

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Sao Paolo, Brazil, 1923

When Alicia was a teenager her mother had thought her religious devotion to be only a phase. The girl had started rising before sunrise to attend early mass. This was very unusual for her family was composed of hard-nosed merchants in the city of Sao Paolo and rarely had they the time for esoteric leanings. At first Alicia's mother suspected a boy. She was probably meeting some young rake at mass, or worst, a priest. This turned out not to be the case. Her mother just shrugged, hinking that Alicia's Jesus fixation would soon go away.

The women in Alicia's family were not prudes but like most upper-class Brazilian women they were all active zoophiliacs. Her mother and her two sisters kept a kennel with rottweilers and would mate with these frequently. It was an open secret, many of these households had kennels or even a stable housing a horse or donkey, though not one ever discussed it in polite conversation.

One night one of her sisters offered to introduce her to the art of dog loving. Alicia agreed reluctantly. The thought of loosing her virginity to a dog had not entered her mind. Her sister insisted. It was not as if she was sinning; lying with a man would be a sin, being with a dog was just fun.

When the two girls entered the kennel, they found their mother knotted to a rottweiler. The older woman smiled as she saw her youngest daughter strip and get on all fours. An eager dog was produced and her sister guided the shaft towards Alicia's cunt. The dog was well trained and eagerly mounted Alicia. The dog penis soon punctured her hymeneal obstruction. Alicia found it all degrading but also very exciting and, eventually, fun. Her sister, meanwhile, had also gotten on all fours and was being mounted by a dog. All three women settled down to a passionate bout of dogloving. Pretty soon Alicia felt the knot for the first time in her life and enjoyed her first orgasm with a dog. From that day thereafter Alicia became an avid doglover.

Still, her religious inclinations would not go away. How could she reconcile her mating daily with a dog and then attend Mass? One day she posed the question to her confessor. The older man sighed. Another fine looking woman had gone to the beasts. Being rather liberal, however, the priest took it all in stride.

There was an apocryphal gospel, he explained, by one Baruch of Arimathea, that described how, when Jesus entered Jerusalem astride a donkey, he was followed behind by another donkey under which was strapped Marie Magdalene herself with the donkey's penis inside her. Did the story prove that the Church condoned bestiality? Not necessarily, noted the priest, it's just that these things do happen. Perhaps Baruch had just had an overactive imagination. No, the Church did not frown on bestiality, at least not the Brazilian Church, since there the practice was so endemic.

In fact, offered the priest, there was a particular order of nuns that might just suit Alicia's tastes, the so-called Naked Sisters of Marie Magdalene. They were bona-fide nuns and their motherhouse was in Recife, in northern Brazil. The Church did not advertise them, as it was sort of embarrassing, but they had gained acceptance under Pope Alexander VI, the Borgia Pope, a man who was pretty kinky himself, since it had been founded by his own daughter, Lucrezia, who had eventually entered its convent. Lucrezia had set it as a condition that a vow of chastity was no longer a requisite, other than a prohibition about mating with human males.

It was said that the vows of the sisters of Marie Magdalene included bestiality and nudity, among other things. The order was banned in Europe but thrived in Brazil. Perhaps Alicia could visit them,

and, if she was so inclined, take the vows.

Joining a nunnery, even one composed of nudist zoophilic nuns, was not an easy decision. When Alicia mentioned the matter to her mother, the older woman replied with a stern no. Alicia's father was also against the idea. Alicia was a plum prize. Marrying her well would advance the family's fortune. Another stream of unsuccessful suitors followed.

The years went by. Alicia grew up to become a handsome, attractive, woman. She steadily refused the advances of the numerous suitors that approached her. Even her sisters had been married off.

Finally, after refusing the marriage offer tendered by a very wealthy landholder, her mother took her aside. Was she mad? The man she had just said no to had ranches that were larger than some European countries! The man's brother had been president! And he was a dreamboat! Was it the knot? Did she not understand that the man knew they all mated with dogs and would allow her to continue doing so? But Alicia said nothing.

Frankly, the idea of lying with a man, even a rich, handsome one, filled her with revulsion. To pollute herself with a man's semen was revolting. To punish her intransigence, her family sent her out to their hacienda, close to the jungles of the Matto Grosso. The servants were vigilant and under strict instructions not to let her mate with any beasts.

One day, Alicia managed to escape her vigil and saddled a horse and went riding alone through the fields of her family's hacienda. Through the morning mists, she thought she saw a naked woman leading a donkey through a country road. She thought she was hallucinating and approached the unearthly vision carefully. It was real, all right, and when she hailed her the woman greeted her smiling. Except for a nun's wimple and a dildo looking crucifix she was a nude and sported penises tattooed on her face.

Yes, she was a Naked Sister of Mary Magdalene, she explained, and yes, her vows did include nudity and bestiality. Alicia noticed how much at peace with herself the woman seemed. Indeed, agreed the nun, she was the freest of women, free of conventions, men, and, of course, clothing.

To prove her point, the nun proceeded to mate with the beast while a delighted Alicia held its reins. Alicia offered the nun the hospitality of her family's hacienda, but the nun declined, as she was in a hurry to take medicines to an Indian village in the jungle where there was an outbreak of cholera.

After the mating finished Alicia reached for the retracting donkey's penis and held it in her hands, mesmerized by its size and girth. The nun recognized the look of love in Alicia and cupped her hands to capture the gobs of donkey semen coming out of her cunt and offered it to Alicia who knelt in front of her as if to receive communion.

The taste was stronger, saltier, than her dogs' semen and tasted also of the woman's cunt but Alicia drank it eagerly, relishing if it were communion wine. Then a shout from one of the hacienda servants who had been sent to look for her brought her back to reality. The nun blessed her and departed in a hurry.

Every since that day, Alicia became obsessed with taking the vows of a Naked Sister of Mary Magdalene. Her family had now become very insistent that she be married and she was called back to Sao Paolo, for a suitor had been chosen for her, a gross looking fellow that owned a shipping line.

In the meanwhile, at her mother's insistence for she knew Alicia was suffering, she was allowed to resume her matings with the dogs. Despite the comfort the dogs provided, Alicia felt miserable. Her

future husband was close enough to an animal as could be found in the human genre but still walked on two feet, most of the time. Her mother assured her that he would allow her to continue mating with dogs and was supposed to be well endowed herself.

The memory of the large donkey's penis entering the naked nun on a country road tortured her. How could any man's penis compete with that magnificent shaft? The night before her wedding, after repeated knottings, Alicia put together a makeshift traveling case, grabbed some money, and boarded the train to Recife.

After days of travel, she eventually arrived in Recife. The man who she asked directions to the convent of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene stared at her rudely. Old dog semen was trickling down her legs, a condition that Alicia hardly noticed anymore for that the normal state of the women in her family, but the man certainly did. He leered and pointed to an edifice on a hill overlooking the town.

A dilapidated taxi took her and her meager belongings to the convent. It did not look impressive, surrounded by an old high wall that enclosed several hectares. Alicia rang the bell repeatedly without success until eventually a small hole opened through which an older woman stared at her. What did she want, asked the nun, in an unfriendly tone of voice. The question unnerved Alicia for a moment. She decided to be frank. She wanted a beast, she said imploringly, and to live nude, free. The hole slammed shut.

Hours passed. Alicia waited patiently. The monsoon rains had already started and pretty soon she was wet and miserable. Finally, a small doorway creaked open and a female voice summoned her. She entered into a small, quite pleasant, courtyard where a naked woman wearing solely a crucifix and a nun's wimple stood.

Alicia tried to introduce herself but the woman ignored her and roughly removed her wet clothes. No clothes were allowed in the convent, she explained, and, anyway, she would catch pneumonia if she kept hers on. She then gave Alicia a dry towel and a glass of rum. The nun left, taking away Alicia's wet clothes and her luggage, and she was left sitting on a bench barely covered by the towel and sipping her rum slowly.

After nun returned, this time leading a large mastiff. Alicia smiled, this she could handle. The nun left without saying a word. Alicia inspected the dog and found that it had a fine-looking large and knobby penis and an overly large scrotum housing two overgrown testes.

Alicia did not know it, but its breed had been developed by the order over the years. It was well trained and seemed to know what to do and so did, of course, Alicia. After a short while Alicia was on her fours, firmly attached to the dog by its knot, and unable to uncouple.

Alicia was moaning orgasmically when the nun entered once more. Alicia felt no shame at being seen thus. The dog was wonderful, she told the nun, and had been cumming inside her steadily. Then nun nodded and produced a hypodermic with a milky substance. This she injected into an exposed portion of the dog's penis. Alicia felt the penis harden inside her and the knot actually increased in proportion. Alicia came repeatedly. The nun briefly caressed her breasts and left her thus.

In her house, Alicia had seen her mother and sisters remain knotted for 20 minutes or more. The dogs, she knew, would eventually come and the size of the knot would decrease until she was able to uncouple. Alicia had already orgasmed repeatedly when she realized that her knotting was setting some sort of record. The dog whimpered and a steady stream of his semen would flow into Alicia.

But he remained quite hard.

After what seemed an eternity, the nun emerged once more. She smiled at Alicia and then proceeded to inject the dog's penis once more. The substance kept the dog's penis rock hard, she explained. For a moment Alicia panicked, the knot was a delightful torture and she did not know how long her body could continue thus.

Hours went by. Alicia lost count of her orgasms. Every so often the nun would come by and inject the dog's penis. The dog did not seem uncomfortable. Though his semen was no longer flowing, the penis remained quite hard. Alicia lost track of time. Night fell. The nun laid a set of old blankets caked with dried semen under her. Then Alicia laid down, still attached to the dog.

The dog's whimpers woke her up. Dawn was approaching. Alicia was still knotted. The nun came by once more but this time she did not inject the dog's penis. She knelt next to Alicia. She laid Alicia's head on her lap and stroked her breasts. Alicia eventually managed to orgasm one last time. Then the knot went down and Alicia disengaged with a loud pop, leaving behind a yawning cunt. The nun placed herself on top of Alicia, in a 69 position and started licking the dog semen coming out of the younger woman's cunt.

Alicia had never had sex with another woman before. But when she saw the nun's rather dilated cunt in front of her she eagerly pressed her mouth to the nun's cunt. The cunt tasted of dog and of another animal she could not identify.

The two women promptly reached orgasm. Alicia laid on the blankets, spent and fell asleep. The nun smiled mischievously and left, returning this time leading a donkey that was displaying a large, semi-erect penis. She woke Alicia up gently. Alicia stared with amazement at the new beast. Her muscles ached but did not complain when the nun directed her to get on all fours on top of a bench to offer her cunt to the donkey. The nun expertly positioned the beast and Alicia felt the hot donkey penis pressing against her cunt.

It was a tight fit and took some doing but eventually Alicia felt the donkey's shaft entering her. The sensation of fullness was extraordinary and also painful. Alicia was thoroughly aroused for she knew this was the fulfillment of what she had wanted all her life. She started fucking the donkey with passion as the nun held the animal firmly and shouted her encouragement.

After a while the animal grew frenzied. She had to uncouple, said the nun with an edge of urgency in her voice. Alicia, she explained, is not yet ready to let it come inside her. Alicia pulled herself forward with regrets and the donkey's penis exited her. The nun made her kneel and then pressed the donkey's penis to Alicia's lips. The donkey came spectacularly, releasing a major volume of donkey semen into Alicia's face and mouth.

The nun smiled at her and helped her to her feet. Both women, but Alicia specially, were covered in donkey semen. The animal was braying loudly.

Congratulations, said the nun, you have been baptized. And she kissed her on the lips and took her hand and led her into the convent.

The years went by. Alicia took the vows with the Naked Sisters of Marie Magdalene. She assumed the name Leda, after Saint Leda of Nicomedia, an apocryphal martyr that had been impaled on a horse penis for not marrying a pagan. Leda's vows included nudity, poverty, and bestiality.

Opinions were mixed when Leda's family got the news of her new career. Her father, frankly, did not understand her religious devotion though he had gotten used to the bestiality that his wife and

daughters openly practiced. The mother, however, convinced him to forgive Leda and set out to visit her in Recife. There the two women talked through a grill.

Her mother could see that Leda looked good. Except for her nun's wimple and a large dildo that masqueraded as a crucifix, she was nude and sported a dark, overall, tan. Her nipples stood proud and erect and the aureola were dark and ample. Her face bore several tattooed penises placed on her at ordination. Her cunt lips were distended and a steady flow of donkey semen oozed out from it. Was she happy, asked her mother.

Yes, replied Leda, beaming. Her life could not be better. The donkeys were very well endowed and their semen was abundant and delicious. She had never known so much freedom. The two women talked long and settled all their differences. When her mother left, she could hear the braying of a donkey behind the convent's walls.

The life of a nun was more than what Leda had expected. Their nudity was convenient in the tropics and the nuns all slept in simple, unadorned, rooms that had no doors. This led to a lot of nocturnal visitation and lovemaking amongst the sisters. As for the beasts, the nuns kept a wide menagerie of dogs and equines. Tradition required that at all times there would be a nun kept knotted with a dog or mating with an equine. Leda got easily accustomed to the cycle of praying, lesbian lovemaking, and animal mating that became her daily routine.

On a frequent basis, the sisters would venture out of the convent, wearing no clothes, of course. The first time Alicia was sent out nude on an errand into Recife she felt very self-conscious. She was, after all, an heiress to a well known and respected family, not the type you expected to be out on a market square strutting bare-ass naked with tattooed penises on her face. Thankfully, an older nun who tried to set her at ease accompanied her.

To her surprise, Leda found that the Brazilians paid no attention to their nudity. Like the sky-clad sadhus of India, they were revered and respected. After a while, Leda no longer felt any shame and was enjoyed walking around nude in public.

Another activity that the nuns engaged in was that of a mendicant, proselytizing, order. On these occasions, two of the sisters would venture out of the convent, naked, to spend a year wandering around the countryside. They would visit the more remote, isolated communities and there provide much-needed medical services and perform other charitable work.

Leda participated in such a trek a few years after her ordination. She and another sister ventured on foot following the route of the Amazon. They led a well-endowed donkey to carry medicines and other supplies and also to service their sexual needs. Leda thoroughly enjoyed her adventure and felt proud in the fact that she was retracing the steps of the unknown naked nun she had seen so many years before.

The Indian villages they visited received them hospitably. For one, the naked sisters did not insist, like the protestant missionaries did, in having the Indians be clothed, a foolish notion in the tropical jungle where clothing tended to rot easily. The sisters adapted easily to the native lifestyle, and would wear the body paint styles of their hosts.

The nuns, because of their intimate knowledge of animal physiology, also provided veterinary services. At one hacienda Leda arrived, they managed to nurse the owner's prize stud stallion back to health and, as a means of showing that he was hale once more, mated with it repeatedly. In one village they arrived during St. Francis day, the date on which animals were traditionally blessed. Leda and her companion joined the celebration by publicly mating with all animals brought

them.

The whole affair took several days and Leda serviced a wide variety of dogs, donkeys, ponies, mules, horses, and even a capybara. They all deposited semen libations into the vaginas of Leda and her companion. It was only at the protestant missions that Leda and her companion were unwelcome. There, a usually dour minister of Christ would curse and shoo them away lest the nude zoophilic catholic nuns corrupted his flock.

In the end, Leda and her companion and their donkey returned, happy, well bronzed from the tropical sun and covered in Indian body paint designs. Two other women that had asked to join the sisterhood, eager to partake of the free lifestyle the order offered, also accompanied them. They also escorted a flock of orphaned children they had picked up on their trek.

As Leda found out, the Naked Sisters of St. Mary Magdalene also ministered amongst prostitutes and battered women. More than once had an enraged sister confronted a brutal pimp that had been battering one of his women. The sisters also kept an orphanage and a hospital where impoverished women were given free birthing services and prostitutes were treated for venereal disease. Several of the sisters had been streetwalkers themselves and no one thought the less of them.

If anything, the activism of the order in protecting women's rights often proved embarrassing to the Church. The order was rich, since so many daughters of prominent families tended to join it, bringing their dowries with them. When the sisters were not raising Cain in the brothels their lawyers were causing headaches in the courts or in congress, the latter two being brothels of a sort.

One day a sister stabbed a pimp on the streets of Bahia. The man had been kicking one of his charges for getting pregnant. When the nun had interrupted him, he pulled out a knife on her. The nun had not been intimidated. She was a former prostitute, a tough gal, and she fought back. In the scuffle, the pimp's own blade had stabbed him. It was only a scratch and the police had promptly arrived to control matters. But the press had had a field day.

Reluctantly, Archbishop Montoya, head of the Brazilian Church, had to take steps to bring in the order to obedience. He took the long train ride to Recife and there met with the head of the order. The mother superior received him in her study while in the nude, as was proper according to her vows. She was a handsome woman, noted Montoya, though the penises tattooed on her face could be distracting. Montoya just shrugged, this was Brazil and Rome was far, far away. He knew of congregations in the Amazon where the attendees, Indian tribes, would attend Mass wearing only body paint.

The two clerics talked matters at length. Montoya did not want to humble the order. Their social work was beyond reproach and the pimp deserved everything he got. Still, a show of penance was required, at least a token bow to Church authority. What would be proper, inquired the mother superior.

Montoya had several things in mind. Flaying and torture would not do, as it was said that the nuns enjoyed the sting of a good whipping on a daily basis as atonement for their past sins. The mother superior's multiple healed lash scars on her bare back and buttocks evidenced that she herself enjoyed the sting of the lash. Denying them to lay with beasts would be against their vows and over cruel, particularly to the beasts.

Perhaps, offered the mother superior, the order could sponsor an entry into the bellyriding procession held during the Rio Mardi Gras. Montoya pondered this, albeit briefly. Bellyriding consisted of having a woman being strapped under a horse nude, with the horse penis inside her and

her legs tied against the flanks of the horse. The penis was kept hard by yerba dura, a naturally occurring viagra precursor. The two, woman and horse, were kept thus coupled for three days and their nights. The bellyriders led thus in public through the streets of Rio, unashamedly and to the cheers of onlookers, while escorted by a samba dancing school.

Yes agreed Montoya, this would be fine with him, if it were a nun that was the bellyrider. And, as a show of humility, the bellyriding nun should agree to service orally any man on the street that requested it. Fine, agreed the mother superior, though it would be best if a small fee, at least a symbolic one, were collected for each blowjob. After all, noted the mother superior, they were followers of Marie Magdalene and it would be unseemly to give out their services for free. A portion of the funds could go to the orphanage and, of course, to the archbishop, to support his pious work.

Thus it was that the order purchased several uncut stallions. Donkeys, though well equipped, had proven to be too short legged for proper bellyriding. The Recife motherhouse soon witnessed several nuns in training. Leda was amongst the nuns volunteering and she looked forward to being chosen. Despite her dislike of men, that she would have to blow these in public did not bother her. After all, the reputation of the order would be enhanced and the money collected would go to a worthy cause. But the first year Sister Libida was selected, since she had been known for her oral skills as a prostitute before taking her vows.

Sister Libida soon journeyed down to Rio accompanied by Leda who was to be her escort. For the three nights of Mardi Gras Sister Libida was kept naked and coupled underneath a horse on a corner in a Rio thoroughfare. Her straps were kept loose enough that her face protruded from beneath the horse yet insured the horse penis remained inside her. During the three nights of Mardi Gras a long line of men eagerly queued to be serviced orally by the nun.

Leda meanwhile stood next to her, holding on to the reins, sounding a campanile to attract customers, and collecting the payments. Leda felt envious but took the matter philosophically, her turn would soon come. It was, rather, her having to wear a habit during Mardi Gras, the first clothes she had worn in over ten years, that proved to be more galling.

During the daytime, Sister Libida and her horse were quartered in a secluded courtyard behind the cathedral. The two were remained coupled and every once in a while Leda would inject yerba dura into his shaft to keep it hard. Sister Libida walked with some difficulty after her three-day continuous horse fuck. In the end, the Church's bellyrider entry proved to be a success and the archbishop's coffers fattened and the order added a new wing to their hospital.

Soon it was Leda's turn to bellyride. The first two nights were uneventful. Though she found men's penises to be puny in comparison to that of horses, she eagerly fellated all that requested her services. Her mount, however, had proven hard to manage, unused to the sounds and bustle of Rio. It was at the beginning of the third night that the accident happened. Leda's horse was startled by some fireworks and grew frenzied. Leda almost bit off the man she was fellating when the horse reared.

The escorting nun, Sister Martina, was young and inexperienced. The poor woman had been kicked by the horse, lost consciousness and let go of the reins. Leda reached for the leather loops hanging from the saddle to keep herself from sinking deep into the shaft. She felt her torso being carried to an upright position as the horse reared and the pressure in her cunt increased, brutally. Then, inexorably, gravity pulled her down. She felt something tear inside her and a sharp pain in her cunt and mercifully lost consciousness.

When she came back to, hours had gone by. Her horse was at a standstill. Samba music filled the air as the samba schools paraded. Sister Martina was holding onto the reins. She had a bandage around her head and one of her eyes was almost closed. Leda felt coolness against her pubes and realized with horror that it was the horse's balls. She had taken the whole shaft, to the hilt. She was impaled.

Sister Martina advised her not to move. Sunrise was only a few more hours away. The nuns had to obey the taboo that kept an impaled bellyrider strapped until the end of the third day. As soon as dawn broke she would then be unstrapped and taken to surgery. An ambulance was standing by. The bishop had arranged it all. It was all her fault, said Sister Martina, weeping, for not holding on to the reins more strongly. Leda touched her brow and forgave her.

The shaft felt as if it were up to her throat, though Leda knew that that was not possible. She tasted, however, horse semen and knew that it had come up from her innards. But her body felt numb. There was no pain. Why? Sister Martina then told her that she had been given drugs to ease matters. Leda started praying the rosary and resigned herself to her fate.

Leda ran her hands along her belly. The shaft, she felt, was getting flaccid. It would soon require more yerba dura. It would probably cause further damage, even kill her outright, but the yerba dura would prevent it from ejaculating inside her more. It wouldn't matter, she knew, with all the semen the horse had deposited into her body, peritonitis was a given. Leda did not think the matter further. She gestured to Sister Martina to apply the injection. She would not die on a flaccid shaft. Soon she felt a warm column of horse meat harden inside her.

Now, said Leda, she had not travelled all the way to Rio to just lie under a horse. Let the men line up again, she pleaded. If she was to die, it would be better if she had a penis in her mouth in the end. So Sister Martina started sounding her campanile to summon the bystanders and soon they queued up to Leda to be serviced.

The wily sister Martina, however, doubled the price, for being fellated by an impaled woman was a rare privilege. Leda sucked on bravely, swallowing as much as she could in her impaled state. But then her motions had stimulated the horse to orgasm. She knew it was going to come and commended her soul to Christ. Then, she felt her horse flare and come inside her and a stream of horse and human semen erupted out of her mouth. She lost consciousness and Sister Martina thought she had drowned in horse semen and gave her the last rites.

Leda was rushed to surgery as soon as the dawn broke. Her prospects were not good. Archbishop Montoya had seen to it that the best surgeons were made available. Miraculously, Leda survived. She spent the next six months undergoing repeated operations and recuperating in a private clinic in Rio. Alas, the price she paid was steep. Her body had suffered extensive damage, particularly her intestinal tract. Her womb had to be removed and she was in constant pain and walked with difficulty.

When she returned to Recife, Leda was received as a heroine and the sisters made all efforts to keep her comfortable. But Leda was moody and depressed. She longed for the shaft and repeatedly wished she had died on it. Slowly, time healed her outlook. Her mood improved considerably when she was again allowed to mate with a beast.

Admittedly, it was a dog, a labrador, whose proportions were not even close to that of an equine. The whole affair took some doing for she was in much pain and required the help of several of the sisters to position her to receive the dog's penis. When she again felt the familiar sensation of the knot inside her, Leda wept tears of joy.

Two years later, when Mardi Gras again approached, Leda again asked to be allowed to ride. Her cunt, she explained, had recuperated and was now a yawning cavern for the labia no longer met. She was ready to mate with a horse again. The mother superior denied her request. She already had done her part for the order and her body had suffered enough.

There were plenty of younger nuns, with far more elastic vaginas, that were willing to bellyride. Precisely because she had suffered so much, argued Leda, she should be allowed to bellyride. After all, she knew her life expectancy was shortened, therefore, why put another sister at risk? The two women argued long on the points until finally Leda won the mother superior's tentative consent.

So a few weeks before Mardi Gras Leda recruited Sor Martina to help her prepare. She had the younger nun repeatedly fist her to get used once again to large objects. The pain was excruciating at first but in the end she was able to accommodate both Sor Martina's hands. It was time to try out a horse.

In preparation for the trial, the mother superior insisted that Leda set her affairs in order. Leda's father had recently died, leaving her a considerable fortune. Leda was now incredibly wealthy yet the thought of leaving the order and retire to enjoy her wealth did not occur to her. Instead, she had the family solicitor make out her will in which she donated all her earthly goods to the order.

One morning, after Mass, Leda felt herself physically and spiritually ready to receive the horse shaft once again. A mount was prepared for her in a convent hall. This was a large horse, a warm blood, at least 14 hands tall and with a shaft that flared considerably when coming. Several sisters helped Leda unto the harness and gently tied her up in place. The mother superior asked her if she was still willing and Leda nodded in agreement. She was then given absolution and the trial began.

Sister Martina injected the horse penis with yerba dura. The shaft slowly dropped out of its sheath. While still flaccid, Sister Martina held the head against Leda's cunt. The shaft continued to extend and easily slipped into her distended cunt. Leda moaned from both pain and pleasure and a leather strip was placed between her teeth. The shaft grew harder and longer.

She felt her torso being pushed forward by the huge shaft but the ropes kept her tied in place. The pressure was intense and the ropes were biting deep into her body. Inch by inch, the member slid into Leda. Despite her training, the distension was incredibly painful. Leda was now in tears and biting hard on the leather bit. The shaft continued to enter, relentlessly.

The mother superior asked her if she wanted it to be taken out. Leda whimpered and shook her head. The brutal distension continued until finally Leda had almost a foot of horse penis inside her. The penetration had finished. She was now ready to be led around.

The nuns let her sit thus for a bit until she regained her strength. The ropes holding Leda in place were tightened so that there would be little play when the horse moved. She was just a living sheath wrapped around the horse shaft. Sor Martina let her know that she was about to start leading the horse. Leda dug her face into the horse's chest and grabbed the leather loops hanging at the side. The first step caused Leda to shriek, letting go of the leather bit.

So Martina, at the mother superior's instructions, ignored her cries and continued to lead the horse slowly around the hall. Leda felt the huge piston ramming her insides with every step. She expected the tear to occur any moment but her scar tissue held. Due to her injuries, Leda no longer had the ability to orgasm but she started feeling a curious arousal overcoming her. Yes, she knew she could survive the ordeal and, if it killed her, she was past caring.

The sisters followed the curious procession singing chants and praying. The mother superior

meanwhile kept a hand on the exposed portion of the horse's shaft, gauging when the horse was ready to come. At the mother superior's signal, the walk was ended. Sister Martina was admonished to hold the horse steady. Leda stared wide-eyed from beneath the horse.

The moment of truth was approaching. Already she was feeling a warmness as the horse's precum filled her. The horse started to stomp and whinny. The mother superior massaged the shaft and the balls to coax the orgasm. A sister pushed the leather bit into Leda's mouth. Then the flare came. Leda felt the initial tremors and then the shaft flared and she thought that the inevitable had happened, that the shaft was tearing indeed her in two.

Her shriek was heard outside the convent's walls. Then slowly the shaft retracted and popped out of Leda's cavernous orifice. Thankfully, instead of blood and entrails it was only semen that gushed out of her. The sisters chanted with joy. Leda had survived. The trial was a success.

Leda returned to the Rio Mardi Gras and survived her bellyride. She even managed to bellyride for a few more Mardi Gras. Eventually, she retired from bellyriding, not wanting to deny the honor to other sisters. She was eventually appointed mother superior and governed her sisters with a gentle yet firm hand for a few years.

Eventually, she died, peacefully, in her sleep, while strapped under a horse. She was still rather young but all the injuries she had suffered had contributed to her death. A movement was started to canonize her but the matter was dropped since Rome was not sympathetic; however, this did not keep unofficial shrines to her from cropping throughout the Brazilian countryside. She is known as Santa Leda la Empalada and these home-grown sanctuaries display a statue of Leda bellyriding impaled with the entire horse shaft inside her. To assure good crops and the fertility of their beasts the locals anoint the figure with animal semen.

Soon after Leda's death, the foreign protestant missions exerted pressure on the Brazilian government to curb the activities of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene. In turn, the government pressured Rome. The Holy See had only been looking for an excuse to discipline the order and the Pope did so. The order's wealth went to the bishoprics and to Rome, which stifled all protests from the Brazilian hierarchy.

The sisters were forced to become a run of the mill, dressed, order. The penis facial tattoo was also outlawed and those nuns that still sported it were forced to wear a mask. Membership dropped considerably for many sisters abandoned the order, many being forced again to resort to prostitution to earn a living, unfortunately. The endowments also dried up, for no longer did the daughters of prominent Brazilian families seek entry into the order.

Thus, much to the regret of all Brazil, there are no longer naked activist nuns roaming though the countryside and streets protecting the weak and defenseless. Their convent still stands, rather forlorn, on the hill overlooking Recife, though, as the Church inspectors regularly verify, no untoward sexual activities take place, just praying and fasting.

The orphanages and hospitals they sponsored, however, are still active, though now secularized. In one hospital a large oil painting honors the sisters and shows them engaged in various sexual activities with animals; however, the painting has been moved to a back room and the hospital management is reluctant to show it to visitors.

As for the Rio Mardi Gras, a rash of fatal accidents and the censure of foreign governments caused the government to ban bellyriding in 1946. However, it is said that even today the women of the Brazilian upper class families still practice zoophilia, in the privacy of their backcountry haciendas,

that is. Once in a while these families will host an itinerant nun of the (clothed) order of St. Mary Magdalene, admittedly to be lectured on the gospels. The nun usually arrives leading a donkey, to carry her road supplies, of course.

His braying is usually heard through the night...

END