

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I. Celina

Sister Celina was laid on her back in a cot in the infirmary. Her cunt was bleeding profusely. Sister Sylvia held her hand. Sister Celina was very pale.

"She can't close her legs," explained Sylvia. "It hurts too much."

Renate said nothing and first applied herself to controlling the bleeding. She inspected Sister Celina's extremely dilated cunt.

"Will she live?" asked Sister Sylvia.

"Sister Francisca," ordered Renate without replying (frankly, she did not know), "find me some green penca salve and put it in some gauze."

Sister Francisca looked through her bottles while Renate kept inspecting the young woman's cunt.

"I am not afraid to go to Jesus!" exclaimed Sister Celina who was on the point of hyperventilating. "Take me to a horse and finish it! I am in too much pain!"

Renate raised her head.

"Stop talking that nonsense!" snarled Renate. "You are hurt, yes, three days bellyriding are bound to stress your innards."

"Please! I hurt! Give me the red poppy!" pleaded Sister Celina. "Let me take a horse to its balls!"

Sister Francisca passed Renate the gauzes dipped in green penca.

"Hold her down! There! This should help coagulation," noted Renate.

Next she had Sister Francisca prepare an injection to calm down Sister Celina. The young woman soon fell asleep.

"She is hurt," a tall and very tan nun with a large ring on her septum said as she entered the infirmary. "Most likely she won't walk again. You might as well give her the red poppy. She is a nun. She earned it."

Renate turned to face the woman.

"You must excuse me but I do not know you but I was told you are Sister Mary Joseph," replied Renate. "My name is Sister Renate Duplesis. I am a medical doctor. My specialty is gynecology. Sister Celina needs to be operated on as soon as possible."

"In the jungle anyone hurt that way would be given the red poppy to stoke their lust and make them eager to take the entire horse shaft," said Sister Mary Joseph. "I had to do just that to my companion Sister Alicia when she got hurt. She willingly took the horse shaft all the way to its balls and is now with Jesus. Believe me, she managed to thank me in the end."

Renate was hurriedly washing her blood covered hands.

"Sister Mary Joseph, with all due respect, whatever you do in the jungle does not apply here," said

Renate frostily. "This young woman needs immediate medical care. I see no reason to deny it to her. I intend to take her down to Recife as soon as we can get transportation."

"She did take the fourth vow!" protested Sister Mary Joseph.

Renate steeled herself. She knew that Sister Mary Joseph and Sister Sandra were the two senior nuns and one of them was likely to replace Fiona.

"And I took an oath to preserve life," snarled Renate. "Now do forgive me. I am sure that denying medical services is probably a criminal offense in Brazil, regardless of whatever vows the victim took, oui?"

"How dare you?" squawked Sister Mary Joseph. "You are talking heresy!"

"The closest hospital is in Bahia," explained Sister Francisca tentatively. "The local one is a stink hole. It is better if we put her suffering to an end."

"Aye, but the best surgeon around these parts is doctor Armenta. He has a clinic and it contains a small operating theater."

"Armenta? He hates the nuns!" protested Sister Francisca.

"I am going to talk to him," explained Renate. "Meanwhile, Sister Francisca, please press gauze into Celina's cunny and keep applying green penca. I don't want her to bleed to death and I can't even apply any sutures here! Damn! I don't have equipment! Keep her alive, understand? If she is not given access to care, I repeat, I will go to the authorities! Also cover her to keep her warm. Shock is likely to kill her too. I will pick up Sister Celina as soon as I can get hold of a taxi."

"Why should we care about your threats? Why should we not take her to a horse meanwhile?" asked Sister Mary Joseph.

"She is out due to the injection," pointed out Renate as she left the infirmary. "She must be awake and aware, you know that, to take the shaft fully. Otherwise you devalue the sacrament. Right?"

Sister Mary Joseph cursed quietly. Indeed a nun had to be conscious as she was helped on her way to Jesus. Renate headed resolutely to the stable where Hades was housed. She herself was in a good deal of pain, having been on the bellyriding cradle for the last three days. But she knew that if she managed to get Sister Celina out of the convent as soon as possible the more likely she would be able to live.

In the stall next to Hades she saw Plata. Fiona was on her knees next to it fellating him. Renate ignored her and shook her head. It was better not to involve the Mother Superior. Renate knew Fiona was herself obsessed with "going to Jesus" and most likely would order Sister Celina be helped on her way.. Renate found a bit and placed it on Hades and then she got on top of him, riding bareback. Then she took off at a gallop down to Recife.

Renate forced her way into Doctor Armenta's office. Armenta frowned upon seeing Renate, who wore a full body tattoo and was nude except for her wimple. Renate explained matters in a succinct and very professional manner.

"Before we continue, doctor Duplesis," said Armenta frostily, "I would appreciate it if you were to cover yourself with the lab coat yonder."

"Oui," answered Renate quietly donning the coat and not protesting that she had taken a vow of nudity.

"Now," said Armenta, "how long has this nun been injured?"

"It is hard to tell," admitted Renate, who suddenly felt very uncomfortable wearing clothes. "We were strapped in a three day bellyride and put out to pasture. I heard her moan loudly a few hours before we were unsaddled but...we had all been moaning for the last three days."

"Of all people I never expected you to become one of those nuns," said Armenta shaking his head.

Renate was about to protest but Armenta raised a hand.

"I know, this is not the time to discuss your 'religious vocation', doctor Duplesis," conceded Armenta. "Given the extent of the injuries of this young woman then we have to hurry up lest we lose her to peritonitis or she bleeds to death."

"Her name is Sister Celina," explained Renate. "She is of a good family from around Sao Paolo. But you are right, doctor Armenta, time is at a premium."

"Will you help me operate?" asked Armenta. "My hands are not as steady as they used to be and that particular portion of a woman's anatomy is your specialty."

"Oui, of course!"

"Fine," concluded Armenta. "This are the keys to my car. Do you know how to drive?"

"I do."

"Go get her, doctor Duplesis," said Armenta. "I will ready the operating room here."

It was close to midnight when Armenta and Renate came out of the operating room. Renate changed to a clean lab robe, her only garment.

"I don't know about you, doctor Duplesis," said Armenta removing his now bloody lab coat, "but I need a swig of rum."

"So do I," admitted Renate following him to his office.

The old doctor served two glasses and handed one to Renate.

"Your heath," said Armenta.

"Merci."

"She will not last the night," said Armenta quietly. "You know it too."

"Oui, I understand," answered Renate quietly. "Your night nurses will keep her asleep until the end. The damage was too extensive."

"I could not help but ask myself why a young woman like that would do this to herself," mused Armenta.

"She did not have a choice," explained Renate. "Her family send her to become a nun."

"May I ask you a question?"

Renate smiled. "I suppose you want to know why I took my vows."

Armenta took a swig.

"I never understood why my daughter did it," said Armenta. "But do excuse me, forget I asked, I have no right to. It was her choice, I guess. I never have accepted it and can hardly understand it. Then you show up...like this...and I am even more confused."

The old man looked very tired.

"It is fine," smiled Renate. "Sometimes I wonder myself. All I can tell you is I have never felt freer. It is amazing what a powerful drug freedom can be."

"When you first met me I wondered how good a doctor you were," explained Armenta. "I entertained the thought you would take over my practice. I have now seen that you are indeed very good. But alas, I don't see how the locals would react to be treated by a nun such as you are."

"I understand," smiled Renate. "Who would want to be treated by a nudist tattooed nun that shags with horses?"

"I did not mean it that way," hurried Armenta to say.

"But it is the way it is," insisted Renate. "The poor, however, do not care. Anyway, I thank you for not refusing to treat Sister Celina. I know you did your best."

"It is late," pointed out Armenta. "Sister Celina is on a room down the corridor. I ordered a cot to be put there, next to her bed, if you wish to stay next to her."

"Merci."

Sometime right before sunrise Renate awoke to check Celina's vitals. She was dead.

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## II. Conclave

It was late in the day that Celina died that Renate mounted Hades and rode dejectedly back to the convent. She had made arrangements for the body to be taken back to the convent the next day. The nuns, she knew, would take care of the body.

Renate sought Fiona upon arrival. She was told the Mother Superior was at her quarters. Renate did not bother to knock and made her way into the Mother Superior's quarters. She could hear moaning. Fiona was not alone. Renate could see that the Mother Superior was entwined in lovemaking with two other women. She recognized them as Sister Sandra and Sister Mary Joseph, the two senior nuns. Renate retreated slowly, not willing to interrupt their lovemaking. She stood in the convent's courtyard and actually felt a pang of jealousy. This was uncalled for, she knew, for Fiona had taken the same vows as she had and her body did not belong to her but to the order. Dejected, Renate walked towards the stable. She would sleep under Hades, with his penis inside her, she thought.

Renate entered the convent stable. The lights were doused. There were several women slung under the horses apparently sleeping or moaning. She went to look for the novice in charge to help her be strapped under Bucefalo. There was a light on farther down the corridor. Renate found Sylvia and a

novice standing around a horse. She recognized it as Saeta.

"What is wrong?" asked Renate.

"I heard a loud cry 15 minutes ago," explained a novice, "and I woke up Sister Sylvia."

The young novice was very pale and shaking. Renate had seen her take her vows just a few weeks before and still had some trouble walking straight after being sodomized by a horse for the first time in her life. The novice wore the tattooed mask but her body was not yet tattooed. She was charged with staying awake during the night and monitoring the women sleeping under their horses.

"She is a goner," explained Sylvia.

"Oh Jesus!" replied Renate.

She knelt under the horse. The horse's balls did rest against the limbless woman's pubes. The entire horse shaft was inside her. It was still hard, due to the yerba dura. The limbless woman's eyes and mouth were open and she was obviously dead. Her face was covered in blood and horse semen, yet one could see she bore a quiet smile and her eyes stared into nothingness almost contemplatively.

"The horse must have come inside her and the semen came out of her mouth," noted Sylvia, actually licking her lips. "The tip must be up to her chest, behind her breasts."

"I think it was quick," said the novice. "I immediately went to check on her and I saw she had taken the whole shaft and was no longer moving. There was semen and blood streaming out of her mouth."

"What is your name, novice?" asked Renate.

"Andrea, sister," replied the novice.

"Be a good girl, Andrea, and bring me a bucket with clean water and some rags please," said Renate.

When these were brought, Renate set about to gently clean the dead woman's face. She was pretty, thought Renate, and felt sorry she had not stolen a kiss from her when she was alive. Renate estimated her to be in her forties and her torso was in very good shape. But, wondered Renate, was she someone's mother or sister or daughter?

"Does anyone even know her name?" asked Renate.

"It should be on the convent records," explained the novice. "Once she became Saeta's sheath we only called her by that name."

"Aye, that is proper," agreed Renate. "Well, her body is not tattooed. She is not a nun though she wears the mask."

"All women put out to pasture take on the mask," clarified Sylvia. "I read on the records Saeta had been three years out to pasture. Some women of the hacendado class like to be torsified and put out to pasture. My grandmother went that way."

Renate noted that Sister Sylvia did not seem unfazed. After all, most women averaged a year out to pasture before rupturing. Everyone knew it would happen sooner or later. Saeta had had a pretty long ride. Not that Renate felt comfortable with the idea.

"I checked the penis at midnight," explained the novice. "It was softening and I gave it another shot

of yerba dura. Saeta actually thanked me.”

“You talked to her then? Was she coherent?” asked Renate.

“Yes,” explained the novice. “She was very much aware and actually seemed quite happy. We talked about how the monsoon was about to end and how happy she was about it. Then she must have had a premonition for she told me out of the blue that she regretted nothing. Then she defecated and pissed and I cleansed her. Once she felt the shaft harden she thanked me and made me bend down and kiss her. I noted that the shaft was quite in deep. She said it had actually entered her womb.”

“Aye,” said Renate. “The yerba dura tends to dilate the cervical os and eventually the head makes its way into it. This means that it is inevitable that sooner or later the woman will rupture. “

“They have told me that when that happens the rupture is just a matter of days, at the most, maybe hours” added Sylvia.

The young novice nodded.

“I have heard the same,” replied Andrea. “And I am sure she also knew.”

“Did you ask her if she wanted some centimeters taken out?” asked Renate.

“No, sister,” replied Andrea shaking her head. “She refused to have any of the shaft withdrawn and told me it would be as God willed it.”

“Yes, indeed,” agreed Renate.

“Perhaps I should have alerted one of the sisters,” said Andrea in a trembling voice.

“What for?” answered Sylvia. “It was her time. It happens all the time. We have a dozen women out to pasture here. I doubt half will last the year.”

“I did ask her if she needed something else and she asked for a bit of rum for the chill,” explained Andrea. “I serve her a drink. Then I adjusted the straps to insure she was close to the horse chest to keep warm.”

The novice was obviously nervous, realized Renate.

“Aye, it is a chilly night,” agreed Renate as she quickly inspected the straps. “Relax, Andrea. The ropes are fine. There is even some play on the cradle. The horse must have started pounding her later. And since it was already into her womb it was bound to happen. It is not your fault that she was ruptured. As Sylvia said, it was her time.”

“It is the natural way of things,” said Sylvia hugging and kissing the novice. “Anyone who is put out to pasture knows that it will happen sooner or later.”

“Are we going to uncouple her then?” asked Renate.

“It is almost two in the morning, Renate,” said Sylvia. “I will let the Mother Superior know in the morning and then we can take her off. We’ll give the horse another shot of yerba dura to keep it hard. I am sure she would have liked that. By the way, how is Celina?”

And Renate explained what happened. Now, that did impact Sylvia. She stood there wordless. She and Celina had been very close. Renate quietly ordered the novice to put Saeta back in its stall. Then

she took Sylvia by the arm. The two nuns walked back to Sister Severa's cloister which Sylvia had taken over.

"Sit down, Sylvia," said Renate looking through the cupboard. "I think you and I need also need a shot of rum."

She filled a mug and made Sylvia drink. The young nun broke down in tears. Renate hugged her.

"Horny little bitch," moaned Sylvia, "I loved her."

"I know," said Renate.

"She was asking to take the whole shaft when she got hurt," remembered Sylvia. "Maybe it would have been best if we had allowed her. She would have died very happy."

Renate winced. It was due to her insistence in taking Celina down to Recife that had prevented that. Renate refilled Sylvia's mug and filled one for herself.

"Oui, it was my fault," admitted Renate. "Maybe my vocation is not as strong as yours or Celina's. I am sure that the Mother Superior will have to chastise me. If they want me to take the red poppy to atone for my mistake I will do so gladly."

"The Mother Superior will have to be told in the morning," said Sylvia who seemed to have calmed down. "And also about the death of Saeta's sheath. But I doubt she will dictate sentence on you just yet."

"Why is that?" asked Renate.

"She is in 'conclave' with the two senior nuns," explained Sylvia. "This morning they all took a diluted dose of red poppy and are now in heat and will be lovemaking for several days and are not to be molested. They are not exactly sane. You were in heat yourself, Renate."

"I saw them lovemaking," admitted Renate. "But I dared not interrupt. Why did they do it?"

"It is good that you didn't interrupt them," added Sylvia. "As for why, well, everyone knows that Fiona must go. Either she will be take the entire horse shaft or she will become a torso and be put out to pasture. But they need the Holy Spirit to give them a clear indication, hence their being in 'conclave'."

"How long will this last?" asked Renate.

"Who knows!" admitted Sylvia. "Meanwhile, we will have to let the Mother Superior know, even if she is not wholly coherent about the two deaths. And you and I will have to insure the bodies are well cared for."

"Are we to bury them?" asked Renate.

"Yes, in the field where the women are put out to pasture," explained Sylvia.

"I see," said Renate. "I suppose it's for the best."

The two women hugged.

"Your breasts are full, Renate," said Sylvia cupping these with her hands. "I bet you have not been



milked in days.”

“Yes, they ache,” admitted Renate.

“Our nursing on each other is sacrament just like partaking of the blood and flesh of Christ during mass,” said Sylvia. “And that is why the nuns made us start lactating and nursing on each other and on them while we were novices.”

Sylvia licked the tip of one of Renate’s breasts.

“I do need to be nursed,” said Renate.

“And my breasts are about to burst too,” added Sylvia. “Come, let us relieve each other. Things will work out in the morning.”

“Oui,” agreed Renate as she Sylvia held hands and got in the bed. The two women placed their mouths on a breast and proceeded to nurse on each other. They felt asleep on each other’s arms.

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III. Fiona in Heat

It was right after the morning service that Sylvia and Renate intruded into Fiona’s chambers. On the Mother Superior’s bed were three entangled women and it was hard to tell where one began and ended. The odor of aroused womanhood hung heavily in her cloister. Renate and Sylvia had to open one of the windows to let in some air. Renate placed a tray with food and drink in a table, including a bowl with freshly collected horse semen. Even nymphomaniacs in heat need to eat and drink. Fiona’s head protruded from between Sister Sandra’s legs. She was asleep.

Sylvia and Renate each planted a kiss on Fiona’s mouth, the correct way in which nuns waked each other. Fiona responded in her sleep pushing her tongue into their mouths. Her mouth tasted of women’s juices. Renate caressed her brow and the Mother Superior’s eyes eventually opened. They were very bright.

Sylvia briefed Fiona about Celina and Saeta’s death. Fiona said nothing at first. Then she spoke. It was evident she was having a hard time being coherent.

“Please, I can’t talk much, I can hardly control my orgasms,” said Fiona. “Take care of the bodies you two. I can’t decide much right now.”

Renate poured horse semen into Fiona’s mouth and she drank eagerly. That which overflowed Renate rubbed into Fiona’s face. Then Fiona pressed her mouth to Sister Sandra’s pubes. The other two women began to writhe and caress and lick each other. Their moans of lust filled the chamber.

Sylvia and Renate left Fiona’s chamber without saying a word. But once outside Renate voiced her concerns.

“She does not seem to be able to come down from her fever,” noted Renate.

“It would not surprise me if they start bellowing that they want to go to Christ,” noted Sylvia.

Renate had gained a healthy respect for the jungle pharmacopeia and knew that the red poppy was not to be trifled with. It was hard to titrate the dose for one woman, let alone three.

"Maybe we should slip some cara juice into their drink," noted Renate. "It helps suppress the libido."

"Just as long as they don't become frigid!" laughed Sylvia.

"I doubt that will ever occur!" replied Renate also laughing.

It was at that point that Celina's body arrived. Sister Francisca, the apothecary, took charge and asked Renate to help her. Celina's body was laid on a table at the pharmacy and the nuns proceeded to wash her. Then they wrapped her in a rough sheet and sewed it shut. Sylvia then arrived with Saeta's body and it received a similar treatment.

"We will keep them in the chapel for now," said Sister Francisca. "We'll say the rosary in their honor this afternoon. In the morning I have summoned some men to take their bodies out to the pasture."

The bells were now calling for the midday service. Renate went along as if in a trance. Celina's and Saeta's death and Fiona's and the other senior nuns' unbridled nymphomania had been hard to take in.

When the service ended she pulled Sylvia apart.

"I need a good fuck, Sylvia," said Renate. "This past few days have been hard to adjust to."

"I know exactly what you mean," replied Sylvia. "Why don't you saddle up and bellyride to Recife? That should give you a good fuck."

"I might not be back for Celina's rosary," said Renate.

"Oh don't worry, I am sure Celina would approve," smiled Sylvia. "Tell you what, have that novice Andrea accompany you and hold on to the bridle? I don't think the poor girl has been out of the convent naked before."

Renate smiled mischievously. She remembered how nervous she was the first time she stepped outside of the convent naked.

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#### **IV. The Road to Recife**

Pretty soon Renate was in the bellyriding saddle. Her legs were tied high against Hades' flanks. The novice, Andrea, was tying the straps.

"I want it deep, Andrea, make it hurt me," said Renate in a husky voice. Her arousal was imminent. Her nipples stood up tumescent.

"You look wonderful Sister Renate," said the novice. "I will make sure it is in deep and take you out to the pasture."

"No dear," explained Renate, "I want you to tie my hands and lead my horse down to the market place in Recife."

"But..." replied Andrea.

"I know, it is your first time out naked in public," smiled Renate. "Believe me, it is something you will enjoy after a while. Don't be ashamed of what you are, a Naked Sister of Mary Magdalene. That

tattooed mask in your face will mark you as such to anyone who looks at you.”

“Well, it’s not that, sister,” said Andrea blushing. “I don’t mind going out nude in public. I grew up in the Matto Grosso and did not wear clothes until I hit puberty.”

Renate looked at the young woman. She was indeed heavily tanned. At first Renate had mistaken her for a mestizo. But her features were Iberian.

“So, what is it?” asked Renate.

“I feel so ashamed of what happened to Saeta!” replied Andrea.

“Get over it, girl, we all will take the shaft all the way some day,” said Renate in a stern voice. “Surely you know that. Live for the moment, Andrea, get as much pleasure as you can from your body now. God will decide the rest, right? And if and when we does we must accept it.”

Andrea blushed and mumbled an apology. Then she massaged Hades’ shaft to make it drop and pressed it against Renate’s distended vagina. The tip went in easily. Renate moaned contentedly feeling the head inside her. Then Andrea proceeded to inject the horse penis and it began to engorge and distend. It had only one place to go, into Renate, and she arched her back as she felt inch after inch of hard horse penis enter her. Then she felt the familiar pressure of the horse head against her cervix.

“I have bottomed out,” said Renate.

“I know you want it deep, Hades,” replied Andrea, addressing her by the horse’s name for at that point Renate was nothing more than a part of his sheath. “Do you want me to push you even farther onto the shaft?”

“Yes, please!” moaned Renate.

“Here,” offered Andrea giving Renate the two ropes that controlled depth. “Grab and pull. It will drive yourself forward as much as you want.”

“Fine, help me along,” instructed Renate. “Push me down.”

Andrea placed her hands on Renate’s shoulders. Renate took a deep breath. Her hands were holding on to the ropes in a death grip.

“Now! Oh Jesus!” cried Renate as she pulled on the ropes. Andrea applied pressure on her shoulders. Renate’ torso moved down a centimeter. A stab of pain came from her insides. Renate could not help to cry out.

“Are you alright, Hades?” asked Andrea with concern. She ceased the pressure on Renate’s shoulders.

Renate was close to hyperventilating but she managed to steel herself and nod that she was fine. Then she gave the ropes another pull as Andrea pushed on her shoulders. The pain was intense. Renate could not help but shriek and let go of the ropes. Andrea stared at her wide eyed.

“Is that deep enough, Hades?” asked the novice.

“Jesus, yesss!” moaned Renate.

Andrea then proceeded to tighten all the straps that held Renate in place.

“Are you ready, Hades?” asked the novice.

“I guess I am...why should I not be? I am just his sheath...” moaned Renate. She thought she was going to die that very day but frankly did not care.

Andrea then tied Renate’s hands then to the horse flank and finished securing all the straps. Renate was flush against Hades’ chest now. Her head protruded between his two front legs. Andrea placed a cradle to keep her head from dangling and placed and fastened a hard hat on Renate’ head. Renate could feel the remorseless pressure of the horse head. She was going to be hurt given this depth of penetration she knew, but eventually felt a sense of bliss nonetheless. All her tribulations of the past couple of days, her unsuccessful attempt to save Celina and then her death and the uncertainty regarding Fiona, these cares all banished. Everything that mattered was that thick horse member buried inside her.

“There! You are ready now,” said Andrea.

“Oh yes, go on, please! Lead on!” replied Renate.

Andrea crossed herself when she stepped out of the convent leading Hades. It was around two in the afternoon. The heat rose in waves. The young woman drew a deep breath and tugged on Hades’ reins and made her way down towards Recife.

Renate, meanwhile, was in ecstasy. She had mated openly with horses in the market square but had never bellyridden in public. She wanted to cry out her joy and shout that she was being fucked by a horse but knew it was pretty much self-evident to anyone who glanced in her direction.

“Oh Jesus!” exclaimed Andrea.

“What is wrong?” asked Renate. Her field of vision was limited.

“The road is clogged with traffic, Hades,” explained Andrea.

Renate managed to see that the crowd carried boxes with chickens, dogs on leashes, and led horses, donkeys, and even oxen. It suddenly dawned on Renate what was going on.

“Ohmigod! Today is the feast of St. Anthony,” said Renate. “The ranchers are taking their animals down to Recife to be blessed by the bishop.”

“Oh Jesus!” blushed Andrea. She used her one free hand to cover her chest.

“Relax, dear,” laughed Renate. “These folks all know what we are. Don’t cover yourself. You have a lovely body. Let them rejoice in your sight.”

Andrea managed to walk unconcernedly through the crowd trying to ignore the stares of the crowd. Frankly, their attention was on Renate slung underneath Hades with his shaft buried deep into her. As her mount walked, Renate could feel the horse shaft pull out a few inches (without actually exiting her vagina) and then pound inward again. Eventually Renate’s cunt was now foaming with Hade’s precum and her own abundant juices. Pinned tight as she was she could not do much but just allow herself to be pounded mercilessly. Stabs of pain made her moan everytime the shaft pounded her cervix.

Then Renate heard cheering and applause.

“What is going on?” asked Renate.

“It is for you, Hades,” explained Andrea. “They are cheering you for being fucked in that manner.”

“Yes!” shouted Renate at the top of her lungs in a mixture of French and pidgin Portuguese. “I am being fucked by a horse and I love it! It is very deep! Aaaargh! I don’t care...if it kills me! Oh sweet Jesus! It hurts! A lot! I am being fucked! By my horse! Oh God! I am going to die! He is so big! It is in so deep! Yes! Yes! Fuck me hard!”

As a result the cheering increased. Some of the travelers came forward and extended alms to Andrea. She stopped and took the money (she was not a foolish girl) and placed it on Hades’ satchels. Then Hades began making hard thrusting motions. Renate’s torso was driven back and forth due to the onslaught. A crowd formed around them.

“He is going to come!” shouted Renate.

There was now applause all around. Andrea took the alms bowl out of Hades’ satchels and knelt next to the union between Renate and Hades. It was like watching a piston hammer up close. The shaft, when it retracted seemed to pull Renate’s innards. But when it drove in it pulled in even her very erect clitoris. Renate’s body was now covered in sweat and a continuous flow of precum and womanly juices now dripped between her buttocks and down to the road’s pavement. Andrea massaged the horse penis and its testicles.

Then Andrea noticed the testicles quiver and pull up. She gently squeezed these. The horse was coming. Renate’s body tensed and she let out a loud moan. Andrea could see her lower belly bulge suddenly. It was the flare: the tip of the horse penis was ballooning inside Renate. The tip of Hades’ penis laid flush against Renate’s cervical os or opening and through there a jet of horse semen erupted filling her womb to almost bursting. The hydraulic hammer of the horse semen actually drove Renate forward a couple of centimeters, even though she was tightly bound underneath Hades.

The flood of semen then erupted from Renate’s pubes and fell on Andrea’s face and chest. The novice willingly opened her mouth to receive as much as the semen as fell on her face while she held the alms bowl to collect the horse seed. The crowd was cheering. A puddle of semen had formed nonetheless underneath Renate. Andrea stood up, her face and chest covered in long ropes of horse semen. The alms bowl was about to overflow. The young novice suddenly was very much aware of her nudity and how she had been baptized in semen. But now her libido was thoroughly aroused. She smiled at the crowd and proceeded to rub the horse seed into her face, hair, and chest. Suddenly, she realized, she felt very proud about being a Naked Sister of Mary Magdalene. Andrea then knelt next to Renate, who seemed to have passed out, and gently caressed her face with a sticky hand.

“Am I bleeding?” asked Renate opening her eyes wide.

“Not that I can see, Hades”, answered the novice. “Can you breathe?”

“Oui,” replied Renate.

“Then you are not ruptured,” noted Andrea. “And the crowd seems to like you.”

Indeed, the cheering continued and even increased when Andrea held the alms bowl to Renate’s lips

and poured horse semen into her mouth. That done, Andrea offered the alms bowl and soon it was overflowing with coins. Andrea had to empty the alms bowl several times into Hades' satchels to accommodate all the coinage being offered.

"Do you want to go on?" asked Andrea.

"Yes, but let's not go to the marketplace," instructed Renate. "Go to the park in front of the cathedral."

"Why, Hades?"

"Well, first, if I get ruptured it will be easier to find a priest to give me absolution," explained Renate. "Also, the country folks will be taking their animals there for the blessing."

"If that happens, I will look for a doctor first!" answered Andrea.

"No, please don't!" pleaded Renate. "Let me die on the shaft, please, it will be more peaceful, I think. I have earned it!"

"I am not sure, Hades", protested Andrea.

"Just do as I say, please," begged Renate. "That is how I want to die. Also, Andrea..."

"Yes, Hades?"

"I saw how you stood up so brazenly and rubbed the horse semen into your face and chest and smiled at the crowd," said Renate. "I am proud of you. We will make a nymphomaniac out of you for sure."

"No," laughed Andrea, "I think I already are and am proud of it!"

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V. The Park

The park in front of the cathedral was a lovely place that Renate had discovered before she joined the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene. There was plenty of shade from mature trees and benches and several fountains. Vendors and family groups and idlers filled it. No one seemed to mind a naked, fully tattooed, woman bellyriding in public while escorted by a young woman wearing a tattooed face mask, a smile, and nothing more. Andrea tied up Hades to a bench such that Renate could see the cathedral atrium. There was a crowd with baskets of chickens and leading all kind of farm animals.

Renate pondered her situation. The horse shaft threatened to push its way and rupture her womb. She was in considerable pain. It was now that Sister Sandra's cruel whippings and tortures she had applied to Renate came in handy. Indeed, Renate's pain threshold had been increased. Not only was the pain a factor, she felt her belly extremely distended. Her womb had been filled to bursting with horse semen and it probably looked as if she were pregnant.

Renate concentrated on the sheer perversity of what she was doing in public, to herself. Not since the time she had tried to get herself ruptured by a horse on a stage in a dingy cabaret in Berlin had she felt this brazen and aroused. The pain became less important as her libido increased.

Andrea, meanwhile, had verified that Hades' shaft remained hard inside Renate. It was. There was

no need to reinject it with yerba dura. Then the novice took out an apple from Hades' satchels and offered it to the horse.

Renate, whose face protruded from between Hades' front legs smiled as she saw her horse eating.

"Do you want some, Hades?"

"No, thank you," smiled Renate. "I am thirsty."

"I have some rum," offered Andrea.

"No, keep it for later. Pee on my mouth please," asked Renate.

Urolagmia had been part of the jungle training the nuns underwent. Sometimes finding potable water was not possible in the Amazon. Hence they had trained themselves to drink each other's urine.

Without saying anymore, Andrea knelt down in front of Renate's face and pressed her cunt to Renate's mouth. Renate's tongue licked eagerly the young woman's juicy cunt. Then Andrea relieved herself on Renate's mouth and she drank eagerly.

"Thank you, Andrea," smiled Renate once the novice finished.

Various idlers could not help but look. A man leading a large goat approached the two women and doffed his hat.

"Mother," said the man addressing Renate who was obviously the full nun because of her full body tattoo, "the bishop blessed my goat here so he would father many offspring. But I have heard that you all bless them by sucking on their member. Could I ask you to do so?"

"Alas, Monsieur," smiled Renate, "I would be glad to do so, though my mobility is limited, but I think it would be good practice for the novice here to do so. Would you be so kind, Andrea?"

Andrea looked at Renate bewildered for a moment. But then she knelt next to the goat. She had coaxed many horses to become erect, she thought, certainly what worked on a horse would work on a goat.

Andrea was not wrong. The goat soon displayed a thin red penis. It seemed puny to Andrea who was used to fellating horse members.

"Go on, Andrea, you are a novice of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene," said Renate in a quiet voice.

Andrea crossed herself. She then spit on her hand and removed what crud could be seen on the animal's penis. Andrea then pressed her mouth to the penis and started sucking on the goat's member while its owner held on to his horns to keep it steady. The animal fidgeted and bleated at first. But then it dawned on him what was being required. It started making thrusting motions with its hind legs, fucking Andrea in the mouth. A salty jet of goat semen then filled out her mouth. She sucked more eagerly trying to swallow as much as she could while vigorously massaging the goat member. The animal seemed to squirt endlessly and, despite Andrea's eagerness to swallow, ropy strings of amber goat semen started to come out of her mouth. Finally, the copious ejaculation subsided and Andre licked the member clean. She then stood smiling, her face was covered in the goat's ejaculate and she smiled at Renate, who winked back at her.

"Thank you sister," said the man, placing some coins in the begging bowl.

"I am proud of you, Andrea," said Renate.

"It is very salty," smiled Andrea, taking a swig of the rum. She felt exhilarated at having engaged in an act of bestiality in public for the first time.

"Sisters," said a ranchoero doffing his hat. "Can you do him?"

The ranchoero pointed out to a large oxen that stood patiently nearby, its horns decorated with flowers as is accustomed for the blessing of St. Francis. Andrea looked back at Renate with uncertainty.

"Is he gentle?" asked Renate.

"Oh, Pablito is a gentle baby," replied the ranchoero.

"OK, but listen Andrea," instructed Renate, "don't get under him. Fellate him. That should be a proper blessing. You, señor, must hold him steady and make sure he does not kick her."

"I will stand next to her and my boys will hold Pablito," replied the ranchoero.

By now Andrea was thoroughly aroused. Her eyes gleamed in anticipation and she smiled when Renate nodded her agreement. The ranchoero brought the oxen closer. By now a crowd had formed and they all watched making hushed comments. Andrea knelt next to the oxen. She looked up at the ranchoero. His men were holding on to the beast and the man nodded his agreement.

"Please go ahead, sister," said the man.

Andrea crossed herself. She reached for the oxen's balls and gently caressed them. The beast did not seem to react negatively. She then started massaging his sheath to coax the penis to come out. This took a good deal of rubbing and massaging and Andrea even pressed her lips to the sheath to induce an erection. She also licked the oxen's balls which hung like to turgid balloons. Soon, Andrea's ministrations were rewarded. A very long and thick member started dropping out. Andrea could feel her juices flowing. How she wanted that member inside her! She held it in her hands lovingly and turned and displayed it to Renate.

"Please, sister, may I?" asked Andrea. "It is as thick as some of the horses I have taken. I want it inside me! Please!"

"OK, dear," said Renate after a while. She understood the need the young novice felt. "But be ready to disengage at the first sign!"

Andrea bent her knees and placed herself back to the oxen and guided its member against her now dripping pubes. She struggled to get the wide head in. The animal stomped.

"It's OK, sister, we have him tight," said the ranchoero. He placed his hand on her shoulder, both to help her push herself down onto the shaft or to grab her and pull her away if needed.

"I am going to have to bend under him," said Andrea in a quiet voice. "Guide the shaft and push it into me, please."

"You'd better not," admonished Renate.

Andrea just shook her head and proceeded to place herself bent down under the animal. The ranchero placed the penis head against her pubes and used a hand to open the young novice's cunt while pushing the member into her. Andrea did not mind the man's fingers prodding her open and she willed herself unto the shaft offered. She then felt her vagina distend as the shaft penetrated her.

"It is in!" moaned Andrea. "Push it deeper, please."

The ranchero did as instructed. He also signaled to one of his men who applied gentle pressure on Andrea's shoulders. The young novice whimpered and her bare feet grabbed desperately to the pavement to keep her grip as the shaft entered her slowly and cruelly. The oxen actually took a step forward, despite the men's steady hold, driving even more of his member into Andrea. The animal realized he was being mated with a very tight and very wet female and started making thrusting motions. Andrea was now moaning in lust and pain while the ranchero and the other man holding her by the shoulders kept Andrea in place while the oxen fucked her.

"I think that is deep enough, father," said the young man holding on to Andrea's shoulders.

"No! Deeper! Please!" moaned Andrea who was by now driven mad with lust.

"No, don't push her anymore! She would rupture! Ohmigod!" exclaimed the ranchero. "Just steady her, Antonio, Pablito will come soon, I hope."

The merciless pounding continued. Andrea was now covered in a sweat. She reached for Antonio and stared at him wild eyed. The young man was good looking. Andrea could not help press her lips to his and the young man replied willingly.

"Pinch my tits, please!" moaned Andrea. Antonio grabbed on these and did so.

Just then a jet of semen erupted from Andrea's pubes as Pablito came. The animal issued a great bellow. Andrea trembled and moaned as she also came. Then the men held her in place as the shaft slowly retracted out of her.

Andrea stood up on unsteady feet. Antonio steadied her. Everyone stared wide eyed at Andrea's very dilated cunt from which long ropes of semen were now dripping.

"Collect it!" ordered Renate. "You earned it!"

Andrea walked unsteadily to the satchels hung in Renate's horse and found a wide thermos bottle. She then proceeded to collect the semen dripping out of her, eventually filling it to the brim. The oxen's balls must have been about to burst and were extremely generous. What still came out she proceeded to grab in her cupped hands. She drank some and the rest she rubbed it all over her naked body. She smiled at the crowd and opened her mouth to show a gob of semen that filled it and blew a kiss to Antonio.

"Ohmigod!" exclaimed Antonio. "Could I get a blowjob?"

"Watch what you say, boy!" admonished the ranchero. "She is married to Christ! It would be blasphemy to have her serve a man!"

"That is true, monsieur," replied Renate. "She may not be touched by a man, I am afraid. However, as you can see, I myself am mated right now with Christ's avatar, this lovely beast whose thick penis is inside me. The rules of my order allow that my mouth may then be used by men. Go on. If you

come in my mouth I will do my best to swallow.”

“Yes, line up, gentlemen,” smiled Andrea readjusting the ropes so that Renate moved forward a few centimeters and her head protruded fully from between her horse’s front legs. She then winked to Antonio. “Next time I am bellyriding you can fuck me in the mouth.”

“I will look for you!” promised Antonio pulling out a long penis and bending down to place it into Renate’s mouth. He held on to the horse while he proceeded to fuck Renate’s mouth and came rather quickly for he was watching Andrea retrieve gobs of semen from her cunt and rub and drink then. About two dozen other men followed and all fucked and climaxed in Renate’s mouth. They all contributed generously to the order’s coffers.

Renate shook her head, which was now glazed with semen, and requested the men to stop. She felt nauseous. She never had liked man seed, preferring a horse’s semen. And now her belly was about to burst with it.

Andrea looked at Andrea. The young novice was on her knees apparently knotted with a large dane. The novice and the dog were butt to butt while the animal’s owner held him steady. The young woman smiled at Renate with a knowing bacchante smile. Renate knew the knot well and what Andrea was now feeling with the dog’s penis ejaculating boiling squirts of semen into her.

“Sisters!” said a man’s voice. “I am going to have to ask you to leave!”

Andrea looked up. A rotund priest was standing next to a gendarme. The crowd started to disperse.

“Father, you know this is how we worship God,” protested Renate.

“Aye, I do,” agreed the priest. “If the Borgia pope sanctioned what you do I cannot complain. However, there are families here. Please leave.”

“Very well,” agreed Renate. “However, the novice cannot disengage right now. She is tied to the dog over there.”

The priest and the gendarme turned their eyes to Andrea. She smiled sheepishly and tried to shrug.

“That won’t do!” said the gendarme sternly. “The alcalde complained. She must uncouple!”

“She can’t!” protested Renate. “She is knotted!”

But neither the gendarme nor the priest cared.

“You!” exclaimed the gendarme pointing to the dog’s owner with his baton, “Pull your dog’s penis out of her, now!”

The dog owner did as told, albeit reluctantly, lest he be thrown in the municipal jail. Andrea shrieked and was pulled by the knot firmly ensconced inside her. The gendarme and the priest then grabbed on to her torso and pulled her away from the dog. The knot eventually came out, cruelly, causing Andrea to shriek all the while, both from pain and frustration. Meanwhile, Renate was cussing them out in French with all the expletives she had acquired during her stay at a field hospital on the western front. Finally, Andrea collapsed grabbing on to her crotch and in tears.

“Now go!” ordered the gendarme.

“You are brutes!” cried Renate. “She’d better not be hurt!”

Andrea managed to stand up and reached for Hades' reins.

"I hurt, a lot," said the novice. "But I will try to walk back."

Renate was fuming mad.

"I will have the bishop hear of this!" threatened Renate.

"Go sister!" threatened the gendarme. "You don't want me to slap your horse and send him off at a gallop!"

"Please!" protested Andrea who paled at the thought. "We are going now!"

The young novice took Hades' reins. Renate could guess she was hurt for she walked unsteadily and grimaced at each step.

"Don't return to the convent," said Renate. "It is a long walk. I can see you are hurt and I am also in some pain."

"But we have to go back, sister!" protested Andrea.

"No, turn right on the next street," instructed Renate. "I have a place here in town."

Andrea stumbled and fell. "Oh Jesus!"

It was evident she could walk no further.

"Listen, Andrea, release my hands," instructed Renate. "Then see if you can get on top of him. I will guide Hades to where we have to go."

Andrea got up wincing.

"Where are all the people that were cheering us before?" cried the young novice.

"Life is cruel, my dear," replied Renate. "Can you get on top of Hades?"

"Perhaps," said Andrea. She led the horse next to a bench and then used it to get on top of the horse.

"Grab on to the secondary reins," advised Renate. "Whatever you do, don't fall!"

"I am bleeding sister," said Andrea.

"It's natural," replied Renate trying to soothe her. "All that pounding and then the knot being pulled out probably burst some vessels on the surface of your vagina. You must be awfully sore!"

"It was a very large knot!" said Andrea who managed to smile in spite of her pain.

"You made the order proud, Andrea," said Renate and she meant it.

Renate held on to the reins and coaxed Hades forward. She tried to orient herself in spite of her being upside down.

"I didn't know you had done dogs before," said Renate trying to distract the young novice from her pain.

"That was my first dog," admitted Andrea. "But I had seen women do dogs before."

"Did you like it?"

"Oh yes. Though I still prefer horses," admitted Andrea.

"As long as it is not men," said Renate. "I saw how you kissed that young man."

"Sorry," replied Andrea. "He was handsome. I could not help it."

"Forget it," snarled Renate. "I won't tell. It would not do for a novice to get pregnant by a man. If it were a horse, well, that would be OK. Though, of course, it could never happen."

"Oh, I hope not!" protested Andrea.

"Sometimes, due to all the horse semen that enters your womb, an egg might be fertilized by horse sperm," explained Renate. "Then the nun will skip her period. Her body will act as if she were pregnant. She will panic of course. Thankfully the creature, which is just a collection of misshapen cells at that point, will be spontaneously aborted in a few days. If not, we have all kind of herbs in the apothecary to induce a miscarriage. The only good thing is that the nun's tits produce a lot more milk as a result. Fiona has had it done a couple of times already. You know how she is."

"You two really love each other, right?"

"Indeed, I love that slut!" replied Renate. "If I were not married to Christ already I would ask her to be my spouse!"

After what seemed an hour (Renate had a hard time navigating upside down as she was and Andrea did not know Recife), they arrived at Renate's property on Bahia Avenue.

"I always keep the keys to this place in Hades' satchels," explained Renate. "Guide me to the backyard and help me uncouple."

"OK," agreed Andrea who managed to get down in one piece from Hades' back.

The novice then opened the gate to the property. It seemed empty. She led Hades to the backyard. Then she started undoing Renate's straps. Now her legs rested on the ground. Knowing that Andrea would be unable to help her further, Renate grabbed on to one of the straps hanging and pulled herself off from the shaft, actually emerging between Hades's front legs. She then stood up on unsteady feet. Her belly protruded, both from the horse semen that filled her womb and all the man seed she had swallowed.

"Pass me a thermos, please," instructed Renate to Andrea.

Then Renate massaged her pubes to encourage long ropes of horse semen to come out of her distended cunt.

"Your cunt is huge sister," smiled Andrea.

"You are getting there too," replied Renate. Indeed, the young woman's nether lips did not meet anymore.

Renate emptied her innards into the thermos which also filled to the brim. It was a relief to empty all the semen in her womb. But suddenly, Renate then became dizzy and ill.

“Oh God!” exclaimed Renate. She fell on her knees and puked what seemed gallons of man seed.

“Are you OK?” asked Andrea with concern.

“Yes,” nodded Renate. “I never have liked having my mouth being used by men. Their semen tastes vile. But it is part of our calling. It is better to puke once uncoupled than when you are upside down in the saddle. That would be problematic!”

“I imagine!” laughed Andrea.

“Come, Andrea, let us go inside,” said Renate getting herself up. “I had the place furnished over time. We can stay here for the night. Hades won’t go anywhere and he has grass to munch on. I need to look at your cunt, girl.”

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## **VI. Andrea’s Cunt**

Renate led Andrea to a room she had furnished with shelves and had all sort of gauzes and medicines. The she sat in front of the naked young novice so that her face was close to her cunt.

“Nice plump lips,” noted Renate smiling. “And I see no more bleeding.”

“I am very, very, sore,” admitted the novice.

Renate tried to be as professional as she could in her examination. Forceps were not needed. The young novice let Renate gently insert a couple of fingers and stretch her open. She then took some gauze and distilled water and proceeded to wash her innards.

“Your cervical os is well aligned with the vagina,” noted Renate.

“What does that mean?” asked Andrea.

“Usually it is not the case. The yerba dura will start causing the cervical os to dilate. At some point the horse head will be able to enter your womb,” explained Renate.

“It would kill me, right?” There was some trepidation in her voice.

“It will take years for the yerba dura to cause that much dilation,” replied Renate. “You should be aware of it, however. If the horse member goes into your womb once in a while, which will happen in your case, I would just take precautions when it happens. When you bellyride you need to be sure you are not too far down in the shaft and ask that you be pulled forward if it enters your womb, that is all.”

Renate then pressed her nose to the young woman’s pubes. The smell was not unpleasant, though she could detect her arousal.

“When did you have your period?” asked Renate. “Two weeks ago?”

“Yes, how did you know?”

“All the convent seems to menstruate at the same time,” laughed Renate. “Go figure why.”

Renate took out her fingers. Andrea’s lips remained untouched. Her clitoris stood up prominently.

"No hood on your clit," noted Renate. "That is good. And you are quite aroused, right?"

"I still cannot get over what happened today," admitted Andrea blushing.

Renate had become an expert in the taste of woman juices. She had deduced that she could gain a lot of information about the state of a woman's health from the liquids she produced when aroused. She then pressed her mouth to Andrea's clitoris while holding tight onto her buttocks. Renate then expertly stimulated the clit with her mouth. The young woman closed her eyes and started to moan enjoying the sensations. Her juices started flowing. Renate then drew Andrea's labia lips and clitoris into her mouth, sucking the juices that were now flowing so abundantly from the young woman. Andrea in turn was now thoroughly aroused. Renate held her pressed against her lips with a firm grip on her buttocks.

The juices were varied. She identified that of dog semen, specifically, Great Dane, which she had owned in France. There was a more metallic taste which she thought was the oxen's semen. And she could also identify the familiar taste of horse semen. Then she found what she sought: Andrea's own signature taste. It was very strong and not unpleasant. Renate drank eagerly everything that came out of Andrea, both her juices and residual semen left there by the animals. Renate pressed a finger into Andrea's anus. The novice was building up to orgasm and soon she came, flooding Renate's mouth with her juices.

"I think you actually squirted into my mouth!" laughed Renate.

The novice stared at Renate whose face was now covered with her juices. Then Renate stood up and the two women kissed passionately.

"Oh Jesus!" exclaimed Andrea. "I love you!"

Renate laughed. "You probably tell that to any other novice that makes you squirt!"

"No!" pleaded Andrea, "I mean it! I want to be like you!"

"Oh, you will," said Renate dismissively. "You are a very healthy girl."

Renate sat again opposite Andrea.

"Turn around, girl," instructed Renate.

The novice did as instructed.

"Your hips could be wider," noted Renate.

"I can't help that," said Andrea with a touch of bitterness. "I was always the runt of the litter."

Renate said nothing for a moment but just stared at the lovely young woman who stood naked opposite her.

"Well," said Renate after a while, "your hips will definitely widen, I can assure you, as your bones get older, especially if you are continually mating with horses. It must have hurt a lot the first time you were mated, right?"

Andrea blushed.

"Oh yes! When the horse first entered me during my initiation it hurt a lot! I thought I was being

torn in two!"

"I see," said Renate.

"Truth is I loved it! Every cruel inch of shaft that entered me!" answered Andrea. She knelt down between Renate's legs. Then she pressed her mouth against Renate's cunt and looked up at her with puppy eyes. Renate nodded in agreement.

Andrea applied herself eagerly, willing to show her devotion to the older woman. Renate's cunt had a strong taste and smell, though not an unpleasant one. Andrea had practiced a lot her oral art on the other novices and occasionally one of the nuns. But she had never eaten Renate. It was almost impossible to take all of her widely distended cunt into her mouth, it yawned open so much. So Andrea used her tongue frenziedly on the cavernous vagina and Renate's prominent clitoris.

"You...are good!" moaned Renate encouragingly. Her hands sought Andrea's nipples and she squeezed them, causing the young novice to moan lustily but still she seemed driven to make Renate come. The young novice's hands made their way to Renate's buttocks and she started probing the older woman's anus with one and then more fingers. Renate did not complain to the probing and kept murmuring her encouragement to the novice. Andrea soon tasted Renate's now abundantly flowing juices, along with the taste of Hades' semen (which she knew because she had given it a blowjob once). Renate's hips were now gyrating frenziedly unto the young woman's face and the novice had a whole hand up Renate's ass. Then Andrea sensed the start of Renate's volcanic orgasm and she made a fist in the older woman's ass and started pounding her with it as she came and came and came.

"Oh Jesus!" moaned Renate. She had to grab on to Andrea's shoulders and had almost passed out. "Your fist, dear..."

"I know, it's up your bum," smiled Andrea.

"Take it out..slowly," instructed Renate.

"It will hurt," warned Andrea. "I am almost up to my elbow inside you."

"I know. But it can't hurt more than having a Dane's knot pulled out of you," smiled Renate. Her eyes were glowing.

"Are you sure?" asked Andrea with a mischievous gleam in her eyes.

"Pain and lust go hand in hand, Andrea," replied Renate caressing the young woman's face. "If you don't know it you will soon realize it the more you make love to horses."

So Andrea took her time slowly pulling out her arm and fist out from Renate's anus. Her moans probably could be heard all the way to the street. And yes, there was no telling where pain ended and lust took over for both had an unrelenting and welcome hold on the nun's body, mind, and soul.

Then the two women embraced again and kissed passionately. Renate took the young woman by the hand and wordlessly led her to an ample bed on the second floor. Dusk was approaching. Renate lit a discrete oil lamp and burned some incense. Then, wordlessly, as if both shared one mind, both women entwined, their pubes touching, and began to grind themselves passionately, ultimately reaching a very vocal mutual orgasm. Exhausted they embraced and laid on the bed, stealing kisses every once in a while.

"Who are you Andrea?" asked Renate caressing the novice's face. "Why did you join?"

"Nothing new," shrugged Andrea. "I was the youngest daughter. I knew my mother would soon be put out to pasture and my oldest sister would take over the hacienda. I thought it best to join the order as soon as I turned 18."

"I can sense you are very strong willed," said Renate. A couple of her fingers rested inside Andrea's cunt. The young woman did not mind.

"My mind was made up when I was took the horse for the first time during my initiation," said Andrea smiling quietly. "There was no going back for me. The order is my life now. I won't mind fulfilling the fourth vow one day."

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VII. Epilogue

It was a lovely morning. A breeze came out from the sea. Renate stepped back and inspected her work. Andrea's legs were strapped tight against Hades' flanks. Likewise were her hands. The young woman's head protruded from between the horse's front feet. Hade's thick member was buried into Andrea's pubes.

"You ready, dear?" asked Renate.

"He is huge! I am going to tear!" whimpered the novice.

"Yes, you might," laughed Renate. "But I think not. It is just resting inside you."

"Maybe, someday," said Andrea in a voice hoarse with lust, "I will have him into my womb."

"Surely you will, Hades!" laughed Renate addressing her by the horse's name since Andrea was nothing more but a sheath then. "But don't be greedy. It won't happen today. I won't let it happen. Come now, Hades."

Renate pulled on Hade's reins and led him forward. This drew a loud moan from Andrea when she felt the shaft start to pound her as the horse was led forward.

It took an hour to return to the convent. Renate handed off the reins to a novice advising her to help Andrea down and to let her know if she needed to be given the red poppy.

"Where were you two?" said Sylvia.

"We were having some fun in Recife," smiled Renate. "What gives?"

"Well, I followed your advice," explained Sylvia. "I gave those nymphos some cara juice to bring down their lust. They are sane enough to be functional now. Tonight they will give us their decision right after the rosary."

Renate paled. She tried to talk to Fiona but she was not allowed in her quarters. She could hear some acrimonious shouts coming from inside the Mother Superior's quarters. Defeated, she headed to the apothecary thinking about perhaps mixing opium with the red poppy to ease Fiona's suffering. Before she arrived, a novice intercepted her and told her that Andrea was OK but very sore and "walked funny". Renate laughed at that.

So it was with a lot of trepidation that Renate went through the motions of the rosary. She managed to catch sight of Andrea who walked in limping and holding on to another novice. The young woman gave her a wink and smiled lasciviously and it was obvious she was masturbating all throughout the service, a practice that was not frowned upon at that convent.

Finally, Fiona stood up. At her sides were Sister Sandra and Sister Mary Joseph.

"Please pay attention," started Fiona in a low voice. "I want to announce what will be done. I know there are all sorts of rumors and I find that distasteful."

Fiona paused for a while. Her eyes found Renate and the two stared at each other as the Mother Superior continued. "I will be going to Bahia tomorrow morning. I will return as a torso and will be put out to pasture. That is how it should be. I thank you all for your love and kindness and hope to enjoy more of it in however many days are left for me."

All sorts of murmurs arose from the congregation. Fiona raised her hand and quieted them.

"That is not all, dearest," explained Fiona. "We were not sure who would succeed me. Both Sister Sandra and Sister Mary Joseph have more than earned the honor. Their piety and lust are beyond doubt. I did not think it fair to decide on one or the other. Thankfully, Sister Sandra came up with an alternative. Tonight she will take the red poppy, willingly, and fulfill her final vow to take the shaft fully. I agreed to let her do so. Please support and love her in this passage. She is an example for all of us. Sister Mary Joseph will therefore succeed me. That is all. You may go. God bless you all, dearest."

The congregation left the church hall. Renate made her way amongst the crowd of naked women to seek out Fiona. This time the Mother Superior did not refuse her. Both women embraced and kissed passionately.

"I think that if you are cared for carefully you could live many years on the shaft, my love," said Renate.

"Really? Why would I do that? I want to be ruptured as soon as possible!" said Fiona.

"Nonsense! Think of the orgasms you will miss. Anyway, I got the right person to take care of you."

"Who is it?" asked Fiona intrigued.

"A young novice I got to know well. Her name is Andrea. She is very skilled and will insure you are taken care of," explained Renate.

"I will think about it. Tonight, we will have to help Sandra go to Jesus," said Fiona dismissively.

"Listen, I should go with you to Bahia. I saw many amputations during my time at Verdun. I don't want a butcher to do a shoddy job," said Renate.

Fiona looked at her carefully. "Why not? I am still Mother Superior. I will order it to be so. Yes, my love, I want you at my side."

"Say no more Fiona," replied Renate kissing her again. "Now excuse me. I have to go fix some red poppy for Sister Sandra."

END