

An illustration of two women in a close embrace. The woman on the left has long, flowing red hair and freckles, wearing a blue garment. The woman on the right has long, wavy blonde hair and is wearing a light-colored, button-down shirt. They are both smiling and looking towards each other. The background is a simple, light grey gradient.

CHAPTER 8

MURDER AT  
PALMER LODGE

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

## Murder at Palmer Lodge 8

Illustrations by Laimov

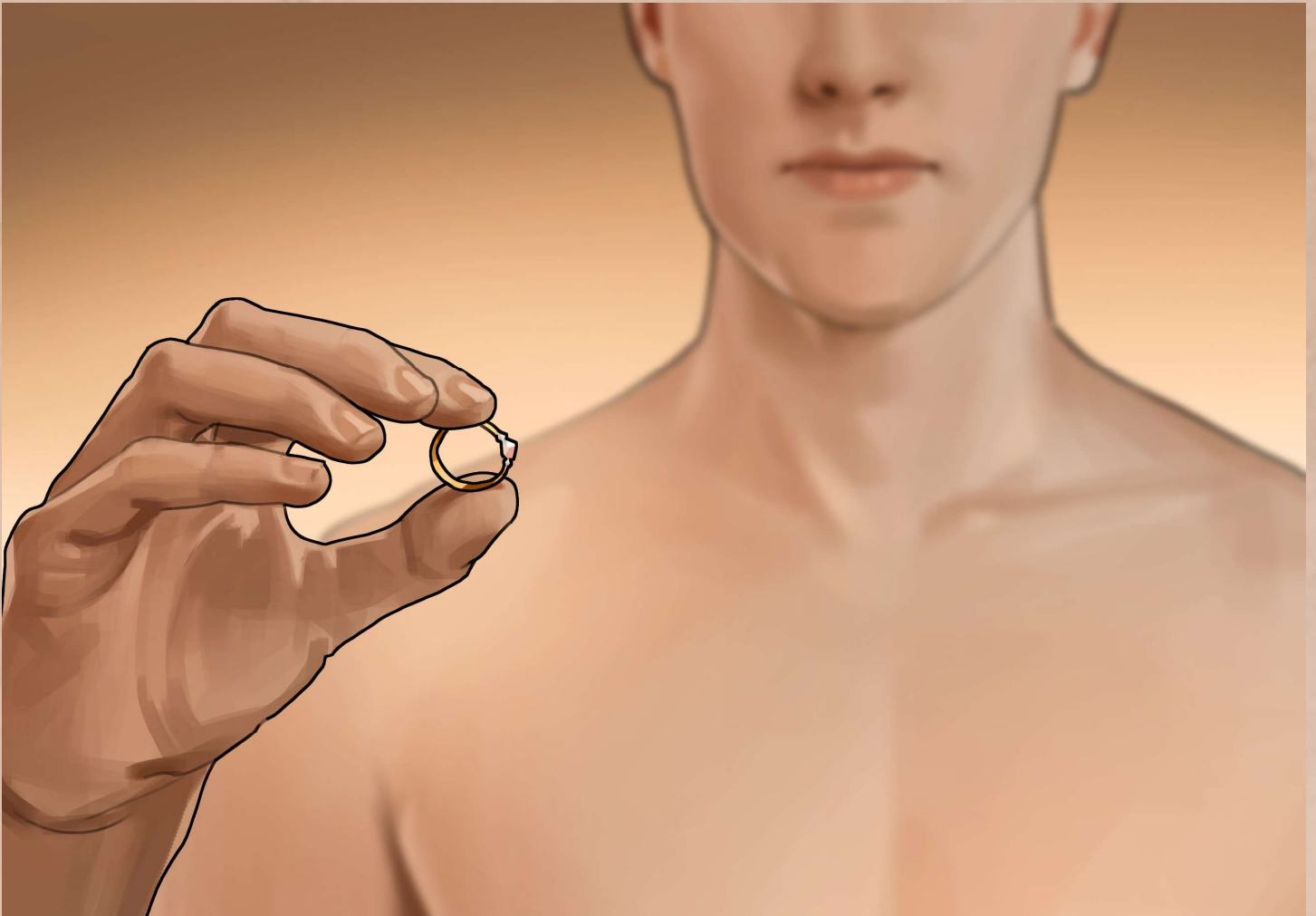
Written by RawlyRawls

**This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!**

**Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!**

**To see more of Laimov: <https://twitter.com/laimovdraws>**

"It's a ring with two diamonds." Austin held the ring he'd fished off the bottom of the pool between his thumb and forefinger. Firelight glittered off the jewels. He stood, still wrapped in a towel, next to the hearth in his room.



“Brilliant deduction, boss.” Beatrice toasted him with her full snifter. She was naked from the waist down, sitting on an armchair, a towel covering the cushion below her. She could finally relax and let her boss’s cum leak out of her. “And ...?”

“And who’s is it?” He turned it in the light. It was a nice ring. Probably expensive. “Not Melanie Hadfetter’s. Her crazy husband never had the money for something like this. Not Alexis DelaCross’s. I ...um ... got a good look at hers while we were spending time together.” He dropped his towel on the floor, put the ring down on an end table, and picked up his own snifter. He was really getting into character. He turned the timber of his voice pensive. “It’s not yours, obviously. Eunice isn’t married. So, that leaves ... Mrs. Palmer and Clarissa Devonshire.”



"It's Eloise's ring." Beatrice gave him a smug smile.

"Oh, what clues did I miss?" Austin took a sip of his brandy and stared into the fire. He hoped Beatrice was checking out his butt.

"Your intrepid assistant doesn't usually out-deduce you. But it was simple, really." She laughed. "I noticed earlier that Mrs. Devonshire hasn't been wearing a ring. And Mrs. Palmer was wearing that exact ring right up until supper tonight. I wasn't paying close attention, so I'm not sure she wore it through the meal."

"You are so, so ... hot." He turned toward her and admired her bare, pale legs in the flickering light. "I love how ... how ... helpful you are. How come I never married you?"

Beatrice's cheeks turned rosy, her smile faded, and she looked away. "Shut up, Austin."

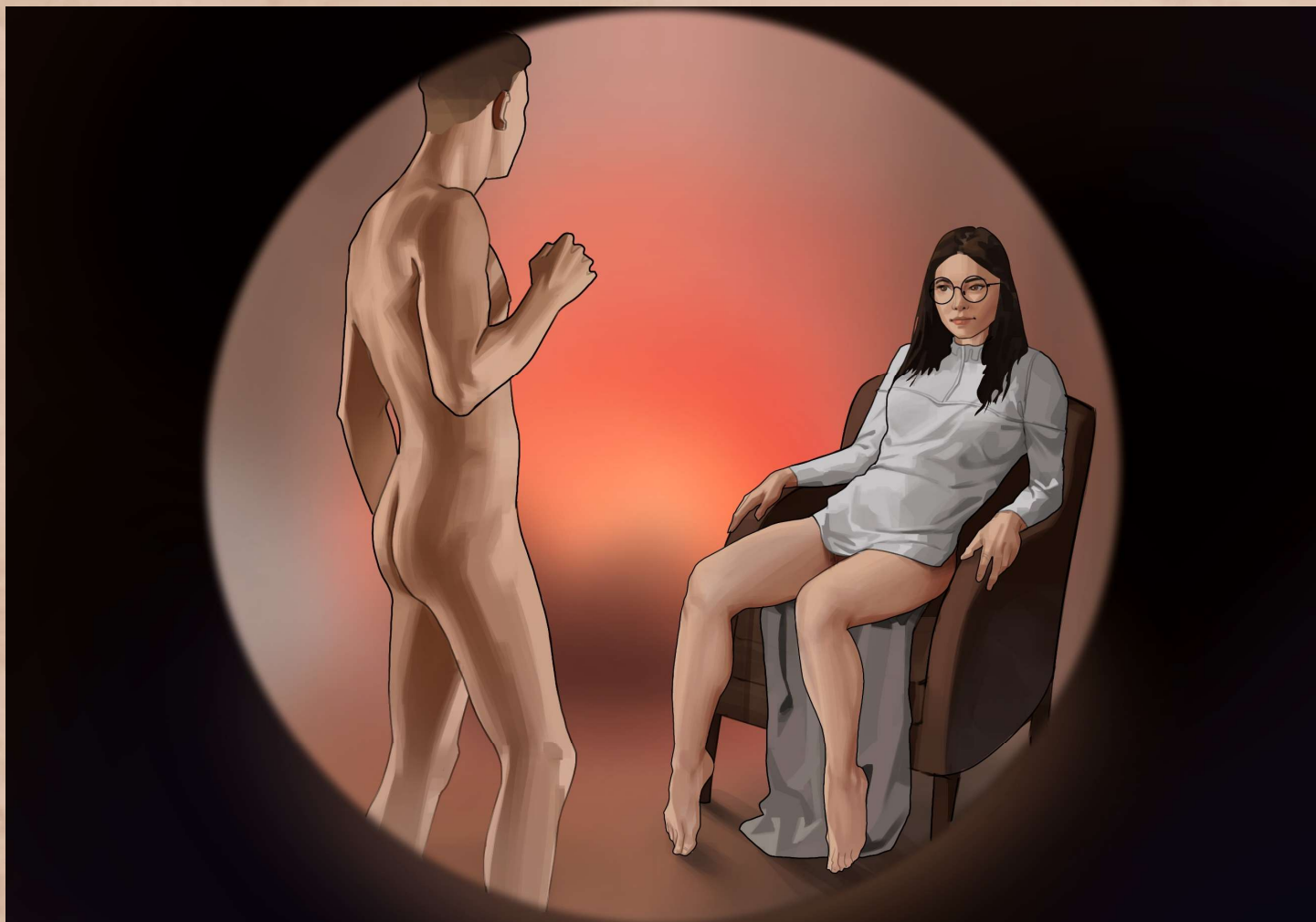


"Oh." Austin frowned. "Sorry." He had slipped out of character and hurt her feelings somehow. "So, what was the ring doing at the bottom of the pool?" He paced back and forth in front of the fire, aware that his heavy, soft penis was swaying with each step. "Perhaps Mrs. Palmer killed her husband, got blood on the ring, and tossed it into the pool to get rid of the evidence. But what was her motive?"

"The Palmers clearly hated each other. Mrs. Palmer was warm, accepting, and inviting. Mr. Palmer could barely stand any of the guests. I mean, he made that big show with the sword. That was clearly directed at his wife." Beatrice's shoulders relaxed. She was grateful to continue with the murder instead of that other topic. "Motive isn't going to get us far with this one boss. As far as I can tell, everyone but you and I has a solid motive. The question for me is why would Mrs. Palmer toss her ring into the pool? She's cool like a cucumber. She wouldn't panic. She wouldn't think tossing the ring there would be a good idea. And how would she get blood on it but not on her hands? As far as the ring goes, I suggest we put it on ice until more pieces fall."

"Capital." Austin nodded his agreement. He was interested to hear what everyone's motives were. He'd pieced together a few of them, but he didn't want to ask Beatrice directly. He didn't want her thinking him a complete amateur.

Up in her narrow passageway, Clarissa looked down at her naked brother and half-naked cousin. She was thankful they weren't humping, at least for the moment. She made mental notes about the ring and crawled on before Austin dove back inside Beatrice. *I wonder if I can spy on Eloise's room.* A shiver went down Clarissa's back. *She's very pretty. I might be able to catch her naked.* She felt like a teenage boy crawling down the passage, looking for a peeping view into the Palmer Suite. But she couldn't find any such view. *Which is just as well, because I'm not a lesbian.*



At the end of the passage, stairs led down. Clarissa didn't have anything to relight her candle with, so she descended into darkness, feeling along the rough walls with her hand. When she came to a dead end at the bottom, it took her a long time to blindly locate the switch that opened the door. Electric light met her eyes when she stepped through. She blinked and squinted, trying to take in the room as her vision adjusted. It looked like she was in the female servants' quarters. Which would be empty, since the only servants on hand were male.

"Hello, dearie." A calm, cool woman's voice filled the cramped room.

Clarissa jumped. She swiveled and found Eloise sitting in the corner on the edge of a tiny bed. "Mrs. Palmer," Clarissa said, heart thumping. She put a hand to her chest. Eloise's smile was warm, and their host didn't look threatening. Clarissa shook her head. *Eloise isn't the killer. She's too ... beautiful and sweet.*



"You're wondering if I'm the killer." Eloise stood, took Clarissa's hand, and led her out of the servants' quarters through the empty kitchen. "I hated my husband plenty. But I didn't kill him. Not even once. Although ..." Eloise laughed, her voice bright and airy. "... you should ask me about the rosebush sometime." She pulled Clarissa into the restaurant. Lightning flashed outside, thunder quickly followed, and the lights flickered out. Eloise didn't miss a stride. "My Thomas has decided to keep vigil outside the cellar to make sure nobody desecrates his father or messes with any evidence. That means I'm all alone tonight. And I cannot abide that. I am too distraught." The lights flickered back on. Eloise dramatically put the back of her hand to her forehead. "So, I'm inviting you to my suite. You'll keep me company."

"I will?" Clarissa was bewildered. She was enamored of the soft strong hand that held her. Eloise's grip was so cold. *She needs someone to warm her.* "No, I won't. I have a fiancé, Mrs. Palmer. And ... I'm not a lesbian."

"The man you mean is not the same person on this island." Eloise looked over her shoulder as she pulled her into the grand lobby. "He's currently in Mrs. DelaCross's arms. You saw them through the spy hole, didn't you?"

Clarissa stopped at the bottom of the stairs. She dug in her feet, not letting the woman drag her any further. "You know who I really am? This is your game?"



Eloise tugged a few times on her recalcitrant guest. When she could see that she wouldn't be able to drag her anymore, she dropped the young woman's hand and turned toward her. The Christmas tree loomed to her left. The lobby's decorations glittered here and there in the low light coming from the electric sconces. "This is my game. And I can tell you there will be no more clues tonight. So, I invite you to rest with me."

Clarissa shook her head, pressing her lips into a fine line. "I'll take some more milk, but I won't let you seduce me. I'm engaged and ... oohhhh!" She was shocked when Eloise lifted her off her feet and carried her up the stairs in two arms. "You're so strong!"



“And you are quite willful. Unlike your brother.” Eloise turned right at the top of the stairs, and carried Clarissa through a sitting room, past Thomas’s bedroom, and up to the door of the master suite. She turned the handle and moved across the threshold like a groom bearing a bride. She closed the door behind them with her foot and dropped Clarissa on the bed. Eloise then went to the fire and added some logs. With a bellows, she tended the coals for a minute, bringing her hearth back to a blaze.

Clarissa watched the woman work, admiring Eloise’s hourglass figure as she bent at the waist, squatted, and finally stood. “I’m not a lesbian,” Clarissa said.



“So, I’ve been told, dearie.” Eloise chuckled. Satisfied with the fire, she strolled back to bed and sat next to Clarissa. “My dearly departed husband was very Manichean, like you. Everything was a dichotomy. Black or white. Moral or immoral. Good or bad. Don’t give me that look, child. I’m making a point.” Eloise reached out and caressed Clarissa’s cheek.

“I’m not a child. I’m twenty-three.” Clarissa was aware that such declarations were childish. “Um ... go on with your point.”

“My point is, he would have had a happier life, and made fewer enemies, if he’d simply followed his bliss.” Eloise leaned in and nibbled on Clarissa’s earlobe. “Perhaps he would be in my bed tonight had he been more amenable to human nature,” she whispered. “Instead, he’s in the cellar, and you’re here with me.”

“Oh ... boy ... I think I’m a lesbian.” Clarissa shuddered, stretched her neck, and lifted her hair so that Eloise might have easy access. She shuddered when those cold lips moved down her vulnerable, exposed nape.



~~

"Eunice was ... uuuggghhhh ... clearly fawning ... over Mr. Palmer." Beatrice rode her boss in reverse, staring at the dwindling fire. "And her mother was clearly ... uughh ... ughh ... uuugggghhhhh ... upset by it. Mrs. Hadfetter ... seems possessive toward ... her daughter. Plus, she's Mrs. Palmer's friend, so I'm sure she hated him on those grounds, too."



"Right ... right ..." Austin hadn't noticed any of that. But of course, he had been banging his mom and cousin most of the time they'd been in the lodge, and that was distracting. He didn't blame himself for missing some interpersonal back and forth among the guests. He slapped her ass and enjoyed her answering shriek. He had been paying close attention to the way his cousin's ass rippled and shook. And he'd never forget how tight her sphincter was. There were some facts that hadn't eluded him. "So ... Mr. Hadfetter?"

"Are you testing me ... eeh ... eeh ... to see if ... you're ready to promote me ... to partner?" She looked over her shoulder at the quizzical expression on his face. "I swear ... sometimes you're such a sap." She shook her head. "Mr. Hadfetter ... is crazy ... Austin. Mad as a ... Hadfetter ... right?"

"Uuuuggghhh ... right ..." Austin slapped her ass again. "Tell me ... uuuggghhhh ... that I'm the greatest ... detective ... in the world."

"Cum in ... my ass ... Austin." Beatrice rode him harder. "I only let ... the best detective ... in the world ... cum in my ass."

“Shit ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Austin was pretty sure he sounded like a baboon while cumming. *And* he was pretty sure he didn’t care. He gripped her hips, held himself all the way buried in her asshole, and unloaded there yet again.

Later that night, he lay in bed with his assistant sleeping in his arms. He was drowsy, but fought off sleep. He was still riding his post-orgasmic high, and he was afraid he’d wake up back in the regular world. *Could I have sex with Beatrice in real life? Would she like butt sex?* He focused on his heavy cock resting against her thigh. *Will I get to keep this dick when the game is over?*

Maybe that was the prize? Maybe if Austin solved the murder, he’d get to sleep with real Beatrice, giving it to her with a real, monster cock. He thought Eloise might know. He’d have to ask her. As he drifted off to sleep, he was sure he didn’t want to leave the game completely behind him. Life was so much more vivid in *Murder at Palmer Lodge*. He was certain Clarissa was still herself and not some character. He wondered if the game was having a similarly intoxicating effect on her.

