



CHAPTER 4

MURDER AT
PALMER LODGE

FICTION

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Murder at Palmer Lodge 4

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“You spilled our brandy.” Alexis smiled demurely.

“I ... um ... I ...” Austin dropped the tumblers. They were made of solid crystal, so they didn’t shatter. Instead, they hit the floor with two loud thumps and rolled away.

“Show me your cock, Mr. Aquiline.” Alexis’s stare bore holes through his trousers. Whatever was hiding under there looked formidable. She needed it to come to light. “It seems so very unfair that I am the only one naked.”

“What about your husband?” Austin was trying to determine if it was wrong to sleep with this woman. She looked and sounded exactly like his mother. But she wasn’t his mom, was she?

“Which husband?” She sat on the edge of the bed with her legs spread, giving him a direct view of her dark triangle and the pink lips underneath. “I’ve buried two husbands. My dear Brad is the third. I’ve heard some say that an engagement to me is a curse. But that can’t be so, because I was engaged to our host at one time and dear Frederick is still very much alive and well. As is young Brad, of course. Two out of four isn’t bad, don’t you think?”



“Do you still love Frederick?” He wasn’t sure why he was asking. It seemed like something his character would say.

“Can’t stand the man. That’s why I’m in your room and not his.” She cupped her breasts and jiggled them. “Also, I suppose you might have something to do with it. You’re handsome, famous, mysterious, and you seem to be smuggling a freight liner in your pants. All points in favor of my visit here.” She lifted a nipple to her mouth and licked it in the most excessive way. “Let me ask you a question. Do you like beautiful women, Mr. Aquiline?”



He nodded and gulped. "Call me Austin." Slowly, he unbuckled his belt and unbuttoned his trousers. "You want to see my dick, Alexis?"

"Your penis, yes." Alexis nodded and licked her lips. "You can call me Mrs. DelaCross, Austin. Oh, my. It's going to be a whale of an appendage, isn't it? Oh ... there it is. It takes my breath away." She slipped to the floor and crawled toward him, her breasts swaying ponderously below her. "It's still growing. I bet you could hang a wet towel from that thing. Oh ... you're gushing. Did you finish already?" She was inches from his penis, eyebrows raised.

"No ... that's precum." He could see her give him a quizzical look. "You know, the stuff that leaks out before sex," he said.

"But there's so much!" She sat up and reached out her hands, gently feeling his raised veins with her fingertips. Her knees were in the puddle of brandy, but she didn't care. The dancing light of the fire played games with the shadows on his penis. "Delightful." She cupped a hand under his shaft and bounced his cock. "It's so hard and heavy. You could use this as a weapon. Has this ever served as a bludgeon on one of your adventures?" Tentatively, she kissed the head and licked her lips. "Salty."



“No ... I’ve never used it as a weapon.” Austin chuckled. Would his dick be the murder weapon in this mystery? He reminded himself to stay in character. “Be vigilant, Mrs. DelaCross. Or I might just murder your pussy with it.” He saw her visibly shiver at those words.

“Yes ... I think you might.” Alexis took hold of the shaft with both hands, pumping him slowly. “I’m going to pleasure you with my mouth now.”



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Clarissa's footfalls echoed in the empty lobby. She was still buzzed from drinking her host's milk. And maybe from the cocktail, too. She held the Bee's Knees up before her, to make sure she didn't spill any. She was a little wobbly, so she stopped, removed her heels, and continued. The floor's chill stretched up through the bottom of her feet. It reminded her of Eloise's icy skin. She shivered and hurried on her way.

Turning left past the main stairs, she entered the other wing of the lodge. The electric sconces in the hall faintly buzzed like the bees that had collected honey for her drink. She took a gulp of her cocktail and saluted the lights with it. The sconces faded and then returned to their original brightness. "There must be an overtaxed generator," Clarissa whispered to herself.

She passed the lounge, which was dark and empty.

The next room on her left was the billiard room. There was indeed a large bear on the back wall as Eloise had promised. It stood maybe eight feet high next to a bank of windows. The poor creature was posed for eternity with a snarl on its face and its claws tearing at the air. Clarissa shivered and gulped down the rest of her drink. The place was gloomy. Rain gently drummed on the window panes. She glanced around. To her right was the table that gave the room its name. There was a rack of cue sticks on the wall behind it. Next to the sticks, there was an ornamental rack of swords. On the other side of the room was a long shuffleboard table. "What am I supposed to look for?" Shoes in one hand, she wandered into the room, trying not to make eye contact with the bear. She was thankful for the liquid courage the milk and alcohol provided her.



Footfalls sounded from out in the hall. Indistinct conversation soon followed. Clarissa didn't want to see or speak to anyone. The voices were getting closer. It was a man and a woman. Clarissa looked around. The only hiding spot was behind the bear. She groaned at having to get closer to the thing, but quickly moved behind the giant, furry beast and crouched in its shadow.

"Please, Mr. Palmer." Eunice followed Frederick into the billiard room, chasing him like a puppy. "May I ask you a favor?"

"Run back to your mother, little girl." Frederick spun on his heels and pointed to the door. "My wife has asked me to ready this room for guests, and I'm not fond of your ... distractions." He glanced at her dress where it swelled with her ample bosom.

"I'm not a girl. I'm twenty-three. And I'm here with you because of my mother. If you'd just let me explain ..."
Eunice saw his eyes on her tits and smiled. She unfastened the top button on her dress.



"Be quick." Frederick looked away and scowled.

"My mother positively hates you, Mr. Palmer. She's been friends with you and Mrs. Palmer forever, so I don't know why she has such animus." Eunice shrugged. "But she does."

"Your mother is my wife's friend, not mine." Frederick took a step back from the young woman as she advanced on him. The room strobed with a flash of lightning coming in through the windows. A few seconds later, the lodge shook with thunder. Out in the hall, the sconces went black for a moment, and then flickered back on.

"I believe you." Eunice cut the distance between them. "The point is, she hates you, and I hate her. The enemy of my enemy ..." She unfasted another button on her dress. "Do you see?"

"No." Frederick backed into the shuffleboard table.

"If you wouldn't mind, I'd like to suck your cock, Mr. Palmer. I want to imagine my mom watching us while I do it. Would that work for you?" She stepped closer and blinked her eyelashes at him.

"Harlot." Frederick slapped Eunice hard across the face, spinning the poor woman to the side.



Clarissa put her hand to her mouth and gasped. The sound of the slap echoed around the room, followed by distant thunder.

"Curse Eloise and her jezebels." Frederick swiftly left the room.

Eunice held her cheek and slowly straightened her spine. Great, big sobs welled out of her. Her shoulders shook violently as she cried.

Clarissa almost went to comfort her cousin. But then she remembered that the woman before her wasn't really her cousin. She watched Eunice run from the room in full lamentation. Slowly, the woman's cries faded, and Clarissa was left with the pattering rain on the windows. She exited her hiding place, patting the bear's leg. "Thanks, bub," she said to her new, taxidermized friend. She didn't feel like returning to her room, so she set up the shuffleboard table in the gloom.

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"Ooohhhhhh ... if you put it in ... you have to promise not to finish inside." Alexis looked over her shoulder at the naked young man behind her. He was a slender thing, but his tool was immense. She wondered if she might regret this decision later. She gripped the bedsheets and threw caution to the wind. What other time would offer an opportunity with a man equipped such as he?



"Yeah, sure." Austin wasn't thinking clearly. Even if this strictly wasn't his mom, he guessed it was probably not wise to shove his game-enhanced dick inside her. That was the kind of thing he wouldn't be able to forget when they went back to the real world. He slapped her ass cheek with his cock and hesitated. "Do you want it in the pussy or the ass?"

Alexis's jaw dropped in shock at the question. "No woman could take that thing in her rear end. Put it where it belongs, young man."

"I aim to please, Mrs. DeleCross." Austin lined up his cock with her glistening pussy. His dick was still shiny from her spit. They should have plenty of lubrication. He pushed his hips forward but missed her hole.

"Eeeiiiiii," Alexis shrieked in fright. "I said not in the butt!" She reached back and grasped his monster, guiding him to the right spot. "I would have thought that a man with your reputation would know where it goes."

"I know ... aaaahhhhhhhh ... I was just ..." His mind wandered off. He was in his mother's pussy. *This is what my mom's pussy feels like. Exactly this. Tight, warm, and drenched.* He grabbed her wide hips and lunged his dick all the way inside her.



“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Alexis snapped her head forward and sightlessly stared at the tribal tapestry on the wall. “Not so ... fast ... not so ... uuuggghhhhhhhh ... your thing is a mile wide ...” Her breasts bounced under her as the young man began pummeling her from behind. “Oooooohhhh ... my ... I never ... would have ... oooooooooohhhhhhhh.” Her knuckles turned white on the sheets, and her eyes rolled back. He had hit a button that had turned her pain on a one-eighty to pleasure. She orgasmed, her back arching and her body convulsing. She was lost in the storm of ecstasy. Just as she was returning from her first climax, the thrusting from behind ignited Alexis’s second. And, so she shook and grimaced her way through a stream of unending ecstasy. That lasted a long time until, without knowing how it happened, she found herself on her back with her legs high in the air. The young man slapped their pelvises together.

“Ah ... ah ... ah ... this is ... good.” Austin knew that saying such things wasn’t in character, but it was hard to focus when he was staring down at his mother’s flopping tits and twisted face. If fucking his mother in the real world was anything like this, he’d do whatever it took to seduce her.



