

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Part One - The Order of Mary Magdalene

Now essentially naked, I stood before the bamboo gate to the nun's compound. I wasn't sure how long I have been here, but I was sure it was at least several hours. It wasn't that I was being ignored. To the contrary. Upon my arrival I rang the large bell attached to the side of gate's archway support. An older nun exited the building inside and spoke to me through the gate. This nun was nearly naked except for her veil, sandals on her feet, a very thin, nearly sheer, white cloth around her waist and hips, and a cross hanging between her sagging breasts. I wasn't surprised by her near nudity, at least I knew at that moment I had arrived at my destination, the Sisters of the Order of Mary Magdalene. Yes ... that Mary.

I had introduced myself as Sister Sofi, a recently trained nun from a convent in Sao Paulo. I informed the sister in front of me that I wished to join their Order. Her response was simple, "We'll see if you are worthy."

With that response, she turned and walked away. I didn't know what that meant or implied. I didn't know what might be required of me to show my worthiness. So, I did the only thing I was trained to do. I knelt in place and prayed to the Lord for his guidance and strength to be able to satisfy whatever trial might present itself in the coming moments.

It seemed awkward to be kneeling before the gate in full view of anyone from the village who might happen to wander within view. But, not as awkward as it was to become. It was late afternoon and the heat and oppressive humidity of the jungle was having its effect on me under my full habit when a sudden downpour drenched the village and me as I knelt in the open. It seemed as though water from a tarp had suddenly been opened above me. And just as suddenly it stopped. The humidity sharply increased, something I would have thought impossible only moments before. That was when the same nun returned from the structure and directed me to remove my habit so I was only adorned in my veil and cross. Less than her as she didn't offer me even the cloth she wore around her wide hips. She assured me that I would be much more comfortable out of the soaking wet habit garments. Although that was true, I very quickly realized, my public exposure became intense despite knowing that the nun's compound was at the far edge of the village.

With my head bent down in anxious prayer, partially to avoid noticing any villagers, I reminded myself that this was to be expected and there should not be any surprise. None the less, it gave me reflection on how I ended up in this position.

\*\*\*\*

In the final weeks of my training before achieving my goal, my dream, of serving the poor through the convent in Sao Paulo, I was increasingly disturbed and conflicted by memories and feelings, but most disturbed by the physical sensations I noticed as a result of those memories and feelings. I was not a virgin when I made my decision to enter the life of a nun. My feelings of disturbance from those memories concerned me so much that I took them to confession.

The priest was delicate in pursuing my concerns. I confessed my sexual relations with men in the past. He assured me that not all women answering the call are virginal and tried to set my mind at ease.

"It isn't just the men, Father." Even through the privacy of the confessional I could sense the confusion on the other side of the screen. "Bestiality." After another moment of uncomfortable silence, "Dogs, Father."

He hesitantly ventured further into the issue, "Have you continued with these ... relationships since committing yourself to your training?"

"No, Father! But ..."

He picked up on my issue, "But, you have memories returning to you. Desires, too?"

I uttered a hesitant, "Yes." Then, after an intolerable silence, "I will remove myself from the convent. Thank you, Father."

But, before I could move, "No!" He hesitated a moment before continuing. "Come see me in two days, Sister. Come to my office. I wish to ... pray on this before making any judgment. You should, too."

I was hesitant to follow-up with him after the two days. My strongest impulse was to simply quit and run away as fast as I could. But, if the priest spent two days in consideration of my issue, the least I could do was to hear him out. Then resign and leave. There seemed little recourse given the strength of the feelings I found within me.

"I am sorry to have put you through this, Father. I should have just left quietly."

He was seated behind his desk, the door to his office carefully closed. His fingers were steeple to his lips as he considered me. I was perched on one of the visitor chairs in front of his desk. I nervously sat on the edge of the seat as if I might be asked to leave at any moment. I noticed he set a small radio near the door and turned the volume up. It was only later that it occurred to me that his intention was to insure we would not be overheard.

"Sister, you obviously understand the commitment the sisterhood represents. In recent history, it is a relationship like no other to the Lord. You would even be given a silver ring to wear as a symbol of your devotion and relationship to Him." I nodded. "I take it from your earlier comments that you cannot assure me or yourself that you wouldn't continue to harbor these feelings." I shrugged, but nodded. "But, would you be able to control them from being physical?"

Tears that had been welling in my eyes finally overflowed and dripped onto my cheeks. "It doesn't really matter if I might control the physical, Father. If I can't control the feelings, the desires within me, isn't it the same as coveting that which isn't mine to have? Coveting is a sin, not just the physical acting. And, for me as a nun wouldn't it be even worse in betrayal to the Lord?"

He considered me, separated his steepled fingers from his lips, placed his hands flat onto the top of his desk, and pushed his body to a standing position. He made his way to the window and seemed to peer into the far distance.

I spoke to his back, "I will simply resign. It will be best."

Without turning around, as if he were speaking to something outside our presence, "You have excelled in your training, though. The Mother Superior has such plans for your energy and willingness to be with the poor and forgotten."

"Thank you, but ..."

"Sister ... what if there might be an alternative?" Alternative? What alternative could there be where I could in faithful honesty still be a nun? I waited, almost too afraid to even breath.

He turned and put his hand on a filing cabinet in the corner of the office. "Do you know what is in this cabinet? Notes. Pages and files and folders and drawers of my notes. Nobody would guess that at one time I was considered a rising scholar of the ancient Church and its foundation. I was in a position that allowed me to see manuscripts that predated what we now recognize as the accepted Bible. What I found and what I presented to my superiors, however, caused me to be banished with the threat of NEVER uttering a word about what I came to believe about the earliest times. All from my research." He was very quiet for a time. Then, "You should understand, Sister, the Church ... well, let me just say that people might just disappear. There can be no conflict with the teachings."

I considered him with increasing curiosity. I didn't know what this had to do with my situation, but he certainly had my attention.

"Sister Sofi, what do you know about Mary Magdalene?"

I stammered, "Mary ... Magdalene ...?" Why was he now asking about her? "She was depicted as a whore but was consistently among the group that followed Jesus. She had a significant role in the most powerful and important events when Jesus was crucified, being there to support him in his final moments and mourning his death when the men abandoned him. She was there to discover the empty tomb and a witness to the resurrection. She was the first to preach that miracle."

He smiled at me, "Not too surprisingly, perhaps, the figure who most embodies the imaginative and theological conflict over the place of women in 'the church', as it has called itself, is Mary Magdalene."

Father opened the top drawer and moved his fingers over the papers inside it. At that moment, he seemed to have been transported somewhere, even if in mere thought. When he spoke, it was as if he was exposing something kept in the dark to a new light, if only to me. "One of the most important Christian texts to be found outside the New Testament canon is the so-called Gospel of Mary, a telling of the Jesus-movement story that features Mary Magdalene as one of its most powerful leaders. Just as the 'canonical' Gospels emerged from communities that associated themselves with the 'evangelists', who did not actually 'write' the texts, this one is named for Mary not because she 'wrote' it, but because it emerged from a community that recognized her authority."

He continued to explain that the question was not only about Mary Magdalene, but about women generally. It should be no surprise, given how successfully the excluding dominance of males established itself in the church of the 'Fathers', that the Gospel of Mary was one of the texts shunted aside in the fourth century. As that text shows, the early image of this Mary as a trusted apostle of Jesus, reflected even in the canonical Gospel texts, proved to be a major obstacle to establishing that male dominance, which is why, whatever other 'heretical' problems this gospel posed, that image had to be recast as one of subservience.

Simultaneously, the emphasis on sexuality as the root of all evil served to subordinate all women. Thus, the need to disempower the figure of Mary Magdalene, so that her succeeding sisters in the church would not compete with men for power, meshed with the impulse to discredit women generally. This was most efficiently done by reducing them to their sexuality, even as sexuality itself was reduced to the realm of temptation, the source of human weakness and unworthiness and the potential root of downfall for men.

Thus, Mary of Magdalene, who began as a devoted woman at Jesus' side, became the redeemed whore and Christianity's model of repentance, a manageable, controllable figure, and effective weapon and instrument of propaganda against her own sex. There were reasons of narrative form

for which this happened. There was a harnessing of sexual restlessness to this image. The anti-sexual sexualizing of Mary Magdalene was the male need to dominate women. In the Catholic Church, as elsewhere, that need is still being met.

He turned back to me while remaining standing before a large map of Brazil. He also seemed to be struggling with his own mind, perhaps to bring everything to some contextual relation to our condition today. He finally retook his seat behind the desk and, again, steepled his fingers to his lips while considering his next words.

"Sister, it is not my intention to suggest or encourage the random violation of Church doctrine or rules that would govern our roles and duties. But ..." He regarded me intently. "For centuries after, His teachings were pushed out by his followers, but contrary to what we are told through the Bible the most aggressive of these was Mary Magdalene. Her followers reacted with the same unflinching devotion and energy that Mary displayed. They spread quickly and widely without consideration or concern for what might be happening in any formation of an organized movement. These women ... and men ... spread their effect through unconditional service, caring, and love to the widely divergent peoples they came into contact with. And, along the way, that kind of uncompromising, unconditional caring and service to ordinary people attracted others into that service."

"Are you suggesting they did so without any guilt and stigma of sexuality?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Of course. They were the followers of Mary Magdalene. In all my research, there is nothing that leads me to believe she ever stopped being a sexual person. To the contrary, there is much depicted about them where the use of sex, the freely rejoicing of the body with the soul, crossed barriers that mere teaching and preaching failed."

Still unsure what this all had to do with my situation, I kept the line of thought continuing. "What happened to them? There is no remnant of them?"

He smiled. "Actually, there is."

He let me work this out. When the light went on in my mind, it made sense. "Us ... the various Orders of Nuns. How ...?"

"The same way the organization handled all such situations. They incorporated existing practices they encountered into doctrine and the organization while establishing strict control over them. They merely pushed the Magdalenes into submission and under control."

I shook my head. "So, if they no longer exist, except for the history lesson buried in restricted archives, what relevance does this have for me now?"

At first, I thought he was ignoring me. Finally, he continued with a smile. "The Magdalenes were every bit as determined and committed as their name-sake. As the 'civilized world' pushed them into subjugation or pushed them out entirely, they continued to seek new regions to provide their service, care, and devotion. Eventually, they ran out of land but these were resourceful women who were willing to endure anything to fulfill the mission as was handed down over time to them. Some took passage on the sailing ships of explorers and traders as new worlds were opened. These women, for the most part, were subjected to extreme sexual abuse and humiliation. Upon reaching these new lands, few survived the ordeal and most of those who did were kept as slaves for the crew. But, the very few who did survive and were rewarded with freedom did continue to spread their mission. They did whatever they needed to do wherever they went or whatever they encountered. Where the Church conquered people, the Magdalenes melded into the very people who needed them."

"But, as you said, Father, eventually, the Church took over."

He smiled, again. I was now recognizing that this smile was an indicator of something significant about to be revealed and I waited anxiously. "When it was clear I was about to be banished because of my beliefs, I manipulated the discussion of 'where' to be Brazil." He put his hand over the map covering the region of the Northern Amazon basin, one of the most remote regions of the world. "It occurred to me that a region of strong Catholic practice and significant remote regions just might ..."

"Might what?"

He placed his index finger on the Amazon River and traced it upstream, then up a tributary before making a small circle with his finger. I stood and moved alongside him to gaze at the map and the region his finger was circling. He looked from his finger on the map down to my upturned eyes. "All the information I have found from conversation, research, and study leads me to this region on this tributary of the Amazon. But, Sister, understand that it is all based on hearsay, rumor, speculation, and legend."

I smiled as I leaned into the map on the wall to put the location to memory. I understood instantly what I was going to do without the need for additional thought, investigation, or consideration. That was where I was going to somehow go. In that area stood the best possibility for me to care for people the way I always wanted to while no longer having to run away from desires of my body. I felt I would always be in turmoil and conflict, otherwise. It would be a risk ... a big risk ... but what an adventure, too.

I sense a change in time I had been staring at the little spot on the map. The priest is now watching me. I look up at him embarrassed. He puts his arm out and I step into him without thinking. He hugs me and I hug him. The intimacy feels so good, so reassuring, so encouraging, and so welcoming. My heart is beating furiously with the excitement of potential. I find myself pulling into his bony body. The sensations surging through me are surprising. How quickly and urgently they have sprung up within me. Suppressed for so long, they were apparently only pushed down just below the surface, denied but not removed.

I hear him softly suggest I give my thoughts time ... time to consider what it would mean. I am shaking my head as I step back from him. I am also blushing profusely, though only the exposure of my face can possibly reflect it from under the formal habit and head coverings of this order.

"Don't you see?", I confide. "That outpost of the Magdalenes would be my ideal situation for the full person I am. A way to serve in the order while releasing my desires that are ready to burst from me. I have such a strong desire to serve, but the desires I feel are also very strong. To deny one for the other is to deny a part of me. You said the Magdalenes used all their being in whatever way needed to assist, help, and encourage the people they served. They didn't deny the sexual side of their being but instead recognized those desires in themselves and those they served as a way to better serve them." My eyes returned to the map and that tiny spot indicated on the tributary. "I have always believed deep down there must be a reason why I have these strong feelings inside me ... both of them ... for serve and giving pleasure." I look up at him. His eyes and face are soft and gentle. "How can what I naturally am be wrong? I was made this way. I didn't go out to become it. These sides of me have always been strong within me. How can only one be good?"

He finally asked the question she was preparing for. "You've already decided?"

I smiled and hugged him, again. "Don't you see? I was destined to be a Magdalene. If they are there,

I have to find them.”

I pulled my body into his and it felt so good. Then ... I felt his reaction to my hug. I felt a growing hardness of his loins against my stomach. Even through all the thick, stiff fabric of our traditional garments, his physical reaction was clear. I stepped back embarrassed. My exuberance was natural but wrong to have apparently become a temptation. Now, I could look up at him. My lips moved in panic but no sounds came out.

He sighed and pulled me softly back into his arms. He didn't press into me or pull me into him. He merely held me softly and comfortingly. He explained by taking it onto himself. He explained the turmoil and conflict that has been within him, too. Perhaps, he said, we were destined to meet. Although he had meekly accepted his banishment, he couldn't reject all he had learned and discovered. That was why he had secretly retained his research. He lifted my chin to look into my eyes as he confessed his lack of strength of conviction that I had confessed to him to start all this. Meeting me, listening to my sharing, seeing how strongly I held onto both sides of my being, had given him the strength to look at himself with new understanding. If he believed in what he had learned, why wasn't he prepared to pursue it regardless of the effect on himself? If he believed in what he now knew of the mission of the Magdalenes, why was he rejecting the same about himself? If I, someone starting out, had the courage to venture out into an unknown to achieve fulfillment, why couldn't he?

I asked what conclusion he apparently had reached.

“I can't continue from within in the Church.” He gave a deep sigh but a soft smile also formed on his mouth. “I have the research I need. I am going to leave. Like you, I need to be honest to myself ... and to others. I need to find a way to release my findings but in a positive way. It may lead to nothing. Others have tried, I suppose, but I have to try.”

I pressed into him and hugged him, again. Without releasing him, I asked if he was sincere about leaving. He responded unequivocally the he was ... thanks to this discussion, he needed to. I smiled, though to myself. I pressed against him, my body against his. My decision made, it felt freeing, that I didn't need to pretend my feeling, my need. I didn't want to be the temptress, though, to tempt someone into something that might be regretted by them later. I felt his body respond to me, though. I pressed myself tighter into him. His arms held me tighter and I sighed. His hands moved down over my habit down my back and I sighed more. His hands pulled me into him, his body pressing out against me and I moaned. Then, held tightly ... he moaned. His cock was very hard and pressed urgently into my abdomen. He was 5 or 6 inches taller than me. My cheek was pressed into his shoulder. One of his hands held my shoulders and the other my lower back, his pelvis pressed out against me.

I turned my head and looked up into his face. His was turned down looking into mine. This felt good ... right ... real. This was what I wanted. To serve but also to feel, to give, to receive, and to share the beautiful wonders that our bodies were meant for despite what others tried to deny, as the priest said, to control us.

As I looked into his soft gaze, his words electrified me. “I don't want to tempt you into something you aren't committed to allowing, Sister. If we are both sincere about our futures, I think we are both at the same cross-roads for our futures, taking us in different directions, perhaps, but ...”

I reached up onto my toes and kissed him on the lips and stopped his words. I slipped a hand from his back, around his hip, and, tentatively, over his crotch. He gasped at my touch as my hand found his hard cock under his black slacks. I rubbed up and down and he moaned, his cock twitching and



jerking under my touch. It has been such a long time for me, I was nervous and unsure.

Then, I heard him gasp the next words, "It has been a long time since I have felt this. If you are sure ... I very much am, too."

I face pressed into his shoulder as I gasped, my response sounded muffled but urgent. "It has been a long time for me, too, Father. Thank you for showing me that an alternative may exist so I can continue to serve while releasing myself to my body."

I breathed deeply before sliding down his body to my knees. I looked up along his body. He was nervously watching me. I was nervously looking up at him for some confirmation. He nodded. My hands shook and my fingers felt numb as I began working his belt, opening it, then opening his slacks and lowering the zipper. I opened his slacks further, a hand now covering his hard cock through the covering of his white boxer shorts. His breathing was through gasps. My own breath came through panting. There was no doubt we were both hungering for the same action.

Despite the locked door and the radio next to the door, our time and action was limited. I had already made up my mind this would be for him, my gratitude, my expression of thanks for his guidance.

I pulled the waist of his shorts down, the action causing his slacks to fall to his knees as I lowered his shorts and exposing his rigid cock. It was merely an average cock, I was sure, but at the moment it appeared to me as a miracle creation, a reaffirming symbol of how a man and a woman were intended to join, to share, and to rejoice in life. I yearned to feel that joining completely. I yearned to feel it inside me as it was intended. I knew this wasn't the time, certainly not the place. I could please him, though. I could bring him his pleasure and I was aware it likely would not take much but I was glad I could be the one.

It was still difficult to overcome the trappings. His office with the crosses and the pictures. His clerical garments and collar. My habit and veil covering. The cross hanging from his neck and around my waist. But the decision had been made ... by both of us.

I brought my lips to his cock head. I sighed as my lips touched the head. My lips kissed it and opened. After a moment's hesitation, my lips parted further and moved over the head so it was just inside. I groaned. I felt my pussy flood and I shivered. I heard him gasp and moan above me, his hips jerked slightly, his cock pushed a few inches deeper into my mouth. I pulled my mouth up to the head, giving it another kiss, then pressed my mouth over its length and taking it to the back of my mouth. My body shook and my breath caught in my throat. I was orgasming! Merely with the cock in my mouth I was orgasming. I moved my mouth over the rigid cock. I sucked and swirled my tongue over it. He was gasping, moaning, and groaning above me. I felt his hand on my veil covered head. He applied gentle, reassuring pressure. I sucked harder, my mouth moving urgently over his cock. I moved one hand between his legs, cupping his ball sack and massaging them. It was a rush of sensation and remembrance. My mind was flooded with memories of before, of how I had pleased others.

I felt his cock pulse and stiffen in my mouth. His hand on my head became more controlling. I then felt it, the rigidness, the pulsing, the straining. His cock jerked in my mouth. A stream of cum shot out into my mouth, splashing off the back of my mouth. My mouth became flooded. So much. It had been so long for him. I gulped his cum down my throat as another spurt replaced what I gulped.

There were 3 or 4 spurts. I was unsure. It seemed overwhelming to experience. His cock jerked but it was only leaking sperm now. I sucked vigorously to empty his cock. It was as if I couldn't get



enough of it. I sucked and sucked and licked and licked. I stopped only as I felt it softening.

I looked up, finally. Still nervous that it was the right thing to do. He pulled me up and into his arms, his slacks hanging at his knees.

“Thank you, Sister. I know for sure what I need to do. I hope you are sure, too.”

I squeezed into him. “THANK YOU, Father! I just know my service will be complete now.” I just knew I would somehow find the Magdalenes.

~~~~~

## **Part Two - The Gate**

It took a long, bumpy, regional, prop plane ride, a long bus journey, and two legs of boat segments before I arrived on the docks of a tiny village very deep in the jungle. The villagers were clearly a mixed group of regional tribes in wide-ranging dress ... or undress. In my full habit garments, I received many stares of curiosity. Struggling with communication, they looked at me and simply pointed me through the village and out the far side. In short order, I found myself at something of a compound. The crude road I had walked from the dock through the village had now given way to nothing more than a well beaten path. Beyond where I stood was nothing but deeper jungle.

It was afternoon. After days of travel in bad conditions, I was tired, hungry, and felt dirty from sweat and the lack of adequate opportunity to wash myself. I knew I looked a sight in my messy habit and was suddenly very nervous about the impression I would make, if I had indeed found the compound of the Sisters of Mary Magdalene. But I put pride and vanity aside, as was our teaching, and considered my situation. I stood before a roughly constructed gate that provided an entry through an equally roughly constructed fence. Inside were several buildings, huts really, constructed of wood, bamboo, and thatch similar to those in the village I had just passed through. I could see expansive gardens of vegetables, various farm animals, some behind smaller fences, but no human movement.

I looked back in the direction of the village. I was at the edge of the village, clearly separated, but within easy view of it. The village had been very active with people milling and moving about, children playing and smaller ones seeking comfort behind women as I passed. There had been many fires in shacks and outside where women prepared breads and food. Dogs, goats, and donkeys were visible along the way or behind the shacks. Men were visible. All seemed to know what needed to be done and were doing it without the rush of cities. The humidity this deep in the jungle was oppressive and then there was the heat. The people comfortably wore a minimum of clothing, many nothing but a simple cloth over their loins or wrapped around the waist. Nearly all women were bare-breasted and all the children were naked even into puberty. It was quite a contrast as I passed through in full black and white habit of heavy, thick material.

I refocused on the inside of the compound. What was the purpose of the gate? Do I just enter to make contact? Is the gate simply to keep the animals inside the fenced area? Or, is the gate like the door to a dwelling that you are expected to be invited through? What is the custom and expected practice? As I stood before the gate, I was sure I detected movement, shadows, fleeting images of movement through the openings and doors of the huts. I was convinced my presence was known to them. My garments most certainly would indicate to them what I was, if not who I was or why I was there. That they didn't come out seemed to me, finally, to be some form of trial on their part to discern my intentions. From their standpoint, what is a strange nun in full habit doing this far in the remote jungle? What would bring her to this remote village and their front door? It certainly couldn't be happenstance or coincidence.

So, I did the only thing I could do under the circumstances, the only thing our training provided as a guide ... I knelt on the hard-packed dirt in front of the gate of wooden slats. After another look at the window and door opening, again spotting fleeting movement, I bowed my head to pray. I prayed for guidance and awareness. I prayed for calm and understanding. I prayed that I might be accepted, that I might be worthy.

I didn't know how long I had been in that position before the gate. Prayer can become hypnotic, deeply meditative where conscious thought and awareness ceases. That condition was broken by an awareness of something before me. My eyes opened in a flutter to find bare legs with sandaled feet on the other side of the gate. I looked up the body in front of me to find a naked woman. Well, nearly naked. A cross hung between her breasts and her head was covered by the short veil of a habit. Before I could recover from my shock, she passed a wooden hewed cup over the gate.

"Drink." I took the cup from her, glanced inside at the liquid, and trustingly and gratefully drank it fully. She offered only a small smile and five words, "Perhaps you may be worthy."

Perhaps you may be worthy. Those five words echoed in my head long after the woman had turned from the gate and returned to the nearest hut. I saw a few faces and forms appear in the openings but no other movement to welcome me or to give me instruction. So, this was a trial of some sort. But, what kind? What must I do for their approval, their acceptance?

The drink was good. The heat ... but the humidity was oppressive. Small wonder everyone was naked or nearly so. I considered the woman who approached me and left so quickly. Her nudity was such a surprise but the offered drink captured my attention. After I drank, she turned and left with only those five words. Hers wasn't a particularly attractive body. As I continued kneeling, left to my imagination and serious consideration of what I was doing here, I replayed the very brief encounter. There had been no indication of shyness or embarrassment from her. She was overweight, her breast sagging, her belly, hips, and thighs full and jiggled as she stepped. She hadn't nervously looked about as if she feared being seen. She was calm and comfortable and seemed to reflect a natural behavior. This was a surprise. Should it have been, I wondered? If the Magdalenes accepted sex in their ministry to reach and support those they ministered to, why should their appearance be the same as the restrictive Orders decreed by the Church? It occurred to me that the priest's research and comments opened the door to my imagination without providing me with any real information or expectation of what I would find if I actually found an enclave of Magdalenes. He said they evolved and adapted to the needs of each people and environment they encountered. Being driven from the lands taken over by the Church, escaping Europe, and retreating further and further to remote lands, what adaptations might have occurred in a remote, primitive region such as this where civilization has had limited impact and is now somewhat protected from impact?

If the heat and humidity hadn't been uncomfortable enough, the sky suddenly opened up. My mental exercises diverted me from awareness of my surroundings. The speckled sunlight through the canopy of trees overhead was replaced by deep shadow. When the afternoon rain started, it was like a huge tarp canopy filled with water was released at once. I thought my sweat under the habit was uncomfortable but instantly I was drenched through all the layers of my garments. The heavy garments hung on me with surprising weight. I considered rushing to the dwelling in front of me, but I had not been invited. The surrounding massive trees might provide some cover but I was already sodden. With rain dripping from my face over my eyes, I spied shapes in the openings of the hut. They were aware ... of course they were aware. These sudden rains probably happen every afternoon. So, I didn't move as small rivulets of rainwater trickled past me on the hard-packed ground.

Then ... the rains stopped. Just as suddenly as it had occurred, it was gone and the sun again beat

down on the open spaces. Unbelievably, the humidity seemed to somehow spike higher. It had seemed like 100% before, how could it be higher now? But it was, oppressively higher.

That was when a second woman came from the hut to the gate. She too held a cup in her hands. She too was naked except she wore a small cloth around her hips tied at the side. The cloth did little to really cover her. It was worn thin and short, opening with each step. She was overweight and older, too. Her breasts were fuller, sagging even more than the previous woman. She too wore a simple short veil on her head and a cross hanging between her swaying breasts. The two women already reflected the variety of dress I had seen as I ventured through the village earlier.

She handed the cup through the gate and waited as I consumed it. She remained as we seemed to consider each other. Would this be when I might be invited in? No.

"What brings you here, child? How did you know to even look for us?" I told her my story including the priest's research. I assured her the priest's intention was to impart the role of women and not to speculate where they might still be ministering. She seemed to relax and it occurred to me they might be in constant concern of being discovered by civilization and be forced to retreat further into the remoteness of the Amazon basin or resign any claim to their Order. She nodded in consideration. "Then, you intend to join us here in our ministry?" I nodded, my expression becoming hopeful. "We'll see. Stand and remove your habit ... everything but your cross and veil. We will see if you are worthy of being a Magdalene."

I gazed up at her. I was shocked by the order. Strip off my habit? Outside the gate of the compound? At the edge of the village? But how could I reasonably be shocked? Wasn't she herself basically naked? Hadn't the previous Sister been naked?

I rose before her. My knees seemed to not want to straighten after the long time kneeling on the hard ground. I glanced down at my mud-covered habit. It was soaked by the downpour and felt like a ton weighing on me. I slowly began removing layers of garment, the heavy outer garments, the lighter, conservative under garments. After removing the utilitarian black shoes and socks, I stood before her naked but for the cross hanging between my firmer breasts and the veil covering my head. The Sister bundled up my garments.

"These will be cleaned in case you don't remain. If you do remain with us ...", she smiled, "you won't be needing them and they will be stored away."

Just like that, she turned and left. I was confused. I was sure by the interaction I would be invited inside, perhaps on a trial basis, but still allowed inside. I stood naked, exposed, confused, and uncertain outside the gate. I glanced back in the direction of the village. I saw a small gathering of people in roadway passing through the village. My ancestry was a mix of nationalities, common for Brazilians, with European, Spanish, Portuguese, and Indian mixed over the generations. Compared to these people, my skin was light, even if it could otherwise be considered brown by most de\*\*\*\*\*ions. The people watching, the people of the village, were essentially naked, too. Somehow, though, my standing before them made me feel especially exposed. I came here blindly, not really knowing what to expect. My thinking had been simplistic. What did I expect from an order in the remoteness of the jungle that somehow incorporated allowance for sexual interaction into the ministry? How naïve can a girl be? What would be expected of me here? The flush burned in my humiliation of standing naked before these people. Again, I asked myself, why? Why was I feeling humiliation? Why would I feel humiliation when the other Sisters were also naked? They have adapted to the people by being like them. Isn't that what the priest said about the Magdalenes?

I knelt in the sloppy ground and resumed my wait. Clearly, this was part of a trial. Could I blame

them for wanting to test me? A nun in full habit suddenly appearing before them. Now accepting what was happening, I wondered what this trial might include before they became satisfied.

People roamed closer, some passing by behind me. Some passed along the path into the jungle. Others appeared only to be curious about me. Should I remain kneeling or attempt interaction? I turned and sat on my heels. I connected with the young, first. They seemed to look at the veil and cross as if they were indicators, but I was new and they were tentative. I could also see something else in our awkward interaction hindered by my communication in Portuguese while their language was something else but some words seemed to connect between us. The something else was my body and it occurred to me ... they were used to Sisters being old, plump if not fat, with sagging breasts and jiggling bodies. I was quite young, my breasts and body firm and tight. I noticed them talking quietly among themselves with some controlled excitement. I didn't know what that was about but I accepted and welcomed whatever connection was occurring. After a time, the initial fascination waned and I was left alone at the gate when the appearance of more men indicated it was evening meal time. That reminded me that I hadn't eaten since some pieces of fruit offered to me on the small boat coming up the river that morning.

It had long since become dark and the nun brought a lit torch, which she inserted into a holder in the supports of the gate. She also brought me a drink, but that was all. She smiled at me but all she said to me was, "Perhaps you may be worthy." She said that as she closed the gate on me.

Much later in the night, my shoulder was being nudged by a sandaled foot. I had apparently fallen asleep on the hard dirt in front of the gate. It surprised me given the unfamiliar sounds of the nearby jungle and the sounds of dogs and people from the village earlier. All was very quiet now, even the nearby jungle. The nun was still naked except for the veil on her head, cross around her neck, and sandals. After taking more drink, I sensed additional movement near the open gate. Anticipating perhaps another nun, I instead found a dog. A mongrel, certainly, with dark rough hair and about 50 pounds in weight.

As I looked from the dog to the nun, I guessed she was in her mid-60's, but she could have been younger or older. It occurred to me that life would be hard here and aging of the body and face could easily mask reality. The hair on her pelvis was not trimmed or cut. As I looked higher, her stomach had a bit of a pouch and her breasts sagged. Her face was soft, even in the light of only the torch, but it also had a stern look on it. She didn't introduce herself like the other two nuns before her.

"You may be worthy, but we'll have to see." She spoke sternly and with authority. "We must be sure." There was something in her eyes and face that seemed to betray the sternness of her voice. In the flickering light of the torch, I thought I saw concern reflected for just a moment. She then stepped away from me and through the gate. When she closed the gate, the dog remained outside with me.

She remained just inside the gate. She offered no other comment, demand, or guidance. I was kneeling with my butt on my heels in front of the dog who was sitting and the two of us in front of the gate where the older nun patiently watched. Her comment, 'You may be worthy, but we'll have to see' repeated in my mind. The priest appeared to be correct in all his assessments: the existence of this Order, the general location of it, and even the sexual proclivity the Order might practice. He mentioned that some regions of Brazil were said to practice not only bestiality but more advanced activities like bellyriding, which I was not familiar with and he chose not to comment on further.

My previous singular experience, though leaving a lasting memory, was an accident or possibly rape, if a dog could actually rape a woman. The truth was that I was drunk from both alcohol and sex. I

had been fucked by male acquaintances and aware of my circumstances when a dog was brought to me. They were laughing but I was making some effort to resist. The idea seemed too deviant at the time, but between my being held in place and the dog having assistance to achieve penetration, my mating and knotting with the dog had been accomplished. Despite my earlier resistance to the act, the primal pleasures were impossible for me to deny, though I attempted deny them after.

Now, once again, I am naked and facing a male dog with my next actions possibly to be a judgment of my worthiness to be a member of this Order of nuns and the older nun was intently watching. Was this yet another trial? Was my willingness to engage in this form of sexual activity in some way an indicator of my commitment? This time, unlike that previous experience, I would be acting of my own will and without duress. I wasn't sure how this was supposed to happen. But perhaps I shouldn't need to worry about the how. I saw between the dog's legs that his penis was showing from its sheath and what should have been obvious to me became obvious. The dog knew mating, whether with human females or not, and may require little additional encouragement. Any hesitancy was clearly on my part.

With a deep breath and a shiver that rippled through my body, I crawled forward and nuzzled the animal's head between my breasts. I scratched behind his ears and down the ruff of his neck. After a few moments of this, I venture a hand underneath to slowly and reassuringly ease my hand over his belly. I soon encountered more penis out of the sheath than I had earlier observed. I lowered my face into his fur and breathed in his scent, which was musty and wild. Unsurprisingly, this was an animal who lived in nature with comfortable association with humans. After another shiver, I released the animal and turned around while assuming a position on my hands and knees before him and hoped he would act on the offering I was presenting. I shouldn't have worried.

After turning, the dog approached me with his snout seeking my scent until his nose was against my pussy. Up to that point I hadn't considered how much this situation was affecting me physically. The first swipe of his tongue along my pussy caused me to gasp and sent another shiver through my body. The second lick easily parted my pussy lips, convincing me of my bodily excitement and anticipation. I arched my back as the next lick started, then sagged my back in a vain attempt to hold contact with the tongue for a milli-second longer.

Somewhere in the distance I heard sounds, guttural and indistinct, only to slowly recognize the sounds as coming from me. I reacted instinctively, naturally, unthinking, and primal. I lowered my butt from his tongue, then raised it while wagging it from side to side, and the image that came to me was like a bitch in heat. Although I had to know I was still being watched, at the moment it was only the unknown dog and me. The feeling coursing through me was beyond a hoped-for experience like before and was instead a primal need so intense it could easily have scared me if I wasn't so completely consumed by it.

Even if I didn't, the dog knew exactly what to do. After another lick to my drooling pussy, he jumped onto my back, his front legs lightly clamping around my waist as his pelvis thrust in rapid fire action until his penis sank into my pussy after 5 or 6 attempts, the bony tip jabbing around my hole until that moment of success. But, once he found my wet, clasping pussy, he loosened his grip on my waist, pressed forward, gripping me tighter. Then it was like having a small jackhammer ramming into me. And all the while he plowed into me his cock increased steadily in length and girth until I was gasping at the size, the dripping pre-cum escaping from it, and the animal energy of it all.

It was all too much and I moaned in the most animalistic and guttural way that added to my own arousal. I could feel an orgasm cresting already and it never relented, never slowed. When I came on his marvelous penis, his wondrous cock, I cried out as I felt like my body was going to explode. My pussy clamped tightly around the invading cock and for a moment he hesitated but my orgasmic

explosive seemed to drive him further into a frenzy as if he was trying to consume me from the inside.

That first orgasm hadn't fully subsided when I felt something bumping, pressing against my pussy opening. The knot. I had forgotten since the first time. I am about to be tied to this dog! The knot pressed and bumped insistently for entry. My mind registered these thoughts, but my body was on fire as if my first orgasm only intensified my bodily need for more. I adjusted my hands and knees in the hard-pack dirt and pressed firmly, rigidly against this animalistic lover. I pressed back as he plowed forward at me until my pussy began to spread wider and wider, until I felt the delicious pain of being opened obscenely to be mated completely. When the knot popped into my pussy, I grunted and gasped, then settled in for his pending climax, which I remembered would be imminent.

I was shocked, delightfully so, when I orgasmed, again. As soon as I felt the first spurt of his warm seed shoot into my pussy, it happened. I missed the feeling of any more spurts he gave me as a result, but my body shook and trembled, my nerve endings seemed to be firing in rapid and random sequences like some crazy fireworks display.

The dog was still on my back. His furry chest and belly felt so intimate as he panted for breath, his saliva dripping onto my shoulder and back. His panting seemed to match my own. I smiled wickedly. We were one. Panting. Tied. A dominant dog and his ... his ... bitch. It wasn't demeaning. I brought him satisfaction. I serviced him. How could a male and female bring each other such pleasure be wrong? If this is what life here will be like, I have found where I belong. The thought was clear to me. The sexuality I couldn't push out of my mind and the service and caring I longed to continue were possible, but, instead of the favelas of Sao Paulo, it will be the jungle tribes of the Amazon.

As I felt the dog begin to climb over me and turn, I felt him stop as if restrained. I peered over my shoulder to find the nun with a hand on the dog's back and another hand dip into a small bowl at her feet. Her hand moved from the dog's back to lift its tail while her other hand dipped into the bowl moved to the rear of the dog.

The nun knelt next to my head and stroked my shoulder. "You did very well, my child, but I have a suspicion there is much more to you. Enjoy what is to follow."

As if on cue, I felt the dog's cock and knot begin swelling, again. After its climax, it had begun to soften but no more. The dog turned back and started humping me with new energy despite our being tied. With the knot firmly in place and only getting larger, his thrusting motion was greatly restricted. Two things happened almost immediately, though. My pussy began clamping around the struggling cock and knot. And, the frantic motion of the knot repeatedly slammed into my g-spot. Both had the effect of driving both of us into a new frenzy.

In between gasps and groans, "What ... did you ... do?"

Through the increasing panting, moans, and guttural sounds from both the dog and me I heard her response. "Yerba Dura, little Sister. It is a mixture of natural herbs and plants that has the effect to keep a penis hard and increase the production of semen. Some tribes use it for mating season of their livestock to improve insemination."

I gasped, "Oh, Lord ...."

She chuckled, "I have never tried it, but it is said to have a remarkable effect on the female, also." She put her lips close to my sagging head as if there might be anyone else to hear, "I dripped some over your clitoris, too. Is what they say true?"

I cried out as I orgasmed, again. "OH, LORD! LORD, YESSSSSSS!"

Her next words caused a small orgasmic peak to the one I was already experiencing. "I think you have found your true calling and place to serve your Lord, little Sister." She stroked my shoulder, "But, your night has only begun." Then she left. I heard the gate close behind her but I was already refocused on the dog cum leaking into my saturated pussy and the knot grinding against my g-spot bringing me to orgasm after orgasm.

I have no idea how long my body spasmed on the knot and cock that never relented, never stopped seeping seed into my pussy. When my mind cleared, though, the earliest morning light was piercing through the towering trees to the East and flickering against my eyes. I was curled on the ground as though at some point in the night the dog had released me finally and I sought to protect myself subconsciously. The dog was nowhere to be seen but 3 naked nuns were gathered around me. They seemed to range in age from the upper-50's to 60's, though I guessed that the hard life in the primitive jungle conditions could seem to accelerate the aging appearance.

I rose to rest on my knees and was given water by one of the nuns. It was then that I noticed a large wet area where I had been on my hands and knees during the night. I blushed at the realization that all that had to have come from me and the dog.

"You did well, Sister." I looked up to the voice. It came from the nun I had been interacting with in the night. The other nuns smiled down at me, all were adorned in similar short veils, crosses, and sandals. "There is one more task I want you to try." It was then that I heard the shuffling of hooves approaching.

I turned to look into the face of a donkey. And, like the dog the previous night, its penis was coming out of its sheath. Obviously, the scent of sex was heavy in the still, moisture-saturated morning air ... and saturated into the ground.

"You want me to ... to fuck him?"

"No ... well ..." The lead nun chuckled but seemed to consider what I asked. Perhaps she hadn't meant that before, but ... "Little Sister, you have had some previous experience with sex." It wasn't really a question but I nodded, anyway. "By chance have you also fucked a donkey, too?"

My mouth dropped, "NO!"

She smiled and there was a lot more behind that smile. "Then, no, not at this time." She smiled at the other nuns who seemed to be enjoying my situation a little too much, I thought. "For now, just suck him off. But, be careful. When he comes, I hear it might well be a gusher. We wouldn't want you to choke so soon on arriving." That was followed by more giggling and chuckling.

In my kneeling position, I had a clear view of the donkey's cock partially exposed from its sheath underneath him. My mind reeled and I glanced up at the three nuns standing around me and the donkey. One of the nuns held the donkey reassuringly and it seemed quite calm. But my eyes continued to return to the cock as if it were magnetic to my gaze. My mind tried to come up to speed with the expectation as my eyes settled on it. At 8 inches of exposed cock, it was clearly the largest thing I could have imagined and I was sure that was only part of it and there was much more still to drop. I felt a flush rush over me as I recognized in me a fascination and curiosity for it. I flushed because I had no idea what I had considered as a longing for sexual contact could take on such an intensity for deviance and extreme behavior. I glanced up at each of the nuns and found no judgment in them. Their countenances only registered expectation, excitement, anticipation, and their own shared curiosity.



I ducked my head and moved on my knees further under the donkey. My hands reached up and gently touched the exposed cock. I peeked out from under at the nuns I could see. They stood expressionless watching me. The dog seemed to be one thing to me, but the donkey ... was this really the kind of thing these nuns have been involved in? Was this a supreme test? Was this a deal breaker if I refused? Those thoughts and question bounced around in my head, but there was something else that became as defining when recognition hit me. Despite the doubt and question and anxiety, my hands were slowly moving over the increasing length of the donkey's cock. Realizing that action coming from me without thought being involved set off a chain reaction of sorts. My eyes couldn't leave the cock as my hands slid over it, more and more length emerging from the sheath as I did, and the size becoming something of intense curiosity. As the cock emerged and grew in my hands, a growing curiosity overtook me with wonder and amazement. Then, a powerful compulsion took hold of me to experience it in some way. It was like a drug that started with being told to be naked in public, magnified by being taken by the mongrel, and finally now with the most amazing cock I could imagine.

My hands didn't stop moving over the length of the cock as it was now at least a foot and a half long and stiff in my hands. Could the Yerba Dura the nun rubbed over my clit still be stimulating my desire? Or, was this merely my nature, my natural lust-expression being released. I wasn't going to deny myself this experience. I knew in my soul I wanted it. I wanted to experience this deviance, something that seemed to be the expression of willingness to do whatever would be needed to be done.

I reached my lips up to the tip of the straining cock in my hands. I touched the oddly shaped head to my lips. My hands continued to stroke and one hand slid down to the base to feel the ball sack hanging behind. It was all so obscene, so stimulating, so exciting, so arousing. As I crouched under the donkey, I could feel my pussy leaking fluid. Dog cum, yes, but probably also my increasing arousal, too.

My mouth opened and the head of the cock passed between my lips. My tongue probed against it, pressing against the hole in the end. My lips closed around the end of the cock and I sucked on it. My tongue had felt the precum escaping from it but now I felt and tasted more of the precum flowing into my mouth. Even with my limited experience, I wasn't repulsed by the taste and feel which propelled me to push my mouth over the cock, taking more of it into my mouth. My entire body shivered and I dropped from a crouch to my knees. The arousal was amazing. I felt another orgasm rising within me and I was not even being physically stimulated. The arousal was only what I was doing and what I was doing was making love to what I considered a giant cock.

I nearly forgot about the beast attached to the cock until it jerked above me. It stutter-stepped and the cock thrust into my mouth, jamming against the back of my mouth and partially into my throat. I pulled back enough to cough around it and swallow hard but I immediately resumed my mouth action over it. I was sliding my mouth over it, as far as I could comfortably take it into my mouth and throat without gagging, then clamping my lips and sucking as I pulled my mouth back.

I had one hand on the balls, the other still stroking the length of cock not inside my mouth, which was the vast majority of it. My hand on the balls felt it first. The ball I clutched tightened. The cock in my hand pulsed and jerked which was felt in my mouth as the head swelled and the jerk sent it deeper into my mouth. I pulled my head back until the head was the only part in my mouth as the cock swelled fuller and tightened with increased size. The next pulse my hand felt caused my eyes to open wide in anticipation and lustful intent. But, even with the warning from my hand, I wasn't prepared for the explosion in my mouth. Cum shot out of the cock opening and splashed against the back of my mouth, into my throat, and instantly filled my mouth. Rather than swallowing, my throat closed at the sensation of something suddenly forcing its way in. My conscious recovery was too

slow. I tried opening my throat to swallow but the cum was already backing up, forcing its way out of the confines of my mouth. My lips assisted by opening around the cock and cum sprayed out but it was too much. The cum that entered my closed throat found another passage to escape through ... my nasal passage. In desperation, I pulled my mouth completely off the cock. Cum ran out of my mouth and nose. Just as I took a refreshing breath, though, the cock erupted a second time. This time it was pointed directly at my face as I gasped for air. The stream of cum splashed into my face and held my breath. When it stopped, I used the fingers of one hand to clear the cum from my eyes. My other hand sagged as I did so when the cock spewed out more cum, this time splashing my chest and breasts. I sighed and gasped. Donkey cum flowed down my body and between my spread thighs. I could feel the warm substance flow over my skin, between my legs, and over my aroused clit and pussy. I shuddered and shivered at the sensation.

And then, it hit me ... what had happened ... what I had done ... that I had an audience throughout it all ... and not just before the sisters but in daylight near the edge of the village. Not that anyone could see through all the cum but I flushed intensely, my eyes fixed downcast on the ground. But even then, my eyes found puddles of cum to highlight my action.

Rising from underneath the donkey covered in cum, I drew a reaction from the 3 sisters I wasn't prepared for ... very much of celebration or adulation. Each one of them hugged me tightly and kissed my forehead or cheek without regard to the donkey cum coating me. I was welcomed, finally, into the compound.

~~~~~

### **Part Three - The Magdalenes**

I was taken aback by the enthusiastic and welcoming response after the uncertainty of the long night I had just experienced. We were still gathered outside the open gate of the compound and I spotted a few villagers stop in their early morning routines to watch our gathering at the end of the well-beaten path from the village to the compound. It caused me to blush under the layer of dripping cum but, when the sisters noticed, they giggled at my reaction.

"You'll get used to exposure, Sister." This came from an older nun.

The nun I had been interacting with much of the night seemed to feel this was a time for introductions. "Soon, little Sister, we will let you bathe, sleep, and join us for our mid-day meal and prayers. After our prayers I will ask you for your decision."

"My decision, Sister?"

"Yes. I would like you to join our little Order, but I would like you to be rested and to pray on the decision, first." I nodded. "Now, for quick introductions since we are all present ..." She suggested that I begin:

Sister Sofi. A recently accepted nun in an order in Sao Paulo. I am clearly the youngest at 23 years old. My body is trim and athletic on a 5' 2" frame of only 100 pounds. My breasts are full but pert matching my frame. I explained the conflicts in my mind given the tight restrictions in the modern world and my confession to the convent priest and his studies, theories, and assistance leading me here.

Mother Maria. The senior sister who provides leadership and direction for the group. She is in her mid-50's. She is a few inches taller than me and thin. She also performs some missionary duties, which extend beyond the village but confesses it has become harder to sustain the rigors of jungle

travel as she has gotten older.

Sister Ana. She is in her upper 50's. She is about 5' 6" tall and round. She is the cook and laundry for the sisters. She bakes bread and pastries for the sisters and for trade in the village.

Sister Mariana. She was the oldest in her early 60's. She is the gardener. She raises vegetables for the sisters and also for trade in the village. She also raises some plants and herbs used for medicinal purposes and gathers other native herbs and plants in the vicinity used for cooking and native medicine. She had become the source of medicinal knowledge gathered over the years from the tribes in the region.

I am shocked that their group is now only three and all quite old. But, before I could verbalize anything, Mother Maria was already sending me off with Sister Ana for my bath and a cot inside the structure. The bath was lukewarm water in a crafted tub. A quick conversation with Ana verified what I should have already deduced: reaching the village had taken me well outside of modern conveniences like electricity, gas or oil heating, or lamps, or many modern tools, or comforts. Beyond the village into the jungle and the tribes there, it becomes more primitive still. It also explained why the collection of native herbs and plants for medicines become so important.

I was so exhausted from not having good sleep and the activities of the previous night. I was slightly embarrassed that Ana was bathing me, but was too tired and relieved to do anything about it. I didn't even remember moving from the bath to the main structure and a cot, when my next awareness was being awakened by Mariana. She was standing next to my cot with my head piece and veil. It had been cleaned while I slept but only partially dried, I noticed as I fixed it to my head and sat upright before her.

She smiled, "Yes, it is still damp. Cloth doesn't dry very quickly in the jungle. It helps explain why the natives prefer to be naked. And, since they do, we do." As we approached a large room with a large table and stools around it with the other sisters, "We don't have an extra pair of sandals for you but there is a craftsman in the village who makes them."

I touched her shoulder, "Thank you. I'll keep that in mind, but I have always enjoyed being barefoot when I could. I'll see if I can manage it here."

Ana had prepared plates of bread, vegetables, and a bowl of rice with some kind of meat mixed in. I didn't ask and they didn't explain. I ate like I hadn't eaten for days which was the reality. The conversation was casual and light. They engaged in some light teasing about the "new girl" and the donkey. I blushed profusely but I could see it was all in good fun to see how I might fit into the group. I also noticed Mother Maria watching me closely throughout. I felt she was ready to control the flow of the teasing, if necessary.

We all helped Ana in clearing the table and depositing the scraps from our wooden plates in a wood bucket in the kitchen. I would later find that the bucket would be dumped into the pen with hogs.

Prayers were a different experience. At a formal convent in a major city such as where I had come from, prayers were quite structured and Mass was a daily experience. This was much less structured and resembled little of the liturgy I was familiar with. And, there was no priest for mass.

After prayers, I was expecting a moment of commitment to this Order, but Mother Maria asked me to walk with her. She led me outside and out of the compound and down the well-worn path to the village. I hesitated when I realized where we were headed but she merely reiterated that I will get used to being naked. I was beginning to wonder about that, though. It was one thing to be naked in the compound and another thing to be naked in the village where some people wore some kind of

clothing, though perhaps only a loin cloth. As we entered the edge of the village, I quickly realized that our nakedness was not something that seemed to impact the people at all. Adults respectfully nodded to the Mother and smiled at me in apparent recognition of being new. Mother introduced me to several people along the way as a new nun, but said it in a way that indicated it was still undecided but the sisters were hopeful. Several children ran excited past us and waved joyfully. One little naked girl stopped and took my hand and followed us for a short while before becoming distracted by something other children were doing.

Mother Maria was trying to have a discussion about duties and the Order, but she was having difficulty with the many interruptions until we reached the river and sat on the edge of the dock. The dock was deserted with no small boats or canoes and, finally, provided a quiet and private opportunity for us. She was established into the role of 'Mother Superior' of the Order over a decade ago. The title holds little meaning as the Order has dwindled in size over time. When she came as a young nun from a village along the river, the Order was thriving with over a dozen sisters ministering and serving even into villages along the river doing trade and interaction with the outside world. As always happened in history, though, the Church wanted to control what was working so well, already. The Order was under threat and was pushed further into more remote regions until it came to this location. She touched her own naked body. As they went further into the jungle regions, their practice and customs took on the forms and practices of the peoples. They began not wearing as much coverings until they were naked like the people. They supported more of the practices of the various tribes in order to be accepted by them and to assist them. It isn't ministering like the Church would have them do with conversion in religious practice and teachings. They don't try to supplant beliefs but to lay teachings and ideas alongside those of the people and in that way become accepted to help them thrive without interfering.

"It's a delicate balance of ideals and practice. Many of the tribes out here and beyond are little changed over centuries. Some of the practices, myths, and ceremonies will seem primitive and suspect for a modern, reasoning mind. But we've chosen a path of support and service over ideology." Our eyes met and I nodded my head. I understood the difference between what she was describing and the what my training would otherwise dictate. I was reminded of what the priest had told me, what had fired me up to come out here and attempt to find this Order. What they were doing might be in conflict with preaching the controlling, subjective words ordained by men half way across the globe, but they were instilling the love and care and peaceful attitude at the core of what the original message was.

Our toes dangled in the water like a couple of girls escaped from the real-world. She patted my naked thigh, "I am sorry for putting you through so much so quickly, but ... we had to be sure." I tilted my head at her. Sure of what? "This small group might be all that remains of Magdalenes. We were dying out as an Order but still were of service even if less effectively in spreading the Gospels. The Magdalenes have been pursued and eliminated by incorporation or ... otherwise ... for two thousand years. If our Order was to die out, we wanted it to be naturally, not forced. As we became old, tired women, there was less and less that our bodies could do even with an undying spirit of will. So, we had to test you severely in a manner that a sister of the Church could not perform if spying. I am sorry for that ..."

I put my own hand on her thigh and stroked it. She watched my hand move over her skin and sighed. A small shiver ran through her. She looked into my eyes with softness. I said, "I came looking for you because I wanted to serve in a way that allowed an open expression because I learned something of what the Magdalenes were in practice. I didn't know what I might encounter or be asked to perform in service but I was willing. Your test only reinforced within me how committed I am to that cause."

She pulled me to her in an explosion of emotion, relief, and gratitude. My thighs and butt moved

over the rough wood surface of the dock until our thighs came together. She managed to turn my shoulders as she turned hers so we were in an intense hug. It felt odd to be in such emotional and physical contact with another nun, our breasts in naked contact squashing into each other. I wondered if I should be embarrassed or ashamed that my body reacted with enjoyment and excitement. But I didn't feel either embarrassed or ashamed. It only felt real and natural.

She rose to her feet and I followed her lead, as I was determined to do without hesitation from this moment on. She surprised me, again, pulling me into another deep hug, her hand on my lower back and holding me tightly. She pulled back slightly and looked into my eyes with a big smile, "The sisters are very excited to have you here." I furrowed my brows in question. "To have such a young and obviously lusty body here, again. It has been a long time for us, dear." She leaned in as if anyone might be around to overhear, "Our bodies have become old. We might have the will but ..." She paused as if running a list of something through her mind. Then, excitement seemed to take over her face, too. "There are many things we have neglected in the past years. The tribes will be excited, too. Oh ... this is wonderful, Sofi."

That was all she would say about it. I puzzled over what she had left unsaid, which seemed like a lot, and I asked questions, but they all seemed united in the belief that it was better for me to discover for myself what might be expected as I made the encounters. They confided that there would be challenges but for me to remember why I was sent to them, as they now firmly believed that was what had happened ... I was sent to them to re-energize their little Order in service to the tribes.

For several days after my arrival, passing their admittedly extreme tests, and acceptance into the Order, I was eased into the village routine. I was introduced to people, learned the ordinary activities of caring and teaching and supporting. I found there was little actual preaching and doctrine teaching. The sisters merely supported and gave care to anyone needing it. What doctrine was taught was simply to live in peace and acceptance of one another.

I was always exhausted at night when I finally settled onto my cot for sleep. My body adjusting to the heat and humidity, the seemingly constant activity in the village and efforts of maintaining the compound with cleaning, feeding the various animals, and assisting in tending to the growing of food items. The difference between what I was now experiencing in service and what I had been exposed to at the convent were stark. Obviously, my dress ... or lack of dress. But more was the unrestricted gift of caring and giving. It didn't come with the price tag of conversion or commitment to the Church's doctrine and requirements of living and thinking and believing. What we had and what we gave were free without any strings or requirements attached. The simple teaching of peace and acceptance weren't even pushed. It was as though by osmosis our attitudes would be transmitted to them. And, it seemed to work. In the quiet moments before sleep took hold of me, it was reinforced that they were the real message initially given to the followers from the beginning.

Clearly, though, the sisters were all easing me into the life and expectations. Their older bodies had been through so much. The life in the jungle was hard and taxing on anyone and these women had given so much. There are hundreds of things in the jungle that can attack the body. Large animals, certainly, but eating and touching the wrong plants, snakes and insects, even touching the wrong frog. Many have died or given up and it had been many years since a new member arrived before me. The reason for the sisters' excitement of my arrival was partially sexual: their vaginas had dried up. They sometimes were able to use lubricants produced from plants but ... their ability to support the more unique rituals of the tribes had been long lost. Their insistence that I discover them for myself caused some concern to me. I was committing myself, however, so whatever I could do to re-energize the Order and the regional tribes, I would do.

\*\*\*\*

I had seen a man working in the compound but he kept to himself. He quietly went about his business of repairing the many things the jungle environment seemed intent on weathering apart. He also gave regular assistance to Sister Mariana with hoeing and the heavier work in the gardens and with the animals. I was gaining some comfort after some time in the compound and was watching the man go about his work who gave repeated glances to me. I, like the other sisters, was naked. He wore old shorts that showed many washings that didn't quite get all the dirt and grime out. Most of the men in the village near the compound might wear a wrap or piece of cloth tied over their front, but the wearing of actual clothing was rare. I was pondering the fact he was wearing clothes as much as anything.

I was startled when Mother Maria commented, "Anton." I hadn't heard her come up alongside me. "His name is Anton. He operated a canoe up and down this stretch of river but it was damaged in some rapids upriver. He was stranded here and we gave him some jobs while he decided what he would do. He's been here ever since."

He appeared to be in his early 30's, though I had already found that age distinction wasn't something that was referenced here. He seemed only slightly taller than my 5' 2" frame and he was wiry strong. She went on to explain that besides work around the compound, he assists the sisters helping in the village and has been their guide into the jungle to the tribes, though the rigor of jungle travel has limited their trips the past years.

Mother Maria took my hand and led me to the man. On hearing our approach, he turned and stood straighter as I was introduced to him. He reached out his hand, his head nodding like a bobble-head as she described his duties and reinforced his impression that I was new and would be remaining. Though he was attentive to Maria and respectful, his eyes made frequent glances at her body and mine. His glances seemed to embarrass him but he seemed unable to stop. Clearly, he was making unconscious comparisons: Mother Maria's older, tired, sagging body and my youthful, supple, firm body.

As we turned to move away, I whisper the question that remained. "I haven't noticed actual clothing being worn even by other men, why ....?"

She stopped, glanced back at him. I followed her glance with my own eyes. He was watching us but turned his gaze down to something on the ground when he was caught. She smiled, then surprised me. She put her hands on my upper arms, turning me to directly face her. "Little Sister, perhaps it is time ..." I looked at her puzzled, again. "Anton has a hut in the corner of the compound. Anton has devoted himself to us ever since and we have little to give him in return but to take care of him." She looked at him, then back to me. "It has become difficult for us old women." She chuckled. "You are young and ... the way you handled the dog ... and donkey ..." I think she was blushing now. "... would you mind tending to him?"

I was initially confused. At least, uncertain. Then, as if addressing the uncertainty in my mind, her fingertips touched my stomach and slid down my abdomen to my mound. "He is quite ...", she smiled as if memories flooded her mind, "... he is very large."

I looked at the man who was barely taller than me and wondered how that could be. I then wondered if that was why he wore the faded, discolored shorts that seemed too baggy on him. I looked back at Mother Maria. Her gaze was calm and natural. This was so weird. I know what I did as a test to be accepted, but this all still felt so strange. She and I were standing naked near this man she was telling me to fuck in thanks and gratitude for his hard work and efforts. But feeling strange about it all, there was more happening. I was unmistakably aroused, too. My nipples hardened and I felt my pussy lubricating in preparation even before my consciousness had accepted that I would do it.

Mother Maria pinched my erect nipple, turned me to face Anton, and gave my bare butt a light smack. She was sending me on my way to 'thank' him.

Anton glanced at me as I approached and closed the distance between us. He took the hat off his head and leaned on the wood rake he had been using and turned to me. His head nodded as his face reflected a welcoming greeting. We talked for a few moments about what he was doing. It was idle chatter. I was gaining comfort with the idea of flirting with him, of enticing him to ... to have sex. The ideas and feeling of sex remained in my mind but flirting and enticing were things I was out of practice with. He glanced over my shoulder and I resisted the impulse to look, too. Instead, I told him I wished to thank him for everything he does for us and looked instead at his hut in the corner. His eyes followed mine and, when his gaze returned to me, he gave a shy smile.

Inside his little hut was a narrow cot and small table and one stool. There was little else. He lived as spartan a life as we did. I turned to him once inside to find him fidgeting, his feet shuffling, and his hands blocking my view of his crotch. I stepped up to him, took his hands away from his crotch and placed them on my breasts. His eyes followed the movement of his hands to my breasts but my eyes became riveted on his shorts as I recognized what he was attempting to hide. Even inside the baggy shorts, his erection was evident. All tentativeness I might have felt disappeared. With some difficulty, I pulled my eyes from his crotch to give him a light kiss on the lips. Being accepted, I pressed my bare body into his as I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him with more intention. At the same time, I pressed my pelvis into him. His erection was unmistakable ... and huge. It was all I could do to slow my response and desire. I moved my lips from his mouth to his neck. I sagged slightly and kissed his chest and down to his stomach. I sank to my knees before him and heard him gasp and sigh as my kisses moved down his dark, sun-beaten, tight body. When my lips reached the top of his shorts, I heard him suck in a deep breath and it didn't release. My fingers were working the rope tied around the waist before my mind caught up with them. I continued to lay kisses on his abdomen as I opened his shorts, my kisses moving down as I revealed new flesh.

I hadn't realized I was holding my own breath until I lowered his shorts further and his erection sprang out before me, nearly bumping me in the face. My mouth opened to gasp but there was no room in my lungs. I exhaled as I let his shorts drop and looked up along his body. His eyes were closed and his mouth open. He wasn't breathing, though. His whole body seemed tensed, slight tremors rippling over his taut body.

I took hold of his cock with both hands and marveled. I released it and lay a hand out, my fingertips at the front of his scrotum palm up. His hard cock lay on my arm. It was well past the middle of my forearm. It could have been 14 inches long. It might not have been quite as long as the donkey's but almost. And ... it was thicker. It wasn't as thick as the knot on the dog, though ... thank goodness. My lips found the head of his cock. Both my hands were around the cock and there was plenty of room for my lips and mouth. I didn't look back up at Anton until my mouth was over his cock and pushing more inside. Only then did I turn my head to look up at him.

What must that have looked like to him? This naked, young woman on her knees at his feet with his hard cock in her mouth, her eyes blazing with newly realized lust, a cross hanging from her neck and swinging between her breasts, and a nun's headpiece and veil on her head. He may have been used to this by now if the other nuns had been so eager but the image in my head of what I was doing ... and so eagerly ... was very new and exciting.

Even in convents there is talk of what happens in the world ... things classified as sinful, perhaps, but still they are known. Things that sluts and whores of the world do. They were whispered about as understanding of 'the outside world', but I often wondered if the talk was really just to claim to not being naïve about the world. Or, was there more hidden fascination about it than just that?



Of course, in my case, my fascination was much more and that fascination led me to where I was right now. And, my head spun with the realization of where I was right now. After all that internalized battle, after all that anguish and turmoil, after all the travel and searching, and determined to accept being tested by this Order, did I really imagine what I would find? Mated to a mongrel dog like its bitch. Sucking off a donkey. Both outside. Both next to the path leading back into the village. Now ... with minor encouragement from the Mother offering my body to the handy man, Anton, for thanks for his work. But it was more ... more than accepting the duty, the job, the task, the chore to 'thank' him ... I am lusting after him. His cock ... his massive, hard, throbbing cock ... has me in a state of lustful excitement. My entire body in tingling. My pussy is not just lubricating but dripping in anticipation of feeling this cock inside my body. My lips, tongue, and mouth are working over as much of the cock as can fit inside it. I try to force more of it in. I, more than other nuns of that convent, had heard more about the lust of the body. I had heard about other forms of lustful expression. I heard about deepthroating, take a cock into the throat. But when I try, I merely gag, cough and sputter. I turn bright red at my failure but Anton's fingers caressing my cheek and I ignore the feeling of failure and continue.

I pull my mouth back and look up at him. I am curious to taste him but want to please him and his wants. I ask him how he wants me. His hands lightly grasp my upper arms and guides me up and to his cot where he lays me onto my back. The cot is pressed against a corner of the small hut. I lay on top of the old, ragged blanket spread upon it. I open myself to him. One leg is bent, the knee pressed against the thatch wall at the window opening, the other leg is splayed off the cot, my foot on the dirt floor. I feel a gentle breeze on my knee at the window. I hear the sounds of the compound outside the hut ... one of the sisters humming in the garden nearby, animals moving in the pens, birds in the trees overhead. What I am about to do will be heard but somehow I am not self-conscious of that.

Anton's hands glide over the insides of my bare thighs, glancing over my drooling pussy, and up my body as he kneels on the cot between my thighs. His hands, rough and callused from a lifetime of physical work, squeeze my firm breasts before he leans over me.

I look up into his eyes. "Will you be gentle with me at first?" He hesitates and concern shows on his face. I smile wide, "No ... I want you ... you are so valuable and important to us. I am new here but I know, I already see how important you are ... how valuable and respected you are." I glance down between our naked bodies. His hard cock looking like a blunt log between us, gently bobbing up and down with his breathing and the twitching muscles of his excitement and need. "You are so big ... long and thick ..." I look back into his eyes. I nod to him and reach up to kiss his lips. "I want you ... all of you ... but ... but I am not sure if I can take all of you ... yet." I smile shyly, then. I blush as the words form in my head and flow through my mouth. "But I will ... with time ... I will take all of you."

His mouth opens. He stammers a response that doesn't form into real words. With one hand I touch two fingers to his lips. I utter the sound, "Shhhhh ..." My other hand is reaching between our bodies. It takes his hard cock and aligns it to my pussy. He shifts slightly. I move the head over my slit. I look down and see the head shining with my wetness. It grazes over my already throbbing clit and I gasp at the touch. I move the head down and find my hole. I sigh and gasp as I feel it part my lips at the opening. My eyes close as I feel it move slightly, parting my lips and opening further. My mouth falls open as he shifts slightly, his cock opening me and pressing inside. I can't breathe. His cock stretches me wide. I press my hands on his sinewy chest to hold him and he stops immediately. I feel stuffed with only a few inches of it inside.

"Slow ... please ..." It is all I can manage to get those two words out between gasps. The dog's knot probably felt like this but this time there is no relief. Every inch of his cock stretches and fills me. My pussy muscles feel stretched to the point of tearing but soon they pulse, flexing around the

massive intruder and I know it is time. I open my eyes and find his fixed on my face. I give him a weak smile and pull his face down to kiss it. Between kisses, I mutter, "Slowly fill me with your cock, Anton. Oh ... God ... yes ... mmmmmmmm ... and fuck me ..."

He gives me a smile and whispers, "Yes, Sister Sofi." He inches his cock deeper into me. He pulls out an inch and presses several more inside my wet, clasp sleeve. His sighs and gasps and grunts combine with mine. "You're ... so ... tight ... and ... warm and ... ooooooo ... Yes, Sister ..."

He is very gentle while I have abandoned myself to him. I lay underneath him, my legs splayed widely to the sides as he works his shaft in. I feel the head bump into the top of my pussy. He pulls out until most of it has retreated and presses more firmly back in. I cry out at the sensation it creates and it bumps into the top, again. I raise my head and look between our bodies at his dark brown cock sliding into my lighter brown body. When it bumps into the top of me, again, there is still many inches remaining outside.

I drop my head back onto the cot with frustration, "I want all of you, Anton."

He is pumping into me harder. Long, strong strokes. His cock is glistening with my juice as he pulls out. Each thrust back in bumps into the top. I start shivering and quaking. I am a limp rag doll underneath him. Light and shadow pass over my shut eyes and, when I slit them, I find it is my head turning side to side as the rest of my body trembles with impending orgasm. When the orgasm crashes over me it is more like it is exploding from my pussy and coursing through the rest of my body. My toes curl, my body tenses, my clit and nipples ache they are so rigid, my fingers dig into the old blanket under me. My ears hear wailing and shrieking from far away, but it isn't far away ... it is from me. But I don't care. It is the most intense and wonderful experience and my legs involuntarily rise to wrap around his flexing, driving hips. My arms rise to encircle his neck, my mouth engulfing his, and finally muffling my groans and cries.

His pumping into me become more furious. Each stroke presses and bumps into the top of my pussy and I hold onto him as if I am afraid of coming apart if I don't. My own orgasm begins to subside when I sense something different ... inside ... his cock swelling larger ... and pulsing. I feel him stiffen and his strokes become abrupt and more forceful, holding himself deep inside. When his cock jerks and spews its cum, it is impossible to believe there is any room left. Spurt after spurt of his cum fills me even more. He pulls out and thrusts back in with each spurt and I feel our cum leaking from my pussy over my ass crack. It sends me into another amazing orgasm.

In the quiet after, as he rests on top of me, as we gasp for control of our heart beats and breath, the sounds from outside seep back in as if washing over us with the certainty of the world and life just outside the window opening and through the thatch of the walls and roof. I clutch him to me, unwilling to release the feeling of his heart beating against mine, our ragged breath into each other's neck and shoulder. All is very quiet outside the hut until murmurs from the sisters begin outside. Yes ... they were very aware of us.

I hold the sides of his face in my hands and kiss his lips softly. I look into his eyes, "You are still hard."

Under his darker skin I see his blush. "I don't understand it. Maybe because you are so tight. Even now you pulse around me."

Now I blush. "I want to take all of you and I don't think I did." He raises up onto his arms and presses into the cot with his knees, raising his body up. I feel his cock inside shift and I sigh at the feeling. We both peer down between us. "No ... see, I didn't." There are still several inches of his

cock not glistening with our spent juices. I look back into his eyes. "I want to, Anton. I want you to be able to fully have me."

His eyes considered mine, my face. He was thinking. "You might be too small, Sister Sofi." He blushed, again. Then, he whispered to share something privately. "Even the other sisters, when they used to be with me, they couldn't take all of it, either. It's okay. I am grateful for this." It isn't lost on me. He is expressing his gratitude for a nun satisfying him sexually. It is also not lost on me that the other sisters have not been 'with him' for some time.

I wiggle my hips under him and feel his still hard cock moving. I kiss him on the lips, again. "I will take all of you. And ..." I gazed into his eyes, "... and, you will not be without, anymore."

I watched his reaction. He started to protest but I stopped him with another soft kiss. He finally smiled, sighed, and flexed his hips, moving his cock inside me. He began a slow movement, moving only inches. "Then, Sister, it might take some practice."

I smile widely, "If that's what it takes." We laugh together only I gasp at the feel of him moving inside me. I look at him intently. He gives me a puzzled look back. "Can you roll us over? I want to be on top." He is uncertain. The cot is narrow but he moves to the side, his back touching the thatch wall. Awkwardly, he shimmies and jerks our bodies, his cock jabbing into me, again bumping into the top of my pussy. Finally, breathing heavy, he is on his back and I am straddled over his hips. I move my hips and my pussy slides up and down over his cock. I press with my hands against his chest and sit upright, my thighs flexed as I sit on his cock pressing against the top of my pussy. I look to the side and see out the window opening. I move my eyes down to him. I am gasping, moaning, and groaning, again. "How ... are you ... still ... hard? Do you ... always ... do this?"

His hands come up to grasp my jiggling breasts. He squeezes and fondles them. Then, his response comes as if he gave it considerable thought. "No ... no, I think it ... it is you." He pinches a nipple and watches my reaction. When I smile and nod, he sees it as encouragement and it is. He takes both nipples between thumb and index finger. He twists and pulls them. I gasp and moan. "I think it is you, Sister Sofi. You are so tight and energetic. I feel consumed by you."

My eyes are shut as I enjoy all the sensations but words still spill from my mouth. "The other sisters ..."

"I was always grateful. They relieved me but ..."

I bent down and covered his mouth. I didn't need to hear anything more. I didn't want to merely 'relieve' him. He was right, I wanted to consume him and be consumed by him.

I sat upright, again. When I looked down at him, my vision was hazed by the lust burning within me. I rose up his cock and pressed back down. Up and down, up and down. I grunted with each downward pressing as each time his cock head jammed into the top of my pussy. But, each time as it did, I wiggled on top of him as I continued to press. I felt fuller and fuller. It felt like his cock was inside my stomach. I raised up and looked. More of his cock was covered with the juice of my pussy. Not all but more. My hands clutched his hands on my breasts as I rose and fell. Yes ... it might take some 'practice' to achieve ... but I will.

We both orgasmed, again!

~~~~~

## Part Four - Miracle

After that time I spent with Anton, it was as if something had shifted in the compound. There was a renewed sense of excitement and purposeful anticipation. I was given a crash course on various tribes, their needs and how the sisters had supported them. I learned that it had been some time since they made the long journeys into the jungle to visit the various tribes as the sisters got older and struggled with not only the energy for the difficult travel but their ability to assist the tribes. They seemed embarrassed, but my enthusiasm to take over quickly offset those feelings and they focused on supporting and preparing me.

I was dedicated to work as hard as the other sisters and my youthful body quickly adjusted to the heat and humidity. I also quickly adapted to the nudity. I became more and more comfortable interacting with villagers in our nudity, even meeting the men bringing supplies by canoe from villages further downstream. Many of these men wore shorts and shirts, even if filthy ones. But, even so, I joined with the other sisters and villagers in greeting them and assisting in unloading the supplies.

Soon, it was time for my first deep journey into the jungle. Anton was to be my constant companion away from the village. It seemed he was a frequent companion in the compound, too. I would often blush at the thoughts that coursed through me sometimes. The other sisters noticed, of course, and gently teased me but they were also very happy about it, too. I was going to be a perfect fit in the Order, they assured me. I wasn't sure what that meant and they wouldn't elaborate but I looked forward to my first journey.

The sisters were clearly nervous and not making leaving any easier for me but it was something that had to be done if the Order was to have any significance beyond the little village they shared. Mother Marie told me to remain by Anton's side, not wander off by myself at any time, and to follow his advice. Anton wore a large sack fashion much like a backpack with two straps fitting over his shoulders. I wore a smaller one. The two sacks would be all we had for the journey. Our destination was a tribe three days away, possibly longer since I might not yet have the endurance of hiking those distances. Two days out, I was feeling good about my efforts at keeping up a decent pace with Anton when all our planning was challenged.

It was late afternoon of the second day of travel. Although I was feeling very good about keeping up, I could also feel how taxing it was for me compared to Anton. Acclimating to the jungle environs while at the compound was one thing but the exertion of hiking all day in the constant heat and humidity was much harder. I was buoyed, though, by Anton. We had fallen into a peculiar relationship, one that Mother Maria was comfortable with and even encouraged as a casual, informal connection that would work well for us since we would be the ones making the tribal visits. We all knew, including Anton, that the connection was born from our sexual connection but the physical was only the starting point that grew for us. By my teachings, nuns were supposed to be completely devoted only to One but this was apparently another way in which the Magdalenes were different. What began as lustful fucking as the sisters' expression of gratitude between Anton and me became love-making, though equally intense.

Anton was thinking about a good place to stop for the night when we heard a sound that was completely out of place. It was so out of place that the obvious sound was confusing. What we heard was a baby fussing. And, more confusing, the sound was somehow above us. We searched the trees above us and felt silly all the while we did it. What would a baby be doing in a tree far from any known tribal village? Anton settled on a tree and climbed up with a dexterity I hadn't witnessed before. In a hollow where a branch joined the main trunk, he carefully extracted a very small infant. When I finally had it in my arms, it looked and felt even smaller. It could only be a few weeks old. I murmured and cooed to it while gently bouncing it in my arms while Anton and I puzzled over its condition.

With my attention solely on the baby, I hadn't noticed Anton wandering off into the thick brush until he called to me. "This is part of the explanation." I gazed in the direction of his voice but couldn't see him until the brush parted by his hand. I stepped closer, clutching the baby close to my body, and looked down in front of him where his eyes were focused. A very young Indian woman lay terribly mauled. Anton guessed she could have been there for days. How had the baby survived all that time? There were any number of creatures that could have reached its location in the tree. Yet, it had survived. Nothing else mattered. Where did the baby belong?

My head swiveled as I searched the surrounding jungle. I don't know what exactly I was looking for but the baby had to eat. It had to be starving and could be the reason it was screaming right now. What do you give to an almost new-born from the jungle?

"The baby has to eat, Anton! What do we do?"

We had moved back to the place we left our packs. Now that I looked at the baby in the light of this situation, I could see how desperate its condition was. I clutched it to my shoulder. Panic was taking over me. I feared it didn't have the extra day or two to reach the village of our destination. I was surprised when my eyes came back to Anton and found his face relaxed, a smile forming on his mouth and in his eyes. I was shocked. What could he find humorous in this situation?

With a slight head jerk and his eyes indicating down, "Look, Sister Sofi ... there is your answer."

My eyebrows furrowed. What was he talking about? Then, his smile grew and he made the sign of the cross. He jerked his head to point my attention down. I turned my head down to check the ground but my eyes stopped before then. I shifted the tiny bundle in my arm and gazed without understanding or belief. My knees gave out and I dropped to the ground. Anton rushed to my side providing support as I settled onto the dirt of the path. Drops of whitish fluid was forming on each nipple. What did that mean? How could that be? Anton, meanwhile, had shifted behind me, his legs on either side and gently pulled me back to rest against him.

He kissed my cheek from behind and softly said, "You can never again question if you belong with us. Do you now believe you were chosen?"

It seemed like too much to accept. I raise the little one in my arm and rubbed a nipple over its lips. Milk flowed from my nipple onto his lips. The mouth opened and instinctively clamped around the nipple and his suckling instinct took over. I watched for a moment as the little guy greedily sucked. Anton's hand moved around my body and fondled my other breast. My eyes shifted away from the baby's voracious sucking to my other breast. He lightly squeezed and milk flowed freely from the nipple.

"Your breasts are full, Sister Sofi."

I stroked the baby's cheek as its mouth worked my nipple. I idly asked, "But how? Why?"

He gave a soft chuckle, his arms wrapping around my stomach below the baby and held me tightly against his body. He kissed my cheek repeatedly from behind. He probably would have been kissing into my hair if not for the habit veil covering my head. "What is it you teach? We can't understand why things happen; we can only accept them into our lives. You know this better than me, though. But I think it is also meant to show you that the path you have chosen is right."

An overwhelming peace washed over me. I watched gratefully as the starving baby took nourishment from my body. I settled into the loving, supportive embrace of Anton. It was too much to understand. To be accepted by this small group of nuns, I had allowed myself to be mated by a dog ... twice ...

sucked a donkey, and repeatedly fucked ... and now to love ... the man behind me. There had been times when the teachings from the 'civilized' world intruded to question what I was doing. No longer. No more. Anton was right. I had doubts but I was still chosen. I could no longer doubt myself when doing what I would be called upon to do for these people. I accepted something else, too. I wiggled into Anton's body, feeling his bare chest against my bare back. I turned my head and he turned his to me. I kissed him. He smiled and his arms tightened around me as if he understood. I would no longer question my relationship with him, either.

I woke to a fussing baby. It had slept between Anton and me. Several times during the night I pressed a dripping nipple to its mouth. The poor thing was ravenous. I was on my side, a hand holding my head up watching the baby suckle with slurpy, greedy sounds when Anton stirred, his eyes fluttered open and he saw me ... us. He rolled to his knees, leaned to me and gave me a light kiss. As he rose, I saw it. I reached out and touched the front of his shorts.

"You're hard ..."

"Sorry, Sister Sofi." He insists on using my proper title even when we are alone and intimate. "You seem to have a glow about you and your body ... you are more beautiful than ever." I smiled demurely and felt my own arousal awaken.

He took my fingertips to his lips and kissed them, then went about preparing a breakfast as the baby had his. Anton was sure the young one was from a tribe they had little contact with. The tribe was on the other side of the river and a day further away than our original destination. They were a secluded tribe, not wanting intrusion from anyone, even other tribes. For a variety of reasons, we agreed that we should try to take the baby to them and abandon our original travel plans. We also agreed to spend the day in camp and build the baby's strength.

Later, Anton held the baby as it slept while I washed in the river. Then, I sat on a fallen tree near the river as he stripped off his shorts, washed them, spread them over a log in the sun, then entered the water himself to wash. The baby's mouth was at my left nipple but its sucking was sporadic. It sucked and fell back asleep. I watched Anton in the water. He was about a decade older than me but his body was taut and muscled in a slight body kind of way. The muscles rippled in his back, his butt was tight, his longish, wet hair was matted to his head. He glanced over his shoulder several times and seemed a bit hesitant and I wondered about that. When he finally turned around, I saw why. His wonderful cock was hard ... and he was embarrassed. It is so large it doesn't really stand up but more points out in front of him. I smile softly and motion for him to come. I try to remain calm but my pulse is raging as he steps onto the bank, his cock bouncing before him.

He is hesitant and shy. His steps are short, his eyes searching mine as if offering an apology and hoping for forgiveness that he is reacting this way at this time. I continue to motion to him until he is standing in front of me. I smile up to him, stretch my head out to kiss the head of it, grasp it with my free hand, and smile up at him, again. The tension of embarrassment eases from his body as I stretch my mouth open to take the head inside. That tension is replaced by the tension of arousal. I take more of his cock into my mouth and he gasps and sighs. The baby suckles, gurgles, sucks and dozes, again.

My mind is racing and I verbalize what I am pondering. "How do we do this?" I don't wait for a response, though. I am working through a thought. I release his cock, then, "Lie down on your back." He follows my direction though he is unsure. Once on his back, I set the sleeping infant onto his chest, one of his hands holding it softly. Not knowing how much time we will have, I straddle his hips and lower to my knees. I raise myself up, reach between my thighs, grasp his rigid, straining cock, and lower my hips until I quickly feel the head of his cock against my pussy. As I move the cock

along my slit, I am reassured of what I knew would be true ... my pussy was wet and ready for him. I have become a very lusty nun, indeed, because of him.

I align his cock to my hole and ease down over the head. I gasp at the immediate feeling of fullness. It is a feeling I will never tire of or take for granted. I wiggle my hips and settle further down his cock. I pull up and settle further down his pole. Guiltily, I open my eyes remembering the baby. Anton has it securely on his chest. Anton's face is a crazy mix of softness for the baby and lusty arousal for me.

I sink down over his cock, my mouth open but no sound escaping, as if the cock filling my pussy pushes the air out of me. I look down between our bodies and I have the same reaction I always do. I have only half of his cock inside me and I feel completely stuffed. I have been taking a little more of his cock the last few times and it was a personal goal for this trip to finally stretch my pussy to the point of taking all 14 inches. I want to be gentle for the sleeping baby but it is also a compulsion. I rise up and slam down on his cock. His cock jams into the top of my pussy and I release a muffled, constricted cry. Anton jerks as he loudly moans but the baby sleeps on.

I rise up and jam down aggressively. Each time his cock head brutalizes the top of my pussy. Why now? Why am I so driven to succeed now when we have to be careful? But I am. The baby has released from within me emotions I didn't know were there. This moment with Anton feels different. I look down at my bouncing breasts and a shiver of excitement rolls through me. Drops of milk are flying off my nipples. My body wells with feeling and emotion. My pussy clamps down around the massive cock that fills me. I look back down as I pull up along his shaft and another shiver rolls through me. Each inch of cock is wet with my juices and when I drop back down, I feel a shift deep inside and the last few inches of him are in me. My hands on his shoulders, my hips rise to the very tip of his cock and I sit back down. His cock head glances off me inside and moves to its full depth.

I sit up straight, my back arched and head thrown back. I jerk one hand to cover my mouth as my body quakes and an orgasm erupts within me that threatens to take my mind away. I have one hand on Anton's stomach for stability and I feel one of his hands come to my hip as I shiver and shake on his cock. My pussy is claspings with spasms around his cock. I feel his hips rise with short, convulsive thrusts of his own. Through my own convulsions I feel his cock swell and jerk and twitch. I know that feeling! I look down at him and smile. I lean down, my body gently covering the soft, innocent body of the baby on his heaving chest. His head rises up to me and we manage an awkward, gasping, grunting kiss as his cock begins spewing his semen into my pussy. He fills me until I can feel it leaking out from between my lips and his tightly contained cock.

After the wave of orgasmic shock settles from our bodies, I kiss him, then the back of the baby who somehow continues to sleep, perhaps the first time it has been full of nourishment for a while. We gently roll to the side, placing the baby on the ground between us. As we do, I sigh as I feel the cock slipping inside my claspings pussy. I don't want to lose it yet and I won't. It is so long that the head and several inches will remain inside me even as we allow for room for the little one.

I move my hand to Anton's face and stroke his cheek. He smiles and I find I have welled up with emotion. "You are an amazing man, Anton."

He tries to joke to divert the attention, "My cock, you mean."

I grasp his chin to refocus him on me. "Your cock, Anton, is amazing. But you, you the man, are special. You were immediately so gentle and nurturing toward this baby you have no connection with. You are so caring, protective, and caring to me." He looks embarrassed by the attention and my words. But I clumsily push on. "Why aren't you married raising a family?"



I see his face cloud slightly. He explains that he was but she died after only a year. He took up plying his work along the river. He had lost interest in being in one place too long. Then, he found the sisters who took him in and gave him purpose. Then, "When you arrived ... everything changed. I could feel it when we were first introduced. Somehow, you were the one. I'll be at your side as long as you will have me."

Now I blushed. It was how I had been feeling. I stammered out my own thoughts. "You are with nuns ... I don't think even in this Order a nun could take a husband." He only watched me. There were other problems with the idea, too. What I knew about the Order's proclivity to the sexual, what Mother Maria has warned me about the inclination of the tribes' rituals and that supporting them rather than converting them was our mission. "Besides ... I ... the Order, we ..."

He smiled, his touch to my face easing my blushing uneasiness. "I know, Sister Sofi. I know what the sisters have done for the tribes and what you will now take on for them. It is what they have done for me in the past, too. I understand that ... it is what you must do. That doesn't matter if ... if ... if I can be with you."

I reached across the baby and kissed him ... hard. His cock had slowly begun to soften but our talk ... our expression of feelings ... his cock was hardening, again. As I leaned over, it moved inside my cum filled pussy. I could feel it grow as it continued to rapidly swell. He looked into my eyes intently and I nodded. He shifted over the baby until he was between my legs, braced over my body. We both glanced at the baby who continued to sleep beside us. Anton drove his hardened cock fully into me in one thrust, my pussy and his cock being well lubricated by our previous juices.

I kissed him hard, then gushed out my feelings, "I want you, Anton! I want you always. If you can accept my role with the Order, I want you ... with me ... caring for me ... protecting me ... and ... and inside me ..."

No more words were spoken. Our bodies answered for us. He pulled back until only the head of his cock was still inside my hole, then he slammed it fully into me until our bodies smacked together. I now could take all of his wonderful cock. We both grunted, moaned, and cried out into the wild. The baby whimpered but settled, again. This time he fucked me with an abandonment that comes only with an assurance of commitment and devotion. He was mine ... I was his ... we both understood that ... we both wanted that.

\*\*\*\*

Anton warned me this tribe guarded their security and independence. I insisted, however, that we return the baby, if in fact it was theirs. We owed it to at least determine that much.

Entering the village, which was almost two days from the location we found the infant through heavy, dense jungle, we were indeed not a welcome sight by them. Most of the men of the village surrounded us with spears or bows. We were funneled into the village under what felt to me to be a very real threat. The people of this village were all completely naked. A few wore crude adornments around the neck, wrist, or waist. Many of the adults were marked by tattoos, probably crudely and painfully applied to the skin with sharp sticks and prepared dyes. The people were small and trim. I was 5' 2" and was taller than many of the adults. Their skin was dark. Anton had told me that he understood this tribe to be a commune type society. Children belonged to mothers but otherwise family structure didn't seem to exist. As we were led into the village, I found large thatched structures rather than small family huts. Men and women came out of the structures indicating to me that their shelters and living spaces were communal and not segregated. There were many children and many pregnant women but I could see no infants or new-born.

An indication of what my new life has done to my mind, I noticed quickly, with fascination, that all of the men seemed to have large penises. Some were merely long, others thick, and a few were both long and thick. I leaned toward Anton and whispered, "These men ..."

He chuckled. "We are surrounded by menacing spears and bows and you notice their cocks?" He shook his head and chuckled again while stepping into me to give me a nudge.

As the men walked, their cocks swung. It was a rather obscene sight but it was a natural thing for these people. I leaned back to Anton, somehow feeling safe with the baby, "If you dropped your shorts, they would see something truly menacing." He stopped in his tracks and gaped at me. He was prodded by one of the men behind. I looked at him from the corner of my eyes and giggled. He shook his head, again.

We were led before a man who I took to be their chief. He spoke in a language I hadn't heard and was surprised when Anton responded. There was more to this man than I understood. After Anton's explanation of why we were there, the chief made a sweeping motioned with his hand and a woman stepped out from the side to examine the infant in my arms who was again suckling at my nipple. The woman slipped a finger between the mouth and my nipple, breaking the suction, and turning the head to look at it closely. She turned to the chief and nodded. The woman began a discourse that meant nothing to me but Anton listened closely and added a few words periodically.

He quietly translated for me: The woman identified the infant as part of the tribe and also knew the mother. She explained that the mother was the one who disappeared from the village. She had become sick and not 'right-headed'. Anton surmised that the mother had developed a fever and became delirious and simply wandered away. It was miraculous she had wandered so far, even crossing the river, but if she hadn't the infant might never have been found. The chief motioned that we were to remain under guard and he took several other men with him into a smaller hut I took to be his.

Anton assisted me down to the ground where I sat cross-legged with the baby in my arms who resumed suckling. Many women moved closer. The women spoke among themselves. Some touched my habit head-piece and veil. Anton whispered that they were curious how a strange woman was able to breast feed a stranger's child.

After quite a while, the chief returned with the other men. We were thankfully moved to the shade. The conversation between him and Anton became earnest. Anton glanced at me several times, concern forming on his face. He knelt down next to me. I pried the sucking mouth off my left nipple and moved it to my right. My left nipple was getting sore from the sucking and my right breast was aching from the swollen pressure of the accumulated milk inside. After switching the baby, there was a murmur from the women when they saw a drop of milk form at my left nipple. After some comments from the women, Anton explained that I was a woman who had never given birth. That caused more exclamation, but no more than what it had created in me when this initially began.

Anton explained to me what the chief and other leading men had decided. Despite their aversion to others in their village and region, they recognize the problem they have. With no other woman currently nursing, they would accept my help by remaining with them for a period until the baby could be weaned to another milk source, perhaps goat. I hadn't offered but it had apparently been presumed. The women thought it might be at least several weeks.

I looked at Anton, "Several weeks?" I looked down at the baby so content in my arms and at my breast. "Anton, you know it isn't that I don't want to help ... you know I want what is right for the baby ... but ... a couple weeks? The other sisters will worry if we are gone so long."

He began stroking my bare back and hugged my shoulder. I instantly felt his connection and concern. When he spoke softly, his words sliced through my personal fears and doubts, "I know, Sister Sofi ... I know. Your first trip out on your own and you are presented with all these tests. It doesn't seem fair, does it?" My eyes focused on the baby sucking; I shook my head. He stroked down my back. "Do you have any real question, though? You found yourself from the big city to the jungle. You accepted public nudity to join the Order you sought out. You performed degrading sexual acts to prove yourself. You allowed yourself to be given to me as 'thank you' for my work. You came to the jungle to serve these very people and the many other tribes like them. You understood you would do whatever might be requested in support of these people's culture, rituals, and customs. You wished to belong to an Order whose mission isn't to convert but to support, to serve. Is there any question?"

I looked up at him. I was scared. He was right, though. Those were the reasons I came here. I looked at the baby suckling at my breast ... a breast that had no logical reason for providing milk. It seemed like more than what I might have intended to want for myself. It seemed like this might now be something beyond merely me.

I agreed, of course. Anton would rush back to the compound and inform the sisters the reason for our change of plans and delay and rush back. It could take him 5 or more days. He reminded me of the nature of this tribe, that they were a commune group without monogamous male and female partnering. I glanced around me and the implication was clear to me.

After Anton left, I wasn't sure what to expect. I was unable to communicate except with physical gestures. It was going to be awkward but my primary effort was with the infant. I was also unsure about the social dynamics of the tribe. Anton said commune without lasting partners but how did they really interact? There were several huts and shelters within the tribe's village. As nighttime fell, I saw that women and their children drifted off together but the shelters contained both men and women and children. This wasn't a socially segregated community and I reasoned that that shouldn't have been a surprise. After all, these people lived a naked existence. Children were conceived by way of random sexual joining. I was curious about that part of it ... how did that take place? I found out quickly enough.

I lay on my back on a mat next to another woman. The infant was on my body asleep despite the movements and soft talking of adults in the hut. I had noticed that all the children seemed able to peacefully drift off to sleep while the adults quietly moved around them. My attention was drawn to movement and a stirring among the women around me. I followed their gaze to find the chief looking into the hut. He was, of course, naked like everyone else and he was rotating his hips from side to side in a manner that caused his long cock to flip one way, then the other. His gaze settled on me. Another woman rose and went to him. He shook his head. She talked quietly to him, but he continued to shake his head until he finally pointed at me.

Many of us were watching the exchange. The woman next to me nudged me with her elbow. I turned to look at her and found a wide smile on her face. She nodded to me enthusiastically while uttering something I didn't understand. Several other women turned to me smiling, also. I looked back at the chief and noticed the woman turning away from him dejected. I quickly understood what was happening when another man stood wagging his cock back and forth and the dejected woman diverted over to him and began kissing. This flapping of the cock was some sort of signal the man was looking for a fuck and the women responded ... eagerly.

The woman next to me nudged me, again. She held out her hands for the baby and was nodding her head, encouraging me with a big smile on her face. I had just finished nursing the baby and it was sleeping deeply. I passed it to her hands and stood. I made my way between the mats spread on the ground until I was standing before the chief. As I approached, he stopped wagging his hips back and

forth. His cock had become quite hard. I had estimated Anton's massive cock to be 14 inches. It had challenged me for a long time until I could fully take his length and girth. It had been a wonderful challenge to take on, though. The chief was long, not as thick, and several inches shorter. Maybe 10 or 11 inches.

I watched as his hand moved to my breast, then down my body. I parted my legs for him as his hand slipped between them and fingered my pussy. I knew I was going to be wet. I knew from the moment I handed off the baby what was going to happen and I felt my body instantly reacting, preparing willingly for it.

I gasped softly as one of his fingers slipped between my folds and entered my lubricated hole. I assumed most of the hut was intently watching as this strange woman with lighter skin and unusual head-piece was chosen and being fingered by their chief. In the situation, my breathing quickly rose as he continued to fondle my breast and finger my pussy. I saw his eyes drop between us and I became aware that my hand was full of hard cock. He smiled at me and I blushed my smile back to him.

I had been told the sisters were free to do what needed to be done in order to encourage and support the development of relations with the tribes and to further assist them however we can. I had wondered, though, how often it actually happened and I came to believe that it wasn't that often, at least not in recent times for the three remaining nuns. I wondered now if that was in part because the reduction in travel to the tribes as the sisters became older.

But this was very real. Obviously, very real as my full hand slowly stroked up and down his cock and a second finger entered my pussy while standing before many of the others of the tribe. I wasn't sure how this was going to progress. There was no hesitation on his part to continue fingering me, even as that action brought a moan from my lips. Instead, I saw his smile widen at my reaction and acceptance. Was he going to take me to another hut where men and women fucked? Did he have his own hut? I glanced to the side and found both men and women watching us. They watched with interest but not with shock. This wasn't unusual behavior, apparently. That was confirmed with I saw a woman spread a mat on the ground next to us. I looked down at her as she spread the mat out. The chief's fingers were still in my pussy and my hand was still stroking his cock. Her eyes flicked to both as they were both at her eye level as she knelt beside us with the mat. She smiled up at me, nodded, and patted the mat. Was she indicating that I lie down there? Amid all these others? Was this really such common behavior that it was performed among others?

That was when I remembered the other man and woman. They were now spreading a mat on the ground, too. I also noticed other men arriving and using the same waggle. Other women rising to the invitations. What seemed strange to me but was normal to them. Sex was merely a part of life, a natural part of life. In the animal world, mating occurs amid the herd or pack. It was natural. This tribe was the same way. It was a bit intimidating ... like an extreme form of exhibitionism to fuck in front of others. But it was their way.

I released his cock and stepped to the side over the mat, the chief's fingers slipping out of my pussy in the process. I lay down, drawing my knees up and splaying them obscenely to the sides. The chief seemed not to be able to move quickly enough as he sank to his knees between mine, his hard cock in his hand and directed at my open hole. As his cock penetrated me, I gasped and moaned. This was so extremely erotic! He had a nice cock and as he pressed it into me, I moaned encouragingly. I took his entire length easily and that seemed to draw responses from those watching. I turned my head from him to those around us. Men and women were surrounding us as I was being mated by their chief. There were many comments from them that I didn't understand but there was also a lot of head nodding and smiling. And, very quickly there were more men and women on mats engaged in

the same activity, openly and without embarrassment or shyness. Some of the older young woke to the noise and watched, too. I wondered at what age they also became involved? Was it younger than the 'civilized' world's idea of maturity? Almost certainly and why wouldn't it where mating was such a natural element of life?

The chief was grunting as he powerfully thrust his cock into my pussy. I wrapped my legs around him and locked my ankles, lifting my hips up to his thrusts, welcoming and encouraging him to ravage me. And, he did. It seemed he was taking me fully with his cock. He rammed into me, his cock not only going deep but his pelvic bone crushing my clit. My body shivered and quaked with each powerful thrust of our fucking. I heard the sounds of others fucking around us. I glimpsed the faces of still others gathered to watch, not only me but the others fucking, also. This was a tribal event. It was shared openly and enjoyed not just by those engaged in the fucking but by others watching, too. If they weren't fucking, they were massaging, stroking, and fingering themselves. An old woman nearby fondled her sagging, nearly empty breasts as a young man behind her drove his fingers into her loose pussy.

It was a sensory overload for me. I was being fucked very well by a man who knew what he was doing. Perhaps the experience of such a casual and frequent life of enjoyment. But it was the surrounding stimulation, too. The open sex around me, the open enjoyment of others watching as I was fucked. I cried out as an orgasm rose within me. I beseeched the chief to fuck me, to cum, to fill me with his cum. I knew he didn't understand a word of it, but my words spilled from my lips between intense moans and groans. My pussy was clamped around his cock and his gasps and grunts mixed in mine and from others around us. The hut seemed filled with the sounds of fucking, unabashedly ... and still the youngest among them slept, apparently accustomed to the sounds and activity.

My orgasm was massive. The chief settled alongside me, both of us panting. His cock head eased back through my pussy but remained inside, my pussy clenching it as if desperate to hold it. We fell asleep joined like that.

At some point in the night, I was nudged awake. I found the woman with the baby kneeling next to me. She put it to my breast and I rolled to the side so my breast and nipple hung to the baby on the mat next to me. The hut was quiet as the baby sucked first one, then the other breast. When even its reflexive sucking stopped and was asleep, another woman appeared next to me and took it. She indicated with her head to the other side of me. I turned and looked over the chief to find another man standing at the edge of the hut. He wasn't just standing, though. He, too, was wagging back and forth with his cock flopping. It appeared I was going to be a popular distraction among the men. A new woman to experience.

It went that way for the time I was with the tribe. Different men made their intentions known to me and I was eager to please them. My suspicions about age were confirmed one night when I spotted a young man and woman. Her breasts were quite small and under-developed but clearly well into puberty, his cock not as long as most of the men of the tribe. But their open coupling was accepted by the others.

When Anton and I left the tribe, I had a new appreciation of life. The baby had quickly weaned to goat's milk after Anton returned. I was going to miss that tribe but Anton suggested returning now that we were welcome among them. He found the women of the tribe anxious to experience his larger cock and there were many more women who hadn't experienced him. I asked what other tribes were like. He merely shrugged. Was he being coy or didn't he know?

~~~~~

## Part Five - Anal

“Anton ... have you ever ... I mean, have you ... I mean, would you ...”

We were on our way back to the compound from a visit to one of the tribes close by to our small village. This village was only a half-day's journey away and a mild illness was moving through the people. The medicines we had accumulated brought relief to them. Along the way back on the trail, I reached out to stop Anton. The two of us had taken our relationship to a level that caused the other sisters to smile at us as they saw the sly looks between us until Mother Maria finally confronted the two of us and gave her blessing. She explained that nobody knows exactly how the original Magdalenes really acted or behaved and how much their sexual backgrounds played into their mission. And, nobody documented the evolution and movement of the Magdalenes from the earliest times to now. She confided that their small Order had used sexuality as necessary and appropriate for the tribal acceptance they sought. She had tried to scare me away by the demands she made of me at the gate that first night of my arrival. She had been convinced I was the emissary that would shut their small Order down. Events since had shown her that the real significance of the Magdalenes was not merely the allowance of sex in lives but the elimination of restrictive rules, judgments, and doctrines. I was an example of that, she said. The sign shown to us by what happened with the baby we found showed that what was important was doing that which was important to others in order to reach others and receive their acceptance. She had encouraged me to move past the confines of their earlier teachings and controls put on me and to freely accept what came into my life ... including Anton. At the same time, she had encouraged Anton to allow me that freedom and not put his own restrictions and jealousies upon me.

That conversation, the visit to that tribe and experiencing the different men, my trial at the gate (even if meant to only scare me away), and the subsequent time Anton and I used to explore a meaningful relationship, all combined to transform my already inquisitive mind toward sex into full-fledged exploration of what's possible. I sometimes found my mind in a blur of erotic thoughts and considerations of experience. What was possible? What wasn't? What should I pursue? What shouldn't I pursue? Just because I had been given permission, did that mean that restrictions shouldn't still apply? Weren't perversions merely what someone had decided, what someone had merely applied? Wasn't intention in the heart really the only element that mattered?

It was within that framework of my mind that I stopped Anton and tried to express a new compelling curiosity. As usual, he was very patient with me.

He smiled as he faced me and pulled me into his embrace. I may have become used to being naked, traveling along the trails without general concern of who I might encounter along the way because almost everyone else in this region would be naked or nearly so. But when I am pulled into Anton's embrace, it still sends a jolt of awareness as my nakedness would come into contact with his bare upper body and I would feel his massive cock in his worn, faded, and baggy shorts. I often impulsively press my hips into his and would feel his reaction being the same as mine as I feel his impressive cock stir with our contact.

“Say what you mean, Sister Sofi.” He spoke reassuringly into the side of my head covered by the habit veil and head-piece. “You know I am here for you.” He separated us only enough so he could look into my eyes. “Always ... whatever is in your mind ... you believe that, don't you?”

I blush as I look deeply into his eyes. He's right, of course. I know with my being that this man would not judge me. He may not always understand what is going on inside my head, but he is always supportive while still being protective. My mind has taken us into many new experimentations. Missionary position was all he knew. We have since tried as many positions as the imagination could

conjure. Some were good ... some merely acrobatic for the experience. I found I love sucking his cock ... before and after fucking ... sometimes just to suck it as we are quiet together. I still can't believe I can take his 14 inches inside my 5' 2" body. But it is a simple pleasure for both of us for me to lie with my head on his stomach and to suck and stroke his cock. It almost always leads to fucking, but is not always the reason why I initially start sucking him. It is hard for me to even understand much less explain but he has never questioned, certainly not complained. I have learned to take his cock into my throat but have accepted that I may never achieve taking all 14 inches down it. My time experimenting and practicing is simply his enjoyment. With an open and accepting mind regarding me, he has enjoyed everything.

I take a deep breath and let it out. Still an hour from the compound, I blurt out my latest image of experience. "Have you ever fucked in the asshole?" When I finally blurt it out, I see his eyes widen with surprise. Maybe I have finally imagined too far. But his eyebrows slowly furrow in consideration and a smile begins to curl the corners of his mouth. I blush again as his eyes search my intention. "Is it possible? Is it done?" That should eliminate any question about my intention. "I was thinking ... with that tribe ... all those men wanting me ... could I have taken more if ..."

He smiled and kiss me. My Anton. Never any judgment. "Sometimes you had one in your pussy and took another in your mouth. You mean if you were able to take three at the same time?" I nodded shyly. "Interesting. It is certainly a hole that could be penetrated, though I don't know I have heard of such a thing." He looked at me, "But why not? I think it is very tight, though. Not like your pussy." I blushed, again. He was working this out in his mind. He was trying to help me. "I think you would need to be loosened."

His fingers were unconsciously fondling my breasts and nipples. One hand slid down my body, fingers slipping along my slit and probing my hole. My own had was pressed against the front of his shorts. He felt how wet I was. I felt how hard he was. The idea aroused both of us.

I know my face had reddened. "Yes. And, you are very big."

He had two fingers inside me. His words came out soft. "Maybe I could use my fingers to open you?"

I smiled. I moaned. His fingers. Our talk. The images in my mind. I shivered, then shook as an orgasm suddenly made my legs weak. I swayed numbly. With fingers still inside me, his other arm encircled my shoulders and held me tightly against his body until I seemed to recover. My arms were wrapped around his neck, the fingers slipped from my dripping pussy, and both his arms held me close. My breathing was erratic, gasping.

"The dog."

I raised my head. "What?" My eyes searched his face.

"The dog ... his is ... smaller."

I was shocked. I thought that was a secret with the sisters. "You ... know ... about the dog?"

He smiled, kissed me on the lips, and one hand slid down my bare back to rest on my butt. He pulled me into his pelvis. He was very hard. I pressed into him.

"Of course. You were very noisy." He smiled bigger and kissed my forehead. "And ... the donkey."

"Oh, dear God ..." I dropped my face into his shoulder. He chuckled and I started giggling. He knew. And, it didn't matter to him. I finally gathered myself to look at him. "So, what about the dog?"



He held me tightly, reassuringly. "He is smaller. Maybe we can get him to fuck you there. I can use my fingers to get you opened somewhat, then the dog can fuck you. Maybe it will open you enough and I can fuck you, then. Maybe your muscle will loosen."

This was obscene. I initially was having trouble bringing the idea up to him just to consider and now it wasn't just a consideration but he was suggesting using a dog to achieve it. A concern occurred to me. Was I looking for reasons this wouldn't work? "The knot ... what if he got the knot inside me?" I looked at him nervously. "Would it come out?"

He chuckled. "Eventually, of course." He looked up into the canopy of the trees as if seeking further inspiration. "We could take the dog somewhere ... somewhere private ... with plenty of time ... in case you get tied in the ass." He smiled devilishly. "I'm too big the first time. I think this will work."

I smiled. He might be correct. But using the dog, again? The idea didn't seem to bother him ... I separated our bodies slightly and slipped a hand between our hips to stroke his cock inside his shorts. I sank to my knees in front of him and undid the catch on his shorts, releasing his massive hard-on. I kissed the head. "You think that might work?" I felt him nod. "Using the dog wouldn't bother you?"

He sighed as I kissed the head of his cock. "It would be exciting, Sister Sofi." He gasped as my mouth took his cock and my tongue swirled around the head. "Yes ... exciting ... to see it myself ... it was exciting ... when I saw you with ... another man ... at that village." He moaned as I took him deeper. His talk was exciting me. "Sorry, Sister Sofi, but ... it was ... was exciting. Remember how I fucked you after?"

I remember. He was amazing! The other men might have been good sized, but not like Anton. Even after being fucked, Anton filled me differently, completely. He seemed consumed by lust and desire. He had brought me to orgasms that were amazing. I expanded my throat and took his cock into it. He groaned more. I fucked his cock with my lips, mouth, and throat. Still, I was only able to take a portion of his cock, many inches still left outside, but it did the trick. I felt him pulse and throb. I pulled back as the first spurt shot from his cock filled my mouth. I greedily gulped it down as the next again filled my mouth. Again and again. This talk had worked him up, too.

\*\*\*\*

"How do we do this?" We were alone alongside a stream a safe distance from the village. I was asking Anton but I was watching the dog we had brought with us. Fucking the dog, again, would have been an erotic event but attempting it in my ass ...

Anton stammered out, "Don't ask me ... you're the one who did it before ..."

I chuckled. True, but I was desperate to impress Mother Maria at the time. I looked at the dog, at Anton, and back to the dog. And, yes, back to Anton. He tried to help.

"What did you do last time?"

I shrugged, "I don't honestly remember. It was a crazy moment, if you might imagine ..."

He nodded and thought about it more. We were both kneeling alongside the dog. It was mangy and mostly dirty, not a pet in civilization by any means. "Maybe just do what you do to get me ready ..." I give him an exasperated look. "What?"

"With you all I have to do is part my legs and give you a look."

"True ..."

I patted the ground and got the dog to lie on its side. "I'll get him out of the sheath. Then, I'll need your help to guide him into my ass instead of my pussy. You have the left-over grease?" He pulled the small package from his pocket containing the grease taken from the kitchen. We snuck it out because I didn't want to try explaining to any of the other sisters what we needed it for. At this point of knowing me, they might just shake their heads in wonder but ...

I stroked the dog's head, neck, and side to settle it on the ground. Then, I shifted my petting to its belly, which it was eager to receive and raised its hind leg and rolling a bit more onto its back. I thought it might even be the same dog Mother Maria challenged me with at the gate that night but there were several mutts that hung around the little compound and they all looked roughly the same. The cock tip appeared from the sheath as my stroking over its belly continued and my fingers began stroking alongside that part of its belly. I had just been fucked, mated, before without the intentional effort of this time. The cock had felt unusual before but its appearance now reinforced that memory. As my fingers stroked the sides of the sheath and the cock inside, it slowly emerged to show its reddish color and very different shape. Its tip was pointed and quickly increasing in circumference. The tip was already leaking pre-cum and it was a magnet to me in my aroused and sexually focused state.

I glanced only a moment toward Anton who knelt at the dog's head and caressing it to help calm the dog. He glanced at me as my head turned and I saw a look of wonder and excitement in his face. What a curious pair we are. He, a lost man seeking whatever he could find for purpose among small villages and settling as a handyman for a group of nuns. Me, a young nun seeking whatever freedom of expression and service that might exist away from the confines and control of the Church's rigidity of civilization. What have I gotten myself into and what have I pulled him into by his connection to me?

Receiving a smile and nod from Anton, I lowered my head to the belly of the dog. My tongue flicked out and took the drop of pre-cum hanging from the tip of the reddish cock. I brought my tongue back to my mouth. The taste was different, certainly, but not unpleasant. I opened my mouth and took the tip between my lips to suck out more of the pre-cum. This action, of course, brought more of the cock from the sheath and each time I raised my head the shape of the cock became more apparent and reminded me of my previous experience. I was all-in, now. My mouth took more of the cock into it as more and more of it came from the sheath. I moaned at the sensation and realization of what I was doing and the realization of the excitement I was feeling by doing it for both the moment and anticipation of what was yet to follow.

On my knees with my head down and my ass up, I was startled by Anton's fingers at my asshole. In my focused effort with the dog, I hadn't noticed him shifting behind me. I felt his fingers glide over my asshole, gently probing over the puckered and tight hole. When his finger left and immediately returned, it was then slick with the grease taken from the kitchen. He spread it over the outside before pressing more firmly at my hole. It took some effort, from both of us, for my muscles to relax and expand for the penetration of even one of his fingers. In trying to relax my ass, I put more intentional focus on the cock in my mouth. I pulled back a moment to peek and found a good 5 inches of dog-cock wet with my saliva. I wondered how big it was and shivered when I remembered the knot, but my mouth eagerly returned to sucking as Anton continued to probe and prepare my ass.

My mouth was sliding back and forth over a fully enlarged and hard cock when I felt Anton patting my hip. I pulled off the cock and turned my head to look at him. He simply nodded. I was ready. He held up two greasy fingers indicating how he had opened my asshole. I hadn't realized the second

finger as I successfully had concentrated on sucking.

I involuntarily shivered as I looked back at the dog's cock slick with my saliva and pre-cum. I raised my mouth to Anton and he eagerly took my mouth with his, not hesitant in the least by what my mouth and tongue had been doing a moment before. He was indeed my soul-mate, eager to consume me but also content to see me consumed by the pleasure I might experience with others. And now, I know that also includes non-human pleasure, also.

I turned on my hands and knees with my ass now pointed at the dog. The dog scrambled to his feet and Anton took his position slightly behind my right hip to assist. The dog sniffed at my ass. The scent must come from me must have been attractive by the way he moved to my pussy. His snout sniffing brought him to my ass and his tongue came out, lapping at my wet, leaking slit. I didn't need the extra attention, though, and my tension of doing this was high. I needed it to just happen. I reached behind and pushed the dog's snout away but wiggled my ass at him, hoping to somehow entice him. When it works and he jumped onto my ass and lower back, I flinched but the dog was also determined. With his furry body resting on my bare back, his front legs wrapped around my mid-section and his hips started flexing, his hard cock probing at my bottom. In that first instant, it seemed the dog thrust numerous times. Anton moved to assist but after several thrusts the cock split my lips and sank into my pussy. He hesitated only a moment to shift his supporting hind legs forward, tightening his grip with his fore-legs. Then, in the next instant, he was fucking me with a fury and I was gasping and moaning.

Anton rushed to intercede. He tried to pull the dog back but a low growl came from the dog's throat. I turned my head and gasped out a thought.

"Be ... easy ... with him. Maybe ... good ... he's well ... lubricated ... now. Ease him ... out and ... up ... slightly."

The dog released another low growl and I felt his cock's penetration becoming shallower, though his humping didn't stop. I reached back with my left hand and pulled at my left ass cheek, wanting to assist by exposing my asshole better. Anton must have managed in his efforts as my pussy was suddenly empty and the dog's cock was thrusting outside. I felt it hit my puckered hole and I pressed back against it. With the grease applied to my asshole and the slickness on the cock from my pussy, the cock penetrated my asshole on the subsequent thrust. I gasped out at the intense feeling. It had only been the tip and when the dog pulled back to thrust again, it was gone but the next thrust not only hit the target but moved in much further. I shivered, my back arching. The dog thrust rapidly after gripping me tightly, again. I didn't know what the dog was thinking, if it even did, but his penetration of me was certainly different this time. In my pussy, the cock sank deeply into my wet and ready chamber, but my asshole gripped the cock tightly and slowed its penetration. Now inside, though, it seemed it wouldn't be denied.

I groaned and gasped with each thrust and each inch of new penetration. It was stretching muscles very unused to be stretched and so abruptly. It hurt but determination kept me going. The initial penetration of the tapered tip was replaced as the penetrating cock became thicker and the thrusting animal more and more determined. I groaned and grunted as the thickness of the cock increased as it thrust past my tight sphincter into my ass.

"Anton ... please ... come here ..." He scrambled to my head and lowered his as he searched my face. Concern was etched in his face, especially his eyes. I weakly smiled. Where did this relationship come from? A city girl out of her element searching for a path to take as a nun; a decade older lonely man of small river villages in search of a purpose. But here we were. His only concern was me. I looked up at him as the dog went into full jack hammer mode of fucking. "Give ... me ... your cock

...

He looked surprised, but quickly unsnapped his shorts and pushed them down where he was kneeling before me. It was predictably rigid and pointing at my face. I opened my mouth wide, both of my hands were required to be firmly on the ground for support against the powerful thrusting of the dog. I could feel my breasts swinging and my body moving under the dog. Anton moved the several inches, his hand holding his cock head inches from my open mouth. When my lips caught his cock after a thrust, he pressed forward to give me more. I groaned. I concentrated on Anton's cock moving in mouth and to my throat. He was beyond rigid. It was like a steel rod in my mouth covered with skin. It diverted me ... it was what I needed.

Before I knew it, my attention was torn between the two cocks ... and both felt amazing. Anton was driving his long, thick cock down my throat while carefully giving me time to take breaths when he pulled back and paused. For his smaller stature compared to many men in 'the world', he was a powerful lover but one who was careful and loving at the same time. So, his fucking motion in my mouth and throat might seem aggressive as he drove his cock deep down my throat, but he was equally careful of giving me air and saving me from gagging around his massive weapon.

The dog, on the other hand, was merely aggressive. It would neither know or exhibit any other behavior but frantic, demanding fucking. As his cock opened my ass and my muscles relaxed around it, it fucked me the way I remembered being fucked before in the pussy. It felt like his hips must be a blurred vision he seemed to move so fast. The pain in my ass was gone, replaced by the stimulation of the greased cock slamming in and out of my tight sleeve.

I was being consumed by cock. I was without any involvement besides the ability to tighten two muscles, my throat and my ass. Otherwise, I was a body with two openings being ravaged by two powerful opposing cocks driving into me randomly. Sometimes, both cocks drove into me at the same moment, each being thrust deeply with my body trapped between them. Other times, the thrust from one direction pushed me against the other cock as it retreated inside me. It was haphazard, random, and uncoordinated and it seemed to add to the thrill for me as the stimulation and effect was always changing.

My mouth gaped around Anton's cock, though, when I felt the knot pressing at my ass. There was a moment of doubt that I wanted that to happen but nature took the issue from me. I was trapped between the two cocks. Anton's cock deep in my throat as the dog pressed the knot at my ravaged asshole. My gasps and grunts were muffled and the dog was forceful. Soon, I felt my asshole opening more to take the larger knot at the base of the dog's cock. Feeling trapped and without effective resistance, I relaxed as completely as I could. I truly became a fuck-body between the two. The dog would press against the resistance of my tight asshole, then pull back slightly and thrust back in. Each time the knot expanded my tight hole more and more. I could feel my ass expanding, stretching around the ball of flesh. It became searing as it stretched; feeling like it might even tear. But it didn't. It stretched. More and more, it stretched until I knew the knot was about to enter me. I gasped and groaned and moaned and nearly collapsed when the knot popped into me. I thought the cock in my ass felt big before but the knot felt huge.

When I gasped and fell forward with final penetration in my ass, my throat also fully relaxed and Anton's cock went completely down my throat until my nose was planted into his pubic hair. I heard his groan in my foggy brain, then felt his cock pull out of my throat slowly. I felt his cock throbbing and pulsing as it did. As the head of his cock reached my gaping mouth, I felt it twitch and jerk and his groans became a distinct signal. Cum shot from his cock and filled my mouth into my throat. I gulped and swallowed as the cock continued with spurt after spurt after spurt of huge volumes of cum.

My mind couldn't handle anything more until the last spurt of cum emptied from my mouth down my throat. Only then did I recognize what was happening in my ass. The knot and cock inside me had grown and swelled even larger than it was. I felt a pulsing there, too. The dog pulled back to drive into me deeper but, of course, the knot restricted the movement. My orgasm shook my body. My legs and arms shook and shivered and quaked. Anton pulled his cock fully out of my mouth and my upper body collapsed to the dirt. The dog was on my back, my ass still in the air as it thrust madly against my ass until it pressed deeply at me and his cock spewed it cum. The cum was warm and watery compared to a man's and it seemed to fill my ass and flood into my bowels. As it did, I was a quivering mass underneath it.

Anton had removed his shorts and placed them under my head as I remained in position, my upper body on the ground and my ass in the air. The dog had turned. Somehow turning its body over mine so we were ass-to-ass. Anton was kneeling alongside both of us, petting and calming the dog and stoking my body. His efforts were comforting to both of us as the dog seemed content to pull only occasionally to test the joining of our organs before settling, again. His hand stroking my back, then moving underneath to cup and fondle a breast was reassuring and comforting to me.

When the dog pulled on the knot lodged inside me, it sent shivers through me repeatedly. Anton seemed to find this interesting and began encouraging the dog to make the small movements. At the same time, his stroking of me became more intentional. His hand on the dog moved to me. One hand fondled a breast and nipple and the other began stroking my clit and pussy, sometimes slipping a couple fingers into me. The dog reacted to the motions and my bodily reactions as my ass clenched and relaxed around the cock in my ass. The dog increased his pulling while Anton increased his stimulation of my breast, clit, and pussy. The entire situation was so obscene I didn't feel I could object to the eroticism Anton had to be feeling and reacting to. I flowed along with the stimulation and rode the wave of my next orgasm as it built to a wild climax. As my body exploded, again, my body convulsed ... and relaxed. The knot pulled of my spasming asshole and I fell to the ground. I wiggled on the ground to curl around the kneeling form of Anton who shifted his attention to softly stroking and caressing me.

Something inside me took over my consciousness. While still panting with slight quivers from my recent experience, I shifted back to getting my knees underneath me. With my ass again in the air and my knees spread out, I could feel the cum from the dog flowing from my asshole that must be gaping.

"Now, Anton ... now. Fuck my ass, now. I want to feel you inside me, Anton."

I think he was taken aback. He seemed to hesitate but for only a few moments until I felt his hands on my hips and his knees bumping my knees a little further apart. I wiggled my ass teasingly ... as if he needed the teasing. I felt his hands spread my ass cheeks and I felt dog-cum seep from my ass and down my thighs and over my pussy. It had to be an obscene sight. But it must have been arousing, too. The next instant I felt his cock at my gaping asshole. One hand released my ass and I felt the cock move to my hole as he aligned it. He hesitated. I pushed back against him and made the initial insertion myself. We both gasped as the bulbous head passed through the stretched sphincter muscle.

I turned my head to him and nodded. No words, just the nod. He pressed forward and his cock slowly sank into me. It felt like a log being pressed into me but I was sure it could only have been inches. He pulled back a bit and carefully thrust forward. I groaned and gasped with each thrust as more of his cock sank into my already used hole. I had the feeling of being overly stretched, again. It didn't last long this time, though. He would pull back until only the head was inside, then firmly press back in. My ass was tight around him and it soon felt like the cock was traveling to my bowels.

I was amazed when his hips hit mine. He was all the way in me! All 14 inches of his wonderful cock was inside my ass!

He rested a moment deep inside me. I clenched my ass around him and he jerked his cock. We felt each other's smallest movements in the tight confines of my ass. I balanced with one hand to move the other to his bare thigh and stroke it.

"Now, Anton ... I want to experience our sharing in all my holes."

I thought he was already deepest inside me but he grunted at that as he forces a last inch into me. Then, he pulled back, 13 inches back, then slammed it all back into me until our bodies smacked together. Never have I felt such energy and drive from him as at the moment. The arousal and need built up must have become tremendous as he plowed forcefully, each stroke long and deep. I felt the swollen veils on his cock. I felt his cock swell and pulse. It wasn't the frenzied jack-hammer fucking of the dog but long, powerful, and controlled fucking of every inch his cock could reach.

It was consuming but different. I felt amazing things but not sure about attaining an orgasm until Anton leaned over me, shortened his stroke and his hands took my breasts and pussy. It was like an electrical shock when his fingers found my clit and nipples. Then, fingers entered my pussy and he finger fucked me, then twisted around searching until he felt my body react as they glanced over my g-spot. The dual stimulation of my ass and pussy, clit, and nipples was tremendous. I felt his cock twitch and my body convulsed. I felt my ass clenching around the cock and my pussy clenching around his fingers. My body shook and shivered as an orgasm rose quickly and powerfully in me. He pulled himself back up, his hands grasping my hips and his fucking thrusts became dominating with power. Our bodies smacked together and we both voiced our need and desire.

My eyes fluttered open in Anton's secure arms and pressed against his chest and body. He was still inside me, shrunken, but still inside me. I wiggled into him, though I couldn't get any closer. I clenched my ass around him and purred contentedly. He moved the veil off my shoulder and kissed me there, then my neck and cheek. A hand gently clutching my breast and fondled it. I sighed and clenched, again to feel him.

He asked, "Was it what you hoped it to be, Sister Sofi?"

Oh, I wish he could just call me, Sofi ... but he's explained that to me. I snuggled back into his arms and hands and felt his cock move inside me. "More than what I hoped, Anton ... much more because it was you. With you I feel ready for anything that might be asked of me."

Little did I know what that might be, though.

~~~~~

## **Part Six - DP Experience**

Unbeknownst to any of us, my reputation was spreading through the jungle, one tribe to another. We would find out that tribes who isolated themselves from other tribes, like the one Anton and I visited, began sharing and it all started with what happened with me and the infant and my openness to share in the village like any other female of the tribe. It was that experience that drove me to suggesting to have anal with Anton. I realized the potential of multiple partners and I wanted to be prepared.

Anton understood my thinking and was more than happy to assist me in anal fucking to be prepared, if necessary. It became a recurring part of our fucking and love-making. An idle confession after one

of our anal sessions when I commented that I wondered what it would be like if I were put into the situation of having multiple cocks at the same time, showed me the full interest of Anton to support me. I assumed there was no way of knowing until it happened. After all, the village containing our compound was not like that. Our nudity was a function of comfort and sharing the way of the villagers, only.

Then, Anton surprised me.

I was assisting Sister Mariana in our garden plot. The fertile ground and growing conditions meant constantly staying on top of the weeds and growth of plants. I noticed the sister sit back on her heels for a moment, then resume her position on hands and knees to pull weeds and turn up the soil. Sister Mariana was in her 60's and the years of hard work in the jungle had been hard on her as it had for the other sisters of the Order. She wore a very worn cloth around her hips as some of the women of the village did but was otherwise naked but for the short habit veil and cross around her neck. As she resumed her position on her hands and knees, her very sagging breasts flopped and swung beneath her. My pert and young body was a reminder of what was once for all of them but not now, embarrassingly so. Women of the villages also showed the wearing effects of the hard life that existed here. It was more telling for me of what lay ahead of my life in these conditions.

A smile formed on Sister Mariana's face as she worked, then I discovered why when I felt a hand on my bare butt and a finger slide between my cheeks along my asshole and pussy. I arched my back but didn't move away from the touch. I merely sighed with familiarity as Sister Mariana giggled. The sisters were used to the very intimate nature of how Anton and I related to each other. They seemed to enjoy the sight of our intimacy as a remembrance of the past and relief that someone could provide support for tribal demands, though I found those demands largely undemanding (except for that one tribe).

I sat back on my heels and shushed the sister for her continued giggling. "Don't encourage him."

She glanced to the side at me, then up at him with a wider smile. "As if he needs any encouragement from us and as if your enjoyment of it isn't encouragement enough." It was true and we all knew it.

I stood and turned to Anton. I put my hand out and he took it in his, our fingers intertwined. There was something in his face that gave me pause, indicating there was something of importance he wished to convey. I let him lead me out of the garden a short distance until we were far enough away from other ears. An old acquaintance of his has arrived from the river with goods. It generated an idea. After saying that, he became hesitant.

"I know him well. He is a good man. He's alone so he travels the rivers moving goods and people." He looked nervously at me. He had started so I encouraged him to tell me. My smile and touch reassured him. "I ... I ... was thinking ... about what you said ... what you were wondering ... about ... you know ... a situation like that village ... that tribe ..."

"Multiple partners?" I asked. He nodded. I teased him, "You want to share me with another man?" He got visibly nervous. I smiled, leaned forward, and gave him a reassuring kiss. "Sorry ... teasing you. You're just following through with what I was fussing about earlier." He nodded with a sigh of relief.

Later, Anton led me down to the river where the man was finishing unloading his canoe to villagers. Once the villagers had carried away the supplies, Anton approached the man. They hugged, proving the familiarity between them, then fell into discussion. Anton's hand moved toward me as they talked and the man's eyes moved toward me several times. I found myself blushing. I knew what

Anton was talking to him about and it suddenly left the realm of theoretical to reality. The man wasn't a stark primitive, he was a man with familiarity of civilization, at least the fringes of civilization. And, he knew what a Catholic nun was. My head piece, veil, and cross were all I wore to signal that, but it was still obvious despite my nudity.

Emilio was brought to me for introductions. He was hesitant and nervous. His eyes tried to stay on the ground between us but kept flicking up my young, exposed body. He wore leather sandals and baggy, dirty shorts like Anton. On top he wore a dirty, sweat-stained tank-top. His hair was long and unkempt. His weathered face made it difficult to tell his age with certainty but I guessed him to be 5 or so years older than Anton's mid-30's.

Emilio was due to return down river but Anton persisted. They spoke in hushed tones and some of the language they spoke I understood but not much. I felt so wanton. I stood naked in only my habit veil and cross obviously aroused by the flush in my chest, the hardness of my nipples, and the hunger in my eyes. And, I stood in such a state before a man I had just met while Anton talked to convince him that I really did want to have sex with both of them, that it was something I had wanted to experience. He wasn't going into all the rationalities I had used and that may have made it feel even more wanton and crude and slutty. Emilio's eyes were on my body but I could see the turmoil in them as he balanced Anton's offer with the image and meaning of the veil and cross. When a rare occasion of his eyes meeting mine, I nodded to him, my face now a reflection of needful expectation.

When the man finally succumbed, Anton clapped him joyfully on his back, a huge smile of accomplishment on his face when he turned his head to me. The irony wasn't lost on me. After much exchange and deliberation, he had managed to convince the man to participate in the fucking of a nun. I gave my head a slight shake. How much I have changed ... how much all this has taken me over.

Anton looked around us. I had the sense he never considered where we might actually do this. It didn't seem quite appropriate to go back to his hut at the Order's compound to bang me. Any place in the village would also draw attention. He considered the worn trail leading upriver and pushed his friend in that direction. I followed behind them. I was sure I wasn't really an afterthought as we proceeded, but it did feel a bit like that as I trailed behind them as they sought a likely spot for them to use me. Use me ... I know, it was something I suggested ... the circumstance, though, suddenly felt different. I was mindful that I was preparing myself for what might happen in one of the villages, but ...

My emotional struggle was ended when I bumped into Emilio. They had stopped in a small clearing above the river. As I bumped into the man, his hands reflexively came up, one landing on my hip and the other on a breast. He quickly removed his hands. His embarrassment and nervousness were apparent. I stood still, a slight separation between us. Anton appeared alongside us and returned the other man's hand to my breast. I glanced at Anton, the hand at my breast, then Emilio. I smiled at him and nodded. He glanced at Anton, then placed his other hand on my other breast, both now kneading and fondling my firm, young breasts. I took his face in my hands and leaned forward to plant a kiss on his lips. I moved one of my hands to cover his hand on my breast to encourage his touch and wrapped my other arm around his neck for a more passionate kissing. I sighed into his mouth and he gasped into mine. His other hand moved from my breast to my hip and pulled me into him. I willingly, expectantly, allowed my body to be pressed into his. As we pressed our groins together, I could feel in cock stiffening inside his baggy shorts.

I felt another hand on my butt behind me. I sighed, knowing Anton was joining in. His hands moved over both cheeks of my ass. One hand moved to pull a cheek to the side as the other slipped into the



crack, a finger sliding over the asshole, applying gentle pressure there, reminding me what was to come, why we were there. His finger disappeared but quickly returned. It was now wet, probably his saliva. I moaned into Emilio's mouth as the finger pressed at the tightly closed hole. Emilio's hand on my hip moved to my front and slipped between my legs. I had opened my legs a bit for Anton but did so more at Emilio's exploring touch. With Anton's finger gently pressing at my asshole, Emilio's fingers slid over my clit and along my leaking pussy. As his finger parted my lips and entered my hole, Anton's finger pressed just past my sphincter. My breath caught in my throat and my body stiffened between them and my mouth separated from Emilio's. Then, my body shivered and my breath released with a loud moan. My head sagged back against Anton who kissed the side of my face. Emilio lowered his face to the breast he fondled and sucked on the nipple. I gasped at the change and turned my head to capture Anton's lips with mine.

Emilio pressed a second and third finger into my pussy which easily opened for them after becoming used to being opened by Anton's mighty shaft. Anton's finger had been pushed all the way into my asshole and was now pulling out for a second finger to be added. My legs were locked but my body seemed to sag with the attention of the two men. I shivered with moans and groans and gasps. Then, like the wanton slut I was feeling like, I orgasmed on their fingers.

It was a minor orgasm, at least compared to the orgasms Anton has taken me to, but it set the stage. Before my body fully recovered, I sank to my knees, both sets of fingers pulled from my holes, and my hands furiously opened and lowered Emilio's shorts. As my hands held the shorts down for him to step out of, my mouth tracked the swinging hard cock in front of me until I captured it in my mouth. It would have been a big cock if not for my experience with Anton's horse-cock. Emilio gasped as I took his cock quickly down my throat.

At the same time, Anton was stripping from his own shorts. I moved from sitting on my heels to raising my ass when I felt his touch on my butt. I spread my knees wide and gasped around the cock in my mouth as his cock found my hole and pressed smoothly into my dripping pussy. He thrust powerfully into me, his cock soon driving fully into me, the cock head slamming into the top of my pussy. I grunted with the impact while it pushed my mouth and throat further onto the Emilio's cock.

This didn't last long, though. Anton seemed as excited to experience double penetration as I was curious. I felt every inch of his cock slowly pulling from my clenching pussy walls until it was gone. I pulled my mouth from Emilio's cock, panting now with sexual energy and desire. That was just the teaser, getting us ready for the real deal.

Anton took my hand and moved to a grassy, open spot. As he lay down, I positioned myself over him. His eyes were fixed on my pussy, the hole gaping after being filled by his cock. When he was settled, I lowered my own body, took hold of his cock, and prepared to settle down over it.

Anton shook his head. "Not yet, Sister Sofi." He glanced over my shoulder. I followed his gaze, turned, and found Emilio tentatively behind us. Anton added to him, "My friend, have you ever done this?" Emilio shook his head. Anton and I both smiled back at him. "Neither have we", he replied. "Her pussy is flooded with her juice from her orgasm. Fuck her there, first. That will act as lubrication for her ass." He continued to look tentative. Perhaps it was the conflicting sight of my tight asshole and gaping pussy. Anton had begun playing with my nipples. "Don't worry, friend. I have fucked her there. She will open up for you." He pinched my nipple, causing me to look back at him. "This nun has a slut's body."

I blushed intensely. His fingers were pinching and pulling my nipples. I was rubbing my dripping pussy over the length of his hard cock. And, behind me, a relative stranger was waiting to thrust into my pussy before fucking my ass. My body was not only able to accommodate all that, I was eager

and craving for it all to happen. It wasn't as simple as my body. It was me. A nun by training and intention. A slut in desire and lust. Where else could the two be accepted?

I leaned down to Anton, my breasts pressing into his chest, our mouths coming together with passion. At the same time, I raised my butt in the air and soon felt hands at my hips. A cock was sliding along my wet pussy lips and suddenly sinking into the gaping hole of my pussy left from Anton's brief fucking. I sighed into Anton's mouth as Emilio steadily drove his cock into me, the gasps and moans falling over us from behind.

After several minutes of fucking my pussy, Emilio pulls out and I felt his coated cock head press at my asshole. I was expecting to be filled in my pussy, first. But what's the difference, I'll be filled beyond belief either way. I groaned as he pressed at my tight hole and I pressed back against him until the cock opened the sphincter and popped in. He thrust several times until his cock was half buried in my ass. I put my hand back against his thigh and he immediately stopped his motion. Awkwardly, with a cock buried in my tight ass, I raised my hips higher, grasped Anton's monster, and positioned it at my other hole. With the cock positioned at my dripping pussy hole, I looked down at Anton with lust-clouded eyes and gave him a lusty smile.

"I can't believe I am trying to do this." He looked at me concerned. "It's just that ... you're huge and he's not small. It might hurt."

"Maybe ... some. But worse than the first time I took you there?"

I shook my head. I bit my lower lip with concentration and determination. I released my hand from Emilio's thigh and used it to brace myself. Then, I pushed back against both cocks. Emilio's cock sank a bit further up my ass and Anton's abruptly stretched open my pussy and impossibly filled me.

It hurt. "OHHHH ... FUCCKKK!" I gasped and panted and moaned, my body rigid, immobile. "Wait ... please ... just ... wait." It felt like something split open down there. I wasn't sure which hole it felt like. The whole region was searing, stretched impossibly. He was wrong! This was worse than the first time he took my asshole. Breathing seemed impossible. My mouth open, I pulled in breath but nothing happened. It was as if the tightness at my pussy and ass, the clamping of the muscles to reject any further movement had engulfed my entire body including my ability to breath. It was as if the mere act of breathing might somehow induce more pain.

Then ... something happened. I was poised rigidly between them, unmoving, unthinking. But something was invading the overwhelming feeling from my ass. Slowly, I recognized it as my nipples. I dared to lower my head to peek at my breasts. Anton. Anton's thumb and forefinger ... they were pulling and twisting my rigid nipples. My breathing came back with a huge, audible gasp. My body shook as if it were releasing the tension built-up within me. He had a sly smile on his face. How could he have known that would work? Did he know? Or, was he simply desperate to help me?

I leaned down to kiss him. Regardless, it worked. But as I leaned down, both cocks moved inside me and I moaned and shivered, again. My God, what a feeling! When Anton had first fucked me, I thought I was impossibly filled and stretched. Then, when he first fucked my ass, I had the same feeling but in the other hole. Now ... now, the same feeling but in both holes at once.

I kissed Anton and let the shivers wash over me and each wave released tension within me. And still, both men held themselves quiet. I moved my ass a fraction of an inch in experimentation. Then, more. And, more. My holes relaxed, both cocks moved within me. It was impossible to describe the feeling of being so stuffed with cock so I shut down thought and pressed back fully, driving both deeper.

“Fuck me! Make me scream!”

And, they did.

Anton below was less capable of effective thrusts but Emilio behind compensated with strong thrusts while Anton managed to hold himself deep so his movements filled me and bumped into the top of my pussy. The pressure from behind and above pressed the three of us together, my clit often being ground into Anton’s pelvis. I was panting and grunting under the assault and my body was super-charged with erotic impulses firing through my body. Two cocks moving inside me, inside two chambers side-by-side, fired nerve endings wildly. The thin membrane between pussy and anal seemed was stimulated on both sides, the erotic impulse firing and building back and forth and combined.

I had a shuddering orgasm and they kept right on fucking me without pause. As my senses returned and my body slowed its shaking, I felt Emilio’s cock in my ass swell and stiffen even more. I felt it pulse through my tight anal clamping around it. It seemed impossible for there to be any room for anything more in the tightness of my ass with Anton’s cock in my pussy squeezing any normal room. But the spewing cum shot into my ass and Emilio grunted and gasped loudly as he released into me.

Anton was holding me tight. Emilio was making small movements as he recovered. I heard soft words but they didn’t register. Then, I felt us moving, the soft words exchanged an apparent coordination of intent. Emilio was pressed into my back and me into Anton as the three of us rolled to the side and, with some effort from Anton, the positioning was reversed with him on top looking down into my face with a lusty but caring look. Emilio’s cock was still embedded in my ass and still hard. I suspected the tightness and stimulation it received from Anton’s cock in my pussy kept it in that condition.

Anton shifted his knees outside Emilio’s legs and his hands pressed my knees and thighs up against my body. With his eyes holding mine, he began aggressively thrusting into me. Emilio might have been forgotten as Anton fucked me except for the fullness of the cock in my ass and the body my back was pressed into. Anton began using long and powerful strokes. His cock pulling nearly out of me before thrusting smoothly all 14 inches back into me. Emilio was holding onto my breasts like they were grab bars, holding me in place with his cock buried in me as an anchor. Anton’s thrusting became wild: deep, powerful, aggressive.

My eyes, I was told, rolled back into my head as another orgasm engulfed me. Somewhere in my subconsciousness I recognized the powerful spurts of cum flooding my pussy but my body shook hard and my mind numbed as a tremendous orgasm overpowered everything else. Sandwiched between these two bodies, impaled by both cocks, cum dripping from both holes, I was convinced I was where I was supposed to be. I was convinced I was a vessel of unique purpose.

~~~~~

## **Part Seven - Legends**

“Aw ... Sister Sofi ... good, you’re back.”

Anton and I were just opening the creaking gate which alerted Mother Maria to our arrival. The finish on the metal hinges had disappeared long ago and metal in the jungle corrodes rapidly. Anton had escorted me down river to a village. The Sisters were among the few with knowledge of ‘doctoring’ beyond jungle herbal treatments. Mother Maria had been surprised when the call for assistance came from down river but pleased, also. It gave her the sense that my arrival was truly expanding the work of the enclave.

"Is something the matter, Mother?" I stopped just inside the gate at seeing the expression on her face. I glanced at Anton who only shrugged. "Why are you smiling like that?"

"You just couldn't wait to get out of your clothes, could you?" I looked down at the bundle of clothes in my arms. I chuckled. It was true.

\*\*\*\*

We had taken a supply canoe down the river and back. The further down the river, the more influence and exposure to civilization can be expected, though the government (due to pressure by environmental, health, and human rights groups from around the world) has restricted contact up the river even to our little village. As a result, it was felt to be prudent for me to be dressed in the habit I had worn when I arrived. Reluctantly, I saw the need and agreed to being dressed, the first time since arriving at the enclave. The concession I made, though, was to not wear any undergarments. That was a huge mistake. My body was so accustomed to no clothes that the heavy fabric of the habit felt abrasive, especially on the more sensitive parts like my nipples and breasts. So, once we were again in the canoe returning and had rounded a bend hiding our existence on the river, I quickly stripped off the habit and bundled it on the bottom of the canoe with relief. I heard Anton laugh behind me. I turned to playfully swat his leg. But it wasn't only Anton laughing. Emilio, the operator of the canoe, was also smiling brightly. Emilio, of course, was a trusted friend ever since Anton had brought him into our confidence by way of my introduction to double penetration. I both giggled and blushed. I had, indeed, gone native and felt more uncomfortable in clothes than without them.

I turned my attention back to the river ahead of us. The jungle had become my neighborhood the same as other buildings and houses would to people living in cities. But this neighborhood was seldom always the same. Plant growth occurred with startling rapidity. Trails that weren't frequently traveled quickly became overgrown. Life in the jungle was always in flux in the water, air, ground, and in the trees above. The colors were sometimes shockingly intense and the dangers of the surrounding life was constant. I never tired of what I saw and hoped I never would.

A familiar awareness surfaced within me as the canoe's struggling motor pushed us up the river. For days I had been in clothes. For days I had dutifully played the mysterious nun who came from the jungle. Now, alone in the canoe on the river away from the eyes of last civilization-influenced village, I could resort back to being the way I wanted. Removing the heavy fabric of the habit so I was again covered only by the short veil and head piece and cross vibrating against my breast bone between my breasts was the first step in feeling a return to normality. The next step quickly became evident to me as I felt the growing, undeniable feeling emanating from my pussy and reflected in the tight erection of my nipples. I closed my eyes, raised my face to the intermittent flashes of sun through the dense canopy of the trees along and over the river. Despite the beauty of life along the river, my senses became focused on the returning feelings of my body. As if being in the quasi-civilized surroundings and wearing habit had been a signal to my body on how to not respond, being back in the deeper jungle and removing my clothes had awakened my body to how I was free to respond.

I spun around to face Anton and Emilio behind him. My knees were parted for side-to-side balance against the questionable stability of the canoe. Anton's eyes easily moved from my face down my body now on display to him. His smile grew as he focused on my pussy lips glistening when captured by the sun. Emilio craned his body and head while remaining in balance to gaze around Anton for a partial view. For days, both men had been contained while they escorted and assisted me. I made a simple nod and Emilio's gaze shifted from me to the river ahead. I knew he was looking for a suitable opening along the river's bank to go ashore. I also knew what that meant and it excited me. Emilio had become a comfortable addition to our activity on the occasions he spent in our little village or,

like this trip, we used his canoe to travel.

In excited anticipation, I turned to look at Anton who smiled. Anton understood me and in that way was a perfect partner. He was comfortable in our relationship despite the lack of formal commitment. In knowing and understanding my hunger, he was also comfortable with seeing my enjoyment of others. He knew that what we shared was beyond mere fucking. My anticipation increased as I looked into Anton's eyes and saw his feelings but also as I caught sight of Emilio scanning the banks for a suitable location. We were never sure when we would see each other and he wasn't going to pass up the chance, if possible.

I felt the canoe shift in the current and my attention returned to the river ahead. I immediately saw the location he was intent on, a worn-down slope on the bank where animals came down to the river. With my feet apart to press into the sloping sides of the canoe for balance, I awkwardly moved to the very front of the canoe. When it bumped into the shallow slope, I grabbed an exposed tree root as Anton jumped over the side and dragged the canoe onto the sloping section.

I clumsily got out and the two of us bent over the canoe to pull it further onto the bank as Emilio shut off the small motor and raised it to avoid hitting the bottom. As I was bent over the canoe, I felt a hand cup a hanging, swaying breast. Anton was immediately playful and Emilio laughed as I equally playfully swatted the hand away. The false scowl on my face only brought more laughter.

On top of the bank, we found the location not to be as good as was hoped. The animal approach to the river had provided a landing location but the top was only a narrow animal trail leading to it from the dense jungle and thick undergrowth. The two men scanned, frustratingly, around for a suitable place for me to lay down. Instead, I dropped to my knees where we were and pulled their shorts down to get at their cocks. Both were large but Emilio was not like Anton's pleasurable monster. The two men quickly gave up their search and stood alongside each other as my mouth and tongue and hands moved from one to the other. They were immediately hard, my obvious enthusiasm surely adding to my physical provocation.

Amid growing sighs, gasps, and rigid cocks, I availed myself to them in the only way I could see as practical ... I simply turned on my hands and knees there on the narrow animal trail. My opened beyond the narrow trail, my nipples were hard, my exposed pussy was dripping, and my breathing was already ragged, all in anticipation. I could never have imagined I would be acting this way and certainly not in service of God. But this moment was in service of the three of us and only the bi-product of my commitment to the Order.

I didn't look behind me. It mattered not at all which one of them took me, first. I was giving myself over to them, both of them, and they both knew it. It wasn't the first time for the three of us and wouldn't be the last. Not the last by a long shot.

I felt a hand on my hip and a cock at my pussy, moving up and down along the wet slit. When it entered with a forceful thrust, I knew it was Emilio instantly. Emilio's cock is nice and long, but not anything like Anton. By a couple strokes, his cock was fully inside me, his hips hitting my ass. My mouth opened as I gasped and moaned at the thrill of being fucked, again. My moans encouraged Emilio. Words escaped my moaning mouth without thought or consideration.

"OH ... GOD ... YES! Emilio ... yes ... fuck me ... yessssss ... You ... are so ... good ... to me."

The underbrush alongside the trail was being crushed and my sagging head saw the bare feet and legs of Anton pushing through the brush and weeds to kneel in front of me. I looked up with half focused eyes. His face and eyes were beaming back to me.

"You are a slut, Sister Sofi. I think you are right ... God has called you to serve Him in this way."

I gave him a weak smile and opened my mouth. I wasn't intending to respond verbally. My intended response was for my mouth to be filled and he obligingly reacted by bringing his hard cock forward and pressing it into my mouth.

I gurgled non-sensical sounds as Emilio's forceful thrusts pressed my mouth further over Anton's cock and to my throat. Soon, Anton leaned a bit closer and those thrusts sent his cock into my throat but he was careful to allow for my breathing as his log filled my throat. I was truly being fucked at both ends and my body released to only being consumed. My mind went blank as I gave myself over to the two men and their cocks, any thought remaining only intent on satisfying their singular carnal pleasure needs.

Anton leaned forward and cupped a swinging breast, his fingers fondling and squeezing, then trapping a nipple to deliciously torment. At the same time, Emilio added his fingers to the effort of his cock by rubbing and pressing on my clit. I exploded, my pussy washing, coating the cock in my pussy and my mouth and throat opening to the invasion of that cock. Both my pussy and throat spasmed around the two cocks. Both men responded but in very different ways. Emilio grunted and thrust mightily into my pussy. Anton pulled part way out so his cock head was just inside my mouth. Anton was waiting his turn; Emilio was close to ending his.

After Emilio filled my pussy with his seed, Anton moved again through the brush alongside me as my upper body sank to the dirt. I could feel Emilio's cum and my juices flowing from my open pussy as Anton took position behind me. He sank his massive cock into my well lubricated pussy and was hitting the top of my pussy in moments as only he could. With my chest and face in the dirt and my ass up being fucked, I felt hands pulling my shoulders. I responded to the pressure with opened mouth, knowing what was wanted. As I again braced my hands and arms beneath me, Emilio's juice covered cock slid into my mouth. I sucked the length of it as it slowly lost firmness in my mouth.

Anton fucked me until we both climaxed. Breaks in travel with Anton can be more tiring than relaxing, not that he would EVER hear me complain.

\*\*\*\*

Unbeknownst to any of us at the enclave, my reputation was spreading through the jungle, one tribe to another. We would find out that tribes who isolated themselves from other tribes, like the one Anton and I visited with the baby, began sharing and it all started with what happened with me and the infant and my openness to share in the village like any other female of the tribe.

Mother Maria had a thread-bare cloth wrapped around her hips. The other sisters sometimes opted for these wrappings like the women of the village also sometimes wore. The wrap was old, having become thin and gray with years of wear and washing. Her exposed, sagging breasts jiggled and swayed as we walked to the main hut of the enclave where she provided water and bread to both Anton and me.

"An unusual request has arrived by runner, Sister." She took my hands in hers and looked at me intently but her face was glowing. "A tribe we've never heard from ... never known, to be truthful ... much deeper in the interior than we have ever had contact ... they have asked for you to come to them. The runner came from the tribe you two visited recently, the one with the infant." She took a deep breath, "There is something happening, my dear. Something marvelous is happening because of you."

I didn't know what to say or how to react. I looked to Anton, my companion and guardian on all my

travels, but he just shrugged. Mother Maria gathered herself, finally, and gave all of what she knew which turned out to be not that much. She understood the tribe in question was several days journey beyond the tribe we encountered because of the infant. The tribe where I didn't only nurse the infant until it could be successfully weaned, but where the chief and many of the men had freely and unapologetically enjoyed my body as was the custom of the tribe where men and women did not pair themselves beyond the moment of pleasure. This new village would then be nearly a week of travel through the jungle. That would be the deepest anyone at the compound had ever traveled. She really knew nothing more than that except the messenger indicated the tribe was very excited for me to visit. This, of course, had Mother Marie very excited, since making unobtrusive contact and interaction was the reason the Sister of Mary Magdalene were here. There seemed to be no question that Anton and I would be making the trip.

\*\*\*\*

As promised, Anton and I were met by a guide on the other side of the village where I had nursed the infant. Walking past that village brought back a lot of memories and apparently for the tribe, as well. Many of them came from the huts in response to our passing. Their chief came out to meet us and insisted that I again return for a visit to them. His eyes unabashedly roamed my exposed body and his hanging penis twitched. I experienced a warm flush washing over me, promised I would, but insisted that we had a long distance to travel.

Once clear of the tribe, Anton teased me, "You know, Sister Sofi, why he really wants you to return."

I closed the short distance separating us on our walking and gave him a squeeze from behind. "Yes ... of course ... I have a feeling it would be a full-out orgy next time." He laughed in agreement. The thought and image stayed with me as we traveled and I knew I would be fucking Anton's brains out somewhere along the trail when we stopped for the night. I suppressed a giggle as my pussy lubrication leaked and coated the insides of my thighs when I remembered the guide who was waiting somewhere ahead. It may not be just Anton tonight, then.

\*\*\*\*

The guide pointed ahead and rushed at a trot down the nearly invisible trail and disappeared. Anton stopped and looked intently into my eyes. "Are you sure?" It seemed like an odd question after the long effort to get here. The question had validity, though. We knew next to nothing before, the tribe we passed could add nothing. Communication with the guide was difficult, even for Anton, and we learned little more. But we were here. The jungle is full of danger. It is said, and Anton reminds me frequently, the jungle is full of things that can kill and will if given the chance. After all we have endured, it wasn't time now to turn back.

Oddly, I looked down at myself knowing the only thing I wore was the habit veil and head piece, my sandals, and the cloth bag strapped to my shoulders. I was dirty and sweaty. The luxury of regular bathing was something that occurred at the enclave, not deep in the jungle. Meeting new people for the first time caused me to be momentarily conscious of my appearance. The only difference between me and anyone else out here, though, was going to be that I wasn't native, what I wore, my language, and my lighter skin. We pressed on.

In short order, we saw a clearing in the tree ahead where the sun penetrated the canopy above. As we stepped into the clearing, we found a crowd of people that might have been the entire tribe. In front were two men and a woman.

Almost immediately I heard a soft murmur rise from several of the people, "See-leen-a?" It was a

question and it seemed to bounce softly through the mass of people.

There were introductions, first. One man was the Chief, the other was translated as 'Spirit Guide', and the woman was a medicine woman. These three appeared quite old but I had come to understand how much life in the jungle can age people in appearance. Deep wrinkles were set in all three and the woman's breasts hung low on her chest.

In almost any grouping, my 5' 2" body would be small but not here. Most of the people, men and women, were shorter than me by at least a couple inches. We were soon surrounded as we stood before the three elders. The attention we, or I, received was nerve racking. The faces of the people were expectant and joyful.

Arriving to the village at late afternoon, the Chief raised his hands high into the air and the people began to quiet. People reached out and touched me gently, moving slightly to do so and to move aside for another. There was an air of excitement and anticipation creating a constant hum of hushed sound as the Chief tried to gain control.

I have picked up some words of various dialects in the jungle but this tribe was something different still. Anton, as was his habit wherever we went, served as immediate translator, standing at my side and just behind me so he could speak into my ear while watching the other person.

"She comes, finally!" Jubilant cheers sprang from the people. Every face radiated joyful excitement and anticipation.

I leaned back. "What is going on?" I asked Anton but he had no more clue than I did.

The Chief stepped forward and took my hand in his, raising it high with his own. Then, as he turned in a tight circle, I was forced to do the same. As we turned, the crowd chanted and I heard the phrase repeated from individuals scattered through the crowd, "see-leen-a ... see-leen-a ..."

"Now ...", the Chief announced, "we celebrate!"

Baskets of loaves, cooked meats, and assorted fruits and roots were brought from every hut and shelter of the tribe around a central large fire as darkness quickly enveloped them though the sky above the canopy still held light from the setting sun. Anton and I sat on mats next to the elders. Except for adornments of fashioned necklaces, bracelets, and crude tattoos, the people were completely naked and darkened skinned. As people and children milled around \*\*\*\*\*ing food into wood or reed crafted bowls, they continued to glance at me with smiles and that murmured phase.

I leaned to Anton, "What is that phrase they keeping saying?" My expectation was not that he would know but that he would inquire.

The conversation went back and forth between him, the Chief, and Spirit Guide. Anton looked probingly at me, then began the translation as the others continued to speak.

He started, "It isn't a phrase, Sister Sofi ... it's a name ... it's who they think you are. See-leen-a is a beloved legend. Not just theirs, though, a legend shared by many tribes throughout the basin of the Amazon. It is a story that has been passed down from mother to daughter over generations and generations and generations. Nobody knows how far back the story goes." The people around were hushed, all listening to the story being told, again. It appeared to be a beloved story that was told and retold with care and love. "There is much to the story that has been added about experiences of others, the need for continuing tradition, the power of people united, sharing, and supporting. But,



for you to understand the story and why they repeat the name ...”

The story goes back to a time when time was not something that was important. Life was life, it was as simple as that. Maybe, a time only marginally different from now for them. And, at that time, life was not a good life. Life for the people was hard and there was much hardship. The animals of the jungle seemed to have disappeared. Their choices for food and survival were becoming fewer and fewer. It was becoming increasingly difficult to survive. Life for the people became moment to moment with little or no consideration for a future. Each day was survival; the next day, if it came, would be only the same. And, in the midst of the lack of animals for food, the women of the tribe stopped conceiving. The tribe was slowly dying away.

In the midst everything, one day that began just like so many others before it, a woman appeared out of the jungle. She appeared as if from nowhere naked just like them. She wore nothing on her body or feet. That wasn't so unusual in itself. The only thing on her body were markings on her left breast. But she was not of the people. She did not belong where she was. She looked strange to them. But, as she walked into the village, following behind her out of the jungle, came animals with her. There were many animals; some wild that belonged in the jungle; others that were domesticated that belonged in pens and corrals and used for work or food. She did not speak. Perhaps she didn't know the language of the people or she couldn't speak, or she felt no need to speak. Whichever, she communicated by actions ... and through the animals. In front of everyone, she dropped to the ground, pointed to an animal and touched her ass. The animal mounted her and they mated. That scene was repeated over and over for much of the remainder of the day as the people stood and watched in amazement as this stranger, this unknown woman, was mated by the animals. But, every time, she directed the animals. The animals didn't mount her without her direction. She was in control of the animals. At the end of the day, she disappeared back into the jungle. Perhaps, she was gone and the people still didn't know the meaning, if there was one, for what they had witnessed.

The next day they found the mysterious woman back in the village, this time without the animals. Again, she dropped to her hands and knees, pointed to one of the men who stood beside his wife and patted her ass as she had to each of the animals the day before. The man looked in disbelief. The man was uncertain what to do. The woman was insistent. The man's wife shrugged with an embarrassed smile as she glanced around at the others of the tribe. Being naked, the man quickly became aroused so that by the time he knelt behind the jungle woman he was fully erect. Nervous and self-conscious, he pressed his cock into her and fucked her. It occurred to the man that he was performing just like the animals had, fully under her direction and control. After he emptied his seed into her pussy, she pointed to another man of the village. And, so it went well into the day until each of the mature men of the village had fucked her.

As strange as it all seemed to the people, the longer the woman stayed and mated with the animals of the jungle and tribe, the more animals were found in the jungle around them. Women of the people indicated more than asked to learn, be shown, how to mate and with which animals. But she also continued to regularly fuck the men of the tribe and soon the women were again becoming pregnant.

Anton concluded the translation, “The people became healthy and strong, their lives became rich in life and opportunity, the jungles were bountiful and providing, and their population again grew along with the abundance they had. All was good with the people.”

The Chief and people were smiling ... at her. It took a moment for my words to form. “They think I am that woman?”

“Not THE woman, obviously. A personification of that woman, though, yes.”

I know my mouth was hanging open. "But ... why?"

"The story has spread about you nursing the infant and satisfying all the men of that tribe."

"It wasn't ALL of the men ... most, maybe ..."

Anton leaned into me and hugged my shoulder. "Legend and truth can be somewhat different. The truth about this See-leen-a might be somewhat different than the legend now being told and retold. The story spreading about you right now through the tribes could well be the same way. Especially after what happens here in this tribe."

"What's going to happen? What do you mean?"

"Tomorrow, they expect See-leen-a to bring balance, once again." I swallowed hard.

\*\*\*\*

The next morning, I was greeted with even more excitement shown by the people, though I wouldn't have thought that possible. I stood with Anton in the center of the clearing used by the tribe. All around, tucked into the trees at the edge were the huts of the people. The Chief and the other two elders came to us. He raised his hands for quiet, then explained through Anton that I was needed. There times might not be as hard as the time long ago, but they heard about my return and my strange ornaments showed I was special; I am the one.

This generated a hum of excitement which changed to murmurs among the people. The Chief let go of my hand and stepped back to join the other two elders. I sensed movement and turned. The crowd parted but even before it had fully done so, I saw what approached. Led by two men was abnormal donkey, nearly the size of a common horse. I turned to Anton. He stepped behind me and held my upper arms securely, his face coming to my right ear.

"You've often teased me that I am hung like a horse ..."

Oh ... my ... God. They want me to fuck this beast? They want me to do this so they gain confidence in their future? But a shiver rippled through my body, too. Apprehension ... excitement. I had sucked a donkey at the beginning. It had been a test, meant to be a shocking test to scare away impostors. I had done it, though, and had thrilled myself with the experience. The amount of cum was shocking, overwhelming, but I had reveled in it covering my body and face. I had dreamed about that donkey since but hadn't the nerve to say anything to Mother Maria fearing it would perhaps disgust her that I would truly WANT to do that. So ... here I was ... faced with my dreams. Nightmare or desire? I would find out.

This donkey was the size of a small to medium sized horse. Anton patted my ass. I weakly smiled. I put my hands on the head of the donkey and brought my forehead to his nose. I stroked the side of its head, then shifted to the side, continuing to stroke its neck and shoulders. Gradually, I was stroking its side and hip. With the men still holding it, the donkey seemed at ease. I slipped a hand underneath to stroke its chest and belly and slowly my hand moved closer and closer to the sheath. My fingers grazed the side of the sheath and the donkey moved slightly but seemed to accept the contact without kicking or signs of resistance.

I looked at Anton and he only shrugged with an assuring nod. He might have seen me that first morning; we never talked about it.

The donkey's cock was coming out of the sheath with my light touches. It was only several inches

but its appearance was a stark reinforcement of what I was undertaking by proceeding. I sighed. There was the bestial aspect, certainly. There was also a size aspect. Anton's size gave me some confidence since he was larger than the donkey back at our enclave. The bestial aspect ... I had already been mated by the dog ... several times ... and sucked a donkey. And, besides, these people expected it to happen, they wanted it to happen, it was significant to them if it happened.

With both hands on either side of the sheath, I knelt beneath the beast and stroked over the sheath. Immediately, the donkey dropped. My hands shifted to the exposed cock rather than the sheath. My lips and mouth moved to the tip of the cock as my hands slid over the length. In no time, the cock was long and hard. I might be a few inches longer than Anton but not quite as big around. I was sure I could take this cock. I just had to get past the idea of doing so in front of a whole tribe of people.

"I need something. He's too tall for me to be on my knees." I was gasping to Anton. My body was taking over from my mind. I was going to do this but how to manage it?

Anton spoke to the Chief and there was a flurry of movement. Soon, two crude benches appeared and were placed side by side. Without any real thought, I moved to the benches, knelt on them with my hands and arms bracing me and allowed my head to sag on my shoulders. I shut my eyes to close off the images of people milling around, to shut off the persistent feeling of embarrassment, to shut off the overpowering feeling of exhibitionistic display.

I heard the donkey being led up behind me and over me, his front legs appearing alongside me and his chest brushing over my back. The long cock slid between my thighs and along my dripping pussy. It was under me. I shifted forward by leaning as I felt someone moving the cock and aligning it to my hole. I gasped at the feel of it there. This was really going to happen. The realization was like an explosion in my mind. I was going to be fucked by a large donkey!

The feel of my wet pussy against the head of its cock must have sent a signal to the animal that initiated an instinctual response. It pressed forward and the cock spread my pussy and thrust deeply inside. There was no slow and gradual entry as Anton would do for me to accommodate his size and length. This was animalistic in the extreme. With a thrust, the cock was jammed inside and on the second thrust it hit the top of my pussy. I groaned and grunted. It was like taking Anton at the beginning before my body adjusted to his length and size. Each thrust jammed against the top of my pussy. It was almost violent. The thrusts were uncaring and forceful. I felt my body shake with each impactful thrust, my breasts and hanging cross swinging, my flesh bouncing with each impact.

I came before the animal did. I cried out. I moaned. I groaned. I muttered unintelligible sounds and words. My head sagged from my shoulders before my arms collapsed and my upper body fell to the surface of the benches. My ass still in the air being rammed by the beast, I became a fuck hole for it. I was no longer able to participate in any way. I was just there. I was just used.

When it came, its climax was shocking. I felt the cock inside me become more rigid and pulse with growing urgency. The first spurt caused my eyes to open in surprise, shock, alarm, and disbelief. My pussy was instantly filled with cum, every little void inside me between the cock and my body filled with its seed. The second spurt exploded out from between my clamping pussy and the cock. The same with the third and fourth streams of cum, each spraying out behind me with the pressure of being overfilled.

Cum ran down my thighs. The donkey, not one for caring after-sex moments, immediately pulled back with men suddenly alongside to assist it backing away from me. As the cock made its journey from my clasp but saturated pussy, I involuntarily groaned at the feeling of loss, not at all unlike the feeling of losing Anton's cock after our orgasms. But when the cock pulled out completely, a

steady flow of cum streamed out of my gaping pussy. A puddle formed on the benches pressed together and my thighs were thick with it.

I collapsed fully onto the benches but it was moments before my mind recovered. My body still quaked from the experience but my ears and eyes began to focus on my surroundings. I saw the dark-skinned, naked people around me and was instantly reminded of my performance before them. It was too late for embarrassment, however. I knew what had happened before them and I knew my widely spread legs allowed the view of my gaping pussy with cum still oozing out. I could also hear the excited voices of the people, the sound of that name, and chanting.

Anton's face appeared before my eyes. He was wearing a nervous smile. He looked to the side. I followed his gaze as he uttered, "I hope you have some strength left. They don't think you are done, yet."

I focused my eyes where feet were shuffling and people parting. Then I saw a mongrel dog being led toward me. I groaned and released a resigned sigh.

I rolled off the benches to my hands and knees. It was almost an unthinking reaction. I knew what to expect with the dog and the people around were intent on watching someone they revered in legend. That person wasn't me. Not really. If it helps these people, however, who was I to disappoint them.

The dog was led to me as I submissively stayed in position. The dog sniffed my ass, lapped a couple times with its tongue at my leaking pussy, and pounced onto my back. The mongrel was a little smaller than the one that hung around our enclave so I spread my knees further and lowered my ass closer to the ground. The dog's pelvis rapidly probed with thrusts at my ass until it finally found its target when its cock drove into my sloppy pussy. It grabbed tighter with its front legs and it began that rapid-fire thrusting that is so uniquely canine. I felt it thrusting in and out, but I was stretched by the donkey so it wasn't as stimulating as it might have been. Until the knot began forming, that is. Then the knot pressing into my pussy sent jolts of stimulation through my body. Even so, so soon after the donkey, the knot sank in with less extra stretching of me. Once inside, though, the cock and knot swelled more and we did become tied. His cum added to that left by the donkey and I managed another orgasm as the knot bumped repeatedly against my g-spot.

After the dog came a goat. It seemed the people were looking for a variety of animals to satisfy the legend of this See-leen-a person. The goat fucked me the same way as the dog but with much less effect. Without the knot, I barely felt the smaller cock. But more semen was added to my overflowing pussy.

Another dog, several more goats, and another normal-sized donkey later and I was nearly numbed mentally and cum coated my lower body.

With no more animals brought to me, I rolled to my back. Almost immediately, Anton squatted down next to me. He jerked his head to the side and I followed the motion. I saw the Chief and Spirit Guide in discussion with some women who were excitedly nodding their understanding while also glancing my way. Anton said, "There is discussion about something. Are you okay? I fear this may not yet be done."

His hand came to the side of my face and I turned to look up at him. I gave him a weak smile. "I am doing this for them. This is their belief and for that I will be given the strength to endure, if I need it."

Three women broke away from the elders, came to me, assisted me up to my feet, and led me off from the village clearing down a very well-worn path. The path led to a quick-moving small river,

another of the hundreds, if not thousands, of feeders to the great river. The women, also naked, led me into the river until the water was about mid-thigh deep. The women dipped pieces of woven cloth into the water and began bathing me as I stood among them. One used a hollowed-out gourd to pour water over my head after carefully removing my head piece and veil. Fingers washed me thoroughly between my legs. The cool water coming from the heavy shade provided by the canopy above felt good on my body. The hands and fingers over my body felt even better as there was a mix of washing and massaging action to their efforts.

Once done, one woman rushed ahead to retrieve my head piece and veil to carefully replace it over my wet hair. A new woman brought a woven basket filled with fragrant flowers. These were crushed into my skin by the women. My entire body was covered in the effort, a lingering scent of the mixed flowers remaining on my body after.

I was led by the hands back to the tribe's clearing where I was greeted by another celebration which became raucous upon my arrival. Again, there was food, drink, and a fermented drink not provided the night before. It was only mid-afternoon but the celebration of food and drink evolved into music and dance as the tribe clearly were pleased with what had already happened. The name, See-leen-a was repeated with murmurs and chants and song. I was soon pulled into the serpentine dance line that wound around the large fire surrounded by food and musicians. It seemed everyone, men and women, wanted to be next to me at one time or another in the dance.

Suddenly, the Chief and Spirit Guide appeared in our midst and the music and dance stopped. An announcement was coming and I realized Anton had appeared at my side.

"He is talking about tradition, about the times of long ago, times of hardships and times of abundance. He is calling on everyone in the tribe to not forget about their past, about the legends and mysteries that have kept the people strong." The Chief put his hands out to me, "Remember the lessons of our past of honoring the animal and human worlds. That is the reminder that See-leen-a brings to all of them. The world of the tribe is tied to the world of the jungle and the animals within it. She (you) came to remind them of that."

The Spirit Guide stepped in front of me, his hands resting on my bare shoulders. Anton continued with the translation, "You honored the tribe through mating the jungle world of animals. Now, honor the tribe by mating with our men."

I softly sighed. I thought I was done. I should have remembered his earlier comment about the legend about the men of the tribe. Two women came to me, each taking an arm and gently leading me. As we moved, the group parted to show an area already prepared with mats spread on the ground. The women and children formed around three sides of the area leaving the side open where we were approaching. I was led onto the mats and turned. Behind me had formed a line of all the men of the village. The Chief and Spirit Guide were the first two. After them were the married men followed by the single men and, finally, the older boys. There was easily a couple dozen or more in the line.

I was encouraged down onto the mats by the women who then opened my legs, bending my knees and spreading them apart. I was being presented to their men by their women. If I hadn't just been fucked by their animals, I might have been embarrassed. This was a tribal thing, though, shared and celebrated by the entire tribe. And, I was at the center of it.

The Chief glanced down at me as he knelt between my spread thighs. He glanced to the side and my eyes followed his where I found an older woman with wrinkled skin and sagging breasts beaming back at him and nodding her head. The Chief focused then on me. He proceeded to lean over me

and, shifting his weight to one arm, he used his hand to guide his hard cock to the entrance of my pussy. Leaning forward, he penetrated me and thrust deeper. It was no surprise to me that merely hearing their intention resulted in my body lubricating ahead in preparation. The Chief fucked me aggressively and climaxed in short order. The Spirit Guide was the same, climaxing quickly. It wasn't until the third man, somewhat younger, that his fucking allowed me to orgasm with him.

After a half dozen men, I could see this might be a problem for me. This was going to take a long time and I need variation to attempt to avoid eventual pain. I pulled the next man onto the ground and I climbed over him. After inserting his cock, I began rising and falling on it. The women around us oohed and aaahed at seeing the variation. Another man appeared and I found Anton beginning to direct traffic to assist me. I pulled the man standing nearby closer and enveloped his cock with my mouth. This must have been different for them because the murmurs and oohs seemed to increase. From the sounds of the de\*\*\*\*\*ion of their See-leen-a, she was an experienced slut, though they probably didn't understand that term.

There were several more cycles of two men like that when Anton changed it up, again, as the men became younger. With cum dripping from my lips and pussy, I found a man directed to be on his back on the mats. I looked up at Anton and he smiled while holding up three fingers. I just knew that DP training would come in handy someday.

I straddled this man in the same fashion with another at my head, taking him into my mouth. Then, I felt fingers spreading the spent cum from previous fucking to my asshole. It could only be Anton with such familiarity to prepare me. I released the cock in my mouth while still holding it with a hand and glanced behind me. Anton had another man lining up to my asshole. He looked unsure but I nodded at him and he proceeded tentatively. Obviously, when the crowd saw what was happening, the excited murmurs increased, again.

Now, I was air-tight, being fucked by three cocks at once and my body reacted with the increasing enthusiasm of these younger men with better stamina and energy. I orgasmed repeatedly. As one climaxed, he was replaced by another. When the man underneath me climaxed, there was a short pause to allow the change of men but the remaining cocks remained embedded in me throughout.

The fucking didn't stop until well into the night with darkness cloaking the village and a large fire illuminating the clearing. Anton would tell me later that many of the younger men and older boys returned for repeated times of using my body. He assumed that many of them wished to experience each of my holes.

The next day brought an interesting awkwardness. I was awkward with them, men and women, with all of us remembering what had occurred the previous day. They seemed awkward with not knowing what should happen next. The legend was unclear. The woman of the legend fucked and balance was restored to the region. It seemed they didn't know what to do with me after. Anton and I decided quickly to disappear into the jungle without further awkwardness.

Anton and I were both quiet for an extended time after leaving the tribe behind on the long trek back to our enclave. I suspected we both had a lot to process after what had happened. I wondered how Anton was reacting to it while I also wondered what would happen if we should return to that tribe in the future. I suspected I should be prepared for a repeat. The thought was not unpleasant to me.

Anton stopped and I nearly bumped into him with my mind focused on my own thoughts. "How are you feeling, Sister Sofi? We should talk. Are you upset? Do you hurt? Are you upset with me for taking over and guiding the men into positions and creating multiple fucking? Are you ...?"

I stepped up to him and kissed him to stop the flow of concern. "I am sore down there, Anton. Yes, I am sore. But I am not upset. It was the tribal belief that occurred back there. You were wonderful, my Anton. I couldn't be upset with you. You supported me like you always have." He took me into his arms and held me for an intimate moment. I softly chuckled, "Do you think you could find a cool spring along the way? My two holes really are quite sore."

He chuckled with me, then kissed me passionately. I felt his cock begin to stir under his shorts. I really desired to be with him, again. We both understood, though, that it would be best to wait for healing to occur.

A little later, I stopped on the narrow path. Anton sensed it and stopped, turning around to consider why. The look on my face must have given reason for increased consideration. I gave him a nervous smile as I stepped up to him and felt his arms lovingly wrap around my body. His hands immediately stroked up and down my back comfortably and confidently. I allowed my head to fall to his shoulder to soak in his touch, strength, and support. I pulled my head back, looked into his eyes and found a curious but reassuring smile. I returned the smile and kissed him on the lips. I had wondered exactly what it was we had, what we shared. Merely comfortable sex ... or more. It was more. In a phrase ... love without ownership. Whatever else might happen, I knew Anton would be there for me and I for him.

*The End*