

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Paris, 1928

I Two Friends

Renate is a French female doctor in her mid thirties. As a young medical student she had served in a field hospital not very far behind the western front during WWI. The experience had driven her off her mind. After a stint in a lunatic asylum housed in a nunnery she managed to recover her sanity and graduate from medical school and thereafter completed her specialty in gynecology.

Despite having a successful practice Renate found that she no longer could have steady relations with men. Though she had several lovers the affairs inevitably broke up. The fact is that she would have recurring nightmares from her time in the trenches and she would get visions of the young man she was with as a putrefying cadaver in no man's land.

Needing love, Renate eventually started experimenting with bestiality. She became an active dog lover. Her ample income allowed her to have a kennel with several large dogs with which she would mate. This helped satisfy her but pretty soon she was curious about mating with other beasts, specifically a horse. After careful inquiries she managed to obtain a clue of where she would be able to do this.

"Berlin? Are you serious Evariste?" Renate was sitting across a sidewalk table from a tall distinguished looking fellow, Evariste, an old friend, whom she knew to be quite a lecher.

"Certainly," laughed Evariste. "I have been there many times and have witnessed unspeakable things. The cabaret there has been taken to a new height of depravity. If you seek any manner of vice and excess I can assure you that you will find it today in Berlin."

Renate toyed with her coffee. "And that includes bestiality."

"Most definitely."

"You are a dear friend, Evariste, and have kept my secret all these years."

"Well, I was the one that suggested you tried bestiality given your condition."

"That is true and I thank you for it, ma Cherie. Can I trust you further?"

"I am at your service dear. I would do anything for someone as beautiful as you. In fact, my marriage offer still stands. It can be in name only. I am an old man now. But just watching you mating with your chiens would be enough reward for me."

Renate kissed him gently. "Merci, my dear friend, you flatter me. Help me achieve what I seek and I promise to give your offer the utmost consideration, oui?"

"What do you wish to achieve in Berlin then?"

Renate stared at Evariste fixedly. "Could I be mated with a horse, a stallion, in public?"

Evariste chuckled. "That is done every night over there. You can have a donkey if you wish. You would, of course, wear a mask, right?"

"Donkey? No, I want a horse. And no, no mask, let them see my face, they can even photograph me if

need be.”

“Are you serious? What if someone recognizes you? Many Parisians frequent the Berlin cabarets.”

“I don’t care. It’s a risk I wish to take.”

Evariste smiled. “If you insist, my dear, it will be as you request. I believe it can be done. Give me a week. I will have to send off some telegrams.”

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## **II Berlin**

Renate was helped aboard the carriage by Evariste who had escorted her all throughout the trip. Her belly was distended and she smiled contentedly. She knew her womb was filled to bursting with horse semen.

“I will have to change the pads again, Evariste my dear, I am still leaking.”

“Wait until we get to our compartment. Does it still hurt to walk?”

“Only a bit. I must have had some stress fractures caused by the stretching. He was very big.”

“That was a percheron, dear. I don’t believe they come any bigger. No wonder you walk with difficulty. I am amazed he did not kill you.”

The night before a taxi took them from the Adlon Hotel to a particularly seedy part of Berlin. There was some sort of theater in the place. The acts staged were particularly cruel and involved a lot of pain and bleeding. Evariste stood at her side, in the backstage, patting the gun he held in his coat. Renate meanwhile was chain smoking nervously.

A woman let them know she would be up next.

“You should strip now, dear,” said Evariste.

“Do not lose my clothes,” said Renate as she removed her clothes. Her nipples were quite erect, both from her arousal and the cold. A voice in German started to explain that a French lady would be coupled to a horse next.

“They are announcing you now, dear. You will be asked to lie down on all fours and strapped facing the audience upon a raised platform and then your horse will mount you.”

“Oh Jesus!” exclaimed Renate. She was already dripping wet.

“You can still back down. It’s a very large horse I am told. A couple of women have already been ruptured by it.”

“Yes, you told me that,” said Renate breathing heavily. “I must go through with it. Listen, if I am ruptured, I wish to die on the stage, as agreed, OK?”

“Yes, with the shaft inside you. They will let you do that, it’s in fact part of the entertainment,” replied Evariste.

“Oh Jesus!” whimpered Renate. Her legs were rubbery.

Evariste held her steady and shook his head. "Renate, please, give it up. I don't want you to die."

"It's too late," she said kissing him. "Evariste, I need this. I can't explain it rationally. Please do not make it harder on me."

Evariste kissed her passionately. "Then do what you must, dear, may God keep you. Someone like you should not be kept from what she needs."

"Is the lady ready?" asked Rokoff, the Russian former tsarist colonel that now earned his living as a horse trainer.

"I am, please tell me what to do," answered Renate.

He led her gently into the stage. To her surprise, Renate could not see anyone in the audience. The bright lights kept her from seeing the audience. The only evidence of its presence was the tremendous applause that greeted her. There were hundreds watching her, she knew. Her nudity increased her arousal.

"This brave daughter of France," announced Rokoff, "will now allow us to witness her satiate her lust. Most likely she will be killed by her lover, yet she does not hesitate."

More applause followed. "Bring in Incitatus!"

A couple of nude women led a huge black stallion. It stood at least 22 hands. "See his massive shaft. It has already dropped. This massive shaft has already ruptured and killed two women. Witness how he pounds the ground. He smells a mare in heat."

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III The Mating

Renate's heart missed a beat. She was the mare in heat, she knew. The shaft was indeed huge. It would definitely kill her or hurt her seriously. But she was not going to back down. The thought of being fucked by a horse in public stoked her lust.

Evariste, meanwhile smoked furiously watching the lovely figure of Renate who stood next to the brute caressing the obscene shaft. The truth was that Rokoff had previously wiped the stallion's snout with a rag dripping with the urine of a mare in heat. The women handed Renate a tin with lubricant which she proceeded to smear all over the massive shaft. Then she applied it to her own already wet pubes.

Renate kissed the shaft and sucked its tip. This brought more applause from the audience. Next she was led to an elevated platform. There she was strapped down, facing the audience. She smiled bravely at the unseen audience. "See me, " she thought, "I am about to be fucked by a horse and probably impaled by it. And I don't regret it!"

"Now I will open milady," announced Rokoff. And he proceeded to insert his fingers into her until his whole massive fist was inside her.

Renate moaned in pain. The women placed a leather bit in her mouth. "That is only one hand, milady, not enough if you are going to be penetrated by Incitatus. Do you wish me to continue?"

Renate nodded. The Russian then pushed through his other hand until he had both hands inside

Renate. Her moans could be heard distinctly. Rokoff brutally –and perhaps mercifully—proceeded to pound her insides with his clenched hands. Renate’s back arched in pain and lust.

“I think she is as open as is humanly possible, “ announced Rokoff taking out his hands. He wiped off some blood and motioned for the women to move Incitatus nearer.

The horse was placed almost straddling Renate. The women secured him in place with ropes and straps. Renate protruded at a 45 degree angle from under him. The nude women spread sand around her to absorb any blood.

Rokoff placed the tip of the horse head against Renate’s pubes. “Are you ready, dear?”

Renate nodded. Rokoff guided the shaft. The huge horse pushed forward. Renate’s buttocks were raised and pushed forward. Only the straps holding her in place kept her from moving. She shrieked. The leather bit came off her mouth. Suddenly she felt a tremendous log pushing into her innards. Pain stabbed her.

“It is inside you. Do you want it to come out, milady?” asked Rokoff. The women, meanwhile, were holding the restraints tight.

“No,” managed to answer Renate. “Tell me, am I bleeding?”

“Only a bit, you are not ruptured, yet,” warned Rokoff.

“Then let him fuck me, please,” pleaded Renate. The women let go some of the restraints holding Incitatus in place. They thrust the leather bit into Renate’s mouth. Incitatus rose to the occasion and commenced to thrust and push as if he were inside a mare in heat. The terrible pounding continued mercilessly. Renate shrieked all the time. Her back arched as her body tried to accommodate the massive shaft. It was hard to tell if she was shrieking from pain or from pleasure. Her mind was racing. She concentrated on one thought: that she was being fucked by a horse in front of an audience and that stoked her lust and steeled her resolve to carry the act through even if it killed her.

Finally, after five long minutes the horse bellowed. A jet of semen erupted with tremendous force from Renate’s pubes. She felt tremendous warmth filling all her innards and she wondered if the horse had not ruptured her and was ejaculating into her intestinal cavity. If so, she felt no regrets. She wondered if horse semen was about to start shooting out of her mouth. There was applause from the audience.

Slowly, the shaft retracted itself out of Renate. It seemed about to pull her innards out with it. Finally, mercifully, with an obscene lubric sound, it emerged from Renate’s now cavernous cunt followed by a gush of horse semen which the women collected in a large glass.

Renate had almost passed out. She was surprised to be unruptured. The women unstrapped her. When they helped her to her feet, she almost fell. Her legs did not obey her. They gently sat her down on the dais.

“She has survived her mating and now deserves her reward,” announced Rokoff.

The women handed her the glass filled to the brim with horse semen. Renate smiled and raised her glass for the entire audience to see. Then she proceeded to drink it eagerly. The applause was intense.

An hour later, Evariste was helping Renate walk to the stage entrance. She was clad only in her coat. Long contrails of horse semen were still coming out of her cunt. Her legs glistened with the fluid.

"You are a natural, milady" said Rokoff. "Will you be interested in performing again?"

Renate shook her head. "I can barely walk now, Monsieur. No, I don't think I want to do it again. I probably won't survive another coupling with Incitatus."

"Your innards are very strong," pointed out Rokoff, "a lot of people would pay good money to see you rupture."

"Don't give her ideas monsieur Rokoff," said Evariste brusquely. "She has been suicidal in the past."

"You know where to find us then, milady" said Rokoff kissing her hand. "I must warn you, however, that you will be dripping horse semen for the next few days. It could be embarrassing."

"I noticed," laughed Renate. "He pumped my womb full of semen. My belly sloshes as I walk. Thanks, Monsieur Rokoff. This was wonderful. If I decide to get ruptured by a horse I will certainly look for you."

Renate hardly slept that night. Horse semen had dripped continuously from her now cavernous cunt and there were continuous stabs of pain and some bleeding. Evariste did everything possible to keep her comfortable. She managed to sleep a few hours with an opium pipe that Evariste handed her. She woke up in a bed saturated and sticky with horse semen.

The next morning Evariste ordered a wheelchair to help take Renate to the railroad station to catch the Paris express. And now, in the privacy of their compartment, Renate proceeded to remove her semen and blood soaked panties.

"Are you sure you are OK, dear?" asked Evariste concerned. Renate's cunt gaped open obscenely.

"It's just a bit of bleeding from the pounding. I am fine. My cunt does not seem to be able to close again. The muscles hurt from the distension and from trying to grab on to that shaft."

"Actually, I think your cunt is a lovely sight as it is. Certainly no man would ever satisfy you now." Evariste proceeded to cleanse her with a rag and warm water and soap. His hand easily entered the cavernous gap.

Renate kept her legs spread even after Evariste finished. "If I keep my legs spread the pain is less. Do you mind?"

"Certainly not, dear, you are a lovely sight with your legs open," said Evariste, lighting her cigarette.

"Thanks, tell me Evariste, my dear, do you still wish to marry me?"

"Certainly! I thought you would never agree! What better mate for this old lecher than you?"

"You can use me anally. I doubt my cunt will ever get tight again."

"That is an idea," said Evariste smiling. "In fact, will you let me use you anally right now? Looking at you thus has stoked my lust."

Renate smiled and nodded. "Please do so. The pain can't be as bad as taking Incitatus."

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#### IV The Marriage

The months passed and Renate slowly managed to recover. Her patients were told that she had had a bad fall while skiing. Her cunt remained distended considerably but Renate did not dare go see any of her fellow doctors lest they question what could have caused such stretching.

Finally, in the Spring of 1929, when she was able to sort of waddle down the aisle, Renate married Evariste. Unfortunately, a few weeks later, the old man's heart gave way while he was sodomizing Renate. He died with a smile on his face.

"Un belle mort, he died inside my ass," murmured Renate as she walked from the cemetery where Evariste had been left to rest. She was clad in widow's clothes and used a cane to move around. Evariste, a war profiteer, had left her quite well off. She did not really need to work but eagerly resumed her gynecological practice, if only to keep herself busy.

As she passed in front of a clothier's Renate looked at her reflection. She was only 37, tall, long legged, fit, and in the prime of her life. She would certainly miss that old lecher Evariste. They had been discussing buying a place in the country where she could keep a few horses and mate with them unmolested. Now, alas, those plans were on hold.

She arrived at her old house which she had not given up after her marriage. Evariste would visit her frequently, whenever he felt the need to sodomize her, but had not given up his apartment in downtown Paris. Renate had considered moving in over there but decided against it because there was not enough room for her kennel. "My dogs need a garden to roam freely," she explained.

Renate stripped and walked nude to the secluded backyard where her dogs awaited. The dogs greeted her eagerly; her smell was driving them into frenzy.

"Ah, my eager lovers," said Renate to the dogs, "which one will go first? Will it be you Danton? Oui. Let it be you then. Now, all you boys, be gentlemen and let us mate in peace. Be patient, I will tie with all of you."

A few hours later Renate walked dripping dog semen up to her alcove. She had taken all her dog's knots, barely pausing to smoke a cigarette in between. Renate prepared herself a bath. As she lay soaking in the warm water she closed her eyes. "Yes, I admit it," she told herself, "the dogs are fun. They have large shafts. The knot is lovely. But, frankly, I need a horse. There is no doubt about it. Damn it! I need to be fucked by a horse!"

As the weeks went by, the need intensified. Renate was not focusing on her work.

"Will I bear children again?" said a matron that lay in an examination table in front of her with her legs in stirrups. Renate watched the cavernous cunt of the woman. Inevitably, it brought back memories of Berlin and how Incitatus had left her own cunt yawning.

"Is your husband well endowed, madam?"

"My Pierre is indeed a brute. He is very large."

"Lucky bitch," said Renate to herself.

"But tell me, doctor," continued the woman, "will I have children again?"

Renate looked at the woman's file. "You already had five birthings, madam. You are forty. I would advise against it."

"But my Pierre wants to use me and I like his huge shaft. Size does matter, doctor."

"Oh, I understand that, madam," smiled Renate. The whole conversation was causing her temperature to rise. Memories of Incitatus and his huge shaft were flitting around her mind. "I advise you then that your husband should either wear a condom or start using you anally."

"You mean up my ass?" the woman sounded scandalized. Renate contemplated her wide ass.

"It's a matter of your Pierre being gentle and you getting used to it. Anyway, madam, that is my advice. Your vagina is healthy but I don't believe you should bear more children."

After the woman left, Renate threw her examination gloves disgustedly into the trash can. She locked the door to her office and opened her safe. She extracted a set of photographs taken at Berlin. It showed her with Incitatus' huge shaft inside her. Renate proceeded to masturbate as she concentrated on the obscene image.

Later she stepped out of her office. "Cancel all my appointments, Genevieve, please," said Renate.

"You look tired, madam," said Genevieve, her elderly assistant.

"I am. I have tried to get over Evariste's death by burying myself in my work. It is not working. However, I do not wish to see any more cunts of spoiled foolish women."

"Perhaps you should take a vacation," suggested Genevieve.

For a moment Renate hesitated. To tell the truth, she had never taken a real vacation. "Now, Genevieve, that sounds interesting. Where do you suggest I go?"

"Definitely go south, madam, where it's warmer. There are lovely beaches there. Why, I hear that in many you do not even have to wear clothes!" Genevieve smiled and winked. Genevieve was a dirty old lady, Renate knew, which is why they got along so well. Renate, of course, had never dared tell her of her sexual proclivities.

"And who will take care of my dogs?"

"I will have my husband go and feed and water them, madam. You know he works at the zoo and is used to handling animals. Relax, they will be fine, madam. You do need a vacation."

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V. The Breeding Phantom

Marseilles, June 30th, 1929

The heat was stifling. Renate felt uncomfortable in the drab clothes she had been given.

"Wait in here, doctor," said a guard as she ushered Renate into a sad looking room. There was a table and two chairs. Thankfully, a pack of cigarettes and matches were there also. Renate lit a cigarette and looked around impatiently. This was, she thought, ridiculous. It's not as if she had

committed a capital offense.

A portly sweaty man entered the room wiping his brow with a seedy looking handkerchief. "Madam doctor, my name is Gaston Poulet, I am your court appointed attorney." The man extended a limp, wet, hand which Renate shook with some disgust. Then he sat heavily across from her.

"I have it here that you are the widow Lucardi. Were you indeed married to Evariste Lucardi?"

"Yes, for two weeks," answered Renate disdainfully.

"Certainly, the Lucardi estate could pay you the best lawyers in France. Yet you have not cabled to Paris to ask for legal representation. Why is that?"

Renate smiled. "Given the nature of the accusation, I would rather not have it known in Paris that I am being held in prison. You, Monsieur Poulet, will have to do."

The man wiped his brow again. "I am afraid that it might be too late."

Renate's eyes widened. "What do you mean?"

"It would be better if we reviewed the accusation first, madam, then I can gain some traction on your defense and perhaps help you limit the damages."

"Suit yourself," said Renate lighting a cigarette with the one already lit.

"Bien," said Poulet, "I have it here that you arrived at St. Luc on June 10th. That is a fishing village a few kilometers up the coast, right?"

"Oui."

"What was your intention then, madam?"

"I figured to get myself an all over tan, enjoy the sun, and acquire some skin cancer."

"I see. And for that you frequented the nudist beaches and resorts in the area."

"It's not against the law, is it?"

"Certainly not, madam, but please, let me continue. On or about midnight on the 18th of June you entered the stable of the horse breeding farm owned by Monsieur Petit, a fellow of some influence in St. Luc, is this right?"

"I had no idea he was the local prefect. Yes, I entered the place. I had seen it on my way to and from the beach."

"You had seen the horses he housed then?"

"Do I have to admit to that?"

"To me you can. Whether or not you must admit to the court we will have to decide. It could be construed as premeditation. So? What was it?"

"Yes, I saw the horses. He had several. All stallions. It was a breeding farm after all."

Poulet continued reading the file. His eyes widened involuntarily.

"Do you have a problem defending me, Monsieur Poulet?" asked Renate sternly.

"No madam. It appears you took out one of the stallions and led it to where some kind of contraption was in place, some kind of phantom, I have no idea what that is."

"A breeding phantom, Monsieur, it is meant to look like a mare. The horse mounts it and proceeds to fuck it while his seed is captured into a receptacle. Yes, I led the most magnificent stallion they had to it. Then I rubbed the urine of a mare in heat into his nostrils. The effect was immediate," explained Renate.

"He got an erection?"

"A most magnificent one, Monsieur Poulet, one that gladdened my heart."

"I see," said Poulet smirking involuntarily. "Then you proceeded to place yourself inside the breeding phantom..."

"Oui, Monsieur Poulet, I was nude at that point and was desperate to be penetrated by the horse. I was going to be the receptacle for his seed."

"Ohmigod! He could have killed you!"

"I would not have regretted it, Monsieur. It was a wonderful fuck! He was, in fact, pounding my innards most vigorously when the lights were turned on. I knew I had been caught. I could hear the shouting. But I didn't care, especially as I felt him coming inside me. Nothing mattered but his semen filling me up to bursting."

Poulet wiped his brow. The temperature in the room seemed to have climbed several degrees. His glasses fogged. "At which point, Monsieur Claude Petit, prefect of St. Luc, and his servants tied you up and summoned the gendarmes."

"Oui. I have been three days in jail so far. I cannot see that fucking a horse would merit this kind of treatment. If Monsieur Petit wants me to pay his breeding fee I will gladly do so. I have ample means."

Poulet closed the file and stared at her fixedly. "I am afraid there are complications, madam doctor."

"Complications?"

"You might have observed that the reason Petit and his men showed up was because they were bringing a mare to be mounted by the stallion in question. He had, in fact, been readied for the mating."

"So? Yes, I did see the mare. A lovely chesnut filly she was. Alas, I took all the semen meant for her that day."

"You certainly did! Let me explain, madam doctor, the mare belonged to King Vittorio Emmanuelle of Italy favorite. She was, in fact, his prized mare. He intended to have it bred and given off to il duce himself. She was being accompanied by the head veterinarian of the Italian court. She was ovulating and twinkling and in heat, just, ahem, as you apparently were."

"So what? Give the stallion another day and he would have recharged his balls."

"Alas, madam, the Italians took offense, you know how they are. They took the mare off to Munich to be bred there. Unfortunately, this has escalated to the proportions of an international incident. France, madam doctor, lost face and the boche have gained favor with the Italians."

"I don't care about politics, Poulet," said Renate impatiently puffing on her cigarette.

Poulet took out a newspaper. It was the Parisian Le Figaro. Renate's face was plastered on the cover. She read wide eyed the headings: "International Incident! - Perverted woman doctor empties prize stallion's balls in unspeakable act! - Italian king demands apology, cabinet holds emergency meeting! - Italian ambassador recalled." Renate felt fainting.

"I am sorry," said Poulet. "Do you wish me to contact your lawyers? I am sure the trial can be delayed until they come down from Paris."

"I wish I had ruptured," said Renate weakly.

"Madam?"

"Forget it, Poulet, the cat is out of the bag. So be it. Let us not delay matters. What am I looking at? The guillotine? Isle du Diable? Surely this merits only a fine!"

Poulet consulted his notes. "Unfortunately, madam, there is an old law about these parts that imposes a sentence of twenty years for bestiality. This is a very catholic part of the country, you understand."

"Twenty years! That's ridiculous!"

"Oui," said Poulet in a quiet voice. "The prosecuting attorney is hoping to get it too. The jury will not be sympathetic, madam, you being a parisienne and a rather assertive and attractive woman. The local bishop already made a homily condemning you. I understand he got a standing ovation from the locals."

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## **VI The 313th**

Renate was led shackled into the courtroom. The gendarmes barely kept at bay a veritable howling pack of photographers and reporters. To her surprise, there was some cheering when she entered.

"Why are they cheering me?" she asked Poulet.

"They are local communists, madam doctor, and suffragettes. You have become something of a cause célèbre. Now, please stand, here come the judges."

Renate's heart sank. Three men in dark clothes sat themselves high upon a dais. Renate could not help but stare in horror at the head judge.

"Ohmigod," she whispered to Poulet. "He is a mutilé."

"Oui, Renate," whispered Poulet back. "Judge Pierrot was a colonel in the army, a very brave one, but he lost his face as you can see."

The man stared back at Renate from a leather mask that covered his face. Renate almost fainted. She had seen what was behind the mask many times. The jaw would be gone. A crude tube would

have been fashioned out of the man's flesh and would serve as the means by which he fed and breathed.

"Judge Pierrot communicates by sign language," explained Poulet. "That's why the interpreter stands next to him."

Renate's pulse raced. All the horrors that she had witnessed seemed to be coming back to her and laying siege to her sanity.

The trial started. The prosecuting attorney proceeded to explain in lurid details how Renate had coupled with the horse. The breeding phantom was even brought out and displayed. The photographs of the nude Renate, taken at the moment of her arrest, were shown to the jury. There were close-ups of her widely distended cunt oozing long ropes of horse semen. More than one of the jurors held on to these for too long and too attentively.

Poulet tried his best to defend Renate but it was evidently a losing proposition. The guilt was obvious. It was an open and shut case. The prosecuting attorney smiled like a shark off a popular beach. Renate, meanwhile, sobbed uncontrollably, not because of the trial but because of the visions that were crowding her mind. All the horrors she had seen in the war were coming back to her.

"Your honors," pleaded Poulet in a last desperate plea, "I will at least ask you to consider that the widow Renate Lucardi was condecorated for her bravery at the front as a nurse at a field hospital. Here are the records of the award decreed by General Mangin himself before Verdun in..."

At that point the head judge, the one with the leather mask, raised his hand. Poulet stopped. The man started making hand signals.

"Judge Pierrot wants to know if the accused served in the 313th field hospital."

Poulet consulted with Renate. "Did you serve there, madam?"

Renate just blinked back.

"Please," pleaded Poulet, "Judge Pierrot wants to know."

"The 313th?"

"Yes, madam, the 313th."

"I was there two days," declared Renate. "On the third day the boche artillery blew it all to bits. I am afraid that I lost my mind as a result."

"...and this award was handed by Mangin?"

"Oui, General Charles Mangin, your honor," explained Poulet. Renate shuddered. Mangin was known as "the butcher". She had seen the results of his offensives. The award had been foisted on her after she was taken stark raving mad to the nunnery. Only years later had she been aware of it.

Pierrot raised his hand again. The interpreter explained what he was saying. "...I remember you...you saved me, madam Lucardi...I was wounded...in my throat...I still had my face and my jaw...you kept your hand in my neck to keep me from bleeding to death..."

"I am sorry, judge, I don't really recall much..." admitted Renate in a tearful voice. "There were so many, ohmigod, there were so many..."

"...but I do...I recall everything in detail...I have been going over and over it for years...I was going to be evacuated that morning...you kept me alive until the doctors operated on me...your lovely face and reassuring manner was the last thing I remember before being anesthetized...I was going to survive, madam...I suppose I ought to curse you...it would have been better if I had died, if you had not saved me...I reserve my curses for God, madam...I was being put into a field ambulance when the shelling commenced...and a piece of shrapnel took away my face...that was not your fault...c'est la guerre...and now you stand before me for an impropriety with a horse...God knows how many horses I saw killed bringing supplies to our troops...I myself shot many...hoping to end their misery...no one, unfortunately, showed me that kindness...perhaps it was a small atonement, your giving yourself to a horse, for the cruelty we show in taking animals to our wars...for the bestiality of man...and if, as you mention, you lost your mind then, I recognize in you another mutilé... except that your wounds are not evident like mine...they are in your head and cannot be denied..."

The courtroom felt silent. The prosecuting attorney stood up and briefly declared: "in view of the widow Lucardi's war service, the state retires its charges, your honors..." Renate fainted.

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Epilogue

Paris, Renate's medical office.

Renate looked at the return address in the official looking envelope. "I am afraid it's from the medical board, Genevieve, they are going to retire my license."

"Can you at least contest it, madam?" asked her secretary. "You are an excellent doctor."

"What for?" sighed Renate. "All my patients have cancelled their appointments. For all purposes my practice is at an end. None of those old bats want to have a pervert like me sticking my hand in their cunt."

"Oh Jesus," whimpered the old woman. "I should not have advised you to go south."

"Listen, Genevieve, I am still the widow Lucardi," said Renate opening her desk. She extracted a checkbook and filled it out. "Here, this is the equivalent of five years of your salary. You deserve it for your loyalty all these years. I have plenty. I will not go hungry. As for my going south to be fucked by a horse there, I regret nothing. It was beautiful, Genevieve, I am not ashamed of what I am. Life will go on. I am grateful to your husband. My dogs were well kept and are in good health. As you can imagine, yes, they are my lovers. Now go, I will turn out the lights and lock up."

Genevieve left. Renate packed up a few personal items she kept in her office. Finally, she opened her safe and pulled out the photographs taken at Berlin. She stared at them fixedly for a while. She knew she had Rokoff's address somewhere in Evariste's papers. The Russian's words resonated in her mind: "many would pay good money to see you ruptured by Incitatus". Renate blushed. Her hand went to her crotch. Then she smiled. "Perhaps, one day, I shall end it," she told herself, "meanwhile I have to see to my dogs. Their balls are probably about to burst. They have not seen me in weeks. Tonight, I live life to the fullest, tonight, I GET FUCKED!"

THE END