

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Part 1

Susie lay naked on the cramped single bed in the windowless room of the dog home in London. What had she got herself into?

She was working for her master, a detective, who had persuaded her to go undercover to try and expose a ruthless murderer who was killing off one by one a wealthy family by using a huge phantom dog with a hideous face that struck terror into his victims. This was after reports of a young girl being pack bred by a dozen or so hounds on a bleak moor in Devon.

Now it would appear a respected elderly doctor who had hired her master was involved in bestiality. He had visited both of them at her master's London flat with his Golden Retriever and the Dog had taken a great liking to Susie, licking her between her legs and stirring up never before known sensations she had tried unsuccessfully to suppress.

Now posing as a friend of this doctor she had visited his dog home that was not just a veterinary clinic and home for stray dogs but a center to train both humans and animals in pet loving a subject she had never known existed until this very morning.

Now she had experienced it. Dog cum was still running out of her pussy. She had just mated with a 60lb black Labrador and it had all been photographed and filmed.

She was wrestling now with emotions that had changed from lust that raved for more to guilt and a feeling that she was dirty and a woman everyone would despise.

"When people see me walking the streets they will know," she sobbed to herself. "They will point fingers at me."

Less than a half hour before she was sitting on this same bed with her legs spread whilst the dog, with both his front paws covered with tied on socks, had licked and licked at the lips of her vagina pushing aside her pussy hairs. Two women had watched this along with the male photographer who was busy working still cameras and a movie one. Microphones had been strategically placed recording her moans and cries.

"Good boy," she had said, urging the dog on. "Deeper. More. More."

She had been aware of the younger of the two women, Ethel she was called, and the dog trainer, being on her knees on the tiled floor announcing the dog was ready. She had been gently massaging the dog's sheath.

The older woman, Cecilia who seemed to be the owner, and was definitely in charge, had helped her to kneel down on the hard stone tiles whilst Ethel had pushed her shoulders down so they were almost level with her hips.

With her heart beating rapidly, Susie, a beautiful, slim, innocent looking 20 year old blonde girl, waited for this most taboo act in the whole world. She was about to have sex, hard sex, with a dog.

The dog was released and she was told by Ethel to wriggle her hips.

Susie felt the dog behind her; he licked her again and even swiped at her ass. Then she felt his weight upon her back as she was mounted. She remembered shouting "Oh yes!" as she came. She had marveled at cumming and the dog hadn't even had got his cock into her. Both her hands had thumped against the floor. She had felt the dog's front paws grasped her around her waist and then

she had felt something hard, very hard banging against her rear. His weight and the suddenness of it had pushed her down and this "hard, boney thing - his penis -" Had been in danger of gaining entry into her lovely bottom and it had struck her there. She had yelled and Ethel had thankfully pulled the dog off.

Ethel repositioned her and whilst holding her tightly Cecilia had helped the Labrador onto Susie's back. Susie felt the dog's cock being guided into her. On contact with her vagina he had thrust forward. He was inside. She had an animal's cock inside her body and he was fucking her. The unthinkable was happening to poor Susie.

Blackie had thrust in and out in fast short, sharp jabs and she had felt his penis growing in length. She felt him cumming in little shots and she understood later this had been his pre-cum. The two women had moved away letting Blackie the (Labrador) do his thing - and he did his thing very well. His cock was shunting now in and out of her at a fast and furious pace and she remembered that she had never been fucked so hard or so good. This had continued for about a couple of minutes when she felt him slowing down a little and something very large had been trying to gain entry. Susie had had no idea of a dog's cock having a knot. All she had felt was something like a tennis ball trying to get into her cunt.

She thought there was no way this ball was ever going to get through the mouth of her vagina. No way - but, then with a huge thrust forward by the black Labrador it had. That ball had driven inward, banging against the ring of her opening before stopping. There seemed to be an inch or two of cock between the back of the knot and the bristly sheath, and that rough segment of cock rubbed in and out through her vaginal opening with a devastating effect on her.

She had felt the most incredible, almost insane excitement but there was also the shame. The shame she was feeling now in ever increasing circles inside her head that she had now committed a despicable act but although helpless to stop doing it had enjoyed it. She remembered shamelessly responding to her body's lust that was both vibrant and writhing and sending orgasms shooting through her body almost in time with Blackie's sperm that had started to flood into her. It had been hot. Much hotter than a man's and more of it, too. At that moment she had known the dog had owned her. She was his. She had clamped her thighs against the coarse hair of his flanks and returned his still humping body unreservedly. She had slammed her pussy back against his mighty cock and wanted more. Then he had stopped moving. She had felt only his cock and his knot twitching and more cum jetting into her. This hadn't stopped her achieving the biggest orgasm of her life. It had felt like a rising storm growing inside her body, building like a hurricane and she abandoned herself to it. The muscles of her cunt had clenched against his cock as she waited for the storm to burst. Contractions had swept through her, each one initiating a fierce and convulsive spasm of almost torture. Finally it was there. There was no eye to this storm, it just burst and she had felt she had been torn apart. She had screamed and it had been so loud the poor dog had jumped off her with fright, ripping his cock out of her body with a pain that had just added to the thrills she had been receiving.

But, as she laid there reliving the experience her bestiality experience wasn't over.

The women had left to get another dog. The cameraman was just setting up for another take and whistling quietly to himself. He had placed a tarpaulin over the bed, probably to catch the dog's spunk. Blackie's had poured out of her pussy when he had leapt off her leaving a small puddle on the floor that the man had cleaned up.

However, it wasn't the thought of another dog ravishing her, although there was the shame of doing it again. It was what was going to happen after this.

Cecilia had said she was to be taken to a friend to be mated with a boar! She was really frightened now.

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## Part 2

Dr. Morghimer was worried. When Cecilia Andrews had called him saying the girl had arrived and she had been able to arrange the lesson with the boar, he didn't know what to say at first. If he had said he hadn't sent anyone and didn't know what Cecilia was talking about she would have closed the whole thing down and probably killed the girl.

He had played a little bit dumb, after all it was well known he was absentminded. He had asked Cecilia to describe the girl as he wasn't sure which one he had sent. He was petrified when he knew from the description it was the detective's girl, Susie

Damn. How had he found out so quickly he was mixed up in bestiality. The only thing was to go along with it and meet up with Susie at the Farm with the boar's owner. And what was she doing going there to mate with a boar? That had nothing to do with the mystery of who it was who was using dogs to kill off the Masterwille family and putting the blame on him?

His mind went back to that scene the day before Sir Colin Masterwille had died, supposedly of a heart attack. It was late evening, and he had driven over to see Sir Colin and as he approached he saw him striding away from the house towards the deserted part of moor. Then he had started to run. On getting out of his car, Dr. Morghimer had run after him and saw the reason for Sir Colin's strange behavior. A woman with long yellow hair, it shone in the bright moonlight from the full moon, was running in front of him and she was naked as the day she was born.

Then Sir Colin had stopped and it was then the doctor, with much wheezing and puffing as he was out of breath, caught him up. The scene in front of them was something so incredulous he thought he was dreaming.

The naked woman had also stopped running and she was not alone. From nowhere a pack of fox hounds was surrounding her. Morghimer counted twelve and it was soon obvious they were all males. The dogs were excited and were barking. At first he feared for the young woman's life as he wondered if the dogs thought she was a large fox but it soon obvious it wasn't so. They thought she was a bitch. A dog bitch in heat.

The dogs started to fight amongst themselves who was to be first and instead of the girl being horrified at what was going to happen to her she was encouraging them. She stood at first allowing the dogs to lick her between her legs. Her pussy. Her ass. Then she had kneeled down and she held them as they licked her face and her breasts.

The woman knew she was being watched. It had all been planned but not the appearance of the second man whom she recognized as Dr. Morghimer. She hoped he didn't recognize her. But she thought not. She was too far away and the wig had changed her appearance so much she didn't even know who she was when she viewed herself in the mirror.

Unknown to the men watching she wasn't entirely naked. Yes, her breasts were bare as was her pussy and ass, but she was wearing a matching color skin tight costume that to the eye could not be seen at a distance. She had to have protection from all those dogs claws.

The two men watched with fascination. Dr. Morghimer had witnessed many women being mated

with a dog but only once a woman who had done three one after another but all had been single. There were twelve dogs together here and they were treating this woman as if she was a female dog - their bitch.

When the girl almost lovingly dropped to her knees in a flash one of the dogs leaped onto her bag and started humping against her bottom. It was soon obvious he had penetrated her because they heard her scream. Not a scream of terror but the familiar cry of a woman in the grip of passion.

The woman loved the first penetration the best. The wind being almost knocked out of her lungs from the initial assault. She loved the speed and the power of the thrusting. The way the dog's front paws powerfully held her around her waist. She could not match the rutting animal's speed and now as the cock grew inside her she could feel it bumping against her cervix at every thrust. And when she felt his knot growing bigger against the entrance to her cunt she pushed herself back against it. Pushing hard and finally feeling it enter. She screamed the word,

"Fffuuuuucccccckkkkkk!"

Dr. Morghimer and Sir Colin could feel their penises harden and push against their trousers and knew the dog was now cumming inside his human bitch.

They watched mesmerized as all the dogs took her. They lost track of time and then suddenly she was gone. In a flash she had got up and run away fast with the dogs snapping at her heels, further into the moor and darkness as the moon that had lit up the scene like a torch disappeared under the now gathering clouds.

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### **Part 3**

Georgina Parker was worried. She had met her old school friend, Susie Plumbridge with some other friends for morning tea and coffee and Susie had kept her back to ask her something.

Susie had become a bit of a celebrity because it was known she was secretary and companion of the great detective, Shylock Homes. It was because of this and the question she had asked that was disturbing her.

"Do you and Lord Percival know a Dr. Morghimer?"

She had felt a knot strike her stomach. What does she know, or more particularly what does the detective know?

She had answered 'yes' suspecting she was being tested, and proceeded to tell her much of the truth without incriminating herself and made out how she loathed the doctor. She had even mentioned the notorious "Hell Fire" Club where all sorts of perversions took place for the benefit of the nobility and the rich. If her husband knew she had been there as a performer her marriage would be over and her place in society lost. She would be ruined.

She thought back to the times she had been on the stage, heavily disguised and wearing a mask, whilst it revolved slowly in the center of the room so the fifty or more distinguished gentlemen could get a good view of the perversions she was performing.

Once she had nearly died when her husband was a member of the audience. Never once in their bed had he voiced such thoughts to her and that was the night she had mated with that dog.

It was an Alsatian (German Shepherd) called Max and it weighed 75lbs. and she had performed with him twice before. It was red/black in color and handsome. She wished she owned him but knew that was impossible.

Because Lord Percival was in the audience she had asked for a ball gag to be fastened around her mouth after she had given the dog's cock a few loving sucks. Her performance was that she was an innocent girl being forced to submit to a dog who would rape her. The ball gag fitted in well. She was worried her husband would recognize her cries of pleasure. She had had to fake most of them whilst in bed with her husband but here they would have been for real.

She had got down into her breeding position with her arms folded and her face on the floor in a final act of submission and heard the audience clap. She carefully positioned her ass so tilted up for easy access to her pussy that was open wide and wet. She felt a warm breeze around it as the dog neared and she shuddered slightly when Max's tongue entered her snatch. She moaned silently into the gag and the audience was now silent, engrossed in watching what was going on. She knew they were waiting for the actual bestial act and she wanted it too.

Finally the dog pulled his tongue free from her hone, his tongue coated with her juices that had flowed from within her vagina. She gasped when she felt Max's weight upon her back, feeling his big red and purple shaft poking at her pussy, trying to get inside her.

The dog missed at first, ramming his cock into the back of her thigh making her wince with the pain. He tried again and again but his excitement was making him continually miss and when he climbed down there was a noise of disappointment.

Max attacked her pussy again with his tongue and then he tried again. She wanted to help him, to guide him into her longing wet hole but that would have wrecked the illusion. So she had to be patient like the audience.

It took four attempts and finally when Max found her opening and thrust forward into her body the lords and nobles cheered and clapped. The sight of that monster shaft plugging her cunt was a beautiful sight. The Alsatian was totally dominating her. She was his. It was his hole and he claimed it.

"Hang on girl you're going to get the ride of your life!"

The voice rang out above the clapping and it was her husband who had shouted it out. There was no mistaking that high pitch, almost feminine inflection.

"I know you ass," she wanted to yell back at him, "I've done this many times!"

But she had to concentrate on what the dog was doing. He thrust four or five times until he was sure he had his cock fully inside with no danger of falling out. Then he started fucking her like the devil, his cock getting bigger and bigger. She even felt dizzy and spittle formed in her mouth that would have leaked out onto the staging but for the gag in her mouth.

Even when she felt Max's knot enlarging at the entrance to her snatch she pushed back against it, wanting it inside her too. The dog's pre-cum was making her passage well oiled and she knew the pain would only be slight and pain added to the pleasure, too.

There wasn't much room for that knot as she had a very tight vagina, too tight for the giant horse cock they had tried to get into her, but she there hadn't been any doggie knot she hadn't been able to accommodate.

She could feel the dog's tongue on the back of her neck now as he leaned forward and then with a huge shove he buried his knot right up inside her body. And then Max's big balls started emptying. Even so he still moved his cock in and out before finally stopping and laying his weight on her back allowing his hot, watery spunk to flood into her womb.

Just thinking about it made her wet and she had to masturbate, pulling up her dress and pushing aside her drawers, her fingers knowing just where it felt best.

When she had cum she decided she had better make that phone call.

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#### **Part 4**

Lord Shylock Homes was worried. He was having second thoughts on his idea of sending Susie to her bestial encounter at Mrs. Andrews Home for Dogs on Clapham Common. His impersonation of Dr. Morghimer was at the best risky and at worse could be a disaster.

He was meeting with the doctor not until the next day when he would be accompanied with the inheritor of the vast fortune, Sir Harry Masterwille. He pondered how he could rectify the situation.

The great detective would have been even more alarmed at what poor Susie was going through and what had been planned for her.

Susie was at that moment being mounted by her second dog, a Rottweiler, that was very aggressive. In fact he was to put it bluntly "banging the s—t out of her." The tip of his penis was driving into her guts like a jackhammer, over and over again, stabbing into the very bottom of her sex and hurting her. It was with some relief when her body started to get used to this un-natural and shocking intrusion and started taking the cock easily. The dog's cock was bigger than the Labrador and she could feel her vagina actually elongating and something else was happening to her. She was starting to have an orgasm.

Her whole body on the bed was jerking with the dog's motion and her breasts were practically bouncing as they hung heavily from her body and her pussy burned with the pre-cum she had become used to. She was experiencing spasms of pleasure and when she felt the knot forming she pushed hard back against it helping it force its way inside her cunt. Her clit thrummed and that great bulb of pulsating flesh stretched her pussy.

Whist the Labrador's knot had felt like a tennis ball, this one was like a cricket ball. As the Rottweiler started flooding her insides with his hot semen she found her cunt muscles clamping down on the dog's prick. The dog had stopped his rutting but his cum was still shooting feeling to her like a warm stain spreading throughout her vagina.

Susie was now going through multiple orgasms and this time she did not scream so loud as to frighten the beast laying still upon her back. They stayed tied together for nearly thirty minutes and she enjoyed every second of it.

Lying on the bed, even with the weight of the dog upon her, was much more comfortable than when she had been kneeling on the hard floor.

She did yell, "Ohhh ow! Ahh!" when the dog finally got tired and pulled his cock out of her pussy with a loud plop. There was a wash of watery doggie cum that spilled down her thighs and onto the tarpaulin. The dog licked at her bottom and when he eventually left her he was taken away by Edith..

Her vagina ached at the sudden emptiness and she could smell the musky aroma of the dog's and her own pussy juices. She collapsed down onto the bed and closed her eyes.

It was fifteen minutes later that she was told to dress as she had a date with a boar.

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## **Part 5**

*From the Diary of Susie Plumbridge*  
*Monday 15, 1956*

I was scared. I was led out of the Dogs' Home from the rear of the premises. The train lines going into Clapham Junction passed over the top of the building and I had not noticed any noise inside so it was well insulated against sound. Outside was a different story with trains rumbling past almost continually. I suspected this was the reason no one complained about the noise of barking dogs - it was drowned out.

I passed the kennels and there seemed to be a lot of dogs. I estimated over fifty. There was a sturdy wooden 10ft high fence enclosing the premises and we passed through a matching gate from a concrete path to a cul-de-sac where there was parked a small van.

Edith climbed into the driver's seat and Cecilia into the passenger's. The cameraman opened the rear doors and he indicated for me to climb in the back. He didn't even bother to help me up and it was a very unladylike manner in which I crawled head first into the back of the van. Having just acted twice as a real bitch I might as well continue the illusion I thought. Especially with dog cum running from my vagina.

The doors slammed shut and the man disappeared. Perhaps my date with the boar was not going to be filmed, but I doubted that.

It was extremely uncomfortable in the back. There was no seating and the van was probably used to pick up dogs but it was clean. I managed to prop myself up against one of the wheel arches but I felt every bump, and there were many, as the van sped out of London. There were no windows and there was a metal latticed screen separating the driver and the passenger from the rear area.

Although I could see a little through the screen and the front window of the van I soon got fed up with this and it was making my neck ache so I just laid my head back and closed my eyes.

Dr. Morgheimer was my worry. He was going to be there. What was I going to say to him? I decided on telling him most of the truth. I was gaining experience so I could join his secret animal sect (that was presuming he had one down in Devon) where Mr. Homes was sure the killer was a member. Feeling a little better now I fell asleep, despite the bumpiness of the trip.

It was the change in the noise of the tires running along the paved road and now the extreme bumps almost every second that awoke me just before I was sent sprawling across the van floor when one of the wheels went down a deep rut. We then came to a halt. We had arrived.

Edith and Cecilia alighted and it was Edith who opened the rear door and actually helped me get out.

There was no doubting we were at a pig farm. Pigs were everywhere including little piglets who were still nursing from their mother's teats.



Two men dressed in messy overalls and gumboots walked up to us. They both wore beards and I estimated one was in his fifties, whilst the other who looked to be his son was about thirty. He gave me a wink and I hurriedly looked away.

"So this is the boar's sow," the older man said. "Best looking one you've ever brought. Most have been fatter and uglier than Boris." The two men laughed. I scowled.

I presumed Boris was the pig. At that moment the cameraman arrived and started to unpack his bulky gear from his battered looking Ford.

"Can we do it outside? The light's better," he said.

"If it's OK with her?" the younger man said smiling at me.

"She'll do as she's told," snapped back Cecilia. "If she give any trouble, give her a few whips with a crop. But you're not going to do that. She asked to be bored by a boar."

She was the only one to laugh at her own joke. She looked around.

"Where's Dr. Morgheimer? He said he'd meet us here."

"Haven't seen him," said the older man. "We can't wait around. Let's go around the other side of the barn. More private and we can tie her up to a couple of the posts. She'll squeal just like a pig when he first gets it up her and will want to pull away."

"Not with that brute laying on top of her, Dad." The son said.

With that we strode off. After a couple of treads in what I was sure was pooh I took my shoes off and carried them. It made the walking a lot more easier over the grass and mud.

"You'll need to take all your clothes off," the son told me. "I'll help you if you like."

"That won't be necessary," said Cecilia. "Edith will do that."

"Yes, Jim," agreed the father. "You go and push a rag into that breeding sow's cunt and bring it back here. We want to get Boris excited and give this snotty nosed looking bitch a good fucking."

Snotty nosed looking bitch? How dare he say that? I now took a big dislike to Jim's dad.

The cameraman chose the best spot for his light and I was pleased there was plenty of grass for me to lie out on.

I was soon divested of my clothes and Edith did fold them up neatly and laid them over one of the rails that were attached to the rear porch of the barn.

There were a number of wooden poles that had at one time held up a roof and a small pile of coiled rope lying conveniently near by.

Jim came back with a large dirty red rag that was soaking wet and smelt of pig. I was told to lean over the rail with my legs spread. I felt Jim wiping the contents of the rag all over my pussy and even my ass and he even took the rude liberty of pushing part of the rag inside my cunt whilst he naughtily and un-noticed by the others pushed a finger of his other hand into my ass hole. It was only when I yelped he pulled it free and the rag from me at the same time.

He sniffed at his handiwork.

“She’s ready for breeding. I wish I could take a crack at her, too.”

“Wish on, Jim.” I said with a smile. I only fuck animals – animals with four legs that is.”

“I knew she was a snotty bitch,” snarled his father. “Can’t wait to hear her squeal and when Boris has finished with her she’ll have a belly as fat as a pregnant cow. Now go and get him.”

Whilst Jim left again, his father, went into the barn and came back with two low stools.

“These should be the right size. Remember, when he mounts you, keep your head down as far as you can. He’s been de-horned so he won’t pierce you. And he’s done a number of women and I think he prefers them to his own sows. He’ll really like you. Let’s get some ropes around her. Give us a hand.”

In a matter of a minute I allowed myself to be tied up by both legs and wrists, over two stools, to four of the posts. The ropes were strong and obviously used to secure huge pigs, so there was no way I was going to escape from the bonds. I was completely at the mercy of these weirdoes’s. What was I calling them? I was weirder than they were.

With my heart beating so hard I could hear it and although it was not terribly warm I was perspiring and wished this whole thing was over. I was not excited at this at all. The thought of fucking a pig did not turn me on at all.

Jim came back leading the biggest pig I had ever seen. He brought it right round so it faced me. If I was frightened before I was terrified now.

It was huge. It must have weighed nearly 300lbs; it was black with a large head and snout and upright ears. It stood at least 3feet in height to his shoulder.

He stared at me for a long time as if he was trying to hypnotize me before sniffing and walking to my rear. He sniffed at my pussy and I felt him pushing his snout into me. He then came back to my front and lifted his nose, making smacking noises with his mouth and I almost threw up when white spittle started to run out of it onto the grass. Then I saw his cock. It was hanging down long and thin, with a corkscrew like end that was obscenely screwing in and out. And this was going to go inside me?!!

The boar went to my rear again and I heard him grunting.

“He’s wants her. He’ll mount her any moment,” Jim’s voice betrayed his excitement. “Yes here he goes.”

I screamed as Boris mounted me. I struggled hard against my bonds but it was useless. I could feel is twisting cock touching my flesh and along the crack of my ass. I felt it getting closer to my pussy. With a sudden lurch his cock found its mark. It slid past my outer cunt lips, twisting and spinning its way in. Pre-cum ran back out of mys cunt as it spun deeper into me. I pushed as far forward as I could to keep from being bred. It was fruitless as the boar grunted and his cock twisted inside me. I could feel it screwing deeper inside, squirting and throbbing. I felt the tip of his cock against my cervix and then he grunted, slamming his ass forward driving his spinning cock into my cervix to the hilt. I heard him grunt he farted as he lurched into me again. His cock now stopped spinning and began to straighten deep inside me. The horny boar now was breeding me as his cock began to spew his piggy cum.

To me it felt like a hose had been turned on filling my insides. I could feel the filling me. I was now a

brood sow whether I liked it or not.

Boris's cock was locked into my cervix. He started to cum and cum and cum. It didn't seem to stop. At first it felt watery exactly like a dog's cum but as it was pumped into me I could feel it thickening. Every time he squirted his tip flexed and massaged my cervix causing me to squirm and squirm. It wasn't unpleasant at all and I felt myself incredibly starting to enjoy it.

That pig pumped me for at least twenty minutes. It didn't stop and I found myself climaxing. I tried hard to stop but I could not. I could hear myself moaning. I knew my audience was watching and enjoying my breeding. And it was all captured on film.

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## Part 6

Shylock was perusing the Ordnance Survey maps of Dartmoor carefully and memorizing every detail that was shown on them until he was confident he would be able to find his way around the area. He was just putting them away when Susie entered.

Even he was surprised when she entered. Yes, she was disheveled, even dirty but that was not what had made his brow rise and twist. Susie's belly was protruding as if she was pregnant - six months he would have guessed. But he said nothing and neither did she, and he went back to locking away the maps. When he had turned back she had disappeared into the bedroom and he heard the bath running.

He sat down in his favorite armchair and reached for his pipe and tobacco. He had just lighted the tobacco and was sucking hard on it when Jack Watson entered breathless and worried.

"I can't find her, m'Lord. I followed her into the dogs' home and she never came out. I waited an hour before making my presence known but no one answered. I went around to the rear and they must have left that way. They've got her and I don't know where she is. I'm sorry. I've got two men watching the place and they'll let me know if anyone turns up. There's somebody there looking after the dogs but whoever it is won't answer the bloody door."

"It's all right, my dear fellow. She's back."

There was a visible relief on the young man's face.

"And she's OK?"

"She appears to be but she went straight into the bathroom. However in just four or five hours she looks as if she's got pregnant. By the size of the bulge I'd say she was at least six months."

"Six months pregnant. That's impossible."

"Of course it is. I said, "she looks" as if she is. I'm sure I'll find out all the details when she's ready. I've never understood women, I'm afraid, Watson. They are strange creatures."

"If you say so, m'lord. Mrs. Hadsum said she'll have dinner ready in half an hour. Beef."

"A question for you. Whilst you were waiting outside the dog's home did you feel uneasy at all?"

"I'm not sure I know what you mean? I was worried about Miss Susie's safety."

"I'm sure you were, but that's not what I mean. Did you feel anything else that disquieted you?"

"Mmm. There was something. I had the feeling I was being watched and the home was being watched by someone else. I did see a movement - more than once - but it was quick and when I investigated there was nothing. I could have been mistaken."

"I don't think you were. Thank you, Watson."

He left.

Half an hour later Shylock put out his pipe and went to the bedroom door. It was now locked. He knocked. There was no answer.

"Mrs. Hadsum has cooked beef. It's ready."

No answer. He left and walked into the dining room and told Mrs. Hadsum Susie wasn't hungry.

An hour later and pleasantly full from eating he made straight for the bedroom and found the door now unlocked. Susie was laying naked face up with her hands over her swollen belly. Her eyes were open but unseeing. It was only when he sat down on the bed that she seemed aware of his presence.

"What happened?" he asked quietly.

Susie was hesitant at first but then she told him everything that had happened to her at the dogs' home. The detective didn't interrupt until she said how relieved she was when she arrived at the pig farm to find Dr. Morgheimer was a no show when he had been expected.

"Morgheimer was going to meet you at the pig farm?" he repeated, "but didn't show?"

Susie nodded.

"Now that's interesting. Go on."

Susie continued and told him how she had been tied up and she had been forced to mate with the boar leaving out that she had in fact climaxed a number of times during the act.

"When the boar, his name is Boris," she explained, "had finished, I thought it was over and I could go home but it wasn't. He took me again. That corkscrew cock of his twisted and turned inside me and locked itself into me once more. For almost another half hour he pumped my tummy full of his evil sperm. And it got thicker and thicker each time. With every mating he must have pumped almost two cups of it inside me."

Although he tried hard not to, Shylock felt himself becoming aroused and he found himself wishing he could have been there to witness it.

"When that was over, the cameraman decided he wanted a piece of me, too. And the others did nothing to stop him. He tried to force his dirty cock into my ass with no lubrication. I screamed at the pain and then I was rescued. Not by the people watching but by Boris. He heard my cry and he came running back and he snorted and he knocked the bastard off me and tried to head butt him. The father and the son tried to hold Boris but he turned on them. Then he moved up to me and licked my face. Tenderly. The boar licked my face. If I hadn't had been tied I would have hugged him. Then he took me again and this time I didn't mind. I even moved my body back onto his cock and I came and came with him. I welcomed his sperm. I wanted him to make me pregnant. I wanted

my womb to filled with his little piglets. And look at my tummy. It's swelled up. Its full of his sperm and when I move I feel it moving inside me. And I like it. Am I sick. Tell me Shylock. Am I sick?"

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## Part 7

Lord Shylock Homes did not sleep with Susie that night. He comforted her and stayed holding her in his arms until she had fallen asleep. Then he went back to the sitting room and sat down. He put on a tape of Ravel's Bolero and sat listening to it through his earphones thinking about Susie and how she had come into his life.

They had met through a birthday party at Lord and Lady Parker's mansion eighteen months ago and her beautiful eyes and her personality dazzled him. He found she was intelligent and she was the only woman who he found fascinating but there was an air of mystery about her that he could not fathom. He knew her mother had died when she was twelve and was estranged from her father who was a professor at Leeds University. He could find no such person named Plumbridge ever attending there either as a teacher or pupil. He had never pressed the matter.

What did bother him was the feeling he was being watched and this feeling had only started soon after Susie had moved into his London flat with him. Whoever, if there was such a person or persons, was indeed clever because he had never been able to establish beyond a shadow of a doubt he was being watched. Now he realized he was wrong. He was not being watched. It was Susie. Watson had confirmed it. Why?

Shylock hated puzzles. He had to solve them. This puzzle was too close to home. He wrestled with it but the music didn't help. The final crescendo of every orchestral instrument sounding in his ears still playing that same haunting, repeating, melody did not solve a thing.

There was much to be solved. He loved eroticism. It was like a drug to him and Susie's foray into bestiality had turned him on like nothing else. He felt his cock becoming aroused at the thought of watching her being bred by a four-legged animal and he had already decided that he would give her a present of a big male dog. With that thought, he took off his earphones and fell asleep in his chair.

Shylock was awakened by Mrs. Hadsum with the morning papers. He was shocked to find it was 7am. He glanced quickly at the headlines and was stunned to see one that said, "FIRE AT CLAPHAM COMMON DOGS HOME - Arson suspected. One dead. All dogs released probably by arsonist." The story said that the fire alarm was raised at around 3am by an adjoining neighbor. There was extensive damage to the building and a body of an unidentified male of about 25 was found inside the house. No dogs were found and it is suspected they were released before the fire started. Arson is suspected. Anyone with information contact ....."

He awakened Susie who was stunned to hear the news. She suspected the dead man was the photographer.

Mrs. Hadsum brought breakfast in to Susie on a tray and Susie just managed to conceal her still bulging tummy by wrapping one of the bed covers around her.

"You must be hungry, dear," was all she said.

"We had better get ourselves ready. We are expecting Dr. Morgheimer and Sir Harry Masterwille this morning and I would expect it will be earlier than later."

He was right, the clock had just struck 9am when there was a knock at the door but there was only one person standing there. Sir Harry Masterwille was alone. He was a small, alert, dark-eyed man about thirty years of age, very sturdily built, with thick black eyebrows and a strong, pugnacious face. He wore a ruddy-tinted tweed suit and had the weather-beaten appearance of one who has spent most of his time in the open air, and yet there was something in his steady eye and the quiet assurance of his bearing that indicated the gentleman.

After the introductions he expressed surprise Dr. Morgheimer hadn't arrived and whilst they were waiting for him Sir Harry gave a potted life history that was unremarkable. He was born in America and had only traveled to Canada where he had another home. He had never met Sir Colin or any of his ancestors. To be told he was the only surviving relative and had inherited a large fortune had astounded him. He was not a poor man himself but his fortune was not in the same league as the one he had now inherited. He had heard about the Masterwille legend, the hounds and the lady that was habitably pack bred on Dartmoor, near his family home, and smilingly said he was anxious to witness the event.

"Oh, I'm sure you will," observed Shylock.

Susie had worn a loose fitting smock to try and cover up her bulge but she was conscious of it, although the feeling of the pig sperm in her belly felt incredibly nice.

"Has anything strange happened to you, whilst you've been in London," Shylock asked Sir Harry.

"Happened to me?" he replied. "Not really, unless losing one of my boots is strange. I could have mislaid it, I s'pose. I had only just bought them. Dr. Morgheimer went shopping with me advising on the clothes and accessories I would need to be an English squire. When I went to put them on to come here this morning, one was missing. I can understand someone stealing a pair of boots but why only one?"

"Curious, indeed," agreed Shylock. "When are you proposing to go down to Dartmoor?"

"This afternoon. I have booked a seat on the 4pm train from Paddington. Ahh here is the doctor."

There was indeed a knock on the door but it wasn't Dr. Morgheimer. It was two gentlemen and one both Susie and Shylock recognized. Detective Inspector Legade from Scotland Yard. His features were unflatteringly as sallow, rat-faced, and dark-eyed and Shylock was oft to describe him as the best of a bad lot who had reached the top in the CID by bulldog tenacity. The man with him was plump, ruddy face and about the same height as his superior. He was introduced as Sergeant Paget. When Shylock told them who his visitor was Legade was pleased.

"Good morning, sir," he beamed. "Now that is a coincident as we have been trying to locate you. And I find you here with Lord Shylock. Well. Well."

"Get to the point, Legade. What do you want?" Shylock snapped.

"I believe all of you here know a Dr. John Morgheimer?" Legade answered.

"Yes," answered Shylock. "Susie and I met him for the first time yesterday and we were expecting him to meet him again this morning."

"I have only met him a few days ago after he had contacted me about my inheritance after Sir Colin Masterwille's unfortunate death," explained Sir Harry.

"Ahh, yes. A heart attack. Very sad. I'm afraid I have to report another death. Your meeting with Dr. Morgheimer will not take place. He's dead. Murdered. Throat cut as neatly as I have ever seen one."

After Legade's shocking announcement there was silence. You would have heard a pin drop.

The sergeant was looking at one of the newspapers on the table and had picked it up.

"Here's another coincidence, sir," he said to Legade. "The newspaper is folded to show the story of the fire at the Clapham Common Dogs Home. The one the deceased owned."

Susie now felt faint.

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## **Part 8**

"Congratulations, sergeant. Very observant," said Shylock, "but not very sinister. First of all I did not know Dr. Morgheimer was the owner of the Dog's home but that would explain why he invited Miss Plumbridge to visit there yesterday afternoon."

Susie now thought she was definitely going to pass out.

"And why was that, miss?" Asked Legade looking hard at Susie.

"She has been interested in obtaining a dog as a companion for a while. Dr. Morgheimer's own dog, a Golden Retriever, he had brought with him when he called here yesterday, and I expect the reason for your visit today, was quite taken with Miss Plumbridge," explained Shylock, his eyes inviting Susie to agree with him.

"Yes," Susie collected her wits together. "That's right. I did want a dog and Dr. Morgheimer's dog was very loving towards me. Extremely loving."

"Well he wasn't very loving towards me or my officers when we got the call something was amiss at his flat. Damned brute tried to bite us. In fact I've put a call out to have the damned beast restrained by a vet." Legade's face twisted even more rat like, as he in fact had been quite terrified of the animal. "Perhaps, when we've done here, Miss Plumbridge could come back with us there and we can see for ourselves this love?"

"We would be delighted, Inspector. I have a desire to inspect the premises where the deceased died," said Shylock.

Legade nodded and then asked, "Exactly what was the nature of Dr. Morgheimer's visit?"

"To protect Sir Harry from the phantom hounds and beasts of the Masterwilles as happened to Sir Colin Masterwille recently."

"Sir Colin Masterwille died from a heart attack. He had a weak heart. I was sent the documents of the case for an opinion. Do you have a weak heart, Sir Harry?"

"No I don't," said Sir Harry.

"Never-the-less, Legade, there were facts you were not made aware of pertaining to the legend of the Masterwilles," persisted Shylock, "and facts about Sir Colin's death that lead me to believe positively he was murdered."

"I see," said Legade, although he didn't see at all. "Tell me about the legend, not that I believe in them."

"Very wise, as usual. Legade," agreed Shylock, "However I believe someone is using the legend to his or her advantage. I will most certainly tell you what I know about the legend as I remember it as poor Dr. Morgheimer read it to me..."

## THE LEGEND OF THE HOUNDS OF THE MASTERWILLES

"The Manor of Masterwille was owned by a Lugo Masterwille who was a most wild, profane, and godless man. There was in him a certain wanton and cruel humor, which made his name a by-word through the West. It chanced that this Hugo came to love (if, indeed, so dark a passion may be known under so bright a name) the daughter of a yeoman called Stabledon, who held lands near the Masterwille estate. But the young maiden, being discreet and of good repute, would try and avoid him, for she feared his evil name. However, one Michaelmas this Lugo, with five or six of his idle and wicked companions, stole down upon the farm and carried off the maiden, whilst her father and brothers were away. When they had brought her to the Hall the maiden was placed in an upper chamber, while Lugo's friends held her down whilst Luo raped her. Not once, or twice but three times. Lugo boasted he had best put a bastard into her belly or else he would do it again. The poor maiden cried and said it was the right time of the month for it to happen but if it was so she would kill herself. Everyone laughed and Lugo said the night was still young and perhaps later his men would make sure of putting a baby in her belly as they would have there way with her, too.

So they left her and went downstairs to sit down to a long carouse, as was their nightly custom. Now, the poor lass upstairs could hear the singing and shouting and terrible oaths, which came up to her from below, for they say that the words used by Lugo Masterwille, when he was in wine, were such as might blast the man who said them. At last in the stress of her fear she did that which might have daunted the bravest or most active man, for by the aid of the growth of ivy which covered (and still covers) the south wall she came down from under the eaves, and ran home across the moor, there being three leagues between the Hall and her father's farm.

"Some time later Lugo and his guests went upstairs to have their way with her and Lugo planned he was going to take her a fourth time, too, but found the cage empty and the bird escaped. Then, Lugo became as one possessed by a devil, for, rushing down the stairs into the dining-hall, with his friends following, he sprang upon the great table, flagons and trenchers flying before him, and he cried aloud before all that he would that very night render his body and soul to the Powers of Evil if he might but overtake the wench. And while his friends stood aghast at the fury of the man, one more wicked or, it may be, more drunken than the rest, cried out that they should put the hounds upon her. Wherest Lugo ran from the house, crying to his grooms that they should saddle his mare and unkennel the pack, and giving the hounds a kerchief of the maid's, he swung them to the line, and so off full cry in the moonlight over the moor.

"Now, for a time the others stood aghast, unable to understand all that had been done in such haste. But soon their bemused wits awoke to the nature of the deed that was soon to be done upon the moorlands. Everything was now in an uproar, some calling for their pistols, some for their horses, and some for another flask of wine. But at length some sense came back to their crazed minds, and the whole of them, thirteen in number, took horse and started in pursuit. The moon shone clear above them, and they rode swiftly abreast, taking that course which the maid must have taken if she were to reach her own home.

"They had gone a mile or two when they passed one of the night shepherds upon the moorlands, and they cried to him to know if he had seen the hunt. And the man, as the story goes, was so crazed



with fear that he could scarce speak, but at last he said that he had indeed seen the unhappy lass, with the hounds upon her back. 'But they weren't harming her,' said he, 'for they were fornicating with her as if she was one of their own as if she was a dog bitch in heat. One by one they took her and by her sounds the lass, she was enjoying her debauchery. I stole away in case I was seen but I did see more than that, for Lugo Masterwille passed me upon his black mare. And then I saw something else. A beast, bigger than any dog I have ever seen. It had red blazing eyes like hot coals and it was watching from the top of the moor. As God forbid what I tell you is true.' So the drunken squires cursed the shepherd and rode onward. But soon their skins turned cold, for there came a galloping across the moor, Lugo's black mare, dabbled with white froth. It went past with trailing bridle and empty saddle. Then Lugo's friends rode close together, for a great fear was on them, but they still followed over the moor, though each, had he been alone would have been pleased to have turned his horse's head. Riding slowly in this fashion they came at last upon the hounds. There was no sign of the girl nor Lugo but the hounds turned and started to run from them.

"The company, now sobering up fast, rode forward down the goyal following the hounds. Now, it opened into a broad space in which stood two of those great stones, still to be seen there, which were set by certain forgotten peoples in the days of old. The moon was shining bright upon the clearing, and there in the center lay the body of Lugo Masterwille, which raised the hair upon the heads of his friends the squires, because standing over Hugo and plucking at his throat, was a huge beast with blazing eyes just as the shepherd had described. And standing close by watching was the lass smiling evilly and laughing with the hounds around her. And even as they looked the great beast tore the throat out of Lugo Masterwille, on which, as it turned its blazing eyes and dripping jaws upon them, the squires shrieked with fear and rode for dear life, still screaming, across the moor. One, it is said, died that very night of what he had seen, and the others were but broken men for the rest of their days. The lass was never seen again nor the hounds or the beast except for the sounds of a woman shrieking in ecstasy as one in a sexual tryst and the noise of beast howling as if it was devouring its prey.

"There. I don't believe I left anything out, did I Susie?" asked Shylock, smiling at the shocked expressions on the face of each of his listeners.

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## **Part 9**

Without much more chat and with Sir Harry corroborating that Dr. Morgheimer had indeed approached Shylock to protect him, everyone proceeded to the doctor's flat, which was in the affluent district of Maida Vale and close to Lord's Cricket Ground.

Holmes was most interested in the crime scene and registered his displeasure as to the number of people who had destroyed what he said could have been traces of evidence.

There were no visible signs of a break in so it seemed the murderer had to have been someone whom the doctor had known or somebody who had given him no reason to believe he would be attacked.

At first the Golden Retriever had been all snarls and growls and showing of teeth but when he saw Susie that all changed. He jumped up at her, barked excitedly and wrapped his paws around her licking at her face.

This satisfied Legade and when Susie suggested she take charge of the dog there was almost relief from the Inspector.

Then it was to Sir Harry's hotel, The Savoy, located on the Strand. His boot had still not been found and then because the hotel were not keen on having the dog stay there Susie returned to Shylock's flat where the detective with a twinkle in his eye suggested the two of them got to know each other better.

Shylock also said he thought it would be a good idea if Susie was to accompany Sir Harry to Devon and stay with him at the stately home. He had some business to take care of that would keep him in London for a few days. As the area was also where the late Dr. Morgheimer's had his home Susie would bring his dog with her. So it was agreed and Susie said she would be at Paddington in good time to meet the 4pm train.

Susie caught a cab back to the flat and she was relieved the dog did not try any naughty things with her.

It was a different story as soon as she was safely inside the bedroom. She had only just got inside and had turned to shut and lock the door when the dog pounced. He jumped up grabbing her around the waist and tried wrestling her down onto the floor. It was only the fact that the dog had pushed her against the flat of the door that kept her upright.

"Stay!" she yelled and to her surprise the dog stopped and dropped to the floor. He looked up at her with his tail wagging.

"Good boy." These were words she had heard masters say to their dogs and she bent down to pat him. Wrong move as he instantly sprang upon her this time knocking her over.

"Stay!" she shouted at him again and he instantly stopped but looked at her confused. She struggled up and said, "Good boy." When she tried to pat him he got excited again and tried to wrestle her down onto the floor.

"Stay!" she shouted again and when he stopped she shot into the bathroom and said, "Wait." This was another word that he responded to as the dog sat down on the floor with his mouth open wide grinning.

Susie was excited. She took her clothes off. But she was worried about the dog's paws. She was trying to remember his name but she couldn't recall if she had in fact heard Dr. Morgheimer actually say his name. She wanted a pair of Lord Homes's socks but that meant going out into the bedroom again. Then she spied the laundry basket, and she was in luck, her master had left a pair in there for washing.

Now totally naked she went back out into the bedroom and saying the word "Stay" again she set about putting the socks on the dog's front legs.

He was used to this and offered them up to her and she put them on. They were loose and she searched for something to keep them on and spied a roll of scotch tape on the dressing table. She used half of what was left in the roll and all was ready.

So was the dog and he grabbed her around the waist. She managed to stumble across the floor and fell face down onto the bed with her legs just touching the floor. The perfect doggie position.

The dog was behind her immediately and she felt his hot tongue licking feverishly up and down the crease between her ass cheeks, centering on her snug little anal mouth, then worming the tip, wiggling it between the clasping, baby-like lips of her vagina.

Susie gasped out with lust and moans came from her throat, almost involuntarily and tremors started forming along her body.

As the dog pushed and probed into her flesh her cunt moistened and wild sensations took over into the center of her belly.

The dog did not stop his administrations and she did not want him to. She choked and her desire filled young body wanted it even more as her legs widened to give the beast more access. Her moaning increased beneath his unceasing licking, her lust- inflamed mind slipping into a nirvana of pure sensuality. He too whined as his ravishing animal-tongue grazed and bathed her unresisting loins, from the tiny circle of her anus tingling upward through the hot wet crevice of her sensation-infused cunt. At the peak, it hesitated, his skill perplexing her when it abruptly flicked at the quivering bud of her clitoris, forcing a groan of enrapturing shock to burst from her lips.

Time lost its meaning! On and on it went, nothing else in the world of the least importance, nothing except the magnificent, relentless tongue licking maddeningly through and over her burning, passion-wet cuntal flesh until she was gasping and writhing in her feverish nakedness beneath it!

“Ooohhh ... ooohhh ... ooohhh ...” Susie groaned in throaty sounds as the Golden Retriever flicked his tongue in a fervid, spearing coil up beyond the clasping mouth of her well used vaginal passage!

“Oooohhh ... yes ... yes, darling! Do it ... do it for Susie, lover! Make me cuuummmmmmm!”

With an animalistic whine of her own she came. Her hands beat at the bedclothes as her body convulsed.

“Ooohhh God! ... I’m cuummmiiinnnggg ... babbyyyyy!” she cried.

Then she felt the dog move away from her and she knew what he wanted. She moved a finger to her anal opening and pushed it inside.

“Yes. Yes.” She cried. “Do it. Do it. Do it there!”

The dog obliged.

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## **Part 10**

James Watson was studying medicine and was almost qualified as a “doctor of medicine”. He had kept a friendly relationship with a female student and her mother who was in charge of the Central London Morgue and this was where the body of Dr. Morgheimer had been taken. Armed with camera he was lucky and found the mother, Mavis Jenkinson, on duty. With his natural charm and a pack of lies about doing research on murders especially knifings, Mavis told him he was lucky and produced the unlucky doctor’s body.

He took the photos that Shylock wanted and asked questions on what she thought the weapon was.

“A knife,” she volunteered. “And an especially sharp one.”

Watson looked at the wound keenly.

“Scalpel?”

"That would fit. And the person knew exactly how to use it. This was no butcher's job. Neat and tidy."

She said it with some approval.

"A doctor?" he asked.

"Yes but it could also be a huntsman. I've seen deer's throat cut in the same way?" When she saw James looking at her curiously she laughed. "My husband was a huntsman. He also used sharp knives."

With that she rolled the body away and Watson left making sure he asked about her daughter and promising to call.

Shylock was again talking to Legade where they were discussing Morgheimer's next of kin. Legade told him they knew of only one and she was in Scotland, near Edinburgh. The local police were in contact with her and arrangements would be made for her to come down and identify the body, although they were confident it was Morgheimer. For some reason, Shylock could not determine why, Legade didn't want him to view the body.

Morgheimer had a live in housekeeper at his Devonshire home and she had been notified.

Back at Shylock's flat, Susie was regretting her impulse to find out what anal sex with a dog was like. It was very painful.

Unlike a man, and Shylock was only one of three she had let into her most intimate and tightest hole, a dog was just as aggressive as if it was a pussy he was in.

When the sudden pain had caught her unawares and she had tried to move away, the dog had growled and held her more tightly. He seemed to be possessed by the devil.

She hardly dared to breathe as the dog's grip squeezed even more at her narrow waist and the arch of her naked hips. Her firm young breasts quivered and swayed beneath her chest from the jarring force of his powerful loins trying to seat themselves against her helplessly upraised buttocks!

Her tight anal passage felt as if it had been pierced with a sharpened, pointed log. She couldn't help but wonder if his huge burrowing cock hadn't ripped her wide open!

The Golden Retriever's battering charges as he clutched possessively at her naked waist and hips made it impossible for her to move and she had to resign herself to the pain. Thrusting! Thrusting! Like a searing firebrand it slithered in and out of her wildly claspng anal channel, spreading the tight passage open wider and wider as he hammered the long, pulsating cock deeper and deeper up into her.

The dog had felt her resistance at first, just as he sensed it draining from her naked, human flesh now as he watched the upper portion of her smooth, tapered back drop away before him until her pretty face and young white breasts were flattened down against the bedding, the rounded mounds of her resilient buttocks raised submissively to his assault. At last, he was going to know the powerful release of his throbbing loins after being denied by her the last time they had met.

He felt his long, rut-hardened penis slipping forward with a wet plunge until it was entirely buried in the clutching moist heat of her tightly clinging human passage, his swollen, sperm-laden testicles swinging down and slapping hard against the soft dampness of her dark-curling pubic hair. He knew this passage was different. It was the tightest human passage he was in. There was no wetness from

the human that was normal but his own pre-cum was making things easier. It was oiling up the flesh around his cock nicely now. Unceasingly, he bucked and battered into the hotly now yielding flesh, hearing her little moaning sounds and feeling the trembling nakedness of her soft white buttock flattening up against his hard belly as he attempted to skewer her onto the last remaining inch of his thickly swelling rod of hot animal flesh!

There was hardly time now for Susie to dwell on the pain or know any regret for her obscene willingness of not only to fuck the dog, but also to place herself in a position for him to take her anally.

This handsome massive dog was now causing the mind-shattering sensations his enormous canine cock inside her. At first, his savage thrust up into her back passage had nearly blinded her with the excruciating agony of its huge hardness bursting into her. But that torment had now passed and only the indescribable presence of his long thick penis plowing open the tight, resistant flesh of her tight anus registered in the young woman's mind!

She felt the texture of his sleek animal coat beneath his belly brushing teasingly against the smooth mounds of her naked ass-cheeks! Remembering, she gaped at the mirror that hung above the bed in bug-eyed fascination as the burning, scarlet rod raced forward with a wet, fierce charge, pistoning to the very hilt up into the clutching wetness of her friction-fired young anus! At the same time she saw and felt his heavy sperm-bloated balls swing punishingly down to smack against the flat softness beneath her pussy-hair as he fucked into her from behind.

Her head jarring from his every bestial, breast-jiggling thrust, the gasping young girl tried to concentrate on the long scarlet cock-length battering into her as she now found herself moving in salacious tempo back to meet his powerful rhythmic strokes! Wild sensations of unbearable lust saturated her nakedly slaving body as she thrust backward onto the ever-thickening cock digging still deeper up into her. Without mercy, his great muscular beauty pummeled the soft white cheeks of her widespread buttocks, his huge reaming cock a relentless shaft of glistening red joy sinking to its full capacity up into her sensuously enlightened belly! With uncontrollable gasps of passion, Lisa rotated her lewdly working ass-cheeks back at the dog in an obscene frenzy, wantonly grinding her anal passage down over the length of his wonderful cock!

The warning beacons through her lust-inflamed body like generated electric shocks, the unmistakable signal of the erotic climax. It rippled through the churning depths of her unseasoned loins with flashes of stabbing delight, licking hotly at the base of her quivering belly with an unequalled promise of rapture. Like the animal who was fucking her, she whined in the desperate reach for her elusive orgasm, gaping hungrily at the mirror to see the dog's thick wet cock disappearing up between the soft whiteness of her absorbing buttocks, his furious fucking timed in quickened, jerky animal strokes!

Susie's brain reeled in the torrent of her mindless passion, her glazed dark eyes feasting on the sensuous spectacle of her full young breasts quivering and swaying to the Golden Retriever's beautiful furry body, as she raised part way up on her elbows. She saw her own disheveled hair flailing when she tossed her head in cadence to the moans of gasping enchantment hissing from her chest!

"Ooohhhhh ... damnnnn ... you beautiful brute ... you are the best! Oohhh ...fuck me, loverrrrr ... give it to meee hardddd! Hard,... harrddd!" Susie bleated in choking, wanton joy. "Fuck it! Fuck it, darlinnngggg!"

The very animalish whine in her tone made the animal understand to the depths of his loving

instincts the pleasure he was bringing her. He whimpered back in response as he thrust frenziedly up into her struggling on his hind legs to move in closer. He fucked even harder into her and his tongue hung loosely from his open jaws in heated frenzy. The moment of release was almost there!

Abruptly, Susie raised her sensuously lax face to cry out a throaty, inhuman sound from deep inside her chest, Her lust-dimmed eyes grew round and totally blank! "Ooohhh ... ooohhh ... I'm going to explode, darling ... ! I-I'm mad! Do it for meeeee ... make me cum ... or I'll die ... make me cum ... lover ... cuumm!"

And instinctively, the dog knew, as he fucked with pile-driving fury into her. All of his past training from his master seeming to culminate in his skillful animal-loins, his mental bank guiding the increased hammering he pounded up into her tight passage. He heard her voice choke into a strangled blend of sob and sigh, saw her head tossing wildly from side to side, her hair flailing as she began the first convulsions of release!

Susie skewered herself back onto his long thick hard cock with a bitch wantonness she knew she would enjoy forever. The first spasm of her climax jolted her and she moaned, slamming her rounded white ass-cheeks back hard against the lust-quenching dog-cock with a desperate lunge! At the same second, the beast retaliated with a forward thrust and deep-chested growl.

Susie had forgotten the knot. Now his massive, burning huge bull of flesh burst into her with a searing pain that should have made her scream with agony. Oh, it hurt her. It was excruciating but she welcomed it. And at the same time his cock began to spew its hot animal sperm deep up into her depths with long, hard spurts.

"Ooooooh! OOOOOHHHHHHH!" Susie cried out passionately, her jerking buttocks beginning to contract convulsively to the insane eruption bursting hotly in her bottom. She threw her head from side to side with her naked hips in overwhelming, erotic bliss. Her ass still clasp and milking hungrily at her animal-lover's penis. She fell forward onto her breasts, gasping a sigh of heavenly joy ... and she lay tied to that cock for what seemed to her for hours.

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## **Part 11**

Susie just made it to the bathroom and as she sat down on the toilet seat the pig semen in her belly broke through its seal and pored out splashing the water below. The force sent almost a wave right up and it wetted her thighs.

She couldn't spend a long time as she had to pack and she wasn't sure how long she would be staying with Sir Harry Masterwille. She hoped it wouldn't be longer than two weeks so that was what she planned for. She called for Mrs. Hadsum to help and locked the dog in the bathroom.

The dog. She had to get some dog supplies, too and time was running out. She called a local pet shop and told them her predicament and she was going on a train journey of 2 ½ hours plus as she had to change trains at Exeter to go to Okehampton where Sir Harry's houseman/butler would be waiting. Although he was going to get a surprise when he found out his new master was accompanying a young woman and a dog.

The pet shop understood and said they would drop all the necessary supplies and provisions she needed within 30 minutes. She smiled to herself. Just the mention of the title "Lord" and people couldn't be more helpful.

With only a few minutes to spare she made it to Paddington Station with a struggling elderly porter pushing a trolley with much puff and blow that carried enough luggage he thought the lady was going away for six months!

A worried Sir Harry was waiting for her by the carriage door and even before the porter had got all her bags into the luggage compartment the guard was blowing his whistle to announce the train was about to leave. Sir Harry gave the porter a handsome tip and his once scowling face changed into a broad smile.

Susie was more than a bit miffed at Lord Shylock not being there but when they sat down in the comfortable first class compartment seat he handed her a long note contained in a sealed envelope from the great detective.

She was pleased they had the compartment to themselves and hoped it would stay that way. The dog laid himself out on the rest of the seat beside her and immediately went to sleep. She prayed he would be good, as she had no idea what excuse she would have to make up to Sir Harry if the dog started to get amorous with her.

Susie was also grateful the seats were heavily cushioned as her bottom hurt from the dog's pounding and the huge knot he had pushed right up inside her anus. He had even got it out before it had gone down almost pulling her off the bed.

Susie and Sir Harry would have been surprised if they had known they were not the last two passengers aboard that train. No sooner had they boarded when an elderly man came from behind a large concrete pillar and got in a compartment near to where they were. No sooner had that happened and with the train starting to move off, Jack Watson got up from a platform seat where he had been hiding behind an open Times newspaper, and dropping the paper ran and with a bit of scrambling managed to get onto the train with some scolding from the guard.

However, the other late boarder had watched him from his compartment window he had immediately opened. The man shut the window and looked thoughtful. His cover had been blown now and he pondered on what to do about it.

The elderly man and Watson were not the only two persons of interest either in our story. Both Mrs. Andrews and Edith were on that same train, too.

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## **Part 12**

Susie read the note from Homes. It asked her to find Dr. Morghimer's beastie friends (how was she going to do that? she asked herself) and persuade Sir Harry not to go out alone at night. She had his permission to "bed" him if she thought it would help (help what?) and he had told him they had an 'open' relationship. Harry had shown neither interest nor surprise. Harry was in great danger and to be on her guard. He would be with them both before the week was out. Any problems she was to leave a message with Watson.

She screwed the letter up before putting it in her handbag.

Sir Harry smiled at her and then closed his eyes as if tired.

"Christ," she thought to herself. "This is going to be a boring journey." She stroked the dog.

The late train boarder was in a compartment with two other people – a man and a woman whom he supposed were married. They made no attempt to be sociable and he was grateful for that.

He was a man in his early sixties with greying hair, a small moustache and a well trimmed set of whiskers. He had taken off his overcoat and hat and laid them by him hoping any would be passenger that might consider sitting there be put off. It normally worked. He thought about the man that had died at the dog's home. The damn fool wouldn't let him have the photographs or the film he had shot of Susie Plumbridge. So he had no alternative but to burn the studio he had there. It was not his fault the photographer had fought with him, got knocked out in the process and died in the fire.

Then he had learnt of the murder of Dr. Morghimer and the connection with the dog's home. All part of a puzzle and all part of an investigation by his arch enemy Lord Shylock Homes. But where was the detective? He hadn't boarded the train he was certain but his assistant Watson had and without the knowledge of Susie. What was worse he had suspected he would be on the train. Now how had Homes deduced that?

Further up the train towards the front was Mrs. Andrews and Edith and they were almost in panic mode. Their compartment was full and they were squashed together by two fat ladies with Andrews against the glass of the window.

"What are we going to do?" whispered Edith.

"Exactly what we are told." Hissed back Andrews. She tried to disguise her fear but her lips trembled.

"What do we do when we get to Exeter?"

"I've told you hundred times, Edith. We wait there for instructions."

Andrews stared out of the window watching the scenery change from the houses of the London suburbs to open fields feeling her stomach turn over and nearly jumping out of her skin when the compartment door slid open with a bang. A voice cried out.

"Tickets, please!"

Susie's stroking of the dog was pleasing the golden beast because he turned over onto his back giving her access to his tummy. She rubbed it and then noticed the tip of redness appear like a pencil from his sheath.

She continued her stroking and watched the pencil getting longer and a little drip of watery liquid appeared from the tip. She suddenly had a great longing to suck at it. She looked back at Sir Harry and his eyes were still closed. She then detected a sound of his heavy breathing and a faint snore. He was asleep.

Susie bent right over the dog and gently licked the dog's cock with the end of the tongue. Finding the taste not too unpleasant with a high metallic flavor she then wrapped her lips right around the cock feeling it swell in her mouth. She then attacked the cock with earnest.

She was so engrossed in her task with her heart beating at the naughtiness of her actions that she hadn't noticed Sir Harry's stirring. His eyes nearly popped out of his head at the sight of this beautiful girl sucking with obvious pleasure at a dog's cock.



He found himself being turned on and his own cock started to get so hard it was bulging almost out of his pants. He couldn't stand it any longer so he unbuttoned himself, walked silently over to Susie's and with his own cock now only a few inches from her face said:

"This one needs some attention, too."

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### **Part 13**

Susie did not miss a beat. She was so into sucking cock and enjoying it she opened her mouth for the baronet's stubby cock, sucked it, turned back to the very red doggie one, sucked at that, then back to the human one, and so on. She thought to herself she was like a car's windscreen washer going to and fro.

Cecilia Andrews and Edith both jumped at the ticket collector's voice. Andres had both tickets and the collector clipped them before handing them back.

"Exeter, second stop. First stop is Reading, in five minutes," he announced.

Watson was debating what to do about the elderly man. Should he confront him but he dismissed that idea. He decided to follow him but what if he didn't get off the train in Exeter. He had to find out where the man was going.

"Tickets, please."

He gave his ticket up. It got clipped. The ticket collector left and then he had idea.

The ticket collector made his way through the train and when he got to the first class section his eyes almost popped out of his head when he got to the first compartment. A lovely young woman was on her knees sucking at two cocks, one a distinguished looking gentleman's and the other a dog!

He didn't know what to do. Should he stop it and report them for indecency or do nothing and watch?

He decided to watch. If he reported it, it would involve him in extra paper work and time off to be a witness that he wouldn't get paid for. By the looks of the man and being in first class he was well off and it would be his word against there's. Plus he was getting an erection. He would do nothing except watch.

Then he realized in another minute the train would be stopping at Reading. If he played his cards right he might make something of this for himself.

He took a deep breath and pulled open the compartment doors.

"Tickets, please!" he barked at them, as if he was the dog.

The two humans collapsed before him leaving the dog still lying on his back on the seat with all legs apart and a good-sized very red erection from a crimson cock. The dog looked surprised and with disappointment registering at the suddenness of the stoppage of the thrills he had been getting.

"Reading is approaching. I suggest you make yourselves decent, sir."

Sir Harry hurriedly got to his feet, buttoned himself up while the dog decided to shoot his sperm all

over the seat in long watery spurts.

"I should report this," the collector said slowly looking hard at Harry.

"Ahh," Sir Harry understood the meaning and taking out his wallet said, "But there is nothing to report is there, my man. Nothing at all."

Two large bank notes were handed over just as the train slowed down and pulled into Reading Station.

"Good afternoon, sir. You, too, miss."

The ticket collector left and Susie burst into laughter and then Harry joined in. The dog looked at both of them and decided humans were a strange breed and set about licking his cock and wondered when he would be on the back of that bitch with his cock buried inside her. He hoped it wouldn't be long.

Looking at the wet pool of doggie sperm Susie reached into her handbag, found some tissues and proceeded to clean up the mess.

A couple of times the compartment door opened but as soon as the passengers saw the dog and Susie cleaning the seat they shut the door quickly to find another compartment. They assumed the big dog had peed, or even worse, on the seat. A stern faced woman even remarked that she thought dogs should be banned on British Railway's trains and she would be writing to her Member of Parliament about it.

A lot of people boarded the train and when it finally pulled away all second class compartments were full and over half of the first class. It was with some dismay when Susie and Harry had just breathed a sigh of relief that the door slid back and an elderly man with head bowed sat down in the furthest corner of the compartment.

The elderly man, yes it was the man that Watson was watching, carefully looked at the other two occupants beneath almost veiled eyelids.

After a while of almost silence Harry asked Susie if she was hungry or thirsty and if she was he would get something from the restaurant car. She said she was starving but she couldn't take the dog so Harry said he would bring something back.

Harry left giving the elderly man a hard stare but he was paying no attention. The bayonet left reassured that the dog would look after Susie.

It was only a few seconds later that Susie turned to the man and said, "Hallo father."

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## **Part 14**

The elderly man's wrinkled face broke open into a smile.

"My disguise can't fool my baby."

"I am not your baby."

"Oh, but you were once and you used to like our baby games."

"They weren't baby games. I should have told on you."

"You were 18. And I never forced myself on you."

"That was when you were my hero. And then I found out what you really were."

Susie looked away, staring at the window but not through it. She looked at her reflection in the glass and didn't like what she saw. She turned back to him.

"Why are here? On this train? Are you spying on me?"

"I wouldn't call it spying. I admit I have had you watched. From the day you left."

"Damn you!"

"I have never interfered. You've done exactly what you have wanted to do. I admit I wasn't too pleased when you took up with Shylock. Did you do that to spite me?"

"I didn't know who he was when we first met. I was attracted to him from that first moment. He intrigued me. Then when I knew he was, your biggest enemy, I had to have him."

"But you haven't told him who you really are....." It was a fact more than a question. "Why? Were you frightened he'd throw you out?"

Susie stared at her father. Her face expressionless. Finally she spoke.

"He's a great detective. Let him discover it himself. I'll take my chances when it happens."

"You'd better be prepared. He knows someone's been watching. He first thought he was the target. He's only just discovered it's you."

"And why are you watching me. Surely you have bigger things to occupy your time? Stealing the Crown Jewels? That was always the grand prize. Still out of your reach? Even too difficult for the great Professor Mariachi?" Susie taunted him and smiled seeing she had touched a raw nerve.

"It takes planning and patience. If you joined me it would be easier and quicker."

"I will never be a crook. Never! Not even for you. I never found out until too late that was the reason mother left you. I hated her for years and when I found out the real reason it was too late. She was dead and I never even went to her funeral." Tears welled up in Susie's eyes and she let them flow. She wanted her father to see the hurt he had done and why she would never be with him ever again.

He made a move towards her and the dog who have been lying on the seat beside her motionless and almost disinterested with half shut eyes, suddenly growled and showed his teeth.

Susie stroked him.

"See," she said. "Dogs always know a rotten person. Go away and stop following me."

"I have to tell you my reason and you asked me why. When I was told who had visited you at Shylock's flat and his friend who had died, Sir Colin Masterwille, I had to get involved myself."

"So you murdered, Dr. Morgheimer!"

"Of course I didn't. He was mixed up in a number of naughty things quite outside the normal scope of a distinguished doctor but he was not someone I would have any interest in killing. In fact I was present at a number of his private shows and I was impressively amused. Especially at the number of "society" women who took part. And of course, even royalty, were present in the audience. If he'd have lived you might have become one of his performers. I do believe that dog has been on stage." Mariachi made a great pretense at staring at the dog, who stared back at him. "Yes. It's definitely him."

Susie was now definitely uncomfortable and even felt herself beginning to blush.

"Don't blush, my dear. There's nothing to be ashamed at. I almost persuaded your mother to try it. She did allow the dog I got for her to lick her delicious pussy ———"

"Shut up!" Susie yelled. "I don't want to hear it. My God, you even tried to pervert my mother. You're a monster! I hate you!"

"But you enjoyed those dogs. Even the boar. By the photos and the film I watched you were enjoying it. It didn't seem perverted to you, then. And how many times have you enjoyed that dog? Why, I bet you wish you could be on your hands and knees with him on your back and his big red cock fucking you like you love to be fucked?"

"You've seen the photos? And the film? Oh no!"

"Don't worry, my dear. No one will ever see them but me. No one!"

"How.." began Susie and then she knew. "It was you. You set fire to the dogs' home. You killed that boy."

"I didn't mean for him to die but he wouldn't let me have the master film nor the negatives. He called you names and I wasn't having that. He was scum. The world's a better place without him. I won't lose a second's sleep nor will I think of him."

"You are despicable."

"Yes. I am. However, if I hadn't those photos and the film would have been circulated everywhere. How would you have liked that? And then there is the person or persons out there who murdered Morgheimer and Sir Colin and are planning on killing your new friend, Sir Harry Masterwille. Have you any idea of the danger you are in?"

"Who is it? Who are they? If you know you must tell me so I can tell Shylock."

"If I knew they would already be dead. There has to be more than one person. Maybe only one more at the top, but there are others who are being used. The ones you are trying to find. And I'm sure you'll find them but when you do you will be in the greatest danger of your life. And once you are in the only way out is death. Even if you know nothing. Or think you know nothing. And if they know you are working for Lord Shylock Homes you will be dead. Look what happened to Morgheimer. He came to your lover and poof he was eliminated. And even I don't know. Even my links to the mafia and the underground have produced nothing. I beg you, Susie. Get off this train at Exeter and go back to London. Even then you might not be safe."

Susie could see the worry in her father's face. She almost reached out a hand to him but she couldn't.

"I can fight my own battles. Even if I have to do it alone. Go. Please go."

Mariachi got up and went to the door. Before sliding it back he turned and said, "Watson is on the train. Homes sent him to watch after you. Please don't tell him who I am. He saw me boarding and he almost caught me when I was watching the dog's home."

Susie said nothing and avoided his gaze.

"You have two people watching out for you. I hope it is enough. If I said 'pray' you wouldn't believe me. I love you. I will kill for you and die, too, in trying."

He left.

Susie closed her eyes.

~~~~~

## **Part 15**

Susie had her eyes closed to stop the flood of tears from betraying her emotions. She had tried so hard to hate her father, the notorious Professor Mariachi, Europe's most wanted man. Did she believe him? She thought she did but he had betrayed her so many times.

She had been disappointed in Homes for abandoning her but her father said Watson was on the train and had even been watching her when she had visited the Clapham Common Dog's Home. However, that could have been her lover didn't trust her. Homes was just as complex and difficult to understand as her father. Was that the attraction she had for the famous detective? She dare not even think the word 'love'.

Watson was at this very time wandering through the corridors of the train wearing the train's ticket inspector's hat and jacket. A few pounds in the inspector's pocket and saying he was on a life and death case, his business card stating he was a detective working for Lord Shylock Homes, and the rest was plain sailing.

Watson hadn't found the elderly man but he had recognized Ethel as the woman who had opened the door of the dog's home to let Susie inside and her companion was the woman, Cecilia Andrews, who appeared to be the owner of the dog home, from Susie's description.

The Andrew's woman was testy when he asked to inspect their tickets asking how many more times they were going to be disturbed as it was the second time. Watson apologized and said it would be the last but new passengers had just joined the train.

Watson noted they were leaving the train at Exeter and politely inquired if they had made arrangements for a pick up at the station as taxi cabs were scarce in the evening and the bus service was unreliable.

Ethel, who rather fancied the handsome young man volunteered that they were going to be picked up. She added how much she liked being picked up with a suggestive smirk and meaning he could not doubt what she meant.

He gave her a smile and left the compartment with a feeling of lust.

He hadn't found the elderly man he was looking for and he carefully avoided eye contact with Sir

Harry Masterwille who was busy placing a food order in the Buffet Carriage. It was after he had made his way out of the carriage when he bumped into a man approaching from the other direction in the corridor. He apologized and then realized he was looking into the face of his quarry.

"Ah," he gasped out. "Can I see your ticket?"

"No," came the unexpected reply. "And what are you going to do about it, Mr. Watson?"

Watson was staggered. He couldn't come up with anything but to say lamely, "Who? I'm a ticket inspector."

"No you are not. Tell your employer, Lord Shylock Homes, Professor Mariachi's interest in the Masterwille mystery is a personal interest. Otherwise he would not be here. For the first time Mariachi and Homes are working on the same side. It will most likely be the only time. Good day"

Mariachi pushed past Watson only to come face to face with Sir Harry who was carrying a full food tray. Watson scurried away quickly his head buzzing with Mariachi's words.

"Are there any seats vacant in the Buffet section?" Mariachi asked Harry.

"Er- yes. One or two."

"Good. That young lady you are with. Her dog. It growled at me. If I had stayed any longer I fear the animal would have bitten me."

He moved off leaving Harry with an apology from his mouth that was given to a receding man's back.

When Harry got back to Susie nothing much was said. She thanked Harry for the food and beverage and after the meal she sank into silence and after a number of unsuccessful tries at conversation he gave up. The dog slept and the rest of the journey was uneventful.

When the train pulled into Exeter St David's it was raining and the breeze was enough to move the damp smoke from the train's engine into Susie's eyes as she disembarked. A porter was luckily on hand and was quite cheerful with all the luggage and she was relieved to learn that the Okehampton train was already in the station waiting on another platform. This involved climbing along flight of stairs and she was grateful the porter was there. He was most adept at pulling his laden trolley up and down the steps. Plenty of practice Susie thought.

It was then she noticed Ethel and Cecilia. A tall elegant man was with them and he was black. The sight was unusual and he aroused a good deal of attention but he ignored it. He was extremely courteous to the two ladies who Susie observed were only carrying hand luggage. She failed to notice the two ladies were being followed by Watson.

Watson had lost sight of Mariachi and no matter of how he looked he could find no sign him. Giving up he decided now to follow Ethel and Cecilia and despite his improvised statement there would be few taxi cabs he was relieved there were in fact a lot. He was able to find one and a driver who knew exactly who the black gentleman was with the ladies. He told the cabbie to find him a guest house close to where they would be staying.

Mariachi watched all the goings on and deciding Susie would be safe and knowing where she was going decided to follow Watson.

The Okehampton train did not have the comfortable seating of the previous train but thankfully the journey was short. She had wondered if they were going to be met and when they alighted onto the station steps, a small middle-aged man with a lined face and small beard came walking along the platform asking for Sir Harry Masterwille. He was wearing a flat hat, black livery and big heavy boots.

He was surprised at finding with Sir Harry accompanied by a young woman but made no comment except to ask if she would be requiring a room to herself. It was Susie who answered quickly, "Yes."

The man introduced himself as Larrymore and had served Sir Colin along with his wife as housekeeper. However, he said his wife wanted to leave as soon as possible as she was upset at her late employer's death and the Masterwille legend that she believed in.

It was then Larrymore noticed the dog.

"Good heavens," he said, "Galahad. That's Dr. Morgheimer's dog. I'd recognize him anywhere."

Galahad recognized Larrymore and wagged his tail furiously, sniffing and licking his hand.

"What is he doing here with you, if I may ask, Sir?" he inquired.

"I'm looking after him. I'll return him to the doctor's house if you show me where it is."

"His housekeeper can look after the dog," said Harry.

"But what about Doctor Morgheimer?" asked Larrymore.

"Oh," said Harry, grimly. "You haven't heard. Morgheimer's dead. Murdered. Throat cut. That's why Miss Susan Plumbridge is here with me. She is an investigator with Lord Shylock Homes. No doubt you have heard of him?"

Larrymore nodded and looked at Susie with more respect.

"Under no circumstances are you to divulge the nature of Miss Plumbridge's visit here. You are just to say if anyone enquires, she is .... " Harry stopped to think. "Niece. That's it. She is your niece. Now come on man. It's raining. Let's be off."

Larrymore jumped to attention and ushered them outside, calling for help from an elderly station porter to assist with the luggage.

The vehicle they were to travel in was an open carriage drawn by two horses.

"I'm sorry," apologized Larrymore. "I didn't know the young lady was coming. I thought you would enjoy the ride across the moor, Sir Harold."

"Harry," growled the baron and it was the first time Susie recognized his American accent.

"Sir Harry." Larrymore corrected himself. "I would have brought the Bentley but the rough flint track across the moor would have shredded its tires. It also takes half an hour longer to go via the paved road. It wasn't raining when I left and the weather forecast never mentioned rain."

"Don't mind me, Larrymore," Susie said, moving into her role as an investigator. "I've been studying the maps of Dartmoor and I will welcome the ride." She remembered Homes examining the Ordnance Survey maps of the area Homes had been meticulously studying.

"There's plenty of blankets and tarpaulins to keep you warm and dry in the carriage." Larrymore said, still very apologetic.

It took nearly fifteen minutes to get the carriage loaded up and everyone comfortable before everyone was on their way.

The carriage was surprisingly well sprung and Susie found herself enjoying the trip and the rain stopped thankfully.

The road across the moor was indeed rough but the horses and carriage was up to the job. With the evening light now fading Susie suddenly was aware of barking. Galahad had heard the noise first and had sprung to his feet beside Susie with a growl.

"Dogs. Lots of them by the sound of it. Are there hounds kept around here?"

No, sir," announced Larrymore with an anxious voice. "And they're coming this way. What should I do, sir?"

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## **Part 16**

There was nothing anyone could do. Galahad was now going berserk and barking his head almost off. Sir Harry was about to shout to Larrymore to whip the horses into a frenzy to pull the carriage as fast as they could. However, the horses had stopped in fright and Larrymore was having a hard job controlling them as the carriage was in danger of being upturned.

Larrymore did the right thing, jumped down in front of the horses, held their reins tight and spoke gently to them.

Then a pack of hounds - about twenty plus - were upon them and surrounded the carriage. From a pocket, Sir Harry took out a revolver, cocked it and was about to fire it when Susie shouted at him.

"No!" she yelled. "You'll terrify the horses and it will be a disaster for all of us."

With that she jumped down and yelled at the hounds to stop in the most commanding voice she could muster. She nearly went over when Galahad also jumped down landing almost on top of her. The dog was protecting her because he bared his teeth at the hound and stood right in front of his mistress.

Amazingly, it all worked. The hounds stopped barking and just stared at them all. They had them all surrounded.

It was then that three riders on horse back arrived and following them was a Land Rover with the words "Devon Constabulary" painted in big letters on the side.

In the vehicle were two uniformed police officers, one being the driver and two others with uniforms that Susie and Larrymore recognized as Prison warders. Dartmoor prison was not far away and they guessed that's where they had come from.

The horse riders were dressed appropriately and comprised two men and a lady. Larrymore knew them and touched his cap with his hand in a respectful gesture.

"Mr. Stabledon, Miss Belinda. Governor Frickland. Sir Harry Masterwille. Miss Susan Plumbridge."



The initial hostility from Frickland evaporated instantly upon the introduction of Harry. He immediately alighted from his horse just as one of the police officers climbed out of the Land Rover.

"My dear, sir," Frickland said, extending his hand to Harry. "I suggest you put that pistol out of sight before the Chief Constable sees it."

Harry managed to put the weapon back into his pocket just before the very irritable top ranking police officer burst onto the scene.

"Damn. Your bloody dog has led the hounds off the scent. Wasted our time. Belden must be many a mile away by now." He retorted angrily.

"And your bloody dogs spooked our horses and nearly caused us an accident, sir," answered Harry just as angrily, with emphasis on the 'sir'. "And damn to you, too."

"Chief Constable, this is Sir Harry Masterwille. The new owner of the Masterwille Hall, and the largest estate in these parts. We apologise for what has happened. We are after an escaped murderer, Jacob Belden, and the hounds had his scent at first before veering off when they smelt your dog." Frickland was doing his best to pour oil on the developing situation. "I am the Governor of HM. Prison Dartmoor. Mr. Stabledon and his sister oversee the dogs that are in the care of the prisoners."

"We train the dogs and the prisoners how to look after them. They know if they try and escape their own dogs will catch them," said Belinda Stabledon. She looked a good ten years younger than her brother, who appeared to be taking no interest in the situation.

"Nice to meet you, Sir Harry. I hope you will be very happy here. We were all very sorry at Sir Colin's death. He was a very generous man and well liked."

Harry climbed down from the carriage and took Belinda's right hand. He kissed the back of it and smiled at her. Susie noticed with some amusement and a woman's intuition that Harry was finding Belinda attractive.

"Thank you, Miss Stabledon. I hope you can visit me in a few days for dinner at The Hall. It won't take long for me to get settled," he said, beaming at her. "Oh, and of course, your brother."

"I - we will be delighted, won't we John? Shall we say, Saturday?" Belinda said, smiling back and even fluttered her eyelashes at Harry, making him blush and not waiting for an answer from her brother. She then turned to Susie with a keen interest.

"And Miss or Mrs Plumbridge? May I ask your relationship with Sir Harry?"

"It's Miss. Everyone knows me as Susie. And I'm Larry - ehm his niece," pointing at Larrymore, not knowing his Christian name.

"Really. Is that true, Larrymore?" Belinda's voice showing some disbelief.

"Yes, that's true, Miss Belinda. She calls me Uncle Larry still, from a little child. Not seen her for years," replied Larrymore, quickly.

"Nor ever mentioned her," said John Stabledon, suddenly joining the conversation. "And what are you doing with Dr. Morgheimer's dog?" He stared at Susie with cold eyes.

"Returning him. I have been friendly with Dr. Morgheimer," Susie said, not flinching from John's

gaze. "Very friendly and Galahad and I are even closer friends, aren't we, darling?" And she bent down and hugged the dog who at once decided Susie wanted him to perform and jumped upon her knocking her to the ground. He even dived down between Susie's legs burying his nose right between her legs under her skirt.

"Stop it, now!" Susie yelled and the dog thankfully obeyed. Harry helped her to her feet.

"Yes," said Belinda, "I can see you and Galahad are very close."

"Doctor Morgheimer was murdered either last night or the early hours of the morning. His throat was cut," Harry announced. Watching keenly the surprised and horrified faces.

"Good God!" exclaimed Frickland, and turning to the Chief Constable. "Did you know of this Oswald?"

"Yes, of course." Answered the Chief Constable, actually getting a red face. "I could not inform everyone until his relatives were notified. And, with Beldon, escaping...."

"Yes, of course, Oswald" agreed Frickland, nodding.

"Excuse me, sirs, ladies," interrupted Larrymore. "We must be going. Dusk is already settling in. It will be dark before we get to the Hall. And if we stray off the road in the dark we'll be in one of the marshes."

"Agreed," said Harry, helping Susie into the carriage with Galahad immediately jumping onto her lap and licking her face. He climbed up beside her.

"I look forward to Saturday," said Belinda.

"No more than I," said Harry who even touched his lips with a finger.

"If you see a man alone on your troubles, apprehend him if you can. He's bound to be Belden." Yelled Oswald. "But be careful he's a killer."

The carriage drove off leaving the hounds with the horses, who rode off back across the moor.

"What did Beldon do?" asked Susie of Larrymore.

"He murdered his wife's doctor. He slit his throat."

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## **Part 17**

Watson watched the house that was only a few minutes from the guest house the cabbie had dropped him.

The house was detached, old but in a good state of repair. Three stories high with stone steps leading up to a large white painted door. Tall sash windows indicating high ceilings to the rooms and he noted the iron security bars embedded into the stone sills, even to the windows on the upper floors. There was also a basement and an iron 8ft high railing around the building and although there were steps leading down to the basement from outside this was barred by a similar railed gate.

He had discovered the tenant of the house was a woman, known locally as Lady Beth. No one knew if

she was really titled but no one cared. She was rarely seen in public but gave generously to charities and attended only the 'invitation' prestigious events. No one knew her age and the cabby said on the two occasions he had seen her he estimated she could be between 30 and 50. She had always worn a huge hat with a veil so he couldn't describe the lady's facial features but she had "a good figure and bust".

The black gentleman, though, was well known. He was from the West Indies, probably Jamaican, but well educated (by his speech and manner). He was very friendly and spoke to everyone with a charming smile. "Probably in his thirties, and plenty of muscle under his fancy clothes," offered the cabbie. "Calls himself Peter DeFreitas, frequents the local bars and clubs, drives a black Jaguar XK150 Sports when he's not driving Lady Beth in a Mercedes-Benz 300 Adenauer. Lovely car. Looks brand new and probably is. She used to have an old Bentley before that. That woman's got money and she's posh."

"DeFreitas probably keeps her satisfied," he added with a wink as they drew up to the guest house. "You'll be comfortable here. I've dropped many a visitor off here. No complaints only accolades."

Watson wondered how much the owner of the guest house was paying him for the referrals but thanked the cabbie and gave him a good tip. He also noted that the car that Cecilia and Edith had climbed into was a Mercedes-Benz.

Whilst Watson was watching the house, Professor Mariachi was doing the same but taking photographs with a sophisticated HIT 'spy' camera that he had no difficulty concealing from any casual observer. He was grateful the house was well illuminated. He guessed it was for security and he noted the railings and barred windows. He also wondered if the security in place was not only to keep people out but also in?

Susie was intrigued that Larrymore seemed to know about the escaped convict, Beldon, and asked how and was told it was "in all the papers" and would offer no more. She was positive he knew more and wondered why he had suddenly clammed up. The only other information he offered was the convict had escaped three days ago and must be long gone and the police and prison staff were wasting their time prancing over the moors.

If this was the case, Susie surmised, then Beldon could easily have been in London and cut Dr. Morgheimer's throat. The only reason was why. Perhaps he had a hatred of doctors? She quickly put that thought away.

The dog was now getting notably frisky and her attention was drawn to trying to calm Galahad down. She could feel his cock getting bigger against her thighs where the beast had managed to work his bottom between her legs. He was also nuzzling his head hard against one of her breasts and she was becoming alarmingly aroused.

Thankfully for her the journey was coming to an end.

The road had grown bleaker and wilder over huge russet and olive slopes, sprinkled with giant boulders. They had just passed a moorland cottage, walled and roofed with stone, with no creeper to break its harsh outline. Then Susie looked down into a cuplike depression, patched with stunted oaks and firs, which had been twisted and bent by the fury of years of storm. Two high, narrow towers rose over the trees. Larrymore pointed with his whip.

"Masterwille Hall," he announced.

Harry stood up and stared with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. A few minutes later the carriage

reached the lodge gates, a maze of fantastic tracery in wrought iron, with weather-bitten pillars on either side, blotched with lichens, and surmounted by the boars' heads of the Masterwilles. The lodge was a ruin of black granite and bared ribs of rafters.

Through the gateway they passed into the avenue, where the wheels were hushed amid the leaves, and the old trees shot their branches in a somber tunnel over their heads. Harry shuddered as he looked up the long, dark drive to where the house glimmered like a ghost at the farther end.

"Was it here where he died?" he asked in a low voice.

"No, no, it was in the yew alley on the other side."

The young heir glanced round with a gloomy face.

"It's no wonder my uncle felt as if trouble were coming on him in such a place as this," he said. "It's enough to scare any man. I'll have a row of lights up here inside of six months, and you won't know it again. They will go right up to the front door."

The avenue opened into a broad expanse of turf, and the house lay before them. In the fading light Susie could see that the center was a heavy block of building from which a porch projected. The whole front was draped in ivy, with a patch clipped bare here and there where a window or a coat of arms broke through the dark veil. From this central block rose the twin towers, ancient, crenelated, and pierced with many loopholes. To right and left of the turrets were more modern wings of black granite. A dull light shone through heavy mullioned windows, and from the high chimneys which rose from the steep, high-angled roof there sprang a single black column of smoke.

"Welcome, Sir Harry! Welcome to Masterwille Hall!"

A small stout woman stepped from the shadow of the porch to open the door of the carriage. Larrymore introduced her as his wife, Alice. She helped him hand down the luggage.

Everyone went into the house. It was a fine apartment, large, lofty, and heavily raftered with huge baulks of age-blackened oak. In the great old-fashioned fireplace behind the high iron dogs a log-fire crackled and snapped. Harry and Susie held out their hands to it, for they were numb from the drive. They gazed round at the high, thin window of old stained glass, the oak panelling, the stags' heads, the coats of arms upon the walls, all dim and somber in the subdued light of the central lamp.

"It's just as I imagined it," said Sir Harry. "Is it not the very picture of an old family home? To think that this should be the same hall in which for over five hundred years my people have lived. It strikes me solemn to think of it."

Susie saw his dark face light up with a boyish enthusiasm as he gazed about him. The light beat upon him where he stood, but long shadows trailed down the walls and hung like a black canopy above him. Larrymore had returned from taking their luggage to their rooms. He stood in front of them now with the subdued manner of a well-trained servant.

"Would you wish dinner to be served at once, sir?"

"Is it ready?"

"In a very few minutes, sir. You will find hot water in your rooms. My wife would like the dog to be put outside. In fact she insists on it. Sir Colin agreed with her and would not allow dogs inside."

"No!" exclaimed Susie, as Galahad had made himself comfortable by lying fully out on the floor in front of the fire. "He will stay with me in my room."

"I'm afraid, miss, my wife will leave immediately and I will have to go with her."

"No. No." Harry quickly tried to avert the confrontation. "There must be somewhere comfortable outside the dog can go. An outhouse perhaps? A cellar?"

"I didn't mean outside in the open," explained Larrymore. "There is the small outhouse just by the kitchen. It has a bedroom combined with a sitting area. Very small but fine for the dog and it has a fire. Alice is lighting it now. It was used for a scullery maid. Galahad will be very comfortable there, miss."

"Very well. But show me," said Susie, already knowing in her mind that she would be spending the night there with him.

"Of course. And now, perhaps I had best show you to your rooms." Larrymore bowed with a very relieved expression on his face.

A square balustraded gallery ran round the top of the old hall, approached by a double stair. From this central point two long corridors extended the whole length of the building, from which all the bedrooms opened. Susie's own was in the same wing as Harry's and almost next door to it. These rooms appeared to be much more modern than the central part of the house, and the bright paper and electric lights did something to remove the somber impression which their arrival had left on their mind.

But the dining-room which opened out of the hall was a place of shadow and gloom. It was a long chamber with a step separating the dais where the family sat from the lower portion reserved for their dependents. At one end a minstrel's gallery overlooked it. Black beams shot across above their heads, with a smoke-darkened ceiling beyond them. With rows of inadequate lighting, and the colour and rude hilarity of an old-time banquet, it might have softened; but now, as Susie and Harry sat in the little circle of light thrown by a shaded lamp, both their voices became hushed and one's spirit subdued. A dim line of ancestors, in every variety of dress, from the Elizabethan knight to the buck of the Regency, stared down upon them and daunted them by their silent company. They talked little, and both were glad when the meal was over. Harry retired into the modern billiard-room to smoke a cigarette whilst Susie went with Larrymore and Galahad to the outhouse.

Although small it was comfortable and nowhere as intimidating as the main building. The fire was blazing and the room was already warm. Galahad made himself immediately at home, almost as if he had been in there before. He didn't seem to mind when Susie left him and didn't even open an eye that had both closed as made himself comfortable.

"I'll be back soon," she whispered in his ear.

"He'll be fine there," said Larrymore.

"Has he been here before?" asked Susie but Larrymore had gone well ahead of her and if he did hear made no comment.

When she reached Harry he put out his cigarette and they both walked up the stairs together to their rooms.

"My word, it isn't a very cheerful place," Harry murmured to her. "I suppose one can tone down to

it, but I feel a bit out of the picture at present. I don't wonder that my uncle got a little jumpy if he lived all alone in such a house as this. However, perhaps things may seem more cheerful in the morning."

Susie drew aside the curtains before she went to bed and looked out from her window. It opened upon the grassy space that lay in front of the hall door. Beyond, two copses of trees moaned and swung in a rising wind. A half moon broke through the rifts of racing clouds. In its cold light she saw beyond the trees a broken fringe of rocks, and the long, low curve of the melancholy moor. She closed the curtain, feeling that her last impression was in keeping with the rest.

And yet it was not quite the last. She waited patiently for when she could visit with Galahad. She started to masturbate, slipping one and then two fingers into her pussy. She imagined it was the dog's tongue down there, licking away at her juices that were in fact really starting to flow. She squeezed her left breast with her other hand, and one finger played with the nipple making it stand firm and erect. Far away a chiming clock struck out the quarters of the hours, but otherwise a deathly silence lay upon the old house. It was time. Slipping on just a dressing gown over her naked body she crept silently down the stairs, through the dining room and into the kitchen. She opened the outer door finding it surprisingly unlocked and both top and bottom bolts drawn. She stepped outside and found the lights were on in the outhouse. As she got to the door she could hear sounds.

In the very dead of the night, there came to her ears clear, resonant, and unmistakable. It was the cry of a woman, a woman in the throes of an orgasm. And there was another sound, too. A sound now familiar to her. The pants of a dog as it shunted in and out of a clinging cunt lying atop his bitch.

Creeping as quietly as she could she looked inside one of the windows. There was Alice, Larrymore's wife, on her knees, her face almost touching the floor, her arms and her hands thumping at the carpet and Galahad upon her back giving her a thorough pounding. His jaws wide open with a huge smile and his back legs pushing his cock further up inside his human bitch for all his worth.

Then Susie felt a presence behind her. Two hands grabbed her from behind, one going around her throat and the other around her waist holding her with a grip of steel.

"Don't utter a sound," came a voice she had not heard before.

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## **Part 18**

Susie was afraid but her wits were still about her. She didn't attempt to struggle but went totally limp as if in a swoon. The man who had her in his grasp immediately loosened his grip and even took his hand away from her throat as if fearing he had strangled her.

The girl instantly came to life. She let out an almighty scream, turned within his grasp and thrusting her hand between her assailant's legs grabbed and squeezed hard at the flesh she found there.

The man let go and sobbed with the pain. Their eyes locked and she saw a yellow face, not an evil one but most terrible. Like an animal's, all seamed and scored with passions. Foul with mire, with a bristling beard, and hung with matted hair, it might well have belonged to one of those old savages who dwelt in the burrows on the hillsides. The light from the window of the outhouse was reflected in his small, cunning eyes that peered fiercely at her with almost sorrow.

Then he was gone. He turned and fled. It was then she noticed he was wearing a prisoner's clothes.

The man was Beldon! The escaped prisoner.

Watson decided to do a patrol around the house he had been watching. He had to be careful because of the lighting and there was just a narrow grassed area between the house and the property next door. He would have some explaining to do as to what he was doing there if he was caught.

He was. He had almost reached the end when a man immediately confronted him. A handsome black man. Peter DeFreitas!

"My dear, sir," DeFreitas said with almost an American Southern gentleman's drawl. "And what might we have here?"

"Sorry," Watson said, lamely. "Just trying to take a piss."

"Really? Now, why don't you come into the house and take your piss?"

"No. Thank you, but no." Watson turned and was already starting to walk away when a hand gripped his arm.

"No. I insist."

Watson then saw the gun. DeFreitas was smiling.

"You must be the man my cabbie friend told me was making inquiries about me and Lady Beth. She particularly wants to meet you. Me? I'd sooner get rid of you right now. After you had told me why you are here, of course. I saw you at the train station and presumably your real interest lies with the two ladies I escorted here. But you will tell Lady Beth and then I'll dispose of you. Come or I'll shoot you now, in your stomach. A most painful and slow death. I have watched many a man die that way, begging me to end it. I didn't."

Watson then saw DeFreitas screw a silencer on to the gun's barrel.

"Come, my dear sir. My lady awaits you."

Watson had no choice. As he walked past DeFreitas he almost tried a lunge but DeFreitas was expecting it.

"Please try," he said. His pure white teeth almost shining against his black face. "Turn the corner and stop at the gate that will be just 100 yards ahead."

Watson did and waited. But nothing happened. Slightly puzzled he turned and looked into the face of Professor Mariachi.

"Quick. Collect your things from your lodgings and come with me. You won't be safe there. And if you had gone into that house I fear you would not have left alive. Come on man."

Watson went with Mariachi, almost falling over the body of DeFreitas who was laying motionless on the ground. There was no sign of the gun and if reading his thoughts,

"I have his gun."

"Have you killed him?"

"I only kill people when I have to. Killing is messy and I try to avoid it. No. I injected him in the neck

with a sedative I prepared myself. He will be out for an hour but I fear he will be discovered long before then. Hurry up man. You will stay with me for the night.”

Susie’s cry had disturbed Alice and the dog. The outhouse door opened and a frightened Alice looked out. She was a large, impassive. Heavy-featured woman and she looked frightened. Then the door opened wide and Larrymore appeared. She had not seen him there through the window.

“Come in, Miss,” he said. “I will explain everything and you are shivering. You will catch your death out here.”

Susie was grateful. The shivering was not only from the cold; she was still recovering from her fright.

Susie declined the offered seat and sat on the floor by Galahad. The dog gave a friendly lick on her face before going back to his previous job - licking his balls and his cock that was still hard and dripping watery cum.

Susie looked at Mrs. Larrymore. Naked except for a gown she had slipped on. She sat on the bed. The large amount of black hairs around her pussy were matted with Galahad’s copious spendings. Her puritanical looks now belied her true self as she made no effort to cover herself there, even though she new Susie was looking at her. She even moved her hand down and deliberately stroked herself there before moving the hand up to her mouth and obscenely sucking on her fingers.

Mr. Larrymore stood not knowing what to say when there came a noise at the door and Sir Harry burst in. His surprise was evident and shock spread across his features.

“I-I. I heard someone screaming,” he announced.

“Come in, Sir Harry,” said Susie. “Join the party. It was me. I screamed. And can you close the door, please?”

The baronet did not know what to say. He sat down in the only chair, before realizing he hadn’t closed the door but Mr. Larrymore did it for him.

“I don’t understand. Why did you scream and why is everyone crammed in here? The Hall has more spacious and comfortable rooms.” Harry said, very confused. He tried to avert his eyes from Alice’s pussy that she still did not cover up from his gaze.

“But none as cozy and warm,” said Susie, who was enjoying herself now the initial scare from the attack had gone and getting a buzz from the adrenalin that was pumping at her brain. “I screamed because I was attacked by the escaped convict, Beldon.”

“Beldon?! Good God! You could have been killed, or worse. I must call the police.” Harry started to rise from the chair.

“Please, don’t, sir,” Larrymore’s voice was pleading. The poor man was wringing his hands with worry.

Harry looked questioningly at Susie and she motioned to him to sit down. To Larrymore’s relief he did.

“Alright. But tell me what all this is about. Then I will make my decision whether or not to advise the police that the murderer, Beldon, was here at my house and, I assume, had tried to assault one of my



guests. Did he try to hurt you, Susie?"

"I really don't know what he was going to do. He had me by the throat and held me by the waist. He was half choking me and he warned me not to utter a sound. I couldn't, anyway."

"The bounder!"

"I am not hurt, Harry. I was most frightened but he is the one hurt. I feigned a swoon and he immediately loosened his grip. I turned quickly, and as I have been taught, I grabbed his balls and squeezed them as hard as I could. He yelled and ran away. I expect his long gone by now."

Harry clapped his hands. "Bravo. You are a feisty woman, my dear. But what are all of you doing here?"

"I came to see how, Galahad, was," Susie continued. "I actually came to fuck him but Mrs. Larrymore had beaten me to it."

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## **Part 19**

The obscene words coming from a beautiful young girl's lips shocked everyone. Even Alice, who only moments before had been beneath the dog, being pummeled by his cock, in a vile bestial act, gasped upon hearing Susie's admission. Then she laughed, almost hysterically, before breaking down and crying.

"Good, God!" Harry decided he had better say something. "Larrymore, your woman, needs your attention, and tell her to cover herself up. She is in indecent mode of dress."

Larrymore went to Alice and fussed a little, covering her up with one of the bed's blankets. Within a few minutes she had recovered and looked more like the puritanical housekeeper Susie had first assumed.

"I'm sorry, sir. The dog seems to have a power over all he meets. Dr Morgheimer encouraged it. Trained the beast. Whenever I meet Galahad, the animal only has to look at me, and he controls me. I'm not the only one. Don't think evil of me, sir. It's not my fault. I never wanted to do it. Not with a dog. An animal. I was forced to do it. The first time. I begged them not to do it to me. But Sir Colin said he wanted to see it."

"Sir Colin?" queried Harry. "Good heavens."

"It was strange, too, coming from the master. He, being afraid of dogs. He wouldn't allow Galahad inside the Hall so he stayed in here. But one day he got out and he must have found us and watched us playing our games." Alice continued almost with shame, but Susie noticed a glint in her eye, that betrayed the woman. Alice was actually reveling in describing the event.

"Tell us more, please, Alice," Susie prompted. "No one is going to think less of you, especially Sir Harry, despite his postering. Tell us about your games. Were they sexual in nature?"

"Yes, miss," answered Alice, now getting into her stride. "Very much so. Sir Colin often used to have his way with me and then Dr. Morgheimer would join in. John liked to watch and loin in"

Alice looked at her husband who had turned bright red.

“Have you ever had three dicks inside your body at the same time, miss?”

Susie shook her head.

“You must. It’s delicious. Very exciting and very fulfilling. I’m going to miss that, very much. Anyway, the afternoon it happened is was tied up. They liked to experiment with new thing and I went along with all their ideas. Me being the poor damsel in distress. They loved me playing that role. I would have to dress up in all sorts of different clothes and wigs. Sometimes playing a little girl and other times an elderly lady. Librarian was their favorite. Anyway, this particular day they decided I was to fight them. I would plead with them not to do what they were going to do so they tied me to the four poster bed face down. They had got me over a number of pillows so my ass was in the air. Then they got a knife and cut off all my clothes. They loved me struggling and I played the part well. I was smacked then. On my ass. Just enough to hurt nice. I expect you know what I mean, miss?”

Susie nodded, smiling, becoming aroused and picturing the scene Alice was describing.

“Well, after they had all given me some slaps so my ass cheeks were red and smarting. John was told to get some olive oil and I knew what was going to happen then. Sir Colin told me they were all going to bugger me and asked me what I thought about that? I, of course, begged them not to. Told them, if they had to rape me, to do it in the proper place. Sir Colin said they would but only after the bugging. Whilst they were waiting for John to come back with the oil they fingered my pussy forcing as many fingers into me as they could. I even had four fingers of Sir Colin’s hand inside me there and the doctor’s. It hurt, but good, and I was proud that I had been able to open myself up to get them all inside me.

“John came back and I felt my ass pulled open. I felt the oil, very cold, pored slowly into my anus. Soon a finger was pushed slowly inside me there and I have to say it did feel so nice.

“A polite argument ensued between Sir Colin and Dr. Morgheimer as to was going to be first in my ass until Sir Colin said, ‘I say, old chap, why don’t we both push our cocks up her ass together. My father told me about a lass in the village who took his cock and another right up her beautiful bum hole without a murmur. The thought has stayed in my mind a long time so what do you say, John? She’s your bitch.’

“My husband was considerate and he thought I should be asked if I would allow it and I was already protesting, “No” but the master would have none of it.

““Good God man, you must learn to control your women. She has no say in this. What do you say, Morgheimer?”

““I think it’s a cracking idea. I’ve had my cock inside a sweet pussy alongside another fat dick a number of times and it was most delicious. Never two at once inside a tight bitch’s ass. The thought is most arousing, Sir Colin.””

“So the decision was made,” Alice continued. “I have to say, it hurt like hell at first and it was very difficult for them to get into the best position for entry. They tried various ones and eventually found the only one that worked with me tied down as I was, for the Doctor to get into me first from behind and once he was in he leaned right forward and Sir Colin then proceeded to get his in as well and he leaning over the doctor. I was now enjoying it as the pain had now gone.

“After much puffing and blowing they were nicely inside and we all stayed still savoring the moment. John, of course, then horny man didn’t want to be left out, did you?”

"No," admitted John. "Seeing my wife being done in that way and observing she was enjoying it I climber onto the bed at her head and lifting it up shoved my very aroused cock into her mouth."

"Good heavens!" said Susie looking at Alice with new admiration. "What happened next?"

"They fucked me, miss," Alice said obviously reveling in the memory. "It was difficult, it being so tight in that narrow passage, so I started moving my ass slowly to and fro and soon my ass adapted to their rude intrusion and expanded enough to make it easier for them to do the work. Poor John came rather quickly flooding my mouth and I swallowed it down greedily as I was now thoroughly into it. Not long after I felt my bowels being flooded as they both came together. I came, too."

"That she did," echoed John. "I thought I would never hear her come so loud until the dog got into the act."

"Ah," said Harry, "I wondered when we were going to get to that."

"Well, sir," said Alice, not noticing that her hand had moved down to her pussy and was actually fingering it. "It was immediately afterwards. None of us noticed that Galahad was in the room and had been watching us. No sooner had the master and the doctor climbed down when he jumped up onto the bed and started attacking my anus with his tongue.

"Sir Colin said, 'What the hell?' and Dr. Morgheimer apologized saying the dog had got loose and he went to get his dog off me but Sir Colin said 'No'. He wanted to see what would happen next. Of course the doctor knew and he told Sir Colin and John to sit and watch."

Alice closed her eyes and her fingers pushed furiously inside her vagina and she continued masturbating until she came.

"Sorry," she said. "The memory of that first time always gets me off. I didn't want it to happen. I pleaded with them to get the beast off me but his licking was feeling so good I soon started moaning. Then it happened. He suddenly jumped up upon my back. I yelled as I felt him stabbing my backside with what I knew was his cock. Then it was at the entrance to my cunt and it went in. I came immediately! WOW! What a feeling! Then he began pumping like crazy. He'd pump madly for a minute, then slow down a bit, then pump again! I had never been fucked this way before. On and on his cock plowed into me. Faster and faster and his cock got bigger and bigger as he pumped. Eventually I felt something even bigger slamming against my pussy lips and clitoris as he continued fucking me. It was his "knot" that I knew about having seen dogs mate but I had forgotten about. Suddenly I was climaxing like crazy, gushing pussy juice all over Galahad's big doggy cock, when I felt the knob slip inside my cunt lips.

Galahad was shooting doggy cum all over my spasming pussy and my vaginal muscles were grabbing at his cock. He stopped moving but he still shot his cum into me. It was much hotter than a human's. After a bit, he seemed to want to pull out but I didn't ever want to let it go! I even shouted for someone to hold him in but it was too late and his cock slipped out and he jumped down leaving me a quivering mess. Just like he did a few moments ago."

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## **Part 20**

DeFreitas was furious. He was pacing the heavy carpeted floor of the large sitting room like a caged animal. Lady Beth watched him for a moment with anger spreading across her face.

She was a woman who looked 55 but was actually 71. She had golden hair that cascaded down her back and groomed like the mane on a show horse. Her face was beautiful with eyes green like a Siamese cat and although she was born and bred in England there was no disguising there was Chinese blood in her bloodline.

She was wearing a black evening gown that would not have looked out of place at a sleek dinner party that stopped just above her ample bosom and when she leant over the upper part of her nipples would show letting an observer know she was wearing no bra. She had one of her long bare legs draped over the other and when she moved the bottom of the short, tight dress would rise even higher baring all her intimate parts.

"For God's sake, stop pacing up and down," she finally snapped at him. "You're making me giddy."

DeFreitas grimaced but did her bidding. He looked at her with eyes narrowing as she sat on the mauve silk covered, padded Victorian sofa.

"When I find the bastard who did this I'll kill him with my bare hands. That is after I've watched him beg me for mercy from the pain I will have inflicted on him," he snarled, his face contorting into evil shapes that were almost satanic.

"There's only one problem. You don't know who it was and you never knew there was a second person there. Whoever it was had spotted the cameras and managed to remain unseen. That, sir, means the person is a professional and more adept than you are."

"I will find him."

"Him? It might be a her, for all you know. I wouldn't be too keen on meeting this mystery person as, I fear, the next time might be your last. The contents of the drug he shot into your neck will probably be poison. He was warning you to stay clear of the man you were trying to bring to me."

"No one gets the better of me and not killing me was his first mistake."

"As you will. I had better start looking for your replacement. Have you found the whereabouts of Belden?"

"Not yet except he is still on the moor."

"The moor is a large place. He could be anywhere."

"That man is as cunning as a fox."

"Yet the hounds haven't been able to find him. He must be killed. He knows too much. Our employer is not happy with me and I am even more unhappy with you."

"I'm sorry. The police have all the evidence they need that Belden murdered Morgheimer and I made sure the London press have the details, too."

"Let's hope they concentrate their search in London now. What are our guests doing?"

"Wondering why you sent for them and very worried."

"So they should be. But I have a job for them that I will reveal tomorrow. The animals are ready?"

"Yes. And half starved as you wanted."

“Good. Now come and fuck me with that gorgeous black cock of yours. And hurt me. I want to feel the pain. Take no notice when I scream and beg you to stop. The stop word tonight is “Hound”. Don’t forget it. Start with the crop over there and after you have beaten me with it shove it up my ass and leave it there whilst you shag me.”

“And what about Satan? He hasn’t had you for over a week now.”

“That is up to you. If you want to watch the dog screwing me that is your decision but make sure he doesn’t scratch me anywhere that will show. Otherwise I will let him mount you and you know you hate that. The last time he took your ass you had to have surgery.”

Beth laughed before taking off her dress, folding it neatly and placing it over a chair. She knelt over the sofa with her bare ass raised.

DeFreitas pushed a button on the neat intercom that was perched on a side table. “Bring Satan into the sitting room. Her ladyship has need of him tonight,” he said before walking across the room and picking up a riding crop that was against one of the walls.

The crop was short, made of cane and covered with leather. At the keeper end was a thin, flexible leather tongued tress that stung the flesh as Beth said “most deliciously.” However, tonight, she was to learn it could hurt “most painfully.”

DeFreitas was almost insane with rage and forgetting who’s lovely white ass was at his mercy he swung the crop with all his might at the inviting cheeks laying invitingly in front of him.

Whack!

“Jesus! Peter! Not so hard!” Beth yelled.

DeFreitas ignored her and gave her now very red cheeks another, if not a more powerful a blow.

Beth hollered with the pain.

“Stop it, now!” She yelled.

Another massive whack with the crop and Beth’s cheeks were now turning blue.

“Hound!!” She yelled at him but it did not stop the next whack from thrashing her behind.

A split second after the blow landed DeFreitas found himself on his back and a deadly needle pricking his throat.

Beth had leapt up from the couch, turned and at the same time pulled a needle from her hair and attacked her assailant with a ferocity that belied her age and her womanhood.

“You f—ing bastard!” She hissed like a snake at him. “I should end your life right now.”

The door opened and a young woman burst in with a huge German Shepherd.

“My lady,” she cried with some concern. “What happened?”

“Peter has lost his mind. But he will pay. Stay over there by the door. It’s not me Satan will enjoy tonight but Peter and many times.”

DeFreitas tried to say something but he felt the needle pierce his neck even more.

"I should tear an eye out as punishment for this, Peter. Did you forget everything you have learnt I taught you? But it's what I didn't teach you still makes me your master. Tell me how this feels?"

DeFreitas now terrified felt fingers at his left eye and then the eyeball popped out, flopping against his cheek.

"Shall I tear it right out? Nod or shake your head but not too vigorously."

DeFreitas moved his head side to side.

"Are you going to be a good boy and do everything I say immediately and with no hesitation?"

The head moved up and down.

Beth moved away from him.

"Get up slowly or you'll damage your eye permanently."

DeFreitas obeyed gingerly and cupped his hanging eyeball.

"Now take your clothes off and get become a good doggy over the couch. You've done this before when you were a bad little boy. Although I enjoy Satan's great big cock in my pussy I know you hate it. But then it has to go up your ass."

She laughed as she watched DeFreitas comply.

"If I am satisfied you have Satan's cock nicely knotted inside you I may then pop your eyeball back into place."

When DeFreitas was in position, his coal black flesh sweating with fear and the muscles of his ass quivering, beth gave the order to the young lady to release the dog who had been straining at his leash.

In a few bounds he was upon DeFreitas, tearing at his victim's flesh with his paws and only after a few misplaced thrusts he found his target. De Freitas gave out a scream as he felt the flesh tear around his ass hole and a cock slammed inside growing bigger at every thrust.

He was thankful that the big shepherd was shooting plenty of precum and that help oil the tight passageway. But the experience was unpleasant and degrading for a heterosexual who was the master of his lovers and now was giving himself to an animal in a bestial act he hated. He loved to watch an animal take a human as long as it was not himself.

DeFreitas hoped Satan would soon finish as he felt his ass being pummeled by the huge cock that was shunting up and down inside him at great speed. Then he felt the knot and the pain was incredible when it slammed inside. Then relief was upon him as the dog stopped and he felt the hot balm of cum spraying into his bowels and he breathed a sigh of relief.

"What a lovely sight and if I didn't know better I would say Peter actually enjoyed the ending. Why even his cock is getting hard. I might yet turn you into a dog bitch yet. Why don't you get down there, Jenny, and give it a nice big suck. But don't make him cum he's been a very bad boy. Haven't you?"

Jenny, the young woman smiled and almost lovingly took DeFreitas cock, stroking it expertly as she got down on the floor, being careful not to disturb Satan who was enjoying lying over his bitch with his cock buried deep within. She popped the cock into her mouth and slowly sucked on it marveling how long and thick it had become.

Beth then went to the back of the sofa and leaning over and whilst patting the dg's head with one hand expertly replaced DeFreitas' eyeball back in place.

"Now perhaps we can see eye to eye," she said. "Leave him now, Jenny. You can attend to my ass that has been so badly hurt and then you can make love to me for the rest of the night whilst our two lovers also enjoy themselves the rest of the night. Satan won't let Peter escape until he has completely finished with him. Have fun boys."

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## **Part 21**

There was a long silence after Alice had concluded her account of her first mating with Galahad. It was Susie who finally broke it.

"Tell me about Belden. Why was he here?"

Her question immediately stopped the sexual tension in the room. Larrymore after a few gulps answered.

"Belden is Alice's brother. He's -"

"That is true," Alice with desperation in her voice cut in. "I'm sure he didn't mean to hurt you, miss. He's desperate. We cannot let him perish at our very gates. We put the lights on in the outhouse and switch them off and on three times as a signal that food is ready for him. When we heard he had broken out of prison. A few days ago he arrived here with the warders and dogs hard at his heels. He knew I was here. He was weary and starving so we took him in and fed him. What else could we do? When we knew Sir Harry was coming my brother thought he would be safer on the moor than anywhere else until the hue and cry was over, so he lay in hiding there. We organized the signal so he would come and pick up the food from outside the window of the outhouse. You must have disturbed him, miss."

"Why did he murder that doctor?" Susie asked.

"He deserved it. He butchered Dorothy. She was Belden's wife. He was drunk when he operated on her. A simple operation. Removal of her appendix. And he butchered her and she bled to death on the operating table. He severed the main artery and they couldn't stop it because he was in charge."

"How do you know he was drunk?" Harry asked quietly.

"Two nurses told us and we should make a complaint. My brother did and nothing happened. It was all hushed up. Belden went berserk. He swore he would kill him in front of witnesses. Then the same doctor did it again. He butchered another person on the table whilst drunk. Belden didn't wait this time for him to be cleared. He slit his throat and gave himself up. No one came forward to say he had just course. He was made out to be a mad man."

"Hmm. Maybe I can do something to help. A title carries a bit of weight." Harry offered. "Set up an inquiry. There must be a history of this doctor being drunk. I'll see what I can do. However, he did

commit murder and that is a crime. A very bad one. You must, however, tell him to give himself up.”

Larrymore answered now. “If he does he will be murdered in that prison. He knows too much. He says he saw some things and he knows how they get the hounds to do what they do. They forced him to escape so he could be shot when they find him. They told him it was his only chance because if he didn’t get shot and gave himself up he would die inside the prison. Most unpleasantly they said.”

“They?” Queried Harry. “Who are they?”

“He wouldn’t say. He said if he told us they would have us killed. They are above the law he said.”

“Sounds a lot of nonsense to me,” said Harry. “I think you are right. The man is insane. How did he appear to you, Susie?”

“I thought he wanted to kill me,” Susie answered.

“There,” Harry said. “I’m tired and I’m going back to bed. Are you coming, Susie or have you other plans?”

Susie just smiled and Harry took that as his answer and left.

“Well now. I’m feeling very horny,” she said. “I’m going to take my pleasure with the dog. If you want to watch and join in be my guest.”

With that Susie bent down and rolled the surprised dog over onto his back and started attacking his sheath with her fingers and as the red pencil appeared she used he tongue.

Alice looked at her husband and gave him a wink. In a flash she was down beside Susie.

“If you move your bottom up a bit, miss, I can play with you there a bit. It’s a long time since I’ve had the pleasure of another woman’s pussy.”

Susie readily complied and she soon felt Alice’s tongue not only exploring her cunt but her rosebud as well.

John was undecided what to do at first so he decided to wait. He really wanted to “have a crack” at Susie but his wife was in the way so he decided to wait. He hoped he would see the dog on the girl’s back giving it to her and he knew what he would do then. He didn’t have long to wait.

Galahad’s cock was big and angry looking now. His precum was squirting freely and occasionally it hit Susie’s throat making her cough and whilst she was enjoying Alice’s tongue she wanted something better.

“I want his cock. Help him into me,” she demanded pulling away.

Alice did as she was bid and even helped the dog up. Galahad was very experienced, although he did give a quick lick at Alice’s inviting pussy as she stood up but the dog knew who was to be his mate. He was up and on Susie in a flash and with Alice’s help he plunged into the lovely girl’s body. The girl gave a squeal of delight even though Alice had directed his cock into Susie’s tight ass hole. Alice wanted more of Susie’s pussy, and she wanted it bad.

No sooner did Galahad start thrusting into Susie’s so tight passage Alice was down also behind her. The smell and taste of the young girl was like an aphrodisiac and she attacked the open and wet lips of Susie’s other opening with gusto.



John dropped his pants and moved towards Susie's head. His cock throbbed and Susie's lust filled eyes watched him but focused on his cock. She licked her lips even as the tongue in her pussy and the dog cock in her ass drove her to orgasm.

John squatted over Susie's face and the dog's head feeding his hardening cock between her lips. Susie sucked voraciously as he began driving in and out of her mouth. The sight of the dog below him, digging his claws desperately into Susie's back as he drove his prick into her asshole was incredibly exciting.

John Larrymore fucked her throat, Galahad was furiously pounding his dog-cock into her asshole, and Alice Larrymore was sucking more desperately than ever at her cunt. It was too good to be true, but Susie welcomed them all. Her body convulsed with pleasure. The dog continued pounding his long hard cock in and out of her asshole faster and faster while she sucked avidly at the cock buried in her throat.

Then Galahad barked wildly and Susie felt the dog's knot at the entrance to her ass and then it was inside her. At the same time his cock jerked deep in Susie's ass as he sent sharp jets of cum into her. The swollen cock and knot stretched her asshole most deliciously, especially when he tried to immediately pull it out. But he couldn't. Her ass was so tight so he decided to stay where he was lying on Susie's back and allowing his cock to pulse and twitch inside the tight warm passage.

Alice felt it and shuddered into her own orgasm at the thought of what it was. Susie concentrated her efforts on the prick that filled her mouth. John was so aroused by the scene that he couldn't hold back. He grabbed Susie's head and plunged his cock as far into her throat as he could, holding it there as it throbbed and spurted its load directly into her belly. Then he pulled it back and Susie sucked happily on the shrinking cockhead until it became too painful for him and he had to pull it out from her pretty little mouth.

Galahad's cock and knot was now diminishing and he gave another tug and finally managed to pull out of Susie's still clinging ass passage. As the dog scrambled from her body, his still dribbling cock was dragged over Alice's face, leaving a trail of sticky dog-cum on her forehead and in her hair.

She pushed Suzie over onto her back and swinging herself around and over the young girl lowering he body down into the classic 69 position. With dog cum flowing out of the girl's pussy Alice licked it up greedily whilst Susie had her first taste of the older woman's cunt.

With no other distractions they both brought each other to yet another orgasm before they fell limply apart. Galahad sat in the corner licking at his cock.

Without a word Susie got up and left.

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## **Part 22**

The British newspapers all carried banner headlines announcing the police now suspected the escaped convict from Dartmoor Prison was responsible for the murder in London of Dr. Morgheimer.

"Convict kills another Doc!" "Doc killer escapes to kill again!!" "Crazed convict carves up another doctor!!!"

These are just an example of what the public woke up to the next morning.

Very unflattering photographs appeared of poor Belden who did look exactly like the madman he was portrayed. There were references to him having killed a doctor before and this was the 'doctor' connection. There were various reports of Belden being seen all over London and two persons came forward saying they had seen a person resembling the suspect outside Morgheimer's flat. The final 'nail in Belden's coffin' was a report from both the Exeter Ticket Clerk and a porter who remembered a man who looked exactly like Belden buying a ticket and boarding a train bound for Paddington the same day the doctor had his throat slit.

No one seemed to explain why none of these eyewitnesses had come forward before, however or even bothered to query it. There was nothing in any report to suggest Belden had had a reason to kill the first time and why kill again. The fact Morgheimer had a home in Exeter and was a doctor was reason enough.

Lady Beth was reading one of the reports laying in bed and smoking a cigarette through a long ebony holder smiling contentedly to herself when without a knock her bedroom door was flung open and a very excited and distressed Jenny burst in.

"My Lady. Come quick. It's Satan. He's dead. I think Mr. DeFreitas killed him."

Beth left her cigarette still smoking on the bedside table and without bothering to clothe herself rushed naked out of the room, down the marble staircase and into the sitting room.

There was blood everywhere. The dog, even with his throat cut, and now lying in a pool of blood dead had fought with his slayer. His teeth bore witness to it and it wasn't his blood that had stained his teeth. The room was in complete disarray and a hurricane couldn't have done worse damage.

Beth was on her knees, cradling the head of the lifeless animal and murmuring to him. Tears flowed down her cheeks and it was at least five minutes before she stood up.

"Where is, Peter?" she asked, her voice showing no emotion.

"I don't know, my lady. He's gone. I checked the security cameras and he left the house at 4am. He was staggering. He's hurt bad by the looks of the tape. And there's blood trails all the way from here to the rear door. I haven't checked the path."

Beth nodded at Jenny. She then saw something lying on the rug near the fireplace. She pointed to it. Jenny went over and knelt down to examine it.

"It's Mr. DeFreitas' knife. It's the one he used to kill Satan."

"Don't touch it. I'm betting it's the one he also used to murder Morgheimer. I'm calling the police and get me Parks. I want him here immediately. If he's got a fare tell him to get rid of it. And if he sees or has seen Peter he is to notify me immediately. If he helps Peter in anyway or even talks to him he will wish he had never been born."

"Yes, my lady. And the mess in here?"

"Leave it. It will help the story I am about to spin to the police. The headlines in the papers will be changed before the day is out. I will even have the police out looking for him. I'm sure they will be able to find his prints on his knife and match them to the ones in his room. And they will, I am sure, be able to match that knife with the wound on Morgheimer's throat. Now be quick about contacting Parks. He's the key to my plan. Where are our guests?"

“Still locked in their room.”

“After getting Parks take them to the stables. They can stay there for a little while. If they see this it will probably freak them out and I don’t want the police questioning them.”

“Yes, my lady. I’m very sorry. I loved Satan, too.”

“And his cock?”

Jenny blushed and started to leave. She got to the door and paused.

“What about tonight? The meeting. Do you want me to cancel it?”

“No. Everything as normal. Our employer must not know there is any cause for alarm. Just a change in plan. For all I know he, or she, might be at the meeting.”

Beth picked up one of the chairs and moved it to the phone that was on the floor. First checking it was still working she sat down and dialed a number and waited. It answered.

“This is Beth. (pause) Same to you, darling. Now, listen, this is business. Call off the clowns you have searching for Belden the escaped convict. He didn’t kill Morgheimer and I expect he’s still here on the moor somewhere. (pause) I know. Just listen. The killer is Peter DeFreitas. (pause) Yes, my Peter DeFreitas. You were right and I should have listened. He is most certainly a bad person but even bad persons have big black beautiful cocks. (pause) Of course, darling not as nice as yours but yours is rarely available these days. (pause) I’ll be up at the weekend. Now after you have listened to what happened and how I know Peter did this I’ll call the local police but you must tell me what I have to do and say to them. (pause) For God’s sake listen!”

It was fifteen minutes later when she called the Devon Constabulary.

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## **Part 23**

Susie was up bright and early. She had fallen to sleep immediately her head had hit the pillow. She bathed quickly and dressed in suitable walking attire. Thankfully the sun was rising but with the ominous black clouds on the horizon she knew any sunshine was going to be brief.

Taking with her a map she first checked the outhouse but it was empty.

“Bitch.” She said, thinking of Alice who no doubt had Galahad in her room, but she smiled. She knew that within a few feet of that dog she would have desired it. God, she thought, I am a slave to a bloody dog!

She went outside and after a brief study at the map headed off along one of the paths that crossed the moor. She was hoping she was heading for the area the hounds had been reported having their bestial way with a woman. With a bit of luck, she thought, I might just be that lucky.

She had been walking about 20 minutes that she spied a man riding a bike coming towards her. She couldn’t define his features except for a long grey beard and a battered green hat with a piece of green shamrock clover pulled down over his head. Suddenly the man stopped, listened and then pulled his bike and himself into the scrub until he was gone from her view.

Susie puzzled at this when she heard the reason for the man’s strange behavior. A rider was coming.

She could hear clearly the hooves trotting slowly towards her. Because of what the man had done, she decided she would hide, too. Just before the rider came into view she dove behind some scrub.

She must have made a noise or the scrub was still moving as the rider stopped almost immediately beside her on the path.

"Alright. Almost close are we?" the rider said and climbed slowly off the horse. She then recognized both the horse and rider as John Stabledon and then to Susie's amazement she realized he was not talking to the horse. It was to his sister, Belinda Stapledon, who was strapped to a swing slung under the horse. Although Belinda was clothed it was obvious she had no undergarments on as the horse was sporting an enormous hard cock that disappeared under the woman's skirt. There was no doubt in Susie's mind that at least half of that horse cock was somehow deep inside Belinda's vagina!

It was also apparent that both the horse and the woman were in throes of orgasm. The horse started to snort, flap his ears and move his feet whilst Belinda was moaning.

John held the reins of the horse steadying him as he now started to pump his semen into his human mate. Belinda started to shriek and her body violently moved the swing to and fro and even was pushed against the giant cock as if trying to get even more of its girth inside her.

Susie couldn't believe this was actually turning her on. She found herself climaxing too and stuffing one hand down inside her panties she had to hold the other into her mouth to try and gag the noise she was making as she came in time with the two joined lovers in front of her.

The horse didn't last long and less than twenty seconds later the horse's cock flopped out appearing from the lady's skirt and showering it and the ground with a deluge of horse cum.

Belinda moaned just a little more and then fumbled with the fastenings. With firm practiced hands she slid out from the seat and stood on the ground leaning against the horse whilst cum gushed forth from between her legs.

Susie wondered what that must feel like. She played back in her head the memory of that boar when the animal had kept filling her belly up with all his pig cum and she climaxed again. This time she made a noise and before she could recover, Belinda had moved and was upon her. Susie's hair was grabbed and she was pulled yelling out of the scrub and unceremoniously dumped on the ground in the puddle of horse cum in front of the horse and Belinda's brother.

"Well, well, well, Miss Plumbridge, I presume," said John with a smirk. "Did you enjoy the performance?"

"If we had known you were going to be here we would have brought two of the hounds for you to enjoy but I expect Morgheimer's dog has kept you busy or did dirty Alice grab him?" Belinda taunted her.

Susie didn't know what to say.

"Pussy got your tongue?" Belinda asked. "Spying isn't very nice and that's what you were doing, wasn't it?"

"Perhaps a taste of this across your backside will open her mouth?" Queried John holding up the riding crop.

Although Susie was now angry and knew she could take the crop very easily from the man's hand she decided to play the game of a cowered, frightened girl.

"I'm sorry," she said in a whining voice and pleading voice. "I didn't mean to spy I was taking a pee behind the scrub when you came by and I was astonished by what I saw. I couldn't come out and disturb you now could I? I've never seen anything like that before. Never. And I admit it turned me on something chronic. I had to diddle myself."

Belinda laughed. "I'm almost inclined to believe you. How would you like to feel that horse cock right up your dirty little cunt?"

"You mean right now?" Susie asked after a gulp.

"The dirty cow would. I'm convinced," said John. "No, Demon is finished. He's been up his mistress for over an hour and the injection is wearing off. But get down under him and give his cock a suck before it finally disappears."

Susie hesitated just long enough for John to raise the crop. Susie slid under the black horse and grabbed his cock. It was large and a pinkish black with a shiny sheen that stopped at the spongy looking flat flanged head. The head looked to be about four inches across and the shaft itself was about three inches thick. It looked almost impossible to accommodate inside a woman's pussy but she had just almost seen it happen. It flashed through her mind how she would have liked to have actually viewed it tight up into Belinda's cunt.

She opened her mouth and managed to get it wide enough and sucked on the horse cock forcing more of it into her mouth. It didn't taste bad at all and started to really get into it when the horse suddenly pulled away. He had had enough.

"Good girl, " cried Belinda. "You are truly one of us. I think she should come to the meeting tonight and meet some fellow bestial friends. Have you fucked anything else besides dogs?"

"I did a boar. Just once. It was good."

"Jesus!" said Belinda. "I've never done that nor wanted to. I would like to watch that when next you get the opportunity. I don't know any trained boars around here but maybe you could train one. We can talk about that tonight. You will come. And cum you will. There'll be lots of dogs and any new girl has to take them all."

Well this was why Susie was here to get herself into the beast community and she had found it without even trying.

"I'd love to. Where is it?" she said.

"I'll pick you up. It's very secret. Bestiality is against the law even though one of the members is a police officer. Everyone will be masked even if we know who everyone is except you. You will be photographed performing for our protection. Blackmail is impossible then, you see."

Susie nodded and started to get up.

"She should still be punished," growled John. "I've got an itch in my cock that wants a nice pussy around it. Pull your skirt up and drop your nickers, if you're wearing any."

"I am," retorted Susie but she did as she was asked.

"I'll take them," said Belinda, "As a souvenir." She smelled them. "Nice. Just so you know, I'm a fully fledged lesbian. Don't tell Sir Harry. I like flirting with men. And tonight I'm going to have you my darling. After the dogs. You will be so full of cum I will be licking and fisting you all night."

With a quickness that surprised Susie Belinda ripped open Susie's blouse, even popping off two buttons and her right had was under Susie's bra and squeezing her now bared breast. Then the woman bent her head and her lips were on the nipple sucking on it. She would have continued but John was now impatient. He had pulled his cock out from his riding breeches and it was already hard and he pulled his sister away.

"My turn," he announced and he pushed her down against the side of the horse until he was satisfied she was at the right height for his cock. With a spit he worked it over the head of his cock and Susie felt it against her pussy lips and it slowly went inside.

"I hope it's the right time of the month, darling," said Belinda now excited. "I would love my brother to get you pregnant and then I could share all that milk from your lovely titties. Oh you must live with us. You are precious."

Susie grunted. She had no plans to get pregnant just for lust even though the idea of her breasts being filled to overflowing with milk did have its own appeal. For now, though, she concentrated on John's cock that she was enjoying. He was good. He knew just how to get her on the brink of cumming before stopping. He was also holding her breasts having pulled both of them now free of the bra cups. He squeezed them and pinched her nipple as his cock moved in and out of her now moist and hot pussy.

Susie was now panting and her cunt started to spasm around John's cock as it stroked in and out. Now he started to pound into her. Each time he would pull out until the head just rested inside her outer labia and then he would thrust as hard as he could until his cock hit bottom. Susie pushed hard against him to meet him with each stroke as he drove her into a now continuous orgasm. She loved being fucked so hard, so deep. She had forgotten this was almost a rape but the feeling that overtook her was a orgasmic high. She focused on the feeling in her cunt and wished it could go on forever. But all to soon for her soon John went rigid, pressed his cock hard into her as he exploded, flooding her cunt with his cum.

Susie lay against the horse and felt the cock that had given her so much pleasure leave her body to be replaced by lips and a tongue. It was Belinda's turn now and she was sucking her own brother's cum into her mouth from Susie's vagina. That depraved thought was enough to give Susie another orgasm and she would have collapsed but for John grabbing her.

"I think our new slut bitch has had enough. You're a good fuck, my dear, and I will welcome the day when I get to tan those lovely ass cheeks red. Come now Belinda we need to get home you have chores to do. I don't do women's work."

With that John climbed onto the horse and offering his hand he pulled Belinda up behind him and without another word they turned the horse around and started to ride off the swing moving to and fro under the horse's belly. Susie wondered what anyone would make of that contraption and why it was there if they happened to meet the couple.

Susie then wondered what time she had to prepare herself for when a shout came from Belinda as if she had spoken the thought out loud.

"Be ready at 7 and don't expect to be home until tomorrow."

Susie waved in acknowledgement and started to walk back to The Hall. She had forgotten the man on the bicycle until she heard him suddenly behind her ringing his bell loudly warning her to get out of his way.

He was carrying two sacks and by the clanging they were filled with metal cooking utensils.

"Top of the morning," he cried with a deep Irish accent. "I enjoyed it all, especially when you gave an encore performance. Same time tomorrow?"

He gave a big wink and rode off whistling.

Susie gave him the classic and universal two-fingered salute.

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## **Part 24**

Susie just made it back to Masterwille Hall before the rains came down but she was met with a storm when she went into the mansion.

Sir Harry was in a fine old temper. Alice was crying and pleading whilst her husband Larrymore was standing looking bewildered.

Harry was holding a newspaper and without a word of greeting or explanation as to what had gone on before thrust it in Susie's hand demanding she reads it.

Susie did without murmur. The front page story was the one about the escaped convict Belden who was last seen in London and was now wanted in connection with the murder of Dr. Morgheimer.

Susie read it and then handed it back to Harry without a word.

"Well?" he eventually queried. "No comment to make?"

Susie shrugged. "It's utter nonsense."

"What? How can you say that?" He demanded. Alice now stopped her whimpering and was looking at Susie with hope.

"What reason would he have for suddenly breaking out and travelling to London to murder Dr. Morgheimer when he could have done it here just a few miles from his prison cell? Why would he and where would he have got normal clothing to do this deed and return here and change back into his prison clothes?" Susie asked. "And how come all these people supposedly saw him going to London, saw him in London in the vicinity of Dr. Morgheimer's flat but not one single person saw him leave and come back to Dartmoor? It's utter nonsense. A fool can see that."

Susie sat down leaving Harry speechless.

After a pause Harry produced a new boot.

"How do you explain this then? It's my missing boot and Belden gave it to me. He had to have been in London and at my hotel to steal it. The man is a bounder!"

"Perhaps the man who stole it gave it to him," Susie said.

"That's what my brother-in-law said," broke in Alice. "He said an Irish tinker gave it to him and it belonged to the new owner of Masterwille Hall and to make sure he return it. Belden said the tinker told him it was most important."

"What nonsense. Irish tinker indeed. The man doesn't exist. Poppycock!" Sir Harry started to pace but it was obvious he was considering Susie's words.

"The non existent Irish Tinker does exist. I have just met and spoken to him."

"What? The devil you say. Well. There's reason to call the police then," said Harry.

"Why? You don't think this Tinker murdered Morgheimer, stole your boot, came all the way down here to Dartmoor so he could find a convict on the run, only for him to instruct this convict to return the boot he stole?" Susie was looking at Harry all the time she said this. "Oh my God. You do."

To Harry's embarrassment she started to laugh. When she had recovered she told everyone about her meeting with the Tinker and what had happened at her meeting Belinda and John Stabledon. She omitted the part that she allowed John Stabledon to have sex with her and that Belinda was a lesbian. She did, however say she had agreed to go with Belinda to the party.

"Screwing a horse whilst underneath the damned animal whilst her brother is riding it atop. I have never heard of such a thing. And out in the public, too." Harry's face was a picture. He turned to the Larrymores. "Do you know about this?"

"No sir I didn't. " Larrymore answered and looked at his wife.

"I had heard rumours, sir," began Beth looking decidedly embarrassed. "Only rumours that she indulged in other animals. A man. A black gentleman came here one day with Lady Beth. Her ladyship is a very elegant and wealthy woman who picks and chooses the events she is to attend. Sir Colin was excited as it was the first and only time she had accepted an invitation to visit the Hall."

"Lady Beth?" queried Harry. "Now that's a coincidence. There was a letter waiting for me. Quite a few actually. But her's leaped out at me, so to speak. It was very nice and welcoming and inviting me to call upon her at anytime. Lives somewhere in Exeter. She gave an address and phone number. She was actually begging me for clothes for the poor. Anyway I got some together this morning and left a message for her to send someone to collect them.

"When Belden made a call, and it was before I had a chance to read that blasted paper, I invited him in, gave him the use of a shower and razor and told him to pick out some clothes from the heap I had earmarked for Lady Beth."

"It was very good of you, sir," remarked Larrymore.

"Darn me after he had dressed in them and was bathed and groomed if he didn't look a bit like me. We are almost the same build I'll swear. Mind you living out on the moor isn't going to keep him looking that way for long but I said he could collect food every early morning whilst it's dark. That decision I regretted when I read the news and it's what got me so angry. However, I take your point Susie. There's something not quite right about it. But I'm betting that Tinker fellow knows a lot. Next time you meet him nab him. I'll get something out of him even if I have to beat him to do it."

Susie nodded at Harry. She, too, wanted to see him again.

"Now, progress with you story Alice. I promise not to interrupt again."



Alice coughed and started.

“Well sir. It’s rather a naughty story I am going to tell you. Please don’t think any the worse of me but it involves Gallahad and Sir Colin put me up to it. I would not have let it happen, sir.

“Of course, Alice,” said Harry. “You were, of course, only obeying your master.”

“Like a good servant should,” agreed Susie, who now was dying to hear another of Alice’s “naughties”. “And where is the naughty dog?”

“He’s out in the stables, Miss. Now let me start at the beginning.”

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## **Part 25**

DeFreitas was hurt bad. Even though he had managed to crawl to his clothes and get his knife out during one of the brief pauses from the relentless pounding he was getting from Satan, and slice open the dog’s throat, the animal had viciously mauled him until its dying breath.

His right arm was especially torn and bitten right down to the bone from two sides. Blood was gushing from various wounds and he knew he had to get to a doctor quickly. He had dressed and bound his arm as tightly as he could with his underpants and staggered out of the house managing not to set off the alarms.

It was when he was in his car and driving off he realized he had left his knife behind but it was too late. He didn’t know what the time was and he hoped he still had enough time left to get to the hospital and have treatment before the alarm was raised and his employer, his now late employer, sent out her army of searchers.

As he sped through the Exeter City center he didn’t notice he was being followed. His training was the second most important thing in his mind. Survival was prime. He even felt nauseous and faint as he drew up outside the Exeter Hospital’s entrance and yelled for help.

## **ALICE’S STORY**

Sir Colin had invited some of the social hierarchy to the Hall. Just a few. Four couples plus Dr. Morgheimer and himself, of course. I was the maid and he had me dressed very conservative except I was wearing no underwear, not even a bra and it was obvious to everyone I wasn’t.

I was instructed as part of Sir Colin’s pleasure to say after the main course had been served, to ask if I could be excused to attend to the doctor’s dog. I was then to encourage the dog to have sex with me and then come back to the room without first cleaning myself up. “Make sure you are full of doggie sperm,” he ordered.

The naughtiness of it and with all these distinguished people being present made me excited too. The City Mayor and his wife was there, Lady Beth and Mr. DeFreitas - her dark companion, the Chief Constable and his wife and Lord and Lady Parker.

Everything went off well and it I could see everybody was having a god time except for Mr. DeFreitas. He hardly spoke but he was watching everybody and then he looked at me and slyly gave me a wink. I, of course, pretended not to notice and turned my head away but a little bit later, when I was beside him collecting his plate from the first course he deliberately knocked a fork onto the

floor. He stopped me from bending to pick it up but got down and retrieved it but not before a hand had deftly moved up my skirt and right between my legs. It was only for a second but it was enough for me to feel a finger actually touch my pussy lips and make me almost crumple down onto the floor.

I kept my distance from him then and told my husband who said he would have a word with Sir Colin. But he didn't. I could see he was turned on and didn't mind the very naughty intrusion at my "part."

Any way after the main course had been served, Sir Colin spoke to Larrymore and he came over informing me to go to the dog. I made my excuses and was given permission to leave.

I was very excited and already wet with the thought of what I was about to do. Mr. DeFreitas' touching me there had also helped.

Galahad was, as usual, in the outhouse and as soon as he saw me he got very excited. He knew instinctively what I was there for. He jumped right up onto me and even wrestled me trying to get me onto the floor. I wanted the bestial mating to take place on the more comfortable bed but the dog would have none of it. Down onto my knees on the floor I went.

His snout went up under my skirt and I helped by pulling it up above my waist. A few cursory licks at my pussy and he was upon me. He was such an experienced dog. Just a few tentative pokes with his already protruding cock at my rear and even before I could reach down between my legs to help he was inside me.

His now so familiar huge cudgel of pulsating flesh buried itself into me, my hole clasp around it like a tight glove. I felt the beast slither forward on top of me with a wet rush until its cock was sunk to the hilt, and I could feel its hairy balls swinging below my now wet pubic hair.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!" I heard myself cry as I came and then horrors of all I felt the presence of someone else in the room.

In the excitement for both dog and myself I had not only forgotten to lock the door it had been left half open and DeFreitas was standing in front of me already lowering his pants.

He didn't have to say anything when his coal black huge member pressed against my lips and my mouth obediently opened to accommodate it.

I began to move rhythmically backwards to meet the thrust of the panting dog. As the forelegs trapped my waist, I began to undulate my body in total abandonment, welcoming the now almost brutal thrusting pressure of the bucking Galahad. I could even feel my breasts dancing beneath my writhing torso, moving in time to the skewering cock of the dog as it slid deep into me from behind, a relentless hot poker of mighty flesh burying itself deeper and deeper in my belly whilst my mouth sucked and nibbled and enveloped the heavy, bloated penis of DeFreitas as he thrust long and hard into my sweating face.

"Grab my balls," DeFreitas instructed.

I obeyed immediately, my right hand sliding up and around to cup the swinging, bloated sac of the black man's testicles, squeezing them gently and causing him to moan in total lustful abandonment as he pile-drove his lovely great cock into my mouth.

The electric contact of my hand caused him to hammer even harder and deeper past my lips. His

hands now pulled at my hair threatening to pull strands of it out by the roots in his paroxysms of passion. I now felt the beast dog seemingly being driven on to new heights by the addition the man at my head and was fucking long and hard with its slippery, hot cock into my now so moist clasping cunt I could hear it squelching.

I could sense we were reaching the pinnacle now and all of us wanted to cum. Not that I hadn't but it was the big one that I could feel starting from my feet and slowly climbing up my body that I wanted to release. The dog and the human's only considerations were the spewing of their fiery seed deep into both ends of my body.

I could feel my forehead covered with thick beads of perspiration as I buffeted back and forth between the two invading penises imbedded in my mouth and cunt. There was no escape from either one for when I heaved forward feeling the pressure of the hammering dog's cock sunk far up into my belly, I succeeded in thrusting DeFreitas' cock further down my throat. When I drew back from it to keep from choking, I thankfully skewered myself harder back on the pistoning rod of the huge furry dog.

I had no control of my mind now and no control of my body. In my belly, hot rivers of excitement were flowing, spiraling through my flesh, causing me to tingle all over as if every one of my nerve ends had suddenly been exposed.

"I loved it. Oh, God help me, I love it. I'm excited by it. I'm excited and I want to cum..." These were my only thoughts, as the fires leapt higher and higher in my body, as the hammering pricks of dog and man in two of my bodily orifices sent myself soaring toward the desperate orgasm I was seeking. My suckling lips tried to shout words, unintelligible words of encouragement to bring about the simultaneous ejaculations of all three of us.

I wanted to be filled with sperm, animal sperm and human sperm, and that was all that mattered. I was little more than a quivering mass of sweating, lust-deranged female flesh that begged for subjugation. so that the subjugation would come to an end, I ground my buttocks back even more if that was possible in lewd revelry against the panting beast whose cock was sunk so deep in my warm, clasping channel, and at the same time trying with my very soul to draw the hot torrents of cum out of DeFreitas' long hard cock filling my madly sucking mouth.

I could feel the swelling of Galahad's knot against my pussy lips and the realization that the animal would be driving that ball of flesh into me and would be pouring his spunk deep into my belly made me go almost insane. I rolled and flung my buttocks back even further and I could feel the knot now pushing into me. I heard DeFreitas cry out as I now tormented his rectum with tickling manipulations of my fingers there and on his testicles. He heaved forward and threatened to strangle me with the expanded girth of palpitating cock sliding almost down to my larynx.

And the dog's knot at the other end shot inside me. He stopped his humping almost immediately and lolled his long, wet hotly panting tongue onto the skin of my back as it pumped its fiery animal seed deep into my waiting, clasping womb.

This caused me to shove my finger right up into DeFreitas' rectum. He couldn't hold back after that. He emitted a loud, grunting sigh of release, jamming his hips forward with the full power of his thick black body, burying his cock deep into my mouth. My throat tightened and untightened as gusher after gusher of his burning fluid swirled from his wildly jerking rod inside my mouth. I swallowed desperately to keep from strangling on the frothing sperm, my cheeks bloating and hollowing as the cavern of my mouth filled and emptied, filled and emptied.

“Keep sucking, keep succcckkkinngggg!” he screamed. “Milk my balls, ooohhhhhhhhhhh!”

I fought to suck him empty, swirling my tongue round and round the throbbing glans to wipe him dry only to be inundated by new spurts of the white hot liquid. I twisted my head madly from side to side, and my own own orgasm was near to happening then as I milked the sperm from his cock, at the same time screwing greedily back against the beast on top of me feeling like a she - demon gone insane. His cock still spitting its sperm into me. I could feel the watery liquid begin to ooze from my pussy squeezing the prick of the dog; I could sense there were thin trails of his seed trickling down my thighs.

And then one of the biggest orgasms of my life started. It was the beginning of a wild, rapturous, kaleidoscopic release that took hold of my body. I gurgled almost mindlessly and squealed around the now slowly deflating pick in my mouth.

But Defreitas wasn't finished. He did something and forced me into doing it. It was so disgusting and just telling you about it makes my stomach turn almost into nausea.

The evil man, and that's what he is, pinched my nose together forcing me to breathe through my mouth and he started to pee into it. He warned me not to spill a drop and he would hurt me bad if I did.

Whether it was because Galahad was lying almost contentedly on my back his cock and knot pulsating inside me making me feel so nice but I didn't try to pull away from the hot pee that was now flowing down my throat almost making me choke. But I gulped it down as if it was a fine wine without any feeling of disgust. That came later.

When he had finished he wiped his cock dry with my hair, pulled and buttoned up his pants and without a word left.

Finally, after at least another ten minutes, Galahad's cock started to deflate and it slipped from me with a wet sucking noise. I turned over sitting on the floor with my legs apart and the beast, tail wagging thankfully and satiated, dropped its head to my widespread vagina in one last act of obscene depravity and licked at the watery milky liquid oozing from it. When he had finished there he licked at my face and lips, cleaning all the drops of sperm and pee left there from DeFreitas.

A few minutes I tidied myself up and not washing as instructed I gave the dog a big kiss on his forehead and making sure the door was shut and locked this time, left.

I walked back to Sir Colin's guests with wet thighs and a belly full of sperm and pee feeling very contented.

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## **Part 26**

There was silence for a good half minute after Alice had completed her story. Susie was the first to break it.

“Did you say Lord and Lady Parker were present?” She asked. “ Lord Percival and Lady Georgina Parker?”

“Yes,” Alice replied. “Lord Percival has been a frequent visitor to the Hall. Often with Mr. Frickland, the prison governor. I believe they stay with him when they visit, although Lady Parker has only

accompanied him here maybe three times. I don't believe she comes down very often."

"And what happened when you got back to the dinner table?" asked Harry.

Alice blushed. "I went about my duties," she answered, "and then Sir Colin called me over to whisper in my ear and whilst doing this he slipped his hand under my skirt and into my pussy."

"I'm sure he was well pleased with the result," said Susie with a smile.

Alice nodded.

"He was not pleased when I told him what Mr. DeFreitas did," said Alice. "He called him a scoundrel and he was going to have words with Lady Beth about his behavior."

"I wonder if he explained everything that went on and his part he played," commented Harry.

The discourse broke up and Susie went to her room to shower and change. She had asked if Larrymore could show her around and Harry gave his assent and wished he could join her but he had a mountain of paper work to look at and a meeting with Sir Colin's steward who was most anxious to be kept in employment.

Just after lunch time the first edition of the evening papers were delivered with the breaking news announcing a new development in the murder of Dr. Morgheimer. It was Peter DeFreitas who was now the lead suspect. Lady Beth, his employer, had contacted police with new evidence and he had killed her pet dog and she was in fear of her own life.

DeFreitas had seen the same report and was thankful there was no photograph of him yet in the newspapers but he knew the later editions would be blazoning his face on the front page. However, he was well known in the Exeter community and he had to find somewhere to hide whilst he pondered on what to do.

He quietly left the hospital that had patched him up but he was heavily bandaged and a source of much attention. He hailed a taxi and once again failed to notice he was being followed. He had too much on his mind.

His first point of call was at his informant Parks' home but when he saw the cab wasn't there he surmised he was out on a job. Never-the-less he went into the home and the adjoining office where he used the phone. When he eventually made contact with Parks he knew immediately something was wrong. Parks had used the warning code word "red" three times in their brief conversation. Beth had got to Parks.

He left and cursed when he discovered the taxi had gone even though he had told him to stay. He was puzzled at that because no cabbie would leave his customer without first paying the required fare. It was then Watson appeared beside him. He recognized the man instantly and his blood boiled as this was the encounter that had started his problems the evening before.

He felt the gun at his side before he saw it and a car sped up to the kerb.

"Get in. I paid off your " Watson commanded.

He obeyed, opening the door and climbing in. Even though the bandages handicapped him he was confident of dealing with Watson. He wasn't even in a league below him. Two at least. The man was an amateur.

Watson followed DeFreitas into the rear seat and he could surmise what his prisoner was thinking. The surprise was for DeFreitas.

In seconds the driver had turned around. He was heavily muffled up as if against the cold and DeFreitas could not readily see the man's features. Just his eyes behind horn rimmed glasses and a piece of wood between the man's lips. Too late he realized what it was. A blowpipe. The dart hit him squarely in his neck and it was almost instantaneous when he passed out.

Lady Beth had just got word that she had to produce a performance with the hounds on the moors this very night and the Beast would be let loose.

Beth was annoyed at the short notice and it was going to be a pain to notify her guests that the meeting for tonight would have to be postponed. It was too late to stop the two that had some distance to travel but she would deal with that. The good thing was that she had the services of Edith/Ethel and Cecilia. They knew the Beast. She was now on the way to the stables to meet with them. As she travelled an idea formed in her head. The Stabledon's had told them about the girl Susie who was staying at Masterwille Hall. The same girl who was a friend of Morgheimers and the girl who had visited Cecelia's Dogs home before it was burnt down.

Beth decided she needed to meet this girl and maybe get rid of her, too. What better place than the moors and incorporating her into the legend. She wouldn't need the services of Jenny to play the role of the damsel mating with the hounds. Susie would play that role. And what better way of enticing Sir Harry onto the moors? To save his young visitor.

She chuckled to herself. It was working out nicely after all. And the Beast would eat Sir Harry and Susie. The Beast had an appetite for blood. It enraged him. Beth hoped he was hungry. And then there was Edith or was her name Ethel? The damn girl kept changing it. It was obviously not her real name. She would have to go, too. And Cecilia? She sighed. She liked Cecilia. She was very useful and with Morgheimer dead she would need someone to look after her interest in The Hellfire Club. Best wait then and not get rid of Edith just yet.

She drove into the Stables and was pleased to see the Land Rover with the trailer. The Beast was already here.

Susie had had an interesting afternoon. She had visited Dr. Morgheimer's home and met his housekeeper who was still sobbing at the news of his master's death. Susie suspected though the woman was more worried about what she would do now and where she would live. The woman seemed horrified at the suggestion she look after Galahad and was genuinely relieved when Susie suggested she take the dog off her hands.

By the dog's manner he wanted nothing of the housekeeper.

It was on the way back that Galahad let Susie know he wanted some sex and Larrymore was keen for it to happen. He couldn't wait to bury his own knob into the body of the pretty woman and he stopped the carriage along a rough turn-off from the main road saying the horse needed a rest and he suspected the dog had his own "business" to look after.

Susie knew exactly what was up but played along with it even saying she needed to "take a wee wee".

It was only minutes later she was on her back and Larrymore's knob was plowing its way to and fro in her cunny. Galahad watched trying his best to get into the act, even to the point of licking Larrymores ass and balls as it moved up and down in time with his cock.

Larrymore didn't last long and Susie hadn't even had her own spend when he was finished and he rolled off her body puffing and blowing.

Galahad was between the girl's legs in a flash, licking up the sperm trickling out from her pussy and this was enough to bring Susie to orgasm. The dog bent right down, hooked his snout beneath her and actually made her body start to turn over. Susie helped and got into the required kneeling position and Galahad was on her back in a flash.

The dog was very excited and his enthusiasm got the better of him and he kept missing the target. Four times he had to get on and off the girl before he final found the wet hot slit and his cock sank inside his mate.

"Yes, yes, oh yes." Susie grunted with pleasure. She found dog fucking so much more thrilling than human and she knew she would always be a k9 lover for the rest of her life.

Galahad got more forceful and all too soon for Susie she found his knot already banging on the lips of her cunt. He was ready to make Susie his bitch again.

Susie squeezed her eyes shut. Crinkling at the corners as she suddenly exploded into orgasm and she could even feel the cords of her neck stick out with the strain of it.

Larrymore watched the knot against Susie's hole, bashing in and out, trying to get inside and into that slick passage where it belonged. He watched almost in awe as the lips of her pussy ground open around the knot. Almost half of the ball was forced into her stretched hole. It seemed the dog's balls hanging below her ass were keeping the big nut from already being inside her.

Susie pushed back hard and in an instant Galahad's entire red cock, knot and all vanished into her sodden hole leaving her swollen cunt lips welded to the soaking fur of his belly and balls. Her hips rose back up placing her cunt open to even more penetration. Galahad obliged. He went into jack hammer mode. He slammed his hips forward hard, only relaxing slightly on the outstroke. Each thrust was a renewal of his drive to burry the entirety of his cock into the hot bitch below him. He never pulled back at all, just kept pounding forward, deeply and endlessly into Susie, and she welcomed all of it.

"Yes! Yes! More! More!" She yelled, hunching her ass up hard into the heaving dog's loins.

Galahad's panting, hot on her face, combined with an occasional loving lick gave Larrymore the impression of two lovers kissing in the heat of passion.

Inside Susie, Galahad's knot swelled to punishing dimensions. The lower chamber of her cunt was formed into a perfect mold of the dog's bulging, irregular shaped knot. As it pushed her chamber wide it drew down the base of her love hole, sucking the straining mouth of her cervix with it. Already impaled by several inches of dog cock, her womb stretched impossibly to swallow all the remaining flesh forward of the knot.

Contractions in the muscles at Susie's distended opening grabbed the knot and pulled it deeper into her frothing cunt. Contractions deep in her belly forced her womb to drive the weeping cervix further down the burning shaft of Galahad's dog meat. Her vagina had turned into a fucking machine, anxious to milk every burning stream of cum from her bestial lover's trembling nuts.

Larrymore had seen his wife mate with the dog many times but he had never seen anything like this. This girl was so hot. The dog was pounding into her violently now. She had been worried when his knot had gotten into her it would be over as had happened before. His cum would shoot into her

immediately and he would stop his fucking. Not this time. The dog's movements were more restricted but his cock kept pounding in and out.

Everything was locked down tight; the swollen knot in Susie's hole and the throbbing tip buried in her womb. That knot could not have been pried out with the jaws of life. It had swollen to unholy proportions with the need to breed the wild bitch below him.

Suddenly Galahad let out a series of whimpering yelps. His hips started quivering like his ass had been plugged into a wall socket. Susie started gasping...

"He's cumming. He's cumming," she whimpered. She felt the dog's hot cum jetting into the very center of her being like a geyser. She felt her own orgasm letting loose its own wetness like pee and Larrymore could actually see bubbles of cum managing to escape from the tight confines of flesh around the dog's pink reddish cock.

The two lovers didn't lay locked together too long. The dog seemed to want to get off from his bitch and with a loud slurping noise he pulled out his cock still spraying spunk and wetting Susie's clothes.

With just a quick sit down and lick of his cock. An even quicker lick at Susie's leaking wet pussy hole and he was away and into the carriage.

Larrymore helped Susie up and they continued in silence with Susie imagining the dogs that were in store for her later in the evening.

The poor girl had no idea of what really lay before her. But it was going to be a nice way to die.

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## **Part 27**

"Sleepy black head is waking up is he?"

"Rise and shine, sir. Looks like you've had a real hard night."

"Tried drinking your troubles away, sir. That won't happen I'm afraid. Time for some nice talking... then we'll let you get back to sleep again."

"Who was your kind friend who dropped you off nice and tidy at our front door?"

DeFreitas groaned. Where was he? What had happened? He tried to remember. He got into a car. With that man Watson. That's was it. But what happened next. The driver of the car. A heavily muffled elderly man. Blew a dart at him. That seemed to be it. No, he dimly remembered questions being asked. Lots of questions. The elderly man. What else? He tried to remember. He had to get his wits together. Where was he? He could remember meat. Lots of meat - raw - carcasses of animals. Hanging. Smell of blood. He'd been in an abattoir. What had he been asked? What had he said? He needed rest.

"No, no, sonny Jim. Not bye bye times. You have to do some talking first."

A hard slap across the face got his attention.

He opened his eyes. He was in a police station!



Lady Georgina Parker was angry. She had traveled down from London to Devon expecting to have some fun. Men, women and maybe a dog or two but it was the men she craved. Lots of men with cocks. She knew she would get everything she desired at one of Lady Beth's parties but now she found it was cancelled.

Beth was very apologetic. She had tried to call. Something had come up. The only thing Georgina wanted up was cum!

"You can stay here, of course. I'm afraid I won't be a very good hostess as the reason for the postponement has meant I shall be away this evening. I don't think I'll be back until the morning. I'm so sorry."

Georgina was having none of it.

"I'll make my own arrangements, thank you," she told Beth. "You can call me a cab. Wait. What about Peter? He can entertain me unless he's busy with something that's come up?"

Beth threw the evening paper across to her, almost hitting Georgina in the face. Georgina read with some horror the headline and DeFreitas's face staring at her.

"DeFreitas, the suspected Dr. Killer, caught" blazed the headline.

"I definitely must leave," she said, "call me the cab."

Whilst Beth rang the number, Georgina read with mounting worry the main story.

"Ah. Parks. Lady Georgina is here. Attend to her every need and put the bill on me. Wherever she wants to stay and all meals. What's that? I can't discuss that now. Read the newspapers."

Beth turned back to Georgina. "Parks is on his way. He's at your service and all bills are on me. Everything."

Georgina looked hard at Beth.

"It mentions Parks in this story. It says in this report he was paid by DeFreitas to impersonate the escaped prisoner, Beldon. Is that true?" she asked.

Beth smiled. "You'll have to ask him that, won't you? Don't worry you can trust him. Your part in it he knows nothing about. And we will try and keep it that way, won't we?"

Georgina shuddered. The threat of blackmail was unmistakable.

"DeFreitas killed my dog. He slit Satan's throat. He should never have done that.," murmured Beth. "I believe he used the same knife on Satan as he used on your doctor friend. The police have it. By the way. Do you know a Susie Plumbridge?"

Georgina almost collapsed. She swallowed, deciding whether to lie but thought it best to tell the truth. What did it matter?

"Yes, I do," she said. "I was at school with her. Why?"

"When was the last time you saw her?"

"Mind your own business. But I'll tell you one thing. She is the mistress of Shylock Homes - the

famous detective.”

It was the turn of Beth to almost pass out.

“What’s the matter, Lady Beth?” asked Georgina, almost with glee. “I believe that has shocked you. Now I must ask you again why are you asking me about her?”

“Probably for the same reason you were shocked when I mentioned her name. I think we need to talk.”

Susie thought it was strange when a taxi drew up outside Masterwille Hall and asked for her. She was expecting the Stabledons and her sixth sense told her there was something wrong.

Never-the-less she stepped into the cab and sat down beside the single passenger who was in the back seat. Before Susie had time to turn and look at the woman she spoke,

“Good evening, Susie,” the woman said, “I have heard a lot about you. I’m Lady Beth.”

Susie did not have to turn to view the woman. Just hearing her voice was enough for Susie to know exactly who the person was. A chilled had gripped her heart that she instantly controlled.

Susie looked at Lady Beth full in the face as the cab sped off. It was Beth’s turn to register shock.

“Hallo, mother,” said Susie

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## **Part 28**

Susie was in ecstasy. She was dressed in a body stocking that left only her face, her breasts, her bottom and pussy bare. From a distance she looked naked. She was wearing a wig that changed her appearance to the woman other watchers had observed being continually pack bred by hounds. The long blonde hair glowed in the full moonlight as it lit up this erotic and bestial sight on the moor.

It was only when the hound had completed his frantic pounding of his cock into her defenseless body, shoving his bloated and pulsating knot into her pussy with her cuntal lips closing around it, jetting his hot cum deep into her womb, and then laying on her back with panting breaths, that she recalled the events leading up to her almost continual climaxes.

The shock of seeing her mother and the hate that welled up in her was only dimmed when she saw her mother was equally unnerved but she saw something else, too. Her mother’s eyes had for a brief second showed fear.

So this was the Lady Beth and Susie was the only person who knew her secret. The question was did her mother know what she knew?

Susie did the thing she was best at. She acted. She pretended indifference and coldness. Anything else would have been recognized. Her mother had always been cruel to her and it was with relief when she was ten years old the woman walked out of her life and her father’s. Her father and she hardly knew him. She had placed all her love on a man she had found out was a thief. A mastermind of criminal actions so immense he was the most wanted man in Europe, if not the World.

And she knew she was different. Somewhere in the genes there had been honesty and goodness and she knew she possessed those, but she knew also she could be cruel, hard and cunning. It was for

her to decide what of the two forces would swallow her up. What path she would take.

She had discovered she liked to be submissive when it came to sexual pleasures. The more taboo she liked even more. This discovery of bestiality was the king of kings and she knew sex between a man or another woman would never be the same again.

She had hoped to have had the experience of mating with a pony or even a horse if her pussy was able to take such a monstrous penis but there had been no time. When this was finished she would have to seek out the Stabledons. Their crude and taboo sexual acts were all too similar to hers. She smiled at the depravity of her thoughts.

Her thoughts were interrupted as another dog mounted her. The noise around her of the excited barking of the other dogs excited her too. She was their bitch and she was theirs. She climaxed at the thought and yelped as the dog on top of her found a home for his driving penis. Her ass. It hurt. Oh, how it hurt. Then, thankfully as his shaft shunted up into that tight passage the dog's pre-cum mercifully oiled the path and the pain gave way to pleasure.

There were many watching this depraved act. Her father was one and he had a gun ready in his hand. But he could see, as all the others, that his daughter was enjoying the rape of her body. Pack bred by a dozen or so hounds and he felt his cock stirring. He wanted to execute an incestuous act upon his own daughter!

All the other men watching too were experiencing similar, if not incestuous, thoughts. They wanted to see the whole scene before them act itself out. They wanted to see the sweet defenseless young girl taken by all the dogs. They wanted to leap upon her as soon as the beasts had had their fill of her.

Even the women watching were excited. They had seen this all before and some of them had been in exactly the same situation but none had enjoyed it as much as this girl seemed to be.

They could hear her cries of ecstasy as each one of the dogs mounted her and some even came back for seconds. It was only when Lady Beth, Susie's own mother, saw that at last her daughter was spent. The last dog had mounted and taken Susie but this time there had been no response. She had lay there almost lifeless and her body had moved only because of the pounding it was receiving.

Beth gave the signal for the final act to begin.

The beast was released.

The men, who had not seen it before were now paralyzed with fear.

It was a beast no one had ever seen walk the earth before. This dreadful shape had appeared as if from nowhere. The animal was enormous. It was coal black and fire burst from its open mouth, its eyes glowing with a smoldering glare, its muzzle and hackles and dewlap were outlined in flickering flame. Never in the delirious dream of a disordered brain could anything more savage, more appalling, more hellish be conceived than that dark form and savage face which shone in the glare of the moonlight.

It moved fast towards a bush just down the track and shots rang out from Mariachi's gun but they all missed and the beast was now out of range. From the bush came a cry of sheer terror and a man appeared running and screaming at the same time.

From his clothes it was Sir Harry Masterwille and although he ran fast he was no match for the

beast. The animal was upon him, his teeth sinking into the back of the poor man's neck, turning him over as if he was a doll and then trying to tear his throat out.

By some super human effort the hapless victim managed to get away and the beast's feet slipped and then stopped. The man, blood poring from his terrible wounds staggered and then fell. The track had ended above one of the moor's notorious marshes and within seconds of his body falling into the quagmire it swallowed him up and he was gone forever.

The beast raised his head with annoyance. His meal for the day had gone and he searched for another victim.

He soon found it. He saw Susie!

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## **Conclusion Part 29**

Susie was standing up and she froze at first in fear when she saw the beast moving towards her but as he got nearer she realized it wasn't a real hound at all. The animal had a huge wolf shaped mask affixed to its face and head, fearsomely decorated with fluorescent and phosphorescent paints. Even though its body was really it had been additionally painted to make it glow in the dark. A false tail had been affixed to the creature. Even through all this Susie recognized the beast. It was a boar. Boris.

Susie shouted out the creature's name and the boar momentarily stopped. As he did three shots fired straight into his head killing the poor animal immediately.

Susie screamed, "No!", ran to the dead animal and laid herself down beside it cradling the fearsome looking head in her arms. She wept.

A year now passed after those dreadful events.

The Tinker revealed himself as Shylock, who had been on the moors all that time secretly meeting up with Watson who was now a fully licensed doctor of medicine.

At first Shylock hadn't understood why Sir Harry Masterwille had ventured on that moor on that terrible night as he had intercepted the message that he had seen placed at Harry's front door by Lady Beth's servant, Jenny, apparently on her mistress's orders. He had read the message and nodded grimly to himself as it had purported to come from Susie asking him to meet her on the moor at a particular place and time and then ultimately to his death.

Shylock had not foreseen the death would happen.

There had been many arrests but most dismissed upon lack of evidence. The Dartmoor Prison hounds had been terminated and the dogs were now split up and part of various sporting hunting dog packs that was already enraging the anti-fox hunting campaigners, except for four of the dogs.

Lady Beth with Jenny had vanished. Beth's home in Exeter had been put up for sale and Susie was surprised to learn she was the recipient of the large sum of money from the sale.

DeFreitas had been found guilty of the murder of Morgheimer and sentenced to life imprisonment. The taxi driver, Parks, got a one year prison sentence for his part in the murder. But that was it. The Stabledons, Cecilia and Ethel were charged but then they were dropped. Lady Georgina's name and

the part she played weren't even mentioned. Neither was Professor Mariachi and he dropped immediately out of Susie's life once again.

And Susie..... she left Shylock and bought herself a small farmhouse in Devon on the Masterwille estate. She became good friends with the Stabledons and got her wish to be mounted by a horse and go bellyriding. She was the proud owner of the four hounds that had already enjoyed her body. The dog, Galahad, now in the care of the Larrymore's, was a frequent visitor.

There was no trace found of the escaped prisoner, Beldon.

The only mystery left was who was behind the Hounds of the Masterwilles? Who had given the orders to Lady Beth?

During Shylock's stay down in Dartmoor disguised as the Tinker he had discovered there was another Masterwille. He had to be the perpetrator. The question was how to flush him out. Now that Sir Harry was dead he would have to come forward so Shylock set a trap. He placed an advertisement in the London Times and waited patiently. During his wait he saw the announcement that Susie Plumbridge had married. He grunted. He hadn't even been invited to the wedding!

There was knock on Shylock's study door and Watson appeared.

"Rodger Masterwille is here awaiting your pleasure," Watson announced.

Shylock looked at his watch.

"He's five minutes early. He must be impatient. Is everyone also here as arranged?"

Watson nodded.

"Bring him in, then. You must stay and I will give you the signal to leave and bring in the others."

Again Watson left and returned with a man sporting a full red beard that covered most of his face.

"Ahh. Rodger Masterwille. Thank you for coming."

Shylock motioned him to sit after shaking his hand. Watson stood by the door.

"I don't understand the meaning of why I have to be interrogated by you, a detective? I had provided all the necessary papers proving my identity to the estate's solicitors," Rodger said irritably.

"Oh yes, but when there is a considerable fortune to be had and you appear to be the last remaining heir, the administrators of the estate would not be doing their job if they did not make positive identification," said Shylock. "I can assure you this will not take long."

Shylock examined the documents the solicitor's had sent them.

"It would appear you are the son of the younger brother of Sir Harry Masterwille, who fled with a sinister reputation to South America, where he was said to have died unmarried. He did, as a matter of fact, marry, and had one child, you." Shylock stopped in his reading. "Is that correct?"

"I don't know about the sinister reputation, but yes," Rodger replied.

"Now all the Masterwille's have one curious physical deformity. All of them. They have webbed feet. All the toes are joined up to the nails with flesh. Would you mind taking off your shoes and socks?"

"Damn you man."

"Please. I must insist."

"I had the flesh removed. Surgically. I found it an abortion."

"What a pity. Then I am afraid I cannot be satisfied that you are who you say you are. Goodbye."

Shylock looked down at his papers.

Rodger did not move.

"I said I had the flesh removed but I do have the scars," he explained. "They are distinct and I am sure I can provide the proof from the hospital that performed the operation."

"I am sure you can, but just show me the scars and that will be enough."

Rodger removed his shoes and socks and it was whilst he was doing that Shylock signaled to Watson who left.

"There," he said, placing both his bare feet on top of Shylock's desk.

Shylock made no move to examine them.

"Well? Aren't you going to look? You can see the scars very clearly."

"Oh I don't have to," said Shylock with a smile. "I have this young lady who will do the examination."

Rodger turned and standing behind him was Lady Georgina.

"I believe you two have met?"

"I'm not sure," said Georgina, "this gentleman is indeed most different in appearance."

She inspected carefully Rodger's feet. She nodded.

"But I do recognize those toes. I have sucked on them many times at Lady's Beth's."

In a flash, Watson was behind Rodger and with one sharp pull at the whiskers, the beard was off, revealing Rodger as Lady Beth's servant, Jenny.

Rodger started to get up in anger but Watson forced him down back into the seat.

"Stay where you are," said Shylock. "I haven't finished. You soon found out you were in fact even more different. You were attracted to both women and your own sex but your biggest urge was to become a woman. And that is exactly what you did when you met Lady Beth. She paid for the operation here in England at The Exeter General Hospital. I have all the records. Then you planned to get rid of the Masterwille's one by one until you were the last in line by activating the legend. Very clever. Even Lady Beth didn't know it was you who was orchestrating and paying for the operations to be carried out."

"You cannot prove any of this. And it matters not. I was born a man and it is as a man I will inherit. All of it. The Masterwille fortune, home and title."

"I think not," said a woman's voice and in walked Susie. "You had better meet my husband."

And behind her in walked Sir Harry Masterwille.

"But you're dead," cried out Rodger.

"No. Unfortunately Beldon is. He was wearing my clothes, part of the ones you gave to the beast to sniff and get my scent. The boot you originally stole from me didn't work. It was brand new." Harry's voice rapped into Rodger like bullets.

"It was poor Beldon who was attacked and whose body lies swallowed up down in the bag on the moors," said Shylock. "And it was Beldon who told me how you had arranged his escape from the prison. You were going to kill him anyway after he had been blamed for the murder of Morgheimer. But that didn't go to plan did it? Belden and I spent some hours together when I befriended him on the moors in my disguise as an Irish tinker. He told me everything."

At the end of the speech, Rodger jumped up and running barefoot he disappeared out of the door right into the hands of the police who were waiting for him.

And that concludes my story of "Susie is a beast". And a beast she really did become. Not one four legged male animal was safe. She was a very happy bitch to all.

**THE END**