

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter 1

After all the waiting, months and months of preparations and years of training, it was all about to bare fruit. Aged twenty six, Lorena was about to fulfil her ambition. Looking though the crowd that seemed to have materialised from nowhere she watched for the gates of the compound to open, allowing the contingent to make its way to the assembly point for the procession that would start of the first day of Mardi Gras.

It was not easy to see from her position, looking through horse's legs, people with flamboyant costumes of flowing material, people with almost nothing on except a head dress, and at the lead position, the float, representing the subject that had been chosen by this school for this year's procession.

Lorena looked around her at the other participants as she waited. They were of both sexes and of a variety of ages. She was not the oldest by a long shot but neither was she the youngest, there were at least a dozen girls, aged about ten or twelve, out for their first parade.

Everybody was chatting as they watched for the first sign that they were on their way. Nobody seemed nervous, except Lorena, everybody seemed to take it in their stride, it was to be a lot of fun and if they should win the coveted first prize for the best float or costume, well that was a bonus. Primarily this was a celebration, of life, love and living. They were all out here to enjoy just that, life love and living.

The streets would be lined on both sides with spectators from all over the world, all come to see the wonderful display that made the three day spectacle that was the Rio de Janeiro, annual Mardi Gras. Lorena was so nervous that she was sure she needed to pee, but it was too late now. A small boy marched importantly to the front of the crowd and slowly with difficulty pulled the wide three meter high wooden gates open one by one.

As he started to push on the second gate a man went over to help him, taking pity on the lad who had such a monstroustask. "I can manage on my own." The lad's voice rang out over the hoard of competing exhibitionists. This prompted some laughter, as the boy felt very proud of being chosen to start the revellers on their way. But the man persisted and soon others were there to help start the procession.

The float, with its many exhibitors slowly started to move and swing out into the road. Coloured in red, white and violet with intermediate shades of pink, Lorena thought it made a beautiful sight, and was proud to be able to take her place in such a istinguished show of skill and bravado.

The young girls dressed as angels and nymphs followed the float, followed themselves by a band of men dressed as devils and demons. These led a group of supposedly tortured slaves, who in turn led the eight horses and their riders, of whom Lorena was one. The eight were in two columns of four and Lorena had been placed third in line on the right. There would be no obstruction between her and the observing crowds in the street. She would be right there next to the people.

She, her horse and the young boy who, dressed as a tormented soul, led her horse were her own little group, and the boy was placed in front and to the left of the horse between the two columns. Everything felt so right. As the boy took her horse forward to fit her in to her place in the line, she was comforted to know that at last it was starting. The horse rocked her gently as it walked slowly forward, she was led out through the gates into the wake of the float, and she thought about the

sequence of events that had lead her to this moment.

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## Chapter 2

When Lorena had been about eighteen months old, her mother had insisted that she be taught to ride a horse. At that age she had not had to do very much except to sit on the horse's back and be led around. To begin with there had always been somebody in the saddle to hold her but as she grew and got stronger the other person had been displaced and would walk beside her to stop her from falling.

By the time she was three Lorena had become quite a little horsewoman, able to ride and control the horse, at a trot, on her own. On her third Birthday Lorena had been given her very own pony, a female foal from the previous year that would hopefully grow with the little girl and remain a good steed for many years to come. This had been the case and the two had learned together the art of horsemanship.

The first time Lorena had had any idea that there was another way to ride a horse, was when she was five. She had seen, on several occasions, a girl of about fifteen, riding a horse, while slung in a cradle under the horse's belly. The girl had come for many weeks, and trained in this fashion, controlling the horse by pressure from her hands and feet, which were secured at the sides of the horse. Lorena had no idea that that was the way to control a horse whilst riding in this position but later had found this information from an aunt who introduced her to the art.

It was then that the connection was made. The girl had been fully dressed to begin with but as the months had passed she began to appear naked under the horse. The girl had ridden daily for about three hours per day for around five months and then Lorena had not seen her again for some time. It was shortly after her sixth Birthday that Lorena was again given a view of this strange riding method.

The family and staff had gone out to the fields to harvest the ripe crop of coffee. Lorena and a few members of the house staff had been the only ones to remain home. It had been a lovely morning and after the midday meal, Lorena had quietly hidden her self under some staging in the large riding school.

It had been dark under the staging and the poor girl, exhausted from the heat had lain down and fallen asleep. It was very quiet so there was nothing to disturb the slumbers of the weary. The hours had passed peacefully until towards four o'clock there had been some scuffling sounds and Lorena had been woken. The little girl, not sure whether she would get into trouble for hiding under the staging, crept quietly to a place where she could see what was happening.

Two of the house maids had led a large black horse into the riding school and were holding him steady in the middle of the ring. The horse was a stallion named Texcoco, and was adorned with the same type of sling harness that the strange girl had used to ride under the horse's belly earlier in the year.

This intrigued Lorena and she moved closer to the edge of the staging to get a better view. One of the maids, Titsilini, stripped of all her cloths had climbed, face down, into the harness. She wriggled and squirmed until she was all the way in to the arrangement of straps and buckles. The second maid, Kimali, held the horse steady trying to keep the nervous creature's motions to a minimum.

Once in position Titsilini wriggled round until she was facing up to the horse's chest. Then she

swung her legs up either side of the horse and hooked her knees over two stirrups attached to the harness, one on either side of the horse. This was followed by pushing her arms through spaces in the harness and reaching up with her hands to take hold of two handles. There was quite a bit of chatter between the two maids. Kimali walked round the horse and secured Titsilini's hands and feet to straps that hung from the harness. Then she went back to the head of the horse and chatted some more with the rider.

While there had been activity, Lorena had watched every move of the two girls and what they were doing, now that they seemed to be just chatting Lorena looked more closely at the arrangement, and then looked at how the horse was taking it. It was then that she noticed the enormous penis that the horse was sporting. It was hot in the school which would account for some of the exposure, but heat normally only made the horse extend his penis so it hung limp. This was stiff and straight pointing at an angle forwards toward the ground. It looked as though the stallion had smelt a mare on heat, but that could not be. None of the mares were on heat at present.

Lorena understood all about the mating of horses. She had seen many times, how the stallion was lead into a paddock that already contained the prospective mare. The stallion's penis would get hard and start to slap his stomach and then when he tried to get on top of the mare, one of the men close by would grab the penis and stick it into the mare's vagina.

The two horses would then stand together and the stallion would continue to try to get on top of the mare. When he found that he could not, he would slide off the mare and the stiff penis would go soft and disappear up between his hind legs. The first time Lorena had seen this she had thought it was very funny. Everybody knew that horses could not ride other horses. However one of the men had sent her away, so she remembered not to laugh next time.

Now here was a stallion going through the motions as though he was about to try and ride another horse, but there were only two maids close by. Suddenly there was action again. Kimali walked to the back of the stallion and crouched down. She was in front of the horse's back legs, so Lorena could not see what was going on. Then she stepped away and went back to holding the leading reins. Immediately it was obvious what had been done. The stallion's penis was now inserted into Titsilini's vagina and about half of it was hidden this way.

Lorena was stunned that such a huge thing could go into a vagina. She thought about her own little hole. Still naked, hairless and small. She had put her finger in the entrance sometimes when it had itched, but there was a thick piece of skin there that stopped her going deeper than a few millimetres. She knew that it went deeper because there was a hole there that she peed from, she had seen it in a mirror, but the hole was tiny. There was no way that she could have a horse stick his penis in that little place.

The two maids chatted a little longer and then Kimali, holding the horse's bridle, led the horse and its under-slung rider out of the school into the yard. Lorena scrambled quickly through the struts and bracing's of the staging and then ran to the door of the school. The maids and the horse were there walking round and round the yard and a number of the house staff had come out to watch. Lorena noticed her Mother on one of the balconies, surveying the proceedings.

She crept back into a shadow in the hope that she had not been seen. However she stayed where she could watch most of what went on in the yard. The horse was led round five or six times and then one of the hands opened the gate that led to the fields and the little group walked out and down the path, out of sight. The servants all filed back into the house and Lorena's Mother limped quietly back off the balcony into her room.

Lorena stayed hidden for a short while, then crossed the yard to the house and went to see her Mother. As she crossed the court yard, Lorena thought hard about how she would ask her mother about the afternoon's events. It could be quite a tricky subject because it involved nudity and a horse's penis, a subject that should never be talked about in polite society. She entered the big house and climbed the stairs to her mother's room. On the landing outside her mother's room she smoothed down her dress and then tapped lightly on the hard timber panelled door. She had to wait for a while but then a voice called out.

"Come." Just the one word. It had been all that Lorena had expected. She pulled down on the handle and pushed hard on the heavy portal. It swung slowly in to expose the beautifully furnished chamber. Lorena slipped in once the door was open enough and then pushed the door shut again. It gave a satisfying click as it latched. "Hello darling." The musical tones of her mother's voice were a comfort to Lorena as she turned to pose her question, but the feeling of unease was not totally subdued. "Where have you been all afternoon? I have not seen you since lunch. Have you enjoyed your afternoon?"

Lorena, still not sure that she could trust her voice to be totally as she wanted, ran over to her Mother and gave her a big hug. This she knew would give a warm feeling to her Mother and at the same time grant herself more time to compose her feelings. "I went to the stables for a short time but it was so hot I decided to find a shady spot to think. I think I went to sleep, I was woken by the sound of some horses in the yard I think. Did someone come to visit?" Lorena enquired.

"Oh no dear, it was just two of the maids taking a horse for a ride, so that they can have some exercise on their afternoon off." So, she was not going to be told as yet about the strange riding position, Lorena decided she could wait. She settled down into a comfortable chair next to her parent and they chatted about other things.

That night Lorena could not sleep, she thought about the two maids and the horse and considered all the possibilities that she could think of as to the meaning of what she had seen. Nothing really convincing came to her mind, so she was still awake when she heard the sound of a horse approaching the yard. She ran softly to the window and peered out. It was very dark and all but a few lights had been extinguished, but Lorena could just make out the shape of a horse and a person, walking up the path. Maybe they would tell her.

She slipped out of her room and headed down stairs to the door. Then she slipped out to the yard and stood waiting. She saw through the gloom, the person lead the horse into the stable block, so she ran over to see what was happening. She crept into the building and sidled up to the stall where the horse and maid were. Then she crouched down in the shadows and watched.

Kimali was giving the horse a gentle rub down and had filled the food trough with something for the horse to eat. As this activity was going on Lorena slipped unseen behind the horse and hid just inside the next stall. From there she could see what was going on and she took a keen interest in the arrangement of horse and rider. Titsilini was still hanging in the harness under the big horse, naked and with the thick penis still thrust into her vagina. The horse munched at its food.

The harness was made of a thick saddle like sheet of leather that rested on the horse's back. It was strapped to the horse in the usual way with a thick belly strap or girth. From the leather sheet seven leather straps hung down. One of these went around the horse's tail, the other six, three on either side supported a web of leather in which Titsilini rested. From these six straps there were branches that were used to strap the girl's hands, knees and ankles.

Titsilini was effectively held secure and unable to move any part of her body except her head.

However there was enough play in the straps so that as the horse walked the cradle would swing to and fro and even a little to the side. After studying the straps and buckles for some time her eyes were drawn to the horse's penis. It was still very hard. Lorena was surprised that the stiffness could last so long. Normally it would go small again after just a quarter of an hour if the horse was joined to another horse. She wondered what kept it so hard. Then she looked at the way it entered Titsilini's vagina. She had a perfect view of the workings between the horse's back legs.

The penis was thick and round and Titsilini's vagina was stretched to a very large size in order to take the monster. The girl's vagina seemed different from what Lorena had expected. Apart from having enormous capacity it seemed to have extra bits. Lorena slipped her hand inside her nighty to feel her own opening. There were the large soft fleshy cushions around the hole but there was no sign of the thin lobe like pieces inside them. But Titsilini definitely had at least one thin fleshy lobe wrapped around the horse's penis, other than the thicker parts of her pussy.

Lorena slipped a finger into the slit between her thick soft lips and pressed against the piece of skin that had the hole in it. The increased pressure started to hurt so she removed her finger and felt other parts in that area. There was nothing that could take the size of the horse. How strange, still she was not fully grown yet so maybe things changed when she got older. Her finger slid further back and touched her anus. As she fondled she studied the rider again. No, the penis definitely went into the vagina. Lorena pressed at her anus anyway to test how easy it would be to get a penis in there. The muscles contracted in an involuntary action and stopped her entrance. So that would not work.

Suddenly the horse stepped sideways and Lorena's view was blocked by the position of the horse's leg. Titsilini groaned as the horse moved, the penis jolting inside her. Then Kimali who had been on the far side, walked round the horse's head to Lorena's side of the animal so she could finish grooming. Lorena darted back out of view and resumed hiding in the next stall. The grooming continued for about twenty minutes, and then Kimali put the brushes and cloths away "Will you be all right here all night on your own or would you like me to stay? Can I bring you some food?" Kimali asked her companion.

"No, no, you run along to bed, I will be fine. I do not think I could manage to swallow in this position, though before you go, if you could wet my lips I would feel better."

Kimali went to a large water container and dipping a small ladle into the water she carried the liquid to her friend. Kimali extended the ladle and poured the water over her face, Titsilini licking her lips as she did so. "Thank you, I will be all right now, you go to bed and have sweet dreams. I will see you in the morning. If you can just leave one light burning when you go, so that I don't get frightened by ghosts. Thank you, good night."

"Good night." Said Kimali as she slowly walked out of the stables extinguishing the lights as she went. Lorena found herself alone in a place that she should not have been, trapped. There was no one talking or moving now to hide her own activity. If she moved then the rider would hear.

She stayed still for some time, just listening to the sounds of the horses and woman breathing, and the occasional stamp of a horse hoof. She heard the jingling of the harness that held Titsilini suspended under Texcoco and peered through the dimness to see what was wrong. She found that in spite of there being little illumination in the building, she could still make out shapes quite clearly. She edged forward to get a closer look. The straw under her rustled as she moved and suddenly a harsh whisper cut the air.

"Who's there?" Lorena was startled into stillness and sitting back on her haunches she waited.

"Who's there?" Came the voice again. Lorena did not answer. Slowly she realised that she was really stuck. The maid was not going to sleep and if Lorena moved again then the straw would give her away. The only reason that she had managed to get in was because of the noise that Kimali had been making while talking and wiping down the horse.

The night would be long and Lorena did not want to spend the rest of it fixed in one position so she slowly came to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to make her presence known and suffer the consequences. Her original intention had been to talk to one of the women and quiz them about this strange mode of riding, she may as well go ahead with that plan. She called out gently to the maid suspended under the horse.

"Titsilini, are you awake?"

"So there is someone there, I was beginning to think I had heard some rat or something. Is that you Lorena? What are you doing here, so late in the night?" the maid sounded worried. "If your Mother finds you here we will both be in trouble and I will lose my job. You must go back to bed now and not tell anyone that you were here. Go now before somebody comes."

"I could not sleep and when I heard you ride back I thought I would come down to find out what you are doing. Do you mind? Please don't make me leave I do so want to know and I dare not talk to my mother, please let me stay just for a little while, I thought you were my friend and I could talk to you about anything."

"I do not mind I am sure that your mother would be very angry if she found you here. Such an action from such a young girl. You must leave at once." All this was said in a harsh whisper. Lorena did not want to leave and put up a hard argument in order to stay. Eventually the helpless maid was worn down until she relented. "Well, you are here now, what did you want to know?"

"You won't tell anyone that I was here will you?" Begged Lorena.

"No I won't tell, I would probably be killed and sold as stake if your Mother found out, but you will have to leave here before it starts to get light. If Rodrigues finds you here so early he will tell your Mother." Lorena took stock of this fact and promised herself to be back in bed before dawn.

"I will go before dawn. Why are you riding this horse up side down? It looks very strange and you might get kicked being so close to his legs. Can you make him gallop like that or only walk? What does it feel like to hang like that for so long? Does it hurt to have such a large thing inside you? Will he try to climb on top of other horses while you are there? How long will you stay like that? Do you eat while you are there? How do you go to the toilet?"

"Stop, stop, one question at a time please, or I shall forget some. And you must keep your voice down, somebody may hear you and come to see what you are doing here.

The first question was why am I riding Texcoco like this. I am doing it because I like riding like this. It makes me feel good, but once I have finished I have to wait for Texcoco to finish. When he thinks it is finished then his penis will go small and drop out of me. That is when I will be able to go back to work."

"Is it like when he tries to climb on to another horse, and then finds he can't, so he drops off and his penis disappears again?" the enquiring mind of the little girl was trying to sort out the differences and similarities between the two ideas. It was not easy. "Yes a bit like that." Another idea filled Lorena's mind as she assimilated the new information.

“Will you have a baby? Every time Texcoco tries to get on top of another horse the other horse has a foal. Will you have a foal?”

“No, I will not have a foal. A human can not give birth to a horse, only a horse can do that.”

“How long will you stay like that? Is Texcoco finished yet?” Came the next question from the little girls inquiring mind. Each question was answered with patience and understanding though the answers were not always as complete as Lorena would have liked. However she gleaned a large quantity of information. As she talked to the maid she took the opportunity to get close to the coupling and study it closely. She sat in the straw at the horse’s feet and lifting her night dress over her head she started to do a comparison of their two pussies. Her own was much smaller and there appeared to be several things missing. There was no thin fleshy bits, but she had seen that earlier.

Now she noticed that the little triangle of flesh with the sticking out pointy bit, at the top of the maid’s vagina, was also missing on herself. She could also see that the maid had a small hole just above the place where the horse’s penis went in. Questions were asked about all these things. Then the horse moved again.

The maid rocked in the harness as the large penis momentarily penetrated deeper. A creamy white jelly like liquid oozed out of the maids vagina and stuck to her buttocks and anus. Another question. When she was told to leave because it was nearly dawn, she did not resent the instruction. She left quietly and ran to her room, leaving the maid much relieved, hanging in her harness, stretched by the mass of horse flesh that entered her tender loins. The horse did not mind and just kept on eating.

Time passed and Lorena had to be satisfied with the information that she had got so far. There were no chances presented to her where she could build on that start. It was spring again before a new situation showed its head. The young girl that Lorena had seen riding under a horse the previous year, showed up again. It had been a pleasant sunny morning and Lorena had been having her daily horse ride in the fields around the hacienda. The local workers were out in force looking after the fields of coffee plants and cocoa.

The ride had taken a little longer than had been expected and Lorena was late for her tuition. She had ridden quickly into the yard and dismounted, then without a thought she had walked her horse into the stables. As she had passed along the stalls looking for a free space she had seen a horse she did not recognise, in one of the stalls. It was rigged with the now familiar harness. She found a free stall and lead her horse in. Then with a quick word to the stable boy to groom and water the horse she left to look at the newly rigged horse. It was not one of their horses, she did not remember seeing the beast before, until the girl walked into the stables. She was wrapped in a blanket and had nothing on her feet. She stopped dead in her tracks when she saw Lorena. She started to turn and leave.

Lorena had to think fast. Her tuition went out the window as she softly said. “Please don’t go, I would like to help you if you will let me.” The girl looked back, hesitating before she fled. Lorena was encouraged by the girl’s delay, and continued. “I know how to do up the straps and I promise not to do them too tight.” Lorena had seen them done once, at close quarters, and the fact that the other girl was at least ten years older did not worry her at all. The girl turned toward her.

“If you help me in will you lead me as well?” Lorena beamed with delight at the invite and all other plans evaporated into nothing. “Of course I will, I would love to do this for you. I want to do the same as you when I am grown.” It was then that the idea that she wanted to be a belly rider gelled in her mind. It was to become her one burning ambition and take her further than this bigger girl would ever dream of going.



The girl started toward Lorena. So she had made a substantial decision and now she realised that it had been her ambition to ride like this since she had had the chat with Titsilini all those months before. Lorena turned and walked into the stall that contained the horse. She went to the head of the horse and took the bridle. The other girl came in behind her. "What's your name?" She asked, as she removed the blanket that had covered her so far. Lorena looked up at the girl to answer. She was looking at a totally naked girl who was quite attractive and slim. Firm round breasts flat tummy and bald pussy. Lorena hesitated in her reply. The girl looked at her questioningly, there was a smug expression on the girl's face.

"Is anything wrong?" Lorena was prompted into a response. "No everything is fine, I was just thinking I would like to look like you when I am grown. You are so slim and beautiful." There was another short silence. "My name is Lorena, my Father owns this land." The other girl's mouth dropped open in surprise. "Your Father is Don Albert La Ruse Dell Fuego?" she dropped to her knees and clenching her hands in front of her chest as though in prayer.

"Please forgive me I would never have spoken to you in that manner if I had known that you were the daughter of..."

"It is all right, you were not to know who I was just as I do not know who you are. I hope this will not spoil our friendship. I do want to help you or I would not have asked. Please get up and tell me your name." Lorena smiled at the girl and offered her a hand. It was taken tentatively and the young lady stood. Her head hung as though in shame. Lorena tried to bring her round.

"As long as we can keep it so, I would like you to forget that I am my father's daughter, and just pretend that I am another working girl. I am sure that we can get along well together but I fear that the adults will try to keep us apart. Lets hope they take their time about it, you can call me Lora. Now you still have not told me your name so unless you do I shall have to call you Girl, or Rider or just Hay You. Do you have a preference?" The girl looked up at Lorena and seeing that she was smiling, smiled back.

"My name is Neltitaca Xaltocan." She looked at Lorena wondering if the connection would be made between herself and her cousin Titsilini. Evidently not, so she announced the relationship. Lorena nodded understandingly and then asked a question that made a different connection.

"Is that why you both like to ride under horses, because of your family connection?"

"There is a connection in that we both have the same tutor, but we ride for different reasons. Titsilini started riding because she likes horses, my reason is more personal and I would rather not say yet, if you don't mind. However I do enjoy riding like this." Just then there was a cough at the door of the stables and an elderly woman walked in. She must have been fifty and walked with a very bad limp, using two sticks to support her frail body. "Come on..." there was a hesitance. Then she continued. "Hhummm, Titaca, climb into the harness. You should not keep an old lady waiting."

There was an element of irritation in the old woman's voice. "Are, you have found a new person to help, have you, well that is fine with me. It means that I can go back to my nice chair and rest my legs. Come here girl and I will show you what to do now." Lorena recognised the unfriendly nickname that had been made from the older girl's proper name.

Neltitaca got down on her hands and knees and then slowly and carefully climbed into the harness. Again the manoeuvre was made by going in face down and then turning over to lie on her back before being strapped in. Lorena watched carefully, she would do this one day. When the girl was in, Lorena went to the old lady and crouched down to watch what she did. The old lady produced a

small tube with a needle in the end. The tube contained a blue green liquid. She gave the contraption to Lorena.

"You may as well learn right from the start so do exactly as I say. If you do not you may kill the horse so be very sure to listen and remember." There seemed to be no concern for the girl underneath, who would be crushed if the horse collapsed and died. "First point the syringe up with the needle at the top." Lorena did as she was told. Horses are expensive so she was not going to do anything wrong.

"Right, now tap the tube and make all the bubbles go up. Now squeeze the plunger at the bottom softly until some of the liquid shoots out of the tip of the needle. Good, now stick the needle into the soft fleshy piece that hangs round where the horse's penis comes out." Lorena hesitated. This would probably hurt the horse and that would be dangerous.

"Don't worry about the horse." The old lady said. Her voice, cracked with age, sounded as though she was happy to be inflicting pain on the beast. "He gets bitten there all the time and he will just think it is another fly. The most he will do is stamp his foot. Just hold it still once it is in." Lorena stabbed the needle into the required place and held the syringe still. The horse snorted and raised his hoof making his body shiver with the force of the stamp that followed. The old lady smiled down at Lorena.

"Humf. The old woman snorted. "Very good, I reckon that you are a natural." She said with a forced smile. "I shall look forward to the day when I see you ride. Now push the plunger all the way into the tube, and then pull the needle out of the horse's pouch." Lorena followed the instructions and then looked up at the old lady. "Now, you come to me in the house every day, and I will give you the syringe and you are to do this each time Neltitaca mounts up to ride like this." She snatched the syringe from Lorena and then turned and started out of the stables.

"But didn't that hurt the horse?" Lorena cried out. "Oh no dear, to the horse it is no worse than being bitten by one of those horse flies that are constantly bothering him." There was a horse cackle, then she was gone. Lorena looked back at the horse's penis. It was coming out of the pouch and growing stiff. She told Neltitaca of the development.

"Yes that is what is meant to happen, when it is long enough you must push the head into my vagina." Lorena reached down and took hold of the growing penis. It was firm and quite stiff but the surface felt spongy. It was hot and it throbbed in Lorena's hands, sending a pulse up her arm. It was like a machine that was just starting to work. The penis reached a length of about thirty five centimetres so Lorena pushed the thick head between Neltitaca's vagina lips.

At first it would not go in but Lorena held the lips apart with her free hand and slid the throbbing meat in with her other hand. It slipped in easily and as it did Lorena got a glimpse of the large hole in the older girl. She sat back on her heels amazed. How had that got so big? "Oh, that feels good, it has been so many months since I had him in there."

Neltitaca sounded as though she was in a dream, there was sweat all over her body. The penis continued to grow and it seemed to Lorena that Neltitaca would take it, no matter how big it got. As it penetrated the thick shaft pulled the lips of Neltitaca's pussy into her body a little and then they would slip out again only to be pulled in again by the expanding rod. After a few minutes the growth stopped and Lorena was able to breathe again. She had been holding her breath with anxiety at seeing the extent to which the shaft had penetrated the girl. She had known that horse's penises were large but had not realised just how much would fit into a woman.

Neltitaca gave a sigh. "All right, we can go now, I am sorry if it startled you the way it went in like that but once it started there was nothing I could do to tell you. It just takes over and it is so lovely." Lorena broke from her stunned amazement and went to work. She reached up and strapped one of Neltitaca's ankles to the harness. Then she walked round the back of the horse and strapped the other ankle. Both legs were held almost straight and well forward of the horse's hind legs.

This accomplished, Lorena moved forward to strap the wrists of the girl. Again they were strapped so that the limb was almost straight but this time the hands were allowed to hold on to handles that hung from the saddle of the harness. The horse stood still while all this was being done. The job finished Lorena stood back and checked her handy work. She could just slip a finger into the straps that bound hand and feet, so none of the straps were too tight. The girl was in the right position with her shoulders well back from the horse's front limb but her legs were out of the way of the hind legs. That was good.

It would be unlikely that the horse would be able to kick or otherwise injure her new friend. Satisfied with her handy work she walked round the horse to check it all again and took particular note of the state of the horse's penis as she did so. It was still thick and hard and seemed to be about half into Neltitaca's open vagina.

There was a thicker ring about half way along the penis. Lorena had seen it before. This ring was just at the opening to the juicy wet hole that engulfed the shaft. Not only was this a fascinating achievement but it was beautiful to look at as well. Lorena decided that she would have to learn to control the horse from the back where she could watch the penis at the same time. Niltitaca's voice stopped her reverence of the male phallus.

"Back the horse out and take us to the field by the river. We will be there for the rest of the morning. It should be warm and very pleasant." Lorena had no problem with this and as she encouraged the horse to reverse into the passage at the back of the stalls, she thought to pick up a riding crop from a rack on the wall. Once the horse was in the passage she led him on but while doing so she lengthened the leading rein to its full extent. This set the stage for the next step in her plan.

As the horse took its first step, Lorena heard the girl suspended under the horse give a deep gasp. She wondered what was happening to her that she had to utter such a sound. She looked back and could see the harness rocking forward and back. At the same time it swung sideways, to and fro.

Lorena wanted to watch but knew that she had to keep an eye on the direction of the horse and not let him go the wrong way or some thing dreadful like that. She pulled her eyes back to the front and concentrated on her new job. Leading the horse into the yard, she swung the horse round and headed for the gate to the path that led into the fields. On reaching the gate she opened it, walked the horse through, and then turned the horse round so she could close the gate. This done and the gate shut fast, she turned back to the horse, but instead of going back to the horse's head and leading on she swung part of the rein over the horse's head and across his back. This would enable her to stand well back from the horse's head but still be able to control him.

Later...

Now she took the horse by the bit and turning him once again she started down the path to the river. As Lorena lead the horse and its rider down the path she released the bit and just used the rein on

the horse's near side. Slowly she extended the length of rein between her hand and the halter, so that the horse was being controlled from a greater and greater distance.

After about five hundred metres she reached the end of the rein and was able to manoeuvre the horse by gently pulling on one side or the other to steer. To halt his progress she could halt on both sides, and to make him move forward she just had to flap the rein that rested on his back. It all seemed to work very well. Now she was able to view what had really grabbed her interest.

The first thing that Lorena noticed was that there seemed to be a lot of movement in the harness. Not only was it moving forward and back, and from side to side, but there was quite a lot of up and down motion as well. The next thing she noticed was that not all of this up and down motion was done by both rider and harness.

The girl riding seemed to have much more motion than the harness that was designed to support her. In fact it rather looked as though the poor rider was writhing in agony. Lorena was a little concerned and getting close to her charge she tentatively asked if she was all right. There was no response, but the girl's breathing was hard and came in gasps. Lorena decided to stop the horse and see what she could do to help the other female.

"Don't stop, don't stop." The girl gasped in desperation. Lorena quickly started the horse again, feeling chagrined that she had tried to put right a situation that was obviously not wrong. She resolved to observe some more and learn as much as she could. But how would she know if something was wrong?

Neltitaca seemed to be arching her body in time to the horse's pace. It began to look like a strange dance, performed between horse and rider. The penis seemed to be getting stiffer if that was possible and the amount that it was entering Neltitaca was increasing too.

Where as it had started with about three to four centimetres moving in and out, now there must have been nine or ten centimetres sliding easily in and out in time to the horse's walk. Added to this were the sounds of groans and gasps that seemed to be made in time to the inward thrust of the horse's penis. They had started off as barely audible low moans but the volume and pitch had increased.

Now they were loud enough to make workers in the fields look up, and they were more like screams than moans. Could this keep increasing? Lorena was puzzled as to how or why all these changes were taking place, in fact she found it quite worrying. She had never seen anybody orgasm before.

The horse walked on but was getting skittish, dancing along the path instead of walking normally. This seemed to make its rider scream even more. Suddenly she stopped. She arched her back and went very stiff. She stayed like this for a few moments and then letting out a long sigh she slumped in the harness.

Lorena crouched down low and asked if Nel was all right. She could not get too close to her because the horse was still dancing. "Yes, yes, I am fine. It is the way or this kind of riding that it fills you with energy and you just have to scream. It is the most beautiful thing I have ever done. I feel really happy and it is better now that you are leading me instead of that old woman. She goes so slow and talks and grumbles all the time. That really spoils it."

Suddenly the horse stopped and stood shaking.

“Watch my pussy hole Lorena, see what happens.”

Then she started gasping again. “Oh it is Sooo nice!”

Lorena went back to where she could see the thick horse penis entering Neltitaca’s cunt. At first nothing happened but then, the penis started to pulse and a white creamy liquid squirted out of the tight fitting union. The penis was thrust into Neltitaca’s pussy so far and it was so big, Lorena was stunned that anything could get out at all. There were several little jets of the liquid until the last drops just trickled out and ran down Nel’s buttocks. Lorena watched fascinated, waiting for more liquid, but it seemed to have stopped now.

“That is it Lora, we must walk some more before it happens again. Come on lets go.” Neltitaca was obviously so eager that Lorena jumped to her task of guiding the horse. This was to be the start of a very long and intimate friendship.

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Chapter 3

When Lorena and her companion returned to the stables, it was quite late. Lorena her self had completely forgotten her lessons. Neltitaca was so full of the first really good horse ride she had ever had she did not think of the trouble that may arise from the late return. Lorena wanted to help Nel out of the saddle but the horse was still deeply thrust into the girl’s tender loins. Neltitaca explained that it may take several hours before the horse was limp enough to drop out and release her from the tie, and that Lorena should leave her and go do the things she should be doing.

At this Lorena suddenly remembered the classes that she should have been attending. She quickly explained her situation and ran out of the stables with Nel’s call. When Lorena arrived at the house she found her Mother and tutor sitting in the hall, both with very stern expressions on their faces. She knew that she was in trouble and was ready to accept the consequences even if she did not know what those would be. At least she had the knowledge that she had a new friend.

“Where have you been?” came the voice of her mother, almost as soon as she was in the house. Lorena started to explain that she had found a new friend but was cut off in mid sentence.

“You will go to your room now and have your lessons, we will talk about this when they are finished.” There was nothing more to be said at that time. Lorena’s Mother slowly stood and leaning heavily on her stick she limped away toward one of the many sumptuous rooms. Lorena led her tutor up to her study room for the learning she had to do.

It was toward evening when she was eventually released from her education and, with a little fear in her mind of what was about to happen to her, she made her way to her Mothers room. She knocked timidly on the door half hoping that the woman would not be there but of course she was.

It was toward evening when she was eventually released from her education and, with a little fear in her mind of what was about to happen to her, she made her way to her Mother’s room. She knocked timidly on the door half hoping that the woman would not be there but of course she was.

“Come in.” Lorena turned the handle and pushed hard on the heavy door. When she was in she turned and closed it behind her. Then she stood facing her Mother and waited. After about five minutes the lady looked up.

“So, young lady, you think that it is all right to miss lessons and waste the time of your tutor and money of your parent? Tell me what have you got to say for yourself?”

Lorena took the bull by the horns and went for a full description of what had gone on before she had returned to the house after her ride. It took some time but her Mother listened without comment until the end. Then there came the barrage of questions, not just about her excursion but about her lessons too.

Lorena had expected this as it was how her Mother kept track of how well she had attended to her classes, and it was a way of keeping her unsettled, not knowing what would come next. At the end of over an hour's interrogation the questions stopped. The old lady sat and thought for several minutes.

“As you are, you say, very friendly with Neltitaca I shall not prevent you from leading her on her training with her horse, but it must be done at the time when you yourself take your ride or after you have finished your lessons. I am not going to let you dictate to your tutors when and where you will have tuition. They are busy men and have other appointments to keep. Also you will not inject the horse or assist in the joining of the horse to Neltitaca. You are far too young for that and it is dangerous.

“If you were to get it wrong you could kill the horse or the horse could kill you if he decided to kick you. I was not going to introduce you to this method of riding for some time yet. But, as you have seen it for yourself I can not change that and you will possibly learn more by talking to a novice and watching her experience than if I came to teach you myself. As for the old lady you saw, I do not suppose you know who she is. Fortunately I do and I will deal with her myself. You are not to talk to her ever again. Is that understood?”

Lorena made a solemn vow never to talk to the old lady she had met that morning.

“In that case you may go and have your meal. I reckon you must be very hungry. First come here and give me a kiss. You do realise that I am only trying to keep you safe, don't you?” the lady's voice gentled some what.

Lorena stepped up to her Mother. “Yes Mother, I am sorry to have caused you so much sorrow.”

“That is all right, one expects it from small children, but as you grow so you will learn to behave better and become a fine woman and a good wife. Now off you go.” Lorena kissed her Mother and then quickly left the room, closing the door behind her, while her Mother watched and thought back over her own life as a belly rider. She was only thirty seven but had ridden many horses on many occasions. She was just sad that now she was unable to ride like that due to her hips being so badly crippled. She so longed for the thrust of a good horse inside her.

Before going to her meal, Lorena went back to the stables to see how her new friend was, but there was nobody there and all the horses were cleaned and fed, so she returned to eat. The next day Lorena went for breakfast and then as soon as she was finished she left for the stables. Her own horse was all ready saddled and waiting and next to it was the other horse.

Neltitaca was slung under it and strapped in place. There was no evidence of any other person. Lorena greeted her new friend and then walked round her horse to check all the straps and things. Then she checked that Nel was comfortable and secure. She noted that the horse had already been inserted into the girl, and all seeming well she led the two horses out of the stable.

In the yard she mounted her own steed and then at her guidance the two horses went out into the fields. It was not so easy to see what was happening in the interaction between her friend and her

steed, but there was something very satisfying about the happy groans and other noises that rose up from between the horse's front legs. This was to be the routine for years to come and the two girls became very familiar with each other. Not just for riding but in other activities too.

They often played together and told stories to each other and they got on really well despite the age difference. It was after about two and a half years that Neltitaca eventually decided to tell Lorena the reason why she had taken to belly riding. "When I was eleven I was like you and used to ride a lot. Because my father does not have much land I would ride along the tracks and paths on adjoining lands and I got to know most of the owners and servants.

It was during the summer when I was nearly twelve that one day my horse bolted and I was unable to control him. My rescuer was a young man of about thirty. He stopped my horse and then demanded payment. I offered to take him to my father who I thought would reward him handsomely, but he declined. He said that he wanted payment right then and that I knew what he wanted.

I pretended to be ignorant of his wish and he pulled me off my horse and kissed me. "Now do you know what I mean?" he said. I knew for sure what it was he wanted though I feigned ignorance. He then took the matter into his own hands and had his way with me against my will. Then he left me lying in my own blood and torn cloths. Eventually I was able to get back on my horse.

I rode home and changed pretending that nothing had happened. I was so ashamed of the event that I never told anyone what had happened, in fact you are the first that I have told. Well nothing came of my mishap fortunately and I was able to live a normal life. Until I was to get married that is.

My Father and Mother arranged for me to marry the son of a wealthy land owner and all the details were settled before I met the man I was to wed. to my horror I found out one week before the wedding that I was to be joined to the man who had raped me. Now you are ten I hope you understand all this." Lorena admitted that she was aware of the ways between husband and wife, it having been explained by one of the maids at home when she had shed her first blood a few months before.

"Well I went to my Father and told him that I did not want to marry the man because I did not like him and considered him rude and uncouth, but I did not let on that I had been raped by the same man just those few years before. My Father flew into a rage and called me an ungrateful girl and said that I would have to marry him anyway because everything was settled. I had to go through with the wedding and it was that first night that my position here was settled. At the wedding, when asked if I would take this man to be my lawful wedded husband, I said, "No," but the priest pretended not to hear and pronounced us wed.

"I think my husband had something to do with it. That night when we were to consummate the wedding my husband inspected me and seeing that I was not a virgin went to my father refusing to have me, even though I had told him that he was the one to have done this deed to me. My Father was livid and told my new husband that he could sell me or I would be sent to a monastery. My husband said I should be sent to a monastery and that my father should pay for the journey and pay compensation to my husband.

"He had great joy in coming back to me and telling me that I was to go to the monastery and that now my father would have to sell his land to cover the cost that I had placed upon his head, which meant that my husband would be able to buy it. Apparently my husband and his father had been trying to get that land for many years.

"After a year or so I was able to escape from the monastery and I ran here, because I knew I had

family here, this is also as far as I got before my money ran out. I started to look for work and your father was kind enough to give me a maid's position, here in the big house, when he heard that I was related to Titsilini.

I have written to my Father to tell him what really happened but that was three years ago and I have not heard anything. I also wrote to my husband and told him that I would rather marry a horse than a rapist like him and this is why I ride. I am going to go back one day and ride through the town and yell at the top of my voice exactly what happened and show that my horse is a better husband than he ever could be. Maybe that will put him to shame."

Neltitaca fell silent. They had been walking together through the fields of stubble after the corn had been harvested. Lorena did not know what to say. She substituted words for actions and put her arm round Neltitaca's waist. The young woman reached down and rested her hand on Lorena's shoulder and they continued in silence. But after a while Lorena had a burning question.

"So is Xaltocan your Father's name or your married name?" she asked. "It is the name of my mother before she married my Father, I could not bear to use the name of my husband but if I used my Father's name then my husband may find me if he comes looking." That subject was never broached again. Months passed before any new developments appeared.

It was on Lorena's twelfth Birthday that her Mother called her to her room, during the afternoon siesta.

Lorena had no idea what the reason was so she arrived without any worries or anxiety. She arrived outside the door to her Mother's room and tapped lightly on the door. She was surprised when her mother opened it for her rather than just calling come in. Lorena walked in and stood waiting to find out what would happen next. Her Mother limped, with the aid of her stick over to a comfortable sedan and sitting on it beckoned Lorena to join her. "Well my dear, how do you feel?"

This seemed a strange beginning as Lorena knew that her Mother was not one for beating about the bush. The question was sufficiently wide to cause some difficulty in forming an answer. Lorena even burning questions that all young ladies have, while I will try my best to answer them for you."

This made Lorena even more puzzled, she had never known her Mother to be like this before. It was as though she was trying to be friendly instead of the usual business like ruler of the house that she was. Still the first question was clearer now.

"I am well and I am happy most of the time. I like the horse riding and I like my time with Neltitaca, we talk about all sorts of things and we can share secrets. I just feel sad when she goes away for January and February. I miss her so much. The other thing I don't like very much is all the lessons that I have to do. I find them so tiring sometimes especially if it is sunny and warm out. I feel that I could be out with the horses or something else instead."

She had been pondering the furniture and pictures in the room as she spoke. It was not often that she had time to think about these things she saw so rarely. As she finished speaking she looked back at her Mother sitting beside her.

Her Mother had been watching her as she made her response and Lorena felt a little ashamed that she had not been looking at her Mother as she had made her answer, She had been taught always, as a small child, to look at the person she was addressing. Her Mother smiled. Perhaps this will be a pleasant afternoon after all thought Lorena.

"I am glad that you have found such a good friend in Neltitaca, she is a nice girl and has not had such a good life as she deserved with her upbringing. It is a shame that she is so much older than

you but I think may be she has been able to take on parts of being your Mother that I have not been able to. I am very grateful to her for the friendship she has shown you. It is only right that you should like horses, it runs in the family and I would have been very surprised had you not. As for the lessons, well it is something that every young lady should learn if they are to become the head of the house one day.

"Your Father looks after the business side of the Hacienda, with the growing of coffee and corn, and I look after the running of the house. I control all the accounts and the spending of money the staff all come to me to find out what is to be done, when and how. As your Father and I have only you as a child this responsibility will fall to you when I die, and your husband will run the Hacienda. So you see what you are learning is very important for your future welfare." Lorena took this all in as it was given to her and then thought about the statement.

"You and Father are not going to die yet are you?" she asked some what apprehensive that everything may suddenly fall on her shoulders very soon.

"No darling, not for a long time yet, your Father and I have many good years ahead of us. I shall start to let you take little bits off my hand gradually as you get older. It is not very difficult, or I could not manage with these legs, they pain me more as I grow older." Lorena saw a perfect opportunity to ask something she had often wondered about.

"Mother, how did you hurt your leg?"

"That my dear happened a long time ago, before you were born. I had been riding to see a friend, up in the hills. I had spent rather a long time there and was late returning home to my new husband. We had only been married for a few weeks, your Father and I. I was galloping back along the muddy lanes and came face to face with a car. We didn't have many of those things then and the horse had never seen one. He took fright and bolted, I was thrown and left lying in the lane with a broken collar and fractured hip.

"Nobody knew what had happened until the horse turned up home without me. This was seven hours later and it was dark. I was not found for three days by which time the bones were starting to knit. The doctor was not very good and though he reset the brake he did not do a good job and I have limped ever since. It used not to hurt but just lately it has swollen and been causing me pain.

"The accident stopped me doing all the things that I used to love, now all I can do is run the house and do things like knitting and reading. We were so glad when you came along and we found out that I could still have children. But there were complications with your little brother and he died, and I never had another child."

"What are complications, I thought it was like sums when they are difficult?"

"It is just what they call it when things don't go the way they should when you give birth to a child. Some times the doctor can fix the problem and sometimes he can't. With Jullio the doctor could not fix it."

"Why are you telling me these things Mother?" "It is because you are getting old enough to understand, you need to know and I will not be able to tell you these things later because you will be too busy looking after the house for me. So what else would you like to know?"

"Can you tell me about riding underneath horses?" Lorena was not sure she should have asked that question but was pleasantly surprised when her Mother agreed.

"Yes my dear, it is one of the things that you need to know, that I would not entrust to any other person. It started many years ago when an important land owner refused to go to his wife. He had found another girl and was secretly making love to her. The wife found out and accused him of adultery. The man did not care what the wife said and ignored her.

She, far from embarrassed by the man's infidelity, asked all her friends what she should do, and they all told her to take a lover. The wife did not want to have another man as she felt that it would make her as bad as her husband, so she chose a horse from the stables. She had arranged a few bales of straw to lie on and then led the horse in to the area and made love to him. It was while she was coupled to the horse that her husband came in and seeing her was furious.

He had some strong rope with him and he bound the woman to the horse while they were still joined and then led them through the streets to show everybody what a bad wife she was. Well all the women who saw this already knew that it was the husband that had been unfaithful so they all joined together and the next day they rode, tied under their horse, up to the husbands work place.

Once there, they all cried out how bad the man was for being unfaithful to his wife and making her seek an alternative lover. They shamed the man so much that he ran away leaving the wife everything. She was so happy to be rid of him, after he had tied her under the horse, that from then on every year at carnival she would ride through the streets of the town while coupled to her favourite horse.

Many of the other women in the town followed suit, especially if their husbands were found to be unfaithful. Now it is done by many women whether their husbands are faithful or not and whether they are married or not. I did it before I was married and so did my Mother. Your Father's Mother also rode and so has your aunt Elizabet Gloria Marria. In fact your aunt still does even now. She never married and so she enjoys a horse more often than most. She went to Mardi Gras in Rio on two occasions as a belly rider."

"Will you teach me to belly ride? I would like to learn. Then Neltitaca and I could ride together." Lorena looked at her Mother hopefully.

"I will tell you how to start training, but you will have to be shown the main part of the skill by someone else. My leg makes it far to difficult for me to get down to the stables and walk a horse for hours. First though you will have to have a horse because you will never complete the learning on a mare like you have now.

"You must tell Rodrigues to mate your mare to Korrtona, the big black stallion and with any luck you will have a fine male foal to train next spring. I would be surprised if you did not have a male foal as Korrtona has only ever sired males in his fourteen years with us. The new animal will be ready for you to ride come your sixteenth Birthday."

Lorena received much more instruction and many subjects were covered in the next few hours. They talked long into the night only separating for bed when everyone else was asleep already. The next day Lorena was up later than usual, but this did not prevent her from going on her usual morning ride.

It being late January and the time for carnival Neltitaca was not there to go with her so she shortened the ride so as not to be late for her lessons. When she returned to the stables with her horse she found Rodrigues grooming one of the other mares. She went up to him and quietly told him what her mother had said the day before about mating her horse with Korrtona.

"I know all about that young lady." He said. "I got my instructions first thing this morning. You will

find the stall next to Korrtona empty. You put your horse in there and I will see to her directly. She will have to have special feed to make her foal extra strong so I will take special care of her from now on. It's a bit late in the year to mate her but if she takes, then the foal will be dropped in the late spring. November or early December I would say. I will let you know when I am going to join them so you can help me."

Lorena was so pleased that she was to help in the process. She took her mare to the required stall and then after watering her and giving her a quick rub down she went off to her classes.

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About a week later when she went to collect her horse for the morning ride, the horse was not there. Lorena looked around but could not find her. Soon Rodrigues appeared and told her to get some work clothes on as today was the day.

Lorena ran indoors and changed, then ran out to the corral. Her horse was tied between two short fences so that she could not move sideways. Korrtona was in the next paddock taking a great interest in the mare, who had raised her tail and was trying to get free in order to go to the big stallion. Lorena walked over to her mare and comforted her.

A moment later Rodrigues walked over to her. "You know what to do don't you? You have seen it often enough. Are you sure you will be all right because I will not be able to help you? I will be too busy at the other end. Just keep her calm and stay to one side." Lorena said she would be fine and the man went over to open the gate to Korrtona's paddock.

The stallion whinnied loudly and cantered into the corral. He ran round the area by the fence, making lots of noise and swiftly changing direction as though he was taking part in a wild dance. The mare whinnied back and held her tail high waving it about like a flag. The stallion needed no additional invitation. He ran up to her and then as though inspecting her he walked round the place where she was tied. When he reached her back he sniffed closely at her hind quarters.

He looked away briefly making a strange face, mouth open and lips curled back. Then he returned his nose to her rump and sniffed again. The strange face was repeated and then instead of taking a third sniff, he butted his head against her. This was it. Lorena wished that she was more to the side of her horse so she could see better but she had the responsibility of keeping the mare calm. The mare seemed to be quite eager as the stallion mounted her.

Ten minutes and it was done. Korrtona slipped off the mare and snorting trotted round the fence that held the other horse. They greeted each other with loud snorts and whinnies, while Rodrigues and Lorena untied the mare. Then the two horses were herded into the paddock together.

"They will probably mate again before the day is out but if it goes wrong at least the first was right," said Rodrigues. "I will see you in the morning young lady." And he marched off to the stables. Lorena stayed to watch the horses as they trotted round the paddock together playing chase and biting games. Those two horses were obviously in love.

The following spring the foal was dropped. It seemed to Lorena that the whole town had come to watch, but she had a front stage seat. The foal was strong and was able to stand within ten minutes of birth. Rodrigues walked over and stood on the other side of the fence from Lorena and her Mother.

"He is a fine strong lad and should serve you well and for many years. What do you want to call him?" Lorena looked closely at the new comer. He was mainly black but had white patches down his

spine and on his forehead.

"I want to call him `Via Lactia' (Milky Way in Spanish) because of the stars all down his back. I like him, can I come in and stroke him?"

"Wait until tomorrow and bring a small titbit, something soft and sweet for him. Cook will know what. Do that once or twice a week and he will grow to love you as much as he loves his mother's milk."

The people gradually left until only Lorena, her Mother and Titsilini were present and still interested in the newest member of the community. They all three watched the foal as he staggered and wobbled. It was not long before he was steady enough to have his first feed and as he did his Mother licked him bonding to her new son. Three months later training started.

Lorena's Mother called her up to her room again one afternoon in the summer, "The first thing we have to do is to train your foal to walk in such a way that his hooves will never touch you while you are riding him and to make sure that you do not get chaffed from his legs. This will take as long as it takes him to reach full growth when he is nearly three or four. Then we will teach you to ride him and keep control and finally how to join with him as a belly rider. I will help you train the foal to walk, after that your aunt will have the reins so to speak." Again they talked for many hours and Lorena asked many questions all of which were answered in a direct manner.

The training started with a small bolster of about fifteen centimetres diameter being suspended between the foal's forelegs. Lorena had to make the bolster from old drapes stuffed with any old material that she could lay her hands on. It was designed to make the animal walk with its forelegs slightly apart so that in later life when he had a rider suspended under him he would not bash the rider's head with his legs and hooves.

At first the pony was most upset with the new addition to his harness but after an hour or two of trying to dislodge the hindrance, with some ineffective aid from his mother, he decided to get on with his life as best he could and by the next day he was scampering about as before. The bolster was sufficiently soft so as not to injure the animal but firm enough to be a problem if he forgot to avoid it during his capers.

To begin with, Via, as the new member of the stables came to be known, only had to carry the bolster for about four or five hours each day. As the foal grew so the diameter of the bolster was increased to match so that by the time he was fully grown there would be ample room for Lorena's head to fit between the horse's legs. As the bolster was increased in size so to it was made heavier until by the time the now young horse was a year old he was carrying about thirty five kilograms and the length of time that he carried it had increased to twenty four hours per day with a day off once a week.

While the horse had been practising walking with a bundle slung under his belly, Lorena had been making a riding sling. With her mother's help, and several old and in some cases tatty, well used examples to go on, she had combined newly tanned hides and freshly made quilts into a workable system of straps, supports and strengthening pieces.

These would all have to be combined to make the desired end result once Via had reached his full grown height. The harness not only had to be comfortable for the horse but also for Lorena if she was to spend the three days of Mardi Gras in its confines. Lorena was getting very excited as time went by. The training could not progress fast enough for her. She eagerly awaited the day when she would climb into the harness for the first time. However, Via continued to grow and the training

continued and all looked very promising.

Shortly after Lorena's fifteenth Birthday, disaster struck. Lorena was out with Neltitaca, on one of their regular rides. Lorena was astride her new horse Via, now a strong two year old and Neltitaca was on the big black stallion Korrtona. They had been quite far and eaten a picnic for lunch as Lorena had not had lessons to go to and Nel had had a day off, it being a national holiday. Nel had been saying how she would love to belly ride with Korrtona, he being such a big horse in all dimensions.

Lorena had felt a little envious of her friend who had so many years experience riding like that, where as she still had not lost her virginity, let alone had a horse. The conversation had gone along the lines of all the joy and learning that Lorena still had to sample, where as Nel had done it all and was now finding it hard to find anything new to try.

Many things had been said and they were both content with their day and their friendship. As they returned home in the afternoon and came into view of the hacienda they saw a large cloud of black smoke rising from the main building. They looked at each other and then spurred their horse to a gallop. Both animals were reasonably fresh, neither of them having been exerted to strenuous exercise at all that day. It took then nearly an hour to reach the home that they both loved so much, as they had still some kilometres to go.

When they arrived they were met by Rodrigues and Titsilini. They were lead through to the house, leaving their horse in a field away from the smoke. Titsilini was in tears, unable to say anything, so it was up to Rodrigues to break the news to them.

"I don't know how the fire actually started." He said as they walked along. "But it was first reported in the kitchen. The alarm was rung and everybody evacuated as quickly as they could. Unfortunately your Mother got trapped upstairs, her bad leg and so on. Your Father went back in to get her but he never came out again. That was two hours ago. I am afraid that I don't hold much hope for either of them, though it is still possible maybe." He finished, trying to put a lighter aspect to the news.

Lorena knew instantly that both her Mother and Father were dead and now she was the head of the house, what was left of it. As she walked along she thought about all the things that she should do, but where to start. Eventually she turned to Rodrigues for answers. "What has been done so far?" she asked.

"Well I have set all the men on pumping water and those of the women who are strong enough to carry buckets. The others I set to moving all the animals to safe places well away from here and when they returned I set them to rescuing anything in any building that could be reached without endangering life. But the weather has been kind to us as the wind has blown all the smoke and sparks away from the other buildings. So it is only the main house that has burned. Very lucky that it did not go right round the complex."

As they arrived in the yard Lorena could see the extent of the fire. The whole building was gutted except a small part of the ground floor furthest away from the kitchens. There was no hope for anybody who had not been able to exit the fire at the beginning. Most of the fire was out now with just a few patches still smouldering with small flames, where the fire had been hottest, but smoke still billowed up from most of the wreckage. The men were still pouring in the water as fast as they could and so it would not be long before even the smoke was gone and the house was left as a pile of charred, wet timbers. Rodrigues looked stunned.

"Oh holy Mary, it was not nearly as bad as this when I last had time to look at the situation. Its all

gone." His expression said it all. Stunned disbelief at such devastation. He almost broke down and cried only just managing to retain his composure. Lorena however seemed to be quite detached from what she saw. She felt like it was a dream and therefore it was not real. She would do her best to help those in the dream with her but was sure that in the morning when she awoke it would all be back to normal. She studied the situation for a few moments and then started to give orders. There were a number of people from the village who had probably come initially to watch the spectacle but had ended up being roped in to work.

"Rodrigues, set the ladies to finding what we have in the store house and see if it is enough to cover the staff. We will need blankets and food for every one and probably food for many of the village folk if this carries on into the hours of darkness. If there is anything that we are short of for tonight then send some of the men from the village to see if they can drum up enough to cover the short fall. Whatever we borrow, I will want written down in a list, of who lent it and a description of the items, so that they can be returned to their rightful owners. A couple of the ladies should go to round up the horse from all the locations that they are at present so that they to can be fed and watered.

"Nel's and my horses should be seen to first as they have been ridden hard and need to be rubbed down before they catch a cold of something worse. Then when the women are finished with the store room, I want everything we have to be distributed to those that will be here for the night and places allocated for each person to sleep. When the smoke has died down I want all the able bodied men to start sifting through the wreckage to see what can be salvaged."

The string of orders came hard and fast. Both Nell and Rodrigues were amazed at the way Lorena took on the task of being in charge. The orders were passed on and the work of recovering from the trauma began in earnest. Everybody seemed to set to as they received new tasks to do and most of the folk worked well into the hours of darkness.

Eventually jobs were completed and Lorena was unable to think of any further things to pass on in the way of new work. The villagers trickled off to their houses and the staff of the ruined hacienda slowly settled down to their make shift beds, strewn around the complex in which ever buildings afforded some space. Lorena however did not go to bed until much later. She sat on a low wall watching the last wisps of smoke rise into the darkness until the sleep in her head made her nod off. She awoke with a start as she nearly fell from her perch. She got up and going to find a spare place in the stables she ended by lying down in the stall with her young horse, who had ridden so hard that afternoon.

The morning dawned grey and uninviting but it soon cleared up and by nine was sunny and bright. This did not match the way the residents of the now charred hacienda felt. After an almost sleepless night, Lorena was one of the first to rise. She knew that the hard task of clearing up had to continue and then money not with standing, she would have to arrange the rebuilding of her newly gained responsibility. There were those she knew she could count on to help but many, unless things were seen to progress at a good rate, would drift away in search of better positions.

The first thing she set was cook details. It had turned out that the normal cook for the complex had also died in the conflagration along with two kitchen maids and a young boy who was one of the maid's sons. She dreaded to think of the deaths but knew it would have to be seen to. Bodies may be found in the wreckage and condolences would have to be sent even if they weren't. then she set shifts for clearing the rubbish and collecting anything that was salvageable. The rest were set to every day tasks that had to continue. Care for the animals and the general running of the plantations. Working all this out took several hours and it was not until after the midday meal, a sad affair by comparison with the usual victuals.

Once everybody was engaged with some chore or other, Lorena mounted her horse and rode down to the village to look for a builder. Though her father had known a good man for repairs and small tasks, the job that was now needed was somewhat bigger and would have to be surveyed and quoted for. This took her long into the evening. Time passed by and after three months things were looking up. For one thing all the staff had remained on her pay role. Another thing was that the new building was under way and actually looked like a house although there was no roof and very little of the interior was even started. All the regular things required to run the plantations were going smoothly and there were many helping hands for all the little jobs that needed to be done.

There had been times of joy and sadness. Joy had come when her aunt had turned up at the sight and had started to help organise the arrangements that Lorena had overlooked. Her presence also meant that Lorena could go back to training her horse for the belly riding that she so wanted to do, when she had time which was not often.

The sadness was when they only found two bodies out of the six who had perished and neither could be recognised. To prevent quarrels over who should have the bones Lorena ordered six coffins and had the bones distributed between them. Then bags of sand were added to make up a weight so that the coffins would seem to have a body in. This was enough to satisfy most of the relations. The other sad thing was that the old lady, who had instructed her to inject the horse for Neltitaca all those years ago, came by soon after the fire.

She came full of joy and unkind remarks, as though she was happy to see the house in ruins and the former owners burned to death in its flames. She tried to push herself into being friends with some of the staff, encouraging them to leave with her. But Lorena saw the way of her intent and banished her telling her never to return. It upset her knowing that she had to break a promise to her mother, in order to banish the woman.

As things became more and more organised, Lorena was able to go back to the regular training of her horse and to her regular morning rides with Neltitaca. It was on one of these rides with Nel strapped to her horse that Lorena eventually broke down and cried for the loss of her parents and home. When they returned to the now nearly finished home, Lorena cuddled up to her best friend, despite the fact that the other girl was still joined to her horse. The comfort that was needed was freely and happily given.

Everything was finished by the time Lorena's sixteenth Birthday arrived, and there was a major celebration for Lorena and her new hacienda. That day three people proposed marriage to the very eligible young land owner.

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## **Chapter 4**

The celebrations had been the best she had attended for many years. The fact that they were dedicated to her, for her sixteenth Birthday made them doubly special. She could select a husband from the many fine young men who asked for her hand and all the attention filled Lorena with a strong sense of pride. But she was a land owner and who she married would have to be considered very carefully, for the benefit of her and her employees. She was not going to rush into an agreement of matrimony. There were many who came forward to make themselves known without actually making a proposition, but Lorena knew that all the young men were eyeing her up with a view to acquiring her lands, and her body. However she was only sixteen and so time, at present was on her side.

She spent the time dancing, exchanging jokes and conversation with the others who were in attendance, and generally the evening went without a hitch. There was of course a fight or two between folk who had had too much tequila, and could no longer distinguish between a compliment and an insult, but there were enough sober people to stop these conflicts in their tracks.

The music was fast and happy, the food was tasty and plentiful, most people were enjoying themselves when Lorena finally called it a night, during the small hours, which were no longer quite so small. She slipped away without saying good night to anyone, hopefully they would all just keep dancing and singing, and not notice her departure. However there was one. There is always one who will not leave you alone and eventually they end up making themselves despised. There was just such a man at this occasion.

He had asked her several times to dance with him, and though he was not a bad dancer he had tended to take liberties with the way he had held her. Placing his hand on her bottom and touching her breast on one occasion, had made these times on the floor, more of a battle than pleasant interlude. She was pleased that she would not have to duel with him again that night, or so she thought.

She slipped into the house, newly completed and looking just as she had wished when she and the designer had set out the plans. Crossing the hall to the wide stairway she set foot on the bottom tread. She was tired and so advanced slowly up and did not hear the door open again behind her. Lorena was about half way up the stair when the man's gruff voice stopped her in her tracks.

She turned slowly and eyed him with scorn. He was still at the bottom of the staircase looking up at her with a glint of cunning in his eye, or it would have been if he had not been so very drunk.

"You will miss the party if you come in here." Lorena said down at him.

"Not the party I'm thinking of my lovely, why don't you show me your nice new bed and we can try it together." Lorena thanked god that she had not had much to drink and still had her wits about her.

"I don't think that is a good idea, you probably snore and that would keep me awake." There was a hope in her mind that maybe this boor would just get the message and leave, but ultimately she realised that he would not, unless she made him leave.

"I don't think I want to sleep, the night is too pretty for that. Why don't we just spend some time together, just you and me, in your room testing the furniture?" he lurched up a step, holding onto the banister for support.

"I don't think that is a good idea," replied Lorena. "You are too drunk to get out of the house if it burns down again and I would not like to have your life on my conscience if you were to get court in the flames."

"There is not going to be any fire in this house, it is built too strong. Come on what do you say to a little chat in your room, just the two of us, no one else need know?" Lorena noticed that he had a bottle in his hand as he lurched up two more steps. He took a drink but the effort did not make him unstable. He still had a long way to go before he went down in a drunken stupor. Lorena realised that she would have to tackle him herself or scream for help. The party was too noisy for a scream, she would have to come up with her own plan and hope that it worked. Her admirer took two more steps and rested again looking at her as if appraising the fitness of a new horse that he had just bought. Lorena turned and climbed the rest of the stairs and then turned again to look back at her assailant.



"If you want to see my room you had better hurry, I am not going to wait all night." The man whose name she could not think of at that moment produced a big grin all over his face and started up the rest of the stair.

"That's my girl, I knew you wanted me all along. Just trying to play me like a fish you were, with all that dancing with other men. Playing the field to see if there was a better catch, but I knew you would hoose me, Ha, ha, ha." Pulling himself up by the banister as he spoke he had nearly reached the top. Four steps down, he stopped and took another drink from the bottle. It was still three quarters full. Shame to spill all that, thought Lorena. The foe stepped up another step, rested and then climbed another.

"Mighty fine of you to wait for me like this," he said as he advanced. "You and I are going...." he never saw the foot that flew out and kicked him under the chin. His head had been at the level of Lorena's stomach and just the right distance for a good contact. Lorena was sad that she only had thin dancing shoes on and not her riding boots, but the fall would contribute to the effect. The impact bruised her toe but she did not notice until she went to step on it. she had great satisfaction watching the poor man tumble down her new stairs and end up as a heap at the bottom.

Should she go to check on him? Was he still breathing? Would he get up in a minute and come after her? He didn't move. Lorena started down the stairs and the pain shot through her toe. She grabbed the railing just in time and prevented herself from following her victim. Was it broken? She tested her weight in the offending foot and found that it was his shoulders. She thought that was very funny as she admired her handy work.

It was as well she had decided against his advances, his genitals were too small even for a prairie dog. He would not be her stallion. She laughed at her little joke as she climbed slowly to her room. Once in she locked the door behind her and went for a comfortable sleep in her own bed, alone. What would the rest of the house hold make of his strange predicament?

The dawn broke quietly and Lorena was soon up and dressed. She went down to find her adversary still asleep, tied just as she had left him. Her foot only ached a little bit, nothing to worry about and the vagabond was obviously going to sleep for some time to come. Should she let him go? No leave it until he woke then get him to promise to leave her alone as she did not like his countenance. She scribbled a quick note to the staff to leave him as he was, and then went to the stables to collect her horse.

Via was already saddled and waiting. Nel's horse was also rigged with her sling. Lorena stood and petted her horse gently while she waited for Nel to appear, and wondered when she herself would be starting her proper first belly rid. Via was full grown now and had a good wide spread in his forelegs. Lorena had finished making her own sling and had tried it on Via but had not yet ridden naked in it. Soon she hoped, as Nel appeared.

The girl was carrying a syringe containing the now familiar green liquid. Could Lorena still call Nel a girl? She was twenty six years old now, a grown woman and beginning to show her age with one or two thin lines around the mouth and eyes. Lorena herself was a woman now if she could entertain propositions of marriage. Yes it was true, they were both women now and all childhood things would have to be relinquished to those who were still of that age. Not for her any more. As of the previous day, she was no longer a child.

A few moments later Lorena's Aunt walked in and appraised the situation.

"Now Lorena it is time to take on the adult side of your training. There is no reason for you not to

know every aspect of what is involved in this style of riding, so from now on you will assist Neltitaca in her ride and she has consented to help you as you progress.” Lorena was instructed in the art of injecting the horse as she had once done before, and then as the penis swelled to its full size she guided it into the waiting vagina of her best and closest friend.

It no longer amazed Lorena that such a huge piece of flesh could be inserted into the lower depths of the female human body. It only gave her a strong tingling feeling of excitement in her own loins. A feeling of longing and need that she knew would soon be relieved by her own body being pierced by her own loving stallion. The sense of anticipation was exciting to her keen mind. How long would it be before she too rode in this fashion? There was of course the natural barrier that had to be broken. How would it be achieved? Lorena’s emotions were mixed up with longing and a little fear as she led the horses out to the yard. Mounting her own horse she and Neltitaca rode out together. Two girls, two different styles of riding.

Neltitaca took command of her own horse to begin with. They rode slowly through the fields until Nel passed through her first orgasm of the day. At this point Lorena had to take the lead and move both horses on. She was very familiar with the appearance of her friend impaled on the thick horse meat, but she still loved to watch the thrust and parry of the two bodies as they interacted together. The rhythmic swing of the lady in the harness rocking in time to the step of the horse. The sliding of the penis, in and out of the wet vagina. There was not a lot of motion there but it showed and even after all this time Lorena could not take her eyes off the action.

For the past two years, at least, Lorena had returned to her home, after watching her friend Nel saddled in this way, and had to change out of wet under garments due to the effect of the erotic view. She had even had orgasms of her own while riding and watching her friend get thoroughly impaled. Today was no different, but she would not get an opportunity to change at the end of the ride.

They were gone for about two hours. Walking their horses the whole way, chatting in between Nel’s orgasms. Lorena tried to hold off from her own ecstatic responses to the ride, but failed miserably. Even Nel knew that Lorena had succumbed to the sexual pleasure. They returned to the stables and found Lorena’s Aunt waiting for them. She was a middle aged woman, still attractive and without the worry lines that married life seemed to bring to women. Tall at one metre eighty she stood several centimetres over both Nel and Lorena, Nel being the shortest of the three.

Lorena was surprised to see her Aunt Elizabet but made no comment. She admired her Aunt for her ability to take stock of any situation and put things in motion to set things straight. Doubtless something needed to be organised, Lorena had no idea it was herself that would be the subject of the change this time. Lorena followed the older woman to the house admiring her long hare as she went. There was no spare flesh on this lady and there was still a lot of girlish swagger in the hips as she stepped out. This was a pretty woman and Lorena hoped to look that good when she was forty plus. They walked into the house and Elizabet lead the way to her room. They entered and closed the door behind them.

“The time has come for you to take to your horse. Via is a fine beast and will serve you well for many years, but he can not serve if you are not opened to him.” There was no beating about the bush here. Everything was stated as it was, not as a story that eventually had a punch line.

“There are two ways to make yourself available to him. One is to take a man and marry and have to live with a husband dictating your every move or you can do it yourself, which requires more courage. I took preference of the second option and have never known a man. I can not tell you what it would be like to live with a man, and I can not advise you as to which man would be good for you. I

have seen many men beat their wives and I have seen many wives beat their husbands. You will never have to live with either if you do what I did and open yourself, but you have to have the strength to go through with the pain from your own hand, which may be harder.”

Lorena looked her Aunt squarely and made her choice. There was of course a third option, the man down stares would gladly have helped her, but she did not fancy the thought of his groping hands. She would do it herself.

The die was cast and Lorena was instructed on how to do it. The older lady went to a dresser and extracted from one of the draws a long cylindrical thing. Lorena could not see what it was at first but soon all was revealed. It was a wooden phallus, about forty five centimetres long and five centimetres thick. It had a penis shaped head that was a good centimetre thicker than the rest of the shaft and at the other end there was what appeared to be a hand grip.

The whole thing was immaculately carved with the shapes of the vanes and foreskin showing. It even had the little split in the head where a man peed. It was of a dark red wood, highly polished and very smooth to the touch. It was handed to Lorena to feel and explore. She caressed it lovingly and wondered if she had the strength to use it. she knew where it had to go and how it all fitted but she had been told that the pain was extreme the first time. Would she manage on her own? She expressed her doubt and received reassurance from the older woman.

“Come follow me, there is no time like the present and then you can have your first true ride tomorrow.” Elizabit waltzed out of the room with Lorena close behind.

“I bought this from a trader who I saw at market one year when I was about fifteen. I had been sent by my Mother to buy groceries and as I had a little money of my own I was looking for some thing to keep me amused. The indian had come from one of the Amazonian tribes and he was looking to trade for tools that he needed. He would not take money so I had to go and get what he wanted in order to get what I had taken a fancy to. I took a liking to this as soon as I saw it.

“The indian said that it would bring me luck in marriage and I would never have to worry about my man. He was right, I have never had to worry about any man. He had a number of other things like rattles and small trinkets, a man’s hat and a few things that natives of the forest use to cover themselves, but it was this that really caught my eye. He wanted a large machete in exchange so I duly went and got one.

“It took all of my money to get the type of blade that he had requested which had to be of fine steel. When I went back to see him with my exchange item he took it from me and cut a lock of his hair with it. Then he handed me what I wanted, packed up all his things and left, I never saw him again. Though I asked about him, nobody seemed to have noticed him, then or at any other time. Anyway this is what I received from him and it has served me well. Now I pass it on to you and bless your use of it. It will bring you good luck with men, and when it is time pass it on to another. One who you love and trust.” The phallus was passed to Lorena who took it, feeling a little strange as she received it.

They had walked down to the hall and Lorena observed the man from the previous evening. He was awake now and moaning, still trussed up, obviously there was a storm in his head from the night’s drinking. He had also relieved himself on the stone floor. Lorena and her Aunt took no notice and walked by him on their way out to the Yard.

The man’s eyes followed Lorena as she passed him and as they were about to walk out he made a wining request to be released, all to no avail. Elizabet marched out to the centre of the court yard

and stopped. Lorena stopped too, not knowing what to expect next.

“You are the lady of this hacienda. The undisputed owner of the house and lands. There is no person who has sway over your life here. It is a very privileged position, one that very few women ever have. If you wish too keep it this way you must demonstrate the fact that you will have no man as master. If you fail in this you will be married by the end of your seventeenth year.

“If you succeed you will be able to choose in your own time. You must open yourself here and now for all to see. This is the only way to stave off the swarm of men who vie for your land. There may not seem to be any who watch at this time but many will see and all will know by the night.” Lorena was shocked at what she was expected to do. She turned bright red and the heat filled her head.

“I have to do it here, now, in full view? I...” She stammered but could not get any more words out, such was her shock.

“Don’t fluster now girl,” said her Aunt. It is this or be under another’s rule. There is no point in hiding to do this. No body will know and you will still be pursued until you relent and accept a man to be your better. You must strip and act quickly, that is the only way.” Lorena stood still looking at her Aunt. She could see the sincerity of the woman’s beliefs and came to realise that it was true. She would be pursued until some man gained access to her land and body, then she would be subservient to that man. This was not what she wanted.

For two years she had been her own boss. She had even learned her father’s side of the running of the hacienda, with the help of her trusted staff. This was good for her but it was also good for her staff. They would know that she would run things here as long as she chose to and only when she found the right person would she let them take over, as man of the estate.

“Before I do this, there is one other thing I must do to ensure my message gets round.” She went into the stables and came back with a whip and then went back into the house. She stood in the doorway and looked down at the bound excuse for a man who she had silenced the night before. He started to plead with her to let him free, but she cut his words short.

“I will let you free and you will carry a message for me. If you try to touch me I will let you feel this.” She said holding the long strand of the whip in front of him. Then she stepped forward and cut his legs free, followed quickly by the release of the bindings on his arms. His legs crashed to the floor and he cried out as the pain shot into his heels. Then Lorena threw his trousers into the puddle of urine that he had made. He watched them approach him and then his face fell as he realised they would have to be cleaned before he could wear them again.

“When you have cleaned that mess up you may come out to receive the message. I hope you are sufficiently ashamed of your behaviour last night” The voice was calm and strong. There was no doubt that what she said would have to be done. Then she shouted for one of her male staff. “Pascoe.”

The man came running and gave a little bow as he arrived in front of her. He was instructed to see that Lorena’s victim, who still sat in his own urine, cleaned every trace of the offending substance away, before being permitted to exit the building. Pascoe was a strong looking Spanish, Indian mix and Lorena felt sure that he would see that the work was done completely. She turned and left them to the job. Once back in the centre of the yard she spoke to her Aunt.

“I will have an audience to carry the message and I am sure that it will reach every villager here.” She

handed the whip and the wooden phallus to the older woman. "Would you hold these for me while I prepare myself please?"

The two items were accepted without comment and Lorena started to remove her cloths. Her tank top, her blouse, skirt, boots, and finally underwear. Each item of clothing was laid out on the ground in a neat arrangement ready for easy retrieval later. Her panties were still damp from her earlier orgasms on horseback. She had never been naked in public before and the sensation filled Lorena with a slight sense of guilt that she should be exposing her body to all, but at the same time it was exhilarating and she felt free. She knew she would go naked again and often even if only at night.

With everything arranged as she wanted it, she turned back to her Aunt and accepted the whip and phallus back. She had been thinking hard about how she should go ahead with this ceremony and had not found any plan that satisfied her. She would take it as it came. She hung the whip over her right shoulder, with the handle between her breasts. She had only collected it so she would have some form of protection in the event that she was attacked. It gave her some sort of mental boost to know it was to hand. Then she stood in the middle of the yard with her legs about fifty centimetres apart, facing the door to the home she had had built. Ten minutes later her assailant and his guard came on to the porch.

Lorena knew that this was her moment. Holding the phallus in both hands she raised it above her head and showed it to all who could see. By now there were several people who had come out of the buildings to watch. A silent prayer passed Lorena's lips. She adjusted her hold on the phallus so that both hands were on the handle. She lowered it and bending forward, placed the head of the wooden monster between her legs. Her pussy was wet and her juice dripped to the ground in anticipation. Slowly she raised the head of the implement so that it touched her vaginal opening. She turned the shaft round so that the whole head shape would receive a coating of her love juice. Angling her hands and the stick so it pointed up to her womb, she suddenly thrust up, impaling her body on the end of the phallus. It split her flesh and a stab of pain entered her stomach. It hurt but was bearable. She would not faint.

The head of the phallus was hidden by her body but the rest of the stick was still exposed. Something sticky ran on to her fingers as she thrust upwards again. This time a length of the shaft slid into her body. There was no additional pain, for which she was grateful. Lorena felt as though she had accepted at least thirty centimetres but when she looked she could still see more than half of the tool protruding from her body. One final thrust maybe. Her pussy lips felt dry and she could see blood. Her mouth was dry and she was feeling a little disorientated. She clenched her muscles and pulled up on the handle of the piece of wood.

It slid in slowly, but it slid in. At last she felt something get moved inside her stomach. There was a new pain that stabbed her lower abdomen. Had the rod gone in as deep as it could? She tried again. There was the same pain again, it was not bad in fact she could grow to like it. She decided that the phallus was in as far as it would go. It was a solid unbending shaft. It yielded to nothing, perhaps flesh was easier. Lorena let go of the phallus and stood up strait, leaving it still inside her body. She felt the pressure ease in the depths of her vagina and realised that it would probably go in further now as her body was straight like the phallus. She did not try. She looked at her hands. There was blood on her fingers.

The job was done. It felt strange to have such a large item inside her body where nothing had ever been before. It was tight and stretched the walls of her vagina. Too tight to slip out she decided. She looked around her, maybe fifteen people were standing round watching. Some smiled some seemed serious. Her Aunt was smiling, the man she had tied up looked as though he had been robbed of all his money. Lorena realised that he had really wanted her and now knew he would not have her. An

idea came into her head of how she could rub it in.

She walked over to the man remembering that his name was Ferdinand. The shaft of the tool rubbed between her legs as she walked. Bending over in front of him she grasped the phallus and in one swift motion, pulled it out and held it above her head. It felt like fire in her body as it tugged on her skin but she stood straight defying the pain. She looked at the bloody thing. The stain covered a little under half the length. She was proud to have accommodated that much and smiled. Then she made her proclamation.

"I declare that I shall take no man until I deem the time is right. Until that time, this is my master." Putting her hands down she spoke to her would be suitor.

"Well Ferdinand, your message is to report to the village what you have seen here today. You may go now." He was crest fallen. He bowed slightly to her and clutching his wet trousers he shuffled away. He looked back several times before he passed through the gate as though he was getting a last look at something he would never see again. He was not a poor man and had some influence in the village but she did not want him. The right man would come along one day and Lorena felt she had all the time in the world. Lorena turned to her Aunt. The small groups of people, her staff, slowly turned and went back to their work. The show was over. The pain was gone and Lorena knew it would not return again. She was free to do as she pleased now, within the bounds of her morality and that was very satisfying.

"Was that what you had expected?" Lorena asked her Aunt. "I hope I didn't make too much of a show." She bent to collect her cloths, not noticing the blood that was getting smeared on the garments.

"I think you did very well. Dramatic but brief. I cried out when I did it, but I did not have an audience that I was aware of. It was only later that I found out that I had been seen when I heard two people discussing me, and my actions. I am very proud of you. Tomorrow you will try Via for size, and if he is not too big we will get you saddled up, other wise you will have to stretch yourself some more. You had better go and clean yourself up now. Warm water with a little common plantain, no soap. Colletta has the plantain she will know what to do."

The old lady turned away and walked off while Lorena went to her room calling for Colletta as she went. The bath was duly filled and Lorena slipped into its warm waters, comforted by the herbal additives. As she lay back letting her long hair float around her she mused over the experiences that she would have the next day. Would she at last achieve her ambition? This was upper most in her mind. More than ten long years she had had to wait. Would she be able to ride side by side with Neltitaca for the first time?

She soaked in the water until it was cold, feeling with her fingers, the wounds that she had induced. They were tender. Then she called for a hot jug of fresh water to rinse herself, before drying and dressing for the mid day meal. The afternoon was hers, to do with as she pleased, and the night saw her go early to bed. The following morning was bright and Lorena sprang from her bed as though she had fire in her loins.

Today was the day and she did not want to waste any of it. She had a light snack and went to the stables without dressing. In the stables she saddled up both her own and Neltitaca's horses with the appropriate trappings. She suspended the riding sling from Nel's horse but left her own sling of for the time being.

Then she found the syringes and measured the correct dose of papaverine for Nel's horse and

measured a dose of phenoxy benzamine for Via. The phenoxy benzamine was a drug that, though it produced the same effects, of swelling and stiffening the male member, it would only last about half the time that a similar dose of papaverine would last. Both worked by reducing the tension in the muscles around the veins, into which they were injected. This allowed additional blood to flow into the veins and so induce an artificial erection.

Lorena was not aware of the mechanics of what she was doing but she was very aware of the effects that she hoped to be experiencing in just a few short moments. Her Aunt had informed her of all the dosages that could be used and the length of time each dose would last. For her self she would administer the smallest dose of the weaker drug. The effect should last about two hours. That she felt would be quite enough for her first ride.

However before that she had to try the horse without the drug. She did not want to inject the expensive chemicals and then find that she was still too small to take the beast. Placing the prepared syringes in a safe place, where she could collect them later she went back to the horses and pulled Via from his stall. He followed her willingly and seemed to be quite aware that something was about to change for him. It would be his first time too.

The stables were all in one large building that had stalls up both sides and a large space in the middle, all under one roof. The floor was of packed earth with straw scattered randomly. It was softer than having a prepared floor but was also dusty and uneven. Lorena stopped in the middle of the building and looked her horse over. There were no faults or problems to be seen with feet or coat and his eyes looked bright and shiny. He was in good health.

Normally it would have been Rodrigues who checked the animal at the beginning of the day but this morning it was still too early even for him. It would not be long before he turned up but Lorena could not wait. She left the horse standing in the middle of the stables and fetched a small bench and placed it next to her lover to be. She would need something to lie on for this experiment. Via stood still only swinging his head to watch her every move. Then Lorena collected the grooming brushes and started to groom her stallion with long slow sweeps from neck to buttocks.

Starting at the top of his body she gradually worked her way over his coat until she reached his stomach. When she had finished she was very glad to see his large penis protruding from between his hind legs. It was not totally hard but it did have some stiffness. Only a little more stimulation would be required to bring him to full throttle. Kneeling down on the ground next to the animal she took hold of the extended member and stroked it gently. The texture was firm but the skin was soft like velvet.

As she fondled the penis she realised it was not just longer than the phallus she had used the previous day but it was considerably thicker as well. Maybe six centimetres at the head. That was half as much again, the size of yesterday's experience. Would it fit? She decided that it would have to fit no matter how much it hurt.

She continued to caress the huge shaft and had the satisfaction of seeing it harden further. It became unbendable and slowly rose to aim its eye forward between the forelegs of the animal. Via stood perfectly still as Lorena administered the massage. The penis started to pulse. Lorena had been able to feel the blood coursing through the blood vessels but now the force was enough to jerk the member out of her hand if she did not hold on tightly. She rubbed the soft texture of the skin against her cheek and kissed the head. It felt spongy. She squeezed it softly between her fingers and then inserted the head between her teeth. She tasted the slightly salty flavour as she tried to prise her tongue into the slit at the end. It would not go in but it was lovely to feel the opening sliding under the tip of her tongue. It seemed to suck as she withdrew, possibly like a baby on a mother's

nipple.

She lingered there experimenting mouth to penis, captured by the spell of carnal lust and sexual adoration. Her mouth watered and she inserted as much of the head as she could. It would not go in and she realised that she would have to put it in her mouth while it was still quite a bit smaller if she was to do anything more than just suck on the end. Eventually the realisation that time was passing slipped over her mind and she decided that she should get on with the job she had intended to do.

Getting up she walked round the horse to the bench which she had placed more or less in the correct position for her needs. The horse's penis slapped against his stomach as he waited impatiently for the next scene to unfold. Lorena lay down, on her back, on the bench and grasped the penis through between her legs. She was too far forward so she wiggled her way along the bench to get closer. Now she could bring the head of the penis into contact with her sopping pussy.

She had not noticed just how wet she had become and her tummy ached from fear of what was about to happen. She tingled all over from the fear and longing of her task. She tried to pull on the penis to force it into her body. But the horse was too far away and the solid member would not stretch enough to gain entry. Releasing her hold on the shaft with one hand she reached up and tried to push one of the horse's forelegs forward.

The horse responded and stepped forward. Then over what seemed an agonisingly long time Via moved each one of his hooves to compensate. First the other foreleg. As he did so he leaned onto the leg that Lorena had moved and the head of his penis pressed hard into her lower lips but still did not gain entry. Then one by one the other legs stepped up and suddenly Lorena was burst open as the head of the massive erection thrust violently into her. The shaft followed where the head went and Lorena cried out as she was filled to her abdomen with horse.

The horse stood over her and waited for a while, then some deep need took over and he started to thrust his hips. Thankfully the motion was small and Lorena was only rocked along the bench on which she lay. The penis did not enter her any deeper. She cried with each gentle thrust but soon the pain of the bench scraping on her skin was harder to take than the pain of penetration. She tried to move away but it was too difficult but in raising herself she did get relief from the bench.

It was an awkward position and put a lot of strain on her arms but she could manage for a while. The horse continued to thrust but the change in position was not so easy and the bend that was now instilled in his penis made Via uncomfortable. The penis started to lose its strength.

It took a few moments but eventually the shaft of meat dropped out of Lorena's body and hung limp between the horse's legs. The young lady slowly stood up and stretched her aching body. She did not feel sore internally but her back felt as though it had been used to role pastry. The sling would be easier, she turned to get it from the stall where she had left it.

That was when she saw Rodrigues standing in the stable door. He must have been there for some time, as he looked comfortable. Lorena was not troubled by this, as he had seen her naked on many occasions from being a child to the present day. He had also been the one to inject Neltitaca's horse when she rode each morning. That included directing the penis to the right spot on most occasions.

The mating of all the horses on the hacienda were his responsibility so he knew everything there was to know about horses and intercourse. He stepped towards her and a small smile crossed his face. There was no malice just concern. "If you had asked I would have shown you how to do that without hurting yourself. The idea was right but there are things you can do to soften the bed you make for yourself. Next time use straw and cover it with a blanket. I used to watch over your Mother. I often



helped her with the initial joining. It is safer to have a friend to help and calm the horse if he gets too excited. Next time have someone to watch over you." As he crossed, he collected the sling and came face to face with her.

"I'll put this on for you, why don't you fetch the drugs. Neltitaca will be here any moment with your Aunt." He strode over to the horse and started to arrange the sling. Lorena returned to the place where she had left the syringes and collected them. Apart from the choice of rest she had chosen the test had gone off well. It was a tight fit but it felt so good and right. It would be a joy to ride today.

When she returned, Rodrigues had finished the sling and she gave the two syringes to him. Then she went to climb into her harness ready for her first ride. As she scrambled into the sling she hoped that her aunt and Neltitaca would arrive soon. She was settling down into a comfortable position when they appeared. Nel went immediately to assume her position under her horse and was soon ready. Rodrigues showed the two syringes to the old lady who nodded her consent to continue with the preparations. He walked over to Lorena's horse and strapped Lorena's legs high up on the horse's sides. Then he quickly injected the Benzamine directly into the penis.

After this was done he went to Nel's horse and after strapping up her legs he injected the Papaverine into the soft tissues of the penile pouch rather than the harder meat of the penis. The reactions were very different in time scale. The papaverine gave an almost instant response and Rodrigues was able to insert the swollen member immediately, where as when he returned to Via, his penis was still only half swollen. However it was good enough to introduce to Lorena and as it was small it went in easily.

Rodrigues seemed to take no enjoyment from his task as though he was just mating ordinary horses. Lorena felt the penis being thrust into her again and tried to look at what was happening. She couldn't see anything because, whichever way she looked, either the horse or her own body got in the way. Instead she had the feeling that things were no longer in her control. The penis head spread her pussy lips and slowly slid into the deeper recesses of her body. Again she had no control over what was happening and the progression seemed to be unstoppable. It stretched her insides as it grew and forced its way to depths it had not reached before.

Her opening was wide and now held no barrier against entry. It was wonderful, but at the same time it was new, strange and a little worrying. How big would it grow? Could she take it all. The girth would be no problem, she had proved that already but the length, that was another matter. She could not test for that and now it was too late anyway. She had seen the size of the fully erect penis but seeing and feeling appeared to be two completely different things.

Suddenly the two horses started moving. There had been no warning and Lorena had not been prepared for the first thrust as the horse stepped forward. The penis, now almost full size, jabbed into her body extracting a cry from between Lorena's lips as pain lanced her innards. Would this happen at every step. The second step came and Lorena was swung up and then back in the harness. This caused the penis to slide out of her by a few centimetres and then thrust straight back in again. She was ready for this thrust, but being strapped in as she was there was nothing she could do to brace herself for the shock.

It seemed that the penis slammed into her tender insides, only to be retracted yet again as another step was taken. Lorena was sure she would die with the next thrust, but the horse was speeding up in its rhythm and the swings evened out and became less forceful. Once the little caravan got under way Lorena was far more comfortable and after a few moments was enjoying the subtle motions of the horses' gait. A gentle to and fro in four directions and the sliding in and out of that magnificent shaft between her legs was enough to lull anybody.

She reached her first orgasm before they had fully left the stable, and they came hard and fast from then on. Via took almost twenty minutes before he showed signs of climax. Lorena was not in any fit state to guide her horse. She had no idea who was guiding the animal and did not care as the action between her legs dulled the rationality of her mind. As long as Via kept on moving she was not going to worry about how or why he moved.

When Via shot his first load, Lorena knew it was about to happen. She was becoming used to the motion and was no longer quite so engulfed in the sexual ecstasy that had taken her earlier. Via started to get a little agitated and tending to walk sideways as much as he walked front wards. At first Lorena couldn't work out what was wrong with him, but it gradually dawned on her dulled mind that she had seen this behaviour before. It was what sometimes happened when a horse came into Nel. Obviously the same thing was about to happen between Via and herself. How wonderful, she thought to herself. This would make her joining complete.

It happened in a rush. One moment Via was half dancing along the path, the next he stopped momentarily and fired. Lorena felt the horse tense and stop but she was not ready for the onslaught of jets of sperm entering her body. It felt like a small fist hitting her insides. The first one was the strongest and it made Lorena climax again. The rest diminished in strength but each contributed some more sperm to the stock. Eventually the pressure had built up too much and some shot back out of her body in a small white jet that nobody noticed except Lorena. It was a strange sensation to have horse cum entering and exiting at the same time. It was nice and she wanted to feel it again.

She squeezed her legs together as best she could around the horse's body and Via walked on. His ejaculation over he seemed less frisky now. Hopefully that would change again soon. Lorena continued to have regular orgasms though they were less strong, as the party walked through the fields. Some of the time she was able to take note of her surroundings and at others she was too deep in ecstasy to be aware of anything except her own climax. It was a blissful experience to drift in and out of such heights.

At no time during the ride was she really let down to a normal level of sensation. The horse ejaculated a second time, but not so copiously, about thirty minutes after the first. It had the same effect on Lorena, but she was getting tired now. The walk was not yet finished though. Despite her tiredness the orgasms continued to fill her emotions. She was forced to accept every one as though it were some beautiful torture, inflicted by a jailer, as she lay in her prison cell bound and unable to avoid them.

The ride lasted two hours total and at the end, when Via was led into his stall, Lorena felt as though she was about to die. She lay limp in her harness, hands hanging to the ground at her sides. She was too tired to lift them. She was too tired to hold her legs up when they were unstrapped from the sides of the horse and Rodrigues had to lower them gently to the ground one by one.

Once Via stopped, his penis started to retract as there was no longer the massage action induced by the walking. The drug's effect having long gone. The diminishing shaft slipped out of Lorena's gaping vagina and left her feeling hollow and drained. She did not care though, she was too tired even for that. She just wanted to sleep for a year and dream nice dreams. Sleep she did, long before she was extracted from the riding equipment. Rodrigues covered her in a blanket and carried her to her room. She did not awaken until the next morning.

It was too late for her to ride again next day. Nel had already left and Lorena really felt that she could not take such treatment again quite so soon as this. She moped around the house sorting one or two problems that had presented themselves, but other wise time was easy on her shoulders. It was toward the end of the afternoon that she started to feel restless.

She went down to the stables and walked into Via's stall. He seemed pleased to see her and nuzzled up to her nibbling at her hair. She wrapped her arms round his neck and talked softly to him. Then she decided to give him a gentle groom, just to massage his skin and shine his coat, not that his coat needed shining in any way. The brushes felt good in her hands as she rubbed the horse's hair following the line of growth with each stroke.

It was not until she started on Via's belly that she noticed he was sporting a huge erection. She had been dreaming of other things and her hands had done the work automatically. The thick penis dangling between his hind legs jolted Lorena back to the present. It slowly dawned on her that, yes she would like to have his member inside her body again, but not to ride him this time just to couple as she had done before the ride yesterday.

Lorena got down on her knees and continued to groom the stomach area of her big stallion. From this position she could easily see the meat he was seeming to offer her. It transfixed her gaze and she knew she was ready for him. She forgot about finishing the legs and took hold of the stiff erection. It filled her hand. She needed both hands to wrap the thing all the way round. She was beginning to feel a desperation in her desire for this animals body. She placed the head of the penis to her mouth and kissed it.

Then she started to open her mouth and slide it in. It was not as big yet as it had been the day before and it almost slipped right in, but her teeth still got in the way. her mind was racing. If she left Via for a moment or two this monster would probably shrink a little and then it would go into her mouth. With a quick kiss of parting she left Via and went into the main area of the stables where she had mounted him the previous day.

There was nobody about so she went in search of Rodrigues. She was thinking about what he had said to her the previous morning when he had seen her trying to make love to the horse. She trusted him and he knew what he was talking about. He could help her now. When she found him she told him what she was after and he agreed to come as soon as he could and he would bring the straw too.

Lorena went back to Via. Just as she had thought, his penis had shrunk, almost to disappearing. It would not take long to make it reappear again, of that she was sure. Lorena led Via into the big area of the stables stripped her cloths off and started to groom him again. She just did his stomach and hind legs. The bits she had not finished before. It had the desired effect.

This time she did not let it get too big before she took hold of the penis head and inserted it into her mouth. It slipped in easily and she sucked hard on the rough skin of the head. She ran her tongue over the lumps and bumps that made up the fleshy glans. Inserting her tongue into the slit at the end and wiggling it up and down.

The reaction to this treatment was almost instant. The glans swelled up and filled her mouth. The shaft it was attached to, stiffened to a rock like rigidity. She was pushed back by the force and had to scramble to prevent herself from falling. She wrapped her hands round the shaft and hung on until the adjustment was completed. Then still holding the penis she started to massage its length with both hands. She sucked on the head as hard as she could and licked her tongue all over it. It was not until some moments later that Rodrigues walked in carrying two large bales of straw.

He took no notice of what Lorena was doing, placed the bales on top of each other in the middle of the hard earthen floor and then walked out again. A few moments later he returned with a blanket and this he spread over the bales so that it covered them and the surrounding ground. Then he went over to the bench, which was now back in its place on the side of the stable area, and sat down. He did not seem to look at Lorena while he did all this, but obviously he had seen what she was doing

and commented.

“Relax your jaw muscles. It will seem much better if you do.” Lorena almost gagged as she tried to answer, Her mouth stuffed to capacity with the penis head, but she tried to follow his instruction and eventually succeeded in easing the tension in her cheeks. Her tongue continued to play over the flesh in her mouth and it was not long before she felt Via tense in his hind quarters, but the first jet of cum still caught her by surprise. Not by the timing but by the sheer quantity of sperm. It shot into her mouth and straight down her throat. She never even tasted it.

The second and third jets went the same way but this time some of the goo stuck in the back of her mouth and she could feel it round the back of her teeth. There were seven little packages all together and the last two she received on her tongue. It was salty but nice. Not like anything she had ever tasted before. It had a dry taste like a dry wine but at the same time it was sticky like syrup and though not sweet it was like something that one would spread on bread. She smeared the horse's seed all round her mouth and then swallowed. Now she was ready to get on with the real task of coupling with this animal. Even if he had just cum, Lorena was sure that he would manage it again.

She pulled away, and the meaty knob slipped out of her mouth. She closed her mouth. Her jaws hurt from being stretched so much for so long. Nothing that a little practice would not fix, Lorena decided. She stood up and led Via over to where Rodrigues was seated. He looked up at her, his eyes scanning her body as they raised to her eyes. There was a glint of amusement in them. Lorena took no notice. This was her horse, her stables and Rodrigues was a member of her staff. What she did was her business and nobody had any reason to make comment on the matter.

“Will you show me how to do this while I'm not riding him, like you said yesterday?” She asked. The answer was affirmative and the two people and the horse walked over to the straw bales. The instruction came swiftly and was easy to follow. Within three minutes Lorena was on her back, on the straw, with Via firmly implanted into her Vagina again. She had taken the penis and inserted it herself. It was sweet and beautiful. She did not feel so stretched and painful this time though it was still a little difficult at first.

Rodrigues held the horse's head and by subtle guidance, induced the horse to move so that his penis slid in and out of Lorena's body with a smooth easy action. She came several times within five or six minutes. Then Rodrigues stopped her and made her change position so she was lying on her front. This time he introduced the horse's member to her love nest and the sex continued. Again Lorena came several times and again she was stopped and another position was selected. She lay on her side and the horse entered Lorena. This time he was allowed to fuck her until he came deep inside her.

Lorena, in spite of the orgasms and strong emotion was able to feel the subtle differences in the different positions. They each had their good points and she would practice each many times over the following weeks and months.

This was her training and it was the order of the day from now until she was as accomplished as her friend Neltitaca. One day she hoped to ride in the Mardi Gras together with her friend, side by side, with crowds admiring their skill and prowess. Such is the stuff of dreams, but some dreams do come true. To begin with she rode every other day and rested between, but after a couple of months she started to ride every day except for when it was the wrong time of the month. Some times it would be just Lorena and sometimes it was Lorena and Neltitaca who rode but there were occasions when Elizibet would join them and ride under Korrtona. Soon Lorena was as accomplished as either of the other two ladies.

## Chapter 5

Lorena was well loved by her staff and the people around her in the village and other farms. They all respected her for being a fine looking woman who had the stamina and skill to run a hacienda without the strong arm of a husband to guide her. There were few arguments about what should be done, when or by whom. The rebuilding of her house had put much needed money from her coffers into the local community and she had not tried to cut corners or undercut one tradesman against another.

She had shared the work through out the community and as a consequence she now had no problems with getting anything done that needed to be done. Her capital had been greatly reduced the first years after the fire but with several good crops in hand, her finances were strong. She continued to belly ride when permitted by her duties and the time of the month, Her skill and endurance increased rapidly. Via was full of stamina and never failed to please his mistress.

After several months Lorena and Neltitaca took to longer and longer rides until they were able to sustain a ride for a full day. Nel had been able to endure a full day for many years and it pleased them both as Lorena approached the same degree of competence. The rides usually had to take place toward the end of the week when all the organising of the hacienda had been scheduled, both ladies agreed that it was worth waiting for.

Summer time arrived again and Nel went to her annual ride in the Mardi Gras. She would be away for several weeks but this time she made arrangements for Lorena to come to the spectacle in February. Their parting was sweet and tender as both females were particularly fond of each other. There was little that either would not do for the other. Over the years Lorena had seen to setting Neltitaca on her feet financially.

Though it had started off as a small contribution when Lorena had personal money to spare now that she ran the hacienda the contributions were bigger and more frequent. This with Neltitaca's supposed frugal and wise use of the funds had made her independent, should she wish to be so. Neltitaca had no reason to make a split from her friend, but it was good to know the money had been there. She offered to spend some of the savings on transport and a hotel for Lorena to see Mardi Gras but Lorena insisted on paying her own way.

Lorena grew very excited as the day of her travel approached. She had one simple bag and her travel cloths. There was a car to take her to Pota Pura on the Paraguay Brazil border, some two hundred kilometres away, and from there she had to take a train to Campo, the first major town in Brazil.

Lorena had only seen one or two cars before and had certainly never ridden in one. Most of the vehicles in the area were tractors and trucks. The ride to the station was very exciting and most interesting as she was whisked along the dirt tracks through scenery she had never even dreamed of. At the station she had to wait for nearly an hour for the train to arrive. She boarded as soon as the other passengers had alighted and then sat while the driver chatted to one of the many station staff for another hour. This did not bother Lorena, it was just the way things were.

An hour was no time at all in her village. Eventually the train set off and ambled slowly through the countryside, stopping here and there for people to step on or off. In fact the train was so slow at times, it did not have to stop. It was getting dark when they finally arrived in Campo.

The trains do not run very frequently and Lorena was forced to spend the night at a hotel across the

square from the station in Campo. This was not because the train was supposed to stop for the night, just that the driver had business in Campo that had to be dealt with. The delay was of no hardship, and Lorena took the rest as a good opportunity to work out the aches and pains of the first part of the journey.

The travel arrangements continued at a leisurely pace the next day. After five hundred kilometres the train pulled into Bauru and again stopped for the night. This was a regular stop. Again the time was used to stretch the aching muscles and relax. The final leg of the journey started early the next day with a non stop ride into Sao Paulo. Here Lorena was required to change trains and catch another smoky leviathan to Rio De Janeiro, her final destination.

A fine looking gentleman was at the station to meet her and she was taken to a good hotel in a quiet part of the town. There was a good deal of haggling and arguing about the price of the cab, which Lorena was very please to be able to leave to the man she was with. The noise and smells of the big city were entirely new to her and it was a little dizzying to her senses. She stood and looked around hoping that soon she would be able to have a nice hot bath and some food to quiet her rumbling stomach.

Once she was in room, she relaxed in a tub of water that, though it was not cold, was not as warm as she could have had at home. Then she dressed and went down to the restaurant for a light meal. It was not late but Lorena tired, so she was quite prepared to go to bed and have to wait to see her friend the next day, but Nel turned up just as it was getting dark.

They chatted for about an hour and agreed to meet early the next morning. Dawn was fine and clear. Lorena dressed and ate and then stood in the hotel lounge until her friend arrived. They sat and talked for some time about a possible schedule and at about ten thirty the man arrived. Lorena found herself attracted to his looks but had no intention of allowing any thing to grow between them. He was just nice to look at. He was smartly dressed in a fine light tan business suit with a very elegant shirt and tie.

His shoes were white and his hair was short dark and slicked back with something that made it shine like glass. His dark skin positively glowed as he approached them. Lorena remembered his name, Nagiees Colopres, as he gallantly kissed her hand, and she greeted him with as much charm as he had given her. Soon after this Neltitaca left as she had much to do in preparation for the carnival in two days time.

Nagiees offered to show Lorena the city and they walked out together to see the sights. There was so much to see. Her guide skilfully whisked Lorena along the streets and through the shops finding all manor of things to show her. Little churches and massive Cathedrals that could have sat over her hacienda buildings and still have left room to walk the horses between the walls. Shops such as Lorena had never seen and wide roads all paved. There was not a dirt track in sight. The tall buildings and big open squares, and in the evening, the sea. An expanse of water that seemed to go on for ever. It was blue like the sky and birds wheeled and dived over its surface. Lorena was enchanted.

The sun set and the two people, who seemed to be the only two in this world of crowds and noise walked side by side on the white sand, toes sinking slightly as they trod. The happy couple parted late and Nagiees promised to meet again the next day at the same time. They would visit the grand statue of Christ high on the hill over looking the city. They climbed the mountain Corcovado partly on foot and partly by taxi to the base of the cog train. Then they took the slow ride up the steep side of Corcovado, with what seemed like a thousand other tourists in the poorly ventilated single wagon, up to the foot of Cristo Redentor.

Here they stopped for most of the rest of the day while Lorena almost ran, with child like enthusiasm, from point to point, and back again, to view the different sights and scenes. They had their lunch, and their dinner at the top watching the sun descend behind the surrounding hills. Running for the last cog train, they squeezed in with all the other tourists, for a faster but just as hot and stuffy decent. From the base of the cliffs they walked back to Lorena's hotel where they parted company at the end of what had been a truly wonderful day for both of them. Again the arrangement was made to meet in the hotel lounge next day but the itinerary was to be to see the final preparations of the precession members for that night's opening Mardi Gras.

Lorena was up early and dressed in her finest cloths. She did not intend to return to her room until all the precession was over. She packed a few things that she thought she may need, like a comb and a small bottle of scent that she had purchased the day before as a souvenir. Then at the last minute she decided to remove her under garments as it would probably be that little bit cooler in these hot and humid streets.

She had on a thin cotton dress of a fine rose floral pattern with a pair of white high heel shoes and she had let her hair down loose to hang about her shoulders. She felt as though she was dressed for her Sunday visit to church, but the lack of underwear made life a little bit risqué.

Nagiees was very prompt with his arrival and this time he brought Lorena a bunch of flowers. They walked out to the street and entered a car, far bigger than the rust heap that Lorena had ridden in for the beginning of her journey. They were driven to a small, by Rio standards, three story building and walked into a central square, inside the house. There were many people milling about doing this and that, and amongst them were several horses. Lorena recognised the horse that belonged to Neltitaca and went over to it.

Nel was no where to be seen but the horse recognised Lorena and snorted a greeting. After patting the big stallion a little, Lorena was led into a room at the back of the square and there she found Neltitaca behind a sewing machine putting final details to some garments. There were several ladies all doing similar things either sewing or fitting garments to their intended wearers. There was little time to talk so Lorena went back out to see what was going on in the yard. There were several brightly coloured floats draped in shimmering gold and silver.

There were canopies and grand chairs and thrones on the floats with many brightly dressed people in matching costumes that seemed to reveal as much as they covered. In fact there were some girls or ladies who had almost nothing on except for a ribbon that wound around their bodies covering, or not, the parts that would normally have to be covered for decencies sake. All the garments and trappings were of gold, silver or several tasteful shades of blue. It was stunning to see, and Lorena knew it would be even more spectacular once the show was under way.

Everything started to come together at about mid afternoon. And finally the vanguard was able to leave for the main assembly point. Lorena found Neltitaca as she was fixing her self into the sling that would carry her continuously for the next three days. There were some minor adjustments made to the harness to provide better support and then the final fitting was made to ensure that all was comfortable. Nel's outfit did not consist of much. She had a lot of glitter stuck to her naked body and the harness was covered in silver and blue silk like material. Her hair was set into tight ringlets that then had sequins and glitter sewn in to it.

Much of Nel's skin was panted to match the colour of the material that covered her horse and riding equipment. She was a sight that would bring many a man to tears. Gradually the revellers organised themselves into an order that would take them to the starting point of the official precession. The gates to the complex were opened and the contingent of eighty people slowly filed out to the street.

There was much calling back and fourth between the display entrants and those who lined the street to watch them go by. Some of these people would not get another chance to see the procession as they may be working or away. Others just wanted a sneak preview of what was the premier event of the year. Lorena walked beside Neltitaca as she swung her way in the middle of the entourage. There was a young boy of about fifteen to lead the horse.

Nel had explained that he was a stable hand and would look after the horse through out the entire spectacle. Nel herself would be fed and watered as well if required. However she had tended not to eat or drink very much as it created problems later. It would be extremely difficult to pee if the horse was still inserted in her vagina. Lorena wondered about that. She had not had to hold on to her pee for more that twelve hours.

Nel was about to have a stretch of around fifty six hours when she would be unable to pee. It would be painful. The expanding of the bladder, due to increased contents, with no where to expand to and the tube through which she would normally pee would be squeezed closed by the enormous penis. Nel just laughed her enquiry off saying that one would get used to it in a while, but Lorena was concerned for her future rides in the famous Mardi Gras.

The huge horse's penis had already been inserted into Nel's tender loins before they had all left the safety of the samba school. The horse had been injected with a combination of Papaverine and Phentalamine in a fifty, fifty mix totalling eighty mil. This was expected to last for about six hours and should last the first half of the first night's parade. Due to problems of overdose and bad side effects the next injection would be sixty mil of Paracelsus, which though it gave a less hard erection was less troublesome to the horse.

The horse was delayed from ejaculating due to these injections and would probably only cum about six times in the whole three days. Nel on the other hand was already going through her first orgasm as they reached the starting place for the full Mardi Gras procession. She was hanging limp in her harness as she received the strong constrictions in her womb. Lorena watched over her friend as the stable lad manoeuvred his charge into the correct position.

There was a lot of jostling and nudging and pushing as all the people from all the schools sorted there exhibitions out into the prearranged order. It was five in the evening and the first schools were already starting off on the road, but with over a hundred schools it would take a long time for all of the contingents to get underway.

Neltitaca's school was eighty fourth in the line and would have to wait for four and a half hours before they could start but they all had to be there to claim their place or they would lose it. No allowances were made for those who were late. Lorena walked around the horse-woman combination and checked the straps and decorations for the last time. It would not do to have something fall off in the middle, somewhere where it could not be retrieved. She took a surreptitious look at the point where the two were joined. There was no missing the coupling.

The horse was about seven and a half centimetres thick and Neltitaca had taken well over half the length into her body. Her hairless vagina was stretched wide to accommodate the black and pink shaft and the thin lips that would normally have been tanned and wrinkled, were pulled taught and were enflamed around the horse cock. The horse was very nervous of all the hustle and bustle in the area. He stamped and pulled at the reins that the boy held, prancing his hind quarters from side to side, in order to see any danger, as things went on behind him.

Lorena tried to calm the beast with some effect, the horse knew her so that made it easier. The boy thanked her for her troubles. Slowly things settled down in the area of this school but people could



still be heard calling and shouting further up the line. Now all Lorena and Nel had to do was to stand and wait. The horse calmed down and soon it was much quieter. Lorena stooped down and talked with Neltitaca for a while and then as Nel wanted to rest Lorena went to see who else was in this group.

There were seven belly riders all on fine looking stallions of sixteen hands or more. They were all dressed in a similar fashion to Neltitaca but there were differences of style and quantity of covering. One woman had painted her entire body gold and her horse was wrapped in pale blue silk. It was a truly stunning sight as all the riders stood together. All the horses were firmly implanted in their respective riders and there was not a penis that was not seven centimetres thick. Lorena wished that she was riding in this parade and had her trusty Via thrust deep into her pussy. She was getting quite wet, thinking about it and was glad she had not come out with her underwear still on. At least the hot air would help to dry her as time passed.

It grew dark and soon after the procession pulled them forward and onto the march. Wheels rumbled and feet clattered and harnesses jingled as they walked on. It took five minutes to get everybody in their group moving and Lorena realised why it had taken so long for them to start after the first group had left. She was about to walk off beside Nel when Nagiees appeared at her side. "Come with me I will take you to a place where we can watch the whole procession and not miss any of it. It is always best on the first day and you can walk with your friend tomorrow if you like." Lorena agreed and was whisked into the milling throng after a quick parting wave to Nel.

The two of them were soon away from the hubbub and the throng and Nagiees took her through dark streets and narrow passages. Lorena did not feel frightened or anxious. She felt surprisingly safe with this new friend. It did not take long to reach a new, brightly lit street where though there were many people, the floats had not yet arrived.

There were the normal street lights and some extra electric lights that had been put up just along the marching route, but in addition to this there were also many people holding burning torches, that flickered and danced in the slight breeze. Nagiees pushed Lorena to the front of the crowd and then stood close behind her. She could feel him pressed against her back and he had placed his hands on her hips. It was not an unwelcome touch and she let it stand. They did not have long to wait.

The first floats crept by with loud music and outrageous dancing. There were drums and whistles and shouts and screams to augment the grate cacophony. Lorena was soon into the swing of the occasion and danced on the side of the road, as the spectacle passed by. Some times the couple were on one side of the street and at others they walked to the other to get a different view of the event.

Many people were drinking and later there were one or two who, having overindulged too early, ended up lying in the road totally oblivious to the things around them. Lorena did not drink and had the best time of her life. There were people making love on the side of the road and many did so while still watching the parade. It titillated Lorena to see them, and to know that it would be so easy for her to do the same, as she had no cloth barrier to protect her inner sanctum. She resisted the idea though her escort was a prime choice of partner, should she change her mind. The two of them moved up the street against the flow of the parade and came to a large square where all the samba schools seemed to be taking a rest. Drinks were being offered out and there were many different schools all talking to each other. It was a total riot of colour.

Many of the schools had of course left already and there were only about four or five schools stopped at any one time but Lorena worked out that they would all eventually arrive here. It was a fascinating thing to watch as the members of different displays all intermingled. Only the belly riders seemed to stay where they were parked, and the rest of the group seemed to use them as a

regroup pointer for when it was time to move on again. This it turned out was also the place where the horses received their second injection. Lorena and Nagiees walked around talking to many folk.

Nagiees seemed to know everybody. People called his name or came up to him and shook his hand and congratulated him. It did not seem strange that he should be known by so many but it did seem strange that he should be her guide. She brushed off the thought and carried on enjoying the evening, which had now turned into early morning. She was feeling quite aroused by the noise and activity. It was a wonderful feeling. It took many more hours before the whole procession came to an end and even then many revellers just decided to follow the tail end and make their own unofficial display.

Lorena and Nagiees ended up drifting through the slowly emptying streets as the dawn started to arrive in the East. It was time to return to the samba school, to help look after the now quite tired paraders. Lorena stopped, turned to Nagiees, and realised that she was holding his hand. She liked it and did not let go. "It must be time to go and help the participants now but I need to go to my hotel to freshen up. Is that all right?"

The whole side trip should have only taken a few moments as there was not a lot that Lorena needed to do. There was no problem, so the two walked slowly to the hotel. Lorena invited Nagiees up to her room to wait while she did what needed to be done. He did not hang back. At the door she let them both in and turned to close it behind them. Then she did something she had not intended to do. Locking the door she turned to Nagiees and kissed him, full on the lips.

"I hope you are not married," she whispered to him, "Because if you are you will be very tired if your wife wants you to service her." She smiled up into his face and placed his hands on her buttocks. Then she folded her right leg round Nagiees's legs as though she was trying to prevent his escape, and slid his hand up her body taking her dress with it. There could be no doubt that she was naked and available under the skimpy garment. If she had not displayed her charms before, to some unsuspecting person, she would have been very surprised. This time she made sour that all was displayed. She turned her catch and herself so that she had her back to a mirror that she knew was in the room. Nagiees seemed to only take a quick look before he bent to kiss her again. This would work out quite well thought Lorena.

It was not long before they were both on the bed and disrobed. Lorena lay down for her catch and enticed him to her. He took no time in falling into her arms and penetrating her. The first fight was hard and fast. He ejaculated deep into her body after a few minutes and they lay quietly for a while. This was something Lorena had never had. Her vagina seemed very loose to her, almost sloppy, as he thrust in and out, but there must have been enough feeling for him to achieve his climax. The warmth and strength of a man were much more rewarding than a horse but that did not mean to say she would give up on a horse. They still had the gold meddle for endurance and size. This was a very nice interlude and a pleasant change from raw brute strength.

Lorena pushed Nagiees off her and climbed on top. He had remained quite hard even after the first ejaculation, so it was easy for her to find his weapon and reintroduce it to her succulent nest sight. She found him to small to fill her but she clenched her muscles to try and make her vagina a little tighter. She rode him as if he was a horse under her, galloping through the field around her hacienda. She came several times and was gratified to feel him shoot into her for a second time. Again they rested and lay together still joined as one Nagiees rolled onto her again and took her a third time holding her legs over his shoulders.

Lorena felt her bottom smacked by his testicles, with each thrust that he made, and reached another climax. He drove into her long and slow each time, reaching depths that he had not reached in either

previous bout. It took a long time this time. He collapsed onto her, his full weight pressing her into the bed. he was warm and she folded her arms around him. He slept for a while. She did not, unused to having a second person in her bed, she thought about what it would be like to have a husband. No, this was fun, but to have to put up with it whenever he demanded satisfaction. That, she could do without.

When he awoke he rolled off her and apologised for imprisoning her in such a way. She made little of it and turned over onto her hands and knees, waving her bottom in his direction. This would be the best look he would ever get as she thrust her hips up and wagged in front of his face. He leapt to the task of satisfying her one last time.

This would be the coup de grace that he presented to her. He started to lick her buttocks and gradually advanced toward her vagina. Holding her hips he supported himself as he progressed. His touch became more subtle as he advanced toward her entrance until he was hardly touching her with his tongue. Just flicking at her skin. Suddenly he stopped and straitening up he thrust his penis into her expectant crevice. It slid in as far as he could reach. He thrust two or three times to help strengthen his erection. As he continued to slide in and out, he put a finger to Lorena's anus.

She had not expected this and clenched her muscles. Nagiees scratched at the ruffled skin that surrounded the anal opening. Slowly Lorena relaxed. She had decided to let him do as he pleased. It would be a small reward for his time and effort in looking after her. As she relaxed he inserted his finger deeper applying some sort of liquid, possibly saliva, to the opening. She wanted him. It was taking too long. She was ready for him to cum again.

He continued to thrust his penis in and out of her vagina while his finger stretched her anal sphincter. It felt like he had pushed almost his whole hand into her though she knew it was not so. It did not hurt but she was very sensitive there and with each fresh movement she clamped her muscles again. However each muscle spasm was less than the previous one. Nagiees knew he would get what he wanted soon.

Slipping his finger in and out and lubricating the opening with Lorena's own love juice, Nagiees loosened her anus to a point where it was easy to penetrate her. He briefly inserted a second finger and thrust twice. Then as he pulled his penis out, still maintaining his rhythm he swapped his finger for the now removed penis and guided his shaft into her tight anus.

The penis was at least three centimetres thick and stretched Lorena even more. It felt like it was burning as he thrust in several times to gain depth. Lorena gasped with each thrust and wondered if it would hurt more as he thrust more often. Lorena's vagina had been quite slack for the man but this new orifice was much to his liking. Like a virgin, which technically speaking, in that entrance she was. He rode her slowly, giving her time to acustomise to the new motion.

Lorena soon became used to the feeling and finding that it did not hurt much she decided to enjoy the act. This may be the only time she would ever be taken this way and it would be a shame not to enjoy and make the most of it. she reached back with one hand and started to stroke her clitoris. It was quite sore from previous attentions but it would still provide her with a good strong orgasm if she went slowly. She rubbed up and down between her pussy lips and started to slide her finger into her now vacant vagina.

Nagiees increased his rate of thrust, pulling his penis almost all the way out before returning it to the depths of Lorena's bowel. The tightness of her anus would provide him with a quick ejaculation but he wanted it to last as long as possible. Lorena achieved a first mild orgasm and seemed to go straight on to the next which was stronger. Nagiees increased his speed again as he realised that

Lorena was well on her way to a massive climax. It started to seem like a well coordinated machine, each part speeding up in response to the other parts. It took only a short while until Nagiees shot his final jet of sperm into Lorena's aching anus. He was deep in her and his stomach was pressed hard against her buttocks as he spilled. Lorena reached her peak shortly afterwards and gasped as her body was wracked by the strong spasms inside her vagina. Both collapsed on the bed, and still united, drifted off to sleep for an hour or two.

Lorena awoke first and finding that Nagiees's penis had shrunk and flopped out she got up and went to wash herself. When she returned Nagiees was awake. She felt embarrassed at her nakedness in front of a man she had only known for three days. He watched her as she dressed and did her hair, then he followed suit and they went down to find something to eat. A quick snack and then to the Samba School.

Most of the people were resting still but some had started to fix things that had broken the previous night, or make changes to their dress or regalia. Neltitaca was asleep, with her horse, in a corner of the yard. Her horse was resting in the shade, and seemed to be contented as he munched on some hay that had been placed in a trough. There was also a trough of water which he had obviously indulged in as there was water all over the ground around him.

Nel's hand and legs had been released from the straps that had held her while she had ridden the streets but the huge horse cock was still deeply penetrating her vagina. Lorena stroked the horse's head as that was the only part of him that was not completely entwined and bound by various cloths, ribbons and straps. The horse nodded to her but otherwise did not move.

Nel continued to sleep. After a while Lorena decided to find something to do and ended up helping a young lad look after a couple of the other belly rider's horses. Feed and water and make sure that they were not too skittish in the heat of the day. By the third hour of the afternoon, more people were waking and starting to move about.

Nel awoke and requested a drink. She ended up consuming a half litre of water and having a small slice of bread with a piece of chicken. She must have been very thirsty. Lorena felt the heat and needed to drink at regular intervals. How Nel could manage to go three days with so little was beyond the younger woman's comprehension. Not long now until they all walked off again.

Lorena was to lead Nel's horse this time. She had been given some ribbons and pieces of cloth which she pinned to her dress in order to show the house colours. She thought that it looked good, but several women came to her and, insisting that she remove the floral dress, they quickly arranged the bits and pieces into a reasonable example of a rather revealing Mardi Gras costume.

Lorena did not feel comfortable showing her body to such an extent, for all and sundry to view for the next six to eight hours, but time had run out and the precession was on its way for the second instalment. As she walked along Lorena wanted to adjust some of the trappings that she was now adorning, but she could not work out how to adjust without loosening what little she had. She did not wish to lose the whole lot and end up naked.

Eventually, deciding to leave it as it was, was the only choice. She had several blue ribbons entwined into her dark hair, and a large flash of glitter on each cheek. Her face make up was of deep purple to show off her skin colour around her eyes and this was blended into a pale blue on her forehead. To cover her body she had a single long ribbon, about a centimetre wide, that had been wound round her to provide an outline to the supposed clothes she would have worn if she had had any. It started off, tucked at the front, in a silver collar, and ran down the front of her body and between her legs. From there it ran up between her buttocks, around her waist, back down between her buttocks,

through her legs again and up to the collar. Then it passed under one arm round her back, under the other arm round one breast and up over her shoulder. Then it looped round the strap at her back, back over the other shoulder.

From there it went round under the other breast, right round her back, under her other arm and back to the front of her collar. The whole thing was held in place by one beautiful brooch of glittering blue stones. Lorena knew that if she unfastened the brooch she would never get it fastened again, and there was just no way to move any one bit of the ribbon to cover her self more without it all falling in disarray. It was too late now anyway. Every thing was moving and she had no time to stop.

“Stop fidgeting with it, and enjoy the walk Lorena.” Neltitaca had been watching her friend’s consternation and wanted to put her out of her misery. “Once you are walking through the crowd it will not matter what you are wearing. Just be happy to be in the march. You are doing something I have never done. If you ride some day you will have done Mardi Gras every way possible. Watching, marching and riding. Not many people get to do all three.”

This hit Lorena with a force. She would be almost unique. Participants normally had to attend the march on all three days of the march. If Lorena could find a horse tomorrow, maybe she could ride tomorrow and do all three in one year. Would they let her? It was up to the school with whom she rode. She wondered if Nagiees would help her. She liked him and felt that he would do almost anything to make her happy, but did his sphere of influence reach that far.

As she thought about the next day and the slim chance of doing a very special thing, her attention was drawn to the crowds that were beginning to line the roads. For the second day running people were standing five or six deep to see the Samba displays slowly wend their way through the streets of Rio. Her mind forgot about her nakedness and she started to enjoy the showing off and the sound and cries from the crowd. She started to mince her walk to show her grace and slenderness, really falling into the atmosphere of the exhibition. Lorena and Neltitaca had been talking to each other as they walked but the crowd threw so many comments that soon the ladies had to stop their chatter because of the noise. It was not long before they couldn’t even hear what people were shouting at them.

Several different pieces of music playing at the same time plus shouts, whistles and bangs all added up to make a din that Lorena had never heard before. The whole cavalcade progressed at a sedate one and a half kilometres per hour as the various individuals danced, leapt, swaggered and whirled their way along. The whole thing took over five hours to pass any single point in the city and it took three hours to walk the four kilometre rout. This meant that from the start of the first person, to the end of the last person, took over eight hours.

There were two places to stop and rest, one, about an hour into the walk, that Lorena had visited the night before, and another about three hours into the walk. These had been set up just to allow drinks and a rest for the dancers who otherwise had to keep going all the time. It did not take long for Lorena to find a natural dance style that made her feel happy and that she could keep doing for the duration. As she moved she could feel her breasts bounce in their ribbons and this turned her on. She began to get quite wet between her legs. Not to orgasm pitch but hot enough that she would have been happy to oblige any customer who requested her attention. She almost forgot her duty of looking after.

Neltitaca, hung in the harness beside her. There was also the needs of the horse who would probably require water at the stops. Lorena looked down at her friend. The older girl’s eyes were shut tight as a sexual spasm raked her body. Lorena was pleased for her.

It seemed no time at all before the school reached the first rest area. Nel requested a small drink of water and then was happy. The horse seemed to require more. A bucket of water which was spilled over Nel's head as the horse drank and then there was the next injection to administer. This all took time and Lorena only managed to get a mouth full of water before she was off again following the rest of the procession, with her horse impaled friend at her side. For all the time it actually took to complete the course, it seemed to be only a few minutes to Lorena before they arrived at the second stop.

Several young men had stepped up to Lorena as she danced along, and had whispered things into her ear. She had pretended to hear and laughed on each occasion but the truth to tell she had no idea what any of the men had said. It had all been too noisy. At the second stop another bucket of water was administered to the horse but he only drank a little. Neltitaca required nothing. Lorena was better able to care for herself this time but it still seemed a very short time for a rest.

The last section of the walk passed just as quickly as the previous two and it was not long before the group were headed back to the school building. It was well passed midnight when they were all back again and after seeing to horses and riders, and making sure that all the parts of the float were in a good place the revellers continued their dancing and merry making. Bottles of drink passed from person to person without regard for whether they knew the next individual or not.

Lorena had several sips from two or three different bottles and was unable to say what any of them were. It made her tipsy and she just carried on dancing. It was beginning to show the promise of the light of day before anyone went to their makeshift beds either singly or in pairs. Lorena did not know and did not really care. She was quite tired from the effort of dancing all that time. She found a blanket from a corner of a room and then went back out to the yard. She lay down close to Neltitaca and was soon asleep. Nel was already asleep and the horse, still fully erect, nodded its head as it dosed by some hay and a water trough.

Day three dawned for Lorena at about eleven in the morning. Some others were already moving about but it was still quiet in the yard. Nel's horse had moved off to a shadier spot. Lorena was hot and could understand the horses' reasons. She stood up and slowly looked around. There was a faint smell of something cooking which made her stomach growl. She was hot and sticky, she wanted to cool off and the nearest thing for that was the horse trough. She dunked her head to try and clear it. It helped a little but she needed more. She climbed in, forgetting her outfit, if that is what it could be called.

Water flowed over the edge of the trough and travelled in runnels across the yard. Lorena paid no heed and sank down under the water, running her hands through her hair. It was then that she found the ribbons entwined in her locks. She unbraided them one by one and put them over the side of the water trough. Then she unfastened the brooch from her neck and placing it and the collar on the floor she unwound the ribbon from her body. Remembering how wet she had got the night before she decided that the ribbon should be washed before it was used again. This she did in the trough. Then she emerged cool and refreshed, her naked body gleaming in the sun as the water dripped off. She wrung out her hair and then she stood bathing in the warmth to dry herself. Now she was ready for whatever the day would bring. After eating and seeing to Neltitaca's needs of food and water, Lorena suddenly remembered her idea of maybe riding on the last day instead of being a ground based spectator. She asked several people who was in charge of the school and was eventually directed to somebody. "I am sorry," came the reply.

"This honour is reserved for those who contribute to the schools finances on a regular basis. You were allowed to walk yesterday because you are a close friend of Lady Nel. She has been coming here every year for a long time and she always sends us money to help pay for the school. She made

a special request for you and we were happy to oblige her. However if you wish to contribute some funds, maybe a thousand dollars, I would be happy to let you ride next year." He thought for a moment. "Besides, where do I get a horse at such short notice? Geldings, mares or donkeys, but these not possible for what you need. You need a stallion with a large penis and big nochos." He expressed a size in gross exaggeration of the truth and then with another apology for not allowing her the honour of belly riding today he walked away.

Lorena was disappointed. She had felt sure that she would find a way but of course without a horse she could do nothing. She could however give the man his thousand dollars and be sure of a place next year. The

day passed slowly and the procession did not hold the same power over Lorena as it had the two previous days. She enjoyed herself but was always just a little sad that she had not been able to fulfil her hopes. She watched the march from amongst the crowd and this time was able hear the things that the men shouted at the riders. All the comments were lurid and accurately descriptive, and enough to make any lady blush, which Lorena did on numerous occasions.

She was with Nagiees again and they spent the whole night going from place to place to see what people were doing on this last night. It seemed that everybody wanted to make it last as long as possible. The antics and dancing continued non stop until sunrise. It was in the early hours just before dawn that Lorena stopped Nagiees and made love to him on the corner of a square through which the procession had passed several hours before. She did not hesitate or think about the consequences. She just wanted to say thank you with her body. It only took a few moments to finish, but in that time several other people stopped close by and watched. Lorena was oblivious to them.

Later she said fair well to the people at the school, to Nel, who was still strapped to her horse, and by the afternoon she was on her way home again. Arriving three days later she was greeted with warm enthusiasm from all her staff and had to spend hours telling of all the wonders of the city, the sea, the Mardi Gras and the belly riders.

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Two weeks later she sent a money order to the Samba School for the equivalent of eleven hundred dollars to ensure her place in the next event. The extra was just as a thank you for their tolerance of an outsider.

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Chapter 6

Nine months later Lorena had grown. It had taken several weeks for her to notice the change. She had missed her first period and not realised but when the second was over due it hit her like a hammer. She was pregnant. There was only one person who could be the Father, unless a horse had found a way of achieving human fertilisation. Lorena was pleased that it was the wonderful young man she had been with at Mardi Gras. There could not have been a better choice. She longed to have the child and start the task of being Mother. She had been riding Via on most days and suddenly wondered if such deep penetration would be harmful to the growing fetus.

Her Aunt Elizabet gave reassurance that all would be fine for a month or so but after that the daily rides

would have to stop. Stop they had, and Lorena watched in alarm as her previously slim figure swelled to

enormous proportions. As the days and months passed Lorena had become more and more

cumbersome and had eventually decided to remain in the house, until the episode was over.

Nel found another willing person to help her with her own rides, just to cover the time while Lorena was unable. But other wise nothing changed. Eventually the day came, and with the help of a doctor and two of her own maids, Lorena gave birth, with some difficulty, but no complications to a lovely baby girl. To be called Isabella Mariana, she would be brought up to ride horses and if she wanted, to belly ride, in the tradition of her forebears.

Her uterus closed up to form what was almost a normal opening. It took another four weeks but close it did. Lorena however did not wait for the full time. As soon as she was sure that the horse would no longer gain entry to her uterus, she set to work retraining to belly ride. Via it seemed had not forgotten any of his skills and the first ride, without drugs, went without a hitch. At the end of it, Lorena had found out just how out of condition she was after such a long break. She quickly set up a new program of exercises and rides to improve her condition. If she could not ride Mardi Gras, at least she would ride at home. The use of the drugs for Via was resumed after only a couple of weeks.

Several months passed and the rides became longer. Three hours, five hours, a day. While the baby was still small Lorena often only rode for an hour at a time. If longer she would carry her child with her and breast feed the little girl on demand. There was always the possibility of hiring a wet nurse, but the job was better done by the natural Mother rather than a substitute. Once the baby was weaned, the situation changed. Lorena did not mind having one of her maids look after the child's needs. It was just as she herself had been raised.

At completion of her first full day and night coupled ride, Lorena held a small celebration. This however was not the end of it. she spent more and more time in the saddle. Work that needed authorisation, or other things that required consultation began to have to be asked of the lady while she was in the saddle. The length of the rides increased. Thirty, thirty five hours, each was an achievement and boosted Lorena to go on. Two whole days was at last passed, and then a stumbling block.

Her stomach started to cramp at about fifty hours. Intense pains in her abdomen, bladder and lower back. She tried to facilitate a method of peeing while coupled but could never squeeze out more than a few drops. She new that it was the fullness of her bladder that was causing the problem, because when she finished the ride and was able to pee, the pain went instantly. She would have to learn to overcome her thirst. She noticed that the horse seemed to be having similar problems.

At the end of a ride the beast would stand and shake until he had emptied his bladder. Some times this would take several minutes and seemed to be enough to fill a bath. The animal would also have to be treated. He though could not tell anyone where or how much it hurt. And he could not pee if he had an erection. That was physically impossible.

Lorena started to consume less during a ride but it did not help. She could last longer with the horse but the thirst was fare worse. Nel suggested to drink less before the ride so that her body would be less full at the beginning. That worked out to some extent and she was able to move on to a staggering fifty six hours. This was not enough though. At least sixty would be required for a Mardi Gras. She would just have to keep trying until something came to mind. Six years passed before Lorena felt confident that she could complete the full three day event of Mardi Gras without fainting or dying of thirst.

Neltitaca had tried to provide a number of solutions to solve the problems but they were both just fishing at this point. Nel had never had the problem of thirst, probably due to her native indian

background. Lorena however was of Spanish decent and did have the problem. Maybe she slowly overcame it, or maybe something they tried worked without their realising. Whatever it was Lorena suddenly found that she could manage sixty two hours comfortably. Her bladder still felt it would burst at the end and she felt as though she would pee for ever, but at last she achieved what it had taken so long to attain. It was inevitable that the belly rider training had taken its toll.

Sometimes Lorena would pass out from the pain, the size of the horse's penis was normal, if not large for a human to take. However his orgasm caused his penis head to balloon tremendously causing Lorena's internal organs to be squashed. Over the years, she had had her internal organs rearranged considerably due to the pressure of the horse phallus. Yet she persevered in her strange practice, driven on by her lust and the pleasure she felt in spite of the pain. Now it was time to prepare for the travel and the lodging and all the other little things that have to be sorted before a long journey.

Travel with her horse on the train would be too difficult. Besides there would have to be road transport to the station so Lorena decided to buy a truck and horse box. She also had to learn to drive the contraption. Then there was training Via not to panic in the box when it was going along on the mud tracks that sufficed as roads in this part of the world. To Lorena's dismay another year passed and she was only able to watch the show from the side lines. The fact that she had always contributed her thousand dollars to the Samba School made her very welcome to them, and she was always able to join in with the march if she so chose. Sometimes she chose to lead Neltitaca and sometimes not. Leading made her feel melancholy so more often than not she chose not.

Lorena's daughter was growing. It would not be long before she herself would start to learn to belly ride if she so wished. Lorena was not about to put a block in the way of a family tradition. The girl was eight now. She had her own horse and was a competent horsewoman. From that mare would be foaled a fine stallion, probably from her Mothers own Via. As fine a horse as his sire, though Korrtona had died recently, his genes lived on and seemed to have the same abilities. Only male foals.

Isabella Mariana had her eighth Birthday at the end of the second week of November, and suddenly everything seemed to fall into place. Lorena found that there was absolutely nothing to stop her riding in the next festival. It was to be held at the end of the following February, quite late for the time of year, compared with previous times. Lorena would depart for Rio De Janeiro in the middle of January to provide enough time to get her horse and things to the big city. It would be a hard sixteen hundred kilometres, along mostly dirt roads and with the possibility of being ambushed by bandits.

Lorena would have the trial of her life on this journey. All seemed to be fine as her departure date approached but suddenly problems started to arise. The little girl developed a slight cold, Via went lame for a week, there were problems in the house. None of these serious in itself but each a slight delay to the intended journey.

Finally, the day came when Lorena knew she had to get on her way. Family, friends, which was most of the local village, and the hacienda hired hands were summoned to the large courtyard fronting the hacienda's main building. Lorena's sexual preferences were known by most of them; in the small, isolated world of her hacienda it was inevitable that her life style could not remain a secret for long. However, no one would have dared criticise Lorena, for she was the owner of an illustrious name and ruled her hacienda with an efficient hand.

Thus there were gasps, of course, but there were no obscene comments or gestures when Lorena was led out in public, strapped underneath her horse, with its hardened phallus penetrating deep inside her. A few of the more worldly spectators, including a conclave of older women, who had once

ridden themselves, nodded appreciatively for they knew that this was 'La Confession' or the public coming out ceremony of a belly rider.

After a brief, silence, a few of the spectators applauded cautiously. The servant that had helped Lorena paraded, announced that, at last Lorena was to fulfill her ambition to ride the three days of Mardi Gras and that she hoped that all of the present company would see fit to wish her well. Then indicating the horse and rider she cried out. "Watch well what she does and know that she is proud of doing it first, in front of you. My Lady asks that you celebrate her departure and enjoy the spectacle."

On cue, Champagne bottles were opened and servants appeared bearing all manner of confections, while musicians struck up a festive air. Eventually, the celebration got underway, fuelled by the abundant spirits, while Lorena and her horse stood in the middle of her guests.

Several of the guests knelt next to her and kissed her affectionately, caressing her brow and wishing her

luck. There were many queries about her motivation. Lorena bravely smiled in spite of her awkward position; this was what she wanted to do, she explained, she loved it and had no regrets. Yes, it did hurt at times, but it also felt wonderful and when he came, it was glorious. She looked forward to being led down the streets of Rio in this fashion. Something she had waited for, for so many years. Yes, she could come like this.

Certainly, three days in this position was a long time, but she was ready. Yes, she had about 12 inches inside her and it pushed against her intestine. No, she was not afraid of rupturing but if such happened then she hoped it went in all the way to her chest. Wouldn't that be a great way to die? Yes, she drank the horse's sperm often and it tasted salty, and nothing like anything else on this Earth. You had to get used to it. Of course she could not get pregnant this way!

Then a few of the more superstitious guests started rubbing charms and amulets on Lorena, for it was well known that those who offer themselves willingly for surplice and death act as agents for fortune's favours. Lorena tolerated these attentions good-naturedly for she really did not care about such matters. Her whole universe centred on the warm shaft of horseflesh inside her, and the joy she felt in publicly and shamelessly displaying her preferences. It was not that she did not like men, just that a horse was, well, better....

Several spectators took turns to gently lead Lorena and her horse around the courtyard until his inevitable orgasm occurred. There was much clapping and cheering as the horse came and Lorena cried for joy. The ejaculation was spectacular and the volume of fluid, filled her to overflowing. Afterwards, Lorena was helped to her unsteady feet. Her wide open cunt, from whose yawning lips gobs of semen fell, could be seen by all. Via was led away, his penis still fully engorged and swollen.

A small bowl of horse semen, which had previously been collected, was brought. Neltitaca touched a drop of the semen to Lorena's forehead and then held the bowl to her lips for Lorena to drink the offering. Applause and congratulations were heard from all directions from her guests and staff. Some of the sperm fell from the bowl and landed on Lorena's breasts. It slowly ran down her body until it reached the thick mat of hair at her pubis.

Afterwards a short robe was draped around her shoulders. She knew she had to appease a curious Latin sense of modesty, which did not mind a woman making love to a horse in public, but did object to her standing around completely nude. The rest of the afternoon was uneventful. Lorena socialised with her guests while horse semen dribbled down her legs. Eventually Lorena excused herself and went to her quarters to wash and dress. Later that day, with her horse secure in its trailer, Lorena

started towards Rio.

Once on the road to the border, Lorena took stock in her achievements. Her horse was healthy and strong and, more importantly, was used to being inside her. His seed was abundant and his phallus was very long and widened at the base. As for Lorena, she was in her mid twenties and kept herself in good shape. She wished she could have arranged to make this pilgrimage earlier, several years earlier, but some thing or other had always prevented the making of arrangements. Her body had paid the price for the unnatural stretching it had undergone but she was confident of surviving her ride. Certainly her vagina had scarred and toughened and she could now accommodate a full twelve inches of phallus, perhaps more.

As for the coming out ceremony, it had been a definite success. Her friends, family, and servants who had not known before, now knew and accepted, or had to accept, the fact that she made love to equines. In fact, mused Lorena, when she came back she would seek to delegate the day to day running of the hacienda to one of her staff. She could then devote herself to making love to her horses. In fact, she concluded, she had enough animals that she could be strapped under one continuously, just changing from one to another when they came. Lorena laughed.

The superstitious folks who had rubbed charms and saint's pictures on her were right, after all, she had given herself fully, willingly, and eagerly to the darkest gods of lust. There were no regrets. She did not feel that they should be called the dark gods, pleasure gods would be more appropriate. There was no evil involved. She wondered if it would be all right to do this while she was having her time of month problems.

By the time she reached the Brazilian border, she was just about on time to make the first day of the festival. A new problem was created by new customs regulations, which required that a vet, certify her horse as being disease free. Lorena protested that her horse was hale (she ought to know). The customs officers were adamant; they even threatened to quarantine her horse. For Lorena not being allowed belly ride would have been unthinkable Lorena stood in front of an unsympathetic customs officer who did not budge in his refusal to allow her horse through.

Faced with an unyielding customs bureaucracy, Lorena chose the obvious solution: she offered money, a bribe, enough to satisfy all of his greed but not enough to make him think to request even more. The customs officer leered obscenely at Lorena while he considered the offer. In front of him was a handsome and aristocratic looking young woman and the thought of extracting other favours out of one such as her, titillated him. Lorena winced under his obvious scrutiny; there had been a few men in her life but she had never succumbed to any man she had not chosen herself. Thankfully, greed won over lust and the uniformed man nodded his acceptance of the bribe.

As the pertinent documents were stamped, a few of the customs house denizens murmured obscene comments and made gestures in the same vein. Someone had peeked into her horse trailer and seeing the horse, had noted his permanently semi-erect phallus. The fact that Lorena, a single woman, had been so frantic in advocating the horse's importation and the stated destination, Rio, plus the time of the year, so close to Mardi Gras, this all had led to conclusions. Lorena could not help overhearing and could not ignore them. They knew what she was, a belly rider! In spite of herself, Lorena blushed, which only confirmed their suspicions. If only they would hurry the process, she thought.

Eventually, the embarrassing scene ended. Lorena muttered her thanks to the customs officer and handed an envelope fattened with cash to a waiting hand. Then, with the obscene catcalls of the customs house crowd sounding in her ears, Lorena got her truck in gear and drove off with her horse trailer in tow. She wondered if a similar scene would be waiting for her upon her return.

Why should she feel shame, she chided herself as she drove. What she did was, after all, her own business and she hurt no one. Well, almost no one, she corrected herself, for she then felt a stab of pain in her crotch, the result of the constant stretching she subjected herself to. Lorena wiped an involuntary tear, cursing herself for having shown weakness in front of the men, intolerant boors. "Men! No wonder she had given up on them." She shouted. Now her horse was her sole companion. They were better endowed, did not complain, and even smelled better!

By the time dusk arrived, the prospect of her belly ride had restored Lorena's spirit. She was still days away from Rio and knew she might not get to do a full three-day's ride, the customs had taken several hours longer than she had allowed for, but maybe they would let her be strapped for the last two days of the Mardi Gras. She would ride this year, regardless, she insisted, even if she had to drive non-stop for days. But sleep threatened to overwhelm her. The road was lonely, a monotonous and desolate, brown dirt, ribbon, cutting through the southern Brazilian pampas. After a scare in which Lorena fell asleep at the wheel for a few seconds, she concluded that she had to stop and camp for the night.

The stars were already up when Lorena arrived at a river crossing. Carefully, she drove her truck and trailer off the side of the road to the riverbank and sought a campsite. About a mile from the road, she found a solitary, secluded, spot, idyllic, an island of rain forest in the midst of the pampas. Still, Lorena was wary in the midst of all that beauty. As she lowered herself stiffly from the cab she tied on a gun belt. A lone woman could not take any chances of being caught, surprised by bandits.

The river was a lazy meandering brook that reflected the tropical moon. Lorena removed her clothes and stepped into the water being careful not to stray too far away from her gun. She massaged her tortured crotch. The water was cool and refreshing but she hurried her ablutions; there are all manner of creatures living in such streams.

Refreshed, Lorena walked naked back to her trailer, with her clothes bundled under an arm. Her lover waited, she knew. A quick glance around the surrounding jungle indicated that she was still alone. She would give her trusty friend a quick walk around before she settled down for the night. She did not bother to put any of her cloths on for this.

Turning her horse round in the trailer she then led him out. He followed her quietly. Once on flat land she leapt to his back and rode him slowly into the stream. Then she proceeded down the water course away from the road. Still clutching her gun she felt safe though remained watchful. She had had a grate deal of training with the weapon and would not hesitate to use it in an instant. When she returned to the camp she washed Via in river water and then led him into the trailer for the night. Satisfied that all was still quiet, she shut and secured the trailer door behind her.

Via stamped the trailer floor eagerly; he was ready. Lorena smiled and started massaging her crotch. Murmuring soothing remarks to her horse, she proceeded to massage his protruding penis. Coaxing an erection. The horse was well trained and eager. Lorena's gentle massaging and her oral ministrations soon resulted in an erection of the usual massive proportions. Lorena eagerly drank the drops of pre-cum that crowned the glans. She did not wish to over exert her friend just before he was about to go on display in the finest carnival in all the World. She would only enjoy his love for a short while, so that he could sleep after the long journey. There would be more of the same tomorrow.

Satisfied with the iron hard erection that ensued, Lorena placed a couch under the horse's belly and laid down on it, facing Via. She guided the horse's shaft towards her crotch and pushed her torso forward. The horse knew what to do and he thrust his hips forward too. His shaft entered her

brusquely, pushing a full twenty five centimetres into her and pulling in her engorged labia lips. Lorena grunted with pain, taking every inch that the horse offered.

The horse's penile head now pushed against her cervical opening. It took Lorena's muscles some time to adjust but she knew this would not do, not for a belly rider. She had accepted far more than that on numerous occasions. It could just be the nerves of actually going to Rio, specifically to belly ride. Lorena willed herself further up the shaft though the pain in her cervix became intense. The horse took a step forward and a sharp, pang of pain tore through her abdomen;

Lorena was not a large woman and knew she had reached bottom. She reached and touched the horse's balls, so near yet so far away from her crotch. Resigned to only get just over a foot of horse meat inside her. Thus pinned against the couch, she lay still as Via rocked slowly in to her. She came several times before he did. Pretty soon the shaft exited and entered her a full twenty centimetres at a time, pulling and pushing at her labia minora. The brutal pounding was both painful and delightful. She was used to this treatment but her body soon was covered in a sheen of sweat and her eyes were shut tight with lust. She kept her legs spread wide, grimacing with pain and pleasure.

Soon her first orgasm came and others followed, exhausting her completely. Her crotch frothed and dribbles of horse semen ran to a pool forming on the couch on which she lay. That could be cleaned later if she decided to keep the couch the horse continued its pounding, unceasing, rhythm; he was well trained. Thus Lorena passed out, exhausted, under the horse's brutal onslaught. Lorena never felt the horse's penis head inside her, balloon to stupendous proportions as he came inside her.

Once he had cum, his penis went limp but though it reduced in size it did not retract. It stayed at its full length but flaccid so that it curved gracefully from his body to hers. The beast stood over Lorena contented to let his head nod as he slept. The lady slept under him, having dreams of grand marches and wonderful, colourful displays. There was nothing outside to distract either sleeper.

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The following day, Lorena was woken by a cacophony of noises, many of which she had never heard before. It took a while to realise that it was just the singing of the local bird population. She was going to get up from the couch when she realised that Via was still fully exposed and had not released her from his grip. She reached between her legs and bending his penis a little she was able to pull it out of her body. It felt soft and warm in her hand. Very reassuring and a pleasant reminder of the night before.

Lorena rose and went to the window to check for any danger before she opened the door to the trailer. It was quite light outside and so was time to move on. After feeding and watering Via, Lorena went to the river and bathed quickly. Then it was time for her own food and as soon as that was finished she got the truck and trailer back on the road. Another long day of eating up the kilometres stood before her and so she did not wish to hang around.

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The day passed without event and at the end of it she was another five hundred kilometres closer to her destination. That night there was no river to bath in, so she went without. There was enough water in the trailer to cover for all the needs of both the horse and herself, but she would have to stock up the next day.

She would also have to buy fuel for the truck before too many more trees went by her windscreen. She did not take time to be her lover that night. She was too exhausted to enjoy it and needed the extra rest. The night passed quickly and it was long before she was ready, that she found herself on the road again, behind the wheel of her truck, pounding the dirt of the mountain tracks.

However there was to be a change. She had only travelled for about two hours when the little road suddenly changed. It became a hard black surface. It was much easier to travel and so she could go faster than the fifty kilometres per hour that had been ruled by her vehicle suspension. Eighty became easy so the remaining eight hundred kilometres of the journey, could be done in a single day. Towns and villages passed more frequently as she drove. Fuel and water were collected from different locations along the road, which made Lorena feel much easier about the final part of the journey.

The truck ground its way along easily now and so Lorena was much more relaxed. Of course she was over-whelmed with joy when shortly after dusk the road topped a small mountain and she saw the sea and Rio on the shore. Its lights shining in the dark. Life felt good again and the last few hills and valleys went by before she was aware.

When she rolled up to the gates of the Samba School she was welcomed with a small celebration and soon all was arranged for her and her horse. They both had a very contented night. Lorena had arrived with a whole day clear before the start of the festival. She would have ample time to prepare her costume, what there was of it and to dress Via as a belly rider's horse should be dressed. This year the house colours were red and orange. Colours of heat and passion. Very appropriate thought Lorena as she drifted off to sleep. Her dreaming started soon after. It was filled with roads and passing people who were unable to give her directions as she got more and more lost, on an imaginary journey that resembled the one she had just completed.

Late in the night she awoke and went to find a place to relieve herself. Afterwards her sleep was much more peaceful. The following day she awoke late. It did not matter as the making of her costume was a simple matter. All the modifications had already been made to her harness and Via had a new set of bridle and reins, that she had commissioned from a local worker. Lorena would have to braid ribbons and things into Via's main and tail but that would be done on the morning of the march. Her own hair would also have to be done but someone else would do it so that it would look just right. This meant that she could spend her time helping anyone who needed it.

She ended up sewing sequins and gold filigree, by the metre, to what seemed like thousands of metres of brightly coloured cloth. All of it, as "blow away" as the finest silk. The work seemed to be never ending. No sooner had one piece been finished than someone came up with another thing to be completed. Lorena enjoyed the work not because it was thrilling work but it gave her a sense of being a part of the community instead of an outsider. She had helped in this manner every year that she had travelled to attend the great celebration.

She worked long into the night and eventually went to sleep at the sewing machine. Someone carried her to her bed and made her comfortable. Others took care of Via for her and everything seemed to run very smoothly. It did not go totally without hitch but Lorena was not aware of any major problems.

On the first day of Mardi Gras, Lorena awoke with a head ache. It was not a bad pain but it was enough to put her into a not particularly good mood. She went in search of something to eat and then went to minister to Via. She knew that she should have seen to the horse first but that was the way she was feeling today. Via though had already been fed and watered. He had also been groomed and looked

in peek condition. He snorted as Lorena approached. She knew he was pleased to see her, as she was to see him.

“Well my fine friend today is the day. I hope you feel better than I do. I just hope my head gets better before I have to start the ride this afternoon.” Lorena talked to the animal for a few minutes before going out to get some fresh air. She would not have long to herself, to do as she pleased, because of the preparations that still needed to be arranged.

The breather seemed to do a world of good and it was not long before Lorena went back to Via to start arranging his decorations. She braided his tail into plats and interwove bright orange and red ribbons. Then she platted his main with red and gold resting individual plats alternately on either side of his neck. This took nearly an hour before it looked acceptable. Then the harness was placed over the horse’s back and strapped into place. All the straps and buckles were checked to make sure that they would not cause any discomfort.

The animal would have to wear the harness for the next three days, and a little bit, so Lorena wanted to make quite sure that he would not rub sores and blisters. Then the bridle and rein was added. It was made of leather but was completely covered in bright red quilting to give it a softer warmer touch. By now most of the morning was spent. It was time for Lorena to prepare herself for the event. She went to a room where she knew there were some women organising hair stiles for the belly riders.

Lorena waited her turn and then let herself be subjected to a similar treatment to that which she had just given Via. She was made to strip naked and then sit in front of a mirror for an hour while her hair was combed, platted, coloured and arranged. Beads and sequins were threaded on to individual strands. Then her face was painted to look like a devil with red eye lids and cheeks. Her breasts and legs were treated the same way until she hardly recognised herself. But she had to admit she did look the part. A lady devil who would be riding her horse for sex.

When all was done she went out to see her steed. He had been given one or two additions since she had last seen him. He now sported blood tipped horns on his forehead and his coat was stained red to match her own skin colour. This would be most impressive if all the belly riders were treated on a similar vain. Lorena looked around at the others who were preparing for the march. They all seemed to be enjoying the event and yes they all seemed to be taking on the parts of hells denizens.

The afternoon was well on its way by now and it was time to be strapped into the saddle. Lorena went to find a sip of water to freshen her mouth before actually being tied down. Once that was done she would not be released for the whole three days of the celebration. The water tasted good and she was tempted to have more but she refrained, knowing that to do so would cause her additional pain later.

Arriving back at Via’s side Lorena found five strapping men waiting for her. They had taken the sling part of the harness, that she would be riding in, and laid it on the ground. She was instructed to lie on the sling and then it was lifted with her in it, by four of the men while the fifth went round the horse fastening the straps that would support her weight.

Finally the underside of the sling was brushed off and her legs and arms were strapped to the horse’s sides. This would be her lot for the next sixty hours or more. Once the last buckle was tight, the five men went off laughing and cracking jokes. None of the amusement was directed at her, for which Lorena was grateful. She was just left to hang in the balance and await the next stage of the preparations. A young lad was fussing around with another horse not far away. He seemed to be

painting its legs. Lorena watched him not really taking in what it was that he was doing. She did notice that the horse also had its rider strapped in position. After a few minutes the boy finished his art work and he stood up and stretched a bit. Then he took the horse's rein and led the animal into the courtyard.

Shortly afterwards the lad returned and taking Via's rein he led Lorena out to the yard to join the other riders. Now for the first time Lorena was able to see all of the riders together. There were eight and they were all coloured red, hanging under red horse's that all had blood stained horns. One or two of the ladies talked to each other but none spoke to Lorena. Lorena did not try to make conversation, she was far too nervous.

She had not been there long before another man appeared. Immediately all the chatter stopped. The man greeted the ladies collectively and then set to his task. He knelt down by the first horse and produced, from a bag, a syringe. Testing that all the air was out of the contraption he injected the horse's penile pouch, and then moved on to the next animal. All eight animals received this treatment. But it was not over yet.

Lorena watched the first animal to see the reaction to the initial injection. It did not take long. The penis started to protrude and slowly extended to its full length. The penis was a fleshy pink in colour with black and brown markings. It hung limply for a while and then started to stiffen. Lorena watched fascinated. She knew that the same thing would be happening to Via. She would feel the result of it in a moment. It was what she had been longing for since she was a little girl.

The man returned to the first horse just in time. If he had been much later the penis would have been too stiff to bend and thus could not be forced into the expectant rider. He took the end of the thickening member and gently bending it, he introduced the head to the rider's vagina. It slipped in easily and as the penis continued to stiffen, gained grater and grater depth. The rider said nothing as she was engulfed by her sexual passion.

The attendant moved on to the second horse and repeated the process, with the same results. Each horse was treated the same way and Lorena watched all the while. She was the seventh to be administered to. Of course she could not see what the man did to Via, but she felt every millimetre of Via as he pushed into her body. Now she thought, she was ready.

There was one last thing to do before all was in readiness. A second injection was administered to each horse to make him retain his erection. It would last for the first six hours or so of the event. Other injections would be supplied as and when they were needed. Lorena had brought enough of the drug that she used on Via to give fourteen injections. It would be quite sufficient for the duration required.

After a short time of final checks and arrangements, the gates were opened and the cavalcade was led out by the float. Lorena was not really thinking about what was going on. Her mind was far away with a little girl who had spent nearly twenty years to achieve this aim. As she was moved along under Via, she could feel the rhythmic thrust of the horse as his every step caused his engorged penis to enter and then retreat from her over stretched vagina. Over stretched it may be but that was only by human standards. It was a comfortable fit for a horse, and Lorena found it comfortable too.

The sensation was something that she was very used to and it was what she wanted to be doing more than any other. This was the beginning of the granting of her life's ambition. From now on she would aim to attend this parade every year. Maybe in the future she would ride with her daughter in

attendance or even with her daughter as an additional rider. Perhaps with her aunt Elizabeth also riding, they could have three generations ride together.

Suddenly there was a loud shout from a crowd. Lorena was brought out of her thoughts to find herself being led down a cobbled street with a multitude of people on either side. They were laughing and singing and dancing as they watched the riders walk by. Many pointed and whistled at the riders, picking out one individual to favour with their attentions. Some of the young men made explicit signs at the ladies, as they passed slung under their horses. Others chose to walk along side and request sexual favours.

Most of the requests were in jest but some were of a genuine nature. Lorena tried to pay attention to what was going on about her, but the continuous ministrations of Via's penis to her tender loins drew her mind back to the imminent orgasm that was about to take her. As she succumbed to the hormones raging through her body she heard, as if from a distance, another loud shout from the crowd. This would be the scene throughout the three days.

This had been the first orgasm of the day for Lorena, but it was not to be her last. In between them, however, she would get a chance to see the world of Mardi Gras from the sideways and very low angle of the belly rider. Every time a rider appeared to reach a climax the people lining the street would cheer. This was really just an increase in the level of noise that they made all the time. The shouts, cries and whistles came from the spectators, and the music, bells and drumming in general came from the paraders. Other noises were of dogs barking, horses neighing, bangs that sounded like pistol shots, but were really fire works, car horns and other sounds that could not be distinguished amid the din.

A man came over to Lorena as she rode by and opening his trousers he extracted his penis and waved it at her. He was shouting something as he did so but Lorena could not hear. She shouted back at him, knowing full well what it was that he wanted. His actions had made that clear. He crouched down and crawled along close to Lorena so that she could hear his request the second time.

"Please." He shouted, "Will you rub my penis for good luck. I have been trying to make my wife pregnant for three years now and had no luck. I am sure you would bring me luck" Lorena pointed out that her hands were tied and that she could do nothing at the time. The man looked crest fallen and stopped dead in the road as Lorena was forced further and further away by the constant stride of her mount.

This was not to be the last such request or the last time a man had his request rejected through no fault of the rider. Lorena came again, to a loud cheer and then carried on observing the crowds that she passed. There were all sorts of people. Young and old, ugly and attractive. It could make a very good parade if one was seeking a mate. One would never find a grater variety of possible contenders of either sex. This though was not Lorena's requirement. She had her mate and would not need another as long as he lived.

About an hour into the march Via had his first ejaculation. He had been dancing rather than walking for a while now as though he was walking on glass and each step made him jump. It was usually an indication of imminent discharge. The dancing motion only added to Lorena's own heightened sexual arousal. As she tried to concentrate on the feeling of the horse's member inside her body, she also rose to a fevered pitch and her orgasm coincided with Via's massive climax. She felt the head swell inside her and then it shot its sperm deep into her womb. There were several spurts. After the second Lorena was so full of the sticky semen that it shot out of her vagina, backwards between Via's legs.

There was a tremendous cry from the crowd with wolf whistles and cat calls as the white juice splattered across the road. It was the first of many and Lorena was not the only rider to go through the experience.

Soon after, Lorena and the seven other belly riders were led into the square that had been selected for the first rest area. Horses were watered and the majority of the clan went to get some form of refreshment. Lorena was offered a drink of water which she took a sip from but did not actually require. She had only wanted to moisten her mouth.

When the boy returned from his own rest, Lorena asked him to release her arms. He looked round as though looking for someone to request permission. Lorena chided him and he set to freeing the straps. Now Lorena would be able to grant some favours to the men who asked her. She had not liked to see the crest fallen expression of the man she had had to deny.

The march got under way again and the same sort of events filled the next hour. It was a sequence that was repeated slowly over and over. Walk cum, walk cum, etc. etc. Lorena did not mind. If she could spend the rest of her life in constant orgasm she gladly would. However there were times in between the orgasms that required something to attract ones attention. As soon as another man came over to request a favour, Lorena was happy to oblige, From now on she would do what ever she could to satisfy the watching crowds.

She could not give oral ministrations but her hands were free to do what ever was required, as long as she could reach. Once the first person found his wish fulfilled others followed suit and it was not long before Lorena had a line of men and a few women following her, looking for services. She did what she could within her confines and between her own moments of total elation. Even the act of satisfying a fellow human gave her some considerable stimulation. If only her Mother and Father had been alive to see her now.

Her Mother would certainly have been proud. As the line of waiting customers grew, other riders asked for their arms to be released. It was not long before all eight of the riders were bestowing favours as and when requested. Lorena was thankful, there was no way that she alone could have complied with every supplication. Her own orgasms became almost back stage to what she was doing for other people.

Not every person was able to cum at Lorena's beck and call. Indeed not every person wished to achieve a climax. For many it was enough to have been treated by a rider. Those that did cum were thankful to the extreme.

Most of the men seemed to direct their jets of sperm toward Lorena herself. Sometimes they would strike her with their creamy white fluid, others would miss altogether or it would land on Via's underbelly and then trickle down onto Lorena's breasts and stomach. She realised that at the end of three days she would be covered with several layers of dried male sexual juice. A long bath would be required at the end of the third day.

The end of the first day came long before Lorena was ready. She had been enjoying herself so much she had not noticed the passage of time and was quite surprised when she was led into the Samba School's private compound. The crowds of followers were left behind and all suddenly fell quiet. Most of the group of people who made up the exhibition went quickly to their beds.

The horses were led into the stables and after feeding and watering they too were left to sleep

quietly, their respective riders still in place, slung under the animal's body. The only thing that was done was that each animal was again injected to keep the stiff erection in place through out the night. This was the fourth injection so far.

Lorena's right hand ached a little. She massaged her joints to ease the tension, and then interlocking her fingers across her stomach, she relaxed and tried to gain a few hours rest. All the other riders were similarly stabled and soon the only sound was that of horse and rider softly breathing in unison. It was the early hours of the morning. First light would be in a short while and a new day would start with this dawn.

As hard as she may try, Lorena could not relax. She was a little disturbed at having her fun cut off at such

short notice. There was nobody to talk to as even Via seemed to be contentedly dreaming of what ever horses dream of. This was extremely frustrating. There was only one thing to do that could relax her. Reaching down to her mound she started to rub at her clitoris. She remembered the first time she had ever done this. She had been twelve and had suddenly found the pleasure of orgasm. From then on it had become a nightly ritual unless she was dog tired.

The first time she had tried it while coupled to a horse, the resulting climax had almost made her head explode. She had hardly even started before it was finished. The shock had been enough to make her scream, and several people had run to see if she was all right. Of course she had been, but she resolved to bight her tongue the next time.

This night just the opposite applied. She could not get satisfaction, no matter how hard she rubbed. She ended up waking Via from his repose which made it worse. She also awoke a number of the other horses and maybe some of the riders.

A dog that had been sleeping in the corner of the stables came over to her and nuzzled her breast. Concentrating hard on her clitoris she did not notice the animals licks. He continued his inquisitive exploration of her body and eventually found her exposed buttocks and vagina, complete with penetrating horse member. The dog continued to lick, fascinated by the strange taste that was so like a bitch on heat but different. His tongue slipped around Via's thick penis at the point where it entered Lorena's vagina, stimulating both horse and rider.

The intrusive tongue licked all around the anal sphincter hidden between the curvaceous hind quarters of the woman. The more it licked the more Lorena wanted it to penetrate her. Suddenly her vagina was producing love juice to extreme. It was running out of her and down between her buttocks. The dog licked more intently. This was what she had wanted. Lorena felt her climax build and then explode, filling her head with bliss. The dog continued to lick but his work was done. Lorena was able to relax and finally drift off to sleep.

The second day was much the same as the first had been, except there were no preparations. Make up was touched up and then on the road again. Lorena was beginning to feel quite thirsty, so she indulged in a short drink. Water was all she had but she found it enough. She did not need any alcohol to boost her. As the day passed though she did find that she required more and more to drink. She was accosted by numerous men again, all vying for her favours. She did what she could, satisfying most, but she was getting bored with it.

Her eleventh customer was a woman. She had almost no clothing on and requested that Lorena service her. Lorena was only too glad to comply. Here was the change she had been looking for. She reached out to touch the woman's body, and ran her hand over the soft and smooth skin. The woman was fit and quite nicely shaped, a flat stomach and round hips at the top of shapely legs. Her smile

was fetching and Lorena liked her instantly. The pubic mound had been recently shaved but was now showing a fine dark stubble.

Lorena slipped her fingers in between the girl's legs and fondled the two fleshy lips that hid there. Then she inserted her middle finger and using her thumb started to rub the clitoris that hid at the front of the vaginal slit. The woman was moist inside and the stimulation made her even wetter. Lorena introduced a second finger to the vagina and tried to reach the girl's anus with another finger. It was then that the girl had her orgasm. She was almost unable to walk from the sexual spasms that raked her body.

Stumbling and staggering along she was just able to keep up with the horse that drew Lorena inexorably down the road. Lorena was also turned on by the lesbian encounter and had her own orgasm moments later. Her arm went limp and contact was lost between the girl and herself. That was another relationship that had to be explored.

At the rest area Lorena had a deeper drink. Her thirst was increasing and her throat was getting sore. Via stuck his head in a bucket and downed a large quantity of water. He was feeling the heat too. It was different at home. There, there was a cool breeze that blew the heat away, but here in the city the wind was blocked by the tightly packed buildings. The heat stayed and just increased as the day passed.

Two dogs ran by. One seemed to be chasing the other. Lorena watched. The first dog stopped and waited for the second. Then when he reached her the second dog mounted the first and they copulated, he thrusting in and out rapidly for a short while. Then they separated and ran on. Lorena found it strange that the two had not been locked together as was usually the case with dogs. Maybe the dog had not been deep enough to get tied before the bitch decided to move on. Again the carnival moved on. It was not just dogs, and ladies with horses having sex.

There were several couples engaging in intimate relations along the street where the procession passed. Some stood in corners, some stood in the open amongst the crowds. Even some of the carnival caricatures engaged with individual spectators and then had to run to catch up with their own display team. At the second rest area someone offered Lorena a bottle. She was in a mood that now she did not care about staying sober. She did not look to see what it was and took a deep draught. She thought that she might choke but was able to prevent it. The liquid was like fire as it ran down her throat. It felt good as she took another mouth full.

The person who had offered her the bottle told her to keep it and walked off to find another. The liquid did nothing for her at first but soon she was as happy as she had ever been. As the parade moved along the final leg of the second day, Lorena was singing and joking with the other riders, just as everybody else had. By the time they all reached the compound again the bottle was empty. Lorena did not remember drinking it all but she knew she had not let anyone else have it. It must have slopped out of the bottle as she was walked along, she mused as she fell asleep under the influence of the tequila.

The head ache that ensued the next day made itself felt mainly through the noises of what ever was going on around Lorena. She was not used to strong drink, and every sound throbbed in her head. She had steadfastly stuck to wine as a drink with meals and had never had anything stronger so this first taste was now like the punishment from hell that the Sambas school was trying to depict in their costumes. She tried to keep her eyes shut as the light seemed to hurt as much as the sound did.

Someone saw her agony and taking pity gave her a small drink of something milky white that tasted of aniseed. He said that it would ease the pain but Lorena was sure that the world would crack her head open before she ever recovered. However by the time the party was ready to move again she felt quite a bit better, and was able to join in with the revelry. There were the usual jokes and laughs as they wend their way down the streets and round the town. More people came to ask for hand favours.

Lorena recognised the man who had first asked her on day one, and she shouted to him waving her hand to show him that she was now free. He came over to her and she gladly gave him the relief that she had not been able to give the first time. At first he just walked along beside her as she stroked his member but as the erection grew stronger he started to turn to ward her to allow her an easier and longer stroke. Being able to reach him with only one hand was a handicap but it had to do. She kept up a rapid pumping action and soon had the satisfaction of feeling him tense for the ejaculation. It shot out in large globs and landed on her breasts and shoulder.

He was about to thank her and leave but Lorena did not let him go. She continued to pump but more gently now. His erection remained and he consented to try for a second shot. After all he had missed it on the first day. The second time took much longer but a result was attained eventually. Before he went back to his loving wife, Lorena touched her fingers to his newly produced seed and put them to her lips. Then she blew him a parting kiss and licked her lips.

The resultant smile on the man's face was the size of a bus as he disappeared back into the crowd. The two dogs ran past. This time they ran side by side and nipped at each other as they went. The job was obviously done and the bitch had received her mate's full load of sperm. Lorena received Via's sperm on several occasions, each time shooting it into her deepest recess and the excess being ejected from the tightly fitting union between horse and woman, to land wasted on the street.

The woman's orgasms took her mind from her work of satisfying the men and women that required her

services, but only during the actual moment of climax. She was given another bottle of something. It tasted good so she drank it, not worrying about the effects it would have tomorrow morning. She did not have anything specific to do so if she was incapacitated it would not change her plans. It only lasted part of the time and she was given a bottle of something different to carry on with. Every single person along the way was quite happy with the effects of drink and the carnival but Lorena did not notice as her own drunken state increased. Many of the paraders were well intoxicated but it did not seem to detract from the scene as they all sang and danced as they were supposed to.

At one point a cracker went off right next to Via. The frightened horse reared and bucked as he fort to try

and escape the noise. His hapless rider, tied in place, could only go with him. The shaft of the equine penis thrust deep into Lorena as the horse stood on its hind legs. A splitting pain shot through her abdomen. She wondered if this was to be the end of her. Had the penis broken through into something vital. She knew that some women had died while in the saddle this way.

The poor boy who was guiding them struggled to take the horse under his control. As the horse came down the penis retracted from the tender depths of Lorena's vagina, only to be thrust deep a second time as he reared a again. He landed on all four feet and then jumped and strutted. Each movement causing Lorena additional pain. Several other people joined in with the fighting animal while its legs flailed in the air. Lorena was in real danger of being kicked in the head. It could be fatal.

The antics of the frightened horse effected all the other horses near by. The animal slowly quieted,

his motions reduced to wild struts. Finally he relented and allowed himself to be led quietly. Those who had witnessed the event were deeply relieved that the episode was over, and those who had helped control Via went back to their places. At last the group was able to move on again. The end eventually came and the gate to the Samba School was closed on the final day of the carnival.

The horses were led into the stables and the people went to their beds. Via had been given another injection only two hours previous and his erection would not subside for several hours yet to come. It had been the fourth injection of the day and the eleventh of the whole parade. In this time Lorena had not been out of the harness that carried her and Via's throbbing Penis had been deeply thrust into her loins without respite. He had only ejaculated into her seven times as the injection not only increased the duration of the erection but also delayed the inevitable climax. Lorena on the other hand had had over fifty orgasms and had fainted with thirteen of them.

She quickly fell asleep. The expense of energy and the alcohol had both taken their toll. It was a wonderful thing to have done, but now that it was over, she just wanted to float into oblivion and rest. Then it would be time to think about next year. As she drifted off she was sure that next year would be better. Lorena slept long into the morning. Via's penis slipped out of her as it shrank back to its normal size. This took several hours to accomplish but as there were no further injections to keep him fully erect, he empties his bladder on the floor below her body. Lorena was finally released.

Still asleep she was quite unaware of the huge penis's exit but the liquid in her bladder finally found an open way out and she urinated in her sleep. Her deeply yellow water joining with Via's . It did not rush out in one fast gush but slowly trickled out, dribbling down over her anus and between her buttocks. The flow was sustained for over fifteen minutes as the pressure slowly subsided.

All of the riders seemed to have a problem retaining their water. One woman was unstrapped from her horse and as she was helped to stand, the urine flowed out and down her legs. She was so embarrassed at not being able to get to the appropriate facilities. The horses also had a problem with water retention, some relieved themselves onto their riders as they still hung under the animal. The women all needed a bath, but this was not what had been intended.

Lorena's head ache was far worse that morning than it had been on the previous day, but it was nothing that some rest and a little food would not cure. Her internal organs had survived the onslaught of the horse's fear and there was no real damage except a little bruising. She had completed her first full belly ride in public and achieved her ultimate ambition. Now she could relax and take life as it came, or more to the point as her horse came. The more frequent the better. If she was able to ride again at the most prestigious celebration in South America, all the better, and if she could ride with her Daughter and Aunt, that would be a crowning glory.

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*Jillian and Pomponio*  
*Author note & Disclaimer:*

*Potential Belly Riders please read this before the story. Thanks This is a story of fiction and has no relationship to anyone living or dead. The places are fictitious though the town names are real. All copy rights are held by the authors and permission must be sought before alterations may be made to any part of this tail.*

*As many people may or may not be interested I feel that I should explain some of the difficulties*

*involved in carrying out a ride such as this story portrays. There are many hazards and the activity can and has at times proved fatal. A horse's penis is generally in the region of sixty centimetres long, that is two feet for those of you who do not understand metres.*

*Some are longer and some are shorter to within about eight centimetres. (Three inches) if one was to measure the distance between the human vagina and the diaphragm, it would be found to vary between about twenty five and thirty five centimetres. (ten and fourteen inches) obviously these two readings do not coincide.*

*If a horse penis enters the human female's body with too much force or goes in too deep it can and probably will rupture something vital. If it is your heart chamber or your liver it will kill you instantly. Your intestine or stomach will result in long slow and painful death.*

*If you wish to try to belly ride, or make love to a horse any other way, be extremely careful, and if you can, have a friend close by to help you, and look after you, and your horse. there are many sights on the net which will give good advice about loving horses and they give some of the conditions and pitfalls that surround this activity.*

*Jillian can give some advice on this matter and has had experience with horses though she has never ridden in the manner as stated in this story. She is however doing research into the techniques and hopes to provide the net with her findings soon. She has also written a ten chapter semi-fiction about how she began horse love, during the second world war.*

*She is now nearly seventy five years old and will not be riding in the future, much as she would like to. If you wish for more information on this subject, or copies of her stories, Jillian will be more than happy to guide you for as long as she lasts on this planet, age not withstand.*

*Belly riding was sometimes a part of a Samba School's parade in Rio, during the fifties. We do not know when it started or how. It was stopped by the Brazilian government when it was found that some of the riders were dying of excessive penetration. I have heard much speculation about what went on and the possible side activities that could stem from this. As authors it is our duty to try to keep a story within a set of reasonable limits. Therefore the story is set to what we as authors can take as truly plausible and not what could have been in the wild fantasy mind of a psychopath. Both authors will continue to study this matter to the best of their ability and if amendments are due they will be posted on this news group...you as a reader may e-mail the authors direct if you so wish.*

*All I wish to say now on behalf of Pomponio and myself is happy reading and safe sex to you all.*

*Jillian*