

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



*I had started this story a few years ago but got sidetracked. Maybe this fictitious story will appeal to more than my present one! Please advise.*

*I have to point out that this story bears no comparison with any other great work of fiction. Any similarities are purely coincidental.*

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## **Part 1 - Lord Shylock Homes**

My master, Lord Shylock Homes, the great detective, was seated at the breakfast table. I, his companion (and obedient slave) of some six years now, stood upon the hearth-rug and picked up the fine bulbous-headed wooden stick our visitor had left behind him the night before.

“Well, Susie, what do you make of it? Since we have been so unfortunate as to miss him and have no notion of his errand, this accidental souvenir becomes of importance.”

I did my best but the great detective always astounded me with his deductions but I did my best. Seeing it had the man’s name engraved on the handle, John Morghimer, MRCS, the first deduction was easy.

“I think,” said I, following as far as I could the methods of my master, “that Dr. John Morghimer is a successful, elderly medical man, and well-esteemed.”

“Well done”, he said and I blushed with pride. “But you missed some details. He has a dog. If you look closely you will see its teeth marks on the stick. He is also absentminded who leaves his stick and not his visiting-card after waiting for us.”

He had risen and paced the room as he spoke. Now he halted in the recess of the window.

“And the dog is a golden retriever.”

I was incredulous. “How on earth can you know that?”

“For the very simple reason that I see the dog himself on our very door-step, and there is the ring of its owner,” he said. “I suggest you put some clothes on. Whilst I enjoy the sight of your beautiful naked body I fear our elderly doctor might be overwhelmed. But come, lay back over the side of the sofa, and quickly. We haven’t much time. Give me the stick and spread your delightful pussy.”

I did as he said. It was clear what he was going to do. Very slowly he inserted the tip of the stick against the entrance of my vagina and slowly inserted it before withdrawing it a little. Then as my pussy welcomed the intrusion and started leaking its juices he moved it slowly to and fro within me causing me to moan.

“Shh,” he warned and not a moment to soon as there was a knocking at the door. He pulled the stick out of my pussy leaving me in a state of wanting much more but I scurried into the bedroom to make myself look decent.

I could hear the murmur of voices as our butler, Watson, let the visitor in. Whilst slipping into a dress that was not too revealing but making it obvious I was wearing no underwear I let myself back into the room.

The visitor was thanking my master for finding his stick as he had had no idea where he had left it.

He was a very tall, thin man, with a long nose like a beak, which jutted out between two keen, gray eyes, set closely together and sparkling brightly from behind a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. He was clad in a professional but rather slovenly fashion, for his frock-coat was dingy and his trousers frayed. But his dog interested me more. He was beautiful. His rich, dark, gold, thick, slightly wavy coat, was beautifully groomed and I guessed he weighed around 70lbs and he stood at least 2 feet in height. His face was broad and his dark brown eyes were large and intelligent looking. His nose was black and he had short ears. I fell in love with him immediately. He wagged his tail and went straight up to me sniffing around my legs. When he suddenly stuck his head up under the skirt of my dress and gave my pussy a big lick I shot backwards with shock and fell sprawling onto the floor.

The sight I must have seen to the good doctor. His mouth dropped open as I lay there, legs widespread, my naked pussy being prized open by a now excited dog, as he licked hard and fast at my mound causing me to groan.

It was my master who came to my rescue but not before the dog decided he wanted me to turn over as he gave an excited bark and jumped over to my side with his nose trying to get underneath me.

“Control your dog, sir!” He shouted.

Dr Morghimer came immediately out of his stupor and scolded the animal but it took bedroom but not before seeing a bright red lipstick appearing rapidly from the dog’s sheath. I couldn’t believe I had actually aroused the beast. He has actually wanted me as a mate. Whatever next. Neither my master nor I had thought of bestiality being introduced into our love games and by Shylock’s reaction he had looked singularly disgusted. Why did it ever so slightly turn me on?

I buried the almost insane thought and managed to get myself up from the floor and tidily into a chair before the men came back.

The doctor was most apologetic saying such an action had never happened from Sammy (the dog) and hoped I would forgive what had happened. I accepted gracefully and master introduced me as his secretary although the doctor could see I was much more than that.

Watson had also entered the room as he had heard the commotion but withdrew as he saw everything was under control but I had a bet with myself he had seen more as he gave me a secret wink and I perceived even a bulge in his pants. He said he would make us a pot of tea.

“Now,” said Homes, “would you kindly tell me plainly what the exact nature of the problem is in which you demand my assistance.”

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## **Part 2 - The Curse of the Masterwilles**

“I have in my pocket a manuscript,” said Dr. John Morghimer.

“I observed it as you entered the room,” said Homes. “It is an old manuscript. Around 1730?”

“The exact date is 1742.” Dr. Morghimer drew it from his breast-pocket. “This family paper was committed to my care by Sir Colin Masterwille, whose sudden and tragic death some three months ago created so much excitement in Devonshire. I may say that I was his personal friend as well as his medical attendant. He was a strong-minded man, sir, shrewd, practical, and as unimaginative as I am myself. Yet he took this document very seriously, and his mind was prepared for just such an end as did eventually overtake him.”

My master stretched out his hand for the manuscript and flattened it upon his knee. I looked over his shoulder at the yellow paper and the faded script. At the head was written: "Masterwille Hall,"

"It is a statement of a certain legend which runs in the Masterwille family," continued the doctor, "but it is a most modern and most practical, pressing matter, which must be decided within twenty-four hours. But the manuscript is short and is intimately connected with the affair. I will read it to you."

Homes leaned back in his chair, placed his finger-tips together, and closed his eyes, with an air of resignation. Dr. Morghimer turned the manuscript to the light and read in a high, cracking voice the following curious, old-world narrative:

"Of the origin of the Hounds of the Masterwilles there have been many statements, yet as I come in a direct line from Lugo Masterwille, and as I had the story from my father, who also had it from his, I have set it down with all belief that it occurred even as is here set forth.

"This Manor of Masterwille was held by Lugo of that name, nor can it be gain said that he 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 who held lands near the Masterwille estate. But the young maiden, being discreet and of good repute, would ever avoid him, for she feared his evil name. So it came to pass that one Michaelmas this Lugo, with five or six of his idle and wicked companions, stole down upon the farm and carried off the maiden, her father and brothers being from home, as he well knew. When they had brought her to the Hall the maiden was placed in an upper chamber, while Lugo and his friends sat down to a long carouse, as was their nightly custom. Now, the poor lass upstairs was like to have her wits turned at 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 so homeward across the moor, there being three leagues betwixt the Hall and her father's farm.

"It chanced that some little time later Lugo left his guests to carry food and drink—with other worse things, perchance—to his captive, and so found the cage empty and the bird escaped. Then, as it would seem, he became as one that hath a devil, for, rushing down the stair into the dining-hall, he sprang upon the great table, flagons and trenchers flying before him, and he cried aloud before all the company 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 the revelers 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. Whereat 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 some space the revelers stood agape, unable to understand all that had been done in such haste. But anon their bemused wits awoke to the nature of the deed that was like 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 needs 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 maiden, 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 albeit a dog bitch in heat. One by one they took her and by her sounds the maiden, now no more pure, was enjoying their 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. 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, and the black mare, dabbled with white froth, went past with trailing bridle and empty saddle. Then the revelers 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 right glad to have turned his horse’s head. Riding slowly in this fashion they came at last upon the hounds and there was blood on their jowls. 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 these roysterers, but it was that, standing over Hugo, and plucking at his throat, there stood the maiden, with the hounds around her. And even as they looked one of the hounds 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 maiden was never seen again nor the hounds except for the sounds of a woman shrieking in ecstasy as one in a sexual tryst and the noise of hounds barking as if they were devouring their prey from a hunt.

“Such is the tale, my sons, of the coming of the hounds which is said to have plagued the family so sorely ever since. If I have set it down it is because that which is clearly known hath less terror than that which is but hinted at and guessed. Nor can it be denied that many of the family have been unhappy in their deaths, which have been sudden, bloody, and mysterious. Yet may we shelter ourselves in the infinite goodness of Providence, which would not forever punish the innocent beyond that third or fourth generation which is threatened in Holy Writ. To that Providence, my sons, I hereby commend you, and I counsel you by way of caution to forbear from crossing the moor in those dark hours when the powers of evil are exalted.

“[This from Lugo Masterwille to his sons Rodger and James, with instructions that they say nothing thereof to their sister Elizabeth.]”

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### **Part 3 - Susie is licked and an incredible story**

When Dr. Morghimer had finished reading this singular narrative he pushed his spectacles up on his forehead and stared across at Lord Shylock Homes. The latter yawned and tossed the end of his cigarette into the fire whilst I tried to quench the itch that was burning in my pussy. Whilst the thought of that poor woman being sexually assaulted by a pack of hounds who had used her as a bitch dog in heat should have horrified me, I am ashamed to say it didn’t. I almost felt faint with the raging un-natural thoughts that were raging through my head and body. I could feel my vagina getting so wet I knew I would have to excuse myself.

"Well?" said my master.

"Do you not find it interesting?"

"To a collector of fairy tales."

Dr. Morghimer turned to me.

"And what do you think, Miss - er?"

"She answers to the name, Susie," said Homes, "And what she thinks is of no interest. She is here only to listen and observe. She has a photographic memory and other talents....."

"I do believe, sir, the lady is unwell," said Dr. Morghimer, who was looking intently at me and oblivious to my master's teasing. "The lady has turned white. I fear the tale I read was too much for such sensitive ears. I do apologize to you, my dear."

Homes stared at me and after a somewhat quizzical look that tried to hide a very slight smirk he nodded.

"I do believe you are right, Doctor," he agreed. "My dear, perhaps it would be better if you had a lie down and a glass of water."

I was relieved and I didn't have to feign the wobble as I got to my feet. I was shaking with thoughts no lady should be thinking. As I made for the bedroom door Homes called out.

"The dog is tied to the one of the bed posts."

"My dear," said Dr. Morghimer, "if he becomes troublesome call out and I will remove him."

"Perhaps we should do that anyway. I can ring for Watson and -"

"No. No." I stammered although knowing my master was playing with me. "He will be fine. I'd like the company." You bet I do I almost said and if on cue Watson entered with the tea.

"No tea for me," shouted at him, disappeared into the bedroom and quickly locked the door. I threw myself onto the bed, alarming the golden retriever who had been lying forlornly on the floor and now disappeared underneath it.

I opened my legs, pulled up my dress and used my fingers to release the itch in my pussy. I shut my eyes and replayed in my head the events that Dr. Morghimer had read from the old manuscript.

How I masturbated. I played my pussy like a violin, gently touching my clitoris and then almost violently scratching it as I came. I was living the most disgusting acts of un-natural debauchery. I was hating the fact I was enjoying it. I was that maiden. Being taken again and again against my will. How many times did she cum? How many dogs were in the pack? I had watched two mating dogs and it was fast and furious and the dogs were tied together for a long time ass to ass, and the female had yelled as the male had tried to pull away. Just the thought and I came big and had to clamp a hand over my mouth to muffle my scream which turned into a gasp as I felt a tongue licking hard at my pussy. I had not noticed the dog get up onto the bed and he was between my legs doing the most wonderful things to my cunt.

A dog's tongue is rougher than a human's and stronger. He licked deep and lashed at my clittie making me moan and moan. I found myself thrashing at the bed covers with both my hands. I was

obviously making too much noise because there was a rattle at the door and I thanked God I had taken the precaution of unlocking it.

"Are you alright, Miss Susie?" It was Watson.

"Yes!" I shouted back. "I tripped over the dog."

I let the beast continue, pushing his head deeper into me and holding him there until I came. I then tried pushing him away but he wanted more and tried to get on top of me but the leash held him back. I don't know what I would have done then, dear readers, I know you will be shocked, but I probably would have given in to him and let him have his way! Oh my! Just writing this down makes me so wet.

I sprang to the bathroom, poured myself a glass of water, freshened my makeup and joined the 'party'.

Watson had gone and Dr. Morghimer was reading from a newspaper but he stopped at my entrance. The two men eyed me almost suspiciously.

"Did the dog bother you?" Dr. Morghimer asked me.

Sitting down I answered as sweetly as I could, "Oh no. He was a perfect gentleman. I enjoyed his company very much."

A smirk appeared on Homes face as Dr. Morghimer commenced his reading.

"This is the Devon County Chronicle of May 14th of this year. It is a short account of the facts elicited at the death of Sir Colin Masterwille that occurred a few days before that date."

He leaned a little forward, his expression became intent, readjusted his glasses and began:

"The recent sudden death of Sir Colin Masterwille, whose name has been mentioned as the probable Liberal candidate for Mid-Devon at the next election, has cast a gloom over the county. Though Sir Colin had resided at Masterwille Hall for a comparatively short period his amiability of character and extreme generosity had won the affection and respect of all who had been brought into contact with him.

Sir Colin has made large sums of money in South African speculation and after he had realized his gains he returned to England with them. It is only two years since he took up his residence at Masterwille Hall, and being himself childless, it was his openly expressed desire that the whole countryside should, within his own lifetime, profit by his good fortune."

"The circumstances connected with the death of Sir Colin cannot be said to have been entirely cleared up by the inquest, but at least enough has been done to dispose of those rumors to which local superstition has given rise. In spite of his considerable wealth he was simple in his personal tastes, and his indoor servants at Masterwille Hall consisted of a married couple named Marrymore, the husband acting as butler and the wife as housekeeper. Their evidence, corroborated by that of several friends, tends to show that Sir Colin's health has for some time been impaired, and points especially to some affection of the heart. Dr. John Morghimer, the friend and medical attendant of the deceased, has given evidence to the same effect.

"The facts of the case are simple. Sir Colin Masterwille was in the habit every night before going to bed of walking down the famous yew alley of Masterwille Hall. That night he went out as usual for his nocturnal walk. He never returned. At twelve o'clock Marrymore, finding the hall door still open,

became alarmed, and, lighting a lantern, went in search of his master. The day had been wet, and Sir Colin's footmarks were easily traced down the alley. Halfway down this walk there is a gate that leads out on to the moor. There were indications that Sir Colin had stood for some little time here. He then proceeded down the alley, and it was at the far end of it that his body was discovered. One fact which has not been explained is the statement of Marrymore that his master's footprints altered their character from the time that he passed the moor-gate, and that he appeared from thence onward to have been walking upon his toes. One Murphy, a gipsy horse-dealer, was on the moor at no great distance at the time, but he appears by his own confession to have been the worse for drink. He declares that he heard cries, dogs barking and a woman's voice crying out as if in climatic pain - yes his exact words. However, he is unable to state from what direction they came. No signs of violence were to be discovered upon Sir Colin's person, and the doctor's evidence pointed to an almost incredible facial distortion. The coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence. It is understood that the next of kin is Mr. Harry Masterwille, if he be still alive, the son of Sir Colin Masterwille's younger brother. The young man when last heard of was in America, and inquiries are being instituted with a view to informing him of his good fortune."

Dr. Morghimer refolded his paper and replaced it in his pocket. "Those are the public facts, Mr. Homes."

"I must thank you," said Shylock Homes, "for calling my attention to a case which certainly presents some features of interest. Now let me have the private ones."

"In doing so," said Dr. Morghimer, who had begun to show signs of some strong emotion, "I am telling that which I have not confided to anyone. The moor is very sparsely inhabited, and those who live near each other are thrown very much together. For this reason I saw a good deal of Sir Colin Masterwille. With the exception of Mr. Rankles, of Laughter Hall, and Mr. Stammerton, the naturalist, there are no other men of education within many miles.

"Within the last few months it became increasingly plain to me that Sir Colin's nervous system was strained to the breaking point. He had taken this legend that I have read you exceedingly to heart-so much so that, although he would walk in his own grounds, nothing would induce him to go out upon the moor at night. He was honestly convinced that a dreadful fate overhung his family. The idea of some ghastly death involving hounds constantly haunted him, and on more than one occasion he told me he had heard dogs barking and a woman crying out.

"I can well remember driving up to his house in the evening some three weeks before the fatal event. He chanced to be at his hall door. I had descended from my car and was standing in front of him, when I saw his eyes fix themselves over my shoulder and stare past me with an expression of the most dreadful horror. I whisked round and I saw them. Fox hounds - about a dozen of them and a woman. I only saw the back of her head and she had long flowing hair. With excitement we ran towards them but they ran away and were gone from our sight like magic. The incident appeared to make the worst impression upon his mind.

I mention this episode because it assumes some importance in view of the tragedy that followed, but I was convinced at the time that the matter was entirely trivial and that his excitement had no justification.

"On the night of Sir Colin's death Marrymore the butler, who made the discovery, sent Larkins the groom on horseback to me, and I was able to reach Masterwille Hall within an hour of the event. I checked and corroborated all the facts that were mentioned at the inquest. I noted that there were no other footsteps save those of Marrymore on the soft gravel, and finally I carefully examined the body, which had not been touched until my arrival. Sir Colin lay on his face, his arms out, his fingers



dug into the ground, and his features convulsed with some strong emotion to such an extent that I could hardly have sworn to his identity. There was certainly no physical injury of any kind. But one false statement was made by Marrymore at the inquest. He said that there were no traces upon the ground round the body. He did not observe any. But I did—some little distance off, but fresh and clear.”

“Footprints?”

“Footprints.”

“A man’s or a woman’s?”

Dr. Morghimer looked strangely at us for an instant, and his voice sank almost to a whisper as he answered.

“Mr. Homes, there were footprints of many dogs, and a set of human ones. I am positive they were of a woman’s.”

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#### **Part 4 - A supernatural theory**

I confess at these words a thrill of eroticism passed through me. There was also a thrill in the doctor’s voice which showed that he was himself excited by what he had told us. I wondered if he was thrilled by the same thoughts as mine. Homes leaned forward in excitement and his eyes had the hard, dry glitter that shot from them when he was keenly interested. But his interest was in solving the mystery and not of bestial pleasurable thoughts.

“You saw this?” he asked Dr. Morghimer

“As clearly as I see you.”

“And you said nothing?”

“I fear I would have looked a fool and perhaps been thought of as a pervert. I have a reputation you know.”

“And I am a Lord yet you just called me Mr. Homes.”

The doctor was mortified but I was pleased my master had put him in his place. His “reputation” be damned. Homes accepted his apologies and normally he couldn’t care about his title but he was as annoyed as I was by Morghimer’s reasons for not coming forward with evidence that would have put some doubt on the coroner’s verdict.

Homes continued his questioning.

“The marks were some twenty yards from the body and no one gave them a thought. I don’t suppose I should have done so had I not known this legend.”

“There are many dogs on the moor?”

“Yes. Sheepdogs and most likely what the dog prints were.”

“And you are sure the other footprints were female?”

"They would have had to have been made by an abnormally very small male. Male footprints are longer than female ones as I am sure you know."

"None of the footprints approached the body?"

"No."

"The marks which you saw were on the path and not on the grass?"

"No marks could show on the grass."

"Do you fear there is something supernatural about all this?"

"Yes. Since the tragedy, Lord Homes, there have come to my ears several incidents which are hard to reconcile with the settled order of Nature."

"For example?"

"I find that before the terrible event occurred several people have seen dogs and a woman upon the moor which corresponds with the Masterwille legend, and which in every case the dogs were described as hound - fox hounds - used for hunting. They all agreed they saw the dogs fornicate with this woman. They took her one after another and the woman was enjoying it! I have cross-examined these men, all of them hard-headed countrymen. They could not possibly make up a story so disgusting, so immoral, so ---"

"Yes, yes, yes. Bestiality cases with farmers and simple country folk have all been males shagging their sheep or cows."

"And rare."

"The ones reported - yes."

"But now, Dr. Morghimer, tell me this. If you hold supernatural views, why have you come to consult me at all? You tell me in the same breath that it is useless to investigate Sir Colin's death, and that you desire me to do it."

"I did not say that I desired you to do it."

"Then, how can I assist you?"

"By advising me as to what I should do with Sir Harry Masterwille, who arrives at Waterloo Station"-Dr. Morghimer looked at his watch-"in exactly one hour and a quarter."

"He, being the heir?"

"Yes. On the death of Sir Colin we inquired for this young gentleman and found that he had been farming in Canada. From the accounts that have reached us he is an excellent fellow in every way. I speak now not as a medical man but as a trustee and executor of Sir Colin's will."

"There is no other claimant, I presume?"

"None. Now, Lord Homes, what would you advise me to do with him?"

"In your opinion there is a diabolical agency which makes Dartmoor an unsafe abode for a

Masterwille?"

"Yes."

"If your supernatural theory be correct, it could work its evil against this new claimant in London as easily as in Devonshire. A devil with merely local powers would be too inconceivable a thing. A woman having sex with multiple dogs would be just the entertainment for the London Hell Fire Club that I am sure you have frequented."

Dr. Morghimer blushed before replying.

"I may have visited that establishment, my Lord, but there has most certainly been no such entertainment, as you call it, like that. Well, certainly not that I have seen."

"Pity. If we find this woman and her dogs I'll put her in touch with you and you can act as her agent."

"You do me a poor service Lord Homes, than you would probably do if you were brought into personal contact with these things. Your advice, then, as I understand it, is that Sir Harry will be as safe in Devonshire as in London?"

"My advice, sir, is that you take a cab, collect your golden retriever who has managed to release his leash from the bed post, is scratching at my bedroom door, and proceed to Waterloo to meet Sir Harry Masterwille."

"And then?"

"And then you will say nothing to him at all until I have made up my mind about the matter which should take me twenty-four hours. At ten o'clock tomorrow, I will be much obliged to you if you will call upon me here, and it will be of help to me in my plans for the future if you will bring Sir Harry Masterwille with you."

"I will do so, Lord Homes." He scribbled the appointment on his shirt-cuff and hurried off in his strange, peering, absent-minded fashion.

Homes returned to his seat with that quiet look of inward satisfaction that meant that he had a congenial task before him. I made my way to the bedroom.

"Why are you going back in there? The dog has gone. Was he a good fuck?"

I took no notice, went into the room, picked up one of the pillows, came back and beat my lord and master around his noble head with it.

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## **Part 5 - A Un-natural pleasures**

After some morning love-making that made me purr I went out, met some friends who viewed me as some form of celebrity to be the 'companion' and secretary of the famous detective. One of my friends was lady Georgina Parker and I managed to have a quiet word with her on her own. I asked her if she and her husband, Lord Percival were acquainted with Dr. Morghimer. She said 'yes' and proceeded to take me to a quiet corner where there was a secluded iron and very uncomfortable seat under a tree that was dropping leaves every few minutes. Georgina was a lovely 'woman of the

world' so to speak whom I had known from a very young age and was a bridesmaid at her wedding to the very wealthy and influential Lord Percival. I doubted if I would ever become a 'lady' as I could not ever see Shylock ever being tied down to marriage and I was not sure I was actually in love with him. I loved his 'mastery' but that was entirely different.

Georgina proceeded to tell me that Dr. Morghimer gave her "the creeps" and asked me if I had met him. I told her the circumstances without going into the details and she told me he would be the last doctor on earth who would ever examine her but would not elaborate more and I didn't press her as I could tell she was uncomfortable. It was when I casually mentioned his dog that she turned a bright color of scarlet and said it was "a disgusting animal" and had forbidden it ever to be within a mile of her. Percival unfortunately thought highly of him and they would often go out to clubs. I wondered if one of them was the notorious Hell Fire Club but she had confirmed my suspicions concerning the Morghimer dog and whether he might even be behind the death of Sir Colin Masterwille instigating the woman and the hounds.

Armed with what I thought was a very good theory and Morghimer's liking for bestial pleasures to show my Lord and master how good I had become at 'sleuthing' I was anxious to get back to his flat in Butcher Street. We said our goodbyes and it then dawned on me she hadn't expressed any interest if I had found the animal 'disgusting'.

When I got back I found him poring over a document with Watson that they both were so interested in they hardly gave me a glance. I managed to take a peek and saw it was a large-scale map with the name Masterwille Hall prominently displayed in the middle.

He was talking to Watson. "This is the lifeless moor and this small clump of buildings here is the hamlet of Grimpen, where our friend Dr. Morghimer lives when he is not practicing his version of magic in Harley Street. Then, fourteen miles away is the great convict prison of Princetown."

"It must be a wild place," murmured Watson.

"Yes, the setting is a worthy one. If the devil did desire to have a hand in the affairs of men--"

"Then you are yourself inclining to the supernatural explanation." I chipped in.

"The devil's agents may be of flesh and blood, may they not? There are two questions waiting for us at the outset. The one is whether any crime has been committed at all; the second is, what is the crime and how was it committed? And now thank you, Watson, for going down to Stamford's for the Ordnance map of this portion of the moor, and I flatter myself that I could find my way about. However, I perceive Susie is bursting to tell me something."

Watson nodded and retired.

I sat down and told him what I had learnt from Georgina and my theory concerning Dr. Morghimer being behind the murder and his dog being trained for bestial pleasures.

"So you think bestiality is pleasurable?" he asked me with a smile. "Are you telling me the truth that that beast did not force his cock into your delicious cunny."

"No he did not," I retorted as indignantly as I could. "He licked me that is all."

"Oh, just a lick. On your hand perhaps? A lick across your face? Or.....?"

"Yes, damn you! He licked my pussy. Over and over until I came. I let him and I enjoyed it. So what. I

am perverted. There. I've said it."

"Good. I hoped you would say that because I have a task for you but I wasn't sure how you'd take it? First, though, I want you to answer me honestly without embarrassment."

He looked hard at me and I nodded.

"Would you like to fuck a dog or even dogs? Such as what you have heard this female spirit does?"

I flushed but I decided to answer him truthfully.

"Yes I would like to know what it would feel like. The thought is driving me mad, even. As for more than one dog at a time I don't know. I have to confess the thought of being pack bred by animals and being so forced to do it does turn me on. However the thought also scares me."

With that he picked me up and kissed me passionately.

"Susie. You are wonderful," he said. "I knew instinctively we were a perfect match."

He bent me over the arm of the chair and fucked my 'cunny' as he liked to call it most royally before taking it out, wetting my rosebud and then gently pushing his cock right up my bum as we English like to call the 'ass'.

When he called me his bitch I came and came.

After we had calmed down he then told me he had a job for me to do and it would involve me having intercourse with animals. But there was danger. "The change in Sir Colin's footprints for instance."

"Morphimer said that the man had walked on tiptoe." I said.

"He only repeated what some fool had said at the inquest. Why should a man walk on tiptoe down the pathway?"

"What then?"

"He was running, Susie-running desperately, running for his life, running until he burst his heart-and fell dead upon his face. If it was the woman being pack bred why would he be afraid? I could understand him running perhaps to save her, fearing for her life but no he died of terror. Well whilst I ponder on this you will visit a lady called Mrs. Andrews. She lives close to Clapham Common."

"Why do I have to visit her?"

"She owns a dogs home and trains animals to perform for special clients. I told her you would be very interested in learning about these special dogs."

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## **Part 6 - Susie has reservations**

I had two hours before my appointment with Mrs. Andrews and her Clapham Common Dogs Home and my master picked out a robust whale boned corset for me to wear to protect me from the dog's scratches. It was tight and almost difficult to breathe at first but I didn't complain and made a mental note to lose some pounds. A strict diet was in order. I asked the great detective how he had

found Mrs. Andrews.

“That was easy. I just examined the telephone book for dog homes and kennels and said I was Dr. Morghimer and having some problems with the my retriever and the training it had received there was not working. The first five didn't know who I was and what I was talking about but the sixth knew immediately. I told her the dog was trying to hump complete strangers and I recited the scene you had with the beast. She told me to bring Joseph, the name of the dog, back to her but I said I was out of town and could she give me some advice over the phone which she obliged. I don't know whether to pass the information onto the doctor.

I then told her I had a young lady that needed training in dog mating and she said, “What another one, you naughty doctor?” I told her this one was particularly submissive and wanted animal sex badly and I had special plans for her. She got very excited and it anxious to meet you. Apparently, Dr. Morghimer has been looking for a lady to perform with a number of different animals and I'm afraid I have led her to believe it is you.”

I was stunned and angry. I had never had any thoughts of mating with any animals but dogs and I was hesitant at doing even that for real. I had no intention of screwing other animals.

“And did Mrs. Andrews enlighten you on these different animals?”

“No, but she asked me your interests.”

“And .....?”

“Oh, I casually came up with a few..... Ahem. Ponies, horses, goats and perhaps a boar or two.”

“You are joking?” I screamed at him.

For the first time he looked uncomfortable. There was even some hesitation in his voice I had never heard before.

“It doesn't mean you have to do other animals. Of course you don't but I had to make it sound good so that she would be anxious to meet and train you immediately. She at first said she had no time to train any more of his women especially when she had to tie them down and subdue them. She mentioned the last one had been particularly difficult and had threatened her and promised to get even. It was only the threat of exposing the photographs to the media that had finally quieted her down.”

“Photographs! I'm going to be photographed?”

“It's normal. As protection. I promise you I will obtain all the negatives and prints and see they are destroyed.”

“After you and Watson have had a good look first I bet.”

“They would have to be checked, of course.”

“Damn you, Shylock. What am I getting myself into?”

For the first time I had a terrible feeling of guilt and wondered what I had turned myself into. I started to cry and told him I wasn't going to do it.”

He didn't argue and said he understood. He left me alone.

It was an hour later I found him perusing the map again and making notes. He didn't even look at me."

"Is it essential to you solving this case?" I asked him after at least a minute of silence.

"I am afraid, yes. I might be unable to save the life of this new Masterwille heir without you infiltrating this den of bestial pleasure makers and exposing the villain or villains."

"But it is Dr. Morghimer. We have established that."

"We have established nothing of the sort. What motive would he have? Why come to me? The only thing we know is that bestiality is one of his fetishes and more than likely he knows persons in and around Dartmoor involved in it. I am sure that is the main reason for his visit. It has got out of hand and murder is no part of his games. He doesn't want to be involved in a scandal if the police start making inquiries. He has his reputation and if his name should come out in a police investigation into bestiality and murder he would be ruined. That is the main reason he kept quiet at the inquest."

"Alright I'll do it."

His face beamed, he hugged me and we danced around the room.

So, an hour later, I stepped out of the cab outside the Clapham Common Home for Dogs and rang the bell.

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## **Part 7 - The first mount but not the last**

The Home was situated along a residential area backing onto the railway line that was level with the upper story of the house. It was a conversion of three attached dwellings and I learned later the backyard where the kennels were disappeared under the railway.

It was a very busy line and trains were passing by every few minutes and what with the noise and the smell of smoke from the steam engines it was an area I would not have liked to live. I suspected that noise from dogs barking was secondary.

A solemn looking middle-aged man, who replied in an almost toneless voice after I had given him my name, that I was expected, opened the door.

I was pleasantly surprised that there was no noise inside the house except for the occasional vibration and the room I was shown into was pleasantly perfumed.

The room was large with a fairly low ceiling and devoid of anything against the walls except for a large mirror that occupied the whole of the rear wall. There were no windows, the light coming from a number of wall lights that gave a very yellow look that added to the cold feel of the room. The floor was tiled and there was a floor drain and a faucet and hose on one of the walls that were painted green. The ceiling was painted an off white and there were a number of mirrors along its length. A few chairs were placed by the door I had entered and I was shown to one of the chairs and the man left without another word. I thought I heard a lock click and when I checked the door was indeed now locked.

In the middle of the room was a very low padded metal bench and some low wooden stools. Against one of the walls was a single bed complete with covers and a pillow. There were leather straps

attached it as was the bench and stools as restraints for the 'victim'. I gulped and became more than a little nervous. My excitement was vanishing now quite quickly. I also notice camera equipment and a recording machine - similar to the one Homes used. Well I had been warned my visit here would be photographed.

I heard the lock turn and the door opened and a plump middle-aged matronly looking woman entered with another much younger and slim woman who stood by the door.

"Welcome to my home, Susie. I'm Cecilia Andrews the owner of the Home and this is Ethel who trains all the doggies here, don't you darling?"

"Yes, Mrs. Andrews." Ethel said with a smile giving me an almost leering look.

"I understand that you have no experience of dogs but want to learn how to mate with them?" Cecilia asked me.

I gulped and answered in the affirmative.

"Why?"

I had been briefed how to answer this by Homes.

"The thought excites me. I have had a lot of experience with men, and women, and like the taboo. I was licked by a dog and was very much excited and a friend of mine has tried it and told me how wonderful it is. Better than men, she said, although I find that difficult to believe."

Cecilia nodded and I hoped it was a good enough explanation for her to believe that was mostly true although I was having huge second thoughts. If Ethel hadn't been standing in front of the door I think I would have tried to do a bolt.

"And the other animals. What about that? This is, I must say, very unusual."

"I said it as a joke. I don't believe I could really do that."

"Oh dear. That is disappointing. The reason I cancelled all my appointments this afternoon was because I was assured you wanted to try a pony, a horse and a boar. In fact after your successful initiation into doggie loving we were going to visit a dear friend who has a trained boar that hasn't had a human mate for over six months."

She saw me hesitate and added, "And of course you would make a lot of money by mating with the anima. A very beautiful young lady mating with an ugly beast would attract a full house at some of the clubs here in London. You would be quite famous. Of course, you would wear a mask and a wig and no one would know your identity. If you say "No" I'm afraid we will have to terminate this meeting as I have been misled." She looked very hard at me. "I do not like being made a fool of and you will have cost me money. So, what do you say?"

I thought long and hard. Homes was depending on me so what else could I say?

"I'm sorry. I got cold feet. Yes, I'll do it. I want to do it."

It was all smiles now and Cecilia gave me a kiss, even on my lips with her tongue pressing against them I opened my mouth and it slipped in and I flicked my tongue against hers and felt my unease disappearing. We did this for at least a minute before she broke away. She was pleased.



"Oh, Ethel. We are going to have a lot of fun with this bitch. Now help her get undressed and I'll fetch Blackie. He's a black Labrador and very gentle. He does have a nice cock and a medium knot for you to start with."

With that Cecilia left.

Ethel indicated for me to stand and she expertly took off my clothes. I tried to stop her removing the corset telling her I did not want to be scratched but she assured me Blackie would have socks over his feet and it would feel nicer to have his fur against my bare flesh. I sat down on the bed and took off my stockings. I was naked.

"What's it like?" I nervously asked her.

"Dog mating?"

"Yes."

"It's nice. Better than with men. I hate men. I like women though. You look nice."

I smiled at her.

"You like men, though?"

"Yes."

"Ever been with a woman?"

"Yes. But not for a while."

"Would you let me?"

"You mean us? Together."

Ethel nodded.

"I live with a man. He's my master. I'll have to ask him but I think he'll say yes."

"I'll give you my address. You can leave a message."

The door suddenly opened and Cecilia came in leading a large black dog that had to weigh at least 60lbs. He was wearing matching black socks that were tied with red ribbons to his legs. When he saw me he started to strain at the leash and I wondered how many women he had bred.

"Bred". The word made me suddenly excited. I was going to be bred by a dog. Was it possible for a dog to make me pregnant? I thought not. I had never heard of dog/humans. Stupid thought. Why then did the idea of giving birth to pups and carrying them in my belly make me wet .... and I was getting wet.

"Yes, Blackie. Here's a lovely lady for you. It's her first time and one of the prettiest. Now be gentle and she will come back for more," Cecilia said. "Now stop pulling. You'll have me over."

The man that I had first met came in and went to the camera and sound equipment.

"Now don't worry about David. He's going to take some photos and record your cries and make a

star out of you. We will give you copies and Dr. Morghimer, of course.”

“Oh hell.” I thought, but I nodded.

“Do you live with the doctor when he’s here?”

“No,” I said hurriedly, “But he’s coming back tomorrow and I’ll see him then. If the photos will be ready I can come around, pick them up and give him his copies.”

“Oh dear me no,” Cecilia said. “ They won’t be ready for days. WE will see everyone gets them and I think it best if we give both sets to the Dr. After all he is paying for this, isn’t he?”

If it was a question I decided to ignore it but I had a feeling she was suspicious. Lord Homes would have to get me out of this somehow.

“What do you want me to do?” I asked her.

“Sit on the bed and lay back against the wall with your legs open. I’m going to bring Blackie over to you so he can smell and lick you. And just look at your pussy hairs. They are already glistening with your cum. You are a randy cow aren’t you?”

I did as she said and Blackie didn’t need any encouragement to come over to me. He dove between my legs and his tongue licked at my pussy lips. It felt as nice as the Retriever’s licks and I was instantly in his and these people’s power. I was theirs. I knew it and they knew it.

Oh my. What a wonderful tongue. I found myself saying things like, “Good boy.” “Oh yes.” “Deeper.” “More.” And I found myself holding his head and pulling his snout further into me. I pushed my cunt against his tongue that was swirling further and further into me.

I was dimly aware of Ethel who was on her knees beside the dog, gently massaging his sheath. In only a minute she announced Blackie was ready.

I was expecting to be placed over the bench and strapped into place but I was told to get down onto my hands and legs and wiggle my behind. Ethel pushed my shoulders down so they were almost level with my hips and Cecelia released Blackie.

I felt him behind me; he licked me again and even swiped at my ass. Then I felt his weight upon my back as I was mounted. I heard myself shout “Oh yes!” and I came. Yes I came and he hadn’t even got his cock into me. Both my hands thumped against the hard stone floor. His front paws grasped me around my waist and I felt something hard, very hard banging against my rear. His weight and the suddenness of it had pushed me down and this hard, boney thing – his penis – was in danger of gaining entry into my anus and it did strike me there and I yelled and Ethel pulled the dog off me.

She got me into position and held me there whilst Cecelia helped him onto my back and I felt her guiding his cock into me. And on contact with my vagina he thrust forward. He was inside me. I had an animal’s cock inside my body and he was fucking me. The unthinkable was happening to me.

Blackie thrust in and out in fast short, sharp jabs and I could feel his penis growing in length. I could also feel him cumming in little shots and I understood later this was his pre-cum. The two women moved away and left Blackie to do his thing – and he did his thing very well. His cock was shunting now in and out of me at a fast and furious pace and I had never been fucked so hard or so good. This went on for about a couple of minutes when I felt him slowing down a little and something very large was also trying to gain entry. I had had no idea of a dog’s cock having a knot. It felt like it was a

tennis ball trying to get into me.

There was no way this ball was ever going to get through the mouth of my vagina. No way - but, then with a huge thrust forward by the black Labrador it did. That ball drove inward, banging against the ring of my 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 my vaginal opening with a devastating effect on me.

I felt the most incredible, almost insane excitement but there was also shame. I was aware I was committing a despicable act but I was helpless to stop doing it. I shamelessly responded to my body's lust that was both vibrant and writhing and sending orgasms shooting through me almost in time with Blackie's sperm that started to flood into me, and it was so hot. Much hotter than a man's and more of it. At that moment I knew I was helpless. The dog owned me. I was his. I clamped my thighs against the coarse hair of his flanks and I returned his still humping body unreservedly. I slammed my pussy back against his mighty cock and wanted more. Then he stopped moving. His back legs were now off the floor and rubbing against my ass cheeks. I felt his cock and his knot twitching and more cum jetting into me and I started to achieve the biggest orgasm in my life. I felt a rising storm growing inside me, building like a hurricane and I abandoned myself to it. The muscles of my cunt clenched against his cock and I waited for the storm to burst. Contractions were sweeping through me now, 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 I felt I was torn apart. I screamed and it was so loud the poor dog jumped off me with fright, ripping his cock out of my body with a pain that just added to the thrills I was receiving.

I was hooked. I knew I was going to be a dog bitch for life.