twentieth-century. Men like him drank. What did they drink? He thought. "My good man, mix me a vodka martini."

"Never heard of that abomination before, mister," the bartender said. "Do you mean a martini? Those have gin. Dirty? I like to make them dirty."

Something about the bartender seemed oddly familiar. He looked up and gaped. He hadn't been talking to a man at all. "I bet you do ... like them dirty. I'm always telling you to stop rolling in the mud."

“Don’t quite get your joke, but I’m gonna laugh all the same.” Subwoofer barked out a chuckle. He stood on his hind legs, wearing a jacket and bowtie. The dog winked at him and began mixing his drink.



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"Dad ... Daddy ... you can't do that. Don't touch me there." Clarissa had no idea what was going on. One moment she was celebrating Christmas, the next she was on a boat getting chased around by her father, who kept grabbing her butt. They were both dressed strangely. And her father didn't even seem to know who he was.



"Come on, darling. We so rarely travel. I'm excited. No one is out on the deck with us. Why don't we have a little fun?" Rob moved in for another grope. "Besides, you really have me jazzed with all that 'Daddy' talk. We haven't done that in a while."

"Oh ... God." Clarissa thought she was going to be sick. She dodged as he lunged for her.

Rob lost his balance as the ferry lurched with a wave. The man went sideways. First his hat sailed into the ocean, then he himself flipped over the rail. He caught on just barely, and dangled over the frigid water.

"Help! Help me ... Clarissa!"

"Oh ... no." Whatever was going on, she couldn't let her father drown. She rushed for the rail and reached over, but she wasn't strong enough to pull him up. "Help," she screamed. "Help us!"

"Help! I'm slipping." Rob's fingers slowly gave way. Just as he lost his grip, a large, powerful man appeared at the railing next to Clarissa, reached over, and grabbed Rob's wrist.

"Some assistance, Thomas." Frederick strained as he prevented the frantic man from plunging into icy depths. "This man weighs more than a ... bear."

“Coming, Father.” Thomas joined his father at the railing, pushing Clarissa aside. He reached over and grabbed the man’s jacket. Together, they pulled Rob back onto the ferry.

The three of them collapsed on the deck as the ferry lurched, hit another wave, and doused them all with spray.



Frederick stared at the man he’d rescued. “It was foolish of you to be fondling a woman out here. You nearly reaped what you sowed, but it wasn’t God’s plan that you should perish this day.”

“Thank you for saving me.” Rob sat firmly on the deck, not ready to stand and tempt fate again. “But the woman in question is my wife. And she is fetching. And what are men but fools for those we adore?”

“We should strive to be much more than fools, mister.” Frederick stood up and dusted himself off. “And if you’re coming to my island, as you are, I expect that you’ll behave chastely. Not like the idiot that you are.”

Clarissa stood with her hand over her mouth. She didn't know what to think of any of it.



Thomas slowly stood and eyed Clarissa. "Well, for what it's worth, I do think she's fetching. You've found yourself a fine bride, mister."

"Control your lusts!" Frederick cuffed his son's red head with his hand.

"Ow, Father. That smarts!" Thomas rubbed the back of his head and stared daggers at Frederick.

"I expect you'll be Mr. Palmer. I'm Rob Devonshire. This is my wife, Clarissa." Rob said, still seated on the wet deck. "We're both grateful for the rescue."

"I don't care for spending my Christmas with the likes of you. But such is my wife's fancy. Good day to you, sir." Frederick turned and stalked back to the ferry's cabin.

Thomas shrugged at the couple and followed his father.

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"I knew I'd find you in the bar. Sorry I'm late, boss." Beatrice walked up to where her employer was seated on a stool. She leaned her lips close to his ear. "I had to give myself time to drain so as not to ruin my skirts," she whispered. She sat next to him and placed her notebook on the bar with a thump. "I'll take a Bee's Knees, barkeep."



"Coming right up, li'l miss." Subwoofer nodded to Beatrice and reached for honey and lemon juice.

"I can't believe we had ..." Austin caught himself and got back in character. This game was worth every penny. He was fucking living *the* life. "I can't believe it still takes you so long to empty the vault. I would have thought you'd gotten used to the size of my bank deposits by now."

"There ain't no getting used to a bank account as big as yours." Beatrice giggled and slapped his shoulder.

"I'm just glad I'm on your *payroll*." She winked at him. "Now, down to business. I have all the notes you asked me to gather. I dug up backgrounds on most of the guests. And our hosts, too." She pushed the notebook toward him.

"I think it might be better if you read them to me under your breath as we watch each guest enter the hotel." Austin mustered up some courage, leaned over, and kissed her on the cheek. It was odd to kiss his cousin, but humping her earlier had taken the edge off the weirdness. He was pleased when she smiled at the kiss, took his hand, and placed it on her thigh.

"Now, why would I do that? Just read my damn notes." Beatrice didn't drop her grin. Her drink arrived, and she nodded to the bartender.

"Humor me. It's how things are done at a place like this." Austin sipped his drink for the first time. He sputtered at the taste and coughed, nearly spilling it in shock. That's what a martini was? It tasted awful.

"You're the boss, boss." Beatrice held up her glass. "Here's to strange ventures. Our bread and butter."

Austin recovered himself from the bracing cocktail. "Merry Christmas, doll." He clinked glasses with her.

"Merry Christmas, boss." Beatrice took a sip of her drink.

A gong rang from the lobby.

"Expect that's the others arriving." Subwoofer gave them an eager, Labrador smile. "Best go join the missus."

"Perfect timing." Austin took his undrinkable drink and hustled to the lobby, Beatrice by his side.

