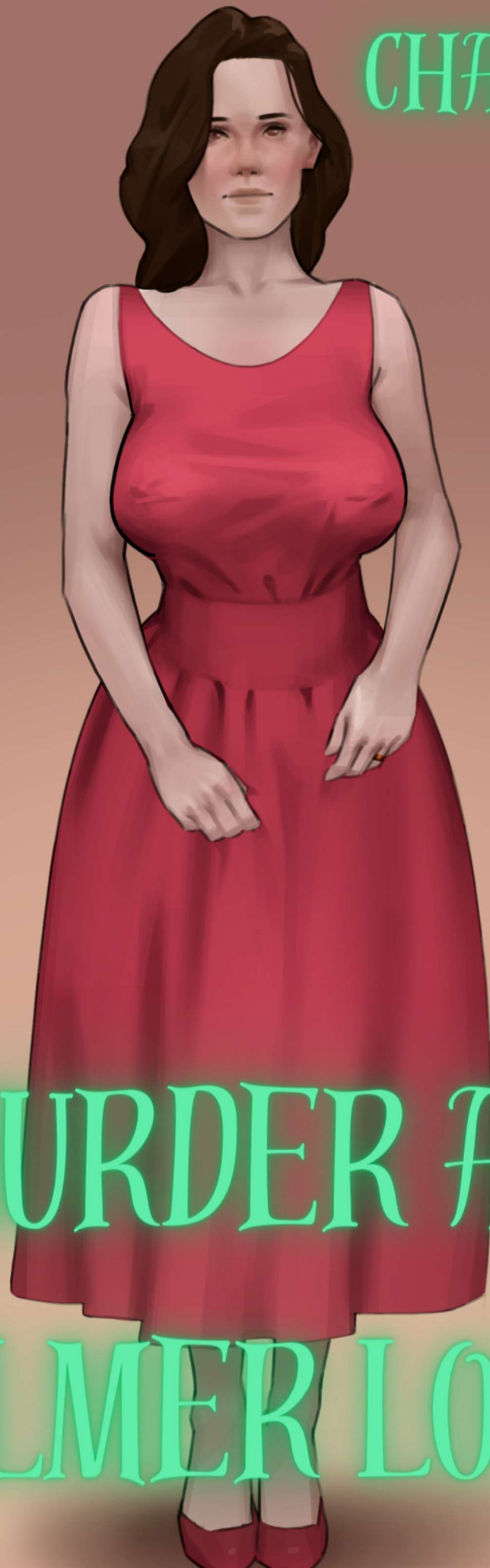


# CHAPTER 3



# MURDER AT PALMER LODGE

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

## Murder at Palmer Lodge 3

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Written by RawlyRawls

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“Oh, shit.” Austin was leaning on the wall near the Christmas tree. His eyes went wide, he almost called out “Mom!” But he stayed in character.

“Do you know them?” Beatrice stood next to him with her notebook open.

“I’ve seen their faces before.” Austin eyed his mother’s traveling companion. It was his sister’s fiancé, Brad. But he wasn’t a fiancé in the game apparently. He wore a wedding ring, and he ... kissed Austin’s mother on the lips. Alexis was also wearing a wedding ring. *They aren’t ...? No, he’s too young for her.*



“Mr. and Mrs. DelaCross,” Beatrice whispered in her boss’s ear. “Brad runs a medicinal drink empire. Alexis was widowed. She remarried a younger man. Good for her, if you ask me. Also, of note, she was once engaged to our host Frederick Palmer. I don’t know what put off the engagement.”

“Brad is married to my ... to Alexis?” Austin tried to wrap his head around it. “They’re not going to share a room, are they?”

“I wouldn’t know about that. Not in the notes. But I’d expect so.” Beatrice shrugged.

Alexis and Brad walked over to Eloise, Brad kissing his host’s double-set diamond wedding ring.

"Daddy, I told you to stop that!" Clarissa entered the wide double doors, holding her butt with the cheeks on her face burning crimson.



"You're driving me wild, Clarissa." Rob entered after her.

"Mr. and Mrs.?" Austin glanced at Beatrice.

Beatrice nodded. "Rob and Clarissa Devonshire. He has a big name in New York City, but the family wealth dried up. He married her for her money. She married him for his stature. Not for his grabby hands apparently." She watched as Clarissa shrieked at the unwelcome fondle and moved behind Eloise.

The Devonshires made awkward greetings with their host.

"Melanie, Milo, and Eunice Hadfetter." Beatrice nodded at the trio walking in. "Say, the younger dame is a looker."



"She's your twin." Austin sipped his martini and grimaced.

"Might as well be." Beatrice nodded. "She's a beauty anyway. This bunch isn't wealthy. Father, mother, daughter trio. Father runs a haberdashery, mother went to school with Eloise Palmer eons ago."

Melanie and Eloise greeted each other with many hugs and kisses.

"And finally, we have the other Palmers. I assume that Frederick is the dour-looking one and Thomas is the adorable redhead," Beatrice said.

"He's not so adorable." Austin frowned and sipped his disgusting cocktail.

"Oh, are you jealous?" Beatrice put down her notebook and picked up her drink. "I promise not to let him steal my heart." She giggled like what she'd said was endlessly amusing.

Austin wondered if it was an inside joke he was missing. The gong sounded again, and he turned his attention to Eloise who stood on the steps above everyone.

“Welcome all. I’m so happy to have you all here on Christmas Eve.” Eloise gazed benevolently at her assembled guests, family, and staff. Subwoofer, the bartender, stood in the doorway of the restaurant, looking on. Woofer, the groundskeeper, closed the front doors, leaning on them and listening to his mistress. “We’re running short-staffed at the lodge, with only the Smithfield brothers, S. and W., here to keep an eye on things. But, of course, there are no other guests right now. So, we should all be eminently comfortable. On a table near the Christmas tree, you’ll find keys to your rooms. Your luggage will be brought to you shortly. Please freshen up, and we’ll meet for dinner at six sharp.”



There was a flash outside the lodge’s windows, strobing everyone in the lobby. The electric lights flickered, and the candles guttered. A few seconds later, the place shook with thunder.

“Off you go then, dearies. I’m sure you’ll find the amenities to your liking.” Eloise blew a kiss to the crowd, perhaps singling out her son.

Next to Thomas, Frederick Palmer scowled.

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"Mrs. Devonshire? Mrs. Devonshire?" Eloise waved politely at the woman as people headed to their rooms. "Clarissa. A word please?" Eloise stepped closer and removed Rob's hand from Clarissa's rear end. "Please go to your room, Mr. Devonshire. I need a moment with your wife."

"Really?" Rob frowned. He had wanted her alone in their room with some time to kill. He glanced at Eloise and found that she almost looked cross. He took an involuntary step backward. "Yes. Yes, of course. I'll see you in our room, darling," he said to Clarissa. He went to slap his wife's butt, but was intercepted by Eloise's hand. He retreated toward the stairs. "Your husband was quite contrary, too. On the boat, he said I shouldn't enjoy my wife. What sort of vacation is this?"

"Frederick and I are in agreement on something. It must be a blue moon." Eloise nodded toward the restaurant. "Come with me, Mrs. Devonshire. Yes, that's *you*, dearie." She took Clarissa by the hand and led her to the bar. Subwoofer was there slurping on a tonic, his long tongue visible at the bottom of the glass. "Now, S., what did I say about drinking on the job?"



Subwoofer pulled his tongue out of the glass. "It's akin to God's work or sumptin." The dog shrugged.

"Subwoofer!?! " Clarissa grew very pale. She looked around for the next horrible revelation, but only the three of them were in the restaurant.

"Pull yourself together, Clarissa." Eloise squeezed her hand tightly.

It suddenly occurred to Clarissa that the woman's grasp was like ice. Why was the woman so cold? She tried to pull away but couldn't manage it. "I'm dreaming. This is a nightmare."

"You're close to the mark. You're in your brother's game." Eloise led her to the bar where two dice waited with a note. "Please roll the dice."

"My brother's game?" Clarissa's head spun. A sudden burst of laughter escaped her lips, followed by more. Soon she was cackling and leaning on the bar. "This ... is ... not real." Her sides hurt she was laughing so hard. She had no control.

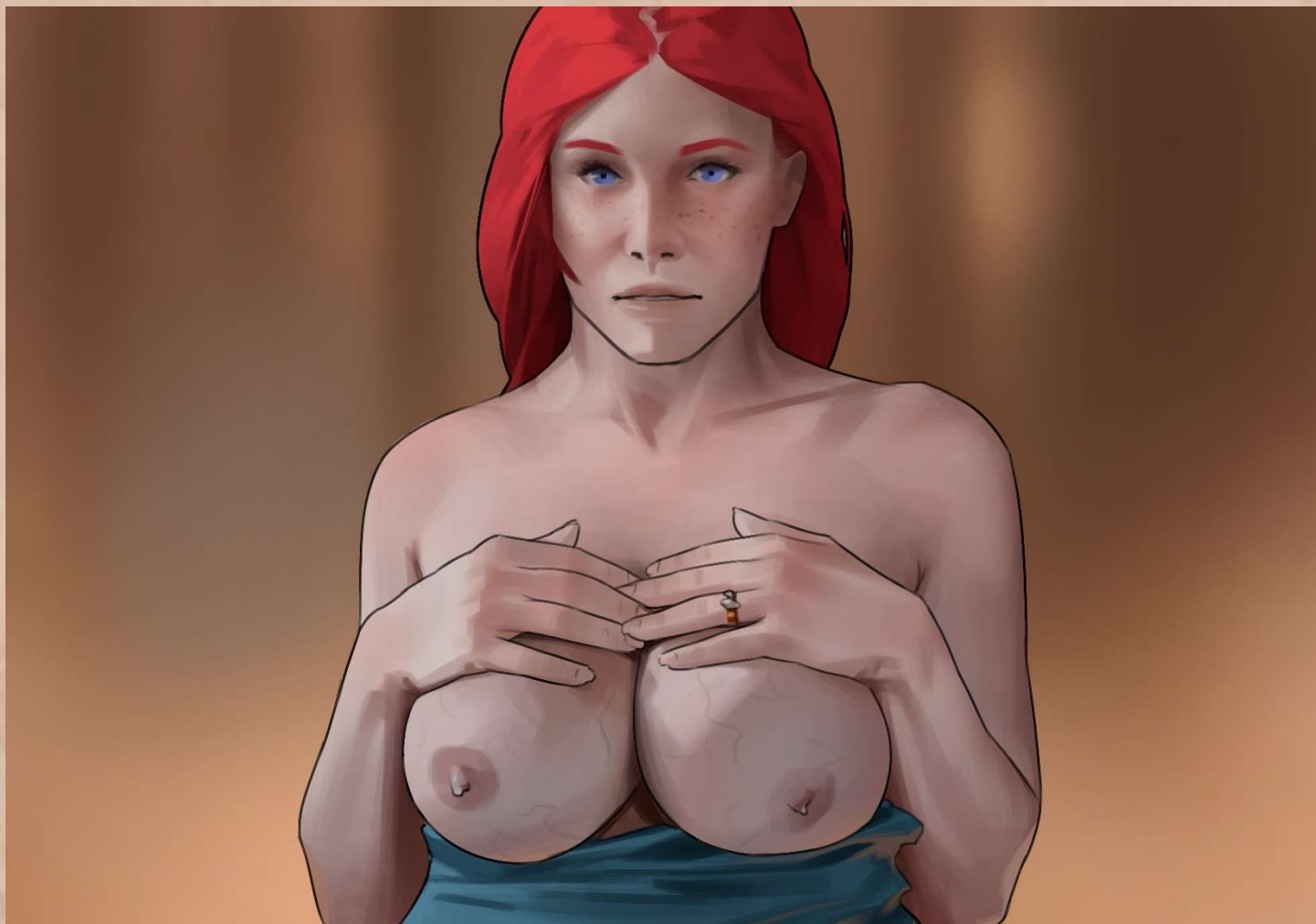
"Mix her a drink, S. Something sweet." Eloise slowly unbuttoned her blouse, frowning at the hysterical twenty-four-year-old woman.

"Lickety-split, Mrs. Palmer." Subwoofer saluted his mistress and went to work.

"No ... drink ... thank ... you ..." Clarissa waved her dog off. "I don't ... know ... where your ... dirty paws have been." She laughed even harder.

"You need to take your turn, and you're having some sort of fit." Eloise took off her own blouse and hung it on a chair. "You need a drink." She removed her bra.

"Listen ... lady ..." Clarissa's laughter died when she saw that the woman was suddenly topless. Her eyes nearly bugged out of her head. The woman's breasts were ghostly white, with a smattering of freckles and dark, thick nipples. "What are you ...?" Clarissa couldn't help but stare at them. They looked heavy and full. Blue veins meandered just under the skin.



"I said 'you need a drink.'" Eloise took one long step toward Clarissa, took a fistful of the woman's hair, and roughly pulled her to her breast. Eloise pressed the back of her head until her breast bulged around Clarissa's face and held her there.



"Mmmpphhh." Clarissa went stiff as a board. She'd never been in such a situation before. She struggled for a few seconds, but the woman was strong. Eventually, she began to suffocate on frigid tit-flesh, so she opened her mouth. Cold sweetness hit her tongue. The grip on her head loosened, and she was able to breathe through her nose. She was so relieved to breathe that it took her a moment to notice she was gulping down the most delicious dulcetness. Despite the drink's temperature, warmth spread through her body. She was nurtured and cared for. *I'm safe. Nothing can go wrong here.*

"That's a good girl." Eloise released her grip and stroked Clarissa's hair instead. The two women stood by the bar, Eloise with a straight spine, Clarissa bent at the waist. "Shhhh ... that's a good girl. Everything will be okay." Eloise looked over at Subwoofer. "What did you make for her?"

"Bee's Knees, Mrs. Palmer." Subwoofer nodded.

"Excellent choice." Eloise pulled Clarissa off her breast. She smiled warmly and kissed Clarissa's cheek. "Feeling better?"

"Wow ... I ... um ..." Clarissa took a seat in front of the dice. "I never ... um ..."

"For you, Mrs. Devonshire." Subwoofer pushed the cocktail toward Clarissa. "No hard feelings about what you said ... about my paws."

"Thank you, SubSub." Clarissa used his nickname. She sipped the drink. It blended well with the milky taste still in her mouth. She took another sip, and tried to focus her eyes on the paper before her. There was a question: *How will you use your time before dinner? Below it, was a list: 2) Quiet time with your husband. 3) Search the library. 4) Explore the garden. 5) Converse with another guest ...* The list went to twelve, but she stopped reading.



Lightning flashed through the windows. The lights in the room flickered. About ten seconds later, they heard distant thunder.

"Roll to choose." Eloise handed her the black dice with red veins.

"Okay." Clarissa didn't have a care in the world. Not anymore. She smiled serenely and rolled a seven. "This is a game. So ... I have to do whatever it says for number seven?"

"Top of the class." Eloise read over Clarissa's shoulder, her bare breasts pushing against Clarissa's ear. "Number seven. Explore the billiard room." Eloise pulled Clarissa from the stool. "Very good. You just need to go back through the lobby and past the lounge. You'll see it. It's the room with the giant bear."



"The giant ...?" Clarissa was having a hard time thinking. She stared at the lovely breasts on display before her. "Could I have another taste?"

"Maybe later, Dearie." Eloise took the Bee's Knees and put it in Clarissa's hand. "You can hold on to your cocktail for now. Off you go." She turned Clarissa toward the door, put her hands on her butt, and shoved her off.

Without a look back, Clarissa stumbled her way toward the billiard room.

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Trees bent and whipped in the wind. The ocean heaved and churned. Austin stood at the window, looking out over the island. Rain hadn't arrived yet, but it looked like it was going to really come down. He hoped the lodge was watertight. The electric sconces flickered, but his hearth burned merrily, basking the room with a warm glow.

"To have a murder mystery, someone must be murdered," he said to the empty room. There was a knock on the door. His dick sprung to life in his trousers. It had to be Beatrice, and he couldn't wait to see what her horny mind would come up with. He moved quickly toward the door, finding it awkward to move with such a large erection. How odd that his dumb cousin could turn him on now. He supposed anything was possible in the game.

"Mr. Aquiline?" Alexis smiled at him when he opened the door.

"Mom?" Austin blurted.



"Excuse me?" She put her hand to her ample bosom, looking affronted.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. ... um ..." Austin didn't remember her name. *Some detective I'm turning out to be.*

"Mrs. DelaCross." She straightened her dress. She was wearing heels, so she towered over the young man. That made her a bit giddy. When she spotted the enormous barge he was smuggling in his trousers, she became more featherbrained. *Is that real, or is he storing his winter rations down there?* She shook her head and met his eyes. He was waiting for her to continue. "I have lost my husband. I was going to ask you, as a world-renowned detective, to help me find him. But ... I can see you have a cheery fire in here. And brandy on the

dresser. Might I join you until dinner? I think it would be safer for me to stay with a man ... of your reputation."

"So ... you know me ... as Mr. Aquiline?" Austin stood aside and let her into the room. He shut the door after her. It was his mother's face, but she wasn't looking at him with any of her usual expressions.

"Of course. I've even read some of your stories in the broadsheets." Alexis's smile was sly and full of anticipation. "Pour us a brandy, and you can tell me all about your adventures."

"Sure ... I guess." Austin was disappointed he wouldn't be having sex before dinner. But he supposed Beatrice's ass *was* sore. He didn't blame her for needing some rest. "You're married to ... that younger man, Brad ... DelaCross."

"I adore younger men. So ... vigorous," Alexis said.

Austin worked on the drinks and chuckled. "If only my mother could hear you say that. She'd be beside herself." With glasses in hand, he turned around. His jaw dropped to the floor, followed by the brandy as he absentmindedly tipped the glasses forward. Neither of them moved to clean it up. His mother had stripped when he wasn't looking. She was naked but for her heels, posing with a hand on one hip. She had a smoldering expression on her face. But he wasn't looking at her face. Her tits were large and hung in the most alluring way. She had a slight roll to her belly, a narrow waist, and wide hips. There was a dark triangle between her legs. "Holy shit." His mom was smoking hot. This was a horny game. A horny, horny game.

