

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## I. Lovers

### *Arizona - One Year Ago*

Doctor Luisa Carson walked briskly through the corridors of the anthropology department. She was a slim, willowy, blond woman in her late forties. She was frowning, intently looking forward. The crowd sensed her anger and parted around her like the Red Sea. She did not acknowledge the salutations of her colleagues and students. She pushed open the door marked "Doctor Kay Betancourt - Associate Professor of Anthropology" and stormed past the secretary, the elderly Mrs. Hobbs.

"Wait!" cried Mrs. Hobbs but it was too late. Carson opened the door to Betancourt's office and walked in.

"Kay!"

Betancourt, a petite, dark woman in her early thirties, looked up surprised. Then she shook her head, indicating to the chair in front of her. There sat an elderly bespectacled elegantly dressed gentleman.

"Forgive me, dean Morrow," said Betancourt embarrassed as she retreated.

"Don't worry, doctor, I was about to take my leave," said Morrow in his distinct British accent. He smiled at both women maliciously.

"Pig," murmured Betancourt when the man left. Carson sheepishly sat in front of her.

"This better be good, Luisa," said Betancourt.

"So what if he spreads more rumors? The entire university knows we are lovers," said Carson brazenly. "Or at least I thought that was how it was until last weekend."

"What do you mean Luisa?"

"You stood me up. You did not even call my cell. What's with you? You found a horny graduate student? Figured to drop the old dyke?"

Kay shuffled the papers in her desk. "I am sorry. I went to the desert."

"Alone? It's full of smugglers, illegal aliens, and redneck vigilantes!"

"So? You forget my father was a park ranger and my mother belongs to The People. I grew up in a reservation. I know the desert like the palm of my hand and can outride and outshoot most men."

"So what were you doing there?"

"Do you have to know?"

"I certainly do! At least I think so! I thought, as I said, we were...together. In fact, I was planning on booking that cruise, the one that goes to the Caribbean. Its meant exclusively for lesbian couples and its close optional."

"Sounds lovely, let me think about it. I am Hispanic and don't really need the tan but I love being nude with you. But, first, you are right. I do think you should know about what I did. Listen, Luisa, you do not really know me."

"We have been lovers for the last five years, Kay. What is left for me to find out?"

Kay took out a thermos and served both a cup of coffee.

"I've been having these...urges lately."

"Again? I thought you had agreed to undergo therapy for those ridiculous suicidal thoughts."

"I figured the best therapy was to go away alone for a while. Anyways, I felt driven. I left real early on Saturday, before sunset. I parked my jeep in a gully and loaded my backpack and walked to a mountain I know. Then, as the sun was coming up, I shed my clothes and put on ceremonial body paint and knelt to the sunrise and said the traditional prayers."

"So? In happier days you and I used to go camping in the nude in the mountains."

"Listen, I then walked down to the canyon, almost in a trance, as if the gods were directing my path."

"Go on, dear," said Luisa with some skepticism.

"I heard them before I saw them. They were braying. It was a herd of burros, a male and two jennies. The male was horny, very horny, he had dropped. I could see his knobby shaft almost dragging in the ground, it was so long," said Kay dreamily.

"Oh Jesus, Kay!"

"The jennies, unfortunately, were not in heat. But, guess what, I felt as if I was. There was a fire in my pubes. I walked towards the herd, taking care for them to see me. The jennies bolted, but the male stood his ground and watched me."

"Of course!"

"He let me approach. I knew he could turn and kick me to death with those hoofs. But he knew, somehow, that I was a female and was in heat. I reached for his shaft. He still remained still. It was magical, Luisa, a moment out of time. I knelt next to him and started massaging the shaft. It grew harder and bounded against his chest. I held its tip against my chest, between my breasts. I could feel the shaft throbbing, throbbing, ever more intensely. I kept massaging it, coaxing it, willing it, to reach its climax."

"And did it?" asked Luisa wide eyed.

"Oh yes! I opened my mouth and wrapped it around the wide flaring head. But it was like a fire hydrant! It's power and volume was overwhelming. It almost drowned me with his semen. I drank gobs and gobs of it but could not hold it in my mouth anymore. It continued spewing his seed and covered me head to toe in semen. Then the shaft started retracting and he started braying loudly and I let go of him and he bolted away. I stood up. My legs were rubbery. My heart pounded. I was sticky with his seed. I had drunk so much of it that my belly was distended, as if I were pregnant. I felt sick and willed myself not to vomit it. I rubbed his semen unto my skin, even pushed some into my now dripping cunt."

“Eeewww!”

“Don’t say that, Luisa. It was a sacrament. I know it was.”

“You are right, Kay, I don’t know you.”

“I don’t regret it. I laid down by the arroyo and started to masturbate furiously while I prayed for the burro to come back and possess me. How I craved that shaft! I am sorry, Luisa, I can’t deny what I am! I want an animal to fuck me!”

Carson shook her head. She felt betrayed. “Ohmigod, my lover has cuckolded me with a burro! She let an animal come in her mouth!”

Kay reached for her hand but Luisa moved back with disgust.

“Luisa, I am sorry that you had to know it now and in this manner. I always have felt these urges. This is the first time I act on them, believe me. I was in a trance. I headed back home and did not even realize I had driven nude through the city until I reached my home. Believe me, I was going to call you, but the thought of what had happened just went on and on in my head and I could not think straight anymore. I just kept masturbating and masturbating for hours. God knows, I was in heat, winking like a mare!”

“And you expect me to keep loving you after this?” asked Carson. Her face was beet red.

“Why should things change with us? Don’t you love me enough to accept me thus and share me with an animal?” replied Kay.

For almost a minute there was an uncomfortable silence. Both women stared at each other. Then, without saying a word and with tears streaming from her eyes Carson stood up and left.

Kay murmured “shit” quietly. She picked up her bag and left her office, asking Ms. Dobbs to please cancel all her appointments. She had not had the opportunity to tell Carson how, when she finally felt satiated, she had regained enough composure to order a trained Great Dane from a woman she knew about.

~~~~~

## **II. The Patient**

*New York City - a few weeks ago*

Doctor Zweig stared wide eyed at the woman’s cunt in front of him. She was lying nude in an examination bed with her legs open and her feet in stirrups. The cunt was extremely distended. The labia did not touch and gaped obscenely and has numerous piercings.

Zweig shook his head and picked up the file with the cat scans. He examined these carefully. They showed numerous concoidal fractures, a deviated coccix, and spinal damage.

“Ms. Souza, you are lucky to be alive,” said the doctor carefully probing the woman’s cunt. There was extensive scarring.

“We were lucky to take Amanda in time to the closest hospital,” explained a dark, tall, and handsome woman standing next to the patient.

"I suppose my colleagues in Brazil did the best they could given the circumstances," replied Zweig, trying hard to keep a professional demeanor, "but I am afraid the damage was too extensive. The peritonitis should have killed you. It's a miracle you are alive."

"Will I walk again?" asked the woman in the cot.

Zweig took a deep breath and evaded the question. "You said this damage was caused by a fall from a horse?"

"Yes, my sister Amanda fell," replied the tall, dark, woman.

"Antonieta, my sister, found me," said the woman on the cot pointing to the dark woman. "I had been riding cross country."

"And you fell and got impaled by a tree limb," added Zweig reading from the file. His voice was skeptical.

"Accidents do happen," added Antonia. Please, she thought, don't make an issue of it. She suffered enough. Who cares if what impaled her was a horse penis and not a tree limb? The result is the same.

"Can you feel this?" asked Zweig probing gently the distended cunt's walls with his finger.

"Definitely," replied Amanda, her eyes unnaturally bright, "I can still enjoy sex."

Zweig continued his probing, writing extensive notes all the while. Then, satisfied, he signaled to the two nurses standing by. "Please help Ms. Souza dress."

Antonieta, the dark woman, looked at Zweig knowingly. He knows she fucks horses, she thought, but at least he is professional enough not to make any comments, unlike that pig, Ianelli, in Rome, who guffawed when he saw her cunt. Well, he is supposedly the best neurosurgeon in New York City and for what he is going to charge us he'd better keep his mouth shut.

"Will my sister walk again, doctor?" insisted Antonieta.

Zweig reviewed the scans again. "Let me be blunt. I don't know at this point. The best is for Ms. Souza to enjoy absolute repose for the next six months. Then we would evaluate if operating on her spine is worth it."

"You mean I will be wheelchair bound the rest of my days?" asked Amanda with some anxiety. Antonieta clasped her hand tightly.

"Believe it or not, Ms. Souza, but I have seen worst injuries," explained Zweig in a soothing voice. "I am talking of war veterans that were almost ripped apart. Yet they regained some motion after intensive therapy. The fact that you still feel your lower body is encouraging. And you are...39...Ms Souza, and obviously very athletic. But, again, I can only make an evaluation after we give your body time to heal itself. With some luck and hard work you could be able to walk short distances again."

"You suggest abstinence, doctor?" asked Antonieta. Again, she smiled knowingly. He knows, she thought, and understands that I am asking if Amanda can fuck horses again.

"I do, Ms. Souza, especially you must avoid...well endowed...males..." said the doctor choosing his words carefully.

~~~~~

### III. Priapus

Kay drove back home in a cloud. She lived in an isolated lot in a hillside with a glorious view of the valley below. She entered her studio and removed her clothes carelessly. In front of her were diverse sculptures. She looked at them fondly. Her earlier work, she recognized, had consisted mainly of female couples entwined while lovemaking. She was, she knew, quite talented. A few months ago she had had a showing of her work in San Francisco, a city that quite understood her work.

But then, what she called “the urges” had returned. She had only felt this way years ago and had thought she had overcome her suicidal thoughts. But her work obviously changed. Now it consisted of several monstrous looking shafts standing like lingams. She caressed these. Then she approached the biggest one of all.

“Dear Priapus, how are you?” said Kay.

Priapus was a massive shaft, standing about twelve feet high made of a pinkish looking stone. Its base flared into razor sharp edges. Kay licked it. The pink color, she knew, was from supposedly the blood of women that had “married” or sat on it. The porous rock had absorbed it.

The monstrous shaft was not Kay’s work. She had bought it in Budapest and had had it shipped to her home. She had been told that the original sculptor had died on it during a performance show. At first, Kay had thought it was only a weird conversation piece. But lately, the unholy sculpture seemed to spread its evil aura and Kay had become obsessed with the idea of impaling herself. Her going to the desert had been an attempt to forget about it. But she was too far gone. There was a portable stair on rollers behind it and Kay had had a pair of gymnastic rings installed in the roof of her studio.

Kay poured herself a straight shot of rum and drank it all in one swoop. Then she lit a marijuana cigarette.

“I will never be happy,” she murmured as she took several drags in her cigarette.

The sun was illuminating the studio. She could see the mountains and the intensely blue sky. With unsteady feet she took the first step onto the portable ladder. Eventually she was at the top and poured lubricant unto the statue and into her cunt. Then Kay seated herself on the wide head of the monstrous shaft while holding on to the gymnastic rings. Her feet groped the sides of the statue. She felt the edges of the flares on the statue, which, she knew, would become razor sharp, like knives, further down. A flight of birds was heading south. She felt it was an omen. Life, she knew, would go on.

She willed herself down. The shaft would not go in. Kay felt frustrated and cursed softly. Then, suddenly, she felt it enter her. The pain was almost unbearable. Kay had never had such a large shaft inside her. She realized that not even Luisa fisting her had prepared her for this. She steadied herself and willed herself to carry through.

“Luisa...” she murmured, “I love you, please understand.”

She let go the gymnastic rings. Gravity, assisted by the lubricant, pulled her down brusquely. She cried in pain.

Then the doorbell rang.

It was instinctively that Kay managed to reach the gymnastic rings. These were almost now beyond her reach. Painfully, she managed to pull herself upwards. Her soles, she felt, were bleeding from the sharp edges.

“Oh Jesus, what would those edges do to my cunt!” she cried in horror. Somehow, though the pain was overwhelming both in her pubes and soles, she managed to lift herself off the monstrous shaft. It was by sheer luck that she did not break her neck coming down the stair. The doorbell continued ringing insistently. Kay grabbed a robe and shuffled towards it. She was bleeding, she knew, from both her cunt and soles, leaving bloody footsteps behind her.

Kay opened the door. In front of her stood a tall blond woman dressed in riding clothes. For a moment Kay thought it was Carson. The woman held a leash with a large Great Dane.

“Kay Betancourt?”

“Yes?”

“I am Ms. Kennedy, from Leda Kennels. You ordered a trained dog.”

“Oh God, yes,” admitted Kay. “I had no idea he would be this big!”

“May I come in?”

“Please do,” said Kay in an unsteady voice.

“Ohmigod! You are bleeding!” said the woman. A crimson stain spread on Kay’s robe.

“Oh Jesus! Forgive me! It’s that time of the month. I was about to shower.”

“Are you alright? Your feet are also bleeding.”

“I had an accident on the kitchen and stepped on some glass. Don’t worry, I am fine. I will put a bandage.”

“Are you sure?” the woman looked at her skeptically. “If you are unwilling, I will take him away.”

“Really! Please! I do want the dog!”

“Then you’d better wait till your estrus is over, young lady,” said the woman. “Tell me, have you had any prior experience?”

“No.”

“Well, no matter, he is fully trained. He will know what to do. Here, take these socks, courtesy of Leda kennels. It will keep him from scratching your back raw. His cue is to see a nude woman. He will know its time for loving,” said the woman smirking. “Be aware, his shaft is very large as is the knot. I trained him myself. Are you sure you can take him?”

Kay laughed self-consciously. She really wanted the woman to leave and be done with it. “Be sure, I have taken very large shafts before. I will be fine.”

“Like I said, please wait till your moon days are over if you are a newbie.”

“Certainly. What is his name?”

"Mongo. Fitting, right?"

"I suppose."

"Listen, would you like me to mate with him here?" asked Kennedy starting to remove her clothes. "I could use a last fuck from him and you would be able to see how to do it."

"Ohmigod, that is very kind of you but please, no. I have something I just have to do right now."

Kennedy was obviously disappointed. "Well, suit yourself. If you are not going to mate with him in the next few days his balls will start to ache. I can come day after tomorrow and show you."

"Fine. Now, please, let me attend to what I was doing."

Kennedy did leave a training video that showed both of them making love and ended, explained Kennedy, in a very long and satisfying knotting.

~~~~~

#### **IV. The Souza Sisters Remember their Mother**

*New York City*

Both sisters left the doctor's office. Their limousine was awaiting them. They were in the middle of Manhattan.

"I am tired, Amanda," said Antonieta. "This place is very cold and the food is vile and I miss Cesar."

"I am sorry I have put you through this," replied Amanda. "Maybe you should have let me die."

The chauffeur helped both women into the limousine.

Antonieta lit two cigarettes and handed one to Amanda. "Nonsense. You are my sister. You were bleeding like a pig when I found you with Brutus' shaft buried almost to the hilt on your cunt. What was I going to do? Let you die? We had enough of a hard time getting you off the bellyrider bodice. Girl, you were cussing me when we took you off the shaft and into the chopper that took you to the hospital in Rio."

"I am sorry. At that point I was beyond caring and wanted to die on the shaft, Antonieta. It was glorious. The pain did not matter anymore. Endorphins had kicked in," explained Amanda, her eyes filling with tears. "I could feel his balls against my cunt. God knows I have paid the price. I lost meters of intestine and my womb. Yet I still have no regrets."

Both women were speaking in Portuguese and their driver had no idea what they were saying. The man drove carefully through the city traffic, in the direction of their hotel.

Antonieta ran her hand across her sister's brow and looked at her pityingly. "My poor sister, you have the craving."

Amanda looked away. "Yes. Just like mother and her mother in turn. I can't help it. We are destined to die on the shaft. You know the saying, there are no old bellyriders."

"I know, that is why I don't bellyride," replied Antonieta smiling.



"You should. It's glorious."

"Yes, I know," said Antonieta shaking her head. "I remember the night I spent under Cesar with my legs open and his shaft deep inside me. The yerba dura kept him hard as a steel rod. It was during the monsoon season. I could hear the rain pounding the roof of the stable where we both were kept for the night. I could even call it romantic! I could hear you moaning in the next stall over where you were spending the night similarly impaled. We were probably 18 and 19 then and quite flexible if I remember, thank God. Mother came by and pushed my legs back, driving the shaft in deeper. I protested but mother told me to be brave. It was what was expected of us Souza women, right?"

"She was doing what she thought was best for all of us, don't judge her," added Amanda. She started crying again. "Ohmigod, I don't know if I can endure not bellyriding again. It's too beautiful. It's the most perfect union of woman and horse that can be imagined. When I bellyride I feel like I am just a living sheath around his shaft. And, God forgive me, I want to spend my life being that, just a sheath wrapped around his penis."

"I admit it was a life changing experience. I remember I could feel the shaft pressing against my cervix, threatening to burst into my womb," smiled Antonieta. "Slowly, thank God, Cesar started pounding me and the pain was replaced by lust. I felt his flare and his semen filled my womb, distending it. I must have passed out, so powerful was my orgasm. I woke later in the darkness. And he was still hard. Mother must have injected his shaft again with the yerba dura. Yes, I confess, I relished the sensation, the fullness. I pressed my naked body against his chest for warmth and could feel his strong heart pounding and felt his shaft throbbing inside me."

"Yet you never bellyrode again even though we both beseeched you to do it," said Amanda.

"Of course. The next day I could barely walk. My womb was so full of horse semen that my belly was distended. I leaked horse semen for days, more than what I usually do. And the semen curdled inside me and would come out like cheese."

"Yes! Cunt cheese! I love it!" exclaimed Amanda.

"You and mother, I remember, eagerly ate it. But the worst was that a few days after I woke up with morning sickness. I never told you, Amanda, but I knew I had become pregnant."

"That is impossible, Antonieta," said Amanda.

"Certainly, but my eggs were bathed in too much horse semen," replied Antonieta, "some egg got fertilized and tried to stick. I would have given birth to a monster! Thankfully I had a spontaneous abortion a few days afterwards. I just bled a lot and my womb slowly returned to normal. But ever since I decided I would not bellyride. It scares me! If this is what Souza women have to endure in the name of tradition I certainly did not care about it. Give me an honest horse fucking any day."

"I don't know what to say," replied Amanda.

"Don't say anything. I just don't want to lose you, sister. Believe it or not, I do love you, bitch."

"Will you at least forgive me for dragging you halfway across the world to see these quacks?"

"Sure," replied Antonieta refilling their glasses. "Just don't ask me to bellyride again. I will fuck my stallions as long as my body lets me. I am their mare, after all. And now that you are hurt someone had to be fucked by Brutus and I was glad to be the one."

Amanda looked at her very seriously. "If some day I ask you to help me die on the shaft, will you help me?"

"Oh Jesus!" exclaimed Antonieta. "I don't know."

"You helped mother, remember," added Amanda.

"Wrong! We both pulled on her legs to drive the shaft in deeper, sister, to help her die faster. And she was too far gone, Amanda, and impaled. It was an act of mercy what we did, you know it."

"Then show me some mercy when I ask you," answered Amanda in a firm tone.

"You are all mad!" exclaimed Antonieta taking a deep sip of the champagne. "The truth is that the shaft had driven mother mad, just like it drove her mother mad when she in turn went out of her mind and mother had to help her. I think the yerba dura changes the semen's chemistry and bellyriders absorb it through their cunt and it drives you all mad. Besides, it is addictive, don't deny it. That is why I don't use it."

"You do have a point. Maybe I am undergoing withdrawal symptoms. But don't be so judgmental, Antonieta. Any of the stallions could easily rupture you when he pounds you as if you were a rag doll. I have seen you. They almost lift you up your feet. You are also risking being impaled and yet you persist."

Antonieta took another sip from her glass. "So be it. Anyways, my cunt is very tough and calloused and as big as yours. If anything, I have lost some sensation, which can be frustrating but I can still come every time. Maybe I will take some precautions and start using mating sleeves. All I know is that someone must be alive for Paula and to keep the hacienda running."

"Oh yes, Paula," replied Amanda remembering her daughter back in Brazil. "She just turned 18. It is about time she learned the art of horse loving."

"There is plenty of time for that. Let her grow up a bit more, please, so her cunt gets stronger. Have you considered that maybe she would rather marry a boy?"

"God forbid!" protested Amanda.

Antonieta laughed. "I was just kidding. When we go back we will have Paula select a pony or a donkey to loose her virginity with, you know, with a smallish shaft, not the massive shafts you and I are used to. And we should invite all our friends and family to witness her deflowerment and coming of age. It's the Souza tradition, right? Anyway, this is the third doctor we have seen. The one in Rome and the one in Paris gave us essentially the same verdict as this one. They all suggest you do not put a horse shaft into your cunt for at least six months, a year if you believe the Frenchman. Then they will see you again. As for me, well, I haven't had a horse inside me for weeks now and I ache for one."

Amanda managed to smile. The champagne was Veuve Cliquot, her favorite. Amanda licked her lips, enjoying the taste. "Though I cannot fuck Brutus again I can still suck him. Yes, I want to drink his semen and lick your cunt as Cesar's semen dribbles out, sister. You are right, dear sister, there is nothing more for us to do but to return to Brazil to our four legged husbands."

"About time," replied Amanda.

"However, " added Amanda, "I do want to go to a place that was recommended to me. It's a boutique

that sells obscene art they told me.”

“A porno shop? This city is full of them,” replied Antonieta with an aristocrat’s disdain, “and its probably full of smelly peasants.”

“Heavens no. It’s located on Fifth Avenue and you only enter by appointment. Indulge your pervert sister, OK? Anyways, out plane only leaves until tomorrow.”

Antonieta shrugged. “OK.”

Amanda tapped the driver’s shoulder and handed him a card with the address.

~~~~~

## V.

Kay shuffled back to her studio, followed by Mongo. Kay poured herself another drink. Her cunt had stopped bleeding; thankfully, it was only a skin vessel that had ruptured. She found some bandages and put these on her soles. She lit another marijuana cigarette and stood by looking at Priapus. Her blood covered its tip, like an anointment. The sun was going down.

“Damn! I don’t know if I will have the nerve again,” said Kay in a low voice. She swallowed her rum and took drags on the cigarette.

“What the fuck! Might as well finish it!” said Kay.

She took off her robe and walked to the stairs. She heard Mongo whimper.

Kay looked at the dog. Its penis stood erect and crimson.

Kay remembered. The animal had been trained to react to the sight of a nude woman. Kay sighed and reluctantly came down from the stairs.

“I didn’t realize it,” she said. “I have never been responsible for another creature. Now I am responsible for you, Mongo. If I commit suicide, who would look out for you? I guess I could call that crazy bitch, Kennedy. She left me a card with her cell somewhere. After she takes you away I could impale myself in peace.”

She giggled and took another swallow of rum. “After all, it’s Friday night, anyway. I don’t have to work tomorrow. Shoot, I might as well impale myself. Now, that would be a hell of a weekend. If the legend is true, some women lasted impaled on Priapus for days. Luisa or the sheriff can find me later. That would show the bitch! That way everyone will be happy, right? I would love to be alive long enough for her to see me impaled. I ought to call her.”

Kay took a long sip direct from the bottle. She reached for her cell and speed dialed Luisa’s number. The phone rang and rang but no one answered. Then she heard Luisa’s voice telling her to leave a message.

“Luisa!” said Kay in a slurred voice. “Come here Monday, well, maybe Sunday, and look for me. I will be in the studio. I certainly won’t be going, hic, anywhere, bitch. It will be quite a surprise, I assure you, hic.”

The dog whimpered. Its shaft was spurting already.

Kay realized she was very drunk and no longer thinking straight about anything. "Damn, I probably will break my neck trying to get up those stairs now. Shit! How can you commit suicide if you are not drunk? And what about you, Mongo, what are we going to do about that big red dick of yours? We should, hic, do something, I think, before I kick the, hick, bucket, don't you think?"

Kay knelt next to it. The dog was so tall she could almost sit beneath him.

"Ohmigod! You are big!" she said as the seed sprayed her face. She grabbed the throbbing red shaft and directed its spray to her open mouth.

Kay tasted his seed. I was different from the donkey's seed.

"Of course it should be! How foolish of me! Yours is more watery, I think, and saltier."

Kay's lust was stoked. "I might as well, hic, blow you first before I am impaled. I doubt I can let you fuck me, I am hurting. I admit, it could help open myself for Priapus, I don't know."

She wrapped her lips on the dog's penis and started drinking from it eagerly while massaging his balls. She swallowed gobs and gobs of his seed. Then she stood up.

"Wait, dear, I won't be able to drink it all and it's too good to waste," said Kay shuffling to the kitchen and returning with a glass. Then she continued sucking and collecting the dog semen until she had almost filled the glass with an amber liquid.

"Shoot, I just gotta have you inside me!" cried Kay. She put herself on all fours. The dog, well trained, immediately straddled her. His shaft sought her cunt.

"Oh shit! Wait boy!" cried Kay. "That is the wrong hole...oh what the hell!"

Kay whimpered. The shaft was buried deep in her ass. She had never had a penis up it, only Luisa's fingers.

"Ohmigod!" cried Kay as the dog pounded her intestines. She willed herself to accept the punishment.

Then she felt the dog's penis balloon inside her. It felt as if she was going to be torn in two. Kay moaned loudly. The dog turned his tail to her. They were knotted, tail to tail. Kay felt a hot stream of semen flooding her innards. The lust was overcoming her pain.

"Oh yesss! It's glorious! Glorious! I love it!"

The cell phone rang. Kay tried to ignore it but its shrill noise (she had the tune from the Sound of Music) was breaking her enjoyment.

"What?" snarled Kay.

"It's me," said Luisa. "What did you want?"

"I am going to impale myself...tomorrow, or, shit, maybe next day, for sure, meanwhile, leave me alone, bitch!" replied Kay and she snapped the cell phone shut and threw it against the wall.

Minutes passed. She remained knotted. She willed herself to enjoy the sensation. It was such a depraved thing, she thought, "I love it!"

Slowly, she felt the shaft deflate. The dog tried to exit her and only succeeded in dragging her. Kay was a small woman.

“Wait! Mongo! Fuck! Wait! Oh shit! How do I uncouple?”

Her ass was on fire. Slowly, she crawled on all fours, leading Mongo with her back to her living room. She reached where Kennedy had left the video and took it and crawled over to pop it into the player.

“Hello dear sure to be satisfied client!” said Kennedy. She was standing on a mat nude next to Mongo. “In this video I will train you how to mate with your new dog, Mongo here. First, as you can see, he is a Great Dane. Unless you are used to being fisted up the ass do not, repeat, do not take him anally. You risk rupture or worse. Even I, who am a veteran dog lover, would not dare try it...”

“Fuck!” cried Kay. She shuffled with the controls till she found Kennedy and the dog tied together.

“We are now tied together,” whimpered Kennedy. “It’s the most loving...sensation that a dog can give a woman. Do not try to uncouple. His knot will slowly deflate and leave your cunt. Mongo has been bred to last very long with his knot, ohmigod, that is good...with his knot, I said, enlarged...I have been up to thirty minutes like this...it’s just woonderful!!!!...I am sure you will enjoy it a lot...Ohmigod!”

Kay pushed fast forward. The video now showed the dog trying to uncouple but the knot still looked like a balloon.

“He will try to pull out of you...it is always traumatic...especially with such a large knot...oh Jesus!...they never go down altogether, I am afraid...he has one of the...largest...oh Jesus!...knots I have ever experienced...you just haveto steady yourself to endure it...there’s no easy way...oh God!...pull Mongo...good boy!...pull!...aaaarrrrgggh!!!”

The camera showed in close detail as the knot came out, leaving Kennedy’s cunt yawning. Kay threw the control (also) against the wall.

“Oh fuck!” cried Kay as the dog tried to uncouple. She reached for a sofa pillow and bit on it, hard. Then, with an obscene plop, the knot came out, finally. Kay’s howling could probably be heard all the way to Mexico.

Kay must have passed out, from the pain, from the rum, from the shock. She woke up to find herself in the middle of her living room, in a rug, holding on to the pillow. Mongo was licking her ass.

“You brute!” she said. “I won’t walk straight again! Oh well, what the fuck, I only have hours to live, anyways.”

She stood up on unsteady feet and walked back to her studio. She was very thirsty. She picked the bottle. It was empty. Only the glass with the dog seed stood there.

“Shoot, it’s very salty,” she said. But she held it reverently and carried it back to the kitchen where she cut a lemon and squeezed it into the glass. The dog appeared and looked at her whimpering.

“Cheers, Mongo,” said Kay as she drank his seed. The dog kept on whimpering.

“Oh shit, I guess you have to be walked, right? Oh fuck, let’s do it.”

It was night time and Kay had no neighbors. She put on a robe and walked out with Mongo on his leash. Kay stepped onto her patio. The intruder lights came on. A rabbit scurried off into the woods. Mongo immediately pulled on the leash.

“Sit! Damn you! Stop!” But the dog was very strong and Kay was a small woman. Thankfully, she managed to keep her grasp on the leash. The rabbit was very quick and disappeared in the darkness. When they reached the tree line, Mongo lifted a leg and did his business.

“Are you done? About time, come let’s go back in. I am almost naked and it’s a cold night up here.”

Kay shuffled back to her bathroom. She looked at herself on a full length mirror.

“Ohmigod! I am such a mess!” she exclaimed. She was caked in semen and blood and, to her horror, her cunt was grossly distended from her attempted impalement. She could feel dog semen dribbling out of her asshole. She felt cramps and a desperate need to empty her bowels. This she did, barely reaching the toilet in time. It was all liquidy, as if the dog had given her a protein enema.

Kay stood up again and looked in amazement at her gaping cunt again.

“Well, I ought to be able to accommodate Mongo with a cunt that size,” she told herself, “and it would be easier for Priapus to enter me. Or I could try to be impaled anally. God knows how my asshole looks now. I wonder if I will last longer that way. I am sure that being impaled through my cunt is probably more painful.”

She kept on musing the pros and cons of which orifice to use to impale herself. Finally, she realized she would not sit on Priapus that night. “Perhaps after Mongo fucks me, a couple of times, just a few,” she promised herself, “just so that it will be easier for Priapus to enter me.”

Kay showered quickly and then crawled into her bed exhausted.

~~~~~

## **VI. The Statue**

*New York*

The rich, said F. Scott Fitzgerald, are not like you or me. The Souza family fortune included emerald mines in Colombia, coffee plantations, and several cattle ranches, some larger than some European countries, in both Argentina and Brazil.

The two sisters Souza (or rather the high-powered law firm they retained in New York City) had booked the presidential suite in the best hotel in New York City. The concierge, of course, constantly fawned upon the sisters and made no fuss when they insisted that the suite’s servants be dismissed and be replaced by the two Indian maidens that had accompanied them from Brazil. These two, Carmen and Claudia, were waiting for the sisters when they returned and helped Amanda unto her wheelchair and took her to the suite.

As soon as the door locked in their suite the two maids started disrobing Amanda. Then the two maids also removed their clothes.

“Thank you,” said Amanda with relief once she was naked. The two maids helped her on to a reclining chair. Amanda started massaging her naked breasts. These sported very large and dark aureolas.

"Do you want some food, patrona?" asked Carmen. The concierge had set up a magnificent buffet in the dining room.

"Not right now, thank you," replied Amanda. "But do help me, my breasts are about to burst."

"Yes, patrona," said the maids. Then the two young nude women started sucking on Amanda's breasts coaxing a steady stream of rich, creamy, milk from them. Amanda closed her eyes and smiled contentedly.

Antonieta meanwhile was sitting in her boudoir contemplating herself in the mirror. She was also nude. Her body was covered in geometric designs, similar to those worn by the Amazon Indians. She opened a jar of makeup remover and started taking off the heavy pancake that covered her face. This was also heavily tattooed, covered in a spiderweb of geometric designs, almost like a Maori moko. She started brushing her long dark mane of hair. She could hear the sucking sounds while the two maids fed on her sister.

"Are you finished with doña Amanda?" asked Antonieta when she came out still brushing her hair.

"Yes, patrona, she has been milked," replied Carmen licking her lips. Amanda smiled contentedly.

"Then one of you nurse on me please while the other worships Amanda," said Antonieta sitting on a sofa and holding her breasts. These were quite beautiful, not too large but obviously tumescent, with a large, dark, aureole and hard nipples. Carmen sat next to her and started sucking on one of her breasts. Claudia, meanwhile, knelt in front of Amanda, who sat with her legs wide open, and pressed her lips against the distended cunt lips, "worshipping" the cunt.

Antonieta closed her eyes enjoying Carmen's ministrations. The phone rang then. Antonieta reached over for the phone, all the while signaling to Carmen to keep on sucking.

"Yes?" said Antonieta in a husky, lust-filled, voice

"Madam Souza," said the concierge trying to keep his composure upon hearing the voice of an obviously sexually aroused woman, "some men have arrived with a large package for you."

"Ah, yes, it's a sculpture. Please, Pierre, have them wait...ten minutes...then have it brought up and unpacked in the suite's receiving room. We will be in our rooms. Please do not let those men intrude."

"I will personally supervise them to make sure they respect your privacy, madam."

The women retired to the regally furnished main bathroom and eventually all four were sharing a large hot tub while they heard the workmen unpack the sculpture in the receiving room.

"It was a good purchase," said Amanda smiling and drinking a glass that Claudia had filled with her urine. Carmen's hands were gently massaging her legs to help circulation.

"I did not even ask the price," said Antonieta. "That was a weird store and everything there seemed overpriced. I still think it was a porno shop for rich nymphomaniacs like us."

"Who cares?," said Amanda frowning at Antonieta's description and taking a deep drink, "I should have bought some of the paintings that showed women knotted with dogs."

"Dogs are for beginners," said Antonieta with disdain. She caressed Claudia's head as the young

Indian woman lovingly sucked on her tits.

"Perhaps. But since I have to be off horses for a while I should look about getting myself a few dogs to service me," said Amanda and handing her empty glass to Carmen. "Refill it will you please, Carmen dear."

This the young Indian woman did, filling the glass to the rim with her urine.

Antonieta took the glass from Carmen's hand. "I need some myself."

"Leave me some," pleaded Amanda.

But it was too late. Antonieta emptied the glass and burped and smiled lasciviously at her sister. She stood up and held the glass to her bare pubes. "You want some of mine, Amanda?"

"If I must, you pig," laughed Amanda. "But forget about the glass. Just put your cunt next my face and let go."

Antonieta did as told while her sister pressed her face against her pubes. A steady trickle of urine flowed out into Amanda's mouth. "There you go, you nymphomaniac bitch."

"Don't call me nymphomaniac," said Amanda, her face still pressed to her sister's cunt. "I resent it. And you know something, eat more veggies and drink more water. Your piss is too bitter."

Antonieta ignored the comment about her diet. "Why? I have come to accept that I am a nymphomaniac. It's not illegal, at least not in Brazil. Thank God we have the money to indulge in our vices, don't you think?"

"A vice would be an unnatural practice," answered Amanda, "But this, to us, is natural. Its how mother raised us. It's the way Souza women were meant to be."

"OK, dear sister, let's not fight over it. Alright, I won't call you a nymphomaniac." Antonieta sat again across her sister and bade Claudia to resume nursing on her.

"Thanks."

However, Antonieta mouthed the word "nympho" without sound. Amanda playfully kicked at her.

"Hey! Look! You managed to move your leg," pointed out Antonieta.

"Yes!" cried Amanda. "And I did not even have to think about it! Maybe the doctor's are right and there is hope for me."

Meanwhile, the workmen unpacking the sculpture could not help but make rude comments when they finished. The concierge glared at them.

"Be quiet! You are going to disturb the ladies! Hurry up and pick up the trash."

The men streamed out eventually, giggling and smirking, and the concierge knocked on the closed door to the sisters' chambers.

"Miladies. We are finished. We are leaving."

"Thank you, Pierre," said a woman's voice.



Some time later Antonieta walked out followed by the maids pushing Amanda in her wheelchair. All were still nude. Antonieta hardly glanced at the sculpture and headed to the buffet, which she looked upon with some disdain, and served herself a heaping platter of raw oysters with a generous portion of horse radish.

Amanda was staring embellished at the sculpture. "It's beautiful!"

"It's flawed and you and I know it," said Antonieta flicking off a piece of food that had fallen on her naked breasts.

The sculpture in question was about five foot tall. It showed a warmblood stallion rearing and standing almost vertical on its hind legs. Suspended beneath it was a naked woman held against his belly by a couple of ropes. Her hands were desperately gripping a pair of stirrups that hung from the horse's saddle. The horse's massive shaft was deeply interred into her pubes.

"Well, you have a point, Antonieta," said Amanda. "A couple of ropes would not suffice to keep a grown woman positioned correctly. Nonetheless, I do think it is beautiful. I think the sculptress is a gifted artist."

"Sculptress? I thought the vendor said that he had purchased it from an agent and did not know the author. How do you know it was a woman?"

"Look at her face," said Amanda pointing to the woman under the horse. "She is obviously in distress. She is almost bent backwards. This statue depicts the moment when she is rupturing. And she can feel every cruel inch of the shaft entering her innards. Her right foot is not even making contact with the horse's flank. She has lost her grip. Her legs no longer obey her. And now she has been impaled and it's too late anyway. Yet her face denotes not only pain but also pleasure, even bliss and relief. Only a certain kind of woman would understand this, one like me. I have been there, Antonieta, on that shaft, knowing that it is in too deep and my life is going to end, yet feeling no regrets about it. No, sister, I know, I just know. It has to be a sculptress and she is tormented and delighted by the knowledge, like I do, that she is destined to die on a shaft."

Antonieta shook her head. "There you go again, sister. It's that damn yerba dura that drives you talk like that. Anyways, the vendor did promise us to track down the sculptress. Whoever she is, she is darn kinky and good, I grant you. Maybe she has other works. I will tell Pierre to pack up this...thing...for shipment to our agent in Brazil."

"Yes, do so please," said Amanda. She was staring fascinated at the statue while Carmen brushed her hair.

Antonieta set her platter aside. Meanwhile Claudia had put on a heavy leather belt to which she attached a life sized anatomically correct hard plastic horse penis. The shaft, more like a log, was massive and Claudia had to hold it with both her hands. Antonieta bent over and opened her cheeks.

"Don't be gentle, Claudia," said Antonieta, "hurt me."

~~~~~

## **VII. The Mare**

Her name was Josefina. She was a Souza, a cousin of Amanda and Antonieta, that had grown up in Bahia where her father was a wealthy merchant. She was also The Mare.

In the haciendas of the wealthy landowning families of Brazil there are always one or more women that function as The Mare or Mares. Their duty is to mate constantly with the stallions and donkeys that the women of the hacendado class keep.

It is a great and highly profitable honor to serve as The Mare. Many of the peasant families eagerly offer their daughters to serve in that capacity. The young women selected receive the required training and then begin their mating. This usually lasts for a week of continuous mating with a quadruped followed by a couple of weeks of rest and recuperation. The Mares insure that the mounts are kept well trained and eager to mate with the hacendado women.

The whole duration of the Mare's service is usually a year. Some, of course, get hurt, even die, it is inevitable. But, if they survive the year The Mare will receive a generous bounty and sport a hugely distended cunt. A few like the lifestyle so much that they decide to go pro and join the Mare circuit touring the various haciendas being mated and feted by the landowners.

Up until Amanda got hurt she and her two girls, Claudia and Carmen had kept the ten mounts in the Souza hacienda happy, helped once in a while by an itinerant Mare that came by. Meanwhile, Amanda's daughter, Paula, basically ran the hacienda with the advice of some knowing field hands. Paula's virginity, however, was a closely guarded treasure. She was meant to lose it in her "Confesion" or coming out party.

But with Amanda hurt, Antonieta showed up to nurse her back to health, with mixed results. Between looking for her sister and acting as one of the Mares Antonieta was spread thin, even with Carmen and Claudia's help. Antonieta asked the rest of the Souzas for help and one day Josefina showed up.

Josefina had been a brilliant law student at Sao Paulo University and was about to graduate. However, she understood that family obligations were above everything else and she did not hesitate to interrupt her studies when she heard that Amanda had been hurt. The Souza family would see to it that she would be able to continue her college career later and would obtain a prestigious position in one of the better Brazilian law firms.

"I am taking Amanda to a real doctor," announced Antonieta one day.

"That would be good, auntie," replied Josefina. She was bent over inside a breeding phantom. Carmen was coaxing an erection from the mount.

"But I will need to take Carmen and Claudia with me," pointed out Antonieta. "Do you understand Josefina?"

"Ohmigod! That means I would have to mate with all ten horses daily. Paula cannot help me."

"she is allowed to fellate them," explained Antonieta. "Her mother trained her well in the oral arts. Just don't let her pop her cherry. She is meant to lose it in her 'confesion'."

The mount had now dropped. Carmen placed a mating sleeve on his shaft. This was a safety device to keep the horse penis from entering too deeply and rupturing the woman in the mating phantom.

"Are you ready mistress Josefina?" asked Carmen.

Josefina breathed in deeply and steadied herself. Antonieta slipped a rag into her mouth lest she bit her tongue off. Josefina closed her eyes and grabbed firmly into the mating phantom's side bars and shook her head yes. Carmen brought the mount forward.

The horse straddled the mating phantom seeking Josefina's cunt. To prevent an intrusion into her anus she was wearing a flared anal plug. Antonieta guided the shaft and it entered violently into Josefina, forcing her almost off her feet. The merciless pounding continued for almost a minute and then the horse whinnied and released its seed into Josefina. The shaft had flared and slowly retracted. Gobs of semen flowed out of Josefina's cunt and these Carmen carefully collected into a large glass container.

"Are you OK?" asked Antonieta as she removed the gag from Josefina's mouth.

"Jesus! I think I am. He went in very deep."

"At least a foot," noted Antonieta. "This sleeve is getting worn. We must discard it."

"Twelve inches! Ohmigod! Am I bleeding?"

Antonieta inspected her pubes carefully.

"No. Your belly is distended. Your womb must be bursting with semen. Keep your legs open while Carmen collects the semen."

This Carmen did carefully collecting all the great gobs of semen that oozed out of Josefina's distended cunt into a large bowl. Her aunt then helped her out of the breeding phantom. Josefina placed herself straddling the bowl and massaged her belly to help the horse semen come out of her womb. She would be dripping horse semen for hours but Souza women did not see that as a drawback for they only wore clothes when traveling to Rio or Sao Paolo.

Josefina took a cigarette that Antonieta lit for her.

"Frankly, I am not sure if I can stand fucking ten horses every day while you all are gone," said Josefina. "Not that I am most willing, but I don't think my body would be able to take it."

"We'll be on the lookout for a Mare that wants to help you," answered Antonieta. "I don't expect you to be able to handle all ten. Do your best, is all that I ask. And like I said, Paola will suck them too."

Josefina pondered what Antonieta said. "Maybe we will be luck, auntie. The rainy season is coming and it will be hard for Mares to move around much around the countryside."

A few weeks later Josefina laid in a bellyriding harness underneath Brutus. At her side, Paula carefully fastened the ropes that would keep Josefina's legs secure against the horse's flanks. A Mare is usually kept for the night in a bellyriding harness.

"How are you feeling?" asked Paola. She was a lovely young woman, slight, very dark, with an all over tan for she had never worn clothes.

"I am very sore," smiled Josefina. "But we made the quota today. Brutus will be my sixth and you blew four of them."

"I don't know how you have the stamina!" said Paula admiringly.

"I love to fuck!" laughed Josefina. "Besides, some chewing some coca leaves keeps me going."

"I am looking forward to being a Mare someday. Maybe I could go pro."

"Don't even think of that, Paula. You have responsibilities, remember, you will be the one that will

inherit this hacienda.”

“I am doing my best,” smiled Paula nervously. “I have been all over by the river today, making sure the men brought in the corn crop. I barely had time to come in and blow some of the horses.”

“You are doing great, cousin, your mother would be proud of you.”

“I would offer to keep you in a corral tonight but I think the rains are about to come,” explained Paula.

“No, put us both into a stall tonight,” said Josefina.

Paula finished the preparations and led Josefina and her horse into a stall barn. She then took out a syringe and injected Brutus’ shaft with yerba dura. The shaft started to distend. Paula eased the tip into Josefina’s distended cunt.

“Ah, he is so lovely,” sighed Josefina.

“I envy you,” replied Paula.

“You will soon know this, don’t worry,” said Josefina.

Paula hung a small canteen with chicha, an alcoholic beverage, from the horse’s saddle, where Josefina would be able to reach it.

“Do you need anything else?”

“I will be alright, Paula.”

“Happy dreams then, cousin, I will come by in the morning.”

A couple of hours later, distant thunder woke up Josefina. She felt the hard shaft impaling her and felt its outline in her belly. Her movement woke up Brutus.

“C’mon, boy,” whispered Josefina, “fuck me hard and then we both can go back to sleep.”

Brutus was well trained. He started making thrusting motions with his hips. Josefina responded in kind reaching for a mind blowing orgasm. Josefina felt his penis flare inside her and her lower belly grew warm from the jets of sperm entering her as she herself came.

“Ah, that was lovely,” murmured Josefina. But the shaft did not retract. It remained hard inside her due to the yerba dura.

The rain now came heavy and she could hear its drops pounding on the stable roof. She hugged Brutus for warmth and promptly both woman and horse fell asleep.

~~~~~

## **VIII. The Mare’s Awakening**

It rained all night. Around 8 in the morning Paula strode into the stables. As usual, she was nude except for a poncho and a straw hat.

“Good morning, Josefina,” said Paula as she poured a cup of coffee from a thermos. “Do you want

some coffee?"

"Let me just have a sip, cousin," replied Josefina extending a hand from under Brutus. The horse's shaft was still hard and buried in her.

"You want to uncouple?" asked Paula caressing the horse penis.

"Let me see if I can couple one more orgasm out of him. He is still very hard," said Josefina. She passed the cup back and started to make thrusting motions with her hips. Paula meanwhile started caressing the horse balls.

Josefina was obviously very aroused. Brutus commenced to thrust back, causing Josefina's torso to swing in the sling. The motion was very brusque and every time her torso swung back Josefina was impaled deeper and deeper.

"Be careful!" cautioned Paula.

"Ohmigod! I-I can't help it!" whimpered Josefina. "I love it!"

After fifteen long minutes of pounding (the yerba dura inhibited the horse's orgasm), Josefina cried. "He's coming! I can feel the flare! Oh Jesus!"

Josefina dug her face in the horse's chest while the stallion threatened to buckle. It was only because of the tethers that restrained him that he didn't. A flood of semen exploded out of Josefina's pubes.

"Too bad I did not capture it," said Paula. "Mother and Aunt Amanda wanted me to keep it for them."

Josefina only whimpered at first, barely able to talk. She had been gripped by a tremendous orgasm.

"We must have gallons of the stuff by now," observed Josefina. "They can bathe in it and there will still be a lot left over."

"Do you want to uncouple now?" asked Paula.

The shaft finally started to retract out of Josefina. It finally exited leaving a hugely distended cunt.

"Yes, please help me," asked Josefina. "I have the rest of the horses to fuck."

Paula started undoing the straps that held Josefina's legs tied to the horse's flanks.

"You should take a break. You have been at it for a month."

"You know I can't do that, cousin. These boys are used to fucking a woman on a daily basis. They would become unruly otherwise."

"Well, listen, I can blow one right now," offered Paula. "Then I have to go inspect the land by the river."

Josefina stood on rubbery legs. Gobs of semen streamed out of her cunt. "You think we will flood this year?"

"It won't matter if don Tomas and the other men bring in the late corn crop. They should be finished in a couple of days. My worry is moving the cattle in the lowlands to the higher ground."

"Then go take care of matters, girl, they need to see you out there."

"Can I cleanse you cousin?" asked Paula.

"Do you mind?"

"No, of course not," smiled Paula.

Josefina lay down on a bale of hay with her legs open. Paula kneeled in front of her and pressed her pubes to her cousin's pubes, licking these and drinking the horse semen that streamed out of Josefina.

"That feels wonderful, Paula," smiled Josefina.

Paula smiled at her from between her legs. "Anytime, cousin."

Josefina stood up. She tried to walk and almost fell. Paula steadied her.

"Are you OK?"

"It hurts to walk."

"Oh God, you must lie down."

"No, Paula, I've been with lying with my legs spread open for hours already," replied Josefina. She looked with despair at the row of stalls, each containing a stallion or a donkey. "How am I going to service them all?"

"Listen to me, you have to take a break, Josefina, at least for today."

Josefina tried to walk again. This she did with some difficulty and grimacing.

"You are right, Paola, but I do have to keep walking, even if it hurts. "

"Look, Josefina, let's go to San Pedro. No one will blame you if you take a day off. A woman's cunt can only take so much pounding from a horse. Look at what happened to my mother."

Josefina kept pacing. Indeed, the pain remained but she thought she would be able to overcome it.

"But, it's raining. And you have duties, cousin."

"Nonsense. There is nothing that the men really need me for. They do like to see their patrona riding around naked but they see me like that all the time. I don't think anyone notices any more."

"And the rain?"

"It comes in the evenings. Right now the sky is clearing. Come cousin, let's go to town. Besides, they are getting ready for the patron saint's fiesta and I was told that don Ruben just got a new batch of stallions. I need to select one for my deflowerment. Come, it will be like you helping me to choose a husband."

"I don't know..."

"Nonsense. Tell you what, let me blow a couple of the stallions while you walk off the pain. Then we

will go.”

And this Paula did and swiftly sucked off not two but five of the stallions while Josefina paced.

~~~~~

## **IX A Scuffle**

It had been several days since Kay had gotten Mongo. The two had kept love making like newlyweds. Kay could not get enough of the dog. She woke up not really knowing what day it was.

“Ohmigod!” cried Kay. “Is it Monday? I have a faculty reunion!”

She tried to incorporate only to realize that she was well tied to Mongo. The dog laid in the bed next to her and looked at her contentedly. Kay wasn’t sure if dogs could smile but she thought she saw a smile on the big mutt.

“Jesus! I have become such a dog whore I no longer feel when you entered and tied with me!” Kay could not help but feel a perverted sort of pride at that fact. Waves of orgasmic pleasure inundated her. She could feel Mongo’s large dick squirting semen into her. Kay moaned and dug her face into her pillow, giving herself in totally to the joy of being fucked silly by the huge mutt.

“Oh Mongo! Mongo! I want to stay impaled on your dick the rest of my life! I looove it! Fill me with your semen! Oh Jesus! It is so hot! My cunt is on fire!” cried Kay as she felt an orgasm building.

Needless to say, Kay was late. She got frosty stares from the dried old fools. But the worst were the chorus of woofs she got from the students as she walked the hallways of the university.

“What the fuck!” thought Karen as she burst into her office. Mrs. Hobbs tried to tell her something but Karen was so upset she just waved her away. To her surprise, inside the office Rachel was waiting.

“You!” exclaimed Karen almost to the point of tears. Rachel did not say anything. “It’s your doing, right? What did you tell them, you bitch?”

Carson stood up. She was tall and willowy and powerfully built. “Why, Karen, I just let it known that you fucked dogs. The pictures I took of you walking around your yard butt naked with that mutt of yours sniffing your cunt are making the rounds all over the campus. The one where you two are tied together tail to tail is particularly popular.”

Hours later Rachel stood in front of the judge.

“Well, since you have posted bail and since I am told that Dr. Carson’s injuries are limited to a black eye and some missing teeth I will have to let you go, Ms. Betancourt. “

“Thank you, your honor.”

“However, be advised that it is quite likely that the university will press charges for the damage to the office. I am told that it was quite extensive.”

“I am sorry, your honor.”

“So be it, young lady. Now, understand, that until the trial date comes up...that would be in six weeks, you are not to leave the confines of the state. Do you understand?”

"Yes your honor."

It was very late when Karen got home. Mongo had shat all over the carpet. The dog was awaiting her with his very erect, very hard, large red dick displayed.

"Oh Jesus! Not tonight! I am about to be sick."

Karen noticed that her phone was blinking. She had messages.

"YOU ARE FIRED!" roared the dean.

There were four more phone calls with woofs and obscene comments. For a moment Karen thought about Priapus. Then she cursed softly and served herself a shot of tequila.

It was noon when she finally woke up. She was lying on her bed. The bottle of tequila was empty at her side. She had a terrible headache. And, of course, she was tied with Mongo.

For a moment she felt some revulsion and wanted desperately to uncouple. Then she willed herself to try and enjoy the sensations. Mongo was shooting a continuous stream of warm semen into her.

Eventually the dog uncoupled. The doorbell rang. Karen hastily put on some shorts and a t-shirt. She looked through the peephole. With her luck, she thought, it would be the police to arrest her again. But no, it was the UPS guy.

"Certified letter for Ms. Betancourt," said the man.

"That's me," said Karen. She looked at the envelope. At first she thought it would be some sort of summons. But no, the address was in New York City. Then she remembered. She consigned one of her sculptures with some queer fellow she had met in San Francisco, one Marcel, she vaguely remembered. She had quoted the man a ridiculous sum, six figures, for the work which showed a woman strapped under a pony fucking it. It was not her best work, she knew, she had thrown it together one weekend after a torrid session with Karen.

"I guess I was still quite horny when I made that monstrosity. I mean, who would think that a woman would strap herself under a horse!"

Finally, Karen opened the envelope. To her surprise, it contained a fat check (minus the agreed commission). A brief note said:

"Congratulations, Ms. Betancourt. Your sculpture sold. Call me. Marcel XXX"

"Awrrright!" exclaimed Karen. Mongo started jumping with joy too.

Karen smiled as she tore off her clothes. "We must celebrate my dear! I hope you have recharged those balls of yours! I am thirsty!" And she knelt next to him and lovingly opened her mouth to receive her lover's penis.

An hour later she laid on the couch while Mongo slowly licked her crotch. She dialed Marcel's number.

"Yes?"

"Betancourt here. I just got your check."

"Ah, oui, congratulations."



"I can't believe it sold!"

"Well, the buyers do have unusual tastes."

"I'd say so. Who were they?"

"Two Brazilian women. And let me tell you, my dear, they were very very interested in your work. "

"Really? Are they loaded?"

Marcel made a snickering noise. "Well, yes, dear, to use your term, they are loaded. Do tell me, do you have any more of such sculptures?"

"I might."

"Well, I do have their contact number..."

"Wait, I want to meet them."

"What for, dear? You don't want to. They are...strange, you know. But their money is quite good."

Karen snickered, that Marcel would call anyone strange meant they were from outer space. "I still would like to meet them. Otherwise, no deal."

"Ridiculous, my dear."

"Pleeeasse!"

"Dang it girl! What for?" replied Marcel in an accent that sounded more Alabama backcountry than Parisian.

"I must."

"I will see what I can do. For now, start working. Ah, they mentioned an interest in donkeys, you know, donkeys and women. Can you make some sort of sculpture like that?"

By now Mongo was licking her vigorously. "I certainly, gasp, can!"

~~~~~

## **X. The Road to San Pedro**

"I am alright now," said Josefina. "I can walk more or less."

"Well, mother always walked 'funny'," laughed Paola.

Paola contemplated Josefina's distended cunt.

"Ohmigod, Josefina! Do you think I will get to have a cunt like yours?"

Josefina smiled and looked down at her nether lips. "I guess it is impressive. And I don't mind walking 'funny'. Anyways, do you still want to go to San Pedro?"

"Sure, let's saddle Cesar and Brutus and we can go there. I hear don Ramon, the owner of the livery stable, has a new shipment of uncut stallions."

"Ah, you are hoping to find a lover for your 'confesion'?"

"Yes, one that isn't too big, for starters," admitted Paola.

"Listen," said Josefina walking over to Brutus. "Help me underneath him. I will bellyride. You can ride on top of Cesar."

"But it is over two kilometers to San Pedro, Josefina, most of it downhill!"

"Aye, cousin, that would make it easy on me on the way in. It will be coming back that gravity will push me down into the shaft."

"That's how mother got hurt."

"Nonsense! I am far younger and elastic than my aunt," insisted Josefina.

Thunder sounded far off.

"See? The rains are coming again," said Josefina. "I will rather be underneath my horse than on top."

"Maybe we shouldn't go," cautioned Paola.

"And have the Camoes girls pick the best stallions? No way! You need a four legged husband for your deflowering. "

Fifteen minutes later both women were riding towards San Pedro. Paola rode Cesar and led Brutus by the leash. She rode in the "normal" manner while Josefina lay strapped under Brutus. Both women were completely nude. No peasant would dare say anything or cause any offense to these daughters of the hacendado class. Hence, they had no qualms about strutting about town absolutely nude.

"Tell me something, Jssefina..."

"What do you want to know?" replied her cousin in a dreamy voice. Brutus' shaft was buried deep into her and would go in and out as the horse walked.

"Why did you agree to come back to the boonies? You were in Sao Paolo University, about to graduate from law school."

"Why? Well, your mother needed me. And, I guess...oh God...a horse shaft is its own reward."

"But, did you ever know men? You know, boys?"

"Well, when I first arrived over there I was already a horse fucker. Yes, I mated with a few men but, let me tell you, they are puny. Their penises are hardly worth the trouble though, God knows, they are sooo proud of them! Ha! Ha! And worse, their semen tastes vile."

"Oh yucks!"

"Nothing like good, thick, horse semen, fresh from the source for me, girl."

"Well, still, I should try a man some day. After all, I am supposed to produce a daughter to carry in my place."

“Well, the women of our class go every mardi gras to Rio. There we have what you could call a male brothel and we get gang-banged to make sure we get impregnated.”

“That sounds like fun! I thought we just went to Rio to fuck in the streets.”

“Nonsense girl! Imagine all the diseases out there. You don’t want your cunt to rot. No, the hacendado women have contributed to a purse for this male brothel. Have you ever wondered how come we all are such good lookers? We have been finding the best looking males for generations to impregnate us.”

“Mother had told me my father had been a movie star.”

“Maybe like thirty of them. It’s a gang bang, girl, you go there to become pregnant.”

“And we always have daughters?”

“Jungle drugs, my dear, they insure that that is so. Oh Jesus, wait...”

“You want me to stop?”

“No! Increase the pace a bit. I am cooomiiiiing!”

~~~~~

## **XI. The Arroyo**

Kay walked carefully up the arroyo. She scanned the skies. They were threatening. No way she wanted to be caught in a flash flood.

“Where the heck are the donkeys?” she cursed. She had left her apartment very early, geared up, and headed to the desert. She parked her jeep close to an archeological dig she had worked on years ago. She knew this area like the back of her hands.

At last, she caught a glimpse of the herd. She proceeded to strip and stashed her clothes between some rocks. Then she produced a bottle from her satchel. A friend at the vet lab had provided it for her. It contained the piss of a donkey female, a jenny. Kay rubbed the contents all over her pubes and ass.

There was hardly any wind. The heat was stifling. She felt quite comfortable nude. Boldly she headed up the arroyo.

“Mija, I don’t think they will stay. They are going to bolt,” said a female voice.

Kay startled. “I...”

“No need to explain,” said an elderly woman stepping out from behind some boulders. She was Navaho, recognized Kay. Her own mother had been Pima.

“Here, rub yourself some of this all over,” said the woman offering her a vial.

“What is this?”

“Sun screen, that is all,” laughed the woman.

Kay recognized her. She was one of the local witches. She remembered they had not been too happy about the work the university had done digging.

The woman seemed to read her mind and smiled. "I know you. You were one of the sages that came to dig up over by the butte. Did you know that Amalia cursed you?"

"Who is Amalia?" Kay rubbed the sunscreen all over.

"Well, she is no more, she died last Winter. I tended to her in her last days."

"Why would anyone curse me?"

The old woman laughed. "Well, perhaps spell is more fitting. You were given a rather unnatural obsession. Amalia would do those things. Bless her heart, sometimes I thought she was a rather nasty one. She was a witch, just like me, I suppose. I prefer to think of myself as a healer. But, please, let us not talk of the dead anymore. Do you understand? My name is doña Rosa. Everyone around here knows me and come for me to cure them. "

Kay remembered the stories her mother had taught her. "I understand."

"Now, there is nothing we can really do about this curse. You must learn to carry on your life in spite of it."

Kay felt the need to talk to the older woman. "It is very hard."

"Of course, I ought to know. I suffered from a similar course."

"Oh no! How come?"

"Ah, it's an old story. Listen, you won't achieve anything with that herd. Why don't you come with me? I live over yonder. I can help you. Or rather, Pedro and Antonio can."

"Pedro and Antonio?"

"My donkeys. Come. You will need some preparation."

Kay gasped. She could hardly think straight. "You have donkeys? Male donkeys?"

"Yes, of course. A burro is very useful around these parts. I used to have donkey lovers. Of course, now I am dry and shriveled. My boys need to mate. I can't be their jenny anymore."

Kay blushed. "Can I pick up my clothes?"

"Sure, take them with you. Of course, you won't need them."

Kay followed Rosa up a precipitous path she did not know existed. Eventually both women arrived at a ledge where a large cave yawned. Kay could see what seemed like the remains of a pueblo settlement.

"Ohmigod!" cried Kay.

"Promise me that you will not reveal this place. Otherwise, I can't help you."

Kay hesitated. This discovery could assure her reputation, perhaps even get her reinstated at the

university. But she would not enjoy Pedro's dick. But Kay's decision was quick.

"I swear, on my mother's bones," she said in a solemn tone, "that I shan't reveal this place."

"Good!" smiled the old woman. "Follow me to my place. We have to prepare you."

They entered a traditional dwelling at the entrance to cave. Rosa opened some jars and threw some dust into the fire. A strange smell permeated the place. The old woman started murmuring to herself and gathering all sorts of materials.

"Here, macerate these seeds in this comal," instructed Rosa. "Its for your bodypaint. Be careful not to taste it. It has a very strong hallucinogenic."

"It's going to make me high?"

"It will not only do that but give you tremendous stamina and make you very, very horny."

For Kay, it seemed like a return to her mother's kitchen. Pretty soon both women were happily chatting.

"OK, stand up. The daylight is fading. I have to paint you while I can still see."

Kay stood up in the middle of the dwelling with her arms open while Rosa applied geometric designs all over her body.

"I don't feel different."

"Your cunt is dripping, dear. In fact, I would say it is actually winking."

A wave of heat enveloped her pubes. "Oh Jesus!" cried Kay.

"Now, tell me, mija. Do you want girth or do you want depth?"

"I don't know...ohmigod! I need a donkey dick!"

Rosa opened another vial. She put on a latex glove and scooped out a clear glaze. She proceeded to stuff this up Kay's cunt.

"What is this?"

"A kind of muscle relaxant, dear, made from certain herbs. We will go for depth and we will need your cunt to stretch. Now step out and wait while I fetch Pedro."

Kay stepped out. The sun was setting behind the mountains. A soft breeze caressed her nude body. Finally, she knew, her desire would be fulfilled. A donkey's braying interrupted her thoughts.

"Pedro is almost my son," said Rosa leading a white donkey. " I used to fuck his father all the time. Look, he has dropped already. He can smell you."

"It is the jenny's piss."

"No, dear, you are in heat."

Yes, thought Kay, I am in heat. She approached the donkey on rubber legs and reached out for his

penis. Rosa held on to his leash.

"Wait, let me tie him down. You don't want to be kicked or bitten. God knows I got kicked and bitten many times."

This the old woman did, securing the donkey firmly with various ropes. Kay was whimpering. Her cunt was dripping. The old woman placed a rug underneath the donkey.

"Please, hurry," she pleaded in a quiet voice.

"Now, get on all four, dear, underneath him. Don't be shy. You must make yourself completely available to your lover. Lower your head. Don't worry. He can't kick or raise his front legs. Raise your ass. That is good. Open your cheeks. Good."

The donkey's dick, Kay had seen was a good 18 inches long, about an inch thick, a black tube of meat whose tip Rosa pressed against her cunt. The old woman rubbed the thick head between Kay's nether lips. Kay moaned.

"Open up, dear," said Rosa in a quiet voice.

But the shaft would not go in.

"It's too big."

"Nonsense, it's your first mating. It always takes some trouble."

Rosa continued to press the spongy head. Then Kay felt it go in, about six inches in one swoop.

"Ohmigod!"

"Lovely, isn't it?"

It hurt. It was obscene. It was all she wanted out of life. The donkey, realizing he was inside a female, started to make thrusting motions and brayed loudly. Kay's fluids were now gushing out of her. Her lust overcame the pain. There was now only pure pleasure.

"I am being fucked! Fucked by a donkey!" she cried out. "Oh Jesus! I love it! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me hard!"

Rosa steadied Kay's torso. "Easy dear, he is pushing his way in. Meet his thrust!"

Kay moaned. The pounding was becoming more and more violent. Rosa let go of her torso. It was up to Kay now to meet her lover's thrusts. This she did.

The penetration continued. Kay now had at least a foot of donkey dick inside her. She was moaning and crying, out of her mind, engulfed by lust. The pounding continued, relentless. Kay had lost all sense of time. Then Rosa slipped a piece of rope in between her teeth.

"Bite hard dear."

Kay looked at the old woman, bewildered. She felt the beginning of an incredible, mind blowing, orgasm.

"He is about to come, dear. You will know the flare. His head will balloon inside you."

At this point Kay was beyond caring. It did not matter to her if the donkey dick ruptured her or killed her. All that mattered was that she be fucked by it. The head was pounding against her cervical opening, threatening to burst into her womb. Then it happened. The donkey started braying.

Kay whimpered. She felt the head balloon inside her. A tremendous warmth filled her belly. Kay almost fainted.

"He is coming, dear, filling your womb with semen." Rosa held her torso again, lovingly, while the donkey continued to release his seed into Kay.

Then, she felt it retract slowly, inch by inch, and pop out of her. Kay collapsed underneath the animal, completely subjugated by its power, in a pool of semen. Rosa meanwhile undid the straps and let the animal away.

Rosa laid now faceup, on the rug, with her legs wide open.

"Press your cunt lips together," instructed Rosa. "You want to keep the semen inside you for as long as possible."

Kay did as instructed and smiled back like a bacchante. "Thank you..."

"Don't talk. Enjoy," the older woman pressed her hand against Kay's belly. "Your belly is swollen."

"Ohmigod! It is!"

"It is your womb that expanded to accommodate the semen he pumped in. The muscle relaxants did it."

Kay stared in amazement at her lower belly. It was indeed swollen, as if she were several months pregnant.

"You should see your cunt," cackled the old woman, "it is gaping wide. Keep the lips together if you can."

"I don't care if I have a huge cunt. But I am sorry the semen will leak out."

The older woman produced what seemed like a huge flared plug. "I will put this in." This she did. It hardly bothered Kay who was very distended at that point.

"How can I keep it in? It's going to slip out."

"Put your shorts on. It will keep it in place."

Rosa helped her to her feet and helped her put on her shorts again. Kay stood on rubbery legs, plugged, with a distended belly full of donkey semen.

"Ohmigod! That was mind blowing!" cried Kay as Rosa helped her back to the hut. She walked unsteadily and had a series of orgasms.

"Sleep for now, dear, you must rest so that you can take on Antonio and Pedro tomorrow," said the older woman helping her to a cot and covering her. Kay smiled back at her and promptly fell asleep.

~~~~~

## **XII The Livery Stable**

Now, in just about most parts of the civilized world if two lovely young women rode their horses nude into town some sort of scandal would arise. That one of them was strapped underneath her horse, as if the beast were riding her, would have caused their immediate arrest. This did not happen in San Pedro. And the reasons are worth enumerating.

First, the town of San Pedro is nestled at the foothills of the Andes, in the cusp where the jungle starts and the mountains begin their climb to the heavens. There are therefore many microclimates. The volcanic soil is quite rich and the surrounding forest and streams teem with life. Furthermore, the local Indians have no problem in coming down to the town to trade. And they do so in their native dress, which is likely to be a bit of bodypaint since most clothing rots in the jungle. Therefore, the sight of naked humans was not something to cause admiration.

Second, we are really talking of a feudal society. San Pedro lays nestled in a beautiful valley and is surrounded almost entirely by haciendas. The only communication with the rest of civilization is through a narrow gauge railroad which goes on to the Bolivian highland and is often cut off by a landslide during the rainy season. These haciendas are headed entirely by women, all practitioners of bestiality, and hence it is common to see their daughters bellyriding. Were someone to offend them while they practiced their curious art the town's authorities themselves would take measures, painful measures.

Comandante Salinas and his men stood in front of the modest San Pedro townhall and watched Paola and Josefina arrive. The comandante and his men all doffed their hats as a sign of respect.

"Good morning, señoritas," said Salinas. "You should see don Ramon's new arrivals at the livery stable. They are pasofinos from Peru. Big horses. And all are uncut."

"Oh we intend to comandante!" answered Paola.

"Ciao!" waved Josefina strapped underneath her mount.

Paola led Josefina to the livery stable and tied her mount outside.

"It looks like the sky is going to break," noted Paola. "Do you want me to put a blanket to cover you?"

"It's fine," said Josefina. "I don't mind a bit of rain. Brutus will shield me from it."

Paola stroked the shaft buried deep into Josefina's loins. It was iron hard.

"I don't think he will need another injection."

"No, not for a while. Save it for our trip back please," replied Josefina in a dreamy voice.

Paola left Josefina and headed to the entrance. Josefina, meanwhile, started fucking herself on Brutus's hard shaft.

Paola heard and saw a nude woman speaking forcefully to don Ramon.

"I will give you three hundred pesos for each."

"Senora, these are paso finos. They have the smoothest stride there is. Their shaft will glide in and out of your cunt in a heavenly way. You will be coming even before you leave the stall. And look at



this shaft! It's huge!"

"C'mon, mother, just give him the money," said an impatient and equally nude young woman. "Any shaft that size should be good enough to deflower me."

"Just my luck," said Paola recognizing the head of the Camoes clan. "Dona Carmen and her daughter Dolores get here first and picks the finest mounts."

"Ah Paola, nice to see you," said the older woman. "What news of your mother?"

"She should be here any day now."

"Look, I don't want to be greedy," smiled dona Carmen. "If you take my advise, and believe me I know horses and fucking them, I think the best mounts here are the black, the bay, and the sloppy back mule."

"It's not a mule!" protested don Ramon. "I have the certified lineage."

"It's a slope backed nag for all I am concerned," insisted dona Carmen. "The only thing going for him is that he has a very lumpy shaft. But I would not be caught dead underneath such an ugly beast."

"I like the bay," said Dolores.

"OK," offered dona Carmen. "I will offer a thousand for all three. Paola, you can pick which one you want to deflower you. My treat."

"You are very kind, dona Carmen," smiled Paola.

"Make it 1200 dona Carmen," said don Ramon. "I had shipping costs to cover."

"I like the mule's shaft," said Paola appreciatively. She was caressing the "mule's" sheath.

"I think he likes you too, Paola," noted dona Carmen. "He is beginning to drop."

"Love at first sight, no doubt," snickered Dolores. "But anyway, mother, pay him. Otherwise the Torres girls are going to get here and take them off our hands."

"So what Dolores? We have twenty horses and you have been sucking them all. Surely one of those shafts could do the job."

"But mother! These are paso finos!"

"Then let the Torres girls have them! I hope they rupture them!"

"OK, milady, what say 1150 for the three?"

"I will go to 1100, not one peso more. And only if you let me try them all first."

"Certainly!" agreed don Ramon. He signaled to an attendant who promptly brought a mating bench covered in a blanket.

"Try the mule first," suggested Paola. "I made him drop."

Dona Carmen placed herself face up on the bench, her legs splayed open. Don Ramon and his attendant lowered one end of the bench so dona Carmen's obscenely distended cunt was lined correctly to receive the "mule's" shaft.

"Be careful, mother," cautioned Dolores. "You are not as elastic as you used to be."

"If today is my day, so be it. I just came from mass and padre Ramos gave me communion. Bring him on!"

Don Ramon and his attendant carefully guided the "mule" to straddle dona Carmen, taking care to hobble it to prevent a stray hoof from kicking her brains out. Then Paola guided the slope backed horse's penis to dona Carmen's pubes. The tip went on easily. The woman was very wet.

Paola kept stroking the shaft to bring it to full tumescence. The sloped back horse, feeling himself entering a mare of sorts started making pumping motions with his hips. The shaft went in inch by cruel inch into dona Carmen.

"Oh Jesus! He is good. He is very good."

"Easy now," said Dolores with some concern. "That is 12 inches now."

"Ohmigod! " moaned dona Carmen. "Dolores, pay him 1200, it's just money!"

Dona Carmen started meeting the slope backed horse's thrusts. Pretty soon her body was covered in a sheen of sweat. The horse stopped his motions. Paola, recognizing the signs, started stroking the shaft vigorously.

"Oh yes! Oh yes!" cried dona Carmen.

"Ohmigod! Someone is getting fucked in the stable!" snickered Lucia Torres entering the barn. She and her two daughters, Rocio and Ninel were nude except for their hats and riding boots.

"We figured we just would be able to get here before the skies broke," said Rocio.

"Jesus! That is one nice shaft up your cunt dona Carmen!" admitted Ninel.

Dona Carmen was breathing heavily, unable to speak because of a long unrelenting orgasm. At the same time a flood of horse semen exploded from her pubes. Paola meanwhile kept massaging the shaft and the balls.

A flood of horse semen exploded from the dona Carmen's pubes.

"Bravo!" applauded the women.

"We'll take the bay and the black," said Lucia Torres.

"Oh no, you won't!" protested Dolores.

"Alas, dona Carmen has bought them," explained don Ramon.

Meanwhile, the "mule's" shaft was slowly retracting from dona Carmen's cunt.

"Lucia," said dona Carmen in a dreamy voice. "Please, let's not make a scene out of this. I got them first."

"You want to let the other two horses fuck you, mother?" asked Dolores.

"Well, don Ramon, surely you have more of these horses," snarled Lucia.

"I would if I were not so close to being ruptured," whimpered dona Carmen. "Take me home, Dolores. I might need you to call the surgeon."

"Oh Jesus!" exclaimed Paola.

"Ah, I have seen Carmen pounded harder!" said Lucia dismissively.

"By the way, who is the bellyrider tied outside?" asked Ninel.

"That is my cousin Josefina. Why?"

"There is a line of town boys lined up and she is sucking them."

"Ah, she told me she learned how to do that in Rio," explained Paola. "Supposedly the bellyriders of yore used to do it like that."

"Please, help me with mother," pleaded Dolores.

The women all helped dona Carmen uncouple.

"Can you stand?" asked Lucia.

"I don't think so. It hurts a lot."

"Well, the feast of St. Francis is next week, Dolores," pointed out Lucia. "That is when all these girls will get deflowered. Surely you do not wish to miss your daughter's deflowerment."

"I certainly won't!" snarled dona Carmen. She had managed to stand up. Contrails of horse semen were dripping out of her distended cunt. "Paola, do you want the slope back? I know for a fact he is good."

"Oh, yes I do," smiled Paola.

"So, don Ramon, what else you have for my girls?"

"I am sorry, I have no more paso finos, just regular ponies. I do, however, have a couple of very nice looking burros."

"Burros? You expect my daughters to be deflowered by burros?"

"Mother, please, don't make a scene," pleaded Rocio.

"Yes, mother, I have seen you lay with burros," added Ninel. "And anyway, a cock is a cock."

"That I have, but this is different you fools. We are talking about your deflowerment. Surely you can find my daughters a better mount than a burro."

Paola left the women arguing and stepped outside the stable. Josefina was just finishing sucking a teen age boy.

"Having fun?" asked Paola.

"I had to show them some of the things I learned in Rio," smiled Carme. Her face glistened with human semen. "Do you have a mount to deflower you?"

"Oh yes, and it did not cost me a penny. Dona Carmen was kind enough to buy it for me." This time the sky broke for real. Paola produced a poncho and draped a rubber sheet over Brutus.

"We'd better leave Josefina," said Paola.

"You are right!" replied Josefina. She reached for Brutus' reins and expertly guided him towards the town's exit.

An hour later they arrived, soaked to the bone, at their hacienda. The servants congregated in the covered porches. There seemed to be a ruckus of some kind.

"What is happening?" asked Josefina from under her horse.

"Mother and auntie are back!" cried Paola.

"Great! Help me uncouple!" pleaded Josefina.

~~~~~

### **XIII. A Bowl of Horse Semen**

"Someone get me a bowl of horse semen! Quick!" ordered Amanda. Claudia, one of her servant girls scurried towards the stables to collect some.

"Oh be quiet, you cunt!" snarled Antonieta as she removed her clothes. "Ohmigod! I swear I don't want to ever wore clothes again!"

"Help me too, damn it!" complained Amanda. Carmen, the other servant girl helped her mistress unclthe.

The trek from Rio had been grueling. They first had to fly from Rio to Manaus, a six hour trip. Then the Souzas contracted a charter plane that took them to the nearest airport to the valley of San Pedro, at Riveralta in Bolivia. The landing there involved landing on a primitive airstrip, impossible to use during the monsoon season which was just starting. Thence their trek finished with two days on the narrow gauge railroad that descended from the Andes and into the green jungles of the Amazon. The train, before arriving at San Pedro had stopped at a small train depot on the Souza's property and there the women had disembarked.

"Mother! Auntie! You are back!" exclaimed Paola walking into the hacienda. Josefina held on to her and walked with some difficulty.

"I hope you girls kept my horses contented!" replied Amanda.

"Jesus! How rude you are! Not even a greeting to your daughter and niece!" scolded Antonieta. "And from the looks of Josefina she certainly did the horses happy, Amanda, I mean, look at her, the poor girl can barely walk."

"I am alright," smiled Josefina sheepishly. Long contrails of horse semen dripped from her flared cunt.

The now nude Amanda was helped to a wheelchair by Carmen.

"Well, don't let that semen go to waste girl, come closer," said Amanda motioning Josefina to approach.

Josefina did as requested. Her aunt cupped her hands to pick the gobs of horse semen coming out of Josefina's cunt. The young girl even pressed her lower belly with her hands and used her extremely developed cunt muscles to push out more horse semen out of her innards. Amanda then voraciously drank the semen she had collected.

"Oh Jesus! I missed this so much!" exclaimed Amanda licking her hands and fingers.

"I tell you it's the damn yerba dura," pointed out Antonieta. "You are hooked on it. It's addictive."

"Nonsense!" replied Amanda. Then Claudia showed up bearing a large mug filled to the rim with more horse semen she had just collected at the stables. Amanda drank the whole mug without pausing.

Antonieta shook her head. "Well, I suppose you are glad to see us, Josefina. Are you sure you are not hurt?"

"I am very sore but I will get over it," said Josefina.

"What did the doctors say?" asked Paola in a quiet voice.

"Same thing that old doctor Mendoza told us in San Pedro," whispered back Antonieta. "She has to lay off getting fucked by the horses for at least a year so she heals."

"Only six months!" snarled Amanda. "It's my cunt that is hurt, not my hearing. But yes, the whole exercise was a waste of time. The doctors in Europe and New York all said I had to give my body time to heal."

"Will you, mother?" inquired Paola.

"If I must, for now," admitted Amanda grudgingly.

Antonieta pulled Josefina aside. "How many horses did you do today?"

"I still have five more to go, auntie."

"You go rest your cunt," advised Antonieta. "Take a long bath. I will have Claudia give you a massage. She is very good. I don't want you rupturing like my stupid sister. The girls and I will take care of the remaining mounts."

"Mother," announced Paola, "we just came back from San Pedro. I found a mount to deflower me."

"Oh really? Why, that is great news! Tell me about him!"

"Well, he is not exactly pretty..."

"Who cares what it looks like. It's his shaft that matters. Tell me, is it big?"

"Oh yes! Like Brutus!" explained Paola smiling lasciviously. "And it has the loveliest set of balls you could imagine!"

"Don't tease me girl!" pleaded Amanda. "Do promise you will let me suck it at least!"

"Well, that is good news," said Antonieta. "We really ought to wait until the monsoon rains stop."

"Nonsense!" countered Amanda. "I will have padre Perez pray to San Francis so that on his feast day it won't rain and Paola can get deflowered by her horse in front of everyone in San Pedro, like a true Souza heir!"

"I remember being deflowered in the rain," snickered Antonieta. "Most of the guests huddled under the arches in the square while I was getting soaked trying to coax that dumb donkey mother found me to rip my hymen. I was in bed for a week afterwards with pneumonia!"

"I hope it doesn't rain," said Paola. "I don't want my bodypaint to come off."

The girls deflowered on St. Francis' Day usually wore bodypaint for the ceremony.

Antonieta, who was covered in an intricate body suit design made with kapu juice smiled. "That is why I had myself tattooed like this. It is permanent and doesn't come off with the rain."

"Don't listen to her, Paola, I am sure St. Francis won't fail us," advised Amanda. "Besides Kapu is permanent. And nowadays very few Indians know how to apply it."

"That's true," admitted Antonieta. "Like so many of our traditions, it is disappearing because of what men stupidly call progress. Besides, Paola, if you ever go back to civilization you have to apply facial makeup to cover it. Anyways, Claudia, please stay with Amanda and see to her needs. Carmen and I will spend the night in the stables."

Amanda murmured "bitch" in a low voice as her sister and Carmen headed to the stables to fuck their horses.

~~~~~

#### **XIV A Dark Night in the Stables**

The stables at the Souza hacienda are built with wide stalls. That way the ladies will not have their legs bumped or worse by the horses while they repose under their horses. There was a steady rain falling that night as Paola made her way into the stables. It was very dark but she knew her way around. She made her way down the stalls peering into them. She found Claudia and Carmen, the two servant girls, coupled with a horse and slung underneath. Both girls were fast asleep though moaning lowly. Bellyriders could have orgasms in their sleep, it was said.

Eventually Paola found the stall where Brutus was held. She entered. There was a woman slung underneath him. The moonlight revealed a pair of heavily tattooed legs held against the flanks of the horse.

"Auntie..." whispered Paola.

"Ah, its you," whispered back Antonieta.

Paola checked the shaft buried into Antonieta's loins. It was iron hard.

"I just came to check on you, auntie. But I don't think he needs another injection."

"Is that the only reason you came? Is your mother alright?"

"Well no...I really needed to know. Is she ever going to walk again?"

Antonietta took a deep breath. It was hard to concentrate when you have a rock hard horse penis buried inside you. She had been coming almost continuously for several hours. That, and the trip, had left her very exhausted. But Paola deserved to know the truth.

"I talked with the doctors separately, without your mother knowing," admitted Antonietta.

"And?"

"One in particular, the French one, said that the kind of injuries she suffered were, in the long run, ohmigod, I am sorry to say it, fatal. She is bound to have further infections, whatever, and die. I don't think she will last more than a year."

"Oh Jesus!"

Antonietta rearranged herself in the sling. Her legs were sprayed open and bent backwards to insure maximum penetration. The pressure of the shaft on her cervix was continuous, an unceasing torture and delight. She tried to ignore the continuous flood of sensations, both painful and pleasureable, that assaulted her body.

"I have...tried..." explained Antonietta, "...to keep her happy. It's the least she deserves. I think she is an idiot but I do love her. She is my sister, my only sister."

"The only thing that would make her happy now is to be fucked again by a horse," pointed out Paola.

"Yes, and it would certainly hasten her death," countered Antonietta.

"You actually were going to be a nun of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene. You went through your novitiate. You traveled far and wide through the jungles, learning Indian lore and medicine. The tribesmen actually thought you were worthy of being adorned with kapu like a wise woman or witch."

"That I did," admitted Antonietta. "But I fail to see your point, Paola, what do you think I could do that the best doctors of New York and Europe could not do?"

"Is there no herb you could give her? She is suffering. She was screaming she wanted to be fucked by a horse."

"Yes, Claudia told me. I understand you had to sedate her. But no, I have no idea...wait one...oh Jesus!"

Brutus had shifted and shaken himself a bit, having been woken up by the talk of the two women. The shaft, deeply buried into Antonietta and pushing against her cervix had given her a jolt of pain.

"Are you OK, auntie?"

In the other stalls the other horses had waken up and shaken up. Claudia and Carmen had also whimpered out loudly.

Antonietta answered after a while. "I am...OK...God, I can see why your mother missed this. I am afraid we are disturbing the horses, Paola."

"I am sorry, auntie, I did not mean..."

"Well, you deserved to know," admitted Antonietta. "Look, I will think about what you said. There

might be ways to keep your mother alive.”

“Please do consider it, auntie.”

“Meanwhile, I suggest you do whatever is possible to keep your mother happy. Let her suck horse dick if she wants to. It will make her real happy. And she probably will like a semen bath like she used to take. But she must have no penetration whatsoever. Sometimes soon will arrive a sculpture of a bellyrider she bought in New York. It will make her happy to see it.”

“In New York? You actually found a sculpture of a belly rider?”

“Sort of. The gringos don’t have any idea of what it is like. It’s all wrong but the idea remains. What can you expect from protestants like them? I ordered our solicitors to contact the sculptor and make him come down to Brazil so he can model it right. By that time you will have been deflowered. Either you or Josefina or myself can pose for it. Oh shucks...”

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” laughed Antonieta. “Everything is as it should be. I sense Brutus is about to come...”

Paola left, leaving her aunt to commune quietly in the darkness with her mount. The horse had started to make thrusting noises. Paola could hear Antonieta’s cries of pain and pleasure as she walked out of the stables into the steady rain.

~~~~~

## **XV The Reverse Bellyride**

Don Ramon cursed the rain. It was steady, constant. Most sane folks would just huddle under any roof next to a cozy fire drinking chicha and eating the abundant foodstuffs that the lush fields around San Pedro provided. But no, don Ramon and his sons led a train of uncut stallions up the hills. They were the ones that the hacendado women had just purchased. Their pay, don Ramon knew, was good since they were kind of old fashioned folks and liked to pay not in cruzeiros but in hard silver or gold coins. Hence, he endured the rain patiently.

Don Ramon and his sons came up to where a cart was stuck in the mud.

“Hey, Joaquin, you need help?” asked don Ramon. He recognized Joaquin, the stationmaster at San Pedro. There was some kind of large object covered in a tarpaulin on top of the cart. The horses that pulled it obviously could do no more. They were almost stuck in the mud up to their haunches.

“Shoot, yes! I seem to have a problem in my hands.”

“Where are you taking this?”

“To the Souzas. If I had only cleared this last valley I would be on harder ground going up hill.”

Don Ramon ordered his sons to hitch up the uncut stallions. The men also pushed on the cart.

“Move you damn glue factory fugitives!” shouted Don Ramon. “Tomorrow you will be fucking milady stupid but now we need you to do some work!”

Slowly, the cart managed to get unstuck. Don Ramon and his men escorted Joaquin and the rest of his men to the Souza hacienda. Don Ramon, however, took care to unhitch the slope backed stallion.



He knew the Souza's would raise a stink if they found out he had made their new lover earn a honest living for once.

"Ohmigod! He is so beautiful!" cried Paola running nude under the rain to take the reins of the slope backed stallion.

Meanwhile, Antonieta (who sensibly stayed under the large arched porch of the hacienda) carefully counted out some gold coins and put them in the hands of Don Ramon who bowed ceremoniously and made his exit to deliver the rest of the horses he had sold.

"Señora," said Joaquin doffing his hat respectfully in front of the nude Antonieta. "I bought a large crate that the train delivered."

"Ah, thanks, Joaquin," replied Antonieta. "I will have some of the peons take it into the hacienda. Why don't you go off to the kitchens and get yourself something to warm your bones? Tell them I sent you."

Meanwhile Paola was playing with her horse, caressing her flanks, and acting like a child opening a Christmas present.

"Is that Paola's new husband?" asked Amanda as she was pushed in her wheelchair by Claudia.

"Yes, sister, and you should also be happy to know that your sculpture has arrived."

"Oh great!" exclaimed Amanda.

"Someone tell that stupid girl to take her horse into the stables before she catches pneumonia," said Antonieta.

"I will do so," said Josefina and she went to talk to Paola.

"Claudia I want to be taken to the stables," instructed Amanda. "I want to see this new horse's shaft. If it is going to deflower my only child I do not want it to hurt her."

"Tell me sister, didn't you use to deep throat horses before?" asked Antonieta.

"I was in fact a pioneer in the field. I could deep throat a horse so that my face rested against his balls," explained Amanda.

"Impressive. But how did you deal with the flare? Wouldn't it burst your esophagus?"

"You have two choices. When you sense he is about to flare push the shaft so that it flares inside your stomach. However, there are stomach acids there and that could make your horse uncomfortable. The other choice is to uncouple when he is about to come. However, I did have an accident once and he flared in my esophagus."

"Jesus! You are destined to be killed by a horse shaft sister!"

"I did think I was going to die but I found out that the esophagus is very tough tissue. Also, the horse head, as you know is very spongy. So pretty soon I could deep throat the horses and not care if he flared in my esophagus."

"I suppose you cannot do it with a massively thick shaft," noted Antonieta.

"Yes, you need a horse with just the right sized shaft."

"I have an idea, sister," offered Antonieta. "Claudia, let's take her to the stable. Let's see how the penis of that slope backed stallion looks."

The two sisters found that Paola and Josefina had secured the slope backed stallion securely and were massaging its shaft to coax its shaft to drop.

"Don't loose your cherry yet, Paola," admonished Amanda. "It must be done in public in San Pedro."

Antonieta inspected and caressed the shaft.

"It would be better if this horse were used to women. It would make it safer for Paola, don't you agree Amanda?" proposed Antonieta.

"Certainly. What do you propose? You want to fuck him?"

Antonieta showed Amanda the horse's shaft which already had dropped. "Do you think you could deep throat this shaft, sister?"

Amanda licked her lips. "Sure!"

Antonieta found a bellyrider's sling and placed it on the new stallion.

"He is completely untrained. We can't let him move at all. He will have to be kept in a stall at all times."

"What are you doing Antonieta?" asked Amanda with trepidation.

"Claudia let's help her into the sling, but let's do so with her head resting below the horse shaft."

"Ohmigod! You can't do this auntie!" cried Paola.

"I don't mind Paola!" snarled Amanda. "In fact, I want to try it!"

Between all the women they managed to put Amanda into the sling.

"Open wide, Amanda," instructed Antonieta.

Amanda did as instructed. The shaft entered her mouth. And then, inch after inch afterwards. Pretty soon Amanda's face rested between the horse balls and almost the entire shaft had disappeared down her throat.

"Remember, we don't want it to be into your stomach, Amanda," warned Antonia.

In response Amanda felt her stomach and then gave a thumbs up.

"OK, Claudia, go ahead and inject the yerba dura into the exposed portion of the shaft," ordered Amanda. "Now, Amanda, I know you cannot talk now. I will take your hand. Answer my questions. Press my hand once for yes and twice for no."

Amanda's eyes were closed. The woman seemed to be in ecstasy.

"Can you breathe OK?"

One press.

“Paola’s deflowering is in two weeks. Do you think you could last that long like this?”

One press.

“That’s impossible!” cried Paola.

“Why not?” replied Josefina. “Horse semen is mostly protein but it also water and sugars and salts. A woman could last a long time on such diet.”

“Aye,” nodded Antonieta. “In fact, she might actually gain weight! Now, let’s strap her down securely.”

Carefully, the women bent Amanda’s legs backwards and then these were secured firmly to the horse’s flanks. But Amanda pointed frantically to her cunt.

“You want to be penetrated, right? I would want to be myself,” said Antonieta.

Antonieta produced a large flared butt plug and proceeded to lubricate it generously. “Sorry girl, you won’t get that cunt of you entered. The best I can do is put this plug up your ass. Claudia and Carmen will be licking your cunt constantly but their tongues into your cunt is the most you will get.”

Amanda made an obscene sign with her hand. Antonieta relished pushing the butt plug up her sister’s ass. It was obvious that it was quite an intrusion as Amanda’s torso tensed.

“Now, let’s lead this horse into its stall very slowly,” ordered Antonieta.

The women did as instructed and insured that the horse would not move too much. Then they tied his feet down so that it could not start kicking. The horse seemed surprisingly tame, perhaps because it was enjoying being inside a mare all the time. As for Amanda, she seemed to be in heaven. She caressed the stallion’s balls lovingly and pressed them against her face. Her field of vision was now entirely occupied by the horse’s scrotum and the shaft disappearing into her throat.

“Now, we are going to have to keep a very close eye on both the horse’s diet and on Amanda,” explained Amanda. “I want either Claudia or Carmen with their lips pressed against Amanda’s cunt. Take the butt out every so often and let her defecate if she wants. Mostly I think she will be pissing as her diet is now mostly liquid. Massage her legs every so often so that the blood flow is not interrupted. Is this all clear?”

Both servant girls answered in agreement.

“Auntie, why are you doing this?” asked Paola.

“I am going off to the jungle tomorrow, to find some cure for your mother’s nymphomania or whatever it takes to help her cunt heal. I’d rather not have to worry about her getting hold of a broomstick and pushing it up her cunt and rupturing herself, as I know she secretly wants. Besides, I think she will enjoy bellyriding thus.”

“You will not be here for my deflowerment then?”

“Josefina can assist you. Am I not right, Josefina?”

"Yes Antonieta," agreed Josefina, "don't worry Paola, I will help you fuck him."

"Meanwhile, you, Paola, keep the hacienda running which you already showed you could do," said Antonieta. "This will also help the stallion get used to having his dick erect all the time and inside a woman."

"If Claudia and Carmen will be licking Amanda all the time then I will have to be the mare again," noted Josefina. "Not that I mind, but I am very sore right now."

"Do your best, Josefina," replied Antonieta. "I hope to return in a month at the latest. I am sure either Carmen or Claudia will help you fuck the horses when they are not licking Amanda."

"And I can always suck them," offered Paola.

"You do that girl," smiled Antonieta.

~~~~~

## **XVI A Belly Full of Horse Piss**

The discomfort was no longer relevant to Amanda. She felt a great sense of pride in her achievement. She, Amanda Maria Nicolasa Souza y Portobelo, one of the largest landowners in Brazil, an immensely rich woman, whose family name was highly respected and recognized in all South America, had finally become one with a horse. She was, she knew, a living sheath wrapped around the horse shaft. She felt fulfilled, doing and being what she was meant to do and be in life. She knew now that she was going to spend the remaining days of her life thus, deep throating a horse, strapped underneath his torso, and with her legs spread open widely, bent double against her chest, and tied to his flanks and with a thick flared butt plug up her ass. The cares and woes of the world would no longer matter to her. All that would count would be the shaft entering her mouth. Could a girl like her ask for more out of life?

Night had already fallen. Claudia and Carmen had ministered lovingly to her cunt taking turns to do so throughout the day. The two had even nursed on Amanda, a part of their regular ritual since milady had remained lactating ever since bearing Paola and the constant ministrations on her breasts had insured a continuous flow of milk that had to be harvested on a regular basis. All throughout the day, deep throating the horse, and being licked and nursed by Carmen and Claudia Amanda had remained on a constant state of orgasm.

The rain fell steady on the roof of the stables. Strapped underneath the horse Amanda felt warm and cozy. And now she felt herself loved for the slope backed stallion now did what any stallion who felt his shaft inside a tight mare would do: he started making thrusting motions pushing his penis in and out of Amanda's mouth.

Amanda was in ecstasy, knowing herself fully at the mercy of the horse shaft fucking her through the mouth. A foamy froth of semen formed at her mouth and covered her face. She could barely breathe at times but, she knew, would not care if she drowned in his semen. It would be worth it. How many women could ever say they had taken the shaft fully and survived? Amanda had done so once before, through her cunt, when her horse had ruptured her and rendered her a cripple. But now she was able to take the full shaft again and even, perhaps, live afterwards.

He would soon climax, Amanda could tell. She reached for the horse's balls and pressed them against her cheeks. They were surprisingly cool and soothing. The texture of the scrotal skin was velvety. Amanda pressed them against her face feeling their pulsing. Pretty soon she felt them

quiver as a powerful jet of horse semen exploded out of them. In her belly she felt a sudden distension and a brief spike of pain as the horse penis flared in her esophagus. Then warmth filled her belly as the entire load of hot horse semen filled her stomach. This semen was now, she knew, her sustenance and she caressed the horse's balls with love and gratitude. Thus she felt asleep, contented, and the yerba dura hardened shaft remained iron hard and still deeply buried in her mouth.

A couple of stalls over Antonieta stirred. She was lying under Cesar, her favorite mount, with his thick shaft buried deep into her loins. Her keen, jungle tuned senses told her that dawn was only an hour or so away. Reluctantly, she freed her feet from the stirrups that hung high from the horse's flanks. Slowly, she pushed herself forward until only the tip of the still hard shaft rested inside her. Then she reluctantly uncoupled, her cunt made obscene slurping sounds as she did so and gobs of horse semen started dropping out of her widely stretched cunt.

She knew she had to get ready for her trek. She considered going to the kitchens and rousing one of the servants to give her an early breakfast. But no, she decided to take her sustenance directly from the horse. She knelt next to Cesar and pressed the wide flat head of his penis into her mouth. Then she started massaging the long shaft. She knew well a woman could last for a long time with this protein sustenance. She had done so many times in the jungle, when game became scarce. She therefore had no worry about her sister remaining alive just on horse semen.

Pretty soon Cesar's ejaculation exploded into her mouth. Antonieta took care to drink as much as she could but a lot of it dropped out of her mouth and into her face, neck, and chest. She captured as much as she could in her cupped hands and drank it. The rest she took care to rub into her skin. It was an excellent skin conditioner, she knew. She licked the rapidly retracting shaft licking up eagerly any gobs of semen that she could find.

In the dark Antonieta made her way down the stables. In one of the stalls Carmen snored contentedly coupled to Brutus. Then she found her sister's stall. Next to Amanda and her horse Claudia soundly asleep in a cot. Antonieta covered the girl's nude body with a blanket to keep off the night's chill. Then she reached for the horse's shaft. This, she felt, was still iron hard and buried into Amanda's mouth. The moonlight revealed a froth of semen that covered her sister's face. For a moment Amanda tensed fearing the worst that her sister had drowned in horse semen. Then she noticed her shallow breathing. The pulse was regular.

Amanda opened her eyes.

"Just checking on you, sister," said Antonieta reaching for Amanda's hand. "Are you OK?"

One press, a yes.

"Do you want to uncouple?"

Two presses, a no.

"Did he come?"

One press.

"Good for you. He is still hard. No use giving him another yerba dura injection. I have to prepare to leave. Promise me you will be alive when I return, OK?"

One press.

“Are you happy now?”

One press, a very emphatic one. Amanda’s eyes spoke of her gratitude.

“I love you, sister,” said Antonieta kissing her on the cheek. She tasted the saltiness of the horse semen that covered her sister’s face. Then she kissed lovingly the exposed portion of the horse shaft and the two balls that hung next to Amanda’s face.

Antonieta scurried across the courtyard into the hacienda’s main house. She was soaked to the bones even in the brief exposure she had to the monsoon rains. For a moment she thought it was madness to undertake a jungle trek at that time. But she dismissed the thought. She was confident of her jungle lore and her sister’s life was at stake.

She made her way into her luxuriously appointed bedroom (which she rarely used, preferring to sleep in the stables in a bellyrider’s harness while impaled on a horse shaft) and found a towel to dry herself with. Next she looked around for what she called her “native finery”. She put on several bead collars and hung a pair of large silver earrings. Then she found a thick septum ring and put this on. She rummaged around and found a couple of silver rings which she hung from her pierced nipples. She hung a several thin silver chains from the perforations in her labia majore and knotted them to stay in place. All this silver, she knew, could be used to barter for whatever she needed.

Next she selected a wide flaring butt plug with a built in compartment and a “horse tail” attached. There she ensconced a large red ruby from the Souza mines in Colombia. It was worth a fortune, she knew, and might just come in handy to have. She proceeded to lube herself and pushed in the wide butt plug inside her. It stayed in place firmly. It would hurt a lot, she knew, to take it out but it was a necessary attachment. She stood in front of a full length mirror admiring the savage looking creature that stared back at her and smiled at the way the “horse tail” hung from her ass. Her walk was awkward at first, until her body got adjusted to the butt plug. She pranced around the room willing her body to accept the plug.

Finally, she opened a gun cabinet. There she selected a wide leather belt from which hung a sheath for a Guatemalan machete. She poured several dozen bullet cartridges into a purse she hung at her side and selected her favorite hunting carbine.

Antonieta looked at herself again on the full length mirror. She studied the black geometric symbols that covered her body and contrasted with the whiteness of her skin.

“I have been indoors too long,” she thought. She would need to recover the tan she had acquired in the jungle and which made it easier for her to mingle with the Indians. She knew a few herbs that would darken her skin and give it a darker color when rubbed in.

She studied her face carefully. It was delicate, even beautiful work that now covered it. She thought some of the lines crisscrossing her face needed some retouching. And others parts of her body definitely did, she thought. It was supposed to be permanent, for life, but it slowly faded away under the sun and rain. But she shuddered remembering the three days and nights she had endured while the kapu tint was applied by the witches or so-called wise women of a tribe of Xingus. It had hurt like hell as the kapu burned its way into her skin and fused with it, tinting it permanently. Maybe she would pass on the retouch.

While Antonieta prepared herself for her trek on a bedroom nearby Josefina woke up. In the darkness she felt Paola’s body pressed on top of her. The two young women were entwined in a 69 position. The rain fell steadily. A partially open window let in a chill breeze. Josefina was kept warm by her cousin’s body on top of her but Paola had pulled off her blanket and mostly uncovered.

Josefina felt around and covered Paola's nude body again. Then she gave a playful lick at Paola's cunt. Paola made a contented noise in her sleep.

Woman loving came naturally to the Souza women. They saw nothing wrong with its practice, just as they thought that making love to a horse was the most natural thing in the world. After all, why would a woman content herself with a man's puny penis? And what was more enjoyable than to lick the horse semen that dripped off the widely distended cunt of a horse loving woman?

Ever since she had become of age Josefina had been initiated into the art of woman loving. Her auntie Antonieta had been a especially patient teacher and many of the servant girls in the hacienda her family had near Manaus had eagerly helped her to become an expert in this ancient art.

Thus, by the time she arrived in Rio to study at the prestigious law school there Josefina had become an expert in the arts of lesbian love. Offers would abound from other women for she was a lovely lass with pouting, bee stung, lips, obviously meant to wrap lovingly around a clitoris or nibble on labia.

But Josefina could not help be at first amused and then frankly repelled by the offers and insinuations the young men made. Why, she thought, would she lower herself to make love to a man if she had already been initiated into horse loving and, in fact, was far along into her bellyriding training? A man could not compete with a horse's shaft!

But she did succumb, mainly out of curiosity, to a few offers from young men, several of them, in fact, and even three of them at once on a memorable occasion. But she found that not only were their penises puny but also that their semen tasted vile, not like the delicious and enervating taste of a healthy horse's semen. And a few of these men were rude enough to note that she was "too loose" down there, a process that had been induced by the thick horse shafts that had entered her and would eventually result in her cunt being widely stretched and yawning as it was now.

Thus, while she was at Rio, and away from her horses, Josefina eventually gave up on men and stuck to loving women. More than a few of them, when confronted with her already yawning cunt, could not help but ask if she had been fucking horses. And it gave Josefina a perverse pleasure to answer that yes, she was a horse lover, a bellyrider even. Those women that were not repelled outright by the truth came to love her intensely and enjoyed the ease with which she took a fist without complaints.

Josefina kissed the inside of Paola's lovely legs and pressed her cousin's cunt against her mouth. Paola stirred.

"Go back to sleep," advised Josefina.

"I can't with you licking me," said Paola as she dug her tongue into Josefina's wide cunt.

"That feels very good," admitted Josefina.

"Are you still sore? You are no longer dripping horse semen. Yesterday you dripped so much the bed was soaked."

"I am no longer dripping? I don't want to go dry! But yes, I am not as sore as I was. I think I can be mated today to as many horses as possible."

"That is good. I wonder how mother is doing."

"Oh, she is OK, Paola," assured her Josefina. "Antonieta knows what she is doing. And if, as your

mother said, she can handle the horses coming while she deep throats them, I see no reason to worry.”

“Do you really think she can feed just on horse semen?”

“Why not? It’s one of the gifts of the shaft....”

For one moment realization dawned on both girls.

“Ohmigod!” cried Paola uncoupling and running out of her bedroom. Josefina was closely behind her. D

Dawn had arrived. The two naked young women ran through the rain and the mud into the stables. There they found Antonieta wearing a poncho and packing up Cesar.

“Auntie! We must get her off.”

“Who?”

“Mother!” cried Paola running to Amanda’s stall.

“Why?” asked Antonieta.

“The horse has to pee!” cried Josefina. They both ran off to the stall.

They found Amanda in distress. Her hands moved frantically. Claudia slept the sleep of the just in the cot nearby. Amanda’s belly was extremely distended.

“Oh Jesus! The horse must have peed inside her!” exclaimed Antonieta.

Now, all the Souza women were not strangers to the joy of drinking horse pee. But the volume Amanda had taken was too much, almost beyond the capability of a human stomach to take. They frantically undid the straps holding Amanda while helped by Claudia (who had woken up in the clamor). As soon as the shaft exited Amanda’s mouth she started vomiting a large amount of horse pee mixed with horse semen.

“Are you OK sister?”

Amanda coughed and retched more. Then she shook her head. “I think I am. It was fun at first, mind you, I knew he was pissing but then...it was just too much piss.”

“I am sorry, mistress,” pleaded Claudia.

“No! It was my fault,” exclaimed Antonieta. “I should have thought of it!”

“Don’t worry,” smiled Amanda, “I don’t regret the experience.”

“I am not sure if I can leave you now,” said Antonieta.

“Nonsense,” said Amanda. “I mean, look at you, Antonieta, you look like Jane of the Jungle or something. Go off, girl, I know you have been uncomfortable being with us civilized folks. I know you want to fuck Cesar out there in a jungle clearing. Now, you all get me strapped so I can deep throat my daughter’s future husband again.”



"But how are you going to manage, mother?" asked Paola.

"He is like any other male," explained Amanda. "His main pee is in the morning. All we have to do is to let him pee on my face each morning and I will have no problem afterwards. If he pees during the day I can handle it with no problem, I think. Besides, then I will never be dehydrated!"

By this time Amanda had, in her eagerness, actually positioned herself in the sling. The shaft was now flaccid but still long enough for it to enter her mouth. She sucked on it eagerly, trying to coax an erection from the horse. Claudia prepared a yerba dura injection and showed it to Antonieta who nodded in agreement. The shaft slowly began to distend again. Amanda frowned concentrated on swallowing inch after inch of the shaft. Her neck actually bulged slightly as the horse penis disappeared into her. Finally Amanda gave a thumbs up sign and Claudia completed her strapping.

"The horse cannot stay in the stall all the time," advised Antonieta. "Have a couple of the strongest peons hold onto him and walk him slowly up and down the aisle. She is lucky that he is so docile for an untrained horse."

"Something told me to choose him," said Paola.

"Aye, keep an eye on her then. Keep her alive for me," said Antonieta as she finished saddling up. "Wish me luck."

She got on top of Cesar and placed her "horse tail" to hang from her the side of her saddle and donned a wide brimmed straw hat. She was nude except for the poncho.

"Where exactly are you headed, auntie?" asked Josefina.

"Towards the Xingu", said Antonieta pointing northwards. "I figure follow it to its birthplace."

"No one has found where the Xingu is born," pointed out Paola. "It must come from snow melt from the Andes, that is all everyone knows. Why are you going there?"

"The wise women of the Xingu who put on my kapu suit claimed there was a valley at its birthplace where all manner of curative herbs grew," explained Antonieta. "It is a very grueling, dangerous, trek, they said, which few would undertake and less could survive. I don't think Amanda's nymphomania can be cured even by God himself. But there is supposedly a plant called kata, very rare, that is reputed to heal all manner of injuries.. If I can find it I want Amanda to try it. Maybe it will strengthen her cunt."

"Be careful," advised Josefina.

"Don't worry, I will," said Antonieta smiling.

~~~~~

## **XVII Peyote High**

Blame it on the peyote or whatever drugs were in the bodypaint the crone had covered her with but Kay was giggling maniacally and shouting out loudly as she drove back to the city.

"I fucked a donkey! No! I fucked many donkeys! No! The donkeys fucked me! Hard! I was fucked by donkeys! I love it! Bring them on! The more the merrier! I want to be fucked by a donkey! By a whole herd of donkeys! Yaaaayyy!"

It was not until a couple of teenagers in a car next to her started honking and making obscene signs at her that she realized that she was still nude, covered only in bodypaint, with caked donkey semen all over her face and body. Worse, she was in her jeep in the middle of city traffic.

Oh sheeeittt!" exclaimed Kay. It was no use. She tried to huddle behind her wheel, hoping no one else would notice her nudity. She was blushing furiously except that you would not be able to tell because of the bodypaint. She took the exit that led to the country road where she lived, hoping against hope that her old jeep would not overheat or develop a flat tire or that a policeman would pull her over. But first, she knew, she just had to make a stop.

She pulled onto the driveway of Leda Kennels. The sign said: "Leda Kennels - Specialized Training for Milady's Best Friend". The receptionist stared at her in amazement.

"So? I would think that no one here would be judgmental!" snarled Kay.

Several very prim and proper matrons stared back at her coldly. They all held onto very large dogs that seemed very interested in smelling their crotches. Finally, one of them guffawed and the ice broke.

"Ah, Ms. Betancourt!" exclaimed Mrs. Kennedy coming out of a back room. Thankfully, she was also nude and dripping dog semen. Also, she held a puppy which nursed on one of her pendulous breasts.

"I came to pick up Mongo," explained Kay. "I need him."

"I can understand your haste, dear," said Mrs. Kennedy. "Linda, please have Mongo brought up front now," ordered Kennedy.

Mrs. Kennedy then led Kay to her office.

"Was he a good boy?" asked Kay.

"Yes, indeed. Listen, I can lend you a lab coat," offered Mrs. Kennedy. "God knows, I have been caught out naked like you before."

"No, forget it. I am only a few miles from home. I drove straight through the city like this."

"Ohmigod! What happened?" gasped Mrs. Kennedy.

"It's a very long story," explained Kay. "I think I had something akin to a spiritual experience or something."

"Really?"

"Except that my pussy never got so sore from going to church. Basically, I got the fucking of my life at the hands of a herd of male donkeys. It was definitely a life changing experience."

The puppy stopped nursing.

"There's six of these. The mother got run over, I am afraid."

"That's very kind of you to nurse them."

"Oh, I do it all the time," admitted Mrs. Kennedy as she put down the puppy on the floor. "The only problem is that these little ones, well, they have teeth. But my tits have toughened over the years. I

am still very full. Do you mind?"

"Why, thank you," said Kay. "I am kind of thirsty. Donkey semen is very salty, you know."

The two women sat next to each other on a couch and Kennedy pressed a nipple unto Kay's mouth. She nursed on the older woman's tits while Kennedy caressed Kay's head lovingly. The puppy, meanwhile played at their feet.

"You remind me of how I was when young, so horny for an animal's cock, willing to open my legs for anything that walked on four legs," said Kennedy. "But I confess I never have tried donkeys or horses. I have always stuck to the dogs. They are my life. I don't know if I will have the nerve to be fucked by a donkey or a horse."

After a while Kay had finished nursing both tits. The milk was delicious and creamy.

"Thank you," said Kay. "I haven't done that in some time now. Tell me, would you consider keeping donkeys and offering these to your clients for mating?"

"I am afraid it won't work," lamented Ms. Kennedy. "It's not that big a facility, you know."

"You really should," advised Kay. "They are wonderful, just wonderful."

"Listen, Kay, I heard about you losing your job. I need a trainer. Would you be interested?"

"That's a nice offer, Ms. Kennedy. Let me think about it, OK?"

"You would get to mate with the dogs continuously," explained Mrs. Kennedy. "I am getting in years. I can't fuck with them all the time, you know. And it is hard to meet normal suppliers or city inspectors when I am knotted."

"I really will consider it," promised Kay. "However, I am expecting a commission from a very important client. It could make my career as a sculptor. Please understand."

There was a knock in the door and the receptionist let in Mongo. The mastiff eagerly headed straight to Kay's cunt and started smelling and licking it. Both women noticed that his hair bristled.

"He smells another dog's semen," noted Mrs. Kennedy.

"Well, it's not dog semen. It's donkey semen, several donkeys in fact. Gotta go now, ciao!"

It was with great relief that Kay reached her driveway. Her mailbox contained the usual collection of bills which she just threw under the passenger side chair. Mongo had been growling and barking his head off all the way.

Kay entered her foyer and headed for the kitchen intent on pouring herself a stiff drink. She never made it. Mongo had jumped on her, bringing her down. The dog was snarling and barking menacingly.

"Oh shit, big boy, you are jealous!" cried Kay. She then opened her cheeks and raised her ass offering herself to the mastiff.

Mongo was indeed very jealous and determined to overwhelm the strange semen he had smelt on Kay's cunt. Pretty soon he was pounding her cunt violently. Her cries seemed to drive him on even more. Then he stopped pounding. Kay felt a massive knot building inside her. Mongo turned and

they remained knotted for what seemed a long time. Kay just whimpered enjoying the warmth that was filling her innards. She could hear Mongo panting contentedly.

Then the doorbell rang. Mongo started barking furiously and made towards the door almost dragging Kay with him. Kay tried to stifle her cries of pain and the swollen knot popped out of her distended cunt.

Kay stood on rubbery legs and found a robe. "Just a minute! I am coming (literally, in fact)!"

She opened the door and peered out. There was a large latin looking gentleman dressed to the nines at the door.

"Good evening," said the man in flawless English with a slight British accent. "Do I have the pleasure of addressing Ms. Kay Betancourt?"

"That's me. Who are you?"

"Please, madam," said the man handing her a card.

It read: "Zuñiga and Zuñiga, solicitors, New York".

"Oh my God, is this about the brawl I had in the university?"

"No, milady, I am not aware of any such altercations. I represent the interests of the Souza family in the United States. I am here to make you an offer in the name of my clients. May I come in?"

Mongo growled menacingly.

"Wait just a minute, please," smiled Kay sheepishly. She dragged the mutt and locked it in the bedroom. She quickly stared at herself in the mirror. God, she looked like something that the cat had just dragged in! She wiped some of the bodypaint in her face with a towel. Then she quickly went and wiped the floor on the foyer where Mongo's semen had dripped. She did not want the lawyer to slip and fall on dog semen!

Finally she opened the door. "Please do come in, Mr. Zuñiga. I am afraid I am not at my best right now. I just came back from a grueling trip on the hills."

"Oh don't worry, Ms. Betancourt, I will be brief. "

"Can I offer you a cup of coffee or something? I have rum."

The man licked his lips. Obviously he liked his alcohol.

"Well, a little sip would be welcome," said the man.

Kay went to the kitchen looking for a glass that was half clean and pulling out some old ice cubes from the fridge.

"Do you prefer it neat or with some cola?" asked Kay.

"Neat with some ice will do, thank you," replied the man as he laid out some papers in the table in the living room.

Kay returned with the drinks.

"I must congratulate you, Ms. Kay. My clients are very secretive and enjoy their privacy. It appears they recently bought one of your works," the man's finger rested on a picture of her bellyrider sculpture. "I am not a connoisseur of art so I cannot judge except to say it is a very interesting piece, ahem."

"Not my best, actually," giggled Kay.

"Anyways, my clients have expressed their concern about certain technical inaccuracies as they called them in this work. They would like you to travel down to Brazil to see, I guess, real life models of how this...art is actually performed. They call it bellyriding down there."

"Bellyriding?"

"Yes. I had heard of it. I used to have a great aunt that supposedly practiced this...art...back in the forties. You should know that the government outlawed it. There were too many accidents and women dying on the streets."

"On the streets?"

"It appears that these women used to be paraded thus down the streets of Rio during Mardi Gras. God knows, many things happen in Rio at that time. I was young once, you know, " laughed the lawyer.

"I did not know this. It was a fantasy piece for me."

"Well, it struck a nerve with my clients. Here are the terms of the contract they are offering. You would travel down there to their hacienda and stay there for at least a year's time. All your travel will be paid by them plus any expenses you might incur here during your stay."

Kay realized she could board Mongo for the duration with Ms. Kennedy and these crazy Brazilians would be willing to pay for it.

"Of course, you will be remunerated accordingly. This is the amount they are willing to pay you for a year of your service," said the man pointing to a formidable looking figure.

"Is this right?" Kay could not help ask.

"Is it too little?"

"No, I mean, this is in US currency or Brazilian?"

"US Dollars, of course. Any problems?"

"Why...no! Where do I sign?"

"This dotted line. Also please initial here...here...and here."

"When do I leave?"

"I will make the arrangements as soon as I return to New York. You probably will be leaving within a couple of weeks. There's the problems of the rains down there."

"What do you mean?"

"Alas, I have to check if you can fly into Riveralta, that's in Bolivia, by the way. Manaus should not be a problem but Riveralta's runway is not very trusty. Also, there might have been landslides or the narrow gauge railroad to San Pedro might have been washed away."

"Jesus! It sounds like the end of the earth!"

"In a way, it is, Ms. Betancourt, the last unspoiled paradisiacal piece of land on earth, the valley of the bellyriders," smiled Zuñiga. "Are you still game?"

"Oh definitely!"

"Cheers then!" said Zuñiga raising his glass.

"Cheers!" replied Kay.

~~~~~

### **XVIII The Deflowerment**

Paola felt Josefina's mouth pressed against her cunt.

"That feels nice," giggled Paola.

"Wake up, lazy head. Today you will become a woman!" announced Josefina. "It's St. Francis' day!"

"Ohmigod!" cried Paola getting herself frantically out of the bed.

"Listen, I have to fuck the horses right now," explained Josefina. "But Claudia and the other women will help you get ready."

"Is it rainy? I don't want my bodypaint to run!"

"It is overcast," announced Josefina. "But don't worry, Antonieta left a jar with kapu. You won't have to worry about your bodypaint running the rest of your life!"

"What!!!"

"I am joking you fool! Get dolled up I will be fucking meanwhile."

"But you agreed to come with me!" insisted Paola.

"Yes, there is time. We have to be at San Pedro for the noon mass. See you later cousin!"

The women arrived and started preparing Paola. First they very carefully bathed her. Then Claudia carefully stuffed a foul smelling poultice into her cunt.

"What is that? It feels warm." asked Paola.

"It is a natural muscle relaxant. It will help your cunt stretch," explained Claudia. "Don't worry, it's an old recipe."

Next they sat her down in a stool and started painting geometric designs on her body.

"That looks nice," said Paola admiring the work in progress.

"Now, the face," said one of the women.

Further designs were drawn on Paola's face.

"I look like a raccoon!" she protested.

"Nonsense, you look beautiful," said Claudia.

"You won't recognize yourself later," explained one of the women, "especially after the boys start cumming in your face."

It was part of the tradition that the newly deflowered maidens would be strapped unto a bellyriding harness and there would give blowjobs to any men who offered their penis.

"Ohmigod! Will there be many men?"

"Well, I think there will be ten of you girls today," explained Claudia. "And the peasants all like to come down from the hills for their blowjobs on this day. I'd say expect you will blow about a hundred or so men today."

"One hundred men and one horse! Oh Jesus!"

"Here," said Claudia offering her a mug, "drink this. It's chicha. It's better if you are slightly drunk today."

Paola shuddered in spite of herself.

"Relax, girl," admonished Claudia, "all the hacendado women undergo the same torments. It's part of the tradition. It makes the peasantry happy to get a blow job from one of the daughters of the patrones. That way they do not burn down the haciendas and everyone inside. Now, drink this."

It was a bitter drink. "What is this?"

"It's a drug to make you come into heat. You will be horny as hell in a couple of hours, believe me," laughed Claudia. "And remember, make sure you swallow their cum. Men like that."

Josefina finished fucking Brutus. "Ohmigod! He went in very deep this time!"

"Are you OK?" asked Carmen.

"I think so. I am not bleeding, right?"

"No, just dripping a lot of semen. Do you want me to collect it?"

"No, forget it. We have gallons of the stuff already. We have to work on uncoupling Amanda."

Amanda dozed while the slope backed stallion made thrusting motions into her mouth. She was so used now to this that she hardly noticed when the horse fucked her thus.

"We have to uncouple you, Amanda," explained Josefina.

Amanda held up a finger. She wanted them to wait just one more minute. The horse stopped his thrusting motions and whinnied. Amanda and Josefina and Carmen caressed his balls as he came. Amanda's torso shuddered for a moment as she felt the flare and a whole load of semen filled her

stomach.

Then they helped her uncoupled. Josefina watched in amazement as the long shaft came out slowly out of Amanda, glistening and covered in semen and saliva. Then they carefully helped her out of the sling and into her wheel chair.

"Jesus!" cried Amanda. Her mouth bubbled with horse semen. "I think I will be sick."

"Easy now," admonished Josefina.

"No, its not from the semen. It's the feeling of vertigo from being off my back. Ouch!"

"What's wrong?"

"My legs hurt. I don't think I can close them anymore."

"It's OK. Everyone can see your cunt then."

"We should wash her. She is covered in caked semen and urine," suggested Carmen.

"Who cares?" snickered Amanda. "My daughter is getting fucked by that horse today. I might as well show I am a slut myself. Padre Perez won't mind if I go to mass this way. Ohmigod! I just made him come! How greedy of me! "

"You are right!" exclaimed Josefina.

"Are there any charged horses still?" asked Amanda.

"I was busy all morning. I fucked or blew all of them, sorry," said Josefina. "Besides, she loves that slope backed horse."

"Speaking of which," said Amanda, "has she named him yet?"

"Yes. His name is Pedrito."

"Pedrito? You gotta be kidding me! That's a dog's name!" protested Amanda. "what kind of a name is that for my daughter's new husband?"

"Well, then, aunt, you talk to your daughter about it, she's the one who named him," said Josefina. "There is still two more hours to go. Maybe he will be charged up by then."

"Oh, I know him well now. I think Pedrito will not let us down," winked Amanda.

As a final touch, the women dressed Paola in an almost transparent gauze robe and put a crown of flowers on her head. One hour before noon mass the women from the Souza hacienda all got into a cart and headed down to San Pedro. Pedrito was tethered to the cart. Other than Paola they all were unashamedly nude.

There was a band playing in the square. All manner of people had come down from the hills. Some were highland Indians in ponchos. There were also some jungle denizens clad only in bodypaint and wearing feathery finery. By the time the Souza's cart arrived the bells were ringing calling the faithful to mass.

Padre Perez, of course, did not dare criticize the ways of the hacendado women. He depended



heavily on their generosity. Also, the man was quite a pervert and enjoyed giving communion to the naked women with flared cunts that came to mass.

Confession was an interesting subject matter with these women.

“Bless me father for I have sinned...”

“Tell me what did you do señora...”

“I lusted after my sister’s horse.”

“That is very serious. Did you sin further?”

“Yes, he fucked me hard. I am still dripping his semen.”

“Then go and say ten hail mary’s and buy your sister a new horse in atonement and never touch her horses, OK. And please, make sure no one slips and falls on your drippings. Go now, ego te absolvo...”

The ten young maidens to be deflowered were ceremonially disrobed so that the whole parish could see their nude bodies all adorned with geometric bodypaint designs. They were all daughters of the hacendados. They held rosary beads in their hands and queued up to receive the host and also the last rites. The latter was a precaution. In the past accidents had occurred and a girl would be ruptured by the horse shaft, usually with fatal consequences.

The maidens then walked in a procession to the plaza across the church escorted by the local constabulary. A large crowd had gathered. The music in the plaza increased in crescendo. There were no fireworks allowed until after the deflowerment, lest the horses spook. All manner of vendors sold their wares.

Comandante Salinas of the constabulary watched it all with an eagle eye. He spotted some gringo tourists with their video cameras. He did not like gringos. They did not understand traditions. He signaled to two of his men who approached the tourists and forcefully took them to the clink and confiscated their video equipment. Nothing must disturb these ladies and they were certainly not to be mocked, thought Salinas.

Of all things, Paola drew the first number.

“Make us proud, girl!” admonished her mother.

Josefina passed her a bottle.

“Drink. Be brave.”

“Jesus! I feel so strange. My cunt feels strange!”

“You are getting to be in heat. Relax. I think it is good that you are first. We can get this over quickly.”

Josefina led Paola to the center of the square. There stood a breeding phantom. Paola positioned herself inside it, face down, ass up. Her cunt was all exposed. Josefina put a leather bit on her mouth. Then she pushed in a wide flared butt plug up her ass. Paola’s torso tensed and she moaned. It was a very painful penetration.

"Sorry, cousin, we need to insure he goes into the right orifice," explained Josefina. "Open your legs wide."

Paola grabbed the side bars of the breeding phantom with a death grip. She knew there would be nothing to restrain Pedrito. Josefina strapped her down. She could no longer move.

"If anything, Pedrito is a very well behaved boy. Your mother never complained. Trust me, you will cherish this memory for all your life."

Paola could only whimper. She felt the eyes of almost a thousand people on her and she could not help blushing.

Now Josefina led Pedrito to straddle the breeding phantom and pressed to his nostril a rag with the urine of a mare in heat. Pedrito immediately dropped and began to seek the mare offered to him. Josefina took his shaft and expertly guided it to press into Paola's pubes. Pedrito probed and pushed. And probed and pushed. Suddenly, he burst violently into Paola, at least 12 inches of horse shaft being thrust into the young girl's cunt by a 1000 pound animal. Paola screamed.

"Ohmigod!" cried Amanda. Cries and cheers came from all over the plaza but Paola's screams could still be heard.

Pedrito pounded her mercilessly, for a full minute, then, thankfully, he came. His shaft slowly retracted out of Paola dripping blood and some semen.

"Take me to her!" ordered Amanda. Claudia and Carmen guided her wheelchair to where her daughter laid moaning and crying.

"There's no major bleeding that I can see," announced Josefina. "Relax, she is alright. She just got a hell of a fucking."

The women helped the sobbing Paola who held onto her bleeding cunt.

"Don't make a scene, Paola," admonished her mother. "What are you all waiting for, strap her down in the harness."

They helped Paola unto the bellyrider's harness. The now deflowered maiden put no resistance. Pedrito's shaft had gone flaccid. Josefina pressed it against Paola's cunt while Carmen applied an injection of yerba dura. The shaft slowly distended entering Paola with cruel slowness. They finished by pushing her legs wide and against her chest to insure maximum penetration and securing her feet and hands against the flanks of the horse.

As they were finished, they heard the screams of another one of the maidens.

"Someone is having fun," snickered Amanda.

Then they led Paola and her horse in a ritual circle around the square for everyone to see the shaft that entered her. Finally, they tied the horse securely against one of several hitching posts on a slightly raised platform. Another scream was heard.

Paola was panting and covered in sweat. "I thought I was supposed to get horny. I don't feel horny. Just in pain."

"Can you feel it inside you cousin? Can you feel the shaft?" asked Josefina.

Paola closed her eyes. "Oh yessss!"

Then she shuddered as another scream was heard.

"Imagine, everyone is seeing you fuck your horse. Everyone!" said Josefina. "You dear, are a bellyrider now, coupled to your new husband! Be proud!"

There was another scream. This time it sounded very anguished.

"Oh Jesus!" exclaimed Carmen.

There was a commotion. A lot of people cursing and running.

"What happened?" asked Paola.

"It's OK, Paola," said Josefina. "This things happen. What matters is that you are alright."

A nearby ambulance left the plaza sounding its siren and going towards where doctor Marquez had the only clinic in town.

Now a line of men queued up to be serviced by Paola.

"Show me your penis first and make sure it is hard," admonished Josefina. "If I see one that is too dirty or too diseased you won't be serviced, understand?"

The first penis offered was just right. Josefina and the women positioned Paola so that her head protruded from beneath the horse. The platform insured that Paola's mouth was at just the right height to service the man.

"Don't look at him, Paola," advised Josefina. "Just concentrate on the shaft. Remember to swallow if you can."

"Good girl," said her mother.

The man entered her mouth.

"Fuck her in the mouth, use her!" said Josefina. This the man proceeded to do. He came rather quickly. To her credit, Josefina swallowed as much as she could.

"I don't like the taste," she protested.

"Too bad, it's your duty, girl," said her mother sternly.

A dozen men followed, all of whom used Paola's mouth in the same manner. Josefina refused the 13th and the 14th as too dirty or with obvious chancres.

Meanwhile, Pedrito had begun to make thrusting motions.

"Wait, please," implored Paola. Her torso was being pounded by the shaft.

"Please, Josefina," pleaded Paola, "it is going too deep. Move me forward a bit, I need to gain at least an inch, please!!!"

This the woman did. The violence of Pedrito's motions did not abate but actually increased.

"Jesus! And to think he was so gentle with me!" said Amanda.

Paola was being shaken and pounded like a rag doll. Yet she still managed to signal that she wanted another man to enter her mouth. It was obvious she was getting quite aroused.

"Just don't bite them," said Josefina.

The pounding and the fellating continued for several hours. Paola's face was a mask of semen.

Then she saw a thin, long penis offered to her. She smiled and could not help stare at the man who offered. He was tall and thin and young.

Though she was not supposed to know who they were, Paola could not help but ask: "Who are you?"

"My name is Jose. I work at the train depot."

"Nice to meet you, Jose. My name is Paola. I am a bellyrider. Use my mouth please."

Josefina frowned. "This is not a tea social, boy, go ahead and fuck her mouth!"

This Jose willingly did, staring into Paola's eyes all the time. It was love at first sight, apparently. He came soon and Paola made a point of swallowing every drop of his ejaculate and kissing the tip as it left her mouth. All the while Pedrito was pounding her mercilessly.

"Ciao, Jose!" smiled Paola.

"Next!" snarled Josefina.

The line thinned after that. The Souza's decided that there had been enough fun and games for that day. They left on their cart. Again, Pedrito was tethered to it but this time he carried Paola slung underneath him. By the time they reached the hacienda Paola no longer cared. She had passed out. The rain began steadily. Carmen led her and her newly wed husband into a stall. Amanda, meanwhile, was strapped down and deep throated Brutus.

~~~~~

## **XIX Yate-Kehui**

It was slow going. The monsoon was in full blast. Antonieta found that formerly placid streams were now raging white water torrents. She was forced to turn farther eastwards instead of north, towards the Xingu, as she hoped. And the farther east she went the more "civilization" she found.

"Civilization" announced itself in the form of devastated fields where the transnationals had cut whole forests of hardwoods. She also found languid hutlets where the fugitives from the slum cities to the east had taken root on the virgin soil of the Amazon. And, of course, "civilization" also included the foreign protestant missionaries and their ways.

Antonieta confronted a group of Indian women she found on a jungle path.

"Where are you bound, mothers?" she asked in the local dialect.

"We bound to the Christian mission, patrona," they explained.

The nude Antonieta observed them. In their bottoms most of them wore the traditional loincloth. But

their breasts were covered with brassieres, but no blouses or shirts.

“Mothers, why are you wearing those pieces of plastic on your tits? You will get a hell of a sweat rash.”

“The pastor said we had to wear them lest we offend God,” they explained.

“You mean the sight of some bare tits offends God?”

“Aye, patrona, the pastor said that.”

“How about when you nurse a baby, what do you do then, mothers?”

“We are supposed to do it where no one can see us patrona.”

“So God is also offended by a mother’s naked tit feeding her baby?”

The women shrugged.

“Well,” said Antonieta shaking her head, “if you must cover your tits to go adore God, so be it. Who am I to judge? Surely they don’t expect you to wear them in your homes.”

“Alas, patrona, the pastor says we must.”

“He says God is watching us all the time.”

“He will know if we expose our tits.”

“Besides, the pastor says he has men that can make us do so.”

“Wait a minute,” interrupted Antonieta. “What men?”

“The pastor is friends with the loggers. They have hired guards, from overseas.”

“And they will go check on you so that they don’t expose your tits?”

“No, but the pastor visits us every so often. And he usually is escorted by them.”

Antonieta spat. “I see. Well mothers, vayan con Deus, then.”

Antonieta went through one of the logger’s camps drawing rude stares and catcalls. But the machete on her belt and her carbine slung on her back kept the men from doing more.

“You would think they have never seen a naked woman,” cursed Antonieta.

Further on she found “civilization” in full bloom, a makeshift town newly emerged from the jungle next to a polluted stream. There were the usual collection of brothels, cantinas, and dives. Farther on she heard singing and a newly built Christian mission. There was a statue of the crucified carpenter on its entry.

Then she saw a familiar face standing in front of a ramshackle excuse for a store.

“Fang! Long time no see!”

“Yata-Kehui, my pleasure indeed,” said Fang, a Chinese who made his living with some contraband

and selling surprisingly cheap goods which might or might not be stolen goods.

Antonieta smiled at the name "Yata-Kehui", or "Woman Who is a Mare", as the Indians on the Xingu had baptized her.

"How's business?" she asked extending her hand. Fang bowed and made a perfect facsimile of the Vienna handkuss.

"So far, good. It will go to hell once the government tries to make itself felt here," explained Fang. "Meanwhile, I have no complaints. The loggers will drink anything, even if it is turpentine."

"Do you have turpentine?"

"Gallons. But you are not the kind that would be partial to it, Yata-Kehui. Can I offer you some chicha instead?"

"Please," said Antonieta sitting at the counter.

"Your dress likely attracted attention," observed Fang as he served her a glass. "These men are peasants, mind them not, milady."

"I am comfortable living nude, Fang. Their opinion does not matter. Besides, I can defend myself."

"Well, if you must, count on me for anything I can provide you, milady."

"Thanks, Fang, you were always a gentleman. Listen, set aside six gallons of turpentine for me, please."

Fang looked at her keenly. "Business is business, milady. Do you have any idea what it takes to bring goods into this place? This is the asshole of the world, milady!"

"Oh, I can pay you, here," said Antonieta undoing the knots that held a pair of silver chains hanging from her labia."

Fang held them up. "Ah, good silver. And, better, they smell nice."

"Do be a good boy and throw in something extra, please," smiled Antonieta.

"What do you want, milady, this establishment is at your disposal."

"Do you have a brassiere?"

Fang looked at her in amazement. "It would be an offense to heaven to cover someone as beautiful as you, milady, and I mean that with utmost respect."

Antonieta laughed. "If I were not partial to horses I would fall to your charms, dear Fang. No, it's not for me."

"I have some fine Parisian silks..."

"No, nothing fancy, just one of those plastic monstrosities the pastor hands out to the Indian women."

"Ah yes, milady, I, in fact was the one who sold them to him. A Walmart warehouse in Rio

mysteriously lost them and by a miracle they appeared here! I happen to have one at hand. I will hold it for you along with your turpentine.”

“Cheers, Fang!” smiled Antonieta raising her glass.

“Cheers, Yata-Kehui!”

Antonieta left Cesar in the care of Fang and she strolled up the muddy street of the hamlet, stepping over a couple of drunks. The whole place stunk horribly. Eventually she ended up in front of the Christian mission. There was a camera crew in front and the pastor was speaking. He was wearing a coat and tie.

“...and your love gift will insure that these poor heathen souls enjoy salvation...”

Antonieta walked unconcernedly past the cameras.

“Oops! We got her in the shot!” interrupted the director who was watching the video on a monitor.

“Who?” asked the pastor.

“That Indian woman, the one covered in those tattoos or bodypaint,” said the director.

“She has a nice ass,” said the cameraman appreciatively.

“Did you get a good shot of it?” asked the director.

“Certainly did! And of her cunt!” replied the cameraman. “She has the biggest cunt I have ever seen!”

“Ohmigod!” exclaimed the pastor.

Antonieta meanwhile had entered the empty church. She looked at it carefully. It smelled new. Typically protestant, there were no saints on the walls.

“You!” shouted the pastor in broken Portuguese, “you cannot enter the house of God naked!”

“I was just going to deposit some alms,” replied Antonieta in flawless English.

“You speak English?” asked the pastor in amazement.

Antonieta undid a knot in her labia and held up a thin silver chain.

“Certainly. Would this help? I am giving it in good faith. I actually was once a novice in the order of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene.”

The pastor looked at her carefully.

“You are not an Indian woman.”

“I am Brazilian. We have all kinds of blood mixed in. What of it?”

“But you look European! How can you go around butt naked like that? What kind of a whore are you?”

“I certainly would not wear a coat and tie like you do in this heat and humidity!” snarled back

Antonieta. "I mean, look at yourself, you have sweat spots under your armpits now! You, sir, stink! In the jungle I would be able to smell you for miles and so would a jaguar!"

"Lady, I don't know who you are but you must be mad or on drugs to go around butt naked and painted like that."

"It's not paint. It's a kapu tattooed bodysuit. I earned this honor. You don't like my designs? Peasant! You are rude!"

"I don't care! Please leave or I will call the constabulary."

"You do not want these alms then?" Antonieta was still holding the silver chain.

"Go!"

"Well, at least let me tie it back up," she said, pushing the chain through a perforation in her labia and tying a knot to secure it in place.

Antonieta walked unconcernedly past the cameramen and actually pulled open her labia to show off her distended cunt. This caused the cameramen to applaud, take some close-ups, and drew further indignation from the pastor. Then she smiled and waved goodbye and headed back, nude and unfazed, to Fang's.

The next morning she stood on a hill a few miles from the settlement. A large column of smoke still rose from it. A mysterious fire had burnt down the mission during the night. The place still stunk of turpentine. The only thing left standing was the statue of the carpenter. It was wearing a brassiere.

~~~~~

## **XX A Honeymoon**

Paola woke up moaning.

"Good morning!" said Carmen cheerfully.

"I am going to be sick!" exclaimed Paola. But she realized that her feet and hands were strapped down and she could not move and there was a thick horse shaft inside her.

Carmen undid the straps. "Here, I will help you uncouple."

The hard horse member hurt going out as it had pushed in her labia. Her cunt made an obscene slurping sound as the shaft popped out and gobs of semen started dropping from it.

"Please," pleaded Paola, "help me on my feet. I don't know if I can close my legs and stand."

Carmen helped her out of the sling. Paola fell to her knees. Carmen placed a bucket in front of her.

"Man semen, it tastes and smells awful!" said Paola. Then she proceeded to empty her stomach puking a large quantity of man semen.

"Happens to all first timers," observed Carmen. "You should not be ashamed. Your mother was very proud. You sucked a lot of men yesterday."

"I lost count."



"We didn't. It was 122, including that boy you seemed to like so much."

"Him? His name is Jose, I think. Works down at the train depot. I would have sucked him off anytime. He was cute. But the rest...eeewww!"

"You should have seen the ones Josefina kept from using you."

Paola pucked again.

"I just hope I don't get a disease."

"Don't worry, we have all manner of herbs. You will be fine."

"Now I see why you all prefer horses. Most men are vile!"

"Well, we must get you back on the sling, Paola."

"Again?"

"It's your honeymoon dear. For the next three days and nights you and your new husband here must seal your marriage."

"If I must..." said Antonietta resignedly being helped on to the sling.

"I will not tie down your legs or hands. You have a lot to learn," said Carmen as she inserted the hard shaft into Paola. This time Antonietta pushed herself down into it.

"I bottomed out. I can't take more."

"You don't have to. I estimate you have at least 12 inches of horse inside you."

"That's impossible!"

"No. Remember that poultice we put in your cunt? It makes your cunt muscles relax. You are young and still very elastic. Your body is adjusting. Your internal organs actually rearrange positions. I was shown that by doctor Marquez himself."

"Really?"

"Yes, a couple of years ago we had to take a bellyrider who had been ruptured to his clinic. She died right away. But the doctor had to do an autopsy and he let me watch. He showed me. "

"Mother got ruptured but she lived."

"Thank God!"

"Speaking of which, how is she?"

"She is a few stalls over, deepthroating Brutus."

"Well, at least she is now happy," said Paola.

"Even better, she can't talk or bitch or order us around!"

Paola laughed at that.

"As I said, you have many things to learn, Paola," explained Carmen. "I am here to teach you. First lesson, your feet are on stirrups. Let go of them."

Paola did as instructed.

"Now lower your legs carefully."

"Ooohh!" she exclaimed. Rearranging her legs had relieved the pressure on her cervix. She stared down at her belly. She could see a slight bulge of the shaft inside her.

"Easy, now. Place your hand on your belly. Can you feel the shaft?"

"Ohmigod! Yes!"

"Wonderful, isn't it? OK, now raise one leg at a time, slowly, and try and find the stirrup."

This Paola did, albeit clumsily because she could not see where the stirrups laid and because of the mounting pressure she felt on her cervix.

"Why am I doing this?"

"Well, it feels great when you relieve the pressure on your cervix. This is the trick we use, other than pushing yourself forward to gain an inch or so. You see, the head is trying to gain entry, to insure you are impregnated."

"Can someone take the shaft all the way to their womb?"

"Your mother used to. Her cervical canal was very dilated after so many years of having the shaft pounding it. But that is why she ruptured," explained Carmen.

"Well, right now it hurts when he pounds me there."

"The pressure you feel will be painful at first but eventually your body will get used to it and you will actually enjoy it. Also, you needed to know how to uncouple in an emergency. Last, you are likely to get cramps with your legs held thus."

"I know. I can feel a cramp on my right leg."

"Relax," said Carmen massaging her leg. She applied pressure to the sole.

Just then Pedrito started making thrusting motions. This rocked Paola on her saddle. Carmen placed her foot again on the stirrup. Paola started moaning.

"You like it?"

"I loovee it!!!!" cried Paola. The pounding no longer felt painful. She was beyond that, unto a realm of pure, unbounded, pleasure.

"Think of it like a swing. As he fucks you he drives you forwards and as he pulls out he drags you along."

Paola was almost convulsing under the onslaught and sweat covered her body.

"Oh Jesus! I am going to come!"

“Good. Now, understand that right now, he is in complete control. That is because even if you wanted you have no control over your cunt muscles because of the poultice,” explained Carmen. “But that is OK. This is your honeymoon of sorts. We want your cunt to distend as much as possible now. Later on, you will have to work on your cunt muscles to develop a strong grip. He will understand then that you are in control.”

Paola of course was oblivious to the explanation. Pretty soon she was engulfed in a mind blowing orgasm. Then she slumped almost to the point of passing out. Pedrito meanwhile had yet to reach his climax and kept pounding her. The creaking of the leather in the sling and Paola’s soft moans were the only things heard.

“I feel him ballooning inside me,” said Paola in a quiet voice. Her eyes were closed and her hands rested on her belly feeling the flaring horse penis. She was smiling.

“He did so twice during the night but you were passed out,” explained Carmen. Meanwhile, she held a pan underneath Paola’s cunt.

“Really? Oh Jesus! He is coming now! I can feel it! I looove the warmth he fills me with!”

A flood of horse semen exploded from the tight union where the shaft entered her.

“Here, you must be thirsty,” said Carmen passing her a mug filled with Pedrito’s semen. “I collected a lot of the ejaculate for you from last night.”

“Am I supposed to live on semen like mother?” asked Paola holding the mug.

“No, I am here to make you comfortable and teach you things. I can peel you some mangos and a pineapple if you want.”

“Please,” said Paola. Then she drank the whole mug and held it out to be refilled.

“Oops!” exclaimed Carmen. “He is getting soft. You don’t want him out of you, right?”

“No! Make him hard again! Please!” pleaded Paola.

Carmen promptly injected the shaft with yerba dura and it started again to distend.

“God forbid! I could be like this the rest of my days!” exclaimed Paola.

“Don’t be greedy, young lady. Remember, you are a Souza and do have to run the hacienda.”

“I don’t think I can right now! Nor would I care!”

“Of course not! We all understand. This is your honeymoon. It’s a very special time you will cherish forever. No one expects you to do anything, just concentrate on fucking. The more you do, the more your cunt will distend. Josefina has everything under control. Relax. Enjoy the shaft.”

“Thank you,” smiled Paola. “You are very kind.”

“My pleasure,” said Carmen. “I will feed you some fruit. But first, you must let me suck your tits. We call it milking the bellyrider. It’s all part of becoming one.”

“But I don’t have any milk!” protested Paola.

“Not right now but soon you will. Yerba dura is an amazing drug which you are absorbing through the lining in your cunt. Not only does it keep your horse hard but it also induces lactation on bellyriders. You should know this. I have seen you nursing on Josefina. Well, she will soon nurse on you.”

“Oh, that would be wonderful!” smiled Paola while Carmen sucked her tits.

A couple of hours later she got a visit from her mother. Claudia was pushing her on a wheelchair.

“Mother! You uncoupled!”

“I had to see you dear. I must say you look beautiful like that.”

“I have never been happier.”

“Claudia, do me a favor, walk her up and down the stable aisle please,” ordered Amanda.

“I don’t know if we should do that doña Amanda. That horse is not completely trained.”

“Nonsense! He did not buck coming up from San Pedro!”

Claudia shrugged and gently coaxed the horse out of the stable. Paola tensed. The motion of the shaft inside her was causing all manner of strange sensations, both delicious and painful, in her cunt.

Next Claudia walked Pedrito slowly down the aisle. Paola moaned. The shaft pounded her as she was walked and her cunt was foaming with semen.

“Lovely!” applauded Amanda. “I am so proud of you Paola!”

Paola managed to smile from underneath the horse. Claudia led it back to the stalls.

“Now, take me back to suck!” ordered Amanda imperiously.

On the third day, Carmen began her formal training.

“I assume that now you are very comfortable and familiar with the shaft, dear.”

“Oh, that I am!” smiled Paola.

Carmen undid the restraints that held the horse in place and passed her a pair of reins.

“You know how to control a horse. Just repeat the same motions as you would if you were on top of him. A firm pull to make him back out.”

This Paola did. The horse started back out slowly until she was out in the middle of the stable aisle.

“Now, coax him forward, easy, Paola.”

Paola gave a tug. Pedrito started walking forward slowly. The shaft began to pound her.

“Oh Jesus! I have to stop! I don’t think I can endure it!”

“OK, stop it. But you must learn to endure it Paola and be firmly in control at all times.”

"I don't know how you all do it!"

"Let's try again...forward..."

They were at it all day. Paola managed to take her horse out of the stables and walk around the wide hacienda courtyard. Thankfully, Pedrito was very docile.

"You both are getting the hang of it," admitted Carmen.

"Can I uncouple? I have been in the sling three days!"

"If you must. We will continue your lessons tomorrow."

Paola uncoupled and she straddled the pan to receive the semen inside her. She pressed her belly to coax the horse seed out and stared down at the pan as gobs and gobs of it streamed out of her cunt.

"You want to drink it?" asked Carmen. She also held a gallon jar full of his semen.

"No, I always wanted to do this," she said as she emptied the pan on her face. Then she did the same with the gallon jar. Her hair was covered entirely with it. Her entire body was covered in horse semen which she drank and rubbed all over herself. Then she smiled at Carmen from behind a mask of horse semen and walked proudly out of the stables leaving footprints outlined in horse cum. Thankfully the sun had briefly come out and the rain stopped. She stood in the middle of the courtyard, her arms raised, feeling the sunlight and a warm breeze drying the horse semen that covered her nude body. She felt wonderful, full of life, covered entirely by it. The flavor and smell of the horse semen enervated her. This was, she knew, what she was meant to be and she felt very happy and proud. The hacienda servants who saw her thus applauded enthusiastically. There was a new patrona in the Souza hacienda.

~~~~~

## **XXI Kay's Trek to the End of the World**

Kay ran her debit card twice. She could not believe the figure. It seemed there was not enough space to print out the balance fully.

"Ohmigod! I am loaded!" she giggled.

Her passport had arrived yesterday, along with a certified letter from Zuniga which included her tickets and an itinerary. It seemed that at every stop the Souza's would have someone to receive her. That was good. Kay spoke passable Spanish but she knew that Portuguese was different. But first she had to make certain arrangements.

First, she visited Victor, an old friend and a lawyer.

"Victor, I am awaiting a court summons for the brawl I had in the university."

"I see. Are you here as a friend or as a client?"

"Both. Listen, I have an assignment. I am leaving in two days, for South America. Can you represent me? I have the means." she passed him the paperwork she had.

"Sure. How do you want to plead?" said Victor scanning the documents over quickly.

"Don't even let it go to court. I am guilty. I want you to see if you can settle with them."

"Well, the university uses Watson and Richards. The old man Watson is a golfing buddy of my father. We ought to be able to settle this amicably. It will cost you, I am afraid."

"I know. Listen, it's a civil matter. I am willing to shell out 20K, plus your fee, but not a penny more."

"I think they will be eager to agree. If it is a civil matter they won't have a way of collecting otherwise."

"OK, also, I want your firm to handle my property meanwhile. You know, pay the taxes, shutdown power, pay the alarm company, the insurance, etc."

"We can do that."

"I will leave you 40K in an escrow account for you to draw accordingly."

"That should do it," said Victor. "I will have my secretary draw up the paperwork."

Next she went to Leda Kennels. Ms. Kennedy was in her "work clothes", that is, she was nude.

"Ms. Kennedy, I am off to Brazil!"

"Please, call me Pam. That is wonderful news!"

"I will drop Mongo with you tomorrow. You know Victor Kowalski, the lawyer?"

"Yes, he is a dear friend. His wife has one of our dogs."

"Ah cool. Victor will represent my affairs and pay off the fees for Mongo's upkeep."

"When are you coming back?"

"I have a year's contract."

"All the best dear!" said Kennedy kissing her on the lips. "And don't worry about Mongo. I will fuck him daily!"

She flew first to Atlanta and there took the long flight to Rio. She was very exhausted when she stepped out of the plane. But the place overwhelmed her. It was just so different. The colors seemed more brilliant and the people so different. Soft samba music filled the air. A young girl held a card with her name at the entry gate.

"I am Kay Betancourt," she said showing an ID.

"Welcome to Brazil Ms. Betancourt. I am Cynthia Rosado. I work for the Souzas. Your next flight is to Manaus in two hours. Do you have any questions?"

"None. I am very tired, however."

"We expected that. These are your tickets. Your departing gate is 32."

She arrived in Manaus late. A Black gentleman by the name of Joao Rivera met her.

"I have some bad news, Ms. Betancourt. Rivalta airport is closed down. Your flight was cancelled."

We have redirected you to Rondonia, just across from the Bolivian border. It leaves tomorrow morning at six. I will take you to an airport hotel meanwhile."

"Rondonia? Never heard of it."

"It is like a provincial capital in that part of Brazil. It has a better airport. Someone will meet you there, don't worry."

A young lady, Patricia, that spoke only fragmentary English greeted her. Kay switched to Spanish and they made headway.

"We are going by land to Rivalta," said Patricia. "I have hired us a car."

The road was daunting, climbing, climbing, amidst the lush vegetation. There was a steady rain. Far ahead, when the clouds broke, Kay caught glimpses of what looked like a titanic cordillera.

"I hope we are not climbing up there!" said Kay.

"Not much, but some," explained Patricia. "The train you will take at Rivalta then drops down to the Amazon Basin and the valley of San Pedro, your destination."

"Are you going in the train with me, Patricia?"

"No, but someone will be there to meet you, don't worry."

Entry into Bolivia was no problem. Eight hours later they arrived in Rivalta. Kay settled for the night in a small, clean, hotel next to the train station.

Very early in the morning she had a knock in the door. Kay was already dressed and ready to go. She opened the door. In front of Kay stood a tall, bronzed, green-eyed woman with a magnificent black cascade of hair. She was dressed casually, in jeans and a t-shirt. Patricia smiled sheepishly next to her.

"Kay Betancourt? Nice to meet you," said the tall woman extending a hand. "My name is Josefina Souza. I am to accompany you from now on!"

"I am ready."

"Good, the train is about to leave!" said the tall woman. She tugged at her shirt collar and scratched. Apparently, somehow, she was uncomfortable with her clothes. "Let's go!"

~~~~

## **XXII. Cunt Control**

Paola woke up with a start. It was still dark. She felt her belly and the outline of Pedrito's shaft buried into her loins. She did not want Pedrito to go soft. She realized that what woken her up was the silence. Other than her mother's low snoring a couple of stalls down and Carmen's and Claudia's moans in the stalls where they also laid impaled on a horse penis, the night was quiet.

"The rain has stopped," she realized.

That was a good sign. Perhaps the monsoon was breaking.

Her bellyriding skills had improved considerably over the last few weeks. She felt now comfortable guiding her horse herself in the immediate environs of the stables. But now, with the rain abating, she felt bold enough to try and go further.

She reached for the quick release rope that held Pedrito in the stall and reached for the reins. Slowly, she backed him out onto the central aisle. Then she coaxed Pedrito forwards towards the exit.

She had grown up in her hacienda and knew every inch of it intimately. She felt comfortable that she could find her way around even with the limited vision she had slung under Pedrito. She caught a brief glimpse of the sky. Dawn was approaching. She traversed the courtyard. The in and out motion of the horse shaft inside her felt great. Her cervix had toughened. Now she actually found the pounding enjoyable. Her cunt now yawned wide. The labia no longer met nor would ever again do so as long as she lived.

She guided Pedrito up a pathway that led to the nearby river. There she met don Jacinto, an employee of the hacienda who led a crew of peons.

“Good morning patrona,” said don Jacinto doffing his hat respectfully. His men did likewise.

“Where are you bound, don Jacinto?” she asked.

“We have to strengthen the levee by the river loop, patrona.”

“Ah good.”

“The river is at full flood now. I would advise you stayed away from it for now.”

“I, however, would like to see it.”

“Certainly, patrona,” agreed don Jacinto. La patrona’s words were law.

She went along with the men who tried not to mind how she rode or her nakedness. They had seen her nude countless times. The Souza women’s nudity was something not to notice or admire but to respect. And their choice of mates was no one’s business.

“I think you can see it all from here, patrona,” said don Jacinto reaching a bluff where the river could be observed. He did not want Paola to get closer, especially in her present state.

“Let me see,” said Paola uncoupling. She extracted herself with ease and stood next to don Jacinto observing the river.

“It is no longer raining. Do you think the monsoon is over?”

Don Jacinto scratched his head. “No, milady. My elders used to say that it usually stops three weeks after the first clear morning.”

“Well, it will be as God wills it then,” said Paola. “Carry on don Jacinto.”

She entered the saddle again and pushed herself unto Pedrito’s hard shaft.

Then she addressed don Jacinto again.

“Do you know how to apply the yerba dura don Jacinto?”



“Certainly. Your mother would ask us to inject her horse when she rode around the hacienda and he grew soft.”

“Ah good, please, there is a needle and an ampoule in his satchels. I like it when he is hard.”

Don Jacinto prepared the injection and put it into the exposed portion of Pedrito’s shaft. The effect was immediate. Paola felt it harden inside herself and dig deeper into her cunt.

“Thanks, don Jacinto!” she said as she grabbed the reins and coaxed Pedrito forwards again.

This time she rode towards a nearby field. She walked Pedrito around its perimeter slowly, looking over every detail. Row upon row of a yellow poppy grew in it. This was, she knew, the plant from which yerba dura was extracted. The crop seemed fine. Yerba dura was a tropical jungle plant, used to high humidity. Satisfied, she felt a pang of hunger.

Instead of going back to the hacienda, she decided to take her nourishment direct from Pedrito. She uncoupled and guided the horse to a paradisiacal clearing surrounded by rose bushes. Exotic orchids hung from the trees and there was a cacophony of brilliantly colored jungle birds.

She stood next to Pedrito. There were gobs of horse semen coming out of her cunt. She tore a leaf from a nearby banana tree and made it into a cone and held it under her pubes to collect it. When the receptacle was half full she drank it all greedily and poured some all over her face and chest.

Then she knelt next to Pedrito and took the tip of the hard shaft into her mouth and began to massage the penis. She was at it for a long time, sucking contentedly. The yerba dura inhibited his ejaculation but eventually she managed to make him come. Pedrito exploded into her mouth. She swallowed as much as she could and rubbed what she couldn’t into her body.

Satisfied with her “breakfast” Paola placed herself on the sling again, willing herself down the shaft until she had bottomed out. She took the reins and coaxed Pedrito forwards, this time up a path that wound up a hill. The sun had come out. From the top of the hill she could see the river looping and don Jacinto and his men working on the levee. Farther away she saw the church spire of San Pedro. The bells were ringing announcing morning mass. She could not help but wonder if Jose was attending mass right now.

Paola was ecstatic when she returned back to the hacienda. Carmen and Claudia jumped on her immediately.

“Patrona! We could not find you!”

“What would Josefina say if she knew we lost you?”

Paola uncoupled from Pedrito and stood before them.

“Alas, I hate to say this but I am the patrona of this hacienda. Now that Josefina is off to Rivalta and Antonieta is God knows where I have an hacienda to run. I was precisely doing that. I have control of my horse now.”

Carmen nodded. “Sorry, patrona. We were concerned.”

Claudia was undaunted. “Paola, patrona, I am sorry to say this too. But you still have a lot to learn. Don’t think you really have control over Pedrito. It’s time for you to learn how to really control it.”

"What do you mean?" asked Paola.

"The second stage of your training requires you to start strengthening your cunt muscles," explained Claudia. "And yes, I mean that gaping cunt of yours that right now is just a receptacle for Pedrito's semen."

"What do you mean?"

"You must gain a firm grip on the shaft. The true bellyriders can control their horse only with their cunt muscles."

"I heard that," admitted Paola. "Mother and Antonieta supposedly can do it."

"We all can. Let me show you, patrona," said Carmen.

Carmen placed herself on the sling and drove herself unto Pedrito's hard shaft. She held her arms spread out, not holding on to the reins.

"She is going to will the horse forward now by pulling his shaft only with her cunt muscles. Go ahead Carmen."

Carmen grunted. And Pedrito took a couple of steps forward.

"See? She pulls the shaft forward and he walks forward. He is not yet trained but he instinctively obeys. Carmen did it with no reins, see? She only used her cunt. Now, Carmen, make him go backwards."

Carmen took a deep breath and concentrated. Slowly, Pedrito backed a couple of steps.

"Now make him walk forward, Carmen. I will tell you when to stop him."

Carmen made Pedrito walk forwards at a slow trot along the perimeter of the courtyard. Pedrito's shaft pumped furiously in and out of Carmen who was clearly enjoying herself very much. Then Claudia said stop in a loud voice. Pedrito stopped on a dime.

"How did she do that?"

"She squeezed his shaft. Pedrito knew better and stopped immediately."

"I want to do that!" said Paola.

"Then I advise you, patrona," replied Claudia, "that you concentrate for now solely on strengthening and exercising your cunt muscles. Nothing much is occurring here in the hacienda for now. Stay in the stables or, at the most, go out only into the courtyard. And please, if you must go out to the fields, let one of us escort you. No offense, but you really have very little control of that horse right now. No bellyrider should be allowed off by herself unless she can control her horse with just her cunt."

So for the next few days Paola concentrated on strengthening her cunt muscles and learning to control them. It was intensive work which, curiously, she found out to her joy, actually increased the intensity of her orgasms. The more she came, the more she concentrated on exercising her cunt.

Then one morning she woke up in the sling. The rains were back. Don Joaquin was right. Nonetheless, she wanted to walk out to the courtyard and from there to the kitchen to get some

coffee. Yes, she thought, a nice cup of hot coffee grown right here in the hacienda would be just the thing for a wet and cold morning like this. Without thinking about it, she willed her horse to back out of the stall. Then she made it move forward. Realization then hit her that she had done so without grabbing the reins. She gripped tight and Pedrito stopped on a dime. She felt so proud and happy that she woke up Carmen and Claudia who were strapped underneath their horses.

“Now what is going on with you, Paola?”

“I did it. I made him back out and walk and stop just with my cunt! You should not think too hard about it. It’s almost unconscious.”

“You have the hang of it,” admitted Claudia.

“She is a Souza alright,” laughed Carmen.

“What more do I have to learn then?” asked Paola.

“There is one final lesson. But you must keep strengthening your cunt muscles, especially your grip, Paola,” explained Claudia.

“What for?”

“The final lesson is what we call the rearing,” explained Carmen. “If your horse rears you must have a strong enough grip to keep you from being pulled down by gravity and ruptured.”

“Ouch!” exclaimed Paola.

“Indeed,” admitted Claudia. “Wait a couple of weeks more before we try it. I’d rather have Antonieta here before you attempt it.”

“Aye,” said Carmen. “To do the rearing we cover Pedrito’s shaft in lard and do likewise with your cunt. You must be able to grip even a very slippery shaft. Then we will make Pedrito rear three times. You are supposed to keep yourself from sliding down it and being impaled just by gripping the shaft hard. If you survive then you will be able to handle just about any situation you meet in your career as a bellyrider.”

“It sounds very dangerous,” said Paola.

“It is, but bellyriding is dangerous!” replied Claudia. “Remember the saying: there are no old bellyriders.”

“Yes, we all are destined to die on the shaft, that’s how it is,” added Carmen. “As for me, I will have no regrets when it happens.”

“Nor I,” said Claudia.

“I don’t want to die!” cried Paola.

“Then take up macramé or flamenco dancing, girl. It’s your choice,” pointed out Claudia.

“Yes, it is always your choice,” noted Carmen.

That sobered Paola a lot. These women, whom she had known since being a child, were being very blunt and honest with her. They were, in truth, trying to help her. Had they not pointed out her

weaknesses she would not have gained the degree of control she had now over her horse. On the other hand, she remembered, not being a bellyrider did not mean that you could not fuck them. Antonietta was the proof. At the most she liked to sleep in a sling but she could never remember Antonietta bellyriding.

"Meanwhile, we have to take care of your mother," said Claudia.

The three women entered Amanda's stall. She was awake. They took her and Brutus out of the stall and led it slowly outside, towards the courtyard. What would follow would be quite messy so they did not mind doing so under the rain.

Amanda made the agreed signal to help her uncouple. The women eased down towards the front of the sling slowly until her legs rested on the ground and protruded from between Brutus' front legs. The shaft retracted slowly out of her mouth as she was moved, like a long thick black snake. Paola stared entranced. She never would be able to that, she thought, try as she wanted. It no longer was iron hard but still distended.

"Thanks," said Amanda in a hoarse voice. Lately she was having more and more difficulty in talking. Perhaps the shaft was damaging her vocal cords.

Then the women positioned Amanda underneath the now flaccid shaft. They had done this so many times that they now knew when Brutus was going to have to relieve his kidneys. A powerful jet of urine started hitting Amanda's face. She tried to drink as much as possible but pretty soon a puddle of urine formed underneath her which the rain took care of.

They led Brutus and Amanda back unto the stall. They all were soaked to the bone. Claudia found towels and they all dried off. Carmen prepared an injection of yerba dura.

"Open up, milady," said Claudia offering the tip of the shaft for Amanda to swallow.

"Wait one minute, please," said Amanda. "Paola, I need to talk to you. Please give us a moment together please girls."

Claudia and Carmen left to give the other horses their morning fuck.

"Are you OK, mother? Anything I can get you?"

"I have everything I ever wanted out of life right here, dear. I heard what you all discussed. I am very proud of you. If you can control your horse with your cunt alone that makes you a full fledged bellyrider."

"No, I still have to do the rearing."

"Nonsense. That is an option. I advise you not to do it."

"I know it is dangerous."

"You never knew her but Antonietta and I had a third sister, Sonya."

Paola had heard brief references about "Aunt Sonya".

"I heard she died."

"Yes, she was about your age when she died. She was the oldest. Me and Antonietta were just

teenagers, not yet women. Sonya was very good at bellyriding. Perhaps even better than mother. I actually think she envied her. My mother insisted she tried the rearing, said that only one who survived it was worthy of inheriting from her. Well, Sonya tried the rearing. I did not witness it. Antonieta did. You can imagine the rest."

"Ohmigod!"

"You are my heir, la patrona of the Souza hacienda," explained Amanda. "I love you too much to put you at risk. If you can now control Pedrito just with your cunt you are on your way to becoming one with him. I did so with Brutus. I could tell his moods and his needs just from the sensations he conveyed through his shaft into my cunt. And believe it or not but he understood my needs and moods too. Even now I am so in tune with him that once I deep throat him we are only one creature. I am just a sheath wrapped around his penis. If you can achieve that status, of just being a sheath around your horse's penis, he will never put you at risk, you understand?"

"I think I do," said Paola.

"Good. Now don't mind those girls," cautioned Amanda. "They want you to be proud of their patrona and want you to be the best bellyrider ever but I don't want you to risk your life. Don't contradict them for now. They have a lot to teach you still. When Antonieta returns she is bound to veto the whole crazy idea. Now go on, daughter, and turn yourself into a sheath wrapped around Pedrito's shaft and be happy. Now tell those girls to help me deep throat Brutus."

"No, mother, I will help you," said Paola.

She guided the end of the shaft unto Amanda's open mouth and saw it disappear down her throat. Then she took the yerba dura injection and applied it to the exposed portion of the shaft. She held her mother's hand as the long black snake distended and disappeared down Amanda's throat into her esophagus. Then she secured Amanda's straps and dried off the rain drops and urine that had soaked her. Amanda closed her eyes and started caressing Brutus' balls as he started thrusting in and out of Amanda's mouth.

"Enjoy your breakfast, mother," said Paola leaving Amanda happily being fucked in the mouth by her horse.

Paola returned to Pedrito and placed herself in the sling and drove herself unto his shaft. She was determined to become one with her horse, just a sheath wrapped around his penis. She drove him back into the stall just with her cunt. It was useless to go out on a day like this, she thought. She would have Claudia bring her a mug of coffee from the kitchen.

She meditated about what her mother told her. She loved life too much to risk it trying the rearing. She had nothing to prove to anyone. Anyway, it was useless to worry about that for now. She eagerly got into the sling and pushed herself down into Pedrito's shaft.

Unconsciously, she started massaging the shaft just using her cunt muscles, such was her skill now. Pretty soon Pedrito started making thrusting noises and driving her back and forth on the sling. Now the only sound in the stable were the moaning of Amanda now fully coupled with Brutus, the creaking of the leather in Paola's sling, the moans of Claudia and Carmen as they coupled with the other horses, and the rain pounding on the stable roof. Paola smiled and placed her hands on her belly relishing the bulge the shaft made. Pretty soon, she knew, she would feel the flare and feel a balloon growing in her belly and the warmth of his semen would engulf her. Mother was right. She was happy. For now.

### **XXIII. The Blue Woman**

Now Antonieta stood at what she knew were the banks of the Xingu. The river was in flood due to the monsoon, it was a formidable stream, with powerfully rushing waves, instead of the generally placid lazy river she knew it became the rest of the year. The Xingu eventually emptied into the Amazon, she knew, but surely the source was the massif of mountains she saw far off. She followed the river now in a generally southerly direction.

Antonieta felt very happy. It had been almost two months since she left the valley of San Pedro. There were now signs the monsoon was abating. Her trek back would take less time, she thought.

Game was abundant but something had happened to her since the last trek she had undertaken. Though she was an excellent shot, she felt unable to take life again. She was relying entirely on Cesar's semen for protein. The rest of her diet she complemented with fruits and yams she dug up. She still felt strong. Amanda, she thought, ought to be able to endure on just horse semen and piss.

She reached a clearing. Her senses scanned all around, trying to detect a trap, but nothing seemed suspicious. It was noontime. The heat was stifling. She unsaddled Cesar and tied him loosely to a tree. Then she rummaged around her satchels till she found the horse tail butt plug. She lubed herself carefully and inserted it up her ass. The feeling of fullness was very satisfying.

She carefully removed her belt and carbine taking care to leave it close at hand. From the satchel she produced more lubricant, which she applied to her cunt. Then she coaxed an erection from Cesar and lubed his shaft thoroughly.

Antonieta did not bellyride. She thought it too dangerous. Nonetheless, she enjoyed an extreme form of coupling where no mating sleeve would be used to limit the penetration, something similar to what had occurred at Paola's deflowering. Finally, she took out a salve made of lanolin and the urine of a mare in heat. This she applied to her cunt. She approached Cesar, undid his ropes, and let him smell her fingers.

The reaction was automatic. Cesar immediately dropped and started pawing and neighing. Antonieta smiled. She sought a low hanging limb and grabbed onto it firmly while bending slightly forward and offering her exposed ass. The horse tail butt plug would insure that Cesar entered her cunt and not her ass.

Cesar approached her and started to smell her. Antonieta tensed. The stallion mounted her, almost causing her to fall. It probed violently seeking Antonieta's cunt. Thankfully it found it quickly. Antonieta's yawning cunt easily accommodated him. Cesar drove his shaft in violently, without mercy, and started to pound her, at times lifting her off her feet.

It was a brutal coupling that thankfully only lasted under a minute. Cesar's shaft slowly retracted dripping gobs of horse semen. Antonieta could not help but collapse at his feet. She moaned both from pain and pleasure.

Then she stood with difficulty. She dug her hand into her cunt but thankfully found no blood, only semen which poured abundantly out of her. She caught as much as she could on her hands and drank it. Protein was too precious in the jungle to let it go to waste.

First thing, she tied down Cesar. Next she sat next to her carbine and belt. She took a ganja cigarette out of her satchel and sat down to smoke placidly and contented, taking a swig from a jar

of chicha that Fang had given her.

That was stupid, she thought, and almost as dangerous as bellyriding. What if I had been ruptured right here? But the soreness and feeling of having been well fucked made her conclude it was worth it. Besides, she told herself, I still have my rod.

She rummaged around her satchels producing a couple of rods, each about a yard long and about two inches thick. They were made of koro wood. One fit into the other to make a six foot rod. If she ruptured and no one were around to help her she had decided that she would insert this into herself, as deep as it would go. Koro wood exuded an hallucinogenic and a powerful natural analgesic. She would probably become real high and not feel too much pain as she died.

The two rods were a gift from the nun that had mentored her and taught her jungle lore, Sister Lucia. When Antonieta turned 18 she had asked to enter the convent of the Naked Sister of Mary Magdalene, in Bahia. These were nuns that took vows of nudity and bestiality. They were accomplished bellyriders. Antonieta was not particularly religious but with Sonya's death Amanda stood in line to inherit the hacienda. Antonieta figured she might as well join an order where she could live naked and screw horses.

Sister Lucia selected Antonieta to accompany her on the annual tour she took to the Matto Grosso. There the nuns would offer rudimentary medical and midwife services to communities so remote that they had never seen a physician. Sister Lucia taught her how to survive, how to hunt, and how to move through the jungle unseen and unheard. Both were nude all throughout, covered, at the most, with mosquito repellent natural pigments. They took with her two horses which were their ready sources of protein.

One day Sister Lucia showed her the koro rods.

"Sooner or later the horse shaft will rupture us," explained Sister Lucia. "It could occur when you are away from any medical help. Then again, you might not want any medical help! But you do not have to suffer unduly. Feel the wood. It exudes a natural resin. As it goes in it will soothe your pain. Drive it in as much as you can and the less you will suffer. Also, it will insure you die quicker and peacefully. "

"Ohmigod!" exclaimed Antonieta. "Has anyone ever used it?"

"All of us nuns carry one. I have seen it being used," admitted Sister Lucia. "Believe me, it works."

A flight of birds took her away from her musings. She stood up slowly and put on her belt and held her carbine with one hand. She carefully, in order not to make any noises, saddled Cesar. She knew she was being watched and stalked.

"Damn! Can't a girl enjoy a good fuck and a cigarette in peace?" she cursed. She waited.

From out of the jungle a band of about a dozen naked Indians stepped into the clearing. They had tensed their arrows and pointed in her general direction. They were gaudily painted, as if for war.

Antonieta lowered her carbine and placed it in the ground. She removed her belt also and stood there waiting, naked, and defenseless. It would be useless to resist.

"Teku Me-es," she said in one of the jungle patois as she showed her open palm, a universal symbol of peace.

The men said nothing for a long time.

Finally, a strongly built man asked: "Kaze rot na tehui?" or "Are you a goddess or a woman?"

It was a fair question. Antonieta was tall, very tall, taller than all of them. She was also covered in a kapu bodysuit and sported a yawning cunt which dripped horse semen. In their eyes she could be some sort of goddess or jungle spirit.

"Ah-ke tehui," she replied, admitting to just being a woman.

The men looked at each other, then at Antonieta.

"Ki rot-a ne tehui kus kus!" insisted the man. Only a goddess could do what they had seen her do with the horse.

"Ah-ke tehui! Mul ba ta yede!" replied Antonieta insisting on her being human. She pulled her labia open and showed her wide cunt, a mare's cunt, she added.

A patriarch which Antonieta had not seen entered the clearing.

"I thought I recognized you but I am was not sure," said the patriarch in flawless Portuguese. "Forgive these young fools, Yate Tehui, they only know the legends about the naked nuns and their treks through this jungle."

"Don Calixto," replied Antonieta, bowing and using the name the Brazilians gave to the chieftain of the Xingu, "It has been a long time."

"How many rains, Yate Tehui? Ten? Twenty?"

"Something like that, yes, I am not sure."

The chieftain barked orders to the warriors and they disappeared into the jungle.

"Game is scarce upstream. I left a week ago with these young fellows but we have only hunted enough to keep us going. They better apply their asses to catching something so we can take food back to our village."

"Hunting is much better downstream, don Calixto," pointed out Antonieta.

"Aye, but those are Tosha lands. I hope we don't run into those bastards. They do not like us poaching in their land."

"Well, your boys are very good. I never heard them. They say they were watching as I made love to my horse."

"You scared them witless!" laughed the chieftain. Don Calixto looked at her face carefully. "You will need some retouching in your face, Yate Tehui."

"Also on my legs and butt," pointed out Antonieta.

"Kapu hurts more when you retouch, I am afraid," laughed the chieftain.

"I know. I am not looking forward to it."



A week later, laden with plenty of meat that they had smoked, the hunting party was back in don Calixto's village. Many years had gone by since Yate Tehui was last there. She hardly recognized the place. However, one thing struck her.

"I thought there were more people here."

"Alas, we had an epidemic," explained the chieftain. "I call it the white man's disease."

"Typhus? Smallpox?"

"No, material goods," said the chieftain bitterly. "There is a trading post a day from here. Many of our young go over there. They hear the white man's music, they taste the white man's black bubbly beverage, they crave the white man's crap, and they leave."

"Oh, I understand."

"Here," said the chieftain showing her a plastic card. "The other day a party of fools came upriver from Manaus to sign us up for membership on what I think is their religion. I should have put a stop to it and ordered them killed and eaten but I am getting in years and complacent. They gave out these things in return for us putting our cross on a piece of paper. It is supposed to make me rich and powerful, they said. Do explain to me, Yate Tehui, why in God's name do I need a credit card!"

Antonieta laughed. "I assume there are no ATM's in your village."

"I believe I last checked my portafolio in 1980," said the chieftain in English and in a flawless Oxford accent. In truth he had been once a professor at Sao Paulo University who had "gone native" so to speak. "But no, we have none of those accursed machines here, yet!"

"We try to keep them out also of the San Pedro valley. And the credit card salesmen too. But just wait till the cable TV salesmen come or the multi-level marketers. I advise that you indeed have them killed and eaten. At least their carcasses will be good for something."

"The Christian missionaries are bad enough, insisting that we wear clothes. Heck! Any piece of cloth will rot here! I think you bellyriders are wise, Yate Tehui," said don Calixto with a wink, "you never wear clothes and know how to handle a big shaft. Now, relax, Yate Tehui. We have lots of meat, chicha, yams, and coconuts. Tonight we celebrate!"

The celebration was, as expected, pretty wild. Antonieta danced for hours surrounded by a host of naked Indians wearing bodypaint. She flirted shamelessly with the young woman and drank too much chichi and ate too many hallucinogenic mushrooms. High as a kite, in front of everyone, she put on her horse tail butt plug. She lubbed herself and had Cesar brought to her. Then she repeated her coupling in the clearing, to the cries of amazement and cheering of her audience. Then she paraded through the crowd, displaying her distended cunt and pulling out gobs of Cesar's semen to women who asked for a taste.

Don Jacinto asked to approach.

"The party is winding down. That was an amazing demonstration, Yate Tehui."

"I love it here!" said Antonieta.

"Listen, I have many grown up sons and daughters. Take as many as you wish to bed with you," said the chieftain clapping his hands.

A group of about twenty young men and women approached. They were all quite handsome, beautiful in some cases. Antonieta did not dare refuse. It was a simple matter of jungle etiquette to offer a honored guest someone to bed with. Antonieta looked them over. She pointed to a young naked woman painted entirely in blue.

"I want her, please," said Antonieta.

"Ah, yes, Ahu Tehui, or blue woman," explained the chieftain. "She is my pride and joy. Take her Yate Tehui. Teach her things. Enjoy life."

The walked hand in hand to the hut that had been assigned to Antonieta. Other couples and greater numbers, in all sexual permutations possible, also went to their abodes. Antonieta watched it all with joy, knowing that that is how it should be.

The two women chatted amicably while they prepared a straw bed and covered it with a thin blanket. They knelt down in front of each other looking into their eyes and caressing each other's face. Then they shared a long, deep kiss and embraced and laid next to each other in the bed.

A few hours later, Antonieta woke up entwined with the blue woman. Their body heat kept each other warm. The rains had returned. Ahu Tehui woke up also and smiled.

"I wish I had a cunt as big as yours," said the Indian girl smiling. Her hands rested inside Antonieta's distended cunt. "Then I could take a horse."

"Do you want to fuck a horse?" asked her Antonieta.

"Yes, I do," admitted Ahu Tehui with a slight blush.

"You are going to get wet," laughed Antonieta.

"I am already very wet," said Ahu Tehui smiling.

"Let's go then," replied Antonieta.

It was past noon when Antonieta woke up again. She had a horrible hangover. Next to her Ahu Tehui laid face up, her legs wide open, and with her hands holding onto her crotch. The blanket was soaked with Cesar's semen that dripped out of both women. She kissed Ahu Tehui and left her sleeping.

The chieftain had her summoned to his hut. She found him sitting cross legged on a mat smoking a pipe with hashish

"Did you sleep well, Yate Tehui?" asked don Calixto, offering her a pipe.

"Fine, but I have a hell of a hangover," replied Antonieta after taking a puff.

"The key is to not let the hangover develop, to keep the drinking going," said the old man passing her a mug with chicha, which Antonieta downed. "Now, tell me, Yate Tehui, why are you here? Did you suddenly feel the urge to teach young Indian women how to fuck horses?"

"Ah, you heard," laughed Antonieta.

"What can I say? The guards thought a jaguar was trying to enter the livestock's compound. In turn they found you and Ahu Tehui happily fucking your horse. Tell me, was she good?"

"A natural. I could train her at San Pedro to become a mare. The horses would love her."

"Well, I am something of a pervert myself. She had to inherit it. Anyway, you haven't answered my question."

"Don Jacinto, I am looking for kata leaves. When I was here with Sister Lucia, so many years ago, I heard the rumor that they could be found at the source of the Xingu. In other words, I want to go over to those mountains yonder."

"You sound like Burton and Speke talking about the Mountains of the Moon, dear. That, Yata Tehui, is a volcanic massif."

"So what?"

"I was once a professor of geology at Sao Paulo University as you know, a graduate of King's College in Britain. I too once thought about going to those mounts yonder. They called me. You see, the German von Luck vanished there at the end of the 19th century. Teddy Roosevelt himself turned back from them. And for all that my colleagues at Sao Paulo know, I, the one they once called Calixto Radames Soberon, also vanished amidst those peaks."

"I did not know that."

"The government send guides to look for me. I bribed them. I would rather live here than in their world. Are you familiar with T.S. Eliot, Yate Tehui?"

"Can't say I do. I have read some Neruda."

"I used to have books," said the chieftain. "But they all rot here in the jungle. I cite them from memory..."

This is the dead land  
This is cactus land  
Here the stone images  
Are raised, here they receive  
The supplication of a dead man's hand  
Under the twinkle of a fading star.

"I have seen that dead land!" exclaimed Antonieta remembering the logging camp.

"Yes, the hollow men are here," cried the chieftain. "Just a week's worth of travel will take you to an open pit mine where they are mining gold. They extract a ton of earth for a few grams of gold. And to do so they destroy the jungle and poison with cyanide the river. They will come here and build their brothels and bars and their temples to the carpenter and all their bloody plastic filth!"

"It is going on all over the jungle," said Antonieta.

"Aye, and they are coming here, these hollow men, soon, very soon," cried the chieftain. "How could I explain to these beautiful, simple, folks that the reason that their woods will be razed is because some MBA made cost benefit analysis back in New York City and the numbers came out just right? That volcanic massif that you see yonder, in eons untold drove magma upwards which was laden with heavy metals, upwards, through rifts in the earth, spewing out of the mouth of volcanic craters, bearing gold, even diamonds, in their mighty flood. I could point out beaches on this river that shine golden in the sun from the particles that come down from the mountains. I know! For years I taught

eager young fools how to find these riches!"

"But, I don't think we can do anything!"

"My people expect, nay, demand that I do something. The burgomeister of any staid European village would be under similar pressure from the citizenry were an open pit mine to be dug next door. We could go to war, I know. But they bring over mercenaries, hard men who are weapons experts. I would waste the lives of my boys for nothing. The elders have insisted, however. They want an offering to the gods."

"A sacrifice?"

"Give me that old time religion, you know. Specifically, a human sacrifice. No, don't be appalled. Every people on earth, all races, have practiced. The Romans did it, the Celts did it, the Minoans did it, and certainly the Mesoamericans up north did it with relish. Now, you know there is a spirit world. I have seen too many things here in this jungle that go beyond science's ability to explain. Maybe, just maybe, this time the gods will hear us."

"All civilizations that offered human sacrifices did so only did so in extremis," replied Antonieta.

"And that is where we are now Yate Tehui!"

"Are you asking me to be the sacrifice?" inquired Antonieta. She half considered that she would be willing, under the circumstances.

"Nay, Yate Tehui. Please understand. Our old priests and wise women are gone. The young know very little. No, I would not ask you to be the sacrifice. The elders agreed that, yes, it should be a young woman, a willing young woman, one of the finest blood in this tribe. You know her, Ahu Tehui, the blue woman."

"Oh no!"

"What I am saying is that I am willing to tell you how to survive those mountains yonder. I have studied them for years. I understand them. I have forayed briefly in them, back when I was a young man. I have a fair idea of where you can find this kata bush you are looking for. In return, I will ask you to perform...a very specific ritual and sacrifice Ahu Tehui. Do you understand? Only you are wise enough to stand as proxy for our old priests and wise women. Only you are merciful enough to keep my daughter from suffering unduly. But no, listen, even if you find your leaf, I will not hold you to your word. I would hope against hope that you get away without coming back here."

"I don't know what to say..." admitted Antonieta.

The chieftain stood and looked in what passed for his pantry.

"Here," he said producing a glass jar. It held a small withered leaf. "This is kata. Normally it is a deep green color. I have kept it for years, not knowing exactly why. Now I know. I was meant to give it to you."

The chieftain held up the jar to the light.

"Note the unique pattern on the veins of the leaf," pointed out the chieftain. "To find it you will boil this and make a tea. In that manner, it is highly hallucinogenic. Find a place of power, you will know where. Then let the guides in the spirit world show it to you where it blooms. It produces a purple

poppy. Gather as many of these and of the leaves as you can. Then wash your hands thoroughly. The poppy exudes a powerful toxin. You macerate it and soak it in the leaf tea. Let it sit in the sun to dry until it becomes a paste. Then apply it as needed. It is supposed to cure just about everyone of humanity's afflictions except a father's broken heart."

She and the chieftain talked for hours, until dusk. Ahu Tehui then entered with a large plate of food.

"Does she know?" asked the Indian girl.

"Aye, daughter."

"Please, Yate Tehui, are you willing?" asked Ahu Tehui, holding and kissing her hands.

"I am not sure yet, please don't insist," said Antonieta shaking her head. "I don't know!"

That night Antonieta asked to be allowed to sleep strapped under Cesar and the chieftain agreed. They both lay under a lean to that barely kept the incessant rain from soaking them. She pressed her body against his torso for warmth while his shaft impaled her. She cried herself to sleep.

~~~~~

#### **XXIV. A Bellyrider in Love**

Thursdays was market day in San Pedro. Usually Claudia or Carmen, accompanied by a peon and a couple more of the hacienda women, would take a cart down to San Pedro to buy produce. Though the hacienda was largely self sufficient, there were still some goods (petrol, medicines, newspapers, etc.) that needed to be bought in town.

"Claudia," said Paola from under her horse, "I would like to go to town. Please hitch Pedrito to the cart, will you?"

The party left, with Pedrito and another horse pulling the cart. Except for the male peon, all the women were nude. Their distended cunts showed that they belonged to one of the haciendas and this would insure no one would bother them. Paola meanwhile bellyrode underneath Pedrito.

Soon they reached San Pedro. Claudia unhitched Pedrito.

"Do you want me to tie him up to a post while we go to the market?" asked Claudia.

"No, let him loose. We will take a walk around town," smiled Paola.

This she did, first circling about the plaza where she had been deflowered. She attracted only discrete stares. Comandante Salinas and his men stood in front of the alcaldia and watched for anyone who would offend a bellyrider.

"Hello comandante," said Paola cheerfully.

"Good morning, Senorita," said Salinas doffing his hat.

Next she took the street that led to the westward exit of the town. She had never been in this part of the town but soon she spotted what she was seeking, the narrow gauge tracks, and decided to follow them. She only held the reins loosely. By now she did most of the work of guiding her horse solely with her cunt.

San Pedro's station was on the edge of town. There was a wide empty field across from it where some of the local lads were engaged in a brisk game of soccer. Paola walked with Pedrito around the station. There seemed to be little activity. The morning goods train had already departed. The Rivalta passenger train only would arrive in a few more hours. Again, people did not mind her much. Bellyriders were a common sight in San Pedro.

She went across the tracks meditating where to go next. A soccer ball bounced in her direction. It literally bounced unto her left hand and she kept it against Pedrito's flanks.

She could see a man's legs next to her.

"Could we have our ball back, senora?" asked the man. The voice was familiar. Paola swung herself to show her face from under Pedrito.

"It will cost you, Jose," she smiled.

Jose staggered. For weeks he had been fantasizing about the lovely girl that had been fucking a horse on the town square and had given him a blowjob (along with 121 other men Paola had sucked on). Bellyriders were a common sight in San Pedro. But most were the older women, the patronas, of the haciendas who rode around town thus. Their daughters, not yet used to exhibit themselves in that fashion, usually stayed at their haciendas.

"For you, anything, senorita."

"Call me Paola. Don't tell me you forgot my name," she said handing him the ball.

Jose kicked it back to his companions who then resumed their game.

"Certainly not! How could I forget you! You looked so beautiful back then!"

"I don't anymore?"

"Of course! Whatever you want, just ask, Paola!"

"Well, just lead me towards the station for now, Jose, please," she said handing him Pedrito's reins though she could have done so very easily herself, just with her cunt. "Then I will tell you what I want in payment."

Jose instinctively knew to walk the horse slowly, lest Paola be hurt, though it seemed she was quite used to riding in that fashion. Pedrito started making thrusting motions.

"Please stay with me while he finishes, Jose," said Paola.

He sat on the station steps contemplating mesmerized the spectacle. Paola met the horse's thrust and squirmed and moaned.

"Do you like to see me fuck?" asked Paola panting.

"Yes! You look so beautiful!" exclaimed Jose.

A few other folks could not help but stand there and also watch her lovemaking.

"Just watch, he is about to come and so do I!" cried Paola.

A jet of horse semen exploded from the tight union of her cunt and Pedrito's shaft.

"I am coming!" she cried out in a loud voice, which everyone heard. Some even cheered and clapped.

Jose was speechless. He had a raging hard on.

"Ah, that felt so good," laughed Paola. She looked very satisfied. Semen was dripping from out of her and had formed a puddle underneath her horse.

"His shaft looks still hard..." noted Jose.

"Claudia injected it just before we came to town," explained Paola. "It will stay hard for a few more hours."

"You seemed very distressed that first time in the plaza," noted Jose.

"I had just been deflowered. I was not used to this. My cunt hurt like hell. Now I need my payment."

"Ask please..."

"Ah, yes, two things, Jose. First, please come in my mouth again. I like it."

"Here?" said Jose looking around at the crowd in the platform.

"Why not? I am a bellyrider. Everyone knows that you use a bellyrider's mouth. It's not a big deal."

"At least let's go towards the back of the station where it is more private," pleaded Jose.

"Whatever," said Paola dismissively. "Just come in my mouth, Jose."

He led Pedrito to where a shed next to the station gave them some slight privacy. He was already very hard. He whipped out his penis and knelt next to Paola who opened her mouth to receive his penis. He proceeded to fuck her mouth and then climaxed in it.

"Oh Jesus!" cried Jose as Paola licked his penis clean.

"Did you like it?"

"I loved it!"

"Ah, good, so did I. Your semen tastes good. You are young and healthy."

She proceeded to uncouple and took herself out of her sling and tied Pedrito to a hitching post. She stood completely nude in front of him, smiling and untying the knot that kept her hair from dragging in the ground. A long chesnut cascade of hair fell behind her.

"I guess you had never seen me standing up before," she laughed.

"No, you are lovely."

"Do you like my cunt?" she asked pulling the labia further apart and displaying a yawning cavern.

"It's lovely, I guess. The horse certainly likes it."

She put her hand into her cunt and took out a gob of horse semen.

"Want some?" she offered.

"Ah, no thank you," hastened to reply Jose.

"Suit yourself. It's delicious. I have been experimenting with Pedrito's diet. If I give him more hops than hay it is not so salty," she said and then she drank it and rubbed all over her face and chest.

Jose stood wordless in front of her. His hard on had returned. She was any young man's fantasy made flesh.

"Now, please, Jose, for my second request," said Paola extending a sticky hand to him, "buy me an ice from the vendor yonder, OK? Semen is very salty and it makes me thirsty."

He held her hand and they walked across the street to where the vendor gave them each an ice. They returned to where Pedrito stood and sat on the on the platform steps and proceeded to talk. Pretty soon they were giggling and laughing like any other couple in love.

"This is where you work, Jose?"

"Aye, I am only a peon. I help load and unload the trains. The station master, don Julian, is my godfather. He lets me sleep in that shed yonder."

"You don't have a family then?"

"No, I am an orphan. My parents died when I was a child. Don Julian is like a father to me."

"I am sorry."

"Don't be. It was a long time ago."

She caressed his chest. "What is it like to wear clothes?"

"Well, it is just...clothes. You have never worn clothes?"

"Never. I have always lived nude."

"But surely, you could afford the finest silks!"

"My mother would have skinned me alive if she ever found me wearing something," she laughed.

He pointed at her chest. "You do have a curious tan."

"Ah yes," she giggled. Her legs and arms and sides were highly tanned but a her face and chest and belly were paler. "It is because I don't get exposed by the sun when I am in a sling."

"You bellyride a lot?"

"I spend most of my day impaled on Pedrito's shaft," she admitted. "It's fun and I love it! And besides, going around naked is the most sensible thing to do in this weather."

"I love your freckles," he said pointing out to the freckles that covered her chest and shoulders. "You are indeed beautiful, like a goddess!"



"You tell that to any naked woman you meet on the street?"

"Hell no! But so far you are the only naked woman to visit me here at the train station!"

They laughed. Without thinking they held hands.

"Do you have a girlfriend or a woman you bed?" she asked.

"None," admitted Jose, refusing his young man's instincts to brag about his conquests. In truth he had had sporadic flings with the local girls but nothing had been permanent.

"Alas, I have to go back to the market," she said. "Claudia will be looking for me and will go frantic if she cannot find me."

"Will I see you again?"

"I will come to mass on Sunday," she said. "Do you go to mass?"

"Rarely."

"Well, I do. I have a lot of sins to confess and will probably heap up more from here to Sunday," she laughed. "Be there!"

He could not help it. He was driven to her. They embraced and kissed.

Then she slid onto the sling once again and slowly impaled herself on Pedrito's hard shaft all the while staring fixedly at Jose and smiling. Then she guided her horse back to the market. On one hand she still held her ice and with the other she waved back at him. She was guiding Pedrito just with her cunt.

Don Julian watched the horse walk away up the street.

"That's one beautiful woman, boy," spat the old man.

"Yes, padrino (godfather), she is."

"You are very lucky. But don't forget who she is, my boy."

"What do you mean, padrino?" he asked in a respectful voice.

"The hacendado women are not like the common folks. They have strange ways."

"So? I like her and she likes me."

"Just don't let her break your heart, Jose. Once in a while one of them lets one of us peasants fuck her and then they toss us away like a used rag. Let's face it, we are nothing to them. Most of them hate men and prefer other women or their horses," explained don Julian.

Jose scowled and murmured. "Padrino, Paola is not like that. And if she goes around naked it is because that is the tradition in her family."

Yet in the back of his mind he knew that what his godfather said was true.

Paola found Claudia fuming. The cart was now fully laden. The women stood nearby chatting, eating

fruits, and bored.

"I was about to have Comandante Salinas send out a search party for you, girl. Where were you? Giving blowjobs by the river?"

"I am not that kind of girl!" protested Paola.

"No? I can see dry semen in your face, Paola," smirked Claudia. "Not that it matters or it is any of my business. I know it is the tradition that bellyrider's mouths are to be used."

"I met Jose again," confessed Paola. "We had a nice time together."

"Ave Maria! You are not falling in love with a man!" replied Claudia. "Your mother would think you are some sort of degenerate!"

"Don't you dare judge me, Claudia," said Paola scowling. "Now, get Pedrito hitched and take me back to the hacienda."

A day later, close to midnight, a horse clip clopped down the quiet streets of San Pedro. Sometimes the rain clouds parted and the moonlight showed the body of a woman slung underneath him. The horse walked to the shed behind the station.

Paola knocked on the shed door. Jose opened. The two lovers said nothing, just stared at each other and then kissed and he led her in.

"This is where you sleep?" asked Paola.

"Yes," admitted Jose lighting an oil lamp.

It was a modest, dwelling strewn with his clothes. A small bunk bed stood in a corner. Paola sniffed an empty glass on a wooden table. He produced a half clean towel and proceeded to dry off the rain from her naked body.

"Do you want a drink?" he offered.

"Maybe later," she said. "I need you inside me."

"I want to make love to you."

"I know what you are thinking. That my cunt is probably very loose," she said as she placed herself on all fours in the floor. "You will be surprised. However, my asshole is very tight. Pedrito has yet to enter me through there. I am sure he will soon. Go ahead and fuck me in the ass Jose!"

This he did. The two later sat on the bunkbed smoking a cigarette and drinking chicha.

"Everyone here is talking about you," he said.

"What are they saying?"

"They expect that you will throw me away like a used rag once you get bored with me."

"I just might! I have a thousand other peasants I could fuck!" she said imperiously. Jose stared at her. Then she laughed. "The truth you well know. Ever since I saw you that day in the square when you came in my mouth for the first time I knew it."

“Yes?”

“No, you say it first.”

He hesitated but not much. “I love you Paola. I don’t care what you do to me. I am putty in your hands.”

“Do you accept me like what I am, without conditions?”

“I do! I love you!” he said in a stronger voice.

“You are not jealous of Pedrito?”

“I am, very much, but how could I compete with a shaft that size? It’s just the way that things are. If you want to fuck him all day I won’t be the one to complain. I love you too much!”

“I love you Jose,” she replied.

They kissed again. Her hand felt his manhood. He was hard again. She laid on the bed face up with her legs open offering herself to him.

He entered her. Her cunt was indeed cavernous and very sloppy, filled with horse semen. Then she surprised him, as she had promised she would. Her cunt gripped him tight, almost like a hand, not letting go of his penis and massaging it.

“Ohmigod!” he exclaimed.

She laughed. “I said that you would be surprised!”

They finished and they shared another glass of chicha. The rain fell steady outside. It was chilly. She had goosebumps all over. Jose took his one Sunday shirt and offered it to her.

“You look cold. Do you want to try it?”

Paola nodded. The clothes felt strange. She was immediately uncomfortable. She did not dare button it up.

“I am sorry,” she said, removing it and handing it to him. “I don’t think I can stand wearing clothes and I might get a rash.”

“I understand. Get under the blanket with me,” he offered. “I will keep you warm.”

They fell asleep embraced. Just before the crack of dawn she returned to her hacienda.

~~~~~

## **XXV. The Train from Rivalta**

A porter followed Kay and Josefina with their luggage. Kay held on tightly to her purse and her all sacred US passport. Frankly, she was a little scared. The rain pounded continuously on the station’s roof. There were all manner of people mingling in it, highland Indians dressed in ponchos, some American oil explorers, a group of federales which looked as brutal as the flamboyantly dressed men she suspected were drug dealers, some priests and nuns, peasants carrying crates of chickens and turkeys, and, all around, children crying, running, being scolded, nursed, or punished. Josefina, on

the other hand, walked through it all unconcerned, like a queen, and, Kay thought, enjoying the gringa's discomfort.

The locomotive seemed ancient, a steam locomotive that Kay had only seen in the movies. From out of the passenger cars people stared out. And also pigs, goats, and chickens (one flew out the window of one of the cars). Kay did not relish the idea of travelling for two days in the midst of all that. But worse, she could feel a tension in the air. The crowd was surly, they wanted to get going.

But Josefina did not board one of the regular passenger cars. Instead she walked all the way to the end of the train where a lovely looking, very well kept, passenger car rested. Kay noted the name "Lorena" and what she thought would be the Souza family crest: a rearing horse over an stylized "S".

A conductor took off his cap and approached.

"We can leave whenever you say the word, Miss Souza," said the man.

Josefina nodded. "Fine, let's go."

Kay realized then that the reason the train had not departed was because Josefina had not given the word. As if to drive home the point the locomotive whistled three times.

Inside the car, Kay noted the beautiful wood work on the passenger car, the thick leather, and the silver fittings and adornments. It was truly a carriage made for royalty.

"This is our family passenger car," explained Josefina as if reading her mind. "My great grandmother had it built in Germany in the Kaiser's time. Then they brought it by ship to Peru and thence to us. I hope we will be comfortable here. The servants have been with us for generations and they will insure we lack nothing. Let me show you our sleeping quarters."

The car had a kitchen, lounge and dining area, a pantry stocked with wine bottles, porter's quarters, and an observation platform or balcony on its end. The sleeping quarters encompassed about a third of its length. Kay noticed it had two large beds and a full shower and bathroom.

"You can hang your clothes in this closet. If you have something to be washed, give it to the porter, he will take care of it and will have it dried and ironed for you," indicated Josefina.

"I did not bring many clothes," said Kay.

"Neither did I," smiled Josefina. "Have a seat, please."

The two women sat on the beds facing each other.

"I do not know you, Ms. Betancourt," said Josefina.

"And I don't know you Ms. Souza," replied Kay with something of an edge.

Josefina smiled. "OK, let's start again. I apologize. My social skills are horrible. My name is Josefina. I know you Americans are rather informal, so call me Josie if you wish."

"Thanks, Josie, call me Kay please."

"Regarding clothes, like I said, I don't know you. I do not want to scare you unduly," smiled Josefina.

“Why would you do that?”

“Have you heard the saying, ‘when in Rome...’, Kay?”

“Of course.”

“These are the only clothes I brought. Normally we Souza women do not wear clothes,” said Josefina in a dead pan voice. “In San Pedro, hardly anyone notices because the Indians are coming and going into town all the time and they come in butt naked. So if we go into town naked it is no big deal.”

“Ohmigod! You go about naked all the time? What is that place, some sort of nudist colony?”

“Hardly. I’ve been to nudist colonies in Europe. A bunch of fat Germans take off their clothes and become beet red like shrimp. No, nudity is our way of life. And it only makes sense when you realize that San Pedro is really smack in the middle of a rain forest, or at least where one begins. Anyway, this passenger car belongs to my family. I feel at home in it. Do you mind? I have to remove these clothes. I can hardly stand them. I want to feel at home.”

“Go ahead, if you must.”

“I won’t expect you to do likewise. I only ask for your understanding and hope my nudity does not offend you.”

“Hardly, please, go ahead,” said Kay. Secretly she was looking forward to seeing Josefina naked. She had guessed the Brazilian woman had a beautiful body.

Josefina removed her clothes with some haste and stood in front of Kay and seemed now quite relaxed.

“I needed to make sure you understood what you are going into and who we are,” smiled Josefina. “I intend to travel nude all the way to San Pedro. The porters have seen me thus many times. They hardly mind.”

Kay was speechless staring into Josefina’s cunt.

“Ah, you are staring at my cunt,” laughed Josefina.

“I am sorry, I did not mean...” hastened to add Kay.

“Why shouldn’t you look at it?” Josefina asked, putting her cunt closer to Kay’s face. “That was the other subject matter I had to bring up with you, Kay, the size my cunt.”

“It is huge!” was all that Kay managed to blurb.

“Thank you,” said Josefina nonchalantly. She pulled apart the labia and gave Kay a glimpse of the yawning cavern.

“All the Souza women sport this kind of cunt,” explained Josefina.

“Is it a surgical manipulation or something?” asked Kay.

“Hardly. There are herbs we used to dilate it. But mostly it comes from years of making love to horses.”

"Oh Jesus! You actually make love to horses?"

"Certainly," laughed Josefina. "I am a bellyrider."

"I thought it was all a fable, a sick fantasy of mine!"

"Nonsense. All of us Souza women make love to horses and bellyride. Now, do come with me, let's go have some coffee."

Josefina sat on a table across from Kay. The train was now at the outskirts of Rivalta.

"Do you mind?" asked Josefina lighting up a cigar. The smell was not that of tobacco.

"Oh, Jesus, is that what I think it is?" asked Kay.

"Certainly. Grown in our own fields. Would you like one?"

"But, isn't it illegal here?" inquired Kay as Josefina lit her own cigar.

"Ah, that is another point we must discuss, Kay. I read your resume. You are a PhD in anthropology. That is, I don't have to explain to you what an oligarchy is. Essentially, Kay, we Souza's and several other families in the San Pedro valley are an oligarchy. I don't apologize for it. And that means that we are above the law. That instrument, the law, is meant to be applied to the common folks, whatever."

The waiter, an old immaculately dressed Black gentleman, approached and served them coffee, laced with a generous portion of rum (distilled from sugar cane grown in the Souza fields Josefina explained). The china was from Dresden, prewar, exquisite. There was no silverware for the cutlery was made from gold.

"Now, Kay, you are an American, it would be rude of me to explain these matter as if you were one of your illiterate peasantry. But I do have to reiterate that there is a very definite, very obvious, social divide to where we are going. But it basically amounts to this: the patronas, the women who own and run the haciendas are the rulers. And they will do anything to keep the established social order."

Kay sighed. "Still, it beggars the imagination. I never heard of an oligarchy of nudist women who engage in bestiality!"

"Well, the Athenian nobility used to parade around in the buff and those old perverts were into pederasty. Every oligarchy has its quirks. Yours likes to try and get the entire world to spouse your values, drink what you drink, and eat the vile food you all eat. We, we just want to fuck our horses in peace. Wouldn't you be more comfortable nude?"

Kay giggled. "Sure!"

Maybe it was the rum or the ganja, but Kay readily went back to the bedroom and stripped and walked nonchalantly back to the table.

"Actually, I do feel much comfortable this way!" laughed Kay.

"Let me finish by explaining how we keep the social order. Yes, we do have a constabulary that is basically answerable to us. Yes, the bishop sends us priests who dare not criticize what we do. But, essentially, how we rule is that we have made it perfectly acceptable for the women of the San Pedro

valley, and I mean all women, even peasant girls, to mate with an animal if so they wish. And if a girl marries a man and he turns out to be drunk or abusive or is jealous because Fido is screwing his wife when he is at work, well she can always tell one of the hacendadas and they will insure that the constabulary applies stern measures, you understand?"

"That is not an oligarchy. That is a matriarchy!"

"Perhaps. You are right, in the San Pedro Valley we women rule. Men are not in charge. Frankly, I was very glad that you turned out to be female and not a man. This would have been a specially awkward conversation had that been the case."

"I found evidence for similar matriarchies in the Southwest and definitely in the Oaxaca highlands where that is the situation today," pointed out Kay.

"Still, that is not the sole basis for our control. The second one is very simple. We blow the peasants."

"What do you mean?"

"Every Mardi Gras there is a festival in town. The ladies from the ruling families bellyride through the center of town. Then we are placed in the middle of town, under our horses, with the horse's shaft impaling us, and we proceed to give any man who so desires a blow job. Likewise, when our daughters get deflowered, publicly by an equine, they get placed in a bellyrider sling and they also blow the men."

"You gotta be kidding me!"

"I am serious, Kay. Certainly, we have the priests bless us before the parade starts and make it feel like it is a sacred tradition, which in a way it is, that a woman would fuck a horse in public. But, the truth, men think with their dicks. You do not feel like it is worthwhile to do away with the patronas if you know that you will get blowjobs from them. Fellatio turns out to be the most powerful argument for the status quo!"

Kay laughed. "I don't think there are that many of the ruling women, right? Would they not be blowing hundreds of men?"

"I think my grandmother's record was a thousand. But that was in the old days. Remember your bible, 'there were giants in those days'? But yes, you are busy all day and night."

"You have done that?"

"Certainly. And yes, I admit I do not like men. I would always rather give a horse blowjob, something which I do in a regular basis, than blow a man. But, as I explained, it is one of the things that keeps the social peace. I actually think it is a small sacrifice, noblesse oblige and whatever, right?"

"Fascinating," replied Kay making her best imitation of Mr. Spock.

"I have seen what an oligarchy is like, in Chile," explained Josefina. "I like to think that ours has the thickest, softest glove on an iron hand, so to speak. The valley is very fertile. Food is not scarce. I believe all systems, capitalism, communism, socialism only are forms of administering famine, from keeping it from killing too many of the working class to keep them at bay. It is in our interest to keep everyone happy, Kay. As I said before, we really only want to fuck our horses in peace."

"I see."

"Now, the question that I must ask you, Kay, is if you are comfortable with these facts of life. You were selected because of the sculpture you made, which struck a cord in my aunt Amanda and she carries a lot of weight in the family. If you don't want to embrace our lifestyle, we will be glad to treat you as a honored employee there to do what you best do, sculpt, paint, etc. You would be our artist in residence, in other words. Now, that is not a bad thing to be. You know we are quite generous. We pride ourselves in the fact. On the other hand, if you agree to embrace our ways, perhaps to more fully understand what you are going to sculpt, you would be completely accepted by us, unconditionally, as another family member. In that case, the facts of your ancestry and that you are not just a run of the mill gringa will make it all the easier for us to do so. And yes, we will be even more generous."

"Does it mean I will have to make love to horses? You know, when in Rome..."

"It could mean that and many other things, yes. For one, I can see that nudity has not been too great an imposition for you."

"Isn't it dangerous to fuck a horse?"

"Certainly. We have a saying 'there are no old bellyriders'. A horse shaft can and does regularly kill women. There are ways to limit penetration, however, and to help your body get used to such large phalluses. Mind you, after you try a horse, a man will hardly make you happy."

"I don't think I could ever bellyride a horse. I would, however, try to blow one."

"I will make sure you have your very own horse to blow," promised Josefina.

Kay smiled. It certainly felt like going home. Her life back in the USA no longer had any attractive to her. This was Shangri La she had stepped into, a land where she could indulge in all excesses, all perversions, and practice her art in between. She felt now comfortable enough with Josefina to confess to her all her adventures with Mongo and the donkeys. They talked far into the night. Time flew. Dinner came (filet mignons and a delicious Burgundy wine) and more coffee laced with run and ganja cigars were consumed. Kay could not help but be attracted to the fascinating naked woman that sat across the table. Later that night, under the moonlight, by then quite drunk and high, standing in the car's platform observing the countryside go by, she stole a tentative kiss from Josefina. To her surprise, it was readily accepted and she was not thrown off naked out of the train. That night Kay and Josefina slept embraced.

~~~~~

## **XXVI. The Haunted Hillock**

Antonieta readily accepted the old blankets don Calixto offered.

"It gets very cold up there," pointed out the chieftain. "You cannot climb those mountains naked, Yate Tehui."

"Fine, I will dispense with my vow of nudity then," said Antonieta.

It was time, Antonieta knew, to leave. Cesar was all saddled up. She had a Xingu bow and arrows to add to her armaments. Ahu Tehui stood next to her father.



"Please, Lord," thought Antonieta, "don't make them ask if I will return. I don't want to do anything to that lovely girl."

But neither Ahu Tehui nor her father said anything. The blue girl did kiss her deeply and they embraced. Her eyes were plea enough.

"Adios!" said Antonieta as she coaxed Cesar forward.

She followed the Xingu for a good while. To her surprise, a few days later she stumbled into the XXI century. A wide metalled road had cut into the virgin woods. Huge earthmovers were at work. She found a hut with fugitives from the favelas, colonists that had been encouraged to move to the Matto Grosso from the teeming cities of the coast.

"Father, what is going on over there?" she asked an old man who dozed in a hammock.

"Them? Well, señora, they are building a dam."

"They are going to dam the Xingu?"

"Aye, that is the plan," said the old man. He spit on the ground. "Lula has sold out to the transnationals. They are going to rape this land too."

"Ohmigod!" replied Antonieta. She could imagine what would be the effect on the river. The levels would drop. It no longer would be teeming with life. And this was not something a lone naked woman could fix with a few gallons of turpentine. Perhaps, she admitted, she should try and come back and do send Ahu Tehui to her gods and see if those bastards would do something.

She took a wide detour to avoid the construction project. It was a huge project, one of those things that governments pride themselves on and call it "the signature project" of the regime. She kept going through the jungle for another week, finding, thankfully, no other signs of civilization.

Then one day she saw the mountains tower ahead of her.

The landscape changed abruptly. She had reached the ends of a series of lava flows that had poured out of the mountains. It was what is called a "mal pais" by the locals. She made her way slowly through labyrinthine corridors of basalt rock, at times having to coax Cesar over obstacles, other times having to backtrack her way to try another way forward. Her progress was slow. The rocks had little vegetation. There was life in abundance, however, mainly snakes and mice that had colonized the lava flows. So Antonieta was extra careful, leading Cesar on foot and with her machete at the ready. She had Cesar feed on whatever patches of grass they managed to stumble onto. And she herself in turn fed on Cesar's semen. Water was no problem. The rains continued. At nights she draped her poncho on top of Cesar and sconced herself under him with his shaft impaling her. It was a way to keep warm.

They were climbing continually. Her ears would pop once in a while. It was colder. Soon she had to wrap herself with the blankets don Calixto had given her to keep going. Food was growing scarce for Cesar. She stopped feeding on his semen so as not to weaken him. Reluctantly, she also stopped injecting him with yerba dura and having him inside her when they slept.

Often she would reach a ledge and from there contemplate the vast green sea of the Matto Grosso. She could also see the dam in progress. It seemed like some kind of insult to the earth. Thankfully, the rains had begun to abate. Once in a while she felt a glorious sun warming her naked skin.

Then she realized they had started to drop. There were mountain walls all around her now. This was as described by don Calixto. She was entering a wide flat bowl shaped depression, a huge caldera similar to Ngorongoro crater in east Africa.

In front of her she found a large expanse of congealed rock. No vegetation grew on it. She remembered the advise of don Calixto:

“Do not go into that field. It is the crust of a lava lake. The ground could open under you. Stick to its shores, and follow around the rim. You will find the three spires. Turn there out of the caldera.”

The three spires she found alright. These were three gigantic spines of lava sticking out of the crater rim.

Now she stumbled again into a span of jungle. It was steaming hot in there, perhaps feed by the heat from under the earth as she found numerous springs bubbling with hot water. She dispensed gladly with the blankets and walked free and naked once more. The jungle was teeming with a strange flora and fauna Antonieta found varieties of animals and orchids that she had never seen before. And where there is abundant game there are predators. She heard the cries of jaguars all around her. This time she led Cesar with her carbine unslung and loaded and carefully scanned the canopy of trees all the time. She fed on Cesar’s semen once more and supplemented her diet with fruits. She mated with him periodically but did not sleep in the sling. It was too dangerous. Cesar could bolt and carry her God knows where and perhaps rupture her. Neither did she build a fire. God knows what kind of people would live in those parts.

After a week of cutting her way through the jungle she stumbled onto the lakes. These were, as don Calixto had explained, a series of crater lakes that extended southwestward. She was to follow them. They would lead, explained don Calixto, to a small vale at the foot of a smoking mountain. There he thought she would find the kata bush.

A tremor almost made her loose her footing. She remembered what don Calixto had said.

“If your horse tries to bolt, jump on him and try to get as fast as you can to higher ground,” he explained. “My theory for the disappearance of so many explorers there is that those lakes are unstable. The waters keep large bubbles of carbon monoxide trapped underneath. But when there is a tremor the bubble can reach the surface and the lakes act like an open seltzer bottle, releasing the gases all around. Carbon monoxide is odorless and invisible and deadly. Every living thing in its path will be asphyxiated. The only hope is to get as far away and as high as you can for the gas will stick to low places. Be very careful, Yate Tehui, trust Cesar’s instincts.”

She made her way carefully along the lakes. She kept a ready eye for a path towards higher ground at all times. Her close, intimate, knowledge of Cesar helped her be aware of his moods. Cesar did seem nervous, she noted. He sensed that these lakes were deadly.

The lakes looked to be very deep and sported unnatural colored water. One in particular seemed particularly deadly and bubbled continuously and had a sickly green tint to it.

She soon found ready evidence as to how deadly the lakes were. She stumbled across a skeleton of a man. It was rather recent, she thought, for there were strips of blackened cartilage on the bones. The clothes had rotted but he had not worn much to begin with, perhaps only shorts and a T shirt. This told her it was not an Indian. Also, he had a couple of gold teeth. But his profession became evident from the rotting sack his skeletal hands still held. Antonieta opened it carefully. She saw the glint of gold. It was stuffed with gold figurines.

"Guaquero," she spit. "Serves him right."

The guaqueros were tomb thieves, digging into prehispanic Indian burials.

Further on she found a couple more of his cronies, also carrying heavy bags filled with gold.

"The lakes burped and you all were surprised by them and perhaps tried to run after your bolting mules and could not get away because you were laden with gold," concluded Antonieta. Still, she thought, they were someone's sons. She buried the corpses and said a pater noster. God, she thought, has probably already judged them. As for the gold, she did not care about it and buried it with them.

Up ahead she saw the smoking mountain and then she could see a vale at its foot. She also noticed that all around her were terraced hills and evidence of jungle covered ruins. She studied the masonry carefully.

"Possibly Inka," she concluded. "The workmanship is amazing if some of it is still standing."

This was not, she concluded, a city but perhaps a ceremonial center, a place of pilgrimage. No one would think to build a permanent settlement in a place as deadly as this, she concluded. In other words, she knew, this was what don Calixto had advised her to find, a place of power.

In the middle of the valley stood a wide hillock covered in vegetation, perhaps in reality a pyramid. She climbed it. This was the place, she knew. She mated with Cesar at sunset, as a way of consecrating herself. Then she let him loose, free to bolt as needed. She prepared the tea boiling the one kata leaf don Calixto had given her and drank it slowly. She sat down to await the doors to the spirit world to open. The potion was quite strong in spite of the age of the plant. Or perhaps aging had increased its potency. Antonieta felt giddy. Her body was on fire. The jungle shone with day glo colors.

"Your deer beast has a beautiful shaft," said a naked blue painted maiden who appeared in front of her. At first Antonieta thought it was Ahu Tehui but no, this woman was dressed with gold bracelets and anklets and her features were not those of lowland Indians. Antonieta also realized she was speaking in Quechua, the language of the Inkas which she knew. Her speech, however, was slightly different from the everyday Quechua she had learned in Bolivia.

"It is not a deer. We call it a horse, but if you want to call it a deer, deer it will be," said Antonieta, adding a respectful 'milady' afterwards.

"I only mated with llamas. It was part of my preparation to be impaled on the koro shaft."

"Are you real?" Antonieta could not help asking.

"I was tempted to ask you the same question."

"I think I am. I thought you were someone else, being painted blue."

"My name is..." then the maiden hesitated. "I have difficulty remembering. It has been so long a time. As for my blue paint, well I was a sacrifice. It is only fitting, don't you think? Is the other blue girl a sacrifice too?"

"Perhaps."

"Does she love?"

"I am sorry, I don't understand. I love her, I have realized. And yes, she loves her people and is willing to be sacrificed. What do you mean?"

"If she loves she will not mind being a sacrifice. You must love if you are willing, like I did. And it is good that she is loved. I think I was, but I can't remember any more. Perhaps that is better. Soon I will forget everything, even myself. Maybe that is how it is meant to be. Do you want to make love?"

The blue woman extended a hand. A chill went through Antonieta. What if she touched her and she was immaterial. Or worse, what if she was solid?"

"Don't be afraid. Or at least, let me drink your beast's seed as it comes out of you."

Antonieta could not deny her anymore. She stood in front of the blue woman. Her hands touched Antonieta's legs. She felt solid enough but cool to the touch. Then she pressed her face to Antonieta's cunt as it dripped Cesar's semen. Antonieta pressed her belly and coaxed her muscles to empty herself onto the blue woman's mouth. Her tongue was very solid indeed and she eagerly cleansed her and drank every drop that oozed out of Antonieta.

"It is strange to the taste. Not as salty as a llama's," smiled the blue woman.

Antonieta's mind raced. This was challenging her sanity.

"Please, milady, I need your help," pleaded Antonieta.

"What do you need deer woman?"

"I am looking for kata leaves."

The blue woman stared into her eyes.

"I see you love. That is why you have made this trek. I will help you. It is fitting," she said offering her hand once more.

Antonieta took it tentatively. It was cool and solid, or that at least was how she felt. The blue woman led her to a hollow behind the hillock.

"There, there's your kata," she pointed out.

Indeed there were several kata bushes as don Calixto had described. Antonieta proceeded to fill out a bag she had with her of as many poppies and leaves as she could stuff.

"Go now, deer woman," said the blue woman. "I must forget myself now. Beware the men. They are nearby."

And she vanished before her eyes.

Antonieta must have swooned. She woke up. It was full daylight. She was on top of the hillock. Cesar paced placidly next to her, eating the abundant grass. Next to her was the bag full of kata.

"Jesus Christ!" she swore. She had a horrible headache. She looked around in Cesar's satchels for the jar of chicha and took a long swig. Next she took the kata and stuffed it securedly into the satchels.

"I am about to go mad! We better go, now!" said Antonieta to Cesar and she led him out of the vale at a quick step.

Next to the cancerous looking lake she felt the tremor. Cesar reared. Antonieta tried to get on top of him unsuccessfully. Cesar ran off into the jungle, looking, indeed, for high ground. Antonieta chased after him, scared witless and cursing him for a coward and a traitor for leaving his "wife" behind. All around her the jungle erupted. A cacophony of birds took flight and she could see deer and jaguars running alongside her.

She ran after him for at least a kilometer, shouting after Cesar, being careless indeed. Then the world turned upside down. She found herself hanging by her legs from a rope on a tall ceiba tree. The ground was a good forty feet below her. She did not have to wait long.

"Franco! Take a look at what I caught in our trap!" said a voice in English.

Below him was a heavy set anglo dressed in camo clothes. He was pointing at Antonieta with a hunting carbine in his hands.

"What is that, an Indian?" asked a powerful looking black man, Franco.

"Looks like a woman. Ohmigod! It is a woman! Look at the size of that cunt!" said the gringo.

"Shoot her, Joe. We have enough gold once I round up our mules to set us up for life!" advised Franco.

"I've shot some women before, yes," snarled the man, "in Afghanistan. But never have I shot an injjun."

"Let me down," said Antonieta in English. "I am not an Indian. And I can make it worthwhile for you to do so."

"Fuck! She speaks English!" cried Franco. "Even more reason to shoot her. She could lead the army after us!"

"What are you going do, lady? Are you going to let us fuck you?" asked Joe, a businessman at heart.

"I don't think I would feel the puny things that hang between your legs!" said Antonieta disdainfully.

"The bitch is right! Not even I can fill that cunt!" snarled Franco. "Shoot her and let's git, Joe!"

"Why the fuck not?" said Joe raising his carbine.

But before he did, Franco grunted and staggered holding on to his throat.

"What the fuck is wrong with..." spat Joe. He never got to finish. He collapsed and so did Franco nearby.

"Oh shit!" murmured Antonieta. Every breath could be her last. She had to get herself out of the trap as soon as possible. She doubled on herself and reached for the rope. Her muscles were in top shape from continually making love to her horse and of course adrenaline was racing through her. She then pulled herself up on the rope to the ceiba tree's branch. Once she reached the branch, she chewed her way desperately into the ropes and freed herself.

She waited for a while. Sunset was approaching.

"At least the gas seemed to act rapidly," she thought. "If I die here I won't mind making love to the blue woman on the vale for the rest of eternity if need be."

She climbed carefully down from the tree. To her surprise she stood unharmed on the ground next to the cadavers of the two men. Perhaps the gas had now dissipated, she concluded. She picked up her machete where it had fallen out of her belt. Next she ran after Cesar following his tracks in the mud and cursing him.

~~~~~

## **XXVII A Dog's Penis**

It is a lovely day in San Pedro. The rains have stopped. The sun has come out. A cool, but not too cool, breeze comes down from the Andes. The orchids have started to bloom.

In front of the train station two horses hitched to a cart await patiently. The nude women slung underneath, Paola and Carmen, doze. It is midmorning. Claudia and a peon from the hacienda await for the train from Rivalta.

Slung under Pedrito, Paola was not on the lookout for Jose. Two days ago, on Sunday, she had gone to mass riding underneath Pedrito as usual. Upon arrival she had uncoupled and entered the church nude and dripping horse semen. As usual no one paid undue attention to her state (nor did the priest dare object) and she joined the queue of women who took communion. She kept glancing around for Jose without any success.

Jose was awaiting for her outside the church.

"I arrived too late," he explained. "My padrino had me stacking bales all morning. The church was packed by the time I got here."

She stared at him carefully. "Don't ever let me hanging out, Jose," she said frostily.

"I really wanted to see you again!"

"Let's go to the park," she said dismissively.

He took her hand. Other couples walked around the same park. Jose was the only one doing so with a nude woman.

Now, Jose was a red blooded young man and could not actually believe his fortune at having a real live wet dream appear to him in the flesh. He was, however, quite thoughtful and had come to the conclusion that it would not last long. The social chasm was abysmal. He would try to enjoy the affair as long as possible and try to not hurt too much when Paola finally tired of him.

At least that was his plan. Lately, however, Jose had realized he had really fallen heads over heels for Paola. His peers, envious, had made snide remarks. He had gotten into a couple of fights already. Even he had grown lukewarm towards his padrino who, after all, only wanted the best for him.

"Paola, I can't help it! I love you!" he said grabbing her and kissing her. They remained embraced kissing for a long time.

Paola, on the other hand, was still trying to sort out her feelings. Family tradition, her upbringing, dictated that loving a man was....unnatural. Men were there only to breed new daughters for the

hacendado families (jungle herbs insured that the babies born were always female). Her own mother had had herself "bred" during Mardi Gras in Rio to conceive her. So had her grandmother. That accounted for the wide differences in physiognomy of Antonieta and Amanda. They really had not known who their fathers were and, of course, did not care.

"Please, take me back to Pedrito," said Paola in a quiet voice. "I must have him inside me."

"How about me?" asked Jose.

"I also want you. But don't dictate to me, please," begged Paola. She, the hacendada, the patrona, did not want to feel at the mercy of anyone else yet the feelings racing through her were torturing her now.

He took her back to where Pedrito waited placidly tied to a hitching post. His penis had dropped out of its sheath and stood iron hard as if awaiting his mistress.

Paola caressed the shaft lovingly for a few moments. She felt tempted to fellate her horse right there in the plaza. It was something that hacendado women had no qualms about doing in public. But no, she felt that to do so right there would be a rebuff to Jose. She realized that his feelings were now weighed in her actions and that made her uncomfortable. At all cost she wanted to go back to her hacienda yet could not stand the thought of hurting him.

Jose helped Paola get on the sling. Her long legs were raised at the sides of the horse and her feet expertly found the stirrups. She then and guided herself down onto that shaft. She said not a word, except for a few moans and grunts, as every cruel inch entered her and stared at Jose intensely all throughout. Then she smiled at Jose and held out her hand to him.

"Jose! Don't forget me! I shall be back," she said.

Then she willed Pedrito forward just with her cunt muscles and rode out of San Pedro at a faster clip than usual.

Paola grimaced remembering how sore she had been upon her arrival at the hacienda. Usually bellyriders rode at a steady but constant pace for with every step the horse shaft would enter and retract inside them.

Now she was still firmly impaled on Pedrito's shaft while the flies buzzed all around her, frequently landing on her semen covered pubes. It was one of the drawbacks of being a bellyrider. She loved the shaft too much to care. It was obvious Jose wasn't around. She sighed. She could have enjoyed blowing him and drinking his semen. It was the only man semen that she really enjoyed.

A mangy dog walked by and sniffed Paola. It was a street denizen, mostly skin and bones and suffered from the mange. Protein was scarce and the smell of the horse semen dripping from Paola's pubes tempted him. He started licking her pubes, where the thick horse shaft entered her. His ministrations brought Paola back from her musings.

"Nice doggie," she smiled.

She noticed the naked legs of Claudia standing next to her.

"He is licking you. I did not know you liked dogs," said Claudia.

"I've never been with a dog," laughed Paola.

"I have," replied Claudia. "This one obviously likes you, a lot. Come here, boy...see? He has a very large red penis sticking out."

Paola looked at the dog's penis intrigued.

"It is large, for a mutt. He must have some of the larger breeds in his lineage," she pointed out. "Though I don't think he can compete with Pedrito's shaft."

"He must have been someone's trained dog," noted Claudia carefully. "A lot of the women here in San Pedro keep dogs to mate with them. Few of these peasant girls can afford dogs. Well, there is one way to find out."

Claudia knelt next to Paola and summoned the dog.

"Come here to mama, boy, good doggie."

The dog came as ordered, eagerly actually. Claudia reached for his penis very carefully and held it in her hand. The dog seemed cooperative and did not bite her.

"Yes, he was some woman's dog, no doubt," she said. "Alas, his penis is quite dirty. Poor boy, no one has taken care of your shaft! And from the fullness of your balls you have not been inside a bitch or a woman for a long time! Your semen must be cream cheese by now!"

Claudia then rummaged in the cart for a rag and a bottle of water and proceeded to cleanse the very turgid red penis of the dog.

"Open your mouth, Paola," she instructed.

"Oh well," laughed Paola when the tip of the dog's shaft was inches from her mouth. If she would not fellate Jose that day maybe a dog would do. "I hope his seed tastes fine."

"I don't know, girl," said Claudia. "I have never sucked this dog. They all vary, you know."

Paola could not answer as now her mouth was occupied.

While Paola was happily sucking a dog on the streets of San Pedro, a thousand miles to the east, on a Quonset hut overlooking the rapidly advancing construction of the dam on the Xingu, a man pondered his fate.

Those who first laid eyes on Erasmus J. Sheen would dismiss him as just another military grunt. His physique and rough exterior, which reminded one more of a Prussian sergeant major could steer one to that erroneous conclusion. Sheen, you see, a former major of the US special forces was gifted with a keen intellect and absolute disregard for the lives and property of anyone who stood in his way. Thus he had been given the name "Snake" in his plebe year at West Point.

Sheen's ruthlessness had earned him swift promotion. His massacring of women and children at Fallujah, suspected relatives of the families of the resisting insurgents, had been readily covered by his old classmates in the Pentagon, not out of any loyalty to Sheen, but rather because it would have been too embarrassing for anyone to explain had the details reached the press. These men, higher ups in the pentagon, had not had to pay time in the field to earn a privileged position for they were the sons of old military families. But Sheen, a Catholic boy from a backwater company town in Pennsylvania did not enjoy any such breaks. He did not care, very early in life he had learned had to make his own breaks.



Upon leaving the Middle East (with a severe drinking problem that threw him into rehab for several months) Sheen had tried to form his own “contractor”, that is, mercenary, outfit. But all the large contracts were quickly swooped up by the Blackwaters and such. Undaunted, Sheen set his sights in Latin America, selling his services to the rulling oligarchies. He was not scrupulous about who he hired. His men were all misfits, murderers, former drug runners, etc. But Sheen was strong enough physically to keep them all in line and as a result these misfits in turn had developed an extreme loyalty to him, the only one willing to give them employment. His company, Orchid Contractors, was finally getting, slowly, out of the red.

Now he stood in the hut with a lit cigar on his hand and a glass of mineral water with ice in the other (he had managed to stay in the wagon the last few years). The heat was stifling. Next to him was a phone which he looked at breathlessly. It rang.

“Sheen?” said a voice with a British accent.

“Yes, Sir John, I am Sheen.”

“I beg you, don’t use my name. We are most pleased with the sterling work you and your men have done guarding our investments in South America.”

“Thank you,” replied Sheen, taking care not to add the man’s name.

“We hand delivered to you a proposal a couple of days ago. Tell me man, are you game?”

Sheen breathed profoundly. “Yes.”

“Jolly good show. When can we expect you to execute?”

“Perhaps in one more week. The rains are almost over. We need visibility and good weather. Also, I will need to arrange for some logistics, ammo, etc.”

“Fine. Carry on,” said the man in a bored voice. These details were not for someone in such a lofty position.

The phone went dead. Sheen carefully put down the handset. God, how he needed a drink! How so he needed a drink!

~~~~~

## **XXVIII The Return of Yate Tehui**

Antonieta moved through the jungle soundlessly carefully following Cesar’s tracks on the muddy ground. Her senses then detected a different smell: the telltale sign of a feline predator. Cesar, she knew, was being stalked. She increased her pace.

Ahead she could see a jungle clearing, perhaps where once an Indian village had stood. She remained inside the jungle, confident that her kapu tattooed bodysuit would act as a camouflage. She took a careful peek.

The clearing sloped down to the river and was covered in lush grass. Cesar was next to the river, sniffing cautiously the air. This was a natural gathering place for all manner of beasts seeking to drink from the river. Antonieta carefully scanned the clearing.

“Ah, I see you,” thought Antonieta.

She unslung her Xingu bow and tensed an arrow. All her motions were smooth and soundless.

She gauged the distance and the wind. She was meaning only to scare off the jaguar hiding amongst the grass which was even now making its way carefully and undetected to within striking distance of Cesar. It was a female, she knew, with cubs, for Antonieta had smelled the milk in her breasts.

Cesar was now drinking contentedly from the river. The cat kept moving forward soundlessly and unseen through the grass. Antonieta tensed her arrow.

She let go. The arrow struck a few feet from the cat. The jaguar's muscles reacted immediately and it bolted out of the grass like a dart and headed downriver, away from Cesar. The horse, meanwhile, also reacted instinctively and started kicking towards an attacker that was no longer there. He would bolt, Antonieta knew, and she would lose him again.

Indeed Cesar bolted. But it was in the direction of Antonieta. She strode boldly out of the jungle, which caused Cesar again to rear in panic.

"Easy! It's me! Your wife, you fool!" she shouted at the horse.

For a moment Cesar stood still. It was enough for Antonieta to jump on his back and grab his reins. Cesar galloped off along the riverbank.

"It's OK you big lummo! The jaguar is gone!" she said as she tried to calm down the stallion.

Cesar slowly calmed down. He was skittish and covered in sweat. But now his panic had subsided knowing his mistress was in control.

Antonieta got down and walked him along the riverbank to cool him down. After an hour or so they reached a cool spot covered by a huge mango tree. Antonieta scanned the place carefully and could find no evidence of danger.

"Here, you fool," said Antonieta handing Cesar a ripe mango.

The two ate contentedly and then Antonieta led him down to the river. She scanned its surface. Again, there was no evidence of piranhas or any other denizen. Cesar drank his fill.

The water reached to her naked hips. She caressed and stroked her mount.

"Really," scolded Antonieta in a mocking tone, "you are not a gentleman. You left me alone back there. And then you were stupid enough to let yourself be stalked like a new born foal. You would have turned me into a widow! And what would I do then? I am so used to your shaft that I would have a hard time finding one I like. You think I will bend over at the first horse penis that drops in my sight? I am not that kind of girl!"

Her hand reached for his shaft. She began to caress it, coaxing him to drop and expose a three inch thick, a yard long, mottled tube of meat.

"Eew! You need your tool cleaned boy!" said Antonieta with disgust.

And she began to wash it lovingly and gently with the river water. The shaft grew harder under her ministrations.

"Well, at least you missed me," she smiled.

Next she caressed the ostrich egg sized testicles. They felt cool, ensconced within a soft velvety sack. Antonieta could not help but reach down to them and kiss them lovingly.

"I can feel you need some relief, my love," said Antonieta with her face pressed against the horse's testicles. "Your balls are about to burst."

She led her horse out of the river and sought again the shade of the mango tree. She knelt underneath him and started worshipping the shaft, kissing it, licking it, and occasionally picking with her tongue the amber drops of precum that came out of the tip. Antonieta was feeling more and more aroused, no longer caring about the world. Perhaps it was the strange events she had undergone the last few days that stoked her lust to a degree she had never felt before. She needed relief, to give herself freely to her mount and have her use her as he would, regardless of the consequences.

"I must be in heat," she laughed. "God knows what else was in that tea that made me enter the spirit world."

Driven by her lust and unable to restrain herself, she stood up and placed herself under her horse, her knees flexed, bending over so that her cunt was aligned to receive his shaft. One of her hands sought the horse penis and placed it against the opening of her distended cunt. She was, she knew, sopping wet. The horse penis entered her easily, a full six inches at a time. Antonieta moaned when she felt the sudden distension.

"Ohmigod! I need this so much!"

Her hands reached for his front legs. She would now try to control the depth of his penetration solely with her cunt muscles. Her bare feet dug into the sand. The thousand pound animal started making thrusting motions, driving her forwards and almost causing her to lose her footing. Still, she sought to meet him, clutching tightly with her cunt muscles to keep him from ramming through into her violently.

Inch by cruel inch she allowed the horse shaft to enter her until she felt the familiar pain of a horse shaft pounding against her cervix. She was covered in sweat and moaned from pain and lust. Now she would try not to let him in deeper by tightening her cunt muscles and keeping his penis from entering her womb and rupturing her.

It was a titanic battle for Cesar seemed eager to pounce his mistress without mercy. Realization set into Antonieta that she was fighting a losing battle. Her cunt muscles were weakening fast.

"Please! Come! Aaargh!" she screamed. "I can't take it no more!"

Then she felt her muscles suddenly give, as if she no longer could control them. Cesar thrust again, a mighty thrust. She felt a stab of pain as her cervical canal distended brutally to allow the horse penis into her womb.

"Oh Jesus!" cried Antonieta and she almost lost her footing.

Thankfully, the horse penis retracted. But now, with her cervical canal gaping open Antonieta knew there would be but the flesh of her womb to meet his next thrust. She was nauseous. She knew she had to uncouple. But, she realized, even if she stepped forward now it would be too late, for his mighty shaft was already being driven into her womb again.

Time seemed to stand still. The head inexorably entered her womb again. Antonieta knew it was the

end. It would keep going and rupture her, just like it had happened to Amanda. For some reason she felt strangely detached as if she were just a spectator.

But then Cesar neighed loudly. His shaft ballooned inside Antonieta's womb. It was a tremendous pressure she felt. She reached with her hands to her belly feeling the distension and amazed at the tremendous depth of the penetration. She moaned loudly, a mixture of pain, pleasure, and, she realized to her dismay, even pride. A powerful jet of horse semen erupted from the union of her pubes and Cesar's penis.

Slowly, making obscene slurping sounds, Cesar's shaft retracted. Antonieta steadied herself holding on to his front legs. It seemed he was drawing out her innards with his retracting shaft. She felt as if it was only the shaft that was keeping her upright. Her feet rested on an amber pool of horse semen. But, to her horror, she could see drops of blood in it.

When the shaft finally came out she slowly collapsed underneath him, her hands holding on to her crotch. It seemed as if her innards were on fire. Never had she been entered to such depth or distended to such degree. She did not think she would be able to walk upright or close her legs ever again.

Antonieta laid there moaning and squirming on the ground for a long time, she knew not how long. Cesar had walked over to where more mangos carpeted the floor and was eating them unconcerned. Antonieta could barely move. She was, she knew, as good as dead. No wounded animal survived for long in the jungle. Pretty soon predators would smell her blood and congregate.

She cursed her lust, the fact that her cunt muscles had weakened, and that her cunt was not the size of a mare's. She did not mind dying thus but was sorry for not taking the kata to her sister nor would she be able to help Ahu Tehui meet her gods.

Antonieta stared down at her now ruined cunt. Yes, she saw, there was blood, a lot of blood coming out with the long contrails of horse semen that oozed out of her. She must be ruptured she concluded. Death would soon ensue. She felt a tremendous thirst. She called Cesar. The horse obediently came next to her. She reached for a stirrup and painfully pulled herself upright. She found Fang's chicha bottle and emptied it. Next, she sought frantically for the koro shaft that the nun had given her a long time ago. She found the two pieces wrapped in a piece of cloth. One screwed on to the other. It's total length was about a yard and it's girth a good three inches. Her hands shook violently as she assembled them together. She held the shaft against her breasts, warming it. The heat of her body made the resin in the wood flow. Soon it felt sticky. If she drove it all in, she knew, the tip would rest behind her breasts.

Antonieta collapsed to the ground. Thankfully it was sandy soil. She held the tip of the koro shaft against her cunt.

"Goodbye Cesar, I love you," she murmured. "Amanda, forgive me. Ahu, I will wait for you."

Then she slowly willed the shaft into her. It was horribly painful. She had only managed to put in six inches.

"Damn! The nun said it would feel soothing!" she cursed.

But then a strange numbing sensation flooded all over her pubes. The pain slowly subsided. Yes, she knew, the koro resin was at work, finally. She placed both hands on the exposed portion of the shaft, determined to drive it in into her womb and then all the way in.

She must have passed out. She briefly awoke when Cesar neighed loudly and bolted. A predator was in the vicinity. Her legs were covered in Cesar's semen and her blood. The shaft was buried in deep into her but most of its length was still exposed. She reached for the exposed portion of the koro shaft to push it in even deeper but then passed out again.

She felt as if she was being lifted and dragged. Again, she felt detached from it all. It's an alligator, she thought, dragging me to the water, where my body will rot and soften until he can devour me. Somehow, she did not care. Yes, she thought, I am being taken to the water. Her hands felt the river's warm water and she knew nothing more.

Antonieta regained consciousness. Her first sensation was the sound of the rain. A loving warmth covered her and a weight seemed to press on her. She opened her eyes. In front of her was a woman's cunt. The woman naked body was entirely painted blue. For a brief moment Antonieta thought it was the ghostly woman she had met in the jungle.

Antonieta looked at the cunt with interest. She and the woman were entwined in a 69 position. Antonieta laid in a soft makeshift bed. It seemed so blissful, to have this lovely sight be the first thing you see and will see the rest of eternity, she thought. She pressed her mouth into the woman's cunt and licked it lovingly. It's smell and taste was that of a young woman and she instantly recognized who it was.

"Ahu Tehui," she murmured.

The Indian girl moaned softly feeling Antonieta's ministrations. Antonieta concentrated on loving her cunt. It seemed to her that nothing else mattered but worshipping it.

"Ah, you are awake," giggled Ahu Tehui.

The Indian girl carefully uncoupled and kneeled next to Antonieta. A cock crowed. It was early morning.

"Do not talk, my love. Father said I had to keep you warm and to keep my hands pressed on your cunt to keep the kata poultice inside. Are you thirsty?"

Antonieta nodded. Ahu Tehui poured some coconut milk and helped her drink it.

"Don't worry, there's plenty of kata left for your sister," said Ahu Tehui.

"But..." murmured Antonieta.

"Hush, I said. Yes, you were hurt and were bleeding. A hunting party led by my brother Yano found you. He is quite bright, you know. He knew enough about kata to stuff your cunt full of it."

"Cesar?" whispered Antonieta.

"Oh, he is fine. Yano and his men put you in a canoe and then paddled you down the Xingu. Cesar followed along the river shore on his own accord. I have him in a corral nearby and I have mated with him several times now," she laughed. "Of course, I don't let him enter me too deep!"

"Ahu Tehui, I am sorry..."

"For what? I knew you were coming back! You were only one day away from the village! I can't blame you for wanting to take him in deeper. God knows, I sometimes envy you."

Don Calixto entered the hut.

"Time to change her poultice," said the chieftain carrying a bowl of a steaming green poultice. "Ah, Yate Tehui, you are awake!"

"It's amazing. I was a goner," murmured Antonieta.

"Western civilization does not appreciate what gifts there are in these jungles," spat the old man.

He handed the bowl to Ahu Tehui who started removing the previous poultice from Antonieta's distended cunt.

The chieftain inspected Antonieta's yawning cavern.

"Apparently, kata accelerates the formation of scar tissue," explained don Calixto. "Plus, I believe it must have some natural antibiotics and astringents to fight infection. There is hardly any necrotic tissue. To tell you the truth, I don't think you ruptured. The blood came from surface vessels. I don't think anything would have saved you if you had been ruptured."

"Kata must also act like a drug," added Ahu Tehui. "You were giggling and laughing in your sleep, apparently making love to Cesar. You were obviously not in pain."

Then Ahu Tehui carefully began to stuff the kata poultice into Antonieta's cunt.

Don Calixto laughed.

"On the other hand, I am afraid your cunt seems tighter now than before. God knows, this stuff is so powerful you might grow a hymen again!"

"Oh Jesus, no!" protested Antonieta. "I would have to go through a deflowering ceremony all over again!"

~~~~~

## **XXIX. Kay's Arrival**

Kay woke up. It was still dark. The weather had turned very cool in the mountains. But Josefina's nude body next to her had kept her warm. The two women were entwined and covered in blankets. In the moonlight she could see Josefina's elegant face. Her bee stung lips tempted Kay to kiss her.

Josefina smiled sleepily. Her hand sought Kay's cunt and she carefully inserted a couple of fingers. Kay moaned. The two women kissed again.

"We must be only a few hours from San Pedro now," observed Josefina. "We should arrive mid morning."

Kay said nothing. She pulled the blankets to cover them. Her hand sought Josefina's cunt. Her entire fist went easily into Josefina's distended cavern. Josefina smiled.

"Perhaps one day you will be as distended as I am," she said.

"I know, compared to you I am still very tight," sighed Kay.

"We can help you distend," explained Josefina. "There are all kinds of jungle herbs to help your cunt

widen. But you said you did not think you could take a horse.”

“I’ve thought about it. It frightens me. I grew up in a farm in a reservation. I have seen the size of a horse penis. The donkeys and Mongo were big but could not compare to a stallion.”

“You don’t have to fuck one, you know,” offered Josefina.

“How could I then sculpt a bellyrider if I don’t know what it is like to be in a sling?”

“Speaking of which,” remembered Josefina, “Zuñiga forwarded to us the list of tools and materials you specified. We have ordered them. Alas, it will take some weeks for them to arrive. As for the rock, I think there are some marble outcroppings in the valley. I will take you to look at them.”

“I will be useless until I have the tools I need,” noted Kay.

“Nonesense, don’t say that,” admonished Josefina. “You can suck the horses, stretch your cunt, and perhaps even get in a sling. I am sure you will enjoy it. I, for one, will love to see you impaled and tied under a horse moaning in heat. Let me tell you, there is nothing more delicious than to drink horse semen as it comes out of a woman’s cunt. And I am looking forward to doing just that with your cunt.”

Kay moaned softly at the thought of drinking horse semen out of Josefina’s cunt. She then pressed her mouth to one of Josefina’s breasts and sucked on it. To her surprised a few drops of milk came forth.

“Oh Jesus! Are you pregnant?” asked Kay.

The nipples stood engorged and the aureoles were very dark and wide.

“Certainly not!” laughed Josefina. “Yerba dura induces lactation, amongst other things. Go ahead, nurse on me. My breasts were starting to ache from being so full.”

It was a cool morning. They wore terrycloth robes during breakfast.

“Once the sun gets out it gets warm pretty quick in San Pedro,” observed Josefina. “Then we can dispense with clothing.”

It suddenly dawned on Kay that she was about to step out nude in the middle of an unknown town in a country she had never before been in. She paled. Josefina noted her discomfort.

“Relax. I will be next to you all the time!”

It did indeed grow warm. By midmorning the two women were nude and standing at the car’s observation platform. All around grew a lush vegetation and numerous creeks and lagoons could be seen. It was, Kay thought, as close to paradise as could be found on earth. Soon the train arrived in San Pedro.

Josefina offered Kay her hand. Kay could see a crowd milling at the train station. She took a deep breath and stepped out of the carriage.

“Come, there must be a cart from the hacienda waiting,” said Josefina leading her through the crowd.

Thankfully, no one seemed to mind their nudity. At the most, they received a few discreet glances.

Kay's pulse was racing. She held tight on to Josefina's hand. Porters followed them with their luggage.

"Ah there it is!" pointed Josefina.

A nude woman waved at them from on top of a carriage. A peon hurried to put their luggage in the cart.

"This is Carmen," explained Josefina. "She was born in the hacienda and is like family. Carmen, Kay."

"Welcome to San Pedro!" exclaimed Carmen kissing Kay on the lips.

Kay reacted surprised.

"It's the local custom," laughed Josefina. "We are all part of a sisterhood of women who make love to animals. It is tradition that we greet each other with a kiss."

"I like it!" said Kay pulling Carmen again to her and sharing another deep kiss.

"OK, you two, let's go home before you start orgasming out here!" admonished Josefina.

Only then did Kay notice the two women slung under the horses that pulled the cart.

"Ohmigod!" cried Carmen.

Paola waved at her from underneath Pedrito.

"Well, don't just stand there, Kay," said Josefina. "Go ahead and kiss them too!"

"It is real!" exclaimed Kay. "There are bellyriders! Ohmigod! This is a dream come true!"

Paola laughed.

"I told you so!" snarled Josefina. "Come, kneel down and check it all out."

Kay knelt next to Paola and ran her hand carefully down Pedrito's thick shaft. It was buried deeply into Paola's pubes. A puddle of horse semen had formed under her.

"Notice that the shaft has driven in her labia," explained Josefina. "As the horse walks its shaft will come in and out of her and pull the labia in and out."

Kay ran her hands lovingly along Paola's legs. Then Josefina placed her hands on Paola's belly.

"Can you feel the shaft inside her?" asked Josefina.

"Oh Jesus!" exclaimed Kay feeling the outline of the hard, thick, shaft inside Paola.

"Hello, Kay, I am Paola," laughed the young woman.

Kay knelt next to her and kissed her deeply.

"You are so beautiful like this!" said Kay with enthusiasm.

The two women kissed again.



"Come over here, Kay," said Josefina calling her to the other horse where another woman lay slung under. "You have to kiss Claudia too."

This Kay did too, sharing another deep kiss with Claudia. Kay's arousal was very evident. Her cunt was dripping and her nipples were engorged.

"Jesus, Kay, we better get you to the hacienda," offered Josefina. "I am sure we can find you some relief. You obviously need a good fuck."

The stray dog that Paola had adopted barked.

"You have dogs?" asked Kay.

"I just adopted him," laughed Paola. "I gave him a blowjob. It seems he is used to women."

"Oh, please," whimpered Kay. "Take me somewhere I can be knotted with him."

At a signal from Josefina the peon put the dog in the cart. The dog indeed knew his ways with women. He immediately started licking Kay's cunt. And thus moaning and orgasming as she was being licked by the dog, Kay was taken to the Souza hacienda.

~~~~~

### **XXX. Exodus**

I could tell you reader, perhaps, that Ahe Tehui and Yate Tehui (Antonieta) ran off to the jungle, with Cesar, and lived happily ever after milking the horse's balls and living off the milk of each other's breasts and some yam roots and fruits. That would certainly be a lovely fate for these two lovers. Alas, fate did not seem to wish it so. In our mediocrity as a weaver of tales we have to have recourse to the old crutch of the doomed lovers condemned to a cruel fate.

Oh yes, Yate Tehui did the honorable thing and married Ahe Tehui in a very proper ceremony presided by don Calixto. Yate had had herself painted blue (as befits a Xingu bride) for the occasion and said her vows while slung under Cesar with his shaft inside her. This done, and united in lawful matrimony as woman and horse (the marriage included Cesar though he did not speak his vows), Ahe Tehui led her wife and new four footed husband to a paradisiacal cove near the Xingu whilst the village proceeded to drink and eat themselves to oblivion.

The next morning the two lovers awoke entwined in each other in the sixty nine position. Yate Tehui was in the bottom and she gave a playful bite to Ahe Tehui's labia which woke her up.

"I like that," said the Indian woman.

They proceeded to make love for a couple of hours. Then, satiated, Yate Tehui stood in front of her wife. Her face was very somber.

"Do you know what I have to do now?" asked Yate Tehui.

"Must it be now?"

"The time is right. I consulted with the elders."

The Indian girl said nothing. She was resigned to her fate.

"I must tell you something," announced Yate Tehui. "I will accompany you."

"What do you mean my love?"

"I am wearing the blue paint of sacrifice. I would not bear to live without you. Do you understand?"

Ahe Tehui was confused. "Not really."

Truth is that Yate Tehui did really love her wife madly and now that she had had her experience with the spirit world at the volcanic lakes she had lost her fear of death. Besides, she knew, if you were sufficiently stoned death could be a pleasant affair.

"I will explain. Come help me."

Yate Tehui led her into the jungle until she found a koro tree. Yate Tehui took out her machete and cut off two limbs.

"These will do. I will proceed to smooth them out. The points will be rounded so that no blood vessels are ruptured."

"Why would that matter? We are going to die anyway."

"Yes, but that way we will remain alive longer. I want to stare at you for a long time as I die."

Ahe Tehui shook her head. She was very pale.

"If this is what the Gods require to save my tribe, so be it. I don't think I could do it unless you came with me."

"I don't really know if it is what the Gods want. I guess we shall find out."

Yate Tehui was being practical. If the sacrifice of a chieftain's daughter was not enough, perhaps if two women showed up the Gods would change the tribe's fate.

After an hour or so Yate Tehui had forged two thick shafts that stood about four feet tall and exuded resin. She then placed them both upright on the shore of the Xingu.

"Take a drink of chicha, my love," said Yate Tehui.

At Yate Tehui's insistence the two emptied the bottle and shared a ganja cigar.

Then they shared a long kiss.

The two women stood in front of each other and placed their hands on their shoulders. They slowly lowered themselves onto the shaft while staring fixedly at each other. Ahe Tehui whimpered.

"Ohmigod!"

"It's very thick, I know," smiled Yate Tehui.

They both had at least a foot of the shaft inside them.

"Let it sit there before we go further," advised Yate Tehui. "The heat of your body will make the resin flow and your body will absorb it through your vaginal walls. Can you feel it?"

"My cunt is very full but it also feels very strange. It is throbbing! Ohmigod! I am on the verge of orgasm! Please, hold me upright!"

This Yate Tehui did while the Indian girl came.

"The resin makes you horny and will deaden the pain," explained Yate Tehui.

They both stared at each other for a long time. The only sound was that of jungle birds and a brief splash of the fish in the Xingu. Cesar neighed quietly under a tree. Yate Tehui had left him loose.

"Let's do it," pleaded Ahe Tehui in a soft voice.

The both pressed on each other's shoulders driving each other down into the koro shaft. The shaft progressed deeper and deeper, very slowly. It seemed inevitable that there would be a rupture any moment.

Then there was a loud explosion.

Yate Tehui looked up towards the village. A column of smoke was rising. She immediately pushed the indian girl up.

"What?" screamed Ahe Tehui. "I was almost there! I could feel it!"

A stab of pain in Yate Tehui's cunt almost toppled her over. She managed to stand up straight and pulled her wife up.

"It's too late to give the Gods anything!" screamed back Yate Tehui. She then pulled her wife towards the jungle. The two women walked painfully.

"What is going on?" insisted Ahe Tehui.

"Be quiet! Do not move!" said Yate Tehui pointing to an ugly metal bird, a helicopter, that passed above them. She could see a group of men dressed in cammo clothes aboard it.

Yate Tehui cursed.

"Yate Tehui, what was that?"

Yate Tehui pressed her deeper into the jungle canopy. She set about to explain to a blue painted very naked backwoods Indian girl what was happening.

"There are men who find that profit justifies genocide, killing your tribe."

"Are these the ones building the dam?"

"Most likely. The owners have hired mercenaries."

"Oh Gods!"

"Listen, " instructed Yate Tehui as she saddled Cesar, "ride him to the river loop south of the village. Take a wide detour, stick to the jungle canopy. Don't let them see you, understand?"

"I don't want to leave you!"

She quieted her with a kiss and lifted her into the saddle.

“We will talk later, dear, now go, my love!”

Yate Tehui then took off running towards the village site. She had a surprise in store. The blue paint, she realized, probably was akin the woad of the Celts. That is, it was likely full of alkaloids. No wonder Ate Tehui could fuck so eagerly for so long a time! Yate Tehui was racing through the jungle hardly feeling tired. It was wonderful, she thought, from now on she would stay painted blue if, that is, she managed to survive.

Meanwhile, our friend (humor me) Erasmus J. Sheen hovered in a command helicopter watching as a couple of choppers peppered the village with lead. Now Erasmus had seen his share of brutality. Frankly, he had never had the stomach for wet work. But now, he was very happy that he could hire men brutal enough to actually enjoy what they were doing. If only, he thought, I would like that bastard of Sir John witness what he has paid for. Alas, he knew, that would never occur. That was what Sheen’s outfit was for. Sir John was probably at that moment being knighted for his success in business.

Sheen was, above all, a professional. Erradication, he knew, had to be complete. The final solution to the Xingu Indian problem, he snickered, will have to be thorough.

“Keep shooting for one more minute,” he ordered the choppers. “Then land north and south of the village and converge in its center. Anything moves, shoot it.”

The answers were a couple of clicks in acknowledgement.

The scene was one of mayhem.

Yate Tehui emerged from the jungle canopy. She met Yano and a couple of the warriors herding women and children.

“They are about to land!” cried Yate Tehui. “They will then go after you all!”

“We must lose them in the jungle!” replied Yano.

“Where is your father?”

Yano shook his head. Yate Tehui thought fast. Yano was now chief.

“Listen, select a couple of the men. Have them take the women and children and old folks to the loop of the river. Circle wide, stay in the jungle. We must delay those men.”

She unslung her bow and arrow. As long as they stayed in the jungle their bodypaint would hide them from the mercenaries. And you cannot shoot at what you cannot see.

Yano nodded and gave quick orders. Then he set an ambush with Yate Tehui and six of his men plus himself.

Two platoons of mercenaries landed. Yate Tehui let herself be seen by one of these groups, “limping” along. The sight of the naked blue woman enticed the mercenaries to give her chase. This was one of the perks of the job, after all. None of them survived. The arrows that struck them had had their tips dipped in the exude of the back of a particularly colorful jungle toad. Their death was very, very, painful.

To tell the truth, the fact that this platoon no longer answered Sheen's orders did not faze him. Their demise meant that he no longer would have to pay them. But Sheen was not so stupid as to go after the remaining Indians with only one platoon. He decided to stay in the remains of the village. His men set about to torching the place. Then Sheen had himself patched through to Sir John.

"It has been done."

"Ah, excellent. Your payment is on its way."

Sheen smiled. His company was now definitely in the black.

Hours later, Yate Tehui stumbled into a makeshift encampment on the river loop. Yano was supporting her.

"Yate!" cried Ate Tehui running to embrace her. Around here was motley conglomerate of women, children and old folks.

"Take me to Cesar! Quick!" cried Yate Tehui.

Only then did Ate Tehui note that her wife was bleeding from the cunt.

Yate Tehui frantically searched for the kata and proceeded to stuff some of the leaves into her cunt.

"I went too deep on that koro shaft," she whimpered. "The Gods might still have a sacrifice."

"The Gods! They have forsaken us!" cried Ate Tehui. Yano helped her carry Yate Tehui under a large tree.

"Don't blaspheme, dear. I will not mind going to them and cussing them out," smiled Yate Tehui assuringly. "It won't be the first time I am ruptured. If I don't survive this time, know I love you, Ate Tehui. Now, listen, the fever will come next. I will not be conscious. Yano, Ate Tehui, listen very carefully. Take the people to the volcanic massif..."

She proceeded to explain to them where to go, right after the two needles, where there was a lush jungle, apparently uninhabited, and far enough away that the lakes would not poison them. Then she passed out.

~~~~~

### **XXXI The Letter**

Comandante Salinas stood on the middle of the road fanning himself. One of his men, Pedro, dozed in the seat of the jeep.

"If Tomas and his men are going to bring their shipment through they better hurry up!" cussed Salinas. "The damn mosquitos are eating me alive."

"I have told you a million times. It's your diet, comandante," said Pedro quietly.

"Bullshit!"

"Well, look at me, the mosquitos hardly touch me."

"You are a drunk. They bite you and they pass out."

"Be as it may, I believe alcohol balances the humors in my body. It's not rocket science, comandante."

"Still, Tomas better hurry up."

"Why do they need us to insure their safe passage? I have no seen DEA flyovers here in years."

"It's good business if they think they need us. Shut up! Who the fuck is that coming up the road?"

Pedro looked down the road. They were at the top of a saddle. The road was barely passable now that the rains had stopped.

"It's an Indian with a cart," noted Pedro.

"Coming this way? Hardly anyone comes to San Pedro through this road."

The man led a cart laden with nutria pelts and pulled by two long suffering mules. He was dressed as a highland Indian but on close inspection turned out to be a fully bearded creole.

"Alto amigo," ordered Salinas. He cradled an AK47 in his arms.

The man did as ordered, which proved he was not an idiot.

"Who are you and where are you bound?" inquired Salinas.

"I was going to Rivadavia."

Pedro snickered. "You gotta be kidding!"

"No," insisted the man, "I was going to Rivadavia but I was told to detour to San Pedro."

"Really? Who told you to do this?"

"Patron, with all due respect, that is my business. But I will tell you this much: I was told to deliver this envelope to the patrona of the Souza hacienda," said the man showing an envelope sealed in wax.

Salinas curled his mustaches.

"Well, whatever is inside is the patronas' business, you are right, it is not mine. However, it is my right to ask your name. We don't like foreigners around these parts."

"So be it, patron. My name is Luis Ruvalcaba."

"Fine, Luis Ruvalcaba. Now, listen, the women around these parts, well, they are not like women everywhere else."

Ruvalcaba took off his hat and scratched his head.

"I thought they were all alike between the legs. I even had an oriental girl once. They were supposed to have it side to side and not up and down. But no, she was like every other woman."

"Aye, that is true, all women are alike in that regard," agreed Salinas, "however, the patronas they like to show it off and they have strange customs."

"In other words, man," added Pedro, "they don't wear clothes and they fuck horses. Get it?"

"That is right," continued Salinas, "and if you stare at their bare asses they might take offense. And I will be called and I will have to beat you to a pulp, understand?"

"Aye!" said Pedro. "They pay our wages these patronas."

"Well, I have seen a lot of naked Indian girls in the jungle. But, fine, I will not stare at them. And if they like horses, well, who am I to judge?"

"Fine, Ruvalcaba, go down this road and take your letter to them," instructed Salinas. "Take the first fork to the right. You will climb a hill and at the top is the Souza compound. Tell them you talked to me. They should put you up for the night. They can be quite generous if you don't offend them, understood?"

"Fine patron," said Ruvalcaba making his mules go on.

Contents of the letter which the lady Josefina opened a few hours later.

To the Lady Souza,

Madam, my name is Fang. I am head of a commercial establishment in the town of —. A couple of days ago a naked Indian girl stepped into my store. This is not much of a unique sight around these parts, as you know. The girl in question, however, was very easy on the eye and was painted head to toe in blue. She identified herself as the wife of lady Antonieta Souza, whom I have been honored in knowing and calling friend. As I was told, the lady Antonieta was seriously hurt a few weeks ago though the details of her malaise were not given to me. She is, I am glad to report, in fine shape now, or so the blue girl told me. The lady Antonieta is now headed to Rio and will be drawing on family funds, such was the message, as she has an outstanding matter to resolve. Along with this letter the man carrying it will deliver to you a bundle of jungle herbs which you are to apply as your judgment dictates on she who urgently requires it. The blue girl then returned to the jungle. That is all.

~~~~~

## **XXXII. The Courtyard Vow**

Two things struck Kay when she woke up. First, she realized she was still knotted with the stray dog. Last she remembered (before she passed out from repeated orgasms) was tying with him. But that was last night. And she had been sprawled on a mat the Souza women had provided for her on the luxurious room she had been given on the main house in the hacienda. Instead, now she had woken up on the huge bed the room had been fitted with and the dog was lying on his side apparently also half asleep while his penis once in a while throbbed briefly ejecting dog semen into her innards. Kay could see now the tropical sunlight starting to lighten her room and she could hear the myriad jungle birds that had awaken. And she was still tied to him!

The second thing that struck Kay was watching Josefina nude and smiling standing next to her bed. For some reason, Kay felt her face blush.

"Oh relax!" laughed Josefina. "It's not the first time I see a woman knotted."

"Jesus!" exclaimed Kay. "How long have I been stuck with him? How can it be?"

"It's the yerba dura. Jungle herbs, you will soon find out, are marvelous." She took a wad of coca leaves from a pouch. "You want some of this? You could keep fucking while knotted for weeks. It has been done though the woman usually dies from heart failure. And we can inject his penis to keep it hard as long as you wish."

"No, please," replied Kay shaking her head. "Won't this kill him too? I mean, he is still coming, poor thing, and we are stuck (gasp) together."

"Well, the girls tell me they gave him an injection about midnight. You were out and did not notice it but we did not want you to uncouple. You would have screamed if we had pulled the knot out."

"I know!"

"Anyway, he is bound to get flaccid soon."

There was a knock on the door and one of the Indian servant girls, also nude, brought in a tray with coffee and some cups. Kay could not help but flush again when the girl smiled at her.

"You need to learn to shed your inhibitions, Kate," said Josefina. "Remember, when in Rome... Anyways, do you want some coffee? Its grown here in the hacienda."

Kay shook her head though the aroma was enticing.

"Thanks, I will, as soon as he finishes."

"All our staff here on the big house, you will have noticed, are women. None wear clothes. It is better in this heat. You can mate with any of them if you wish. They are quite eager," said Josefina matter of factly as she smiled.

The knot inside Kay started to squirt dog semen again, this time with more force. Kay's heart raced. Another orgasm was oncoming. She could not help but contemplate in awe the beautiful woman that sat naked next to her watching her thus. Josefina did not mind. She accepted her thus. "Oh no, " she thought, "I am falling in love again. Won't I ever learn?"

"Are you coming Kay?" smiled Josefina.

"Yessss!" answered Kay.

Then their mouths met.

The dog made as if to stand up. This pulled Kay's torso up.

"Ah, he wants out," laughed Josefina.

"Aaarrgghh!!! " cried Kay. "He is still hard!!!"

"Here, let me steady you," offered Josefina holding on to her. Kay dug her face in her breasts and closed her eyes tight.

"Go on boy!" coaxed Josefina.

Slowly, painfully, his large knot popped out of Kay, who was whimpering. She held on to her crotch. Josefina placed her face up. A steady stream of dog semen started coming out of Kay's distended cunt. Josefina grabbed an empty cup from the tray and started collecting it.



"No use wasting it," laughed Josefina.

Kay watched as the cup filled to the brim with frothing and pungent dog semen. Josefina drank half out it and smiled appreciatively.

"Nothing like dog semen in the morning. Besides, it tastes like you," she said holding the rest of the cup to Kay's lips. She drank it eagerly.

"More is coming out, Kay. He is quite a champion," noted Josefina. Then she pressed her lips to Kay's cunt to lick the dog semen as it came out. Her tongue felt so soothing that Kay moaned with pleasure.

Finally, both women stared at each other for a long time. Their faces glistened with dog semen. They both were driven to each other's arms and kissed passionately. The stray, meanwhile, took advantage of the half open door to escape. He was very hungry and thirsty (obviously).

"Come, " said Josefina after a while. "We have work to do. All you know of the Souza hacienda so far is a dog penis. There are more penises, bigger ones in fact, for you to try out."

"But..."

"Say nothing more. Yes. I love you too. There. I said it first. What can be more obvious? Come, I said, I have things to show you."

Kay stood up on rubbery legs and took Josefina's hand. Dog semen was still leaking out of her and her pubic hair was matted with it.

They walked down corridors and hallways until they emerged on a wide courtyard surrounded by beds of roses. Wild orchids hung from the trees and myriads of multicolored birds and butterflies fluttered around. To Kay's surprise a group of men stood in the middle of the courtyard. Kay instinctively crossed her arms over her breasts, suddenly very aware of her nudity. But neither Josefina nor the men seemed to mind or even give the two nude women a second glance.

"Relax Kay," laughed Josefina. "Don't embarrass me in front of the peons."

"Why are they here? I thought you said there were only women on the big house."

"Yes, that is right. But they are here to receive their day's instructions. Ah, here come the patrona to talk to them."

Paola bellyrode in to the hacienda, slung underneath Pedrito. She carelessly pointed at the shaft buried inside her and the older of the peons, don Francisco, sought an injection of yerba dura and put it into Pedrito's shaft.

"Ah, that is better," smiled Paola feeling the shaft harden inside her.

"Patrona," said don Francisco holding his hat in his hand and squatting down to address Paola, "we finished the work by the river."

"Is it still rising?"

"No more, patrona. I think it has crested."

"Fine. Go now and check the sluices to the reservoirs. Clean and repair matters as needed. I don't

want us to run out of water come the Summer.”

Pedrito started making lubric motions with his hips fucking Paola. Her cunt started to froth and drip horse semen. Kay, meanwhile, watched the scene fascinated.

The men left. With a mindless twitch of her hips Paola coaxed Pedrito forward, to where Josefina and Kay stood.

“Good morning!” waved Paola from underneath her horse.

“Have you had breakfast, Paola?”

“Not yet. I left early to look at the tobacco crop on the hills.”

Josefina signaled to some of the servant girls standing nearby. These brought over a table and chairs and set it next to Paola and her horse. Then they produced sliced fruits, juices, and more coffee.

Josefina fed Paola small bits of fruit and helped her drink. Paola remained coupled.

“How long can she stay like this?” could not help ask Kay.

“Oh, she goes like that for days, don’t you Paola?”

“I do, now. When I started I could hardly last ten minutes. I am part of his shaft now.”

“Bellyriders like to think of themselves just a living sheath on a horse’s penis,” explained Josefina. “It’s this devotion to the horse penis that is our motivation, Kay.”

“You almost make it sound religious!”

“I guess. Josefina says it’s the yerba dura. Me, I just want to be fucked by a horse!” grunted Paola. She could not help it. Pedrito was growing agitated. He was pounding her innards now with gusto. Paola’s torso was swinging forwards and backwards under his thrusts. Josefina smiled and handed Kay a bowl.

“Some will come out, Kay. Don’t waste it.”

Kay understood. She knelt next to the union of horse and woman staring fascinated at the onslaught that was taking place. Her hands instinctively reached for the horse’s balls. They were cool and velvety. She caressed them.

“See?” smiled Josefina. “You are a natural, Kay. He is about to come. Make sure you milk those balls fully. Rub them, girl! Make her belly distend with horse cum!”

A jet of horse semen exploded from the tight union of Paola and Pedrito, splashing onto Kay’s face and chest (on top of the dried dog semen). She held then the bowl to capture as much as possible. The bowl filled up. Kay placed it ceremoniously on the table.

Paola’s chest was heaving and her body glowed with sweat. Her belly was indeed distended from where her womb had filled with horse semen. She had been meeting Pedrito’s thrusts as he came inside her and had had a very strong orgasm.

“I think I ought to uncouple for a while. I have a cramp in my left leg.”

They helped her out of the sling and sat her down on a chair. She held on to her swollen belly, like a pregnant woman. Her cunt, Kay noticed, was cavernous and gobs of horse semen poured out of it forming a puddle under her. Josefina massaged her legs.

"Horse love can be so messy," smiled Paola and wincing in some pain. Kay's face and chest was covered in Pedrito's ejaculate.

"It is lovely," replied Kay quietly rubbing the semen into her skin. "I don't mind."

"See? I told you," laughed Josefina. "She is a nymphomaniac! She will soon be sleeping under the horses."

"You looked so beautiful, coupled like that," said Josefina admiringly, "and giving instructions thus to those men."

"They know who is the boss," winked Paola.

"I want to paint the scene," explained Kay, "you slung under Pedrito with those men standing around you. I have...to show the penis buried...maybe if I draw the scene from the side..."

"You should have your art supplies arriving soon, Kay," replied Josefina. She served them all cups from the bowl of Pedrito's semen. "Cheers!"

Kay drank the semen solemnly while the two women stared at her. It was, she felt, like a sacrament.

"Is it good?" asked Paola.

"Delicious! Tastes much better than the donkey semen I tasted!"

"Well, Pedrito eats all sort of stuff when I go into the fields. He is quite a glutton."

"He has to be!" laughed Josefina. "You are insatiable."

"I better go lie down now," said Paola. "I have been maybe a week on that shaft. I can't help it. I am very sore."

"You take care of that cunt of yours, Paola," advised Josefina. "Rub some oils on it to keep it supple and distended."

Kay and Josefina watched Paola walk on unsteady feet to her quarters holding on to one of the Indian girls. She left a trail of horse semen on her path.

"Will she be OK?"

"Yes. They will bathe and massage her. Give her a couple of hours and pretty soon she will crave the shaft again. There are some things I must clear with you first."

"Such as?"

"Well, the craving...you see, it's the yerba dura. We absorb it through the lining in our vaginas. It is addictive, I am afraid. You understand?"

"You mean to tell me that you are all addicted to horse cock?"

“We can’t help it. As I said, it’s the yerba dura. You tasted it in Pedrito’s semen, right?”

Kay stared at the cup of horse semen she had just finished. It was her second.

“There is still time for you. I have to be upfront with you about it. If you become a horse cock junkie and go back to your country, where they are not civilized about these matters, you will go mad! Understand?”

“OK...”

“The second thing I need you to understand is that the shaft kills.”

“What do you mean?”

Josefina took her hand and held it tightly.

“Either you get ruptured sooner or later or the yerba dura eventually drives you mad and you force that shaft deeper unto you. Same result. It is not a pretty sight. Alas, as the saying goes, there are no old bellyriders.”

Kay trembled at the thought, remembering her attempts to “sit” on Priapus.

“I know what I want. I want to stay here. With you, Josefina. My life would not have any more meaning without you. I love you. If death is the price, so be it.”

Kay’s hand trembled as she served herself more of Pedrito’s semen. She drank it all in one swoop. Her cheeks bulged and she smiled at Josefina. Their lips met and they shared it.