

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I. In the Stall

Recife, Brazil - Convent of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene - 1929

It was almost midnight. Outside the stable the rain fell steadily. The monsoon had come. It would be a hard trek into the Mato Grosso Renate realized. She pressed her naked body to the horse's torso to get some warmth. The bellyrider cradle that kept her in place could use some tightening, she thought. Her legs, tied up against the flanks of the horse felt cold. There was additional warmth, a lot of it, coming from the thick horse member buried deep inside her. Then she heard the stall door open.

"Are you OK, dear?" asked Fiona, the mother superior, in a low voice. Renate could see that the nun was nude except for her wimple and sandals.

"I am fine, Mother," replied Renate trying not to complain. It was, after all, a bellyrider's privilege to endure discomfort.

Sister Fiona caressed the horse's flank and then placed her hands on Renate's legs.

"I always have loved your legs," said Fiona smiling. "They are so long and they look so beautiful tied thus to a horse's flanks."

The nun kissed her legs. Renate reached for her with her hand and found Fiona's rump. Then Renate's hand gently made its way forward and rested against the Fiona's widely distended cunt lips. She knew the nun's body quite well. Her cunt yawned open and was dripping wet.

"But you are cold," noticed Fiona. "I will place a blanket on you."

"Please, don't go," pleaded Renate, her hand still resting on Fiona's cunt. "I want to taste you."

Fiona understood and made her way to the horse's front, where Renate's head rested between the horse's two front legs. Renate wiggled herself forward a couple of inches. The horse member still remained deep inside her.

Fiona looked down at her lovingly.

"Is he still past your cervix?"

"Just his head," giggled Renate, "and maybe a couple of centimeters more."

Renate wiggled her arms so that they two protruded from between the horse's front legs. The animal was very well behaved and had been used in this manner by the nuns for years. For an added precaution the hobbling straps limited his movements.

Renate's hands rested on Fiona's bare hips and she gently pulled her down towards her mouth till her lips were pressed against Fiona's dilated cunt. Then she started to lick her, drinking greedily the horse semen and woman juices that were flowing out of the mother superior. Fiona in turn moaned and steadied herself by holding on to the horse's neck. One and then two more of Renate's finger entered Fiona's dilated anus. Time seemed to be at a standstill and the moaning of the two women increased.

Finally, Fiona disengaged. Her legs were rubbery. She had orgasmed repeatedly. She knelt next to

Renate and both kissed lovingly.

There were sounds of creaking leather coming from the adjacent stalls.

"I guess we made a lot of noise," smiled Fiona, "and woke the other bellyriders."

"I might as well add to the ruckus," added Renate in a husky voice. "Push me down please."

Renate wiggled her arms back behind the horse's front legs and pulled herself down onto the horse shaft again. She felt Fiona's hands on her shoulders applying gentle pressure as the horse penis forced itself deeper into her. It now filled her womb completely. For a moment she was tempted to ask Fiona to keep pushing.

As if guessing her mind Fiona let go of her shoulders.

"All in good time, Renate," said Fiona. "You are pretty deep now and your womb is filled with horse. I don't want you to hurt yourself."

"It will be as God wishes, right?" replied Renate. She crossed herself and started swinging herself back and forth on the cradle fucking herself with the magnificent horse member buried inside her. The shaft would exit and pounce back inside her rhythmically. Her pubes were now foaming and dripping a mixture of horse precum and female juices. The sound of creaking leather could be heard throughout the barn. Renate's horse then started making thrusting motions of his own with his hips fucking her mercilessly.

"Yes, it will be as God wishes," admitted Fiona on a quiet voice watching Renate be brutally pounded by the horse. Then eventually the horse stopped. Renate's body was now covered in a sheen of sweat and her face was frozen in a mask of pain and lust.

"I must go now," announced Fiona.

"Wait, please," pleaded Renate. She extended her hand. "He is about to come. Hold me."

Renate held Fiona's hand tightly. A warmth filled Renate's belly. Both Renate and Fiona placed a hand on her lower belly. They both felt the horse head balloon inside Renate. She was actually driven forward by the hydraulic hammer of the jet of horse semen exploding inside her.

"Thank the Lord! Oh Jesus! Oh God!" whimpered Renate, still in the middle of a very long lasting orgasm.

"Are you OK?" asked Fiona. Both women knew there were no old bellyriders.

"I think I am alright. I don't think I ruptured," replied Renate after a while. "I am just sore."

"Soreness is good. If you are just sore you are not ruptured but are stretching to better serve your husband. Now, rest, Renate," admonished Fiona. "The yerba dura will keep Rapido hard till sunrise. And now rest."

Then she knelt down and kissed Renate's hand. She then found a blanket and draped it over the Renate and the horse. Renate was now enveloped in a warm cocoon with a throbbing, still hard, horse member inside her.

"Sleep well, Renate," said Fiona.

Renate dug her face into the horse's chest and by the time Fiona closed the stall had already fallen asleep.

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## II. Renate's Wounds

*Le Havre, France - two years before*

Renate stood on the stern of the ship. The wind was cold. It reminded her of her first winter in the field hospital near Verdun. She shuddered, not from the cold but from hint of horror waking up her memories would bring. She willed herself steady. There are things best forgotten, it is all behind, she told herself. She narrowed her eyes and looked at the far shore now disappearing in the mists. Yes, she told herself soothingly, that is all behind.

She had arrived at Le Havre two days before, fleeing from Paris. She had been a successful doctor, a gynecology specialist, until the scandal broke out that ruined her career. (See <http://www.beastforum.com/index.php?showtopic=152358&hl=renate>) For years she had practiced bestiality mainly with dogs for her access to equines was limited. On vacations in the south of France she had seen a magnificent stallion on a stud farm. That night she had broken into the place. She led the stallion out of his stall. She rubbed her pubes with the urine of a mare in heat. This caused the stallion to neigh. Then Renate placed herself into a breeding phantom to be serviced by the horse. Most likely, she knew, she would be killed, ruptured by the horse shaft, but that did not cause her to waver. It was in the middle of being mated with the stud that she had been caught. Charges were filed against Renate. It was only through a fluke of fate that she was allowed to go free.

It was, however, the end of Renate's medical career. Her face had been all over Le Figaro. The stud was supposed to be mated the next morning to one of the Italian King's prized mares. But his seed had instead filled Renate. Angered, the Italians had hauled the mare instead to be bred in an Austrian and a formal protest was lodged by the Italian government. France had lost face.

Renate's license was revoked. She closed up her practice and paid off the employees at her clinic. The stud owner sued her for the stud fee (which she gladly paid). She then sold off her property and decided to leave Europe for good. On arriving at Le Havre she headed straight to the docks determined to buy a ticket on the first ship outbound.

"That would be the Charonte, Mademoiselle," said the ticket master.

"Oh God, why the name?" winced Renate.

The man smiled.

"The Charonte is a good ship, though old, Mademoiselle. It has been in the South America run ever since before the war."

"So the Charonte it is," replied Renate. "Where in South America is it bound?"

The man looked up some paperwork.

"It first arrives in Brazil, Recife to be specific, then Rio de Janeiro, and finally Montevideo and Buenos Aires."

"Give me one for Recife," replied Renate.

The Charonte was pretty dismal. There were five other passengers, two couples and an elderly White Russian gentleman. They all were polite to her but she basically kept to herself not willing to be recognized. After all, her face had indeed been all over the newspaper front pages. Surely, they had not heard of her in Recife, she thought. Thankfully, after a few days at sea, the rest of the passengers ignored her.

Renate had only started practicing bestiality after the war. She had had very few affairs before. She was 37 at the time she boarded the Charonte and was very fit, and a lovely woman to look at. In fact, while studying medicine at the Sorbonne she had worked as a nude model for art classes.

But the war scarred both her body and her mind. When the war broke out in 1914 she was already a fourth year medical student, highly regarded by her teachers for her skills. France mobilized anyone with an inkling of medical expertise to serve at the front. During the Verdun offensive Renate found herself at a field hospital. The place was a charnel house already. It became hell when it was shelled. Renate was wounded, seriously, and thus bore a scar on the left side of her face. The worse scars, however, were mental. Renate spent two years in an insane asylum.

She was, however, strong willed enough to heal herself back into sanity. On a snowy day in the winter of 1918 she was released from the asylum and discharged from the army. She finished her schooling swiftly and began a very successful medical practice in Paris. She then found out that she was unable to keep any relationship with men. She tried women next. That did not work either. There were too many psychological scars to allow her to show love, she knew. An animal did not place so many demands.

Later on, thinking of her choice, she concluded that she would have opted for bestiality even if she had never been shell shocked. And it was that, to her, size did matter as she found out. She became adept at the mysteries of the knot and sought larger and larger breeds of dogs to mate with her. Eventually she was taking Dane and Rottweiler knots. It was traumatic for she was a not a large woman but only stood five feet in height. But she got used to the massive knots of these breeds. It was inevitable that she could not help but think of equines and the massive members they sported. Finally, in Berlin, the city of sin that it was in the twenties, Renate was penetrated by a horse member, in public, in front of a crowd that expected her to be ruptured. But she survived though she had a hard time walking for a few weeks afterwards. She had loved it.

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III. The Nun

"That, Mademoiselle, is Recife," said the ship's purser pointing to the shore.

It was a sleepy looking colonial town and most of the crowd in the dock looked African. Renate did not mind. She had operated on Black colonial troops. All the wounded men she had tended to were all red inside, she knew.

The purser had given her directions to a local hotel.

"The Santiago is not luxurious but it is clean and safe, Mademoiselle."

"The Santiago it is then," answered Renate.

A dilapidated taxi took her and her scant luggage to the hotel in the middle of the town, overlooking the main plaza. Truly, the place was cheap but clean and safe. Recife was indeed a backwater sleepy town.

Renate's first days were uneventful. She took long walks around town and practiced her Portuguese. She really had no idea what to do next. Perhaps, she thought, she could introduce herself to the local doctors here and reestablish her practice. That could be problematic. She knew the ways of provincial towns. The locals would not necessarily help a foreigner, a newcomer, who might take business away from them. Most of her colleagues were not encouraging. But an older doctor she called on, one Anselmo Armenta, did befriend her and promised that he could help her setup her business. Armenta seemed well respected and he gave Renate the impression that she could rebuild her life in Recife.

The cost of living in Recife was ridiculously low. Renate could last for years just with what she had saved in Europe. The local bank had no trouble accepting a check drawn on a Paris bank to establish her account, though they did warn her that it would take a couple of weeks for the check to clear. Thus assured, Renate started looking for a suitable property to set up her office. There were several prospects, all centrally located, that also boasted spacious houses and gardens surrounded by high walls. This was important to Renate. She wanted to have a kennel with large dogs and a place to mate with them in privacy.

But she was in no hurry. A month went by and she still remained at the Santiago. The staff were friendly and knew her by then. One day she made her way to the marketplace a few blocks away from the main plaza. She bought herself some tropical fruits and sat in a bench underneath a large tree in a small square in front of the marketplace. Heat waves rose from the pavement. The sea breeze was mostly at a standstill. Only the coolness of a nearby fountain gave some relief.

Renate wiped her sweaty brow and hesitated to leave the coolness of the shade. But her third floor room overlooked the harbor. She could open the doors to the balcony and the sea breeze would come in. Then she could strip nude and get some relief from the heat.

The sight she saw approaching made her doubt her sanity. She sniffed carefully the slices of papaya she had bought but found nothing untoward. Then she stared back again at the apparition.

A woman was walking down the street leading a large pony. As she came closer Renate could tell she was a nun for she wore a wimple. But other than her head cover and some sandals she wore nothing else. What Renate thought were tight clothes proved instead to be geometric designs tattooed on her body. Likewise, her face was tattooed. Several men and women, market goers, crossed her path but seemed to not find nothing remarkable about her attire or adornment. In fact, some even doffed their hats deferentially.

Renate could not help stare. Her expert eye watched amazed at how distended the woman's cunt was and how thick were her labia major. The woman smiled beatifically at Renate, perhaps recognizing her as a foreigner or a tourist (these were few and far between in Recife), and led her horse to the fountain. Renate could tell that it was an uncut male, with very large testicles. For a moment Renate felt herself blush. She was attracted to the animal, she knew.

The nun then took down a rug and laid it on the ground next to the horse. She took a little bell and rang it a couple of times. She placed an alms bowl on the lip of the fountain. Then she knelt down next to the horse and proceeded to caress its sheath. Now Renate was indeed interested. The woman, Renate observed, was quite an expert and pretty soon coaxed a large erection from the horse.

By now several of the locals had approached and blocked Renate's view. She walked closer. The horse member was quite long, about three inches thick with a flared head. Renate felt a wave of lust rising from her lower torso. The nun then took the long member in her hands and bent over, pulling

the labia of her distended cunt apart. She was standing thus with her back to the horse, a safe position, Renate knew. The nun crossed herself. Then she grunted as she guided the shaft into herself and smiled beatifically. Then she placed her hands on her knees and willed herself deeper into the shaft. To Renate's surprise the animal started making thrusting motions fucking the nun. It was very well trained, apparently. Renate could not avoid emitting a low lustful moan at the sight, which, thankfully, was not noted by the bystanders.

The mating was swift, not lasting more than a couple of minutes if that. The nun moaned loudly. Renate knew the cause: the horse penis had flared inside her. Then the horse member slowly retracted out of the woman dripping gobs of semen. Some of this semen the nun caught in her cupped hands and rubbed it all over her nude body. Then she knelt and licked the rapidly retracting member. In the end she stood up and smiled. Her eyes made contact with Renate's. The crowd crossed themselves and placed alms into her bowl and then went back to their business. In the end it was only Renate that stood wide eyed in front of the nun and her horse.

The nun took out a bottle from one of the horse's satchels.

"Would you like to share a swig of rum with me?" she asked, surprisingly, in English.

Renate nodded and came closer. The woman's lilt was Irish.

"I can't believe this," confessed Renate in halting English, taking the bottle.

"I can speak French also," smiled the woman recognizing her accent.

A wisp of red hair fell from underneath her wimple. Though she was heavily tattooed Renate could see an abundance of freckles all over her face and shoulders. She seemed older than Renate but her body was fit and athletic and the breasts were firm and sported large, dark, aureolas. The nipples were engorged and two heavy gauge rings hung from them.

"Your health, sister," said Renate taking a swig of rum. If she was hallucinating (heat does that) she was going to make the best of it. She stared in admiration at the nun.

The nun took back the bottle and took herself a swig.

"I guess this is all too strange for you, right?" smiled the nun.

"Most definitely," agreed Renate. "Please, don't be offended."

"No offense taken. I am Sister Fiona Callaghan, of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene," explained the nun offering her hand.

Renate shook her hand. It was sticky with horse semen. But Renate, though surprised, did not mind.

"I am Renate Duplesis, sister. I admit I never heard of your order," said Renate.

"That is not surprising," said Fiona. "We are something of an embarrassment to the church. My order was founded by Lucrezia Borgia, the daughter of Pope Alexander VI. Alas, our order was proscribed in Europe. We survive here in Brazil. People don't mind us."

"But..." protested Renate.

"I know," laughed Fiona, "I am walking around town butt naked and my horse just fucked me silly here in the street."

"It is unbelievable!" insisted Renate. "If I had not seen it with my own eyes I would have said it was impossible."

"Not really. This is Brazil. We have been here for 300 years," explained Fiona. "Folks understand. Oh God, I am a little sore, you know. He gave me quite a pounding. Can we sit under the tree? At least until Bucephalus drinks from the fountain. You know the saying, you can lead a horse to water but not make him drink."

The two women sat underneath the tree watching the comings and goings from the marketplace.

"Do forgive me, I cannot help but notice," said Renate. "I am a doctor, a gynecologist in fact. I could not help but notice how distended your vagina is and how thick your labia are."

Fiona smiled and opened her legs and pulled her engorged labia apart.

"That I am. I have been making love to equines for over twenty years," admitted Fiona. "As for my labia, well, I am something of a nymphomaniac. I had them pierced and hang weights from them and I enjoy pulling them all the time."

"Still, such distension is...unnatural," said Renate staring at the yawning cavern between Fiona's legs. "And nymphomania is not a proven condition. The stretched labia is to be expected if you are always pulling on them. But they are also quite engorged, a sign of arousal."

"Really?" answered Fiona in a quiet voice. "Maybe it is the yerba dura. We suspect it is a muscle relaxant among other things. I know it also keeps me horny all the time."

"What is the yerba dura?" asked Renate.

Just then a rope of horse semen oozed out from Fiona's cunt. The nun cupped her hands and caught the amber liquid. Renate stared at it. She felt herself blush.

Fiona looked at her and smiled.

"Don't be shy," said the nun. "I saw how you stared at me. I know that look."

Fiona offered her cupped hands to Renate.

"It is OK, no one will mind," said the nun in a quiet voice.

As if agreeing, Renate opened her mouth and the nun poured the horse seed into it while murmuring something in Latin as if it were drinking horse semen was a sacrament. The taste was strong and it tasted, Renate knew, of Fiona. She swirled it around her mouth enjoying the sensations. She closed her eyes and then swallowed it.

"He is not the first animal seed you taste, right?" said Fiona gently rubbing the horse semen into Renate's face. "There was real love in the way you took to it."

"No, it was not the first time I have drank animal semen," admitted Renate letting the nun rub the horse semen into her face. "I still think this is too unreal. Tell me I am not hallucinating, please."

The nun smiled and guided Renate's hand to one of her bare breasts.

"See? I am real after all," said the nun.

"This is so lovely," cried Renate shamelessly caressing the nun's breast and giving the ring that pierced its nipple a gentle tug.

"Actually all I did here was perform my wifely duty," said Fiona.

Renate laughed and took the bottle of rum Fiona offered but her hand still remained cupping the nun's breast.

"You must be kidding me!"

"Don't laugh, Renate," admonished Fiona in a suddenly stern voice, "the locals believe this strongly. You see, we nuns are known the world over as the brides of Christ right? When we mate with a horse we are using it as a surrogate for Jesus' mighty rod. I know, it is a convoluted logic or theology or whatever. But our order, and most importantly the locals, believe that this is so. This is Brazil, after all. Forget everything you learned in Europe, Renate, this is another world. A woman's sexuality is not a cause of shame in this land."

"If that is so, I have no desire to ever go back to Europe," announced Renate letting go of the nun's breast. "I intend to stay the rest of my life here in Brazil."

The horse finally had made up its mind to drink from the fountain.

"I must go now, Renate," announced the nun.

"Take this money," said Renate pressing some bills into her hand.

"Oh Jesus, that is a lot of money, dear," replied the nun.

"I don't mind," insisted Renate. "Tell me, will I see you again?"

"I come down to the market once a week to mate openly and gather some alms," explained Fiona. "Other nuns also come down to mate or buy supplies. There is always one of use mating with her horse in the streets of Recife."

"That is fine," replied Renate, "but no, I want to see you again."

"Then why don't you come over to the convent and visit me there?" suggested Fiona. "It is just on a hill outside town. Any cab driver will know the way. Let me ask you, are you Catholic Renate?"

"Yes," admitted Renate with some hesitancy. Her faith had been destroyed in the trenches.

"Kneel down in front of me Renate, please," said Fiona.

This Renate did, in front of the nun's open legs. Her distended cunt stared at her. The nun laid her hands on her head and recited a short prayer. That done, Renate could not help but plant a quick kiss on the nun's nether lips. Then both women stood up and looked at each other and smiled. It took an effort for both not to kiss openly then and there.

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#### **IV A Dark Secret**

"Ah, yes, the nuns," smiled Doctor Armenta pouring Renate a steaming cup of black coffee. "You must have seen one of those lunatics in the street, Mademoiselle."

"As a matter of fact I did and talked to her," said Renate. "To my surprise she was Irish. Her name is Fiona."

"Oh yes, I know her," agreed Armenta. "She is the Mother Superior of that convent of nymphomaniacs, did you know? She came over from Ireland many years ago, as a Carmelite nun assigned to the bishop. But it did not take her long to join the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene."

"I was not aware of that," admitted Renate. There was a hint of hostility in the man's words but she dared not antagonize him.

"Well, they are a kind of town embarrassment," explained Armenta. "I wished they would disappear forever. But we cannot do anything because the lower classes admire them very much."

"Why would you do anything about them?" inquired Renate raising an eyebrow skeptically.

"Did you see what they do with their animals?" asked Armenta.

"Yes, Sister Fiona mated with it in front of my eyes," answered Renate. "It was otherworldly."

"Otherworldly? It is perverse! The problem is that these open displays of bestiality are a kind of savage pagan practice, doctor Duplesis," said Armenta. "Worse, I have treated them sometimes when they are taken to the emergency room in what goes for a hospital here. A horse member, you might have noticed, is not meant to enter a woman. A gynecologist such as you are surely will agree. Every once in a while one of the nuns gets ruptured, mostly accidentally, sometimes not. It is not a pretty death."

"I can imagine," admitted Renate with a shudder. "But you said the lower classes admire them. Why?"

Armenta seemed to grow uncomfortable.

"Well, the nuns go into the poorer areas of town and offer their own idea of medical services," explained Armenta. "As you surely found out, most of our colleagues were hostile to your setting up shop here. We have a very small clientele base that can afford our services."

"And I really appreciate your kindness, Dr. Armenta. But tell me, these nuns, do they have any medical training?"

"None at all!" snarled Armenta. "They are, however, quite skilled in jungle pharmacopeia, I grant them that. In fact, that happens to be a subject very dear to me which I have studied for years. But the knowledge the nuns have of it is no more than any Indian shaman of the Xingu would have. It is their willingness to go into the worse slums in town ingratiates them to the poor for they do not charge a penny. And the poor, alas, are the majority of the inhabitants of this town and they give generously to the order."

"I see," said Renate.

"The local bishop has tried for years to eradicate them," continued Armenta. "But I am afraid the order has powerful patrons."

"Really? Mother Fiona seemed quite grateful for the alms she collected."

Armenta stood up and pulled a bottle from a drawer. He offered to pour some into Renate's cup but

she declined politely. Armenta then served himself a swig.

“You just arrived at this county, doctor Duplesis,” commenced Armenta. “You might have noticed all the extremes of poverty in this country. And the rich here are very, very, rich, far more than the ones in Europe. Truth is there is an influential group of women, actual heads of their families, who own large tracts of land. We call them the hacendadas.”

“Never heard of them,” admitted Renate.

“No, they keep a low profile. But they all practice bestiality openly, shamelessly even. Every so often one of their daughters is inducted into the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene. And, of course, her family provides a generous dowry for her wedding with Christ.”

“Which they believe mates with them in the shape of a horse.”

“Yes, that is their excuse,” continued Armenta. “Now, I am not very religious myself. But to me that all sounds more like blasphemy. Anyway, it does not matter what I say. The town fathers of Recife would gladly dispense with such an embarrassment. But the influx of daughters of the hacendado class insures that the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene always have a steady supply of recruits and funds to continue. And if that is not enough, they milk the poor.”

“I could see that some women would find that life attractive,” said Renate. She could then not keep herself from blushing.

“God knows, I know! I know!” cried Armenta. The elderly man seemed quite agitated. “One of my daughters, my eldest, a lovely intelligent girl that was my pride and joy, was foolish enough to join the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene. That was a long time ago but the memory is always painful. She joined over my objections I must add. We never talked again. I did see her once, from afar. She was naked and mating without shame with her horse in front of a crowd of people. As I said, theirs is a pagan ritual with a veneer of Catholicism. Worse, it is a death wish.”

“I don’t understand, doctor Armenta.”

“The take four vows: nudity, bestiality, and poverty.”

“That is only three.”

“Aye, the fourth vow is to one day take a horse member, fully, to the hilt.”

“Ohmigod!”

“Those crazed women call it ‘embracing Christ fully’ or some crazy euphemism like that. My daughter did so, willingly, and died long and painful death impaled on a horse penis. There! I told you my family’s dark secret. Do you understand now, doctor Duplesis? I hate those witches!”

The old man was close to tears when Renate left her.

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V. The Bellyrider

“I think I will take it,” said Renate.

She was standing in the middle of a large colonial style house accompanied by the solicitor in charge

of the sale. The house stood on Matto Grosso Avenue, one of the best neighborhoods in Recife. It had a lovely large garden full of tropical flowers and fruit trees. But best, it was surrounded all around by a tall wall. And an inner wall divided the garden further from the front rooms.

"An excellent choice, doctora," said the lawyer, one Cardozo. "I will draw up the paperwork."

"Fine, do that please. I will provide a check drawn of the Bank of Bahia where I have an account. Will that do?"

"Certainly," smiled the solicitor. "Once you provide payment we can close the sale. Here, you keep the keys for now, doctora. Enjoy."

Once alone, Renate started walking leisurely through the property. There was a large veranda up front which could double as a waiting room. She could setup one of the inner rooms as an examination room to look after her patients. The back rooms were a kitchen, a dining room, a maid's room and laundry facilities, and a toilet and shower. She ascended to the second floor. The large master bedroom took most of its room and led to a large veranda. She stepped into it and could see as far as the docks where several large ships lay moored. The sea breeze caressed her.

She looked around from the veranda. There were only two single story houses around. And the street in front contained a large vacant lot fenced by all around by a tall stone wall. The lot contained several large trees, probably mangos. Then Renate noticed movement underneath one of them. There was a trough next to the trees. She heard the distinct neighing of a horse. And soon it emerged to drink. It was a large black animal. Renate could not help but stare at it. It was a male. Further inspection showed that it was an uncut male.

Renate blushed. What followed seemed inevitable. She took her clothes in haste. Then positioned herself so that no prying eyes could see her in the veranda. She fixed her sight on the horse and proceeded to masturbate furiously. As if by an ungodly coincidence (Renate later thought it had smelled her) the horse stopped on its tracks and "dropped" its penis out of its sheath. It was an imposing member, motled, with a dish shaped head. And it bounced several times against his chest. Renate orgasmed at the sight.

She sat down in the veranda, nude and spent, her hand still caressing her pubes. She stared at the horse member with a mixture of lust and longing. Such a member, she thought, surely would rupture me. Involuntarily the thought stoked her lust again and she resumed masturbating.

At least an hour must have passed for the lights on the town suddenly came up. The black horse was now harder for her to admire. Reluctantly, she gathered her clothes and dressed up again. She walked back to the Santiago, hoping her aroused state would not be noticed. The sight of the member, bouncing against the horse's chest, tortured her.

"It is like the mea culpa chest pounding," she thought and her thoughts inevitably went to the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene.

Night fell and she sat alone at an outdoor café drinking cappuccinos and trying not to attract attention. She knew she could now restart her life. It was a matter of her paying off the property and setting up her shingle. Why, she thought, she could even setup a kennel in the back yard and get a couple of large dogs to make love to. She had enough privacy and it was only natural that a single woman kept a dog or dogs for protection.

But the large horse member was never far from her thoughts. Her mind wondered back to the time she had placed herself into the breeding phantom to be bred by the stallion that caused her

downfall. Or how she had allowed herself to be almost ruptured by a stallion on a stage in a Berlin theater in front of several hundred lechers. Both times, she mused, she knew she was risking being ruptured and killed by their massive members. And if it had happened, she knew, she would not have had any regrets. It was with this storm in her head that she managed to fall asleep.

Renate woke up late. It was already mid-morning.

"All those thoughts are madness, lust induced madness," she told herself. "Once I get knotted by a large dog I will no longer crave a horse penis. And I can always masturbate watching the stallion across the street."

Renate decided to do the sensible thing and go and seal the property's purchase. She decided to walk herself over to the solicitor and be done with the matter. But she was hungry. She figured to detour by the marketplace for a late breakfast of beans and fried bananas.

Outside the market stood Fiona again. The naked nun smiled at her approach. She was holding on to the reins of her horse. But there was a difference. A young woman laid in a cradle like device underneath the horse. Her legs and arms were tied to its flanks. Her head protruded from between the front legs. And the horse member was hard and buried into her loins.

"Good morning, Renate," waved the nun. "I was hoping you would come and visit me."

"Oh Jesus! Fiona!" cried Renate not being able to comprehend what she was seeing. "Is she alright?"

"Certainly. Her name is Anastasia. She is a novice. Say hello Anastasia."

The young woman looked up at Renate and smiled blissfully. "Hello."

Renate manage to mumble a greeting.

"I think you could take a couple of centimeters more," said Fiona matter of factly. "Will you help me, Renate?"

"What do you mean a couple of centimeters more?" asked Renate. The massive horse member seemed about to rip the young woman in two.

"Yesss!" cried Anastasia in a lust filled voice. "I want it deeper!"

"See? She is alright. She is young and elastic," explained Fiona. "Just pull on this rope, here, it will pull her torso down. I will push on her shoulders, ready?"

Fiona had knelt down in front of the horse and her hands rested on Fiona's shoulders. Renate took the rope and gave a tentative pull. Anastasia's torso did not seem to move.

"One more time, Renate!" directed Fiona.

Renate did likewise. This time Anastasia moved down onto the shaft. She let out a whimper. Renate was not sure if it was of joy or pain or both.

"Now pull on the rope on the other side, Renate," instructed Fiona.

This Renate did again. Anastasia's face contorted and her torso arched. A further centimeter of horse penis went into her. Her face was beet red and her body was now covered in a sheen of sweat.

"This is madness!" cried Renate letting go of the rope. "She is going to rupture! I can't be party to this!"

"Nonsense," laughed Fiona grabbing the rope from Renate's hand and securing it. "She has been days this deep before. Right, Anastasia?"

The young woman looked up at Renate and smiled lustfully.

"See?" pointed Fiona. "She loves it. This is what we call bellyriding, Renate, and Anastasia is one of our best bellyriders. Right, Anastasia? She loves horse cock!"

"I can be like this forever if they would let me," replied the young woman.

"That is done, of course," explained Fiona. "We call it being put out to pasture. We have a number of woman we keep thus at the convent, always with a horse member inside them. But Anastasia is not yet old enough to become a penis sheath as we call them. That privilege is granted only after several years of horse loving and only to very few. Now feel the shaft, Renate. Go ahead, no one will mind."

Indeed, the comings and goings around the marketplace did not seem to pay attention to nuns. Renate placed a hand on the shaft.

"It is very hard," admitted Renate. And she felt a wave of lust invade her.

"Indeed," said Fiona also caressing the shaft. "But not hard enough, I think. He is due another injection. Care to administer it, doctor Duplesis?"

"What do you mean?" asked Renate.

Fiona had produced a syringe filled with a dark fluid.

"This is yerba dura, a jungle herb," explained Fiona. "It keeps the horse hard for hours. The bellyrider in turn absorbs it through the horse semen. It keeps the woman very aroused and kind of high plus induces lactation. Just inject it into the exposed portion of the horse penis. He won't mind, believe me."

This Renate did. The shaft visibly hardened and even increased in girth. This resulted in a soft moaning from Anastasia. Fiona tied the horse to a hitching post.

"Let's let her and her mount be, Renate. I have to buy some herbs in the market. You want to come with me?" said Fiona offering Renate a hand.

Renate took the nun's hand without hesitation and both walked into the market. Fiona did not seem conscious at all of her nudity and neither did the people around. Renate, holding on to her, however, was quite aroused by contemplating her nude body covered in elaborate geometric tattoos.

Fiona proved to be quite an expert in jungle herbs.

"This one, the black root, is very good to ease menstrual cramps," explained Fiona. "And that one, the red stalks over yonder, is a natural astringent."

"This is fantastic," said Renate. She was, after all, a doctor and here she was being given access to a whole new pharmacopeia she barely knew about.

"And this, of course, is yerba dura," smiled Fiona. She then asked the merchant to sell her a couple

of kilos.

Yerba dura was a yellow flower. Renate smelled it tentatively. It was a strong odor, not very pleasant.

"It has all sorts of medicinal uses," pointed out Fiona. "It helps with migraines and is reputed to draw back cataracts. Of course, we nuns ground it up and boil it down to release its oil which we inject into the horse penis."

"How long is it kept hard?" asked Renate, her curiosity aroused. "And does he ejaculate?"

"A single injection is good for a couple of hours. Depends on the strength of the batch. And no, it does tend to inhibit though not totally his ejaculation. And yes, if he has to pee he does it inside the bellyrider. In fact, let's go back to Anastasia. He might well be about to come. In fact, I hope he does. We always get a few alms if he does."

Fiona's shopping apparently done, both women hurried out to where Anastasia and her horse were. There Renate found that a crowd had gathered. And there was a good reason. Anastasia was using her hands and legs to swing herself back and forth on the shaft though it never came out of her. The young woman's cunt was now foaming and she was moaning loudly. Then the horse started making thrusting motions in turn. Fiona placed a large bowl under the cradle.

"Watch this, Renate," murmured Fiona.

The horse started pounding Anastasia. Her torso was driven back and forth like a straw doll. Discretely, since they were in the middle of the crowd, Fiona placed Renate's hands on her pubes. Renate's fingers probed the gaping wet cavern. She was dripping wet herself, she knew. Then the horse whinnied and trembled and stopped its motions. Anastasia drove herself deep into the shaft. Nothing happened for a few seconds. Fiona crossed herself. Then the young woman's belly seemed to swell and a jet of horse semen erupted from the tight union of woman and horse. The crowd applauded and put coins into the alms bowl Fiona had left under the horse. This was soon full of coins floating in gobs of horse semen that had dripped down.

"That was lovely, right?" asked Fiona pressing Renate's hand to her pubes.

"Is she alright? I saw her belly swell."

"Yes, of course, that was the flare."

"Ah yes," admitted Renate blushing for she remembered then how the horse members had flared inside her.

The crowd dispersed. Anastasia laid exhausted in the cradle, her eyes shut tight, apparently unruptured and quite happy. The horse member was still hard and buried inside her. Fiona picked up the bowl and carefully extracted the sticky coins and placed it in a saddle satchel. The she knelt next to Fiona and coaxed her to open her mouth and poured the collected semen unto her mouth while murmuring something in Latin.

"Yes, Renate, it is a sacrament," smiled the nun as she rubbed semen into Anastasia's face. "We believe it to be the seed of Jesus, our husband, after all. Alas, now we must go. Will you ever visit me?"

Renate discretely took her own hand, the same one that had been resting on Fiona's pubes, and

smelled and licked them. She was getting to know the taste of Fiona.

"I don't know, yet," she admitted for her mind was racing. "I have to take care of some business."

Renate stood alone in the plaza under the burning hot sun watching the naked nun lead the horse away. Anastasia's legs were high against his flanks, a sign that she had the horse member deep inside her. The young woman's moans reached Renate's ears and she realized that the horse member was pounding her as the horse walked.

Renate's mind was in a tempest. She was barely conscious that she had made her way to the solicitor's office.

"Mr. Cardozo is not here," announced the secretary. "He is at court and should be back in a few hours."

"I see," nodded Renate. "Please, let me write him a note."

The secretary handed her a notepad and pen and there Renate wrote:

"I apologize but I must think over the purchase for a few more days. Give me until this Friday please and I will give you a definite answer as to whether or not I will buy the place. If you don't mind I will keep the key." Renate Duplesis, MD"

The next day she laid nude again in the veranda and masturbated repeatedly watching the black horse. When she got back to her hotel she inquired about the location of the convent of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene.

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## **VI. The Convent**

"Yes?" asked a nun through an opening in the convent's door.

Renate knew that the woman probably was nude except for her wimple and her body and face were covered in geometric tattoos.

"I am Doctor Renate Duplesis, a friend of Sister Fiona," explained Renate. "She invited me to visit her several times. May I see her?"

The door opened. The nun was indeed naked and fully tattooed.

"If you will follow me please," said the nun in a quiet voice.

She led her to a small room with a couple of chairs and a mat on the floor.

"If you don't mind, doctor Duplesis, the convent requires all visitors be nude. Will you please remove your clothes and hand them to me?"

Renate took off her pants and shirt and stood there in bra and panties.

"All of it, please," coaxed the nun, gauging her reluctance.

"Oui," said Renate removing all her clothes. She stood there, stark naked, with her arms wrapped self-consciously around her chest. The nun gauged her discomfort and smiled.



"Sister Fiona will be here soon. Can I get you something? Tea? Coffee?" asked the nun as she gathered Renate's clothes.

"Tea will do, I guess," smiled Renate.

Pretty soon the nun returned bearing tea and a couple of cups.

"By the way," said the nun placidly, "I am Sister Mariah. Sister Fiona is finishing her morning coupling with her horse. If there is anything else you need, please ring that bell."

"Her morning coupling?" thought Renate. But she could not ask more as the nun had left. Renate looked through a window. She could see several equally nude women walking about, some holding hands and caressing each other. Some wore wimples and tattoos and Renate figured they were nuns. The ones who bore no wimple and no tattooing (though in some it seemed to be a work in progress) were novices she concluded. She heard bells ringing, some singing, and the neighing of horses and she thought she detected a donkey's braying.

"Donkeys are how we train the novices," explained Fiona walking in. "They have knobby heads which help young women get used to the flare but are not as thick as a horse."

Renate stared at the nun. She was covered in drying semen and it was also dripping from her widely distended cunt.

"Well, don't just stand there, Renate," laughed the nun opening her arms. "I am sticky with horse semen, yes, but you are naked too and can wash off later. Come and hug me and kiss me."

Driven by a lust beyond her control Renate grabbed Fiona caressing her nude (and sticky body) and then both women pressed their lips together in a long passionate kiss.

"You have been cruel with me, Renate," said Fiona caressing Renate's face. "I knew you had a beautiful body and could have sold my soul to look at you nude. I masturbated thinking of you."

"I am sorry," pleaded Renate. "I had to think things out for myself."

"Certainly. I was tempted to go ask for you at your hotel," confessed Fiona. "Yes, I inquired where you were staying. But I realized that if I sought you out it might cause you harm, what with you trying to establish your practice."

"I heard terrible things about you all, from doctor Armenta."

"Oh yes, I know the story. I was just a novice when his daughter, Sylvia, joined Christ fully. But we kept her well drugged until the end and I never saw her regret what she was doing. She lived for a couple of hours with the full shaft inside her. It made her throat bulge and when it came it jetted out of her mouth and I think she drowned in his semen."

"Ohmigod!" cried Renate paling. "Then, it is all true? That you nuns take a horse member fully?"

"The fourth vow, of course, we take it all the way to the balls. Most of the time it is a swift death and, as I said, we can make it be not unpleasant. I am hoping to do it one day myself," said Fiona pulling her labia apart. "But then, any time I mate with a horse I could be ruptured."

"How can one take such choice?"

"It is commitment. That is why we have ourselves tattooed. We use koro juice. It is more painful than

the usual tattoo ink. Plus, we indulge in all sorts of punishments to raise our pain threshold. By the time you go to Christ you really are into pain. You would be surprised what love of the shaft drives you to do."

"I know. I crave the horse penis," confessed Renate. "I was fucked a couple of times by horses."

"I knew I was right when I saw your eyes that first time," smiled Fiona. "Now, know that dying on the shaft need not be how it ends. Some think it is that the yerba dura drives us out of our minds. I don't know for sure. But no, it is not an easy choice. Only full nuns can take the fourth vow. Novices are not bound by it. Some novices leave the convent after a few years and go back to their families."

"Really? Is that possible?"

"Sure. We are not prisoners here. Of course, those who do are by then fully tattooed and used to getting fucked by horses and going about nude. Basically, we are nymphomaniacs, if such exist, and are quite happy with our lot. As you can imagine very few can adapt back to life outside, I am afraid."

"I guess it would be hard," admitted Renate.

Fiona collected a gob of semen that had oozed out of her cunt.

"Why don't you drink it out of me, Renate? Cleanse me. Let me enjoy your love while I am still alive. Life is too short to deny ourselves."

Fiona led her to the mat and there both women wrapped themselves in the 69 position. Renate avidly pressed her lips to the nun's distended cunt eagerly licking her and drinking the gobs of horse semen that were oozing out.

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VII. Rapido

The hours passed swiftly while Fiona and Renate made love. They only interrupted their love making for noon time mass which Renate attended with a head cover (her only clothing) that Fiona provided. A priest officiated the mass behind a latticework wall and several of the nuns queued to receive communion through a hole cut for the purpose.

Then Fiona led her out to large open space where lay a bench. A large chesnut stallion was tied nearby.

"I know you need to be fucked by a horse, Renate," said Fiona. "I trained Rapido myself. He is very gentle and knows how to treat a lady. Lay on the bench and open your legs."

Renate whimpered. She was consumed by lust. She started masturbating furiously watching as Fiona made Rapido straddle her. Then the nun positioned and raised the bench carefully and proceeded to caress Rapido's member. This soon dropped. Fiona kissed it lovingly. Her hand rested on Renate's pubes and she inserted with ease a couple of fingers.

"Good, you are very wet, Renate," smiled Fiona.

"I want him!" exclaimed Renate, driven mad with lust.

Fiona rubbed the wide flaring head of the stallion against Renate's cunt, which was indeed dripping

woman juices. Then the nun pushed in the head until it disappeared into Renate, who was moaning now. The horse felt Renate's tight cavity and started making thrusting motions. He was well trained indeed and pretty soon Renate was full and could feel the horse penis pounding her cervix.

Renate's body arched, in the midst of a mind blowing orgasm. Then the horse seemed to stop its pounding. Fiona crossed herself and placed her hand and one of Renate's on her lower belly. The flare swelled inside Renate, almost lifting her off the bench and swelling her lower belly. Both women felt the flare explode inside her.

Then Rapido rapidly retracted and popped out of Renate's now widely distended cunt. Gobs of semen followed, which Fiona collected in a bowl. Then she poured this into Renate's mouth and face murmuring a benediction.

"Are you happy now?" asked the nun rubbing the semen all over Renate's face and chest.

"God knows, yes! I love you Fiona!" cried Renate pulling the nun to her and sharing a sloppy kiss that tasted of Rapido's seed.

Then Fiona helped her to her feet. Renate winced from pain. She was very sore and could not walk straight. Fiona gently led her to her own quarters. There Fiona and Renate relaxed drinking coffee and eating pastries baked at the convent. Renate heard distant thunder.

"It is the monsoon," explained Fiona. "It is now breaking."

"The rainy season?"

"If you want to call it that. It will rain continuously for days."

"Should I go then?"

"It would be prudent," said Fiona gazing out the window where the wind was rising. "Don't worry about calling a taxi. I shall take you."

"What do you mean?"

Fiona took her by the hand and led her to an ample stable. There were some very wide stalls on the sides. Renate could see several horses there and women bellyriding underneath.

"These are novices undergoing training," explained Fiona. There was a continuous chorus of moans.

"And on these stalls we have the women kept out to pasture," said Fiona leading her to another wing of the stable.

Renate peaked into one of them. There was indeed a woman bellyriding underneath a horse.

"Ohmigod! She has no limbs!" exclaimed Renate. Indeed the woman was just a torso.

"These women took the vow not to uncouple ever more," pointed out Fiona. "They stay permanently in the cradle. It is safer to remove the limbs surgically prior to being put out to pasture. That way they are just a living sheath wrapped around the horse penis. A few, like Lucia here, have been in the shaft for years."

The woman Lucia which Fiona pointed out was older, probably in her forties. She opened her eyes and stared at Renate. There was a glint of madness in her stare.

"She does not look quite sane," murmured Renate to Fiona.

"Of course not!" laughed Fiona. "But we look after her nonetheless. The novices just brought them all in because of the approaching rain. I expect Lucia to rupture soon. She is no longer young. And I don't think she will mind."

"Jesus!" murmured Renate.

"Believe me, Renate, these women have no regrets about what they have become. Anyway, I said I was going to take you. Here, put on your clothes," said Fiona handing Renate her pants and shirt. "And also this poncho. Now, come with me."

Renate did as told and followed Fiona. She led her to where there was a large gray stallion.

"This is my mount, Plata," said Fiona easing herself into the bellyriding cradle under the horse. "Tie up my legs, Renate. You saw how it is done. But leave my hands free and hand me the reins."

"And now?" asked Renate.

"In the satchel is a syringe with yerba dura. Inject him. You know the drill and place his head against my cunt."

Once Plata's penis was firmly inside Fiona, Renate proceeded to tighten all the ropes so that there was just the right "play" on the cradle. Fiona then instructed Renate to place a normal saddle on top of Rayo. Then Renate draped a rubberized sheet on top of the horse. Only Fiona's feet protruded. Fiona's head and arms lay between the horse's front legs. The bit had two set of reins and Renate passed Fiona one of these.

"Now mount on top, Renate, and hold on to the secondary reins," directed Fiona. "I will lead since I know the way."

"Are you sure this is safe?"

"God knows it is not!" laughed Fiona. "Many bellyriders have been ruptured thus. But come, it will be raining cats and dogs by the time we get downtown. No one will be out to see us."

Renate thus rode Plata out of the convent down a lovely path covered with tropical flowers. Drops of rain started falling. Every so often she could hear Fiona moan softly. Renate lovingly caressed the nun's bare feet.

"It is downhill all the way," grunted Fiona. "Coming back is the fun part. You are driven down to the shaft."

"I don't want anything to happen to you!" exclaimed Renate. "I don't care what your vows say!"

"Relax, dear, my cunt is very scarred, as you surely saw."

"I want to bury my face for days in it," admitted Renate. "I am a gynecologist and I have never seen such a vagina! It is obscene and lovely at the same time! It fascinates me how strong and open it is. I want to have a vagina like that!"

Fiona chuckled. "Of course you could have a cunt like mine! It is a horse loving nun's cunt. You have then a choice to make, my love."

"You mean joining the order?"

"Certainly. I know, it is a big step. Think about it of course. We could use a real doctor. And I would love to see one day that your cunt is like mine."

"I hear you minister to the poor. Is that right?"

"Wait...please, I am coming," moaned Fiona. Renate felt the nun's feet tremble as she was in the throes of an overwhelming orgasm.

By that time they had arrived in Recife's outskirts. The rains had indeed broken and there was no one in the streets. Soon they arrived at the hotel. Renate got down and knelt next to Fiona.

"I think I love you," said Renate. "I can't help it."

"Kiss me then, Renate, my love," moaned the nun who was still orgasming, "while I come."

The two women shared another long kiss while the rain fell in cascades upon them. Rayo chose that moment to come himself. Fiona crossed herself feeling the horse member throb inside her. Renate guessed what was happening and held Fiona's hand tightly. Rayo stomped and whinnied and then released his full load inside the nun.

"Too bad you cannot cleanse me," smiled Fiona and the two women kissed again.

"If the only way I can be with you is by joining the order, I shall," promised Renate. "I want to spend the rest of my days drinking horse semen out of your cunt. I love you Fiona!"

"No, not that way, dear," replied Fiona. "That would not work. That is lust talking. We make love and we give love. And our life is meant to be brief and lived to the fullest. That is our lot. No, take your time, my love. If you don't join, we can always make love anytime, as long as I am alive. Just come look for me."

And with that Fiona pulled on the reins and led her horse back to the convent. Renate raced to get undercover and due to the cascading rain soon lost sight of the horse walking apparently riderless up the street.

But Renate did not think matters long. Life was brief, she knew, and had to be lived to the fullest. All the woes and tribulations of her prior life did not matter at all. Here was true freedom she told herself, freedom from society's hypocrisy and even from clothes. But Renate was too canny to not take precautions. Paradise might not turn out to be that after all, she knew. The next day she extended a check to the solicitor for the property on Matto Grosso Avenue.

"I will be out of touch for a while, Mr. Cardozo," explained Renate. "Could you arrange for someone to take care of my place and check on things? I am extending you another check to cover the costs."

"Certainly doctora," agreed the solicitor. "I have an elderly couple that has worked for me for years. They will check on your place periodically. The man can look after the garden and his wife can cleanse inside."

"Also, please keep possession of the title until I return," instructed Renate.

Renate then returned to her hotel, grabbed her few belongings and checked out.

"Where are you going now, doctora?" asked the concierge, an elderly man she had grown fond of.

"I am not going far away," answered Renate. "I am joining the Naked Nuns of Mary Magdalene. Look for me around the marketplace one of these days. I will be naked and making love to a horse."

"Vaya con Deus, doctora," said the concierge shaking his head.

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### **VIII. Novice**

"I am Sister Severa," said the nun. "Mother Fiona, our superior, assigned me to you. My job is to make you quit. We don't want just horny women here. We expect full commitment. You will be marrying Jesus. Do you understand that you will mate with him by using a horse as a surrogate?"

"I understand, Sister," replied Renate in a respectful tone.

Sister Severa was very fit though probably in her forties. Her cunt was widely distended and her body bore the elaborate geometric tattoos of the order.

"Tell me, doctor Duplesis, why do you want to become a Naked Nun of Mary Magdalene?"

Renate decided to be frank. "Sister Severa, I am a horse crazy slut that wants to be fucked hard by stallions. And I am a doctor and want to practice my craft for the benefit of those who need me."

"You like being fucked by horses, right?"

"Yes, Sister Severa. I get wet when I see a horse drop."

"Are you willing to take a horse penis all the way to the balls?"

Renate hesitated just for a fraction of a second.

"So? Are you willing or not?" screamed Severa at her.

"I am, Sister Severa, though I don't think I am ready just now."

"Of course not!" laughed Severa. "That takes years. Anyway, there is a reason I was chosen to mentor you."

"Yes, sister?"

"In a month from today I am going to Jesus myself," explained Severa. "Mother Fiona thought it proper that you watched as it was done, the better to test your resolve."

"I understand, Sister Severa."

"Now, understand, I am sure you and other novices will give up once you see what going to Jesus really entails. In that case my life will have served a good purpose. As I said, this life is not for everyone."

"I will be honored to bear witness to your sacrifice, Sister Severa," replied Renate.

The nun stared at her frostily.

"My sacrifice? Are you mocking me? Ah, I see you are not. You are just being sly, aren't you not? You

just might do.”

The nun placed herself upon a chair and opened her legs wide.

“Now, lick my cunt, Renate, and do so like you mean it.”

Renate knelt in front of the nun and proceeded to do just that, and very lovingly, actually bringing Severa to an orgasm. Renate raised her face from between the nun’s legs. Her face glistened with Severa’s juices and horse semen that had oozed out of her. The nun pulled her close and kissed her passionately.

“Yes, Renate, you might do,” smiled Severa. “Now, let’s dispense with the preliminaries. Are these all your clothes?”

“Yes, Sister Severa.”

“Fine. They will be given over to charity. From now on you will live nude and die nude. And this, is this your checkbook and this is the last balance on the account?”

“Yes, Sister Severa. I have a few jewels too, in that satchel.”

Renate had taken care to only turn over the assets she had on Brazil and had not mentioned anything about her property on Matto Grosso Avenue. Again, she was a cautious woman. What if the life of a nudist horse loving nymphomaniac nun did not suit her?

“Good. Then write a check to the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene for the entire amount. The jewels will be sold off later. You are getting rid of all your worldly goods. Tonight you will recite your vows in front of the full congregation.”

“Sister,” dared Renate say, “will I see Mother Fiona?”

“How dare you! Licking the Mother Superior’s cunt is a privilege reserved for very few. However, once you recite your vows you will be able to press your lips to her cunt. That will be the only time you are allowed to kiss and lick her pubes, at least until she deems that you are worthy. I know you two were lovers before. But that has changed once you entered the order, understand? Now you are only a novice, which is less than horse pee...and that you will get used to drinking.”

“Yes, Sister Severa.”

“Now, come, follow me. I will take you to the novice’s quarters. Mind you, they are a bunch of stupid young girls, the spoiled daughters of the hacendadas most of them. I expect you will know how to keep them in their place.”

Renate entered a hallway where there were a dozen bunks. A few young women were in mats on the floor grinding together in tribadism or wrapped into the 69 position. But they all interrupted their lovemaking and stood up as soon as Sister Severa entered the place.

“Listen, novices, you little cunts, I bring you some fresh meat,” said Severa pointing to Renate. “She will take Andrea’s bunk.”

Then the nun left. Renate stood in the middle of the room, very self-conscious of her nudity and surrounded by a dozen equally nude women, all younger than her.

“This old hen wants to become a nun?” laughed a blond, tall girl.

"I think she will rupture as soon as the horse enters her," taunted a finely featured brunette.

"That is what happened to Andrea, the fool," snarled the blond girl. "

"I have made love to horses before," replied Renate in as dignified voice as possible. "I know the flare and can take it."

"Really?" said the brunette. "Then let's fist her!"

The twelve young women pounced on Renate and lifted her off her feet and held her down on a mat which was sticky with women juices and horse semen. Then one, sometimes up to three hands, were inserted into Renate's cunt. Sometimes there would be a fist up her anus and another one up her cunt. Renate groaned with pain. But she guessed it was part of a hazing ritual and that it would help her be accepted amongst the novices.

Renate steeled herself to endure the onslaught and then summoned one of the young women to sit on her face as she was being fisted. She then pressed her mouth eagerly to the young woman's nether lips licking her frenziedly while other hands fisted her orifices. Yes, Renate was determined have a wide, stretched, cunt, a naked nun's cunt, and the fisting helped. Besides, the taste of the young women was not unattractive. There was something that was arousing in the cunt of a woman wanton enough to fuck a horse. And Renate could not get enough of it.

After a couple of hours of this onslaught Renate ended up being caressed lovingly by all the young women. Even the blond girl, once so hostile to her shared long kisses with Renate.

"So you are taking your vows tonight?" asked the brunette raising her face from between Renate's legs where she had been licking her.

"Yes, they told me that. I gave up all my assets already to the order."

"Really?" asked the blond. "Our families paid our dowry to the order."

"You are a doctor, French originally, so I heard the rumor," said another young woman. "You were probably loaded."

"Not really," smiled Renate, "but I could have lived comfortably for years here in Brazil with what I had saved. I sacrificed everything to enter the order. And yes, I am a doctor, still are, a gynecologist in fact. I expect to get very familiar with your cunnies while I make love to them. I love the taste of women as much as that of horse semen."

The young women stared at her in amazement.

"But, why did you join?" asked the blond girl.

"Well, if you must know, I crave this life, the freedom to enjoy my sexuality to the fullest. And I look forward to helping others heal. Plus," laughed Renate, "I like to be fucked by horses."

"Well, lucky you. Most of our families did not give us a choice," said the brunette girl with a touch of bitterness.

"Really?"

"Yes, the hacienda always goes to the oldest sister," explained the brunette. "Most of us were the runts of the litter. We are sent off here to shag horses in the name of Christ."



"Hush, Sylvia, that is sacrilege," cautioned another young woman.

"Be it so, the fact is that if we rupture right away our families don't really care," added the brunette.

"We only have each other, Sylvia," said the blonde kissing and caressing the brunette. "At least until the glorious day when the horse's penis comes out of our mouth."

"Yes!" laughed Sylvia, "like it happened to Andrea!"

This was apparently hilarious to most of the young women and it caused Renate to shudder involuntarily. Then they heard the bells ringing.

"Ah, shucks," protested the blond woman grabbing on to Renate's tits. "It is time for mid-day mass. Come Renate. We are nuns after all. My name is Celina. Get used to our handling your tits and eventually milking them. You will do likewise to ours. I am already lactating from all the stimulus and the yerba dura my cunt has absorbed from the horse semen. We nurse on each other. It's fun."

That night Renate laid in a mat in the middle of a large hall on her knees her face pressed down and her ass standing up exposed. Her body and face had been painted entirely silver as this was her wedding to Christ. She knew the entire convent was there to witness her initiation. She could hear a horse stomping.

"Now, don't move, Renate," cautioned Sister Severa. "I will guide the horse's penis into your ass, do you understand?"

"Yes, Sister Severa," whimpered Renate as Sister Severa used her hands to insert generous amounts of lubricant up her asshole.

Renate had only had men up her ass and only this morning the fists of the other novices. And one time, she remembered, one of her Danes had pressed its penis up her ass. It had been painful.

Then she saw Fiona approaching. Her body glistened with oils and she stood in front of Renate.

"Now, say your vows, Renate," instructed Severa.

"From this day on..." started Renate repeating in a loud clear voice the formula that Sister Severa whispered to her while letting out an involuntary moan as she felt the horse enter her ass, "I shall be skyclad. I will live nude and die nude (moan). I shall not own anything, not even my body, which belongs to my sisters and the order (deep moan) to do as they wish to do with it. And I shall mate with any beast that will have me for their mighty rods...(moan)...stand for (loud whimper) Christ's mighty rod."

Fiona then pressed her cunt to Renate's face and she licked it avidly. All the while the horse was pounding her rear brutally. It was very painful but Renate did her best to concentrate on Fiona's wet cunt. Frankly, the taste of the woman she loved was enough reward, she thought, even if it meant being ruptured by the horse pouncing her ass. The horse went in very deep and Renate thought that at any moment it would come out of her mouth. If so, she thought, she had no regrets. Thankfully, when she thought she would surely rupture, Renate felt a warmth fill her innards. Slowly, the horse's penis retracted out of her anus, inch by cruel inch, and making an obscene sound when it popped out. There was a bit of blood amidst the gush of horse semen that came out of Renate's obscenely stretched anus.

But that was not the end of her Renate's suplice. All orifices were to be consecrated in this

ceremony. A second horse was produced and Renate laid upon a bench as Sister Severa guided its penis into her vagina. The horse pounded her until her vagina frothed with a mixture of her juices and horse semen. Her vagina had thus been consecrated but the horse had not yet come.

Renate was helped to uncouple and she was made to kneel next to the horse and service him orally. This Renate did expertly, her head bobbing up and down eagerly as she fellated the horse and eventually bringing producing a climax. She tried to swallow as much of the semen as she could but a good deal exploded out of her mouth and dribbled down her chest.

Renate was then directed to stand up.

“Arise, novice Renate,” said Fiona. And Renate did this with some difficulty, tear eyed from pain and joy. She stood on rubbery legs supported by Sister Severa. She could feel semen streaming out of her ass and cunt. She stood there looking lovingly at Fiona, not daring to say how much she loved her and hoping that what she had undergone proved it.

Sister Severa murmured into Renate’s ear: “You are bleeding a little, Renate, nothing major and not as much as you would had you been ruptured, in which case we would sit you on a wooden pole to end your suffering. Now, be strong, Renate, the worst is over.”

Fiona then planted a long kiss on her mouth and knelt in front of Renate and pressed her lips to her cunt licking it and receiving the horse semen that oozed out.. And while Fiona did that, one by one the rest of the women filed past Renate kissing and caressing and nursing on her. Then Renate was taken gently to a raised dais. There she was fisted and nursed and licked and adored by the women throughout this, her wedding night. And her husband, Jesus, in the guise of several more horses, were brought to her to mate during the night while the women cheered and engaged in a celebratory orgy welcoming the new novice.

That night Renate came so many times that she passed out exhausted.

**The End**