

# CHAPTER 6



# MURDER AT PALMER LODGE

# FICTION

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## Murder at Palmer Lodge 6

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“Best you do as the missus says and keep that door locked. Don’t be out looking for clues or ... women-folk.” Subwoofer stood out in the hall, his tongue lolling out of his mouth.

“Right you are, sport.” Austin winked at him. He was really digging his character. “I’ll stay safe and tucked away, don’t you fret.” He turned and looked at the roaring fire. Rain pelted the window, distant lightning flashed on the dark horizon. His room looked inviting. If there wasn’t a murder to solve, and lovely family-not-family to pound, he would have been happy to make a night of it in his room. “I promise to stay put.”

“That’s a good boy,” Subwoofer said. “You’re a very good boy. Yes, you are.” He closed the door.

Austin locked the door in case the dog was listening on the other side. He then went to the armchair, where his mother had been masturbating not that long ago, and sat by the fire. He sipped at her brandy and thought about how long he should wait before venturing out from his room.



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"Dad, no ... we can't ... you can't ..." Clarissa slapped her father's hand away from her rump. They were locked in their room together. It was a nightmare. Normally, she liked spending father-daughter time with him. Now, she wanted out. She went to her bag and rummaged through it. She was an amateur detective. She must have something useful. She shrieked when he snaked his finger under her dress from behind. "Stop that!"



"I've had a fright, Clarissa, darling." Rob was determined. She had been acting odd all day, but she couldn't put him off forever. "I need you to take my mind off the horrors I witnessed."

"Somebody gets a sword through their back, and that makes you horny?" She slapped his hand away again and went back to rummaging in the bag. And there it was. An alcoholic tincture of laudanum. "I'll tell you what. I'll make us some drinks, and if you still feel like ... being intimate with me afterward, I'll get naked for you."

"I shouldn't have to negotiate with my wife." Rob smiled. "But okay." He watched her move over to the sideboard.

Clarissa didn't know much about drinks, but she wanted to mask the flavor of the laudanum, so she poured into a mixer the drug, scotch, ice, and plenty of honey. She shook it and poured him a glass. "Bottoms up." Putting the glass next to him, she sat opposite in an armchair by the fire.

"Aren't you going to have a drink?" He sipped it, made a face, then took a big gulp. He made another face and burped.

Clarissa turned away from him, trying not to let the disgust show. "I'm not thirsty ... husband ... man." She wasn't sure what to call him.

"This place is doing strange things to you. But at least you have another mystery to solve." He held his glass up to her in salute, then took another gulp. "I know you do love your womanly hobbies."

Clarissa wrinkled her brow. She didn't know which part of this man was more abhorrent. "Drink up ... like a good creepy father." She watched him down it. Soon, he'd be out for the night. And she could slip out of the room. She needed to be anywhere but there.

"What did you say to ... oh ... I feel delightful." Rob slumped in his chair. The glass dropped to the floor with a loud thump.



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Austin knocked softly on Beatrice's door. He heard her unlock it, and then it opened a crack. He suddenly had a revolver pointed at his face. "Whoa, it's me!" He hissed.

"Sorry, boss. Never can be too careful." Beatrice replaced the gun with her grinning face. "Word is, there's a murderer in this lodge." She opened the door wider, revealing a practical top, trousers, and boots. She was already dressed to assist Austin in sneaking about. "Want a quick blow before we go? I know you always like to clear out the system prior to a job."



Austin stared at her pretty lips. "Damn, you're beautiful. How did I not notice that before?"

"Don't get sappy on me, boss." She frowned. "And also ... what the hell? I know for a fact that you're struck by my beauty every time you see me. Everyone is." She twisted her limbs into a seductive pose in the doorway.

"Um ... right ... I was just messing with you." It wasn't much of a save, but at least he managed to get back in character. "Shall I step in for that blow?"

“The mood’s gone, dumbbo.” She stepped out into the hall, bent down, and tucked her gun under the cuff of her pants into an ankle holster. “Let’s go find this killer. If we do it fast enough, I can still get my beauty sleep. I’ll see if I can catch the attention of your nemesis, Brad DelaCross, tomorrow.” She straightened and pointed a finger at him. “You always look like a moron when you’re jealous. Come on.” She turned and hiked down the hall, Austin close on her heels.



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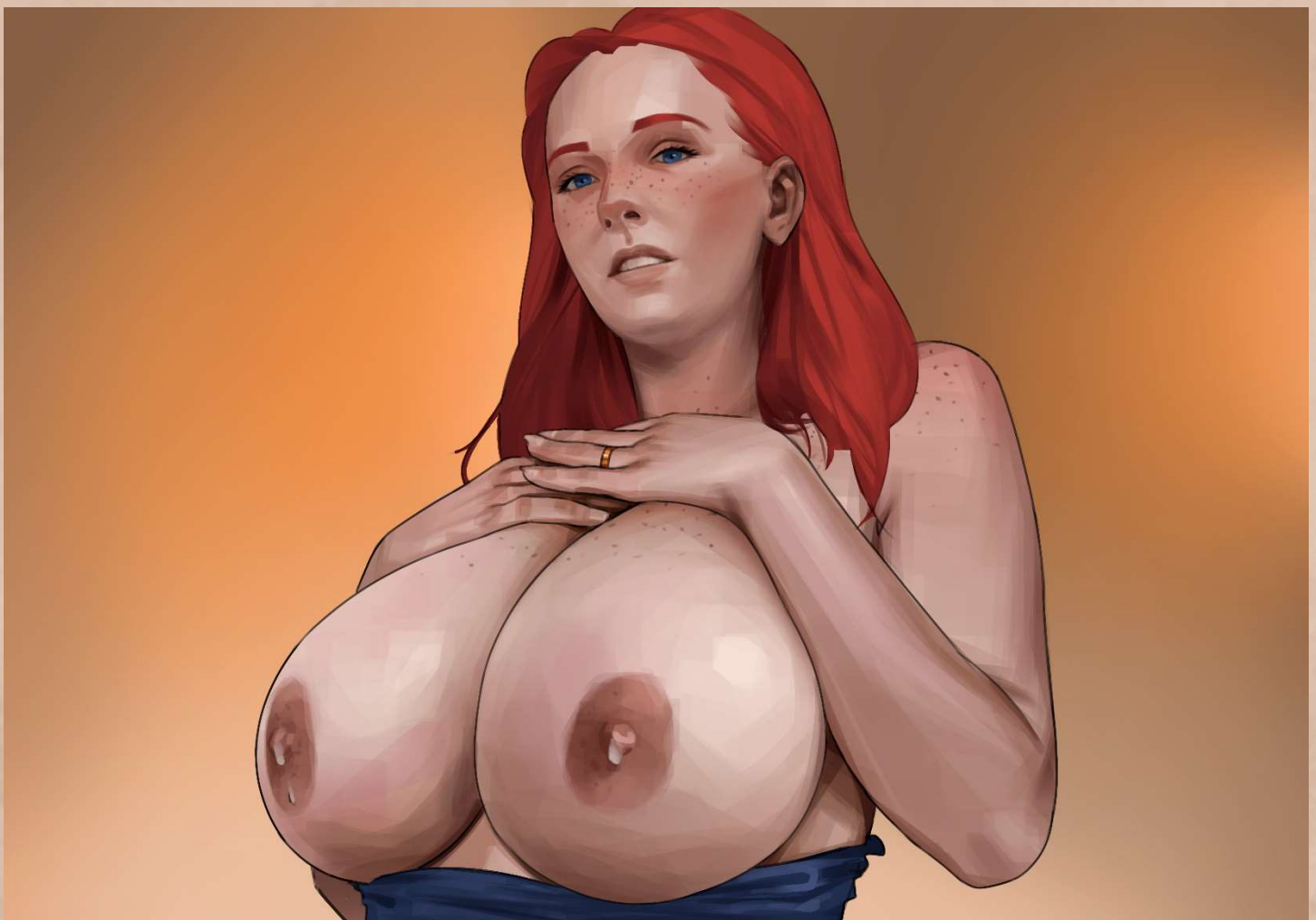
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*The sooner I solve this thing, the sooner I can go home.* Clarissa kept telling herself that as she crept into the main lobby past the Christmas tree. Her blood froze when she caught sight of pale skin in the gloom. She stopped in her tracks.

"I'm not in the least surprised that you snuck out of your room. In fact, I was hoping you'd show some fortitude." Eloise's ivory smile practically glowed. The shadows on her face changed suddenly, moving sideways with the flash of distant lightning, but quickly returned. Her freckles were barely visible. She gestured to a card table next to her. "It's time to roll. Will you find someone at the scene of the murder? Will you brave the storm and check on the generator? Will there be a clue at the bottom of the pool?"

"Oh ... okay." Clarissa tried not to stare at the woman's bust. It didn't make her a lesbian to want another drink, did it? Brad was always saying how he fantasized about her being with another woman. He wouldn't mind, would he? Did any of it even matter? This game was more like a dream than anything else. And you couldn't be held responsible for what you dreamed.

"Very well, I see your desire." Eloise sighed and lowered her dress. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her milky-white breasts spilled out into the gloom of the lobby. "You may drink again. But I expect you to mix things up with the other guests at some point. I can't be your only crush here. Although, I suppose, I don't blame you for fleeing your husband."



“Okay ... um ... thanks ... Mrs. Palmer.” Tentatively, Clarissa moved toward her host. She bent at the waist and opened her mouth. She paused inches away from the dark nipple. “Sorry about your loss, by the way. That was terrible.”

“I will have justice for his death ... and so forth.” Eloise gripped the young woman’s hair and guided her to her nipple. “Let’s multitask.” Eloise put the die in Clarissa’s hand and had her roll on the little table while the young woman gulped milk. “You rolled a one. You’ll be visiting the scene of the crime. After you’ve had your fill, of course.” She tenderly brushed Clarissa’s hair with her fingers. “That’s a good girl. Drink your courage. You’re going to need it.”



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There was already someone in the restaurant when Clarissa arrived. The electric lights were out, but a few candles were burning low, so she kept to the shadows and skirted around the wall. She settled behind a table and peeked out. It was her brother and cousin. They were inspecting the bloody tablecloth where Frederick had been murdered. The body and the sword were gone. She remembered that the dogs were supposed to move Frederick to the cellar. Clarissa held her breath and listened to the investigation.

“My, my, when was the last time we’ve seen so much blood?” Austin rubbed his chin and stared at the crimson stain. It was still wet in places, glistening in the candlelight.

“Shouldn’t you be looking for clues?” Beatrice watched him closely. “You’re not yourself.”

“What? No, I *am* myself. I’m Austin Aquil-something. And you’re my indomitable assistant.” Austin didn’t know what would happen if one of the characters found out he wasn’t really the detective. His body tensed up.

“No, you’re not yourself. Just look at how tense you are.” Beatrice grabbed his hand. “I made a mistake earlier, come with me.” She pulled him toward the kitchen.



"But ... I ... but ... um ..." Austin let himself be pulled away from the murder scene.

Clarissa watched them disappear into the kitchen. *Maybe what they're doing in there is a clue.* She gave them some time to come back. When they didn't reappear in the restaurant, she followed them. Stealthily, she slunk across the room and opened the door. She moved it slowly so that it wouldn't creak. There was a strange, rhythmic gagging sound in there. She didn't see them at first, so she crept on her hands and knees around an island workspace. Whatever the sound was, it was horrible. *Is he choking her to death? Is my brother the murderer?* That would have been clever of the game to make one of the detectives the culprit. She froze when they came into view. He *was* choking her, but maybe not to death.

"Damn ... Beatrice ... you're right ... I needed this. I ... ugh ... feel more myself already." Austin looked down at his assistant, who was his cousin and wasn't his cousin. Her glasses were fogged, her jaw was nearly unhinged, and she was bobbing his giant cock pretty far down her throat. She seemed to do it with ease, even if she did make the loveliest gagging sounds every time it hit its deepest point of entry.

"Gaaaaack ... ggaaaaaaaack ... gggaaaaack," Beatrice said.



Clarissa put a hand to her mouth. She was still on her knees, watching them from around the island. *I've witnessed so many horrors tonight! How can Austin let her do that to him? How can she do it!?! I mean ... how is it physically possible? Has he always been that big? Like any good detective would do when faced with something extraordinary, Clarissa asked herself a million questions, while staring with wide eyes.*

"Beatrice ... oh fuck ... you're amazing ... I ... wow ... how is it ...? oh shit ..." Austin babbled. As the blowjob continued on and on, he found it hard to stay in character.



Beatrice removed his dick from her throat and stood up. "I changed my mind again." She lowered her pants and panties and turned to face the counter. "Grab some oil, Austin. Only my butt will do when you're this worked up, and we're working a case." She wiped the slobber off her chin and gripped the counter with both hands. "Don't be gentle."

Clarissa nearly fainted when she watched her brother shove his monstrous penis into their cousin's ass. She covered her eyes with a hand, listening to Beatrice hiss and grunt as she took something where it was never meant to go. When she heard slapping sounds, Clarissa was tempted to peek. *I'm a detective and there might be a clue here. I need to see what they're doing.* She parted her fingers and looked. *Oh, no, oh no, oh, no, no, no.* She shook her head slowly. Her brother was slamming into Beatrice.

"Best ... detective's assistant ... ever ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh," Austin gripped her hips and pulverized her ass.

"I ... oooohhhhhh ... aim to ... please ... boss!" Beatrice shoved her butt back at him.



*Austin gets an assistant who will literally do the impossible for him. Clarissa was mesmerized by the humping on display. She'd never seen anyone else have sex before, let alone bone-crushing, butt sex. And all I get is my horny dad who I had to drug. Women always get stuck with the worst characters. Slowly, Clarissa crawled away from the moaning, grunting couple. Silently, she exited the kitchen. Her heart thundered in her chest. She wasn't sure what to do with herself, she felt so strange: unmoored from reality. Which, of course, she was. She was in her brother's game. And the only way out would be to solve the case. She forced herself to focus and began scouring the restaurant for clues.*