

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## I. The Pasture

The alpha male of the herd, Azul, led the way. Bucefalo trailed behind with Graciela slung underneath him.

Sandra watched and Bucefalo, with Graciela slung underneath him, walked off following the herd.

"It is what she always wanted," noted Sylvia, Sandra's daughter.

Her fiancé, Micaela, Graciela's daughter, could not help sobbing. All three women were nude.

"I will miss her," cried Micaela.

"Why?" asked Sylvia. "She is now Bucefalo's sheath. She has willingly become a sheath wrapped around a horse's penis. I see no more beautiful fate."

"She will be alright," assured Sandra. "I checked her straps and the depth of the penetration. She won't be ruptured."

"I can't help miss her," sobbed Micaela. "She is my mother."

Sylvia held her against her bare chest and tried to calm her down. Graciela would now remain slung underneath her horse, with his shaft inside her, the rest of her life. It was what the term "Out to Pasture" meant.

Sylvia kissed her. "Hush, my love. You and I will one day be put out to pasture together."

"You promise?" asked Micaela solemnly.

"On my life. We will spend the rest of our days on the shaft, just like your mother."

"Not now," cautioned Sandra. "You are both young. You have a life of loving each other ahead."

The rain was relentless. The monsoon had arrived. All three women were nude and soaked. Sandra shivered.

"Come girls, let's go to the house and get a cup of coffee. We cannot do anymore for Graciela. She is beyond caring."

Luke, Sandra's dane dog and lover, was no fool. He awaited in the veranda while the relentless rain continued. He made a beeline for her mistress' exposed cunt.

"Not now, Luke," said Sandra. "Let me get the chill out of my bones."

"Won't she catch pneumonia?" asked Micaela concerned.

Sandra poured each of them coffee with swigs of rum.

"Yes, that is a possibility," admitted Sandra. "But the cradle keeps her torso off the ground and she is pressed against Bucefalo's chest. She will stay warm."

"I hope," said Micaela.

"Anyway, we will check them all in an hour," noted Sylvia.

Graciela legs were bent against her chest and spread wide open. Her hands were fastened to her calves. And her feet were tied against Bucefalo's flanks. Her head rested between his two front legs and she wore a hard hat for protection.

The horses thankfully did not trot out into the pasture. They walked in a leisurely, resigned pace, underneath the relentless rain, following Azul, the alpha male. As they walked their hard penises would pound the cunts of the women mounted underneath them. Graciela kept her eyes closed, enjoying the brutal onslaught. She had been a bellyrider for years and her cunt was calloused and strong.

Graciela opened her eyes and caught a glimpse of the horse in front. That was Rapido. She saw his balls swing and his massive member push deep into the woman mounted underneath him. The massive shaft drove her taught labia in and out with every step. It was, thought Graciela, both beautiful and cruel and knew her own cunt was being handled thus. The thought stoked her lust. She felt the first stirrings of an orgasm and she began to rock herself back and forth in her cradle, driving the massive horse penis in and out repeatedly out of her pubes. The tight union between horse and woman started to foam and drip semen and her own juices. Pretty soon she reached an orgasm and collapsed limp on the cradle.

There was a slight rise in the pasture, underneath a grove of large mango trees. The horses congregated there to get some protection from the rain. And they started to contentedly chew on the fallen fruit. Graciela dozed contentedly enjoying the thought that she was no longer a woman but just a living sheath wrapped around a horse penis. She smiled beatifically and fell asleep.

Graciela felt Bucefalo's member tremble and this woke her up. Then a warmth filled her innards. The horse was pissing inside her. The pressure was tremendous and a jet of horse urine made its way out from between the tight union of woman and horse. It drived down Graciela's back and onto the leather apron on which she rode. In a way, Graciela was happy for the piss. It washed her innards. But she knew that it would eventually cool down and be uncomfortable.

She could also sense Bucefalo was also taking a dump. That made her happy. Eventually, she knew, both woman and horse would be so fused into one entity that she would be able to tell from the sensations transmitted by the penis what the horse's mood was.

Then Graciela got a stab of pain in her behind. This was due to a massive butt plug that had been forced into her. Supposedly it was to keep anything from getting into her anus. But now it had become a problem. The night before the women had held a farewell party and orgy in her honor. The meal had been abundant. And now Graciela felt the need to relieve her intestines like Bucefalo had just done. But the plug would not let her do so. She cursed quietly.

Then Graciela saw Azul, the alpha male, make her way towards her. The woman slung underneath him, she knew, had such mastery of her cunt muscles that she could make him walk in any direction.

"Are you OK, Bucefalo?" asked the woman. She did not address Graciela as such. She was now only a sheath around Bucefalos' penis.

"I am fine, Azul," replied Graciela. "My limbs are getting cold, however, from the rain."

Azul smiled. "No one said it would be a bed of roses, Bucefalo. Concentrate on the shaft. You are now its sheath, nothing more. Only the shaft matters. Accept it. Become one with it."

Then she coaxed Azul forward and went to another horse.

Graciela knew Azul was right. She started rocking herself again in the cradle using her heels for support. It was a skill she had gained as a bellyrider. This drove her torso back and forth into Bucefalo's member. Her lust increased rapidly. Her rocking became frantic. Soon all the other women joined and the creaking of the leather harnesses and an occasional moan could be heard.

Bucefalo reacted to the stimulation and he soon started pounding into Graciela. She and her horse got into a familiar, well-rehearsed rhythm. Graciela knew the yerba dura would inhibit Bucefalo's climax and keep him hard for hours. The neighing and moans she heard indicated that the other horses had also started to pound the women underneath them.

"Oh fuck me! Just fuck me! Deeper! Please!" moaned Graciela. She knew Azul was right. The shaft made her forget all discomfort. Her lust kept her going. The shaft was all that mattered, she admitted to herself. Only the shaft gave comfort. She was no longer a woman. She was just a sheath wrapped around the horse's penis. She could not feel happier.

The onslaught continued for what seemed to her an eternity. Graciela was spent, with no stamina left to rock herself anymore. It was now Bucefalo's powerful thrusts that rocked her cradle. The horse could rupture her, she knew, and she could be fucked to death by this cruel shaft. It would happen someday, Graciela knew. But frankly, she thought, she would not regret it.

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## **II. Wedding Preparations**

Sandra had started a fire in the pit in the veranda. Sylvia knelt next to it for warmth. Micaela meanwhile stood on the rail drinking her coffee and watching the horses in the pasture.

"Put this shawl on, child," said Sandra placing one on Micaela's shoulders.

"Thank you, Sandra," replied Micaela. "Tell me, is there danger of flooding?"

"None at all," explained Sandra. "The creek in the pasture will insure the field won't flood."

"Your mother is safe, Micaela," added Sylvia.

Sandra sat next to the fire and opened her legs. Luke immediately started licking her pubes. The older woman smiled.

"Girls, we have a wedding to plan," said Sandra, "if Luke will let me explain."

Micaela cuddled next to Sylvia and kissed her. "We agreed on the 19th," she said.

"Yes," replied Sandra. "That is in three weeks. Now, as the lawyer Martinez and Graciela mentioned, the archbishop is willing to carry out your wedding in Rio cathedral."

"Same sex marriage is legal in Rio," pointed out Sylvia.

"Yes, of course, but the truth is that the archbishop could not refuse. Graciela is supported by all the women of the hacendado clan. Now, the archbishop also agreed to let you marry in the nude."

"In Rio cathedral?" smiled Micaela.

"I guess there is plenty of nudity in Rio during Mardi Gras," smiled Sandra.

"Let's go painted in silver!" suggested Sylvia.

"Or like the amazon tribes!" countered Micaela.

"It does not matter as long as you are nude," laughed Sandra. "We have some matters to take care first. Now, regarding the care of the horses, I have contacted Letitia at the Pasiphae Riding Academy. She and two of her daughters are willing to come here and take over while we are gone. They have done so before. They know how to care for women out to pasture."

"I was hoping Graciela would be present at our wedding," suggested Micaela while Sylvia nursed on her.

Sandra closed her eyes for a moment enjoying the ministrations of Luke.

"Why not?" said Sandra smiling. She was quite aroused at that point. "Martinez said the Souza family would provide unlimited funds for this wedding. We could have Bucefalo taken to Rio."

"I know my mother," replied Micaela. "She won't consent to be taken off the shaft."

"By land it is a two day trip," noted Sandra. "As long as we care for her along the way I do not see why it could not be done."

Luke's large beet red penis was now erect. Sandra placed her hand on it. Her eyes gleamed and her nipples were erect and hard. It was evident that she was consumed by lust. She knelt in front of it and proceeded to suck it.

"Micaela, please spread my mat on the floor," asked Sandra. A contrail of dog semen went from the red dog penis to her lips. "I need to knot with Luke."

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### **III. The Storm**

The next morning Sandra and the younger women ministered to the horses and the mounted women. First they fed the mounted women, that is, the sheaths. Their breakfast were mugs of warmed horse semen and pieces of fruits. Then each horse was taken out of the stall where it had spent the night. Both horse and woman were washed. The women's limbs were massaged and their heads were shaven again if needed (the hair had been cut to keep vermin from growing). But at no time was the shaft taken out of them. If a penis was growing flaccid, Sandra and the younger women used to occasion to force more lubricant into the woman's cunt and then reinjected the shaft with yerba dura.

Graciela was grateful when Sandra took out the massive butt plug in her butt.

"Ohmigod," moaned Graciela. Then she blushed. "Excuse me please."

Graciela began to defecate. Then she felt the horse begin to urinate inside her. She did likewise and a stream of urine burst out from between the tight union of horse and woman.

"Don't apologize, Bucefalo," replied Sandra addressing her by her horse's name. "It's a natural function and horses take a dump and a piss whenever they wish. And you are now no longer a woman but just part of a horse."

Graciela's hands were untied at that time. She reached for Sandra's face and caressed it.

"Thank you," said Graciela softly.

Sandra had knelt down and then proceeded to share a long passionate kiss on the mouth with her. Then Sandra began to nurse her ample tits. The two younger women were meanwhile doing likewise on the other mounted women. The nursing was the final step in the morning preparation of the women put out to pasture.

Graciela smiled and held Sandra's head to her chest. The mounted women absorbed the yerba dura through the lining of their vaginas. The herb not only kept the shaft hard. It also stoked their lust and induced lactation. Thus, it was a relief to be nursed every morning.

"You might have to suck on me several times during the day," laughed Graciela. "I am quite a milker."

"If need be we will hook you to a milking machine and make cheese with your milk," assured Sandra. "We often bring in Azul and a few of the others in for midday milking."

Micaela knelt next to her mother.

"How are you feeling mother?"

"I am fine dear. I am looking forward to more days like this. It is bliss."

"Don't call her like that," admonished Sandra. "She is no longer a woman. She is a sheath wrapped around a horse penis."

"So be it," replied Micaela quietly. "How are you Bucefalo?"

"The shaft is softening," said Graciela.

Micaela felt the horse penis and proceeded to inject it with more yerba dura.

Then the horses were each taken out and put into separate pens. There the horses were fed with bales of hay. Afterwards the pens were opened and the horses walked out into the pasture. The sky was overcast. The rain would soon start again. It was the height of the monsoon season.

Sandra and the younger women looked at the horses walk placidly to the copse of mango trees.

"Her eyes were gleaming very brightly," observed Sylvia.

"I know," replied Sandra in a quiet voice.

"What do you mean?" asked Micaela with concern.

"We have to monitor her carefully," replied Sandra.

"You are holding something from me!" snarled Micaela.

Sandra sighed. "Well, the first week mounted is the hardest on women put out to pasture, Micaela."

"She was a bellyrider all her life, she is used to it," replied Micaela.

"It's not the horse pounding. I know she has a calloused cunt that won't rupture easily. But now she is going to stay in an orgasmic haze permanently," explained Sandra. "Either she dies from heart failure or she will go mad."

"We have a couple of them that are no longer sane," explained Sylvia. "They went mad from pleasure and constant orgasming."

"She won't allow herself to be taken off the shaft!" cried Micaela. "She is a Souza. She has earned it."

"Easy, love," said Sylvia holding on to her. "You know she is strong. She has a good chance of surviving."

"Look, to ease your mind, Micaela, we will bring her back at midday for a few hours and hook her to the milking machine," offered Sandra. "Graciela says she is quite a milker and those breasts of hers are quite generous."

Micaela still seemed unconvinced.

"Come, my love," offered Sylvia grabbing her hand. "Let's go to the pasture to see them."

Sylvia took her betrothed's hand and the two nude women walked towards the copse of trees. The field was very muddy.

The mounted women seemed quite at ease. Some laid limp on the cradle, perhaps exhausted from an orgasm. Others were rocking themselves causing the horse shaft to be driven in and out of them. Graciela was one of them. Bucefalo then started to pounce her back.

"Oh, look!" said Sylvia. "Bucefalo is just about to come!"

The two women knelt next to Graciela. She was moaning loudly now, on the brink of orgasm herself.

Then a burst of horse semen erupted from her pubes. It splattered the two younger women's face and chest. Graciela meanwhile groaned and moaned gripped by a massive, unrelenting orgasm that seemed to last forever. Her torso arched and convulsed.

"She will be alright," smiled Sylvia taking a gob of Bucefalo's semen and placing it in Micaela's mouth. Both women then kissed passionately while Graciela continued coming and coming.

A few minutes later Azul nearby had likewise ejaculated.

"Let's go for a ride," suggested Sylvia.

"What do you mean?" asked Micaela.

Sylvia picked Bucefalo's reins and led it to a nearby stump.

"We will ride Bucefalo and Azul," she explained. "I hope you don't mind riding bareback."

"Will the...sheaths...be alright?"

"Yes, I have done it before," replied Sylvia using the stump to climb onto Bucefalo. "There is a lovely path to the beach and it is good footing."

Micaela got on top of Azul with some concern. But neither Graciela nor the woman slung under Azul seemed to mind.

"See?" said Sylvia smiling while leading Micaela down a lovely path indeed that led to the dunes. "Neither of them cares. Why should they? They are now just part of the horse. If the horse does not complain neither will they."

Micaela smiled nervously but could not help stroking the leg of the woman slung under Azul. Both mounted women were now moaning loudly as the gait of the horse caused the shaft to pound them mercilessly.

They crossed a road that bordered on a lovely beach.

"Where does this road lead to?" asked Micaela.

"It goes to the nearby town of El Sauce", explained Sylvia. "I sometimes ride one of the horses over there."

"Really? With a woman underneath?"

"Sure. The locals don't mind," laughed Sylvia. "And no, I don't wear clothes. They all are used to our ways."

They rode along the wide beach until they reached a palapa. There they tied the horses to posts. Both mounted women hung limp in their cradles.

"Are they OK?" asked Micaela with some concern.

"I think they are exhausted from coming," said Sylvia.

"I want to make you come instead," smiled Micaela pulling her lover unto a bench and kneeling between her legs. They spent at least a further hour making passionate love.

Sylvia had her mouth pressed against Micaela's cunt licking her furiously. But the sound of distant thunder made her interrupt her lovemaking.

"What's up?" asked Micaela.

"Thunder. We have to get back to the hacienda," explained Sylvia. There was a note of urgency in her voice.

"So? It will rain. Big deal."

"No, love. We cannot leave the horses out in the pasture if there is thunder," said Sylvia hurriedly mounting Bucefalo.

Maricela understood the urgency.

"Ohmigod, Sylvia, we cannot gallop there, not with these sheaths around their penis!"

"You are right. Let's do as fast a pace as possible!"

They did use a brisk pace and Sylvia tried not to think of what her mother was enduring. The skies were breaking over them. There was thunder and lightning. And a hard rain was now hitting them.



Tragedy, in the form of a mud covered Sandra, met them in the pasture. She was leading Latigo by the reins. The woman underneath it was howling in pain.

"Ohmigod!" cried Sylvia. "What happened?"

"Lightning struck the herd," sobbed Sandra. Then she pointed to a smoking heap of meat. "That was Viento. It got hit by lightning. I think it was quick."

"Oh Jesus!" whimpered Micaela.

"And Latigo?" asked Sylvia.

"He reared and fell," explained Sandra. "Ride forward to the house. Call an ambulance and tell them to hurry for God's sake!"

Micaela meanwhile had dismounted Azul and was leading the other horses back to the safety of the barn.

Latigo's sheath died two hours later, of massive internal injuries and broken bones. The doctors could do little for her. Her family asked that she be cremated and her ashes scattered on the pasture for so had been her wish. As for Viento, once the coroner had ruled that the woman's death had been a riding accident, Sandra had some men bring a bulldozer and both woman and horse were interred together. Their flesh had been fused together and there was no way to uncouple her. The family understood and thought it was what she would have wanted anyway.

Sylvia fell into a deep depression. She blamed herself for the deaths.

"Nonsense!" cried Maricela. "You know very well there are no old bellyriders! All women put out to pasture know they will die on the shaft. And if you want to be hurt to expiate their deaths I will make sure that you are!"

Sylvia let herself be strapped underneath Latigo and then Micaela rode him hard. This lasted for a couple of days. In the end Sandra pleaded with Micaela to let her daughter off the shaft as she had been driven very deep unto it. As Sylvia was uncoupled she had to be supported by Micaela for her gait was unsteady.

Sylvia hugged and kissed her lover. "Thank you," she whispered. "I needed to be fucked that way."

As for Graciela, she had grown incoherent and difficult to understand. Mostly she moaned.

"We call it orgasmic haze," explained Sandra. "It can last for weeks. She is coming almost constantly now. Her body cannot keep from orgasming."

Graciela's head protruded from between Bucefalo's front legs. They had moved her forward as much as possible to limit the depth of the penetration. Micaela knelt next to her mother and wiped her brow lovingly.

"Is she going to die?"

"That is possible," admitted Sandra. "We should keep her in the barn."

"I think she would want to die on the pasture," protested Micaela.

"I we let her out unto the pasture she is going to die," countered Sandra. "I have seen this before."

But it is your choice. If we keep her in the barn she might recover and live many more years on the shaft."

"OK," agreed Micaela.

"I will be nursing on her constantly," assured Sylvia.

"Why milk her all the time?" asked Micaela.

"Her milk is laced with yerba dura," explained Sandra. "She is absorbing it through the semen the horse deposits inside her. We need to insure it does not reach toxic levels."

Bucefalo was kept in the barn for the next few days. Sylvia and Sandra took turns nursing constantly on Graciela.

"She is quite a milker," smiled Sylvia.

There was enough of Graciela's milk to make cheese and butter. The latter turned out to be a rich dark yellow color and very sweet tasting.

After a week Graciela opened her eyes one morning. They glinted.

"Ohmigod! She is mad!" cried Micaela.

"Nonsense!" laughed Graciela. "I am just horny."

And she proceeded to rock herself back and forth on the cradle until Bucefalo reacted and started pounding her. In the end both horse and woman came spectacularly. Graciela was covered in a sheen of sweat.

"I am thirsty," she complained. "Damn! You all have drained my tits with all that sucking!"

"You will do fine, Bucefalo," said Sandra placing a mug with warm horse semen to her lips, "your body has adapted successfully."

Graciela drank the horse semen eagerly and Sandra then poured the remainder on her face and neck and chest and rubbed it in. Graciela smiled behind a mask of horse semen.

"Put me out to pasture again!" pleaded Sandra. "Just bring me in when my tits are about to burst!"

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#### **IV. Mardi Gras**

Sandra and Micaela were examining the horse trailer Bucefalo had been brought in.

"If we pad the insides of the trailer I think your mother could be transported with no problem to Rio," explained Sandra.

"If what the lawyer Martinez said is right, the archbishop will have no problem if Sylvia and I marry in the nude," explained Micaela. "I am not sure if he will object to my mother showing up impaled on her horse."

"Well, I hope I won't have to wear clothes for the wedding," explained Sandra. "I don't think I have

anything to wear anyway.”

“As I understand it,” said Sylvia approaching, “this will be the social event of the year. All the women of the hacendado class will attend. And they all are bellyriders. Your mother impaled on her horse will certainly not raise an eyebrow. They probably will think it is most proper.”

“In that case,” smiled Micaela wickedly, “why just marry in the nude? I would like to say my vows to you while we both are underneath a horse.”

“Oh Jesus! I don’t know if the church will go that far!” protested Sandra.

“Have Martinez ask, mother,” suggested Sylvia.”

“I will,” agreed Sandra, “but why should you two and Graciela have all the fun?”

“What do you mean mother?”

“If Graciela is going to give away Micaela while impaled by Bucefalo, why should I give you away and not be slung under a horse likewise?”

“You mean, all four of us bellyriding?”

“Yes,” smiled Sandra. “And I envision it being done in the old way, down the streets of Rio. There is a carnival troupe’s compound I knew in the old days. I am sure they will help us. You Souzas could grease their palms as needed. We could be led out in the open and even have a rest stop halfway to service the onlookers.”

Micaela paled. “You mean give blowjobs? I have never given a man a blowjob. I have only sucked on horses.”

“They are not as fun to do as horses,” explained Sandra. “The old bellyriders did give blowjobs while slung underneath their horses.”

“Eeew!” exclaimed Sylvia. “Why would anyone suck on a man’s penis?”

“How about diseases?” asked Micaela.

“We will have our escorts examine the penis offered and cleanse them with alcohol beforehand,” explained Sandra. “If anything looks too gross they won’t let them use us. Mind you, bellyriders could not refuse a penis once offered.”

“Can it even be done, you know, to suck a man while slung under a horse?”

“Yes, as long as your head protrudes from between the horse’s front legs,” said Sandra. “The men will have to kneel or bend to use our mouths.”

“Ohmigod!” cried Sylvia. “How many men?”

“Who cares, girl? As many as line up! That is part of the fun!” smiled Sandra.

“Do I have to swallow? I have heard that men’s semen tastes vile,” protested Micaela.

“It is an acquired taste,” agreed Sandra. “I blew my share of them out in the streets of Rio when I was young and danced naked in the Mardi Gras.”

"Mardi Gras is only one more month away," pointed out Micaela. "Why not delay our marriage until then?"

"Yes, mother," insisted Sylvia. "We could really do it the old way, you know, stay slung underneath our horses for the three days and nights of Mardi Gras and be escorted by dancers and all. We would marry on the third day."

"If we are alive!" giggled Micaela.

"Well, if you both don't mind the delay it could give us more time to convince the archbishop," agreed Sandra. "I just wished Graciela could help us but she is no longer a woman."

Still, Martinez the lawyer invoked Graciela's name when the plan was presented to the archbishop. The man had already agreed to so many of the hacendado women's conditions that he had no choice but to go along with the plan suggested. As for the fact that bellyriding had been outlawed before, the Souzas were ready to grease the palms of the Rio municipal authorities as needed. Anyway, most officials dimly remembered something about a ban on bellyriding imposed in the forties due to the death of so many women. But none could cite the exact article that would be broken.

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## **V. Travel Preparations**

Graciela readily agreed to bellyride Bucefalo down the streets of Rio during Mardi Gras.

"Ohmigod! That has been my dream all along!" she cried enthusiastically.

"Yes, mother," explained Micaela. "It has all been arranged. The hacendado women will provide us mounts in Rio and the Angels of the Favela Samba School has agreed to escort us."

"But you will have to be driven there," said Sandra. "I know you won't want to be taken off the shaft at all."

"Of course not!" protested Graciela. "I am part of Bucefalo!"

"Tradition requires that we blow men while we are strapped," pointed out Sandra.

"I am all for it!" cried Graciela enthusiastically.

Letitia, the woman in charge of the Pasiphae Bellyriding Academy, showed up as agreed to take care of the horses at the Santa Leda hacienda. She was accompanied by her two daughters. They all were nude and deeply tanned and sported widely distended cunts that constantly dripped horse semen.

"Go off you all and have fun," Letitia said smiling, "my girls and I will insure your horses are alright."

"Latigo has no woman right now," said Sylvia.

"Don't worry," replied Letitia. "We will be sure to keep him busy. I will ensure he uses us all as mares."

Getting Bucefalo onto the trailer with Graciela mounted on him was tricky. The trailer's insides had been padded. They secured Bucefalo as much as possible to keep him from moving around too much.

"We will stop periodically to check on you, mother," said Micaela.

"Don't worry about me," smiled Graciela. "I just hope you brought along some horse semen for me to drink. I know it can get very hot back here."

"We'll take care of you," laughed Sandra. "We have some thermos of horse semen. Plus we three can probably fill one with the horse semen we are always dripping."

There was one final problem. Sandra and the girls would have to wear clothes for the trip. They opted for the lightest garments possible, shorts and t-shirts. They had to wear pads to keep from staining their shorts with the horse semen that oozed out of them constantly. Every six hours or so they made a rest stop and checked on Graciela. She seemed OK but was quite thirsty all the trek. She went through the thermos of horse semen the first day. They went as far as squeezing the semen from the pads they had worn to help Graciela endure. To ease Graciela's thirst, Sandra would let her nurse on her ample breasts. At night they would seek a place by the road to camp and spend the night. Luke accompanied them, both for protection and to mate with Sandra.

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## **VI. On the Way to Rio**

The women made one final rest stop before arriving at Rio.

"Girls," said Sandra in a solemn voice, "I want to ask you a favor."

"What is it mother?" asked Silvia.

"When you two marry, will you agree to come to live at the Santa Leda hacienda? You see, I wish to be put out to pasture."

"You sure Sandra?" asked Micaela.

"Yes, my mind is made up," explained Sandra. "I think I deserve it."

"Yes you do, mother," replied Sylvia.

"If you could help me, I would be most grateful," said Sandra smiling.

"I don't see why not," offered Micaela.

"However, I have talked at length with Graciela about what would be the best way to do it," continued Sandra.

"What do you mean, mother?" asked Silvia intrigued. "We stick you underneath your horse and that's it. You are put out to pasture like all the other sheaths."

"No, you see, I have thought long about this. Please bear with me."

Sandra actually seemed to blush.

"You are not making sense, mother," said Silvia.

Sandra sighed.

"The Souzas, you see, would pay for the operations."

“What operations, mother?”

“Look at it this way, Silvia, everytime a horse tumbles or rolls over someone dies. Their legs get broken. It is horrible. We just saw what happened in the rainstorm. We have to keep the horses standing up all the time.”

“So?”

“I have decided I will have all my limbs removed,” announced Sandra. “I mean, they are useless once I get strapped. That way I will just be a sheath around the horse.”

“Oh Jesus! You cannot be serious mother!” protested Sylvia.

“Wait, Graciela came up with the idea in the first place,” insisted Sandra.

“She never said anything to me about that!” protested Micaela.

“It was some years ago, Micaela, “explained Sandra. “You see, she had the Souzas fund research into an improved bellyriding cradle. It is a lightweight but very strong device made of light alloys. If I remove my limbs the horse will not feel the extra weight of this cradle. Even if he rolls around I will be secure for the weight of the horse will not fall on me. A prototype was actually made but never tested.”

“I won’t have anything to do with this!” exclaimed Sylvia.

“Wait, Sylvia!” said Micaela. “She might have a point. I do remember signing checks on that device. But I never thought anything came of it and my mother did not volunteer any information.”

“Ask Graciela,” said Sandra. “In fact, she would like to have the operation done on her too. It would make bellyriding much safer. One day, yes, the horse will drive its shaft all the way into me, but that is as it should be.”

“Sure, why not?” laughed Graciela leading her horse forward. “I am tired of having my limbs get cold and wet in the rain. I am never going to walk again anyway.”

“But look at it this way, mother,” countered Micaela, “right now you can rock yourself in the cradle.”

“Yes,” agreed Graciela, “but that means I still have a measure of control, understand? If I were just a torso, I would be used at Bucefalo’s leisure, whenever he wants to pound on me. I want to be absolutely at the shaft’s mercy and be used whenever he feels like it.”

“But you would have to be taken off the shaft for the operation, mother.”

“It would be a few weeks of suffering, I guess,” smiled Graciela. “Then I would have many more years on the shaft, I hope, until the blessed day when my cunt finally gives and his shaft ruptures me.”

“I think it is worth trying,” said Sandra. “I like the idea of being completely at the mercy of the shaft. I do want to just become a sheath on a horse penis.”

“Besides, I will have the family fund the operation,” laughed Graciela. “We Souzas own a hospital in Sao Paolo where it could be done.”

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## VII. There are no old Bellyriders

Sylvia's heart was fluttering. She could hear the sound of samba music all around. Her upside down view was a swirl of sequins and ebony bodies dancing frenziedly all around her. Her torso had been placed quite forward so that her head rested just protruding from between her mount's legs. Her hands were tied to her ankles and her legs in turn were fastened to the flanks of her horse.

Her stallion was a palomino she had never met before. But now, she thought, she was in love with him. His shaft was quite thick and long. She could feel it inside her, stretching her innards, its warmth filling her innards. She had no idea how much horse meat she had taken but it was a lot. The tip of the massive shaft pressed against her cervical opening. She must have had at least 30 centimeters (a foot) of horse penis inside her.

An almost naked woman led her horse dancing to the sensuous rhythm of the samba. Sylvia could see her. She had magnificent buttocks and Sylvia wished she could kiss them.

Then the palomino stopped on its tracks. The woman leading it smiled and grabbed tight to his reins. Sylvia smiled. She felt the horse's penis begin to pound and pound and pound her insides. He was ready to come, she knew. Sylvia began rocking herself in the bellyriding cradle. Back and forth she swung, driving herself deeper even unto the shaft and meeting his cruel pounding.

Sylvia's body was now covered in a sheen of sweat. She was beyond pain, immersed in pure pleasure not caring for anything but to drive herself deeper unto the stallion's shaft. She was dimly aware that the crowd was cheering her on as she fucked frenziedly with her mount. Her eyes glowed with lust. A massive orgasm was about to erupt deep in her innards.

"Ohmigod!!!! Yesss!!!! Look at me!!!! Look at me!!!!" she cried. The very act of fucking a horse in public, in front of thousands of onlookers stoked her lust to incredible heights. She felt a strange sense of pride.

Then the horse's penis stopped pounding her. She felt the flare balloon inside her, stretching her mercilessly. She let out an animal cry of lust and pain and pleasure. Powerful jets of scalding hot horse semen started pounding her innards, actually driving her forth in the cradle.

"Yesss!!!!" cried Sylvia as she felt the horse semen fill her to bursting. She was now in the midst of a continuous orgasm and her torso arched and she strained at the bonds keeping her pinned and impaled on that magnificent horse shaft.

Sylvia lost all track of time. She must have passed out, she thought. Now she and her horse were no longer in the middle of the avenue through which the samba school had been dancing. She was being led to what seemed to be a park, illuminated by torches.

Ahead Sylvia saw a horse. A woman's legs were tied to its flanks but she could not recognize who it was. Thankfully the woman leading her horse led it close to the other mount.

"Are you alright Sylvia?" asked the woman strapped under the horse. Sylvia recognized her mother's voice.

"I think I am alright, mother. How about you?"

"I am fine. But I think Graciela's horse reared. I am not sure."

"Oh Jesus! Are you sure? Where is Micaela?"

Another horse was led in close to where they were. She could see Micaela's head hanging loosely between his front legs. She seemed to have passed out.

"Please," called Sylvia to the woman leading her mount, "I am alright. But the woman there seems to have passed out."

"I know," replied the woman. "Don Eusebio will be here shortly. Don't worry, we will look after you all."

The samba school leader, don Eusebio, did indeed show up a few minutes later. He made a cursory examination of Micaela.

"Is she alright?" pleaded Sylvia.

"Yes, I think so," replied don Eusebio. "She must have passed out from coming. We will have to wake her up for the sucking."

"Please, tell me about the other lady. Is she alright?"

The man hesitated for an instant.

"I am afraid there was an accident," he explained. "Maybe her horse was not used to so much noise. The horse reared and tried to bolt."

"How is she?" shrieked Sylvia.

"She is not doing good, milady," admitted the man. "We think she ruptured. We took her back to the samba school compound."

"Oh God no!" cried Sylvia. "Get her to a doctor, now!"

"No, Sylvia," said her mother. "That cannot be done. You know the rules."

"Damn the rules!" shouted Sylvia. "Listen, don Eusebio, that woman is lady Graciela Souza. She is a personal friend of the archbishop. Her family spread money generously so that the Rio authorities would not object to us bellyriding. But if she dies, believe me, the scandal will be terrible. In fact, you and your school could all be arrested!"

The man paled.

"But, she does not want to be taken off the shaft!"

"Yes! She would not! She is already half mad. She has been on that shaft for six months now, fucking it all the time. You ever heard of how women are put to pasture?"

"Are you telling me she is a sheath? I did not know! No one told us she was a sheath! They go crazy I have heard!"

"Precisely! Therefore, she is not fit to make any choices. Damn you, man, take her to a doctor!"

"I don't know," replied the man.

The traditional rules of the samba school bellyriders required that ruptured bellyriders not be uncoupled or given medical attention until the end of the third day. But this was only their first night on the shaft.



"If you do so, don Eusebio, I promise you that we will suck all of the men in Rio eagerly," offered Sylvia.

Meanwhile Micaela was being awakened by the sambistas.

"Well, that was what is expected of you," countered don Eusebio.

"I know!" snarled Sylvia. "You don't want me to bite a penis off. And, believe me that is what will happen unless you take Lady Graciela to a doctor, now!"

"Sylvia," whispered her mother, "do not tell Micaela about her mother, please."

"Oh damn!" cried don Eusebio. "How the hell I was to know she was a sheath! I should have suspected as much when you brought her in strapped under her mount! You win! I will take that crazy woman to a hospital! Just make sure my ass doesn't land in jail!"

"I guarantee you that it won't," promised Sylvia. "The Souzas' lawyers will take care of the matter. You just make sure she gets to a doctor!"

Then don Eusebio started shouting orders. A long line of men had formed up next to the bellyriders and had their penises out. Several of the sambista women were carrying pails with water and sponges and were washing them.

"Oh Jesus! I could not stop coming!" exclaimed Micaela regaining her consciousness.

"Get ready to suck, my love," said Sylvia in a quiet voice.

"Do I have to swallow?" asked Micaela. "A man's semen tastes vile."

"You don't have to swallow dear," counseled Sandra. "Just suck them eagerly. Men like that."

The sambistas pulled the women forward so that their heads protruded more between their horses' front legs. But the shafts remained buried inside them.

Sylvia saw the first man approaching. He stood in front of her holding his now erect penis in his hand. Sylvia smiled. It was not as mighty as the horse shafts she was used to sucking on. Then she opened her mouth wide to receive the man's penis. The man bent his knees slightly and held on to the horse's chest while he proceeded to use Sylvia's mouth.

It did not take much time to make him come. Sylvia's mouth overflowed with his semen. Yes, it did taste vile, not like the strong but pleasing taste of horse semen, she thought. When the man's penis came out she spit out most of it but still could not help swallowing some. The next man had now stepped forward. Sylvia caught a glance of her mother nearby. She was also being used in like manner. And Micaela, her fiancé, likely was also being used to serve the men that had queued to be fellated.

Sylvia soon lost track of the number of men that came in her mouth. She was feeling very tired and ached because of the unnatural distension induced by the large horse shaft lodged inside her. She had also been given too much rum by the sambistas. The next few hours were like a dream. She felt the horse come inside her again. And heard more cheering from the crowd as she burnt her last strength meeting his thrusts and fucking him back. There was another rest stop and her mouth was again used by God knows how many men.

Sylvia became aware that they were now being led back to the samba school compound. She heard and saw Micaela being sick and vomiting perhaps from having swallowed too much man semen. She herself did not feel alright. It was a delight when finally the sambistas led their horses into a stall.

"I have bad news," whispered don Eusebio kneeling next to her.

"Ohmigod!"

"The lady Souza died a few hours ago," explained the man. "Was she a relative of yours?"

"No, she was the mother of the young girl strapped under the black stallion."

"What do we do now? Do we unstrap you all? I don't want to be accused of another death!"

"No, don't take us off the shaft. Not now," advised Sylvia. "Make sure everyone is settled and the shafts remain hard with yerba dura."

"I don't want to go to jail!" pleaded don Eusebio.

"Relax. I am a lawyer," explained Sylvia. "Listen carefully, I want you to go early to the Souza's retainers. They are on Matto Grosso Avenue on the big high rise on the 13th floor. Tell them Sylvia, Micaela Souza's fiancé, sent you and that you must talk to the lawyer Martinez, Francisco I think is his name. Explain everything that happened and how you need the Souza's protection."

"I will definitely do that," replied don Eusebio. "But listen, I don't know if you will be allowed to parade in the street for the next two nights."

"Yes, that is still to be seen," admitted Sylvia. "The Rio authorities probably will try to stop you."

"There is more bad news. I am told that the video showing the horse rear and rupture the dead lady Souza was uploaded to the internet and it has gone viral," announced don Eusebio.

"Damn!" replied Sylvia. "That means the authorities will have no choice but to act. The whole world now knows that women are bellyriding again in Rio and one got killed. Listen, don't let anyone from the city in unless they show you a court order, understand? I want your men to see to us in the morning and keep us strapped as if nothing had happened. And do feel the shafts right now. Mine is getting soft."

"Will do milady," answered the man preparing the yerba dura injection.

"Wait one moment please," said Sylvia. "The lady Souza's horse, where is he?"

"It is here, two stalls down. The paramedics came pretty quick when we summoned them. The lady Souza was still lucid then and complained that she did not want to be taken off. She had taken all the shaft. Her torso was resting against his balls. The tip must have been resting in her chest, behind her breasts, for she had blood and horse semen coming out of her mouth. She died as the paramedics were unstrapping her."

Sylvia smiled.

"Yes, that would have been Graciela's choice, to die with the shaft deep inside her. I am sure she did not regret it for a second."

"God knows I don't understand what motivates you bellyriders. You all must be half mad to do this."

But who am I to judge?" answered don Eusebio shaking his head. "There, your horse has been injected, milady. It should remain hard for several hours more. May God keep you safe."

Sylvia smiled as she felt her mount's penis harden inside her as the yerba dura don Eusebio had injected into his penis took effect. Then she fell into a deep sleep due to her exhaustion.

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## **VIII. The Law**

Thankfully, the lawyer Martinez was of a rare breed of solicitor for he showed up quite early at the offices of the Souza solicitors. Don Eusebio readily found him and explained all the events of the previous night. Martinez got right away on the phone and set to work.

The women in the samba school compound meanwhile were taken out of the stalls and attended by the sambistas. First horse and women were washed. The women's face and chest were covered in man semen while their pubes and buttocks were covered in dried horse semen. The women's body paint was retouched and their straps tightened or loosened as needed.

Sylvia felt her horse's penis pulse as he peed inside her. She willed herself to do likewise and a stream of urine and semen ejected from between the tight union of horse and woman. Sylvia tried but could not bring herself to defecate. Her horse, however, did let loose its bowels. Sylvia did manage to see that her mother had managed to do likewise.

The horses were then fed hay bales while the women were fed a morning gruel of horse semen mixed with fruit slices, a bellyrider's breakfast. Then the horses and the women were placed in the middle of the samba school compound to enjoy the morning sun while the sambistas stood chatting and admiring them.

"Sylvia," said Micaela from beneath her black stallion. "Where is my mother? I have not seen her horse."

"Micaela, my love, you must be strong," replied Sylvia.

She then proceeded to tell her lover what had happened. Micaela of course took it hard and cried a lot. But she did seem resigned. After all, she had, in some way, parted with her mother months before, when Graciela was put out to pasture.

"I guess it is as it should be," said Micaela. "All Souza women die on the shaft. My grandmother did so and so did her mother. And I think I will too someday. You know the saying: there are no old bellyriders."

"I know you loved her, Micaela," said Sandra. Such was her expertise that she had managed to guide her horse to where the young woman stood using just her cunt muscles. "But now we must be practical. Ever since your mother was put out to pasture you have been the head of the Souza family. You must make sure you do not die in the next two days."

"It will be as God wishes it, I guess," replied Micaela.

Sandra's horse started pounding her.

"If you will excuse me," smiled Sandra, "my mount wants to fuck me now."

"Enjoy," said Micaela.

"You heard my mother, my love," said Sylvia. "You must stay alive now."

"I will try, but we still have two more days to go."

"On Sunday, the last day, we were supposed to be married in Rio cathedral," reminded her Sylvia. "Do you want to still do so? I can understand if you want to cancel, what with Graciela's death."

"No, Sylvia, my love," replied Micaela shaking her head. "I think mother would have wanted us to still go ahead with the ceremony. We can be married and also carry out mother's funeral service. I am sure it can be arranged."

There was then a commotion at the entry to the samba school compound.

"What is going on?" asked Sylvia.

"Some policemen are out front," explained a sambista.

"Lead my horse there, please," instructed Sylvia.

Three policeman and a man in a business suit stood at the doorway arguing heatedly with the sambistas. The latter moved aside as Sylvia's horse approached.

"Gentlemen, why are you interrupting these folks? This is private property," demanded Sylvia.

The men in the business suits and the policemen looked at her in awe.

"What? You have never seen a woman being fucked by a horse? Now, please answer me. What are you doing here?"

"We are here to investigate the death of one Graciela Souza," managed to answer the man.

"That was a riding accident," said Martinez stepping forth. He was accompanied by don Eusebio and carried a sheath of papers in his hand.

"You are just in time, don Eusebio!" smiled Sylvia.

"I have here the ruling from Judge Carmona of the local state court. You can see his signature and the court seals. The lady Souza had an accident. There is nothing for you to investigate."

"Really?" replied the man incredulously. "I mean, these women are bellyriding! That is against the law!"

Through the doorway to the samba school compound he could see Sandra fucking eagerly with her mount as the sambistas applauded her.

"I have also this stay of execution against any prosecution for bellyriding, signed also by Judge Carmona," offered Martinez.

"My orders are to put an end to this!" insisted the man. "The internet is abuzz with the news!"

"Then bring an order from a higher court overruling these orders," suggested Martinez. "And we in turn will counter that, I can assure you."

The man's cell phone rang and he took the call.

"Oh well, that was the mayor of Rio. I am told not to pursue this," said the man shaking his head.

As the man left, don Eusebio sighed with relief.

"Does this mean the ladies will ride in the street?" he asked.

"What do you think, Martinez?" asked Micaela whose horse had been brought forth.

"I think it will be prudent if you remain in the environs of the samba school for the rest of the Mardi Gras," suggested Martinez.

"Could we at least be taken out here to the street in front of the samba school?" asked Sylvia.

"Why would you want to do that?" asked Martinez.

"Why, I am sure that if we put it out in the internet that some bellyriders are available to suck all men who wish to do so the news will spread like wild fire," explained Sylvia.

"I suppose so," conceded the lawyer. "I hope the city does not object."

"I doubt it," laughed Sylvia. "I am sure that many will book flights for next year's Mardi Gras once it gets out that you can be blown in the street by a bellyrider. The city will profit from the added tourism and no one will mind."

"I don't mind blowing thousands of men," said Micaela, "but I would like to ride Bucefalo, my mother's horse instead."

"He is bigger than the one you have inside right now," cautioned Sylvia.

"I know. And I know my mother died on that shaft. It would be fitting, don't you think? It would be like paying her an homage," explained Micaela.

"Well, we have bent the rules so far," laughed don Eusebio. "I am sure a quick mount change will be fine."

Thus was Micaela firmly planted unto Bucefalo's massive shaft. That night the women sucked many, many men for indeed the news had spread that bellyriders were available in front of the street of the Blue Bird samba school.

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## **IX. The Marriage**

The next day was the last day of Mardi Gras. In the morning Sylvia and Micaela were helped down from their slings by the sambistas though care was taken to insure that the shaft remained buried deep into their loins. Both women stood bent down next to the horses while the sambistas proceeded to wash them and then paint their bodies entirely silver. This would be their wedding dress. Then they were once more placed into the harness and their limbs were again tied to the horse's flanks.

Just before noon, escorted by the Blue Bird samba school, Sylvia, Micaela, and Sandra bellyrode into the square in front of Rio cathedral. To their surprise there were TV cameras (kept a respectful distance by the Rio police) and reporters to welcome them. In justice, it was a historic occasion of

sorts, the first marriage of two lesbians with the sanction of the church and while bellyriding. The square was parked with Bentleys and other luxury cars for there was also a large retinue of guests, all women of the hacendado class that were partial to bellyriding in the privacy of their estates.

The ceremony went off smoothly. Both Sylvia and Micaela were led down the aisle by Souza family retainers that kept a firm hand on the horses' reins. Sandra's horse was also led and placed closed to the couple. Micaela was beaming. She knew this was her dead mother's doing. That she was now firmly impaled on Bucefalo's shaft seemed fitting. And from her upside down position Micaela was happy to note that an urn with her mother's ashes stood on a nearby table.

The archbishop knew enough to agree to the wedding and not antagonize the women of the hacendado class. He tried to conduct matters in as dignified manner as was as possible. Alas, Bucefalo had a mind of his own and it was then that he started pounding Micaela most vigorously. The creaking of the leather harness and Micaela's groans and moans were clearly heard.

"Do you, Micaela, take Sylvia as your wife, to love, honor, and care for until death separates you?" asked the archbishop.

By this time Micaela was fucking Bucefalo back. Sylvia had likewise started to swing herself back and forth in the saddle to try to coax her palomino to fuck her.

"Yeesssss!" groaned Micaela in the middle of an orgasm.

"And do you, Sylvia, take Micaela as your wife..."

The explosive burst of semen from Micaela's loins as Bucefalo came splattered the nearest guests. But these women did not mind that their expensive clothes were thus covered. They actually scooped gobs of the horse semen and put it to their mouths. The semen even splattered Graciela's urn, something which her spirit must have appreciated.

"...as your wife, to love, honor and care for until death separates you?"

"Yesss!" whimpered Sylvia as she frenziedly swung herself in the saddle. Her horse was now starting to hump her back.

"I now pronounce you...wife...and wife..." said the archbishop in a solemn tone.

The just married couple were then led down the aisle, one after another, with Sylvia following Micaela. The latter laid spent in the saddle smiling blissfully. Her only regret, she thought, was not being able to kiss her new wife. Sylvia's procession had to be interrupted when her horse came inside her.

Midnight came and all three women were helped down from the saddles. Their faces were covered in man semen for they had been sucking a long line of men that had come to the Blue Bird compound. As soon as both Sylvia and Micaela were uncoupled they reached for each other and kissed passionately. They both had their hands in their crotch, trying to keep the abundant horse semen inside them from coming out. Their lower bellies actually bulged where their wombs had ballooned full of horse semen.

Sylvia knelt in front of Micaela and pressed her mouth to her wife's cunt. Micaela started massaging her belly releasing gobs of horse semen into Sylvia's eager mouth.

"Now it's my turn, my love," said Micaela kneeling in front of Sylvia. She then pressed her mouth to

her wife's cunt as Sylvia massaged her belly to coax the semen inside her into Micaela's mouth.

Sandra and the sambistas were watching the scene and applauding.

"You two lovebirds get yourself off to the hotel suite in Rio Graciela booked for you," advised Sandra.

"You are not coming with us, mother?" asked Micaela.

"Of course not! It is your honeymoon! I will stay here in the Blue Bird compound. Take as much time as you want. I will have four stallions all to myself. I intend to have them fuck me silly!"

Thus it was that two naked, silver painted, young women who were covered in dried semen and were dripping horse semen arrived at the Plaza, Rio's premier hotel, which the Souza family owned. The concierge, used to the ways of the Souza women did not bat an eye but quickly summoned a bellhop to escort the two young women to the honeymoon suite.

"There is cold champagne for you, miladies," said the bellhop upon opening the door to the luxurious rooms that made up the honeymoon suite at the Plaza. "And if you need anything don't hesitate to dial room service please."

Sylvia smiled embarrassed. She suddenly felt very conscious of her nudity and crossed her arms around her breasts.

"I am sorry, I don't have a purse to tip you," apologized Silvia.

"No problem milady's," beamed the bellhop. He was an older man used to the ways of the Souzas. "No disrespect, milady, or to your wife, but just looking at how lovely you two look is reward enough. I will insure that no one disturbs you."

At that point Silvia actually blushed and was grateful when the man closed the door behind him. It was then that Micaela grabbed her and pressed her mouth against hers. Then they both headed to an ample bed and entwined themselves into a passionate 69 and pressed their mouth to each other pubes to drink the horse semen that kept leaking out of them. The two fell asleep thus and woke up in a very sticky bed for horse semen kept leaking out of them. This they did not mind for they remained entwined thus for the next three days, their lovemaking interrupted only by the arrival of room service, at which time they would don a robe while the Plaza personnel saw to their needs.

At some point, near the end of the third day, perhaps because now the flow of horse semen out of their pubes had become only a trickle, they thought about returning back to the Santa Leda hacienda. Alas, they realized they did not have a single piece of clothing. The concierge again took matters at hand and pretty soon a set of stylish jeans and t-shirts were delivered, along with some sensible shoes for both had been barefoot.

Upon their arrival at the Blue Bird compound, now mostly deserted, they were greeted by don Eusebio.

"So glad to have you both back!" said the man.

"Have you had any more trouble with the authorities?" asked Silvia.

"None at all!" exclaimed don Eusebio. "But a news team from Europe was here and interviewed the lady Sandra."

“Really?”

Sandra emerged then from the stables. She was covered in dried or drying horse semen and her hair was matted stiff with it. Her cavernous cunt dripped gobs of the amber liquid.

“They actually had me get into the harness and bellyride for them!” laughed Sandra. “And I am very glad to see you both!”

“Did the horses fuck you silly?” laughed Micaela.

“I can barely walk. We have been going at it night and day. Going back to Santa Leda will be a relief.”

“We will have to load Bucefalo unto the trailer then,” pointed out Sylvia.

“And he will travel back with his shaft exposed? With no women wrapped around it?”

Sylvia smiled.

“I don’t see why it should be that way. We can take turns...”

“I go first!” giggled Micaela.

**THE END**