

READBEAST

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In all fairness, the story "Angels and Unicorns" posed the idea that a woman could be indeed attached to a horse for a long time. The horse could piss inside her and she could do so, albeit with some difficulty, with the shaft inside. Likewise, if she were to defecate while attached it would not be a big deal. The scenario assumes that a horse's member can remain permanently hard without any harm. These are the basic premises. Then, I see no reason for a woman to be put "Out to Pasture", permanently impaled on a horse shaft. Likewise "Bellyriding Twins" alludes to such scenario. The only place, of course, this could take place is Brazil.

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## **I. The Barn**

Brazil, 20 kilometers down the coast from Bahia

It was early morning and a bit nippy. The sky was overcast. The monsoon season was bound to start any moment now. Then the rains would be continuous for several weeks.

Doña Sandra Corcuera shivered and goosebumps appeared all over her nude body. She should have worn a shawl at least, she thought. She walked in the direction of the barn gingerly stepping around the pools of water from last night's rains. A large dane followed at her side. Sandra was tall, very fit, long legged, with an aristocratic visage. She draped her long chestnut hair around her naked breasts for some warmth.

The barn was spotless, Sandra noted with satisfaction. A solid concrete floor ran its length. There were a dozen stalls, all oversized, and shower stall facilities for the horses. Hay could be seen stacked along the overhead mezzanine. A cat dozed contentedly on one of the bales. Equipment laid carefully stacked in a corner. There was a medicine cabinet and a refrigerator. Also, curiously, were several large mirrors on rollers.

Sandra heard a series of low moans and smiled. She entered the first stall. It contained a large chestnut stallion named Sombra. The horse sported a curious looking saddle. It laid underneath it, like a cradle. Sconced in this cradle was a blonde woman in her forties. She was nude. Her body laid upwards flush against the horse's chest. Her legs and hands were tied to the flanks. Her head was cradled in a harness too, to keep from hanging.

Sandra knelt down next to the woman and examined her. She was moaning and her eyes were shut tight. Her nipples were hard, evidence of her sexual arousal and, perhaps, also of the morning cold.

The woman's head was shaven, to insure her hair would not tangle or attract vermin. Sandra caressed it and felt the stubble. She would have to be shaved again soon, she thought.

Sandra next reached for the horse's distended penis. It was a massive shaft, at least 6 centimeters in girth. And its head laid firmly lodged within the blond woman's cunt. Her labia were stretched taut around the shaft. The woman's pubes and legs were covered in dried horse semen and dribblets were oozing out from between the tight union of her cunt and the shaft.

"Still hard," murmured Sandra.

"Please," pleaded the blond woman, "don't let it go soft."

"Don't worry, Sombra" replied Sandra smiling. Her hands caressed the shaft. "It's bound to last till

noontime. But I will reinject it after we feed you all. You need anything else, Sombra?"

The blond woman smiled. She had once had a name. But now she was just part of the horse. Thus she only answered by the horse's name, Sombra.

"I had cramps in my legs last night," she said in a quiet voice.

"I will have Sylvia massage you before we let you out to the pasture. And it might rain today."

"I don't mind. He keeps me warm."

"Still, it won't do for you to catch pneumonia. If it starts raining I will fit a cover on top of you both."

"You are so kind to me," whispered the blond woman.

"I will take care of you, Sombra," replied Sandra caressing the blond woman's breasts and giving her a lingering kiss on the mouth.

Sandra then carefully checked the ropes that held the cradle and her limbs in place. She carefully swung her torso back and forth. There was plenty of play, which was good. The horse shaft easily penetrated the blond woman's pubes as Sandra rocked her. Her taut, overstretched, labia were driven in and out by the massive shaft. The woman moaned.

The dane wagged its tail and barked.

"Go ahead Luke," coaxed Sandra.

The dog proceeded to lick the blond woman's semen covered pubes and legs and around the tight union of woman and horse.

Sandra visited the next four stalls. They all contained women held under their horses and impaled on the equine's member. Some were still sleep. They all moaned softly. Luke eagerly lapped at their pubes.

"Good morning dear daughter," said Sandra smiling as she entered the last stall.

The horse in there was a beautiful jet black stallion with socks on its two front feet. Craddled in the harness beneath him was a young woman about 26 years old. Her nude body was tanned dark by the tropical sun. Her long legs looked elegant against the horse's flanks. The shaft buried in her loins was massive.

"About time, mother," replied the young woman.

Sandra said nothing and started to free one of her legs from the ropes that held it in place.

"Wait, mother," pleaded the young woman. "Just give some slack. Styx is going to come."

"Wonderful," smiled Sandra, insuring that the cradle had plenty of play.

The horse then started making thrusting motions ramming its shaft like a cruel piston into the young woman's loins. Sandra hurried to leave the stall and stood outside it watching the spectacle. The young woman's torso was being driven back and forth under the onslaught. She was grunting and moaning loudly. Her eyes were shut tight. Occasionally she could not help whimper in pain.

Finally the horse stopped its cruel onslaught. Sandra's knowing eye saw the veins in the shaft stand up and its balls lift to its torso. The shaft pulsed. The young woman moaned loudly feeling the hydraulic ram of horse semen flooding her innards. Her belly actually distended as her womb filled with horse semen and the head flared inside her. The horse semen was hot and a delicious warmth filled her lower torso.

Sandra entered the stall and placed a large rubber tub underneath the young woman's pubes. A jet of horse semen started pulsating out from between the tight union of horse and woman. Sandra made sure she captured as much as possible in the tub though some fell to the stall floor and pooled there while other contrails splattered Sandra on the face and chest.

"Are you OK?" asked Sandra concerned.

The young woman did not answer for a few moments. Her mouth quivered but she managed to shake her head in agreement. She was in the midst of her own orgasm and her torso arched and writhed. Sandra did not dare ask any more questions, not daring to interrupt the communion of horse and woman. The young woman's orgasm lasted for a good time, a fact that Sandra noted with satisfaction.

"Oh God, that was good. Painful but good," replied the young woman.

"Painful? You have been sleeping under him for a month now. I would think you would be used to him by now, Sylvia."

"That's the point, mother. My period better start any moment now. I am late. I hope I am not pregnant with a foal."

"Nonsense," answered Sandra as she resumed unstrapping Sylvia's legs. "Your body is adapting to all the hormones in his semen and to the chemicals in the yerba dura. That is why you are late. I told you this already."

"I hope you are right, mother," smiled Sylvia standing up on rubbery legs. Her cunt was distended and long contrails of horse semen were falling out of it. Sylvia placed herself on top of the rubber tub and coaxed more horse semen out of her innards. Pretty soon the tub was brimming with a foaming amber liquid.

"Get out!" ordered Sandra shooing off Luke who wanted to drink from the tub.

Sylvia staggered out and sat on a bench, her legs wide open.

"Here boy, clean me good," said Sylvia calling the dog, which promptly started to lick her pubes clean.

Sandra placed the tub full of semen in a work bench and she carefully poured it into gallon jugs which she capped. Then she labeled each jug with the date and placed the container in the refrigerator. There were at least a dozen of these jugs inside. Sandra checked the dates and took out two of the oldest ones.

"We have a busy day today," said Sandra matter of factly.

"I know. Is everyone alright?"

"Yes. No one ruptured. Sombra needs a leg massage. She had cramps last night. Will you take care

of it?"

"No problem, I will give it to her when we bathe them," replied Sylvia. "Who is the visitor?"

"A woman in her forties. She is considering being put out to pasture. Her name is Graciela Souza. "

"Not the Souzas of the highlands?"

"Yes. The very ones."

"Well, that is good. She must be loaded," smiled Sylvia. "Has she had children?"

"Yes, three. All girls."

"So it is true," replied Sylvia through narrowed eyes.

"What?"

"Souza women only bear girls."

"They take drugs to do so, I heard. And they have themselves inseminated in a gang bang by males they select for their beauty. Or so I have been told. Anyway, that is none of our business. And yes, she is quite distended, I understand. She bellyrides daily."

"That ought to have stretched her cunt."

"Sylvia, alas, she is not the only visitor."

"I did not know. Who else is coming?"

"In the afternoon, Don Enrique Martinez is coming."

"Don Enrique? Our solicitor? What? Are you going to make a will, mother?"

"I have one already. And this property will go entirely to you, you know that. No, this is a serious matter. Don Enrique comes to discuss about Maria."

Sylvia frowned and her face darkened. She shooed Luke away.

"I thought that matter was finished."

"Alas, Don Enrique called me last night. I was happily knotted with Luke and had to crawl to the telephone. Believe me, I did not appreciate being interrupted.

"So, what did Martinez want?"

"It seems that Maria's husband, Blake Conroy, is not happy."

"That Americano pig? What is his complaint? Maria left him a hefty sum in her will. And the court ruled it was a riding accident."

"Of course it was a riding accident!" laughed Sandra. "I made sure that Maria left me a hefty sum in escrow when she joined so that I could insure that the court ruled that way. But no, the man is stirring up trouble for us. He belongs on the board of a powerful transnational company that has the ear of certain Brazilian politicians."

“Maria was right to leave him then. Didn’t she divorce him?”

“Yes, in the USA, but there Conroy insured it got tangled in the courts. Then Maria died when her horse reared and the shaft ruptured her. At the time, technically, Maria was still Conroy’s wife.”

“We have the releases she signed, right?”

“Don Enrique has them all, duly notarized and filed. To become part of a horse permanently and be put out to pasture is completely legal under Brazilian law. At least that is how it right now, Sylvia. And we supposedly bear no responsibility for any deaths. But you know lawyers.”

Sylvia shook her head. “Yes, I know lawyers, I did go to law school, you know. And this much I know, mother. It’s bound to cost us a pretty penny.”

“Yes, I know. You and Martinez will have to defend us if it comes to that,” affirmed Sandra. “I don’t know why anyone is surprised that these women die on the shaft. Everyone knows there are no old bellyriders. Either your heart fails from having continuous orgasms or the shaft ruptures you.”

Sylvia grimaced imagining the pain of having the entire shaft driven into her. “I prefer the first.”

“Yes, so do I. It would not be the first time that I enter a stall and find a woman dead under her horse. If her heart has failed she usually has quite a smile on her face.”

“Maria did too.”

“Maria was strong and a devotee of the shaft. She was dead when you went to bring her horse in from the pasture. There would have been little we could have done at that point, anyway.”

“It wasn’t Styx’ fault,” frowned Sylvia. “He is a lovely horse.”

“Of course not, Sylvia. I saw him fuck you just right now. He just did what comes naturally to a horse, pound the innards of the mare he is inside of. It just happened that the mare was Maria and unfortunately she was a small woman. And yes, I insured she had plenty of play. God knows, she must have had quite a pounding!”

“Once you get into your forties you are not that elastic,” noted Sylvia quietly. “Getting in the cradle is like playing Russian roulette.”

Sandra looked up from where she was pouring semen into large individual mugs. “I am fifty and I am still elastic! And I can outride you any day, young lady!”

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II. Morning Feeding

Sandra placed the mugs full of horse semen in a microwave oven to warm.

“Don’t take it personal, mother!” laughed Sylvia. “That cunt of yours is huge. You still are the best bellyrider here!”

“Forget it,” answered Sylvia taking out the mugs full of horse semen. “Now we must give these women their breakfast.”

Sylvia dipped a finger in one of the mugs and tasted it.

"Is it too hot?" asked Sandra.

"No, it's just right."

"Dancer likes a bit of cinnamon in the semen and Viento likes a twist of lemon. The others all take it neat," said Sandra preparing the mugs.

"I like it with some rum," smiled Sylvia, pouring another mug and adding rum to it.

"Aye, I like it that way too," replied Sandra. "Makes it easier to swallow. Fix me one, will you dear?"

This Sylvia did and once warm handed the mug to her mother.

"Cheers!" smiled Sylvia. "May we die from having too many orgasms."

"I will drink to that!" replied Sandra.

The two women drank in eager sips and smiled looking at each other. Their lips glistened with the horse semen.

Sylvia laughed. "I remember the first time I drank it. I almost retched."

"You did not take out the head from your mouth when I told you, girl."

"It almost dislocated my jaw when it flared! Anyway, it's an acquired taste, as they say. And God, have I acquired it!"

Sylvia carried the mugs in a tray and followed Sandra. Her mother knelt next to each woman cradled under her horse. She then held their heads and offered the mug to their lips to drink.

Then the two women led Viento (and the woman underneath him) to the shower stall. They let the water run until warm, which did not take long in the tropics. The woman in the cradle knew the routine. She managed to dribble her pee between the tight union between woman and horse. The horse reacted likewise and a more powerful stream of horse urine jetted out. Sandra smiled. She knew this was good as it insured the woman's innards would be cleaned out. Then the bellyrider started to defecate. This did not rise undue attention of either woman. It was a natural function. And the woman was now just another part of the horse and horses, of course, took a dump whenever they fancied it.

Next both mother and daughter undid the straps that held her limbs in place. These hung limp at her side. They massaged them to restore circulation and then mother and daughter proceeded to bathe both the woman and her mount.

Sandra held the shaft and proceeded to judge if an injection of yerba dura was needed to insure the horse penis remained hard. In this case Viento did need one. The shaft was growing flaccid and Sandra took the opportunity to push with her fingers lubricant into the tight union between woman and horse. Then Sandra covered the exposed portion of the shaft in more lubricant and nodded. Sylvia applied the injection and the reaction was immediate. The shaft widened and hardened and easily buried itself deeper into the woman. Her torso squirmed to accommodate the massive member. She no longer seemed to have control over her legs which hung limp wide open from the cradle. Only her arms seemed to respond and she reached for the shaft and caressed it as it entered her. The woman managed to say thanks in a hoarse voice. Then mother and daughter retightened her arms and legs to Viento's flanks while insuring there was plenty of play in the cradle.

Then they led Viento to the central aisle of the barn. Sandra then produced a large butt plug attached to a long belt and lubricated it. She knelt next to the bellyrider. Her buttocks were already quite spread due to Viento's thick shaft and the woman's anus was easily accessible. Sandra generously lubricated the orifice with a finger. It was a tight fit, she knew, and inserting the buttplug was always painful. But, then again, bellyriders soon got used to pain.

"Brace yourself, Viento," advised Sylvia placing a leather bit in the woman's mouth.

The woman nodded and bit down hard. Sandra mercilessly pushed the plug into the woman's anus. The woman could not help whimper and her torso arched.

"There, it is all in, Viento," declared Sandra triumphantly. She then looped the buttplug's belt around the horse's body to insure the anal intruder remained in place inside the bellyrider. They let the woman writhe in agony until she seemed to stabilize and accept her fate.

Sylvia removed the leather bit. The woman's eyes were large as saucers and there were droplets of sweat in her forehead. It was evident that she was extremely aroused and on the verge of an orgasm.

"Oh Jesus!" moaned the woman as her cunt started to spasm in her orgasm.

Both mother and daughter rolled the two large mirrors to either side of Viento. The bellyrider was able to turn her head contemplate herself thus and the sight drove her insane with lust. She started rubbing her bare and very aroused nipples against the horse's chest, rocking herself in the cradle and driving herself deeper into the shaft. She was now shrieking incoherently and her body was covered in a sheen of sweat and the tight union between her and the horse began to foam.

"Whoa, Viento, not too deep now!" laughed Sylvia knowing it was a useless admonishment. The woman was obviously beyond all rational thought. Then she led the horse to an individual turnout pen and threw a bale of hay over the fence. Viento started to feed contentedly while the woman continued to rock back and forth fucking all the while driving herself deeper and deeper onto the shaft.

The remaining four bellyriders were all serviced thus and placed on individual turnout pens.

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### **III. The Pasture**

Micaela Souza cursed and downshifted the hummer she was driving. The road was very narrow and ahead of her a heavily laden and slow moving cane truck had appeared. She dared not pass it. Her truck was hauling a horse trailer behind.

"The cutoff must be somewhere up here," said Graciela Souza not paying attention to her daughter's frustration.

"It better be. We have been on the road three days," snarled Micaela. She was red headed and freckled whereas her mother was very dark. Both women were dressed elegantly in expensive jodhpurs and riding boots.

"There! I think that is it!" exclaimed Graciela pointing to a sign that said "Hacienda Santa Leda".

"About time!" exclaimed Micaela. She carefully eased the truck and trailer unto the unpaved road.



"It looks nice," noted Graciela pointing to the carefully kept fencing. The sea could be heard nearby.

"Really, mother, if you wanted to be put out to pasture you could have done it at our hacienda. Why come to this place? These are strangers. I and my sisters would have taken good care of you there. And we have hundreds of hectares to let your horse loose on."

"No, Micaela, we have had this discussion before," answered Graciela sternly. "My mind is made up. You know that once I am put out to pasture it will be sooner or later that the shaft kills me. I don't want you and the girls to go through that trauma with me. It is better here. And the woman Sandra Corcuera is well recommended."

Micaela's eyes watered though she was frowning. "We don't want to lose you."

"The hacienda is in good hands, yours. Keep an eye on your sisters. They are still young. Teach them the ways of horse loving like I did to you. Anyway, you can always come and visit me. I hope I last a few years on the shaft."

"Why would you not? You have a Souza cunt, mother. And you are healthy and in top shape."

"Aye, bellyriding does that for you," smiled Graciela.

"Still, I want to make sure this place is right for you. They will have to convince me that it is so. God knows I don't want you going to just any old place."

Micaela followed the winding road until it reached a building complex. Micaela parked in a large turnaround area. Both women then got off their rig and surveyed the place. A large open field extended towards the sea, broken only by a few trees. To the west there was uncut tropical jungle. Flocks of tropical birds sang all around. The sun was already quite strong. The Souzas could also see a number of turnout pens and noted that in several there were women bellyriding.

"That is nice, I agree," said Micaela reluctantly. "The innards of the pens are padded in case the woman's legs rub against them."

"You must be Doña Graciela," smiled an attractive mature nude woman approaching them. She was followed by an equally nude young woman and a large dane. "Welcome to Hacienda Santa Leda. I am Sandra Corcuera."

"That I am!" laughed Graciela kissing the older woman on the lips. Graciela's hand rested on the nude woman's pubes as was the greeting protocol amongst the bellyriding women of Brazil. "This is my daughter Micaela."

Micaela observed with a clinical eye the woman's large distended cunt. She then kissed her also on the lips and also placed her hand on the nude woman's pubes.

"This is my daughter Sylvia," smiled Sandra. And kisses and caresses were likewise exchanged.

"It has been quite a journey!" laughed Graciela.

"I can imagine," replied Sandra. "Would you like to disrobe? I have a couple of rooms for you."

"I won't mind removing these clothes," laughed Micaela quickly removing her clothes and handing the bundle to Sylvia. Graciela did likewise and soon all women were nude.

"Now I must see to my horse!" pointed out Graciela.

"Ah, we have here the shot records," said Micaela producing a sheaf of papers.

"Excellent," replied Sylvia taking them. "May we keep this?"

"Sure, if my mother decides to stay, of course," answered Micaela rather frostily.

"That would be just wonderful!" beamed Sandra. "Of course, we know that being put out to pasture is a major decision. I hope you choose us."

Graciela opened the trailer and coaxed a large white horse out of it.

"He is massive!" exclaimed Sandra admiringly. She and Sylvia proceeded to caress the horse's flanks and took a careful look at its balls and sheath.

"He has warm blood in him. His shaft is 12 centimeters at the base," replied Graciela proudly. "Of course, I never go that deep."

"So far," murmured Micaela shaking her head.

"Not that I would mind," laughed Graciela self-consciously. Her face grew beet red. "You know what I mean."

"Of course, we are all bellyriders here," replied Sandra assuringly. "Sylvia, please take him to a turnout pen. What will you have us feed him?"

"A bale of hay is fine," answered Graciela.

"I will take him to the farthest pen until the other horses get used to him," announced Sylvia. The other horses neighed at the newcomer.

"That is a concern," pointed out Micaela. "How do I know the other horses will not start a fight with him?"

"Oh Jesus forbid!" paled Sandra. The results for the women slung underneath would be dire. "We will move him to a neighboring pen and introduce him to the other horses one at a time. Most of them are placid enough."

"It's the yerba dura and the continuous ejaculation," smiled Sylvia. "These boys don't have much eagerness for fighting that is our experience."

"But, have you ever introduced a new horse to them before?" insisted Micaela. "And I mean with women slung under them."

"A couple of times," answered Sandra. "So far we have had no problems. We take all manner of precautions. No one has been hurt that way."

"Then, how have they been hurt?" continued Micaela.

Sandra shrugged. The point was moot, they all knew. There were a myriad ways for a bellyrider to be hurt.

Graciela noted Sandra's embarrassment. "Forgive my daughter, please. We all know there are no old bellyriders. I would like to get to know this place before I make my choice."

"You definitely want to be put out to pasture, Mrs. Souza?" asked Sandra.

"Definitely. My mind is made up. You might think it funny but after a life of horse loving I think I earned it. I want, however, to last as long as possible on the shaft," answered Graciela.

"Everyone has different reasons and all are valid," said Sandra in a quiet voice.

"We are about to let loose the horses in their pasture," explained Sylvia. "We have to finish preparations and do some final checks. You could then talk to the bellyriders if you wish. It should help you make your choice, I think."

"That would be fine, as a start," replied Micaela testily.

All four women walked to one of the pens.

"This is Azul," announced Sylvia. The horse approached curiously. A willowy woman was slung underneath him and could not help moaning as the horse walked and the shaft pumped in and out of her.

"Nice shaft," said Graciela appreciatively. Indeed the horse member was massive.

The woman slung underneath smiled lasciviously. "My name is Azul. I no longer remember nor care what my name was before I was mounted. I am now part of this horse and am wrapped around its very thick shaft. Pleased to make your acquaintance, sisters."

For a moment Micaela and Graciela stared at Azul's face in amazement. Then they each kissed her on the lips as was expected.

"Why the facial tattoo?" asked Micaela. Indeed, Azul's face was tattooed fully with geometric patterns.

"It's a sign of my commitment to the shaft," explained Azul. "Do you like it?"

"This is the tradition of Hacienda Santa Leda," added Sandra. "We were founded sixty years ago by the nuns of the Naked Order of Mary Magdalene. And they all wore these designs. Neither I nor my daughter have had them done since we are not yet ready to be put to pasture."

"You would look nice in one, mother," smirked Micaela.

"I respect tradition and will not mind having it done," answered Graciela quietly.

"How old are you and how long have you been on the shaft?" asked Micaela to Azul.

"I was 35 when I was put out to pasture. I just turned 40. Next month it will be five years since I was mounted and became part of this horse," answered Azul.

"You were in the prime of life and decided to become part of a horse?" asked Micaela.

"These are very personal decisions and we respect our client's choice," hastened to add Sylvia. "The youngest woman here who has been put out to pasture was 19 when she took the shaft. She has achieved ten years on the shaft and has no regrets, I assure you."

"Absolutely none," added Sandra.

"My only regret is that I was not mounted before," added Azul.

"Azul, have you been all this time on the same horse?" insisted Micaela.

"Yes," replied Azul proudly. "And please, I am Azul. We are no longer two separate entities, just one, fused by love. And yes, Sandra and Sylvia take very good care of me. I want to spend the rest of my life like this. I don't see why it causes wonder." It was obvious she was becoming defensive at the questioning.

"We must finish Azul's preparation," interjected Sylvia. "Do you mind?"

"Please," replied Graciela, glad to conclude the exchange.

Sylvia then rubbed sunscreen and body oils all over the woman's body.

"These oils are a natural insect repellent," explained Sandra. They also rubbed more lubricant on the exposed portion of the shaft and forced more into the tight union between horse and woman.

Next Sandra and Sylvia checked the strapping one last time. Then they placed a hard helmet in the woman's head and insured this was held in place and not hanging down.

"As you can see, there is good slack in the cradle," pointed out Sandra. "Try it yourself please."

Micaela swung the cradle driving the woman back and forth unto Azul's shaft. The woman groaned.

"I think she could use another inch, mother," offered Sylvia.

"You are right, here," said Sandra readjusting the straps. "Only when everything is just right do we let them out to pasture. There is no room for error."

Sylvia then opened the pen's gate.

"Go on," whispered Sylvia into Azul's ear.

The woman nodded and smiled. Then Azul walked off into the large pasture that extended eastwards towards the sea.

"They will stay out there until sundown," announced Sandra. "That field is very level and free of cactus or stickers. I have a crew of men that come once a week to work on it and clean it. And there is a small brook that meanders through it from which the horses can drink."

"And if the women are thirsty?" asked Micaela.

"We check them three times a day and feed them light snacks and fluids, including horse semen," smiled Sandra.

"They drink horse semen?" asked Micaela smiling, for she was a connoisseur of horse semen.

"Yes," smiled Sylvia. "It stokes their libido because it is laced with yerba dura. And the strain of yerba dura we grow here and use also has alkaloids which increase their endurance."

Sandra laughed. "They are high and horny all the time. Believe me, we pamper these horses."

"I see you no longer talk of the women separate from the horses," noted Micaela.

"No," agreed Sandra. "They are no longer separate entities. These women can tell the mood of their horse or if it is hungry or thirsty or sick through the shaft. And some can even coax it forward or make them stop using just their cunt muscles."

"Azul has tremendous cunt muscles," added Sylvia. "Did you notice that I just opened the pen and he walked out into the pasture? She did not even use her heels. Actually, she coaxed him forward just with her cunt."

"Oh Jesus!" exclaimed Graciela. She was becoming highly aroused.

The other four horses and the women slung underneath were each prepared in turn. In some cases a shot of yerba dura was applied. Then the horses were released into the pasture.

Graciela could not help but exclaim. "Ohmigod! I would so much love to be out there!"

"Would you like to be mounted, Mrs. Souza?" offered Sylvia. "We have a couple of other mounts, our mounts, so to speak. The other horses already know them."

"That would be very kind of you," agreed Graciela. "It would not be permanent. Maybe just for today. I just want to enjoy the experience. Do you mind Micaela?"

"Why not, mother?" replied Micaela reluctantly. "If the horses she mentions are trained and familiar to the others I see no reason why not indulge."

"Would you like also to also be mounted and put to pasture, Miss Micaela?" offered Sandra to Micaela.

The young Souza woman hesitated for a moment, smiled, and then shook her head. "Not right now. Mind you, I am an experienced bellyrider and lost my virginity to a horse. But I would like to see more of your facility. I am still concerned about my mother."

"Of course!" agreed Sandra.

Meanwhile Sylvia appeared leading Styx.

"He fucked me this morning but he is already recovered," smiled Sylvia. "And his shaft is massive. He also has some warm blood in him. You will be well off the ground underneath him Mrs. Souza."

"Oh Jesus! He is beautiful!" whimpered Graciela. Her hands involuntarily went to her cunt and she started masturbating unashamedly. This of course did not raise any eyebrows amongst these women.

Micaela observed the horses on the pasture. "Tell me, Mrs. Corcuera, do these women stay forever on the shaft?"

"Once a year, on the anniversary of their mounting day, we remove them from the shaft," admitted Sandra.

"Why? Would it not be painful to have the shaft taken out once you are so used to it?"

"It is painful, yes, but necessary," said Sandra. "You see, we have a gynecologist who will come and examine them for any signs of damage. At that point forceps are not needed. These women all gain very distended cunts rather quickly."

"Really? And what if there is such damage?"

Sylvia answered in a crisp, precise, litigant's voice. "It is written in of our contract that we will ask the woman's family to pick her up and take her away. We do not want to hurt her unduly."

"But what if she wants to stay out to pasture?" insisted Micaela.

"Sorry, we will refuse to service her further," replied Sylvia. "Of course, if they bellyride again or get put out to pasture somewhere else is on their own responsibility."

"After a year or so out to pasture, I must clarify to you," added Sandra, "these women usually can no longer walk. They will be wheelchair bound if they have to be unslung."

"Why is that?" snarled Micaela.

"We do our best to keep the limbs from atrophying," explained Sylvia. "We massage them daily, before being put into their stalls for the night. But the doctors tell us that the distension can lead to fractures in the pelvic bone, the hips, and the spinal column. After all, it is as if these women are continuously giving birth."

"And that is not sufficient damage for you to ask they leave?" questioned Micaela.

"If it is not life threatening, no, we won't" acknowledged Sandra.

"I know all that," interjected Graciela whose arousal was very much evident, "and I would have no regrets if I no longer can walk again after being put out to pasture. God, just let me have a horse shaft fucking me every remaining moment of my life!"

"Are you ready, Mrs. Souza?" offered Sylvia.

"Yes," replied Graciela slipping into the cradle.

Sylvia produced a vial of lubricant and was about to lube Graciela's pubes.

"Let me do it," offered Micaela. "I know her cunt quite well."

Graciela was dripping wet and her daughter easily entered her full hand into her yawning cavity applying the lubricant.

"Grease her butt too please," admonished Sylvia handing her the vial and showing her the buttplug.

"You plug up the ass? Why?"

"We don't want a stick or something poking her up the ass," explained Sylvia. "It's a precaution."

Micaela held the large plug in her hand. "If you say so. Mother, this is going to hurt."

It did hurt but eventually Graciela Souza was firmly placed in the cradle, her legs wide open and tied to the horses flanks, the cruel butt plug in her anus, her head secured and protected by a hard helmet, Styx' distended thick shaft buried in her loins, and her hands firmly secured to the horse's flanks. Filled thus, she felt as if she were going to be ripped in two. Her anxiety was evident and Sandra caressed her.

"Give yourself to the shaft," admonished Sandra. "Become one with it. Accept it."

Graciela seemed to calm down and stabilize. Her mind was just centered on the thick member inside

her. Indeed all pain seemed to go away as her lust increased. Sylvia checked the straps that held her legs wide open and her hands against the horse's flanks. Sandra rocked her gently back and forth which caused Graciela to moan.

"Mother is used to holding the reins and leading the horse," said Micaela. "Undo her hands at least."

"We believe that the term putting out to pasture means complete submission to the horse, Ms. Souza" answered Sandra. "Your mother is now part of the horse, a human appendage impaled by its shaft. If the horse meanders or wants to go anywhere in this pasture it is his choice. She is no longer human, just part of the shaft. There is nothing more for her to decide or command."

"Ohmigod! I no longer care what I am or was! Just put me out to pasture!" shrieked Graciela exasperated.

"Jesus!" replied Micaela. "Ok, let her be, please, this is what she wants to experience, so be it."

"Are you ready, Ms. Souza?" asked Sylvia.

"Oh God, yesss!" whimpered Graciela.

"We will come by and check you in a couple of hours, do you understand?" asked Sandra.

Graciela nodded. Her face was livid and drops of sweat had formed in her brow.

"If you get been hurt in between we won't be able to help you," admonished Sandra. "It will be as God wills it. Do you agree?"

"Do it! I beg you! Please! I need it! I don't care if it kills me!" snarled Graciela.

"I am sorry to impose on you, Mrs. Souza," said Sylvia producing a pad, a pen, and a document. She showed the paper to Graciela and then put the pen in her bound hand and guided the paper to the tip.

"Please sign here, Mrs. Souza. It releases us from all responsibility if you are hurt or killed."

Graciela managed to scrawl off her signature with her bound hand.

"And now you, Miss Micaela, as witness to your mother's choice," offered Sylvia.

"You got to be kidding me!" snarled Micaela but she also signed.

Sylvia opened the gate. Styx neighed and took off, at a slow canter, in the direction of the other horses. They could hear Graciela shriek as the massive member pounded her innards.

"Will she be alright?" asked Micaela.

"Please, Ms. Souza, we will check her when it is time. That is our protocol. It's all in writing. She agreed to it."

"But what if she has ruptured? I heard her shriek!" insisted Micaela. "Damn your papers! She is my mother!"

"I looked at her cunt well," answered Sandra. "She looks very fit and the cunt walls were strong. Souza cunt is supposedly made of iron, right?"

"That is what they say," admitted Micaela reluctantly.

"Actually, she looks like she is doing quite well!" pointed out Sylvia proudly.

Styx had arrived under the tree where all the other horses had congregated. Graciela was indeed using her legs to rock herself back and forth driving herself unto and out of the shaft. Several of the other bellyriders were enjoying themselves likewise frenziedly fucking their mounts. The horses did not seem to mind and just stood still while the women fucked themselves eagerly on their shafts.

Micaela spat. "Damn! She seems to be enjoying herself! Look at her fuck! Go girl! Go!"

"Good," smiled Sandra. "Now, would you like me to show you your rooms and do lunch next?"

"I am famished!" agreed Micaela. "As for the rooms, I don't think we will use them. I sleep in a cradle underneath a horse."

"I also do that!" beamed Sylvia. "I sleep under Styx!"

"I don't think I will dare suggest that my mother came out of Styx' shaft for the night!" noted Micaela.

"We have other mounts," offered Sandra. "I will put you all up for the night in the barn."

"You don't sleep under a horse, Mrs. Corcuera?" asked Micaela.

"Very often, but we have a rule that one of us must be able to walk around at all times," added Sandra.

"We take turns," laughed Sylvia.

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IV. The Solicitor

Sandra walked out into the veranda where Sylvia and Micaela had finished eating their lunch. Micaela stared at her surprised. Sandra was clothed.

"I apologize. I have another visitor, a business matter, coming. It has been months since I wore any clothes. I hope this does not make me look fat."

Actually Sandra was dressed elegantly in an English riding outfit and looked superb. Sylvia snickered nonetheless.

"It would be better if Micaela and I were off inspecting the hacienda while you deal with your visitor, mother," suggested Sylvia. "Anyway, it's time to check the horses. What do you say Micaela?"

"Suits me. What do we do, walk?"

"God no. We ride. I have a couple of horses just for that purpose."

"Under or above the horse?" laughed Micaela.

"Above, for now. You mind riding nude?"

"I do it all the time. Lead on."

Sandra smiled noting the two young women unconsciously held hands as they walked away.

Eventually Don Enrique Martinez arrived in a truck. He was a small, oily man that continuously wiped off his sweat. Luke barked off his head and snarled menacingly putting its front legs on the truck's door. Martinez was white with fear at the snarling fangs. Sandra took the dog and threw it into a pen.

"Damn you Luke! You smell another male and automatically become jealous! Bad dog! Bad dog!"

The solicitor managed to step out of his vehicle. He cast a wary eye to the pen and murmured a prayer that it would not burst open.

"Señora, it's been months," said Martinez as he bowed and kissed Sandra's extended hand.

"Let's talk, Don Enrique. You seem to believe we have a problem looming."

She led the lawyer to the veranda and bade him to sit down in front of her.

"Alas, yes, señora, this Americano, he is stirring trouble."

"Tell me frankly, there are the court rulings on Maria's death. I would think our position is unassailable. Maria was not the first woman to die here. We never have had any family make trouble. They understand."

"Alas, señora, they are Brazilians."

"So what can this Americano do?"

"His company is building a dam in the Xingu."

"I heard of it. An ecocide if you ask me."

"I agree, but there is a lot of money involved."

"So? He gets his money and goes away. What is the problem in that?"

"He is out for revenge, señora."

"Have you talked to him? He did not seem very loving of Maria. I mean, she did leave him."

"I have. But, you see, the problem is Maria's daughter, Fabiola."

"I did not know she had a daughter. Go on."

"Conroy had his daughter brought up in expensive catholic boarding schools in Europe. He is very conservative and religious. Upon achieving adulthood, his daughter took it upon her to come to the university in Sao Paulo. She wanted, she said, to know her mother's roots."

"Go on. I still don't see why I am involved."

"The girl is quite wild, promiscuous."

"Maria was indeed a horny one," admitted Sandra.

"Fabiola fell in love."

"Young people do that," sighed Sandra remembering a donkey she had been very fond of in her youth.

"She fell in love with another woman, one Ericka, a girl of German descent from Paraguay. They eloped and went off to live in the Matto Grosso."

"And Conroy got pissed that his daughter was a lesbian? What of it? And where do I fit?"

"The girl Ericka had grown up in a ranch in Paraguay. It was pretty remote. Her great grandfather apparently did not want to be found by the Mossad, if you know what I mean."

"I see, so Ericka is a farm girl."

"Was."

"Was?"

"Aye, she had..." Martinez seemed to hesitate.

"Out with it man."

"Well, milady, it is no secret what you all do here. The girl Ericka got hold of a donkey. Both girls started to, how shall I call it, experiment with it?"

"You mean they started fucking the donkey?"

Martinez blushed. "Well, yes, milady."

Sandra pondered the matter for a moment. An untrained animal and two untrained young women were a recipe for disaster.

"Ericka got ruptured. She took several days to die."

"I see," Sandra snarled. "So? It happens all the time. Fools don't understand the power in those beasts, even the small ones. Martinez, I still do not see how this involves me."

"Conroy managed to cover up the scandal that ensued. You know, the press always likes that kind of dirt."

"Go on."

"Fabiola got sent back to the USA, to a nunnery in Connecticut, I believe, a very cold place where women do not go around naked."

"Most uncivilized if you ask me."

"Anyway, Conroy is spreading money amongst the politicians in Brasilia, the capital. He wants bestiality to be declared illegal in Brazil. If it were up to him he would caponize all equines in the country. Or at least have them clothed. The man claims the sight of a donkey penis leads young women astray and the devil possesses them."

"You have to be kidding me!"

"I talked to his Brazilian solicitors. They are reasonable men. Their client is not. He is pressuring them to press charges against you once the law gets passed by congress."

"Will it? I mean, this country is supposed to be governed by the left!"

"All politicians are venal. Plus, Conroy has got the support of the archbishop now."

"The church?"

"Yes, milady."

"Then, you are talking of a done deal. How can I protect myself?"

"Milady, the charges against you for Maria's death will be thrown away as soon as they are presented. I am sure of that."

"And how about the bestiality practice?"

"That is more complicated. I believe we can try to get a grandfather clause thrown in to protect businesses like yours. After all, this place was originally founded by a catholic order of nuns."

"Yes, but they went around naked and fucked horses. They were abolished right after World War II."

"Milady, if you give me your approval I will seek an audience with the archbishop."

"I don't follow you."

"Church enrollment is down, seriously, you know that. Young people no longer attend mass and they no longer marry by the church."

"So?"

"Technically this facility is still owned by the Catholic Church. I looked up the paperwork. The Church agreed to lease it to your family decades ago for a symbolic annual fee of one cruzeiro."

The man then produced a sheaf of papers.

"These are the receipts I have paid, excuse the pun, religiously every year at the local bishop's treasury."

"Are you telling me the church has profited from bestiality?"

"Technically, yes, even if it is only a symbolic amount."

Sandra's eyes narrowed. "Do you think the archbishop will receive you?"

"I have my ways, yes."

"What will you ask?"

"First, immunity for this facility, at the least. In return for us not going public about this matter the archbishop will back down on supporting Conroy. That will deflate his sails."

"Go on."

“Not only that. I will offer the man an out. The church is to refound the order of Saint Mary Magdalene, here, at this place.”

“You want to turn this den of iniquity into a nunnery?” Sandra laughed.

“Yes, why not. The church’s reputation with women is hopeless. But, if a forward looking prelate...”

“Like our dear archbishop...”

“Yes, in fact, yes...were to found an order of nuns whose sexuality is not repressed in any manner...”

“I have heard many ridiculous premises, Martinez, but I give you my permission to go ahead. At the very least offer to keep this facility going and a lid on the scandal.”

“Times have changed, milady. This scandal would not only be limited to Brazil.”

“How so?”

“I suggest you start shooting videos of the activities that occur here. And stress that the church owns this facility. The threat of us uploading this to YouTube is bound to give the archbishop second thoughts.”

“My daughter, Sylvia, knows her way around the internet. I do not even know how to turn on the computer. I will have her take a quick trip to Bahia to buy whatever is needed.”

“Do that, milady, please.”

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## **V. End of a Day**

Sylvia and Micaela dismounted and tied their horses to a huge mango tree. The rest of the horses stood nearby enjoying the shade. The soft moaning of the women underneath the horses and the buzzing of bees were the only sounds.

“This is actually beautiful, very peaceful,” noted Micaela. “Where is my mother?”

“Over here,” answered Sylvia. She held in her hand a thermos bottle.

Both women knelt next to Graciela. Her eyes were shut. Sylvia put her fingers on her neck to feel her pulse.

“She is OK. She must have passed out from coming continuously.”

“Will she be OK?” asked Micaela concerned.

“Of course,” assured Sylvia. “It is very usual that the first days the women who are put out to pasture lose consciousness. She must have been orgasming continuously. Let’s look at the shaft.”

Micaela felt the huge member. It was still iron hard.

“How much horse you think she has inside her?”

Sylvia looked carefully. “I know this shaft well. I would say your mother has about 30 cm inside her.

And he has come. There is a pool of semen underneath her and her legs are caked. Feel her belly.”

Micaela placed her hand on her mother’s belly. She had seen Graciela’s belly distend after a horse ejaculated inside her.

“Yes, she is full of semen. Her womb must be full of it.”

Her daughter’s touch roused Graciela. She moaned and opened her eyes.

“Ohmigod! I thought I was going to die!” whimpered the older woman.

“You look alright,” said her daughter.

“I am thirsty,” said Graciela.

Sylvia unscrewed the thermos bottle and gently raised her head. Graciela drank.

“Horse semen?”

“Yes, drink, Styx” coaxed Sylvia, addressing her by her mount’s name. Graciela smiled at that. She felt very happy as a living appendage on the horse’s shaft.

Graciela drank all the bottle and Sylvia poured the dregs on her face and rubbed it in.

“Thanks,” smiled Graciela behind a mask of drying semen.

“Now we must see to the other horses.”

None of the other women were hurt, thankfully. Sylvia and Micaela gave them their protein drinks. Then they picked ripe mangos and proceeded to peel them and offered small bites to the women.

“Easy,” advised Micaela feeding Graciela. “You don’t want to choke.”

“I have been fed before in this position, girl,” smiled Graciela, “just keep the fruit coming.”

The drink and bits of fruit seemed to have revived the women. They started rocking themselves again driving the shaft in and out of their pubes. Their moaning grew in crescendo.

“I think they will do alright,” concluded Sylvia. “We will come back to check them again in a few more hours.”

“If you ask me the tall one does not look very sane,” said Micaela pointing to one of the horses.

“That is Viento,” nodded Sylvia. “No, the poor girl is pretty much out of her mind, I am afraid.”

“Ohmigod. How long has she been mounted?”

“She is the one that was mounted at 19. This is her tenth year on the shaft.”

“What is the most a woman can last?” asked Micaela.

“I heard stories of a woman who was mounted for 20 years,” explained Sylvia. “But that was in the older days.”

“If the poor girl is pretty much out of her mind, are you not going to do something about it?” asked

Micaela pointedly.

"We let her family know," replied Sylvia shrugging. "They told us to keep her here until she dies. The way she drives herself unto the shaft it is bound to happen anytime."

"And you are not going to do anything to stop it?" Micaela's tone was indignant.

"Wait a minute!" countered Sylvia. "Believe me, neither I nor my mother want her to die. If she has gone mad it has been pleasure that drove her thus. If you look carefully, we are indeed doing something to keep her alive. See how far forwards she is on the horse? We had to adapt that cradle to insure she was kept thus. Of all the women here she probably has the less horse penis inside her. Still, she is adamant in wanting to drive herself down into the shaft."

"I still cannot condone it," insisted Micaela. "She is mad. She cannot make decisions for herself. I think you are running a suicide club here. These women, including my mother, all desire to die on the shaft."

"Let me be frank with you," answered Sylvia. "If your mother does not rupture or have a stroke the first month after her mounting chances are she will last for many, many years. She wants to extract as much pleasure from her body as she can. Call it selfish but it is, after all, her own life and it is her choice. We do not force anyone to be mounted."

Micaela stood very near her.

"Tell me, Sylvia, do you want to also be put out to pasture?"

Sylvia smiled and held the other woman's gaze.

"Yes, I will be mounted and put out to pasture. I don't know when but it will happen. I don't think I can help avoiding it."

Micaela put her hands on Sylvia's shoulders and pulled her close and kissed her on the lips.

"God knows, so do I," said Micaela.

"You? I did not think you were enthused at all by the idea."

"The thought scares me," admitted Micaela.

"Why?" asked Sylvia caressing her face.

"I don't think I will be brave enough, like my mother."

This time it was Sylvia who pulled her forward and kissed her.

"One day we will be mounted together," said Sylvia quietly.

"Promise me that. Knowing you are with me at my side will give me strength."

"I do. I promise it."

Then the two nude women spoke not a word more. Sylvia took down a horse blanket and cleared the ground off the fallen fruit. She spread the blanket and then laid down on it with her legs open. Micaela placed herself upon Sylvia's mouth and the two women then proceeded to 69 each other.

The wind blew softly through the leaves and the two women made love to the chorus of moanings coming from the women slung under the horses as they rocked themselves back and forth in the cradle.

A few hours later the once more nude Sandra saw the two young women leading the horses back to the stalls.

"Everyone is alright" Sandra asked.

"Aye," answered Sylvia. "I think no one has ruptured. They have been fucking contentedly all the way back."

"What happens now?" asked Micaela.

"Our usual routine," explained Sandra. "Put each horse in a pen. We will feed them. Then we take the horses to their stalls and then we will feed the women."

This was promptly done and then the horses were led to their stalls. Micaela noted appreciatively that the stalls were twice the size of a normal one. It would not be good for the women's legs to bump against the sides of the stalls.

Sylvia arrived with a mobile cart from which she served mugs of hot soup.

"Here," she said handing Micaela one along with a spoon. "Feed your mother. Take your time. We two will be feeding the others."

"You seem to have your hands full with these five women already," replied Micaela. "Do you think you can also handle mother if she decides to stay? I know she can be a pain in the butt sometimes."

"My mother and I are very devoted to what we do," replied Sylvia softly. "We like it. Our family has had this place for generations. And speaking of pains in the butt, remove the plug. That way if they want to take a dump during the night they can do so."

Micaela found Graciela frantically rocking herself onto the shaft.

"Mother! Jesus! You are a nymphomaniac! Didn't you have enough?"

"Ohmigod! It is never enough!" snarled the older woman. "And yes, I am a nympho. It runs in the family!"

"Hold still, damn it! I have to take out the plug," instructed Micaela.

Graciela managed to hold still for a few minutes. The plug was firmly emplaced inside her mother's anus.

"It doesn't want to come out," said Micaela.

"Nonsense, pull it out girl! I need the space!" whimpered Graciela.

Micaela pulled again, resolutely. Graciela's scream resounded through the barn.

"Is she OK?" asked Sandra. She and Sylvia had rushed to the stall.

"She is bleeding a bit from the butt and her anus has prolapsed," explained Micaela. "I hope she is

OK. It was a very big plug.”

Sandra knelt next to Graciela and examined her butt.

“I think it would be better if we took you off the shaft, Mrs. Souza,” announced Sandra.

“No! Please don’t!” protested Graciela.

“Mother! Don’t be so stubborn! These women know best!” cried Micaela.

It was under her protests that Graciela was disengaged. She was crying tears of frustration as they helped her to her feet.

“Can you stand mother?” asked Micaela supporting her.

“I think so. I was bellyriding before you were born girl.”

“Yes, but you are no longer a spring chicken,” admonished Micaela.

“Mrs. Souza, I would appreciate it if you helped us look after the other women,” asked Sandra in a quiet voice. “You have shared their suffering. It would be proper.”

This decided Gabriela to accept her being taken off the shaft. She proceeded to help feed the other women.

The mad girl underneath Viento got the devoted attention of Sandra.

“Easy, child. I am pulling you forward a bit,” explained the older woman as she worked the straps.

“Please, no,” whimpered the woman. “Deeper. Please.”

Sandra nodded to Sylvia. It was better if they sedated her. They applied an injection and the woman fell into a deep slumber. Sandra then insured that just the tip of the shaft rested inside her.

“Sleep well, poor child,” whispered Sandra kissing her face.

“If she has been ten years on the shaft maybe it would be better if you let it happen,” suggested Graciela in a quiet voice.

“No,” replied Sandra. “She was mounted when she was very young, I am afraid. Maybe she did not know better at the time but we had to accept her decision.”

“You could have said no,” countered Graciela. “She has spent her best years on the shaft. You and I are old enough to know better. We have already lived full lives.”

“I know,” admitted Sandra. “But at the time I made that decision and it was a wrong one, I admit it. Which is why from now on we only admit women 35 and older.”

“Makes sense,” nodded Graciela.

“They rupture faster, unfortunately,” pointed out Sandra.

“Well, it’s their choice,” answered Graciela.

“Mother,” said Sylvia, “everyone has been fed and prepared for the night.”



Graciela smiled at the younger woman. "How about these two young strumpets? Are they going to be slung under a horse too?"

"Not a bad idea," smiled Sandra.

"I want Styx!" said Micaela eagerly.

Pretty soon both young women were firmly impaled in horse shafts. They each were in a neighboring stall. Their mothers turned off the lights and headed towards the main house talking amicably.

"Sylvia, are you there?" whispered Micaela.

"I can't really go anywhere," laughed Sylvia.

"I think I love you."

"I also love you, girl."

"There, I said it first."

"We will talk later my love. But for now let's concentrate on the shaft."

And the two young women started to use their feet to rock themselves back and forth on the cradle driving themselves in and out of the shaft. The cacophony of moans coming out from all the stalls kept up until the wee hours of the morning.

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VI Graciela and Sandra

Sandra draped a shawl around Graciela's nude body.

"Thanks, it is a little cool."

"Around midnight the sea breeze comes in," explained Sandra. She also draped herself with a shawl. Both women were naked except for these.

Sandra poured out a glass of wine and passed it to Graciela.

Graciela smiled. The moans of the women in the barn could be heard faintly.

"How long will they keep it up? Do they ever fall asleep?" asked Graciela.

"Around two in the morning they seem to pass out," noted Sandra. "Of course, when something bad happens the shrieking is hideous. At that point I will call an ambulance but they always arrive too late."

Graciela paled. "Ohmigod. Then everything is good as long as they moan."

"Yes. They are moaning in pleasure," pointed out Sandra.

Graciela raised her glass. "Here's to our two daughters fucking horses in the barn."

They clicked their glasses.

"Did you see how my Sylvia stared at Micaela?" asked Sandra.

"It was hard not to miss it," agreed Graciela. "The two girls could barely keep their hands off each other."

"It could be a passing infatuation," said Sandra. "Though I was very impressed with your Micaela. She was relentless."

"Yes. She rules the hacienda with an iron hand. Which is why I even considered being put out to pasture. On the other hand, your Sylvia kept herself always in control."

"She graduated with a law degree from Sao Paolo University," explained Sandra. "Of course, she has never practiced and prefers to help me here."

"The two would make a lovely couple. I heard that same sex marriage is now legal in Rio. The local congress just reformed the law."

Mention of politicians made Sandra frown.

"My Sylvia is rather old fashioned. Even if she married another woman she would want to hold a ceremony in church."

"Would she consider marrying in the nude or while bellyriding?" asked Graciela smiling.

"Certainly!" laughed Sandra as she refilled their glasses. "Of course the church would never stand for that."

It was Graciela's turn to frown. "Really? In my hacienda we have our own chapel and the priest does not mind if I attend mass in the nude or strapped underneath a horse. Then again, I pay his salary."

"Rio would be different, I am afraid," countered Sandra.

"Nonsense!" insisted Graciela. "Archbishop Mendez is a friend of our family. His grandmother used to bellyride in the Rio Mardi Gras."

"You mean the archbishop Mendez?" asked Sandra wide eyed.

"Yes, Geronimo Mendez," shrugged Graciela. "I know the man. What of it?"

Sandra stared at her carefully.

"Graciela, may I trust you?"

"Certainly! Why do you even ask? I am the one who is thinking of putting my life and body entirely in your hands!"

"You are determined to be put out to pasture, right? And I mean here or at some other facility," began Sandra.

"Yes. I am determined to do so," admitted Graciela. "But my mind is made up. I mean to be put out to pasture here."

"How so? There are other facilities. The Souza name will open you any door."

Graciela took a sip of her wine.

“Sandra, I saw the attention and warmth you gave to all the women that board here. You really care for them. I would say there is even love in the way you look out for them. Even right now I know you are unconsciously paying attention to the moaning coming from the barn lest there be some sort of problem.”

Sandra smiled. “They are no longer women, mind you. They are sheaths on the horse shaft.”

“I stand corrected,” agreed Graciela. “It is a lovely thought to spend the remaining of your days as a living sheath wrapped around a horse penis. And yes, I noticed that your regret was sincere about what happened to that young woman underneath Viento. You love all those sheaths, Sandra. I am sure you would do anything for them. But, why are we discussing this?”

Sandra decided to be blunt. “Frankly, Graciela, I doubt I can take you. No, I know money is no problem. And yes, we can handle one more sheath. No, the problem is as follows.”

And she went on to explain to her what was going on with Conroy. She took care to spare no details about the death of Maria or how the Santa Leda Hacienda would probably be shut down.

“What a pig!” shrieked Graciela. “Who does that gringo think he is? Bestiality is a national tradition! My mother suckled me while she was bellyriding!”

“I am trying to do something about it,” said Sandra. “But I cannot guarantee success.”

And she went on to explain her solicitor’s plan to meet with the archbishop.

“Say no more Sandra! I can get your lawyer a meeting with Mendez tomorrow if you wish! No imbecile foreigner is going to keep me from making love to horses or my being put out to pasture! Neither will this right be denied to any Brazilian woman! Or my name is not Graciela Souza!”

“I don’t want to impose on you,” added Sandra sheepishly, overcome by the Souza woman’s reaction.

“Nonsense Sandra!” Graciela was now pacing up and down the veranda. She had taken off her shawl and seemed impervious to the cold air on her nude body. “Mark my words, Sandra, this is a matter of defending our most cherished national values. And, believe me, no woman of the hacendado clans will stand for this measure. The pressure we will bring to bear on the politicians will be unheard of! We have the economic power to make them squirm!”

“If you can help me neutralize the archbishop’s support for Conroy it will be more than enough,” added Sandra.

“Why, I will go see the man himself!” continued Graciela. “Tell your man Martinez to meet me in three days at the archbishop’s palace in Rio. I should be able to catch a flight in Bahia. Not only will I have Mendez brought inline to our side but I will also make sure the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene get to setup their convent here. I think the idea is just wonderful.”

“And your horse?”

“Leave it here. Get him introduced to the other horses. That way when I come back having taught a lesson to this imbecile gringo Conroy I will be able to be mounted and put to pasture properly.”

“Cover yourself Graciela then!” said Sandra drapping the shawl once again around Graciela’s

shoulders. "I don't want to catch a cold from the night air!"

Graciela took another sip of her wine and smiled at Sandra.

"Better yet, Sandra, why don't you take me to bed and keep me warm?"

Sandra kissed her on the mouth and led her to her bedroom.

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## **VII. The Stallions Meet**

The next morning Micaela and Sylvia were unstrapped from under their horses and the rest of the mounted women were released into the field as usual. Graciela observed the herd with longing.

"I can't wait for the day I am released like that."

Sandra hugged her. They had become very intimate the night before. "Easy. It will be done someday."

"Mother," said Micaela, "we should look into introducing your horse to the herd before you are mounted and released."

"Let me handle this," volunteered Sandra.

All four nude women walked to the pen where Graciela's horse, Bucefalo, stood. Micaela and Sylvia walked holding hands. The two young women were dripping horse semen from their distended cunts. Occasionally they would take a gob and feed it to each other while giggling.

A bellyrider saddle was produced and Sandra soon found herself underneath Bucefalo.

"Ohmigod, he is big!" giggled Sandra as Sylvia placed the head of Bucefalo's massive member against her labia. It seemed too wide for even Sandra's yawning cunt.

"You will have to open up, mother," advised Sylvia.

"Can you handle it?" asked Graciela. "I am very loose which is why he enters me easily."

"I know," grunted Sandra. "I put both my fists into you last night and stretched you open and you did not even flinch."

"Micaela, help me pull open her lips please," asked Sylvia. Both women worked at coaxing the massive member into Sandra.

"It's no use," said Sandra. "Pull me by my legs unto it."

Finally the head entered Sandra. And she took inch by cruel inch as Sylvia and Micaela pulled her by the legs.

Sandra's body was now covered in sweat.

"More, mother?" asked Sylvia. Sandra had at least 20 centimeters of Bucefalo's massive member inside her.

"I don't think I can handle more for now," said Sandra shaking her head.

"Can you guide him or shall I lead him?" offered Sylvia.

"No, give me the reins. I will try to guide him," answered Sandra. "Just open the pen."

Thankfully, Bucefalo was well trained from years of Graciela bellyriding him. The horse responding to Sandra's commands and she managed to lead him out of his pen to one of the pens used for feeding the horses put out to pasture.

Sandra guided Bucefalo around the pen and slowly her confidence grew. Her body had managed to adjust to the girth of the member. She had even pushed herself up the shaft a few more inches.

"Bring Azul to the next pen," instructed Sandra. "He is the alpha male of that herd."

"Mother," advised Sylvia, "you are very deep into that shaft. Before I bring Azul let me pull you up a few inches."

Sandra seemed reluctant to give up the inches she had gained so painfully but eventually she nodded her agreement. Sylvia and Micaela pulled her forward to gain a couple more inches and adjusted the straps accordingly.

Then Sylvia went to the pasture to bring in Azul.

"I am taking you back now, Azul," said Sylvia.

"You want to present me to that beautiful white horse?" asked Azul.

"Yes. His name is Bucefalo. He belongs to Graciela. She wants to be put out to pasture too."

"I saw her. It would be lovely to share this bliss."

"Did Azul ejaculate this morning?"

"Only last night."

Sylvia thought for a moment. Azul could become aggressive.

As if reading her thoughts Azul answered. "Don't worry, we will behave."

"Alright," said Sylvia reaching for the reins.

"No need to guide me," replied Azul.

Sylvia stared in admiration. Though the woman mounted underneath had all her limbs tied up such was her mastery of her cunt muscles that she prodded the horse forward and towards the pens. Sylvia just walked along. Azul's shaft pounded the mounted woman as he walked and Sylvia noticed that she was smiling contentedly.

"He is entering the next pen, Sandra," whispered Graciela. Sandra tightened her grip on Bucefalo's reins.

Nothing happened the first few moments. Then both women felt the horses tense through the member buried in their insides.

"Easy, boy," whispered Sandra. She tightened her cunt muscles around the Bucefalo's massive member.

Bucefalo turned towards the neighboring pen and neighed. Then he trotted towards it. Everyone heard Sandra groan.

Azul meanwhile also reacted to the new horse. It whinnied and stamped its hoofs. The mounted woman also tightened her cunt muscles and tried to coax him away from the fence between both pens.

It was all to no avail. Had there not been a fence in between both stallions would be tearing at each other. As it was they were rearing and making aggressive motions. This was of course not what the women wanted. There was much shouting.

"Take Bucefalo out!" cried Graciela.

"Azul! Put Azul back in the pasture!" shouted Micaela.

Both Sandra and the mounted woman were making desperate efforts to control their stallions. Azul kicked at the fence. It could break at any moment.

Risking injury, Sylvia managed to take Azul's reins. "Down boy! Down!"

Meanwhile Micaela did the same with Bucefalo.

Both young women managed to pull both stallions out of the pens.

Once Bucefalo was a safe distance from Azul they helped Sandra uncouple.

"Easy, Sandra, we will have you in a hospital in minutes," advised Graciela. "Just hang in there."

"He did not kick me," whimpered Sandra. "But the shaft is very deep inside me."

Micaela was frantically undoing the straps that held her legs in place. Then both Souza women gently and slowly placed Sandra's feet on the ground.

"We will pull you slowly out of the shaft," said Graciela grabbing her torso.

"Am I bleeding?"

"Just a bit, nothing to worry about," replied Micaela.

"You lie. I know I am ruptured," said Sandra in a resigned voice.

"Nonsense," admonished Graciela. "Can you breathe OK?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Then your diaphragm is not torn. I had an aunt that got ruptured and she could not breathe at all. Come, Micaela, help me pull her off the shaft, slowly."

Sandra grimaced as she was taken off the shaft. Between both women they took her into the barn and placed her in a cot. There was indeed some bleeding.

"Forget about me," moaned Sandra. "How is Azul?"

"Hush! Don't talk. Sylvia is looking after Azul," admonished Graciela.

Both Souza women proceeded to work on Sandra's yawning cunt. The first order was to contain the hemorrhage.

"Should I call the ambulance?" asked Micaela.

"Wait," said Graciela as she cleansed Sandra's yawning cunt. Injuries to bellyriders were an everyday affair in the Souza household and Graciela was an expert in treating them.

"If I am to die, put me underneath a horse," moaned Sandra.

"What a lovely thought!" laughed Graciela. "But no, Sandra, I don't think you are ruptured. The bleeding is from surface vessels broken from being stretched by Bucefalo's shaft."

"Give her a shot of rum," said Sylvia entering the barn. "That is what she needs."

"How is Azul?" asked Sandra actually trying to lift herself up.

"Lay down, damn you!" scolded Graciela.

"Azul is OK," announced Sylvia. "I had to push her up a bit and gain a few inches. She had never been so deep before."

Micaela brought Sandra a mug with rum. She seemed to gain strength. After a while, they helped her stand up.

Graciela was embarrassed. "I am sorry. I don't think I should have brought my own horse."

"Mother," offered Micaela while holding her, "why don't you get set out to pasture in some other horse? They have plenty here."

Sandra shook her head. "I can understand your mother's wish to be put out to pasture in that shaft. I suppose you have to get used to it but it would be beautiful to be pounded by it for the remaining days of your life."

Graciela blushed. "I admit it, I am in love with Bucefalo."

"But, mother, there are other mounts!" insisted Micaela.

"Enough for today, please," said Sylvia. "My mother is hurt. No one meant it to happen but it did. Meanwhile I still have to look after the horses out there and then bring them in and prepare them for the night."

"Yes, life goes on," said Sandra.

"We will help, of course," offered Graciela.

"Mother, I will take you to the main house and lay you down," advised Sylvia.

Sandra let herself be taken along without protest. Every step she took was painful. But the worst was the thought that Graciela was likely to return to her hacienda to be put out to pasture there.

Souza offers to help her might not crystalize at all then and the Hacienda Santa Leda would have to close.

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VIII. Sylvia's Ride

Around noontime the next day Graciela and Micaela walked to the pasture to observe the mounted women.

"It's so muddy now," noted Micaela. Both women's bare feet were covered in mud.

"The monsoon is about to break," said Graciela. "The rains are coming more often."

"Does this mean they still will let these horses out?"

"That is what Sandra told me."

"I guess that if you become part of the horse you must be willing to endure anything," observed Micaela.

"The horse's chest keeps them warm and the cradle rides high above the ground."

The two Souza women offered carrots and apples to the horses.

Azul called out. "Sisters, please come."

"What do you need Azul?" asked Graciela kneeling next to the mounted woman.

"His shaft is growing soft. There are injections ready in his satchel," explained Azul.

"No problem," replied Micaela and she promptly injected the exposed portion of the member with yerba dura. The mounted woman smiled as she felt the shaft harden inside her.

"See that look of bliss, Micaela?" asked Graciela. "That is why I want to be set out to pasture."

"I know, mother."

"Tomorrow I am going to Bahia. I will fly from there to Rio," explained Graciela. "I promised Sandra I would help her keep this place open."

Micaela nodded. She and Sylvia had been informed by the elder women what was at stake.

"Sandra does not think I will carry out my promise," continued Graciela. "But a Souza never goes back on her word. And after what happened yesterday with Sandra, I intend to keep my promise, come what may. Then I can be properly put out to pasture."

"You want me stay here then, mother?"

"Yes, Sandra is hurt and Sylvia alone will have a hard time caring for all these horses. Of course, I don't think you will mind, right?"

Micaela blushed.

"No, of course not."

Graciela smiled. "Tell me the truth, Micaela, do you love Sylvia?"

Micaela hesitated for a moment. "Yes, mother, I do, with all my heart. I can't stop thinking about her. Do you mind?"

"You think I would mind?" Graciela laughed. "You think I would condemn you having a lesbian relationship? If it were a man I would complain! Frankly, a man's penis is puny! And they smell! As for women, God knows how many women I have made love to myself! Besides, Sylvia is a lovely girl! And the fact that she has not worn clothes in months and fucks horses is wonderful. Besides, you love her and that is all that matters! I hope she loves you back!"

"Oh yes, she does. In fact, mother, I must tell you something."

"Go ahead."

"Maybe it was seeing all these mounted women in person. I mean, when you described what being put out to pasture meant I thought the idea was ridiculous. But now...frankly, I want to also be put out to pasture. And Sylvia loves me so much she is willing to be put out to pasture along with me."

Graciela immediately shook her head.

"No, Sylvia, please don't say that. You are still young. Your sisters are still young. Someday, when they become adults, you need to help them be initiated and deflowered by a pony, just as I did to you."

"That is not fair!"

"Look, Micaela, you still have many years ahead of you. Enjoy them along with Sylvia. I intend for you both to marry. Then, when you feel it is the time and all your affairs are in order I see no reason why you both could not be put out to pasture together."

"I do want to marry her!"

"You will have to," explained Graciela. "She is an old fashioned girl, her mother told me. I will have to arrange for a church ceremony of some kind."

"You mean I would have to wear clothes to marry?"

"I hope not. I intend to arrange matters in Rio so that you both can marry nude in the cathedral. I mean, you are a Souza. That is like being royalty in Brazil."

Micaela was still disappointed. But the idea of marrying Silvia and spending years adoring her cunt convinced her.

"Fine mother, if you promise me that I will put off my being put out to pasture. Someday, I know, both Sylvia and I will be here too."

"Anyway, where is Sylvia? I saw her in the morning when the horses were being prepared for turnout."

"I have not seen her since. She is probably taking care of her mother. She had a very bad night and Sylvia had to sedate her."

Both women walked back to the barn. Sandra was there.

"How are you feeling?" asked Graciela.

"I walk funny and am in some pain but other than that I am OK. Have you seen Sylvia?"

"No," admitted Micaela. "I thought she was with you."

"Ohmigod!" exclaimed Graciela pointing out to the field. "She is out there, look!"

"Where?" asked Micaela.

"She is riding Bucefalo! Oh Jesus! He is trotting to the herd!" cried Sandra.

The white stallion approached the herd. Azul neighed and pawed the ground when he saw Bucefalo.

Sylvia had endured a very painful penetration and had managed to place herself on a bellyriding saddle and lead Bucefalo out of his pen. Her legs rode on stirrups high on the horse's flanks. But now his trotting had caused her to be impaled further on the massive shaft. She barely had control over the white stallion and the pain in her loins from the stretching was almost unbearable. From her upside down position she could now see Azul approaching. She had to act, she knew. She started rocking herself in an ever faster pace, causing the massive member to pound her brutally. Her fucking grew increasingly desperate. Time was running out.

The woman mounted underneath Azul had started rocking herself back and forth too.

Meanwhile Graciela and Micaela were running to the pasture. Sandra hobbled along as fast as she could.

Graciela stopped her daughter from approaching the stallions. "Wait!"

"They are going to be killed!" protested Micaela.

"No! Just wait!" shouted Graciela.

Sylvia and Azul were now fucking frenziedly. The stallions reacted. They stopped on their tracks and snorted. Pretty soon both stallions started making pounding motions too, fucking the women strapped underneath them. It wasn't long before jets of semen erupted from both women's pubes.

Sandra meanwhile had arrived next to Graciela and Micaela. "I think they were successful!"

"Yes, they were!" exclaimed Graciela.

Like any male both horses were spent and in no mood for fighting. Sandra knelt next to her daughter while Graciela held on to her stallion's reins.

"Are you alright?"

"I am quite fucked, mother," smiled Sylvia, "but I think I will survive. Ohmigod! I never took a shaft this big!"

Micaela meanwhile was holding the reins of Azul.

"I am OK," announced Azul smiling.

"Good, now it is time for both you boys to introduce each other and learn to play nice," said Graciela

leading Bucefalo slowly next to Azul. Both horses seemed placid enough.

"We need to take you back, young lady," Sandra scolded her daughter. "That was foolish of you! You could have been killed!"

"I had to do it, mother!" whispered Sylvia. "We needed to make sure Sandra was put out to pasture here!"

Sandra was furious. "And risk losing you? I would rather lose the hacienda first! You better uncouple!"

"Please, Mrs. Corcuera," pleaded Micaela, "she did it for you, for all of us!"

"Well, she still has to uncouple. That shaft is bound to hurt her!" insisted Sandra.

"Nonsense!" interjected Graciela. "She is still young and elastic."

"Let me be, please, just a few more hours on this shaft," pleaded Sylvia.

"I will stay with her," offered Micaela. "And I will keep an eye on the herd."

"Come Sandra," said Graciela grabbing hold of her, "I will help you back to the barn. If you still have that bottle of rum I think we ought to toast to your daughter's success and my daughter's future marriage to her!"

Micaela knelt next to Sylvia.

"You are crazy! If you had died I swear I would have found a fence post to impale myself on!"

"Take it easy!" laughed Sylvia. "I knew what I was doing!"

"Really?"

"Yes, in the morning I talked with Azul. We agreed this was risky but it was our only chance."

"Well it worked."

"Yes, I am fine."

"Sylvia, let me ask you something. I guess it is kind of awkward to ask it from a woman impaled in a horse shaft."

Sylvia smiled from underneath Bucefalo.

"Maybe it is fitting."

"Sylvia, will you marry me?"

"Oh God, yes!"

And the two women kissed.

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## **IX. The Archbishop**

Graciela itched all over. She hated clothes, even if she was wearing an expensive designer outfit. Worse, she had been made to wait. People waited for Souzas, not the other way around, she thought. Still, she knew, Mendez was a prince of the church. They tended to give themselves airs.

Sitting across from her in the waiting room of the archbishopry, the lawyer Martinez noted her discomfort.

"Anything I can do for you, milady?" offered the man.

"Unless you can produce a stallion with a hard member for me to fuck, no," smiled Graciela.

The man blushed. He was not used to elegant women talking about such matters and had a hard time coping. And Graciela had cruelly been taunting him with explicit descriptions of what she did with the horses.

Finally, the two were summoned to the archbishop's chambers. Both kissed the ring offered.

"Milady Graciela! It's been so many years!" smiled Mendez.

"Yes, how many?" said Graciela.

"God, I don't even want to count them! Can I get you an aperitif?" offered Mendez.

"Oh yes, please," said Graciela.

"It was quite a surprise when I saw you were coming to visit me. Old friends are gold."

"Let me tell you, Mr. Martinez," explained Graciela, "I met the archbishop when he was a simple parish priest. He stopped at our hacienda on his way to a church in the mountains. And yes, he was a handsome rake."

"I had hair back then and not this potbelly," laughed Mendez.

"In fact, as I remember, you mentioned that your grandmother had been a bellyrider," smiled Graciela.

"Probably I did," answered Mendez in a hushed tone. "She is now judged by God, of course."

"The archbishop mentioned her name. Antonia, I think?"

"Right, milady."

"Well, we have all sorts of pictures in our family archives. I had the ones from the 1935 Mardi Gras brought to us and we in found found a picture of his grandmother!"

"How wonderful!" beamed Martinez.

"There she was, nude but for bodypaint, riding underneath a horse with its member buried deep in her loins!" exclaimed Graciela. "She rode in fact with the Angels of the Favela, alongside my own great grandmother, Lorena Souza."

Mendez was definitely uncomfortable. Thankfully, a valet brought in the aperitifs.

"What can I do for you then?" asked Mendez.

"Geronimo, may I call you Geronimo?" asked Graciela. "I never know how to address you prelates, its your eminence or your humongousness or something. I never get it right."

"For you, milady, Geronimo will do fine," answered the archbishop.

"Frankly, Geronimo we have a problem," started Graciela. "And mind you, I speak in the name of the women of the hacendado class. And we believe you can solve it."

"Go ahead," said the archbishop.

"The problem is Mr. Blake Conroy," explained Martinez. "He intends to outlaw bestiality in Brazil. We have from a good source information that you support him."

"I do know Mr. Conroy," admitted Mendez. "He is a Boston Catholic and very well connected in the political circles in his country. And yes, he has been very generous in his support of the church."

"That is fine," replied Graciela. "You understand that we in the hacendado class are naturally opposed to any restrictions on our practicing bestiality."

"I can see where there could be a conflict," said Mendez in a quiet voice.

Graciela became most emphatic. "Geronimo, whatever patronage Conroy offers we can double or triple it."

"Please, it is not a question of money," protested Mendez.

"Money should never be a question," laughed Graciela. Her hand reached for her neck where an emerald the size of a hen's egg hung. "We Souzas own several emerald mines in Colombia. Would the church like to have the proceeds of one of them assigned for whatever pious works you deem appropriate? Perhaps you would like to replace that puny ruby on your ring for something more fitting, Geronimo?"

She took off the emerald and placed it in the middle of the archbishop's desk. The man could not help stare at the jewel.

"You understand that Conroy is actively lobbying amongst the politicians in Brasilia?" asked Mendez in a hesitant voice.

"Those can be handled," replied Martinez.

"In truth, Geronimo, the difference between a socialist politician and a right wing one is that the socialists are cheaper to buy," smiled Graciela.

"So you are asking then that I retire my support for Mr. Conroy?" asked Mendez.

"To start, yes," answered Martinez.

"To start?"

"Geronimo, I am making you an offer you cannot refuse," smiled Graciela. "I am sure you will want to listen carefully."

"There is more, of course," said Martinez. He then produced the paid receipts on the Hacienda Santa Leda.

"This are pictures of what goes on in there," said Graciela placing a series of snapshots in the archbishop's desk. "We are now preparing videos."

"The church owns this place?" asked Mendez amazed.

"Technically, through the defunct order of St. Mary Magdalene," explained Martinez.

"The naked nuns?" offered Mendez. "I thought they were a legend."

"Not really. In fact, your predecessors used to sponsor them to bellyride in the Rio Mardi Gras," said Graciela. "I am sure your dear old grandmother knew them."

"You are not trying to blackmail the church are you?" countered Mendez. He could tell how embarrassing the whole affair could be for the church.

"Of course not!" smiled Graciela. "I hope it won't come to that, Geronimo."

"So, what of this place? What does it have to do with our ties with Conroy?" asked Mendez.

"You are willing to retire your support for Conroy then?" asked Martinez in turn.

"Consider it so," concluded Mendez. His hand rested on the emerald and Graciela gladly placed her hand on top of the man's.

"But I still do not understand how this Hacienda Santa Leda, which apparently we own, fits in all this," confessed Mendez.

And Martinez and Graciela went on to explain what the church could gain by reviving the order.

A couple of hours later Graciela and Martinez toasted in a sidewalk café overlooking the Copacabana Beach.

"I must congratulate you, milady," smiled Martinez.

"I like you, Enrique. I like your style. Make sure I keep one of your cards. The Souza family could use a man like you."

"Much obliged, milady," replied Martinez handing him a card. "I think the photographs you showed the archbishop did the job."

Graciela produced one of the photos. It was a closeup of Azul's face. The woman was in the middle of an orgasm.

"I don't think the man could offer a defense at that point," snickered Graciela. "That and the evidence you showed and, of course, the emerald convinced him."

"Of course, milady."

"I will give instructions to the Souza family solicitors to contact you. The new convent of St. Mary Magdalene will require a hefty injection of funds to start operations."

"That is correct, milady."

"There is an architect in Sao Paolo I know. He will also contact you. The new place will need a

suitable church, in the old colonial style, of course. I do not like modernist architecture.”

“That and high walls to keep the privacy of the nuns will be needed, milady.”

“Yes, that would be very much in order given that they will take a vow of nudity. And I will commission additional barns. Don’t worry about the costs. We Souzas will fund this, of course.”

“Of course milady.”

“Are you married, Enrique?”

“Yes, milady, for twenty years so far. I have two children.”

Graciela reached and took off the emeralds hanging from her ears.

“Here, give this to your wife, a token of Souza appreciation.”

The man stared wide eyed at the two stones on his hand.

Graciela laughed. “Take it man! I am sure your wife will love them and I got chests full of them! Besides, soon I will not need anything else.”

“Much obliged, milady. Are you now going back to Bahia milady?”

“No. Tell Sandra and the girls I will be back in a few more days,” she said looking at the photo of Azul. “Tell them to plan for a nude wedding in Rio Cathedral. Meanwhile, I have something to do here in Rio.”

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X. Graciela

A few days later Martinez drove Graciela back to the hacienda Santa Leda. Sandra and the girls ran to meet her.

“Enrique told us all about your success!” exclaimed Sandra and the girls approaching.

Graciela was dressed quite elegantly, in a designer outfit, and wore a Parisian dress with a veil.

Meanwhile Martinez tried hard not to notice the other women’s nudity. “I think I will go back to Bahia, milady. There is a lot of paperwork I have to process.”

“Do that Enrique and keep us abreast of your progress,” smiled Graciela.

As soon as the man left Graciela removed her hat and veil.

“Please help me take off these clothes,” she said in a quiet voice.

“Ohmigod,” smiled Sandra. “You did it.”

“Yes, in Rio. Does it look nice on me?”

Micaela stared at her tattooed face in amazement. “It does look wonderful, mother.”

As Graciela disrobed she uncovered a full body tattoo.

"It was a rush job but I tried to get as much coverage as I could," explained Graciela. "I found a Japanese artist who agreed to work night and day. I have a horse penis tattooed in my back."

"It must have hurt a lot!" said Sylvia.

"Yes, especially when he did my tits," laughed Graciela. "And now, I think I am ready to be put to pasture. What else do I need?"

"Come to the barn," said Sandra. "We have cream and a razor. Your hair will have to come off. Then we will mount you first thing in the morning."

It was raining, hard, but the women did not seem to care. The horses and the women mounted with them were standing in the courtyard outside the barn. Micaela arrived leading Bucefalo.

"Dear sisters, horses," said Sandra in a quiet voice, "we are here gathered to witness and celebrate the most perfect union between a horse and a woman. Our sister Graciela has agreed to become part of her horse, Bucefalo, and to stay united with him until death parts them. Sister Graciela, is this what you require?"

"Yes, I do, with all my heart," replied Graciela.

"Drink the cup of his semen then," replied Sandra offering Graciela a large mug frothing with Bucefalo's semen. Graciela drank it all.

"Place her in the cradle sisters," directed Sandra.

Graciela walked slowly to the side of her horse. These were, she knew, the last steps she would ever take as a woman. All the other women kissed her on the lips and she entered the cradle and spread her legs wide open.

"You will never close your legs again, sister," recited Sandra.

Graciela stared at Bucefalo's powerful chest and kissed it.

"You will never again be addressed by your woman's name but only by your horse's name," continued Sandra.

Graciela felt her legs being tied to Bucefalo's flanks. Then she offered her hands and these were also tied up.

"You will only be a receptacle for his semen and his piss and he will carry you wherever he wishes," continued Sandra.

Now Graciela felt the head of Bucefalo's member placed against her labia.

"He will always be inside you and you will become a sheath wrapped around his penis. So be it until God decides to take you," ended Sandra.

Micaela applied the injection to Bucefalo's member. The head pushed its way into Graciela stretching her mercilessly. She arched her back to try to accommodate it. But the head kept going in. She soon knew she had bottomed out and still the pressure mounted. She dared not complain but knew she was in extremis.

Sandra's keen eye detected Graciela's plight and she ordered her torso be pushed forward to gain a

few inches. These relieved, barely, the pressure she felt. Graciela pressed her face against Bucefalo's torso and cried from joy. She had been "mounted".

Quietly the women opened the gate to the pasture and let the horses in. Graciela was now out to pasture. Sylvia and Micaela were hugging each other and crying.

"It's what she wanted," said Sylvia caressing her.

"I know."

"We will be put out to pasture likewise one day. You and I, my love, I promise."

"Come girls," said Sandra. "Let's get some coffee. I am soaked and cold."

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## **Epilogue**

It was noontime when a bus arrived at the Hacienda Santa Leda. The driver, a tall young nun, stepped out first.

"Is this the Santa Leda Hacienda?" she asked.

Sylvia and Micaela approached. The nun did not seem to notice their nudity.

"Yes. And you are?"

"Pleased to meet you. My name is Fabiola Conroy. I am here with the first five novices for the convent of Saint Mary Magdalene. You did know I was coming, did you not?"

"I was just in the phone with Enrique Martinez and he advised me of your coming," said Sandra approaching. "Sorry for not being ready. You are Mary's daughter, right?"

"Yes, I am," said the nun. "I know my mother died here and I know how kind you were with her. But I must know if you can accommodate us."

"How many novices did you bring then?" asked Sandra.

Sister Fabiola motioned to the bus. "Come down novices!"

Five young women. They all stared at their surroundings with curiosity.

"I am certain we will find them a place," said Sandra. "Do they know that clothes are not to be used?"

"Yes," replied Fabiola as she undressed. "They all know they will have to take vows of poverty, nudity, and bestiality."

Fabiola was now nude except for her wimple. The other women were disrobing likewise.

"I am surprised that you are here at all!" exclaimed Sylvia.

"Archbishop Mendez has ways," laughed Fabiola. "And how could I refuse when I was selected as the Mother Superior for this convent?"

“I suppose the first thing is to organize horse loving training for you all,” said Sandra taking Fabiola by the arm. “Now, I understand you that you have made love to donkeys before...”

**The End**