

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, 1938, the third night of Mardi Gras

I - The Rider

At midnight there were only six more hours to go until dawn. Then the woman would have been taken off the shaft. During the last rest stop she and her horse had been led to one of the many public parks that dotted Rio. A young teenage boy was leading her mount and he held the reins wide-eyed at what she was engaged in. The young boy was slight, 17, not yet a full-grown man, and he was more than a little intoxicated, for he had been encouraged to take swigs of rum and chicha. But the rest of the Sambistas were too drunk to even hold the reins. By default, the youngest members of the samba school had been left in charge of the horses.

A long queue of men had formed, eager to be serviced by the women strapped under the horses. Most of the men already had whipped out erect penises and waited their turn while stroking themselves. The one the boy was leading was an excellent fellatrix. She coaxed their shafts to full hardness and then sucked them eagerly and quickly made them come in her mouth. She then would swallow as much of their seed as she could. That the horse's shaft was buried deep into her loins did not seem to matter to her. She was working her way through the queue of men at a fast clip.

The straps held her legs high against the horse's flanks and her torso flush against his chest. This was her third night on the harness and she seemed as fresh and as aroused as on the first day. She had already serviced the young man once and he was now convinced that he loved her.

Then the detonations had started. Huge firecrackers, the type used by railway men to alert a freight train to slow down, caused them. The horse immediately tensed. The woman almost bit off the penis she had in her mouth. She grabbed tight to the stirrups that hung at the side of the horse and frantically willed herself up the shaft. Every inch she could gain, she knew, could be the difference between life and death.

The other horses were similarly agitated. The sambistas cursed. Some of the women strapped under the horses shrieked. It all happened very quickly then. Several of the horses started to kick, which caused the bystanders to scurry away. The woman's horse reared. She was strapped underneath and was now almost vertical, her own weight driving her deeper into the shaft. Her frantic efforts to remain in position were to no avail. She dug her heels into his sides but her inexorable progress downwards continued. She passed out from the pain and let go of the stirrups. The young boy in turn let go of the reins when a hoof almost hit him. The horse bolted. All the rest of the of the horses followed. They left a trail of blood behind them.

The next morning, Elizabeth, for such was her name, gasped and opened her eyes. It was still very early; the sun was only a suggestion. In the morning mist she saw an upside down view of the Rio de Janeiro Bay, with the Pam de Azucar and the huge Christ statue on its summit. A blinding pain in her loins brought her cruelly to full awareness. She and the mount were at Copacabana Beach, at least five kilometers from where the horse had reared. "Jesus, have mercy on me," she prayed towards the effigy.

Two men approached. They were fishermen and carried their nets.

"Ohmigod," said the youngest one, "look, Joao, its one of the lost bellyriders."

"Careful, Francisco, they have taboos. Don't touch her!" The man crossed himself. "I think she is dead."

Elizabeth moaned.

“Jesus! She is still alive!” said Francisco. “Forgive us, senora, we do not wish to disturb you in your communion with your horse.”

“Take me off, please!” begged Elizabeth. “I am hurt!”

“Don’t touch that woman, lest Changu curse you!” said a handsome and powerful looking Black woman approaching. Cowered, the two men ran off.

“Mama Salome,” whimpered Elizabeth, who recognized the Santeria priestess. “Please take me off.”

“Changu has chosen you, Elizabeth. You knew you were past your prime. Its time to finish it.” The priestess motioned to two large men who loosened Elizabeth’s legs and held on to them, meaning to push her deeper into the shaft.

“Wait!” cried Elizabeth. “The sacrifice can only take place during Mardi Gras! It is now over! Look! The sun has come up!”

The priestess held up her hand. The two men ceased tugging. She knew Elizabeth had a point. “Tonight we helped ten other women on their way already. Most were already dead when we reached them. I suppose the gods had their fill tonight. Tie her up again.” The men quickly secured Elizabeth’s legs again.

“No! Unstrap me, please!” cried Elizabeth in a pained voice. “The bellyride is over! I need to get to a doctor!”

“Sorry, only your school may do that. The rules for bellyriders are hard, like a shaft, Elizabeth, but I did not make them.” The priestess ran her hand on the outline of the shaft, which was bulging her belly. “It is in very deep but you are not bleeding. You daCuhna women must have cunts of iron. Ah, but it is getting soft. I know you want it to stay hard. It might still rupture you since I think it’s all the way into your womb. You must love it!”

Elizabeth only moaned.

The priestess ignored her protests. “No bellyrider ought to die on a flaccid shaft, right? I can remedy that.” The priestess filled a hypodermic filled with a green liquid and injected it into the exposed portion of the horse’s penis. Elizabeth felt the shaft harden and push itself deeper, deeper, into her. She howled with pain.

“Here,” said the priestess as she pressed a bottle of rum against Elizabeth’s lips. “Keep the bottle. It will soothe your pain. You might not understand it but what I do is, in a way, merciful. I save bellyriders many hours of pain and they go to their reward.” She handed Elizabeth the reins. “Take yourself back to the school’s compound, bellyrider. Changu can wait another year.”

Elizabeth drank more and more, driven by thirst and pain, till she felt growing nauseous. She was soon quite drunk and this indeed soothed her pain. Elizabeth pulled on the reins. She would have to try to steer the horse herself, something that she had practiced often but never in such state. She coaxed the horse forward, which caused his shaft to pump in and out of her as she walked. She almost dropped the reins from the stabs of pain this caused. She took a last swig of rum and threw the now almost empty bottle away.

Slowly, Elizabeth managed to steer the horse towards the nearby boulevard. Already the morning

commuter traffic had started. There were catcalls and hoots. Bellyriders were not supposed to be on display during daylight. They spent the daytime at their samba school's compound, communing undisturbed with the shaft inside them.

A large truck swerved and almost hit Elizabeth. Her horse gave signs of bolting away again. She did her best to control it. The passersby ignored her. There were too many taboos associated with the bellyriders and most of them practiced Santeria, originally an African animist religion with a thin veil of Catholicism.

Brakes squealed and honking was all around her. She heard cries and curses. Then she saw a pair of rough man's hands take the horse's reins. Despite her limited view, she saw that the man who held the reins was leading the horse towards an open horse trailer parked by the side of the boulevard. "Thank God we found you, senora," said the man. "It was a bloodbath. We will take you to the compound immediately. There is a surgeon and an ambulance already there."

Elizabeth did not hear the last part. She had passed out once more.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, one year later, the eve of Mardi Gras

II - Arrival

It was dawn when the train, late as usual, finally crawled into Rio's terminal. In one of the second-class coaches two nuns, dressed in simple, homespun, habits, stirred themselves awake. They ached. It had been a grueling three-day trip from Recife and the seats were hardly comfortable.

The two women were quite dissimilar. The youngest one was in her mid-twenties, attractive, and had quite a considerable degree of Indian blood mixed with some African and Portuguese. She moved with all the natural grace of Brazilian women and smiled at her traveling companions and offered the contents of her thermos, milk, to one of the nearby children. The other woman was taller, in her early forties, quite athletic, and would have been stunningly pretty except for the livid scar that ran down the left side of her face. A strand of blonde hair, which had liberated itself from the fetters of her wimple, and the haunting green eyes with which she observed her surroundings evidenced that she was obviously European blooded.

"So this is Rio?" said the younger nun.

"Oui," replied the older nun. "Its really a beautiful place but I am afraid I shan't have much time to show you the sights. By my calculation we were delayed almost by a day. I am afraid I must be strapped tonight."

"I do hope Bishop Montoya sent someone to meet us," sighed the young nun.

"Don't worry Sister Antonia. Someone is waiting for us, I am sure. I worry most about my horse. He has been cooped in that cattle car for three days. I hope he does not colic," replied the older nun in an increasingly nervous voice. "It would be...terrible."

"Don't worry Sister. You have been watering and feeding him every time this turtle-like train stopped, which was all too often, I must add."

"Yes, I have, but I haven't been able to minister to all his bodily needs. He must be suffering. I know I am."

"Poor Sister Renate! Poor Latigo! Tonight all will be right."

Sister Renate, for such was the name of the European woman, looked around the coach with impatience. The aisle way was hopelessly crowded while the passengers disembarked.

"Relax, Sister, let these folks get out of our way," continued the younger nun. She scratched herself. The passengers, men, women, children, and all manner of farm animals were struggling to empty the carriage. "Sister Renate," pleaded the younger nun, "is there no way we can make at least the return trip in a sleeping coach? I am afraid I might have picked lice or something!"

"Alas, no," observed the older nun sadly. "Its all part of the penance which the order has had imposed." Her hand caressed younger woman's leg. The gesture was unseen by the crowd. "It would be lovely if we had some privacy, I know. I know you also suffer. Don't worry, a hot bath and a change...of clothes...will take care of your plight."

Soon the carriage had emptied. The two nuns looked around with a furtive look. There was not a soul but them left. They held each other in their arms and shared a long kiss.

"The peace of Christ with you, Sister," whispered Renate. Her hand was buried in the younger woman's robes.

"And with you, Sister," replied Antonia as she kissed her again, her hands resting on Renate's breasts.

After a few more minutes of kissing and caressing, the two nuns took their scant luggage and stepped off the coach. A young man in a priest's cassock was on the platform.

"Hello sisters! I hope you are Sisters Renate and Antonia! My name is Father Damian. I have come to assist you."

"The peace of Christ with you, Brother Damian, we are indeed whom you seek. I am Sister Renate duPlesis and this is Sister Antonia Yanez, of the Recife motherhouse of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene," explained Renate. "Tell me, young man, do you know anything about horses?"

"Yes, Sister, I was raised in a farm."

"Then do please bring down my horse, Latigo, he is still in that carriage up front, near the locomotive."

"I will bring Latigo down, Sister!" replied the young man eagerly. He motioned to a young mulatto who was standing back quietly, holding a cap in his hand. "This is Pedro, he was sent by the samba school. He has a trailer and a truck up front to take you and the horse to their compound. Bishop Montoya instructed me to have him take you directly there, on account of the delays you had on the trip. Pedro, please carry the sisters' luggage and then come help me with their horse."

Pedro genuflected and murmured his respects. The two sister smiled and blessed him. Wordlessly, Pedro picked up their luggage and bade them to follow him.

Soon the two sisters were aboard the truck while the priest and Pedro coaxed Latigo into the unfamiliar trailer. The two women were sweating profusely.

"I can't stand it, Sister Renate," whimpered Antonia. "I don't know how the other orders do it."

"Just a bit more, my dear, we will soon be at the compound. I know how you feel. Its been a year since I last wore clothes. But this is not Recife or the Mato Grosso. Nor is it Mardi Gras yet. When it

starts nudity becomes quite commonplace in Rio, I assure you.”

Pedro sat himself in the driver’s seat, which cramped the sisters more and added to their discomfort.

The priest bid them adieu. “I will tell Bishop Montoya you have arrived! May God keep you from harm!”

III - With the Angels of the Favela

Soon they arrived at the samba school compound, located a few kilometers away on the outskirts of Rio. It was surrounded by a high wall and protected by a strong gate. When the two nuns alighted from the truck a crowd gathered and cheered them.

“The people of the samba school are mostly poor folks, denizens of the favelas, the destitute,” explained Renate. “Generations of them saved and scrounged all their lives to purchase this compound. Normally they use it for their wedding feasts and baptism celebrations. During Mardi Gras they outfit their floats and their costumes and strap on their bellyriders in this place. For three days they will dress themselves in kingly finery and dance, drink, and make love round the clock. They spend their whole year saving and scrounging for the brief respite Mardi Gras gives them from their bleak lives. The school with the most attractive and debauched group of bellyriders wins a large cash prize. Therefore, we are very important to them and they make a point of keeping us safe while we are on the harness .”

“You make it sound as if a bellyrider is their property,” noted Antonia.

“In a way that’s how it is meant to be,” agreed Renate. “The other bellyriders whom you will meet are mostly aristocrats, rich women from the landed classes. They get a kick of being pawed by and in fellating men whom they would hardly give the time of day the rest of the year. In turn, the sambistas get a brief measure of revenge for the social inequities around them. If anything, the bellyriders contribute to keeping the social peace. Of course, they also love to be fucked by a horse and suck cock in public.”

Antonia had observed a group of women who stood chatting idly next to what appeared to be a stable. There were about twelve of them, all quite athletic and good looking, ranging in ages from their early twenties to the fifties. They all were naked and some bore geometric body paint designs.

Antonia was in obvious discomfort. “Sister may I remove my habit now?”

“Certainly!” replied Renate as she herself started to unclothe. There was no evident hesitation on either woman’s part, even though they were quite in public.

A groom brought down Latigo and handed his reins to the now naked Renate.

“He looks OK to me,” noted Antonia. “Look, his shaft is dropping.”

“He’s a good boy,” smiled Renate, holding the horse’s snout against her pubes. “He knows when his mistress is in heat.”

“Sisters! You made it! Changu has blessed us!” A tall, older, but powerful looking mulatto approached them. He was clad in a glorious suit of sequins and feathers. He approached the two women without seeming to take any notice of their nudity. The he respectfully did a perfect facsimile of the Viennese handkuss on each of the nuns’ extended hands.

"Don Eusebio! You are always such a perfect gentleman!" said Renate beaming. "This is Sister Antonia. This is her first Mardi Gras. She will hold the reins for me."

"Ah, welcome Sister. Perhaps you will bellyride with us some day too! I must tell you truly that the Angels of the Favela Samba School is highly honored to have you in our midst."

"I eagerly hope to bellyride here some day, don Eusebio," answered Antonia. Her relief at being nude was evident and the idea of being strapped one day aroused her. "But for now, Sister Renate is our orders' designated bellyrider. All I get to do is hold to horse and keep him from rearing and impaling her. But, may I impose on you, sir, is there anyplace we could bathe?"

"Of course, Sister. There is a shower in the stable. We will have you painted afterwards; its part of the tradition. Come, you must meet the others. Some of them you will remember, Sister Renate, from past rides."

The other bellyriders approached and greeted them effusively. Renate recognized several of them who had ridden with her in past years. Some of them started caressing and admiring Latigo. Eager hands bent down to grab his penis or caress his testicles. There were cries of admiration at the way the horse responded, extending a long, thick, penis with a wide flattened head.

"Sister Renate! Pray tell me, monja caliente, where did you find him?" asked a handsome woman in her forties. Though her breasts sagged a little, she was obviously athletic and still in good shape. Her aristocratic features evidenced that she came from the hacendado or landed gentry. "He is very well endowed and well trained! Look how quickly he dropped!"

"How nice to see you again, Lorena! My Latigo is a warmblood our mother superior had shipped from Belgium. It took me a lot of daily mating and a lot of pain to train him, Lorena. Its not an easy shaft to get used to. I am looser than I have ever been!" She proceeded to pull on her nether lips and display a truly yawning cavern. Lorena stared at it with admiration.

"I only wish I could get to be as loose as you have become!" Though indeed Lorena did not have to pull on her nether lips. Her cunt yawned open all the time.

Renate caressed Lorena's distended labia appreciatively. "You look magnificent! This is the result of mating with Via's shaft. He is so big! Are you riding him this year?"

"No, I have a new mount, Bucefalo, a pretty bay with long legs and an equally long shaft, though not as thick as your horse's. We have only been together less than a year but we have gotten used to each other. I hope he won't be too rough on me!" She laughed nervously.

"You be careful, Lorena," cautioned Renate. They all knew that riding such a green horse was a risk.

Lorena blushed. "Don't worry. I am not as elastic as I used to be, I admit it, but my cunt ought to handle him. Anyways, my priest already gave me absolution, just in case. If I die on Bucefalo's long shaft I will do so happily. Let me present to you my daughter Anastasia, she will ride Via this year. It will be her first public bellyride."

Lorena bade a shy young woman with a lovely heart-shaped face, long legs, and pointy breasts to come forward. Both nuns stole a kiss from her and commented admiringly on her beauty. She was very self-conscious of being nude though she bore no tan marks upon her copper colored body. The two nuns guessed it was the first time she had gone sky-clad in public for the daughters of the hacendado families were outwardly quite conservative. She did not refuse the caresses the nuns made on her. Lorena beamed proudly.

"She has taken after you, congratulations," said Renate.

"I thought that since she is a novice she ought to have Via. He is already used to it. She is quite stretched from mating with him, are you not, dear?"

In reply, the young woman pulled on her labia and displayed a cavernous cunt, which, though not as stretched as Lorena's, was already quite large. She smiled sheepishly and blushed.

"Today happens to be my 19th birthday," explained Anastasia. "I will spend it on Via's shaft."

"Lucky girl," answered Renate, with sincere admiration. "It is better to start young," she advised. "You stretch easier and it remains distended. Pretty soon you will be as big as your mother."

IV - Love in the Stables

The two nuns shared the open shower stall. Surrounded as they were by so much naked female flesh and used as they were to living nude without any shame whatsoever, they had no concerns about being seen by the many members of the samba school which went in and out of the stable for various reasons.

Now feeling clean and refreshed and comfortably naked, Antonia felt a tremendous exhilaration. "Renate, you will be strapped for the next three days. Could we find a place and steal a few minutes to ourselves?"

"Come," said Renate, leading her by the hand. They went through the stalls looking for an empty one. Naked women who were fellating or mating with their horses occupied most of them. They passed Latigo's stall where Lorena and her daughter Anastasia were kneeled next to Latigo taking turns fellating him.

"Don't empty his balls!" said Renate with mock jealousy. "I need him to fill me up tonight!"

"Too late, I am afraid!" replied Lorena. Her daughter had stretched her mouth and had Latigo's head inside it. Her head was making up and down motions trying to take as much of him into her. Her eyes were closed, obviously engulfed in the ecstasy of the phallus worshipper. Then a surge of semen exploded from between her lips. The young woman barely had time to get the penis out of her mouth lest she risk dislocating her jaw when it flared. She was choking due to the massive flood of semen, yet tried her best to swallow as much as possible. Her mother, in turn had pressed her lips to the flaring head to drink as much of the horse's seed as she could. Renate and Antonia stood silently caressing each other and watching the two horse lovers. The flood continued unabated until the two women were thoroughly covered in semen.

"Happy birthday Anastasia!" said Antonia laughing.

"Well, he won't fill me up so much tonight, I guess," observed Renate. "Come, let's leave those two to their joys. The next stall over is empty and there are some bales of hay."

"You don't mind that they emptied him?" asked Antonia as she lay on the bales and opened her legs.

Renate lowered her cunt into Antonia's mouth and lay upon her in the sixty-nine position. "No. It's the tradition that bellyriders share each other's horses prior to getting strapped. Ah, I missed your tongue these last three days, fuck me with it!"

The two nuns went at their lovemaking frenziedly and soon their cries of passion echoed the ones

coming from the other stalls. A groom arrived bearing a saddle to store. He stole a brief glance at the two entwined women, for they were quite beautiful women, each in their own way, but he scurried away quickly, lest he bother them. The two women hardly noticed him. Their climax came quickly, for they had been starved of love for the last three days. Afterwards, they held each other in the afterglow of their orgasms and reluctantly left their love nest.

"I am afraid you will need another shower and to get your bodypaint redone," observed Renate as she saw Lorena and her daughter who were now standing in the middle of the compound, caked in horse semen.

The mother and daughter smiled back, it was a bacchante smile. "Semen is the best bodypaint!" replied Lorena.

"I want to thank you, Sister, for the lovely gift of your horse's semen," said Anastasia formally. "I tried to swallow as much as I could, but, it was so abundant. Could he fuck me after the Mardi Gras? I should be even more stretched then."

"Of course," replied Renate good-naturedly. Meanwhile several of the sambista women had started on Sister Antonia's bodysuit.

IV - Kapu

"We are going native this year, Sister," explained don Eusebio as he approached.

"I see and must congratulate you for your good taste. The designs are from the Xingu folks. I have worn them myself when I have trekked in the jungle. That one, the one Antonia is getting, is an abstraction of the jaguar's suit. It means 'strength'."

"Yes," admittedly don Eusebio admiring Renate's erudition. "Some of the Indian girls here are from that tribe. They certainly miss their homes and Mardi Gras is the only time they can go again sky-clad with their bodysuits."

"Don Eusebio, we have a serious matter to discuss."

"I am at your service, Sister."

The Indian women bade Renate to approach, for Antonia's suit was finished and she stood in the sunlight drying. Renate explained as she was being painted.

"Normally, a bellyrider, if it is her choice and it has always been so with the nuns our order sends, will suck cocks on the streets of Rio while strapped under the horse."

"That is quite true. Your beloved Sister Leda, may she rest in peace, started the tradition and I believe all the bellyriders here are willing to continue it. Any man who approaches them during the rest stops we hold during the procession may get a blowjob from them."

"Two orifices of the three a woman is blessed with are therefore used, oui?"

"That is so."

"And as long as the bellyriding nun has a horse shaft in her cunt, which we symbolically recognize as the shaft of our spouse, Jesus, for obviously the Lord must wield a mighty sword, we are not violating our vows of chastity. Or so we rationalize!" She laughed. "Some call us Christ's whores."

"That is unseemly," answered Don Eusebio in a respectful tone, "though the patroness of your order was one."

"Merci," replied Renate, "Don Eusebio, I would think it an unchristian waste not to have the remaining orifice used. Even the most Christian empress Theodora lamented that she only had three altars of Venus on which to pour libations."

"Sodomy would present some technical difficulties, Sister," the man did not seem too enthusiastic. "Some bellyriders wear buttplugs."

"Oui," agreed Renate. "That is because too many jokers were fondling them and trying to insert their hands or things up their butts. But no, I am not talking of a buttplug. I want to be fucked in the ass while I am strapped. I can see that you are rather shocked. None of my vows would be broken as long as I have the horse shaft inside me. Don't worry, I have thought and experimented with this concept and my mother superior expects me to perform thus."

"On the street? How can you do this on the street? Hundreds, nay, thousands of men will want, do forgive my language sister, to fuck you in the ass. Queues form at the rest stops just to receive blowjobs from the bellyriders! If you take so many men up the ass, sister, they are bound to hurt you."

Renate laughed. "Have you seen my butt? Its as open and yawning as my cunt. Latigo has been fucking me up my ass every day for a year now and Antonia fists me up there daily. A man will be a mere nuisance. I might not even feel him." She turned, bent over, and displayed to don Eusebio a cavernous, yawning, asshole. "And when I have Latigo's shaft inside me his girth will cause my cheekbones to spread and my asshole will be more easily accessible."

Don Eusebio shook his head. "But sister, the man would have to lie on the bare pavement, underneath you and the horse. And I have seen your pony. He is long legged. Your torso rests pretty high, I am sure. The men might not be as well endowed to reach up to you. How do you propose to handle that?"

"Ah, yes, I thought of a solution. Let me explain. I brought a couple of old bed mattresses with me. Your man Pedro unloaded them. The men who will bugger me can lie on top of these. The mattresses would raise them a bit and keep him off the ground. If need be we can use some bales of hay to put them at the right height. And anyways, I do believe some mulattos here can compete on size with a small pony. Right?" Renate smiled and briefly brushed her hand against Don Eusebio's obvious hard on. The man grew nervous; he was a devout Catholic and had the utmost respect for these nuns.

"Jesus!" exclaimed don Eusebio, "You might even be able to fellate one at the same time! All your orifices would be filled! We would definitely win the annual award for the most perverted samba school! We could use the money, Sister. I admit as much. Unemployment is pretty bad around here. We would be eternally grateful to you and your sisters."

"I want you to arrange it so that some boys carry these mattresses and any bales of hay needed. We can have them go ahead of the procession and set up at the rest points."

"And you have actually tried this out?" inquired don Eusebio.

"Yes, at the convent, of course," admitted Renate. "This crazy idea was not mind but Sister Antonia's. That girl scares me sometimes, may God forgive me for talking ill of a sister! Alas, when we were discussing the concept, I was the fool that agreed to be strapped and bugged at the same time. Sister Antonio wore a 12-inch strap on dildo and did the honors. It was uncomfortable, mainly

because when the horse shaft is inside me there is not much room. I yelled like a stuck pig! But I got used to it after too many sessions. The trick is to keep me well lubricated. I keep several jars of Vaseline in Latigo's satchels.

"Fine, sister, I will get some of these slobs to carry the mattresses and the bales of hay! But I, Sister, wash my hands in this matter! If you tear I will tell the bishop its all your idea!" Don Eusebio walked mumbling.

The Indian women finished applying Renate's bodysuit. It was a very intricate mix of geometric figures, which covered her from neck to toes. They placed a crown of tropical flowers in her head. A mirror was produced and Renate admired herself. She was indeed a vision of savage loveliness. Her stern visage, however, was barely softened.

"Sister, do forgive me, but I heard what you were proposing to do," said one of the Indian women who had been painting her. "You are a very brave woman. Let me apply some facial designs using kapu juice."

"That is a permanent stain, is it not?" replied Renate. She had spent many years in the jungle and was cognizant of its many secrets.

"Yes, I was going to warn you about that. I have trained as a body decorator for years. My teacher would do the chiefs upon their reaching the throne. And I followed in her footsteps until I came to Rio. You can see I am good. See how lovely and sexy you look now. I can cover the scar if you wish."

"It is a very important decision to wear kapu," said Renate in a quiet voice. "Only the chiefs, the shamans, or 'wise women' do."

"Yes, and I am sorry to bring it up now, in these circumstances. I have performed as a 'wise woman' in my tribe and have gained some insight into human souls. Forgive me for saying it, but I can see that you are not at peace. If you are hurt or die in the shaft your soul will be tormented forever. The kapu design will soothe your soul and protect you from harm. You need the gods' favor for what you are going to attempt."

"How long would it take to retouch this bodysuit with kapu juice?" inquired Renate after a while.

"Not much more," offered the Indian woman. "I have enough jars to do your entire body and your face. We will handle it with gloves for it is nasty stuff. The washable stain already in place will actually make the kapu penetrate deeper and make it darker."

"Well start with the face," said Renate decisively, "Then retouch the body." She laughed. "Do it before I lose my nerve. The good thing is I will never need to be retouched ever again. As for the scar, let it show. We cannot deny who we are and where we have been, oui?"

"You are indeed a 'wise woman' and deserve to carry kapu. Sit here and relax, sister. Kapu stings a bit."

The Indian woman started applying her facial designs. She worked slowly and carefully, applying graceful swirls and geometric designs to Renate's face with precision. Eventually, Renate felt as if her face was on fire but it was a tolerable pain, almost. She motioned for the women to start on her body and they slowly progressed up her legs.

Renate had learned to extract pleasure from pain; any bellyrider has to acquire this skill. Sometimes, however, the pain and burning of the kapu was intolerable and she whimpered and shuddered.

Nonetheless, she felt herself becoming thoroughly aroused as the “tattooing” progressed.

“What is it that you are doing?” inquired Antonia who now approached wearing her now dry bodysuit. “That looks cool, wasn’t a bodysuit enough for you?”

“Don’t move, Sister,” advised the Indian woman.

Renate held up a hand for a moment. “Its permanent ink, Antonia, kind of like a tattoo. And it hurts as much, I can assure you. The only advantage is that it is faster to apply.”

“Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! Wasn’t it enough for you to be a nymphomaniac that goes around bare assed in public and fucks horses? Now you tattoo your face!” Antonia bent closer to examine Renate. She ran a finger along Renate’s face. The design did not come off but Antonia felt a sting in her finger. “Ohmigod, it is kapu! That is permanent! What will the mother superior say?”

Renate frowned. “It will be a done thing when we get to Recife. Now let me be. Truth is, I always wanted it done, ever since my jungle travels. I have lied to myself all these years, denying it. As for being a nymphomaniac, yes, I admit I am one, though I was certainly not born that way. The yerba dura drives us all crazy eventually, I know. And such will be the case with you and most of our sisters.”

Antonia protested. She had heard stories. Yerba dura, which bellyriders absorbed through the lining of their cunt, eventually would drive a woman mad. “That is not true! Those are only tales!”

Renate laughed with some disdain. “You yourself are a little mad. Whose idea was to add being bugged in public to the bevy of perversions I am going to perform? And I must be cuckoo to have agreed!”

“As if I am pointing a gun at your head!” protested Antonia.

“Look Antonia, I am not blaming you. It’s a fact that I am a nymphomaniac or something like that. And it is also a fact that I am a nun and I do not take my vows lightly, I assure you, and these include nudity and screwing anything but men up my cunt, which is why I like it when you sit on my now tattooed face or fist me or a horse fucks me. I am, in fact, proud of what I have become. This bodysuit and the facial makes me feel complete. I am at peace and wish the same on you. Let me be, please, Sister. I am finally being true to myself.”

Antonia murmured under her breath and giggled. “Self-righteous cunt!” She was used to Renate’s outbursts. The two women were more than sisters in Christ; they were lovers. And Antonia’s love was sincere and simple. She would love her always, even more now, she admitted to herself, that Renate was tattooed in that manner, for the decorations did seem to complement her body and would, perhaps, soothe her soul. Antonia, however, wished that Renate would not regret it later. It would take some getting used to see what she had become.

By midday all the bellyriders had been bodypainted.

Renate looked at herself on the mirror and at the woman with the strangely tattooed face that stared back. Her heart fluttered.

“Oh, Jesus!” was all Renate managed to say.

V - The Bellyriders are Harnessed

The sun was still high in the sky. The procession would only start at sunset. Samba music filled the air. It was both sad and sensual. The sambistas were dancing trying to will themselves into the hypnotic trance that would keep them doing so for the next three days. Flasks of rum and chicha were passed around, as were thick cigars of ganja. The bellyriders, including Renate and Antonia, started dancing also and pretty soon the rest of the samba school surrounded these nude women, shouting encouragement, praises, and lewd suggestions involving a horse shaft. The bellyriders' dance grew particularly erotic for they would kiss and caress each other and masturbate shamelessly. It was evident that they were all highly aroused and wet. Shame was discarded. The school and the bellyriders were celebrating their freedom from shame and morals, which could only be achieved during the three days of Mardi Gras.

Many of the sambistas, highly aroused by the spectacle, had to resist the temptation to join in the debauched display, for that would have broken a taboo, for this was the bellyrider's moment, their chance to display and stoke their lust. Meanwhile, grooms took their horses out of the stalls and lined them up against the walls of the compound.

At a signal from Don Eusebio, four large and powerful men approached the bellyriders. First they took hold of Lorena who made a mock protest. It was all part of the ritual, a symbolic rape and dehumanizing of the bellyriders, for thereafter they would be considered part of the horse, nothing more, a human sheath wrapped around their penis.

"Come, woman, you must open your legs for your horse!"

"He is as thick and as long as my arm! You will like it!"

"No! Please! Not a horse! I am a virgin!" cried Lorena giggling and her claim brought a round of laughter all around. She squirmed and struggled but not too strongly.

A bellyrider's harness was lying in the ground under Lorena's horse. This was a contraption of ropes and leather that would keep her flush against the belly of the horse, her cunt facing the horse's penis. The four sambistas placed her in the harness and raised it up. Then they spread her legs open and bent them forward to insure the deepest penetration possible and tied them up high against the horse's flanks. Other ropes secured her torso. Lorena gripped two stirrups, which dropped from the saddle. She was now firmly secured in place. She placed her face lovingly against the horse's chest, closed her eyes, and awaited the shaft.

The strapping of the other bellyriders continued amongst much mock protesting, shrieks, obscene comments, and general hilarity. These women were aristocrats of the hacendado class, unused to being treated in such manner and in public, and this added to their lust. However, the crowd grew quiet when Renate, who was last, was strapped under Latigo. The denizens of the favelas always held the bellyriding nuns in superstitious awe.

The somber mood continued while a priest, a Black man who ministered in the poor favelas that clung to the hills around Rio and was particularly respected, went along the horses blessing them. Some bellyriders had confessed and received communion.

"The body of Christ, Sister," said the priest offering Renate the wafer.

Renate smiled. "Soon he will be inside me, Father, literally. But, alas, I haven't confessed, Father. I cannot take communion," replied Renate. "But please do give me absolution."

"Very well, then, 'ego te absolvo'." He placed consecrated oil on her forehead. "God have mercy on you, Sister!"

Renate's body still seemed on fire from the kapu that covered all her body. But lying there, under the horse, completely naked, in public, fully tattooed, with her legs spread, without any shame whatsoever, she felt a sense of peace as she had not felt in a long time. Her spiritual training took over. She accepted and liked what she had become and felt no shame at being displayed thus.

Final preparations now took place. The sambistas decorated the horses, which entailed adding some paint or hanging ribbons and general grooming. The bellyriders' straps were adjusted as needed. Many of them took a swig of rum or chicha. Some peed for the last time. Once the shaft entered them peeing would be difficult and drink was not recommended during their three-day bellyride, but all their dancing had made them thirsty.

The samba music began again, ever more enervating and sensual for now took the most physically challenging part of the strapping. The sambistas looked on expectantly. Don Eusebio had prepared a dozen hypodermics with a greenish/milky substance. This was yerba dura, a jungle herb, which had the same effect as a naturally occurring viagra. Don Eusebio and a helper then went to each bellyrider applying the injection directly into the horse's penis. In most cases, the shaft had already "dropped" since the horses were well trained and knew that they were now expected to mate with the woman that hung under them. This was certainly the case with Latigo, whose long pink shaft had already come out of its sheath. Renate looked around and saw Bucefalo's long shaft already dropped and resting against Lorena's pubes. The hacendado woman smiled back at her.

First, Don Eusebio grabbed a thick gob of Vaseline and inserted applied it into the bellyrider's cunt. He did so roughly, putting several of his fingers deep into the gaping and winking caverns. The women did not protest.

Then, while the shaft was still soft, Don Eusebio inserted the spongy head of the horse penis into the dilated cunts of the bellyriders. The crowd watched expectantly. Grooms were holding the horse's reins for it was essential that they be kept from rearing. Antonia did the same with Latigo.

The effect of the yerba dura did not take long. The shafts began to harden and straighten and sought their way, inch by inch, into the women. The bellyriders moaned and arched their backs and squirmed as they sought to accommodate the shafts pushing their way relentlessly into them. The straps kept them in place and with their legs spread and open and bent forward they could offer no resistance.

Renate felt every lovely and hard inch of Latigo's shaft entering her and stared at the crowd with her eyes half-closed and smiled. He wanted them to know how much she enjoyed being fucked by Latigo in public. Her hands held the stirrups in a tight grip, willing herself to take as much of the shaft as possible. The crowd applauded and commented admiringly on the size of the distending shafts. The more formidable the shafts, the better were their chances of winning the prize.

Then some of the horses, being well trained and finding themselves inside a their mare/mistress, had started making thrusting motions and began to fuck the bellyriders. The women's moans and cries of ecstasy and pain were soon echoing around the compound. A few of the women who were thus being fucked had grabbed the stirrups and were meeting their thrusts, pushing themselves back and forth, fucking back. Cheers and praises came up from the crowd. The samba music became louder and the bellyriders seemed to dance on the shaft, taking up the rhythm of the sensual music.

Renate was amongst those fucking merrily along. Her body was covered in sheen of sweat and her arousal was evident in her turgid breasts and gleaming eyes.

Antonia knelt down next to her. "Are you OK?" she asked in a quiet voice. All communications with

the bellyriders were discouraged. From now on they would be considered part of the horse, nothing more.

"I feel wonderful!" replied Renate, groaning, but not missing a beat.

Antonia inspected the coupling closely. Renate's nether lips and clitoris were driven in and out with every thrust of Latigo's thick shaft. Antonia ran her hand along Renate's belly and felt the hard throbbing shaft inside her. Renate moaned with pleasure. Antonia bent over and kissed her fully on the lips.

"At least twelve inches at the point of deepest penetration! The union is very tight. I doubt that any semen will leak. Don't tire yourself out! You still have three days to go!"

"I can't help it!" cried Renate as she continued her fucking. "How does my ass look?"

"I'd say fine. The shaft spread your cheeks open and anus is puckering. Anyone will have easy access when you are in the street.

"Good, now lead me to the middle of the compound and fuck me up the ass. Don Eusebio still doesn't believe it can be done. Don't forget to lube me up!"

Antonia led her thus. There were expectant murmurs. Latigo and Renate kept on fucking. Now the horse's own gait caused his shaft to pump in and out of Renate. Foam was already forming in her cunt. The bystanders could hear her cries of ecstasy.

Antonia handed the reins to a sambista, admonishing him to hold them tight. Don Eusebio had had a mattress placed on top of a couple of bales of hay. Antonia put on a long thick strap-on two-headed dildo so that she herself was also penetrated by it. Latigo (and Renate) were made to straddle the mattresses. Antonia took out a gob of Vaseline and inserted it up Renate's puckered asshole. Then she slid underneath Renate and placed the tip of the dildo against Renate's asshole.

"Don't move now, Latigo!" admonished Antonia, for Renate was not considered worth of addressing. Renate's lubric motions ceased. Latigo, however, kept on fucking her.

Renate could now feel that telltale warmness of Latigo's precum; none was coming out because of the tight fit between woman and horse. The yerba dura would keep him hard for the next six hours and inhibit his ejaculation, at which time another injection would be applied. The idea was to keep Renate strapped and the horse hard for the next three days. The poor horse felt frustrated at not being able to come. He remained in the brink of ejaculation but could not achieve it. The only thing his instinct dictated was to keep on fucking Renate, which was quite to his liking.

The sambistas stared fascinated at the tableau; for it was evident they were about to witness something that had never been done before. Even some of the bellyriders, those who could turn their heads in the right direction and were not too busy fucking their horses, watched expectantly. The music quieted down. Only the moans and cries of the bellyriders could be heard.

"Latigo, are you ready?" said Antonia. The bellyriders were addressed by the horse's name, for they were considered nothing but a sheath on the horse's penis now.

"Go ahead!" whimpered Renate. "Don't be gentle! I am a nymphomaniac, remember?"

Antonia giggled. "Oh, rest assured, I won't!"

Antonia grabbed on to Renate's breasts. The dildo slid up Renate's asshole. There was considerable resistance as Renate was quite full with Latigo's shaft. Renate could not help crying out loudly. Antonia pushed her hips forward relentlessly and then she started to thrust in and out, trying to match Latigo's rhythm. The pain was blinding at first. Renate could not move at all now. Slowly, Renate's pain sublimated into pleasure and she felt the early stirrings of an orgasm build up.

Slowly at first but pretty soon very energetically the crowd started applauding. Certainly the crazy nun with the facial tattoo would win them the grand price. The dancing resumed. The sambistas were now swirls of color moving sensually and joyfully amongst the bellyriders. Unseen hands stroked and caressed the strapped women's breasts, legs, and torso.

Some men started to masturbate and Renate thrust out her head from underneath the horse and motioned to them to come in her mouth. The men eagerly lined up. Several contrails of semen drooled out of the nun's mouth and even splattered Antonia, who did not mind of course. She was enjoying it all very much, being fucked herself by the double headed dildo and holding on to Renate's breasts for support.

Renate swallowed as much as she could. This went on for a good hour and Renate lost count of the men she had serviced. Other bellyriders, including Lorena and Anastasia, started to plead to be fucked in the ass too. Don Eusebio nodded to some sambistas and they went off to find more mattresses and bales of hay.

Antonia kept up fucking Renate until Latigo stopped and Renate signaled she could take no more. Poor Latigo had not come, though he had been pumping Renate energetically all the time. Perhaps the additional weight that Antonia had added when she held up to Renate's breasts had unnerved him. Or maybe it was his inability to come, though he was quite willing to do so. His hard shaft remained buried inside Renate. Renate had meanwhile had several long orgasms that made her almost pass out.

"I knew it! At this rate you are going to die of a heart attack before the three days are over!" scolded Antonia as she took the huge dildo out of Renate's ass. She stood up awkwardly herself, feeling quite sore, and wondered how Renate managed to endure.

But Renate was still thoroughly aroused. The yerba dura, which she was absorbing in Latigo's pre-cum through her cunt, was keeping her "in heat", so to speak. "I can handle it! I feel wonderful! I want more! How is my ass?"

"Just a little bleeding, nothing to worry about," said Antonia trying to soothe her. Most men will not be as thick as the dildo."

VII Elizabeth

Elizabeth daCuhna stared at herself in the full-length mirror. Though the naked woman that stared back was in her fifties she had a body that a woman twenty years younger would envy. Having given up wearing clothing so many years ago, said body bore a deep all-over tan, the kind commonly seen amongst the denizens of Amazonia. The breasts were still taut and pert, with a blood-dark, large, aureola, which bore witness to her lust. Her belly, which had only been distended by horse shafts, bore no stretch marks. Indeed, she was proud of the fact that she had never lain with a man and had never been pregnant, though a late period had once given her a scare, making her think, erroneously, that she had been impregnated and was about to bear a half-horse half-human monster.

Elizabeth was not tall. She barely stood five feet high. She compensated by having had her chesnut hair styled in high and a pair of stilleto high heels. Her face was still beautiful, with an aristocratic

nose, elegant eyebrows, and naturally bee-stung lips. Only a few lines, from the time she spent under the tropical sun, barely evidenced her age. She smiled.

"I am still easy on the eyes, right Lucia?" she giggled. Elizabeth was on her luxuriously furnished boudoir, with her three Indians serving girls from the Matto Grosso, Lucia, Ximena, and Maricela, surrounding her. Like Elizabeth, they all were nude. Their hands were all over Elizabeth, caressing her, decorating her body or rearranging her hair. One was kneeling in front of her and had her face buried in Elizabeth's pubes.

The girl kneeling in front of her looked up. "Certainly, madam, the queen of the bellyriders will always be beautiful!" She licked her lips. "And you taste so good!"

One of the Indian girls handed her a lipstick and held a smaller mirror to her face. Elizabeth smiled. Lucia had a lovely tongue. Elizabeth had personally selected all the girls. They were all highly skilled in the arts of making love to equines and women for she had trained them all.

Elizabeth bade the kneeling girl to stand up and kissed her, leaving her lipstick smeared on the other woman's lips, and caressed her face. "Because of that little bit of flattery and also because of your wonderful tongue, you, Lucia, can service Jupiter tonight. The rest of you will have to be content with the other horses. But don't forget the donkeys!" There was some giggling at the mention of the donkeys, for their shafts flared considerably on ejaculation. Elizabeth waited till the laughter died down. "Do lock yourself in tight! Rio gets crazy during Mardi Gras! We certainly don't need men in here."

One of the girls brought her her jewel chest. "This is the most important touch. The jewels must complement my nudity and not cause a distraction. What should I wear, Lucia? Do I go with the diamonds or the emeralds?"

Lucia thought for a moment. "Well, you are going skyclad tonight madam. If you won't wear bodypaint then I suggest the emeralds. A touch of color will look nice. Besides, they will go with your eyes."

"Fine, but let's not overdo it then. I believe they will have plenty to look as it is." Elizabeth selected a pair of earrings from which hung two large emeralds, specimens found in the daCuhna's mines in Colombia. Last she placed an exquisite emerald crucifix, which hung on a thin gold chain between her breasts. "Maybe too large and gaudy? Oh well, I do love big things, big rocks, big shafts, big cunts, oh dear! Did the jeweler send the chains?"

Lucia knelt down again in front of her. She had in her hands a set of thin gold chains.

"Yes, madam, let me put them on."

"Not too tight," admonished Elizabeth. "What if some Adonis wants me to dance?"

Lucia deftly fastened the ends of the chain to several large rings on Elizabeth's distended labia. Then she twisted the other end around her legs and fastened it to a thick gold chain that hung low in Elizabeth's hips. This she did with several chains, some of which she looped to the front, the end result being that now Elizabeth's cunt, which usually yawned wide open, was now obscenely distended and flared. Elizabeth observed herself in the mirror.

"You can see all the way to Sao Paulo now!" she laughed.

She noticed an amber gob of horse semen making its way out of her. Like most horselovers, she

leaked horse semen for days after a mating; however, Elizabeth's daily regimen included several horses. Thus, she was always leaking. "Some of Jupiter's seed is coming out. No need to let it go to waste, Lucia," On cue, the Indian girl knelt again in front of Elizabeth and pressed her mouth to Elizabeth's cunt to receive the horse's gift.

"Thank you, Lucia. I think I am ready, tell Joao to start warming the Bentley." One of the Indian girls offered her a flute of cold 20-year-old Moet, her usual drink, and she drank, relishing the flavor. "What's is the name of this president? Do you know?"

"Lopez, General Elias Lopez, I think, madam," replied Lucia tentatively. Neither Elizabeth nor the Indian girls cared much for what went on outside their magnificent hacienda on the hills overlooking Rio. "He is Dona Natalia's husband."

"Ah, yes, I remember now," agreed Elizabeth. The Indian girls refilled her flute. "These general-presidents change so often I can never keep their names straight. But I do remember Natalia. She is one of the more recent boarders. Ah yes, she is so young and pretty and now she is married to what I hear is a brute! I knew her mother. She was a bellyrider too, with wonderful long and shapely legs that looked exquisite when strapped to the side of a horse."

"Indeed, madam," agreed Lucia. "Dona Natalia has inherited her mother's body. We girls have had occasion to lie with her after she has done her horse. She was very enthusiastic. We miss her."

Elizabeth snickered. "Must have been an arranged marriage. These damn generals like to pluck the fairest daughters of the hacendados. A man! Who would fuck a man if you can fuck a horse!"

"Yes, madam, Dona Natalia has the white pony, Relampago. Not too thick, but long, with a wide flared head. Alas, she has not been to service him for some weeks now."

Not looking after your horse's sexual needs was something Elizabeth frowned on. "Well, even if she is now the first lady of Brazil I will have to have some words with her. That's unacceptable, tantamount to cruelty to an animal. She knows the terms under which I board a horse. At least a weekly mating is expected. Anyways, have you girls been taking care of him?"

Lucia nodded. "Maricela has been making love to him daily, madam, don't worry. He is not missing his mistress."

Elizabeth downed the last of the champagne. Joao had given word that the Bentley was ready. "Daily? Oh well, don't let Maricela fall in love. She is still young and there are always bigger shafts to try. But be assured I shall give Natalia a piece of my mind. Oh yes, I will!"

VIII The Politics of Bellyriding

Sunset was approaching. The Angels of the Favela were lucky in that they had one of the leading positions in the procession. The tail end of the parade would not start their march until midnight. Of course the bellyriders did not care. They were about to spend the next three days on the shaft. Whether their mount was moving along and they were in display out on the street or just standing in the compound did not matter to them. Their whole focus was on the thick shaft of flesh buried on their loins.

About twenty 'schools' of samba were engaged. This amounted to a teeming mass of several thousands. Each 'school' had a varying number of bellyriders but altogether there were probably around 300 women on the shaft that night. It was the apex of the bellyrider phenomenon; Brazil would outlaw bellyriding after the war.

The smallest bellyrider contingent, five women, rode with the Perdidos, the “lost” ones. Though they had in the last ten years won five grand prizes and were considered something of a “dynasty”, now their names fit them exactly. Their reputation had been besmirched by the death of six of their bellyriders the year before. Of the four that had survived two were no longer able to walk and the lucky ones did so with some difficulty and pain. One of these latter, Elizabeth, we have already met. She had, by a miracle, survived. It was rumored that the year before a rival ‘school’, envious of the Perdidos’ prowess, had set off the firecrackers that had caused the horses they led to rear and, in several cases, to bolt.

This year it appeared that the women that had volunteered to ride with the Perdidos all had a death wish. Most of them were veteran bellyriders who wanted to fulfill the adage that “there are no old bellyriders” and die gloriously on the shaft. Chances were good that this year none of them would survive the ordeal for they had chosen to ride with warmbloods, huge horses that had a monstrous shaft; however, it was rumored that they eagerly accepted their fate.

The Perdidos’ morale was not good, though they tried to present a brave front and danced as enthusiastically as any of the other schools. The Perdidos knew they had no chance of winning the grand prize. The judges were known to practice many vices but, alas, none included necrophilia.

The chief suspects for sabotaging the Perdidos also had the largest bellyrider contingent, twenty women. This school was known as the Micaelistas. They were a tough mob sponsored by the leftist parties and the unions. They prided themselves on their jacobinism and despised the aristocrats. Lorena and her blue bloods would certainly not ride with such crowd; they held them in a very evident contempt, which added to the Micaelistas’ resentment.

Though the Naked Sisters of Saint Mary Magdalene took a vow of poverty and had given up all earthly possessions, even their clothes, upon entering the order, they also would not mix with the Micaelistas. The order, like the church, was politically conservative, with the obvious radical beliefs to mitigate matters, for they were also known as fiery advocates of abused women and exploited prostitutes. Most of the bellyriding nuns, legends to the contrary, had no death wish and the close links of the Angels to the Catholic Church, who sponsored them, had made the nuns’ choice obvious. This of course also added to the Micaelistas’ resentment.

The entry requirements to bellyride with the Micaelistas were minimal, unlike most schools, which expected the woman and her horse to be well-trained and accepted candidates only on the recommendation of another bellyrider. To be a woman, a proletarian, and have willingness to endure three days on the shaft was enough qualification for the Micaelistas to strap a volunteer under a horse. Thus the Micaelistas attracted many destitute and unskilled women from the favelas, for to be a bellyrider was perceived as a great honor and, of course, fun. And there was also the chance of earning a fair share of the grand prize. Every year, women showed up in droves at the Micaelista compound asking to be strapped. The Micaelistas, however, always chose the most comely of them. In Brazil, the mix of so many races, Blacks, Europeans, Indians, and Asians, always assured a sure supply of stunning beauties, even in the favelas. These swamp flowers were eager to prove that they were as debauched as any land-holding aristocrat.

The Micaelistas’ mounts, however, were a motley collection of mangy donkeys, mules, and even some geldings that had been coaxed into an erection using yerba dura. (One time it was rumored that a ram had been used.) Their shafts were not as thick or as long as the pedigreed shires and thoroughbreds the aristocrats rode but could certainly hurt a first time bellyrider. Because their bellyriders and their mounts were mostly untrained, the Micaelistas expected to lose some of their bellyriders; however, they were so formidable as a group that they were confident they could cower the judges into turning a blind eye over any spilled blood.

It was known to all the schools that a nun, the bishop's contribution to the Mardi Gras, always rode with the Angels of the Favela. Years before, when the blessed Leda had inaugurated the practice of fellating men while strapped, she had caused a sensation. The Angels, naturally, had taken the grand prize that year, in spite of Leda being accidentally impaled by her mount and barely surviving thereafter. Certainly, once it became known that Renate was now adding buggery to the mix of bellyrider perversions, the Angels could expect some form of retaliation. By tradition the sambista Angels would remain pretty intoxicated and stoned for the next three days. Their vigilance would be lax. This worried don Eusebio to no small degree, for the Micaelistas were the school right behind the Angels.

Don Eusebio did his best to encourage and alert his already half skunk-faced contingent. "Keep your eyes open at all times! The bloody Micaelistas are right behind us! Protect the bellyriders! Grab on to the reins tightly!"

The Angels were forming up and lining up the horses in a quiet side street outside their compound. As usual, a crowd of curious onlookers had formed and they were particularly interested in the bellyriders. They walked amongst the horses, commenting on the shafts, and pawing the women, who could not utter a protest and were required to smile. A few of the men knelt down next to the bellyriders and offered their penises for them to fellate and none were refused. This was then the first time the bellyriders were displayed on the street, exposed to the eye and attentions of the general public. Many of them, usually the rookies like Anastasia, could not but feel a curious exhilaration at being displayed in public, naked, vulnerable, sucking unknown cocks, and fucking a horse, for the first time. Many bellyriders had their first orgasm then and so did Anastasia.

At a signal from don Eusebio the bands would start playing and the Angels would start dancing. The school would then join the procession in their allotted place. The route would take them first through the outskirts of Rio until they reached downtown, where the judge's stand stood. It was a ten-kilometer circuit, with two breaks in between. However, the schools would first have to negotiate the hill Golgotha, where most injuries to the bellyriders happened.

"All of you who hold the reins," admonished don Eusebio, "when we reach Golgotha, be extra careful! It is steep! People, make sure that you help the rein holders! Keep the horses from loosing their footing! Pedro! You and six men will be our rearguard. Make sure you have the Souza brothers with you. They are tough and big. Keep an eye on the damned Micaelistas! They are bound to try something! Let me know if they come too close! And don't get too drunk, damn you!"

Antonia grew pale and scared at hearing all this and the rumors she had picked up regarding the Micaelistas. She had no idea up to that point that there could be such dangers involved in bellyriding during the Mardi Gras. Every day for the past three years Renate had bellyridden through the quiet streets of Recife with the naked Antonia holding the reins. But in that tranquil, provincial, town the people were gentle and friendly and used to seeing the naked nuns coupling with animals openly and without shame. Also, the hills in Recife were not too steep. Rio de Janeiro was altogether a different proposition.

Renate sensed her friend's concern. She stuck out her head under the side of the horse and whispered to Antonia. "Don't worry, Antonia, ma cherie, I have done this all before. I love it! Latigo has good footing and I have an iron cunt! Just make sure that you hold on to his reins and don't poke anyone in the eye with that thing!"

Antonia laughed. She was still wearing the thick strap-on double-headed dildo she had used to sodomize Renate with. It would make her walking awkward but she intended to wear it all through the procession. "Why should you have all the fun? I intend to use it. I am sure I will meet folks eager

to let me fuck them with it.”

Soon it was time. The parade marshals waved to Don Eusebio and he gave the signal. The Angels of the Favelas gave a great cheer. Bottles were raised to eager lips. The bellyriders gave their last blowjobs. The Angels’ band started to play. The sambistas started their rhythmic dancing. The bellyriders grabbed the stirrups at their side and started to fuck, swinging themselves back and forth unto their horse’s shaft. As the horses were led forward, the bellyriders moaned loudly when the gait made the shafts pump in and out of them. But just then the skies opened and a steady, tropically warm, shower began. Don Eusebio cursed. Golgotha would be slippery. “I want two people holding the reins from now on!” he roared, trying to make himself heard above the din of the music. “Put the bottles away! No drinking until we go past Golgotha!”

VIII The President’s Ball

Old Joao, Elizabeth’s driver for many years, drove the Bentley carefully towards Rio for there was a steady downfall. In the back of the car Elizabeth stared at the glowing city below her. Faint sounds of samba music could be heard. She had been a bellyrider for thirty years and had become a legend in Rio. But since the incident the previous year she had been forced to retire. But she knew she still missed the whole Mardi Gras experience, like a retired athlete who cannot endure without hearing the cheers of the crowd.

Elizabeth tried to banish the thought of returning to the street. She had had a close call, she reminded herself. She shuddered, remembering Mama Salome’s men grabbing on to her legs. Actually Jupiter had not ruptured her but it had taken her many months of pain to be able to walk again. No, she could never do the bellyride again, she told herself. But, at least she still had Jupiter. In recent weeks she had managed to have him enter her. It had been very painful at first, after such a long time, but now she could do him and others on a daily basis. In fact, she had spent the morning in her mother’s breeding phantom, being fucked by several of the horses. Her belly and womb felt mushy, being as she was full of their seed. It was bound to start running out any minute. She would be dripping gobs of horse semen soon and her nudity would not allow her to disguise it, though of course she would make no attempt to disguise her condition. Displaying herself in that manner in public was not like bellyriding in the street but what more could a woman like her wish?

Now they had reached the streets of Rio. There were revelers dancing in the streets. The smell of ganja hung thick in the air. In dark corners couples or even larger permutations were mating openly. Empty bottles were strewn all around. Mardi Gras was a time of excess. The municipal street cleaners usually went on strike afterwards and always got more money. The samba schools and the bellyriders were bound to arrive anytime soon. Then the bacchanalia would reach its climax.

Joao drove slowly and carefully through the crowd. Elizabeth made no motion to hide her nudity. Some of the revelers, noticing a nude woman in the back of the car, recognized Elizabeth. They pointed and cheered.

“That’s the lady daCuhna!”

“Long live the queen!”

“Welcome back, milady!”

“Blow me, milady! You did so last year!”

“Where’s the horse? We miss you!”

Elizabeth waved good naturedly back. Indeed many of these men had probably ejaculated into her mouth when she was strapped but she had no way of remembering their faces. In fairness to Elizabeth, she rarely looked at them, for when strapped she concentrated instead on the penis they offered her to suck on.

Joao drove towards the Belvedere, the finest luxury hotel in Rio, overlooking its central square, where the President's ball would take place. The manager of the hotel, knowing that Elizabeth would soon be arriving and would certainly be nude, waited nervously at the entrance. There should be no disrespect shown to her, regardless of whether she was clothed or not. There was a very good reason for the manager's concern: Elizabeth owned the hotel.

The Bentley arrived and the manager escorted her into the grand ballroom. A bewigged usher announced Elizabeth. Her name was well known and all eyes in the room turned to look at her. She recognized many old friends in the crowd, including many of the women that boarded with her. A group of men in Stetsons hooted rudely at her appearance.

A large man in a bishop's cassock approached. "Elizabeth, my dear, how nice to see you here tonight!" Elizabeth respectfully kissed his ring. This was Bishop Montoya, next in line to be Cardinal of Brazil and one of the most powerful men in the country. He was also borne into the hacendado families and an old friend of Elizabeth's.

"Alas, Raul, unfortunately it seems that there have been Americans invited." Elizabeth frowned at the men making rude gestures and ogling her. "You would think they have never seen a sky-clad woman before."

The bishop placed his large bulk in between. "Alas, the President has seen fit to invite their ambassador. You know the story, politics. Shaky is the head that wears a crown, or words to that effect. Unfortunately the ambassador brought some businessmen with him, oilmen, I think. They are not gentlemen." The bishop smiled and offered Elizabeth his arm. A servant gave Elizabeth her requisite flute of Moet. "Come with me, my dear, don't mind them. After all, what can you expect from Protestants, right? And yes, you still look like Aphrodite herself. I might turn pagan tempted by your beauty."

Elizabeth laughed. "Unless you have a two foot shaft under that cassock, my dear Raul, you know I never do men."

"That is quite a loss, madam," said a distinguished looking older man who bent and kissed her hand. "I would sell my protestant soul for the opportunity, begging the bishop's forgiveness of course."

"Sir Neville," said Elizabeth recognizing his majesty's ambassador. "How is Lady McLaughton?"

"Shopping in Paris with my daughters, spending my money!" answered the ambassador jocosely. "Some women have a need for clothes, ha! I think they are wasted on a beautiful woman and you, madam, are my living proof!"

"And just who are you costumed as, milady? Our mother Eve?" said a heavily accented voice behind Elizabeth.

"Ah, all this talk of selling souls," said the bishop sotto voce, "and who shows up but the representative of Satan himself!"

Sir Neville bowed stiffly. "Ah yes, my esteemed colleague, the Fuhrer's acting ambassador, Baron von Stahl, so nice to see you here."

Elizabeth turned around to see another silver haired man, powerfully built and impeccably dressed. She blushed, memories flooding her mind, as the man bowed and kissed her hand. "Lady da Cuhna, it's been a long time. As for being the acting ambassador, Sir Neville, well, the last one was called for consultations to Berlin. I am only the cultural attaché."

Sir Neville chuckled. "Come, Karl, keep the charade if you must. But we all know that you are the head German spook. We all have a spook on the staff. It's all part of the game, what?"

The German ignored the comment and then effusively lay his arm around the bishop. "Sir Neville, my kindest regards to you and a word of caution. My duty requires me to warn you most sternly," he frowned. His mien grew ominous. "In the name of the Reich and of the Fuhrer! Never play card games with clergy, especially this fat scoundrel. He hides cards under his cassock and claims to be witnessing a miracle when he wins, over and over again. Not even Jesus himself could produce so many miracles in a row as this man has. I've never been so fleeced as last night!"

"You lack faith, my dear Karl," replied the bishop giving him a faux blessing.

"Oh, I know his ways well, Baron. Do as I do, pay your gambling debts to him out of the embassy's slush fund that is used to bribe the locals. Surely you have such!"

He clicked his heels caricaturing Conrad Veidt. "We certainly do! And it's a fat one! We are not second in anyway to the British! Now, you gentlemen won't mind if I take the lady daCuhna dancing? That is, if she will do me the honor, of course."

As if by coincidence, the orchestra had started playing a Viennese air. The two started dancing while other couples did likewise. No one seemed to mind Elizabeth's unclothed state, though a few discreet glances, from both men and women, did fall on her.

"Karl, this takes me back to Vienna." He led her lightly in his arms, leading her around the dance floor as if she had shed her weight along with her clothes.

His brow darkened for a brief moment. "Yes, before the war. Too much blood has flowed."

"Why are you here? Why you?" She noticed that though he was dancing with the consummate perfection of the Viennese nobility he was still struggling to hide a slight limp.

He laughed. "That's easy. You are the most interesting woman here."

She pressed her bare breasts against him. "The only naked one, you mean."

"All the more reason. Rest assured, I will cable back to Berlin to have Coco Chanel shot when the next war breaks out and we take Paris."

Elizabeth laughed. "Heavens no! Some of these women are rather stout. They better be clothed! But, I would think that the Fuhrer, being an Austrian himself, would keep you in Berlin."

"Why would the corporal want me? It was well known that I opposed the Anschluss. Only my family name kept me from landing in a camp! The fools thought that being appointed to Brazil was a form of punishment, banishment. If only they knew how much I wanted to see you again!"

"It could never be, Karl, you know that," Elizabeth giggled. He had been the only man that had tempted her into having sexual intercourse with a human.

He stopped. "Ach, please, let us walk to the terrace. Do forgive me, but I have a piece of shrapnel in my leg, courtesy of Sir Neville's compatriots, and I can no longer dance a whole waltz. I would not want to embarrass you by falling on my face."

"Gladly," said Elizabeth, who was also uncomfortable with the chains that flared her nether lips. "I can't last either. I almost got impaled last year and am just recuperating."

"Ohmigod! Are you alright now?"

The two walked to the terrace. The rain had stopped. Under an awning were several rows of luxuriously upholstered chairs. The president's and his wife's place were in the front row.

"I am alright! Don't worry. I am supposed to be one of the judges tonight. We will sit here and vote on the skills of the bellyriders parading below. The schools will be here pretty soon. It's a spectacle such as none of you Europeans can conceive. Alas, my bellyriding days are over."

His hands rested around her waist. She could feel his erection as he pressed next to her. "I suppose you miss it. I heard that you were quite skillful at it. No one took the shaft deeper or drank horse semen more eagerly."

"The last few years there has been a new innovation. I fellated thousands of men while strapped. I am an expert fellatrix though I prefer to practice my craft on horses."

She could feel his hardness. She debated whether to give in. A man? She thought. No, it's Karl, a dear friend. Still, fucking a man after all these years would be very kinky and thus her mind was made up. "Come, to the corner yonder. Please be gentle," she smiled. "No man has ever taken me. You will be the first." She led him thus and then leaned on the balustrade. The crowd of revelers was streaming below. He felt his hands on her hips and then he entered her. She stared dreamy eyed at the crowd below as she was being fucked. However, though well endowed, for a man, her stretched cunt felt very loose to him. He was probing an improbable depth. "Try my ass. It is tighter," she offered. This Karl did. He made love to her passionately, murmuring her name throughout. Men never forget some women, and this was the case of Elizabeth with him.

Afterwards, they stood embraced and kissing in the darkness. "Surely you have a wife, Karl?" She asked, half wishing not to know the answer.

"I did. We were briefly married, during the war. She was a lovely, delicate, creature of the finest blood. Alas, she died during the Spanish influenza, right after the war."

"I am sorry."

"Thank you, she was a good wife, for the brief time we spent together. You must understand, it was an arranged marriage. After spending so much time in the trenches I was not in the mood to go courting. God forgive me, I can barely remember her face now. Do you know whose name was in my lips when I was lying in no-man's land stuck on the British wire and bleeding like a pig?"

She knew. "Look, don't say a word. What we did was lovely. Consider it my delayed gratitude for the night you allowed me to spend in the Lippizaners' stalls. I will remember this night with as much fondness as I do that one."

Then there was a moment of embarrassment for gobs of semen started streaming out of Elizabeth's cunt.

"God! But I did not come there!" exclaimed Karl.

Elizabeth seemed unconcerned. "No, its Jupiter's seed. Your first thrusts stirred things up inside me."

"I must get you a towel!" he said full of concern.

"Never mind. Everyone knows what I do, who I am. Why, half the women in in that ballroom are horse lovers themselves. I bet some of them are also leaking. Many a Chanel gown will be ruined tonight. I, of course, don't worry about such matters. Please take me in now, I think I need more champagne." And she led her back to the ballroom. That a nude woman would walk unconcernedly amongst uncaring partygoers was only something that could only occur in Brazil. Nonetheless, that her legs were now gleaming with contrails of horse semen did raise a few eyebrows.

"That must be Jupiter's seed," said an elegantly dressed and stunningly beautiful young woman, a vision in diamonds. Karl bowed and kissed her hand, recognizing the first lady of Brazil. Elizabeth, however, kissed her full on the lips, as was the custom of the horse loving women of the aristocracy.

"It certainly is." Elizabeth took a horse semen gob and placed it between Natalia's lips.

Natalia smiled. A small contrail formed between finger and lips. Her tongue flicked in and out briefly. "Thank you. It tastes of you and of him."

Elizabeth took Natalia's hand and placed it on her cunt. "You have not been around to see your horse, milady. That is not good, you know."

Natalia sighed. She drew her hand, which now held another gob of semen and licked it. "I know! I miss him so much my body aches! But my husband has not allowed me to visit you. He thinks the foreigners would not understand if the first lady of Brazil fucked horses."

"You mean the Americans?" offered Karl, looking discreetly towards these. They seemed to be watching back quite intently. He was still the Reich's representative and now he had a golden opportunity to inquire about the inner workings of the Brazilian government. "Is he really so mindful of what they approve or disapprove?"

"Brutes!" said Elizabeth, uncaring of any diplomatic nuances.

"Baron, much as I would like to tell you, I really don't know. But I think they will leave soon," sighed Natalia. "I do know this. They have been surveying in the Matto Grosso, looking for oil. At least that is what I have been told. I have never met such boorish people in my life." An usher whispered something in Natalia's ear. "I must go now. Please! Please! fuck Relampago for me, Elizabeth. I am sorry!"

Elizabeth took a sip of champagne. "There goes one frustrated woman. The shaft is addicting. I suppose being seen with me is not a good thing for the first lady of Brazil. And how about you, Karl, aren't you afraid that news that you escorted a naked woman, a know horse lover and nymphomaniac, around in Rio, reach Berlin and harm your career?"

The Austrian guffawed. "Dr. Goebbels would go green with envy! He fancies himself a lady's man because he beds all the UFA starlets but I, I have a goddess in my arm. Believe me, if they recall me, I will ask for political asylum and stay here. I am never going back to Vienna. I saw my share of war already!"

He led her to a nearby table and courteously pulled her chair. A waiter produced the required Moët. Elizabeth's eyebrow arched. "Tell me about our friends in Vienna."

"Well, if you mean the Lippizanners, they are still there and well taken care of. They certainly miss you. No one ever had fucked them all at one time and in one night. The grooms told me they were unruly for days afterwards!"

Elizabeth laughed. "I do that to males, you will find out."

His face grew somber. "I suppose you want to know about Andrea."

"Yes, Andrea Esterhazy, the best horse trainer in Austria, a member of your equestrian Olympics team, some say the best dressage rider in the country. She was also my lover and my companion in sin. Do you think I took the Lippizanners all by myself? She had snuck in beforehand. Of course I want to know about her!"

Karl flushed. "Well, amongst the top dressage riders, dear. I, though it must pain you to admit it, was the best. She had an unusual rapport with her horse and I always suspected that she was fucking him. That explains many things."

"Why would anyone ride on top of a horse is beyond my understanding. If you had molested your gelding you would have been a better rider, I can assure you. But, tell me about Andrea? Is she alright?"

"When the 1936 Olympics came, I was designated by the coach to tell her she could not participate. Understand, the government did not want any friction with the Nazis next door. Though it was embarrassing, I had to tell her. She is a Jewess, you know."

"You obeyed your orders, Herr Baron," said Elizabeth, her voice frosty. "Congratulations."

The baron tried his best to ignore her rebuke. "Yes, I broke the news to her, to our country's Olympic disgrace! Had Andrea been there we would have had the gold, I know it! Instead, we came back with the bronze, behind the damn French!" Elizabeth stifled a yawn.

"Ach, I heard your sarcasm! But don't make me the object of your scorn till you hear the whole story. But do tell me first, Elizabeth, what was there that I could not provide? My estates have dozens of horses and all would have been yours to play with. I would not have minded! Yet you laughed at my advances. I even welcomed going to war afterwards! That is how much you ruined me, woman. Oh God, how did I envy Andrea!"

Elizabeth sat with her legs spread open. During their lovemaking a couple of the chains that spread her labia had snapped. She played idly with one of the torn chains, rolling it around her finger, pulling on the labia. She had moved her chair to face the rest of the room and seemed unconcerned by the furtive looks of amazement she got. Her other hand, meanwhile, rested on her lower belly which she still felt full from Jupiter's semen. Elizabeth smiled impishly. The semen was about to start flowing again.

"A juicy cunt, Karl, that is what Stella had! A lovely, delicious, tangy, cunt! One I could not get enough of and can even taste to this day! I have all the money and horse penises I need, thank you." Semen started streaming out of her distended cunt. It ran down her legs and began to pool between her feet. "You fucked me tonight, baron, be content with your lot now! And Andrea, where is she now? I might just don clothes again to go look for her in Austria."

Karl smiled. Elizabeth clothed was an obscene vision. But Elizabeth dripping horse semen in public was just being...herself! "She left the team," explained Karl. "I would have done the same. I lost track of her afterwards. Then, a week before the Anschluss, when the writing was on the wall, she showed up at the foreign ministry, asking for me. And so she stood in my office, tall, dark, and so beautiful, I admit to the latter, and very vulnerable. She was completely in my power, seeking my help. For a moment I thought of raping her, right there in my office, in revenge for taking you away from me. Yes, my loathing and envy of her returned. But she was no longer the strong, self-assured, creature you knew. She had a haunted look in her face. The Nazis would march in any day, we all knew. Would I help her leave the country, she asked."

"And did you?"

He downed a shot of whisky. "Naturlich! The sly Jewess, all she had to do is mention your name and I was putty for her to mold. I forgot my envy. I did not want to fuck her anymore! Instead, I held her like a consoling brother in my arms. You loved her, that is all that mattered to me, and therefore I had to help her. Don't worry; I got her a diplomatic appointment, as a secretary, a position of course beneath her, at our embassy in New York. I stuck out my neck for her, Elizabeth. I did it for you! I did the same with many other dear friends and I took some flak from the Nazis. Andrea was gone the next day and supposedly is now safe in Mexico. Damn woman! The least she could do is send me a thank you card for all my troubles! So don't go making snide remarks about me 'following orders'. Had I been in my mind and not have heard your name I would have had her thrown out and let her take her chances with the nazis!"

She reached forward and kissed him.

A hand rested gently on Elizabeth's naked shoulders. Bishop Montoya carefully avoided the pool of semen that had formed and spread beneath Elizabeth's legs for he was a heavy man and a fall would be ruinous both to his body and dignity. "My dear, the noise outside increases. I believe the samba schools and their bellyriders are approaching. Come, there will be enough time for kissing your Teuton friend afterwards. Besides, if you continue sitting here, dripping, some dancing couple is bound to slip and fall on this puddle."

IX Golgotha

Don Eusebio's powerful voice carried in spite of the din of the music. "Listen up people! The Micaelistas are pushing on our ass! We will take the hill at speed! Make the horses trot! The quicker we are over the top, the better. Two men on the reins! Steady the horses!"

Antonia was walking beside Latigo. She was glad to have handed the reins to two burly sambistas for wearing the strap-on double-headed dildo and walking was problematic. She knelt briefly next to Renate. "Are you OK?"

"I just came," said Renate. Her eyes gleamed unnaturally and her body was covered in a sheen of sweat. "As for the hill, don't worry, I've been over it many times. One holds on to the stirrups and prays." She laughed. "I can certainly do the latter."

"Jesus!" exclaimed Antonia as she contemplated the road sloping up ahead of them. She crossed herself. The name of the place fit, for it was a desolate, barren hill. Several crosses stood by the side of the road. These were memorials to the women who had died there.

At don Eusebio's signal, the entire Angels contingent started walking up the hill at a brisk pace. Renate steeled herself and held on to the stirrups. Gravity drove her down into the shaft nonetheless. Many of the bellyriders shrieked. Some of the horses slipped but managed to keep their

footing.

“Keep them moving! Faster!” shouted don Eusebio. The moans and cries of the bellyriders increased. The strapped women continued to scream and curse. The sambistas ignored them.

“Hang on Renate! We are almost there!”

“Merde!” screamed Renate. “I’ve never been so far down! Oh Jesus!”

The young nun looked around in anguish. All the bellyriders seemed to be in distress. She almost fell on the slippery pavement herself and only managed to steady herself by holding on to Latigo. She regained her footing and walked on seeking don Eusebio.

“You can’t do this! They are about to rupture!” she screamed at the man. But Don Eusebio ignored her and kept haranguing the men and women of the samba school. He had decided that losing a few to save the most was worth it. Antonia was crying in frustration. She suddenly felt very foolish, standing there naked in the rain arguing uselessly with the man. Her bodypaint had streaked under the downpour and the dildo waved obscenely as she walked. She almost slipped again and took off the harness. For a moment she almost threw it and the dildo at the side of the road then decided to keep it. She sought and found Latigo and placed the dildo and harness inside one of the bags the horse carried.

“Don’t take it personally,” cried Renate, in a hoarse voice, observing the distraught state of her friend. The shaft was very deep into her. “The man knows what he is doing. Oh Jesus! I think I will rupture any moment now!”

“How the hell can’t I, sister? I am cold, wet, sore, and would rather be in a dry, warm bed with you on top of me. Instead, I don’t know if you will survive this damn hill and, worse, you yourself don’t seem to care if you get fucked to death!”

After a few more minutes of torture and pain, the Angels reached the top of the hill. The magnificent spectacle of the lit city welcomed them. But it was a pyrrhic victory. Many of the bellyriders were moaning, some shrieking. The sambistas inspected them carefully. No blood was to be seen. None had ruptured, yet.

“Pull them up the shafts a bit, but not too much!” Ordered Don Eusebio. “I don’t want the judges to disqualify us! Remember! The rules say that the shaft must remain inside them all the time! Damn, they need to gain a few inches at least! Tighten their straps! Going downhill is also going to be dangerous!” And thus, after a bit of fussing over their bellyriders, the contingent made its way carefully down Golgotha.

Close to the bottom, Renate sighed. “I gained a couple of inches going downhill. You can’t imagine what a relief it is!” She laughed. “Then again, maybe next year you will.”

“We are almost at the base of the hill,” noted Antonia. “No sign of the Micaelistas.”

“They won’t make their move tonight, ma cherie,” smiled Renate.

Antonia was impatient. “How do you know? They are devils!”

“When I was a young woman I was a doctor at the front. La guerre, you know. I was at Verdun. There was constant rain, a steady downpour just like this. The fusiles didn’t work. Therefore, why should the Micaelista’s projectiles stay lit? You understand, oui? This rain was heaven sent. I should

light a candle to the virgin when we go back to Recife.”

They were now entering the city proper.

Antonia unconsciously covered her breasts. For the first time in several years she became very aware of her nudity. “Ohmigod! There must be thousands on the sidewalks!”

“Oui! Time to fuck again!” replied Renate cheerfully. She grabbed the stirrups and started pushing swinging herself back and forth meeting the horse’s thrusts. The crowd started cheering and applauding.

X The Judging

The orchestra struck up the Brazilian national anthem as the president approached, leading his first lady towards the balcony overlooking the square. He was a powerfully built man, wearing a chest full of medals like a prize bull at a country fair. Natalia, walking at his side, seemed like a child bride in comparison. When she passed Elizabeth she purposefully averted her eyes. The general did not; he positively glared in her direction. The judges lined up behind the First Couple and followed. Behind them crowded Karl and the rest of the diplomatic corps. Elizabeth, escorted by Bishop Montoya who was also one of the judges, smiled to Karl as she joined the procession. Ahead of her, she noticed, was Mama Salome, also one of the judges. The priestess probably felt Elizabeth’s glare and turned around and smiled, showing some very white, very large, teeth. Elizabeth shuddered.

“Relax, my dear,” whispered the bishop. “Water under the bridge. We must not antagonize our Santeria brethren, right?”

Thankfully, the priestess sat a few chairs away from Elizabeth and the bishop had imposed his bulk in between. The obligatory flute of champagne helped Elizabeth regain her equanimity and she focused entirely on the orgiastic scene in the square. There were thousands of people in the most fantastic costumes dancing frenziedly. Samba music filled the air like a perfume. Then suddenly a cheer went up. The first samba school had arrived.

“Ah, the Bluebirds,” said the bishop as he stood up and clapped. They had several floats leading, all filled with sculptural women dancing sensually. Many were outright nude, others had only blue bodypaint and feathered masks on, others had such tiny excuses for clothing that did not seem even worth the bother, in the bishop’s opinion. Behind the floats followed their bellyriders, all uniformly painted blue and enthusiastically fucking their mounts.

“I love that white stallion!” exclaimed Elizabeth. “He is so beautiful! That shaft is at least three inches thick! And the woman’s technique is excellent. Notice how she grips the horse’s flanks with her talons.”

“She is our granddaughter,” said proudly a matron seating behind Elizabeth. “We had the stallion brought over from Belgium specially for her. Her name is Sophia Coutinho, I think she trained with you for a while, lady daCuhna.”

Then the stallion started to hesitate. The men leading him gripped the reins to steady him. The woman cried and held her arms spread, letting go of the stirrups. The stallion started pumping her vigorously until a stream of semen exploded out of her pubes. The judges stood up and clapped.

Elizabeth applauded too. “Oh yes, I remember her, though its been some years. She had a very good technique even as a rookie and a great body too. It looks like she learned a lot of new tricks!”

"After you trained her she went back to our hacienda and rode every day. This is her first Mardi Gras," continued the matron.

"Well, don't hide her so much!" agreed Elizabeth. "She is really talented."

"Is your niece Lorena riding this year?" asked the bishop.

"Yes, with the Angels. She also brought over her daughter."

Karl, who was also seating close to her on the back row reached over and whispered in her ear. "I suppose nymphomania runs in your family. But tell me, if your niece and her daughter will be in that school, won't that disqualify you as a judge?"

"No, Karl, they expect me all us to judge fairly. The honor of our house is at stake. Even the bishop, who sponsors the Angels will do his best to be fair." She smiled at him. "And just what do you find so objectionable about nymphomania?"

He laughed. "Just that there are not enough of you, my dear, not enough."

"I don't know how they will top the Bluebirds," said Montoya after filling out his judgment card. It was mostly nines and a couple of tens. "Their bodypaint décor was excellent. The bellyriders excelled. Their orchestra was magnificent. And the dancers on the floats were very easy on the eye. Though in my humble opinion they wore too many clothes."

"You sinned with your eyes, Raul," teased Elizabeth.

"And I intend to douse my eyes with some holy water later, my dear." He looked at his program. "Let's see who is next. Ah, yes, the Perdidos."

The mood of the crowd grew somber. Three of the Perdidos' bellyriders laid limp on the harness, their hands tied to the sides of the horse, a sure sign of their being dead or in extremis. The Perdidos nonetheless danced enthusiastically around them, trying to keep up appearances. Their costumes were silver motif, beautiful to behold, and must have cost them a fortune. Nonetheless they were bound to receive demerits for each injured or dead bellyrider.

"Golgotha," murmured Elizabeth as she crossed herself. She felt fainting.

Mama Salome stood up and traversed through the rows of seat awkwardly. She stopped briefly in front of Elizabeth. "Your old samba school, lady daCuhna. I am sure they would have loved were down there taking a shaft all the way to the balls. Now I have to go help them reach their reward; they certainly have earned it. Did you know that they all were looking forward to dying on the shaft when they got strapped?"

"Leave me alone, Mama Salome," pleaded Elizabeth.

The priestess leered at her. "Changu is patient, milady, but not too much. He is waiting for you."

"What was that about?" inquired the baron.

Elizabeth was pale. "She is mad, Karl, that is all."

The priestess was quickly on the square. The Perdidos' procession had stopped. At a signal from the priestess two things occurred. First, the music increased in crescendo. Then Mama Salome and several burly men inspected the bellyriders. On the priestess' command, they took hold of the legs of

four of them, and pulled brutally driving the shaft into their bodies all the way so that now the bellyriders' pubes rested against their horse's balls. The music masked the shrieks; apparently not all of them had yet been dead. Then the Mama Salome's men took the reins and led the horses into the darkness. One of the women still made feeble motions with her hands. Now only one forlorn bellyrider was left in the midst of the Perdidos and their procession resumed. Elizabeth stood up in rubbery legs and asked Karl to escort her away.

"Jesus! I had no idea," said Karl when they returned to the ballroom. Elizabeth held on to him, her color had a greenish tint.

"You must think we are all savages," cried Elizabeth.

He motioned for a waiter to bring a strong drink. "Try this, it is rum!"

Elizabeth turned away from the drink as if it was poisoned. The memory of that morning in Copacabana Beach was too fresh. "No! Just let me be."

He removed his jacket and draped it around her. "I can't really judge. There are things going on in my country that are perhaps worse."

"Don't act sanctimonious with me, Karl," said Elizabeth quietly. "I almost suffered their fate last year. The worst thing is that when it almost happened part of me regretted not getting their 'help'. I hate to admit it, but part of me wanted to be down there."

Karl wiped his brow and looked at her in awe. "The priestess said they offered themselves. But you don't strike me like the self-destructive type. Yet bellyriding is definitely a dangerous pursuit."

Elizabeth stared at her champagne. "Free will can be a very dangerous thing. I don't want to analyze why I am a bellyrider. I think I could be scared at what I would find out."

A servant approached respectfully. He explained that the bishop conveyed his concern about Elizabeth's health and wanted to remind her that there was a new samba school arriving for judgment.

Elizabeth quickly filled out her judgment card for the Perdidos. It was all tens. She handed the card to the servant. "Please tell the bishop that I quit and convey my sincere apologies. Tell him I am unwell. One of the backup judges can take my place."

"Come, Elizabeth," said Karl solicitously. "Surely this hotel has a suite for you to stay overnight."

"I am fine, I think," suddenly she felt she did not want to have anything more to do with the man. "I must go now, Karl, I must be alone."

She kissed him and left. At the conciergerie she left her shoes and purse and jewelry, keeping only the crucifix that hung between her naked breasts. Now, completely nude, she walked confidently out into the street. The streets were packed with revelers and hardly anyone noticed her nudity. A few, if anything, gave her an admiring glance, for she was indeed still stunning, and received an appreciative smile in return.

Elizabeth walked aimlessly down the street, dancing, admiring the samba schools and cheering a particularly zealous bellyrider. She stepped around a naked woman on all fours who was in the steps of a darkened church and making love to a large dog. The dogwoman was moaning, knotted and unable to uncouple, and seemed so consumed by her passion that she was completely unconcerned

about the crowd that had formed around her. Another large dog circled impatiently next to her, displaying a very turgid red penis. "Good doggy!" said Elizabeth, caressing the woman's head.

The woman smiled back, a bacchante's smile. "If you want to you can knot with Cosmos. I am too sore to take another knot and he is in need."

Elizabeth thought matters out for a moment. Getting a good dog fuck would probably help her regain her composure, she decided. Cosmos was sniffing at her exposed cunt. She readily got on all four, facing the other woman. The sidewalk was slick and rough and she knew she would end up with scratches both on her back and knees but did not care. Cosmos was ready and well trained. After several tentative thrusts, his penis slipped into Elizabeth followed eventually by a large knot. Elizabeth and the unknown woman started kissing and meanwhile the crowd was cheering them and touching their bodies. Cosmos meanwhile pumped a steady stream of semen into her. After a while, Cosmos and Elizabeth uncoupled and she stood up to the cheers of the onlookers. Elizabeth and the unknown woman, who had also uncoupled, shared a final kiss. The unknown woman left with the dogs following at her heels.

Elizabeth continued her travails. Contrails of dog semen now streamed down her legs, mixed in with Jupiter's seed, which was flowing once more.

XI.

"Cleanse your sins! Come one, come all! The nun will take all your semen libations!" Antonia was shouting at the top of her voice. The procession had just reached the first rest stop, a city park. Latigo had been tied to a cement bench. He was making vigorous thrusting motions fucking Renate with all his strength. Eagerly, a queue of men formed. Antonia inspected each penis offered carefully. She held a particularly long one in her hand. "Do you want to bugger the nun?" she asked. The man nodded eagerly.

"Hold a minute!" cried Renate. "Latigo is about to come!"

Antonia let go of the man and biding him to wait and placed her hand on Renate's belly. She felt it bulge as Latigo's penis flared inside Renate. His thrusting motions became erratic. Renate bit into a piece of leather Antonia offered. Then Antonia pressed her mouth to the union of horse and beast, expecting a deluge of semen to flood out. But, only some weak streams of seed came out. Renate's belly remained distended.

"Ohmigod, the shaft is too thick!" exclaimed Antonia. "Nothing can leak out!"

"I feel like a balloon about to blow up!" moaned Renate.

"Oh dear, most of the semen stayed inside you," noted Antonia. "Hopefully, it will leak out slowly."

"Inject Latigo again," pleaded Renate. "Keep him hard. It will keep him from coming. If he comes again I will burst."

Thankfully, Don Eusebio was making the rounds injecting all the shafts with yerba dura. The shaft never went flaccid inside Renate, it remained as hard as a steel pipe. Latigo's penis had been flush against Renate's cervical opening, perhaps pushing a bit into it. The jet of semen had flowed into her womb and the pressure had distended it. It was what was called a "semen pregnancy", a condition that was highly uncomfortable though not necessarily fatal. Slowly, Renate's body would assimilate the semen, liquefy it, and it would leak out drop by drop. "Can your horse's sheath still suck, Sister?" he asked Antonia, who in turn looked inquiringly at Renate.

Renate nodded and bade Antonia to kneel next to her. "I will suck them for now. They can bugger me on the next rest stop," she whispered. Horse sheaths are not supposed to talk, of course.

Antonia laughed. "I really think that should be my decision. Why should I be asking Latigo or his sheath?" She bade a man who had been displaying a particularly large penis to crawl underneath Renate. The mattresses raised him enough that his penis could easily enter the nun's ass.

"Damn you, Antonia!" cried Renate. "At least make sure we are well lubbed!"

But Antonia ignored her. Renate's bugging commenced. For a moment, the audience hushed, staring fascinated at the spectacle. Then cheers started going for the nun and for the man bugging her.

"fuck her good Ramiro! She will bring you good luck!"

"Make it come out her mouth! She squirms! She likes it!"

Renate was in some pain but bravely accepted her bugging. She motioned for one of the men to place his penis in her mouth and she started sucking eagerly. Now she had a penis in each orifice, two human ones and Latigo's massive shaft. It was an amazing feat of sexual stamina and lust.

"Bravo!" applauded Don Eusebio. "Remember good folks that the Angels were the first to offer their bellyriders for bugging! No other school has done this!" It was important to have crowd support when they paraded in front of the judges.

Don Eusebio's men had found more crates and bales of hay, enough to outfit three more of their bellyriders, including Lorena and Anastasia. The other bellyriders had to content themselves with blowing the men. But a few protested. One emphatically reached out from under the horse and tugged at Don Eusebio's pants. "At least you can have the mattresses under us at the next rest stop! Why should those four have all the fun?"

For Anastasia it was particularly traumatic, as she had not been bugged before. She bawled loudly when first penetrated and this raised Don Eusebio's concern. "She is just a rookie! Don't be too rough, damn you!"

After three men in a row had bugged Anastasia (while she was fellating others), Don Eusebio decided that enough was enough. She had the mattresses placed under another of the bellyriders. Anastasia was bleeding a bit out her asshole, which was now pretty distended, and she sighed with some relief when her bugging ended.

The rest stop was an occasion for the horses to be rested a bit, reinjected, and for the samba school to get some rest. (The bottles of rum and chicha continued to be passed around.) It took a fair measure of shouting and cursing and soon Don Eusebio managed to get them underway again. Their next stop would be right after they paraded in front of the judges. There also would any Hecate's riders meet their fate. Thankfully, Don Eusebio noted, though the bellyriders must be very sore and certainly hurting none of them seemed to have ruptured. He issued a rather unchristian prayer to Changu to spare his bellyriders.

Like some of the other bellyriders, Renate had swallowed a fair amount of semen. That the men could come in her mouth and that she had to swallow their seed was the expected protocol. Her belly felt very full and the motion of the horse continuously fucking, plus the discomfort of having her womb swollen by Latigo's ejaculation, made her made her nauseous. The urge to vomit became unbearable; however, vomiting in her position was problematic. She squirmed in the harness,

turning her torso to her side as much as she could. Finally, her nausea drove her over the edge, releasing a copious amount of semen unto the pavement. She felt fainting for a moment but was glad to have emptied her stomach. She gave a quick prayer of thanks for her survival. Too many bellyriders, she knew, would end up drowning in semen when they tried to vomit in that position.

The procession was soon going to reach the main square. The rain had ceased. Then the first detonation was heard.

“Pedro! Where are you? Damn it! Some of those Micaelista bastards went ahead of us! They meant to ambush us!”

The Angels froze in place. The men tried their best to steady the horses. The music ceased. Pedro and his contingent of bravos spread at the sides of the road and ahead of them seeking the Micaelistas that were tossing the bombs.

“Tell them to keep going, damn it!” cried Renate in frustration. “En avant! The couchons wanted us to stop!”

“Sister Renate is right, don Eusebio!” cried Antonia. “You must get them moving again! Ohmigod!” The young nun could see a fiery projectile arching in the night sky and land inexorably in the midst of the bellyriders.

“Start the music again! Get them moving!” cried Don Eusebio, hoping that this would keep the horses and his people from panicking. The missile fell in a puddle. It fizzled and threw sparks and made sputtering noises. For a moment Antonia hoped that Renate had been right, that the humidity would keep it from exploding. But it was all to no avail. The detonation spooked several of the horses and they reared, in spite of the best efforts of the men holding on to their reins. One of them was Via. Antonia could see him rearing up so that Anastasia was almost vertical on the shaft. The young girl screamed. She had lost her hold on the stirrups and flailed like a helpless doll. The ropes around her legs and gravity pulled her brutally down onto the shaft. Lorena screamed next seeing what was happening to her daughter. The band started playing again.

Thankfully, none of the horses bolted. The men regained some control of the horses. Renate signaled to Antonia that she was all right. Then Antonia rushed to Anastasia’s side. Lorena’s daughter had passed out. Meanwhile, a melee had formed at the side of the avenue where Pedro and his bravos were pounding a Micaelista wretch.

“There is nothing we can do for her right now, Sister,” said Don Eusebio grabbing Antonia by an arm. The Angels tied the unconscious Anastasia’s arms to the side of the horse to keep them from dragging on the pavement. Lorena was hysterical and struggling to free herself from the straps. “Steady that horse sheath!” snarled Don Eusebio pointing toward Lorena. The sambistas tied Lorena’s hands and tightened her straps. They also put a rag in her mouth to quiet her cursing and shrieks. The procession resumed.

Antonia was crying in frustration as she walked next to Latigo. “You all are mad! Mad!”

Renate resumed her fucking motions, meeting Latigo’s thrusts, apparently unconcerned about what happened. “Relax, Antonia,” she smiled at the young nun. “We are born to die. We better fuck as much in between for our time is brief. The girl had a good run. It will be, as we say, ‘un belle mort’, oui? Believe me, if you could ask her, the girl probably has no regrets. Granted, she probably has a lot of pain, yes, but no regrets, none! Now, if you want to do something for her, look in Latigo’s satchels. There is an injection I prepared beforehand. It has some coagulants, painkillers, and stimulants, including a bit of koro juice. She will be so high and horny that she will start fucking

herself until the shaft kills her and she will be laughing and enjoying it! The pharmacopea of the jungle is marvelous! Ouch! That was a deep thrust. Naughty horse! Give her half the syringe. I might need it for myself later if he keeps pushing so deeply.”

“What is going to happen to her? Aren’t they going to unstrap her and take her to a surgeon?”

“Not these crowd, they claim to be Catholics but they are all Santeria and they believe she was chosen by Changu. She is now one of Hecate’s riders, so to speak. At the next stop, a priestess will arrive and sanctify her as a sacrifice. Then two men will pull on her legs, driving the shaft in until she has taken it to the hilt. Sometimes it comes out of the woman’s mouth. If she is lucky, she will die then, in a quick fashion. Nonetheless, she will not be unstrapped, that would be taboo. The priestesses will then take her to their temple and she will be kept there until the end of Mardi Gras. Then relatives or friends can come and claim the body, otherwise the priestesses will sell her meat on the marketplace. Some of these folks have a liking for bellyrider rump. “

Antonia winced. “Ohmigod!”

Renate laughed. “Oh, you know well that it must be cooked thoroughly, otherwise its kind of tough. It tastes like pork, actually. The blessed Leda only survived her impalement because she was ruptured at the end of the third night and no priestess got wind of her condition. Changu is a jealous god, just like the god of the Israelites, right? He demands his sacrifices. If you ask me, it’s not hygienic at all to keep a dead body under a horse for three days. The meat spoils! In this heat she will soon go gamy, bloat up, and be covered in flies.” Renate was enjoying herself and seeing the look of horror in Antonia’s face. “There is nothing sexy about a Hecate rider, you know, unless you get your kicks out of necrophilia!”

“Oh Jesus! How can they let this happen? How can you let this happen?”

Renate laughed again. “The government is not about to mess with the priestesses. The favelas would rise in arms. Rio would burn. As for me, dear, well, I can’t really do much, can I? I am stuck here pinned like a butterfly by a lovely horse shaft. I might as well fuck. After all, I still have to go back over Golgotha again tonight and then do the same for the next two nights. For all I know they will be pulling on my legs soon and at that point I probably will be looking forward to it.”

Antonia shuddered and tried to ignore the last remark. “But it is such a waste! Anastasia was so beautiful!”

Renate sighed and ceased her fucking and lay on the harness, her arms folded. She let Latigo pump her as he walked, quietly enjoying the feeling. Her eyes looked at Antonia dreamily. “All the more reason Changu chose her and not me. And, perhaps, you might now understand, and I know it’s hard to digest, but all of life is mostly waste, waste of hope, efforts, and tears. These poor folks live with that reality all year round. Mardi Gras is but a brief respite for these. If Changu takes one of their bellyriders, maybe there will be some manner of compensation. Who can tell why the gods do things? As for the other bellyriders, well, for them it is a thrill, a rush, and one they are hooked on. Lorena will certainly go into mourning and wear black bodypaint for several months but you can bet she will be here next year, under Via this time, fucking her way merrily down the streets of Rio. They all knew the dangers and still came here willingly. Me, I have to do it for my order chose me to represent them. Of course I also had volunteered. After I fulfill the last vow, it will be you getting fucked in this harness next year. God willing, perhaps then you will understand and accept what I have told you.” Renate winced when Latigo had given a particularly deep thrust. “Believe me, oh Jesus, its more fun than Russian roulette!”

"It's not right!" insisted Antonia.

"Antonia, ma cherie, you disappoint me. You are a fully ordained nun of our order. You know what that means!"

"The fourth vow? No, I haven't forgotten it! How can I!"

"Then, stop being so squeamish. The problem, actually, dear, is that you are still so young. Acceptance has not yet come to you. Just give it time."

"And how about you? Are you ready at this point?"

"I am much closer, yes."

"Then pray that I will also accept my fate, Renate. I will definitely pray for your soul."

Antonia bade the men leading Anastasia's horse to stop briefly and she applied the injection. A few minutes passed. The girl gasped and her eyes opened wide. She looked at Antonia astonished then she smiled at her with a mad light dancing in her eyes. Anastasia then took hold of the stirrups and started making small, tentative, thrusting motions, driving the shaft in deeper at each stroke. Antonia walked away averting her eyes. She could hear the girl moaning in both pain and pleasure. Antonia felt nauseous but she took gladly a drink from a bottle of rum that was offered her. Then she took more and more till she had emptied the bottle. She intended to get thoroughly, absolutely, drunk, fumigated, stoned. She reached Latigo and sought the harness and dildo in his bag. She quickly donned the harness, pushing the dildo deeper into her than before. Then, dancing awkwardly and holding on to Latigo, she walked on into the square.

XII An Offer is Made and Rejected

The Angels had reached the square. The parade could not go on for the Blue Birds ahead had stopped for reasons unknown. There was time for Changu to claim his own. Mama Salome and her men walked along each horse, inspecting each bellyrider carefully and hopefully, looking for blood or signs of rupture. Don Eusebio walked somberly next to the priestess.

"What about this one?" asked Mama Salome when she reached Anastasia.

"I doubt that she is ruptured," protested Don Eusebio. "Look at how vigorously she is fucking him. The girl has been going non-stop since before we reached the judges' stand. You heard the applause!"

Mama Salome looked at Anastasia skeptically. Indeed, she was repeatedly taking -and obviously enjoying- about a foot of horse penis. Her body was gleaming with sweat and her eyes glowed unnaturally. Her hands gripped the stirrups at the side and she was swinging herself back and forth making the shaft enter her deeply in each thrust. Via was trying to keep up with her, actually, making vigorous thrusting motions to meet hers. It was really hard to tell who was fucking whom.

"Jesus! What a slut!" exclaimed Mama Salome. "I remember her! I scored you all tens because of her alone! Changu would love to have her but I see no blood yet. What your name bellyrider?"

Anastasia mumbled her name between moans and generally ignored the priestess as she kept her mad motions.

"Her name is Anastasia da Cuhna," replied Elizabeth approaching. "She is my grandniece. And I

doubt she will rupture, Mama Salome, she is young and flexible and can stretch a lot and, as I have proven, we da Cuhna women have iron cunts.”

“Ah, Elizabeth, so nice to see you hale,” replied the priestess. Her smile was that of a tiger welcoming a lamb for dinner. “I missed you in the judges’ stand. If you want it, I can take you to the Temple of Hecate. It would be child’s play to core out that big cunt of yours so you can take a horse shaft to the hilt. You cannot imagine how many women come to us voluntarily during Mardi Gras. We have several warmbloods available. You get to choose your mount, of course. I know what you need, to take a horse penis all the way to the balls. I can help you.”

“Vade retro, Mama Salome!” snarled Elizabeth. “If Jupiter ever ruptures me it will be an accident. Leave my niece alone, she is OK as you can see.”

“Ah well, you keep denying to yourself that you do want it. You disappoint me Elizabeth. I expected more from you. Changu works in mysterious ways, Elizabeth, there are still two more nights of Mardi Gras. You know where to find me if you change your mind.” Mama Salome bid her men to follow her to the next bellyrider.

“Don’t hold your breath,” murmured Elizabeth. She was sweating profusely and instinctively reached for the emerald crucifix that hung between her naked breasts.

Elizabeth knelt next to Anastasia. “Dear, you must stop fucking so eagerly now, dear. The judging has taken place. I was told you all got a very high score because of your performance. You have made the family very proud. But if you don’t stop you are going to hurt yourself. The shaft is in very deep. Via is going to kill you if you continue.”

“I can’t!” mumbled Anastasia. “I need it deeper! I don’t mind if it kills me! In fact, I want it to do so!” Elizabeth took her pulse. It was racing. Her skin was burning. She smelled her breath. It smelled of violets. Elizabeth cursed in a low voice. She motioned to some of the grooms.

“Take her up the shaft a few inches and keep her tight against the horse chest.” The men seemed hesitant. “Look, I am not asking you to take her off the shaft. No taboo will be broken. Just pull her up at least a couple of inches. She is about to rupture.” Still the men stood there unmoving. “Damn it! I am Elizabeth da Cuhna. I am in the judges’ panel. Unless you want to have all your scores reverted to zeroes you better do as I say!”

This time the men got going. They untied Anastasia’s legs and the straps holding her torso. Then they pulled her up until her head almost protruded between Via’s legs. Still, a good portion of the massive shaft remained buried in her loins. Finally, they tied her firmly in place so she was no longer able to drive herself deeper into the shaft. All the time Anastasia was shrieking and protesting. Next to the scowling Elizabeth stood Don Eusebio watching the scene with a smirk in his face.

Nearby was Lorena, with her hands tied to the stirrups and a rag thrust into her mouth. Elizabeth walked to her niece. “Your daughter is fine, Lorena. She might not walk straight again, like it happened to that crazy sister of mine who begat you, but she will live.” Lorena nodded. Her eyes were filled with gratitude. Elizabeth motioned to the grooms. “Untie the hands on that penis sheath,” she ordered imperiously pointing to Lorena. This time the men rushed to obey. “Remove the rag so that it can suck. It can make up for the men she did not service before. You still have some minutes before you get going, so go on and fuck her, hard! It will not make any more trouble, I guarantee you.” When Elizabeth walked away a queue of men had formed and Lorena was sucking one of them eagerly while another fucked her up the ass.

Antonia stood next to Renate. She had untied one leg and was massaging it to restore circulation.

Antonia was so tipsy that she could barely stand. The strap on dildo rested in Latigo's satchels. She had removed it lest she hurt herself if she had fallen over while dancing along in the procession. Mama Salome arrived and gave Renate a cursory examination.

"You are the nun that took all those men in the ass in front of the judges' stand," affirmed the priestess.

"Oui, I also fellated others while I was being fucked in the ass," smiled Renate, proud of her sexual prowess. "And my horse is fucking me even now."

Mama Salome examined the penetration. Latigo indeed was pumping vigorously into the nun. "Well, you must have an iron cunt also. The shaft is in deep but it is obvious you haven't ruptured."

"Oh, I pray to Changu that he will have me," said Renate in a half-serious tone. All bellyriders knew better than to tangle with the priestesses, so Renate did her best to seem enthusiastic about joining the Hecate riders. "I have always dreamed of seeing the horse penis come out of my mouth! I want to die skewered on a horse penis!"

"Really?" The priestess looked at her through narrowed eyes. "I could take you to the temple if you wish. Bellyriders may voluntarily offer themselves as sacrifices. Many choose to do so. These are our busiest nights of the year. And also, we are quite skillful. And you even get to pick your mount. I do have shafts that are so long they could skewer you! Even skewered, we could keep you alive for the next two nights so you die at the end of Mardi Gras. Would you like that?"

"Oh, definitely, I thank you for your nice offer, but, alas, I cannot do it!" protested Renate. She gave a warning look to Antonia, who seemed about to pound the priestess with the large dildo. "I would think that would be blasphemy, oui? Who are we mortals to make a choice for Changu? If Changu wants me he will make Latigo's penis skewer me I will then die happy, believe me."

The priestess scowled. Discussing theology with a Roman Catholic nun was not her first choice in entertainment. "You are mocking me, sister. You should not make fun of a priestess of Changu. You have proven yourself such a slut that it is obvious that the god should have you. He craves a nun ever since we failed to offer him Leda. I made my offer to you in good faith. I believe you are particularly deserving of Changu's blessing. There are other women who need our help tonight and they are so far gone that they eagerly accept our services. But suit yourself for now. The next time we meet I will not give you a choice."

Antonia shuddered as she watched the priestess walk away slowly. There was a tall, stern looking, priestess behind her who glanced unsympathetically back at Renate and made an evil eye sign at her. Renate could not place the face, which bore several nose rings, tattoos, and other accoutrements, but she thought she had seen that woman before.

"That woman gives me the creeps," whispered Antonia.

Renate laughed. "It is a kind of mercy she dispenses. But she is wrong. I know their liturgy. I do have a choice. All she can do is offer. And for now I shan't take her offer. Not tonight, anyway, I am having too much fun. And look at Latigo! Ouch! He is pumping me gloriously! What about Anastasia? Did they take her?"

"No they did not," explained Elizabeth approaching. "But someone injected koro juice into her and drove her into heat. Would that have been your doing, sister? I know the nuns are experts on jungle pharmacopea."

Renate recognized the former queen of the bellyriders by her reputation and smiled sheepishly. "I was trying to keep her comfortable until she went to Changu. I meant no harm lady da Cuhna."

Antonia had once again tied Renate's leg to the horse's flank.

"Well, no harm done. It probably saved her life that she was fucking so eagerly they did not think she was hurt. I had the grooms help her gain a few inches. She will need them for Golgotha." Elizabeth caressed the nun's shapely leg appreciatively. She looked at her hand. The designs had not smeared. "You do have a beautiful body, sister, I am so glad you are showing it off. Your legs are very shapely and long. Is that kapu on your body and face?"

Renate nodded.

Elizabeth kneeled next to her and caressed the nun's naked and tattooed body. Her hands traced with admiration the graceful geometric figures tattooed all over Renate's body and face. The nun did not complain. She knew very well that a bellyrider was to be touched, used, and admired. "They have indeed turned you into a work of art." Both women looked at each other. Their breathing grew laborious. Latigo continued his thrusting motions. Elizabeth took hold of one of Renate's breasts and proceeded to lick and nurse it. Elizabeth felt driven. Renate was perhaps the loveliest creature she had ever enjoyed. "I must kiss you. May I kiss you?"

It was a rhetorical question, given that a couple of hundred men and one horse had not needed to ask permission to sodomize Renate or come in her mouth or stretch her unnaturally that night. The two women embraced awkwardly for Renate could barely move and kissed and caressed each other passionately. Latigo's thrusting ceased and he whinnied. Renate's belly grew distended as the tip of his penis flared and she moaned. Elizabeth placed her hand on the nun's belly and pressed, feeling the warmth that was filling Renate and the bulging of the flare. The two women remained kissing while Latigo ejaculated into the nun.

Antonia began to feel jealous. "If you two would stop making a scene, we are about to get under way."

"Give me the reins," demanded Elizabeth. "I will lead her horse. She will be safe with me!" Antonia was about to protest but Elizabeth's demeanor seemed unappealable. Besides, Antonia knew she was in no condition to lead Latigo. Antonia noticed that Elizabeth was holding Renate's hand tightly. The nun moaned. Her womb was so distended with horse semen that it threatened to burst.

XIII Renate's Tale

Golgotha was negotiated successfully. No bellyrider was hurt, at least not seriously. This time Don Eusebio did not rush matters. The Micaelistas had fallen behind a good distance, detained by the work Mama Salome and her men had to perform on five of their bellyriders. In other words, casualties, for the Micaelistas, had been light.

When the samba school reached their compound, most melted away, to seek a place to sleep in the numerous halls of the place. A few, more vigorous than the rest, joined in a promiscuous orgy in one of the compound's halls. Except for Don Eusebio and a few grooms, hardly anyone remained conscious enough to look after the bellyriders. However, with a good deal of jostling and cursing the Angels' twelve bellyriders and their horses were led into their stalls. These were wide affairs so that the women did not risk scraping their legs against the side of the stalls. The horses were fed and watered and secured. Most of the bellyriders had passed out by this point but a few still remained awake. After more than twelve hours in the shaft, every minute from now on would be hard to endure. Their moans and cries filled the barn. The Angels checked their straps and tied their hands

to the stirrups. Then they gently pushed their legs to flush against their chests to insure the deepest possible penetration. A rag or bit of leather was thrust into their mouths to minimize their moaning. This was how bellyriders were put to bed. Elizabeth did not prepare, however, Renate. She wanted to talk to her and get to know her better.

Antonia had insured that Latigo was secured and had a feeding bag attached. Once this was done, she threw an old blanket on a couple of bales of hay next to Latigo and lay down to sleep. In a few minutes she was dead to the world. Elizabeth produced another blanket and gently covered the young nun's naked body.

Elizabeth produced a stool and sat next to Renate, who smiled back at her. Elizabeth placed her hand on Renate's belly. It was still distended for her womb was full of Latigo's ejaculate. "You are very full of semen. It's uncomfortable, I know. I've also have had semen pregnancies."

"I hope it will dribble out during the night," replied Renate.

Elizabeth lit a ganja cigar, took a puff, and offered it to Renate. "Yes, but I know a trick. I will stay here tonight. When the shaft grows soft I will help it come out. Don't worry, I will make sure the shaft remains inside you all the time."

Renate took a puff and passed the cigar back to Elizabeth. "Thank you. But do inject it afterwards, please. I like him hard."

"Of course, he will be like a steel pipe. I will tell Don Eusebio not to dilute the yerba dura! I will make sure you don't walk straight until the next Mardi Gras!"

"Oh Jesus!" said Renate in mock protest.

"That is a lovely shaft," said Elizabeth appreciatively. "At least three inches in girth! No wonder the semen is not coming out. You are very lucky."

"And I think you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen," said Renate blushing. For a moment she almost blushed. She realized she was flirting openly with Elizabeth all the while there was a horse penis inside her. Perhaps that was the way to flirt with Elizabeth. "I had heard of you but never had met you," continued Renate. "You are Elizabeth da Cuhna, the only woman that has ever taken on the lippizanners. They called you the queen of the bellyriders, right?"

Elizabeth took a swig out of a bottle of chicha. "I was, once. My bellyriding days are over." She paused to hear the continuous moaning of the bellyriders. "Listen to them, listen to the bellyriders moan! Their sufferings are music to my ears! I miss it so much! The feeling of helplessness, of being used, of being in display, and the hurting! I envy you, sister. And you are right about the lippizanners! I took twelve of them in one night. The whole uncut herd! Have you ever been gang-banged by horses? No? I should arrange it for you! It is a wonderful experience! But then I was in my twenties and very elastic. I had to lay in bed for a month afterwards because of the stretching they induced. My cunt had almost ruptured and never again reverted to normal size. But I do think the experience was worth it." She opened her legs wide and in the soft moonlight that filtered into the stables Renate could discern her gaping cunt.

"Dear God," said the nun, "its so beautiful!" Her hand reached out. Elizabeth did not flinch. Renate gently caressed the distended labia, probing, touching, and appreciating its beauty.

The two women kissed again. Renate's hand was inside Elizabeth's cunt.

Renate was beginning to feel very comfortable. The drink and the ganja made her tipsy. The night was cool for the rain had resumed but the warm horse penis inside her and the horse's chest pressed against her torso kept her toasty. She took a swig of the bottle. She wanted so much to be with Elizabeth she almost wished she was not strapped. "I heard about last year. They say you got hurt."

"Oh, that I did!" said Elizabeth dismissively. She rearranged her bale of hay to insure that Renate drove her hand in deeper. "Which is why I can't bellyride anymore."

"I am sorry," replied Renate with sincerity. She felt Elizabeth's hand on her forearm gently push in her fist in deeper.

"Don't be. It was my time to stop. How about you? You are not Brazilian, right?" Elizabeth was now pinching one of Renate's nipples. "How did you start?"

"No, I am French. As for how I started, well, it was after the war. I was a medical student at the Sorbonne when it started. They put me in uniform and said I knew enough to qualify as a doctor and sent me to the front."

"Ohmigod! To the trenches?"

Renate sighed. "Heavens, no, but I was pretty close nonetheless. I was assigned to a triage station a few kilometers behind. We were under shelling all the time. But there were so many wounded that they did not mind sending women that close and I certainly could not refuse. For four years I lived amongst filth and pain, scared all the time. I was never the same again. No one ever was. I saw too much. My fiancé had died at Verdun."

"He died? I am so sorry. Is that why you started making love to animals?"

"Not exactly. Understand, I was a 'normal' woman before. I had had a few men but nothing more. I had never looked at an animal sexually but I was lonely and suffering from hallucinations. I could not no longer stare at a man and not see him as corpse rotting in the middle of No Man's Land. It got so bad that I was kept in a sanitarium for almost a year until, mostly through prayer, I ceased to see walking cadavers all around me. I knew I needed something new in my life, something that would change me, cleanse me and scare the phantoms away. I needed love but I could not be with a human being yet. One day I decided I would try it with a dog. Soon I got to master the mysteries of the knot."

"I like dogs too," explained Elizabeth. "I was knotted tonight out in the street. You should have heard the cheering."

Renate laughed. "Mon dieu! Out in the street? In public? You are very brave!"

Elizabeth giggled. "Well, you did me better, you had a horse shaft inside you and got fucked in the ass and all Rio got to see you thus!" The two women laughed. They took more drinks and finished the cigar. They remained quiet for a few minutes, looking at each other. Renate kept her fist inside Elizabeth.

Elizabeth caressed her face. "I suppose then you were fucked by a horse."

"Oui. But it was hard to arrange. It was very frustrating for me not to be able to get fucked by one as often as I wanted. Understand, when I am in the shaft, I feel, well, content and at peace."

"I know what you mean," agreed Elizabeth.

“Soon I needed to be fucked by horses!” cried Renate. “I craved the big shafts, the pounding, the soreness.”

“Ah, and those velvety, lovely, balls! And the semen! Don’t forget the semen,” added Elizabeth with enthusiasm.

“Yes, the semen. I could not drink it at first without retching but after a while I got to appreciate it. I grew mad with need. Then I started jumping fences.”

“Thankfully, I have never had to jump fences,” explained Elizabeth as she caressed Renate. The nun’s fist was gently pounding against Elizabeth’s cervix. “All the women in my family are bellyriders. We always had had animal lovers available. I grew up with my mother and her female relatives being knotted or strapped into a harness all around me. In fact I cannot remember my mother with clothes on. When I reached 18 a donkey deflowered me. It was given to me as a birthday gift! Now I have a whole stable full of equines to fuck me.”

“Oh God, I want, no, I need to kiss you again,” said Renate. “You are so lovely!”

Saying no more Elizabeth knelt next to her and they shared another long kiss, staring lovingly at each other all the time. It was love at first sight.

“Oh, I envy you!” continued Renate. “At the convent we keep a stable full of mounts but I have to share with all the sisters. God forgive me, I like donkeys,” explained Renate. “When the nuns go into the jungle they always take one with them to carry supplies and make love to. You have to get used to their flare, however.”

Elizabeth winced remembering her deflowerment. “Yes I know! As if being deflowered by one was not enough, I thought I was going to burst when I did my first donkey! But why did you join the order?”

Renate sighed. “It’s a sad story. As I said, I started jumping fences and then I was caught.”

“Oh dear!”

“Yes, it was embarrassing. I was vacationing south, along the Mediterranean. By that time I had my own medical practice in Paris, gynecology of course, and was quite well off. But I was restless. My needs took me off into the countryside. I soon found a stallion alone in a pen next to a barn,” she giggled. “I waited until it was dark. He was magnificent! When he saw me he actually dropped! It was love at first sight! I took off my clothes and he started to fuck me. And I really mean fuck me! Unfortunately, he was a prize stud and a man came to take him to a stall so that he could be ready to service a mare in the morning. He turned the arena lights on as I was bent over under the stallion while he was pumping me eagerly. I felt his semen filling me, gallons of the stuff. Even though I had been discovered I did not want to uncouple! I was past caring! The man must have been some sort of prude for he raised the alarm. I even offered to let him fuck me but he did not cease to make a scandal and soon the whole farm was awake. More men came but the one that discovered me must have been the owner. At his orders they tied me up forcefully. A magistrate soon came and I was hauled off to jail, still naked! Apparently, I later found out, their complaint was not so much that the stallion had fucked me but that I had made him come. His stud services usually commanded several thousand francs and I had ruined him for the next day’s copulation.”

“You got to make him drop, made him hard, made him fuck you and come all by yourself?” Elizabeth took another swig of the chicha. “And you two did not know each other? Damn, Renate, you are good! They should have given you a medal!”

Renate adjusted herself carefully in the harness and sighed. "I wish I could claim as much! It turns out the horse was trained to fuck women! The farmer's wife had been fucking him for years! He saw me naked and immediately dropped, thinking I was his mistress. Because of the scandal and subsequent investigation this also came out in the open! Her husband, the man who had raised the alarm, found out he was being cuckolded by the stallion and that made him madder!" The two women laughed together.

"But afterwards my reputation was ruined!" continued Renate. "The prosecutor was especially cruel since I was a Parisian, good looking I suppose, rather well off, so they didn't particularly like me down south. I was exposed as a whore of Babylon, corrupting the good rural folks, like the farmer's wife! Thankfully, the judge was a pervert of sorts and could not stop guffawing all throughout the affair. I got off with a week in the clink and as restitution I had to pay for the stallion's stud services and a fine. I did not mind the first, for he had served quite well indeed. By this time the news had reached Paris that I was a horse fucker. My clientele evaporated. That decided me. I had had enough of Europe, its wars, its cold weather, and its laws against bestiality. I had no family, no lover other than a large dog I gave to another zoophiliac woman, what was there to stop me? I sold off my practice, what remained of it, gathered the money I had, and embarked on the first ship to South America. We were scheduled to make a brief stop at Recife. I decided I was already far enough from Europe and disembarked there and then. All my worldly possessions I carried in my portmanteau. I eventually made my way to the Recife marketplace. There I stood hypnotized at a sight I could only dream about. A naked woman was kneeling next to a donkey while his owner, a farmer, held on to his reins. She was eagerly fellating it and no one seemed to care either about her nudity or about her lovemaking. When she finished, she was covered in with the donkey's semen and had swallowed a good portion of it. She rubbed the semen into her face and body and hair. The farmer gave her a few pesos and she walked on unconcerned to do her shopping. She smiled at me as she went by. I could not believe my eyes! She looked so wonderful, so free! I followed her all through the city. It seemed that the locals were particularly respectful of her so no one bothered her. Pretty soon I dared to approach her. It turns out she was one of the nuns. A man on horseback came by as we were talking. He stopped and asked if the nun would service his horse. She got on her knees and massaged the shaft till it dropped. Mind you this was in the main square in Recife! She held the now distended shaft and looked at me expectantly. I could not help myself. I stripped right there and there and started to suck that beautiful shaft until it bathed me in his semen. Then the nun guided the shaft into me and I got fucked by the horse right there in public! I was in a daze when the man pressed some coins into my hands. The nun invited me to follow her to the convent. I picked up my clothes and put them in my bag and walked the rest of the way through the town in the nude while holding hands with her."

"But I hear that the order won't take anyone that just walks off the street."

"That is right and there is a good reason for it. We take three vows, nudity, promiscuity, and bestiality. The first one symbolizes our renouncing all worldly matters. I gave the order my clothes and all the money I had, which went to the poor box. The second implies the renunciation of ownership of our body. Anyone who wishes so may fuck us or touch us in anyway they please. The third, however, prohibits us from taking a man up our cunt, Christ is the only man that may enter there. Other men or women or animals may use our remaining orifices as long as we have an animal's shaft in our cunt. You are right about they not having many converts. Many women show up at the convent. But when these matters are explained, few stay."

"That's quite a change of life! How long have you been a nun?"

"I was initiated fifteen years ago. I have gone skyclad and have been lovemaking to donkeys and horses without any shame ever since. I am a nun of the Naked Sister of Mary Magdalene and proud

of it. And in the last few hours of my life, wearing kapu and being fucked thus in public, I thought I had found complete happiness. But now, God forgive me, I wish I could stay with you. I want you so badly." Renate's hand slowly retracted out of Elizabeth's gaping cunt. She held out her hand to Elizabeth. It glistened with Latigo's seed, dog semen, and Elizabeth's own wetness.

Elizabeth took the hand offered and kissed it and held it to her cheek. "I know! I do too! I feel so good now, that I am here with you! Yes, why don't you stay here with me? We are meant for each other! Is it because of Antonia? I am willing to share you with her and the horses, of course."

Renate thought matters over. "No, Antonia is not a problem. She loves me, true, but I think its puppy love. She is young; she will fall in love with another nun or, if I know her, a horse, and get over me. And I would love to be with you and your horses! But no, I should not lie to myself or to you. I can't stay. I have made some vows and must go back."

Elizabeth wrapped her arms around her naked body. She was feeling cold. She thought it was ironic but now she understood how Karl had felt and why he still had sought her out after all those years. Elizabeth grew desperate. "I don't want to loose you now that I have found you!"

"Please!" protested Renate. "Don't forget I am a nun. I am married to Christ!"

Elizabeth took a swig of chicha and spat it out. "Bah! Who would think of marrying a man! Specially one that is never around! Has this Jesus fellow ever fucked you? Of course not! What kind of husband neglects his wife?"

Renate shook her head. Her grip on Elizabeth's hand remained tight. "Its not only that, my love, and stop blaspheming! When I am in the convent we perform like any other of the clothed orders. We pray the rosary and attend mass. These mindless but comforting rituals keep me from remembering the things I have seen. I probably would have gone mad otherwise! You are asking too much of me!"

Don Eusebio was standing on the stall gate and cleared his throat. "Excuse me, sister, lady Elizabeth, I have to administer the injection. We can't let his shaft get soft."

"I will do it," explained Elizabeth. "Let me have it. No, don't dilute it."

"No dilution?" Don Eusebio asked in amazement. "Are you sure, Lady Elizabeth?"

"That's what I said," insisted Elizabeth.

"If you are going to kill me, Elizabeth," said Renate in a quiet voice once the man had departed, "I don't mind. But at least make sure Mama Salome gets the job done slowly. Understand? I want to feel every inch, like the blessed Leda did, so that I can offer my pain to Jesus."

"Nonsense, I don't want to kill you," said Elizabeth as she knelt next to her. "As for the Hecate Riders, you don't know what you are talking about. There's nothing nice about dying on the shaft. I ought to know! Besides, God knows I would hate to loose you! But once I inject Latigo you will have a hard time walking straight for a few months. Truly, I do want you to get hurt, just enough that you cannot travel for a few weeks. Maybe Montoya will let you stay so I can nurse you back to health! If I won't have you, at least I want to make sure you remember me!"

"Oh Jesus!"

"Don't move now," replied Elizabeth while she carefully examined Latigo's shaft. "He is getting soft." Her hands gently caressed the shaft. It felt spongy. Carefully and expertly, Elizabeth pushed a

few fingers into Renate, all the while insuring that the shaft remained inside the nun. Renate moaned for she was being stretched mercilessly. Elizabeth pressed the shaft to the side with one hand and with the other hand she pulled Renate's cunt open. For a few moments nothing happened then a flood of horse semen exploded out of Renate's cunt and ran into Elizabeth's open mouth, who drank eagerly. Renate kept on moaning but she was feeling some relief and she placed her hands in her distended belly to push the semen out further. Latigo had ejaculated inside Renate a couple of times that night and the volume of semen inside her was extraordinary. Pretty soon the semen, some of which had curdled inside Renate, flowed more sluggishly and soon a cheesy and very strongly smelling substance oozed out. "Horse cheese!" exclaimed Elizabeth as she ate some of it, biting off small nibbles at a time. "It is an acquired taste. Do you want some?" Renate moaned her agreement and Elizabeth placed some of it in her mouth.

"I suggest you try to pee while I keep you open," coaxed Elizabeth. "Its hard to pee with the shaft inside you." Renate did her best to comply and pretty soon some golden rivulets came out. Elizabeth pressed her mouth to drink it.

"Come to me, Elizabeth, please," pleaded Renate. Elizabeth understood. She squatted over Renate's face and pressed her pubes to her mouth. Renate ate her for a long time, prodding her hand deeply into Elizabeth's cavernous cunt, fisting her, and drinking the animal seed that continued to flow out of her. Pretty soon Elizabeth started moaning. Renate kept fisting and licking her until she came explosively.

"Now pee on my mouth, Elizabeth!"

This Elizabeth did.

The two women then shared another long kiss. Renate's face was so caked with semen from the men that had ejaculated into her mouth, face, and hair that in one eye her eyelashes were shut.

Elizabeth injected Latigo's shaft with yerba dura and Renate felt it harden mercilessly. Then she prepared Renate for the night. First she tied Renate's hands to the stirrups. Then she pushed her legs against her chest and retightened the ropes that held her torso and legs in place. Last she placed a rag in the nun's mouth. Renate was effectively pinned down for the night and her moaning would not be loud enough to disturb Latigo or the other horses. This was the traditional way in which bellyriders were put to bed. Renate looked at Elizabeth lovingly, relishing the torture and discomfort that she had induced. Elizabeth caressed her head. "I can do no more for you than giving you a hard shaft to be fucked by. Try to sleep if you can. I will sleep here with Antonia tonight. Goodnight my lovely!"

Elizabeth got under the blanket and held on to the young nun's breasts. Pretty soon Antonia's snoring, the steady drumbeat of the rain, and the moans of the other bellyriders was all that could be heard. Renate lay in the harness and watched the entwined shapes of the two women sleeping next to her. Her position was uncomfortable. She was very sore and all manner of muscles ached. Still, her feeling of contentment was absolute. She said to herself a lord's prayer and promptly fell asleep.

A few hours later, in the darkest part of the night, when clouds covered the moon, a powerful looking woman dressed as a priestess walked softly in the stalls. She swiftly applied an injection to Renate. The nun woke up with a start. Unable to cry out, she stared wide-eyed at the apparition next to her. The woman's eyes shone in the dark and bored into her soul. She nodded to Renate knowingly and disappeared quietly into the shadows, noiselessly. The only sound that could be heard was the low moaning of the bellyriders.

XIV El Perico

Around the universities in Latin America there are always a number of cheap drinking holes and dives where the students will congregate. El Perico was one of these. It had, perhaps, the worst reputation for not once but several times there had been a stabbing or, worse, the secret police had raided the place looking for student agitators. Still, on the first night of Mardi Gras, the place was crowded with students dancing, drinking, and generally partying. Carmona, the evil-looking reprobate that ran the place sat in his usual table, the one that led to the corridor where the private rooms were, with a gun concealed in his lap. He had immediately singled out the two tall men that had just walked in. One of them was huge, a veritable gorilla, with a head almost shaved bald and dressed in a badly fitting suit. The other one was smaller but still tall. He was wearing a guayabera, Panama hat, and dark glasses and walked with a slight limp. Without hesitation, the two men made a beeline for Carmona.

"You look quite ridiculous, gringo," sneered Carmona addressing the man in the guayabera. "You stand out like a streetlight!"

The man cursed softly. Instantaneously, Carmona found himself nose to snout with a Luger. He would be dead, he knew, before he raised the gun in his lap. The man addressed him in heavily accented Portuguese. "First of all, I am not a gringo. I have killed men for lesser insults but I am here for business, not pleasure. Second, perhaps you are right about my attire. The dark glasses have indeed proven to be a hazard at night. I confess I am not used to this kind of work. Now, would you be so kind as to direct me to where the meeting is?"

Carmona nodded towards the corridor. "Third door on your left. Knock three times, pause, and knock one last time. Do this exactly as I am telling you, otherwise they will shoot you."

"I'd prefer if you came along and did the knocking," said the tall man.

"You don't trust me sehnor? I wonder why you think so badly of Carmona."

"Why should I? But do be so kind as to indulge me, please. This gun has been known to go off by itself."

Carmona led the men and knocked. The door opened. The two foreigners entered into a shadowy room while Carmona bolted. Around a small round table were three men. A bottle of cheap rum and some dirty glasses were in front of them.

"Ah, 'Don Carlos'," said the oldest one, a white haired paunchy fellow dressed in comfortable clothes. He had the look of a university professor, which was indeed what he was. The other two men looked at "Don Carlos" for such was the name the tall stranger was using. Don Carlos' gorilla escort stood quietly behind him, looking at all through narrowed eyes. One of the seated men was in his thirties and wore slickly pomaded hair and a pinstripe suit, obviously a fan of George Raft movies. The third man was younger but his face was the hardest of all three. His hands were calloused and an ugly scar cut across the bridge of his nose. Obviously he was some sort of laborer, a hard man used to a hard life.

"Gentlemen," replied "Don Carlos", giving a small bow.

"There is not much time," said the George Raft fan. "Do you have the guns?"

"Yes," agreed "Don Carlos". "But I must first know the details of your plan. Its that or no guns."

"Why should we trust this fascist?" snarled the laborer.

"Explain it to him, Herr Professor," said "Don Carlos". "The working classes are rarely cognizant of the motives of their betters."

"It benefits his government to foment revolution in the southern hemisphere," explained the professor in a quiet voice. "And remember, we have a mutual enemy in the gringos. You have heard the phrase, comrade, 'the enemy of my enemy is my friend'?"

"There you are, my good proletarian fellow," continued "Don Carlos". "I do have the guns. The Tannenfels touched dock this morning and I have moved them to a secure location. However, we do not want to just go around backing any group of bungling amateurs. I need to know that you fellows are serious. Its just for my peace of mind and that of Berlin's."

"C'mon!" protested the George Raft lookalike. "We start revolutions every other weekend down here. This one ought to be a piece of cake! The man is highly unpopular already. One quick strike and his government ought to fall!"

"What then?" insisted "Don Carlos". "The army will retaliate immediately and put one of their own in the chair."

"What then? We form a provisional government," explained the professor, "one that will not sell out the country to the gringos. As for the army, the people and the worker militias will defend us. Give us the means to fight the army. This was what we had agreed to already."

"Don Carlos" reached over and inspected the glasses on the table by holding them up to the light. He chose the least disgusting one and poured himself some rum and downed it in one quick swoop. "The people? You will have some motley militias to fight the army? You got to be kidding me! The people and your militias are happily dancing bare-assed naked on the streets. They will resent you interrupting their pleasure!"

"I'll stuff your balls into your mouth if you don't give us the arms!" cried the laborer.

Swiftly, the gorilla behind "Don Carlos" stood up and pulled out a potato masher grenade. He held it aloft for all to see. His finger was on the pin.

"Heinz will pull the pin if I order him so," said "Don Carlos" in a quiet voice. "He is not exactly right in the head, you know, since he took a bullet in his brains at Ypres. I hauled him back into our trenches but he was never again right. One thing, though, he is loyal to the death and will instantly obey my orders. Do you want to die right now? Personally, I say any time is as good as any. This lousy rum is going to kill me anyway."

"Oh Jesus!" cried the professor. "You have my word you will not be touched! For heavens' sake, man, tell him not to blow all of us up!"

"Don Carlos" nodded to Heinz. The gorilla grunted and let go of the pin. "Don Carlos" sat on a chair, his hands resting on the Luger in his lap. The gorilla stood silent behind him, toying gingerly with the grenade and a look of disappointment in his face. "From now on, Herr Professor, you will keep this schwine of a communist under control. I do not like to hold negotiations under duress. Understand that I have not discounted you all, yet. I am, however, highly skeptical of your chances of success. What do you propose to do with the president?"

"He will be killed," said the professor. He nodded towards a dark corner. "Meet our Gavrilo Princip."

A non-descript young man in his twenties stepped out of the shadows. "Don Carlos" looked at him carefully. "Do you know who Gavrilo Princip was, young man?"

The young man nodded his head. Princip was the man whose shooting of the Austrian Archduke had propitiated WWI.

"He is one of my best students," explained the professor. "He is also a patriot and an excellent shot. He fully understands that he might not survive after he kills the president. Yet he is willing to try doing so. He will pose as one of the waiters on the president's ball on the second night of Mardi Gras. He will shoot the tyrant while the samba schools are parading in front of him."

"Ah, as tyrants go your president is an amateur," snickered "Don Carlos". "And I have always felt skeptical of older men who so readily dispose of the lives of the young. Still, I concede that killing the president would be a bold step. You would immediately paralyze the government. That is good."

"That is not all we plan to do," explained the George Raft fan. He pointed to the laborer. "Jose over here controls the truck drivers union and is part of the Micaelistas. They will plan a distraction while parading in front of the presidential palace. We will then storm the palace and proclaim our government."

"There you are, "Don Carlos"," continued the professor. "Now, you know our plans fully. Will you give us the guns?"

"Danke," said "Don Carlos". He thought for a while "Oh well, as long as you promise to respect my embassy I might as well hand them over to you. They will rot anyways in this humidity."

The professor nodded to the gangster and the laborer. "You have our word that we won't touch your embassy. Now tell us where to pick the arms up and we will send transport. Jose will arrange it. "

"We need them tonight!" added Jose.

To this "Don Carlos" agreed and set a time for delivery. "I bid you goodbye, gentlemen. You are all fools, brave fools, but you might just have a chance to succeed. All we care is to insure that Brazil remains in turmoil, too confused to enter into any alliance with the amis. You certainly will achieve at least that!"

XV A Dark Street in Rio

Old Joao had been in the employ of Elizabeth for thirty years now. Thankfully, he was used to her kooky schedules. Thus, he did not protest when she phoned him at five in the morning requesting to be picked up at the Angels' compound.

Concerned about Micaela, Ximena, and Lucia, Elizabeth had decided she had to go back to her hacienda. She had not really slept, for she had been enjoying caressing Antonia's naked body. The young nun had been dead to the world and had barely stirred when Elizabeth fisted her. Elizabeth also pressed a breast to her mouth and was gratified when the young nun started nursing her in her sleep. As for Renate, she was soon snoring placidly under Latigo.

"You two are no fun for now," complained Elizabeth. "I'd rather go home."

She stared at the sleeping Renate for a long time, however, then ran her hands lovingly along the nun's long legs, which were tied to Latigo's flanks. She then playfully whacked Latigo's rump, which caused him to whinny in protest and Renate to moan.

When Elizabeth walked out of the stalls it was still very dark. Dawn would be in one more hour, she knew. She felt cold. There were puddles of water in the Angel's compound and she walked carefully around these. Her arms were crossed around her against the cold as she walked to the gate. There were no Angels on guard duty. They all were sleeping off a hangover. She waited by the gate. The pale moonlight made the street look haunted.

"I just hope Joao remembers to bring some coffee," she told herself. A couple of workmen, on their way to their jobs, saw her standing naked by the gate and respectfully doffed their hats as they went by. Perhaps, they thought, she was an apparition, one of the many ghostly maidens, said to be dead bellyriders, which are conjured by the moonlight to appear in Rio's old streets. Whether or not such was the case, the men knew it was always better to be polite to these visions. Elizabeth in turn returned a proper nod. After a few more minutes of waiting the stately Bentley appeared and she slipped inside it. Joao, who well knew his mistress well, passed her a thermos full of coffee.

Once more Joao drove carefully and slowly through the slick and dark streets. Elizabeth was on the brink of dozing off. She felt the Bentley stop.

"What's happening, Joao, have we arrived?"

"No, milady, the way is blocked temporarily."

Elizabeth looked out the window. A procession of horses with bellyriders slung under was making its way laboriously down the street.

"That's is odd. I thought all the schools were at their compounds already."

"I don't think it's a school, sehnora," explained Joao carefully. "At least not the ones we know."

Elizabeth's blood froze in her veins. She realized that these were Hecate's Riders being taken back to their temple. She counted almost a dozen. She heard a low moaning. Apparently some of the women were still alive. They hung limp under the horse, with the shaft driven its entire length into them. Their arms were tied to the stirrups to keep them from dragging. A priestess led each horse and held a lit candle aloft.

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph!" she cried. "Get us out of here now, Joao! Back the car if you must! Hurry!"

"This is the only paved street in this part of town, sehnora," explained Joao in a respectful tone. "We would get stuck in the mud if I tried a side street."

"Then go around them then! Honk them to get out of the way! Ohmigod!"

This Joao did immediately. The priestesses jostled the horses aside, drawing louder moans from the few unfortunates that were still alive under the horses. Mama Salome recognized the Bentley and stepped out in the middle of the road and signaled to Joao to stop.

"Damn bitch!" cried Elizabeth. "Run her over, Joao! I don't care! Do it!"

Joao, fiercely loyal to his mistress, would probably have done so but Mama Salome stepped aside when she heard the Bentley's motor rev up. As the Bentley went pass, Elizabeth and Mama Salome's eyes locked. The priestess' eyes gleamed in the darkness. Elizabeth felt her heart jump. She felt driven to tell Joao to stop so that she could join Hecate's Riders herself. She panicked when she realized that it was not her will that drove her thus.

"I will have you soon at home, Lady Elizabeth, you will be safe," said Joao in a reassuring tone. "I won't let them have you!" The old man's words broke the spell.

"Thank you, Joao. That bitch, she uses mesmerism. That, or she has a pact with the devil. When I get home I will light a candle to the virgin to protect us all."

Mama Salome stared at the fast retreating Bentley and cursed softly. She motioned to one of the priestesses and whispered into her ear. The other woman nodded and disappeared into the twilight.

XVI In Heat

In the morning, grooms took the horses out of the stables and tied them in the middle of the compound. Some of the bellyriders had already awakened but the ones that were still asleep could not help but complain when they were waken up by the horse's movements driving the shaft in and out of them.

"Jesus! You stink!" exclaimed Antonia when she reached Renate. She was carrying a pail of warm water, a bar of soap, and a sponge. Renate just looked at her helplessly.

Antonia scowled. "Yuck!" Then she proceeded to carefully cleanse Renate starting with her face, which was indeed caked with semen. "You are a mess! I guess you lost count of how many men came in your mouth or face. Oh dear, I am going to have to cut that hair of yours. Its stiff with semen!"

Antonia ran her hand along the exposed portion of Latigo's shaft caressing and touching it. "Oh Jesus! Its like a steel pipe!"

It was obvious that Renate was in distress. Antonia removed the rag from her mouth. "Ohmigod, Antonia! It's so deep! Now hurry up! Untie my hands! I have to fuck! Please!"

"What's the rush? You have two more days in the saddle. And he is fucking you even now!"

Renate cried in frustration. Her eyes were wild with desire. "I want to fuck! I need to fuck! Now untie my hands so I can swing myself on that shaft, bitch! Damn! I am burning up! I want it deeper! fuck me! fuck me!"

Renate was frenetic, crying in frustration as she tried to push her torso down further unto the shaft. But the ropes that held her in place prevented her from doing so.

"You scare me Renate! What is wrong with you?!" Antonia stood up and stepped back till she touched a horse nearby.

"She is full of koro juice, Antonia," said Anastasia who was strapped underneath the nearby horse. "She is out of her mind, in heat, just like I was. I suggest you tighten her straps otherwise she is going to rupture herself."

Antonia looked at Lorena's daughter. "This is your aunt's doing, right?"

Anastasia shrugged and smiled. "My aunt is not above doing that. Maybe she was pissed with Renate because of the injection you gave me. Koro is a lovely thing, actually. You come non-stop for hours. Pain and pleasure meld together. You don't care if you are dying. But, alas, I think the effects on me are gone now. God! I don't know how I survived! The ranchers in the Matto Grosso use it to make a mare come into heat. A woman will either die of heart failure or go completely nuts for the rest of her life! Oh Jesus, maybe I am nuts! I don't want to leave the shaft ever!"

Antonia bent next to her. Like Renate and Lorena, the girl's face and hair was caked and stiff with dry semen. Via's shaft still remained buried deeply into her loins. Yet the girl managed to smile at Antonia. "Well, that explains some things," said Antonia. "Are you alright now?"

Anastasia's horse moved and she winced. "I hurt a lot but Changu must not have wanted me this time. I won't mind dying on the shaft, if it happens, actually. Don Eusebio will keep me in the street outside tonight so I can suck but they will not parade me. Mother says it would be too risky for me to try Golgotha."

By now Renate was howling and foaming at the mouth and at her cunt. Latigo was getting hard to control. Antonia scowled and knelt next to her. "Listen, bitch, I don't know what stunt that crazy woman pulled on you or, if I know you, what you asked her to do, but I don't like it. Now, try and be still while I cleanse off all that semen in your face. If you don't behave, I will have Don Eusebio keep you in the stall the rest of Mardi Gras. I know you will not like it 'cause you wanted all Rio to see you fuck Latigo and fuck you in the ass and come in your mouth. And the bishop won't like it either because he expected that you would fuck and suck all comers. And finally, our mother superior, who will already be pissed off at you for tattooing yourself in that manner, is bound to send you to a clothed, very celibate, convent where you won't be able to fuck anything unless you stick your rosary beads up your cunt. And even that I am sure they will keep you from doing!"

Even in her frenzied state, Antonia's words, especially the last threat, had an effect. She tried to calm herself though her body trembled involuntarily. She felt a tremendous orgasm building up and looked pleadingly at Antonia. The latter ignored her and started to cleanse off her face. Then Renate could not help herself. Her body arched and tensed. She buried her face in Latigo's chest as waves upon waves of the most intense orgasm she had ever experienced went through her. She moaned loudly, so much that Latigo snorted and looked down between his legs with some concern. Her orgasm continued for several minutes and then the realization managed to enter her mind that the waves did not seem to abate. She squirmed in her frenzy and pulled on the ropes that held her in place. Latigo whinnied.

"What is going on in here?" snarled Don Eusebio. "Sister Antonia, what is wrong with Latigo's sheath?"

Antonia had tightened Latigo's ropes lest he bolt. Renate continued her agitation. Her body trembled and her moaning continued.

"It is in heat," explained Antonia. "That damn woman Elizabeth injected koro into it!"

"Damn!" cried Don Eusebio. He motioned for some of his men to pull Renate up the shaft and tighten her ropes again. This they managed to do albeit with some effort for Renate was not cooperative. But Latigo's shaft came out a few inches. "I don't think it will be able to suck," said Don Eusebio afterwards. "If it is coming all the time it is bound to bite someone's dick off! And I don't know about parading Latigo if his sheath is going to be squirming so much! It could make him bolt! It would be best if we kept Latigo in the compound tonight!"

"Oh God! That is terrible! But that is not the least of my problems, Don Eusebio," said Antonia. "In that state the sheath would ask Mama Salome to offer it to Changu. Also, the bishop expects a nun to bellyride! And he is your main sponsor, you know."

"Oh Jesus! I have forgotten about Montoya!" Don Eusebio looked distraught.

"Anyways, where is that woman Elizabeth now? I would like to tell her a few things!"

"She is gone. Her chauffeur came and picked her up early in the morning. She lives just outside Rio."

"So much for her," nodded Antonia. "Don Eusebio, a nun must bellyride!"

The man looked at her skeptically. "Are you volunteering, sister Antonia?"

Antonia stood up and held her hands in her hips defiantly. "Damn right I am! I can fuck a horse as well as that crazy bitch under Latigo!"

"But I don't have a horse!" protested Don Eusebio.

Antonia looked around. "Not even a large dog or a goat?"

"Nothing!"

XVII A Naked Stroll Through Rio

A few minutes later Antonia stepped out of the Angels' compound. It was midmorning and a bright sun was shining. Perhaps it would not rain that night but right now the sun was blazing. Antonia felt the warmth of the sun on her naked body. The compound was on a quiet street. Only a couple of street vendors could be seen calling out their wares in a loud voice. Antonia adjusted her wimple, the only piece of clothing she wore, other than the phallus shaped crucifix that rested between her breasts. In her hand she held on tightly to a rosary. She felt very naked and vulnerable. It was one thing to be dancing naked in the streets at night amidst many equally naked bodies and another thing to be without a stitch out in the street in broad daylight. Rio was obviously not Recife. Don Eusebio had warned her, indeed, but her mind was made up. She needed a horse and intended to get one herself. The place she was going was about two kilometers away, or so Don Eusebio had said. She muttered a quick prayer and her bare feet set in the right direction.

At first, she went through several equally quiet streets. A few passerbies gave her incredulous looks but that was all. Antonia kept her gaze stony and tried to ignore them. Then her heart sank when the street entered into a large avenue clogged with traffic. According to her directions she had to cross the avenue. For a moment Antonia thought about turning back and putting on some clothes but a wave of revulsion at the thought steeled her in her resolve. She was a naked nun; damn it, and she would keep to her vows.

Antonia tried to meld, unsuccessfully, amidst the crowd. But now catcalls and hoots followed her. People stared at her, which caused her to scowl even more. How rude, she thought. Traffic almost came to a standstill. Honking and shouting echoed all around her. Antonia tried to keep her dignity as she crossed the avenue. Once across, she tried to orient herself. She realized to her horror that she was lost.

"Where do you think you are going, lady?" asked a policeman who grabbed her by the arm.

"Let me go, I have broken no law. I am a nun of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene. Surely you have heard of us."

But the policeman was not a churchgoing man. "What? You got to be kidding me! You must have escaped from an insane asylum! Come with me young lady. I will take you to the commissary, before some asshole rapes you!"

Antonia knew the man meant no harm. The nuns trained in martial arts to protect themselves while

going into the Matto Grosso naked. Antonia almost regretted it but she gave him a swift kick in the balls, which immediately caused him to release her. She then bolted and ran while the policeman doubled up in pain behind her. In his hand was her wimple, which he had grabbed as he fell.

Antonia ran into a warren of working class streets. Small shops and modest homes lined the street. There were street urchins playing and these immediately formed into a mob that followed her. She cursed at them but it only encouraged them and she was unable to lose them. An older woman came out of a house and approached her. "Jesus! Young lady, you cannot do this in the daylight. Wait for nightfall, its wall to wall with naked bodies then! Here, come inside with me, let me give you some clothes."

Antonia did her best to refuse the offer. "Thank you, mother, but I am a naked nun. I cannot violate my vows!" And she hurried away from the well-meaning woman. Up ahead stood a gaggle of idlers, the type of unemployed young men that hang around in the street corners of the major cities in Latin America.

"I'll be damned! The devil answered my prayers!" exclaimed one of them.

"She is mine, Jacinto, you can have sloppy seconds!" exclaimed another.

"Hey, girl, wanna fuck?" teased a third. He had unzipped his pants and displayed a well-proportioned and now semi-erect penis.

Antonia had decided to be brazen. "Ha! You call that a penis? I fuck horses, boys, you would not even tickle me, let alone satisfy me!"

The men howled and looked at her obviously thinking she lied. "Sure you do, girl! What are you then, a bellyrider?"

"She can't be!" insisted one of them. "They all are strapped right now! I had the nun blow me last night!"

"But I really do fuck horses!" cried Antonia. She pulled on her labia and showed them a cavernous cunt. "See?"

The men looked at her cunt in amazement. It was the largest cunt they had ever seen. "Oh God! She really is a bellyrider! You could drive a truck through there!"

"Don't touch her!" admonished one. "The priestesses will be pissed off if we bother her! Its taboo!" The men stood away from her. The man who had displayed his dick quickly sheathed it back into his pants.

Antonia realized she had the upper hand. "If you don't tell me where the Temple of Hecate is, I will have Mama Salome strap you under a horse!"

The men crossed themselves upon hearing the name. The street urchins turned and ran away scared. One of the men pointed. "Its down the street, ten more blocks, past the square and the market. You cannot miss it. The smell of the dead bodies inside is unmistakable! Oh Jesus, you are not going to ride with them, are you?"

Antonia smiled at him and went on her merry way.

XVIII The Party

Antonia was now getting used to the stares. She walked on determinedly. Her stony gaze was fixed forward. Soon, she knew, she would reach the square and, afterwards, the marketplace. Both would surely result in more embarrassing scenes but a few more blocks beyond would find her at the Temple of Changu. Her body ached for a horse. She had not had not been fucked by one since leaving the convent. And the past half hour had been very uncomfortable. Getting strapped in, even if she became one of Hecate's Riders, would be a relief.

"Lady! Wait! Please!" Antonia turned, expecting to find another well-meaning fool but it was one of the young men who had accosted her on the street corner, the one that had displayed his penis to her.

"Leave me alone!" she snarled at him.

He was not covered by the reception. "Do you know what they will do to you at the Temple of Changu?"

Antonia shrugged. "Yes, and I don't care, alright? Why are you accosting me? You think I will fuck you just because I walk naked in public? Forget it! I need to be fucked by a horse not by a puny human penis."

"But, why do you want to die?" He insisted.

She looked at him through narrowed eyes. "I don't, but I must bellyride. They probably have a horse there for me. And I hope its a percheron with a penis like a grown man's arm. Dying on it will be worth it."

"Nonsense," he replied and then added conspiratorially, "if it is a horse you want, I can get you one."

She almost laughed at him. "You are not lying to me, are you? I am not afraid of any man. I can look out for myself!"

He looked hurt. "May I be stuck under a horse if it isn't the truth! Look, let me explain, but, first, my name is Anselmo. What is yours?"

She stood brazenly looking at him. "I am sister Antonia. I am a nun of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene. Does that ring a bell?"

"Hell, no!" he answered half-smiling. "Is that why you walk around naked? I never heard of a nun fucking a horse!"

"Yes, both things are part of my vows," she answered with as much dignity as she could muster.

"Kinky! Oh well, you do have the body for it. I always have thought clothes are a waste on a beautiful woman."

She smiled at him. "Enough of your flattery! It will get you nowhere. Where is the horse and how come you can get it for me?"

"Well, I am a mason, and a part time university student," he explained. "My guild belongs to the party."

Antonia was puzzled. "Party? What party?"

"The People's Front for a Revolutionary and Democratic Brazil. Surely you have heard of it!"

"Never!" she shook her head. "So, you are some kind of a communist militant, what does that have to do with the horse?"

He gave her a knowing look. "I can get you into the Micaelistas. You can ride with them!"

"No thank you, the Temple of Hecate sounds better!" She turned away from him.

"I know of those pagan monsters!" He cried after her. "If you are a voluntary sacrifice then they will core out your cunt with a knife and then drive a horse penis in all the way till it pops out of your mouth! That's no way to treat a lady!"

Antonia stopped. She turned around and confronted Anselmo. "Perhaps it isn't. But it is for me to decide if it is and that I already have. But what would you know about how to treat a lady? You stuck out your penis when I came upon you guys!"

"I am sorry! That was really uncalled for! I had no idea you were...a nun! Really! Please, let me help you."

Antonia looked around. A crowd was beginning to form. "Where is the micaelista compound?"

"About five kilometers away." Antonia turned around again and began to walk towards the Temple of Changu. "Wait! I have a motorcycle, let me take you!"

Antonia thought for a minute. She did not look forward to having her cunt cored out. "OK."

"Come with me," Anselmo offered her his arm. "I live just around the corner in a rented room. My motorcycle is stored there."

Antonia smiled. "I have never walked like this with a boy, you know, holding his arm."

"I have never had a naked woman holding on to my arm while walking through Rio! A nun, you said? Damn it!" He snarled at some of the staring passersby. "What are you assholes looking at? You got a problem? I will be glad to discuss matters with any of you!"

The crowd dispersed. Anselmo was a strong looking young man, with a shady reputation in the neighborhood, not one to be messed with. They walked quietly together. Then he cursed.

"What is wrong?"

He shook his head. "Look sister, you are beautiful and you are married, I suppose, to Christ. It's my life story! The pretty ones are already taken! And by a Jewish carpenter! I know Isaac, the son of don Ismael, the grocer, and he is just a wimpy fellow with bottlebottom glasses. If all Jews are like him, I can't imagine what you would see in this carpenter fellow!"

"You are joking, are you not?" said Antonia looking at him sternly.

"Forgive me, I meant no offense. I have never been religious. The church here just squeezes the poor. 'Religion is the opium of the people' and all that."

"Well, that's certainly not true of us!" she protested. "As you can see we give up all earthly goods, even our clothes, and we go into the Amazon to provide medical services to the Indians there. I myself work in our orphanage in Recife."

"And the horses?"

Antonia laughed. "The order was founded by Lucrezia Borgia, the daughter of Pope Alexander VI. She was into animals."

"Do you like it? I mean, parading around nude and practicing bestiality?"

"What a dumb question! Of course I do! In Recife no one minds, no one stares at us. They respect us." She sighed. "Rio is certainly not like home! I have never been so uncomfortable!"

"But it must hurt, I mean, having a horse fuck you. Those shafts are huge!"

She motioned as if holding a huge shaft in her hands and smiled lasciviously. "Oh yes, they are big! And their semen fills you up so! But it's not the penetration that turns me on but rather the sheer perversion of the act itself. As for hurting, yes it does when you start out. But you soon get used to it and start needing it. I have been doing horses since I took my vows. Now it hurts if one doesn't fuck me daily. You saw how loose my cunt is now."

He could not help staring at her yawning cunt.

"Besides," she continued, "there are some spiritual aspects to living nude and free and fucking animals. Call it being more in harmony with nature or whatever, but I can no longer think of another way of life that would fulfill me. In fairness I can't expect you to understand. The truth is that when I am naked and being fucked by a horse, well, I am happy." She looked at the passersby, who could not help but stare at her. You all should shed your clothes! Its more comfortable this way!" she shouted at them.

The noontime tropical sun was indeed making Anselmo and all the others sweat profusely. He wiped his sweat from his brow with his handkerchief. There was little shade. "Well, sister, don't expect me to take off my clothes here!"

"Why not?" She looked at him carefully and smiled. "You showed me a nice penis, for a man at least. You should not be ashamed of your body! Show it off!"

"I am afraid I am too much of what you would probably call a self-righteous prude," he said laughing. "Actually, I can't help but admire how brave you are in parading thus and showing off that huge cunt you have. By the way, how big will your cunt get?"

She looked down at her cunt and pulled the labia apart. "Well, the horses will keep on stretching it, I suppose. You should see the cunt the other nun that came with me has! Sometimes I wonder how she manages to walk at all!"

"Ah, we have arrived," he said. They had reached a modest looking house. "I hope there is no trouble."

"What do you mean?"

"My landlady, straight out of 'Crime and Punishment' and a harpy and a snoop. She would not take it kindly that I bring a naked woman with me. Come, don't make any noise and follow me to my room."

"OK, but don't even think of trying anything!" They sneaked quietly into the house. They entered into a small room full of books. An unmade bed lay against a corner. A picture of Karl Marx was on the wall.

Antonia perused the books idly. "What do you study?"

"I am hoping to become a lawyer, one day."

"Ah, Aquinas," she said recognizing one of the authors. "The nuns did give me an education but I was always too rebellious to profit from it." Another familiar title caught her eye. "I certainly did not enjoy St. Augustine!"

"Why?" He took the book away from her. "He is one of the fathers of the church. Through his writings one can trace the foundations of western thought and how capitalism developed. I would think you of all people would be his advocate."

"Me? Championing such a self-righteous prude? No way!"

"Ouch!"

She laughed embarrassed then took his hand. "I didn't mean that about you, believe me, I am beginning to like you, Anselmo."

He enjoyed holding her hand. "No offense taken."

She looked at him tenderly. "Do you have a family?"

"None, and you?"

"Mine gave me away to the church when I was a young girl. I don't blame them; they were very poor and could not afford another mouth. The nuns took me in. It was natural for me to take the vows afterwards."

"I understand, can I get you some coffee?"

Antonia nodded. Anselmo put a pot to warm on a small stove.

Antonia sat on the bed and Anselmo sat next to her. The two stared at each other quietly and drank the coffee.

"Do you have a girlfriend?" she asked.

"Me?" He laughed nervously. "No, I can't afford one!"

"So, how do you get, you know, release?"

He laughed and blushed and showed her his hand. "I am very lonely, sister. I have seen the bellyriders," he said in a quiet voice. "They suck anyone who wishes to be sucked. I was looking forward to getting blown by one this Mardi Gras. Everyone here believes it is good luck."

"Yes," she nodded knowingly. "Sucking men while strapped was a tradition started by the blessed Leda, a nun of our order. We used to charge a minimal fee but now we do it for free."

"They say a nun got fucked in the ass last night."

"Yes, and she liked it."

"But that wasn't you then?"

"No, she is in the Angels' compound stuck in a stall. An imbecile woman stuck koro juice into her

veins and she is now in heat. They won't parade her. It's too risky. I have to bellyride in her place, my order expects it, but I could not find a horse. If you help me I won't have to do it with the Hecate Riders. I want to suck and get fucked in the ass out in public and live to remember it."

"But how could you? I mean, you are a nun!"

"My vows will not be broken as long as the horse's penis is inside me. Listen, if I do get strapped into a horse, my mouth and ass are available. Like your friend said, you don't want to get 'sloppy seconds'. I want you to be first."

He looked at her, thinking very transparent thoughts. "That's very nice of you, sister." His hand rested on her thigh. She did not mind.

She look at him tenderly. "Look, in another time and in another place, well...I would have really enjoyed making love to you."

In response, he quietly caressed her face. Antonia did not flinch. She liked to be with this young man. Perhaps it was the novelty of being intimate with a man instead of an animal or another woman. Then they shared a kiss. It was inevitable. His hand was soon on her breast.

"No," she pleaded. "My vows."

"Don't be cruel." He kissed her again.

They embraced. His hands ran all over her naked skin. She unzipped his fly and reached for his erect penis. She knelt in front of him. She smiled at him and took his penis in his mouth. Her head went up and down expertly. He fucked her mouth enthusiastically. Pretty soon she blew him to completion. She let him come in her mouth and swallowed.

"I hope you don't get in trouble," he said earnestly afterwards.

"Now I have something to confess," smiled Antonia. His semen coated her lips. "Now, get me to a horse, please. I need to be fucked, badly! If I stay with you longer then I will really have sins to atone for!"

They set off at a breakneck speed, with Antonia seated behind and pressing her tits against him. "Slow down, Anselmo, remember I am naked and the wind will make me cold. Besides, I am beginning to like the look on people's faces when they stare at me."

XIX Antonia's Donkey

"So? You want your girlfriend to ride with us Anselmo?" Carmen la Lusitana was a tall, handsome, Portuguese woman who led the Micaelistas. "In that case, you two come to my quarters. You look like a healthy boy, Anselmo, and I have never had a ménage a trois with a nun before."

After a while the three emerged. Carmen walked out nude, as brazen as Antonia, and led them to the Micaelista stables. Antonia could see all manner of women strapped around the compound. They all seemed in distress and were moaning loudly, obviously not veteran bellyriders. Their mounts were a motley variety of mangy horses, mules, donkeys, two rams, and what looked like a very large dog. But other than that, there seemed to be no much difference between this samba school and the Angels.

The first stall they came to had a large pig wallowing in the mud. Antonia shook her head.

"What's wrong with him?" asked Carmen la Lusitana. "Are you Jewish instead of Roman Catholic?"

Antonia crossed herself. "No, its not that. I have done pigs before. But its legs are too short to bellyride with."

They walked on to the next stall. It held a water buffalo.

"No way!" said Antonia. "These critters are mean! Besides, they have a pointy shaft that is sure to rupture me! I can go to the Hecate Riders for that."

"Alright, suit yourself," said Carmen la Lusitana. She led them to another stall.

Antonia looked into the stall Carmen had led them to and flinched. "A llama?"

Carmen la Lusitana, smiled. "Aye, though I don't know how it got here. Surely it comes from somewhere in Bolivia."

Most likely, thought Antonia, these ruffians stole it from the zoo.

"Well, his legs are long enough that your torso won't drag," noted Anselmo. He took a breath and winced. "He does have a smell, Antonia, but I think you would get used to it soon."

"I don't mind his smell. In the jungle I once was once fucked by a capibara and that beast did smell! Have you seen his penis?" Antonia asked Carmen. The llama's penis was ensconced inside its sheath.

"Yes," admitted Carmen la Lusitana, "I have seen it when it pees. Its not too thick but pretty long."

Antonia shook her head. "I need a thick, long, shaft to fuck me. Why bellyride otherwise? How about him?" Antonia pointed to the next stall where a donkey stood patiently chewing its hay.

"Rayo? Well," started Carmen la Lusitana, "none of the girls wanted to bellyride him."

"Why? He looks fine to me. I'd rather ride him than the water buffalo or the llama."

"His flare is too large. One of the girls let him fuck her and she screamed with pain when he came."

"Nonsense! The flare always scares rookies. Donkeys have fucked me before. Yes, they flare a lot, but that is the nice thing about donkeys. Besides, but my cunt can handle it."

Anselmo took her aside and whispered to her. "I don't want him to hurt you. Heck, if you are going to be hurt, I could have let Mama Salome arrange that! Are you sure you want to go along with this?"

"I don't like her," responded Antonia.

"Who? Rayo is certainly not a female!"

"I was talking about her, Carmen, not about Rayo," explained Antonia. "I didn't like to see you fucking her! You seemed to enjoy it too much! Oh Jesus! I think I am jealous!"

"And what am I supposed to say? While I was pumping her, your mouth was sucking very eagerly on those pendulous breasts she has! And now you are fixing to fuck all of Rio!"

"So what? I am a bellyrider!" she answered impatiently. "Damn! Don't make it so hard for me!"

Ohmigod! You are jealous! Look, I can't help being what I am. I wish it were just you and me. And a horse! But it can't be! Now I just want to be fucked by something that walks on four feet! I need it! These rogues have no other beast around. I am afraid Rayo will have to do! Otherwise, take me to the Hecate Riders and leave me there! Don't worry, as I said, I have fucked donkeys before. I am used to their flare. In fact, I love it!"

She knelt down next to Rayo and starting massaging his sheath, hoping to coax him into dropping. She caressed and felt and kissed his balls. They hung heavily and seemed quite full. Pretty soon Antonia was underneath him, kissing the balls and massaging the sheath with all the care and enthusiasm of an expert animal lover. She was thoroughly aroused, her nipples stood out engorged. It was not easy, she knew, to get an untrained donkey to drop. She worked patiently, relying on all her skills and experience. If she could at least get some shaft exposed she would be able to have the head put into her. The yerba dura would do the rest. Pretty soon, to her relief, Rayo started exposing a long, thick, dark, penis. The head was extremely knobby. Just getting it in, she knew, would require her to stretch a lot. "Look at that shaft! I want it! He will be a fine mount," she said to Carmen.

Pretty soon Antonia was in the harness. A couple of the micaelistas were tightening her torso to Rayo. They bent her legs to her chest to insure the deepest penetration by the donkey's shaft. The donkey seemed bewildered and he stamped and brayed nervously throughout. Equally anxious was Anselmo. He had never seen someone so close to his heart being strapped in preparation for a bellyride.

"Well, at least he did fuck a woman before," commented Carmen la Lusitana. "He will know what to do."

"Are you sure he won't hurt her?" asked Anselmo earnestly. "That donkey's shaft must be two feet long when erect!"

Carmen la Lusitana shrugged. "Who knows? If Changu wants her she won't last Golgotha. We already lost seven of the bellyriders last night. Ha! Maybe Changu wants an even number."

"Anselmo, please come close," pleaded Antonia. Her eyes shone with lust.

"This is crazy," protested Anselmo as he knelt next to Antonia.

At his words, Antonia remembered saying as much to Renate. "Anselmo, I'll be alright," she tried to calm him. "Now, be a dear and check the straps carefully, please, I don't trust these people. Also look under me. I don't want to be scraping the ground."

This all Anselmo did. "Everything looks fine. And don't worry, you still have about 20 centimeters between you and the ground."

"Good!" said Antonia. "There is enough space for a man to slip under me and fuck me in the ass."

"Rayo must like you, nun, his penis is dropping more and hardening," said Carmen la Lusitana.

"Anselmo! Please take the head and put it between my cunt lips," said Antonia. Anselmo looked at the extending penis and its knobby, flat, head with some disgust and hesitated. "C'mon, do so, for me, please," insisted Antonia.

Anselmo grabbed the donkey penis unenthusiastically. Perhaps he was feeling jealous. In fact, he knew he was jealous! Rayo's penis felt semi-hard and spongy but still elastic enough that he bent it

so that went in easily into the nun's gaping cunt, in spite of its knobby head, for she was already quite wet. Rayo felt himself entering the strange and very tight female and started making tentative thrusting motions with his hips. All the while his shaft continued to harden and extend and push its way into Antonia.

"Hmmm!" she moaned with satisfaction. The stretching was inhuman. "I needed that! Ooooh! So deep! So warm! Jesus forgive me but I love it sooo much!"

Carmen la Lusitana then injected yerba dura extract into the exposed portion of donkey's shaft, which was about 12 inches. Antonia had almost a foot of donkey inside her now. The effect of the yerba dura was immediate. The penis' hardening and extending increased dramatically. Antonia's body arched to meet it and to try and accommodate all of it. Antonia felt a pang of pain when he pressed his knobby head to her cervical os. But for Antonia, to be fucked thus was pure, sheer bliss, the pain notwithstanding. Rayo felt himself unable to enter more and began instead to make vigorous pumping motions, which drove her cunt lips and clit in and out. Antonia felt his precum beginning to flow and warm her insides. The yerba dura would inhibit the donkey's ejaculation but nonetheless there would be a continuous trickle of his semen entering her for the duration.

"Look, Anselmo, your girlfriend's cunt is beginning to foam," snickered Carmen. "What a slut you found!"

Anselmo looked at her through narrowed eyes. He wanted to slap her but in all probability one of her men would then stab him. "Don't judge. She is a nun; she is performing according to her vows!" Carmen just snickered.

"Anselmo," moaned Antonia. "Please fuck me in the ass! Stretch me out! Now! I want to feel you!"

Thankfully Anselmo, who had already ejaculated into Antonia's mouth and then had fucked Carmen la Lusitana, was a young, vigorous, man. He managed to coax an erection easily for the sight in front of him could have coaxed one out of a dead man. Carmen la Lusitana led the donkey and Antonia to straddle over an old mattress and handed Anselmo a tin of Vaseline. Rayo's thick shaft had spread Antonia's cheeks apart and her asshole was puckered and exposed. He carefully lubricated Antonia's asshole, knowing that it would be used severely throughout the night. He inserted, at Antonia's coaxing, first one and then several fingers the better to lubricate and stretch her. Antonia cried and Anselmo hesitated but she motioned for him to continue. He could feel the donkey's shaft as he probed and wondered whether there would be enough space for him. Pretty soon he had forced his whole fist inside her asshole and he pumped her thus for a good time. When he took out his fist, the asshole yawned, stretched and shiny with the lubrication. He slipped underneath her and proceeded to enter her. In spite of the stretching he had induced it was still a tight fit, for Antonia was a petite woman and the donkey's shaft filled her up. He had to thrust hard in order to make any headway and soon was pumping her ass the full length of his penis.

Then, while being thus doubly penetrated by man and donkey, Antonia, with some difficulty, managed to position her head so that it protruded at the side of the donkey. "Come, Carmen," she said, "I want to eat that smelly cunt of yours."

Carmen squatted over Antonia's mouth and offered her cunt to the nun. Antonia held on to Carmen's hips and pulled her cunt to her mouth and proceeded to eat her eagerly. The curious tableau continued until all three humans managed to come, with Antonia's orgasm being especially loud. The frustrated donkey, unable to come, kept pumping with all his strength all the time.

"Damn!" exclaimed Carmen as she laid herself down on a bale of hay. "I hope you last Golgotha,

sister! If you can do all this in the street this year we will have a fighting chance at the prize money, even in spite of the women we already lost!"

Anselmo, exhausted, lay limp on the mattress. "Are you alright, Antonia?" he asked with concern. Rayo was now braying loudly.

"I am fine. I needed to come," she replied. "That was nice! Oooh! This donkey pumps real good! I love it! Thank you for helping me stretch my asshole. Now lead me out of this stable. I want to be where people can see me being fucked by Rayo!"

"Let us take her, Anselmo," said Carmen in a tone that admitted no argument. "You are not exactly part of the samba school nor have you practiced our dance steps. Go home, fellow, get drunk, this is a Mardi Gras night. We will look after her."

"Do as she says, Anselmo," instructed Antonia. "You will see me again, tomorrow night, when I am unstrapped." He docilely nodded. They kissed goodbye tenderly.

Carmen la Lusitana led Antonia to where the rest of the micalista bellyriders were. They were all moaning and protesting for they all were rookies, unused to the huge shafts that were inside them. Besides, it was always the second night that was always the hardest on the bellyriders. On the first night their lust kept them going. But by the third night a bellyrider was usually too exhausted or numb or dead to care. True, their mounts were a dismal collection of mangy beasts and refugees from the dog food factory but the women did not mind. In spite of the discomfort they were suffering none were asking to be released from the harness. Carmen gave Rayo's reins to one of her men.

"Does Anselmo know?" asked one of Carmen's men.

"He has no clue, don't worry," replied Carmen in a conspiratorial tone. She walked amongst the bellyriders checking them and their straps.

"But, do we really want to do it now that the nun has joined us?" insisted the man. "After all, she is a nun! We should at least spare her! Changu will have a hecatomb!"

"The priestesses demanded mass sacrifices in return for their rousing the favelas."

"But!" he protested.

"Enough!" snarled Carmen la Lusitana. "Start lining them up in the street! We march in an hour! Damn the nun! She'll find out soon enough what we are going to do! Get the explosives ready. It won't be raining tonight. These women all volunteered to be martyrs for the people. The least we can do is help them achieve their ambition, comrade! At midnight Rio's gutters will overflow with blood!"

Anselmo swiftly rode his motorcycle back to his rented room. He reached to the sheets where Antonia had sat and pulled the spot to his nose, breathing deeply. He shook his head regretfully. Then he pulled out a waiter's uniform from a suitcase under his bed. Dressed thus, he went to the backyard and prodded along the orchids until he found a sack buried in the ground. He looked around. No one had seen him. He took out a thick wad of money from the sack and counted it. Then he extracted a small gun. It was loaded. He stuffed the gun into his pants and buried the money again.

XX The Nightly Visitors

When Elizabeth arrived she found that all her three girls, Lucia, Maricela, and Ximena were alright. Maricela had spent a quiet night, strapped under Relampago, Natalia's horse. Ximena, however, was a little sore for she had had to service the four donkeys in the compound all by herself. Lucia had concentrated on blowing the other horses and had actually managed to accommodate Jupiter and have him come inside her. Both Lucia and Ximena had slept together and had awakened on a pool of horse and donkey semen that had leaked out of them. As can be imagined, cleaning bedsheets and entirely replacing mattresses was an ongoing task at Elizabeth's household.

The three young Indian women were dismayed when they saw Elizabeth, for it was obvious she was distraught, frightened, and in tears. First thing Elizabeth insisted on was to light a candle to the virgin in their household altar. Once this was done, her girls hugged, caressed, and soothed her to the best of their abilities. They bathed her and prepared for her a comforting breakfast. They laid Elizabeth on her bed afterwards and cuddled next to her. Their warm, naked, bodies, their love, and the sense of security she felt in her hacienda soon restored Elizabeth's soul. Her breasts ached, for Elizabeth had for years taken jungle herbs that induced lactation, and Ximena and Lucia set to nurse on her and give her some relief. After a while, Elizabeth fell asleep with the two young women suckling on her breasts. Lucia and Ximena then went on to do household duties and to feed the animals. Maricela stayed with Elizabeth. The Indian girl's mouth was pressed against Elizabeth's cunt, worshipping it.

It was past noon when Elizabeth awoke again. She ate some fruit and spent a quiet afternoon walking in her garden. The tropical sun warmed her nude body. From the terraces in the park-like hacienda there was a stunning view of Rio and its bay. Elizabeth thought about Renate, who she knew was somewhere down there, and wondered if she was alright. She was tempted to have Joao take her again to the Angels' compound to see Renate off for her public bellyride but she hesitated, lest she were to meet the Hecate Riders again. Tomorrow night, she thought, she would be present when Renate was unstrapped. Perhaps, thought Elizabeth, she could also convince the nun to give up her vows. In fact, if she were to do so, she intended to ask Renate to marry her. It would be the wedding of the year, she vowed, to be held in Rio's cathedral, where the entire city could witness. And they both would marry in the nude! It could be arranged, she knew, for in Rio everything was possible. Of course, the bishop would ask for a steep price for performing such a marriage but the da Cunha coffers were overflowing. Money was not an issue. For Renate, she would be willing to pay any price.

Since she was staying at home that night, she decided to enjoy her girls. She summoned them and pretty soon all of them were entwined and making love in Elizabeth's ample bed. As nighttime was approaching she announced that she wanted to be strapped under Jupiter for the night. They escorted Elizabeth to the stables where her lover waited in a stall and the Indian girls set about preparing a harness. They generously lubricated Elizabeth's cunt and Jupiter's mighty shaft and strapped her in. Pretty soon Jupiter's massive shaft was resting inside her.

"Are you going to be alright alone, milady, or do you want me to sleep on the stable cot?" asked Lucia.

"I will be fine, Lucia," replied Elizabeth. Then she heard the brief noise of samba music drifting in from Rio. "Listen, Lucia, why don't you have Joao take you all downtown to see the parades? And if you want a man to fuck you, I will understand and there will be plenty of opportunities for you to be fucked."

"Why would any of us want a man, milady? They are tiny and they smell and their semen is runny and foul to the taste! But yes, I think we would like to go down there for the night. Don't worry, milady, we will be here in the morning and Jupiter will still be stiff then."

"Go then before I change my mind," said Elizabeth. "And don't bother with clothes, go skyclad. There's nothing like dancing naked in the street! It's the only way to enjoy Mardi Gras!"

Lucia kissed her and left and Elizabeth remained all alone under Jupiter. She caressed his chest and kissed it. Then she grabbed the stirrups and started swinging herself back and forth, driving the shaft deeply into her. Jupiter, who was well trained, promptly started making thrusting motions with his hips and began to fuck her back. This continued for a good while until Elizabeth climaxed. She afterwards laid limp and contented while Jupiter continued fucking her. She thus fell into a deep, relaxing, sleep.

It was a dark night. The ample halls of Elizabeth's hacienda were dark and deserted. The horses were secure in the stalls and slept contentedly, especially Jupiter, who had Elizabeth wrapped around his shaft. Joao, an old man, back from delivering the girls, slept the sleep of the just in his room in the basement of the hacienda. The moonlight filtered in through the overcast sky into the stables and the only movement was the scurrying of mice and the flutters of the birds who nested in the stables' rafters. Thus it was that no one heard Elizabeth scream.

"Hello, Elizabeth," said Mama Salome. Two burly men had awoken her up by roughly pawing her. "We have an unfinished matter to tend to you and I."

"Damn you, Mama Salome! Damn you and Changu! You cannot do this! I am not ruptured nor have I volunteered!"

The priestess shook her head. "Don't curse, Elizabeth, or Changu will only make it more painful for you." Mama Salome ran her hand along Elizabeth's body. "A fine looking woman you still are. The god will be pleased to make you his bride."

"Oh God! Please! Don't!"

The priestess sat next to her and stared at her fixedly. "Oh Elizabeth, making a scene is beneath you. Its just a horse shaft and all I am going to do is insure it goes in all the way to your chest. Its what you have always craved all along. My predecessor helped your own mother along and it is said that she kept her dignity to the end. Did you know that?"

Elizabeth did not remember much about her mother, for she had been a child when her mother had passed away. Indeed, she did recall being told that her mother had died accidentally while making love to a horse. Her father, an uncaring, cold, man who was usually absent overseas, spending the da Cuhna money, had never told her the details of her mother's death. He had died a few years afterwards of liver disease. Afterwards, female relatives had taken her and her sister under their care. They were the ones that had introduced them to the family's animal loving traditions. But they never had mentioned the death of her mother.

"You want money?" asked Elizabeth in desperation. "Take as much as you need! Damn! Let me be!"

"Money? What a ridiculous notion! Now, Elizabeth, we can make this the easy way, with your cooperation, or we will do it the hard way, against your will. Either way suits me fine. What will it be?"

"Jesus!" was all that Elizabeth managed to say. She closed her eyes. After a while she said in a quiet voice. "Can you ease the pain, somehow?"

"Of course, Elizabeth, though there will always be a measure of pain. It is inevitable."

"I don't want you to core me out. The horse will have to force a rupture," she was speaking nervously now. But she was Elizabeth, one always used to be always in control, even of her own impalement. "And let it be done by Jupiter. Yes, it must be Jupiter! And, do make it slow, please! Renate would have wanted it done that way!"

"We can certainly accommodate you, Elizabeth, not that you are really in any position to make demands. But don't worry, I like you and it shall be all as you wish. Your mother would be proud!" She began to prepare a syringe. Elizabeth did not even inquire what it contained. Her thoughts were about Renate. How she wished she were able to have her at her side holding her hand while the deed was done.

"Just tell me why, Mama Salome, why did Changu choose me, why tonight?"

"It does not matter, Elizabeth why. I only try to serve Him humbly and I believe this is His wish. Pretty soon you will be able to ask him yourself. Though maybe you won't, for you will spend eternity skewered on his godly staff and you won't be able to say much of anything with his penis coming out of your mouth. As for tonight, well, it will be a magnificent night tonight! A night to remember! What a better time for the queen of the bellyriders to die on the shaft!"

"What do you mean? Tonight is like any other night!"

"No, Elizabeth, you see, there will be a coup tonight. Any moment now the favelas will rise and oust the government. It all has been planned. And Changu will have a mass sacrifice for the Micaelistas are going to stampede their bellyriders into the Angels' school to signal the start of the revolution. Certainly many women will go to Changu tonight." She raised the syringe and inspected it. "Believe me, I would be down there helping them go to Changu except that I had to insure that you also met your reward. If anyone has earned the privilege it is you."

"Damn you, Mama Salome! If you think this is such a wonderful thing, why don't you have it done to you also?"

The priestess laughed. "To be offered to Changu is part of every priestess' vows actually. I intend to take the shaft soon myself. But first, I must make sure you precede me."

"That's sick!"

The priestess laughed. "Its nothing more than the same vow that that nun you were so friendly with took. Except they call it 'going to Jesus'. Didn't you know?"

"You are lying!"

"Sorry to disappoint you. She told you about her vows, right?"

"Yes, nudity, promiscuity, and bestiality."

"She didn't mention her fourth vow: to take a horse shaft all the way to the balls."

"Renate would not do that!"

"C'mon, Elizabeth, you have seen the nuns in Recife and out in the Matto Grosso. Have you ever seen an old nun? There are none! They are all young women, none older than you. Oh, I see I am frightening you. You must be in love with that nympho nun. Face it, Elizabeth, your lover is probably overdue to take her fourth vow. And she will do so eagerly. Otherwise, she would stay with you after

Mardi Gras. Makes sense, right?"

Elizabeth cursed. "Then, so be it. Do your thing, Mama Salome. I am as well dead."

The priestess injected Elizabeth. After a few minutes, Elizabeth felt her entire body go numb. "That will help. Ohmigod, I can barely feel anything! I wanted to enjoy every inch!"

Mama Salome smiled knowingly. "You won't be disappointed. There will be plenty of pain, believe me, and he has a long shaft and is very thick. You will have a lot of inches to enjoy. When it is in fully in it will be up to your chest, behind your breasts."

"I am ready, whenever you want to start," Elizabeth said resignedly. She pressed her face into Jupiter's chest and closed her eyes.

"There is no rush," answered the priestess. She handed her a rosary. "Say your prayers first. It's all part of the ritual. Everything must be done just right. After all, we can only do it once, right?"

The priestess took her out into the middle of the stable and anointed her while Elizabeth prayed. She tried to recite the familiar prayers but she could not help it; she was crying now.

Mama Salome then lit four candles, made from human fat, and placed them around Jupiter and Elizabeth. Next, she cut a lock of hair of Elizabeth and burnt it. Last, she felt Jupiter's shaft and gave it another yerba dura injection to insure that it was rock hard.

"Now, Elizabeth, look into my eyes," said the priestess. The two stared fixedly at each other. "It is what you have wanted all along. Pain will become pleasure. You will die happy. Think of Changu's big shaft skewering you forever."

The priestess kept droning such obscenities for several minutes. Elizabeth gave up all resistance. She was now resigned to her fate. Her will surrendered. For some reason, the whole affair did not seem so objectionable, now that she thought about it. Perhaps, she reasoned, it is how it should end. It would be fitting to follow on her mother's footsteps. Curiously, she felt herself strangely aroused by the whole matter. How, she wondered, would it feel to have Latigo's shaft all the way into her chest? Would she live long enough to enjoy it? Would his penis come out of her mouth? In the end Elizabeth was thoroughly mesmerized by the priestess and had no regrets anymore.

"OK, Elizabeth, we must start now." Mama Salome nodded to the men who then loosened Elizabeth's legs and grabbed them tight.

"Remember, priestess, I want this to be done slowly!" cried Elizabeth. "And keep me alive as long as possible. I want to know I have taken the entire shaft before I die!"

"It will be slow. You are not cored out or ruptured. It will take some doing but my men are strong. And no, you won't die immediately. The drugs I gave you will keep you alive, even if your soul wants to leave. I will also make sure he comes inside you. Perhaps his semen will come out of your mouth and you will get a last taste. It's the least I can do for you. Enjoy."

The men gave a tentative pull. Elizabeth shrieked. The pressure in her cervix was tremendous and the pain overwhelming, in spite of the drugs numbing her body.

"Be brave, Elizabeth!" admonished Mama Salome.

The men gave another pull, and another, and another. Elizabeth was howling like a lost soul now but

still had not ruptured. The legendary da Cunha cunt was still holding but the rupture was eminent. Then a low sound, phhhtttt!, was heard twice in rapid succession. Elizabeth felt a especially sharp pang of pain and thought that her flesh had finally torn. But the grip on her legs had relaxed. The men holding on to her let go, staggered, walked drunkenly towards the exit, and fell far short from it without saying a word. Mama Salome cursed and looked around into the shadows. Another phhhtttt! and she saw a small dart which stuck out the sides of her sleeve. It had barely grazed her yet she instantly felt nauseous and disoriented. She shrieked, recognizing the curare-laden dart that the Amazon Indians use to hunt with. She ran out of the stables into the night.

"Milady!" cried Ximena emerging from the shadows of the stable. "Are you alright? I will call an ambulance immediately!"

"Ximena!" whimpered Elizabeth. "Ohmigod! Help me out of the harness! Jupiter is about to rupture me! I thought you were with the girls down in Rio!"

Ximena rapidly undid the straps and helped Elizabeth remove herself from the shaft. Elizabeth stared amazed at the length of Jupiter's shaft that slowly and painfully came out of her yawning cunt, followed by a few drops of blood. It had been very close. She tried to stand but fell down holding on to her crotch.

"Come, milady, I will help you onto the stable cot." Ximena helped Elizabeth to her feet again and she staggered unto the cot. "Easy does it, milady. I was too sore from being fucked by the donkeys to go down to Rio. I decided to stay and heard voices. I immediately thought of you and found these horrible people torturing you. Luckily, we keep curare to kill mice and I still had my father's blowgun and some of his darts."

Old Joao showed up in his nightshirt and holding a flashlight and a gun. "Jesus! Are you alright, milady? What is going on here?" He looked at the two limp forms of Mama Salome's men. "And just who the hell are these men? God! Ximena, girl, put out those candles! They smell terrible!"

The two women quickly explained what had happened. Joao bent down to inspect the two men. They were still warm. "I am afraid they are dead. Hell, they are even stiff already! But they are still warm. Dead men don't get stiff so quickly!" He held a dart to the light then saw Ximena holding the blowgun, looking like a cat that has just eaten a canary. "Ohmigod, Ximena, what did you hit them with?"

"Oops!" exclaimed Ximena. "My father always complained that I could never get the dosage right."

"You killed them, girl," said Joao.

"I did not mean to kill them!" cried Ximena. "Well, maybe I did, seeing what they were doing to milady! Oh God, what do I do know! Help me, milady! I don't want to go to jail! I don't mind eating a bull dyke but they would make me wear those ugly prison uniforms! I can no longer stand clothes!"

In spite of the pain in her cunt Elizabeth laughed, the first time she did so that night. "As for those two stiffs, they will at least help fatten the buzzards. There is always the cliffside. Relax, Ximena, Joao will take care of matters. Right Joao?" Joao nodded in agreement. "And, Ximena, do put those stinky candles out! Now, Joao, did you see a powerful looking Black woman in priestly garbs anywhere around?"

"No milady, I haven't seen such tonight. The only priestess I have seen came by today around noon when you and your girls were, well, making love. She said she had to spray some holy water in the stables. Ohmigod! Forgive me, milady! I am afraid I let her in! She must have been here to scope the

place out!”

“Relax, it doesn’t matter,” replied Elizabeth. “Maybe Mama Salome is still alive, who knows, who cares. Ohmigod!” Elizabeth had just remembered what she had been told about the Micaelista stampede. “Quick! Joao! Get the Bentley started! Ximena! Help me walk over to it! We all must head down to Rio, immediately!”

“But why?” protested Ximena.

“To avert a bloodbath! I will explain on the way!”

XXI In the Stall

The orgasms came in waves. In between, when the torment and bliss (for now pleasure and pain had become indistinct) slackened, Renate tried to concentrate and gain some mastery over her body. But her efforts had all been to no avail for the last eight hours or so. Any slight movement of Latigo, any trembling of the shaft buried inside her, her own breathing, would break the dam and the torment would restart.

But now her body was reaching the point of full exhaustion. Her cunt muscles had never contracted so much, so often, and with such intensity. All her lower body ached. Perhaps this why now the waves were spacing out and the intensity slackened. Her body simply could not come anymore. She could feel her heart racing. She expected heart failure at any moment now. Her mouth was so dry that she could not even curse herself or Elizabeth. She blissfully passed out for a few moments, only to be reawakened by the familiar warmth in her pubes when Latigo flooded her with his semen. Her body tried, once again, to betray her but it no longer could orgasm. She pressed her face against the horse’s powerful chest and prayed that the torture would cease. Meanwhile, the Angels went about their business in the stables, ignoring her and preparing the other bellyriders. The samba music drifted in from the outside.

“Please!” implored Renate to a man who was watching her from the stall opening. “I need a drink. Rum, chicha, whatever! Come in my mouth at least! I’ll drink your pee!”

“You won’t bite me, milady?” asked the man. “Don Eusebio said you were out of your mind.”

“Nonsense! I am just very horny! Use me!” said Renate and she opened her mouth wide to receive the man’s seed. He came pretty soon. Then he peed into her mouth. She thanked him. The salty semen and urine gave her a temporary relief of her thirst. She craved more but the other angels were ignoring her. Eventually Renate fell into an exhausted, dreamless sleep. Don Eusebio came around one last time and injected Latigo again, once more with undiluted yerba Buena. His shaft became iron hard again. He looked at the sleeping nun. Her body convulsed once in a while and she moaned softly. She was obviously still very much in heat, orgasming, due to the koro. Don Eusebio murmured a quick prayer as he left. He did not expect the nun to be alive when the samba school returned.

It was an orgasmic wave that woke Renate up. She endured the torture and awaited death, but the latter did not come. She noticed that the light in the stall was dimmer. Nighttime was approaching. The shaft would soften, she knew, and would soon need another injection. Her vision was limited, of course, but she could not see nor hear any other activity in the stables. Neither was samba music to be heard. They had left her behind in the stall, the bastards, she cursed. To her dismay, her body had recovered enough that a new orgasmic wave burst over her. The orgasm seemed to last an eternity and she laid limp and moaning in the saddle.

Renate managed to will herself to some semblance of coherency. Her mind was very confused. First thing, she told herself, she needed to stop coming. It would kill her sooner or later. She repeated this mantra to herself over and over, trying to focus and prevent her body from betraying her again. Next, she thought, she needed the shaft to harden. The sheer incongruence of her goals made her laugh. The wave came over again. This time she did not fight it. She let it carry her, uncaring of whether it was the last sensation she was going to feel. When her orgasm was over, she was once again surprised to still be alive. She steeled herself to take some action. She could not just lie there at the mercy of whatever turn her body decided to take. Whether to find some drug to keep herself from coming or to get some yerba dura to harden Latigo's shaft and insure that she definitely got killed on it were her choices. She then realized she had a third choice. The priestesses could put an end to the torment. Neither of her first two choices were realistic but the third was. That decided the matter. She had to set out from this stall, into the street, somehow!

From under Latigo's chest Renate could see the reins that kept him in the stall. Good, she realized, it was a slip knot. She pulled herself forward as much as she could and gained only an inch. Her labors were interrupted, again, by another orgasmic wave. She endured this and then restarted squirming herself forward, though it was obvious that every orgasm was seriously undermining her stamina. She reached out for it, but the reins were still a few inches beyond her reach. She cursed. Her exertions set off the wave. She shrieked in frustration, her body this time going into what she thought was a final convulsion. When it ended, she was, again, surprised to still be amongst the living and to be holding the now untied reins in her hand. She held these in a death grip and also bit into the rope, the better not to loose it. Now, she thought, if only the stall doors were not closed!

Thankfully for her, bellyrider stalls did not have doors. They were designed to be extra wide so that the women would not scrape their legs against the side. Also, doors were dispensed with so that any sambista could have ready access to the bellyrider within, either to caress and admire them or to be serviced by them. Thus it was that Renate managed to coax Latigo out of the stall, the only interruption to her efforts was the inevitable orgasmic wave that flooded over her in the process.

She could now see the open stable doors. She tugged on the reins and Latigo started walking forward. His gait inevitably made his shaft start pumping in and out of Renate. She cursed. The dam was about to burst again. She tried her best to prevent it and Latigo had left the stable when it rent her again. To her surprise, the intensity had decreased. Perhaps because she had had at least five orgasms in the past thirty minutes her cunt was getting numb. Or maybe she was about to give up the ghost. Either way, Renate did not care. She could see the open compound gates and directed her mount thus. She reached it successfully, suffering only a mild orgasm in the process.

In the street, tied to a post next to the gate, stood Via with Anastasia slung underneath. A gaggle of men were around her and she was eagerly sucking a penis in her mouth. The man came quickly. Before another one put his penis in her mouth she had fortuitously noticed Latigo and Renate. "Renate! Where are you going! You have to stay in the stall!"

Renate cursed. "No way! I have to end this one way or the other! I am coming nonstop and his shaft is going to go soft. I will need yerba dura! Do you know where I can find a priestess? I might as well finish it quick!"

"Oh Jesus! Don't! Stay here, suck, their semen is good!"

"Damn you girl! I need relief! And I prefer horse semen!"

"I understand you, it's the koro! Alright, if that is what you want, go down the street," she pointed in the right direction. "You are bound to hit Golgotha. You might not need a priestess then."

"Good!" she cried. "Aaarrgh! Its starting again! Damn! Tell Elizabeth and Antonia I love them! Oh Jesus! I am coming! I am coming!" She was determined to make this orgasm be the final one. She pulled hard on the reins and kicked with her heels. Latigo almost reared and drove his shaft hard into her. He began walking forward at an ever-faster trot. The dam burst once again. She shrieked. She was being pounded mercilessly. They both disappeared down the street, towards Golgotha. Anastasia could hear her cries in the distance. Whether it was from pain or pleasure Anastasia could not tell. She waved at the next man to put his penis in her mouth.

XXII Realpolitik

"The ships are at hand, milord, if you want to flee, take one. As for me, the best burial shroud is the purple." - Byzantine Empress Theodora

It was now a loveless marriage, a political marriage, she knew, they both knew, though in the beginning it had not been that way. Things had changed. The least he could do, she thought, was to let her have her ways. She certainly bent over to accommodate him. Take for example tonight's affair, another fete for the diplomatic corps and the churchmen. Which meant that she would see the same tired old faces and listen to the same old gossip as the night before.

What she really craved was to be out in the street, naked, slung under a horse, with its thick shaft inside her. After all, she thought, her training with Elizabeth had almost been completed. And her grandmother, she remembered, had been reputedly one of the most depraved bellyriders in her time. Even her mother kept a kennel with great danes and would get knotted daily! It was cruel of her spouse to keep her away from animals. It was in her blood!

She stood up and admired herself naked in front of the mirror. What man or horse could refuse her? She knew she was lovely. She pulled on her labia lips. Yes, the horses had loosened her plenty, enough that her husband had complained and had started taking her up the ass. But that was when he even bothered to fuck one of her orifices. Tonight she knew, he would be again with that woman, the one that was his mistress. Now that he was the president of Brazil the bastard had set that bitch up in an expensive penthouse overlooking Copacabana.

A knock on the door interrupted her thoughts. A presidential aide's voice informed her that: "Madam, the president wishes you to hurry. You have to be at the palace in thirty minutes."

Natalia cursed. She had not even started dressing! She wished she was as brave as Elizabeth and show up skylad. It was, after all, Mardi Gras. But no, she feared his rages. He was yet to lay hands on her but she instinctively knew he was not above doing so. "Tell him that it will be just another ten minutes!" she answered. "Tell Mariela and Guadalupe to come and help me!"

With the help of her two servant girls Natalia managed to conjure a miracle: getting done in less than ten minutes. In the end she was a staring at a lovely and aristocratic image, the ideal first lady of Brazil. A diamond-encrusted tiara topped her head and she wore the obligatory Chanel strapless nightgown, high heels, an elegant coiffure, matching diamond earrings and pendant, and perfectly applied makeup. She heard his heavy footsteps approaching. She did not allow him to pound the door, his usual way of making her hurry, but instead stepped nonchalantly into the corridor and gave him a faux smile. "I am ready, dear."

For a moment he stared in awe at her loveliness. He then averted his eyes and grunted. "Get your ass in the car now!"

They were halfway to the presidential palace and they had still to say a word to each other. She sensed that he was nervous, jumpy, even more so than a ruler who had deposed the previous

president (a ruffian that had fled to Lisbon with two mistresses and most of the treasury funds) ought to be. "What is wrong?" she dared to ask.

"I don't know! I can sense something brewing. That idiot minister of the interior I have says the country is calm but I can feel it in my balls. The son of a bitch is probably lying to me! I ought to have him shot."

"Nonsense!" she was at the end of her patience and threw all caution to the wind. She would be heard! "As long as the hacendados still support you the central bank will keep financing your government. Remember that when I tell you this. You and I cannot continue in this manner. My family and I are not to be dismissed that easily! Father is on the board of the central bank and is one of the major landowners in the country. As for my mother, well, my father will do what she says if I know something! And I talk to my mother almost every day, understand? So don't dare to interrupt me, OK? Elias, I know about your woman, the one you are keeping on the side. You are going to her penthouse tonight, right? I mean, who the hell holds all-night cabinet meetings during Mardi Gras? And you come home reeking of her cheap perfume! The woman doesn't have class! Relax, I don't give a damn about your cheap whores. Its been months since we have made love anyways so there is no chance you could give me the clap!"

The general was a follower of Sun Tzu, the ancient Chinese military writer who cautioned not to fight a battle unless there was a chance of winning it. He considered the matter and promptly asked for an armistice. "So what the hell do you want woman?"

"I want to go live in an hacienda I own outside of Sao Paolo. You and your woman will no longer have to bother about me."

"That's it, you want to leave me?"

"In a nutshell, yes and no. I do want to leave you but that is not all. The presidential guards' cavalry regiment, I saw them when they paraded for you last independence day."

"So what, you have a bloody lover in there, some pimply face second lieutenant that you want to take along with your baggage?"

She rolled her eyes. "Oh, Elias, sometimes you disappoint me so! Of course not! If I wanted a man I already have you, unfortunately, for you cut a dashing figure before you grew that potbelly and went bald. No, you fool, there are several horses there, uncut stallions, that caught my eye. You know I have certain needs. Animal needs."

"A couple of mangy horses and you will go away? Hell, I would give you the whole cavalry regiment if you want to fuck them all!"

"No, not all of it. I made inquiries. Most of the mounts are geldings. I just want the only three uncut stallions so they can fuck me!"

The general considered the matter. It was well known throughout the army what his wife's proclivities were. But he would lose face if he gave in. And losing face was death to an usurper. "But you have enough of your own money that you can probably have a whole herd of shires brought over from Europe! Why do you want these horses specifically?"

She smiled but her eyes didn't. "Consider it your parting gifts to me. What will be the comments in the billets of the regiment? That the president had to procure horses for his nympho wife like a pimp looking for customers for his whore? That is exactly what I want to happen! I want you to squirm! I

want all Rio, all Brazil, to know! In fact I want that whore of yours to also know it! And you know that you will do it! Or I will tell mother."

"Damn, girl, you drive a hard bargain. I ought to have put you in my cabinet. No son of a bitch would be plotting behind my back if you were in it. But, wait, I need to know that your family and the other hacendados families will continue supporting me. I have nothing to loose at this point, obviously."

"Obviously," she nodded her head. "Yes, we will continue to support you. You have my word on it."

"Your word, madam? What worth is the word of a nymphomaniac that gets wet when she sees a horse penis? That is hardly reassuring!"

"Yes, my word, and it shall prove enough for you. The hacendados will support you as long as you don't steal too much money and manage to keep the favela denizens from burning up the countryside. How could I bellyride in my lands if some son of a bitch rebels are going to be roaming around killing the landlords? Ah, that reminds me, next year, I expect to bellyride, here, in Rio, bare-assed naked, in front of you if you are still president. Don't worry, I will use an assumed name if you insist, but a horse will fuck me in public. And I intend to suck any penis offered. This point is not negotiable."

"Alright! fuck whatever and wherever you wish! The problem is that I need help today, maybe even tonight!"

"Don't worry about any revolution. The hacendados' pockets are still open to you. Spread the word and whatever cash you need. Buy the loyalty of your regiments. Have them suppress any uprising as rapidly and as violently as possible. Is this all clear?"

"Yes dear."

"Now, what is the deal with this gringos you have been lapdogging?"

"They are oilmen, that is all. They are exploring in the Matto Grosso."

"Nonsense. My family owns 500,000 hectares in the Matto Grosso. My father blew a fortune already paying geologists to survey and they found nothing! Tell me the truth, Elias."

The general cursed quietly. "Alright, Roosevelt thinks the balloon is going to go up in Europe at any moment. He sent down a group of drunken sailors to pressure me. The gringos are already negotiating with the Dutch for naval bases in Aruba and want us to agree to a base off Bahia."

"Makes sense, all the flow of oil from Venezuela to gringoland goes through Aruba. And the distance from Bahia to Africa is the shortest at that point. Their navy could control the South Atlantic if based there. The German U Boats would be checkmated. What did you ask in return?"

"Ask? I asked for money! For my Swiss bank account!"

Natalia sighed again. "Remind me never to send you to the market to haggle for tomatoes, Elias, my dear. Understand, your 'looking for oil' story is what is going to be your downfall. Cardenas in Mexico just threw out the foreign oil companies and you are inviting them in? Any red-blooded Brazilian will feel as if you are selling out the country. I know, I know, you would sell it out but there really is no oil. Here's what you do instead. Throw the bastard envoys out in a very, very, public fashion. Proclaim Brazilian sovereignty over all our natural resources, yadda, yadda, etc., etc. Explain to Roosevelt by a personal courier that it is all for show, that the political situation required

it. If what I have heard of that cripple is true, he will not raise a fuss, he is too much of a fox. Next, announce with all fanfare that it will be the Brazilian Navy, in conjunction with the Americans of course, that will patrol the South Atlantic.”

“The navy?” he guffawed. “You got to be kidding me! If their ships cast off they will sink! The hulls are rotten through!”

“That’s when you have the gringos supply you with some ships! Roosevelt will gladly give these to you for he will announce he is building these ships for a friendly power, Brazil, ‘to insure the freedom of the seas’ and all that bullshit. Plus, he gets to spread money to the war profiteers who own the shipyards. There are too many isolationists in his country that would complain if he came out openly as a rearming warmonger. Which in truth is what he has to be! You get the damn ships and the Brazilian admirals will be so happy to have new toys that the navy will be loyal to you afterwards. At least you will be able to hitch a boat ride to Lisbon if this doesn’t work! You and the bastard you deposed, Ramirez, could even be neighbors! And don’t worry about making money. Announce also the construction of the new naval base at Bahia. The gringos will have to finance that, make that a non-negotiable point. We are, after all, a poor nation! Ha! There will be plenty of opportunities to divert funds from the base construction budget to your Swiss bank account. Insist, as a matter of national pride, on making all the accountants Brazilian!”

“Damn, woman, maybe I ought not to let you go! You are good, bitch!”

“Maybe you shouldn’t. That could be arranged. I need some evidence of your goodwill, not tomorrow, tonight, Elias, before I give mother a call. I want to attend this fete skyclad, nude, bare-ass naked. You have a problem with that?”

The general thought for a moment. This battle was lost but the war could still be won! “Let me help you take off the gown, it cost me a pretty penny. Keep the tiara and the diamonds on. They will look good against your nakedness.”

“I am already very horny, Elias. I haven’t had you or a horse in months!”

He grew horny himself as he helped her remove her clothes and exposed her loveliness. The prospect of continuing in power and getting richer also made his blood flow. “I have no cabinet meetings tonight. In fact, Natalia, from now on I will hold no damn cabinet meetings! They are just a waste of time! I’d rather spend the time with you from now on! But, if you don’t mind, I intend to continue using your ass. You are already too loose and are bound to get looser!”

“Why? Tell me! I need to know!” she pleaded, guessing what he was about to tell her. She pulled her distended labia apart and started masturbating.

He could barely contain himself. He wanted to make love to her right there and then. But they were now at the steps to the presidential palace and a guard was holding her door open. The guard was, of course, trying not to stare at the first lady of Brazil naked and jerking off. “Why? I will tell you why, you beautiful nympho! Tomorrow I will have those three cavalry stallions sent to the presidential mansion here in Rio. Put the mangy beasts in the servants’ quarters if need be! Let them fuck you to your heart’s content! Let them stretch you all you want but keep your ass tight for me! I want you at my side forever, Natalia! But if you still want to leave me, you can always take those dog food factory refugees to your hacienda in a few weeks, when the monsoon rains are over. Also, I’ll make sure that the palace switchboard patches you through to your mother tonight!”

XXII Dona Eugenia

"A bloody revolution, milady?" asked Joao. "Those clowns of the Micaelistas would not know how to start one in a million years!" They had not yet left Elizabeth's hacienda and he had stopped the Bentley in front of his basement door and then disappeared inside.

"What is he doing?" asked Ximena. "Has he chickened out?"

"Do you know how to drive, Ximena?" asked Elizabeth. There were things that were beneath the women of the Brazilian aristocracy and driving was one. The Indian girl shrugged. There were no cars in the jungle.

"To get in the middle of a revolution you need some hardware, milady," explained Joao as he emerged from his quarters. Draped around him, Mexican style, were two belts of ammo. Tucked in his belt he carried several handguns and a machete was slung at his side. In his right hand he carried a murderous looking shotgun. He swung it easily with one hand, simulating loading and shooting it. "It is thirsty work. I keep a bottle of whisky beneath my seat. It will be worth its weight in gold soon."

"Jesus and Santa Barbara! Where did you get all that Joao?" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"Ah, milady, I hate to tell you this but I have lost count of the rapists, looters, prowlers, and general assholes I have had to throw over the cliffside these last thirty years! I suppose it's to be expected. It is well known that you are one of the richest women in Brazil. And yet you live in an open hacienda, displaying your wealth within sight of the favelas, in a Sapphic, nudist, household. I certainly don't judge you, milady, all the more power to you, I say. But there is always some imbecile who wants to come in and steal or rape or just jerk off! Now, the latter, if they are just kids from the favelas, I just kick their asses and send them off. The others I dispose of as neatly as I can."

"Jesus! Joao, I thank you for your loyalty. As soon as this is over we are moving far into the countryside! Now, do you have a shotgun for me?" Elizabeth had grown up in one of her family's haciendas in the Matto Grosso and was an expert shot.

"You can have mine, milady. I prefer my machete. It will never jam."

"How about you, Ximena, do you want a gun?"

Ximena was very pale. "I have never even touched one in my life!"

"Maybe she ought to stay, milady," suggested Joao.

Ximena thought about the two men she had killed whose bodies were lying in the stables. Like all Indians she was superstitious but she had been in the city enough time that they would not bother her. Then she remembered that Mama Salome was still at large, perhaps still on the hacienda grounds! "Take me with you, milady! I still have darts and my blowgun! I am not staying here! After all, milady, I am already ahead on the score tonight!"

"Now, don't get offended, milady, but I do have to ask this," began Joao. "Will you consider wearing some clothes?"

Elizabeth gave him an icy look. It was enough. Joao got in and started the Bentley again. He threw all care to the winds and the Bentley drove down the precipitous road from Elizabeth's compound into Rio at breakneck speed.

"There are a few things which you have obviously kept from me, Joao," said Elizabeth quietly.

"I do owe you an explanation, milady," he admitted.

"I have known you all my life, ever since I was a child. I understand mother hired you. Is that right?"

"In a way, yes. Let me explain. I was once, believe it or not, an idealistic young man, from a good family. I got involved in a revolution back then. Heck, I actually planned and started it! That's how I know everything about these affairs! You know the story, we were going to free the people, stop their exploitation, the usual claptrap one believes when young! Idealism, thankfully, is the only disease that is cured by aging, ha! Surprisingly, we were successful. In fact, I became president of Brazil, for all of 16 hours, before the generals threw me out of course, which is why I am not even in the history books!"

"You were president? Ohmigod!"

"Hardly warmed the chair, milady. Now, your blessed mother, dona Eugenia, may God keep her in His bosom, and I had grown up together as neighbors, attended the same private schools, danced at the same parties. My family once owned plenty of land. Not as much as the da Cuhnas, of course, but enough that I was sent to study in Europe and returned a complete, fire-breathing, ruthless anarchist. I went there as a spoiled young man and came back an educated idiot, in other words. So there I was, after being ousted from the presidential palace, on the run. Where the hell would I run to? The borders were closed down tight! Who would give me sanctuary? I knew all the hacendado families and they would never forgive me for I had intended to orchestrate land reforms among other thing! Only your mother was kind enough to give me sanctuary, which is why I always keep a candle lit in front of her picture. The years passed and before I knew it I was old Joao, the gardener, the chauffeur, the handyman. And I don't regret it, milady, believe me!"

Her heart fluttered. "Tell me about my mother, Joao. Were you there when she died? Mama Salome said she had gone to Changu!"

He grew somber. "Oh, milady, don't believe everything people say about her. And certainly don't believe that bloody charlatan priestess! Dona Eugenia was an angel. If she died of anything, it was of a broken heart, literally."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't want to talk ill about the dead, but your father, and God has probably judged him by now, made her suffer. He drank too much, Dom Roberto did. And then he left her."

"Was it because she did animals?" she asked earnestly.

"No, not at all," clarified Joao. "Dom Roberto's own mother had been a bellyrider. He did not mind. I suppose some men cannot be happy, even if married to a lovely woman like dona Eugenia."

"Did she bellyride?" probed Elizabeth.

"Dona Eugenia was an accomplished bellyrider, one of the best! I remember seeing her in the fields actually leading her horse herself and even getting it up to a trot while strapped underneath with his shaft inside her! And she was so pretty, oh God, so pretty it hurt! Never wore clothes if she could help it! I can still see her now, long legged, high breasted, yawning cunt, and tanned all over! That is where you got your looks, milady. And she was brazen about her preferences. In those days women were very open about making love to animals. Even more than nowadays, if you can believe that! But dona Eugenia had no restraints whatsoever. After your father left her I remember accompanying her to the country fairs to check out the horses for sale. She was insatiable, always eager to be fucked

by a new horse. She had no qualms in handling their shafts in front of all to see how big they got before she bought one. Hell, once she got herself fucked right there in front of the crowds! That's how wild she was! She always came back with one or two new four-footed lovers. But the last time she came back with a huge, powerful, brute, with a shaft thicker and longer than a grown man's arm! What could I say? She would not have listened to me anyway. Your father was no longer around. You were only a baby. You know what it is like with an untrained horse, milady. She snuck into the breeding phantom, the very same you like to use. The horse essentially thinks he is mating with a mare for the contraption is built to look like one and there is nothing to restrain him as he thrusts. I heard her give a cry and then it was all over. The shaft had ruptured her immediately and entered all the way to her chest, tearing her heart. As I said, she did die of a broken heart. But no, there was no bloody Changu or mangy priestess there, I assure you."

They drove in silence for several kilometers. Despite her gratitude towards Joao for having told her the details of her mother's life and death, Elizabeth wasn't sure if this version was an improvement over Mama Salome's version. "What happened to the horse?" she asked.

"I confess I did want to shoot it but it really was not the brute's fault, after all," explained Joao. "He was sent to stud in one of your family's ranches. I hate to tell you this but he sired Jupiter. That is why your mount is so well endowed."

Elizabeth settled down in the back seat thinking quietly. Ximena curled at her side, quietly nursing on Elizabeth's breasts. Pretty soon they had reached the outskirts of Rio.

"We have several problems in our hands," summarized Elizabeth after a while. "My niece, Lorena, and the nun, Renate, are out there somewhere riding with the Angels. The Micaelistas are right behind them, I understand. I think Anastasia is safe in the compound. Don Eusebio would certainly not expose her to further harm. If you were a Micaelista, where would you then set off the stampede?"

The old revolutionary pondered for a few moments. "I certainly would not kill innocent women, milady, but assuming I were one of those Micaelista scum, then the choice is obvious, milady. The main square, in front of the presidential palace, that's where I would do this bloody diversion!"

"Bloody is the right word!" agreed Elizabeth. "Now, let's define the scope of what we are to try and accomplish. Let's be realistic! Two naked women and a former president are not going to stop a revolution. I suggest we attempt to extract Lorena and the nun at the least and take them to a safe place."

"It's a good plan, milady," agreed Joao. "Then we ought to try and intercept Lorena and the nun when they are sucking on the last rest stop before the square, right after Golgotha, the Plaza of the Cherubs. We could also alert don Eusebio. Let him see if he can save his bellyriders. He has the manpower."

"How about Lucia and Maricela?" asked Ximena.

"Oh Jesus!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "My girls! I'd forgotten about those two!"

"There is no way we can find them in the crowds, milady," noted Joao. "I dropped them downtown and last I saw them they were dancing naked in the streets. Don't worry, milady, if I know those girls when the shooting starts they will run so fast that no harm will befall them."

"Alas, are we too late?"

Joao checked his watch. It was close to midnight.

XXIII

For Antonia it was all like a dream. She orgasmed right when the Micaelistas hit the street, for the realization of what she was about to do hit her with enough force to drive her over the edge. Rayo's knobby head pounding in her cervix was one continuous, delicious, torture. Her hands rested on the obscene bulge the knobby head made in her lower abdomen. If only Renate could see her now, she thought, she would be so proud of her.

With every step the donkey took it would drive at least a foot of his member inside her. Her hands gently kneaded the bulge, feeling every bump and protuberance. So far Rayo had given no signs of coming but it would be soon, she knew. She continued to caress the bulge murmuring encouragement to her four footed lover. The spongy head was reacting to her caresses and it felt hardening slowly, a sure sign, Antonia knew, of its approaching orgasm. How much ejaculate it would inject into her she had no idea. There had been a continuous stream of donkey semen entering her. Its warmth and that of the huge shaft inside her gave her a sense of contentment and achievement.

She hovered just on the edge of orgasm, willing herself not to go over the top but until the last moment, when it became an inevitable, delicious, vortex. Suddenly, she realized the Micaelista procession had reached Rio proper. She was now on display for thousands to see! Her dreams were now becoming a reality. The shaft quivered inside her. Rayo was now braying loudly, as if attracting attention to himself and Antonia. The cheering of the crowd all around her, their stares, the fingers pointing at her and the other bellyriders, the sense of being in display for thousands to observe her thus, and the obscene member inside her drove her over the edge again. Her body squirmed, seeking to drive itself more onto the shaft, to absorb each remaining exposed inch of donkey penis. Her hands fastened around the stirrups at her side and she used this to vigorously swing herself back and forth onto the shaft. She moaned loudly, both because of the orgasmic waves overcoming her and because Rayo's knobby head suddenly seemed to burst and expand. The donkey ejaculated into her with volcanic force. She felt almost driven forwards by the jets of hot semen exploding inside her and her legs strained at the ropes keeping her in place. A tremendous warmth filled her and she felt about to burst as the flare took its course, straining against her innards. It was painful and it was hurting her but she was beyond caring. From between the tight union of woman and donkey, around whose shaft her labia were stretched to the point of almost rupturing, a veritable flood of donkey semen exploded. The head continued to flare and contract, flare and contract, until it slowly regained its normal size. Antonia heard the cheers and the applause. These were for her and her mount, she realized, their lovemaking had earned them. She let go of the stirrups and stretched her arms wide, clamping her hands into fists, a victor's gesture for somehow she had survived and endured her torture and pleasure without protest.

Rayo meanwhile, remained still reasonably hard, because of the yerba dura, and continued to pump her as he was led. She looked down at the thick exposed portion of the shaft pumping her and resigned herself to not being able to absorb all of its entire length for at least another foot of penis was still exposed. She half regretted not having ridden with the Hecate Riders; they would have ensured that she would have taken the entire length. One day, she promised herself, she would. Then she chided herself for harboring such thoughts and set about to concentrate on the shaft pumping her. His semen continued to stream out of her, she observed with satisfaction. His ejaculate was very abundant and she was leaving a trail of semen droppings as she was led. It was good, she thought, that her trek through Rio's downtown would be marked thus. The mother superior would have nothing to say but praise for her performance. Now they were fast coming to their first rest stop. She would then fellate every penis offered her and, hopefully, some men would

fuck her in the ass at the same time. She intended to do her best so that her order would not be shamed. Let them use my mouth and my ass, Rayo will satisfy my cunt, she thought, let Rio remember me as an insatiable slut from now on.

The procession had reached the first rest stop. Carmen la Lusitana was making her rounds amongst the bellyriders. "Are you OK, Sister?" she asked. "That was a nice spectacle you made, timing your orgasm to Rayo's. And the amount of jism he let out! Ohmigod! Some of the dancers almost slipped on it! Hard to believe that this donkey could produce so much semen."

"Thank you, Carmen," she replied. "I think he will need another injection after that orgasm he had. Please don't let it go soft!"

"Relax, nun, from now on we are using undiluted yerba dura on all the bellyriders. We are also injecting all the bellyriders with koro to keep them in heat."

"Koro?" asked Antonia in disbelief. "It will drive me mad! I don't need it! I am horny enough as it is!"

A burly man, on Carmen's cue, took Antonia's arm and extended it, exposing it for the injection. Another burly man, meanwhile, was injecting undiluted yerba dura into Rayo's member.

"Oh you will need it, nun, believe me. Tighten her torso so there is no play. I want her to take Rayo all the way to his balls," ordered Carmen. "Put her at the front of the bellyriders. When we reach the square we will stampede the horses into the Angels!"

Antonia panicked when she heard what was intended. She looked around. The other bellyriders were extending their arms willingly to receive the koro. Some already had the gleam of madness and lust in their eyes. Antonia squirmed, trying to leave the harness, but she was pinned in place. The Micaelistas tightened her torso even more against Rayo's belly. Her legs were also tightened against his flanks. She would be unable to move while the shaft pumped her savagely until the break came. Then she felt the sting of the needle as Carmen injected her full of koro. Antonia cried in despair. There was nothing, she realized, that she would be able to do. A wave of regret filled her. Not that she minded dying on the shaft; that very morning she had walked out naked into Rio's street in broad daylight seeking such a fate with the Hecate Riders. No, what she regretted was that she would never again see Renate or Anselmo. Yes, she would definitely miss Renate's cavernous, juicy, cunt and Anselmo's sweet penis! But at least she would have Rayo until the end.

And now the deed was done. Her body felt on fire. Her cunt muscles were now quivering as if, on their own, they had decided to massage Rayo's shaft. She felt Rayo move forward and an orgasm burst upon her. All remaining vestiges of sanity were leaving her fast for the orgasmic waves did not abate. They were leading her around the rest stop, displaying her while she squirmed and came, until Rayo was straddling a mattress. She only realized what was happening when she felt a man's member enter her ass. The pain and the pounding he induced was unbearable at first but then her body reacted to the koro cursing through her veins and pain and pleasure became undistinguishable. She was aroused as never before in her life she had been, essentially in heat, and she opened her mouth willingly as a penis was offered for her to suck. This she did, her head moving back and forth on the shaft offered all the while an unseen, unknown, man was pounding her asshole and Rayo's now iron hard shaft nested inside her.

She was now beyond caring. Her body performed all by itself for her mind was no longer coherent. All she craved was to be fucked thus as long as possible. And her wishes became true. The men alternated now in a swift manner for her oral skills, so long honed on sucking equines, were excellent. It was with regret that she saw the penises cease to be offered and the pounding in her

ass stop for now Rayo and the rest of the Micaelista bellyriders were being led forward once again. She felt a wave of nausea overcome her and she managed to empty her stomach, depositing a considerable amount of human semen unto the pavement. She almost passed out. Her body was weakening rapidly for she was in the throes of one continuous orgasm. Death would be a relief, she thought, let them stampede her unto whomever; she did not care anymore. The shaft would rupture her; it would be inevitable. But now the koro's madness was taking full hold of her. Let it be thus, she thought, out in public for all to see. She wanted to take all of Rayo's shaft.

In between her orgasmic convulsions she became dimly aware of a man at her side who was talking to her. It was the same man that had expressed his doubts to Carmen. "Sister! Sister! Listen to me!"

Antonia's face had been caked with semen, which was now rapidly drying and leaving a obscene, flaky, mask on her face, hair, chest, and shoulders. She managed to open her eyes and stared uncomprehending at the man.

"I am going to loosen your straps a bit, so that at least you have some inches leeway," he announced. The blare of the samba music all around her almost overwhelmed his voice. "I don't want your blood in my conscience, Sister. But that is all I can do. When the stampede occurs, grab on tight to the stirrups and try to lead your mount away from the square. Maybe you will then be able to disengage. That is all I can do for you! Understood?" Antonia nodded, she sort of understood.

The man loosened her straps as much as possible without attracting attention to Antonia or himself. The Micaelistas were now dancing with a mad frenzy. It was an invocation to Changu that they were singing. Antonia managed to take a look around. She saw and heard the other bellyriders chanting likewise, calling the god to receive their willing sacrifice. Antonia half felt driven to chant likewise but her years as a nun kept her from doing so. She tried to center her confused thoughts on Anselmo and Renate, on living and going back to them, but her body kept convulsing orgasmically. She was about to pass out but with the last bits of sanity and consciousness she managed to cross herself and half murmur a prayer for her soul. Then she passed out, her hands dragging along the pavement until the unknown man that had addressed her took them and tied them to the stirrups. Then, in obedience to Carmen's orders, he led Rayo to the front of the bellyriders. There were now no dancers in front of the Micaelista bellyriders. The only dancers ahead of them were the Angels. The two samba schools were now only a couple of blocks from the main square, where the presidential palace stood. The Micaelista bellyriders' final ride was about to commence.

XXIV

Anselmo could not believe his eyes. He was at the presidential palace, wearing a waiter's uniform and the small revolver he had tucked into his pants. The plan was that he would approach behind the president and shoot him in the head, like Booth did to Lincoln. At such range even his small gun would prove fatal. But, like all the attendees to the ball, he could not help but be astonished at the sight that met his eyes. The president strode in, scowling as usual, in full gala uniform. But the woman, the lovely woman indeed, holding on to his arm was anything but overdressed. In fact, except for her jewels and high heels, she was completely naked and apparently brazenly unconcerned about her nudity for she graciously saluted everyone she passed. The orchestra missed a beat in playing the national anthem but a brusque signal from a presidential guard sufficed them to resume their playing. There was, nonetheless a hush on the entire room, which continued until the first couple sat themselves on a dais. The first lady sat demurely, her legs closed chastely and smiled gratifyingly to Anselmo who handed her and her husband flutes of champagne. He could not help but notice the rings hanging from her pierced nipples. Then the rest of the attendees resumed their idle chatter and gossiping, stealing once in a while a glance at the naked woman seated on the dais. Others lined up to pay their respects and, of course, got a closer glance of the first lady. Bishop

Montoya, a connoisseur of female beauty, kissed her hand chivalrously and commented ironically on her perfect coiffure, which drew laughter from Natalia. The president did not seem to care that his wife was on display thus. Through narrowed eyes he watched the guests like a hawk, however, lest any offensive comment be uttered. But no impropriety ensued. Aides would come and whisper in the president's ear and he whispered back replies. Several times he excused himself to take or make a phone call.

Then there was a rude noise and chatter from the bar where a group of Americans, the so-called "oilmen", emerged heavily inebriated. They strode directly into the front of the dais, intent apparently in getting an eyeful of the lovely woman sitting nude on the dais. They made their comments in a loud voice, which drew stares and frowns from all the guests. Natalia blushed and could not help but cover her breasts. Then the president walked in again for he had been making a phone call. He immediately sized up the situation. At a nod from the president, several burly presidential guards took hold of the Americans and manhandled them pretty brusquely out of the palace ballroom and threw them bodily into the street.

"My good friends," announced the president. The music died immediately. "Brazil is like a lovely woman sitting naked for all to admire. And what is immoral about that? In our country a high proportion of the population, the inhabitants of the jungle, go from cradle to grave without any cover and feel no shame in doing so. Let us not judge lightly then. Nonetheless, because of its nakedness, our country is vulnerable. Some will take advantage of such situation. Thankfully, this government is more than strong enough to defend its honor, as you have witnessed. In fact, the continuous support of the influential members of Brazilian society, the hacendados, the bankers, the church, and, of course, the army, has been expressed to me tonight. But these are all mere politics, much as I am grateful for that support. Suffice it to say that this government intends to continue its policies to bring prosperity and insure peace in this country. And as part of such policies, I am hereby decreeing Brazilian sovereignty over all our natural resources, including oil. The pertinent edict will be posted tomorrow. But think not that we are intending to confront the west over this or other matters. We are, after all natural allies in an ever more dangerous and ominous world. And such an alliance will also be proclaimed soon, I promise you. So, in spite of any inconsequential differences of opinion due to some boorish fellows, our relations with the western powers, I assure you, will remain firm. Enough talk, you came here to dance and enjoy the Mardi Gras and so did I!"

Anselmo was confused by the speech. He was standing only a couple of feet away from the president, at his back. The opportunity was perfect. In one swift motion he could take out the gun and empty it into the man's head. But now the general had proclaimed himself the kind of patriot that he always hoped would lead Brazil. Nonetheless, his hand made its way towards the gun.

A man's hand tapped on Anselmo's shoulder. Anselmo almost panicked, expecting it to be one of the presidential guards who had suspected something from his wide-eyed and pale visage. To his surprise he found himself staring in the face at the German he had met at El Perico. Except that this time the man was dressed in a tuxedo as fit one of the guests. "My good fellow, I believe we met before, in circumstances I would rather not recall. Now, be so kind as to show me where the judges are going to sit during the bellyriders' procession, will you? That is an order."

The general now held that lovely naked woman, who now represented Brazil to Anselmo, in his arms and was leading her in a waltz. A couple of the presidential guards were staring at him stonily. The opportunity for shooting the president had come and gone. Anselmo shrugged, all his determination was gone, and he led the man into the balcony overlooking the square. "My problem," explained Karl, or "Don Carlos", "is that I am not really cut for this cape and dagger business. I sent my share of young men to their deaths before and the sight of you about to throw away your life away kind of sickens me. So please, hand me over your gun. Berlin and their plans can go to hell as far as I am

concerned. I'll make up some story for Admiral Canaris."

Anselmo complied without saying a word. Karl expertly cocked the gun and pointed it at Anselmo.

"In cases such as this I am obliged to put a bullet into your forehead. That way no evidence of what was about to happen remains. You should not feel a thing."

Anselmo shut his eyes tight and awaited the gun blast. His last thoughts would be of Antonia. Instead Karl lowered the gun and hid it in a balcony flowerpot.

"Relax," said Karl. You are a brave young man. And don't worry about the general. Anyone who will parade his wife in the buff is not really cut out to be a dictator. He might be an asshole, but he won't make a ruthless dictator. The one ruthless bastard I know is an ascetic prude, humorless, a teetotaler, and a non-smoker."

"If you are not going to shoot me, then I am leaving," explained Anselmo, taking off his waiter's jacket. He was also sick himself of the whole affair. "I'd rather go looking for someone down there and make sure she is safe." He pointed down to the square where the crowd flowed like a river. Karl nodded.

The bellyrider processions were approaching. The president, his nude wife, and the judges streamed into the balcony. Karl noted that several other female guests had removed their clothes, in imitation of the first lady. Thankfully, they were all young and easy on the eye and none of the matrons in attendance had followed their example. Karl smiled. Brazil was a world unto itself. He vowed never to go back to Europe.

XXV A Wedding

Renate woke up with a start. The moonlight filtered through a heavily canopied unpaved road. Only the sound of the night birds and insects could be heard. Wherever she was, she certainly was not anywhere near Rio. Latigo must have strayed off the path towards Golgotha. Now he was standing patiently in the middle of the road, unmoving, his shaft still hard and still buried into her loins. To her relief, she no longer felt the orgasmic waves that tortured her. The koro must have worn off. She was, however, very sore and nauseous. The last thing she remembered was Latigo taking off at a fast clip in the direction, she thought, of Golgotha.

"Bien, ma cherie," she whispered to him, "we can stay here until morning. Someone is bound to find us and take us back to the compound, or we can try and find our way back into the city."

Her cunt ached tremendously. Her legs felt numb from lack of circulation. And her neck hurt from the position she was keeping her head in. Her mind was made up. Too many things had happened this Mardi Gras. The bishop would understand, she thought, if she had herself unstrapped. She certainly needed a massage, a soft bed, and a bath. Her mind made up, she reached for the reins and, after several tries, managed to grab them. He coaxed Latigo forward. The merciless pumping of his shaft into her loins resumed. Renate groaned. This was now pure torture. At least the koro had made the pain attractive. She gritted her teeth and determinedly directed her mount down the moonlight road.

They continued thus for a couple of kilometers. To her dismay, there seemed to be no habitation in sight. It seemed as if she was going deeper into the countryside instead of towards the city. She craned her head as much as she could to try to detect the glow of Rio's lights and orient herself thus but she was unsuccessful. Then she heard faint samba music ahead. She coaxed Latigo on, at a faster clip, which increased the torture her cunt was enduring.

She eventually reached a modest but well kept hacienda, which was lit brightly. The samba music flowed more loudly and clear. Several urchins saw her and started shouting and announcing her arrival. A burly man took Latigo's reins and led her into the compound. Then a whole crowd of adults, men and women, streamed out of the hacienda's buildings and gathered around her. Renate looked at them. They all seemed dressed in their Sunday's best. Then a young man dressed as a groom appeared, escorting a young woman in a bride's dress. Renate understood. There had been a wedding in progress and she had crashed the party. For a moment the adults stared at her, frowning at the naked, heavily tattooed, woman fucking a horse that had strayed in. Renate could not help but blush. Several matrons gave her venomous looks and hauled the children away.

"I am a b-bellyrider..." she stammered in a low voice.

"I can see that!" said the bride in a quavering voice.

"Ah, its sister Renate!" cried a voice. The young priest who had received her at Rio's train station, Father Damian, walked briskly in her direction. "This is such a lucky portent, don Joaquim!" he exclaimed in the direction of a patriarch who was staring wide-eyed at Renate. "A bellyrider attends your only daughter's wedding! And she is not just any bellyrider! She is a nun of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene and is very well trained in the oral arts! I will take her to the stables so that she can service your guests there. If, of course, they wish to use her! Don't worry; the bishop has assigned plenary indulgences to all that do so. Besides, she is eager to please, don't you sister?"

"I'll blow you all," announced Renate for all to hear, "come in my mouth, please!"

At the mention of getting a blowjob from a bellyriding nun the men in the audience changed their attitude. Even the groom looked at his bride embarrassed, trying to explain to her the common belief that a blowjob from a bellyrider during Mardi Gras guaranteed a man's potency for the remainder of the year. The bride was skeptical, of course, and she immediately led her new husband away. However, Dom Joaquim smiled at Renate. Apparently the sight before him had given him an erection, the first he had had in the many years since his wife's death. Several of the men then eagerly helped Father Damian lead Latigo into a nearby stable. They tied her mount to a rail and a line of men, led by Dom Joaquim, formed up to be serviced by Renate, while Father Damian waited patiently outside smoking a cigarette.

After a while, Renate had satisfied all the men and Father Damian made his way back to her.

"I am sorry, sister, but some of the country folks think ill of the ways of Rio," explained Father Damian. "I hope you will understand and forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive, Father," answered Renate. Her face, hair, shoulders, and breasts were now caked with a thick film of man semen. "I am meant to be used in this manner. Do you wish me to service you?"

The young man smiled embarrassed. "You tempt me, sister, but I do not think the bishop's indulgences will extend to that."

Renate understood. She examined the priest carefully. Father Damian was "pretty", perhaps too pretty. It was not the first priest she had met that had other proclivities. But the man had helped her. Who was she to judge? Latigo whinnied and his loins trembled. "Ohmigod, please stand back, Father," cried Renate. Soon it became evident that the horse was coming. He started pumping her mercilessly. Renate whimpered when she felt the flare and her womb dilated, filled with horse semen. Then Latigo's shaft became flaccid and it slowly retracted out of Renate, coming out with a loud pop! A massive flood of semen, which pooled underneath Renate, accompanied the uncoupling.

"You would not have anymore yerba dura, would you Father?" asked Renate.

"God no! And, I am sorry to say, you strayed pretty far into the countryside, sister. The earliest I could get you some would be by tomorrow."

"Oh shucks!" exclaimed Renate. "Well, the bellyride is over. The shaft popped out. Would you help me unstrap then? I can barely feel my legs now."

The priest hesitated. He knew all about the taboos. "I don't know if I should."

"C'mon, Father, it is obvious that I can't stay on a hard shaft and it is no fault of mine. I might as well get some relief. I am sure the bishop would understand."

The priest complied. Pretty soon Renate was sitting on a bale of hay massaging her long legs to restore circulation. Horse semen kept leaking out of her. Her belly was still distended and she knew she would drip horse semen for days. The priest could not help but admire the lovely naked woman in front of him. The intricate geometric designs she wore seemed to accent rather than detract from her beauty.

"I am sorry if I stare," he explained. "I had no idea how pretty you are."

Renate smiled. "Come, Father, you missed your chance. I would have blown you or let you fuck me in the ass when I had Latigo inside me. But now I am celibate once more. Sorry."

She stood up and walked around the stable in unsteady legs. Latigo's semen continued to steadily flow out of her. "In what direction is Rio?"

"Over yonder," said Father Damian. "Follow the dirt road you were on. It should take you there."

"Good," smiled Renate. "I am going to go there, even if I have to ride on top of Latigo. But I will get myself a shower first!"

"Use the cleaning stall, sister," noted the priest. "Though I doubt if there is any hot water."

"That will be fine," replied Renate. "A cold shower will cool my ardor. I don't need to be horny now. I will tell the bishop of your kindness. Now you should go back to the wedding party. After all, you married them, it would be the proper thing to do."

"Very well then, sister," agreed the priest, "the peace of Christ on thee."

Renate bathed quickly. She then laid a blanket over a couple of bales of hay underneath to Latigo and laid down on them. She was planning to take a short rest before going on. She looked lovingly at the massive shaft that had fucked her so mercilessly for more than a day. Traces of the yerba dura were keeping it semi-hard. Her hands reached for it and she placed the entire spongy head in her mouth. United once more with her horse, her feelings of contentment and bliss returned. She gently stroked the long shaft while sucking contentedly. Her eyelids grew heavy and her mouth kept on sucking on its own accord.

"Sister!" whispered a woman's voice in the darkness.

Renate woke up with a start, still with Latigo's head in her mouth. In the dim light she saw a nude woman approaching. A wedding gown was hanging from a nail next to the stable door.

"I am Amanda, the daughter of Dom Joaquim."

"I thought you would be with your husband."

"I have only a little time, Sister. Please, you must help me." She motioned towards Latigo. "I have always dreamed...I don't know how to express it."

"You have always dreamed of getting fucked by a horse, right?"

"Yes, don't think ill of me! Ohmigod! I can't help it! When I saw you I could barely contain myself!"

"I understand, Amanda." Renate stood up and embraced the young bride. "Believe me I do. I wish I could prepare you more. You are about to join a very exclusive, very lucky, group of women. You should be proud of your choice. Not all women are brave enough to accept their longings and then fulfill them. Now, as you said there is no time to spare. Now kneel next to him with me. This is a sacrament, never forget that." The bride immediately got on her knees next to Latigo. His shaft had fully retracted now. Renate started using all her skills to coax Latigo into dropping.

"Ohmigod!" cried Amanda. "I knelt in a pool of his semen!"

"Sorry, it came out of me when I uncoupled," explained the nun. "Ah, he is dropping. Don't let the size scare you. Don't worry. It won't hurt you. I'll make sure of that. Relax. It's only a penis, though admittedly a very large one. It will stretch you more than any man has done before. Here, touch it. Run your hand along the entire length."

"I am a virgin," explained Amanda.

"Then it will hurt you a little." Renate continued caressing the shaft till it had reached its full extension. The nun held the spongy, wide, head to Amanda's face. "Kiss it, dear, worship it. Good. It's beautiful, isn't it? Open your mouth wide, wider. There, now massage the shaft. You look so pretty that way. That is enough, if he comes in your mouth he will dislocate your jaw. Now lay down in the bales facing him and open your legs wide.

"Ohmigod!" said the young bride.

"Are you sure you don't want your new husband to deflower you instead?" She was now rubbing his head into Amanda's tight cunt. It seemed impossible that it would fit. The young woman moaned lustily.

"It's OK," replied Amanda in a weak voice. "I love Pedro but I need this! Put it in!"

It took some doing. The flared head would not go in easily. Renate had pushed it in several times with her fingers. Amanda groaned. The massive head was now resting in place between her labia lips.

"Congratulations!" said Renate kissing her. "He is inside you!" The nun knelt in front of her and placed her hands on Amanda's back to better support her.

"Ohmigod!" whimpered Amanda staring at the massive shaft.

"It's only the head. You need a few more inches. Now pull your legs to your chest. I will make sure it remains inside you. When he starts to fuck you, try not to bite off your tongue!" Renate gently pushed her legs to her chest while holding the head in place. At Renate's prodding, Amanda moved her torso forward. Renate started pushing Latigo's shaft into her and then started pumping and pounding her with it. Amanda tried not to scream. She felt every inch making its way into her, stretching her mercilessly, rupturing her hymen. "Oh Jesus! Its huge! fuck me! fuck me!"

Renate kept pounding her mercilessly onto the shaft. Amanda groaned and squirmed. The head was now resting against her cervix. Latigo in turn started making pumping motions. Renate let go of the shaft and instead held her Amanda in place while Latigo pumped her. Amanda's fucking continued for a good fifteen minutes. Latigo would not ejaculate because of trace amounts of yerba dura still in his blood. Then Amanda pleaded to be uncoupled and slowly the massive shaft retracted out of her. When Latigo's shaft came out it left behind a widely stretched and bleeding cunt, which, thankfully, closed rapidly.

"Oh God," moaned Amanda. She stood up and held on to her crotch. "That hurt so good! But I cannot let him come inside me. My husband would know! Am I bleeding?"

"Not much," said Renate. "But you are slimy with the horse semen you crouched upon. Take a shower before you make love to your husband. The shower stall is over there. You are a lovely looking woman. He won't mind if you are no longer a virgin. Welcome to the sisterhood of horse fucked."

"Thanks! You were so kind!" said Amanda. "I am now so horny I am going to take my Pedro and haul him to our bed right now!" She kissed Renate fully on the lips. The two smiled at each other.

"Wait!" said Renate. "I have a treat for you." And she sat on the bale of hay, opened her legs, and made Amanda kneel in front of her. "You have yet to taste horse semen. It is said that next to drinking it at the source it is best to imbibe it coming out of another woman. It makes the flavor more tolerable for it mixes in the taste of woman with that of horse. My womb is still full of it, come, don't be shy." Renate pressed Amanda's face to her pubes. The bride eagerly began lapping at Renate's gaping cunt. The nun moaned with pleasure and caressed her lower belly to stimulate the horse semen that still filled her womb to come out. Then a gob of horse semen emerged out of Renate and Amanda eagerly received it in her mouth. It was a strong taste but it indeed mixed the flavors of horse and woman. Amanda smiled at her with her mouth full of semen and Renate knew she had just made a horseloving convert. The women kissed again, sharing the horse semen. The bride then washed quickly, put on her gown, and left.

"My poor darling," said Renate caressing Latigo's shaft and balls. "That young lady just got you aroused and you have still to come. I will take care of you now."

And she knelt next to him and started sucking lovingly and eagerly on his shaft until he came in her mouth.

XXVI The Priestess

She ran through the brush, falling several times. Her vision was haunted by obscenities, women squirming on massive horse shafts and cursing Changu with their last breath, howling naked devils chasing her with curare laden arrows, and other such niceties. But the devil protects his own, she did not fall into the cliffside, and pretty soon Mama Salome had reached the car awaiting her.

"Mama Salome!" cried the driver. "Where are the others? You look in very bad shape, you holiness!"

"They are all dead!" replied the priestess rushing past him to get into the car. "Start this jalopy and get me down to the main square as fast as you can! There is a whole tribe of headhunters following me! What are you waiting for! Hurry up lest they make a lady's purse out of your scrotum!"

The driver needed no further encouragement. He floored the pedal and they drove the perilous road from Elizabeth's compound into Rio.

When Mama Salome reached the main square the approaching music indicated that the bellyrider processions were approaching. Six of the priestesses immediately came to her car. One was a tall, mixed blood, woman.

"We need to talk, Mama Salome," said the tall priestess.

"Not now, Mama Remedios," said Mama Salome dismissively. "We will be very busy in a few more minutes."

The tall priestess was not cowed. "Nonsense! None of this was agreed to. You made your own negotiations with the 'politicals'. How do you presume to know what is the wish of the gods?"

Mama Salome looked at the other women. They returned frosty stares. "I am head priestess. I am willing to pay the price. That should suffice."

"What do you mean?" insisted the tall priestess.

"You know what I mean," replied Mama Salome looking at the women through narrowed eyes. "I am ready to be offered to Changu myself. My blood will be enough proof of the veracity of my words."

"Did you all hear her?" asked the tall priestess. "She is saying she is ready."

"When?" asked one of the other priestesses.

"After we have done our deeds here," replied Mama Salome. "I know I am asking a lot from you. But it will be my last request. I want to finish with one grand sacrifice. This will be it. The god himself has told me that. You can do whatever you want to with me afterwards."

"We won't use drugs on you," said the tall priestess. "Priestesses cannot receive the gift unless they are fully conscious. You know that."

"I understand," answered Mama Salome. "I have helped other priestesses myself and I never have anesthetized them."

"Are you so sure?" inquired the tall priestess. "It is all proper that you get to make your choice. Upon taking our vows we know that we are to die on the shaft one day. We honor and respect you for your choice and the strength you have shown in leading us. But we are not giving those women any such choice, are we? I would think this type of mass offering would cheapen the sacrifice. We have always treated our gifts as a sacrament willingly taken, never forced upon anyone."

"Yes, but I don't have a choice anymore, do I?" answered Mama Salome. "Once I have signaled my willingness the choice is no longer mine to refute. I am beyond lying, beyond cares and ambitions, beyond everything now. Verily I tell ye that I know this to be the will of the gods." The conviction of her words convinced the other priestesses.

"So be it," agreed the tall priestess. She stepped next to Mama Salome and kissed her fully on the lips, acknowledging the offering. The other priestesses did likewise. "If it is the will of the gods, as you say, we will do our duty."

"That is all I ask," answered Mama Salome. "Are the men ready?"

"We have eighty acolytes strategically placed around the square," indicated the tall priestess. "Though I don't think we can actually do it here if there is going to be shooting. I suggest we take

the bellyriders to the temple and there finish the deed.”

“And how about the ‘politicals’?” asked Mama Salome looking over the crowd.

“They are all around,” said Mama Remedios pointing to some [SPAM] of somber men who did not seem to be participating in the general revelry. “Look over the rooftops yonder. They are setting up a kill zone.”

Mama Salome’s sharp eyes scanned the crowd and the square. Her eyes fell on the presidential guards lined like stone statues, arms at attention, fronting the presidential palace. “Those are well paid, picked men, from Lopez’ old regiment. Blood is going to flow. We might even loose some of the men and some of the priestesses.”

“Is there no other way?” asked Mama Remedios.

Mama Salome took the tall priestess by the hand and they walked together around the square. “Remember, Remedios my dear, that whoever dies tonight will, to quote Shakespeare, ‘gentle their condition’, for they will go on to serve the gods. Let us not deny them that honor.”

“Amen to that then. Where were you anyway?” asked the tall priestess.

“I had to take care of the daCuhna woman,” said Mama Salome rubbing her arm. It felt stiff. “That reminds me. The place I sent you to scope, it was a trap. That crazy woman keeps a tribe of headhunters or something there. We lost two of the men.”

The tall priestess shook her head. “I fail to see why you are so driven to have her take the shaft. It’s apparent that she doesn’t want it. Why bother?”

“Promise me that you will insure that she does,” said Mama Salome earnestly. “Her and that crazy tattooed nun who mocked the god. I want to die knowing that they will meet me on Changu’s shaft afterwards.”

Mama Remedios’ eyes fell down. “I can’t promise that, you know it, I can offer it and if they agree I will be glad to do the deed. The sacrament must be willingly taken. There is no other way.”

Mama Salome shook her head. “Nonsense! Use koro! They always say yes when they are full of koro.”

Remedios shook her head. “You are asking too much from me. I am sorry.”

Mama Salome kissed her again. “Actually, I don’t know if I should be disappointed in you or not, but you do speak the truth. Truly, I have been guilty of pride and stubbornness in this matter but will soon atone for my sins on the shaft. As, for my successor, I am sure you were gratified to know that I will be offering myself soon.”

The tall priestess blushed. “No, Mama Salome, don’t think that of me. I am happy for you. I am not seeking to replace you.”

“Nonsense, I had the same thoughts when my predecessor went to Changu. Yes, don’t worry; I will be anointing you to succeed me. Just as one day you will do to your own successor.” The two women kissed and embraced.

“May that day come soon then,” replied Mama Remedios. “That I may meet you on Changu’s shaft.”

Mama Salome smiled. "Don't be so hasty, my dear, there is much for you to enjoy in life yet. Life, you know, takes so many turns. You will know when it is your time. You will serve the god well by offering me first."

XXVII In the Square

Joao was using the Bentley like a ram to part the crowds of revelers. They only opened a path unwillingly and he had to push a few aside with the Bentley's fender. Curses rained on him and the car.

"The square is up ahead, milady!" He kept honking insistently.

"I can see it!" said Elizabeth. "Those are the Bluebirds! Look how well those women are fucking! Damn! I miss the whole thing!"

"I suggest you get down now, milady! The Angels will be coming up next!"

This Elizabeth and Ximena did. They jostled and pushed their way till they reached the curbside. Elizabeth glanced over to the presidential palace. It was gloriously lit and she could discern the grandees sitting on the balcony.

"Oh Jesus!" cried Elizabeth. "I did not think Natalia had it on her. I believe she is skyclad like us!"

"Yes, milady," said Ximena tugging at her arm, "but look, here come the Angels!"

"Look for Lorena and Renate!"

"I can't see them but there is the school leader, Don Eusebio!"

"Quick, let's go to him!" And the two naked women ran into the midst of the Angels.

"Don Eusebio! Quick! Save your bellyriders!" cried Elizabeth. "The Micaelistas are going to stampede their bellyriders into the Angels!"

"What?" Don Eusebio could barely hear them above the din of the samba music.

"There is the Lady Lorena!" said Ximena.

The Angels were now entering the square.

"Take her reins, Ximena! Lead her away!"

"Hey, Lady Elizabeth!" protested Don Eusebio. "What do you think you are doing? She is our star fucker!"

Meanwhile, Ximena was arguing with the man that was leading Lorena who was happily swinging herself back and forth on Bucefalo's shaft, fucking vigorously.

Elizabeth got real close to Don Eusebio and shouted. "The Micaelistas! They are going to stampede into your school!"

Don Eusebio paled. Then he cursed and started shouting trying to draw his people's attention. Elizabeth ran away from him to look for Renate. Then the sound of some detonations was heard behind her. "Oh Jesus! Lorena! Renate!"

XXVIII Coup

Natalia sat on the balcony enjoying the spectacle. The Blue Birds had won accolades all around. At the sight of all those naked women fucking their mounts without shame Natalia opened her legs and started masturbating openly. Several of the other nude women in the balcony did so as if on cue and the balcony was soon reeking of female juices.

"A wonderful spectacle, general," said Bishop Montoya. He took another sip of his champagne. It was a very hot night. The president smiled knowingly.

"Perhaps I should have all those horses confiscated, my dear," the president whispered into Natalia's ear. "Do you think you could fuck them all? It would take several days but I am sure a wet slut like you would be up to it, right?"

Natalia moaned, imagining herself being gang raped by all the horses in the samba schools, and masturbated even more vigorously. The general put his hand and then his whole fist into Natalia's distended cunt. He then bent over to kiss her. He was surprised, actually, by the sting he felt on his shoulder. Had he not reached to kiss his wife the bullet would have gone straight into his chest. Karl, seated a few rows behind noticed what had happened. Sharpshooters? He had not expected such inventiveness from the communist rabble he had dealt with. With professional detachment, he approved of the marksmanship. But then people to his left and right collapsed shot. He was in a shooting gallery! Immediately his frontline instincts returned and he dropped to the floor. Panic ensued. The crowd on the balcony reached towards its sole exit, trampling over each other. The general, though wounded, had the presence of mind to pull his wife down and cover her with his own body. The chairs were overturned. It was general chaos and more bullets were exploding in and around the balcony. The general saw Karl on the floor covering his head.

"You, Baron, take my wife away to a safe place! I am shot!"

"I am not leaving without you!" cried Natalia.

"Oh shut up! Do as I say! Now!" roared the general. And he slapped her naked butt, hard, for encouragement.

Karl helped Natalia scamper through the balcony, now slippery with blood, and over the bodies of the dead. They were almost at the doorway. As ruthless as the shooters were they were loath to shoot a lovely looking naked woman. But they had no qualms about centering their sights on the tall man helping her. Karl cursed as he collapsed onto the floor. He felt the familiar sting of a bullet.

"Oh Jesus!" cried Natalia. "Did they hit you too, baron?"

"Damn! Its no big deal. Its my gimpy leg anyways! Crawl to the doorway! Go! I must get something first!" Karl crawled to the large flowerpot nearby and dug around to find Anselmo's gun. It look puny in his hands, certainly not the kind of firepower he needed. He steadied himself behind the large flowerpot. It was good cover or at least as good as he could hope for. He scanned the rooftops waiting for the telltale flash of a firing weapon. He saw one and immediately fired back. He could not tell if he was successful but at least the shooters would know they had some opposition. The irony, thought Karl, is that he had supplied the very rifles that were now peppering the balcony with bullets.

"Herr General!" cried Karl. "I will provide some covering fire! Crawl to the doorway while I do that!"

"And my wife?" asked Lopez crawling through a pool of blood.

"She is safe inside! Where the hell are your men?" Most of the presidential guards in front of the palace were now dead on the sidewalk, victims of the sharpshooters. But a few were huddled behind cover and were now replying. Two of the presidential guards burst into the balcony and picked the general bodily and led him to the entrance. One fell, a bullet in his brain, before they reached the exit but the other managed to save the president, who was bleeding like a pig.

Karl had now run out of bullets but made no move towards the balcony's exit. He had decided that the safest place to be was behind the massive flowerpot. He laughed quietly. The truth was that this all was his doing, yet now the general would be grateful for his having saved his wife and covered his retreat! Hell, if he survived, the Brazilian government he had plotted to overthrow might even condecorate him! But if the coup was successful, he realized, he might also be condecorated by the rebels! Only in Brazil, he thought and laughed again. As long as he did not end up a dead hero he didn't care who handed him some bauble. He untied his belt and improvised a tourniquet on his leg. It was a clean wound. The bullet had gone in and out. But it bled spectacularly and he already felt weak from blood loss. Then he felt a ricocheting bullet strike very near him. It was a matter of time, he realized, before a bullet finally found him. Oh well, *ces't la guerre*, he said calmly. He took out a cigar from his tuxedo pocket and lit it, taking care to mask the flame from a sharpshooter, just like he used to do in the trenches before Ypres. He concentrated his thoughts on Elizabeth so that she would be the last thing in his mind when he died.

The bullets kept peppering the palace and the balcony. Karl winced at every ricochet that hit nearby. Then he saw a large man with a tommygun emerge into the balcony and blast away expertly towards the rooftops. The shooters paused for a moment.

"Heinz!" cried Karl, recognizing his chauffeur and bodyguard.

"I came as soon as I could, Herr Oberst! Let's get you out of here! Those *schwine* can shoot!" With one massive hand he helped Karl to his feet and the two scrambled out of the balcony.

XXIX Stampede

At a signal from Carmen la Lusitana, the Micaelistas let go of the reins and scrambled out of the way of the horses. The detonations were very loud. At first the Micaelista horses just startled and walked around confused. Some of the women slung underneath them were trying to egg them on to bolt. More detonations followed. Some of the horses reared, causing the women slung underneath to shriek. The first drops of blood fell on the pavement. Now some of the horses bolted and the rest followed.

Rayo, in the forward position, was trotting happily fucking Antonia, when the detonations occurred. He jumped forward startled. His small legs moved frantically at his top speed, which was not much. Nonetheless, Antonia, slung underneath him, was being flayed around like a rag doll while his shaft pounded her mercilessly. The pounding made her regain her consciousness and she grabbed the stirrups in a death grip. But then one of Rayo's fast moving hoofs grazed her head and she passed out again.

The crowd on the sidewalks was now panicking and running around for bullets were now peppering the square indiscriminately. The remaining presidential guards outside the palace were now so decimated that some bolted, either towards the main palace entrance or just threw away their rifles and telltale uniforms and ran.

The Micaelista horses galloped into the square. The Angels were scrambling to get out of the way of the bullets but Don Eusebio and some of his men were trying frantically to get their horses out of

harm's way. Then they saw the serried ranks of Micaelista horses about to rush into them. It was a general maelstrom. The Angels' horses were now panicking in turn, rearing, and bolting. Shrieks were heard all around. Floats, bits of sequin, bottles of rum, and the bands' instruments were strewn around amidst the dead and the wounded.

Rayo was swiftly overtaken by the longer legged steeds and jostled aside brusquely. He almost lost his footing. Then, at the last moment, a large Bentley inserted itself between the rear of the Angels and the rapidly approaching Micaelista steeds. The Micaelista steeds reared upon reaching it, causing more shrieks from the women slung underneath. The Bentley diverted the flow to some degree towards the crowd on the sidewalks, causing more death and mayhem. Rayo ended up next to the Bentley cowering against it while all the larger steeds rushed around him. A number of men were now seen rushing into the presidential palace. The remaining guards posted outside the building were being shot or knifed. The pavement was slippery with blood.

Joao emerged from the Bentley, his machete at hand. He scanned around, looking for Elizabeth and Ximena. Next to him was a small donkey with a woman slung underneath and in obvious distress.

"Pass me the reins of that donkey!" said a naked, strangely tattooed, woman atop a large horse.

"Who are you?" said Joao as he pressed the reins into Renate's hands. The woman's brazen nakedness, savage looking tattoos, and the horselover's control she had over her mount instinctively told Joao that this woman must be a bellyrider of some kind. "Do you know and have you seen the lady Elizabeth?"

The woman atop the horse looked around the square, instinctively crouching when a hail of bullets came nearby. "I am Renate, the nun, and yes, I know her but I don't see her! Where is she? Damn it!"

"How the hell should I know? Take the donkey woman to safety if you can! I will look for the Lady Elizabeth!"

"Wait!" cried a young man who had made his way to the Bentley. "I will take Antonia to safety! My name is Anselmo! Trust me!"

"You'd better or I will feed you your balls!" snarled Renate as she handed Anselmo the reins.

Anselmo bent next to Antonia. The young nun was unconscious. "Oh Jesus! She is hurt!" Then took out a large knife to cut the ropes binding her to Rayo. A couple of bullets slammed into the Bentley.

"No time to unstrap her! Take her away from here!" cried Renate. "You," she said to Joao, "follow me! I am going to look for Elizabeth!"

Renate kicked her heels into Latigo's flanks and the horse jumped forward. Joao followed trotting (and cursing) at her side. They went into the center of the square, where now horses trotted around aimlessly and several bodies laid in pools of blood. Shooting was now erupting in the presidential palace.

"Jesus! What a mess!" cried Renate. She spotted Elizabeth up yonder, crouching behind the bulk of a float. "Sit behind me, Elizabeth!" shouted Renate extending her a hand.

"Holy Mother of God! Renate!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "You are safe!" She took her hand and swiftly raised herself into Latigo. The two women kissed.

"Where is the Lady Lorena?" asked Joao.

Ximena approached. She was bleeding profusely from a nasty wound in her scalp. "Milady! I am so sorry! A damn priestess took her away from me!" Then the Indian girl collapsed.

Joao picked her up and slung the girl over his shoulder. She was not very big.

Renate looked around. Indeed, while all the shooting, fighting, and stampeding was occurring several men in temple garb and some priestesses were hauling away horses with bellyriders slung underneath.

"Those bastards took my niece!" cried Elizabeth.

Renate heard a bullet very close to her ear. Someone was taking potshots at them. "We have to get out of here! Now!" shouted Renate. She pointed to Joao. "You! Take that girl to the car and follow us! We will regroup at the Angels' compound!"

She then drove Latigo forward, towards a side street, while Elizabeth grabbed on to her tightly.

XXX Under Siege

"How many men do we have?" snarled General Lopez. His jacket and shirt were off and a medic was bandaging his shoulder.

"About sixty are left, sir, the men outside are mostly dead and all others have bolted," explained the presidential guards colonel. "We can hold the inner palace barricades with the ones remaining, but not for long. The lucky thing is that the fools did not take over the telephone exchange."

"That was a mistake! I should have thought of that!" said Karl suddenly.

"What do you mean, Baron?" asked the general with suspicion.

"Never mind, Herr General," hastened to explain Karl. "Its an old military technique, Herr General, Clausewitz, you know, put yourself in the shoes of your enemy."

"Those are Mausers shooting at us, general," added the colonel, "we have captured a few. They are newly built."

"Black market, obviously," hastened to add Karl.

"Obviously," agreed the general but Karl could not miss the look of suspicion. "But where would the favelistas get the funds?"

"Are you going to evacuate us civilians now, general?" asked the bishop who had a bandage around his head and an arm in a sling. The general looked at the guards colonel.

"Transport just arrived, sir, ten trucks," announced the Guards colonel. "But now the whole palace is surrounded. The Guards Cavalry Regiment is on its way."

"Are they bringing all their horses?" asked Natalia who now was clad in a dead guard's jacket which fell loosely over her slim form. "I don't want their horses to get hurt!"

The general ignored his wife's outburst. "Use the regiment to clear the square, colonel," ordered the general. "We will evacuate all these gentlemen, their wives, and the first lady through the back

doors while the cavalry takes over the square again. Now, put me in communication with the outlying garrisons. Those bastards better stand by me now because we won't hold out Rio for long otherwise."

"Sir!" said an aide approaching. "This is Commander da Silva from the navy."

The sailor saluted. "My president, the navy stands by you. We have the Radames in the harbor."

"Would it be able to shell the city?" asked Lopez. He knew that the reason the Radames was in the harbor (it had been in the harbor for years) was because it could not stand the open seas. But perhaps it could still shoot.

The sailor hesitated. The Radames' guns had the range but they had not been fired in anger for decades and it would be touch and go whether its bulkheads would hold up to the strain and not cause the ship to sink. "We will try, sir, we were thinking rather of offering to transport you to Europe if you so wished."

Lopez' voice was hard. "Well, tell your admiral this: unless I remain president he won't get any new ships. It's me the gringos are dealing with, not the rebels. So he'd better shell Rio when and where I tell him. I don't want to risk a transatlantic voyage in that tub. Understood? Do thank him for his offer; I might need a ride before the night is out. Can it get as far as Argentina? Oh well, let me know. Right now I have just begun to fight!"

"If she doesn't sink while shooting the Radames will be at your disposition, sir," replied the sailor.

"You would destroy the city to save it?" asked Karl in a soft voice.

"If need be," answered Lopez matter of factly. "Now, I am indebted to you, Baron, but don't think my secret police has not been cognizant of your activities. There is probably a fat dossier on you. Should I have it looked over carefully? I thought so. Baron, you will go with the civilians, in fact, given your abilities I am putting you in charge of the convoy. The colonel will see to it that there is a German flag draped over the trucks so as to give you a measure of diplomatic immunity. Our debt will then be settled. Is this all in agreement with you?"

"Jawohl, Herr General!" replied Karl in his best Conrad Veidt manner, as if he had any real choice.

XXX Triage

The Angels' camp was in turmoil. Don Eusebio's men had managed to drag their wounded back into it, along with a few, very few of their horses. The bellyriders they had rescued were being unstrapped. Their cries of pain echoed through the compound. The other Angels had a wide array of hurts, some were trampled or kicked by a horse, some had knife wounds, and others had nasty gunshots.

"We have to get those women and our other wounded to a surgeon, Lady Elizabeth," explained Don Eusebio.

"Put them in the Bentley," agreed Elizabeth. "The British Hospital is nearby. Surely Sir Neville will insure they have diplomatic immunity. Joao will drive them."

"He'll have to make several trips, milady," replied Don Eusebio.

"Can you get me alcohol, rags for bandages, and at least a relatively sharp knife?" asked Renate. "I

am a surgeon and I have seen worse charnel houses. And round up some rum! I don't think you would be able to round up any anesthetics! I will at least try to stabilize them here."

"Chicha will have to do, Sister," agreed Don Eusebio. "We drank all the rum. And I will try to get you all else you wanted!"

"Then put the wounded that can be moved in the Bentley," instructed Elizabeth.

"Not the bellyriders!" cautioned Renate. "I have to operate on those immediately. Jesus and the saints! I need some hot water! Someone get me some hot water!" And she rushed to a hall of the compound shouting orders and intent on setting up an operating theater.

Joao gently got Elizabeth's attention. "I am old war steed, milady," said Joao in a quiet voice. "I hear the sound of guns and I paw the ground wanting to get in the fray. Do you understand?"

Elizabeth looked over the old man. Suddenly he did not look so old. Some inkling of the young man he once had been could be discerned. "You are not thinking in getting involved in that bloodbath, are you?"

The old man's eyes were downcast. "All these years, I mourned for your mother. I loved her sincerely, certainly more than Dom Roberto did. At least I got to see you grow up. Don't refuse my last chance to again be the man I was once."

An inkling of realization dawned on Elizabeth. She noticed the noble Roman nose on the old man, the same one she had. The protective way in which he had defended and taken care of her for years could only be called fatherly. "What do you mean, Joao? Ohmigod!"

"Don't say it, Elizabeth, please," pleaded Joao in a tender voice. "There is too much pain involved. I will take the first load of wounded to the hospital and bring back the Bentley. I will then regain what is rightfully mine, OK? When I assume the presidency again I will be in a position to make sure you are safe! But let me go! Please!"

Wordlessly, she kissed the old man's brow.

"Elizabeth!" cried Renate as she approached. Her arms and torso were red with blood. She had been operating on the bellyriders.

"You will have to surprise me, Renate, I don't know what else could go wrong at this point."

"It's your niece, Anastasia. She was bleeding pretty bad when we took her off the shaft."

"Oh Jesus! But I thought she had stayed behind!"

"Yes, that she did. It was a delayed effect from yesterday's ordeal."

"God! Where is she? I must look at her!"

"I had her taken away to the British Hospital. I really could not do anything for her. The hospital will have the resources. Look, I think she has some sort of spine damage. She can't feel anything below her neck."

"Oh God! First Lorena and now Anastasia! And my girl Ximena?"

"A bullet grazed her head but she is OK. We just have to make sure she does not fall asleep."

"Dona Elizabeth!" Don Eusebio approached leading two naked women. "These women are looking for you. They say they are your lovers."

Lucia and Maricela ran to Elizabeth and hugged her.

"Thank the virgin that you are alright!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"When the shooting started Maricela was knotted with a dog," explained Lucia. "I had to lift the poor doggie and we ran off with Maricela still attached!"

"It was a stray, milady," said Maricela, "but a pretty one with a huge knot. I just hope I don't get the mange."

"I don't care if you picked up fleas! I am just happy to see you all hale!" Elizabeth was crying tears of joy. The three women started repeatedly kissing and caressing each other.

While Elizabeth was thus occupied, Renate discreetly walked away. She took don Eusebio aside and quietly inquired about the location of the Temple of Changu.

XXXI The Soviet Envoys

Ten trucks were parked in the large central space around which the sprawling presidential palace was built. A gaggle of presidential guards were standing at ramshackle attention in front of Karl, who was supporting himself with a pair of crutches. The baron was furious, almost foaming at the mouth, shouting all sort of invectives to the guards, half in harsh German and half in broken Portuguese, which certainly did not help his audience's understanding. "Schwine! Scheisskopfs! These are not German flags! These are Soviet flags! I need bloody Third Reich flags! With a swastika! Find some or I will have you all shot! Raus!"

"Herr Oberst," said Heinz carefully, "given the nature of the fellows out there, perhaps it is best if we fly a Soviet flag."

Karl looked at the old sergeant major skeptically. He propped himself against one of the trucks and considered the matter. "A ruse? We will need paperwork, identifications!"

A mousy man wearing the badge of the foreign relations ministry approached the two Germans. He had some papers in his hands. "Sir, do I have the honor of addressing Baron von Stahl, the representative of the Third Reich?"

"What the hell do you want?" barked Karl.

The mousy man was not to be intimidated. "Sir, I am still holding the credentials of the last Soviet ambassador and his staff. He left them here some years ago when we finally broke relations with them. Can you imagine? The man was instigating plots with the leftists to topple the government! He was given 24 hours to leave! I say they ought to have shot him!"

"Most uncivil of him!" grunted Karl. He looked the papers over. They looked quite official. "These ought to do! I suppose you want a ride?"

The mousy man nodded. "If you can at least find me a space. It doesn't have to be comfortable, just a corner."

"Who are you?" asked Karl brusquely.

The man stood up at attention. "Salvador Arevalo, senhor, at your service, 3rd Assistant Undersecretary to the 4th Sub-Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs, who in turn reports to the 2nd Deputy Secretary for protocol and who in turn..."

Karl grunted and raised a hand to stop his discourse. The poor man was just a clerk but he had provided what Karl needed. "Gut, Herr Arevalo, you will ride with me then and vouch for our identities. As fuhrer of this convoy, I am promoting you to the Republic of Brazil's Special Liaison to the People's Republic of the Soviet Union. I do this all in the name of the German Fuhrer, the Fatherland, and of General Lopez and also of the rebels, just to cover all bases. Raise your right hand, no you don't have to give me a [CENSOR] salute, no you don't have to say anything, there, its done, you have been recruited and promoted. We'll find out what the corresponding pay grade is later."

"I know no Russian, Herr Oberst, except for some curse words I learned in a brothel in Minsk," said Heinz smiling.

"Then talk French!" laughed Karl. "I doubt the rebels will know the difference. Make sure you have no Reich ID's on you. Remove everything and burn it! Here are your papers. You are one Igor Buniakovsky, cultural attaché from the Soviet Union, here to establish amicable relations with the Brazilian proletariat."

Heinz kept on smiling. Cultural Attaché! He could barely read and when he read he only read weapons manuals or one-hand novels such as this one. "And who are you now, Herr Oberst?"

"I am one Yevgeny Gordov, special ambassador from the dear and all knowing First Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, Koba himself, Josef Stalin, tasked with also making friendly and kissy with the Brazilian downtrodden. Here's Uncle Joe's signature in fact. Poor Gordov, he is probably lingering in some Gulag nowadays for having been thrown out of Brazil."

"Serves him right, comrade," said Heinz in an ironical tone. "How rude of him to plot against his hosts!"

"Remind me to have you shot afterwards, Heinz," said Karl through narrowed eyes. "You know too much."

"When are we leaving, Baron? I understand that the rebels now have the palace surrounded." The bishop's voice was earnest. Natalia stood at his side, barefoot and wordless. The guards' jacket barely covered her pubes and her long legs still were bare. She felt very self-conscious and was blushing.

Karl tried to sound reassuring. "As soon as the cavalry arrives, like in the Hollywood westerns, your eminence, milady. I am certain the general can hold the palace that long. If, actually, when, we break out, I will drop you all at the foreign consulates. The rebels won't touch them."

"We will be cramped," replied the bishop, conscious of his large bulk.

"Ja," agreed Karl. "We will have to cram at least two hundred civilians into these trucks. I am sorry. I can't help it. You, bishop, can ride with Comrade Buniakovsky. The first lady will be on the cab of the leading truck with Senhor Arevalo and me. I suggest you let me have those jewels, milady. We could bribe the entire rebel contingent with a single one of those stones you are wearing. Take my tux jacket. Wearing a guards' jacket will not help. Perhaps we can find some pants for you."

Natalia handed him her tiara, from which he expertly tore off several large diamonds and put them

in his pocket. She took off her jacket but refused Karl's. "I will go nude, Baron, it could be a good distraction."

He stared at her beautiful form, now entirely nude. Her brazenness had returned once she was unclad. "I won't be able to vouch for your safety, then, milady. Those men are pigs."

She smiled at him and pulled her labia apart revealing a yawning cavern. "I fuck horses, Baron, not pigs, not yet anyways. Those men's penises would not even tickle me. Besides, I am more comfortable this way."

XXXII Two Lovers

"You shouldn't have taken me off Rayo's shaft. I was enjoying it a lot." Antonia was curled up in bed besides Anselmo. Embraced in the darkness of his modest room they could hear shooting and detonations in the background.

"Nonsense! I thought he was killing you! That is the koro speaking!"

"I am still horny but I hurt too much to fuck. Oh, God, the koro still has me in heat! I need to be fucked! fuck me any way you wish!"

He shook his head. "Sorry. I too tired from this entire running around to fuck you. Besides, if we make noise my landlady will find out you are here."

"My cunt is so big now. Look at it! It looks like Renate's. No wonder I can hardly walk!"

"No man can ever fill that!"

"Could you be with me, even if I fuck horses?"

"As long as you don't cuckold me with other men!"

"Why would I want anyone besides you? So, will you mind?"

"No I won't. I love you! The question is, however, if I will be able to satisfy you with my penis?"

She smiled teasingly. "Well, size does matter. Don't take it like that! There is always my ass! It is still tight, well, sort of."

"I am glad that has been made clear. Your ass is mine then. The horses can have your cunt."

"Yes, my ass for you, my cunt for a horse, and my mouth for both. Are we in agreement?"

"Yes."

"Ohmigod! What am I saying! I am a nun!"

"Are you willing to leave your nunnery?"

She hesitated. It was not an easy decision. "In truth I never had much of a choice. I joined because I knew of no other alternatives."

"Yes, but now you have one. And so do I. Are you willing to leave Renate?"

She thought for a moment. "Sure. I will write her a letter explaining. She has grown too crazy for my taste. Though I think I fully understood her when I was slung underneath Rayo. Do you think I should wear kapu?"

"You would look lovely even with a clown's makeup!"

"I am serious. Maybe just on my body."

"If you wish. Do the entire thing, why limit yourself? I will still love you. We'll ask a shaman to do it. Just don't wear any clothes, ever!"

"Certainly not! I am not one of those girls!"

"Then, its agreed. We are bolting."

"Bolting? What do you mean?"

"Why, run away, somewhere to the countryside, the Matto Grosso even. Let's go as far away from Rio as we can. You would not be able to walk around nude showing off that huge cunt in this city."

"Jesus! You are right! If we run away, will it be just you and me living in a bohio and a corral for a horse?"

"Even a donkey if you want one."

"Now you are tempting me."

"Make it two donkeys! Besides, I'd better leave Rio as soon as possible."

"Why?"

"I was quite involved in the affair outside. I will tell you the details some day, when we are safely away. Suffice it to say, if the government finds out what I almost did, I am cooked. If the rebels win and find out what I did not do, I am also cooked."

"Then we'd better get going. Right now. But wait! We have no money!"

"I have a stash, enough to get us started. The party paid me up front a large sum for what I was supposed to do and didn't."

"You talk in riddles. Just what the hell were you supposed to do?"

"Trust me. You'll have to start doing so."

"What? Talk in riddles?" She giggled.

"No, you crazy thing! I mean trusting me! I love you!"

They kissed, two young lovers in the night.

"I'll ready the motorcycle. Thankfully, you don't have any clothes to pack."

"And I hope I never will. That is a vow I intend to keep."

"Suit yourself, or rather, don't. In the Matto Grosso no one will care. Besides, I kind of enjoy seeing

you naked all the time.”

“Wait! Don’t go yet. I want you to come in my mouth first.”

His strength has returned. “Why not in your ass?”

“I don’t know how many men fucked me in the ass tonight. You don’t want sloppy seconds.”

He helped her kneel in front of him for she was still in much pain. Then she promptly sucked him to completion and swallowed his ejaculate. He helped her move back onto the bed and left her alone while he went out and dug out the bag with the money. His motorcycle was parked outside his door.

“Everything’s ready,” he announced.

“Let’s go.” She had a note in her hand. “This letter is for Renate. I will mail it the first chance I get. Please put it in your jacket. I don’t have any pockets.”

“Of course. Speaking of which, I have an extra leather jacket. Why not wear that? It will get cold on the motorcycle.”

She was about to refuse but thought better. He helped her put on the jacket which hung loosely over her petite form. Her pubes and legs were still bare. Then the two walked out, Antonia barely able to walk and Anselmo supporting her, to the motorcycle.

“Anselmo,” she said into her ear once they were aboard. “Did you know that this is the first jacket I have worn in my life?”

“Didn’t you use to have a habit?”

“I wore it only once, coming to Rio. And I hated it. From the time I was a child till I first came to Rio I had never worn clothes.”

“Well, that jacket is yours now. Wear it till the morning when it becomes warm. Then you can go nude again.”

“Anselmo, I love you.” She unzipped the jacket and pressed her bare tits against him. The motorcycle roared and the night covered their tracks.

XXXII The President Leaves

“fuck you son of a bitch!” The general slammed down the receiver. “Gentlemen, that was that bastard Martinez of the Sao Paulo garrison. I don’t think I need to explain further.”

“Ohmigod!” said Natalia.

“As for your vaunted hacendados, milady, they are not returning my calls.” He looked at her loathingly. “So much for the word of a nympho slut.”

The guards colonel burst into the room. “General! The cavalry is here! They are clearing the square!”

“More bloodshed! Damn! Baron, this is your opportunity. Stuff the civilians into the convoy and head out. And take this bitch with you.”

"Elias!" cried Natalia. But at Karl's signal Heinz had taken her forcefully into his arms and carried her like a doll. Karl understood that there was no time to lose.

"Colonel!" ordered the general. "Take the remaining men and counterattack! Victory is at hand! Go!" The colonel stood ramrod at attention, saluted, and left. Then the general pulled Commander da Silva aside. "Is the Radames still in harbor?"

"Yes, my president!"

"Why are they not shooting?"

The sailor blushed. "Technical difficulties, sir. The shells have been painted over so many times that they do not fit into the gun barrels anymore. They are scraping them off."

"Then order them not to shoot. They are likely to blow up a turret. I don't want Rio destroyed or the Radames sunk. Do tell them to raise steam." The sailor got on the phone and passed on his instructions. The general stood by his desk calmly smoking a cigar. He could hear the sounds of the firefight ongoing. "Well done, commander. Now, come with me!"

Lopez led him to the deserted palace kitchens. Before his astonished eyes, the general made da Silva help him remove his clothes and put on instead a cook's uniform. "I suggest you do the same, commander. In fact, I am ordering you to do so. Don't look at me that way. We are leaving. Flight is never pretty but survival is very attractive. The guards colonel is a young man who dreams of a hero's death. Let him have his wish. The presidency of Brazil is not worth nine grams of lead in my brain. I can get us out undetected. This palace has more secret passageways than a rat's nest, which is what it really is. I hope the Radames can make it to Portugal or at least as far as Argentina. If you get me out safe and sound I will make sure that you and the officers are well rewarded. I have a fat account in Switzerland and I not stingy with those that help me. The crewmen can sell the Radames for scrap."

XXXIII In the Temple of Changu

Two men roughly took her arm. Lorena then felt the sting of the needle. She felt the effects of koro immediately.

"This one is not ruptured yet!" announced a priestess. They were in an internal courtyard of the sprawling Temple of Changu. Several horses with bellyriders slung underneath stood nearby, tied to railings. Most of the women appeared already dead. The priestess was naked, her body covered kapu geometric designs. In the temple the priestesses went nude. They only wore clothes outside.

The men quickly undid her straps. Lorena could not help but protest as Bucefalo's shaft slowly came out. She wanted now to be on the shaft so badly that she knew that when they offered the choice of going to Changu she would not say no. The two men grabbed hold of her arms and supported her for she was standing on rubbery legs after her continuous fucking. Her hands immediately went to her pubes and she started masturbating. Gobs of horse semen ran down her shapely legs.

"This one is already in heat," observed the priestess. "Put her in the pit with the others until its her turn."

They led her into a large, well lit, room next to the main temple nave. The pit turned out to be a large shallow pool filled with a strong smelling soup of horse and dog semen, human urine, and various oils. Lorena could see about thirty other women wallowing there, moaning and all entwined like worms. These were surviving bellyriders the cultists had brought to the temple and also women

who were offering themselves willingly to Changu. They all had received koro injections to insure that they would not refuse dying in honor of Changu. Lorena was helped down into the pool and she immediately dipped her head into the horse semen, emerging completely covered in it. She cupped the semen in her hands and drank it eagerly. Several hands immediately grabbed for her breasts and ass and cunt and a tongue thrust into her mouth. She was pulled down into the rest of the squirming mass of women in heat and her mouth immediately latched onto an unknown woman's cunt. She eagerly lapped at it, raising her head from the clinging soup only to take a gasp of air. She felt a pair of hands fisting her orifices and her own hands found the warmness of other women's cunts. She started coming non-stop, in the throes of koro.

"The semen and the oils will soften your skin," murmured a woman next to her massaging her breasts, "and make your flesh taste better." The unknown woman then started to suck Lorena's breasts. Lorena held her head lovingly to her chest. "I am burning up!" said Lorena in a weak voice. "How long before we are offered?"

"You must be patient," said the unknown woman. The woman looked at her with an unnatural gleam in her eyes. She started fisting Lorena's cunt without mercy. "First, they are taking care of the bellyriders that were ruptured. It won't be long. It better not be long!"

Lorena looked at the woman lovingly, a fellow sufferer. The woman was in her early thirties, of mixed blood, and pretty. They kissed for a long time while unknown hands caressed them. "Were you a bellyrider?" asked Lorena intrigued. Maybe this would not be such a bad way to end her life, enjoying a last bit of lovemaking to women like her.

"No, dear, I am offering myself willingly," replied the unknown. It shocked Lorena only briefly. The idea did not seem mad anymore. Then other hands pulled Lorena away and she found herself drinking horse semen from another woman's mouth. Lorena thought that she was beyond caring. But then she heard an inhuman scream coming from the main temple nave. Her blood froze for an instant, the koro notwithstanding. "Changu got a new bride!" whispered another woman into her ears. Then she was pulled down into the semen soup and another woman's pubes descended unto her face. She was pinned down, unable to breath, about to drown in horse semen while unseen hands were roughly fisting her cunt and ass and a cunt was rubbing into her face.

"There are only two ruptured bellyriders still alive," observed Mama Remedios. At her side stood Mama Salome. Both women were in the temple's altar room. An obscene priapic representation of Changu stood behind a large altar. Changu's representation was mostly penises, an unnatural construction of penises, with no apparent torso but several huge scrotal sacks, which supported the statue. Each penis had a woman in agony and skewered with the head of a penis sticking out of her mouth.

The two priestesses were both nude, their bodies covered with kapu designs and also with blood. Their cunts were large and flaring, which indicated that they were also horselovers. The two priestesses were standing on their bare feet in a pool of blood. Arrayed close by were more priestesses, also naked, and hugging and caressing each other.

Behind them, a horse was being led out. The woman strapped underneath had now the entire horse shaft inside her and its balls rested against her pubes. She was barely alive, having a hard time breathing, and would die in the next few minutes. Ruptured bellyriders were not taken off the harness. Their offering consisted of insuring they took the entire length of the shaft. Hence, they had the satisfaction of dying on their own mounts.

"It is going to be sunrise in just a few more minutes," observed Mama Salome. A diffuse light filtered

into the temple.

"Aye," answered Mama Remedios in a quiet voice.

"A priestess can only be offered at night, sister," pointed out Mama Salome.

Mama Remedios understood and wordlessly took her by the hand. They kissed tenderly. The two women stood silently before the altar embraced and loving each other. Mama Salome placed herself face up the altar facing Changu's statue. Her legs were opened wide. Mama Remedios looked at the large cunt in front of her. Mama Remedios reverently kissed and licked the cunt. She continued until Mama Salome finally came.

"Be brave!" whispered Mama Remedios. She took a sharp paring knife and showed it to Mama Salome who nodded. Mama Salome reverently placed the knife on the altar next to Mama Salome. Both women's eyes, which burned with fanaticism, seemed like coals. Mama Remedios carefully parted Mama Salome's cunt lips. She noticed that the head priestess was very wet and smiled. Mama Remedios's hands disappeared easily into the large cunt. She probed and explored, familiarizing herself with the flesh she was about to ruin. Meanwhile a large bay horse was led in. His shaft was long, very long, and already unsheathed and iron hard. The horse was led to stand next to the altar. A priestess took hold of his shaft and placed it on Mama Salome's chest. Mama Salome's hands gently kissed and caressed the penis head of the shaft that was offered her and after a while nodded. Mama Remedios then turned to face Changu and held the knife up and displayed it to the obscene statue presiding. A few moments later another inhuman shriek was heard throughout the temple.

XXXIV A Sao Paolo Tourist

"And who are you? Are you from the Sao Paolo coven?" asked the naked priestess in charge of the temple entrance. Two burly men with machetes stood at her side. She had accosted a tall, fair, naked woman covered from face to toes in tattoos.

"Yes, of course," replied Renate thinking fast. She rushed to the priestess and kissed her full on the lips. "I got here late. Something is going on downtown."

The priestess smiled back at her. "Yes, there is a revolution ongoing. There was a battle on the square and we brought back about fifty bellyriders back with us. You'd better hurry inside. We are very busy and need all the help we can get."

"Where do you want me, sister?" inquired Renate taking the woman's hand and kissing it. "I can pull a leg as good as anyone."

"Can you cook?" inquired the priestess. "They really need help in the kitchens."

"Yes, I know how to handle the flesh. Breasts are my specialty. "Renate caressed the priestess' bare breasts. "They are tricky. You have to cook them slowly for they are mostly fat. Are you offering yourself tonight? You should. With a bit of olive oil, I could really do justice to these."

"Stop it! I am too wet already. These men have already shot their bolt."

"How about the horses? I could use a horse's shaft myself right now."

The priestess pointed towards the ominous and dark interior of the temple. "Follow the corridor. Open the third door on your left. You will find the pens. Be careful, they have very long shafts. We

use them to skewer the 'brides' of Changu.

"Merci." The two women kissed again. Then Renate walked on smiling and masturbating, as if looking forward to being fucked by a horse. Truth is, she had no plan. She was a martial arts instructor, for the nuns had other skills besides fucking horses; therefore, she felt confident she could come out alive from the temple. Whether she could come out with Lorena in tow was another thing. But first she had to find her. She crept along the sides of the dark corridor. The temple was an old church gone to the devil. Its walls were in a bad state of disrepair and only stood up because of their thickness. She opened a door and stared inside. She shut it quickly and almost vomited; the door led to the kitchens and the priestesses were very busy indeed. She turned into another corridor and opened a door at random. This led to a series of dormitories. Renate frowned. The beds were all in disarray and a wide collection of strap on dildos lawn strewn carelessly all around. She exited the room and then heard a horrendous scream down the corridor. She walked down the dark corridor, keeping to the walls, here nerves tense. From the shadows, she saw Mama Remedios emerge from a side door. She was covered in blood and had a ganja cigar on her hands.

"Do you have a light, sister?" asked Mama Remedios.

"Sorry, I don't have pockets," giggled Renate. "The men up front surely have."

Mama Remedios looked at her carefully. "Interesting facial design you are wearing, sister. Do I know you?"

Renate smiled.

XXXV Nipples

"Celina Santos!" announced a priestess to the pit. The other denizens of the pit helped a young woman to her feet. She was smiling and entirely covered in semen. The other women caressed and kissed her. Traces of blue paint still remained on her body for she had been one of the Bluebirds. The priestess led her out gently, without any coercion. Celina was masturbating as she walked. "Be brave, sister!" cried several as she left.

Her continuous orgasms had exhausted Lorena. She was grabbing on to the dead body of one of the other women to keep from drowning in the semen soup. The dead woman's face had a glaze of semen and she bore a quiet smile. Apparently the koro had stopped her heart. An unknown hand was up Lorena's ass.

"Bitch!" murmured Lorena objecting not to the hand up her ass but to the delay. "I need it so bad. Oh Jesus! Hurry up!"

"Patience, my dear," said a woman in her thirties. She cupped her hands and offered Lorena more semen. "They pick the younger ones first."

Lorena cursed softly. "Damn! And I am no spring chicken! With my luck I will be the last one!" She proceeded to drink the semen offered. Then her mouth lashed on to one of the woman's breasts. Another inhuman howl was heard and Lorena startled and bit off the nipple. The woman moaned. Blood now flowed from her breasts. The koro was making pain and pleasure undistinguishable. Already many of the inhabitants of the pit bore teeth marks and were missing pieces of flesh.

"Please eat it," moaned the woman. Lorena chewed the bit of flesh relishing the taste. Then the two women kissed and Lorena started nursing on the other woman's breast.

"I didn't mean to hurt you," said Lorena.

"Go ahead and bite off the other nipple, I don't care. Eat it! I am beyond caring!"

This time Lorena took more of the woman's breast into her mouth and then bit down hard. It took some doing but eventually the nipple and a good portion of the woman's breast was in her mouth. Lorena chewed it slowly.

"It is lovely," said Lorena. "I want to keep on going. Do you mind?"

The woman stood up bleeding and bent over. "Eat my clit."

This Lorena did, along with pieces of the woman's labia. The woman afterwards laid down next to her, weak from pain and blood loss, and looked at Lorena lovingly. The two women kissed for a long time

"Why don't they come for us?" asked Lorena. "I will have eaten you all by the time they arrive!"

"It will go fast from now on," moaned the woman Lorena had eaten from. "The ruptured bellyriders must have already 'married' the god. Relax, they know what they are doing. I've been dreaming of this all my life."

"Does it hurt to be impaled?" asked Lorena.

"I think so. God help me, I need it," moaned the unknown woman.

"Do you want to bite off my nipples?" offered Lorena holding on to her breasts.

"Offer it to someone else, I am too weak to bite it off. God, I am in so much pain that taking the shaft will be relief."

Then the priestess returned again and announced the name of the woman Lorena was embracing. The denizens of the pit helped her stand up and the priestesses led her away. Lorena was disappointed. It was not her time yet and she wanted to continue eating her.

XXXVI Squealie

"You don't remember me, 'Squealie'?" said Renate smiling.

"Ohmigod! I haven't been called that in years!" Mama Remedios frowned and grew pale.

"When you first arrived at Recife you were just an ignorant young woman. You squealed so loud when you first felt the donkey's flare that the name stuck, remember it?"

Mama Remedios' hands unconsciously went to her pubes. Her first flare, a donkey's flare, had been very traumatic. "Who are you? Those tattoos make you hard to recognize."

"You don't remember your old fisting partner, the one that was supposed to stretch you till you could take a full grown stallion? I am disappointed!"

"Renate? Renate! Why are you here?"

"Come, dear, I hear no joy at you seeing me. Where can we talk and not be bothered? I taught you all there is to know about eating pussy. If I remember right you got to be very good at it. I am hoping

you have not forgotten how to use your tongue!”

Mama Remedios smiled and took her by the hand. They emerged into a small empty courtyard. Its sole adornment was an empty fountain. Renate sat on its edge and opened her legs. Mama Remedios knelt in front of Renate.

“You still look as good as you did back then,” said the priestess admiring her cunt. “Though you are more stretched now, I can tell. What are you doing here?”

“I will explain later, Remedios. For now, just eat me, please.”

“You always tasted so good!” Her mouth was now pressed against Renate’s pubes.

“Tell me, Remedios, why did you leave? I knew you were the kinkiest of us all. And that is saying a lot! You had a mean streak you could hardly control. When you whipped your fellow sisters you used to raise welts. I mean, I like to whip and be whipped once in a while, but you tended to overdo things.”

“The order became too tame for me,” explained Remedios. Her tongue was now flirting on Renate’s clit. “But I still had a spiritual streak in me. (slurp!) The Changu cult appealed to my sadist instincts.”

“Yes, you would make a good fit. Are you happy?”

“It’s a job. I like eating woman flesh,” she giggled. “And I mean cooked woman flesh. I have acquired a taste for it. Anyway, I have only one more year to live. I intend to be offered on the next Mardi Gras.”

“You do that, dear. No one will accuse you of not practicing what you preach. Just don’t bite off my clit tonight. I guess I have to do what I have to do,” said Renate in a quiet voice. Her hand whisked to the priestess’ shoulder and she smacked her.

“What was that?” protested Mama Remedios. She felt a sting. Her body began to numb. Colors were becoming dayglo. Renate smiled at her and displayed a ring in one of her fingers. It had some sort of a stinger.

“I don’t think there is even a scientific name for this substance. But its very strong, even a scratch suffices. Relax. It is not meant to kill you. But now you will have to do exactly what I tell you. Don’t even try to fight it. You will protest, I know, but your will is now mine, understand? Now, continue to service me. I am enjoying it a lot!”

“You know that that was not needed! I always enjoyed eating your cunt!” Mama Remedios continued licking and kissing Renate’s cunt. Latigo’s semen was still flowing and the priestess drank it eagerly. Renate felt the first stirrings of an orgasm building up.

“What (slurp!) is it that you want, Renate?” asked Mama Remedios looking up at her.

“How many women have you offered to Changu so far this Mardi Gras?”

“I lost count. Who cares?” As if to punctuate the priestess’ words a terrible shriek was heard coming from the main temple nave.

“Ohmigod, you girls have been busy, haven’t you? Oh well, just keep licking dear. I will do the

talking.”

“I can arrange it, if you wish to be offered,” explained Mama Remedios enthusiastically, ignoring Renate’s admonition in spite of the drug she had been given. “I will help you myself!”

“There you all go again, offering me the shaft. Mama Salome did the same. By the way, where is that witch?”

“I offered her to Changu already. I am the head priestess now.”

“Well, congratulations my dear, at least there is still some upward social mobility in this country. No, Remedios, I am not enthused about getting skewered by a horse penis though I admit that when I had koro in my blood I would not have refused. I am looking for a friend of mine, a bellyrider. You all took her away from the square. If she is still alive, I want you to hand her to me unharmed.”

“Sorry, (slurp!) that would be taboo.”

“Taboo! Baboo! Do you think the god will care? Surely he is satiated by now! The thing must have a million dicks to accommodate all those women you have offered!”

“Sorry, no! And don’t blaspheme. Changu is stern but you could get to like him. I just cry with joy when I think of spending eternity skewered on his shaft!”

“Keep licking, dear! Of course I expected you to be as stubborn as when I first met you!” Renate laughed. “I remember the donkey had a hard time entering you! How tight you were! We had to hold you still among several nuns in order for he to fuck you! Oh well, ‘Squealie’ dear, water under the bridge. I am willing to trade you information that will be very valuable to you and your order. In return, you will guarantee I walk out with my friend unharmed.”

“What information?”

“Oh God! Don’t stop know. Fist me! Oh yessss!” said Renate arching her back. Mama Remedios kept cleansing her and drinking Latigo’s semen, which continued to trickle out of Renate. Her hand was buried inside Renate’s cunt. “OK, where were we? Keep licking me, dear, your tongue is still glorious. Oh yes, as I said, you will definitely be grateful for what I am going to disclose to you and will do as I say, right?”

“And if I still refuse?”

“You can’t refuse, that is the beauty of what I just injected you with. However, if you do try and stop me you will most likely have a stroke. I’d rather you went along with my suggestion.”

“I don’t fear death!” replied the priestess still on her knees.

“Yes, but you probably want to die on the shaft, right?” The priestess nodded. “I figured it was one of your vows. So, truth is, denying you that joy is the worst thing I could threaten you with. And you know very well I could snap of your neck in one swift motion.”

“Ohmigod, don’t.”

“I never cease to be amazed at what we humans will do in the name of religion!” Coming from Renate who lived nude and fucked horses in the name of religion it was an understatement. “Anyways, remember when you first arrived at the convent?”

"As if it were yesterday."

"Sit next to me, dear, I got my rocks off," said Renate patting the fountain edge. Remedios slowly withdrew her hand and sat next to her. Renate put her hand on Remedio's pubes and started rubbing her clit. The priestess did likewise. It was an endearing scene. In the coolness of dawn two friends chatted away, in the nude, and masturbated each other. "Anyways, you were just 19 or so when you arrived in Recife, right?"

"I had just turned 20."

"Yes, and quite pretty, which, mind you, you still are." Renate kissed her. "You came willingly. Your parents were simple folks. I believe your father was an hacienda administrator in the employ of the Santos family, right?"

"What does this have to do with your friend?" Remedios started sucking on one of Renate's breasts.

"Relax. I will come to the point. You were never told but your father willed a large dowry to the convent, far more than could be expected from a simple hacienda administrator. Of course we welcomed his generosity! But Mariajose, the Mother Superior at the time, immediately suspected there was something more to you than was evident at first sight. We were lovers and she trusted me. She asked me to dig into the matter. This is what I found back then. There was one Maria Santos, the sole daughter of Dom Ramiro Santos, one of the richest men in Brazil, who had come to Rio to bellyride. Alas, she must have wanted to try a few men beforehand and probably got gangbanged on the street before she was harnessed. She came back from Rio pregnant and it wasn't a foal she delivered. It was you. Now, as you know, these aristocrats are kooky. They do not care if their women fuck a horse in public but God forbid they have a child out of wedlock! Maria was supposedly sent to Mexico, where the Santos family also has a branch, on a year's sabbatical. But in truth she spent nine months at the hacienda your stepfather ran and left you there to be raised by him and his wife."

"You are lying!"

"I verified this with Elizabeth daCuhna. She knows all the dirty laundry of the hacendados."

"It doesn't matter anymore, I am a priestess of Changu now."

"Shut up, Squealie, and listen very carefully. It was very convenient for the Santos' that you entered our order. No one really cared if you went around bare ass naked all the time fucking donkeys in the Matto Grosso. You would disappear as a source of embarrassment! Dom Ramiro just passed away, the wily old fox. Maria had another daughter but your mother and her husband passed away a few years ago. Except for your half sister, you are the sole remaining other heir to the Santos fortune. It would make you one of the richest women in Brazil!"

"I don't care about money. I only dream of going to Changu!"

"Oh nonsense! Think of the possibilities! You can rebuild your temple. The whole thing seems about to collapse! I suggest you even hire a decorator to make it more cheery looking; its too dark as it is. Also, you could finance new ones. Just imagine, Squealie, you could have chapter houses all over Brazil! And why just offer women? Maybe Changu swings both ways. Offer men also and pretty soon you could depopulate the entire country! Anyways, don't dismiss the idea out of hand. You can always go to Changu any time you please."

The priestess stood up, full of shock and confusion. "I don't know what to say! I have a sister?"

"A half sister, actually," corrected Renate. "She is a younger woman, probably in her twenties. I believe her name is Celina."

"Celina? Ohmigod! Celina Santos! Damn!" The priestess stood up trembling. She had pored over the names of the prospective 'brides' just recently. "Quick! Come with me to the altar room!" She felt unable to move unless ordered so. Otherwise her legs were frozen in place.

"I take it you will accept my offer?"

"Yes, damn it, yes! Hurry! I can't move!"

"I get to walk out with my friend unharmed?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Swear by your god!"

"Yes! I swear it by the shaft that will skewer me! Hurry! Please!"

XXXVII The Ruse

Heinz made his way forward, accompanied by Arevalo, bearing a white flag. Behind him the convoy had ground to a stop. Natalia, seated next to the baron, was murmuring a prayer in a quiet voice. Just one block away from the palace they had reached a rebel barricade.

A group of rebels leveled their rifles at the two men approaching. Their leader was a ruffian with a Luger in one hand and a machete in the other.

Heinz started shouting what Russian he knew. ""

"What the hell is he? A gringo? I have always wanted to shoot a gringo!" shouted back the rebel leader. "Do any of you sons of bitches talk a Christian tongue?"

"Don't shoot!" cried Arevalo in Portuguese. "We are civilians, under the protection of the People's Republic of the Soviet Union! These are Russian comrades!"

"Is that right?" asked the leader in a leering tone. "And I am Trotsky himself! We will have to inspect your convoy first! Everyone off!"

"You can't!" insisted Arevalo. "This convoy has diplomatic immunity! Subject to the Lausanne Treaty of 1903, which the Republic of Brazil, I ought to remind you, also signed, these persons are to be considered immune during any civic conflict and not to be interfered with. For God's sake man, you will create a diplomatic incident! The ensuing paperwork will be hideous!"

The rebels cocked their rifles instead and eagerly awaited the order to shoot.

Heinz put a large hand on top of Arevalo's mouth and approached the rebels trying to act the part of an indignant Soviet diplomat. ""

"Are they really Russian?" The leader was now somewhat unsure.

"Let me see some identification papers!" ordered Joao who had now strode into the scene, escorted by a dozen rebel guards and the cheers of the other rebels. The professor had recognized him when he showed up in the rebels' camp. Upon the professor's recommendation the others readily accepted

him as one of the leaders of the revolution. "And, by the way, 'comrade'," said Joao to Heinz addressing him in flawless German, "you could not hide the German enunciation in your pidgin Russian."

Heinz cursed.

"Also," continued Joao, "I suggest you ought to frequent the better houses of ill repute. There is one just a few blocks off Red Square that caters to the elite. They are all clean girls. I was there once, before the October Revolution, of course. Ask for Ludmilla, she will teach you things you never knew could be done, though I suppose the girl is now in her eighties and her tits reach to her knees."

The sergeant major knew when he had lost. He stood at attention with his eyes fixed forward. A drop of sweat slowly made its way down his brow.

All the civilians were ordered out of the trucks. Joao's men promptly emptied their wallets and roughly pawed the naked women amongst them. Joao walked slowly along the forlorn line. The baron stood at the front of the line, supporting himself on crutches, clearly the leader, standing stiff at attention as if on a parade ground. Joao took the baron's papers and looked at them carefully. "Comrade Gordov, eh?" Then Joao asked in German with the harsh tones of command: "What is the effective range for a minenwerfer?"

"Five hundred meters!" answered Karl immediately without thinking. He immediately regretted his outburst.

"I figured as much. You don't have any with you? We could use them."

"Nein!" replied Karl, all pretenses gone. "They only sent me Mausers and their ammo. They are the ones pointing at me! Damn!"

Joao looked at the naked woman standing alongside the baron. Natalia looked back at him haughtily, her arms crossed protectively covering her breasts. She reminded him of Elizabeth in her nude brazenness and arrogance. Joao bowed to her courteously. "Milady." Her frosty look remained.

"What are you going to do with us?" asked Karl.

"What do you think? These trucks contain a gang of hacendados, churchmen, and bankers, the very kind of ruffians that have been bleeding the people of Brazil for generations. I can't spare the time to have them all hear confession. They have so many sins it would take weeks. What would you do in my place?"

"Me? I would not hesitate, comrade. Screw the confessions! I would take the men, line them all against yonder wall, and shoot them. That is what I would do. But I'd let the women go," replied Karl. "It would be beneath soldiers to kill women."

"You are a hard man, fascist."

"Then again, why waste so much ammo?" continued Karl. "Let them all go and shoot me. That will suffice as an example."

Joao laughed. "Yes, in a revolution you cannot take half measures. I agree. And my men are not exactly regular soldiers. Some of these women are quite attractive. It would be a waste to shoot them and not use them for other purposes." Joao lit a cigar. He circled, like a shark, around the Baron and Natalia. He looked at Karl carefully, looking for any signs of fear. There were none. The

Baron stood unmoving at parade ground attention. His eyes fell again on Natalia. Again, he was reminded of Elizabeth. "Relax, fascist. This revolution will not soil itself with the blood of aristocrats or take advantage of defenseless women, especially beautiful naked women. Enough blood has been shed already. The hacendados will hurt enough when we confiscate their haciendas and all their wealth. Besides, you supplied us the weapons. And Lopez is not amongst you. Get back on the trucks and get the hell away from my sight before I take your advice or I loose control over my men!"

Everyone scrambled back on board. It took Heinz' strength and his cursing to get the bishop onto a truck.

"What did he mean you supplied the weapons?" asked Natalia seated on the leading truck next to the baron.

"Later, milady, I will explain later. Now I want to make sure you are all safe."

"All I can say is that that was rather brave of you, offering your life for us."

"If anything, I can gauge men, having led so many, milady. That man back there is not a ruffian, not entirely, yet. Had I acted like a coward, however, he would not have hesitated to shoot me and perhaps everyone else. You can say I had no choice but to act bravely. I admit I am too much of a coward to do otherwise."

"I hear you are Austrian."

"That is right. So?"

"Do they still have the Lippizaners?"

"Yes, my cousin runs one of their stud farms."

She smiled at him and curled her naked body next to him.

XXXVIII The Brides of Changu

A priestess entered into the room that held the pit. "Lorena da Cuhna!" she announced. It was a redundant gesture. Other than a couple of dead women overdosed on koro, Lorena was alone in the semen soup.

"Finally!" cried Lorena with relief. She was using a dead woman's foot to fuck herself with. The other body had its butt almost chewed off where Lorena had been feeding. The koro had removed all her inhibitions, including the repulsion towards cannibalism. "These two stiffs are no fun at all!" She stood up dripping horse semen and rubbing it all over her body.

"I am sorry for the delay," explained the priestess. "We are doing our best but there were a lot of you."

"Just get me in the shaft!" demanded Lorena.

"I take it that you come willingly to 'marry ' Changu."

"Yes, yes, whatever!"

"Sorry, I had to ask. It's the protocol. Please sign here, its just paperwork. There is an impalement fee. Usually the bride's family pays for it plus the tax but in your case the temple will take care of it."

Lorena took the pen offered and signed a series of forms thick with legalese, caveats, and small print. She dripped horse semen into the paper but the priestess did not mind. Perhaps, thought Lorena, that would make it more official. Lorena was intrigued by it all. "The government collects taxes when you impale a woman with a horse? And you have people that offer their relatives?"

The priestess smiled. "Yes, you know how governments are. We do claim the horse feed as an exemption. Essentially you are selling us your body. Our lawyers make us fill this all out. As for the families, you cannot imagine how nasty people can be to their own blood. I don't blame them; I had an aunt impaled recently. She was such a bitch but tasted good!"

"Then it is true that you will cook and eat me?" Her hands cupped her breasts.

"Well, right now our freezers are bursting because there were so many of you. I hope you don't mind if we sell your body as dog food."

Lorena seemed disappointed. "I was hoping you would have Monsieur Max from the Copacabana prepare me. He is a cordon blue chef. Have you ever been there? I love his pasta! My breasts would go perfectly with a white sauce and linguini."

The priestess shook her head. "Sorry, no, I am just a working girl and cannot afford those places. However, aqui entre nous, we are forming our own union soon, to renegotiate our wages. But keep that to yourself. Oh well, soon you won't have a chance to tell the head priestess anyway. Its hard to talk when you have a horse penis coming out of your mouth."

"Really?" Lorena's eyes gleamed unnaturally. "Will the shaft be that long? I would love to be skewered!"

"Oh its almost three feet long. We have been breeding these horses selectively for generations so that they have very long and not too thick shafts. With any luck it will just come out through your esophagus. Then we put a canula on your throat so you can still breathe. Relax, we have done this for generations. We are very skilled. Now, come with me, please, Changu awaits."

She led her into the altar room and made her sit on a pew. Four other women from the pit were already there. "Please sit here and wait your turn," indicated the priestess. "You may masturbate but do not touch each other. That is taboo for you now. When a 'bride' is summoned, just move over."

Indeed, all the women on the pew were masturbating themselves frenziedly as the koro coursing through their veins kept them in continuous orgasm. The woman on the end of the pew was then called. She walked on unsteady feet towards the altar, masturbating as she walked. A large horse was then brought in; his shaft was almost three feet long and iron hard due to yerba dura. The priestess presiding stood covered in blood and had a bored expression. "Come on, let's get it over with, girl. I have to attend a baby shower at eleven and it is almost nine already," she said impatiently to the woman approaching.

Lorena did not feel it spoke highly of the cult of Changu that no more ceremony and protocol was taking place. After all, she thought, they were about to be sacrificed! They owed them at least some respect! Then she winced, realizing that she was only meant to become dog food. She started masturbating furiously nonetheless and pretty soon the koro reacted. However, it was not a very strong reaction. The orgasm wasn't the overwhelming, totally heart-stopping, continuous experience she had been suffering before. In justice the altar room was a dark, dreary, smelly, blood splattered place, not exactly one conducive to sexual thoughts even in a half mad bellyrider. She realized to her horror that the koro was wearing off. The idea of being 'married' to Changu while no longer in heat did not seem too attractive. She looked around but the priestesses did not seem like they would

spare any more koro on dog food.

Pretty soon the woman on the altar was cored out and was shrieking piteously. Four priestesses held her arms and spread her legs and put her on a blood-soaked cot. Then the presiding priestess moved the horse so it would straddle her and then slid the horse's shaft into her bloody cunt. It met only slight resistance and kept going, going, in. Lorena saw the 'bride's' neck bulge and then the knobby head of the horse penis popped out of her mouth, covered in blood and gore. A priestess expertly made a small cut in her trachea and inserted a canula. The woman was still alive and breathing when they strapped her torso to the horse's belly. She was now one of the Hecate Riders. To Lorena's amazement, she took hold of the stirrups and started swinging herself back and forth on the shaft skewering her. The head would appear between her lips and then disappear into her throat. It was, Lorena realized, the ultimate fuck. The presiding priestess knelt in front of the bellyrider, kissing her, but receiving the horse's head into her mouth when it emerged. This unholy rhythm continued for a minute or so and then the head popped out of her mouth and ballooned and spurted horse semen all over the presiding priestess's face and into her mouth. The bellyrider convulsed and then her torso appeared to contract as she finally expired. A priestess then led the horse and woman away, leaving a trail of blood. "Not a bad way to go," thought Lorena while she masturbated.

Pretty soon Lorena was the last one in the pew. At the signal from the presiding priestess she stood up and walked rather eagerly towards the altar. A tall black horse awaited patiently next to the altar. Its shaft stood at attention. A leather sheath wrapped tightly around it to protect it from stomach acids made it all the more thicker. Lorena was now having second thoughts for the effects of the koro were wearing off. That would be the shaft she would die on, she knew. She went by it and ran her hand along its full length. Dying on it would be worth it, she thought. Touching the shaft stoked her lust. She smiled and then eagerly placed herself on the altar and spread her legs wide open, displaying her distended bellyrider cunt. Lorena smiled at the priestess. "Let's get it over, sister. I don't want you to miss the baby shower."

The woman smiled at her. It was rare to get such a cooperative sacrificial victim. "Do you want to be drugged?"

"And offend my new husband? No, I want to feel every inch! fuck me to death with that shaft!"

The priestess immediately set to pull her labia lips apart. It was an unmerciful and very painful stretching even though Lorena's cunt was already quite distended from years of fucking horses. "That's the biggest cunt I have ever done!" exclaimed the priestess. "You must be a veteran bellyrider and used to big shafts. I will have plenty of room to work and prepare it!"

Mama Remedios burst into the altar room followed closely by Renate. Lorena was on the altar keeping her legs wide open with her hands while the priestess was continuing to stretch her. She reached for the knife and held it high. But then she stopped the sacrifice when she saw the head priestess storm in. Mama Remedios looked at the now empty pew and almost fainted.

"She is the last one, sister," said the presiding priestess. Lorena was looking at the horse shaft with a dreamy expression on her face. The priestess kissed her cunt and raised the knife. "She is so stretched that this will only take a minute."

"That's my friend!" exclaimed Renate.

Mama Remedios cursed and regretfully she ordered. "Don't touch that bitch!"

"Sorry about your sister," whispered Renate in to Mama Remedios' ear. "Look at it this way, you are

now the sole heir of the Santos fortune and your sister is now happily squirming on the god's shaft. Don't worry 'Squealie'; my order has all the paperwork evidence you will need to present to Dom Ramiro's executor. All the more reason no one will stop me when I take my friend away as agreed, understand?"

Mama Remedios felt to her knees and a wave of nausea came over her. She was in a rage, obviously wanting to sacrifice Lorena and her friend but the hypnotic substance coursing through her veins caused a reaction when she tried to break its spell. She started vomiting violently.

Renate walked to the altar and took hold of Lorena. "Mama Remedios agreed for me to take this woman back to the Sao Paulo coven," she explained to the presiding priestess, who just stood there, knife in hand, thoroughly confused. "You can ask her yourself once she stops pucking. You all have too much meat here already. I need to take some back for the other priestesses but if I don't take it home on the hoof, so to speak, it will rot."

"Renate? What are you doing?" asked Lorena.

"I know you are probably full of koro, so don't argue with me. We don't have a second to lose. Come with me, now!"

"But, I was ready! I want it! I want the shaft!" protested Lorena. Renate shook her head and scratched her with the stinger ring, several times.

The two women reached the temple entrance unmolested. Drugged, Lorena now wore a bovine expression on her face, as suited "meat on the hoof". "The big bay horse," said Renate licking her lips lasciviously to the priestess in charge of the entrance guard, "he has a beautiful shaft. And its so long! He fucked me real hard!"

"Good for you," replied the priestess. The two women then kissed. The priestess pointed at Lorena. "What about her? She is covered in semen! She must have been in the pit!"

"I am taking this woman to a private party. She is the main entrée," explained Renate.

"You've got to be kidding me! Her ass belongs to Changu! I must ask Mama Remedios!"

Renate placed her hand on the woman's shoulder. The priestess winced, thinking a mosquito had bitten her. She almost stumbled and then turned looked at Renate slack jawed. "I am sorry that you are proving to be such a bitch," said the nun. Renate grabbed her by the nipples and started tweaking them cruelly. The woman did not protest. She had a glazed expression and smiled benignly at Renate.

"Now, listen closely, my dear," said Renate. "You will take these beautiful breasts of yours to the kitchen and carve them off yourself, understand? You will feel no pain, only pleasure. Wrap some bandages around your chest to stem the blood loss. You will then cook them in a low fire with a bit of olive oil and spices. Put them on a large platter with some spinach on the side and send it to Mama Remedios. Last you will go to the horses and let them fuck you, hard, until you die from shock or they rupture you. Anyway, don't stop till they have fucked you to death for then you will become a Changu bride. Also, don't try to stop us, understood?" The priestess cupped her breasts and smiled back. Renate sucked and kissed each of her breasts and then kissed her on the lips. The priestess herself escorted them towards the temple's exit.

"Renate!" protested Lorena as they were leaving. Even in her hypnotized stage she had to say something. "That's cruel! How could you do that?"

“Look at it from her viewpoint,” explained Lorena. “Surely Mama Remedios will eat her breasts. I know that bitch. Then she will be gangbanged to death by the horses. She will be doomed anyway and will die of shock and sepsis sooner or later. What else could a girl such as her want? I sort of envy her myself! Besides, imagine the scene she will create when she goes into the kitchen and starts cutting off her tits! The more distracted this crowd is the less the chance that they will come after us. If they catch us we will have a horse penis popping out of our mouths within hours!!”

The two naked women hurried back to Elizabeth’s Bentley. It was parked a few blocks away and they had to walk out in the open. It was now full daylight but the streets were deserted and no one took notice of the two nude women. The good people of Rio were staying inside their homes until it was sorted out who was to rule the country.

“I am tying you down,” explained Renate when they reached the Bentley. She looked into the trunk, keeping an eye on Lorena all the time, and promptly emerged with all sorts of shackles and chains. Apparently Elizabeth enjoyed bondage. Why she kept these accoutrements in her car mystified Renate. Perhaps she ought not to ask. “I don’t trust you right now Lorena. In your state of mind you would bolt out of the car and run back to the temple to become dinner.”

“Dog food, the bastards were going to turn me into dog food. How come you were so chummy with the head priestess?” asked Lorena as she was being tied.

“An old friend, just an old friend,” replied Renate. “Elizabeth is not the only kinky friend I have, though perhaps she is the kinkiest.”

“And don’t worry about me running away. I am no longer in heat,” explained Lorena. But Renate kept on shackling her, just in case. “And to think I actually was eager to marry that obscenity! Oh, you are good, Renate, make it real tight, I like it!”

“Shush, try to forget about it. Your daughter awaits,” said Renate soothingly and she kissed her. Her nose wrinkled. “Also, you need a bath!”

Renate drove away like a bat out of hell, fearing that Mama Remedios had recuperated and sent men after her. She had, however, to slam on the brakes when a motorcycle ran a red light in front of her. There was a man and a woman riding on top of it. The woman was nude except for a leather jacket that flapped in the air. The woman recognized her and waved back smiling. Renate drew her own conclusions and she smiled and waved back.

XXXIX A Walk on the Beach

That night Lorena and Elizabeth were walking hand in hand along Elizabeth’s private beach. The night sky was ablaze with stars. They could see the Southern Cross atop them.

“This is so beautiful,” said Renate.

“Not as beautiful as you,” replied Elizabeth. She embraced the other woman and the two shared a long kiss.

“Wanna fuck a horse?” giggled Renate.

“Anytime! We could spend the night under a horse, side by side. Would you like that?”

“I was hoping you would ask,” smiled the nun. “But let me be fucked by a donkey first. I love their flare.”

"I have three donkeys at hand. I will have you fucked by all three before we get on the harness."

"I love you! Jesus! I love you!" replied the nun enthusiastically.

Elizabeth knelt in front of her and started kissing her pubes. Then she looked up at Renate's lovely face. "There is, however, something you must clarify for me. Hush, let me say my bit. You took a fourth vow, did you not?"

Renate paled. Then she knelt in front of her and held her by her waist. She kissed Elizabeth's pubes.

"Someone told you? I wanted to tell you myself."

"Are you overdue then?"

Renate hesitated. Her eyes glazed. "Yes. That is why I have to go back. It's my time."

"Nothing I say will change your mind?"

Renate lowered her eyes, unable to look at her. "No. Can you forgive me?"

"Never. I love you too much to lose you."

"I never expected you to understand nor do I think I would be able to explain."

"Then say nothing. The only thing we have right now is our love. Let us make the most of the little time we have left."

The two embraced and started caressing each other. Pretty soon they entwined into the sixty-nine position. They licked each other frenziedly, lovers trying to snatch an instant and make it last forever.

In the end, Elizabeth stood up and helped her to her feet. "Now come, Renate, we'll shower off this sand and go to the stables. I don't know about you but I need a horse penis shoved up my cunt."

That night the two laid side by side under a horse, holding hands. Elizabeth rode Latigo while Renate was slung under Jupiter.

The next morning the two laid in a pair of cots in the terrace while the Indian women gave them a vigorous massage.

"This is lovely, Elizabeth," said Renate smiling.

"Helps restore circulation to the legs after spending time in the harness," replied Elizabeth. She turned over on her back and motioned to Lucia to fist her. "Let them fist you. They have small hands but they are very skilled."

Renate promptly turned over and Maricela started pumping both her hands into Renate's distended cunt.

"Oh yesss!" cried the nun. "It feels wonderful!"

Elizabeth laughed. "Marry me, Renate, be my bride or husband or whatever. I can arrange it with Montoya. We can enjoy pleasure together forever."

The nun averted her eyes. She motioned to Maricela to stop servicing her and then stood up from the cot. "I must be alone, Elizabeth, please," she said as she walked away. Elizabeth stared sadly at the tall, slim, tattooed woman.

"Did I do something wrong, milady?" asked Maricela sheepishly.

"Nothing, you did nothing wrong, my dear," said Elizabeth in a reassuring tone. "Renate has some issues, that is all."

"She is so pretty, milady, especially now that she wears kapu."

"You do not know how to apply it, do you?"

"Oh no, milady, only the wise women in the villages along the Xingu do."

"Then one day I ought to go to the Xingu."

XL Obsession

A week went by. The generals cracked down on the rebels and in a few days of bloodbath had gotten control of Rio once again. The president was nowhere to be found nor did anyone look hard enough for him. A junta soon restored order. Elizabeth heard nothing about Joao but was actually hoping that the old reprobate would show up again some day.

Lorena had just returned from visiting her daughter at the hospital. She found Elizabeth and Renate enjoying their afternoon coffee on the terrace.

"Lorena," smiled Renate, "funny to see you wearing clothes. How is your daughter?"

Lorena frowned and immediately started stripping, throwing her clothes carelessly unto a nearby chair. "Clothes are so uncomfortable but unfortunately I could not visit her in the nude! As for Anastasia, the doctors are going to release her next week. I am afraid she might not walk again. Damn!"

"Here," said Elizabeth pouring her niece a flute of champagne. "At least she is alive."

"Does she know? How is she taking it?" asked Renate.

"Yes, she knows," replied Renate. Then she added with some pride, "Actually, she doesn't seem to mind. She says that if she can still suck a horse she will be OK."

"Does she have any feeling below her waist?" continued Renate.

"Only ghosts, I am afraid," explained Lorena somberly.

"That is good then. She is still young. Her body will heal," said Renate. "I have seen many such cases. As long as there is some sensation the body will heal itself."

Lorena downed her drink. She seemed embarrassed. "I need a horse, badly, Elizabeth. Do you mind, I am going to the stables. I want a horse to fuck me hard!"

"Do go ahead!" smiled Elizabeth. "I don't think Rayo has been made love to in some days. His balls are probably about to burst, enjoy!"

The two lovers saw the now naked Lorena almost run to meet her four legged lover.

"I suppose that making love to horses is her way of coping," noted Renate.

"That it is. Will you stay until Anastasia comes back? You have medical training; we will need you here."

"You are very sly, my love. You keep giving me ecstasies and joys. And now you give me responsibilities. It will be all the harder for me to leave to go to my fate."

"Do stay, a couple more weeks, please," insisted Elizabeth. "The shaft will always be there when you go back."

"OK, I will. But now, I must go be alone, to pray. There is a lot of spiritual preparation I have to do." She stood up and walked away.

As dusk fell Renate went to look for the nun. She found Renate sitting in a bench in a park like grove overlooking the sea. There was a rosary in her hands.

"Praying helps you?"

Renate smiled. "I am still a nun, Elizabeth. This is all part of my spiritual preparations, yes. I wish I could raise my pain threshold, however."

Elizabeth took a ganja cigar from a bag and lit it. "This helps me too. I have some rum in here also." She offered the lit cigar.

"Thanks," said the nun in a quiet voice. She took a drag off the cigar and a swig of rum. "How is Lorena?"

"Sore and happy and dripping semen. Rayo fucked her hard."

The nun smiled. She placed her hands on her pubes and started to masturbate. "I have taken to phantasizing about taking the entire shaft."

"Will it hurt a lot?" asked Elizabeth quietly.

"The times I have seen it done, yes, it does seem to hurt. And death sometimes is not immediate. It is said that the blessed Leda took three days to die."

"That's the nun that got ruptured during Mardi Gras and survived is she not?"

"Yes. Some consider her a saint, the only woman to ever be ruptured twice, the second time voluntarily and fatally. I intend to offer my pain to her."

Elizabeth made a gesture of disgust. "What is then different from what the priestesses do?"

Renate frowned. "We only do it to ourselves. We don't go around doing helpless women. We do it without coercion and the right to do so is only earned after a life of debauchery. We consider it the ultimate perversion."

Elizabeth sat next to her. They sat quietly for a while while Renate resumed her masturbating and Elizabeth embraced her. Pretty soon the nun brought herself to orgasm. There was an unnatural gleam in her eyes. The two women kissed. Elizabeth opened her bare legs and stared at the gaping

cunt she had. She took hold of a couple of the rings imbedded cruelly in her pubes and pulled the lips apart stretching herself mercilessly. "You are right, I will never be able to understand you. I do know that if I were to ever do it I would want to be quite stoned. When Mama Salome and her men were doing me they injected something that numbed my torso."

The nun laughed. Her tattooed hand reached for Elizabeth's distended cunt. "That would take all the fun out. We don't use anything."

"Ouch!" laughed Elizabeth. "Well, suit yourself. I understand now why you had yourself tattooed."

"Do you?" Renate's hand was now caressing her pubes.

"Well, maybe I do," answered Elizabeth as she took another swig of rum. "I might try it some day."

"What? The shaft to the hilt?"

Elizabeth laughed. "No, silly, the tattooing and that too! Yes, why not?"

Renate drove her fist roughly into her cunt. Elizabeth yelped. "Your cunt is like iron. I don't think it would ever tear!"

"Ouch! Take it easy!" protested Elizabeth.

"You refused Mama Salome's offer, did you not?" Renate was now straddling her. The nun's fist continued to drive into Elizabeth's cunt.

"Actually I did not! I was all ready and willing and they were pulling my legs but then Ximena saved me!"

"So you were accepting of the shaft!" screamed the nun. "Oh I envy you! I try! God knows I try! But it's so hard to make one's peace!"

"What are you saying? You'd have to be crazy to even consider it!"

"Crazy? Yes, with obsession! With desire! What is it like? Tell me?" There was a note of desperation in her voice.

"It's a terrible pressure in your cunt, accompanied by a lot of pain!" replied Elizabeth. The nun's hand was now digging deeper into Elizabeth's cunt. "Just like what you are inflicting on me right now!"

"How much pain! I must know!" said the nun in a shrill voice. Her fist was now pounding Elizabeth's cervix mercilessly.

"Calm down! You scare me! Stop it! You are hurting me!" Elizabeth tried to push her off but the nun would not budge. Elizabeth shrieked and her body trembled. The nun stared at her wide-eyed and fearful, her eyes brimming with tears.

Renate removed her hand and stood up then fell to her knees and started to sob. "I am sorry! I did not mean it to be like this! This is driving me mad! I should leave now and finish it. Staying alive in this manner does not help. I will just hurt you. I deserve to die!"

Elizabeth winced with pain but managed to stand up. "You will hurt us all if you leave right now. Come, you are not in your right mind right now and that is to be expected. Let's go to bed, make

love, in the morning you will feel better.”

The nun let herself be taken gently by Elizabeth. “If I stay with you here, for a couple of weeks, will you help me accept my fate? I know that you have been trying to make me change my mind. Please stop that. Help me instead to make my peace. Only then will I be strong enough to do what I must do.”

“So be it. Now, listen, my girls have been thawing some large jugs of frozen horse and donkey semen that I have collected for some time. They have enough to fill a bathtub. Come with me. We will bathe together in it and celebrate our love.”

“Yes,” smiled the nun, “that would be good, it would be like anointing a sacrifice.”

Elizabeth rolled her eyes. “Whatever, I just like the feeling of being covered in jism! The trouble is that it takes so long to collect enough. Come, lets go while it is still warm and running. Besides, my breasts are also about to burst with milk. You must suck them. Call that an anointing or whatever but my tits need to be sucked badly!”

XLI Anastasia Returns

Anastasia was brought home on a bright Sunday morning. There was feasting that day. The women had gathered on the terrace. They all were naked, even Anastasia, even though she was on a wheel chair.

“The sun will heal you,” said Renate sagely. “After spending so much time in a dark hospital wearing clothes your body needs freedom.”

“I feel happy been here and sky clad. I missed you all so much!” replied Anastasia.

Elizabeth raised her flute of champagne and toasted. “Here is to our star bellyrider, Anastasia, may she get in the sling soon, and also to our nympho nun, Renate, my new friend and lover!”

“You two ought to marry, what the hell!” laughed Lorena.

Renate looked at Elizabeth knowingly and shook her head discreetly but Elizabeth ignored her. “Perhaps. I keep telling her we could have it done in Rio Cathedral. Imagine us two walking naked down the aisle, in front of all those people! And fat Montoya waiting at the altar!”

“I would be the one giving you away then!” added Lorena. “But I will only attend if I go naked too!”

“And we could be your bridesmaids, milady,” said Maricela. “But we also want to be naked.”

“Naw, bare flesh is too boring,” laughed Elizabeth between swigs of her champagne. “Look at Renate. Does she not look so lovely all tattoood? To be fitting I think we all should wear kapu!” At this some of the women shuddered and others took more swigs of their champagne.

“You know, even that might be too much for Rio!” finally laughed Renate.

“Yes, but not in my hacienda out there in the boonies,” explained Lorena. “The local priest will do anything I tell him to do. I tell you, we could have such a party!”

“Mother, could also wear kapu?” asked Anastasia.

“Sure! Why not!” replied Lorena. “I think it looks lovely, right, Renate?”

The nun shook her head. "You all are crazy."

"Now, Sister, don't be a spoil sport," admonished Elizabeth. "Do you think my girl Anastasia here is hale enough to give a horse a blowjob?"

Renate shrugged. "I don't see why not. There are plenty of us here who can get a horse hard for her. Would you like to suck on my Latigo?"

Anastasia giggled and nodded.

"Why, she has not sucked on a horse for weeks!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Let her do the entire stable tonight!"

"Fine," agreed Elizabeth, "but no penetration, not yet. She is just recuperating from her operation! I mean it Elizabeth!"

The women then led Anastasia on her wheelchair towards the stables.

XLII An Offer Is Made and Accepted

The week went by swiftly. Renate did her best to provide physical therapy to Anastasia. The results were mixed.

"Now try to push your foot," ordered the nun. She was holding on to Anastasia's sole.

"I can't," replied the young girl.

"Just try," said Renate in a shrill tone. Anastasia was near tears. Lorena, standing nearby, looked at Elizabeth.

"Renate, you two have been at it all morning. Let the girl be for now," admonished Elizabeth.

"I am sorry," answered Renate. She stood up embarrassed and felt the frosty look that Elizabeth and Lorena gave her. "I meant no harm. I thought I felt some pressure, really. Please excuse me. I must be alone for a while." Elizabeth followed her.

"Wait! I have an idea," offered Elizabeth. "Maybe I can accommodate you. There would be no need for you to go to Recife to be, you know, 'sacrificed'."

"What do you mean?" Renate turned on her scowling. "You want to take me to the Temple of Changu?"

"No, those people are creepy and low class. Come with me, to the stables. I might have just what you need."

She took her by the hand and the two naked women followed a trail back to the stables. There Elizabeth took her into a storage room and proudly pointed out her breeding phantom.

"There it is! Looks just like a mare, except you can sneak inside it. You lay on your knees with your cheeks flush against the opening. The horse mounts it and fucks you. And I really mean he fucks you!"

"I've heard of this!" said the nun enthusiastically. Her hands went to her pubes.

Elizabeth explained the contraptions features proudly. "The horse will thrust forcefully for he thinks he is fucking a mare. Normally I put a wooden sheath to limit Jupiter's penetration. But if you really want to take his entire shaft, we can dispense with it. Then there will be nothing to stop him."

Renate walked slowly around the contraption. "Kind of like Pasiphae's cow setup?"

"Same idea, yes," replied Elizabeth.

The nun closed her eyes and started masturbating imagining herself inside the contraption as Jupiter thrust his shaft into her mercilessly. "Jupiter has a lovely shaft. He fucked me real good last night and I am still a little sore. Are you sure he won't stop once he reaches bottom?"

"My mother died in that manner. The shaft went in all the way to her chest. She died in this very same contraption in fact."

"What will you tell the others?"

"I'll tell them it was an accident, they will accept that. They do not need to know. It will be just me and you tonight here."

"Tonight?" Renate grabbed on to the side of a stall. She felt dizzy.

"Yes, why not tonight? I hate it that you are so cranky. We might as well have you impaled as soon as possible."

"So be it!" agreed the nun. "Will Jupiter have enough semen in his balls after fucking me last night?"

"Oh, he is a healthy boy. I am sure there will be plenty of semen. Is that so important?"

"The ceremony requires that he come inside me once he ruptures me and, hopefully, his semen will be coming out of my mouth. Unless he skewers me, of course, but I don't think we would be able to achieve that. He is too thick for my esophagus. With some luck I will still be alive for a while."

"Jesus! You are worse than the priestesses!"

"I want you to kiss me all throughout so that if there is any semen coming out my mouth it goes into yours."

"Kinky! I like that! What other preparation do you need? There are still some hours before nightfall."

"How many mounts do you have here?"

"Well, let me see, there are the three donkeys, about twelve horses plus Latigo and Jupiter."

"OK," said Renate. She caressed Elizabeth's bare breasts. "I want them all to fuck me. Don't use the sheath to limit the penetration. Hopefully it will be Jupiter or my Latigo that tears me up. But I don't mind it if it is a donkey. In fact, it will be perhaps better if it is a donkey. It is said that Mary Magdalene bellyrode in to Jerusalem under a donkey, right behind Jesus."

"You gotta be kidding me!" exclaimed Elizabeth incredulously. "Jesus bellyrode also?"

"Stop it! You blasphemer!" laughed Renate. Then she grew somber. She inspected the breeding phantom carefully. "So here is where I will die. C'est la vie. But do answer me a question, Elizabeth."

“What?”

“Why are you helping me?”

Elizabeth lovingly caressed the nun’s face. “I love you too much. But you are too far-gone to be happy with my love. That is very evident. You are moody and surly and no fun anymore. Fact is, you are becoming a boring old bitch so I won’t mind having you fucked to death. That said, I repeat that I still love you. And I can tell you are suffering and I don’t like that. I might as well help you on your way, let you go in a way that will make you happy.”

The two women kissed. “Thank you my love,” said the nun. “Now let me alone, I have to pray. I will be here at sundown.”

XLIII Pain

Sundown came and the two women moved the breeding phantom into the middle of the stable.

“This is a cement floor. You will be able to hose away the blood afterwards,” said Renate.

Elizabeth shuddered. “We don’t have to do this, you know.”

Renate shook her head. “Its too late for you to try to talk me out of it. I am committed and ready. Come, let’s make love one last time. There are some bales of hay over there.”

Afterwards Renate bent over while Elizabeth lubricated her generously. Then Renate slipped into the contraption. She was on her knees bent over. Her torso had a slight bent downwards and her belly rested on a leather-covered surface. Her head protruded at the front of the apparatus. She took deep breaths to steady herself. Her pulse was racing. The blood was pounding at her temples. She prayed out loud. “Oh blessed St. Leda, let me not falter now! Stoke my lust that I may welcome the shaft! Weaken my flesh that it ruptures me easily!”

“Hold on to the bars at your side,” cautioned Elizabeth. “This will help you meet his thrusts. Not that it matters, I am tightening your torso down so you won’t be able to move. You really won’t be able to do anything about it. Just pray and wait for the rupture.”

“Ohmigod!” was all Renate managed to say. She was very pale. Elizabeth gave her a sip of rum, which seemed to help.

Elizabeth caressed her face. “What do you want first, horse or donkey?”

“Let’s start with the donkeys. You have three of them, right?”

“Donkeys it is. Yes, I have three of them, all with very large flares. They thrust real hard. I am always sore after they fuck me.”

“Good. Now listen, if one of them ruptures me then his flare will surely break a blood vessel. It will be quick then. I won’t suffer. That is good. Whatever I say, do not take me out of the breeding phantom. It is better if I die in it.”

“Whatever you say.”

“Elizabeth! I am serious! I trust you! Let me die, understand? Do not try to take me to an emergency room. It will be better for us all that way.”

Elizabeth brought in a white, rather large, donkey. He already had dropped, having smelled Elizabeth. His nostrils snorted. Elizabeth swiftly made him straddle the breeding phantom. "Here comes the first one, Renate, are you ready?"

"Yes! fuck me! fuck me hard! I want it all in!" cried the nun. Elizabeth held the shaft in her hands and kissed it. She applied generous dollops of Vaseline to the massive flared head and shaft. The donkey's penis was very hard. Then she guided the shaft into the opening. The donkey felt his head easily slip into Renate's distended cunt. Elizabeth heard the nun moan lustily. Then, thinking he was fucking a mare, the donkey started pounding hard, forcing his shaft brusquely into the nun. Renate screamed. The distension was too sudden. The donkey entered her and began a merciless, brutal, fucking. Elizabeth ran to the front of the phantom and knelt in front of Renate. The nun's tattooed face was a mask of pain and lust. Her hands gripped the bars at her side so hard that her knuckles were white. Elizabeth caressed her face as the brutal fucking proceeded.

"Remember!" whimpered the nun, "when his semen starts coming out of my mouth press your mouth to mine! I don't know if I will be able to signal when it happens. Pay close attention! Ohmigod! Oh Jesus! fuck me! fuck me hard! I want it deeper! Deeper! Harder!"

Then the donkey brayed loudly and his loins trembled. Renate grunted and her eyes dilated. It was the flare. She could feel it stretching her innards mercilessly. The familiar warmth of an equine's ample ejaculation flooded her lower body. Then the donkey's penis distended and slowly came out of Renate's cunt, making obscene noises as it left. Renate felt as if he were pulling her guts out. There must have been more than a foot of donkey penis inside the nun but no blood came out; however, an abundant flow of donkey semen exploded out of the nun's cunt and pooled around her knees.

"Are you ruptured?" asked Elizabeth.

Renate was moaning but she managed to take a deep breath and answer. "No, the bastard did not rupture me. I would hardly be able to breathe if my diaphragm were broken. It was a lovely fuck, nonetheless. Very painful, actually, I think he went all the way into my womb! Oh Jesus, it hurts!"

Elizabeth kissed her. "Well, so much for that idea. However, suppose that one of these beasties does rupture you. What then? He is going to pull out, you know."

"Just keep them coming. Let them continue to fuck me. I don't mind as long as I get to die on the shaft. Have the next donkey fuck me in the ass. He'll be able to go in deeper."

Elizabeth shrugged. "Suit yourself. Of all people in the world I had to fall in love with one that is completely nuts! Ok, nun, I will get a new donkey."

Two more donkeys and a horse afterwards, the nun was covered in sweat and cursing. The pain in her cunt and ass was considerable. Her face was distorted from it. Her hair fell in a loose sweaty mat over her face. The animals had been pounding her mercilessly. But she still had not ruptured. Elizabeth contemplated her lovingly.

"Damn! I have seen novices rupture on their first donkey!" snarled Renate. "But I must have an iron cunt like yours!"

Elizabeth gave her another swig of rum. "You want to take a break?"

"No, just give me more rum. I am very thirsty. It will help the pain. I had no idea it would be so hard to get myself killed this way."

Elizabeth held the bottle to her lips. "Do you think its something wrong with the breeding phantom? They say my mother ruptured very quickly."

"No, my pubes are at the right angle and I really can't move. Don't forget that a cunt is designed to take pounding. It's amongst the toughest tissue in a woman's body. I am surprised that it didn't rip my ass open. Then again, I am in pretty good shape and healthy."

"Well," added Elizabeth taking a swig of rum herself, "don't ask me to core you out as if I were a priestess. I think I would lack both the skill and the stomach."

"I was hoping that if it came to that you would help me," replied Renate. Elizabeth almost fainted. "OK, maybe I should do it myself with a scalpel."

"You'd have to come out again. I'll help you if that's what you want."

"No, not for now. I think it's a matter of time before one of these brutes ruptures me. It will be more appropriate that way. After all, it has just been three donkeys and a couple of horses so far."

"Only one horse, my dear," corrected Elizabeth. "But it was the one we use for beginners. Let me bring out the warmbloods now."

"Forget about them," said the nun. "Bring me Jupiter now! I don't know if I will keep up my nerve or my sanity if they just keep fucking me. Let Jupiter kill me now!"

"You want him up your ass?"

"No!" exclaimed the nun. "I will take him in the cunt! Hurry, before I loose my nerve!"

It was with some trepidation that Elizabeth brought in Jupiter. His massive shaft had already come out of its sheath and was knocking against his chest. Elizabeth made the large horse straddle the breeding phantom. She then held the massive shaft in her hands and generously applied Vaseline to it. "Are you ready, Renate? This shaft should definitely do it. Pretty soon it will be resting up to your chest, behind your breasts."

"Feel his balls, Elizabeth, please," answered the nun. "Are they full?"

This Elizabeth did, caressing the black velvety balls she so loved. "Yes, my boy is full."

"Oh Jesus!" cried the nun. "This is it! fuck me! fuck me hard! fuck me to death! Impale me!"

Elizabeth guided the massive shaft in. His head slipped inside Renate and he felt her warmness and tightness. Then Jupiter immediately thrust forward, not giving time for Renate's cunt to adjust. Renate screamed loudly. Though Jupiter had already fucked her before that had been in the harness, where there was enough play on the ropes to allow her some leeway to accommodate the massive shaft. There was none within the breeding phantom. Renate thought she felt something rip inside her. Elizabeth ran to kneel next to her friend. The entire breeding phantom was shaking due to the powerful thrusts of Jupiter. Renate continued to scream and whimper. The shaft was actually raising her torso off and flailing her around as if she were just a rag doll. This brutal fuck continued for ten more minutes, each of which seemed an eternity to Renate. Then the nun gave a loud scream.

"Elizabeth!" she managed to groan. "Kiss me!"

Elizabeth pressed her mouth to Renate's. Elizabeth suspected that the nun had been ruptured,

perhaps had the shaft all the way into her stomach, and any moment a flow of Jupiter's semen would come out of the nun's mouth. Elizabeth reached into the contraption and grabbed Renate's torso, further steadying while the brutal fucking continued. Renate was moaning loudly and her eyes were as wide as saucers. She pressed her mouth desperately to Elizabeth's lips. Elizabeth thought she tasted Jupiter's semen and her eyes flooded with tears.

"Ohmigod! Elizabeth! Who is on the breeding phantom!" cried Lorena who had just entered the stable.

"I guess we are interrupting the fun," said a rather embarrassed Bishop Montoya.

At that moment, Jupiter's flanks trembled and he released a massive flood of semen into the nun's innards. Renate screamed and her torso convulsed and then she passed out. There was no burst of semen or blood, however, coming out of her mouth. Elizabeth stood up, confused and embarrassed. Lorena kept her head and swiftly grabbed Jupiter's reins. The horse's massive shaft slowly retracted, followed by an abundant flood of semen, which exploded out of the nun's pubes.

"Are you crazy?" exclaimed Lorena as she saw the obscene and monstrous shaft come out. "There is no wooden sheath to limit the penetration!"

The bishop looked at the scene with some curiosity mixed in with some distate. "Don't tell me, the nun is inside that contraption and she is fulfilling her fourth vow, right?"

Elizabeth nodded.

"What are you talking about?" asked Lorena.

"These nuns, my dear, take a vow to die ruptured by a horse," explained the Bishop. "It's a practice that the Church frowns on, of course, but which we cannot keep from happening. Well, at least until now. You would be amazed at what goes on at that monastery. It would make a priestess of Changu blush. But, of course, it is not our place to judge. Alexander VI, the Borgia Pope, sanctioned their liturgy, which, by the way, was drawn up by his daughter Lucrezia. One cannot argue with papal infallibility can one?"

"I suppose not," said Lorena and she crossed herself.

"And I suppose my good friend Elizabeth here was helping her, right?"

Elizabeth nodded. "You guessed right, Raul. In fact this was my idea. My mother died in this contraption and Renate was insistent on dying impaled by a horse shaft."

"Oh Jesus, Elizabeth, and you actually helped her! Anyways, did she fulfill her wish?"

Renate groaned. "Alas, no, I am still here, your Grace. I wish you had found me in a better state. I can hardly walk, but I think I will survive. Elizabeth, please take me out of this contraption. My nerve is gone now and I have to pay my respects to my superior."

Elizabeth helped the nun to her feet. Renate's cunt yawned obscenely and gobs and gobs of semen were streaking down her legs. The nun approached the bishop in rubbery legs and kissed his ring.

"I am afraid I have some bad news, Sister," started the Bishop. "You better sit down. Help her Elizabeth."

Elizabeth and Lorena helped Renate sit on a nearby bale of hay. She cried in pain as she sat and appeared unable to keep her legs closed. Horse and donkey semen started to pool between her feet.

"Well, you look thoroughly fucked!" exclaimed Lorena. "Elizabeth, you got to let me try that contraption out some day without a sheath!"

Elizabeth scowled at her niece.

"Rome issued a decree specifically prohibiting your order from performing self-immolation," explained Montoya. Renate tried to stand up and her mouth opened in protest. "Hush! I know it is one of your vows and it goes against Alexander VI's decrees. I am no theologian but it appears one Pope's infallibility cancels another's. And Pius in Rome just did so."

"You mean she does not have to die on the shaft?" asked Elizabeth.

"She never has had to, the wording of the vow is ambiguous if I remember correctly. But that is irrelevant. Now she can't. That is the gist of the decree, among other things. And I do agree with it. The Church does frown on suicide, you know."

"The sisters won't stand for that!" cried Renate. "They have ended their lives on the shaft for generations! We are proud of what we do!"

"Pride is a major sin, Sister. But I expected resistance. In fact, in protest, I am told, two of your sisters had themselves impaled in Recife. The police had to take over your convent, at the archbishop's request. Those who died were Sister Libida, your mother superior, and one Cecilia, which I understand was her lover. I am sorry."

Renate paled. Libida's face was a blur suddenly but she remembered clearly every fold in the Mother Superior's cunt. "Oh Jesus! I loved her!"

"There is more, Sister," continued the Bishop. "Had you been there I am sure we would be lamenting your death even now. Fact is, the order is leaderless. Per the decision of the archbishop, you are now the mother superior."

"Me??" cried Renate. "I am not worthy! That is not a decision he can make! We are self-governing!"

"No one is, dear, but listen, your leadership is needed sorely in Recife right now. the senior nuns are all confused and the rest are novices. You are the senior one; therefore you are mother superior by default. The archbishop has invoked a little known clause in your rules to let him decide who is going to be mother superior. He has specifically ordered that you bring the rest of your Sisters into compliance with the all rules of the decree."

"There is more than one rule besides the prohibition of self-immolation?"

"It gets worse. Basically, you are now a clothed order. And no more bestiality and promiscuity is permitted. You are to engage in good works and pray. I am sorry."

Renate shrieked and wailed. "That is too harsh, Montoya!" cried Elizabeth. "Nudity, bestiality, promiscuity, dying on a horse shaft, why those are all the vows these women took! Rome must be crazy!"

"Lucrezia Borgia knew what she was doing!" whimpered Renate. "She set up a nunnery for nymphomaniacs so they could worship God in their own way. It's not our fault that God made us so

lust and shameless or that we are so fascinated by large horse cocks that we yearn to take one all the way to the hilt. That is not to be thrown in our face. We are human and give way and accept our baser yearnings. That was how God fashioned us! We praise God with our orgasms. We celebrate life, not death, when we fuck. And we like to fuck! We live nude and free and happy! It would be just like Men to find fault in what God made and on how Women worship Him!"

"I am really sorry..." said the Bishop in a quiet voice.

Renate felt to her knees in front of the bishop. "No way you are going to get me to do this to my sisters, Your Eminence."

"You must obey the archbishop, Sister, just like I do," said Montoya in a harsh tone. "We all take a vow of obedience, remember? Otherwise, believe me, I would never be here doing this to you and your order."

"Raul, this has gone too far," said Elizabeth kneeling next to Renate. "Don't ask her to drink from that cup."

"She must think of the young novices at this point," explained Montoya. "They are without leadership and confused and scared. God knows what is going on in Recife. They have taken away all their animals and clothed them at gunpoint. And some nuns who are sour and humorless watch them closely. Believe me, I do not get any pleasure out of doing this. I am sorry. I just came here to do my duty. May God guide you, Mother Superior." That said, the Bishop blessed Renate and turned and left.

"Renate, my dear," Elizabeth said in a soothing voice as she held the nun. "There are still more horses at hand. I love you too much to see you suffer this way. If you wish to die tonight I will help you."

The nun was sobbing quietly. "Oh God, no Elizabeth, the man is right. I must go to the convent and sort things out. My sisters need my guidance. It was actually very selfish of the others to take the shaft at this point. Libida should have not have done it alone and not dragged Cecilia to her death! That the mother superior died would have been enough protest. And Cecilia was only 23! Libida had no right! God knows I tried to kill myself here tonight but I was not asking others to follow me."

Elizabeth kissed her. "If you had died I would have been on that breeding phantom afterwards, my love."

The nun winced when a stab of pain hit her cunt. "Then thank God I didn't! It must not have been my time. I can hardly walk. I think it will take me long time to recuperate from this fucking."

"I still envy you, Renate," smiled Lorena. "I don't think I have ever been fucked that hard."

Renate stood up in rubbery legs held by both Lorena and Elizabeth. "Well, one thing I can tell you Lorena is that it was worth it."

"Nonsense," said Elizabeth, "you forget I have been almost ruptured twice. Now you need to rest and let's hope you can walk straight tomorrow."

"Aye," agreed Lorena, "and you need a bath, badly!"

"Let me get this straight," continued Elizabeth, "they won't let you walk around nude or fuck animals any more but nothing was said about lesbianism, right?"

Renate smiled. "Nice try, Elizabeth, but I think that lesbianism falls under the prohibition of promiscuity."

"Well," added Lorena, "that would be if you were to fuck strangers. But we are not strangers, right? I mean, we might be strange but are not strangers!"

"Yes!" agreed Elizabeth. "Maybe I can do with my fist what Jupiter's shaft could not do!"

XLIV Farewells

A few days later, Lorena pushed her daughter's wheelchair unto the balcony overlooking Elizabeth's sprawling hacienda.

Elizabeth and Renate, approached holding hands. Elizabeth, as usual, was naked but Renate wore her habit. It was embarrassing for everyone to see her thus clothed. The nun was barefoot and walked with a slight limp, holding on to Elizabeth's arm. "How is our girl doing today?" asked Elizabeth.

"Maybe someday she will be fucked by a horse again," noted Lorena. "I am praying a novena to St. Leda that it be so."

"I do yearn for horsecock," replied Anastasia earnestly. "At least I can still suck."

Renate kissed her on the lips. Anastasia was a lovely girl. It was such a shame that she would not be able to walk again. It was also debatable whether she would be able to orgasm again. Renate could not but feel that she was partly to blame, having injected her with koro juice.

They sat at a table and the morning sun warmed the naked women and made poor Renate uncomfortable. If anything, the habit made her facial tattoos look more incongruous. Lucia brought them coffee and breakfast, while Ximena and Maricela knelt in front of them to service them.

"Are you really leaving, Renate?" asked Lorena smiling. She could feel Maricela's mouth pressed against her pubes.

Elizabeth stared at her coffee cup wordlessly.

"Yes, right after we finish breakfast," replied the nun smiling quietly. Ximena had ensconced her way up the nun's habit and was at the time licking her enthusiastically. The nun had not refused her. It would probably be a long time before she had another woman licking her pubes.

"But, weren't you going to bellyride all the way to Recife?" inquired Anastasia. "Elizabeth told me that that would be just what you needed if you were going back to Recife."

Renate laughed. "Don't believe every that every perversion your aunt concocts is possible. However, just the thought of wearing a habit for the next three days on a slow stinking train gives me pause. If I could, yes, I would rather travel all the way slung under Latigo. But, alas, there has been a change of plans. Elizabeth will keep Latigo here and I go back to Recife, clothed."

"Recife it's like 600 kilometers away! Imagine how beautiful it would be to bellyride all the way!" exclaimed Lorena. Her breathing was labored. Maricela had her on the verge of orgasm. She came moments later while the conversation around her continued. A woman orgasming was a common sight at Elizabeth's household. Maricela then knelt in front of Anastasia but Lorena's daughter shook her head. The Indian girl then knelt between Elizabeth's legs and pressed her mouth to Elizabeth's

pubes.

"If she could bellyride I would give her Jupiter as a remonta," explained Elizabeth.

"You would?" asked Lorena amazed. "But, he is your favorite lover!"

"Karl promised that he would have a couple of Lippizanners shipped over to me," explained Elizabeth. "They will definitely keep my cunt open!"

"I can't see how it would stretch more!" exclaimed Lorena. "Tell me Maricela, is that a big cunt you are eating or not?"

"It's a lovely cunt, milady," answered the Indian girl who was kneeling between Elizabeth's legs. "I love it! Its always so wet! I cannot get enough of it!"

"Jupiter would be a wonderful remonta," agreed Renate. "A big shaft keeps you stable while you are in the harness. I don't know how Elizabeth could take him in. He is so huge! I am still sore from our adventure last night."

"If she were to bellyride all the way to Recife I figured she she would need two horses," laughed Elizabeth. "One would pump her while the other one charges back up!"

"Yes," agreed Lorena. "One could easily spend twelve hours on each shaft if you pump enough yerba dura into them."

"If Renate can't bellyride to Recife, I offered to charter her a plane to take her there and save herself the train trip. But she is stubborn as that mule I used to fuck," explained Elizabeth while Maricela continued to service her.

"Oh yeah, that was old Pluto or Mars or whatever you used to call him," remembered Lorena laughing. "It took a lot to make him drop, but once he got the idea through his thick skull he really pounded you! At least he did to me!"

"I'd better go now," said Renate quietly. Her eyes were brimming with tears. She had gently pushed Ximena away from her. Ximena had then took one of Elizabeth's turgid breasts and started kneading and sucking it enthusiastically.

Elizabeth understood. She looked at the nun through half-closed eyes. All the talk about cocks was torture to Renate, whom all such pleasures were now forbidden. "I am sorry, we are such fools!"

Renate stood up and regarded Elizabeth whose eyes who was watching her intently. "It's not your fault. I love you all. Look, I always have trouble saying farewell. I love you Elizabeth. Our love cannot be wrong, ever. That is all that matters." Renate's lips closed around Elizabeth's remaining free nipple and she started to nurse.

"I love you, Renate," moaned Elizabeth as all three women servicing her brought her to the edge of orgasm. Elizabeth's worshipping promptly made her climax.

Lorena, Ximena, Lucia, and Maricela then approached and kissed the nun. On impulse, Renate knelt in front of Anastasia and smiled at the young wheelchair bound woman. "Trust me, Anastasia, just trust me," said Renate. Anastasia nodded though not very enthusiastically. She had not climaxed for weeks and still did not know if she ever would again.

Renate inspected Anastasia's cunt closely. There did not seem to be anything wrong with the young

woman's cunt except for the unnatural stretching it exhibited. The rough sutures of her operation were still evident but a horse would not mind these. Renate said a quick prayer to St. Leda, the patron saint of bellyriders. The nun took her time and expertly licked and kissed and gently probed Anastasia's pubes. Meanwhile Ximena and Maricela lovingly sucked Anastasia's breasts and caressed her bare body. Her mother and her aunt held her hands and prayed softly. After a while, a miracle happened. Anastasia started moaning. "I can feel it! I can feel your tongue Renate! Oh, it's such a gentle flutter! Oh please! Don't stop!" said Anastasia.

Renate kept licking her and nibbling on her, this time her probing was deeper and soon her whole fist was inside the young woman. She started pounding her cunt, slowly and gently at first, and then at a faster rhythm and all the while kept her mouth pressed to Anastasia's clit. Anastasia then moaned louder and trembled. "I came! I came! And I felt it!" she exclaimed exultant.

"Good, just as I expected, all you needed was a good fisting to jump-start your body into working again," said Renate encouragingly. She slowly took out her fist, which was now gleaming with Anastasia's juices. She kissed Anastasia lovingly and for a long time. "You went through a terrible trauma but I am sure St. Leda will heal you soon. And she'd better hurry! You have not fucked poor Via in a long time and he probably has blue balls by now. His semen will be like cottage cheese, yummy!"

Renate took Ximena's and Maricela's hands and inspected them closely. "You have small hands, that will do for a start. Make sure you fist her at least twice a day in both orifices at the same time from now on, doctor's orders, but not too deep, mind you! If her cunt does not respond she might have more sensation in the ass. Inject her with some dilute koro juice every morning so that her juices flow all the time. Also, keep sucking on her tits and give her some drugs to induce lactation. She will like that, anything to stimulate sensation and her libido is good. In a month let Via fuck her or she will not need a medical doctor but a psychiatrist. Meanwhile have her blow Via daily otherwise you will need a plumber to unclog his pipes." The two girls listened closely at the instructions and nodded in agreement. They intended to do exactly as Renate commanded.

"Thank you sister," said Anastasia. The young woman was glowing in the aftermath of her orgasm. "Will I bellyride again?"

Renate kissed her again and playfully pulled on one of her nipples. "Of course! And right through Rio! Thousands will see you while Via fucks you. And you will loose count of the men that come in your mouth and fuck you in the ass! Next Mardi Gras you all will be on display!"

"God bless you Renate, you are one of his angels," said Lorena full of gratitude. The two women kissed.

"I suppose I will have call a taxi," noted Renate. "I know none of you can drive. It makes me wonder then who it is that is driving the Bentley!"

The Bentley had indeed arrived and was now parked at the foot of the grand stairs that led to the terrace. Its driver's door opened and Joao came out, wearing his old chauffeur's uniform. "At your service, milady. Sorry about the bullet holes in the chassis. I haven't had time yet to fix them up."

Elizabeth shrieked in joy and ran to him, her turgid breasts flopping. She embraced the old man in a strong hug. "Easy, milady, a cavalryman grazed me with his sword on my rump. Other than that I am as good as new. I just have to stay away from the secret police for a while."

Hours later Renate was dozing in her own private cabin in the express train to Recife. Thanks to the Elizabeth's money this time she was able to ride first class on a Pullman. She had taken off her

clothes and was thankful for being able to allow her skin to breathe. From her luggage, she took out a large horse like phallus that Elizabeth had given her as parting gift. Then she carefully lubricated it and herself and proceeded to masturbate with the massive shaft until she achieved orgasm. Sunset was approaching. The train was now eddeep into the countryside. She pulled open a chink in the curtains and stared at the manigua. It seemed like a green sea that extended forever. A profusion of multicolored birds were everywhere and their cacophony reached even into her cabin. Here and there were small Indian hamlets. Sometimes she caught glimpses of the jungle folks dancing and naked except for bodypaint and felt a twinge of envy. At some point she thought she saw a naked woman leading a donkey and holding hands with a young man. But this might have been a trick of the tropical twilight, a mirage. She smiled and fell asleep, with the phallus still buried deep inside her.

The End