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Bahia, Brazil, 1931

I. Fiona's New Body

Fiona laid on the hospital bed. Her eyes were closed. She was completely nude and bore a quiet smile.

Renate stood next to her. She held her rosary beads in her hands and tried to suppress an urge to scratch. After two years living nude she was not used to the nun's habit she had been forced to wear.

The doctor that stood next to Fiona nodded.

"She is strong enough to travel now," said the doctor.

Renate looked carefully over Fiona's nude body. How small she looked, she thought, like a child's doll.

Renate bent over and inspected the scars. The legs, removed at the hip had healed fine. The arms, removed at the shoulders, had also healed. What seemed never would ever meet were the lips of the widely distended cunt Fiona sported.

"She is a very strong woman," agreed Renate.

Fiona, who was conscious, smiled.

"I must congratulate you, Doctor Corcuera," continued Renate. "The shoulders are nicely rounded. She looks like a classical statue, a sort of limbless Venus."

Renate shuddered for a moment remembering the front line hospital near Verdun where she had had to perform countless amputations, sometimes without anesthesia.

"I suppose you too want some privacy now," said the doctor self-consciously. The reputation for nymphomania of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene was well known.

"Oui," said Renate, "that would be most kind of you."

The doctor left and Renate insured the door was well locked.

"I bet you the old lecher would want to see us two nymphos making love," laughed Fiona.

Renate said nothing. She hurriedly took off her habit and stood nude in front of Fiona.

"I have not tasted you in weeks," said Renate in a voice made husky with lust. "They would not even let me caress you when you were recovering. God, I could smell your cunt. That was how much I lusted after it. And I could not touch you!"

"I remember a fog of opium," said Fiona.

"Aye, the pain killers," agreed Renate. "For a moment we all thought the shock of losing all the limbs at the same time would kill you. I cursed myself for having agreed to your wish to have it all taken off at once. You were so close to death that I even had a local priest come and give you absolution."

"Nonsense," protested Fiona. "I don't remember that charlatan at all. But one thing I do remember."

"What?"

"I could hear your voice and your anguished prayers and felt the caresses and kisses you managed to steal when the doctors and nurses were not looking. I knew you then that you were there with me all the time," said Fiona. "And your love gave me the steel to endure. Truth is, I so wanted to taste your cunt that I swore that I would not die unless I could breathe my last with your nether lips in my mouth."

Renate then laid next to Fiona and started caressing and kissing her passionately.

"Oh Jesus, Renate, take me," pleaded Fiona. "Use me as you please. Hurt me even. I am helpless. I am now just a fuck toy."

"No, you have been hurt enough, my fuck toy," said Renate smiling lustily, "maybe later. Right now let us pleasure each other, as of old."

"I will need your help."

"Don't worry, we will figure it out."

Renate picked her up as if she were a rag doll and placed Fiona on top of her, in the 69 position. Renate placed a pillow underneath her hips and bent her legs to steady Fiona's head between her legs. She then gently guided Fiona's head so her face rested in her pubes. The limbless woman pressed her mouth to Renate's cunt lips and expertly applied her tongue. Renate moaned and in turn pressed her mouth to Fiona's cunt while embracing the limbless woman's hips.

An hour later the two women laid side by side staring at each other wordlessly with Renate's arms wrapped around Fiona's abbreviated body.

Finally Renate broke the silence.

"If I could, I would divorce Jesus and marry you," said Renate quietly. "I would devote myself to you, or what is left of you, I don't care."

"I prefer to cuckold our husband with you," answered Fiona pouting her lips to offer a kiss. This Renate did pulling her lips to hers.

"I hope you have no regrets," said Fiona with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Me have regrets?" replied Renate with some astonishment. "I am not the one that voluntarily had her limbs removed."

"No, I mean regrets about loving me still after I became this," clarified Fiona.

"Well, it is not that easy," smiled Renate. "But even if you were reduced to a still living head I would still love you."

"That cannot be done, right?" giggled Fiona.

"Of course not!" snarled Renate, ever the professional.

"I had to be torsified if I were to be put out to pasture," said Fiona firmly.

"Torsified? Is that what it is called?" inquired Renate.

Renate remembered how the women who were "put out to pasture", that is, permanently placed in a bellyrider's cradle with the horse penis inside their cunt had their limbs taken off. That way, it had been explained to her, they can only concentrate in the massive horse penis inside them.

"It is safer," continued Fiona. "If the horse were to roll over my limbs would likely be crushed. This happened regularly to women who were put out to pasture. But if we have no limbs this is not an issue."

"I know horses get frisky," answered Renate. "They like to roll around in the mud."

"Well, the new bellyrider cradles have a base of aluminum rods, very light and strong, so that even if the horse rolls around in the mud I will be held flush and safe against his chest, with no danger of being crushed. At the most I will get very muddy."

"Removing your limbs is a hell of a price to pay just so you live the rest of your life with a horse penis inside you," dared say Renate.

"Alas, my love, I have been a naked nun of St. Mary Magdalene for the last 20 years," replied Fiona. "This big loose cunt of mine is proof."

"And I do not know enough about the craving for horsecock having only been one for a year and a half?" countered Renate in a hurt tone. "God knows I have tried to make up for lost time. I am getting big down there too."

"Don't take it that way, please, my love," replied Fiona. "There will come a time when your cunt will be like mine, cavernous, and it will actually ache if nothing fills it. Then nothing else will matter to you but to have a horse penis inside you, all the time."

"I know. I heard about how the alkaloids and chemicals in the yerba dura drive us all mad eventually," admitted Renate. "I have yet to demonstrate that that is the case. But your case and others I have seen since I joined the order support that theory."

"Yes, most certainly I will become a half-crazed nymphomaniac. I have seen women like that, who have been in the shaft for eight or ten years. It is good that they did not have limbs for they would have pushed themselves down into the shaft at that point."

"Ohmigod!" gasped Renate. "Do women last that long with a horse penis inside them?"

"These are extraordinary cases," explained Fiona. "Nowadays, most get ruptured in around three years, five if you are lucky. But accidents were common before we started having the limbs removed. Very few survived past their sixth month. Many died the first week."

"Being put out to pasture sounds like a death sentence," retorted Renate.

"That is how it was in the old days. But now, likely I will extend my time on the shaft for a few more years being limbless and bellyriding in a safe harness. But I am no longer a woman as such. Soon I will become only a living sheath around a horse penis. Frankly, it is a fair price to lose my limbs to live out my last years this way."

"No, you are right. I do regret it," admitted Renate shaking her head. "I will be very jealous of your horse."

"But if you love me you will accept my choice?" asked Fiona quietly.

"Damn," replied Renate lowering her eyes.

"Please. Besides, it is too late now, right?" Insisted Fiona.

Fiona seemed proud of what she had become. But Renate well remembered the panicked look Fiona had when she came out of the operation and Renate placed a mirror in front of her and she saw the bloody bandages covering where her limbs had been. Acceptance had been a troubling, painful, process, Renate knew. The problem it would still take Renate some time to accept what Fiona had become.

"I will miss fisting you," whispered Renate slowly inserting her fingers into Fiona's distended cunt. "And drinking horse semen from your cunt. But from now on this lovely cavern of yours will always be filled by a horse penis. And any horse semen that comes out of you will explode from the tight union of your cunt and his penis."

"Yesss!" moaned Fiona lustily.

"Then I might as well insure that your cunt is as big as a mare's such that the horse penis has plenty of slack," said Renate inserting both her hands inside Fiona and staring at her very fixedly with her eyes shining bright and smiling cruelly. "And I promise that any semen I can collect that jets out of you I will pour down your lovely lips and rub it into your face. Yes, I will insure your face is always covered with a mask of dried horse semen. And I shall drink of this ejaculate which I know will taste of you and the horse. And when we kiss we shall share back and forth this wad of horse seed. And when I wish so, I will press my cunt to your mouth and pee into it and you will drink my urine eagerly and thank me for doing so because it will taste of me and the horse semen that drips out of my womb constantly. Yes, Fiona, if that is the extent of what our love becomes when you become a living sheath around a horse shaft I shall make the most of it. And if I notice that you are ruptured and the horse shaft is deep inside you I shall hug you and very, very, slowly push you down unto the shaft until my hand, resting between your breasts feels the tip of the horse shaft there. And if I know you, my love, I know that at that point you will be smiling from joy and grimacing from pain, your body at loss to interpret the sensation of dying and coming at the same time."

And at this words Fiona squirmed and moaned loudly and arched her back gripped by an all-encompassing orgasm.

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## **II. Ilse**

Sister Ilse was a large Austrian woman, very strong and powerful, with magnificent breasts (more like udders) tipped with dark aureolas. She had been a nun of the Naked sisters of Mary Magdalene for ten years. It was said that she could withstand the pounding of the biggest stallions and the legend was that she had once spent a night with the Lipizzaners. It was also said that her grossly distended cunt seemed made of iron. Her role in the convent had always been to provide muscle when needed and even played the role of enforcer whenever someone dared offend a nun that was walking naked through the streets of Recife.

Despite all her strength Sister Ilse was the gentlest of teachers combining soothing words and a hint of intimidation to help young novices get used to making love to horses. More than one novice being taken for the first time by a horse had realized all of sudden that Sister Ilse's soothing tone had made it possible to take eight or more inches of horse already.

"It is all a matter of accepting the shaft," counseled Ilse as she coaxed the tip of the horse penis into a young woman with a tight cunt. "Do not fight it. Your cunt muscles will tighten involuntarily if you do so. And this all will hurt even more. Remember: this penis is what you were meant to take. I know. This is a penis, a horse penis, mind you but a penis. And you, dear, have a cunt to offer it. It is a lovely thing to do, the right thing to do, not an aberration of nature as men with their tiny tools will have you believe. Oh I can see you want it. Look at how sweat forms in your brow and your nipples harden and stand out. It is not only fright but lust too, dear, which fills you. I know, I have seen this over and over. So now, trust me dear. You are so tight, I know, so it is not easy for this flat tipped horse penis to enter you. I know you need it inside you and I also know how to achieve it. There. It is seeking its way in. Ever so slowly. Your lips are opening. One day they will no longer meet, like mine. Yes, dear, you will have a huge cunt, a mare's cunt. And it will always be dripping horse semen. Yes, it is going in. Concentrate instead in the sheer depravity of the act, my dear, you, a young woman, a virgin, being deflowered by a horse in front of all the convent. Do you know how proud we will be when its shaft ruptures your hymen and you but whimper and take the pain stoically? Yes, I know, it hurts. And it is good that your eyes glow with lust. Accept the pain, my dear. It is inevitable. But you know you want it, right? I know you want to be fucked by a horse. A big horse. Oh you want that horse shaft to come out of your mouth, right? You want to be really really fucked, as no woman has ever been fucked before, right? Oh you little nympho that is suffering so much because you don't have a horse penis inside you! You are now dripping wet! Wonderful! Soon you will stand in front of all of us, in rubbery legs, very sore, your cunt dripping blood and horse semen, and you will not only be a full grown woman, a proud one in fact, but even more worthy of pride, you will be a mare."

This soothing discourse would be followed, when it was required, with Ilse's strong hands steadying the young woman in place and ramming the horse shaft in. Sometimes, Ilse knew, it was better to do it fast and cut the suffering. There would be time enough for the deflowered girl to recover, that is, if the horse penis did not rupture her.

Yet one flaw sister Ilse did have. Many a time she had gone down to Recife, proudly naked as the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene were required to do by their vows, supposedly to stockpile herbs and other supplies. And yes, Ilse had no problems in allowing the horse she led to mount her right in front of the marketplace, where hundreds of Recife's inhabitants would congregate.

But, you see, usually at that point Sister Ilse was fully inebriated, with chichi or rum for she spent more time in the wharf dives where the astonished sailors would gladly pay her a drink just to see her easily insert a wine bottle up her distended cunt followed by a round of bukkake in which Ilse eagerly participated as the "target".

Now, a preference towards booze or even getting covered in man seed (penetration by a man was forbidden as was fellatio to the nuns), would not be a sin in the eyes of an order that regularly practiced all kinds of excesses. The problem would be that as Ilse was being fucked in the marketplace by her horse her roving eye would sometimes fall on a lovely looking young woman belonging to any of the bourgeois families of Recife that stood watching her.

Ilse would then stand up after having been pounded by her horse. She would cup her hands to receive the semen dripping out of her huge cunt and then would drink it and rub it into her face and hair. That would not be a matter of concern for anyone for it is what the naked sisters were expected to do.

The problem would be when Ilse would offer the semen to any of the aforementioned young women. In truth, more than one eagerly received the offering as if it were the communion wafer, kneeling and opening her mouth as Ilse poured the horse seed into the young woman's mouth and then both

shared a very sloppy kiss and the promise to show up the next day at the convent to be introduced into the life of a Naked Sister of Mary Magdalene.

Alas, as lustful as were the young women of Recife not all of them reacted that way (some panicked and screamed with disgust when offered the horse semen), for reasons which were beyond Ilse's ken. Or perhaps the relatives chaperoning the young woman didn't appreciate it that a large naked blond woman was trying to get their charge to drink horse semen and then would try to steal a kiss.

The constabulary would then be summoned. For Ilse, being rejected by these young women was not a major matter. The world was full of pussy, she felt, and no sane woman would resist a horse penis when offered, she thought. But that men, albeit municipal police, dared to accost her or even forcefully keep her from doing what she felt was natural, seducing young women with the offer of a large penis and jugs of semen, caused Ilse's blood to boil. And her inebriation would stoke her indignation even more.

And she was large and powerful, a force of nature, indeed. Which meant that it took several of the local Recife police to subject the large inebriated female that was Ilse and throw her in the clink. The first inkling the nuns would have that Ilse was in jail would be when her horse showed up alone at the convent door. And the mother superior, who was then Fiona, would have to trek down to the constabulary to post bail and pay the hospitalization bills of any policemen injured.

Ilse felt very ashamed thereafter, especially having caused undue trouble to Fiona whom she sincerely worshipped and respected.

"I beg you, Mother Superior, please forgive me this transgression," pleaded Ilse, on her knees.

"We will discuss this when we get back to the convent," replied Fiona with artificial sternness for she was actually very fond of Ilse.

Perhaps a round of whipping would be the sentence (not a real punishment for all nuns were regularly whipped to increase their pain threshold) or worse, Ilse would be required to clothe herself and not engage in sex with the other nuns for a week. But pretty soon Fiona would let her go around nude again and make love to any other nun or novice. And Ilse kept these privileges...until the next time she fell off the wagon.

Thus when Ilse showed up (clothed as was required) outside the hospital in Bahia having driven the order's large Packard there she insisted in taking care personally of Fiona who was being carried out like an infant by Renate.

"Milady Fiona must be safe during this trip," announced Ilse. "I made sure the back seat is full of pillows so that if I hit a cow she won't get hurt."

"She will be smothered most likely you Boche slut!" said Renate giggling as she kissed Ilse fully on the lips and handed her Fiona.

"Ah, you French skanky slut will drive in the front seat with me," replied Ilse kissing Fiona, "but do keep an eye on milady at all times! Don't worry, milady, I will make sure you arrive safely at the convent."

"Oh, that I am sure, Ilse," answered Fiona smiling.

"Do you have the flesh?" asked Ilse.

"Ohmigod, yes, there," said Renate pointing to an ice chest two hospital attendants were putting into the . "I am not sure this is legal or even ethical."

"Renate, we talked about this already," scowled Fiona. "Don't embarrass me any more."

"I know places along the way where we can get more ice, milady," said Ilse as she secured Fiona in the back seat.

"I should be OK back here then," said Fiona. "I am just a bit thirsty."

"I have what milady Fiona needs!" announced Ilse raising her habit and exposing a large breast. "My milk is creamy and rich and it will heal milady!"

Ilse then sat in the backseat holding the abbreviated Fiona who smiled and eagerly sucked at the nipple offered her. Then nuns regularly suckled each other breasts because one of the effects of the yerba dura was to induce lactation.

"Please drive on, Renate," said Ilse throwing her the keys, "while I nurse milady."

Renate shook her head and started the car. Behind her were noises of sucking and delight.

"Did it rain all the way here?" asked Renate after a while.

"Yes, but I think the monsoon is now breaking," replied Ilse who was caressing Fiona and pushing her other nipple into the limbless woman's mouth. "The roads are hideous past San Anselmo."

"Well, I don't know about you but no one has sucked my tits for days," announced Renate.

"Didn't milady feed on you?" asked Ilse.

"We never had enough privacy," explained Renate.

"Oh Jesus!" gasped Ilse sincerely astounded. "How long since you have been fucked by a horse?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Renate, "maybe four months, ever since we came to Bahia to have Ilse torsified."

"That is bad," said Ilse. "Rule of thumb is that if you go more than six months without being fucked by a horse you die."

"How so?" asked Renate.

Fiona had finished and explained:

"It is called yerba dura withdrawal. You swell and blow up and start bleeding all over and die with a lot of pain. It is not a pretty sight."

"Why didn't you tell me this?" asked Renate with some indignation. "Now I am a yerba dura addict and can't wean myself out of it then." Unconsciously she looked at herself in the rearview mirror to detect any signs of swelling.

"Why would you?" asked Fiona mystified. "As long as a horse keeps coating our innards with yerba dura laden semen we will be fine."



"Don't worry, milady," said Ilse pushing a nipple into Fiona's eager mouth. "My milk is full of yerba dura I absorbed from the horse semen through the lining of my cunny."

After a while Renate could not stand more. She pulled over into a glen next to a river.

"Enough you two!" announced Renate pulling over her habit and offering her breasts to the two women in the back seat. "My breasts are about to explode."

"Then come here," said Fiona. "We will take care of that."

Two days later the Packard managed to arrive in front of the convent in Recife. As soon as Renate stepped out she pulled eagerly off her habit. Ilse did likewise on herself and the limbless Fiona. The convent's door opened as they were expected.

"Thank God!" said Renate with relief. "I would not stand being clothed another hour. Now, I really, really need to be fucked by a horse, hard."

"Oh Jesus, me too," added Fiona.

"I can help you, milady," replied Ilse, "though we will have to be careful with you."

"Do whatever is needed," said Fiona with some urgency, "but just get a horse inside me. I need it."

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III. Relief

Renate laid in the cradle. Her legs were tied to Hade's flanks. Her body was held flush against the horse's belly. Inside herself, very deep, she felt the massive horse member kept iron hard by the yerba dura. Both woman and horse were kept in a wide stall in the convent's stables.

Outside it was raining constantly. Renate could even hear some distant thunder. The monsoon did not want to give up its grip. But held tight in the bellyrider's cradle against the horse's belly, with a hot massive member inside her, and a blanket covering both horse and woman, Renate did not feel cold at all.

It had been three hours ago that she had been placed in the cradle and had the long desired horse member enter her. She had first given the horse a loving blow job and had been rewarded with abundant seed which she tried to drink. The dried semen now covered her face and body. She licked her fingers relishing the taste and the smell. The shaft had remained hard due to the yerba dura injection.

Renate had lain without moving while her legs were spread wide open and then strapped in place and her body adjusted to the distension. She welcomed the discomfort and the pain caused by the distension. It seemed to her that this was the most beautiful thing she had ever experienced, this joining of woman and horse. She then understood Fiona's desire to remain thus the remaining days of her life. It would be worth it, agreed Renate, to even lose your limbs in order to become a living sheath wrapped around a horse penis.

But now Renate had adjusted to the distension. As she laid there, impaled on the huge member, her lust increased. She wanted to be pounded by the horse, Hades, the black stallion she had fallen in love with, to be really fucked by him. But the horse laid placidly and half sleep in the stall. At the most it would move a foot slightly which still send a shiver of sensations into Renate. Her need to be

fucked was now unbearable. Renate tentatively swung herself a bit and found, to her delight, that the straps were loose enough that she could use her legs and arms to swing herself into and out of the shaft. She then commenced to swing herself back and forth.

The leather harness supporting the cradle creaked as Renate swung herself fucking the massive member inside her. Renate began to moan overcome by the lust and sensations that surrounded her. Her cunt was now foaming and dripping a mixture of horse seed and Renate's own juices. Her labia and clitoris would disappear into her innards every time the massive member drove into her. Then the black stallion replied in kind and started pounding her, really pounding her, moving her torso back and forth like a rag doll. Renate felt stabs of pain in her cervix and she could not help cry out in pain and in lust. This could be the end, she knew, for there were no old bellyriders. Her arousal and desire made her accept her fate eagerly. And she felt a massive orgasm brewing.

Renate woke up. She must have passed out, she realized. She stirred. The horse shaft was still hard inside her. It was still dark but the rain had ceased. She tentatively explored her lower belly. She had no difficulty breathing and she knew she had not been ruptured by the horse shaft. Her movement woke up the horse. It whinnied lowly. Then it stamped its foot. Renate felt a warmth fill her innards. The horse, she knew, was peeing inside her. Though it was still hard the brand of yerba dura the nuns had developed over the years now allowed their mount to pee. The pressure increased inside Renate's vagina. Then the horse pee started jetting out between the tight fit of horse penis and womanly pubes.

Renate smiled. Being a horse's pee bucket was one of the joys of bellyriding. And she had drunk horse pee on more than one occasion. It was, thought the nuns, a way to show subservience to the horse shaft. She did not find it disgusting but, like horse semen, it took some getting used to it. Any fluids coming out of the horse shaft she was eager to drink.

"Perhaps we shouldn't worship the horse penis so much," thought Renate placing her hands on her lower belly and feeling the outline of the massive shaft inside her. But then again, she thought, it was such a marvelous thing, perhaps God's best work, especially when it is so hard. No wonder, she thought, that Fiona wants to be put to pasture and spend the remainder of her life impaled on one.

"Sister," said a young woman's voice.

Renate peered from between the black stallion's front legs. She saw a young novice, naked, with her tattooing half finished. She was one of the novices that looked after the bellyriders when stabled at night.

"Yes?" replied Renate.

"You asked me to wake you up an hour before matins if you were not impaled by the horse," explained the young novice.

"I don't think I have ruptured," replied Renate. "Though the pressure on my cervix is unbearable. Am I bleeding?"

The young novice took a look.

"Not at all," explained the novice. "I have seen...what happens..."

"You mean, when a bellyrider gets ruptured," said Renate.

"Yes, sister," agreed the young novice. "There is always a lot of blood."

"It is our fate, you know," said Renate hinting at the fourth vow of the Naked Sisters of Mary Magdalene.

The young novice paled and Renate noticed. The facial tattoo was elaborate and elegant and covered most of her face but Renate could still tell she was very young.

"Yes, I know."

"You hesitate."

"I can't help it, Sister," admitted the young novice.

"Ohmigod, child, how old are you?" asked Renate.

"I turned 18 the day I joined," explained the novice.

"And when was that?"

"A month ago," admitted they novice.

"I see. You have yet to be mated to a horse?"

"Yes, sister," replied the novice. Then she blushed. "I hope to lose my virginity with a horse."

"Get me down novice," ordered Renate.

The young woman unstrapped her legs and helped Renate get up from the bellyrider's cradle. Contrails of horse semen started gushing out of her cavernous cunt and the novice produced a collecting bowl which was soon almost brimming with amber foaming horse semen. The novice presented it to Renate who took a sip. Then Renate reached for the novice and kissed her on the mouth sharing the horse semen. The young novice swallowed. Her arousal was evident.

"You will do," smiled Renate. She then took more sips from the bowl sometimes kissing the young novice and at other times encouraging her to drink too. Then Renate poured the remains on her chest and rubbed it into her breasts and face which now glistened with drying horse semen.

"Do you wish me to cleanse you, Sister?" asked the young novice who was willing to kneel between Renate's legs and lick her pubes.

Renate looked down at her cunt which was still oozing contrails of horse semen. Her legs glistened with it.

"No, let it be, I have to attend mass and I love how it drips out of me and makes my legs shine," said Renate. "But I feel generous and you are an eager nymph. If you wish to lose your virginity to my black stallion I will make it so. Look."

Renate pointed to the still hard member of her stallion. The young novice's eyes widened.

"I know what you think," smiled Renate, "you don't think you could take such a shaft. It is the largest shaft in the convent. Don't worry, you are still young and elastic. You will fit it. And the stretching and pain is part of the fun, as you will find out."

"Ohmigod!" replied the novice. Her arousal was evident.

"What is your name, child?"

"Tamara, sister."

"When will you be mated?"

"This Sunday, during mass."

"I see. Well, Tamara, until then, I want you to cater to this member," instructed Renate. "Get familiar with it. Lick it. Suck it. Worship it. I will talk to the sister in charge of you novices. I will ask make sure you have no other tasks but worshipping that shaft, OK?"

"Thank you sister!" said the novice with enthusiasm and the two women kissed once more.

"And now, Tamara," ordered Renate, "take me to where Sister Fiona is. I must see to her."

The two naked women walked holding hands through the stable. Other novices were catering to the bellyriders, either adjusting their straps or helping them uncouple or "cleansing" their pubes by drinking the contrails of semen that dripped out of their cunts.

Fiona was in one of the stalls close to the stable doors.

"I hope you were not too cold, my love," said Renate removing the horse blanket that covered the woman and her mount.

"Nonsense," smiled Fiona. "I was very cozy. Remember, I no longer have limbs to get cold. Keep me pressed against his chest and I will be happy."

Renate carefully examined where the massive horse shaft entered Fiona. Then she ran her hands along her belly, feeling the outline of the shaft.

"His member kept me quite warm," laughed Fiona. "And I have been coming almost continuously."

"Really?"

"It's the idea that I am completely at his mercy this way that stokes my lust."

"I understand," said Renate. "Now, however, we are still nuns you and I. We must attend morning service. I am going to have to uncouple you."

"If you must," sighed Fiona.

There were no legs to unstrap. Renate slowly pulled Fiona off the shaft.

"You must have taken at least 25 centimeters (about 10 inches)," noted Renate.

"I want it deeper," replied Fiona in a voice hoarse with lust.

Renate ignored her remark and picked her up and placed her in a nearby blanketed covered table. Fiona's cunt was indeed cavernous. Renate pressed her mouth to it and proceeded to lick it clean and drink the horse semen that oozed out of Fiona. After drinking deeply, Renate collected the semen oozing into a bowl just like Tamara had done to her. She gave Fiona a drink and then both shared a kiss. Then she took the still brimming bowl and proceeded to pour it on Fiona's chest and face and hair and rubbed the horse semen all over her. Fiona smiled though the drying semen had caked one of her eyelashes and she could not open her eye.

"Come, my love," said Renate. "We must go to mass."

Renate took a large shawl and wrapped it around herself like the Matto Grosso Indian women who carried their newborns. She then wrapped Fiona to her so that Fiona's face rested between Renate's tits.

"Nurse all you want," instructed Renate popping a nipple into Fiona's mouth. "I need it. And once we finish mass I will empty your tits myself."

Indeed the yerba Buena induced lactation in the nuns. Fiona started sucking contentedly from Renate's tit.

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#### **IV. Out to Pasture**

Two weeks later Fiona woke up with a start. Distant thunder could be heard. The monsoon had started. She immediately thought of the trek Renate had been asked to take. The supply of yerba dura had vanished from the Recife market. And what was available were old petals which hardly yielded any oil. The convent, thought Fiona, would soon not be able to survive. Yerba Dura withdrawal was fatal.

Then Fiona realized where she was, in the cradle, with her horse's member inside her. She had lost count of time. This must be, she thought, her third day, if it was Wednesday. Last Sunday, during high mass, she had been ceremoniously placed into the cradle while the choir of nuns sang a beautiful service. She had been mated permanently. The horse penis would remain inside her until she died as any other bellyrider being put out to pasture.

Fiona moaned. Being limbless she could not move much; however, her limited movement had been enough to wake up her horse. Fiona felt a chill. Some window in the stables must be open and chilly night air was making its way in.

"Tamara!" called out Fiona, hoping that the young novice assigned for night vigil was still awake.

The young woman showed up. Fiona could see she was beaming. She had lost her virginity to a Renate's horse during the same mass when Fiona was mated permanently. And ever since Tamara had been eagerly sucking and fucking all the horses in the stable that did not carry a bellyrider. Tamara stood by Fiona's side. Fiona could see her full body tattoo was finished. And a continuous stream of horse semen seemed to drip off her cunt.

"Yes, reverend mother?" asked the young novice.

"No dear, I am no longer a nun or even a woman. I am just part of his shaft now. Call me by the horse's name then, Plata."

"Forgive me...Plata...I meant no offense," said Tamara blushing.

"It's OK, Tamara. But I feel cold."

"No problem, Plata, I will drape a blanket over you."

Tamara produced a heavy blanket that she draped over Plata. Fiona was now in the darkness and could devote all her senses to enjoying the penis buried inside her. She gave a tentative squeeze

with her vaginal muscles which had grown very strong over the years. Her continuous intimacy with the horse penis now could allow her to feel every bump in it. It was, she knew, a situation that women put out to pasture got to know and enjoy. After a few weeks thus joined to the horse shaft, Fiona knew she would eventually get to be able to coax the horse to move forward or turn or even rear just with commands transmitted through her vaginal muscles. But now she sensed that the horse shaft was getting soft.

“Are you warm now, Plata?” asked Tamara.

“I am, lass,” replied Fiona, “but the shaft is getting soft.”

“I really hope sister Renate finds some yerba dura soon,” replied Tamara as she produced a syringe and injected yerba dura oil into the horse’s penis. The effect was immediate and Fiona felt the horse penis swell and harden inside her.

“Oh, that is wonderful!” moaned Fiona.

“I so enjoy it now!” beamed Tamara.

“Are you starting your bellyriding training Tamara?”

“I was kept in the cradle for a day after my deflowerment,” explained Tamara. “Sister Renate insisted I get to enjoy the horse penis inside me and she let me use Hades.”

“Hades? Ohmigod, child, it is a wonder you did not rupture!”

“Yes it was very hard for me to take him. They had to pull on my legs and push on my shoulder until it finally entered me. They told me I was screaming and crying all the time but eventually I got used to it. I was actually a little sore then and had trouble walking afterwards. But during the mating Renate stayed at my side encouraging and caressing me and sucking on my tits. I do not lactate yet, however. She also kept the horse penis iron hard all through that day. And when the horse ejaculated Sister Renate would capture as much semen as possible then rub it into me and give me some of it to drink.”

“Oh soon you will lactate,” smiled Fiona. “The yerba dura will make those beautiful tits of yours produce a lot of milk. No wonder Renate took a liking for you. Speaking of which, go ahead and suck me off please. I think I am about to burst.”

Once Tamara finished she rearranged the ropes in the cradle so there would be plenty of “play” in case that Plata started pounding Fiona throughout the night. Fiona just smiled contented relishing the sensations induced by the huge penis inside her.

“And what do you mean about getting some Yerba Dura soon?” asked Fiona. “Are we out? There is more in Recife’s market.”

“I don’t know what is happening,” admitted Tamara. “But Sister Renate, I hear, is going into the Matto Grosso to bring back more.”

“Tamara, after matins, do tell Renate I have to talk to her. It is urgent.”

“Will do sister.”

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V. Addiction

A few hours later, after Matins, Tamara could not find Renate. She was in fact in the room that housed the convent's apothecary supplies with Sister Ilse.

"This is what I bought the last time I went to the market in Recife," said Sister Ilse opening a barrel.

"The latest material is on top?" asked Renate.

"More or less. We have the practice of mixing it all."

Renate looked skeptically at the petals of yerba dura. They were yellowish and did not look healthy. Renate smelled several.

"These all seem very old," she noted.

"Unfortunately it was what they had," pointed out Ilse. "I had to pay thrice the usual for each kilo. I don't think there is any more left in Recife."

"Really?" replied Renate looking pointedly at Ilse.

"I swear, Renate, I did not spend it in drink!"

"Well, as the former apothecary sister told me before she went to Christ, it takes about two kilograms for each milligram of oil."

"Yes, we process it on the last week of each month," pointed out Ilse. "We have all setup in the room next to the apothecary."

Renate made some quick calculations. The convent went through at least a liter of pure oil each month. They would then dilute it with distilled water in a ten to one ratio.

"We will have to do some experimentations," explained Renate. "We should start extracting the oil in all the stores of yerba dura we have. Once the oil is distilled it will keep. The longer we wait the less oil we will get from these already old petals."

"If we dilute it, the horse will not last hard as much," explained Ilse. "Bellyriding would be impossible."

"Let's prepare a batch with some existing oil," instructed Renate. "Have one of the novices get in the cradle and see how long the horse penis stays hard. Usually with the undiluted mix we need to give a horse three to four injections daily."

"That depends on the horse size," explained Ilse.

"Well, the novices dream all the time about big shafts. Stick one under a warm blood. It will do her good to stretch a lot and I am sure she will enjoy it."

"How about the mother superior?"

"I will let her know what I am going to try," said Renate. "I am sure she will give me the go ahead."

"You should try it yourself, Renate. A novice will be very tight still. Or I can do it," volunteered Ilse.

"No, let a novice try it. And you and I are going to be busy preparing for our trek."

"You know, I have noticed that you have not mated with a horse since Fiona was set out to pasture," replied Ilse in a conspiratorial tone. "Pretty sure people will notice if you are not dripping horse semen while you walk."

Renate actually blushed, something her state of perpetual nudity could not hide.

"I've been lax in my servicing Christ, I admit it."

"You are not becoming celibate are you?" asked Ilse laughing. "I mean, what are you? A nun?"

"Actually," admitted Renate, "I am conducting an experiment of sorts."

"Explain please," asked Ilse sitting on a stool.

"When I could not be mated to a horse while Fiona convalesced, I felt a general sensation of discomfort. I was having constant migraines and they were getting worse. But I attributed it to worry about Fiona surviving."

"No, I told you, Renate, you were having Yerba Dura withdrawal," explained Ilse.

"Well, I decide to see if I could reproduce the effect by not mating with horses nor drinking their semen. I've been keeping a log and I measure my blood pressure and temperature several times a day."

"So?"

"My blood pressure is on an upward trend and am now on the edge of having a fever and my headaches have returned."

"Jesus! I could have told you all that Renate!" snarled Ilse. "It will get worse, as I explained. You will bloat and have hideous skin rashes. Your whole system breakdown, you start hallucinating and are no longer coherent and eventually you will die."

"I agree. I was skeptical at first, I admit."

"Well, all we need to do is go into the Matto Grosso and find out why the supply of Yerba Dura has dwindled."

"It is not as simple, Ilse," said Renate shaking her head. "I estimate that assuming we can get some decent oil out of these old petals there probably will yield...two liters at ten to one dilution...or maybe up to four if we dilute even more. In other words, the whole convent will be dead from Yerba Dura withdrawal by Christmas."

"That is what I figured," said Sister Mary Joseph, the new Mother Superior entering the materials room. Both Renate and Ilse knelt down and kissed her pubes respectfully.

"This is what I want done," continued Sister Mary Joseph. "First I want all novices to stop mating with horses or drinking horse semen from the regular nuns. They will just drink wine from now on instead of horse seed."

"You want them to go celibate?" asked Ilse with astonishment.

"I think I know what you want, Mother Superior," said Renate. "You want to see if they have withdrawal symptoms."

"Yes," agreed Mary Joseph. "And any of them that will not show symptoms will be returned to their families, temporarily of course. Most of them come from families that practice bestiality. They can find a dog to satisfy them."

"Some of the novices are already raging nymphomaniacs. I am sure there will be protests," replied Ilse.

"Then they will be whipped repeatedly, two or three times a day, instead of one daily whipping," ordered Mary Joseph. "The pain should distract them."

Renate stared at Mary Joseph's torso. Like Ilse's and Renate's, Mary Joseph wore a tattooed bodysuit. But the pale lines of repeated whipping could still be made out. Familiarity with pain, Renate knew well herself, helped increase the nuns' pain threshold so they would eagerly accept the red poppy when the time came.

"I will monitor the novices' vitals," offered Renate. "If they show the same pattern I am suffering now, we would know they are addicted to Yerba Dura. Do we keep them in the convent then?"

"Yes. When we run out of the Yerba Dura I am afraid we will have to take hard decisions," said Mary Joseph sternly.

"What do you mean?" inquired Ilse and there was a trembling in her words.

"She means the whole convent will take the red poppy," replied Renate.

"Jesus!" exclaimed Ilse.

"Yes," agreed Mary Joseph. "We will all go to Christ. It is for the best."

"Then we should finish our preparations for the trek," offered Renate.

"When can you leave Renate?" asked Mary Joseph.

"At the earliest in three more days. Ilse and I and perhaps the novice Andrea will go. I know she is definitely addicted."

"Good, however, tomorrow make yourself available. I have someone you must meet," concluded Mary Joseph.

"Will do, Mother Superior. However, I was thinking of using diluted Yerba Buena on a warmblood and trying it on a novice."

"I understand," agreed Mary Joseph. "But forget about the novices. Besides, you need an experienced nun for that and the largest mount we have."

"That would be Hades, your horse, Renate," said Ilse.

"Don't get any ideas, Ilse," said Mary Joseph. "You are a big woman and could certainly could take him but I need you to help Renate finish her preparations. Renate, just strap me and have Hades impale me with that pole he has. If he ruptures me, then just have some red poppy ready. We will see how long he lasts hard with the diluted dose. That should extend our supplies, right?"

“Oui. Perhaps to four months.”

“Fine. I will be in my chambers stretching. I will go to the stalls tonight to be mated with Hades,” said Mary Joseph as she walked out.

“Her hips are not wide enough,” snarled Ilse when the Mother Superior left.

“Now, Ilse, don’t be disrespectful,” laughed Renate. “Maybe she craves the red poppy. I don’t blame her. I would not want to preside over the convent if all the addicted nuns have to go to Christ.”

Just then an agitated novice came in, Tamara.

“I finally found you Sister Renate,” said the young girl kneeling in front of Renate and Ilse and kissing their pubes.

“You sound all flustered, novice,” said Renate. “What is going on? Is Fiona right?”

“She is sister. But she urgently wants to talk to you.”

“Is she still in her stall?”

“No, she was put out this morning.”

“I will look her up in the field then,” concluded Renate. “Ilse, please, you and Tamara start cooking these leaves. We need to extract all the oil we can from these pitiful looking petals.”

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## **VI. The Horse Sheath**

By the time Renate left the apothecary it was high noon. The sun shone brightly and she had to adjust her eyes. A welcome breeze came in from the sea and she felt its caress all over her naked body. Renate contemplated her surroundings. The old church’s bells were calling for the midday mass. Renate smiled as she saw a gaggle of nuns herding the novices into the church. Soon, she knew, a beautiful choir of female voices would make the old walls resonate. Hers was an ideal life, she thought, that revolved around mass, praying, the rosary, eating other women’s pussies, fisting their orifices, sucking milk from their turgid tits, then having all this all done to her and, on top of everything, making love to horses either in the safety of a stall or out in the streets of Recife, shamelessly, in front of an understanding and supportive crowd that applauded her mating.

Such was Renate’s joy and optimism and high spirits that her new life was giving her that she had, in fact, started her practice again, welcoming the poor, of which there were many in Recife, to be treated for free in her house in Recife Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays (after mass). Many came then since it was the first time they would actually be treated by a real doctor, no matter if it was “the nude tattooed white woman with the wide open cunt that always drips horse semen”. It all was, she thought, a cleaner and easier living than her old life in Europe. And the weather, she smiled, certainly made it easier to remain naked for the rest of her life. Plus, she understood, she was free, free not only of clothing but also with the stifling rules that persecuted bestiality and lesbianism around which her life now revolved.

As she walked towards the pasture where Fiona and Plata were let loose a realization struck her and she could not help but feel fainting for a moment. She sat down on a dry fountain and winced momentarily as the hot rocks met her naked buttocks. It was all very clear. Unless she was

successful in finding more Yerba Dura chances are that most of the women she so loved would die before Christmas, either from the withdrawal symptoms of Yerba Dura or from taking the red poppy and letting a horse penetrate them all the way to the balls. In either case it would be a gruesome death that the nuns did not deserve.

Renate trembled at the thought. She herself was getting more used to the idea of “going to Christ” in that manner. But then again she was a full nun had lived in the convent for several years now and she knew her pain threshold was high enough that she could endure being ruptured willingly by a horse, just like she had tried to do in Berlin. No, she did not have full acceptance, which was something that Fiona had told her sternly takes years to achieve. But, how about the novices? They had just started their life as a Naked Nun of Mary Magdalene and all that that entailed. How can you expect them to take the red poppy now? Worse, she had never been to the Matto Grosso (though Ilse had). How then was a naked European woman, whose knowledge of Portuguese was still awkward and knew none of the thousands of Indian dialects, going to find out why the supply of Yerba Dura had stopped? Yes, she thought, we will all have to take the red poppy. And when there was only one alive, how was she going to get herself ruptured? And what about the women put out to pasture? Perhaps, she realized, there would be more acceptance from them. She would have to ask Fiona. If anyone had kinky perverted thoughts it would be her.

She opened the gate to the pasture and followed the path the horses had made when the women put out to pasture were let out in the morning. Eventually she could see a hill covered in mango trees where the horses (and the women impaled on their shafts) congregated. She could see Recife in the far off distance and the blue sea. It was not, she thought, a bad place to spend the remainder of your days.

The novice that looked after the “herd” was there, busy adjusting the straps on one of the horses. She must be a new enrollee, thought Renate, as her body suit tattoo had scarcely started. The novice saw Renate coming and walked towards her and knelt in front of Renate and kissed her pubes.

“Ohmigod!” cried Renate. “You better be 18, child.”

“Actually I am 19 but look younger,” replied the novice.

“And what is your name, child?”

“Marilu Sister,” replied the young novice. “May I service you Sister?”

Renate agreed and the young novice pressed her lips to Renate’s cunt.

“I shouldn’t have much horse semen dripping by now, after three days of celibacy,” thought Renate as she stroked the dark mane of the novice’s hair.

“Marilu,” said Renate getting aroused (the young novice was good), “do you know of the red poppy?”

The novice interrupted her licking and replied with a halting voice.

“Yes sister, it helps nuns to fulfill their fourth vow.”

The young woman’s eyes were wide open. It was obvious she was trembling.

“Don’t worry, child,” replied Renate in a soothing tone. “Hopefully you won’t drink it until many years have passed and you are ready for it.”

Renate was actually pissed that the thought had intruded and interrupted the joy she was receiving.

"Is something wrong?" asked Marilu as Renate helped her to her feet.

"No, there is nothing wrong, certainly not with you," replied Renate. "You certainly know how to lick a woman. And I am sure you did not drink any horse semen from my cunt. Nor was I as wet as usual. I have too much in my mind right now."

"I did catch a taste of horse semen, Sister," replied Marilu smiling.

Then Renate kissed the novice passionately.

"But do tell me, Marilu, where is Plata?"

"It went down to the stream, Sister. You should be able to hear her moans from afar."

As Renate followed the path down to the stream, she noticed Plata slowly climbing up the hill. Fiona must love that, she thought, for going uphill ought to drive her down on the shaft.

Pretty soon Renate could hear Fiona moaning as Plata took each step. Renate stopped the horse and examined the cage and the cradle. The cage was actually made from very light aluminum and was secured firmly to the horse. Its purpose was to assure the woman's safety as it was impossible for the horse to actually crush her when the horse laid down or rolled over.

Fiona's head actually protruded from between Plata's head. It was held in a smaller version of the cradle that held what remained of her body. Fiona smiled recognizing Renate.

"About time you visited me, Renate. Please sit on my face," asked Fiona. "I miss you."

Renate opened her legs and pushed her torso flush against the horse's chest. Then she lowered herself onto Fiona's open mouth. Fiona's ministrations finished the job Marilu had started and soon Renate was moaning in the midst of an orgasm.

"I guess that should do for a kiss, my dear," said Renate as she cooled down.

"Nonsense, kneel down and give me one, with a lot of tongue of course."

The two women kissed passionately.

Renate inspected the rest of her. To her surprise Fiona was very dirty, covered in mud.

"Ohmigod," said Renate, "did he roll in the mud at the creek?"

"This bad boy did indeed. Worse was when he went into the creek. Now that the monsoon is started it was higher than usual. I was afraid the water would cover me and I would drown. I wish I was able to control him just by using my vaginal muscles, like the other women here do. But that will take a few more weeks."

"I take it the cage worked," observed Renate.

"Aye, it certainly did, but I still got muddy. I don't mind. They will wash me tonight when I am put in the stall."

Renate could not help but notice that Fiona now considered herself a part of the horse. Then Renate

sat down in the grass next to Fiona.

“How is it going with you?” asked Renate.

“What day is it? Thursday?”

“No, it is Friday.”

“I thought it was my fourth day,” admitted Fiona. “So be it. It is my fifth day since I was permanently impaled on his shaft and became a horse sheath. They say that if you survive your first week the rest is easy. A lot of us do not and they either go mad or a ruptured. I wish you would do it too, Renate.”

“Being put out to pasture? I don’t think I am ready yet.”

“Actually it is very nice. The only thing that matters now is the penis inside me. This constant communion with my horse is something I did not expect, it is almost spiritual.”

“Oh, come on!” laughed Renate.

“I hope you understand some day, Renate, my love. I could do without the darn flies and the stickers, however.”

“Those are the joys of being a horse sheath, dear. Now, what is it you wanted to tell me?”

“I was told there was something wrong with the supply of Yerba Dura. Speaking of which, I can feel the penis softening. Please apply a shot. They are in my satchels.”

This Renate did and Fiona moaned as she felt the horse penis inside her hardening. Then Renate explained the situation.

“So you are trekking to the jungle?”

“Yes, with Ilse and the novice Andrea. Ilse has been there.”

“Now listen to me carefully Renate.”

“Yes?”

“You must take me (Renate knew she meant Plata) with you. I have the most jungle experience of all the nuns. And I do not believe you or Ilse speak Guarani or any of the other jungle dialects. I do and I have the sort of sixth sense that has kept me alive in the jungle. You all do not.”

“In the jungle, with a horse penis inside you permanently? You will rupture right away! It is (I am told) a rough and dangerous place! No way Fiona!”

“Plata, I am Plata, my name is no longer Fiona. And if I rupture so what? Do I have to pull rank with you?”

“Nonsense, you are no longer a woman, you are just a horse sheath.”

“You are still a novice in ways, Renate. Once Mother Superior, you stay a Mother Superior. Let’s not discuss this anymore, please. I insist. Now, let me continue uphill. I love the pressure in my cervix.”

Renate knelt down and kissed her once again and then returned to the convent.

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VII. Semen and Piss

Renate felt wretched both physically and emotionally by the time she returned to the convent. Her migraine was worsening. She knew there was only one remedy possible. By this time she had no doubt she was addicted to Yerba Buena. So she entered the stables and was glad to see that her stallion, Hades, was being brushed down by a novice. Another novice was manipulating its massive shaft which had already “dropped”.

“What do you think you are doing with Hades?” inquired Renate.

Both novices felt to their knees and Renate let them kiss her pubes.

“So? I am waiting!” snarled Renate.

“Sister,” spoke one of the novices, “we are reading Hades for the Mother Superior, as instructed.”

“Has anyone mated with him in the last three days?”

“I think it has been Sister Ilse who has been mating with him,” explained a novice. “She is quite...big boned...you know.”

“Aye! Some of us have tried but can’t get him in.”

Renate laughed. Ilse must have kept tabs on her and, since she had gone “celibate” had taken the opportunity to mate with Hades.

“And I imagine that Sister Ilse had the shaft kept hard with Yerba Dura?” inquired Renate.

“Yes, she has slept twice under him while impaled.”

Good, thought Renate, there would be plenty of Yerba Dura on his semen.

“Ok, put him in the stall,” ordered Renate, “and give me a bucket and some privacy.”

Once this was done, Renate knelt down next to Hades and reached for the huge member. Hades recognized his mistress’ touch and stayed still.

“Oh you magnificent creature,” moaned Renate quietly. “I can’t deny I love you. I fell in love with you the first time I saw you thumping this wonderful penis against your chest. You intuited I was there and called out to me.”

All the while Renate was kissing the tip of the wide head and licking its opening. She soon detected some of the precum and she coaxed more out with her tongue, all the while holding on and massaging the rest of the shaft. The precum was now flowing easily and Renate took some of it in her hands and used as lubrication while massaging the shaft. Then she opened her mouth as wide as possible and inserted the spongy head into her mouth. There were sounds of contentment and of sucking and the two novices could not help to steal a peak into the stall and then smiled at each other. For Renate the world ceased to exist. She concentrated only on Hades’ magnificent penis and imagined what it would be to be torsified and permanently impaled on it and put out to pasture. Then, from the corner of her eye, she saw the testicles tremble. Hades began to fret. Determined to receive the first ejaculation in her mouth, usually the most voluminous one, Renate steeled herself and increased the rhythm of her massaging. The first explosion of semen was so powerful that

Renate's head almost whiplashed back. She inevitably had swallowed most of it and almost had a coughing spell as some of the semen "went the wrong way". Hades kept on exploding and Renate had directed the tip to her face and chest now. With one hand on the penis directing its jet towards her, Renate reached for the bucket next to her. What she could not swallow she captured in the bucket.

Renate emerged contented and covered in horse semen from the stall. One of her eyes was shut and the bucket was almost full.

"Monitor him," instructed Renate. "If he pees, make sure you collect it too."

She waved away the novices and sought a quiet corner under a tree. She sat down in a stone bench and started taking sips from the bucket. As she was finishing, she saw one of the novices bringing another bucket full of Hades' pee. Renate knew that there was more Yerba Dura in it. She held it to her face and smelled its rich odor.

"It's an acquired taste," Renate told herself.

Perhaps, thought Renate, for she was not unfamiliar with the taste of horse pee, the chemical dependence drives us to be willing to drink it too.

With no further ado, Renate began to drink the horse piss. Once she finished the bucket, she stood in unsteady legs noticing that her belly was distended with a mixture of horse piss and semen. She had a hard time steadying herself and force herself not to puke it.

"I am like an addict who has scored a fix," thought Renate as she returned to the apothecary. She sought in the cabinets for what she needed and eventually found, a wad of coca leaves that she knew should ease her nausea.

She then laid down in a cot in the apothecary and fell asleep briefly. She was woken up by Ilse who showed her a syringe.

"There! This is a 20 to one dilution. The Mother Superior will need it soon," explained Ilse beaming.

"It is not as dark as the regular mix," agreed Renate. "Let's go to the stable then. By the way, a little bird told me you have been fucking with Hades lately."

Ilse just blushed.

"I mean, it was so cruel to see him pounding his neck with that tool...and you were not around. What was I to do? God knows, it hurt at first! I don't know why you have not ruptured!" said Ilse guiltily. "And what is wrong with your stomach? Are you pregnant with a foal? Happened to me once but it aborted spontaneously, thank God!"

Renate scowled but she could never get herself not to like the large Valkyrie.

"I just milked Hades for all I could and even drank his pee!" replied Renate as she held on to Ilse and walked towards the stables. "God! You know what? My migraine is going away!"

"Won't that change the conditions of the test?"

"Who cares at this point!" exclaimed Renate. "Perhaps Hades will be easier to insert into the Mother Superior. Did you bring some red poppy in case she is ruptured?"

"There is always a flask in the stables. You never know when it could occur though I always instruct the novices to be careful with it."

"Why?"

"This was before your time, Renate, but one time some foolish novice drank some of it. It is diluted with chicha alcohol so she definitely took a liking for it."

"Ohmigod! And what happened to her?"

"She began to orgasm continuously. She was in heat basically, you know how it feels. We restrained her before she drove a broom handle up her cunt and gave her as much koro as we could. But it was useless. Her heart gave out from coming. She did have a smile on her face."

"Jesus! I've joined a convent full of mad women."

"Do you have any regrets Renate?"

"Hell no! Just keep broom handles away from me!"

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### **VIII. The Mother Superior**

When they reached the stables, Renate took care to wash Hade's trunk (there is no other word to describe the massive pole that hung between his legs) so the Sister Mary Joseph, the Mother Superior, would find no fault in it.

"Are we ready?" asked Mary Joseph as she entered the stable. "God knows, I have been stretching myself out with large dildos all the while."

"Yes, Mother Superior," said Renate while brushing Hades in the wide alley between the stalls.

"What a big distended cunt you have, Mother Superior," noted Ilse. "That is, with all due respect of course."

"No pain no gain they say," smiled Mary Joseph. "I had some trouble walking over here."

"Well, I have some red poppy in case of...you know..." said Ilse.

"Good!" replied Mary Joseph as she placed herself in the bellyrider's cradle. "I feel happy I am in the best hands possible."

Renate and Ilse tightened Mary Joseph's legs and arms to the side of the horse and then adjusted the ropes.

"There's too much play," noted Mary Joseph.

"Aye!" said Renate. "Once he starts pounding you will need to be able to swing. But if you want him to rupture you we can tighten the ropes. It's your call."

For a brief minute Mary Joseph did not say anything as if she was seriously considering the options.

"I will get some sand to absorb the blood," volunteered Ilse.



"No, leave the ropes as they are," Mary Joseph finally answered. "This is supposed to be an experiment, right?"

"OK, Mother Superior, just try to relax," said Renate. "We will do all the work."

"Yes," said Ilse. "We will get it into you first, then we will inject the diluted Yerba Dura. You will enjoy his shaft, its lovely. I know!"

Renate could not help but scowl at Ilse when the Austrian winked and smiled at her. Meanwhile, Mary Joseph crossed herself and shut her eyes and pressed her face to the huge beast's chest. Ilse meanwhile took dollops of Vaseline and inserted it into Mary Joseph's yawning cavern.

Renate's ministrations caused Hades to drop and she applied more Vaseline to the huge penis. Then Renate pressed the tip against Sister Mary Joseph's flaring pussy lips. There was already precum coming out. Mary Joseph could not but moan softly feeling the shaft pressed to the entry of her cavern. Ilse stole a kiss from the Mother Superior's pubes and then made the sign of the cross.

Renate then pushed as much as she could of the still semi-soft penis into Mary Joseph's cunt. The Mother Superior moaned again.

"Are you Ok Mother Superior?" asked Renate.

"I don't know. It is inside me but I know he is not hard yet. But it is the largest shaft I have ever taken."

"You want to continue?" asked Ilse.

"Yes," replied Mary Joseph. "Make it as hard as a steel pole. Do it!"

Ilse slip a piece of leather into Mary Joseph's mouth, between her teeth, to keep her from biting o her tongue. Renate pointed to a point in the shaft where the reaction would be more immediate. Ilse nodded and swiftly injected the entire syringe in that point.

The reaction was almost instantaneous. Not only did the whole penis hardened, its girth increased considerably and Hades' powerful hips started thrusting it deeper inside Mary Joseph. The Mother Superior's back arched. Her body was now covered in a sheen of sweat and she was biting hard on the leather.

"Make a note of the time, Ilse," asked Renate.

"Got it!"

"Ten...twelve...fourteen..." said Renate counting of the centimeters of horse penis making its way into Mary Joseph.

At around 20 centimeters, about eight inches, Mary Joseph was shaking her head violently and straining at the ropes. Ilse grabbed Hade's reins tightly.

"I think she has bottomed out!" said Renate.

"I told you her hips were boyish!" snarled Ilse.

"Not after this, they won't!" replied Renate.

"She needs a collar!" observed Ilse.

"Do it!" cried Renate.

A collar was a device Ilse fixed around the shaft to limit the penetration. It had padding inside to prevent the penis from chafing and also padding where it pressed against the woman's pubes.

"Don't tighten it too much!" complained Renate. "That penis is mine! Don't hurt it!"

"Calm yourself down, you French nympho slut," replied Ilse. "I know what I am doing!"

Renate examined the result.

"I think she has around 25 centimeters inside. And I do not see any bleeding. She must be close to rupturing, however."

"I am afraid she died," said Ilse looking at Mary Joseph whose head lay limp backwards.

Immediately Renate removed the leather bit and opened Mary Joseph's eyes.

"You!" cried Renate to one of the novices that had congregated and stared at the nuns all wild eyed, "Go to the apothecary and get my doctor's bag. It is on the counter!"

The young naked girl took off running immediately.

"Is she dead?" asked Ilse.

Renate said nothing. Then a minute later she had her bag and she proceeded to prepare an injection which she applied to Mary Joseph. Then Renate took her scope and started to hear carefully.

"C'mon, c'mon, give me a pulse damn you!" as she pounded on Mary Joseph's bare chest and gave her mouth to mouth resuscitation.

The Mother Superior suddenly took a gulp of air and opened her eyes widely.

"Ohmigod! I thought it was coming out of my mouth!"

"Should we take the penis out of her?" offered Ilse.

"No! No! Don't take it out! It will hurt more! I know!" protested Mary Joseph. "I'd rather die with it inside me!"

"Ok," said Renate. "Listen, you had a cardiac arrest, maybe from the pain and shock induced. I am going to give you a tranquilizer."

"But if I am put to sleep I won't feel when it starts to soften!"

"Ilse will monitor the hardness. Also, we need to pull you up a few centimeters. Do you understand?"

"If you must..." answered Mary Joseph as Renate injected her.

"That should calm you down and you will feel drowsy," said Renate caressing Mary Joseph's head. "Sleep if you wish. We will keep you impaled for the night."

With the help of Ilse and two novices Mary Joseph was pulled up so that there were only 15

centimeters (about six inches) of horse penis inside her. The shaft still remained very wide, about 10 centimeters, almost four inches.

"How does it feel?" asked Renate.

"It is indeed a lovely shaft," moaned Mary Joseph. "When he starts pounding me again he will come inside me, right?"

"Yes, but I adjusted the collar so he will go in only up to 20 centimeters," explained Ilse. "Hopefully you won't rupture."

"I was a married woman before I joined the order," said Mary Joseph who was definitely more relaxed. "I gave birth to a child and it feels exactly as when I was giving birth. But this time I am actually enjoying it!"

"You were actually married?" asked Renate.

"Yes, but he was...uncaring. We got divorced. He had money so he bought off the judges and kept the child. I was quite young then but I was destitute. I actually earned a living as a prostitute. But then I heard of the order...I mean, it is named after Mary Magdalene. From there, my choice was easy. And horses smell better than some of the men that bought my services."

"Pass me the red poppy," whispered Renate to Ilse.

Renate prepared a syringe with a minimum amount of the red poppy diluted in distilled water.

"Is that what I think it is?" said Mary Joseph as Renate injected her.

"Yes, I diluted it. If it happens, you know, you will be so aroused that you won't care."

"I am thirsty," complained Mary Joseph.

"I have chicha," offered Ilse and Renate nodded.

Ilse offered Mary Joseph a sip from a black bottle.

"It is the good stuff," smiled Mary Joseph.

Ilse and Renate settle down for a night vigil. Meanwhile the novices brought in the women put out to pasture. Renate recognized Plata but figured not to bother Fiona anymore. The novice that brought her in just nodded to Renate to show that Fiona was alright. Every thirty minutes or so, Ilse would go and feel the penis shaft to see if it was softening.

"Is it still hard?" asked Renate.

"As a steel pole."

"And Mary Joseph?"

"Sleeping contentedly. I could see no bleeding."

"It has been three hours so far."

At around the fourth hour Ilse signaled to Renate that the shaft was softening and a second syringe

of Yerba Dura was applied.

"Makes sense," concluded Renate. "It only last half as much as the usual dilution."

"Well, I sensed that Hades was getting frisky. He is going to start pounding her any time. And he is again very hard."

"I am sure she will wake up then," smiled Renate.

"We can do something to pass the time," suggested Ilse.

"What do you suggest?"

"There are some toys here in the stable."

"A strap on with a large dildo?"

"Almost as big as Hades."

Pretty soon Ilse was pounding Renate's asshole with a very large shaft. Renate was moaning, imagining it was Hades' penis inside her. Then they heard Hades neigh.

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IX. Impregnation

The nuns rushed to the stall. Hades was indeed pounding Mary Joseph.

"I have the rest of the red poppy," whispered Ilse.

"Good! Hades is really going at it!"

Truly the horse was pounding Mary Joseph brutally. Mary Joseph, in turn, was very wide awake and her eyes shone brightly. Her body shined with the sheen of her sweat. The muscles of her legs were taut and her grip on the ropes was strong as she actually swung herself on the cradle trying to meet the thrusts of the horse. It was a magnificent performance, a display of a woman given entirely to lust, willing herself to take as much as the horse penis inside her as she could.

"I want it deeper! Make it go deeper!" I want it to come out of my mouth!" cried the Mother Superior absolutely overcome by lust.

"The red poppy is working," whispered Renate.

"I hope the collar works!" replied Ilse also in a whisper.

"I don't think she cares at this point," said Renate.

Then Hades exploded inside her and the hydraulic jet of semen actually made her swing backwards. The nuns could see her belly distended as the horse head flared and his semen filled her womb. Mary Joseph let go an animal cry of lust and pain. The ejaculate burst between the tight union of horse and woman and it actually reached the two nuns. The penis could be seen to continue to quiver as more ejaculate entered Mary Joseph. In the end the Mother Superior lay limp in the cradle though with her eyes wide open.

"Am I...?" inquired Mary Joseph.

"I don't think so," said Renate examining her closer. "The semen jetted out but I see no blood."

Contrails of horse semen continued to ooze out of her and a large semen pool had formed in the stall floor. Renate pressed her belly gently. The womb was distended. Renate could feel the large penis inside the Mother Superior. She noted that it did not seem to be retracting and still felt hard.

"I can feel that it is still hard," noted Mary Joseph. "Sweet Jesus! I love it!"

"It is still hard, which is very good," said Renate. "Even though the Yerba Dura was diluted the penis still remained hard, as with the old mixture. But I am still not sure about you. Are you in pain?"

"No! I feel wonderful! God! I am such a slut for horse meat!"

"Aren't we all? Do you taste any semen or blood?"

"You think I ruptured? But no, I taste none."

Renate carefully checked her vitals.

"I think you will survive," concluded Renate. "But I am not sure Hades did not make you pregnant!"

"Then I will care it out to term! I don't care if it looks hideous!"

"It would be a very difficult birth," laughed Renate. "We will have to do a caesarian section. I don't think any woman could stretch enough to give birth to a foal."

"Whatever! I just want him to fuck me over and over! God! No wonder you are so possessive about him, Renate!"

By the fourth hour dawn was approaching. The shaft was softening. Ilse removed the collar, admonishing Mary Joseph to not try to fuck back if Hades revived. The Mother Superior frowned at the admonition. Then slowly the shaft started to retract. A bucket was at hand to keep all the ejaculate inside the Mother Superior. Then with an obscene sound the shaft exited.

"Oh how big it is now!" exclaimed Ilse looking with disbelief at Mary Josephs' yawning cavern from which large contrails of horse semen were dropping out into the bucket.

The nuns helped the Mother Superior out of the cradle and held her as the semen continued to flow out of her into the bucket.

"I don't think I can walk," said Mary Joseph. "And I have an important visit in an hour or so."

"I will carry you to your office then," said Ilse as she picked up Mary Joseph as easily as if she were a child. "But you must allow me to cleanse you."

A few minutes later, the Mother Superior laid on her bed, face up, as Ilse eagerly drank the horse semen still oozing out of her. Meanwhile Renate lovingly sponge bathed her and massaged her arms and legs.

"Leave some for me, Ilse," said Renate watching the eagerness with which Ilse pressed her lips to the cavernous vagina and drank all that came out of it.

"There will be enough for days, look how distended my belly still is," said Mary Joseph.

"Yes, your womb is full of horse semen. That's why I think Hades might have impregnated you," smiled Renate.

"Thank you," answered Mary Joseph in a sincere tone. "This was the best day of my life actually. Do you have enough data?"

"Yes, it is a small sample, admittedly, but it seems that four hours will be as long as a horse can keep hard on a diluted injection."

"And that was on that behemoth," smaller horses ought to remain hard even longer."

"So, we have maybe four month's supply left, right?"

"Yes, Mother Superior. We can gain a month, even more perhaps."

"Fine, then all the pain was worth it. But you all leave soon."

"Yes, I will instruct one of the senior nuns on how to monitor the novices for signs of addiction. I think I understand now the mechanism of Yerba Dura withdrawal."

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## **X. The Hacendada**

Sometime before noon Renate and Ilse were summoned to the Mother Superior's visiting room. As both nuns were walking there they briefly caught sight of a magnificent Bentley parked outside the convent. Renate saw that it was being cleansed by a uniformed female chauffeur of the mud it had accumulated in traveling through the sorry roads of Brazil while the monsoon was raging.

"Whoever brought that car, she must be loaded," noted Renate. "I wonder how long it will last in Brazil's roads."

"She looks cute, even dressed," replied Ilse pointing to the chauffeur. "I wonder if I could talk her into eating my pussy."

"You are mad, my Teuton nympho," said Renate scowling. "Most likely she will run away screaming and will have the constabulary show up and look you again."

As the two nuns entered the receiving room they noticed that there were two women with the Mother Superior. Both visitors were naked as is required within the convents' premises. On a chair were the clothes of only one, however. Mary Joseph sat on a chair with her legs wide open (she was having difficulty closing them) and her grossly distended cavern was on display.

"Ah, these are the nuns I was telling you about," said Mary Joseph as she struggled to stand up.

"No, Sister, stay seated, please," said one the women.

Renate quickly noted that these woman had no tan lines at all and that explained why there was only one set of clothes. The woman was in her late forties or early fifties but was obviously very fit. Renate's initial suspicions that she was a bellyrider were confirmed by the very distended cunt she showed when she turned to meet the two nuns. The other woman, however, had definite tan marks and was much younger, perhaps in her mid-twenties. Both were brunettes and unshaven. Renate's

trained eye read much in their body language. The younger woman was obviously very uncomfortable being nude in public and instinctively covered her breasts. The older woman, on the other hand, felt very comfortable naked.

“Renate and Ilse,” said the Mother Superior, “these are Mrs. Amanda Corcuera and her daughter, Ximena.”

“Please sisters, my daughter Ximena,” said Amanda, “she is not used to my ways. But her services to the family are beyond price. So forgive her if she does not show the respect due to you.”

That done, Amanda knelt in front of the two nuns and kissed their pubes. Then she stood up and kissed both in the mouth. Ximena just waved at them and the nuns nodded back. There were obviously limits the younger woman would not trespass.

“Ximena has a lot of experience in the Mato Grosso,” explained Mary Joseph. “Right, Ximena?”

Ximena just nodded and could not help blushing.

“Yes, my daughter regularly inspects the rubber plantations we have around Manaus, right Ximena? She is the family accountant and general manager and has done wonders for the Corcuera’s estate.”

“They are just small plantations, averaging around 2000 hectares each,” said Ximena quietly.

Renate felt astonished. A 2000 hectare property in Europe would be a small kingdom on its own. Then she identified the name Corcuera. They were one of the richest families in Brazil who also had emerald mines in Colombia and estancias in the pampas that were also huge. And if Ximena was in charge of all the income from all those properties she must have a good head on her shoulders. While Amanda and her sisters probably spent their time being shagged by their horses Ximena was the real brains behind the operation.

“Would you all care for an aperitif before we go down to business?” asked Maria Joseph pointing to her pubes. “I had a glorious bellyride last night and am still very full.”

“Yes, definitely,” answered Amanda.

“OK,” replied Ximena quietly.

“Ilse, please...” said Mary Joseph indicating to a glass cabinet.

Ilse produced some shot glasses and Mary Joseph nodded.

Then Renate and Ilse helped Mary Joseph stand up a bit on her steady legs. Ilse placed a shot glass under Mary Joseph’s distended cunt as the Mother Superior pressed on her distended belly. A string of horse semen felled and half-filled the shot glass. Four other glasses were produced and filled thus.

“Milk?” offered Ilse holding one of her breasts.

“Yes, why not?” replied Amanda.

Ilse squirted some of her milk into each shot glass and then squatted forward and grunted and a black bottle came out of her ass.

“No pockets, you know,” smiled Ilse as she poured some chicha into each shot glass.

Each woman received on shot glass. It had not mixed as each fluid layer was of different density.

“Cheers!” said Mary Joseph.

The nuns and Amanda emptied their glasses in one drink and then held it in their mouth relishing the taste before swallowing it. Ximena on the other hand just took a dainty sip, mostly of the top layer, of chicha and even then almost gagged and put down her shot glass. The young woman turned green.

“Perhaps the Lady Ximena would like to use the restroom,” offered Renate as she took Ximena by the arm and led her to the Mother Superior’s private restroom nearby. It was obvious that Ximena was almost about to puke.

Renate opened the door and entered the bathroom before Ximena.

“An honor to serve you, reverend mother,” said a voice from the toilet seat.

“Remove yourself, child,” said Renate into the seat where the face of a novice could be seen.

The young novice made herself scarce through a passage way.

“Sorry about that,” offered Renate. “Part of the duties of novices is to...well, you can imagine. It is an acquired taste.”

At that thought, Ximena knelt immediately in front of the toilet seat and emptied her stomach.

“I will let you be, milady,” said Renate.

“No, please don’t go,” whimpered Ximena.

“I guess it is sometimes hard to deal with your family’s way.”

“Oh I can handle it all. Yes, my mother and my three sisters are nymphomaniacs. Just like I hear you nuns all are. That doesn’t matter to me,” said Ximena dismissively as she finished. “But let me know something. I know you are European and have never been to the Mato Grosso. Tell me sincerely, do you think we will make it? Revive the flow of Yerba Dura?”

Renate decided to be frank.

“Frankly, milady, I don’t know. Ilse has been to the jungle. And there might be someone else joining our team that is very experienced in jungle lore.”

“Ilse is the big nun, right?”

“Yes.”

“Well, if anyone can survive in the jungle it would be that amazon! I will make sure...that she protects us.”

“You are going?”

“Damn right I am going. Not butt naked of course, but yes, I am going. Otherwise you will have hundreds of addicted women die horribly!”



The two women returned to the Mother Superior's chambers.

"I am the head of the Hacendada Women's Association," explained Amanda. "Our families, well, most of them are bellyriders. We meet infrequently, usually to bellyride during Carnival in the privacy of our estates or in a village where the locals do not protest. But two months ago we called for an emergency meeting as soon as the scarcity of Yerba Dura started. We set aside funds and sent a group of men we trust, all experts in jungle lore and well-armed and did not hear from them for weeks. That was to be expected. Now, we know that the Yerba Dura is grown somewhere in the hinterlands, perhaps near the source of the Amazon in the foothills of the Andes. These men set off from Manaus following any morsel of information the locals provided. Two weeks ago an Indian reached Manaus in a canoe and carried with him one of the men of the expedition. He was burning with the so-called black fever and other jungle diseases and had several wounds, both from machetes and firearms, into which all manner of repugnant insects had penetrated and were eating his flesh. The doctors tried their best to keep him alive. During brief moments of lucidity he said that all the rest of the members of the expedition were dead. But alas, he could not give any more details before he expired."

Renate shuddered. How could three naked women, a clothed one, and a woman's torso stuck permanently under a horse were going to be successful where armed, experienced, men failed? Even Ilse grew pale. The Mother Superior stared fixedly at Renate. The silence was thick.

"Do you know the name of the Indian?" finally asked Renate.

"We can find him, yes," replied Ximena. "How do you plan to get to Manaus?"

"Usually we walk from Recife along the coast and once we reach the big river we will board a paddleboat," said Ilse.

"That takes how long? A month?" inquired Ximena.

"On the dry season, yes. It might be more with the monsoon going on right now," answered Ilse.

As if on cue the skies broke and sheets of water started falling from the skies.

"That is too long," said Amanda.

"I agree," replied Mary Joseph, "but it is the way we have done it for more than 200 years."

"Ladies," said Ximena sternly, "the lives of all your nuns and those of several hundred other women from the hacendado families are more important than your traditions."

"That is true," said Renate. "Do you have an alternative milady Ximena?"

"Fortunately, yes," answered Ximena. "A ship, the Santa Fe, which we own, will dock in Recife in two days. I suggest we board it and take it to the mouth of the Amazon. It will take about two or three days, depending on the seas. From there we can board a paddle steamer."

Renate looked at the Mother Superior who just nodded.

"Any other details?" asked the Mother Superior.

"Yes, reverend mother, I have one," said Amanda.

"Tell me."

"Do you have ample supplies of the red poppy? I think we will need it."

Mary Joseph looked at the two nuns.

"We have a lot," explained Renate. "We only need a small quantity for...our needs here in the convent. We can give you several kilos and I will write down for you how to prepare it. And the best way to do it is to be strapped into a bellyrider's cradle very tightly so that there will not be any play when the horse starts pounding a woman."

"Mother, I will go along with them and I don't expect to fail!" said Ximena with some urgency. "Besides, these nuns have a good reputation among the tribes. They have a history of going to the jungle and healing the locals."

"That is good, my dear," replied Amanda in a quiet voice. "But I must look after my daughters and the rest of the hacendado families."

"It is settled. We will meet in two days at Recife's wharf," concluded Renate.

"Ximena, you can stay here in the convent if you wish" offered the Mother Superior.

Ilse stared at Ximena luridly.

"No, I will stay at a hotel in Recife, meanwhile," said Ximena starting to put on her clothes. "I appreciate your hospitality but I am not used to your ways. Besides, I have a number of telegrams to send."

Since Mary Joseph could hardly walk the two nuns saw off Amanda and Ximena as they boarded the Bentley. The limousine carried in its trunk several kilos of red poppy leaves, enough to make all the women in Brazil go in heat.

"That little tight cunt did not want to stay with us!" said Ilse in a hurt voice.

"You scared away with that bacchante way in which you were looking at her!" replied Renate. "But, who cares? She is coming with us! If is true what I heard, pretty soon her fancy clothes will rot in the jungle and she will be going around butt naked like us. That will be your opportunity to seduce her, Ilse. She might then agree to make love to you or, just as likely, she will give you a kick in the pubes."

Renate went to the Mother Superior's quarters. She found Mary Joseph in bed and obviously in pain.

"Oh Renate, I hurt, a lot," complained Mary Joseph.

"I will give you another tranquilizer, Mother Superior. You must rest for several days. The pain will eventually go away."

Renate then inspected Mary Joseph's distended cavern.

"It would be better if you gave me the red poppy now," replied Mary Joseph. "I shudder to think what will happen in four months...to all those young women, the novices."

"Nonsense! You knew well what you were going to endure," pointed out Renate. "And you willingly did mate with Hades to help all the women in this convent, even though you risk injury or even death. No one would be better than you to lead them, even in the worst circumstances. Like I said, I saw no permanent damage in your vagina. It should tighten slowly but I do not think it will be any

more like it was before. Just rest for now. And that is a doctor's order."

"But now I have to insure the novices stay celibate until we determine if they are addicted to the Yerba Dura. How could I achieve that? These girls are very horny! The whole objective of our discipline is to raise their pain threshold and turn them into nymphomaniacs!"

"We could infibulate them."

"What do you mean Renate?"

"Basically, you sew their nether lips close, leaving only a small opening for pee or menstrual blood. But I won't be around to do it and infibulation causes other problems. Besides, they will still have their mouth and anal passage to receive horse semen."

"We have some slings that can function as chastity belts," explained Mary Joseph. "They hold a dildo and a butt plug. It can be fitted and locked in place and I guess removed, under supervision, to let them defecate."

"That ought to work," agreed Renate. "How about their mouths?"

"We have some hoods they can wear. Again, the mouth can be locked shut and only unlocked under supervision so they can eat."

"That should do so. I will only take a week I think to identify the addicted ones."

"There is a leather harness maker in Recife that makes our bellyriding harnesses," pointed out Mary Joseph. "I will have him prepare all of this. We will also need a few more whips."

"Reverend Mother, Fiona, has suggested she went along with us to the jungle. I am opposed to the idea, but now I am having second thoughts. Supposedly she has more jungle experience than any other member of this convent."

"Jesus! Permanently impaled and in the jungle? She will die," answered Mary Joseph.

"She will, anyway, in four months or so. We all will if we are not successful. Will you agree to Fiona's request?"

"Ohmigod, there is nothing to lose at this point," said Mary Joseph. "Go ahead, she might live long enough to give you good pointers. Just carry some red poppy with you so she does not suffer too much."

"Thank you, Mother Superior," answered Renate as she pressed her mouth to Mary Joseph's distended cunt.

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XI. In the Wharfs of Recife

It was a curious sight that was seen that day in the Recife wharf: four naked nuns (their only clothing was their dimples which kept the sun from their faces), all with elaborately tattooed bodysuits, sporting extremely distended cunts (some of which bore large gauge rings piercing their labia) accompanied by six stallions with packs (one of which was being belly ridden by one of the nuns, the one that had no limbs).

The wharves were teeming with people. The locals, however, did not seem to mind these nuns' nakedness and presence, just like in India the population those not care about the nakedness of the Sadhus. But the numerous sailors there could not help staring at them and making some catcalls (Ilse gave them the finger and cursed at them in several languages and using words that would have made an Austrian Army NCO blush).

The scandal was growing and the word was taken to the local constabulary. Pretty quick, in fact, the local gendarmes showed up with the order to insure no one tried to molest the nuns, which were quite popular amongst the working classes. Some of the more impudent sailors got, besides their dose of culture shock, a generous application of the constabulary's batons and a kick in the butt. After a while the nuns seemed to forget where they were and, of course, they had never cared about being nude in public.

"Is that the Santa Fe?" asked Renate observing a ship entering Recife's harbor.

"If it is, it is a sorry looking scow," noted Ilse shading her eyes and squinting to try to guess the ship's name.

"Sister Fiona," called Andrea the novice, "can you come here please?"

Andrea was standing next to Fiona and Plata. The novice's hands held the reins firmly. Fiona seemed to be moaning more than usual.

"What is going on?" said Renate and then she could not help but laugh.

A stray mutt was licking Fiona's pubes where Plata's penis entered the limbless nun. Horse semen was steadily dripping out and there was plenty of dried semen in Fiona's nether parts and ass.

"Don't laugh!" cried Fiona. "It feels good!"

"Fiona, my love, you seem to have a new boyfriend," noted Renate.

"He seems to like her," offered Andrea. "Can we keep him? Please! I like mating with dogs."

"We have plans for you, young lady," explained Renate. "You have to endure your final surplice, the three day bellyride. I want to have you impaled by Hades as soon as we reach the river. But I see no problem in taking that mutt. You can get yourself knotted one or more times each night."

"Hades! Ohmigod! And several daily knottings!" cried Andrea and her eyes gleamed with lust.

"Yes, Hades!" replied Renate. "If you survive your three day impalement you will be a full nun and we can then have your legs tattooed at the first Indian village we meet. You would have by then earned the right to wear your 'boots'. I just hope you survive and can walk afterwards. If not, we have red poppy."

Then Renate's attention was drawn away from Fiona and her new "boyfriend". Andrea could not help but remain and start rubbing herself imagining Hades impale her. She was totally engrossed in her lubric thoughts and did not mind that she was naked and in public.

"Renate that is the 'Santa Fe'!" cried Ilse who had found a pair of binoculars in her backpack. "The name is written on the bow."

"Let me see," said Renate as Ilse passed her the binoculars.

"Fits the description...and it has the blue funnel band of the Corcuera Shipping Company."

"That is good, right, Ilse?"

"We have a definite problem, Renate," explained Ilse. "You see, I was a prostitute in the wharfs of Trieste for a while. I know ships...and the sailors onboard of course. But if you observe right, the 'Santa Fe' is an old scow, a cola burner actually. And she has a pronounced list to starboard. I only hope there are no storms at sea."

"That bad, Ilse?"

"I would like to give a piece of my mind to that stuck up little cunt that runs all the Corcuera businesses, including their so-called shipping line. I hope they won't sink that scow with us aboard, just to get the insurance."

"You mean Ximena? Speaking of which, she is late."

"If she doesn't show I don't care," said Ilse. "We have six horses, if you count Fiona's Plata, with their packs and enough Yerba Dura for all of us to last us three months, we could just hoof it all the way to the big river. I know what you are going to say, Renate, that we don't have the time to spare."

Not only that," said Renate pointing to the darkening sky, "we will be traveling in the middle of the monsoon. Every day we will end covered in mud and our progress will be minimal."

"That is the least of our immediate problem, Renate?"

"What do you mean? I know we are stuck here waiting for Ximena. At least Fiona and Andrea are enjoying themselves", said Renate pointing to the novice and Fiona.

Andrea had gotten on her knees and managed to gently coax the dog's big red penis. She had placed the mutt in front of the horse, where Fiona's head protruded. Andrea and Fiona were there sharing the dog penis. Andrea would suck on it happily and then would put it in Fiona's open mouth.

There was rumble in the skies. For a moment Renate considered retreating to her house in Recife and forgetting the notion of sea travel.

"Renate, have you any idea how you would place a horse inside that half sunk piece of floating junk?" asked Ilse.

"I suppose up a gangplank?"

"No dear. They tie up the horses and lift them one by one and put them into the hold. And these are not the luxurious stalls of the Lippizaners, where I sneaked in once to fuck them all. No, the improvised stalls in these tramp steamers are dirty and dank and very unsanitary. If we hit a storm they will have to shoot them. Now, you tell me how are we going to lift Plata while Fiona is impaled by him? You know she will not allow herself to be taken of the shaft. Why, after these weeks if she is taken off she might actually die! And what if someone has to shoot Plata? Do we keep Fiona under him even when we throw Plata's carcass overboard? Furthermore, there is no port at the mouth of the Amazon. The boat will try to get as close as possible to the shallows. Then they will lift Plata and throw him overboard, with Fiona impaled under him, with the hope that the horse will swim ashore in spite of the currents and not be eaten by the sharks and without Fiona drowning. The rest of the horses, including Hades, will have to be 'landed' similarly."

"That is enough for me," said Renate. "Let's start hoofing it north. Ximena is not even available!"

"I apologize for the delay," said Ximena approaching.

The Corcuera woman was dressed to the nines, with white cotton blouse that could become too transparent if wet (both nuns could see that she was not wearing a brassiere), riding pants, sun glasses, and an Aussie style hat. In her hand was a whip which she banged impatiently against her tall knee high riding boots (these had spurs). Behind her stood two formidable looking men. One was a powerful looking mulatto and the other was a fully bearded brute. Both had rifles slung and wore ammo belts crossed like those of Mexican revolutionaries.

"I thought about the landing problem where the Amazon enters the sea," explained Ximena. "The delta there...is...complicated. Therefore I arranged for a river paddle boat to meet us. The horses and even that limbless woman sucking a dog over yonder will be transferred ship to ship.

"Well, that solves the problem of disembarkation.

"You have a problem sucking dogs, milady?" asked Ilse aggressively.

"None!" replied Ximena, "I grew up watching my mother suck an entire kennel each night, this after her daily bellyrides all over our hacienda grounds. By the way, she was going to be... "torsified" in Rio soon in order to be put out to pasture. However the Yerba Dura scarcity started. You need a hard shaft to be put out to pasture. And as for getting all the horses into the 'Santa Fe', well, the men aboard are very skilled. Just tell the dog sucker to not look down."

"Are these men coming with us?" asked Renate.

"I don't need protection, I've got my machete," said Ilse pointing out to the belt that held a mean looking machete around her bare hips. "It never jams."

"The rest of us might need protection," replied Ximena in a soft though hard voice. "And yes, these men are coming with us. Meet Ben and Sam. They work for the Corcuera holdings."

The two men only gave a brief grunt. Ex-military and fittingly humorless, thought Renate. They did not even react to our nudity. Renate, who had been a forward hospital in the Western Front knew the type. Perhaps, concluded Renate, it is for the best, given what happened to the prior expedition.

The 'Santa Fe' was being maneuvered to dock at that point. Ilse pulled Renate aside.

"I don't trust those two muscle-bound gorillas," whispered Ilse. "Remember, I am a wharf rat. I can smell assholes from miles away."

"Just keep an eye out then, Ilse. Especially, I don't want them anywhere near Andrea or Fiona," replied Renate.

None of the nuns were worried about being raped. They were so distended from mating with horses that they knew they would not even feel a man inside them. And that included both orifices. What repulsed them, however, was the idea of being with a man, period. They actually believed that the horse penis, which they worshipped madly, was actually the avatar for "Christ's mighty tool". And they were not about to cuckold their divine husband.

An hour later, Plata and Fiona had been successfully transported into a hold in the 'Santa Fe'. What Ilse had warned about the conditions aboard a tramp steamer were true, thought Renate. Her bare

feet stood in a stall that probably had been mucked 50 years ago as she inspected Fiona's ropes.

"You will need constantly being given water," advised Renate. "We will all take turns to be down here with you, Plata."

"Aye, I understand. Plata will need water," replied Fiona.

She is desperately trying to merge with her mount, thought Renate, and tries to no longer think of herself as a separate entity from her horse. She is just a living sheath now.

Andrea stood nearby holding the dog's leash.

"And what is the name of your doggie?" sneered Ilse.

"He is Joao."

"Doesn't look like a Joao to me," laughed Ilse. "I knew one that was very well endowed in Lisbon. Does this dog have such a tool?"

"He does seem to have a formidable knot," said Andrea.

"Then we all should get to know him," replied Ilse.

"I will take the first watch," volunteered Andrea. "I want to check out his knot."

"You will lie down in this muck?" questioned Renate. "At least let me find you a rubber sheet, two actually, one for you and one for me. I want to suck Hades dry during my shift."

"I have one," offered Ilse extracting one from one of the horse's satchels. "You all will have to share it each shift. As for me, I don't mind the muck. It is just...natural. Do see if you can find a stool where I can put myself while Latigo here fucks me silly?"

The two nuns left the hold while Andrea was being pummeled by the dog and Fiona moaned. The ship was already on its way and its motion happened to help Plata's penis enter and retract (it never exited completely) out of Fiona's pubes, a happy surprise for the limbless nun. As for Renate, she did feel a little woozy and knew she would search her doctor's bag for a remedy.

"Well, dear Ilse, let's see what kind of luxury accommodations this ship has for us!" said Renate in an optimistic tone.

"Why, Renate, it surely will have the best that a White Star luxury liner in the Halifax to Southampton run can offer. You know, stewards, a Michelin cook, a wine cellar, luxuriously furnished rooms with their own veranda and shower."

"You are describing the Titanic, Ilse," pointed out Renate.

"I just wonder if we will have to dress for dinner tonight with the captain," laughed Ilse. "I packed light."

End