

CHAPTER 9



MURDER AT PALMER LODGE

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Murder at Palmer Lodge 9

Illustrations by Laimov

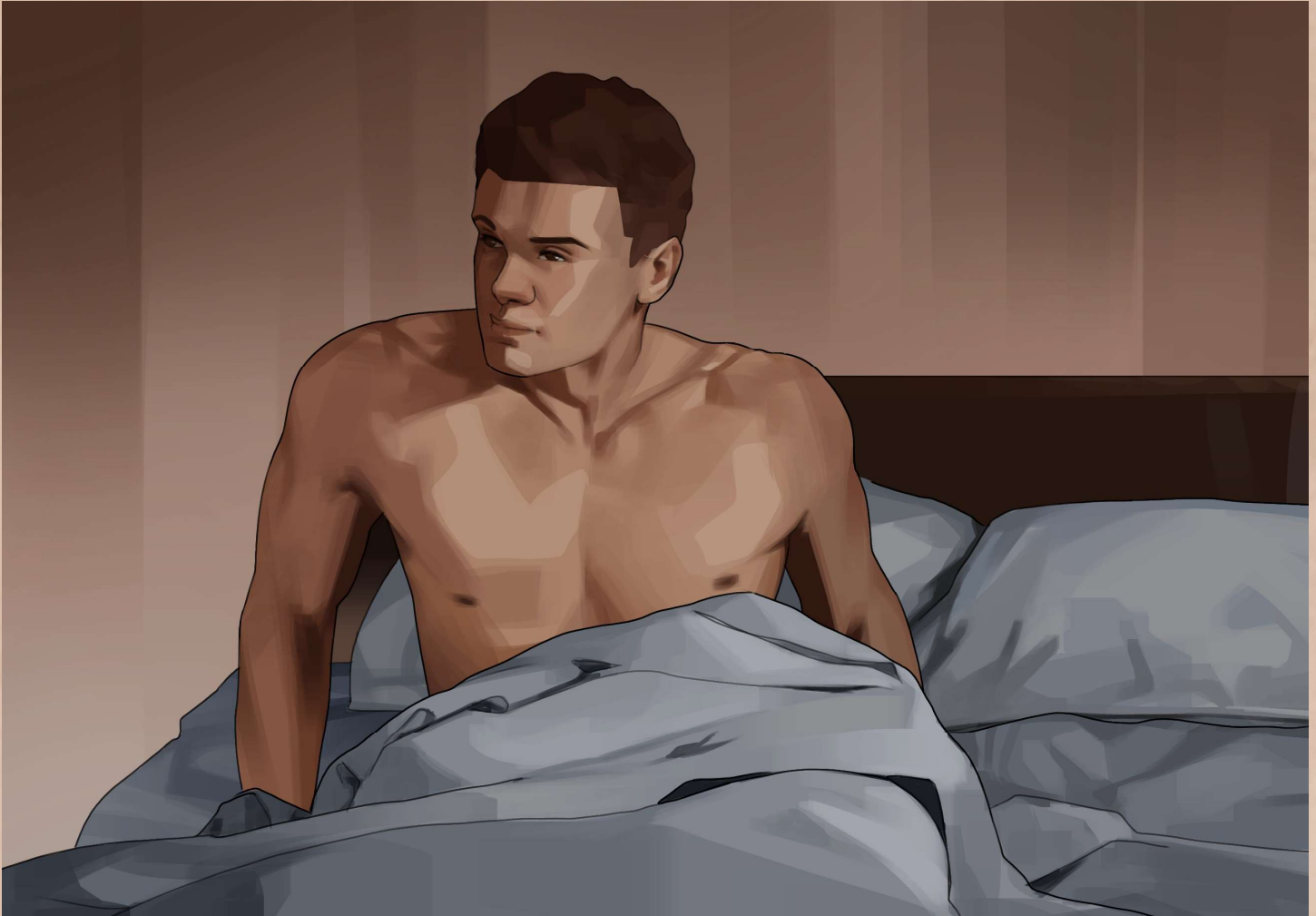
Written by RawlyRawls

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"Damn ... Beatrice ... that was some night." Austin rolled over in bed, reaching out for his assistant. But he found only an empty mattress. He sat up and looked around. The storm was gone, and warm sunlight fell through the window onto his bed. "Beatrice?"



She was gone, along with her clothes. Austin rubbed his eyes. The fire had died during the night, and the room was cold. He pulled his blanket around himself, wishing he had another body to help keep him warm. "She only does anal ... she won't spend the night. What kind of detective helper is she?" He addressed the empty room. It didn't reply. "I think I'm in love. I love my cousin. Or ... at least the game's version of her."

It was chilly when he crawled out of bed, but thankfully the shower was warm once it got going. He hummed to himself as he washed off, thinking about all the motives Beatrice had laid out the night before. Then, he thought about the other stuff she'd laid, and his cleaning session turned to masturbation.

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"Oh ... my ... gosh ... what a night." Clarissa rolled over in the incredibly plush, palatial bed. She blinked her eyes at the sunlight streaming into the master suite. Memories of the previous day flooded back to her. With those thoughts in her mind, something else flooded. She pressed her legs together and sat up, holding the sheet over her breasts. "Mrs. Palmer?"



"Ooohhhhhh ... good morning, dearie." Eloise's head was still on the pillow. She brushed her copper hair out of her face and smiled at her guest. "Sleep well?"

"I ... I ..." Clarissa stared at Eloise's pretty lips. Had that regal mouth really made her cum all those times? "It's cold in here, isn't it?"

"The lodge is always cool in the mornings before fires are lit." Eloise leaned forward and paused. She smiled. "You look like a frightened rabbit. I was only going to kiss you."

"Oh." Clarissa nodded, her cheeks heating. "I'm not ..."

"... a lesbian?" Eloise crossed her eyes and made a silly face. "Not everything has to be black and white."

"I wasn't going to say that. I was going to say, I'm not sure I could say no to a kiss. Brad is in my mother's bed right now. This hardly feels like cheating on him. You might as well warm me up, Mrs. Palmer." Clarissa's lips parted. She couldn't believe what she was saying. What had the game done to her? She gave a start and pulled back when their lips touched and Eloise's hand gripped her thigh. "You're icy! I forgot how cold your skin is."

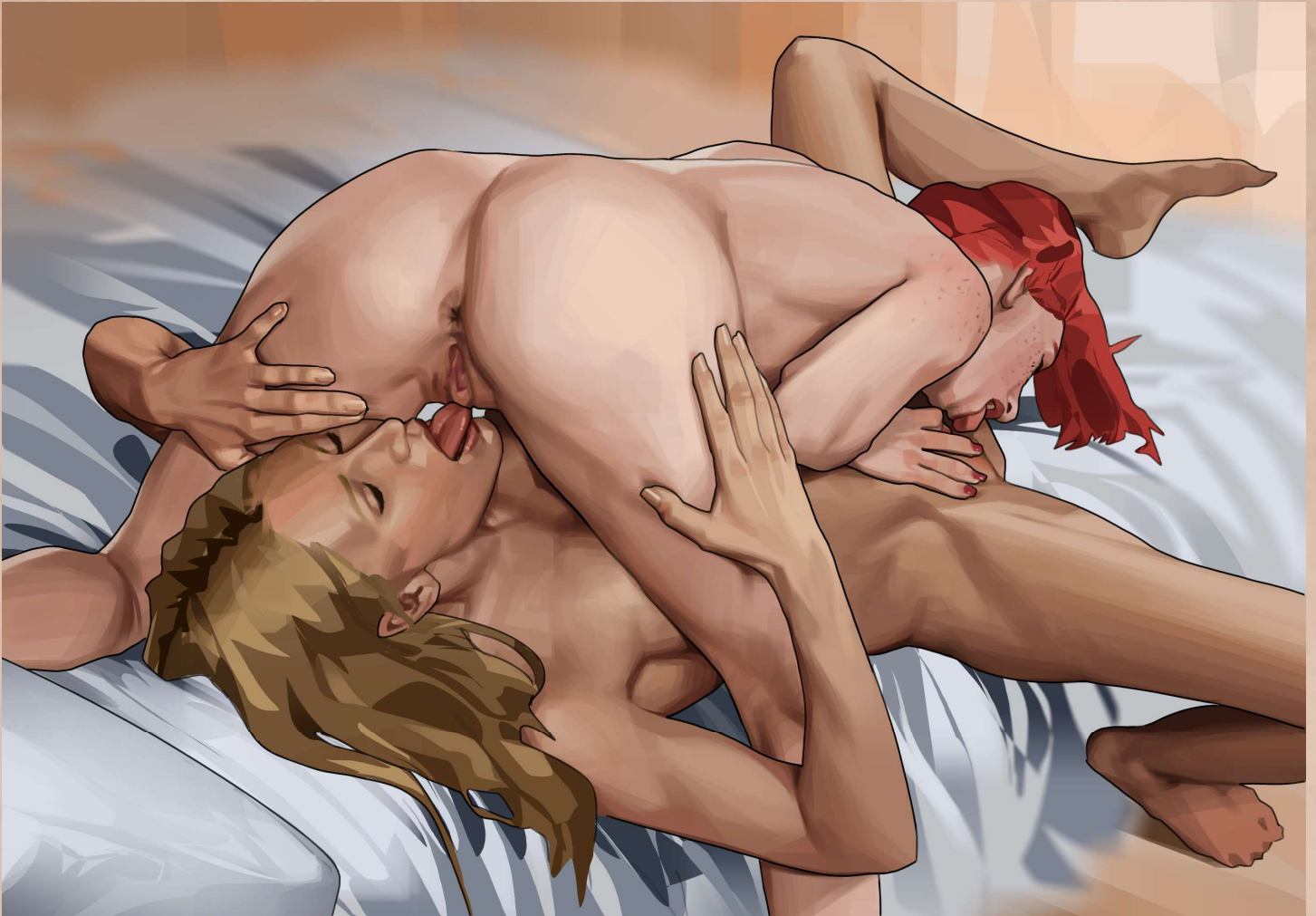
“Cold hands, warm heart, little dearie.” Eloise didn’t back off. She pushed Clarissa onto her back and mounted her. The covers fell to their waists. “I’ll get your blood flowing. You’ll be warm soon enough.” She leaned forward, pressing their breasts together, and kissed Clarissa deeply.



“Mmmppphh.” Clarissa found that she didn’t mind the woman’s frigid touch. In fact, it served to increase her excitement. The kiss ended, and Eloise moved down Clarissa’s body. Clarissa shivered. “Oohhhh ... yessss ... suck on them ... suck on them!” She ran her fingers through Eloise’s silky hair, writhing underneath the widow. “Oh ... my God ... you need to eat my pussy. You need to eat it right now!” Clarissa shoved the woman’s head down between her legs.

“So ... much more ... willful ... than your brother,” Eloise said between kisses on the woman’s slick nether lips.

Soon, Clarissa found herself in a sixty-nine with her host. She hadn't ever tried that position before, not even with Brad. But her inexperience didn't slow her down. She dug her fingers into the alabaster globes of Eloise's ass and lapped at the woman's tangy pussy like there was no tomorrow. She didn't know what the game held for her. Maybe there wouldn't be a tomorrow, maybe ... "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Her mind slipped from her, and she came.



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"Mrs. Palmer ... Mrs. Palmer." Austin knocked loudly on the door of the master suite. Beatrice stood beside him looking grim. They were both dressed smartly for breakfast, but they'd never made it to the dining room.

"Pardon, Mister Aquiline." Woofer pronounced the man's name 'Ackline.' He knocked on the door, too.

"There's doings happening, Missus Palmer. Best come quick," he barked the words through the door.

The lock clicked, and the door swung open. Eloise stood tall in a long nightgown, her lips and nose wet and glistening in the light from her windows. "That's a bad boy, disturbing me so early."

"I didn't mean ..." Austin's face turned red.

"I was talking to W." She frowned at Austin. "I barely heard your knocks, Mr. Aquiline."

"Real sorry, Missus." Woofer's tail drooped between his legs. "But you'll wanna see."

Austin looked into the room and saw his sister hopping on one leg. She was wearing an unbuttoned blouse and was hastily pulling up her skirt. Her shoes were on the ground next to her. She glanced at Austin with shame.



Beatrice leaned her lips to her boss's ear. "That's the same outfit she was wearing last night," she whispered. "I don't believe Mrs. Devonshire has been faithful to her husband. The plot thickens."

"Thank you ... for the interview ... Mrs. Palmer." Clarissa's cheeks were beet red. She could see Beatrice whispering something to her brother while they both stared at her. "I think I've just about solved the case with your help this morning." She prayed it was a good cover.

"You're welcome, dearie. Anytime." Eloise glanced over her shoulder, smiled at her guest, and then turned a darkening gaze back on Woofer. "What's all this then?"

"Just come. And you might be wanting to wash your face first." He put his paw to his nose. "You got something ... there."

After Eloise and Clarissa washed their faces in the master bath, the group of them rushed to the lobby, Woofer leading the way. Eloise was still in her nightgown, but she didn't seem to mind the way people stared at the outline of her nipples through the thin material. Clarissa was dressed but was still a bit disheveled, with her messy hair hastily put into a tail.



When they arrived at the landing above the lobby, they found that the other guests were all standing down below, speaking in hushed tones. Woofer, Eloise, Clarissa, Austin, and Beatrice stood in a line at the top of the stairs. Clarissa gave a shriek when she saw what the fuss was about. The massive hearth was dark. Above it, skewered on the horn of a taxidermized rhinoceros head, was Frederick Palmer.

"Where's Thomas?!?" Eloise scanned the room. "Did somebody hurt Thomas?" She raced down the stairs, her nightgown billowing behind her. She turned right and disappeared through the restaurant.

"Thomas was watching over his father in the cellar last night," Clarissa said to her brother. She stared in fascination at the dead man. "How did anyone get Frederick up there?"

Austin, seizing his chance, leaned closer to his sister. "Is that you, Clarissa?"

"What? Of course it's me." She rolled her eyes at her brother's stupidity.

"I mean, are you my sister?" Austin raised his eyebrows hopefully.

"Oh ... shit ... I was right. You *are* yourself." Clarissa grabbed her brother and hugged him.

"And you're yourself." Austin hugged her back distractedly. He loved his sister, but he wasn't used to physical affection from her. And her scent further clouded his mind. She smelled an awful lot like sex. "This game is crazy, right?"



"So, you *know* you've been boning our cousin!" Clarissa held him at arm's length and searched his eyes with hers. "And you're doing it ... on purpose?"

"That's absurd." Beatrice overheard her. "Why would his cousin be here? There aren't any other Aquilines north of Virginia."

"You're our cousin, Bea. He's my brother." Clarissa stared at Beatrice, trying to make her see the truth of it.

"That sounds like a clue to me," Beatrice said flatly and looked away.

"She's said that before when she saw the dice. I think it's like a catchall when the characters come in contact with something they shouldn't see." Austin shrugged.

"Fuck, that's strange. Did you know Dad's been sexually harassing me?" She frowned at her brother, her brief moment of warmth toward him was gone. She lowered her voice. "And Eunice is sleeping with Aunt Melanie!" She hissed. "This game is five kinds of insane."

"You obviously spent the night with Eloise ..." Austin glared at her. "... so you can get off your fucking tower of a horse-faced -"

"He's okay, he's okay." Eloise returned to the lobby, with her arm around her son's shoulders. "He only fell asleep. Someone snuck past him in the night to desecrate my poor husband's body."



"Oh ... it's horrible." Eunice hugged her mother tightly.

"I must say ..." Brad looked back and forth from Eloise to her husband. "I can't believe ..." He dry-heaved, covering his mouth. "This is most ..." He rushed off to the bathroom to throw up. His wife watched him go with a good deal more stoicism.

Rob spotted his wife and ascended the stairs toward her.

"Do something, Austin. Don't let Dad get me." Clarissa stepped behind her brother.

"Beatrice, could you distract Mr. Devonshire? I'm going to abscond with his wife." That sounded to Austin like something his character might say.

"On it, boss." Beatrice waggled her eyebrows at Clarissa knowingly. She leaned in toward Austin. "She's pretty and smart, just the way you like 'em."

Austin blushed. Clarissa was his sister, not some character in the game. He wouldn't make a move on her. That would be ridiculous. He watched Beatrice intercept Rob, then he escorted his sister down the hall back to his room.

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“So, I’m ninety-nine percent sure we’re the only two real people in the game.” Austin stood by the fire in his room. It was roaring again. He and his sister each held a brandy snifter. They had been talking for a while about what they’d witnessed so far, but both were holding some pivotal pieces of information back.



“Eloise Palmer is also not like the others. She’s not a full character. But ... I mean ... she’s obviously not in our family.” Clarissa’s cheeks heated up thinking about her time with Eloise.

“Right. She’s the gamemaster or something. What did you two ...? Um ... I mean ... did you ...? Never mind.” Austin nodded to himself. “Um ... has the game changed you in any way?”

Clarissa’s cheeks turned bright crimson. *Is he talking about how the game turned me into a lesbian?* “No. I haven’t cheated on Brad.” She stood and paced the room.

“That ... wasn’t what I asked.” Austin watched her. She was behaving oddly, but what else would he expect? She was suddenly in this crazy game which was more dream than anything else. And she’d clearly fucked the gamemaster. “I meant, has anything changed physically?” He turned toward her, unbuckled his belt, and lowered his pants and underwear. “Like this. I wasn’t always this big.” His cock was soft now, hanging heavily between his legs.

“What the ...” Clarissa’s eyes opened wide. “Jesus, Austin. It’s about the size of that rhino horn.” Of course, she’d already seen it from a distance. But it was quite another thing close up.



“So ... did anything happen to you?” Austin pulled up his pants and tucked his dick away.

She shook her head. “You ... um ... can keep that in your pants the rest of the time we’re here.” She held up a finger before he could say anything. She was the older sibling, and she needed to take control. “We need to solve this mystery and go home. The rhino horn ... um ... the one in the lobby ... is a gift. We can find out when the body was moved, and then check everyone’s alibi. That way we can cut our list of suspects.”

“Right ... so ... nothing’s changed with your body?” He stared at her blouse, trying to judge her breasts.



“Focus, Austin. We’re trying to solve a murder here.” Clarissa frowned at him.

“Right ... right.” He sipped his brandy. “The game is afoot.”

Clarissa gulped her brandy down. On the one hand, seeing his penis had made her feel less of a lesbian. On the other hand, it was her brother’s penis. Butterflies fluttered in her stomach. She tried not to let her discomfort show. She held out her snifter to him. “Give me a refill.”