

Murder at Palmer Lodge

By Rawly Rawls © 2023

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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 ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” 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.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." 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 her 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.

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

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

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

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

Clarissa didn’t know much about drinks, but she wanted to mask the flavor of the laudanum, so she poured into a mixer the drug, scotch, ice, and plenty of honey. She

shook it and poured him a glass. "Bottoms up." Putting the glass next to him, she sat opposite in an armchair by the fire.

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

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

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

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

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

~~

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.

“Gaaaaack ... ggaaaaaaaack ... gggaaaaack,” Beatrice said.

Clarissa put a hand to her mouth. She was still on her knees, watching them from around the island. *I’ve witnessed so many horrors tonight! How can Austin let her do*

that to him? How can she do it!?! I mean ... how is it physically possible? Has he always been that big? Like any good detective would do when faced with something extraordinary, Clarissa asked herself a million questions, while staring with wide eyes.

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

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

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

“Best ... detective’s assistant ... ever ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh,” Austin gripped her hips and pulverized her ass.

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

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

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.