

Murder at Palmer Lodge

By Rawly Rawls © 2023 - 2026

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

“We’re not supposed to play it, Mom. It’s ... just for me.” Austin clutched the rare find to his chest. He’d been looking for the board game, *Murder at Palmer Lodge*, for ages. And finally, he’d found it.

“Well, can I at least see it?” Alexis frowned at her eighteen-year-old son and looped an arm around her husband’s waist. Rob was wearing an ugly Christmas sweater and watching the game on TV. She put a glass of eggnog in his hand, and he mumbled his gratitude without looking over at her. When she looked back at Austin, she saw that her son was backing out of the living room. “Don’t bump into the tree, sweetie. Let’s not have another accident like last year.”

Austin pressed his lips together. His whole family was gathered for Christmas Eve. His twenty-five-year-old sister, Clarissa, was there with her fiancé, Brad. His cousins Beatrice and Eunice were there with Aunt Melanie and Uncle Milo. If the thing really was magic, he didn’t want to open it up in the middle of all of them.

“Tell her how much you spent on it.” Clarissa smiled innocently at her brother.

“It’s my money. I mowed lawns all last summer.” Austin gave his sister a dark look. He backed into one of the dogs and almost fell. He looked behind him. It was Subwoofer, their smaller Labrador. “Whose side are you on, buddy?” he whispered to the dog.

Subwoofer looked up at him just as innocently as his sister.

“How much money, Austin James Brawling?” Alexis narrowed her eyes.

“No way, it’s more than a hundred, right?” Beatrice adjusted her glasses and looked at Clarissa.

“You know he’s obsessed with old board games. I say it’s five hundred.” Eunice nodded.

Austin said nothing. His cousins had never been kind to him. If they found out how much he’d spent, they’d never let him hear the end of it.

“It was twelve-hundred dollars,” Clarissa said with a smirk.

Austin cringed. Everyone but his sister gasped. It seemed his dad was paying attention now. “It’s really rare. The dice are made from this special kind of stone. I just ...” Austin shut his mouth. Everyone was laughing at him.

“I raised you better than to throw your money away like that.” Alexis’s heavy boobs jiggled under her sweater as she shook with laughter.

“It’s my money.” Austin spit out the words. He knew he was too old to believe in magic, but ever since he’d learned about the game, he needed to add it to his collection. And maybe ... possibly ... it was special. He’d open it up in his room. Austin turned to flee, but their larger Labrador, Woofy, picked that moment to scurry under his feet. Austin tripped, lost his balance, and watched the box sail through the air. He reached for it, but couldn’t catch it. The game crashed open, the board, cards, and dice spilling out of the box. He caught a glimpse of an elaborate map with many rooms and long halls. The black dice rolled right to his feet and stopped in front of his socks. The last thought he had was that at least he’d rolled double sixes.

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The chug of a boat’s engine filled Austin’s ears. He opened his eyes and went rigid with fear. The ocean surrounded him. He clutched the rail with white knuckles and started hyperventilating.

“What’s wrong, boss?” A familiar feminine voice came from behind him.

Austin found that he was wearing a suit and a brimmed hat. He didn’t own either. He turned around and blinked at the woman standing in a well-tailored blazer and skirt. She held her hand on the top of her head to keep her hat from blowing away. Austin gripped the railing harder, he felt woozy. He did recognize her black hair, brown eyes, and curves. “Beatrice?”

“Yeah, boss, it’s me. The intrepid Beatrice, always by your side.” She winked. “Famed widow and stenographer, always ready to record your adventures for profit and posterity.”

“You can’t be a widow. You haven’t ... married.” Austin grabbed his hat as it started to lift off his head. He looked at it. He wasn’t one to judge, but it seemed a quality fedora. He looked over at Beatrice. Her brown eyes had sadness in them, they were framed by vintage glasses he’d never seen before. Her pert lips fell into a frown.

“Of course, you know that I *was* married. Fred was a wonderful man. He even melted your cold heart. His loss was ...” There was a tremor in Beatrice’s voice. She took a moment to gather herself, sticking out her chin in defiance. “He was a magnificent man. But he’s gone. And you are a two-bit-son-of-a-bitch. You seem to have hit your head or something. Apologize.”

“I’m sorry, Bea. Are we ... um ... married?” Austin was so confused.

Beatrice let out a long peel of laughter. “Like you’d ever settle down. I’m about as likely to hitch you as I am to pilot an airplane.” Her giggles subsided. “When we arrive at the lodge, I’ll give you some serious nursing. It seems you really did knock your noggin.”

“The lodge?” Austin said.

“Palmer Lodge. Remember the invitation?” She pointed to an island. “That’s why we’re on this godforsaken ferry in what I will charitably call inclement weather. What a way to celebrate Christmas. They better have mulled wine and a roaring fire ready for our arrival.” She cocked her head and narrowed her eyes. “*Do* you remember? You’re starting to worry me.”

“Holy shit. I’m in the game.” Austin wobbled even more, his balance almost tipping him over the rail.

“Whoa, horsey.” Beatrice grabbed his jacket and pulled him back to safety. “What’s wrong with you?”

“Let’s just ... be quiet until we arrive. I need to think.” Austin was grateful for her strong arm in his, even if she was his obnoxious cousin.

“Sure. Sounds good to me boss. Let’s silently stand arm-in-arm, staring at what looks to be a wonderfully ominous, and surprisingly large, lodge which just so happens to be shrouded in mist and dark shadows. A hush is just the thing for these situations.”

“Right.” Austin nodded. Mercifully, she did shut up for the rest of the ferry’s short journey.

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A car waited for them at the rickety pier. The chauffeur stowed their bags, and they drove off. Beatrice was taking copious notes and hounding the chauffeur for details. They were in a 1933 Mercedes-Benz 770. The lodge had thirty-two rooms, two floors, and it was the only building on the island. It was constructed in 1892. Beatrice and Austin were the first guests to arrive. The game would start once they settled into their rooms. At the end of the day, the evening ferry would dock, bringing the others.

“What is the game?” Austin leaned forward, looking up the wooded drive. He could see the lodge peeking through tree trunks on a rise to the left.

The chauffeur shrugged. “I would have thought you’d know, mister.”

“Me too.” If only Austin had read the instructions before the game started. Woofer was always getting underfoot.

When the Mercedes parked in the lodge’s roundabout, a valet helped them with their luggage. “You’re early. Mrs. Palmer isn’t ready to receive anyone yet,” he said. “I’ll take you to your rooms.”

The interior of the lodge was decked out in taxidermized big game trophies and dour oil paintings. The furniture was all built of dark wood and luxurious satin cushions. There was a grand staircase just beyond the lodge’s high-ceilinged lobby. Nearby, was a tall Christmas tree, festooned with decorations and unlit candles. They ascended to the second floor and were shown down a long hall to their rooms.

When he was alone with his luggage, Austin sat on the large four-poster bed and took off his hat. He let out a long, low exhalation and ran his hands through his hair. “What ... the ... fuck?” His eyes went to his suitcase. What would he find in there? Would it be his stuff, or the stuff of whoever the man was that he was supposed to be? His gaze trailed around the room, stopping on the console table by the door. He stood and walked over to it.

On the table, was a rectangular card and two dice made out of black stone with thin red veins. The card read: *Roll eight or less for a nap. Roll nine or more to be rejuvenated from your travels.*

“Can’t I ... just take a nap without rolling?” Austin looked around the room and shrugged. He picked up the dice and rolled an eleven. There was a knock on the door. Before he could say anything, Beatrice let herself into the room, closed the door behind her, and locked it. She was wearing a nurse’s uniform. Her smile was wide and warm. Austin had never seen her smile at him like that. He blinked and cocked his head.

“Beatrice?”

“Yeah, boss?” She walked toward him, swaying her hips dramatically. “It’s time for your treatment. You were acting quite strange on the ferry.” She softly caressed his cheek and removed his jacket. She then slowly loosened his tie, tugging him toward the bed by it. “I always know the best medicine for my employer.”

“I ... um ... I don’t ...”

Beatrice put a finger to his lips. “Don’t say something hurtful like you did before. I’d hate to ruin the mood.” She pushed him onto the bed and dropped to her knees on the floor in front of him. She quickly unbuckled his belt.

“We’re cousins, Bea.” Austin stared at her hungry eyes. Had she always been this hot? No, she wasn’t really Beatrice anymore. She was his employee. *What kind of people are we?* Was this normal?

“Well, congratulations. You didn’t say anything hurtful. Just ... odd.” She laughed, her face bright with mirth and anticipation. She pulled his cock out of his trousers. “There it is.” She kissed her way up the shaft.

“Oh ... my God.” Austin stared at his dick. It was twice the size of one of his regular erections. He had been so distracted by everything that he hadn’t noticed the change. It was impossible to miss now. His cock stood proudly as his cousin was bobbing her lips halfway down the shaft. “That’s ... incredible.”

Beatrice pulled off him with a plop and gave him a sloppy smile. She stood and pushed him back to the blanket. “You usually don’t say that until you’re in my ass.” She pulled a little bottle of oil from a pocket in her uniform and poured some onto her hands. She massaged it onto his penis and straddled him. She hiked up the hem of her uniform.

“I’ve ... never ...” Austin could see she hadn’t put on any panties for this wellness visit. The black triangle between her legs matched the curls on her head. He stared at the narrow lips of her pussy as she held his dick and moved his head to her butthole. “Are you really ...? Ohhhhh ... shit.” She was so incredibly warm and tight. Her hips were high over his, too high. He wasn’t used to his new length.

“There ... now ... boss ... you’ll be ... right as rain ... soon.” Beatrice’s smile faded and her jaw went slack. “I always ... forget how big you are.” She grabbed handfuls of his shirt and slid down his cock. Her uniform bunched around her hips. “I mean ... I remember ... it’s just ... always a surprise ... that I can take it.” Soon, she was bouncing on top of him, her feet planted on the mattress. “Ah ... ah ... ah ... ah ...”

“Ohhhhh ... Bea ... Bea ... this is ... incredible.”

Beatrice barked out a quick laugh before pleasure recaptured her mind. “See ... that’s what you ... usually say ... when ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... you’re in my ... uggghhhhhh ...”

ass ... eeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” She threw her head back and let out a long wail. Her first climax had arrived.

Outside in the hall, a freckled, redheaded woman leaned her ear against the door. She smiled broadly and smoothed the gown she wore over her zaftig form. The first turn was always such a joy. But the game wasn't all spectacular bludgeons and overly seeded crinkum crankums. There was a murder on the way.

Chapter 2

“That ... was incredible.” Austin lay on the four-poster bed, vibrating with post-orgasmic bliss. His cousin had ridden him to two orgasms. They were both naked, and she lay on her side, facing away from him. He watched the cum run out of her ass and slowly make the trek over her cheek to the sheet below. He wanted to touch her. To run his hands along the flare from her waist out to her hip, but this was his obnoxious cousin. Or was it? He reached out his hand, but hesitated and pulled it back.

“‘Incredible’ boss?” Beatrice snickered without looking over at him, resting her head on a pillow. The view out the window was pretty. The island was verdant, and the ocean looked rougher than it had been for their voyage over. “Usually, you have something more grandiloquent to say after I’ve milked your seed for two hours. Forgive me if I don’t run to my books to transcribe ‘incredible.’”

“I ... I mean ... I’ve never done that ... it’s just ...” Thankfully, he was interrupted by the soft, crisp sound of paper sliding under the door. He rolled out of bed and walked across the room. He didn’t make it to the door. He got distracted by his long, flaccid cock. How was he supposed to walk around with something like that? *I had this on the ferry ride over, and I didn’t notice it. I’ll probably just ... get used to it.*

“What does it say?” She kept her eyes on the ocean, wondering how the ferry ride would go for the other guests.

“What?” Austin stood in the middle of the room, still looking down at the thick, veiny dick dangling below.

“The paper that we both heard slide under the door. What does it say?” Finally, Beatrice gathered the energy to sit up and turn toward him. She’d really given her rump a workout. She’d be sore tomorrow. Strike that, she was sore now. “What are you doing? First, you look at me like a love-struck puppy while I’m giving you a standard, although vigorous, version of our usual. Now, you’re giving that same gaze of adoration to your own cock.”

“I ... um ...” He looked over at her.

“What in Jove’s heaven is wrong with you?” She nodded her head at the nurse’s outfit on the floor. “Maybe you need some real medical attention.”

Austin picked up the paper by the door and read it. “It says that we’re supposed to join Mrs. Palmer in the lobby before the others arrive.”

“Great, maybe we’ll find out what in tarnation is going on.” Beatrice hopped out of bed, wincing as the movement dislodged more of her employer’s spunk. She picked up the

nurse's outfit, held it up to her chest, and nodded to him. "You get your brain working right. I'll freshen up and retrieve my notepad. See you in the lobby in ten?"

Austin nodded. He watched her quickly dress. Was his cousin that beautiful in real life? He knew she was shapely, but ... damn. He'd never look at her the same way again.

"Remember what I said. Get your head on straight." She snapped her fingers in front of his face. "See you soon." She walked out of the room, awkwardly clenching her asshole as she moved, to avoid leaving a trail behind her.

"Holy ... shit." Austin watched her go. She was even hot waddling.

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"Good afternoon, Mr. Aquiline." Eloise smiled at the young man as he descended the stairs.

"Who, me?" Austin pointed at his chest, his finger on his poorly knotted tie.

"You are Austin Aquiline, raconteur, globetrotter, and gentleman detective, are you not?" Eloise nodded to encourage the lad to say yes.

Austin nodded. He would have to look up what raconteur meant.

"Will your assistant be joining us?" Eloise said.

"Um ... yes ... she'll be just a minute." Austin stopped in the lobby several feet from Eloise.

"I'm sure she needs time to recover. Was it a bumpy trip to our lovely lodge?" When he didn't say anything, Eloise smiled and inspected the Christmas tree. Moving an ornament from one branch to the next. "I've spent a good amount of time riding out rough travels. It can be murder on your rump."

"Um ... yeah." Austin ran his hands through his hair. "That's right. She's got a sore rump."

"I'm glad we're alone. There is something pressing that needs your attention. Please step into the dining hall and read the card that is waiting for you." Eloise nodded in the direction he needed to go. When he didn't move, she gently gave his back a little shove. "Off you go, dearie. Read the card."

Austin did as she asked. He walked into a dim room. Out of the corner of his eye, he caught movement behind the bar, but he didn't pay any attention to the bartender. His focus was on the card set up on one of the polished maple tables. A familiar black stone

die rested next to it. The card read: *Choose the second player for the game. Cast the die.* Underneath, there was a list of his family members. Each had a number next to their name. Austin picked up the die and rolled. It was a two. He looked at the list. His sister's name was next to the number two.

"Storm's coming in." The bartender said. "Glad you made it today. Doubt the ferry'll be running tomorrow."

"Yeah ... well, that always happens in these games," Austin said without looking up at the man. "Storm comes in, and we're all trapped on the island." He shivered. "With a murderer."

"Suppose so. I reckon you know your way around a shindig like the Missus is planning," the bartender said.

"If I did, then I'd know what rolling my sister's name meant." Austin rubbed his chin, staring at the list of family names. *Second player?* "Yeah, um ... hey, my good man ..." If this was a game, he would try and get into character. He was some sort of adventurer. This was clearly early twentieth-century. Men like him drank. What did they drink? He thought. "My good man, mix me a vodka martini."

"Never heard of that abomination before, mister," the bartender said. "Do you mean a martini? Those have gin. Dirty? I like to make them dirty."

Something about the bartender seemed oddly familiar. He looked up and gaped. He hadn't been talking to a man at all. "I bet you do ... like them dirty. I'm always telling you to stop rolling in the mud."

"Don't quite get your joke, but I'm gonna laugh all the same." Subwoofer barked out a chuckle. He stood on his hind legs, wearing a jacket and bowtie. The dog winked at him and began mixing his drink.

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"Dad ... Daddy ... you can't do that. Don't touch me there." Clarissa had no idea what was going on. One moment she was celebrating Christmas, the next she was on a boat getting chased around by her father, who kept grabbing her butt. They were both dressed strangely. And her father didn't even seem to know who he was.

"Come on, darling. We so rarely travel. I'm excited. No one is out on the deck with us. Why don't we have a little fun?" Rob moved in for another grope. "Besides, you really have me jazzed with all that 'Daddy' talk. We haven't done that in a while."

“Oh ... God.” Clarissa thought she was going to be sick. She dodged as he lunged for her.

Rob lost his balance as the ferry lurched with a wave. The man went sideways. First his hat sailed into the ocean, then he himself flipped over the rail. He caught on just barely, and dangled over the frigid water. “Help! Help me ... Clarissa!”

“Oh ... no.” Whatever was going on, she couldn’t let her father drown. She rushed for the rail and reached over, but she wasn’t strong enough to pull him up. “Help,” she screamed. “Help us!”

“Help! I’m slipping.” Rob’s fingers slowly gave way. Just as he lost his grip, a large, powerful man appeared at the railing next to Clarissa, reached over, and grabbed Rob’s wrist.

“Some assistance, Thomas.” Frederick strained as he prevented the frantic man from plunging into icy depths. “This man weighs more than a ... bear.”

“Coming, Father.” Thomas joined his father at the railing, pushing Clarissa aside. He reached over and grabbed the man’s jacket. Together, they pulled Rob back onto the ferry.

The three of them collapsed on the deck as the ferry lurched, hit another wave, and doused them all with spray.

Frederick stared at the man he’d rescued. “It was foolish of you to be fondling a woman out here. You nearly reaped what you sowed, but it wasn’t God’s plan that you should perish this day.”

“Thank you for saving me.” Rob sat firmly on the deck, not ready to stand and tempt fate again. “But the woman in question is my wife. And she is fetching. And what are men but fools for those we adore?”

“We should strive to be much more than fools, mister.” Frederick stood up and dusted himself off. “And if you’re coming to my island, as you are, I expect that you’ll behave chastely. Not like the idiot that you are.”

Clarissa stood with her hand over her mouth. She didn’t know what to think of any of it.

Thomas slowly stood and eyed Clarissa. “Well, for what it’s worth, I do think she’s fetching. You’ve found yourself a fine bride, mister.”

“Control your lusts!” Frederick cuffed his son’s red head with his hand.

“Ow, Father. That smarts!” Thomas rubbed the back of his head and stared daggers at Frederick.

“I expect you’ll be Mr. Palmer. I’m Rob Devonshire. This is my wife, Clarissa.” Rob said, still seated on the wet deck. “We’re both grateful for the rescue.”

"I don't care for spending my Christmas with the likes of you. But such is my wife's fancy. Good day to you, sir." Frederick turned and stalked back to the ferry's cabin.

Thomas shrugged at the couple and followed his father.

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"I knew I'd find you in the bar. Sorry I'm late, boss." Beatrice walked up to where her employer was seated on a stool. She leaned her lips close to his ear. "I had to give myself time to drain so as not to ruin my skirts," she whispered. She sat next to him and placed her notebook on the bar with a thump. "I'll take a Bee's Knees, barkeep."

"Coming right up, li'l miss." Subwoofer nodded to Beatrice and reached for honey and lemon juice.

"I can't believe we had ..." Austin caught himself and got back in character. This game was worth every penny. He was fucking living *the* life. "I can't believe it still takes you so long to empty the vault. I would have thought you'd gotten used to the size of my bank deposits by now."

"There ain't no getting used to a bank account as big as yours." Beatrice giggled and slapped his shoulder. "I'm just glad I'm on your *payroll*." She winked at him. "Now, down to business. I have all the notes you asked me to gather. I dug up backgrounds on most of the guests. And our hosts, too." She pushed the notebook toward him.

"I think it might be better if you read them to me under your breath as we watch each guest enter the hotel." Austin mustered up some courage, leaned over, and kissed her on the cheek. It was odd to kiss his cousin, but humping her earlier had taken the edge off the weirdness. He was pleased when she smiled at the kiss, took his hand, and placed it on her thigh.

"Now, why would I do that? Just read my damn notes." Beatrice didn't drop her grin. Her drink arrived, and she nodded to the bartender.

"Humor me. It's how things are done at a place like this." Austin sipped his drink for the first time. He sputtered at the taste and coughed, nearly spilling it in shock. That's what a martini was? It tasted awful.

"You're the boss, boss." Beatrice held up her glass. "Here's to strange ventures. Our bread and butter."

Austin recovered himself from the bracing cocktail. "Merry Christmas, doll." He clinked glasses with her.

“Merry Christmas, boss.” Beatrice took a sip of her drink.

A gong rang from the lobby.

“Expect that’s the others arriving.” Subwoofer gave them an eager, Labrador smile. “Best go join the missus.”

“Perfect timing.” Austin took his undrinkable drink and hustled to the lobby, Beatrice by his side.

Chapter 3

“Oh, shit.” Austin was leaning on the wall near the Christmas tree. His eyes went wide, he almost called out “Mom!” But he stayed in character.

“Do you know them?” Beatrice stood next to him with her notebook open.

“I’ve seen their faces before.” Austin eyed his mother’s traveling companion. It was his sister’s fiancé, Brad. But he wasn’t a fiancé in the game apparently. He wore a wedding ring, and he ... kissed Austin’s mother on the lips. Alexis was also wearing a wedding ring. *They aren’t ...? No, he’s too young for her.*

“Mr. and Mrs. DelaCross,” Beatrice whispered in her boss’s ear. “Brad runs a medicinal drink empire. Alexis was widowed. She remarried a younger man. Good for her, if you ask me. Also, of note, she was once engaged to our host Frederick Palmer. I don’t know what put off the engagement.”

“Brad is married to my ... to Alexis?” Austin tried to wrap his head around it. “They’re not going to share a room, are they?”

“I wouldn’t know about that. Not in the notes. But I’d expect so.” Beatrice shrugged.

Alexis and Brad walked over to Eloise, Brad kissing his host’s double-set diamond wedding ring.

“Daddy, I told you to stop that!” Clarissa entered the wide double doors, holding her butt with the cheeks on her face burning crimson.

“You’re driving me wild, Clarissa.” Rob entered after her.

“Mr. and Mrs.?” Austin glanced at Beatrice.

Beatrice nodded. “Rob and Clarissa Devonshire. He has a big name in New York City, but the family wealth dried up. He married her for her money. She married him for his stature. Not for his grabby hands apparently.” She watched as Clarissa shrieked at the unwelcome fondle and moved behind Eloise.

The Devonshires made awkward greetings with their host.

“Melanie, Milo, and Eunice Hadfetter.” Beatrice nodded at the trio walking in. “Say, the younger dame is a looker.”

“She’s your twin.” Austin sipped his martini and grimaced.

“Might as well be.” Beatrice nodded. “She’s a beauty anyway. This bunch isn’t wealthy. Father, mother, daughter trio. Father runs a haberdashery, mother went to school with Eloise Palmer eons ago.”

Melanie and Eloise greeted each other with many hugs and kisses.

“And finally, we have the other Palmers. I assume that Frederick is the dour-looking one and Thomas is the adorable redhead,” Beatrice said.

“He’s not so adorable.” Austin frowned and sipped his disgusting cocktail.

“Oh, are you jealous?” Beatrice put down her notebook and picked up her drink. “I promise not to let him steal my heart.” She giggled like what she’d said was endlessly amusing.

Austin wondered if it was an inside joke he was missing. The gong sounded again, and he turned his attention to Eloise who stood on the steps above everyone.

“Welcome all. I’m so happy to have you all here on Christmas Eve.” Eloise gazed benevolently at her assembled guests, family, and staff. Subwoofer, the bartender, stood in the doorway of the restaurant, looking on. Woofer, the groundskeeper, closed the front doors, leaning on them and listening to his mistress. “We’re running short-staffed at the lodge, with only the Smithfield brothers, S. and W., here to keep an eye on things. But, of course, there are no other guests right now. So, we should all be eminently comfortable. On a table near the Christmas tree, you’ll find keys to your rooms. Your luggage will be brought to you shortly. Please freshen up, and we’ll meet for dinner at six sharp.”

There was a flash outside the lodge’s windows, strobing everyone in the lobby. The electric lights flickered, and the candles guttered. A few seconds later, the place shook with thunder.

“Off you go then, dearies. I’m sure you’ll find the amenities to your liking.” Eloise blew a kiss to the crowd, perhaps singling out her son.

Next to Thomas, Frederick Palmer scowled.

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“Mrs. Devonshire? Mrs. Devonshire?” Eloise waved politely at the woman as people headed to their rooms. “Clarissa. A word please?” Eloise stepped closer and removed Rob’s hand from Clarissa’s rear end. “Please go to your room, Mr. Devonshire. I need a moment with your wife.”

“Really?” Rob frowned. He had wanted her alone in their room with some time to kill. He glanced at Eloise and found that she almost looked cross. He took an involuntary step backward. “Yes. Yes, of course. I’ll see you in our room, darling,” he said to Clarissa. He

went to slap his wife's butt, but was intercepted by Eloise's hand. He retreated toward the stairs. "Your husband was quite contrary, too. On the boat, he said I shouldn't enjoy my wife. What sort of vacation is this?"

"Frederick and I are in agreement on something. It must be a blue moon." Eloise nodded toward the restaurant. "Come with me, Mrs. Devonshire. Yes, that's *you*, dearie." She took Clarissa by the hand and led her to the bar. Subwoofer was there slurping on a tonic, his long tongue visible at the bottom of the glass. "Now, S., what did I say about drinking on the job?"

Subwoofer pulled his tongue out of the glass. "It's akin to God's work or sumptin." The dog shrugged.

"Subwoofer!?" Clarissa grew very pale. She looked around for the next horrible revelation, but only the three of them were in the restaurant.

"Pull yourself together, Clarissa." Eloise squeezed her hand tightly.

It suddenly occurred to Clarissa that the woman's grasp was like ice. Why was the woman so cold? She tried to pull away but couldn't manage it. "I'm dreaming. This is a nightmare."

"You're close to the mark. You're in your brother's game." Eloise led her to the bar where two dice waited with a note. "Please roll the dice."

"My brother's game?" Clarissa's head spun. A sudden burst of laughter escaped her lips, followed by more. Soon she was cackling and leaning on the bar. "This ... is ... not real." Her sides hurt she was laughing so hard. She had no control.

"Mix her a drink, S. Something sweet." Eloise slowly unbuttoned her blouse, frowning at the hysterical twenty-four-year-old woman.

"Lickety-split, Mrs. Palmer." Subwoofer saluted his mistress and went to work.

"No ... drink ... thank ... you ..." Clarissa waved her dog off. "I don't ... know ... where your ... dirty paws have been." She laughed even harder.

"You need to take your turn, and you're having some sort of fit." Eloise took off her own blouse and hung it on a chair. "You need a drink." She removed her bra.

"Listen ... lady ..." Clarissa's laughter died when she saw that the woman was suddenly topless. Her eyes nearly bugged out of her head. The woman's breasts were ghostly white, with a smattering of freckles and dark, thick nipples. "What are you ...?" Clarissa couldn't help but stare at them. They looked heavy and full. Blue veins meandered just under the skin.

“I said ‘you need a drink.’” Eloise took one long step toward Clarissa, took a fistful of the woman’s hair, and roughly pulled her to her breast. Eloise pressed the back of her head until her breast bulged around Clarissa’s face and held her there.

“Mmmmpphhh.” Clarissa went stiff as a board. She’d never been in such a situation before. She struggled for a few seconds, but the woman was strong. Eventually, she began to suffocate on frigid tit-flesh, so she opened her mouth. Cold sweetness hit her tongue. The grip on her head loosened, and she was able to breathe through her nose. She was so relieved to breathe that it took her a moment to notice she was gulping down the most delicious dulcetness. Despite the drink’s temperature, warmth spread through her body. She was nurtured and cared for. *I’m safe. Nothing can go wrong here.*

“That’s a good girl.” Eloise released her grip and stroked Clarissa’s hair instead. The two women stood by the bar, Eloise with a straight spine, Clarissa bent at the waist. “Shhhh ... that’s a good girl. Everything will be okay.” Eloise looked over at Subwoofer. “What did you make for her?”

“Bee’s Knees, Mrs. Palmer.” Subwoofer nodded.

“Excellent choice.” Eloise pulled Clarissa off her breast. She smiled warmly and kissed Clarissa’s cheek. “Feeling better?”

“Wow ... I ... um ...” Clarissa took a seat in front of the dice. “I never ... um ...”

“For you, Mrs. Devonshire.” Subwoofer pushed the cocktail toward Clarissa. “No hard feelings about what you said ... about my paws.”

“Thank you, SubSub.” Clarissa used his nickname. She sipped the drink. It blended well with the milky taste still in her mouth. She took another sip, and tried to focus her eyes on the paper before her. There was a question: *How will you use your time before dinner? Below it, was a list: 2) Quiet time with your husband. 3) Search the library. 4) Explore the garden. 5) Converse with another guest ...* The list went to twelve, but she stopped reading.

Lightning flashed through the windows. The lights in the room flickered. About ten seconds later, they heard distant thunder.

“Roll to choose.” Eloise handed her the black dice with red veins.

“Okay.” Clarissa didn’t have a care in the world. Not anymore. She smiled serenely and rolled a seven. “This is a game. So ... I have to do whatever it says for number seven?”

“Top of the class.” Eloise read over Clarissa’s shoulder, her bare breasts pushing against Clarissa’s ear. *“Number seven. Explore the billiard room.”* Eloise pulled Clarissa from the stool. “Very good. You just need to go back through the lobby and past the lounge. You’ll see it. It’s the room with the giant bear.”

“The giant ...?” Clarissa was having a hard time thinking. She stared at the lovely breasts on display before her. “Could I have another taste?”

“Maybe later, Dearie.” Eloise took the Bee’s Knees and put it in Clarissa’s hand. “You can hold on to your cocktail for now. Off you go.” She turned Clarissa toward the door, put her hands on her butt, and shoved her off.

Without a look back, Clarissa stumbled her way toward the billiard room.

~~

Trees bent and whipped in the wind. The ocean heaved and churned. Austin stood at the window, looking out over the island. Rain hadn’t arrived yet, but it looked like it was going to really come down. He hoped the lodge was watertight. The electric sconces flickered, but his hearth burned merrily, basking the room with a warm glow.

“To have a murder mystery, someone must be murdered,” he said to the empty room. There was a knock on the door. His dick sprung to life in his trousers. It had to be Beatrice, and he couldn’t wait to see what her horny mind would come up with. He moved quickly toward the door, finding it awkward to move with such a large erection. How odd that his dumb cousin could turn him on now. He supposed anything was possible in the game.

“Mr. Aquiline?” Alexis smiled at him when he opened the door.

“Mom?” Austin blurted.

“Excuse me?” She put her hand to her ample bosom, looking affronted.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. ... um ...” Austin didn’t remember her name. *Some detective I’m turning out to be.*

“Mrs. DelaCross.” She straightened her dress. She was wearing heels, so she towered over the young man. That made her a bit giddy. When she spotted the enormous barge he was smuggling in his trousers, she became more featherbrained. *Is that real, or is he storing his winter rations down there?* She shook her head and met his eyes. He was waiting for her to continue. “I have lost my husband. I was going to ask you, as a world-renowned detective, to help me find him. But ... I can see you have a cheery fire in here. And brandy on the dresser. Might I join you until dinner? I think it would be safer for me to stay with a man ... of your reputation.”

“So ... you know me ... as Mr. Aquiline?” Austin stood aside and let her into the room. He shut the door after her. It was his mother’s face, but she wasn’t looking at him with any of her usual expressions.

“Of course. I’ve even read some of your stories in the broadsheets.” Alexis’s smile was sly and full of anticipation. “Pour us a brandy, and you can tell me all about your adventures.”

“Sure ... I guess.” Austin was disappointed he wouldn’t be having sex before dinner. But he supposed Beatrice’s ass *was* sore. He didn’t blame her for needing some rest. “You’re married to ... that younger man, Brad ... DelaCross.”

“I adore younger men. So ... vigorous,” Alexis said.

Austin worked on the drinks and chuckled. “If only my mother could hear you say that. She’d be beside herself.” With glasses in hand, he turned around. His jaw dropped to the floor, followed by the brandy as he absentmindedly tipped the glasses forward. Neither of them moved to clean it up. His mother had stripped when he wasn’t looking. She was naked but for her heels, posing with a hand on one hip. She had a smoldering expression on her face. But he wasn’t looking at her face. Her tits were large and hung in the most alluring way. She had a slight roll to her belly, a narrow waist, and wide hips. There was a dark triangle between her legs. “Holy shit.” His mom was smoking hot. This was a horny game. A horny, horny game.

Chapter 4

“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.”

~~

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.

~~

"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.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." 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 ... oooooooohhhhhhhh.” 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.

“Yesssssss ... good ... good ... ugh ... ugh ... good ... good ... fill ... mmmeeeeeeee.” Alexis reached around and grabbed his ass cheeks, pressing her fingers into his strong, resilient flesh. “I ... need ... it ... soooooo ... uuuuggghhhhhhhhhhh.” Her eyes rolled back, and her mind shot off on another climax.

“Okay ... okay ... ookkaaayyyyyyy.” Austin was ready to cum, and she *had* asked for it. “Uuuuggghhh ... Mom ... Mom ... uuuuuggghhhhhhhhh.” His hips fell out of rhythm. He slammed into her pussy, dropped his slender chest onto her giant boobs, and held himself there. He could feel his mother’s hands pressing his ass, trying to pull him even deeper despite the fact that he was buried to the hilt. His balls contracted, and he released a massive eruption in her unprotected womb. Burst after burst shot out of him, and shock after shock of ecstasy surged through him. He could vaguely hear her wailing like a wounded animal. He knew he was grunting like a madman.

When their combined orgasms had passed, Austin stayed on top of her, completely buried in the woman who was and wasn’t his mother.

“I think ... you ruined me ... Mr. Aquiline,” Alexis mumbled.

“I hope ... you’ll give me a chance ... to ruin you ... again.” Austin was getting back in character.

Alexis nodded and shivered, her hands still pulling his butt. For reasons she couldn’t fathom, she was making sure his cock dammed the lake that he had deposited in her womb.

Chapter 5

“Oh, I know of you. Yes, I do.” Milo entered the billiard room carrying a flute of champagne and watching Clarissa take a shot on the shuffleboard table.

Clarissa gave a start. With the rain pelting the windows, she hadn't heard the man approach. Her puck knocked into others with a clack-clack down at the other end of the table. She put a hand to her chest. “Hello.” She flexed her bare feet on the cold, hardwood floor. “Wait, you know me, Milo?”

“I see you know me, too. Yes, you do.” He nodded, smiled, and walked up to Clarissa. “Of course, your knowledge has an incentive. You're the amateur detective. Solving crimes, breaking rhymes.”

“Why are you talking like that?” Clarissa looked into her uncle's eyes and saw ... that this man wasn't her uncle. His crazed, wide eyes danced as he looked at her. She slowly put the shuffleboard table between herself and this man. “You're insane, aren't you?” Lightning flashed and Milo's eyes seemed even more manic in the sudden light.

“Mad as a hatter and ever growing fatter.” He hefted an imaginary gut. “Pleasant day, my pretty young sleuth. I hope you find the truth.” Milo saluted her with the champagne flute, gave the bear a wary glance, and ambled out of the room. Distant thunder rumbled upon his departure.

“I'm a fucking amateur detective?” Clarissa didn't like the sound of that. Wherever amateur detectives went, people died. She'd seen enough television to know the formula. She looked up at the ceiling. “I'd like to go home now.” She waited. “Please?” Her only answer was another bolt of lightning and a peal of thunder that shook the lodge. The lights in the hall went out completely for several seconds. But thankfully, they came back on. The only thing worse than being in that terrible lodge would be being there in the dark.

~~

Austin lay naked on his side, his soft cock resting its weight on the mattress. He watched the person who was and wasn't his mother as she sat in an armchair by the fire. She was naked as well, basking in the warmth of the hearth. She smiled at him when she saw him looking. He smiled back. “I love this lodge,” he said.

“It seems the sort of place you would be familiar with.” Alexis raised an eyebrow. “Opulent and mysterious, filled with beautiful women and deadly men.”

“Be a dear and touch yourself while we talk.” Austin felt like he was getting the hang of this character. His cock gave a lurch when her free hand dropped to her pussy and idly played with her labia. He could barely hear her wetness over the cracking sounds of the fire and the rain drumming on the lodge.

“Your essence is still leaking out of me. My husband would not be pleased to find another man’s seed in his property.” She blew Austin a kiss.

“Well, maybe don’t tell him then.” Austin thought back a moment. “Wait, did you say ‘deadly men’? Is Brad deadly?” *Would I know how to fight if it came to it? Do I have my character’s skills?* He thought for a moment and decided that he couldn’t fight any better than he always could. Which meant getting beaten up by bullies.

“My husband is no more dangerous than any man. Which, of course, makes him deadly.” Alexis smirked at her lover. She took a sip of brandy, continuing to play with her vagina as they talked. “Honestly, it will be hard to hide our rendezvous from my husband. She opened her vagina with her fingers, giving Austin a full view of the gape. “When I do my wifely duties, he will surely notice that I am no longer tight. How long do you think it will take me to revert to my former self?” She waggled her eyebrows at him. “My vagina I mean.”

Austin didn’t like where this was going. But she was so hot playing with her pussy by the fire that he couldn’t bring himself to worry about it. His dick engorged, and he rose from the bed. “Maybe if I have another go at your pussy, your husband won’t ever feel you again.” He smiled. That was exactly what his character would say. It felt so right. And what did it matter if Brad found out? He was in a game. Nothing could hurt him.

There was a knock on the door. Austin froze halfway across the room toward his mother. He turned his head to the door, suddenly afraid to hear Brad’s voice. “Yes?” Austin said.

“Pardon.” Woofers’ voice came through the door muffled. “The mistress asks that guests come to supper in fifteen minutes. Me and Sub are serving in the restaurant.”

“Sounds good,” Austin said.

Alexis removed her hand from her vagina. “It seems it’s time we freshened up. Not sure what you’ll do about that.” She pointed with wide eyes at his giant penis. “Might I suggest some sort of harness to keep it confined?”

“Yes, well, I’ll see what I have for that.” Austin frowned. He had wanted to hump his mother again. He hoped the game would give him another opportunity.

~~

All nine guests were seated at a long table with the three Palmers. Eloise sat at one end, her husband sat at the other. Rain drummed on the windowpanes. The brilliance of lightning flashed every now and then, outshining the steady glow of the electric sconces. The restaurant was decorated for Christmas in festive colors, with ornaments hanging from the ceiling.

The gathering was on its second course, a robust mushroom soup. Woofer worked hard in the kitchen, while Subwoofer moved swiftly to serve everyone. Conversation was vibrant and overlapping. The group of mostly strangers were becoming well-acquainted.

Austin's mother sat across the table from him, making what he would have considered bedroom eyes at him. Her husband, who in the real world was his sister's fiancé, seemed to be aware that something was going on. He stared at Austin through much of the first course. When Milo engaged Brad in rhyming conversation, Brad continued to glance Austin's way from time to time.

Beatrice leaned her lips over to her employer's ear, cupped her hands around her mouth, and whispered. "Did you kill Mr. Delacross's dog or something? The man positively hates you."

"Hmmm." Austin shrugged.

"Oh, no you didn't," Beatrice hissed. "My ass wasn't good enough for you? You had to have her, too?" She laughed and tried very hard not to look at the recently cuckolded husband across the table from her. She just knew he'd pick up on her mockery. Fortunately, they were all interrupted by Frederick Palmer.

"May I have your attention?" Frederick stood and slowly looked around the table with displeasure. He adjusted his tie and sighed. "I built this lodge to be a place of retreat and purification. I am always saddened when it is stained by heathenism. Pathetic leches and harlots are –"

"Are you talking about us?" Eunice rubbed her cheek where this horrible man had struck her not that long ago.

"Quiet, dear." Melanie took her daughter's hand and held it tight. She didn't want to get on the wrong side of Frederick's temper. "Sorry for the interruption," she said to her friend's vile husband. "Please continue."

"Mr. Smithfield, the saber, please." Frederick turned toward the kitchen.

Woof entered the room through the service door, carrying a sword reverently in two hands. There was silence while he made his way to the table, handed the blade to his

master, and retreated to the kitchen. Lightning flashed, the sconces dimmed, and thunder rumbled. The rain continued to beat at the windows.

Once the electric lighting had returned to normal, Frederick held the sword aloft. "This is a symbol of virtue, once held by Stonewall Jackson in battle." He lowered the sword and carefully rested it on his soup bowl, balancing it in front of him.

"Oh, Frederick. Please don't do this. These are my friends." Eloise put a hand over her face.

"Let all who renounce Satan come to my end of the table and lay their hands on the sacred saber." Frederick held his hands up in the air, seemingly pleading with God. "Let us be your instrument against corruption. On this holy eve, let us –"

Lightning flashed at the same moment as thunder boomed and shook the lodge. The electric lights went out, casting them all into darkness.

There were several shouts and screams.

"Stay calm dearies, the generator will be back in a moment," Eloise said.

"What the ... how dare you?" Frederick bellowed.

"Austin? Austin? What's happening?" Clarrisa called out for her brother. "This is your game, make it stop."

There was a wet squelching thump, a gargling cry, and the sound of something heavy hitting the table, shattering and rattling the fine dinnerware.

"What was that?" Alexis had fear in her voice. "Brad ... Bradley ... where are you?"

"Oh ... my sweet Clarissa," Rob shouted.

"Get your hands off me, Mister," Eunice said.

The lights came back on to find the guests spread out around the table. Only Austin and Beatrice were still seated. She was holding onto her boss protectively.

When all eyes moved to Frederick's end of the table, there were several screams and horrified groans.

Frederick Palmer lay face forward on the table, the saber sticking out of his back. His eyes were open and unseeing. Blood pooled on the tablecloth under him.

When the clamor of terror died down, Eloise made her way back to her chair and sat in it heavily. "Oh, Frederick darling, what have you done?"

“This is murder!” Austin said. It seemed the right thing to say. He watched Eloise slump in her chair as if she’d fainted, but he thought she might be peeking under her eyelids. Her son quickly moved to her side.

“It’s horrible.” Rob stepped away from his wife. He was so revolted by the bloody scene that he didn’t feel the least like groping Clarrisa.

“The play’s the thing. Wherein we’ll catch the conscience of the king.” Milo stood gaping at the dead man.

“Oh, my poor dear.” Melanie moved over to her unstable husband and hugged him tightly.

“What do we do?” Clarissa could see the man had been murdered. She found her brother’s declaration unhelpful. It looked very real from where she was standing. She turned pale and tried not to throw up. *There’s no way out of here. We’re going to have to solve the murder.* That thought helped her find her ballast. She looked around the room, taking mental notes of what the guests were doing. Most people appeared as she would expect when present at a murder. *They look freaked the fuck out.* But not Thomas Palmer. He was fanning his unconscious mother with a napkin, and Clarissa could have sworn he was smiling. Not what you’d expect when your father lay skewered at the other end of the table.

Eloise slowly came back to herself and rose to her feet again with the help of her son. “Smithfields, we need you.” She clapped her hands and whistled.

Woofer and Subwoofer came bounding out of the service entrance. They stopped in their tracks with mouths hanging open when they saw their dead master.

“Woof, kindly check his pulse.” Eloise pointed at her husband, although it was clear there was no need to check on his vitals. Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled a few seconds later. The lights flickered but stayed on. “Sub, please make sure everyone gets to their rooms safely.” She scanned the restaurant. “I’m afraid there’s been a monstrous act of violence here tonight. Our lives will never again be the same. I encourage all of you to lock your doors tonight. I don’t know who could have done this, but it must have been someone in this very room.”

The guests glanced wearily at one another.

“Fortunately, there are two detectives among us.” Eloise nodded to Austin, and then Clarissa. With the storm, there will be no ferries off the island tomorrow. I will not be able to alert the police. We are all trapped here. Tomorrow we must puzzle out what happened. My husband’s poor soul must find justice.” She pointed a pale finger at the grisly scene at the other end of the long table.

Chapter 6

“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.

~~

“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.

~~

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.

~~

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."

~~

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.

“Gaaaaaack ... 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 ... ooohhhhhh ... 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.

Chapter 7

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.

~~

"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?”

~~

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.

~~

“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.”

~~

The second peephole showed only an empty room. But on the third, Clarissa found the Hadfettters. 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.

Chapter 8

"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 if 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 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.

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“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 ... uuuggghhhhhh ... 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 ... uuuggghhh ... 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 ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh.” 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.

Chapter 9

“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.

"Mmmppphhh." 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 ... yesssss ... 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." Woof 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.”

Chapter 10

“So, the killer, or whoever took the body, could have come into the cellar anytime between about one a.m. and when Mrs. Palmer woke Thomas.” Clarissa stood in the hall outside Thomas’s room with Austin and Beatrice.

“It doesn’t narrow the time down much, does it?” Austin rubbed his chin.

“And, as you say, it might not even be the murderer that hoisted Mr. Palmer on his own rhino horn.” Beatrice closed Thomas’s door. “Did it strike either of you as odd that Mrs. Palmer sat on her son’s lap throughout that whole interview?”

“Yes, indeed.” Austin was sure that’s what his character would say.

“I’m not jealous.” Clarissa looked over at her brother and cousin. They were both staring at her with keen interest. “I mean, I’m married, right? To ... D ... Rob ... Rob Something. And I just met Mrs. Palmer ... and that was a strange interview we just finished. What ... why are you looking at me like that? I’m ... I’m not ... oh ... fuck all.” She waved a disgusted hand at their perverted grins.

“If only we had a way to spy on the guests. Listening to their doors with glass to our ears hardly seems like it will work.” Beatrice nodded thoughtfully. “Remember that time in Tokyo, boss?” She winked at Austin. “Do you think that’ll work here?”

Clarissa stood with a frown on her face, looking at Thomas’s closed door. Mother and son were still inside. *I am not jealous. Anyway, he’s her son!* “Look, I’m going to win this game. There has to be some sort of prize, and it goes to me.”

“A man has been murdered. This is hardly a game.” Austin looked nervously at Beatrice.

“It’s make-believe, and we roll fucking dice to see what happens next! None of this is real.” Clarissa gestured wildly. “Beatrice isn’t herself. You’re my fucking brother. Not some ne’er-do-well detective. Stop acting like this is real. It’s a game, and I’m going to win it.” Clarissa stormed off.

“Well, that seems like a clue to me,” Beatrice said in a monotone.

“You didn’t register any of that, did you?” Austin waved a hand in front of her blank eyes.

“Well, that seems like a –” Beatrice started.

“... a clue to you. Right.” He snapped his fingers in front of her face. “Are you back now?”

Beatrice turned a thousand-watt smile on him. “Only place I’d want to be, right by your side, boss.”

“Let’s mingle with the guests. Maybe we’ll learn something.” Austin strode with purpose down the hall in the direction his sister had gone.

“Oh, you want to mingle with Mrs. DelaCross.” Beatrice laughed. “You do have a way of fucking your way to solving our cases. And she *is* a stately woman. Let’s grill her.” She giggled and followed her boss.

“Right ... let’s search around downstairs.” Austin said.

~~

“You two seem to have an especially close mother-daughter bond.” Clarissa kept the pleasant smile on her face, but groaned inwardly. It was nice to know that there were lesbians at the lodge who were bigger perverts than she was herself. *Although, I’m not a lesbian.*

“Oh ... Eunice and I are almost like sisters.” Melanie was playing cribbage with her daughter in the library. They were tucked into a table between a taxidermized ostrich and a badger.

“I wouldn’t say that.” Eunice sighed and stared at the front of her mother’s dress. She was quite sure sisters didn’t lap at each other’s breasts.

“Yeah ... I don’t know.” Clarissa tried to clear her head from the memory of these two women naked together ... their curvaceous bodies rubbing ... their soft, feminine features pressing together ... their ... “No!”

“Excuse me?” Melanie looked up from her cards at the strange woman.

“I mean ... no, you definitely could be sisters.” Clarissa pressed her lips together.

“You are most kind.” Melanie smiled and looked at her pocket watch. “Oh, I need to check in on my husband. Would you like to sit in for me?” She stood.

“I don’t know how to play,” Clarissa sat opposite Eunice.

“Perfect. The way my Eunice pulverizes me at this game, I hardly feel like I know how to play either.” Melanie gave them a little, polite wave as she made her way out of the library. “A woman of little sense like you will be the perfect substitute.”

“Did she just insult me?” Clarissa frowned at where the woman had disappeared. Motes danced in the morning sunlight. The library was uncannily quiet.

Eunice sat for a long while, staring at Clarissa.

“What? Do I have something on my face?” Clarissa felt her heart flutter. *I am not attracted to my cousin!*

“You fancy me, don’t you?” Eunice’s lips twisted in a clever smile.

“No ... I’m married,” Clarissa said.

“I don’t see a ring.” Eunice shrugged.

“Well, I came here with my husband. Surely, you saw one of those?” Clarissa didn’t like how this was going. She needed to get back on the topic of the dead man that the groundskeeper was currently trying to de-prong in the lobby. “Speaking of husbands, you seem to have had a rough go of it with Mr. Palmer. You know, before his passing.”

“Mother doesn’t like you.” Eunice winked at her. “Mother says women shouldn’t be out gallivanting around and poking their nose into men’s business.”

“Oh ... I ... um ...”

“But I think you’re grand.” Eunice leaned across the table. “I think you’re smart and pretty. Do you think I’m pretty?”

“Well ... you are ... um ...” Clarissa found herself trembling. She wasn’t about to be seduced by her dumb cousin. “Mr. Palmer?”

“I’ll tell you about him. But we’ll need some privacy.” Eunice stood, took Clarissa’s hand, and pulled her toward the back of the library. There were shelves of books and artifacts. She dragged Clarissa behind one, pushed the woman’s rump against the shelf, and stood directly in front of her. Their noses were only inches apart. “Now, what do you want to know?”

“Um ... you’re still holding my hand.” Clarissa marveled at the difference between Eloise’s icy touch and Eunice’s warmth. The woman’s fresh, minty breath was in Clarissa’s nose.

Eunice squeezed the amateur detective’s hand. “I can see why you’ve solved so many mysteries. You miss nothing.” She leaned in a little closer, giving Clarissa a peck on the tip of her dainty nose.

“Are you ... hitting on me?” Clarissa’s voice was barely above a whisper.

“If by ‘hitting on’ you mean taking a fancy to, then yes.” Eunice kissed her cheek. “Again, I’m impressed with how you read the clues.”

“But I ... mmmppphhhhh.” Clarissa was suddenly making out with her cousin in the library.

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“Mrs. DelaCross, may we join you?” Austin walked into the billiard room with Beatrice by his side.

“Oh, excellent. I was hoping someone might wander in for a game. Please, make yourself at home, Mr. Aquiline.” Alexis was sitting in an armchair by the large, ferocious bear. She had a book in one hand and a martini in the other. The book went down on the arm of the chair, the martini stayed in her hand. “And I do love playing games with you,” she purred.

“You were waiting for other guests?” Beatrice smiled sweetly, walked over to the cue rack, and pulled a cue off the wall. “You must really love playing with big sticks.” She slid her hand up and down the shaft, feeling for any bend in the cue.

“Oh, isn’t she delightful?” Alexis laughed and raised her glass to Beatrice. “I enjoy the game, and my husband was too shaken by the display in the lobby to join me. The poor man has a delicate disposition and often misses out on my games.” She sipped her martini and stood. “Ms. Lund, was it?”

Beatrice nodded, rubbing chalk on the tip of her stick.

“May I play you in the first game?” Alexis put down her drink and pulled a cue from the rack.

“Certainly.” Beatrice smiled sweetly. “And Austin gets to take the winner?”

“Splendid.” Alexis’s laugh filled the large, drab room with chiming warmth. She took the chalk from Beatrice and coated the tip of her cue. Her eyes glanced back and forth between her two companions. “You two are lovely, aren’t you? You’re his assistant and nothing more?” She arched an eyebrow.

Austin was racking the balls when he heard this. “Mom, you can’t ...”

“Mom’?” Alexis put her hand to her chest in offense. “Did you call me, ‘Mom’?”

“Sorry, it’s a slang term that young people use. An attractive woman is a ‘mom’ or a ‘mommy.’” Beatrice readied her shot and broke to get the game started. “It’s quite a compliment. Sometimes Austin calls me Mommy.”

“Oh ... I knew that. I’m not that much older than you, you know.” Alexis leaned over the table to make a shot, making sure her butt was sticking out in Austin’s direction.

Austin sat and watched the women play, his dick turning into a bar of iron.

The game was somewhat evenly matched, but eventually, Alexis pulled ahead. Beatrice and Austin casually pried into her whereabouts the night before. They found out only that she had a wonderfully romantic evening with Bradley, and they didn't leave their room as instructed by their host. As far as alibis go, it wasn't flimsy. But on the other hand, neither Austin nor Beatrice thought the older woman capable of hoisting a dead man onto a rhino horn.

Eventually, the game came down to a potential winning shot for Alexis.

"Wait." Beatrice walked up to the woman as Alexis leaned over the table, exposing her cleavage to the eager Austin. Beatrice put her lips to the other woman's ear. "If you're going to win, you should know that Austin adores my ass. He never gets the front door, if you know what I mean. If you want to have a wild ride, give him the blindside."

"You think to distract me? I'll make this shot either way." Alexis gave Austin a confident glance. These detectives were quite unusual.

"I know you fancy him, and you're about to win the right to some privacy with my young buck." Beatrice kept her voice low. "I'm just doing my job. I'm an excellent secretary, Mrs. DelaCross. I always reflect on how best to keep the boss happy."

"I've never done *that*, Ms. Lund!" Alexis whispered. She took several deep breaths to calm herself.

"What are you ladies talking about?" Austin said.

"I recommend some oil. And give yourself a few minutes to adjust. After that, it's as natural as can be." Beatrice cupped her hands around her mouth and nibbled on Alexis's ear. "Don't blow this shot."

Alexis tightened her mouth in determination. She sunk the last ball and won the game.

~~

"Oh ... my ... God." Austin was back in his room, standing by the fire. His mother, or the character that looked like his mother, was standing naked a few feet away. She had her back to him and was bent forward. Her hands lifted her substantial, round ass cheeks, exposing her tight, pink butthole to him.

"I know what you're thinking." Alexis looked at him over her shoulder.

"You do?" Austin doubted she knew. He barely knew what *he* was thinking, staring down at his mother's asshole. Part of him was guilty for letting the game make his

mother so vulnerable and exposed to him. Part of him was vowing to himself that this wouldn't be the last time he took in this sight.

"You're wondering if I killed Mr. Palmer." She giggled. "Ask yourself, would a murderess be willing to show a detective all her secrets, as I'm doing for you right now?"

"No?" Austin unbuckled his belt and lowered his pants.

"Correct. I'm laying myself bare to you, Mr. Aquiline." She moved over to the bed and got on her hands and knees, still pointing her ass at him. "I've never had a man back there before. Do you think it will hurt?"

"Yeah." Austin looked down at his mammoth dick and nodded. He grabbed the oil from the end table and slathered his cock. "Call me Austin. And I'll call you Mom. Because, you know, slang."

"Yes, that sounds good, Austin." She gripped the sheets as he came closer. "But if it is going to hurt, please be gentle. I ... ooohhhhhh ... goodness ... that smarts." Alexis clenched her teeth as he grabbed her wide hips and slowly pressed his penis into her butt. "At least ... you won't ... put your stuff ... in my womb ... again."

"At least ... there's that." Austin dug his fingers into her soft flesh, pulling her back onto his dick. She was as tight as could be. "Might ... cum in your pussy ... later though."

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Alexis threw her head back and forth. She couldn't process his words. She was too busy squirming as he plumbed deeper and deeper. She remembered what Beatrice had said and prayed that the woman was correct.

Chapter 11

Clarissa pushed Eunice away from her. "Wait ... wait ... we shouldn't be doing this." She found that in her effort to create some space between them, she had put her hand firmly on the other woman's boob. Realizing that fact did nothing to change her position. Instead, she gave the tit a nice heft and a squeeze, gauging its substance. She decided that her cousin had a delightful rack.

"Eunice? Where are you dear?" Melanie's voice carried through the library.

"Shit ... your mother," Clarissa whispered. She winced, but still kept her hand firmly on Eunice's tit, massaging it through her dress. At least they were well hidden among the shelves of miscellany. "You better get back to her."

"She doesn't like you." Eunice had a wicked smile on her face. "My mother doesn't like you, but I do." She whispered the words in a sing-song voice.

"Yes, you said that before." Reluctantly, Clarissa let go of the boob. "You were going to tell me something about Mr. Palmer. What was it?"

"Mother says you poke your nose into the world of men." Eunice leaned forward and tenderly bit Clarissa's bottom lip. Slowly, she pulled back and released it with a grin. "I suppose she thinks you should poke your nose somewhere more feminine." Eunice grabbed Clarissa's hand and put it between her legs. "Would you care to try something ... novel?"

"Eunice ... are you here?" Melanie's voice was getting closer.

Clarissa let her fingers explore between her cousin's legs. With the dress in the way, she couldn't feel much detail. Even so, her tummy was tumbling and her vagina was humming. She forced herself to concentrate. *I'm going to win this stupid game.* "What about Mr. Palmer?"

"Mother's almost found us. I'll come to your room later and tell you." Eunice removed the hand from between her legs, kissed Clarissa on the cheek, and quickly stepped down the aisle.

"There you are, Eunice." Melanie sounded relieved when her daughter moved out from behind the shelves. "What were you doing?"

"Mrs. Devonshire and I were looking at the collectibles. This lodge is full of such wonderful oddities." Eunice kissed her mother on the cheek and sat down at their cribbage table, giving the stuffed ostrich a wary glance. "We found some wonderful, hidden gems. Didn't we Mrs. Devonshire?"

Clarissa's cheeks heated. Wishing that Eunice hadn't mentioned her, she stepped out into the open. "Yes ... I'm always interested in mysteries. And this building is full of them." She straightened her dress. "Good day, Ms. Hadfetter." She gave Eunice an embarrassed smile. "Good day, Mrs. Hadfetter." She nodded to the other woman.

"Good day," both Hadfettters said. Then, they returned to cribbage.

Clarissa hustled out of the library. She would have to look for clues elsewhere.

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"Nnnnnngggggggg!" Alexis was naked on all fours on Austin's bed. Her jaw was clenched tight, and her eyes were opened wide. Between her teeth she bit a portion of Austin's bedsheet. Her face was beet red, and she was just starting to perspire. She hadn't expected taking a man in her ass to hurt so much at the outset. And she was even more surprised when minutes later she was paid for that pain with pleasure in ever compounding returns. Her breasts flopped back and forth under her, as her body absorbed the heavy strokes of the detective behind her.

"I knew you could ... ugh ... ugh ... do it ... Mom." Austin chided himself for pretending that this was his real mother, but he couldn't help it. He thanked his lucky stars for having an assistant like Beatrice. He was sure she'd thrown the game of billiards so that he could be alone with the woman who was and wasn't his mother. Beatrice had also whispered something to Alexis, which was probably why he was in such a warm, tight spot at the moment. Not to mention Beatrice making up the idea that Mom was slang for a hot woman. Now he could engage his fantasy to the max. "Mom ... Mom ... Mom!"

"Uuuuunnnnnbbbbggghhh." Alexis's eyes rolled back. She was going to have some sort of orgasm, just from that massive penis in her butt. She wouldn't have believed such a thing was possible had it not been happening. Her husband was a fool for not having tried this with her. All her husbands had been fools. That wasn't news to her, but her climax was. "Ggggggghhhhhhhhh," she said through the sheet and clenched teeth. She tossed her head back and forth and let that magnificent penis open her most private hole. The orgasm, when it hit, was out of this world.

"Shit ... yeah ... you love it." Austin could see the delicate muscles on her back spasm and flex. Between that and her frenzied, muffled cries, he was sure she was cumming. He gripped her wide hips harder and kept pounding her. *This is the best board game ever!* He drove her to two more orgasms, before finally finding his own. "Mom ... Mom ... your ass is making ... me ... uuuuugggggghhhhhhhhh." He buried himself in her and erupted.

Later, he watched her gingerly dress. He lay naked on his side, smiling his face off. "You look like you might be a little sore."

"Honestly, Mr. Aquiline. At the time it was marvelous, but ..." She looked over at him as she fixed her bra in place. "... but now ... it feels like you might have broken me in half." She regarded him for a moment, and then let out a strained laugh. "I can tell from your grin that you enjoy that idea. But let me tell you, it will be an odd stay at the lodge if I can't sit on my rump. People will wonder."

"I wouldn't worry, Mrs. DelaCross." Austin rolled onto his back, his sleeping cock flopping onto his hip. "There's a woman I spend time with who takes my dick back there with ..." He searched for a word his character might use. "... with alacrity. She has no trouble sitting on her butt."

"Yes, I know. I pieced that together." Alexis pulled on her dress. She took a moment to collect herself, and walked over to the bed. She turned around and held her hair up for him. "Would you mind buttoning me up?"

"Sure." Austin helped her finish dressing. Then he sent her on her way. He stuck his head out into the hall to watch her head back to her room. The way her walk had turned into a waddle was priceless. He promised himself he would never forget what that looked like.

~~

"Ms. Lund." Clarissa found Beatrice alone in the lobby, looking at the Christmas tree. "Where's your intrepid detective?"

"Oh, hello, Mrs. Devonshire." Beatrice turned and smiled at the other woman, adjusting her glasses. "Austin is interviewing one of the guests." She looked Clarissa up and down. "I suppose that's what you're doing, too. Do you have the killer in your sights?"

"Well ... um ... where were you last night?" Clarissa folded her arms and stood next to the tree, trying to look formidable. "Were you with ... Mr. Aquiline ... or ... I suppose that you ... um ... might have gone exploring?"

Beatrice barked out a laugh. "Your cheeks are turning crimson. How many people have you questioned? You're supposed to be this great amateur detective ... this heiress with a penchant for maneuvering around the motives of nefarious people. And you can't even ..." Beatrice studied her face. Clarissa was turning an even deeper shade of red. Beatrice waved her finger like Clarissa had been naughty. "You saw Austin and I humping, didn't you? You came to the kitchen to look for evidence. But we beat you to it. And then you witnessed how committed I am in my service."

"I ... um ..." Clarissa turned away.

"Don't be shy. I know Austin is a lot to take in the first time you see ... all of him." Beatrice walked up behind her and patted her shoulder.

Clarissa flinched at the touch. This game was difficult.

"Or ... maybe it wasn't Austin that you took a fancy to." Beatrice leaned her lips close to the other woman's ear. "My husband used to say that I had the curves of an angel, and ... the sphincter of Hades. Do you like angelic bodies, Mrs. Devonshire?"

"Why is every woman in this lodge hitting on me?" Clarissa wanted to step away, but she liked the weight of Beatrice's hand on her shoulder.

"If by 'hitting on', you mean making a proposal, then I have one question." Beatrice turned the other woman around so that their noses were inches apart. She held Clarissa's shoulders firmly and looked into her eyes. "Which women, other than Mrs. Palmer, have made advances? That seems like just the sort of maneuver a murderer might do to learn more about a dangerous detective hot on her trail."

Clarissa's jaw dropped. This woman was right. The guests were playing with her. How could she have been so stupid? "I ... um ... have to go." She shook free of the other woman and ran away, quickly ascending the stairs.

~~

After a shower, Austin walked into his room. The heat of the fire felt sublime on his naked skin. His cock dangled and swung in the most contented way. "I know what my mom's ass is like now." And he would never forget it. He stepped over to pour some more brandy, when he saw a card waiting for him on the side table. He sat on the armchair, picked up the card, and read it.

Roll six or less for a postcoital nap. Roll seven or more and the killer will strike again.

"Hmmm." Austin put the card down and looked at the pair of dice neatly placed on the side table. "That doesn't really seem like equal outcomes." His only answer was the fire's crackling.

Picking up the dice, he glanced at the bed. The covers were still in disarray from his tumble with Mrs. DelaCross. He thought about Beatrice wandering the lodge at that moment. The game wouldn't murder her, would it? What about his sister? Or him? A seed of panic formed in his belly. He no longer wanted to throw the dice, but he doubted that was an option. He was in the game, so he had to play the game.

“Here’s looking at you, lady luck.” Austin thought it was something his character might say. He rolled. The first die stopped on a two while the second one continued to spin. He barely had time to register that good news when he was hit with the bad. A five. “Shit.”

Austin stood and hurriedly dressed. He needed to find his sister and Beatrice as quickly as possible.

~~

“Good evening, fraulein. Would you like some wine?” Milo stood in a tuxedo in the lobby. He carried a bottle of Burgundy in his hand, two glasses in the other.

Beatrice was reading in a leather armchair by the lobby’s grand hearth. The great Christmas tree wasn’t far away. It seemed like a very cozy spot to her. “Oh, hello, Mr. Hadfetter. I didn’t know you spoke German.” She put down the book and studied the man. His eyes seemed crazed, on the verge of sanity. But, of course, that’s always how the man looked.

“I’m not, you see. But when it’s just you and me, I’ll hit that mark. On a lark.” He stepped toward her, moving slowly.

“Oh ... I see.” Beatrice wished her pistol was in her hand, rather than tucked away in her ankle holster. “Not a step closer, please.” Her smile faltered when the man continued his advance toward her.

~~

Clarissa answered the knock at her door. Eunice stood there, with her hands behind her back, smiling sweetly. “Oh, hello,” Clarissa said.

“Good evening.” Eunice glanced past Clarissa into her room. “Are you alone? I saw Mr. Aquiline hustling past me in the hall. He wasn’t coming back here with drinks or anything?”

“No, he’s probably looking for his secretary.” Clarissa’s cheeks bloomed crimson again. The flirtatious way Eunice eyed her made her belly flip. *She could be the murderer playing me for information. Of course, I could play her for information.* “Come in, Ms. Hadfetter. You were going to tell me about Mr. Palmer.”

“Indeed, I was.” Eunice stepped into the room, her hands staying behind her back. She patiently waited for the door to close. “You do look lovely in that dress.”

“Thank you.” Clarissa took a deep breath and closed the door. It was time to be a detective.

Chapter 12

“Mr. Hadfetter. I really require some space. Please retreat.” Beatrice had backed herself up against the fireplace. The roaring fire heated her rump beyond what was comfortable. But she didn’t move except for lifting her foot up onto the hearth. Her pant leg still hid her pistol, but the ankle holster was closer that way. “I’m quite happy alone, thank you.”

“I like to rhyme all the time.” Milo slowly closed in. He moved the wine bottle so that it rested on his shoulder. It was a position from which he could swing the heavy thing easily. “In the dirt and in the grime. Bashing heads is quite sublime.”

“Shit.” Austin walked out of the second-floor hall and stood at the railing overlooking the lobby. He saw Milo stalking Beatrice with murder in his eyes, hefting a full wine bottle like it might serve as a club. “Beatrice!”

“Hello, Austin. If you’re quite done plugging Mommy, I would very much like your assistance.” Beatrice didn’t look up at him. Instead, she kept her eyes on Milo. Her hand moved slowly down her leg toward her ankle.

“Right ... assistance.” He looked to the stairway railing, but it wasn’t the kind one could slide down. “You there, Mr. Hadfetter, step away from my assistant.”

Milo paused, then took another step toward Beatrice. He was only about eight feet away from her. “I do enjoy a spot of red rum in my tum tum.” He hissed the words into the wide, open room.

“I don’t think that will work with him, Austin.” Beatrice’s hand slipped under the hem of her pant leg. “Remember at the hotel in Bombay? The tall Sikh fellow? Let’s try that.”

I should have a fucking character sheet. What is she talking about? Not knowing what else to do, and trying to imagine how a world-renowned detective would handle the situation, Austin vaulted over the railing, jumping out into the air. He was so focused on landing on Milo that he didn’t notice the shocked look on Beatrice’s face as she finally glanced his way, or the surprise that registered in the eyes of varied taxidermized beasts as they watched from their mounts on the walls. It felt wonderful and free to sail through the air. Austin loved his new board game in that moment. Then, his brief flight concluded. He glanced off Milo and crashed to the floor. Something in his leg cracked, and he no longer loved the game. He screamed in pain.

Milo was knocked off balance. He twisted, dropping the wine bottle and glasses. The bottle thudded and spun across the floor toward the front door. The glasses shattered at his feet. He stumbled and fell to a knee, confused.

Swiftly, Beatrice drew her pistol and stepped nearer to Milo, leveling it at his face. When he focused on her, she could see the malevolence drain from him. "So, now you come to understand ..." she said. "... that I have got the upper hand. Kindly put your hands behind your head, or very soon you will be dead." She glanced at Austin. "Stop screaming, it's distracting."

"Aaaaahhhhhhhh ... shit ... shit ... shit!" Austin yelled.

"I only wanted a drink. Not asking too much, don't you think?" Milo put his hands on the back of his head and smiled.

"What is going on out here?" Melanie appeared at the upper railing. She shrieked when she saw the revolver in Beatrice's hand. "Point that thing somewhere else. My sweet Milo is harmless."

"Incorrect, Mrs. Hadfetter. I believe he might be the killer." She kept the barrel pointing right at Milo's forehead. "Isn't that right, Austin?"

"Ahhhh ... fuck ... I think I broke my ankle." Austin writhed on the floor, holding his leg.

Woofers wandered in from the restaurant. "I heard an awful racket. Did the man jump from the second story?" He pointed at Austin in disbelief.

Subwoofers entered through the front door, bent down and picked up the bottle of wine, and looked at Austin. "Wait ... did the man jump from -?"

"I already did that bit," Woofers said.

"Oh, my. What happened to Mr. Aquiline?" Alexis waddled up next to Melanie and looked down at the commotion in the lobby. "Is he hurt?"

"Ahhhhhhh ... fuck," Austin said.

Eloise and Thomas arrived on the main floor of the lobby via the hall to the library.

"Has there been another murder?" Eloise said with a look of horror on her face.

"I see no one dead, Mother." Thomas went over to Austin and helped him up. "Looks like a twisted ankle, my dear fellow."

Austin gritted his teeth. He didn't think games were supposed to hurt. Not like this.

Rob ambled in from the direction of the library. "Has anyone seen my wife?"

"Actually, that's a good question." Beatrice looked around the lobby. "My boss, in his own clever way, made enough noise to call everyone here. The lobby, it seems, is no longer a very private place for a murder." She put her foot back on the hearth, lifted her pant leg, and put her gun away. "Austin's manly shouts were no doubt heard all throughout the lodge. So ..." She raised her eyebrow and looked at Austin.

“So ... um ...” Austin tried to ignore the pain. “So ... why aren’t Clarissa and Eunice here?”

Beatrice nodded. “Exactly. And where is Brad DelaCross?”

“Oh ... no ... where is my sweet Bradley?” Alexis waddled to the edge of the stairs, but her butt hurt too much for her to descend.

“Mrs. Hadfetter ... see that your husband behaves himself. I don’t think he’s the killer. It would be too ... obvious.” Austin was feeling more himself again. Or, at least, he was feeling more like his character. “We should all stay as a group and search the lodge for the missing guests. We’ll start upstairs first.”

“Yes, sir.” Eloise gave him an impressed eyebrow raise and nod.

~~

“Ohhh ... Eunice ... yyyeeessssssssss.” Clarissa stood in the middle of her room. Her cousin, or the character that looked like her cousin, was kneeling under Clarissa’s dress, completely hidden. She was lapping at Clarissa’s pussy with ardent purpose. Clarissa put her hands on the bulge in her dress where Eunice’s head was.

“Nnnnoommmm ... noommmmm.” Eunice pulled away from the lovely vagina. It was wonderfully dark, humid, and damp under the dress. “My mother would be so angry if she caught me with the likes of you!” She went back to eating her treat.

“Nnnnoommmmm ... nnoommmmm.”

There was a knock on the door. Before Clarissa could ask who it was, the unlocked door burst open. Several inquisitive heads peeked in at once. Clarissa stood facing the door, her jaw dropping in shock. “I’m not a ...” Her voice rose an octave and trailed away.

“Well, we found my wife. Thank God,” Rob said.

“Clarissa, what are you doing?” Austin narrowed his eyes and looked at the bulge under her dress.

“Austin ... I ... um ... I ...” Clarissa stammered. *Why is Eunice still licking me? I’m going to die of shame!*

“I think we found Ms. Hadfetter, too.” Beatrice was supporting Austin’s weight with his arm over her shoulders. The effort didn’t stop her wagging her eyebrows or smirking.

Melanie gripped her husband’s hand and gasped. “Ohhhhh ... Eunice ... you didn’t ...”

“Yes ... Mother,” Eunice said between licks from beneath the dress. She started giggling and had to stop munching on that forbidden box.

The sound of Eunice's laughter rose from her hiding place to fill the room.

"With that ... hussy?" Melanie put a hand to her mouth in horror.

Eunice came out from under the dress with a wet, shiny grin on her face. "Yes, Mother!"

"By Jove, that girl." Melanie raced into the room, took her daughter's wrist, and pulled her out into the hall. She marched down the hall, dragging her husband and daughter after her. "Whatever will I do with you two? Whatever will I do?" Her sibilant voice barely carried back to the others still in the doorway of Clarisa's room.

The guests and hosts watched the Hadfettters depart. When they had disappeared into their room, all those eyes turned back toward Clarissa.

"What?" Clarissa's face was so hot she thought she might combust. She wondered just how crimson her cheeks were. "What? I was interrogating her!" She hated the smirk on her brother's face. "Well?"

"Come by my room later. In case you have more *questions* for me." Eloise's laugh rang loud and clear.

"Mother." Thomas rolled his eyes.

"Ugh ... I'm not a ..." Clarissa ran across the room, pushed the onlookers aside, and raced down the hall.

"Darling, come back!" Rob lumbered after her. "I forgive you!"

~~

"So, Brad has disappeared, and it seems that your competition is going to seduce every woman in the lodge." Beatrice helped Austin into his room, his arm still draped over her shoulders. He was limping heavily. "And Hadfetter really is mad as a hatter."

"Yeah, strange day." Austin collapsed on the bed. He was exhausted. "My ankle is crazy swollen. Can you get me some ice? Or maybe Advil?"

"You want me to go down to the kitchen for ice? Really?" Beatrice adjusted her glasses and frowned at him. "Or should I check to see if other parts of your body are swelling? Goodness, I can't believe you jumped today. Did you completely forget about Bombay?" Her eyes suddenly lit up. "Oh, silly me. Wait here, I have just the thing." She turned and sped out of his room.

"Is 'the thing' some ice?" Austin called after her. As his ankle throbbed, Austin stared into the fire, feeling sorry for himself.

Ten minutes later, Beatrice came back into the room wearing her nurse's outfit and carrying a small, leather bag. "And how is my patient this evening?"

"Did you find any Advil?" Austin's dour mood picked up upon seeing her prance around in the skimpy outfit. It reminded him of their first day at the lodge. A smile broke out on his face at the memory.

"What's Advil?" Beatrice grinned at him. "Is it something a nurse keeps hidden from her patients?" She slowly wiggled her dress up over her hips, turned away from him, and gave him an eyeful of pale, round ass. Reaching behind her, she spread her cheeks, revealing her pink asshole. "This nurse knows how to deal with swelling."

"What about your pussy?" Austin could just see her slit glistening from his position on the bed.

Beatrice stopped dancing and looked over her shoulder at him with a frown. "You know that's off limits. That's Fred's." There was challenge in her eyes.

"Your husband?" He saw her look darken. *Her dead husband. Is my assistant a bit crazy?* "Um ... yes ... of course ... my old pal, Fred ... your husband. It's his pussy for sure. I was just wondering if you wanted me to kiss it for you like Eunice was doing to Clarissa?"

"You are behaving so strangely on this trip." She went to her bag and pulled out a bottle of oil. "Take off your pants. I'm going to sit on your cock now."

Austin knew better than to mess with a nurse. He complied. It wasn't easy with his ankle barking at him, but the pain was lessened by the thought of her tight asshole. He tossed his jacket aside too, but didn't bother removing his socks, shirt, or tie. He watched her slather the oil onto his dick. She was efficient and cool, her earlier playfulness gone. He wished he hadn't said anything about her husband.

"Whenever you're injured on the job, I'm there for you, Austin." She gently pulled him to the edge of the bed, turned facing away from him, and sat on his dick. It slipped right into her hole like it was made for her backside. "Uuuuggghhhh ... this nurse ... is always ... in ... ugh ... oohhhhhh." She rode him slowly.

"I'm ... grateful ... to have such a ... wonderful ... nurse." Austin stared at the way her ass sucked in his cock. Would his real cousin be able to take a dick this big in her butt? If he won the game, would he get to find out? He would have to ask Eloise.

"I am always ... there for you ... ugh ... ugh ..." Beatrice rode him harder. "My ass ... is always ... on duty."

Chapter 13

“Secret passage ... secret passage ... secret passage.” Clarissa raced down the stairs and turned toward the restaurant. All she could think about was that Melanie was going to punish Eunice for licking out Clarissa’s box. Clarissa desperately wanted to see the punishment.

The secret door opened easily once she found the hidden button again. She didn’t bother to bring a candle with her this time, since she knew light from the rooms would filter in through the spyholes, giving her enough illumination to see. The stairway up, however, was pitch black. She stumbled and felt her way as she ascended.

It was terrible that she’d been caught engaged in a lesbian encounter by everyone in the house. Well, almost everyone. It was horrid that they would now all think she was a lesbian, when she was clearly not. Before this stupid game, she hadn’t ever done anything more than fantasize about pretty girls. The thought of all those eyes on her while Eunice lapped away under her skirt made her cheeks burn and tears fall from her eyes. Even worse, despite the shame, she was hustling through the dark so that she could spy on a mother and daughter as they engaged in sapphic passions. *It’s just a game, Clarissa. It doesn’t matter.* But it did matter. Her brother would remember all of this. Her body trembled from embarrassment and excitement.

Sure enough, she got to the top of the stairs, crawled down one corridor, turned, and there was light again. Streams of warm electric light and dancing firelight caught the dust in the area from several of the holes. She assumed the dark spyholes were from rooms that were themselves dark. Her pussy tingled and gushed as she crawled to the right place and looked down. *Oh my!* Clarissa put a hand to her mouth and stared.

Milo was asleep on the bed. There was a half-full tumbler and a bottle of laudanum on the nightstand next to him. Melanie and Eunice were both naked. The mother sat on the edge of a chair, her daughter bent over her lap. Eunice’s once-white bottom, was now covered in red handprints.

“I should have known you would throw ...” Melanie spanked her daughter’s ass. “... yourself ...” She slapped again. “... at that man pretending to be a woman.”

“Clarissa ... ow! ... tastes ... very much ... ow! ... like a woman ... Mother.” Eunice was grinning despite the pain.

“Oh ... you’re incorrigible.” Melanie grabbed her daughter’s hair and pulled it, twisting her head so that Melanie could see Eunice’s smirk. “You need to wash the taste of that detective and that grin from your mouth, young woman.” Melanie pushed her daughter to the floor, down to her knees, spread her own legs, and roughly pulled Eunice’s lips to

Melanie's nether-lips. "First, you throw yourself at that piece of human refuse, Frederick. Then, the lady detective?"

"Mmmmmppphhhhhhhh." Eunice worked her magic tongue in and on her mother's pussy. She could feel her mother relaxing. Eunice prided herself on her pussy-work. She knew she had to be the best in the lodge. She knew Clarissa would be back for more. *And when that happens, I'll rub it in my mother's face. And then, she'll rub her snatch in mine!* "Mmmmmppphhhhhh." She was probably better at giving a blowjob than anyone else at the lodge, too. Although, there was something about Austin's assistant that gave Eunice pause. *I bet that woman can suck cock!*

"I can tell ... ooohhhhhh ... that you're still thinking ... naughty thoughts." Melanie's frown had mostly twisted into a look of passion. "I need to ... ooohhhhhh ... baptize you ... with purity ... before you spread your legs ... for someone even worse."

Prickles of expectant pleasure ran down Eunice's spine. *Who will she forbid now?*

"Make me ... spray ... so that I might ... uuuggghhhh ... wash away ... your perversion ... before you bed ... both ... ghastly detectives."

So, I can't sleep with Austin, eh? Eunice pulled her face away from her mother's pussy, and inserted two fingers in.

Melanie pushed her hips forward and tilted them up a little. She stared down at the naughty minx as Eunice massaged that special spot on the roof of Melanie's vagina. "Ooohhhh ... your baptism ... will be soon."

Up in the secret passage, Clarissa had a hand under her skirt, diddling her clit. Her other hand massaged her boob through her dress. *What is all this baptism talk?* If Melanie was talking about her wetness, well Eunice's face was already shiny. Clarissa could clearly see the firelight glinting off her cousin's lips and nose as she grinned up at her mother and fingered her with determination. Whatever was going to happen, Clarissa wanted to see it. She nearly forgot to breathe as she watched daughter pleasure mother.

"Ooohhhhhh ... Eunice ... are you ready ... are you ... ready ... to wash your sins away?" Melanie's legs were shaking uncontrollably. One eyelid was almost closed, the other fluttered. Her mouth hung wide open. "I'm ... about to ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiii!"

"Cleanse me, Mother!" Eunice removed her fingers from her mother's pussy and placed her face about six inches away. She closed her eyes, opened her mouth, and stuck out her tongue.

Oh, my God. Clarissa had heard rumors of women squirting, but she had mostly thought those the product of her friends' over-active imaginations. *Aunt Melanie is like a geyser.* Clarissa's fingers rubbed harder on her button. She couldn't believe the long jets of juice that shot out of the older woman's pussy, splashing in Eunice's ecstatic face. Clarissa

watched the hedonism as long as she could, then she closed her eyes, bit down on her dress, and climaxed in the gloom. It was a massive orgasm that transported her mind out of the game entirely.

When she returned to herself, Clarissa looked back down through the spyhole. Melanie was slumped in the chair with an idiotically happy smile on her face. Eunice was drying her face with a towel. And Milo was still sleeping in bed. *What a strange family.*

With shaking limbs, Clarissa put her clothes back in the right places and crawled forward toward the exit she had taken last time. The servants' quarters were more out of the way, and she didn't want anyone who happened to be in the restaurant to see her suddenly emerge from the wall.

She heard groans and cries of pleasure from her brother's spyhole before she was able to look in. It sounded like Austin and Beatrice were going at it again. She crawled up to the hole and looked in. Her eyes went wide. Beatrice was riding her brother in reverse. From Clarissa's angle, she could see that the enormous penis was plunging in and out of her cousin's butt. *How is she enjoying that? It looks like total annihilation.* It seemed to Clarissa that Beatrice was wearing some sort of nurse's outfit. Austin was partly dressed in what he'd been wearing before.

"Mrs. Hadfetter could have ... ugh ... ugh ... done it. She hated ... Mr. Palmer ... enough." Beatrice didn't miss a beat as she humped her employer. They often talked about cases during sex, so she was well-practiced at the technique. She found it helped her string out the rising pleasure of her orgasms, which was a nice bonus. "But ... how could she have ... moved the body?"

"Milo ... ugh ... ugh ... looks big ... and strong ... maybe ... all three Hadfettters ... murdered Mr. Palmer ... together?" Austin was imagining what sorts of conversations the real Beatrice would have with him while riding his cock. Would they talk about movies? About school? He really wanted to find out.

"What ... motives ... do Mr. Hadfetter ... uuuugggghhhh ... and Ms. Hadfetter ... have?" Beatrice stopped bouncing and rotated her hips. She was almost there.

"They're both ... crazy ... right? Milo tried to ... knock out your brains ... with a wine bottle." Austin was in love. This woman was perfect for him. Her ass was a vise, and her smile was angelic. When she looked over her shoulder at him, he thought he might die from pure pleasure. *I'll definitely need to seduce the real Beatrice.* "And ... Eunice ... was talking to her mother ... while lapping pussy. It's like ... she wanted to be caught. Crazy."

Clarissa listened and watched in the secret passageway. She was ardently rubbing her pussy again, watching that giant dick disappear right up her cousin's back hole. She had to bite her dress again to keep from calling out as her pleasure spilled over.

“You make ... a good point ... boss. I ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Beatrice’s eyes rolled back.

“That’s right ... cum on my cock ... uuugghhhhhh ... so fucking hot.” Austin was so high from the sex that he could barely feel his injured ankle.

“Nnnngggggggggg.” Clarissa was seriously cumming along with her cousin. This game was driving her wild. She watched her brother and cousin hump and scheme for a good long while. Clarissa stopped masturbating when Austin finally unloaded in Beatrice’s ass. After one last, massive orgasm, a disheveled Clarissa crawled away. Her arms and legs were shaking so madly, she thought maybe she ought to curl up and rest in the secret passageway. But that wouldn’t do. It was too creepy. So, she pushed on. It got darker once she got to the stairs. As she descended, she couldn’t see anything. Exhausted, she just wanted to find a place to hide away from the others and nap. Maybe Eloise would let her use the master suite. *Don’t be stupid, Clarissa. That woman is certainly angry that you let another woman between your legs. Especially, because you’re not a lesbian.*

Clarissa was in the middle of chiding herself when she got to the bottom of the stairs, and began searching with her hands for the mechanism that would open the door. Her feet stepped in something wet and sticky. “Is there a leak in here?” she whispered. It had been raining ever since they got to the lodge.

She froze when her hand brushed up against something that felt like cloth. Tentatively, she reached out and felt a little more. It was a jacket. She knew this as her fingers found the lapel. She pushed a little. There was a chest under the jacket. Her blood went cold. She wasn’t alone in the dark. “Hello?”

There was no response. Her pulse thundered in her ears. Pulling back from the man, she searched for the way out. “Um ... one sec ... you must have gotten stuck in here. I’ll get us out.” Her skin crawled knowing there was a man so close to her. She didn’t have any weapons. She wasn’t a strong person. She didn’t know how to fight. *What happens if this is the murderer, and I die in the game?* Her hand found the switch, and the door opened.

“There we go!” She leapt out into the empty servants’ room and looked back, taking a defensive position. “I know judo!” It wasn’t true but sounded tough to her.

Clarissa didn’t need to worry for her safety. As she blinked in the light of the room, she could clearly see the little stairway she’d been in. Brad DelaCross stood inside, pinned to the wall. When she’d been feeling around, she had just missed touching the sword handle that was fixed to the man’s left breast. The rest of the sword had been plunged through Brad, piercing the wall behind him.

“I ... I ... I ...” Clarissa could think of nothing else to do, so she screamed.

Chapter 14

Clarissa's scream faded. She suppressed the urge to perform an encore. Looking around, she tried to settle herself. *I'm a detective. I should detect.* Brad was still pinned like a butterfly to the wall inside the secret passage. There was no one else around. She stopped her heavy breathing and listened. She didn't hear anyone approaching to investigate her scream. The lodge was a big place. If no one was in this wing at the time, she doubted anyone would have heard her.

"I wish I had an assistant. It's so unfair that Austin gets Beatrice." She said the words quietly into the space, trying to keep herself company. For the moment, she avoided looking at Brad. She reminded herself that he really wasn't her fiancé. Not this version of him. This one was happily married to a bizarro version of her mother. *Or maybe not so happily married, depending on who stuck him with the sword.* She rubbed her chin.

"If I had my own assistant, I'd get to have sex with her." She muttered as she looked around for clues. It didn't occur to her that she could have wished for Brad to be her earnest sidekick instead of Beatrice. She smiled at the thought of Austin all alone while Clarissa and Beatrice strategized the case in her room in the middle of a marathon scissor session.

"Ah, ha!" In a darkened corner just inside the secret door, Clarissa found a twin diamond wedding band. She remembered seeing it before, but wasn't sure where. She brought it out to the light and studied it. The diamonds were large and beautiful. She was sure the thing was expensive.

One nice thing about the period clothing she was forced to wear, her dresses had pockets. She stowed the ring in a pocket along her seam. The rest of her search was fruitless, which brought her back to Brad. She couldn't tell anyone about him without letting everyone know about the secret passage. But, maybe she could move him.

It took the better part of a half hour to dislodge the sword and drag his body into the servants' room. She closed the secret door and leaned his body up against it so there wouldn't be a trail of blood leading from the now hidden entrance. Satisfied, she went to get help. She would assemble everyone in the room and watch them closely. Maybe someone would give something away.

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“What’s the motive? Did he have enemies here?” Beatrice shifted her weight and clenched her butt, trying to prevent Austin’s cum from leaking out of her asshole. “Who would want to hurt him? He seemed so very ... boring.” She glanced around the room at everyone who was packed into the small servants’ quarters.

Clarissa was covered in blood, a look of grim disgust on her face.

Rob stood near his wife, although every time he tried to lay a comforting hand on the woman, she slapped it away.

Eloise stood with cool detachment in the corner. Despite her tranquility, her son was busy rubbing her back, consoling her.

Melanie and Eunice hugged each other, both with wan faces. Eunice kept glancing at Austin. Milo was still sleeping in his room. Melanie had told the group she’d given him a sedative to relax him after that excitement in the lobby.

Alexis was sobbing loudly out in the hall just outside the room.

Woof and Sub were out in the hall with Alexis, waiting for orders to move the body and clean the mess it would leave behind.

Austin leaned his lips close to Beatrice’s ear. “Clarissa is covered in blood. Maybe she did it?”

“I can hear you, Austin.” The lines of disgust deepened on Clarissa’s face. She had been trying for several minutes not to think about Beatrice’s unusually uptight body language. The woman was clearly trying to hold in the sperm in her butt, and Clarissa’s mind couldn’t stop thinking about what it would be like to watch her brother’s cum squelch out of her cousin’s ass. *It would be disgusting. It really would.* She didn’t quite convince herself, shuddering and turning away from her brother’s loyal assistant.

“Right, well, um ... did you murder Brad? He’s your fiancé, so maybe this was a fantasy of yours or something?” Austin shrugged.

Everyone in the room, except for Austin and Clarissa, said in a monotone, “That sounds like a clue to me.”

“You can’t bring the real world in here, Austin. It makes everyone glitch. Watch ...” Clarissa thought for a moment. “Brad isn’t really married to Alexis. And ...” She gave a sideline glance at Rob. “... this guy is actually my dad.”

“That sounds like a clue to me,” the characters droned.

“Anyway, I didn’t kill him. What’s my motive in the game?” Clarissa looked around. Everyone but Austin looked comatose. “I mean, what motive could a refined lady detective like me have?”

The blank stares disappeared, and the people in the room returned to themselves.

“Well, Mrs. Devonshire, I have read some of your exploits,” Beatrice said. “And while Austin and I seek out murders that have *already* happened. I have noticed that you tend to be present when murders *are* happening. This is very convenient for you. I wonder what a lady might resort to if she went through a dry spell of homicides?”

“Shut up.” Clarissa’s cheeks flushed with anger. “You’re just cranky because you’ve got cum leaking out of your butt.”

“How did you know that?” Beatrice narrowed her eyes. “Have you been spying on me?”

“No!” Clarissa couldn’t help but glance at the hidden door. She didn’t want to reveal her secret. It gave her an advantage in the game and also ... *I want to spy on them again.* She couldn’t give up the chance to see Melanie, Eunice, and Beatrice doing naughty things. *And Austin’s dick is nice. I’m not a lesbian.* “Shut up!”

“You’re just cranky because everyone witnessed you giving up the goods to Ms. Hadfetter.” Beatrice stamped her foot. This turned out to be a mistake. Her eyes went wide as what felt like a gallon of cum leaked out of her. She hurried out of the room, pushing past Clarissa.

“Well ... I ...” Clarissa couldn’t bear to look anyone in the eye. To distract from the moment, she reached into her pocket and pulled out the ring. “I found this at the scene of the crime. Brad’s murder, I mean. Right here.” She pointed at the floor. It wasn’t exactly where she’d found the ring, but it was close enough.

“Wait ... you *just* found that? I found that at the bottom of the pool yesterday.” Austin stared at the familiar ring, his brows knitted in confusion. “I left it in my room.”

“Well, maybe you dropped it when you murdered Brad?” Clarissa would have folded her arms authoritatively, but her dress was too soaked in blood for the gesture to be comfortable.

“It’s my wedding ring. I lost it the night my husband was murdered.” Eloise stayed in the corner with her fawning son.

“Well ... I’m keeping it for now.” Clarissa thrust the ring back into her pocket. She glanced at the remaining people in the room. They were all staring at her. Even Woof and Sub had their heads peeking in the door. “I know what you’re all thinking. I’m not ... I’m not ...” She turned and ran out of the room. She thought she might have to dodge Alexis in the hall, but the woman had already left to go sob somewhere else.

“Well ... I suppose I should go after them.” Austin figured that was the gallant thing to do. He left the room.

“I ... um ... have to go check on Father.” Eunice ran after Austin.

“Eunice?” Malanie turned and ran after her daughter.

“Be a good boy and put Mr. DelaCross’s body with my husband’s in the cellar.” Eloise’s thin smile was directed at Woof. “You might as well lock the sword down there, too.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Woof and Sub both saluted her with their paws.

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Austin lost both Clarissa and Beatrice’s trail. The lodge was a big place, and he didn’t know where either of them had gone. He was alone in the library searching for them behind rows of books and trophies when a pleasant voice made plain that he was no longer by himself.

“You found that ring in the pool, Mr. Aquiline?” Eunice stood at the end of the aisle he was in, giving him a bashful smile. “You’re so brave. The water must have been positively frigid.”

“Oh, hello. Yes, it was.” Austin nodded and returned her smile. He had grown to appreciate his cousin Beatrice’s beauty, but hadn’t much considered Eunice. At the moment, with the firelight dancing on her, she looked quite pretty. “I had to strip out of my clothes.”

“Ohhhh ... that must have been quite a sight.” Eunice swayed her hips as she walked down the aisle toward him. “I wish I had been there.”

“Well ... stuff does shrink in the cold.” There was a nervous ring to Austin’s laugh. He had already fucked women who looked like his mother and cousin. Why not his other cousin? “I thought ... you know ... that you liked Clarissa Devonshire.”

“I like men, too. Especially men Mother says I cannot have.” She stopped in front of him, reached out, and adjusted his tie. She tightened it to the point where it was just starting to constrict his breathing. “I even offered myself to Mr. Palmer for a tumble, but the puritan fool slapped me in the face.” A dark storm passed across her visage. “He got what he deserved.” Suddenly, her smile returned. “But you deserve something much better. Much better,” she purred into his ear.

“Ugh ... I can’t breathe ...” Austin tried to push her hands away, but instead, she tightened his tie further. She looked like a delicate thing, but her grip was like steel.

“Isn’t it exciting?” While still holding his tie with one hand, she slipped her other hand into his trousers. “See? You’re already hard. If only Mother could see me now.” She pumped his penis with her hand.

“Can’t ... uuuuggghhh ... breathe!” Austin was struck by the sudden realization that this woman had him in the palm of her hand. She was so different from the characters his mother and other cousin were playing. He saw stars in front of his eyes. He stopped resisting and was grateful when she loosened his tie just enough for him to take several gulps of air.

“I bet you would like to know what Mr. Palmer missed when he slapped me.” Eunice lowered his pants and underwear. Still holding his tie, she turned around and lifted her skirt over her butt. “Stick it in.” She wasn’t wearing underwear.

“Okay,” Austin wheezed. When she yanked on his tie, he jerked forward.

“Mother’s going to be so cross with me if you break my vagina with that giant spear.” Eunice’s giggle was cut off when he entered her from behind. The pain of it made her pull on his tie again, causing him to release a wonderful whimpering sound.

“You’re ... uggh ... ughh ... fucking me ... just to get under ... your mother’s skin?” Austin had both hands on her hips. He was already pumping away. If she was going to choke him, he wasn’t going to give her pussy time to adjust.

“Everyone ... I ... seduce ... is to vex ... eh ... eh ... eh ... Mother.” Eunice’s eyes started to roll back. She let go of his tie and put her hands on the shelf in front of her for support. “Despite ... ugh ... ugh ... your brutish ... ooohhhhh ... approach ... it’s starting ... to feel ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.”

Austin reached around her head and clasped his hand over her lips to stifle her scream. He didn’t want anyone thinking he was murdering her. Although, with her strange behavior, he wondered if maybe he was humping the murderer at that very moment.

Chapter 15

“Mother ... ugh ... ugh ... uuuggghhh ... would be so cross ... if you dumped your flood ... inside me.” Eunice rode Austin hard. They were on the floor of the library, between stacks of books and collectables. She was facing him, still holding his tie. Naked now, her clothes were strewn on the floor around them.

“You’re ... choking me ... again.” Austin still wore his shirt, and his tie was snug around his collar. He looked up into his cousin’s ecstatic face. He had thought Beatrice was kinky. But Eunice seemed even more out there. He wondered if they were perverts in real life. If so, they hid it well. “Loosen ... up ...” He tried to get a finger under his tie to pull it away from his neck. Stars danced in front of his eyes. He didn’t know if it was the lack of oxygen, or her tight, wet pussy that was doing it to him.

“Insert your deposit ... eh ... eh ... eh ... and I’ll release ... my grip.” She had her feet planted on the floor, bouncing on him. It had been a learning process when she’d first climbed on. He was longer than any man she’d been with. That had meant higher lunges, and also some painful smashing at the back of her womb. But she now had a handle on it. *Men love bouncing. He should finish soon.*

“Why ... are you so ... strong?” Austin’s eyelids fluttered. “God damn ... your pussy ... is ... is ...” His hips bucked, and he blasted inside her.

“Yessss ... yessss ... I’m going to make ... mother ... eat it. Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Her eyes rolled back, her hips fell out of rhythm, and she ascended into another lovely orgasm.

It was a mind-shattering climax for Austin. By the time he returned to reality, Eunice was already off his dick, standing and dressing. He looked up at her lovely body as it slowly disappeared behind her clothes. “Wow ... that was ...” He struggled to find the words.

“Copacetic?” She smiled down at him with cool detachment. “I agree. You were serviceable. Maybe we’ll tumble again sometime.” She bent down to put on her shoes.

“Why are you leaving ... so quickly?” He blinked, and propped himself up on his elbows.

“I’ll feed mother while it’s fresh. You understand.” She winked, turned, and quickly waddled down the aisle. She was walking in such a way as to hold the sperm inside.

Clarissa was hidden behind a chair in the library. She had wandered in while Eunice and Austin were in the middle of sex. She had spied on them. *I wanted to see my brother’s stupid dick, not Eunice.* And she had hid when she heard them finish. She peeked at Eunice as the woman strutted out of the library in a stiff, funny way. How many women in the lodge were trying to hold in her dumb brother’s stuff?

When Eunice was out of the library, Clarissa got up and followed her. She raced down the hall toward her secret passage. She needed to see what would happen between Eunice and her mother. *I'm just looking for clues. It's disgusting what they're doing with each other.*

~~

"Beatrice?" Austin knocked on his assistant's door. When she opened it, he saw that she'd changed into a new outfit. "Oh, you look nice."

"And you look like hell warmed over." Beatrice ruffled his messy hair. "And you smell like a brothel. Which lady was it this time? Tell me it was Mrs. Devonshire. She could benefit from getting a little loosened up." She stepped aside and let him into the room. Closing the door after him.

"It was Eunice. She came onto me." Austin told her everything that had happened in the library. He was well past playing coy with his assistant. They sat by the fire as he filled her in.

When he was done, Beatrice adjusted her glasses and rubbed her chin. "So, I suppose we know who the murderer is now."

"We do? Is that why you ran off earlier, you figured it out?" Austin was mystified.

"My running off was your fault." She shrugged. "It's not the first time I sprang a leak on the case thanks to you." She pointed a finger at him. "So, how do we want to play it? Do we apprehend the killer with guns blazing, or ...?"

"I know who the killer is, but I want to hear you say it." Austin leaned forward in his chair.

"That sounds like a clue to me." Her words were robotic, and her eyes glazed over.

"Oh, I suppose I have to figure it out myself." He frowned. "Let's collect some more evidence first. Just to be sure."

"Sounds good, boss. You're always on top of the case." Intelligence returned to her face. "Speaking of being on top of things, you need to bathe. Go take care of that, and meet me back here."

"Okay." Austin stood to go.

"Oh, by the way. Someone rifled through my dresser while I was out. They didn't take anything, but ..." Beatrice shrugged.

"It's the same person that took that ring from my room, no doubt." Austin nodded.

"No doubt," Beatrice said thoughtfully and watched him go. She was happy to have him around to navigate tricky situations. She wouldn't want to solve crimes on her own like poor Mrs. Clarissa Devonshire.

~~

Oh ... shit ... look at them! Clarissa was in her secret passage, gazing through the spyhole down on mother and daughter, who were doing some very non-familial things. *She's tricking her into eating Austin's ...*

"Father is still sleeping." Eunice motioned to the bed where Milo was lying in a drug-induced slumber. "And I need your motherly affection." She undressed in front of her mother. Her skin glowed from the burnishing she'd just given it. She'd showered to wash the manly scent off her, but had tried her best to hold in the sperm the whole time. "The second murder is almost too much for me." She put the back of her hand on her forehead and pantomimed fainting.

"Well, he should sleep a good while longer." Melanie eyed her husband and smoothed out her dress. "Have you been good, or have you been misbehaving? I won't make you feel good if you've been a bad girl."

"I've been a good girl, Mother." Making her twenty-three-year-old features look younger by giving her mother doe eyes, Eunice smiled innocently. "I always obey you." She sat on an armchair and spread her legs. *Mother will have to move quickly, or I'll leak before she gets to work.* "Please take care of me."

"Keeping you on the right path is an exhausting undertaking." Melanie hitched up her skirt and knelt in front of her daughter on the floor. "But I won't shirk my motherly duties. When you're bad, you will be punished. When you're good, you will be rewarded." She eyed the vivacious, familiar vagina in front of her. Her daughter looked extra wet. Leaning forward, Melanie licked the slit from bottom to top. She then formed some suction at the middle, sucking her daughter's lips into her mouth. With a tongue made deft by plenty of experience, she dove into Eunice's cave.

From her perch in the secret passage, Clarrisa stared with wide eyes. She was masturbating furiously, strumming her clit like a guitar. *She's tricking her mother into it!* All pretense of looking for clues was gone.

A large, wide grin was plastered on Eunice's face. She watched her mother's expression move from rapture, to doubt, to open questioning. Yet the woman kept slurping and gulping from Eunice's vagina.

Something wasn't right. Melanie knew her daughter's flavor well. And this wasn't it. When she looked up at her daughter's face, she saw the jest there. Melanie lifted her lips up and sat back. "What have you done?"

Eunice let out an explosive laugh. As a result of the mirthful contraction, her pussy burped out a copious amount of Austin's cum. The disgust on her mother's face was pure perfection. "I took a tumble with that detective you hate. I let him do it inside."

"You brat! You scheming ... brat." Melanie stood and grabbed her daughter's hair. She pulled her out of the chair. "You need to be punished!"

"Yes, I do." Eunice fell to the floor, shaking with excitement. She watched her mother get on her hands and knees, flipping her dress up over her waist and pulling her panties down.

When Melanie was in position, she looked over her shoulder. "I'll have you service my rear as punishment. I want you to think about what you've done." She glared at Eunice, so that the young woman would have no question about following orders.

"You know I don't like to go back there." Eunice trembled, getting into position.

"Of course not. That's why it's punishment." Melanie reached behind her, grabbed the back of her daughter's head, and pulled Eunice's face to Melanie's crack.

Watching the humiliation from above, Clarrisa soared toward an orgasm. She wondered what it would be like to make a woman do that to her. She wondered what it would feel like to have that kind of control. Her eyes rolled back, and she came while watching the twisted lesbian games go on below.

~~

Austin was soaking in the tub when he thought he heard the room's door handle rattle. He shifted position, listening. The water splashed around him, making it difficult to hear any faint noises from his room. "Beatrice?"

There was no answer.

"Hello?" Without leaving the tub, Austin looked around the bathroom for a weapon. His soft cock floated just beneath the water's surface, swaying with his movements. "I should have a gun," he muttered. Before he could come to a decision, the bathroom door

creaked open. *I can't die in this game. I can't die in this game.* He prayed that was true. From his angle in the tub, he couldn't see anyone in the now open doorway. "Hello?" A chill seeped into his bones.

"I hope you don't mind, Mr. Aquiline. I needed comfort in this most terrible time." Alexis walked into the bathroom. She was already naked, her heavy, hanging breasts jiggling with each step.

"Oh ... Alexis." Austin's muscles loosened, the tension ebbing out of him. "I'm sorry for your loss. Your husband was ..." He stared up at the underside of her boobs as she stood next to the tub. "Wait, didn't I lock the door?"

"You must have forgotten. But don't worry, Mommy locked it for you after she came in." Even though her eyes were red from crying, she wore a flirtatious smile on her lips. "I do so love that youthful slang, 'mommy.'" I tried to have Bradley call me that, but he refused. And now, after his passing ... I'll never get another try to convince him." Her smile faded and her lips quivered. "Oh, look, someone's happy to see me." She pointed to the young detective's penis as it swelled, its head now cresting the waterline.

"I see you're grieving. It would be cruel to turn you away. You can join me in the tub if you wish." Austin tried to sound like a thoughtful detective. It wasn't easy to stay in character when all these beautiful women were throwing themselves at him. *She's my own mother. I don't know how I'll ever look at her the same way back in real life.*

"That's very kind of you." Alexis climbed into the tub. There wasn't a lot of room, but she managed to straddle him with her knees up. Without any trouble, she slipped his long, hard prong into her waiting vagina. "Oooohhhhhh ... your leviathan is ... a balm ... for my soul."

"Happy ... uuughhh ... to help." Austin reached up and hefted her tits. "You're a good ... mommy ... I want you ... to feel good."

"I'm a ... good mommy ... I'm ... ooohhh ... a very good ... mommy." She moved her hips, making the water slosh and splash to the tile floor at each high tide. "I've lost ... another husband. It's tragic ... eeehhhhh ... but who knows ... maybe I've already ... found another one?"

Austin didn't know what to say to that, so he kept quiet. When he pinched her nipples, she arched her back and cried out. All he could think while watching her orgasm was that this woman had a very odd way of grieving.

Chapter 16

Oh, my. Oh, my. I think I'm a lesbian. Clarissa was finished masturbating. She looked down at her aunt and cousin in their room as they dressed. Eunice had a smirk on her face. Melanie was eyeing her sleeping husband with an expression like the cat that had just eaten the canary. Clarissa moved away from the view, crawling toward the secret exit.

Clarissa was happy to find no dead bodies, or anyone living for that matter, when she exited through the secret door. She took a minute straightening her clothes and collecting herself in the servants' room. *Am I really? I have a fiancé out in the real world. Is the game sending me a message by killing him off in here? Does it know?* She shook her head. *There are men here. I can sleep with one to see if he does anything for me.* It was a desperate plan, but it was what the times called for.

She wasn't going to sleep with her crazy uncle. The thought of touching the disgusting character her father was playing made her skin crawl. *That was an insult, making him my husband.* Of course, she would have slept with Brad. It wouldn't even be cheating, not really. But his body was keeping cool in the cellar, so it was too late for that. She wasn't about to let a dog hump her, even if it could speak English. That left ... her dumb brother or Thomas. *I should really choose Thomas. I'm not related to him.* But she found her feet heading toward her brother's room. Butterflies fluttered in her stomach.

"Clarissa! Clarissa!" Rob called loudly, his voice echoing through the lodge.

"Oh, no," Clarissa whispered. She quickened her steps, not wanting to get caught by her gropey husband. She turned down the guest hall and nearly ran into Alexis as she was exiting Austin's room. "Mom?"

Alexis gave the young, amateur detective a quizzical look and closed the door behind her. "You're using that slang, too?"

"I ... what?" Clarissa hadn't been using slang.

"You said, 'Mom'. Call me Mommy this time. I want to hear it from those pretty lips." Alexis worked on straightening her dress as she stood in the hall, her back to Austin's door.

"Hi, Mommy." Clarissa gave her an awkward wave.

"Ooohhhh ... I like that." Alexis nodded her satisfaction. "I could use a pretty, young woman to mother in this trying time." She adjusted her underwear. "I would invite you to my room now, but I ... um ..." She looked over her shoulder at the doorway she'd just passed through. "I'm not ready. Find me later."

“Oh, okay.” Clarissa had been ready to run away to this woman’s room if invited. *I’m here for dick, not for my mother!* She pressed her lips into a tight line and balled her fists. “I’ll see you soon, Mrs. DelaCross ... um ... I mean ... I’ll see you soon, Mommy.”

“Ooooo ... that sent a shiver down my spine, Mrs. Devonshire.” Alexis kissed the young woman on the cheek, walked past her, and disappeared into her own room.

Clarissa took a moment to breathe deeply. She rubbed her thighs together. It was obvious her panties were soaked. She pictured her mother doing a slow striptease for her. *I could have sex with my mother here without any consequences. She’d never know.* She turned and passed down to the DelaCross room, lifted her hand to knock, but paused. *If I do this, there would be no uncertainty about who I am. I’d have to leave Brad in the real world and date women.* Glancing back to her brother’s room, she exhaled slowly. Without knocking on her mother’s door, she walked back to Austin’s room and rapped her knuckles three times. The door opened, and there was her silly brother, his chest bare, his lower half wrapped in a towel. She looked down at the lump of his soft penis under the towel and felt her belly do a flip. *I like dicks.* She took that as a good sign.

“Clarissa, I ... um ... I was just cleaning up after ...” Austin ran his hand through his wet hair.

“Oh ... my ... God. Were you just fucking our mom?” Her belly did several more flips. “You’re depraved.” She didn’t mind the hypocrisy of damning him for it, when she very much would have done the same thing given the chance. She was used to being hypocritical where her brother was concerned.

“No ... I haven’t seen ... Mrs. DelaCross.” He looked up and down the hall, but there was no one there but his sister. “You want to talk about the case? Come in.” He stepped aside, pulled his sister into the room, and closed the door. There was a chill in the air, and he was wet, so he walked over by the hearth and warmed himself while looking into the fire. “My assistant knows who the murderer is, but won’t tell me. I have to figure it out on my own, I guess. Did something similar happen to you?”

“I’m on my own. The game didn’t give me an assistant, asshole.” Clarissa gritted her teeth. “I saw you with Eunice in the library. And I know you’re banging Mom. Is there any woman in this lodge you haven’t slept with?”

“Sure, there’s Aunt Melanie, Eloise Palmer, and ... you.” Austin shrugged.

“You said that Eunice was strong while you two were going at it.” As casually as possible, Clarissa walked over to her brother. She took hold of his shoulders and turned him so that he was facing her. “Was that just dirty talk ... or was she actually strong?”

“You slept with her, you tell me.” Austin folded his arms over his chest.

“She didn’t ... manhandle me ... like she did you ... I ...” Clarissa’s face turned beet red.

“This is impossibly awkward. Just answer the question.”

“Yeah, she was stronger than me. I couldn’t get her to loosen my tie.”

“But she’s a skinny girl and you’re ...” She pointed to her brother’s biceps, which were a little flexed with his folded arms. “... a strong boy.”

“So? Is this leading to an insult or something, because if that’s why you stopped by, I have to meet Beatrice in a ...” He lost his train of thought when she pulled the towel off his waist and threw it over the back of a chair. His long, soft cock swayed from the movement.

“I don’t care that you slept with Mom or our cousins. It’s fine.” Slowly, Clarissa lowered herself to her knees in front of her brother. “What we do in this game doesn’t count in real life, right? You know I slept with ... women here ... and I’m not a lesbian. It doesn’t count.”

“You’re ... not a lesbian ...” Austin nodded his head slowly, staring down at his sister’s pretty lips. In real life, Clarissa was more a pain than anything else. He hadn’t ever thought about what she would look like sucking his cock. But he was thinking hard on the topic now.

“So ... we’re agreed.” Tentatively, Clarissa reached a hand out for her brother’s cock. When her fingers clasped on the soft flesh, she shivered. *I do like this.* “It’s heavy.”

“Wait until it gets hard.” Austin put his hands on his hips.

“When is ...? She froze. “Oh, I feel it swelling, Austin. I like it!”

“Right ... that’s good.” Austin didn’t know what to say to that. He tried to get into character. “Look, doll, it’s time to charm the snake.”

Clarissa giggled. “Do you think ... I mean ... is it possible ... in the game ... could I ... get pregnant?”

“Not from a blowjob.” He leaned his hips forward. His cock was almost fully hard now. The head brushed against her chin.

“It’s not possible, right? What happens in Murder at Palmer Lodge, stays in Murder at Palmer Lodge. It has to.” She reached a hand under that fat shaft and gently squeezed his testicle. It was swollen with seed. “I can’t believe I’m touching you here.” She gave it another squeeze for emphasis.

“Me either.” Austin narrowed his eyes. “Is ... is the game making you do this? Like ... it’s what your character would do, so ... you have to ... uuuuuggghhhh ... oh shit.” Austin arched his back when his sister sucked his cock into her mouth.

“Uuummm ... uuummm ...” Clarissa shook her head, not removing the massive cockhead from her mouth. *Talk about awkward. All the previous dicks in my life didn't prepare me for this.* With some caution she tried to get more of him past her lips, but that made her gag, so she eased up. “Mmmnnnnn?” She lifted her eyebrows as if to question what she was supposed to do with such a colossal beast.

“I don't know ... Beatrice just shoves it down her throat ... uuugghhh ... like it's no big deal.” He stared at her, admiring the way the blowjob deformed her pretty face into something comical. “You can just ... suck on the head ... yes ... that feels good. Yes ... yes ... I can feel your tongue ... Clarissa.”

Satisfied in the knowledge that she would only be able to bob on his dickhead, Clarissa went to work. She wasn't sure what her end goal was. Did she want him to explode? Somehow, tasting his cum seemed a whole lot worse than letting him finish in her pussy. *That's what I want. A dick in my pussy. Even if it's more than twice the size of Brad's, it's what I want.* She blew her brother for a good long while in front of the fireplace. Eventually, she came up for air. “Wow ... that was ... crazy.” On shaky legs, she stood.

“Are we ... done?” Austin was disappointed, but it would totally be like Clarissa to leave him blue-balled. He wasn't surprised. He was trying to decide if he'd go to Beatrice or his mother to finish him off when his thoughts were derailed by his sister undressing.

“What are you doing?”

“I'm going to see if I can take that monster in my pussy, duh.” Down to her underwear, she reached behind and unclasped her bra. “Did you think I was just going to please you and go?”

“No ... I ...” His eyes went round at the sight of her boobs. “Damn ... you have nice tits.”

“Don't make this weirder than it already is.” Clarissa turned her back to him so he couldn't stare at her chest. Warm relief filled her. It was easier doing this without making eye contact. *I know what position I'll give him.* She lowered her underwear, stepped out of them, and got onto all fours, her knees depressing the edge of the mattress. Her ass faced directly at him. A long pause extended awkwardly between them. The only noise was the pop and crackle of fire. “Well, put it in. I know you know what to do.”

“Clarissa ...” Slowly, he stepped behind his sister. He found her pale ass incredibly inviting. “... which hole should we ...?”

Forgetting about not wanting eye contact, she looked over her shoulder with incredulous eyes. “My pussy, moron. If you tried my ass, you'd break me in half. There isn't a hospital on this island, is there?”

“No ... but Beatrice only lets me in the back door. She ... likes it ... I think.” Austin clenched his jaw in frustration. His sister was really taking him out of character. He didn’t like how indecisive he felt.

“Well, I didn’t know our cousin was a freak. But now I do. And the fact that she’s some sort of anal contortionist has nothing to do with my butt.” She turned her eyes forward and dropped her head. “This is a one-time, pussy-only thing. Now put it in before I change my mind.”

Austin took a deep breath and lined up his cock. “How deep do you want me to go, doll?”

“Austin ...” Despite the feel of his dickhead on her nether lips, she giggled at his dirty talk. “I assume you’re going to go as deep as you can. I just want to feel it. I want to ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Clarissa’s eyes crossed, and her mouth gaped when he entered her. *It hurts more than I thought. But ... I like it ... I ... really like it.* “Go ... slow ... uuuggghhhh ... Austin ... go ... sllloooowwwww.”

Chapter 17

“Clarissa ... it sounds like ... you’re in pain.” Austin was trying to slow his hips down. Her pussy was so tight and wet that his hips didn’t want to comply. He had recently been hearing lots of ecstasy from the women around him, but Clarissa’s wails sounded different. Maybe she just wasn’t built to take him. “Should I stop?” Still gripping the handholds her waist offered, he finally got his hips to slow. He went from pounding to leisurely stroking.

“No ... no ... no ...” Clarissa still felt pain, but she felt lots of other things, too: among them curiosity, awkwardness, and growing pleasure. She kept her eyes forward so she wouldn’t have to see her brother’s sex face. She imagined he looked really dumb, but wouldn’t turn to confirm it. “No ... don’t stop ... don’t ... ugh ... ugh ... stop ... I like ... dick.”

“Oh ... okay.” He sped his hips back up. Hearing her say those words was strange. In fact, those words made an uncomfortable situation almost tense. He supposed this was different than having sex with his mother and cousins in the game. This was his real sister. This was Clarissa, not some character she was playing. Even with some odd butterflies in his belly, he continued to accelerate the speed of his thrusts. “So ... you ... um ... like my dick ... doll?” He was finding it difficult to stay in character with her. Again, she was his real sister. *Holy shit, I’m fucking Clarissa!* The thought hit him hard. In amazement, he looked at her tight ass ripple.

“Yeah ... uuuggghhhh ... it’s not hurting ... so much ... anymore.” She gripped the sheets and looked at her breasts dance under her with each impact she absorbed. “Wait ... wait!”

Austin stopped his hips completely. He waited for further instruction.

“No ... I didn’t mean ... you should stop.” Clarissa panted, looking down at the sweat that dripped off her nose to the sheet below. “I meant ‘wait’, I was starting to feel something new. Keep fucking me, Austin.” *Maybe I’m really not a lesbian. I want to keep going.* “Really make me take it.” She clenched her teeth when the pounding recommenced. “Yeah ... ugh ... ugh ... like that ... something new ... something ... ooohhhhhh ... Austin ... I didn’t think ... eeeeeiiiiiiii.” Her mind left her, and she could find no more words for her brother. Only high squeals and grunts.

“Shit ... Clarissa ... you’re cumming.” Austin had a knack for saying the obvious around his sister. At least she couldn’t call him out on it like she usually did. Not as long as he kept smashing her right through her orgasm. When her arms gave way and she fell to the mattress, he mounted her prone form, placing his hands on her back, and continued to give her the dick she apparently liked. *If keeping this dick is the reward for winning, I*

better figure out the murderers before Clarissa. If I can tame her with it, imagine what I could do in the real world.

Somehow, her brother drove her from one climax right to the next. When she was finally descending, the pain had returned. He was crashing into her cervix in the current position, and it wasn't a friendly feeling. "Wait ... wait ..." When he kept humping her, she realized she'd ruined 'wait' as a safe word earlier. "It hurts ... I need you to stop ... Austin."

With an audible plop, he pulled out of her. He let his turgid cock rest on her left butt cheek. "You okay?"

"Yeah ... just give me ... a sec." The feeling of his heavy dick lying on her ass was sublime. Another point in favor of her straightness. "No ... don't move ... leave your dick ... there." She lay still, feeling the weight of his cock. Thoughts of finding someone with a similar dick in real life flooded her mind. *I'm engaged. That's crazy. Sex with Brad is good.* But the more she thought about it, the more convinced she was that she was straight. She might be a sex fiend, but at least she wasn't a lesbian. Or maybe both of those choices would change the woman she had always thought of herself as. After several minutes, she rolled over, pushed her brother onto his back, and mounted him in reverse. She still didn't want to look at his face. "I'll handle it from here."

"Okay." He stared in awe as she reached under her with her small, delicate hand and guided his cock into her pussy. Watching her hole stretch for him was wonderfully obscene. She pushed him almost all the way in. When she lifted her hips, he smiled at the tight pink circle her pussy made around his cock. Soon enough, she was riding him hard. He noticed that she always left about an inch of his cock out of her pussy. He supposed she'd found the right length for her. That made him wonder if his mother and cousin had especially accommodating pussies, or if they just liked the pain. He could see Eunice enjoying pain, but not his mother. And that left the inexplicable Beatrice, who skipped her pussy altogether. His sister's difficulty in taking his cock shed a whole new light on Beatrice's gaping asshole. Turning his mind back to the woman at hand, he watched Clarissa's beautiful, slender body as she rode him for a long time. Occasionally, she'd stop riding him, convulse, and let out strained wails. He lost track of how many times she came.

"Are ... you ... ugh ... ugh ... close?" She bounced hard, but was careful to keep him away from her cervix. She risked a look over her shoulder. She'd been right. He had the most stupid grin on his face. He looked like he'd lost eighty IQ points since she'd walked in the room. "I think ... I've had enough ... orgasms ... for today," she said. "And I'm ... getting tired." His dick still felt sublime stretching her out, but she needed to rest.

“Yeah ... I’m ready ... you ready?” He took hold of her hips and pulled down, careful not to impale her all the way. “Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” He arched his back and emptied himself inside her.

“Austin ... Austin ...” Clarissa gasped. “I ... feel it ... uuuggghhhhhh.” It was easy to pretend that this was real, that her dumb brother was trying to knock her up. That thought sent her over the edge into another massive orgasm.

A while later, they lay side by side on the bed. Clarissa was on her belly, her face turned away from her brother. Austin lay on his back, his soft dick resting on his thigh. He stared at the swell from her lower back out to her ass. *Once I get out of this game, how am I ever going to forget what this was like?*

“Are you looking at my ass?” Clarissa didn’t know if she wanted him to say yes or no.

“Yeah.” Austin thought his character would slap her ass at this point. But he held himself back.

“Well, don’t get used to it. We’re going back to normal now. I just needed some dick. And you were the only game in town.” She sighed. “I would have fucked Brad. But he’s ... you know ... dead. I ...” She sat up and put an arm over her breasts. “I think I know who the murderer is. But I need to double check.” She had to talk to Eunice right away. Rolling off the bed, she covered her pussy, too. “I’m going to use your bathroom to get cleaned.”

“Sure, okay.” He watched her pick up her clothes and disappear into the bathroom. Panic seeped into his veins. *Does she really know?* Suddenly, he was on his feet, dressing. He didn’t have time to wash the cum off his dick or the sweat off his skin. While his sister was still in the bathroom, Austin hopped out of his room, one shoe on his foot, the other in his hand. He went down the hall and knocked on his assistant’s door.

Beatrice opened the door wearing her nurse’s outfit. “Well, don’t you look disheveled?” She reached out and unknotted his tie and slowly put it back into a neat Windsor knot. “Who was the lucky lady this time? Don’t tell me it was the grieving widow again.”

“Well, yes.” His tie perfect, Austin stepped into her room and closed the door. “But that was before. Afterward, it was the detective.”

“The lesbian?” Beatrice laughed.

“Why are you dressed like that?” Austin stared at the outfit. She was insanely hot.

“I heard a woman screeching in your room when I passed in the hall. I could feel your bed thumping through the floorboards. I figured the poor creature would need a doctor or nurse afterward.” Beatrice adjusted her glasses and winked. “What do you think? Should I tend to Mrs. Devonshire’s broken pussy?”

“Wow ... that sounds great. But ... she’s almost solved the case. We don’t have any time to waste. Tell me who the murderer is.” He put his hands on her shoulders and stared deeply into her eyes.

“Well, that seems like a clue to me,” Beatrice said in a distant voice.

“You’re not going to help me.” Austin frowned. “Well, we need to catch the killer, see? And we gotta do it pronto, doll. So, where do we start?”

“You tell me boss.” Beatrice turned to get her purse. She bent over, giving her boss a great view of her ass. “Should I change first?”

“No ... no ... you can wear that outfit. It might ... come in handy.” Despite all its earlier efforts, Austin’s dick was engorging again. He wanted nothing more than to pull that uniform up to her waist and plunder his cousin’s ass again. But he wanted to win the game more. “Bring your revolver.”

“Why do you think I went for my purse?” She straightened, slung her purse strap over her shoulder, and patted his head like he was a puppy. She inhaled deeply. “You smell like sex, by the way.”

“It can’t be helped. Come on.” He turned and headed for the door. He wasn’t sure where he was going, but he was going to solve the case.

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“How did you get past my mother?” Eunice followed Clarissa down the main stairway past the gorgeous Christmas tree. Their heels clicked, echoing around the lobby. There didn’t seem to be anyone else around.

“I told her I’d rat her out to her husband. I know what you and your mother have been doing.” Clarissa turned left, but she didn’t hear the other woman following her. She stopped and turned back toward Eunice. “What?”

“I let you watch us. I thought you’d be more discreet than to blab about it in the open,” Eunice hissed, staring daggers at the other woman.

“Come on, let’s have some privacy then. I didn’t say anything incriminating.” Clarissa gave the other woman a tight smile. She turned and walked toward the billiard room, hoping Eunice would follow her. She was indeed followed. When they were in the room, Clarissa made sure they were alone, and then put the billiard table between herself and Eunice. “So, you did see me spying. You know about the secret passageway?”

“I saw you peeking like a degenerate.” Eunice walked over to the cue rack and picked one out. “I thought you were better, but you’re just like the men.”

Clarissa gulped. “I’m your friend, Eunice. You must have wanted me to watch. Is that why you pushed your mother into those trysts while I was there?”

“I *did* want you to watch.” Eunice rapped the cue on the table to test its substance. “But I’ve made mistakes before.”

“Did you see anyone else peeking at you from that vent?” Clarissa tried to hold her voice steady.

“What if I did?” Eunice began to walk around the table, holding the cue over her shoulder.

“I’d like to know who it was.” With shaky legs, Clarissa moved around the table to keep some distance between them.

“That’s enough of that.” Beatrice stood in the doorway holding her revolver.

Austin stood next to her looking into the room, a confused frown on his face.

Chapter 18

“Right, okay, I’m ready to solve the murder.” Austin raised his hand like he was in class.

Clarissa backed a little farther away from Eunice, folded her arms, and raised an eyebrow at her brother. “There were *two* murders. And I’m also ready to solve the case. How do we decide who goes first?”

“Marvelous.” Eloise glided into the billiard room wearing a gown. “The gentleman detective said he was ready first, so we’ll hear his accusation.” She stepped over to the taxidermized bear and leaned her shoulder on its hip. “Come in everyone.”

Alexis walked into the room, wearing all black with a veil. It was unclear where she’d gotten the mourning wardrobe from. She stood near Austin, glancing at the young man with longing.

Rob trundled in, gazing lovingly at Clarissa.

Woofer and Subwoofer came in and positioned themselves against the wall near several mounted swords.

Thomas Palmer entered and put himself between Clarissa and Eunice.

Melanie and Milo came last, holding hands. Milo had a crazed look in his eyes, and Melanie was petting his arm in a calming fashion.

“Now, do go on, Mr. Aquiline. Who is the murderer?” The faintest smile tilted Eloise’s pink lips.

“Well ... it’s ...” Austin looked around the room. His gaze met Milo’s insane stare. “It’s a trick. There wasn’t any motive. It was Milo Hadfetter, who’s mad as a hatter. He murdered Frederick and Brad for no real reason.”

“What about the ring in the pool?” Clarissa rolled her eyes at her brother. “What about Frederick’s body being hoisted up in the lobby?”

“Oh ... um ... that was just from the crazies. That didn’t mean anything.” Austin looked over at Beatrice. She was giving him an encouraging smile.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Aquiline. That is incorrect.” Eloise sighed like she was used to disappointment. “Now, Mrs. Devonshire, I hope you will guess correctly. These things always get so messy when there’s no winner.”

“Oh ... um ...” Clarissa didn’t like the sound of that. She gazed into Eloise’s pretty eyes. *Oh, shit, I’m still a lesbian.* Clarissa stood mute for a long while.

“Clarissa?” Austin looked utterly defeated. “Do you know who did it?”

“Yes, it’s Eunice,” Clarissa said with more certainty than she felt.

“Go on.” Woofer nodded encouragement.

Clarissa gave her dog an appreciative smile. “Well, she propositioned Mr. Palmer, and he rebuffed her. Eunice made it clear that she can’t tolerate rejection. To make matters worse, he hit her. That’s motive. And Austin found out that she is really strong, so that’s method. She hoisted him up on the sword in the lobby out of anger, because he *really* pissed her off. The ring in the pool was a red herring.”

“And Mr. DelaCross?” Eloise’s eyes were twinkling.

“Well ...” Clarissa walked to the billiard table and rested her hands on the edge, leaning forward. “He discovered the secret passage. I found his body in the passage, but didn’t tell anyone. From that passage, he must have seen Eunice and her mother ... doing stuff. Eunice saw me peeping, so I’m sure she saw him, too. And she had to off him before he blabbed. Eunice has ... mother issues.”

“Mrs. Devonshire, the amateur detective, solves the case.” Eloise clapped her hands.

The others joined in the applause. All but Austin, who looked crestfallen. He had to raise his voice to be heard. “Will we still be the same when the game ends? I mean, will my body go back to how it was before?”

The applause died down.

“Well, that is the prize for winning.” Eloise turned to Clarissa. “You get to keep three things from the game and bring them into real life. Choose carefully.”

“Did this game make me a lesbian?” Clarissa didn’t know if she wanted to wish to undo that or not. She tried to derail her mind’s undressing of Eloise. She turned to her brother. Thoughts of her brother’s penis made her pussy quiver. “I mean, I don’t even know if I’m a lesbian.”

“The game didn’t change your persuasion. It just gave you opportunities to explore that you hadn’t had before.” Eloise grinned. “I believe you enjoy both sexes, and with quite a lot of vigor and aplomb if I may say from my own experience.”

Clarissa’s cheeks turned red. “My first request is that my brother keeps his dick in the real world. As long as he promises to fool around with me.” Her blush deepened. She couldn’t bear to look at her brother.

“Holy shit. I promise.” Austin couldn’t believe his good luck.

“My second request is that I ... um ... wish my cousins were as easy to ... um ...” Clarissa couldn’t bring herself to say it. “I’m a pervert.”

“No judgement. They are charming ladies, I can see why you’d want them more like the game in the real world.” Eloise gave her a thumb’s up. “You want them attracted to you?”

“I guess, I want them to have the same sexuality as in the game. I ... liked the way Beatrice was with Austin, and the aggressive way Eunice was with me.” Finally, Clarissa was able to look at her brother. “Do you want Beatrice to be sexy with you? I mean, is that crazy?”

“I ... I think ... you’re making better wishes than I would have if I’d won.” Austin was flabbergasted.

“Granted. Now, one last request.” Eloise gave Clarissa a wink.

Clarissa looked at her mother. Then she looked over at the dogs. “It would be weird to hear what Woofers and Subwoofers had to say in the real world. And it would freak everyone out.” She shook her head and gazed back at her mother. “I’m going to go to hell for this.”

Austin held his breath.

“I can’t. Not my mom.” Clarissa shook her head. She looked at Eloise. “Can I ask for Brad to be understanding of ... you know ... any sex I have without him?”

“That was part of his relationship to Alexis in the game, so yes.” Eloise nodded.

“Oh, thank God.” Clarissa exhaled. “That’s my final request.”

“Granted.” Eloise snapped her fingers. “Day Star will be pleased.”

“What?” Clarissa said.

“Thank you for playing Murder at Palmer Mansion. I hope you enjoyed your stay.” Eloise winked.

There was a blinding flash of light, and Palmer Lodge was gone.

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Austin tripped over Woofers, falling next to the Christmas Tree. He expected his new board game to clatter on the ground, but he was the only thing to fall. There was no game. Or he had been carrying it, but now it was gone. As he hit the floor, he tried to understand what had happened. Then he remembered his time at the lodge. *The game must have disappeared when Clarissa won.*

His father was parked in front of the game, wearing an ugly Christmas sweater. Rob laughed at his son.

Eunice and Beatrice covered their mouths and tittered.

Alexis belted out a laugh. "Watch where you're going, Austin."

Even Uncle Milo and Aunt Melanie were giggling.

Brad cracked up.

The only one not joining in the mirth was Clarissa. If anyone in the family had noticed her lack of humor, they would have thought it odd. She always enjoyed needling her eighteen-year-old brother. But now she sat with primmed lips. "Where's the murder game?"

"What?" Brad looked at her.

"Never mind." Clarissa watched her younger brother get up and run upstairs. She could see his heavy, soft cock bouncing under his pants.

Both Austin and Clarissa were subdued all Christmas Eve, barely saying anything. If anyone noticed, they didn't mention it. The family watched a movie after dinner, and then it was time for bed.

Eunice, Beatrice, and their parents slept on inflatable mattresses in the basement.

Clarissa settled in with her fiancé in her old bedroom. When he undressed, her eyes fixed on a penis she had once thought was large. "Brad, we need to talk. I have some needs that I hope you'll understand."

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Late that night, Austin lay naked on his bed. His penis was fully erect and pointing at the ceiling. Rather than fapping, he was just staring at the monstrous thing. It was the only evidence that Murder at Palmer Lodge had actually happened. He couldn't believe it was his. His sister had wished for it, and here it was. His life was going to be different now. "Thanks, Clarrisa," he whispered.

Right on cue, there was a knock on the door. Butterflies fluttered in his stomach. Was his sister coming over for sex? Would this be the start of it? Did she really like his big dick enough that she'd change their whole relationship? Nerves made his hands shake. He forgot to cover up as he went to the door. He opened it to find Beatrice in the hall. She wore flannel pajamas and a nervous expression. She was biting her lower lip.

“Austin, I feel strange tonight. Can I come in and ...?” Beatrice caught sight of his massive erection pointing directly at her. Her jaw dropped, and her eyes went wide as saucers. She adjusted her glasses and stared. “I ... don’t understand ... what is ...?”

“It’s my dick.” Austin noticed she was holding a bottle of oil from the kitchen. That gave him confidence. “Get in here.” While she was still gawping at him, he pulled her into his room, closed the door, and dragged her to the bed.

“Oh ... Austin ... are we really going to ...?” She let him put her face down on his sheets. She squealed when he pulled down her pajama bottoms and panties. “I brought oil. I really like butt stuff, but I’ve never tried it with one like yours. Go slow!”

Down the hall, Clarissa slipped out of bed. Even though Brad had said he’d be happy for her to sleep with other people, she had waited for him to fall asleep. Wearing only an oversized t-shirt, she shivered in the late-hour chill of her childhood home. She padded down to the basement, eager to see if Eunice’s body was the same as in the game. But when she got there, she found only Milo sleeping. There was a faint light coming from under the storage room door. She crept over, and pressed her ear to the wood.

“Eunice ... I can’t believe ... oooohhhhhh ... I never ... we shouldn’t ...” Melanie’s voice was pitched at a high whine. “I’m not even a ... oooooohhhh ... if you keep going on that spot ... I’m going to ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.”

Clarissa’s eyebrows lifted in shock. She hadn’t wished anything about her aunt. But she had obviously turned her cousin into a sexual predator. Clarissa wished she could watch them, but instead she listened to what was obviously a major orgasm for her aunt.

Upstairs, Austin pounded Beatrice into the mattress. His bedframe was squeaking enough that he was a little worried he might wake his parents. But her ass felt too good to slow down. “Do you ... like ... your cousin’s ... dick?”

“Yeeessssssssss.” Beatrice’s eyes rolled back. She was having another orgasm. Her glasses fell halfway off her face.

Clarissa stood with her ear to her brother’s bedroom door. It was obvious he was plowing their cousin. She opened the door a crack and stared. They were beautiful together. Her brother was lean and strong, while Beatrice was soft and full of delicious curves. Clarissa was impressed that her cousin was taking all of Austin’s dick. She was even more impressed when she realized it was in her cousin’s asshole. “Oh ... my ...” Clarissa watched for a while, then quietly shut the door, and moved back to her room. She had wished to bring some of Palmer Lodge back with her, but everyone seemed to be having fun but her. She settled in bed next to her fiancé, and thought about being a stalwart lady detective. She stiffened her jaw, and decided she wouldn’t be left out.

Lying in bed, playing with her nipples, Clarissa listened for noise in the hall. Eventually, she heard her cousin's wobbly steps as she went back downstairs. Then she heard her brother start a shower in their shared bathroom. Clarissa got out of bed, tiptoed down the hall, and eased herself into the bathroom. It was already steamy in there. She pulled off her shirt and stood for a moment, listening to her pulse in her ears. Gathering courage, she pulled back the shower curtain.

"Shit!" Austin nearly had a heart attack. "What are you doing?"

"You promised me that cock." She pointed to the long, heavy thing dangling between his legs. The sight of it made her head spin. She stepped into the shower with him, pushing him to the side and taking the warm water for herself. "You've gotten some ass tonight. Can you get it back up for some pussy?" She pumped his penis with her left hand, feeling a little bad that Brad's ring was rubbing on that massive tool.

"Yeah ... I mean ... is this ... are we ... cool?" Austin had goosebumps as water evaporated off his skin. But he wasn't about to push her out of the water.

"We're cool, just stick it in." She turned her back to him, put her hands on the tile, and stuck her butt out.

"What about Brad?" Austin got behind her and lined up his cock.

"I talked to him. He ... uuuggghhhhhh ... remember don't go all the way in." She shuddered as her vagina accepted his massive penis. "Brad said ... he wanted me ... to take ... big dick. So ... uuuggghhhh ... get used ... to this pussy."

"Okay ... I will." Austin slowly slid into his sister. He had lost the game, but thanks to his once bratty sister, it felt like he'd won. He couldn't wait to see where life would take him now. Maybe he'd even be able to seduce his mother without Eloise's help.

"Uuuggghhh ... that's good ... that's good." Clarissa thrust her ass back at him, careful not to force him all the way in. She had decoded the mystery, and now she was going to enjoy the rewards. She couldn't wait to get a crack at Eunice later. "Yeessssss ... Austin ... I guess ... I'm bi ... I really am bi ... and I ... uuuggghhhh ... love it."

THE END