

CHAPTER 7



MURDER AT PALMER LODGE

FICTION

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Murder at Palmer Lodge 7

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Written by RawlyRawls

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Clarissa could still hear the muffled thumping and slapping coming from the kitchen as she surveyed the scene of the crime out in the restaurant. She had thought that maybe her brother was still himself, but that couldn't be right, could it? There's no way her goofy, nerdy brother would hump their cousin. Especially not in the ass. That was *crazy*. Her stomach did a cartwheel as she thought of what his dick had looked like disappearing into Beatrice's backside. "Clues ... Clarissa," she whispered to herself. "Find clues, solve the case, and go home."

She searched the table, but there wasn't anything suspicious about the half-eaten food, the chairs, or the table itself. She decided not to get too close to Frederick's drying blood which seeped through the gash in the wood the sword had left behind. "Eww." She curled her lip and moved away. "This is a game. He didn't really die."

Carefully, Clarissa moved about the room, straining her eyes in the gloom. As she worked along the east wall, something caught her attention. She stopped and examined the wallpaper. "The pattern is off here." She ran her fingers along the paper.



Coming from the kitchen, she could hear Beatrice's high-pitched cries, and her brother's bellows. *Is she actually letting him cum in her butt?* She glanced toward the closed kitchen door. "Oh, my God, Austin," she whispered. "You sound like a freaking baboon." It was true. If you had told Clarissa there were wild animals in the kitchen, she wouldn't have been surprised.

Her fingertip accidentally depressed something in the wall, and a hidden door silently swung open. "Well, hello. Maybe the killer wasn't even eating with us. He could have snuck in and out through here." Clarissa looked around, grabbed one of the flickering candles on its hefty stick, and stepped into the hidden passageway. The door slid closed behind her. On the plus side, she could no longer hear her brother and cousin in the throes of passion. On the minus side, the only way forward was up a dark, winding stairway.



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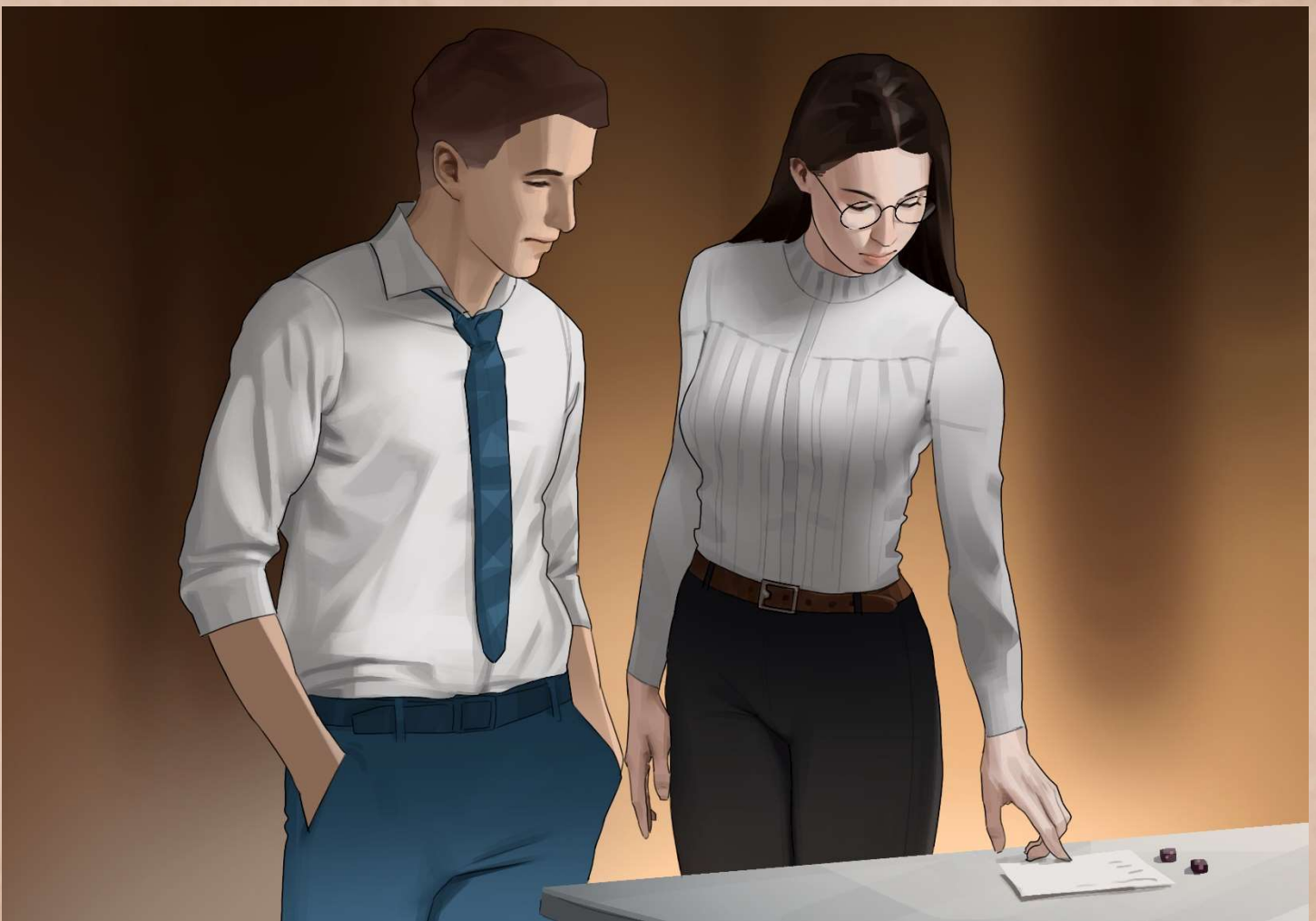
"Wow ... Beatrice ... best assistant ... ever." Austin panted as he zipped up his pants.

"That's ... true." Beatrice dabbed the perspiration on her forehead with a borrowed kitchen towel. "The indomitable ... widow ... with three ... indispensable holes." She giggled. "That's what ... they call me ... anyway."

"They do?" Austin gazed at her in awe.

"Well, they will ... when you finally ... write your memoirs ... and you don't have to pull punches ... for the dailies." She burst out laughing as she wiggled her body and smoothed out her clothes. "It's always odd ... helping you solve cases ... while puckering my butt ... to keep all your stuff inside."

"Holy ... shit." Austin was having a hard time staying in character. He tried to regroup and say something becoming Mr. Aquiline. "I mean ... holy ... shit." He spotted something on the counter he hadn't noticed before. It was a card and two dice. "What's this?"



Beatrice looked at the counter and her eyes glazed over. "Well, it looks like a clue."

"Did you put this here?" Austin looked around, confused. He was sure the card and dice hadn't been there a minute before.

"Well, it looks like a clue," Beatrice said in the same, dull voice.

"Oh, you can't actually see it, can you?" Austin read the card and rolled the dice. He landed a seven. "The card says we're supposed to head out to the pool area."

"Well, it looks like a clue." Beatrice turned toward the door. She blinked rapidly and seemed to come back to herself. "You want to go for a dip, boss? Lead the way."

"We're not swimming. We're solving a murder." Austin walked out into the dim restaurant. There were doors to the pool area to his left. He walked with purpose past their dinner table and threw one of the doors open. He was immediately struck by the racket the rain made on the vaulted, glass roof. The pool area and the tennis court were in a sort of greenhouse. He whistled appreciatively. It came out a little reedy.



“What’s wrong with you today? You forget how to whistle, too?” Beatrice stood next to him and let out a long, clear appreciative whistle.

“Nice. How’d you learn to do that?” Austin carefully walked out toward the pool area. A flash of lightning strobed the decking and tropical plants. When it was gone, he found he had trouble making anything out in the darkness.

“*You* taught me how to put my lips together and blow.” Beatrice walked over to a nearby tiki torch. She pulled matches from her pocket and lit it. She then carried it over to another torch and lit that one, handing Austin one of them. “Let’s have a look, shall we?”



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At the top of the stairs, Clarissa found a narrow, dusty hallway. She followed it until it turned to the right. She peeked around the corner and there was a longer hall with warm fingers of light rising from the floor. She extinguished her candle and crept closer. A faint squeaking noise grew louder. The beams of light were coming from small holes. She bent down and peered into the first one.

“Ooohhhhh ... Brad ... my young stud ... give it to me ... ohhh ... yeah.” Alexis DelaCross was naked on her back, lying on top of the sheets on her bed. Her feet were bouncing in the air. Despite what she was doing, she didn’t sound all that enthusiastic.



“Ugh ... Alexis ... uuugghhhh ... you only ... need me ... right? Uggghhh ... ughhhh ... you’d never even ... look at that ... sappy detective ... right? Right ... right ... right ... my love?” Brad DelaCross was on top of his wife in missionary, moving his hips at a furious pace.

Clarissa put a hand to her mouth, and her eyes went wide with shock. *My sweet Brad ... is humping ... my mother!* She turned her head to the side and retched. *What is this game?* “Mrs. Palmer?” Clarissa whispered. “I need some more liquid courage.” The hall, which was shrouded in gloom, quickly turned to pitch black away from the few fingers of light that reached up from the floor at regular intervals. “Mrs. Palmer?” Why did she need her host’s milk so bad? How was another woman’s breast the only thing that made sense to her in the game? “I’m not a lesbian.” She wondered if it was a bad sign that she’d been talking to herself so much. She needed to find an assistant for herself like her brother had. She thought of Austin pummeling Beatrice’s ass, and the hallway turned fuzzy. Was she going to faint? “Pull it together, Clarissa.” She took a deep breath and looked through the hole again.

“Stop ... Bradley ... stop ... I could have sworn I heard something.” Alexis still had her humping husband on top of her, but all pretense of enjoyment was gone. She looked around the firelit room in confusion.

“Can’t stop ... so close ...” Brad said.

“Already?” Alexis sighed and opened her legs wider. “Oh ... yes ... give it to me ... my young stud.”

Clarissa watched Brad’s ass clench as he unloaded into her mother. “Oh ... that’s not right,” Clarissa hissed. She pulled herself away from the hole, her body suddenly trembling with rage. Her fiancé had just fucked her mom. Even if it was a game, it was so very wrong. She crawled slowly down to the next peephole to see if maybe what she found there wouldn’t make her retch.



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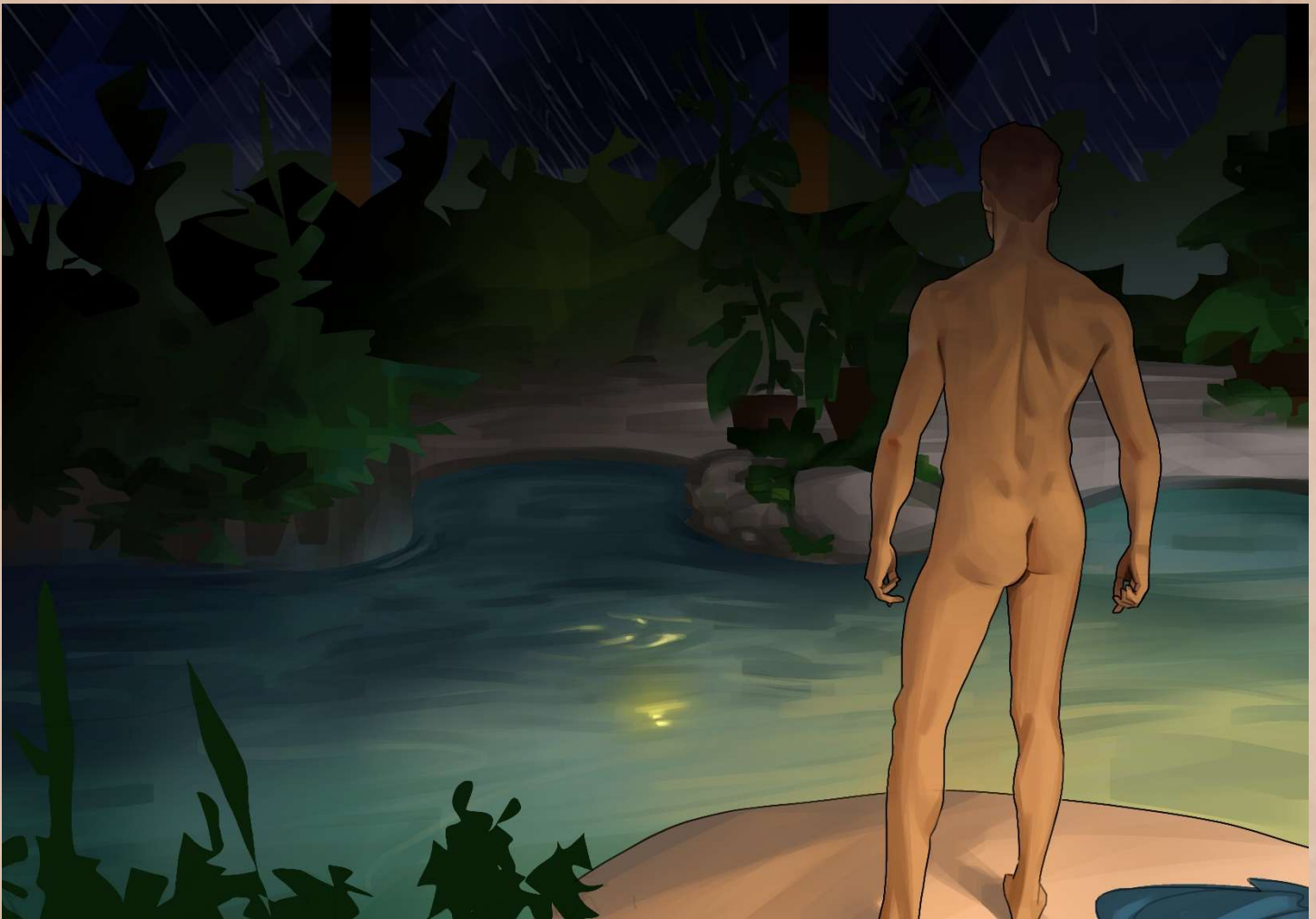
"You want me to dive down and get it?" Austin peered into the pool. There was definitely something odd resting on the bottom. It glittered in the glow of their tiki torches. "You dive in."

"That water is frigid, Austin." Beatrice frowned at him from across the pool. "If I jump in, the temperature will give me a shock. I won't be able to keep my butt closed. We'll contaminate the water with the bucketful of cum I currently have stored up there. That doesn't seem very sporting of us, does it?"

"What?" Austin stared at her. "You are so hot."

"I'm trying to stay that way. So, no icy pool for me." She shook her head.

"Fine." Austin rested his torch on a nearby stand and stripped. He left his clothes in a pile and walked up to the edge. He looked down at the glittering object.



Beatrice let out a long, appreciative whistle. "Looking good, boss."

Austin gave her a sarcastic smile and dove into the pool. The cold hit him instantly. He kicked down to the bottom, cursing the game. Why couldn't Palmer Lodge have had a heated pool? He grabbed the object and held it in his hand. It was a ring. His vision blurred, he kicked to the surface and sputtered as he swam to the side. "Give me a hand ... Beatrice ... I'm freezing." He blinked water out of his eyes and held up his arm.

"Alls I gots is a paw." Subwoofer offered a forepaw to the human and pulled him out of the water. "I thought you was gonna stay in your rooms?" Subwoofer waited for the human to shake himself off. When Austin didn't do that, the bartender handed him a towel. "Dry up. I think you might got some shrinkage down there." He nodded to the young man's cock and turned away.



"The water *is* very cold." Beatrice snickered, still holding the tiki torch on the other side of the pool.

"Sorry about leaving our rooms, old sport." The cold seemed to have snapped Austin back into character. "I simply needed a midnight swim."

Subwoofer rolled his eyes. "Grab your clothes. I'll walk you back to your room."

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The second peephole showed only an empty room. But on the third, Clarissa found the Hadfetters. Milo was snoring in bed, and Melanie and Eunice were by the fire. Eunice was sitting in an armchair, watching her mother undress in front of the hearth. Clarissa didn't put her hand to her mouth, but widened her eyes in shock. She was starting to get habituated to the insanity of the place.



"But you must, darling. Your father's asleep, and I want to celebrate. The villain is dead. My sweet Eloise can now be with whomever she wants." Melanie dropped her dress to the floor, now standing in front of her daughter only in heels, lingerie, and spectacles. The firelight danced on her pale skin.

"Mom ... I'm happy he's dead, too. He struck me tonight." Eunice rubbed her cheek. "But that doesn't mean we need to *celebrate*." She paused and watched her mother remove her brassiere. "You should know that I offered myself to him in the billiard room."

Clarissa had seen that moment when it happened. Even so, she felt like she should be taking notes.

"You offered your body to that awful man?" Melanie picked up a bottle of champagne from the ice bucket and walked toward her daughter, her hips swinging as she walked in heels. "I told you how terribly he treated Eloise." She stopped in front of her daughter's armchair and frowned down at her. She stuck her chest out to make her modest breasts appear bigger. "Why do you have to be so rebellious?" She poured some champagne on her tits and climbed onto Eunice's lap. "Now, let's celebrate." She cupped the back of her daughter's head.

"Yes, Mother. Sorry, Mother." Eunice began licking the champagne off her mother's breasts.

Clarissa was riveted to her peephole. "I am not a lesbian. I am not a lesbian," she whispered over and over.

