

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I.

The morning after her initiation found Renate in a strange bed. She was very, very sore. The bedsheets were sticky with horse semen and even her hair was matted with it. Her body was still mostly covered in silver paint, her marriage dress. She willed herself out of bed with some difficulty and made her way to the adjacent toilet. Her bowels let loose a flood of horse semen and more dripped out of her cunt. Worse, she had a massive headache due to the chicha liquor she had been given throughout the night. She staggered her way to the window. It was close to noon, she could tell. The nuns were coming out of midday services. Several looked quite bedraggled, she could tell, even the young novices. Some held their heads due to the hangover and more than a few staggered to a corner to vomit when they stepped into the sunny courtyard. The celebratory orgy on her initiation had been quite a bacchanal and Renate was amazed that even nymphomaniacs could regret their lust.

"Well, you survived," said Sister Severa. "These are my chambers, Renate. I brought you in when dusk was approaching and confess that I molested you repeatedly. But you were dead to the world, child."

"My head hurts like it never has before, Sister," grimaced Renate. "I am very sore and can barely walk. I am sorry I missed noontime mass."

"Aye, that you did, and matins too," laughed Sister Severa. "Most of us barely managed to attend. Now I do believe I have something to help you get over your hangover."

At that point Renate turned green and could not help rush to the toilet there to empty her stomach. She was amazed at the amount of horse semen she vomited. How many horses had she blown last night she wondered? Then she staggered back to Sister Severa's alcove.

"I am sorry, Sister Severa," blurted out Renate.

"Feeling better? You certainly drank a lot of horse semen last night," smiled the nun handing her a goblet. "Drink this. No, it is not horse semen. It should make you feel better. Just trust me on it."

"Oh God, I don't know if I should!" laughed Renate who was getting an inkling of the nuns' expertise in jungle pharmacopeia. Who knows what it contained! But nonetheless Renate drank the contents in one swoop. It was very bitter.

"That should steady your stomach. Also, chew this," offered Sister Severa offering her some leaves. "Do not spit it, keep it like a wad in your mouth."

This Renate did. She felt a sudden rush and her head cleared.

"What is this, Sister?"

"Coca leaves. It helps you keep going. The Indians chew it and so do we when we are on jungle treks."

Renate was indeed now feeling much better.

"How do you feel, Renate?"

"Better than when I woke up, Sister," admitted Renate.

"Can you walk?"

"Only with some help. I am very sore as I said," winced Renate holding on to her crotch.

The nun bade her to come closer and examined Renate's bare cunt carefully.

"Well, it is a bit distended. The horses' pounded you mercilessly. For a moment I thought you were going to Jesus. But I guess it is not your time yet, Renate."

"Sister, how many horses did I take last night?"

Sister Serena smirked. "Well, counting the first two when you said your vows, there were four more you took on through the night, Renate. And Fiona had three more come in your mouth."

"Oh God, no wonder I am sore!"

"The record taken vaginally in a wedding night is eight horses, Renate. But it is only seven if you count only initiates that survived," smiled Sister Severa. "Ever since we do not let initiates take more than four horses vaginally in their wedding night. After all, we want to hold a wedding not a wake. Here, this will help."

The nun stuffed a wad of coca leaves up Renate's cunt.

"It should deaden the pain a bit," laughed the nun. "Keep your hands in your crotch to keep them from slipping out."

"Could I not wear some panties or something to keep it in place, Sister?"

"No, you are to stay nude, that is your vow, remember?" explained Sister Serena. "Of course we let you wear panties and pads when your moon days happen. No one objects. However, note that you will mate with horses even then. Do you understand?"

Renate winced at the thought. "I suppose so. I will be a good bride of Christ."

"Are you hungry now, Renate?"

"Yes," admitted Renate who, much to her surprise, actually felt some hunger.

The nun sat down on a chair and had Renate sit on her lap.

"Spit the wad and keep one hand in your crotch to keep the coca wad inside your cunt," admonished Sister Serena.

Then she grabbed her generous breasts and offered Renate a nipple.

"Drink Renate. I have not been milked today," offered Sister Serena. "My breasts ache. They are very full."

Renate looked at the large nipple offered and smiled. The aureole was very large and dark. She willingly opened her mouth and proceeded to suck on the nun's nipples. Sister Serena in turn caressed her lovingly and gently inserted a finger, then two more, into Renate's anus.

Renate nursed on the nun's breasts eagerly. A sensation of love filled her (helped probably by the coca leaves that were anesthetizing her soreness). Being an introvert she could not help but meditate on her joy as she sucked the nun's breasts and drank the rich, sweet, milk that flowed so generously into her mouth.

How many times, Renate remembered, she had examined a particularly attractive female patient and had felt a stirring of lust at the sight of her breasts? But now she was free to express her sexuality and was not being punished by society for doing so. In fact, she was openly accepted by these women and encouraged to make love constantly, to them and to horses (albeit in the name of a marital duty to Jesus).

No, thought Renate, there was no way she would ever go back to "normal" society. There was nothing obscene in what she did, she told herself. It was the outside world, with its hypocritical morals, which was unnatural! And what was more natural than for a woman to crave a large horse cock or another woman's lovely breasts? My body and their body are here to give me pleasure, concluded Renate. And she would extract the last iota out of it before she died. Besides, Sister Severa's milk was delicious.

"Thank you," said Renate having emptied Sister Severa's breasts and she meant it sincerely.

The nun smiled. Her fingers still rested inside Renate's anus.

"I just hope you keep it down and don't puke it," said Sister Severa kissing her. "The morning after the initiation is very important in the life of a novice. It is then that you realize fully what it means to be a bride of Jesus and the sistership we all share. Now come with me. This day is not yet over and you will never forget it, as long as you live, Renate."

Sister Serena helped her stand up. As instructed, Renate kept her hands on her crotch to keep the coca was inside her and Sister Serena steadied her by holding on to one of her arms.

"I ask you again, Renate, do you trust me?"

"Yes, Sister Serena," answered Renate, this time without the least hesitation.

Whatever was in store for her, she knew, she would submit willingly to it. There was no going back anymore for Renate. If the nun ordered her at that point to take a horse member all the way to the balls she knew she would not hesitate to open her legs for it to be done.

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## **II. Renate Takes the Mask**

Sister Serena took Renate through several corridors until they stood outside a heavy door. As the nun opened the door Renate could hear some moaning and a mechanical whirr.

On a table the blond novice, Celina, laid on belly. A heavily tattooed nun was inscribing geometric designs into the young novice's butt. The brunette novice, Sylvia had her hand up Celina's cunt. Celina was moaning continuously and it was not clear if from pain, pleasure, or both.

"This is Sister Amanda, Renate, our tattooist," explained Sister Severa. "Do as she tells you."

Renate knelt in front of Sister Amanda and kissed her pubes, the expected measure of respect all novices had to give to a nun. Sister Amanda, Renate noticed, had flames tattooed in her crotch. The

nun nodded satisfied at Renate's homage.

"Enough for today, Celina," instructed Sister Amanda patting the blonde woman on her butt.

Sylvia removed her hand from Celina's cunt. The blond novice stood up and winced.

"Damn! It hurts a lot!" she said to Renate. "Oh well, you will soon find out."

"We combine pain with pleasure, hoping to unite both sensations so that you welcome either indistinctively," explained Sister Amanda. "Sylvia is my apprentice and will replace me when I take Jesus fully. She will provide the pleasure, Renate."

Renate noticed that Sylvia indeed had almost her torso finished. Like all the nuns she was covered with elegant geometric designs.

"I thought we were going to finish my torso today," protested Celina.

"Patience, dear," admonished Sister Amanda. "I don't want you to overdose with Koro. Now go ahead and try and overcome it and hopefully you won't puke too much."

"We use Koro juice for ink," explained Sylvia. "It hurts more than normal tattoo ink. It also has an alkaloid."

"Yes! I am quite high!" laughed Celina. "And horny! Ohmigod! I need a horse!"

"The ink loses power over time," continued Sylvia, "but you might get nauseous while the bodysuit is being applied. Another side effect is that it keeps you very horny."

"How much time does the effect last?" asked Renate intrigued.

"The first three years you wear your bodysuit you are pretty high most of the time," explained Sister Amanda.

"Euphoric, in fact," added Sylvia, "plus, basically, you are in heat."

"Well, not as much as with the red poppy," laughed Sister Severa. "And yes, Renate, I know what you are thinking, that human females do not go into heat. But we are basically just another mammal, or so I am told. And the Koro has such side effect."

"You better go lie down, Celina," advised Sister Amanda. "You don't have to attend the rosary today."

"I will take her with me," announced Sister Severa. "I think I can do something to satisfy her libido."

She then took hold of the blond novice -who was now laughing rather maniacally and masturbating shamelessly—and led her away.

Sister Amanda took Renate's hand and led her next to a window.

"Now, child, I was honored to drink horse semen from your cunt last night," explained Sister Amanda. "But I am afraid that I did not get to appreciate your body as much as I would like to."

"The silver paint has to come off," noted Sylvia.

Renate had still most of her body covered in the silver paint of her wedding ceremony.

"You are right, her wedding paint must come off first," agreed Sister Amanda. "Let us wash her Sylvia."

"And there is no need to numb your pussy anymore if I am to make you come," said Sylvia as she coaxed the wad of coca leaves out of Renate's vagina.

The two women led Renate to an open terrace. Sister Amanda sent off Sylvia for soaps, brushes, and hot water. While the novice returned she touched Renate all over gently caressing every inch, it seemed, of her skin. Renate understood that the tattoo artist was learning the nuances of her skin and let her do as she pleased. Pretty soon Sylvia returned and both women set about to washing off the remaining silver paint off Renate's body.

Renate stood in the sun receiving the admiring gazes of both women.

"She is beautiful!" exclaimed Sister Amanda. "A goddess!"

"Only Mariah has as shapely a body," pointed out Sylvia.

"Mariah has a lovely and shapely butt, probably because she is a mix of all the bloods in Brazil: European, African, and Indian," noted Amanda, "but I am told you are French, right, Renate? I had never seen such curves in a European woman, let alone such a lovely butt."

"Very much a mare's!" laughed Sylvia caressing her bum.

"Oui," agreed Renate actually blushing. "I used to model in the nude for art classes in Paris."

"Indeed!" said Sister Amanda. "Your body is then a God given blessing and it is proper that you will never cover it from now on. Now, child, do you understand why you are here?"

Renate looked at both women's face.

"Everyone seems to be wearing a mask tattooed on their face," she noted. "I suppose you would start the bodysuit, such I will get to wear, with the facial tattooing. It is probably the most problematic."

"Indeed it is," agreed Sister Amanda. "And yes, we start off with it. You understand then that it signifies your total commitment to this life?"

"You really can never go back to the polite society once you have it placed in your face," warned Sylvia.

"Plus, it advertises that you are a Naked Sister of Mary Magdalene even more than you going around nude and making love to horses in public," said Sister Amanda.

The thought of doing just that stoked Renate's lust and steeled her determination. Yes, she knew, she wanted to go out nude, in public, in the streets, and let herself be fucked by a horse in front of a multitude. And if it required her face be tattooed she would not mind it.

"I understand," replied Renate in a low voice turned husky by lust. "I won't ever go back to my old life. Do my face. Let's get it done with. I am willing. Where do you want me?"

Sister Amanda gently took Renate by the hand and led her to a chair. Sylvia and the nun strapped

her torso and limbs down. A padded surface acted as a headrest. Then the women placed a strap across her forehead to keep her face in place firmly against the headrest. Finally they pushed a leather bit into her mouth and tied its ends to the headrest to further immobilize her face.

"This keeps you from biting off your tongue," explained Sister Amanda.

Then Sister Amanda checked and rechecked every fastening carefully, making sure Renate could not move at all.

Renate's legs were wide open, kept thus by a spread bar to which her ankles were secured. Sylvia knelt between Renate's legs and pressed her lips to her cunt. Sylvia looked at her fixedly from between her crotch. Renate stared back. She knew it would be a means of confounding her body with both pain and pleasure and managed to nod as much as she could in gratitude. Sylvia reached for Renate's hands and held them tightly.

Sister Amanda placed some latex gloves and daubed a substance in Renate's face. A local analgesic, thought Renate, feeling her face go numb. How much it would help Renate would soon know.

"Koro can be very traumatic the first time," explained Amanda in a soothing voice. "I don't want you dying of shock, Renate. Don't worry, child, I have lost count of the times I have put on the mask in a novice. Believe me, this is something you will never forget as long as you live."

The nun's reassuring manner, Sylvia's loving ministrations, and the anesthetic calmed down Renate, whose pulse until then had been racing. She sensed she was in the hands of an expert. That the nun was about her own age and still called her "child" did not bother her. She knew she had a lot to learn and the nun's gentleness was soothing. The nun carefully caressed her now numb face running a finger along the lines of her eyebrows and then marking an imaginary line that crossed her face horizontally from ear to ear.

"Such a beauty..." said the nun with a faint measure of regret.

Indeed it was at that point that the enormity of what she was about to do hit Renate. The nun knew this. Her words and tone had been chosen with care to induce just such reaction.

"One last time, dear child, I know you cannot talk," said Sister Amanda talking to her gently, "if you wish to stop the procedure, just blink twice. If you want me to go on, just blink once. Again, twice for no and once for yes. Take your time and decide."

Renate took a deep breath. She could blink twice and would probably be allowed to leave the convent at that point. Fiona herself had told her that no one was coerced into staying. The house in Matto Grosso Avenue was awaiting her and an also opportunity to resume her career. Surely there were large dogs available in Brazil. Finding a knot to tie to would not be a problem, she knew. And likely she could come to the convent, Renate hoped, every once in a while to make love to Fiona and a horse. Surely the nun loved her enough to forgive her weakness. After a while, Renate blinked. Once.

"Yes it is then," said Sister Amanda in a gentle voice. "Novice Renate, I will now apply your mask. Wear it proudly as a sign of your membership in this order."

Then nun crossed herself and then blessed Renate. Then nun then set about to prepare her equipment. She showed Renate a vial marked Koro and then she poured a small amount into a dish. It was a rich, very black, ink and its odor was not unpleasant.

Meanwhile, Sylvia's ministrations to Renate's cunt increased. Sylvia was very, very, talented in the art of woman loving. Renate knew she was building up to a large orgasm. And Sylvia, concentrated on the fluids and movements of Renate's cunt, could sense it too. Renate gripped Sylvia's hand hard, willing and encouraging her to continue.

Eventually Renate's torso arched as much as the straps holding her would allow. Sylvia drank eagerly the woman juices (and horse semen) that now flowed abundantly out of Renate's cunt and her tongue probed its innards and sensed the contractions of her orgasm. Sister Amanda, who was monitoring it all carefully chose this point to apply the needle to Renate's face for the first time. Renate bit hard into the leather bit at the first touch of the needle and could not help letting out an animal groan of pain. Neither Sister Amanda nor Sylvia interrupted their ministrations and ignored her cries. If anything, Sister Amanda took care to retighten the restraints as she saw fit.

The more her body anguished the more Renate endured a curious phenomenon. A portion of her mind detached itself from her body, perhaps unwillingly and as a survival mechanism to keep her sanity, and she contemplated what was occurring with a clinical interest. Yes, she could hear her own shrieking and moaning. But it did not seem to matter at all. No, she realized, neither Sister Amanda nor Sylvia were exercising power over her. She was doing this all to herself, of her own volition, it was, she thought, a means of empowering herself. In that sense Renate even felt a measure of pride in the torture she was enduring.

If anyone was exercising power over her will it was Fiona, said a voice that intruded into her mind. Yes, agreed Renate, she was doing it all in a good measure to please Fiona. How she wished then that it was Fiona who knelt between her legs licking her cunt instead of Sylvia! And then, and only then, did Renate feel a measure of regret. But no, she told herself with insistence, if she did this it was her own choosing. That she loved Fiona was only incidental. After all, she had not known of Fiona when she stood in that Berlin stage willing to be ruptured by the stallion. This was her body, to own and degrade if need be as long as she managed to extract the most pleasure possible from it until the day she willingly "went to Christ". And if getting the mask insured that from now on she would be drinking horse semen from Fiona's cunt and getting fucked constantly by horses all the better.

The tattooing did not cease for what seemed a long time. Neither did Sylvia's ministrations on Renate's cunt. Perhaps Renate's body had gotten accustomed to the pain. And certainly there were now alkaloids from the koro ink racing through her veins, having been absorbed through her dermis. Renate was well versed in the effects of endorphins for she had seen men wounded hideously who seemed to await triage calmly. A curious lassitude enveloped her now, a resignation to her fate, and her body lay unmoving, her breathing calm and undisturbed, pain and pleasure confounded, while Sylvia's sweet tongue and the tattooing needle pierced her.

Indeed, thought Renate, these women knew how to confound a body and make pain and pleasure undistinguishable. No wonder they "went to Christ" so willingly, she thought. After years of this life it would be hard to tell where pain ended and pleasure started. Or viceversa, laughed to herself Renate. Maybe they were really the same. What a wonderful realm she was entering! What mysteries was her body revealing to her! Anyway, who cared, laughed Renate to herself. But she could not help but wonder then if she would feel as contented and die peacefully when the head of the horse penis rested inside her chest, right behind her breasts. The thought triggered the onset of another orgasm. This caused her to actually pass out, exhausted from coming so many times. How long she had blacked out, Renate did not know.

Then she woke up when she felt the straps holding her being undone and realized that Sylvia was no longer licking her cunt. She felt herself coming down from another orgasm. Her body had kept on



coming even though she had passed out.

"It is done, Renate," announced Sister Amanda.

"Oh Jesus," said Renate. She wondered if the orgasmic tremors in her cunt would ever cease.

Sylvia stood in front of her smiling lasciviously and licking her lips. Sister Amanda was gently caressing her brow and pressing a gauze to remove loose ink from Renate's face. Though Renate's face was on fire she actually felt euphoric. It was the alkaloid effects of the koro she knew plus the overload of pain and pleasure she had undergone.

"She has stopped coming, I think," said Sister Amanda.

"About time," smirked Sylvia. "Any more orgasms and she would have had a heart attack."

"That is how it should be," smiled Sister Amanda.

Renate took the hand mirror that Sister Amanda passed her.

"Look child," said Sister Amanda gently.

Renate could not help hesitating for a brief moment. But then she looked at her new face. A very black mask covered from her eyebrows down to a horizontal line that crossed from ear to ear and crossed the tip of her nose. Even the eyelids were tattooed, which seemed amazing to Renate and testified to Sister Amanda's skill. The result was both lovely and savage looking. She trembled involuntarily. The creature staring back at her was no longer human. It was the face of a bacchante, a woman given entirely to lust, without any regard for society's mores. Renate stared at herself for long minutes. Try as she could she could not find a measure of regret in her thoughts. Her only regret, she realized, was that she had not known of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene years before. Gently, Sister Amanda took the mirror off her hands.

"It is hard to accept your new face, I know. It blew my mind when I first saw myself," laughed Sylvia. "But you really look lovely, Renate."

"Help her stand up slowly, Sylvia," directed Sister Amanda. "And keep an eye on her. Koro is unpredictable."

"Hang on to me, Renate," cautioned Sylvia. "You are probably as high as a kite and horny as a mare in heat right now."

"Kiss me you two," begged Renate plaintively, "just kiss me."

And this the two women did, locking their lips with Renate in long passionate kisses.

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III. Renate in Heat

Sylvia helped Renate back to the novice's quarters and laid her on her bunk. Renate was moaning and writhing and holding on to her crotch. Her vagina could not stop quavering in a spontaneous orgasm.

"How is she?" asked Celina.

"I think she is in heat, because of the Koro," explained Sylvia. "But if she comes more she will have a stroke, I think."

"Well, it is always like that when we get the mask," agreed Celina. "I could not stop coming for hours afterwards. Koro is always hard to take the first time."

"Yes, but Renate is no spring chicken," pointed out Sylvia with concern. "I myself was only 18 when I took the mask and I doubt that you were older."

Renate writhed caressing her pubes and her body. She was no longer rational. Her cunt was dripping wet.

Sister Severa swore when she saw Renate thus.

"Damn! We need to keep her from coming or she is going to go mad!" cried Sister Severa.

"Can we tie her down?" suggested Sylvia.

"Or better yet, let's take her to the stable and let her take a horse now," said Celina.

"No, way!" replied Sister Severa. "She would push herself unto the shaft and rupture herself."

"So?" shrugged Celina. "She can be with Christ then."

"Fiona would be mad, I can assure you," snarled Sister Severa. "You two would be the next to take the shaft fully and I would be right behind you."

"Aren't you supposed to go to Christ soon anyway?" asked Celina.

"Yes, in three weeks, you little cunt, and until then I intend to enjoy every last minute of life!" roared Sister Severa. "Damn! Why was I saddled with this raging nymphomaniac in my last days?"

"How about we give her a cold shower?" offered Sylvia.

"Would hardly faze her, I think. Her pussy is out of control," said Sister Severa. "I heard it happens. If the situation becomes permanent she will orgasm with any small stimulus. Even a simple caress will induce it. Believe it or not, but it can be hell on earth for the one afflicted with it."

"Is there anything at all that can be done?" asked Celina.

Sister Severa shook her head. "I will be right back. Make sure she does not hurt herself! Don't let her near any broom handles! Her body belongs to the order. She cannot commit suicide unless we deem it the best."

The two young novices were at loss about what to do to calm Renate down. By this time Renate was furiously fisting herself.

"Let's grab on to her arms," said Celina, "before she ruptures herself with her fist."

The two nuns then motioned other novices to help her grab on to Renate who was by this time actually foaming by the mouth and screaming all wide eyed. She cursed them when they made her remove her fist from her cunt.

Sister Severa showed up with an injection and plunged it into Renate. Slowly, Renate's frenzied

movements slowed down. Soon she was snoring.

“Nothing like an opium compound,” smiled Sister Severa. “Calms the nuts right away!”

“Do we just let her be?” asked Sylvia.

“No, take her to Fiona’s quarters,” ordered Sister Severa.

“But...” said Celina in protest. Very few dared enter the Mother Superior’s quarters.

“Don’t question the Mother Superior’s orders, Celina,” said Sister Severa frostily. “She just told me to get Renate to her bed immediately. The Mother Superior knows how hard Koro juice can affect the ones that take the mask. I will warn her of the kind of virago Renate has become. Maybe she will have her ruptured and set her at peace. And you all better be willing to help in that case, understand?”

The two young women paled at the thought of what they would be asked to do.

The novices used Renate’s cot as a stretcher and took her to Fiona’s quarters. The mother superior was there and observed wordlessly as the novices placed the sleeping Renate on her bed. Sister Severa quietly explained the state Renate was in. Fiona thanked them all and bade them to leave her alone with Renate.

Fiona sat next to Renate. Her hands caressed Renate’s body. The sleeping woman shuddered at the touch and a steady stream of woman fluids came out of her cunt. She was still coming, in her sleep. Fiona pressed her mouth to Renate’s cunt and tasted the women fluids coming out so abundantly. Then the Mother Superior stood and contemplated the sleeping Renate repeatedly going over and over her prostrate figure. Fiona could not get enough of Renate’s beauty, which seemed specially enhanced seeing her nude and in the throes of orgasm. Indeed Renate’s nipples were engorged and erect and her labia were tumescent, both signs of arousal. Then Fiona’s hands held Renate’s face and she stared admiringly at the mask she now bore tracing the boundaries of the mask. It did not detract from Renate’s beauty, she thought. In fact, she felt it actually enhanced it. She gently planted a kiss on the sleeping Renate’s mouth.

“What a savage looking beauty you have become, Renate, my love. If you lost your mind because of the Koro I will regret it very much, my dear,” said Fiona sitting down again next to the sleeping Renate. “You would not be the first novice to which it happens. Koro juice is very tricky and affects all women differently. A few it drives mad, I know, just like the red poppy does, and they become ‘in heat’ so to speak. The difference is that the red poppy is taken willingly, prior to going to Christ. Maybe your body’s response is because you are in your thirties and not a teenager like the other novices. You, being a doctor, could probably explain it better. But alas, you might no longer be coherent after this. What a shame!”

Now Fiona took hold of one of Renate’s feet and kissed them gently as she continued talking to the sleeping Renate.

“Anyway, dear, you are in heat and that is how God wills it, I guess. There is no treatment possible then to calm Koro induced nymphomania, I am afraid. Most of us undergo hell the first few hours after getting the mask and then the orgasms stop on their own. But your body just wants to keep coming and coming. We could strap you down and let you orgasm to death while I lick your cunt until you die. Again, it has been done. I personally would not hesitate to die in that manner. Eventually your heart gives out or you have a stroke from coming continually. No woman can withstand that loving torture for long, at least not with her mind intact. But in your case I think you

would deserve to take a horse penis all the way to the balls. I can arrange that. And I think you would not regret it, even if you were not in heat. And I swear I will not live one single day afterwards. I will go myself to Christ right behind you. I love you too much to stay alive once you die.”

Fiona tweaked Renate’s nipples. Her body actually arched and she moaned.

“Perhaps you will think it an act of mercy to help you go to Christ,” continued Fiona. “I really wish it weren’t so. Besides, you have such a lovely body! Then again, I wonder if we could have you torsified, that is, remove your limbs, in preparation to make you into a living sheath and be put out to pasture stuck on a horse penis in a bellyrider cradle. Wouldn’t that be fun? You know, we could keep you anesthetized and haul you off to Bahia. There is a doctor willing to operate on you as long as the price is right. I will gladly use convent funds. And I can assure you we won’t let these lovely legs of yours go to waste. But no, it would require several months for your stumps to heal, I know. We cannot keep you anesthetized that long. I know you would be enthusiastic about becoming a torso and being put out to pasture. I mean, who wouldn’t? I am actually considering becoming a torso myself. But for all I know you will orgasm to death much before. Alas, it is a nice thought, being complete helpless and stuck onto a horse penis, don’t you think, dear?”

Fiona then stood up and looked through her pantry. There were several massive dildos awaiting. For a moment her hands reached for one, thinking of ramming it into Renate’s cunt. But no, she stopped herself. This could probably seal her lover’s fate and fry forever her mind. She looked around, setting aside whips, spiked collars, ball gags, and all manner of cruel restraints until she found a black bottle. She smelt the contents. It was vile. The cara leaf juice, she knew, was not only good for curing the mange, she laughed, but also was reputed to calm down nymphomaniacs. Or so some claimed. Fiona doubted a cure existed for such affliction, not that she would take it herself if offered. There was always a remote chance that it would work. She gently pressed Renate’s lips to the bottle and made her drink. Renate gagged but did get the liquid down. Then she slowly fell into a deep sleep. Fiona did not know how much was due to the opium and how much to the cara leaf juice.

Fiona caressed Renate’s naked body lovingly. Renate was indeed magnificent. Such body, thought Fiona, should never have worn clothes. The nun could not help herself. She pressed her mouth to Renate’s nipples and sucked on them. There was a moan from Renate’s lips. Perhaps Fiona’s words and caresses had penetrated her opium induced haze. But Fiona was not sure nor could she vouch that the moan signaled Renate’s agreement to go to Christ or be torsified or whether she was no longer sane enough to agree to anything. And Fiona did indeed need surety of some kind given that she did love Renate. Fiona therefore reached for her rosary and started praying.

A few hours later Fiona woke up. She was curled up next to the sleeping Renate. It was past midnight. A steady monsoon rain was falling outside and a cold burst of wind had entered the Mother Superior’s quarters. Fiona stood up and closed the window overlooking the convent’s main courtyard. She placed a light blanket on her bed and curled up next to Renate. Fiona held Renate’s head against her chest and she caressed her brow quietly.

Renate’s change of breathing pace let Fiona she had woken up. For a while the two women did not say a word. Renate opened her eyes slightly. Her hands grabbed on to Fiona’s torso.

“Just sleep, love,” murmured Fiona. “Everything will be OK.”

“I never have had someone show so much love to me before as you did this night,” whispered Renate.

"Hush, go to sleep," admonished the Mother Superior.

"No, I heard everything you said, Fiona. My body was asleep but my mind was wide awake. I heard you say how you would send me to Christ and then do so yourself. I tried hard to plead with you to do so, to help me be ruptured or to become a torso. Whatever pleased you or you wished to command me to do I was ready to do. But I could not talk. The words would not form in my mouth."

"That was due to the injection Sister Severa gave you, Renate," said Fiona. "Now, the question is whether you have control of your body once again."

"I am not really sure."

"I see," agreed Fiona. "Just try to sleep for now, Renate. If we made love it would be too risky given your present state."

"You mean I could start coming again without control?"

"Most likely, yes," explained Fiona. "I gave you something to help calm down your libido."

"It tasted horrible!"

"At least you are coherent for now," said Fiona. "I will have Sister Francisca, the apothecary, cook up another batch of cara juice. It might restore your balance. Then again, I don't want you to go frigid on me. We must be careful in titrating the dose. Now we know better and we will make sure all novices that take the mask drink some before the procedure."

"I doubt anything will ever cure my nymphomania!" laughed Renate.

Then the convent bells started sounding.

"It is the matins call," said Fiona. "I must go, Renate."

"I should go with you!" pleaded Renate. "Please! I cannot be left alone! I am afraid!"

Fiona hesitated for a moment.

"Fine then," agreed Fiona. "Listen, after services you will start training to raise your threshold of pain. It will make matters easier if you have to go to Christ. Do you understand, Renate?"

Renate nodded, trusting Fiona implicitly. And holding hands the two naked women headed to the morning service.

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#### **IV Pain**

Renate pressed her mouth against the cunt of the tall, gauzy, gray eyed nun and paid the homage expected. Her name was Sister Sandra, so told her Fiona. Renate noticed that the Sister Sandra had heavy gauge rings piercing her outer labia and a cruel looking one actually pierced her clitoris and had distended it. It looked, thought Renate, like a small penis.

"Sister Sandra is an expert in administering pain, Renate," explained Fiona.

"Has she been whipped lately?" asked Sister Sandra.

"Not that I am aware of," replied Fiona. "Have you ever been whipped Renate?"

"No, Mother Superior, never," said Renate and she actually blushed.

Fiona bend over. "Show her, Sandra."

"Come, Novice Renate," ordered Sister Sandra. "Look at the Mother Superior's butt and back carefully. What do you notice?"

Renate looked carefully.

"There are faint white lines in the skin," noted Renate. "At least in those portions of her body not covered by Koro ink."

"The Mother Superior," explained Sister Sandra, "is eager to go to Christ. To do this she must raise her pain threshold. Just three days ago I whipped her mercilessly. Her flesh was cut. She was covered in blood. Yet, as you can see, there is no major scarring left."

Renate stared at the nuns with some undisguised incredulity.

"That is all true, Renate," said Fiona. "There are herbs in the jungle whose effects seem miraculous. One such salve was applied to me after my whipping. Don't worry, your beautiful body will not be disfigured, Renate."

Renate fell to her knees in front of both women.

"If you wish my body to be disfigured or even dismembered, Mother Superior, it is yours for the taking."

"Not yet, Renate," admonished Fiona. "All in good time. Sister Sandra, she is all yours. Make sure she suffers but don't kill her, for now. Hopefully pain will help her get her uterine furor under control. And do apply the salve. She is too beautiful to disfigure."

Sister Sandra bade two novices to come forward and prepare Renate. They led to where a thick metal pole stood. Renate straddled the tip and this was slowly raised by some mechanism until its tip entered her. Renate moaned. It was such a relief to be penetrated. If only, she thought, it were a horse's penis and it were driven deeper.

Then the novices spread her arms and legs so that most of her weight rested on the metal pole. A spreader bar kept her legs wide open. The arms were tied such that try as she would Renate would not be able to drive her torso further down onto the metal pole.

"I know you want to drive yourself down, child," said Sister Sandra inspecting the arrangements so far.

"Yes, Sister Sandra," moaned Renate. "I can't help it. I want it all in! I want it to skewer me and come out through my mouth!"

"That is not to be, I am afraid," replied Sister Sandra sternly. "Remember your vows? Your body belongs to the order. We will do with it as we please. It is not for you to decide when to rupture yourself, understand? And, of course, you are not to come either unless I give you permission. Is that clear?"

Renate hardly could keep her libido in check at that point but she managed to blurt out that she

understood.

A ball gag was then placed on Renate's mouth. One of the novices approached holding a tray. On it rested a thin, silver, metal pole, perhaps 40 cm. long, with a razor sharp tip.

"Hold her steady," ordered Sister Sandra and the two novices grabbed Renate's torso firmly.

The nun then kissed the side of Renate's left breast. She then slowly pierced it with the thin pole. Renate whimpered and a tremor shook her. A rivulet of blood began to stream out of the pierced breast.

"Very firm," noted Sister Sandra with satisfaction.

She continued pushing the pole through Renate's breast until the tip first bulged her flesh and then burst at the other end of the breast. Then the nun kissed her right breast and proceeded to drive the tip into it.

Renate was in agony. Her eyes had been shut tightly so far. But she willed herself to open them. Standing a few meters away, masturbating, stood Fiona. Renate tried to fix her sight on the Mother Superior. Fiona in turn looked at her intently, her face a feral mask of lust.

It felt like a triumph to Renate when the cruel shaft emerged out of her right breast. She stared at Fiona proudly and her eyes glistened brilliantly. She had been skewered through. And the pain seemed to overcome the orgasm building in her loins. Sister Sandra actually smiled at her handiwork. Fiona moaned softly, having reached climax. The ends of the shaft were then tied and looped around a crossbar atop Renate. The two novices pulled on the ropes at the behest of Sister Sandra, cruelly stretching Renate's breasts upward and causing her to moan in pain. But now she would not be able to drive herself down onto the pole stuck inside her cunt.

Satisfied, Sister Sandra then selected a cruel whip from the ones hanging on the wall. She dipped it in a bucket of saltwater one of her novices held. Sister Sandra swirled it around a few times. Then she started to whip Renate's back and buttocks mercilessly.

After a while Sister Sandra stood back to contemplate her handiwork. Renate was covered in her own blood and sweat. Cruel cuts marked her back and buttocks. Sister Sandra looked up at Fiona briefly. The Mother Superior bade her continue and kept masturbating. More punishment ensued. Finally Fiona signaled that enough punishment had been inflicted.

The two novices carefully undid Renate's restraints and pulled her torso off the pole. Renate lost consciousness then. The novices placed her on a stretcher.

"She managed to push herself down some nonetheless," pointed out Sister Sandra. "Her cunt is also bleeding."

"Is she ruptured?" asked Fiona.

"I don't know," admitted Sister Sandra.

"Very well, take her to the infirmary. If she is ruptured, let me know," explained Fiona. "We will take her to a horse to finish her suffering then. But if she is intact, do make sure you apply the salve. I don't want her body disfigured."

A few hours later Renate was taken back to the novice's quarters. Renate had her eyes shut tight.

“Don’t cover her,” instructed Sister Severa. “Let her lie on her belly while her back heals.”

Once the nun left, Celina placed a cup of chicha on Renate’s lips.

“Thank you,” said Renate.

“Any regrets so far?” smirked Sylvia.

“You got to be kidding me,” replied Renate sardonically. “It has only been a few days since I said my vows. I got fucked by God knows how many horses on my wedding night. Then I had my face tattooed and started coming uncontrollably. Then my breasts got skewered and I was almost whipped to death. Oh Jesus! Talk about a lifestyle change! But no, I have no regrets! None! I love it!”

“Good girl,” laughed Sylvia. “Besides, no one said marrying Christ would be a bed of roses.”

“You think you can control your cunt now?” asked Celina.

“I doubt it. Maybe. The pain really helped, I suppose. My mind was driven in all directions. My body did not know how to react. But, to tell the truth, I no longer care,” admitted Renate. “Truth is I actually came several times as I was being whipped and that made Sister Sandra even more merciless for she had not given me permission to do so. God knows I wanted to drive myself down onto the pole they stuck in my cunt.”

“That is the best thing you can say,” said Sylvia kissing her. “You are learning. We are to let our body enjoy whatever pain and pleasure comes our way, embracing both fully. We live life to the fullest.”

“Well, the Mother Superior certainly enjoyed my torture,” laughed Renate. “She was jerking off all the time.”

“Then the Mother Superior showed you great honor, Renate,” advised Sylvia. “You should be proud.”

Renate nodded. “God knows why but I think I am. I don’t know if my body will ever be right again. I could feel the flesh tearing.”

“Don’t worry, Renate,” said Celina applying more salve to her back and buttocks. “We have plenty of salve. We novices always keep a stash. In a few days your back will heal and there will hardly be any scars to show. Sister Sandra has us whipped at least once a week. You get used to it.”

“And even get to look forward to having it done,” laughed Sylvia. “Even the Mother Superior enjoys being whipped frequently.”

And that was the last thing Renate heard before falling into a deep, exhausted, sleep.

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V. At the Infirmary

Two weeks had passed since Renate’s initiation. She healed swiftly. Yes, she realized, her uncontrollable orgasming had ceased. Pain had done the trick. She had been whipped twice more. She looked forward to it now. The pain had overloaded her body’s ability to react and, thankfully without becoming catatonic, her body had, in a way, “reset” itself.

The convent assigned Renate to work in the infirmary. It was a natural choice. And Renate got to

enjoy working alongside Sister Francisca, the apothecary, and learning from her. Every morning, after matins, she would report to her, kneel in front of the nun, and kiss her pubes. At that point, Sister Francisca an early riser who usually mated before matins with a horse, would be leaking horse semen which Renate eagerly drank.

"Have you been mated to a horse today, Renate?" asked Sister Francisca while Renate cleansed her pubes with her tongue.

"Two days ago I did, Sister Francisca," admitted Renate.

"I see. It is about time you did again. Your cunt must learn to accommodate a horse and the only way to do so is to mate as often as you can with one. After all, it is also your marital duty."

"I believe Sister Severa will make one available for me tonight," explained Renate. "I intend to be a good wife to Christ."

"Excellent!" smiled Sister Francisca. "Now, tell me, Renate, besides blue stain, cara, yerba dura, coconut oil, and Koro, what else are we low on?"

Renate stood up. Her face glistened with the nun's fluids and the horse semen that had leaked out. She opened the infirmary's cabinets. Renate had first of all devoted herself to inventorying the infirmary's supplies.

"We could use some sulphur powder, gauzes, alcohol, and more equipment," pointed out Renate.

"Equipment? Such as?"

"Forceps for one," explained Renate. "I am forced to open the women with my fingers when I examine their vaginas. Also, a scalpel could come in handy in case I have to operate on someone."

"If they are ruptured we help them go to Jesus, Renate."

"I know," admitted Renate who dreaded the day she would see such a case, "but what if they have a burst appendix or a simple sty I could drain? One of our novices got ingrown toenail and I had to operate on her with a switchblade. I need some proper tools, Sister Francisca."

"I see," admitted the nun. "I am afraid instruments are not available locally. We will have to order them. Make me a list."

"Yes, Sister Francisca."

"As for the rest of the supplies, I will go down to the market in Recife this afternoon," said Sister Francisca. "I want you to come with me. You need some time out of the convent. And it would be good if you mated with your horse while I shop for the supplies."

Renate could not help pale. She had looked forward to the day she would venture out naked from the convent and mate with her horse openly in the street. But now that day had come and she could not help but be nervous about the idea.

"Is there a problem, Renate?" asked Sister Francisca smiling.

"No, Sister Francisca, none," managed to reply Renate.

"You are a novice of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene, Renate," reminded her Sister Francisca.

"It is proper that you let the world see you naked and making love to your horse. It is our calling."

"I won't let the order down," said Renate meekly.

"I know it is not easy the first time you show yourself nude on the street," laughed Sister Francisca. "But the locals all understand. Now, the sun can be merciless. You are quite fair and I don't want you blistering with sunburn. I suggest you use whatever coconut oil we have left to cover your skin."

"Coconut oil, good idea," replied Renate.

"Now sit on my lap and nurse my breasts, Renate dear. They are about to burst," said Sister Francisca as she sat down on a chair and bade Renate to come forth.

Eventually the bells rang for the noontime service. Renate was very nervous and very aroused as the time approached for her first venture naked into the streets of Recife. She could, in fact, not help but masturbate during the noontime service. This did not raise an eyebrow, many of the other novices and nuns did so openly during mass.

"Renate?" said a familiar voice.

Renate turned. Next to her stood Fiona.

"Mother Superior," said Renate falling to her knees and kissing the nun's pubes.

"Come with me, dear," ordered Fiona taking her by the hand.

The two women entered the Mother Superior's quarters.

"Sit down, my love," bade her Fiona as she rummaged in her cabinet.

"I had not seen you in many days, Mother Superior," dared say Renate trying to sound as respectful as possible.

Fiona smiled. On her hand was a dark bottle.

"Please, we are alone," said Fiona planting her lips on Renate's and giving her a long kiss. "You don't have to 'Mother Superior' me here. Now, tell me, how are you doing? And I mean mentally, of course."

"My runaway libido seems under control," replied Renate trying to be as medically precise as possible. "I have not spontaneously orgasmed so far. Nonetheless, I feel I am barely in control at this point, as if the torture could start again any moment."

"Take another swig of cara juice then," said Fiona offering her the bottle. "Just a sip, mind you, I don't want you going frigid on me."

This Renate did, taking precisely one sip as instructed.

"I don't think my nymphomania will ever be cured," laughed Renate. "Perhaps controlled, but not cured."

"I saw you rubbing yourself most enthusiastically during noontime mass," smiled Fiona. "Keep the bottle. If you feel you are losing control, take a swig."

“Sister Francisca is taking me to Recife today,” explained Renate. “It will be my first nude outing. And she wants me to mate with the horse.”

“Oh Jesus!” laughed Fiona. “Your first nude outing and first public mating! Listen, Renate, I will not take no for an answer. Take Plata with you. He is my personal horse. I have been using Rapido and Plata’s balls are about to burst. I know, he is thicker than most. But I am sure you can handle it.”

To show her gratitude for the honor Fiona was giving her, Renata fell to her knees and pressed her mouth to Fiona’s pubes in adoration. Renate was becoming very skilled in woman loving since she performed cunnilingus on about a dozen different women every day (and even more did on her). Thus Fiona was promptly brought to orgasm.

“Stand up, my love,” noted Fiona giving her a hand. The nun gazed on Renate admiringly. “I see your tattooing is coming along.”

Indeed Renate’s butt and most of her torso was now decorated with intricate geometric patterns.

“I only lack your ‘boots’,” said Renate pointing to Fiona’s legs. “All the nuns and a few of the novices wear them.”

Indeed, a couple of centimeters above the nun’s knees and down to her feet every inch of her flesh was blackened and tattooed.

“Ah, yes, my riding ‘boots’ as you call them,” smiled Fiona. “Sit on my lap, my love, and empty my breasts while I tell you about these boots.”

Renate pressed her lips to Fiona’s left breast and began feeding. Fiona meanwhile probed Renate’s wet cunt.

“The ‘boots’ signify that the wearer is an accomplished bellyrider, a woman that can steer her horse from underneath it. Most likely you will start your bellyriding training soon. Tradition requires your other tattooing be done first. There is a story and significance in the bodysuit you will wear and I should tell it to you so you can wear it with pride.”

Renate looked up at the nun as she nursed, as if coaxing her to go on.

“The great popes of the Renaissance and afterwards, all noted perverts, had protected our order. We had convents mainly in southern Italy and Sicily, where the weather favors nudity. The Reformation Wars changed the attitude of the church towards us. A few forward looking mother superiors thought it wise to emigrate to the new world and so we soon had two convents, one in Bahia and one here, in Recife. These places were newly founded and far away from civilization. We were safe and we could thrive and we did.”

Renate squeezed the breast to extract the last drop. Fiona was obviously aroused for her nipples were engorged.

“Ah, yes, God, that feels good. Anyway, one day a great unrest started in the jungle. Traders and settlers and missionaries were attacked by the tribes. The colonial governor, the viceroy, send expeditions to chastise the tribes. Very few men returned. The jungle, you will soon know, is challenging, to say the least. Anyway, it was then that our mother superiors offered to send nuns into the jungle to appease the tribes. It sounds mad, I know, but the offer was not refused. Perhaps the authorities thought it would be the way to get rid of us.”

Renate changed breasts. Fiona was caressing her brow and pressing her head against her chest as she explained in a voice turned husky due to her arousal.

“To everyone’s surprise, after almost a year, the first nuns sent in returned. They came back laden with herbs and wise in jungle lore. You see, Renate, the nun’s nudity was their shield. We went not clad in armor and with swords in our hands. We were not aggressive or arrogant. We were nude just like the jungle folk. And we trekked the jungle with respect and learned humbly from the Indian shamans who welcomed and taught us. Furthermore, we did not proselytize or sought to impose the Christian religion on the tribes. We listened respectfully and did not mind paying respect to the jungle gods equally. And yes, if someone inquired about Christ, we explained that we were his brides and we made love to him in the guise of our pack horses. Ouch! Don’t bite the nipple! What was I saying? Ah yes, these Indian folks did not know horses then and were terrified of them at first. Yet when we saw how our nuns would mate willingly with these beasts their fright vanished and their respect for us increased. Surely, we were extraordinary women if we could take such huge members! But no, we were not goddesses. That we could die was evident when one of our sisters ruptured while being mated. As a result, the jungle folk calmed down and the troubles ceased. Thus, when the missionaries returned into the jungle our treks had made their task easier. In fact, the Brazilian church had to grudgingly tolerate our existence even though we were being eradicated in Europe. And it so happened that the nuns came back covered in body paint and wearing the designs of the Xingu tribes which we wore as a sign of respect to their traditions. We decided then to have these designs permanently tattooed on our bodies. And we used Koro ink because it last a lifetime without fading and is brighter though it hurts even more than regular ink. As for the ‘boots’, as you call them, are just a way of distinguishing those who have mastered the art of horse loving, the bellyriders.”

“I can’t wait to start my bellyriding training,” smiled Renate having emptied Fiona’s breasts. “I want to wear those boots!”

Fiona laughed. “You will soon find out that bellyriding is very painful and traumatic at first. You pay a price to earn these boots, dear. But enough for now. Go, Renate, find Sister Francisca and get your naked butt down to Recife and fuck Plata hard in front of a crowd. Enjoy! It is as it should be, my love.”

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## **VI. Renate’s First Outing**

Renate did not wear a wimple for she was not yet a nun. Sylvia had lent her a pair of sandals for the pavement could be burning hot in Recife and Renate’s feet were not calloused enough yet. Her body glistened with coconut oil. She stood in the courtyard next to Plata awaiting Sister Francisca. A silver crucifix Fiona had given her rested between her bare breasts.

“Oh, we are taking Plata?” smiled the nun. “His penis is very thick. You think you can take him in?”

“I think so,” said Renate who had been massaging the shaft to gauge its girth. “I will bend over to insure his penis is lined up to penetrate me.”

“Take your time when you take it in,” advised Sister Francisca. “Do you have lubricant?”

“There is some Vaseline in the satchels,” explained Renate. “And the buying list is also there.”

“Fine!” exclaimed Sister Francisca and she motioned for the convent doors to open.

Renate took a deep breath and followed the nun and Plata. She stepped out through the convent's door. A delicious sea breeze caressed her nude body. Recife could be seen a couple of kilometers away. Sister Francisca led the way. The sun was intense and she had some time adjusting her eyes. The mask tattooed on her face did help with the glare, she realized.

"Rub yourself as you go about town, Renate," suggested the nun. "Do so shamelessly. Show them how proud you are in what you are and that way you will be quite aroused by the time you have to mate with Plata."

Renate did her best to comply but the sensations she was feeling were overwhelming her. It was one thing to be nude around many other nude women. Eventually you even forgot about being nude, she realized. The other thing was to so openly masturbate in front of strangers. And pretty soon there were plenty of strangers around both women. The road leading into Recife was teeming with folks taking their wares to market, family groups going and coming from the city, and carts bearing produce or people. Renate tried her best to display herself openly. And, thankfully, most people did not give the two women but a passing glance. Some even doffed their hats respectfully when passing them. Others did stare and smiled at Renate's rubbing.

"They are looking at me!" protested Renate.

"So?" laughed Sister Francisca. "You are a very attractive woman walking nude down the road while masturbating. Of course it would attract some attention! I would be surprised if it didn't. Perhaps it is because your skin is so white. In a few more weeks you will be as tanned as any Brazilian. I saw that happen to Fiona. She and I were novices together. Now she is much tanned and some even think that she has African blood."

"Then I should spend more time out on the street," suggested Renate. "That way I can tan faster and lose my inhibitions."

"That could be arranged," agreed Sister Francisca.

Halfway into town Sister Francisca handed Renate Plata's reins. Though she kept one hand on her crotch to rub herself now it was Sister Francisca that masturbated and rubbed herself while walking into town.

At some point Renate felt euphoric. She had, she realized, some exhibitionist tendencies. Getting fucked in public by a horse in a stage in Berlin had been the first evidence of it, she realized. She was now dripping wet, extremely aroused, at the thought of being seen nude in the street. And soon, she knew, she would mate with her horse -again- in front of a crowd.

They entered Recife and walked through the same streets that had become so familiar to her before her initiation. Soon they arrived in front of the marketplace.

"Tie him up over yonder," instructed Sister Francisca. "The alms bowl is in the satchel."

"I know the drill, Sister Francisca," said Renate.

"Bless you then, Renate," replied the nun taking out her shopping list. "I will be back soon. Enjoy. Try not to get killed."

Renate took care of securing Plata to a nearby hitching post. She then rubbed his sides and talked to him softly. She rubbed her fingers in her crotch and let him smell her arousal. Plata, she knew, was well trained to drop when she smelled a woman's wetness. She looked around and smiled. A mixed

crowd was beginning to form. Renate knew that it was her being so obviously not Brazilian that drew them. They were curious to see if the naked European woman was going to indeed mate with the horse. Some did cross themselves. The mask was indeed identifying her as member of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene.

Renate then placed a small rug below Plata and knelt on it. She took the vial of Vaseline and applied several gobs into her vagina. Her hands started to coax Plata's shaft and caress his testicles. She felt the need to kiss this and did so lovingly several times. Her arousal and concentration grew. Whether or not the crowd was watching her no longer mattered. Everything that mattered now to her was mating with Plata.

Pretty soon the horse penis dropped. Renate nestled the head lovingly between her chest and kissed the wide head. She pressed her mouth to it, licking the urethra and rubbing the shaft lovingly. It was very large and she doubted she could fit it in her mouth. But because it was spongy she managed to take in the tip. She remained thus for several long minutes, with the horse member in her mouth, licking the tip and rubbing the shaft up and down. It was, indeed, she realized, a far thicker shaft that she had made love to before. She allowed the penis to pop out of her mouth and she applied generous amounts of Vaseline to it.

She then stood up next to the horse and glanced around the crowd. They all were watching her very attentively. She placed the alms bowl on the ground. Then she bent over and placed herself under Plata facing forward. This, she knew, was far riskier than mating with him from the side. But she was determined to carry out the mating and this would be the easiest way to insure penetration. Renate flexed her knees even and spread her legs wide. Her right hand sought and found Plata's penis and she guided it to her pubes. Her other hand spread her labia apart.

It took some doing. The horse penis and her own pubes were slippery with Vaseline. Plata was making thrusting motions with his hips. Renate was feeling frustrated. It was indeed a very thick shaft. But then Renate felt herself stretched open as Plata's penis plunged a good eight inches into her. She could not suppress a moan at the sudden distension. Still, she managed to cross herself. It would be as God wishes, she told herself. If she is to be ruptured here, in public, she would not regret it for a moment she told herself.

At first she tried to place her palms on the ground as the horse penis pounded her. But this did not give her enough support. In desperation she reached for his fore legs and grabbed on to these to steady herself. The horse did raise a hoof and for a moment Renate panicked thinking Plata would kick her face in but thankfully the animal did no such thing. Rather Plata kept pouncing her pretty mercilessly. He was, Renate realized, very deep and the stretching she was enduring added to her discomfort. Frankly, it was a brutal fuck. But Renate did her best to meet his trusts. If she was to be ruptured, she realized, it did not matter, she kept telling herself. Having all of this glorious shaft inside her would be well worth dying. After a while her body assimilated the pain and sublimated it into pleasure. Her training with Sister Sandra had indeed helped her raise her pain threshold. And the realization that she was mating to a horse in public stoked her lust to fever pitch. She felt a tremendous orgasm building up.

After what seemed a long time but was actually a few minutes Renate felt the horse penis inside her spasm. She let go of the Plata's front legs and rested her hands on her lower belly feeling the outline of the horse shaft inside her. She pressed her back to the horse's chest to steady herself to receive the hydraulic hammer of horse semen that would explode inside her next. Then she felt the horse penis flaring inside her and an intense warmth filled her. Horse semen exploded out of the tight union between her labia and the horse penis. And Renate's orgasm followed. Then she felt the horse shaft retract slowly and this to her seemed more cruel and traumatic than the flare for she did not

want to feel empty and felt that she deserved to be fucked continuously by a horse. When the penis came out of her, with an obscene slurping sound, Renate could not help but collapse on her knees and hold on to her now empty and yawning cunt.

Renate felt horse semen oozing out of her and coating her legs. She managed to see the crowd dispersing slowly, some making admiring comments about the size and girth of the member Renate had taken. Even some coins had dropped into her alms bowl, she noticed. Renate held on to Plata and attempted to stand up. It was painful. And she could not seem to be able to stand straight but remained slightly bent over.

“Grab the semen coming out of you and rub it in your face and chest,” said Sister Francisca.

This Renate did. There was some blood mixed with the horse semen.

“Ohmigod!” cried Renate. “Am I ruptured?”

“You are a doctor, you know better,” admonished Sister Francisca. “You would be bleeding all over if it were so. Relax, Renate. You got fucked real hard by a horse that is all. Do you think you can walk back to the convent?”

“I think so, though I might need some help,” admitted Renate.

“Fine, pick up the alms and hold on to Plata’s satchels if you must,” advised Sister Francisca. “But first, open your cunt lips.”

This Renate did displaying her now quite distended cunt. The nun nodded and produced a wad of coca leaves from Plata’s satchels which she then stuffed into Renate’s cunt. Renate in turn placed a wad in her mouth. Indeed, the effect was immediate and it made all the difference. She managed to walk back to the convent holding her hands on her pubes to keep the leaves inside her. Still, she dripped horse semen constantly and Renate took care to rub some of it into her face and chest. The horse seed dried rapidly outdoors and her face and breasts were soon covered with a layer of it. Ever since the time she was mated in Berlin she had not felt so aroused and even felt rather proud of what she had become. She no longer felt any qualms about her public nudity. It seemed to her the most healthy and natural thing in the world. And thus it was that the two women and Plata returned back to the convent.

“I am very proud of you, Renate,” said Sister Francisca planting a kiss on her mouth when they arrived at the apothecary. “You made a lovely sight bent under the horse being pounded that way. Your moans could be heard all over the plaza. And I am glad you did not rupture yet. Now go look after your cunny. I know how sore you must be.”

“She’d better not be,” smiled Sister Severa entering the apothecary. “I have a horse waiting for her in the stables right now!”

“Yes!” exclaimed Renate enthusiastically following Sister Severa.

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VII. Hades

Two nights later, in the early hours of morning, Renate lay entwined with Fiona.

“I heard that you caused some kind of sensation in Recife, my little nympho,” laughed Fiona. “You

are, in fact, the talk of the town.”

“You of all people must know how it is,” smiled Renate. “They are not used to a European woman walking around town butt naked and mating with a horse.”

“Aye, my love, I remember the looks they first gave me,” agreed Fiona. “And many had known me back when I was a Carmelite nun! But then I got so tanned that I looked like any other Brazilian nun.”

“I don’t get enough sun here in the convent,” complained Renate. “My skin is still very pale. Will you let me go out more frequently? I want to be as tanned as you are.”

Fiona caressed her face for a moment.

“You know I am not supposed to show any favoritism,” mused Fiona. “But already everyone knows that I am madly in love with you. So let them think whatever they want, I don’t care! Yes, go out as many times as you wish. You can even miss noontime mass if needed, as long as you are shagging a horse in the town. But I do impose two conditions.”

“Name them, love,” said Renate beaming happily.

“First, you wear a lot of coconut oil. I do want you to tan but not get skin cancer. You, as a doctor should know best about this.”

“Agreed, my love. What is the second condition?”

“I don’t want you to rupture,” said Fiona emphatically pushing her fingers and then her hand into Renate’s cunt. “At least not for now, my love. You do not own your body. It belongs to the order, that is, to me. Do you understand?”

Renate’s back arched feeling Fiona’s hand inside her cunt.

“Nooo...I won’t,” moaned Renate.

“In that case I suggest you have Rapido fuck you in public,” said Fiona. “He is not as thick as my Plata and should be safer. Your cunt is still quite tender. Sister Francisca told me you bled a bit when Plata fucked you. In a year or so your cunt will be really tough and hard to rupture.”

Renate managed to nod. Then Fiona pressed her lips to her mouth and both kissed passionately.

Right after matins Renate sat on Sister Severa’s lap nursing.

“So you are going out again, Renate dear?” asked the nun.

Renate looked up at Sister Severa and nodded without ceasing to suck on her tit.

“Tomorrow night I go to Jesus,” announced Sister Severa. “I would like you to witness it. So do be careful out there.”

Renate looked fixedly at Sister Severa. The nun smiled quietly. She seemed happy.

After Renate finished nursing she did not rise but pressed her head to Sister Severa’s chest and held on to her.

"Will it hurt a lot?" asked Renate.

"It usually does," smiled Sister Severa. "But I will have drunk the red poppy by then. Which means I will be dead anyway since it causes runaways orgasms, just like you were suffering."

Sister Severa helped Renate stand up. The two women kissed.

"Now go, dear Renate, and be sure to come back unhurt so you witness my death," concluded Sister Severa smiling.

A few hours later Renate stood up on rubbery legs from under Rapido. Horse semen poured out of her by now much distended cunt. The crowd actually applauded her performance and the alms filled her bowl to overflowing. Rapido's penis was not as thick as Plata's. His testicles did seem far more generous. Renate knew her womb had been distended by all the horse semen that had forced in there for her belly actually felt distended. But she did not mind. The semen would come out eventually and she liked the feeling of fullness. And all the nuns dripped horse semen constantly.

"Merci...bless you," said Renate while she rubbed the horse semen she caught dripping out of her.

The crowd dispersed. Renate led Rapido to the fountain and the horse eagerly drank. It was noontime, Renate estimated by watching the sun. She sat down under a large tree, thankful for the shade, with her legs open to better catch the horse semen that flowed out of her. The crowd had dispersed and no one seemed to mind her. She never had felt happier in her life. She mused for a while and then made up her mind. She led the horse down the familiar streets of downtown Recife not minding the occasional admiring stares of some men (and even women). Eventually she stopped in front of Cardozo, her lawyer. She tied Rapido to a convenient column. Then she rummaged through the satchels and found a towel and then entered the office.

A number of persons awaited to see Cardozo. Renate's entry caused an understandable stir.

"May I help you, Mother?" asked the receptionist who immediately identified Renate as one of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene.

"Ah yes, Martina, I suppose you don't recognize me with the mask on and wearing no clothes," laughed Renate. "Please tell Mr. Cardozo that Doctor Renate Duplesis is here to see him. I only need a few minutes."

Renate found a convenient corner chair. She draped the towel over it for she knew she was dripping horse semen (she had left a trail on the reception area) and then sat down and demurely crossed her legs.

"I just hope no one slips on that horse semen I dripped," thought Renate. "I don't want to be sued!"

Cardozo's waiting clientele, all men, could not help but look at her. However, Renate frowned at them. Surely they had seen naked women before! The men then did their best to ignore her. The heat was stifling and more than a few of the men concluded that Renate's nudity was in fact quite sensible.

After an hour or so, Renate was led into Cardozo's office. The lawyer behaved like a gentleman, kissing her hand and leading her to a chair (over which Renate draped her now quite wet towel). He made Renate feel that it was the most natural thing in the world to receive a nude tattooed woman who was dripping horse semen.

"May I offer you something, Doctor Duplesis?" asked Cardozo. "Perhaps a fruit juice, chilled?"

"That would definitely help, with this heat," smiled Renate.

Cardozo stepped out and gave his receptionist the request. The drink was produced after a few minutes.

"Frankly, Doctor Duplesis, I had no idea you were joining the Naked Sisters," began Cardozo.

"I do not regret it for a minute," smiled Renate taking a sip from her drink.

"I heard gossip about a nude European woman who was being...intimate...with a horse in the marketplace. I had no idea it was you," laughed Cardozo. "That was actually quite foolish of me. There are very few European women here in Recife! I should have guessed it was you. How may I help you?"

"Just enlighten me, Mr. Cardozo. Did the sale of the property on Matto Grosso Avenue go through?"

"Ah yes," said Cardozo pulling out a manila folder. "Your check cleared without a problem. Here is the title. Just sign it please and I will have it recorded in the courthouse."

This Renate did. She was now the owner of the old colonial house.

"And I suppose the couple you recommended is looking after it," said Renate.

"Yes, indeed," agreed Cardozo. "They keep the place spotless. Will you like to go there? I have a key."

"Please let me have it," said Renate. She figured to stash it in Rapido's satchels since she had no pockets.

"Is there anything I may do for you, Doctor Duplesis?" inquired Cardozo.

"Yes," began Renate. "Do you know the property across the street from mine? It has a large yard enclosed by a stone fence."

"Yes, it belongs to the widow Silva," explained Cardozo. "She is a very respectable lady, a pillar of the community."

"I could not help but notice there is a black stallion kept in that yard."

"Ah yes, his name is Hades. He is quite famous around these parts. When old man Silva was alive he used to sell his stud services," explained Cardozo. "People brought mares all the way from Rio to be mated to him. Old man Silva loved the animal! But since his death the widow has not shown the least interest in the poor beast. I doubt he has seen a mare in over a year! You see, the widow Silva certainly does not need the money for her husband left her quite well off."

"I see," said Renate. "I am interested in this stallion, Hades. I believe he has not been gelded. Do you understand my interest on him?"

"I can guess, Doctor Duplesis, given what I have heard about the nuns up there in the hill," admitted the lawyer (the man actually blushed, which made Renate smile), "and I am certainly in no position to judge your motivation."

"I appreciate your open mindedness, Mr. Cardozo," smiled Renate. "Yes, I want to use Hades as my own personal stud. Would you mind acting as my agent and negotiating for the sale of him? I can provide a check on my Paris bank account. I am afraid my assets in the Bank of Bahia have been turned over to my order."

Cardozo thought it over for a moment. "I see no major hurdles on that, Doctor Duplesis, though it will take some time to clear. Is there a top amount you don't want me to exceed?"

"No, none at all," explained Renate. "I am a widow myself and my husband did leave me with ample means."

"Be aware that Hades is unbroken, madam," warned the lawyer. "I know a vaquero who could make sure he can be ridden...or used to whatever purpose you see fit."

"That is prudent," agreed Renate. "I will leave another check for you to pay this vaquero. And I understand that this all will take some time."

"Say no more then, Doctor Duplesis," smiled the lawyer. "I shall approach the widow Silva and negotiate the sale of Hades."

Cardozo graciously escorted her out. Again, Renate dripped horse semen as she walked out.

"Ohmigod, I am sorry I dripped horse semen in your office," laughed Renate.

"Don't worry about it, madam, I will have it mopped lest someone slips and fall," offered Cardozo smiling. "I look forward to seeing you again, madam. And, if you don't mind me saying so, Doctor Duplesis, you are a beautiful woman and I am glad you have taken up nudity. I actually envy Christ for having such a lovely bride."

Renate smiled at him and gave him a quick peck on the cheek.

She then grabbed Rapido's reins and set on her way back to the convent leaving a trail of horse semen in her path. She felt the man's eyes fixed on her nude figure.

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## **VIII. The Breeding Phantom**

That very morning, right after matins, Sister Severa had been handed a drink with a diluted amount of the red poppy. This was known to induce uncontrollable orgasm. Throughout the day Renate and the other novices applied themselves to probe, caress, lick and suck Sister Severa. The nun was kept in a perpetual state of arousal. Renate felt her pulse throughout the day. It was racing. Renate probed her vagina and felt it tremble uncontrollably. Renate's clinical eye told her that she would not live to see another day at the rate she was going.

"Take me to the horse," said Sister Severa in a soft pleading voice.

By then it was dusk. Sister Severa was too weak to stand up by then. The novices carried her to the main ceremonial hall. Forewarned, Fiona and the rest of the nuns awaited. So did a breeding phantom. Next to it stood Plata whose nostrils flared due to the overdose of aroused female odors in the room.

Fiona handed Sister Severa a goblet. This time it was filled with the uncut red poppy juice, Renate

knew, for she had helped Sister Francisca prepare it. It had entailed macerating the poppies and then boiling off the water it contained and leaving only a thick oil which was diluted into rum. Sister Francisca and Renate had worn latex gloves and leather aprons to prepare it and it was done outdoors. The oil, warned Sister Francisca, was very powerful and even a drop would be absorbed through bare skin with inevitably fatal results. And if she drank that much, Renate knew, Sister Severa was as good as dead.

And now Sister Severa did not hesitate to drink the entire goblet. She smiled at Fiona who took the goblet from her trembling hands. Sister Severa was then led to the breeding phantom and strapped down. Sand was placed underneath, to absorb the blood, Renate knew. She could not help remember the breeding phantom she had mounted herself in southern France and how this had led to her downfall. For a mad moment Renate wished she was the one riding the phantom instead of Sister Severa.

Fiona then proceeded to lick Sister Severa's exposed pubes. Her arousal was evident and she was actually "winking" like a mare due to the contractions of her orgasms. Her moans filled the large hall. A leather bit was placed in Sister Severa's mouth and the urine of a mare in heat coated her pubes. Then Fiona summoned Plata and Sister Sandra led it closer. An injection of yerba dura was applied to the stallion's already hard member. Sister Sandra guided the shaft in while Fiona supervised. The massive horse member slipped easily into Sister Severa whose moans could be heard in spite of the leather bit.

Plata, unable to come due to the yerba dura, had no restraints to keep it from pushing freely into Sister Severa. He pounded Sister Severa's cunt brutally for about ten minutes and then the shaft was seen to enter freely into the nun until his balls rested against her bum. There was a terrible scream and then silence. The horse kept pounding the nun who now appeared limp and unreacting. Sister Sandra pressed the horse's testicles to Severa's rear so that she would feel them and know she had taken the shaft to the hilt. Only then did Plata manage to come but the massive shaft remained hard inside the nun.

After a few minutes Fiona inspected Sister Severa and announced she was dead. Fiona removed the bit from Severa's mouth. All novices were made to look at her closer. Sister Severa's eyes were half closed and she bore a quiet smile or at least that was what it seemed to Renate. Horse semen and blood was dripping out of her mouth. Then the novices were told that whoever wanted to renounce her vows could do so at that point and would be allowed to leave the convent without problem. Renate was tempted and so were a few others. But none stepped forwards. The novices were then led out while the nuns took care of Sister Severa's body.

Renate had seen plenty of blood during his stint as a nurse in Verdun. The horrors she had witnessed at the French Army field hospital had actually driven her mad. Sister Severa's passing almost caused her to pass out. She did not run out only because Sylvia and Celina steadied her and she knew how much Sister Severa wanted her to witness the ceremony.

"Sooner or later the horse will do us all in," whispered Sylvia in Renate's ear. "You might as well know what it entails."

Renate felt it would have been disrespect to Sister Severa's memory not to participate in the banquet that followed. Thankfully there was plenty of wine at hand and Renate drank to try and forget what she had seen. The novices were then sent off to bed. Renate, however, was summoned by Fiona and ordered to go to her quarters and there wait for her.

It was very late when Fiona entered her chambers. Renate was fast asleep by then. Fiona pressed

her lips against Renate's cunt.

"What took you so long?" whispered Renate.

"We nuns had to party in Severa's honor," said Fiona in a slurred voice. "My tongue is raw from eating so much pussy!"

"You are drunk!" said Renate with a hint of disgust.

"Aye! That I am. I am an Irish nun! Of course I get drunk at a wake!" giggled Fiona. "You know, Severa and I were novices together and lovers more than once."

"I guess you are happy that she is with Jesus now," snarled Renate.

"I should," burped Fiona. "You see, my little nympho, actually that is not why I got so drunk. I was not the only one. And you know what happens when the wine flows. People dare tell you things at your face. Fact is, I probably shan't remain Mother Superior for long. I figured as much. Now I know it to be true."

This got Renate's attention. "I don't understand."

"I was due to go to Christ two years ago," explained Fiona. "But when I was offered the first goblet with diluted red poppy I refused it. I just could not do it. I was not strong enough. As you can imagine, that ruined everyone's party. Sister Severa, oh Jesus, she was strong indeed. She did not refuse the red poppy."

"But why will they remove you from the post?" insisted Renate.

"Oh, you see, Severa was right," explained Fiona. "She saw you and understood why I had fallen in love with you. She actually warned me that you would be my downfall. The senior nuns do not like how I favor you and deny you nothing. It is just not proper behavior in a Mother Superior. That, and my losing my nerve at the last minute, means I shan't stay as Mother Superior for long."

"That does not sound right!" replied Renate.

"It is as it is. Sister Severa actually asked that she be the one to train you," continued Fiona. "She was going to do her best to dissuade you from taking this life and treated you as harshly as she could at first. She even instructed Sister Amanda to tattoo with a particularly strong batch of Koro. But then, I am afraid, she too fell in love with you and just could not let you die. If she had not given you the opium you would have orgasmed to death. If she wanted you to renounce your vows I am afraid she failed."

"Did you know all that, Fiona?"

"About the Koro batch? Not really. That was all Sister Severa's doing. She paid the price tonight. In a way she was trying to protect both you and me."

"And how about me? Have I not paid a price?" challenged Renate. "I gave up a lot to follow you. Look at my face. Look at my body. Look how distended my cunt is! If you all were trying to dissuade me you have indeed failed. I intend to take my vows as a full nun as soon as possible."

"Indeed, if that is what you wish it shall be so," answered Fiona kissing her. "And I will keep loving you even if it kills me. Now, come Renate, sit on my face. I need you."

An hour later both women rested exhausted from their lovemaking. Renate's head lay on Fiona's chest.

"When will they remove you from your post?" asked Renate.

"Oh soon," admitted Fiona. "They have already approached the archbishop and he is willing to do so. The bastard never forgave me leaving the Carmelites for the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene. Of course, they have to wait, perhaps until the end of the rainy season."

"Why is that?"

"There are two candidates to replace me," explained Fiona. "One is Sister Sandra, our pain expert, who you already met, and the other one is Sister Mary Joseph. But the latter is off in a trek in the Matto Grosso. If she is alive and comes back it will be by October. Then they will request I step down."

"So? Do so," advised Renate. "You will still be a nun."

"Certainly. But at that point I probably will be forced to drink the red poppy. Do you understand?"

"They cannot do that! Not unless you are willing!" protested Renate.

"Oh yes they can and they will! I am an embarrassment for the order, Renate," said Fiona. "None of the nuns will support me. And as for the novices, well, they resent me favoring you."

"I have noticed that," admitted Renate.

Fiona caressed Renate.

"Yet I shall never regret having loved you, Renate," whispered Fiona. "God made me live so I could meet you."

"Is there no alternative? Why don't we run off, to the jungle, just you and I and Plata? We live out our days far away from this lunatic asylum."

"I know what you are saying," replied Fiona. "I actually considered it. But no, I have been a nun since I was 21 and assumed the orders back in Erin. I can't give this all up. But there is an alternative that would be satisfactory to the order."

"There is?" asked Renate skeptically.

"Aye, I will go to Bahia and return as a limbless torso and be set out to pasture afterwards."

"Oh Jesus!"

"It is not as bad as you think. I will become Plata's sheath for the remainder of my days. The shaft will always be kept hard with yerba dura and it shall always be inside me. You can take care of me however long I last until he ruptures me which will be inevitable."

Unconsciously, Renate caressed Fiona's legs. Then she realized what she was doing and recoiled.

"Ohmigod! What have I become!" exclaimed Renate. "I actually imagined you like that!"

"Oh, you have no idea what you will become," laughed Fiona. "Tomorrow, my little nympho, I am

ordering your bellyriding training to start. And Sister Sandra will be the one in charge. If you think you have known pain and lust so far you are in for a surprise.”

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IX. Renate in the Cradle

“Now bend your legs against your chest,” instructed Sister Sandra. “Hold them in place with your hands.”

Renate did as instructed. She was lying on a bellyrider’s cradle. Her torso was below Rapido’s belly. Her head protruded from between the horse’s front legs. Her head was tied on a bun to keep it from dragging onto the ground. And she wore an equestrian’s hard hat for safety.

Sister Sandra guided her feet unto a pair of stirrups placed high on the horse’s flanks.

“I will tie your feet to these stirrups, novice Renate,” explained Sister Sandra.

Renate grabbed on to the stirrups with her soles. She felt as Sister Sandra tied her feet firmly against the stirrups.

“Now swing yourself back and forth by pushing on those stirrups,” instructed Sister Sandra.

Again, Renate did as instructed. The cradle moved back and forth indeed.

“Rocking yourself back and forth like this is what helps you survive the bellyride, novice Renate,” pointed out Sister Sandra. “At some point the tip of the horse penis will be pounding on your cervix. The only way for you to prevent it entering your womb or rupturing you will be if you gain some length. A few centimeters can be the difference between life and death.”

“I can imagine, Sister Sandra,” laughed Renate.

“I mean it, novice Renate!” snarled the nun who took offense at Renate’s attitude. “That is why it is so important that you have enough play in the cradle!”

“Yes,” replied Renate sheepishly.

Next, the nun tied her hands into ropes hanging from the flanks of the horse. Renate was firmly in place at this point and unable to disengage.

“Besides, once you have the horse penis inside you this is how you can fuck yourself with it,” continued Sister Sandra taking a dollop of Vaseline. “Now, another important thing, mind you, is making sure you are well lubricated.”

“How about how distended I am?” asked Renate.

“At this point,” said Sister Sandra pushing her fingers and the Vaseline into Renate, “I think you are quite used to the horse penis. Besides, you are quite wet. Anyway, once the tip enters you the horse penis will find its way into you, no matter how tight you still are. You have a very large animal pushing his penis in after all. It will be quite painful, I grant you, but, girl, you will stretch!”

The nun then retracted her fingers and took more Vaseline in her fingers.

“You must get used to bellyride both vaginally and anally,” explained the nun as she pushed her

fingers up Renate's anus. "A bellyrider must be able to guide her horse even if its penis is up her ass. The advantage then is that the shaft can go in deeper."

Renate winced a bit as Sister Sandra ruthlessly pushed her fingers and the Vaseline up her anus. She had only allowed the horses up her butt but a couple of times. She knew she was not as stretched there as she was in her vagina. Unfortunately, Sister Sandra could tell.

"Had you had Latigo up your ass before, Renate?" asked Sister Sandra.

"Only once, Sister Sandra," admitted Renate.

"Well, novice Renate, we might as well put the horse member up your ass then," said Sister Sandra smiling.

The nun then proceeded to massage Latigo's penis. The horse was well trained. After a while his penis dropped. The nun knelt next to Renate and kissed the wide spongy tip of the horse member. Then she placed the tip against Renate's anal opening. Renate could not help gasping. She was firmly held in place by the ropes that tied her legs to the stirrups. Sister Sandra ignored her obvious distress and pushed the tip into Renate's asshole.

"It is in," announced the nun.

"I know," gasped Renate as she crossed herself.

Sister Sandra then started massaging the shaft to further distend it. Indeed, the horse member continued to elongate (Rapido was well trained). Renate could feel the horse member making its way into her, inch by cruel inch. Truth is, she had never had the horse member very deeply inside her butt. Her body arched and she shut her eyes tight and moaned.

"Don't fight it, novice Renate," said the nun harshly. "It is your wifely duty to Jesus, remember!"

But now Renate was whimpering. She felt as if her body was going to be torn in two. There were intensive stabs of pain. Truth is, no amount of pain training could keep her from enduring this without complaint. In fact, at that point she cared not an iota about Jesus or her marriage vows.

"It is very deep!" pleaded Renate.

"Not really, novice Renate," laughed Sister Sandra. "But you are forgetting everything I just told you, you stupid cunt! Push yourself forward with your feet. Push in the stirrups girl!"

In desperation, Renate did just that and indeed she gained a few centimeters, not that it gave her any relief at all. The pain continued.

"Please!" moaned Renate. "Take it out!"

Sister Sandra shook her head. She reached for a nearby table full of pain inducing paraphernalia. At all cost, the nun knew, she had to insure Renate's endorphins kicked in. She took some cruel looking nipple clamps and applied them mercilessly on Renate's breasts. Renate screamed.

"There, novice Renate," said Sister Sandra in an icy voice, "you wanted to wear the wimple of a full nun? You wanted to have your legs tattooed as a bellyrider? If you really want it, go ahead and swing yourself. Use your feet, girl, fuck yourself up the ass with the horse penis. The more you do so, the more the pain will ease. I myself have spent days in the cradle! I know!"

Renate was almost at the point of passing out. Somehow she managed to get control of her feet and allowed herself to swing back onto the horse penis. The stabs of pain in her butt were almost overpowering. But she got stamina from somewhere and she began to swing herself back and forth, causing Rapido's member to plunge into her, actually deepening the penetration. It was at that point, indeed, that her endorphins kicked in and her pain was overcome by her lust and realization of what she was doing. Renate began swinging herself back and forth, enthusiastically, caring not what damage she would cause to her innards and actually building up to an orgasm. Rapido then began in turn to push with his hips, meeting her thrusts as she drove herself onto his shaft.

"Easy, Renate," admonished Sister Sandra. "Let him now do all the pounding. Easy on the swinging."

Renate obeyed. Rapido was now enthusiastically pounding her ass and Renate's torso swung back and forth driven by the stallion's energy. Then the horse whinnied and pounced the floor. The flare took Renate by surprise. She felt a sudden stab of pain in her innards when the horse head ballooned inside her. A warmth filled her and a flood of horse semen exploded between the tight union of Latigo's penis and her stretched asshole. For a brief moment Renate blacked out. Then she came back to consciousness as she felt the horse member retracting slowly and (she thought) cruelly out of her. It went out with an obscene noise followed by a loud involuntary fart. Renate laid in the cradle, spent, covered in sweat. She could feel that her asshole was completely open and felt horse semen dripping out of it.

"Am I bleeding?" she asked.

"A bit," explained Sister Sandra. "But don't worry, you are not ruptured, I think. Your ass is prolapsed, I am afraid. Don't worry, it is not permanent though I know it hurts."

"Are you letting me down now Sister Sandra?" asked Renate sheepishly.

"Certainly not!" replied Sister Sandra.

She then took Rapido's reins and led both out of the stable and let them loose in a round pen.

"I will be back in an hour or so, Renate to put his member up your cunt," explained Sister Sandra. "Start forgetting that you are human at all, Renate. From now on call yourself by your horse's name. A bellyrider is nothing but a sheath wrapped around its penis. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sister Sandra," answered Renate. "I am Rapido."

Rapido basically was well used to bellyriding and did not mind having Renate slung underneath him. The horse made its way to a trough and drank its fill. The motion made Renate feel sick in her stomach. Her ass hurt a lot and so did her nipples but she had no means to do anything about it. Her head protruded from between the horse's front legs and water sloshed on her face as Rapido drank. Had she not worn her hard hat she would have bounced her head against the trough and hurt herself. Renate could not help but curse quietly.

Then Rapido made her way towards the other side of the pen. This bordered onto the field where there were several women put out to pasture. A stallion approached. Renate managed to notice there was indeed a limbless woman permanently stuck on its member. The woman seemed to have passed out or, probably, thought Renate with horror, was probably already dead. Rapido whinnied. The stallion answered in kind. Renate panicked. Were these two brutes going to bite and kick each other?

But thankfully the fence kept the two stallions apart. And perhaps Rapido was, like all males, spent after fucking Renate in the ass. Neither did the other stallion do more than whinny and make noises. It was then that the woman slung under him opened her eyes.

"Your first bellyride girl?" she asked smiling.

"Yes," answered a surprised Renate. "I don't have him inside me right now. I am just getting used to this position. But he did fuck me hard in the ass."

"How lovely," smiled the woman.

The limbless woman was probably in her mid-forties and still attractive. Renate wondered what it would be like to kiss her or suck her nipples.

"How long have you been out to pasture?" asked Renate.

"I lost track!" laughed the limbless woman. "I think this is my second rainy season. I have a hard time holding on to reality, to tell the truth."

Indeed, now the clouds were gathering. The evening monsoon rains were about to start.

"I came closer to the stable," continued the woman, "so that they can put me in my stall."

Renate noticed that the woman no longer thought of herself but as another part of the horse. She was just his sheath, she knew.

"I am...Rapido. What is your name?" asked Renate.

"My name is Saeta," smiled the woman. "Truth is I have a hard time recalling what I was called when I was a woman. Just call me by the horse's name, please."

"Pleased to meet you, Saeta," replied Renate, who realized that the yerba dura in the horse semen the woman was continuously absorbing through her vagina and womb was beginning to affect her mind. "I am novice Renate."

Just then a novice showed up and took Saeta by the reins and led her into the stable. Renate could hear the sound of distant thunder. When another novice took Rapido's reins she had already felt rain drops on her exposed legs.

Rapido was led into a large stall such as the bellyriders used. The novice dropped a bale of hay in front of Rapido and the horse began eating (pelting Renate's face with debris, which added to her discomfort).

"When is Sister Sandra coming to mate me again?" asked Renate.

"I have no idea, Rapido," answered the novice.

That she was addressed by the horse's name gave Renate a perverse kind of pleasure, actually. Renate felt exhausted and cold for the skies had now opened and once in a while a cold breeze entered her stall. She felt the urge to pee and did so without compunction. After all, she thought, I am now just part of a horse and these do not hesitate to relieve themselves anywhere. Unfortunately, the pee slithered up her buttocks and into her back which laid in the cradle. Eventually, she knew, it would feel cold and slimy. Frankly, being a bellyrider caused all sorts of discomforts (her ass still ached). Getting Rapido's member up her cunt would be a compensatory relief, she thought. She

understood then that giving up her humanity and becoming part of the horse was a means of putting aside the pains entailed in being a woman slung under a horse. No wonder, she thought, some women do not hesitate to have their limbs removed and just become a sheath.

Renate had dozed off when she felt her labia open. Sister Sandra was guiding Rapido's member inside her.

"Oh yesss!" moaned Renate.

Sister Sandra then injected Rapido's penis with the yerba dura. Renate felt it harden and lengthen inside her. Pretty soon it had filled her fully and was pressing on her cervix.

"Just remember to push yourself on the stirrups, Rapido," cautioned Sister Sandra.

Renate pushed on the stirrups to gain a few more centimeters and the horse in turn pushed in deeper. Her head was now protruding quite a bit from between the horse's front legs. She had never taken so much horse she knew and still the pressure on her cervix was strong.

"I can't push myself forward anymore, Sister Sandra," warned Renate. "And he still wants to go in further."

"I see," said Sandra as she worked on the ropes to help Renate's torso move forward a bit. "How does that feel?"

"Much better, Sister Sandra," replied Renate.

"Good, now, are you thirsty, Rapido?"

"A bit, Sister Sandra," admitted Renate.

Sister Sandra knelt in front of the horse and bend over and plopped a tit on Renate's mouth. The nun then coaxed her breast to release its milk while Renate sucked contented on the nipple. Then the nun offered the other breast and Renate drained it too. Finally the nun caressed Renate's brow and stood up.

"I will leave you thus for the night, Rapido" announced Sister Sandra. "Hopefully you will be alive in the morning. Start fucking yourself on his penis, if you can. If you think you have ruptured, call for the novice in charge of the night shift at the stable. She will get hold of me and I will help you take him all the way to the balls so you can go to Jesus. Understand?"

"Yes, Sister Sandra," moaned Renate.

Renate was thus left alone with her mount in the stall. Her feet had pushed on the stirrup and driven her forward to gain some relief. However, Rapido had just filled her even more with his member. The pressure in her cervix was intense and she felt a pang of pain. How long, she thought, would she be able to hover like this? Certainly all night would be impossible, she told herself. Worse, she felt the onset of some cramps in her stressed legs.

"I remember my first night, Rapido," said a woman's voice from the next stall which Renate recognized as Saeta. "Ah yes, I used to have legs. I was trying to keep the penis from rupturing my cervix. I pushed and pushed in desperation but then and the cramps soon ensued."

"I know, I can feel them coming," admitted Renate.

"The only way to get some relief is if you start fucking yourself by rocking your cradle," advised Saeta.

"I don't think I can! I feel about to rupture!" protested Renate.

"If you make him come he will soften a bit, in spite of the yerba dura, Rapido," advised Saeta. "You might have a chance to live then."

"Oh! But I do want to live and just become a sheath!" whimpered Renate.

"Then fuck yourself, Rapido," advised Saeta. "I am afraid is your only way out."

Renate moaned as a painful cramp grabbed one of her legs. She steeled herself and then pressed on her stirrups, hard, pushing herself a few centimeters forward. Then she began to swing herself unto his shaft. The pounding on her cervix was very painful.

Saeta could hear the creaking of Renate's cradle and the limbless woman encouraged her.

"Go Rapido! Fuck yourself hard on him! Go girl! Make him come!"

"Oh Jesus!" screamed Renate who thought she was on the verge of rupture.

Her mad swinging continued for what seemed to her a long time. Again, endorphins had kicked in and her lust was sublimating her pain. Renate built herself up to a massive orgasm. And then Rapido began to make thrusting motions pounding her. At that point Renate let the massive shaft inside her do the pushing. She gave up trying to oppose it and felt resigned to her fate. Tonight, she told herself, she was to be ruptured and die. And she did not regret it a bit.

Then Renate felt, again, the familiar ballooning of Rapido's head inside her. She was actually sorry she could not place her hands (they were bound) in her lower belly to feel the flare. The warmth of his semen filled her and actually pushed her forward once more. She lost consciousness again, both from exhaustion, from the pain, and from her orgasm.

When Renate woke up she knew not how long time had passed. It was very dark in the stable and her vision was limited to the underside of Rapido's head. The horse seemed asleep on its feet. The rain was falling steadily on the stable. She could hear the soft snoring of the limbless woman under Saeta in the next stall. The horse member was still buried deep inside her. If anything, yes, it felt slightly softer and the pressure on her cervix was less and actually endurable. Renate trembled when she felt a cold breeze on her legs. She pushed herself closer unto the horse's chest to get some warmth from it. The horse seemed to wake up in response.

"Easy boy," said Renate trying to calm him.

She then felt warmth filling her. No, she knew, the horse was not coming again. He was pissing inside her. The horse urine managed to tickle out and slithered down her ass. Renate cursed quietly. She already felt cold and clammy due to her own urine. Then she felt Rapido defecate. She wondered if she would be able to do likewise and doubted if her intestines would be able to, given how the horse member seemed to fill her. Anyway, at that point, thankfully, Renate had no urgent need to defecate. She supposed that once you were limbless and stuck permanently on a horse penis you got used to these indignities. The horse pee would, after all, wash her insides, sort of.

Dawn was about to break when Renate woke again feeling Rapido pound her once more. Frankly, she was beginning to enjoy it very much and felt it more than made up for the myriad discomforts

she had suffered so far. Because of the yerba dura, Rapido took a long time in coming which gladdened Renate indeed. The horse exploded inside her once more. And this time Renate felt his penis retract slowly out of her until it finally popped out followed by a gush of horse semen. Renate fell asleep one more time, wondering how dilated her cunt was and how much semen had filled her womb. Surely, she smiled as she felt asleep, there must be a puddle of horse semen in the ground underneath her pubes. Then she could not help herself for now her anus was not shut tight by the immense horse penis. She defecated, depositing her droppings right then and there and not caring whether or not to cleanse her butt. Hopefully someone would do so later, she told herself.

Renate was woken when Sister Sandra was undoing her straps.

“Well, you survived your first night, you little nympho,” smiled the nun. “And you even dirtied yourself. Fine. You are on your way to giving up being a woman and becoming just a horse penis sheath. How do you feel?”

Renate had collapsed on the sticky foul mud of the stall floor and could not help but hold on to her crotch. All she could do was moan.

“Stop complaining!” snarled the nun. “You got fucked real good! Now, stand up, my little nympho. I will have you take a quick shower. You look disgusting. Then I will give you a good whipping. That is what you really need!”

Renate managed to stand up on rubbery legs. The nun grabbed by the hand and took her away.

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## **X. Hades Arrives**

That night Renate was under Rapido once more. It was torture but she craved the horse member inside her. This time she spent the night with the horse penis up her ass. The horse came inside her three times on that occasion. It was like getting horse semen enemas. Afterwards Renate spent a good deal of time emptying her intestines and many times she had to run off to the convent latrines due to an onset of semen diarrhea. Nonetheless, she managed to endure and get used to taking the horse up her ass.

“Jesus!” laughed Fiona. “I almost have my arm all the way to my elbow!”

Renate dug her face into the nun’s bed. Her body was covered in sweat.

“It is not so bad, actually,” she said trying to smile. “It is worse when the horse fidgets and moves when he is inside you.”

“Now the trick will be if you can control your mount regardless of which orifice he is up to,” explained Fiona. “That is when you really become a bellyrider, girl, before you are just another nympho stuck under a horse.”

The weeks passed swiftly. Eventually Renate was led out with the horse penis inside her, sometimes in her vagina and other times up her anus. She got to enjoy the sensation of being fucked as the horse walked. Her innards toughened under the repeated onslaught. Her upside down position no longer made her nauseous. One day she was handed the reins while in the round pen.

“Coax him forward, Latigo,” instructed Sister Sandra.

Renate gave a tentative tug in the reins. Rapido took several steps forward but this caused the penis head to pound her cervix. The stab of pain almost made her lose her reins.

"You stupid little nympho!" cursed Sister Sandra. "Don't ever drop the reins!"

"No, Sister Sandra! I won't!" replied Renate.

"Good, now, pull on the reins and make him stop," instructed Sister Sandra.

This Renate did.

"Alright, Rapido, you have the idea, I hope," said Sister Sandra. "You will stay here in the round pen the rest of the day. Practice making him stop and start."

The next few days were spent like that. Renate was only uncoupled to attend noon time services. Every other night she would sleep in the stall, under Rapido, but more often she shared Fiona's bed. It was evident that the other women resented her status. Murmurs of "here comes the Mother Superior's little fuck toy" or "Fiona's nympho" reached her. That hurt more than the soreness Rapido's penis caused her.

"Let them talk, my love," said Fiona caressing her. "They will get even later, when I go to Christ."

"I don't want that!" protested Renate.

"Hush! Let us live for the moment," answered Fiona embracing and kissing her.

Painfully, slowly, Renate's control over Rapido increased. She now was able to make it wheel left or right and stop and start smoothly. One glorious morning, after a night spent in the stall with Rapido's member up her cunt, Sister Sandra let Renate and her horse out into the pasture where the limbless women were set out to pasture.

"Go on, see if you can guide him around in there," advised Sister Sandra handing her the reins. "It is safe. These horses are used to each other. Just don't lose your reins!"

Renate gave her horse a tentative coax to walk on and Rapido responded. The horse made its way slowly to where the herd of horses laid, next to a stream.

"Ah, you are there Renate," said Sylvia's voice coming from under a roan horse.

"Call me Rapido, please," replied Renate. "I am just his sheath."

Renate managed to catch a glimpse of Sylvia's legs. Next to her was a bay horse and she thought she saw Celina slung underneath.

"Amazing!" laughed Celina. "She is hard core! I thought Sister Sandra's torture had cured her nymphomania!"

"Of course not!" giggled Sylvia. "She is as horny a slut as ever slid under a horse!"

"You two are also learning to bellyride," smiled Renate.

"Learning? No! We are bellyriders now!" laughed Celina. "I hope to get my legs tattooed soon!"

"Yes, see if you can follow us, Rapido," said Sylvia. "You do want to earn your boots, right?"

Both novices coaxed their horses forward towards a copse of woods. Renate managed to coax her horse forward and steer it (sort off) in the same general direction. The younger women were obviously far more advanced in their training and Renate felt some frustration and more than ever was determined to become an expert bellyrider. Eventually Rapido joined the other horses underneath the shade of a large mango tree.

"This is a lovely place!" exclaimed Renate though her field of vision was limited.

"Aye! It is a lovely place to fuck!" exclaimed Sylvia as she and Celina began swinging themselves on the cradle.

Not to be outdone, Renate did likewise, swinging herself onto the horse member repeatedly. She was rewarded by Rapido beginning to pound her too. After a while all three horses were shaking the novice's torsos like so many rag dolls fucking them brutally. Their moans and cries of pain and ecstasy along with the creaking of the leather cradles was all that could be heard.

Eventually all three women laid spent in the cradles, having come repeatedly, and enjoying the sensation of fullness of the horse member and the semen that filled their wombs to bursting.

"Beat you back!" cried Sylvia eventually.

"Oh no, you don't!" answered Celina.

Both novices coaxed their horses to a brisk walk, almost a gallop, in the general direction of the stables.

"C'mon boy!" said Renate coaxing Rapido forward.

The horse began to walk at a brisk pace. The pounding Renate felt was brutal. She clenched her teeth. She was determined to not be less than the other two novices. She gave a yank to the reins and kicked his sides with her feet. Rapido actually began a fast gallop and overcame and reached the fence first.

"You are mad!" snarled Sylvia.

"She is probably ruptured!" added Celina. "The little slut wanted so much to beat us she got herself impaled! See how she is writhing!"

Actually, Renate was in the midst of a massive orgasm and could not answer. If she had ruptured frankly she did not care at all at that point.

"Someone come!" shouted Sylvia. "She is hurt!"

A couple of novices appeared and ran to the horses and led them all into the stables. Sister Sandra inspected Renate.

"No, the little slut is fine!" she announced.

Renate was then unstrapped. The bells were sounded. She had to attend the noontime mass. The news of her gallop spread all over the convent. Renate staggered and had a hard time walking, which caused all sorts of smirks from the other women. But she tried to act as dignified and proud as possible. She was, of course, dripping horse semen, lots of it, continuously. But then again, so did most of the other women. After mass, Renate and the other bellyriders staggered to the convent's

kitchen there to coax the horse semen that filled them into a large vat whose contents would be shared by all the women in large goblets during their meals. This drink Renate learned to enjoy a lot for it tasted both of horse and had the heady taste and smell of other women.

Fiona summoned her to her quarters after one such meal.

"Hello love," said the nun kissing her sticky lips as they arrived.

Both women embraced and kissed and caressed each other.

"Sister Sandra tells me you are becoming quite a skilled bellyrider," smiled Fiona as she led her to her bed. "I heard you even galloped. Very few women survive it."

"It was lovely and I did not care if it killed me! Sit on my face, my love, and drink from my cunt," replied Renate aroused. "I am full of Rapido's semen. It would be a waste to let it fall on the ground."

Both women entwined themselves in the 69 position. Fiona noted admiringly that Renate's cunt was now yawning open and the two labia lips did not meet. She pressed her mouth to Renate's cunt and licked and kissed it and drank her juices and the abundant horse semen that leaked out of her.

An hour later both women laid in the bed exhausted from coming repeatedly.

"Tell me, my little nympho," smiled Fiona mischievously tweaking one of Renate's nipples. "What am I supposed to do with the black stallion that was just delivered for you?"

"Hades is here? Really?" exclaimed Renate.

"Ah, yes, you know about it. Some old vaquero dropped it here a couple of days ago. It had been broken. A note from a lawyer Cardozo said it was for you specifically."

"Yes, he is mine," admitted Renate.

"And how could a novice that has given all her assets to the order have afforded such a horse? He is beautiful and he is a legend around these parts, I'll have you know."

Renate blushed.

"Do you want me to lie to you?" she asked. "I was not sure I would get used to this life. I had to hedge my bets, oui?"

Fiona shook her head.

"Damn you girl!" replied Fiona. "Alright, I won't ask anymore. Severa was right, you will be my downfall! Anyway, I told Sister Sandra to have you stuck under that horse tonight. Mind you, he is untrained. Most likely he will kill you and that will avoid any more uncomfortable questioning of how you were able to afford him, right? But given how strong your cunt has become I actually doubt it."

"Yes," answered Renate. "I will get my ass under him tonight. If he hurts me it will be God's will, right?"

Fiona pulled her to her and kissed her again.

"If you die, I shan't survive you for long," said Fiona holding her tightly.



"I know," answered Renate.

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XI. The Fourth Vow

When dusk fell, Renate walked unsteadily to the stable. Her pulse was racing and she was very nervous. Sister Sandra was awaiting and so was Hades. The black stallion looked magnificent.

"Jesus! I had not seen him up close before!" exclaimed Renate. "He must have some warmblood in him!"

"He is the largest horse I have ever seen, novice Renate. I am not really sure a woman could fit him," cautioned Sandra offering her a vase of Vaseline. "He is very thick and long. But I don't think you have a choice. Get in the cradle, Renate, Mother Superior ordered it."

"I know, Sister Sandra," smiled Renate grabbing the Vaseline and filling both her orifices with generous dollops. "I will let you decide which orifice you want me to use."

"I don't think it is even possible to take him up the ass," observed Sister Sandra. "I doubt you would be able to walk afterwards. No, I will put him up your cunt. Besides, I think it will hurt you more when he ruptures you."

Once Renate was in position, with her legs tied high against the horse's flanks, Sister Sandra started massaging the horse's sheath to make him drop.

"Let's see what this boy has," smiled Sandra.

Under Sister Sandra's expert coating a massive black shaft started appearing.

"Oh Jesus! This is a log! And so beautiful!" exclaimed Sister Sandra as she kissed and licked the massive shaft.

"Ohmigod!" moaned Renate. "Put it inside me! Please! I need it!"

"Just let me make sure it is well lubricated," replied Sandra. "I don't think this thing will even fit!"

Sister Sandra struggled to push the tip in. Renate had never been so stretched and tortured by a horse shaft. As it slowly pushed its way into her she felt as she was being cut in two and her moans and cries of ecstasy filled the stable. More than one of the women came by to inspect and admire the log that was buried inside Renate. Had Renate's cunt and intestine not been so calloused and toughened by then she would have ruptured. Any other woman or a beginning horse lover certainly would have died. Worse, Hades was not used to having a woman hanging from under him. Thankfully, Sandra hobbled him to insure Renate's safety. Nonetheless the horse complained a lot and shook once he was inside Renate. This caused plenty of distress for Renate who could not keep from crying in pain as the shaft entered her.

"I have never been so full!" cried Renate. "He is bottomed out!"

"Excellent! Now swing yourself, Hades," instructed Sister Sandra addressing her by the horse's name.

Renate tried to do just that but the shaft was altogether very thick. Still, she managed to push on the stirrups and slowly her torso began to swing back and forth as she fucked herself on the massive

shaft. The stallion got the idea of what was expected and soon started pounding her hard. It was a brutal fuck.

The word spread around the convent and nuns and novices showed up at the stable to watch Renate's mating. These included Fiona who watched as Renate's torso was tossed like a rag doll under the onslaught of the massive shaft. Renate was now moaning loudly. Her body shined with sweat.

"Does he have yerba dura?" asked Fiona to Sister Sandra.

"No, he doesn't," answered the nun.

"Then why the hell does he not come? She can't last long!" protested Fiona.

"Ah, he is coming now," smiled Sister Sandra.

"Collect it!" ordered Fiona and some novices placed a large bowl under Renate to capture the flood of semen that was coming out.

The novices collected the semen and handed the bowl to Fiona. It was almost full to the brim. Fiona approached Renate whose head protruded between the horse's front legs. She was breathing heavily and covered in sweat.

"I've never seen such a feat, Renate," said Fiona. "He must have been suffering a lot and his balls must have been about to burst."

Renate opened her eyes and smiled.

"The poor thing had not had a mare in some time," answered Renate. "And do call me Hades. One day I will just be his sheath, oui?"

"Fine, Hades," laughed Fiona. "Anyway, this is for you. You earned. Open your mouth and drink."

There was a lot of horse semen but Renate drank as much as she could. Then Fiona poured the rest into her face and hair and body. Eventually Renate was unstrapped and looked at Fiona proudly under a mask of drying horse semen. Even her hair was matted. The two women shared a long kiss. Renate's cunt was now a yawning cavern, truly a bellyrider's cunt.

"You survived mating with him," said Fiona. "Do you think you could ever bellyride him?"

"I don't know my love," smiled Renate. "It won't be for lack of trying."

It took several more painful weeks before Renate managed to gain full control of Hades and bellyride successfully in the pasture. Fiona was told of this and she summoned Renate. Given her prowess, Fiona announced that Renate had acquired to wear bellyrider "boots". Renate kissed her and happily set off to find the tattooist. It took a few days of pain but she eventually showed up before Fiona displaying her "boots" proudly.

"You look beautiful girl!" exclaimed Fiona admiring Renate's legs. "And your pussy looks lovely and so distended!"

Indeed, Renate's bodysuit was now finished and her vagina gaped open obscenely.

"I want to take my vows now, as a nun," said Renate in a serious voice.

"Are you sure?" asked Fiona.

"I have no doubts in my mind, my love," said Renate. "The horse penis is all that matters to me now. I feel empty and suffer when I don't have one inside. My cunt actually aches when it is not full."

"Ohmigod!" replied Fiona.

She reached for a bottle of cara juice.

"Take a swig, Renate, you are not exactly sane anymore," ordered Fiona.

"I am not sane? How about you? And how about the rest of the lunatic women in this convent? I am a nymphomaniac and can no longer deny it! I might as well live the rest of my days enjoying being a nymphomaniac!" replied Renate.

"Really?" laughed Fiona. "Only a few months ago you were telling me there was no such thing as a nymphomaniac!"

"Well, if such exist I have become one, my love," said Renate reluctantly taking a swig from the black bottle. "I doubt this will help or cure it. I want to take the fourth vow, my love, and become a full nun. Say you will let me do it, please!"

"Oh well, Renate my dear," said Fiona shaking her head. "I don't blame you for thinking that way. Hades is beautiful and his shaft is lovely. No wonder you want to fuck him all the time. Anyway, I will order it to be so. I cannot deny you anything. I love you too much. Besides, you and Sylvia and Celina have earned your wimples."

A few nights later Renate, Sylvia, and Celina laid kneeling in front of the entire congregation. All three novices wore their bellyrider boots proudly. And all recited their last vow, to take a horse shaft fully up to the balls, in loud, clear voices. Then they kissed Fiona's distended cunt and were ceremonially picked and placed inside a bellyrider's cradle, with their mount's penis up their cunts, there to remain for the next three days. If they survived, a likely thing given their tough cunts, they would be full nuns at the end of their ordeal.

The three women were led out slung under their mounts and let loose in the pasture. They were only brought in twice a day to be fed. Otherwise they stayed out there, coupled, even at night and under the rain.

"Don't worry," said Sister Sandra to Fiona who was watching them from afar. "Those three have very tough cunts. They will survive."

Fiona looked up at the sky.

"I just hope they don't get pneumonia," said Fiona.

"It will be as God wills, Mother Superior," replied Sister Sandra.

"Aye, it always is," answered Fiona.

Thus it was that three days later Renate was helped down from under Hades. Renate was in much pain and discomfort and could barely stand up but she was overjoyed at having survived her ordeal. She was now truly a bride of Christ, with a magnificent stallion to fuck her constantly and a lovely bodysuit adorning her. Fiona kissed her lips and handed her a wimple. Renate smiled proudly upon

first putting it on.

“From now on you are Sister Renate, my love,” announced the Mother Superior. “Unless you are bellyriding your horse, in which case you are Hades, nothing but Hades, for you are his sheath.”

“Sister Celina is hurting a lot,” explained Sister Sandra approaching. “You should look at her cunt, Sister Renate. I am afraid she needs a doctor.”

“Oui, I shall do that,” said Renate instructing some novices to carry the moaning Celina to the infirmary.

“I want to make love to you,” said Fiona.

“I want to do it so much,” replied Renate, “but I think I should see after Sister Celina first, my love. She is bleeding.”

“Walk with me then,” insisted Fiona.

Both women held hands and headed to the infirmary. Just then a very tan, tall, muscular, brunette nude woman walked into the courtyard leading a large black horse and some very full satchels. She wore a wimple and was obviously a nun and her face was not unattractive though a large ring hung from her septum.

“Who is she, love?” inquired Renate.

“That is Sister Mary Joseph,” said Fiona paling a bit. “She appears to have survived but I do not see her companion, Sister Alicia who must have died in the jungle. Nonetheless, I must go welcome her back. You go and look after Celina and also start preparing some red poppy for me, my love.”

END OF THE BRIDE