**The Belly Riders**

by Jillian, and Pomponio Magnus

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Chapter 1

After all the waiting, months and months of

preparations and years of training, it was all about to

bare fruit. Aged twenty six, Lorena was about to fulfil

her ambition. Looking though the crowd that seemed to

have materialised from nowhere she watched for the

gates of the compound to open, allowing the contingent

to make its way to the assembly point for the

procession that would start of the first day of Mardi

Gras.

It was not easy to see from her position, looking

through horse's legs, people with flamboyant costumes

of flowing material, people with almost nothing on

except a head dress, and at the lead position, the

float, representing the subject that had been chosen by

this school for this year's procession.

Lorena looked around her at the other participants as

she waited. They were of both sexes and of a variety of

ages. She was not the oldest by a long shot but neither

was she the youngest, there were at least a dozen

girls, aged about ten or twelve, out for their first

parade.

Everybody was chatting as they watched for the first

sign that they were on their way. Nobody seemed

nervous, except Lorena, everybody seemed to take it in

their stride, it was to be a lot of fun and if they

should win the coveted first prize for the best float

or costume, well that was a bonus. Primarily this was a

celebration, of life, love and living. They were all

out here to enjoy just that, life love and living.

The streets would be lined on both sides with

spectators from all over the world, all come to see the

wonderful display that made the three day spectacle

that was the Rio de Janeiro, annual Mardi Gras. Lorena

was so nervous that she was sure she needed to pee, but

it was too late now. A small boy marched importantly to

the front of the crowd and slowly with difficulty

pulled the wide three meter high wooden gates open one

by one.

As he started to push on the second gate a man went

over to help him, taking pity on the lad who had such a

monstroustask. "I can manage on my own." The lad's

voice rang out over the hoard of competing

exhibitionists. This prompted some laughter, as the boy

felt very proud of being chosen to start the revellers

on their way. But the man persisted and soon others

were there to help start the procession.

The float, with its many exhibitors slowly started to

move and swing out into the road. Coloured in red,

white and violet with intermediate shades of pink,

Lorena thought it made a beautiful sight, and was proud

to be able to take her place in such a distinguished

show of skill and bravado.

The young girls dressed as angels and nymphs followed

the float, followed themselves by a band of men dressed

as devils and demons. These led a group of supposedly

tortured slaves, who in turn led the eight horses and

their riders, of whom Lorena was one. The eight were in

two columns of four and Lorena had been placed third in

line on the right. There would be no obstruction

between her and the observing crowds in the street. She

would be right there next to the people.

She, her horse and the young boy who, dressed as a

tormented soul, led her horse were her own little

group, and the boy was placed in front and to the left

of the horse between the two columns. Everything felt

so right. As the boy took her horse forward to fit her

in to her place in the line, she was comforted to know

that at last it was starting. The horse rocked her

gently as it walked slowly forward, she was led out

through the gates into the wake of the float, and she

thought about the sequence of events that had lead her

to this moment.

Chapter 2

When Lorena had been about eighteen months old, her

mother had insisted that she be taught to ride a horse.

At that age she had not had to do very much except to

sit on the horse's back and be led around. To begin

with there had always been somebody in the saddle to

hold her but as she grew and got stronger the other

person had been displaced and would walk beside her to

stop her from falling.

By the time she was three Lorena had become quite a

little horsewoman, able to ride and control the horse,

at a trot, on her own. On her third Birthday Lorena had

been given her very own pony, a female foal from the

previous year that would hopefully grow with the little

girl and remain a good steed for many years to come.

This had been the case and the two had learned together

the art of horsemanship.

The first time Lorena had had any idea that there was

another way to ride a horse, was when she was five. She

had seen, on several occasions, a girl of about

fifteen, riding a horse, while slung in a cradle under

the horse's belly. The girl had come for many weeks,

and trained in this fashion, controlling the horse by

pressure from her hands and feet, which were secured at

the sides of the horse. Lorena had no idea that that

was the way to control a horse whilst riding in this

position but later had found this information from an

aunt who introduced her to the art.

It was then that the connection was made. The girl had

been fully dressed to begin with but as the months had

passed she began to appear naked under the horse. The

girl had ridden daily for about three hours per day for

around five months and then Lorena had not seen her

again for some time. It was shortly after her sixth

Birthday that Lorena was again given a view of this

strange riding method.

The family and staff had gone out to the fields to

harvest the ripe crop of coffee. Lorena and a few

members of the house staff had been the only ones to

remain home. It had been a lovely morning and after the

midday meal, Lorena had quietly hidden her self under

some staging in the large riding school.

It had been dark under the staging and the poor girl,

exhausted from the heat had lain down and fallen

asleep. It was very quiet so there was nothing to

disturb the slumbers of the weary. The hours had passed

peacefully until towards four o'clock there had been

some scuffling sounds and Lorena had been woken. The

little girl, not sure whether she would get into

trouble for hiding under the staging, crept quietly to

a place where she could see what was happening.

Two of the house maids had led a large black horse into

the riding school and were holding him steady in the

middle of the ring. The horse was a stallion named

Texcoco, and was adorned with the same type of sling

harness that the strange girl had used to ride under

the horse's belly earlier in the year.

This intrigued Lorena and she moved closer to the edge

of the staging to get a better view. One of the maids,

Titsilini, stripped of all her cloths had climbed, face

down, into the harness. She wriggled and squirmed until

she was all the way in to the arrangement of straps and

buckles. The second maid, Kimali, held the horse steady

trying to keep the nervous creature's motions to a

minimum.

Once in position Titsilini wriggled round until she was

facing up to the horse's chest. Then she swung her legs

up either side of the horse and hooked her knees over

two stirrups attached to the harness, one on either

side of the horse. This was followed by pushing her

arms through spaces in the harness and reaching up with

her hands to take hold of two handles. There was quite

a bit of chatter between the two maids. Kimali walked

round the horse and secured Titsilini's hands and feet

to straps that hung from the harness. Then she went

back to the head of the horse and chatted some more

with the rider.

While there had been activity, Lorena had watched every

move of the two girls and what they were doing, now

that they seemed to be just chatting Lorena looked more

closely at the arrangement, and then looked at how the

horse was taking it. It was then that she noticed the

enormous penis that the horse was sporting. It was hot

in the school which would account for some of the

exposure, but heat normally only made the horse extend

his penis so it hung limp. This was stiff and straight

pointing at an angle forwards toward the ground. It

looked as though the stallion had smelt a mare on heat,

but that could not be. None of the mares were on heat

at present.

Lorena understood all about the mating of horses. She

had seen many times, how the stallion was lead into a

paddock that already contained the prospective mare.

The stallion's penis would get hard and start to slap

his stomach and then when he tried to get on top of the

mare, one of the men close by would grab the penis and

stick it into the mare's vagina.

The two horses would then stand together and the

stallion would continue to try to get on top of the

mare. When he found that he could not, he would slide

off the mare and the stiff penis would go soft and

disappear up between his hind legs. The first time

Lorena had seen this she had thought it was very funny.

Everybody knew that horses could not ride other horses.

However one of the men had sent her away, so she

remembered not to laugh next time.

Now here was a stallion going through the motions as

though he was about to try and ride another horse, but

there were only two maids close by. Suddenly there was

action again. Kimali walked to the back of the stallion

and crouched down. She was in front of the horse's back

legs, so Lorena could not see what was going on. Then

she stepped away and went back to holding the leading

reins. Immediately it was obvious what had been done.

The stallion's penis was now inserted into Titsilini's

vagina and about half of it was hidden this way.

Lorena was stunned that such a huge thing could go into

a vagina. She thought about her own little hole. Still

naked, hairless and small. She had put her finger in

the entrance sometimes when it had itched, but there

was a thick piece of skin there that stopped her going

deeper than a few millimetres. She knew that it went

deeper because there was a hole there that she peed

from, she had seen it in a mirror, but the hole was

tiny. There was no way that she could have a horse

stick his penis in that little place.

The two maids chatted a little longer and then Kimali,

holding the horse's bridle, led the horse and its

under-slung rider out of the school into the yard.

Lorena scrambled quickly through the struts and

bracing's of the staging and then ran to the door of

the school. The maids and the horse were there walking

round and round the yard and a number of the house

staff had come out to watch. Lorena noticed her Mother

on one of the balconies, surveying the proceedings.

She crept back into a shadow in the hope that she had

not been seen. However she stayed where she could watch

most of what went on in the yard. The horse was led

round five or six times and then one of the hands

opened the gate that led to the fields and the little

group walked out and down the path, out of sight. The

servants all filed back into the house and Lorena's

Mother limped quietly back off the balcony into her

room.

Lorena stayed hidden for a short while, then crossed

the yard to the house and went to see her Mother. As

she crossed the court yard, Lorena thought hard about

how she would ask her mother about the afternoon's

events. It could be quite a tricky subject because it

involved nudity and a horse's penis, a subject that

should never be talked about in polite society. She

entered the big house and climbed the stairs to her

mother's room. On the landing outside her mother's room

she smoothed down her dress and then tapped lightly on

the hard timber panelled door. She had to wait for a

while but then a voice called out.

"Come." Just the one word. It had been all that Lorena

had expected. She pulled down on the handle and pushed

hard on the heavy portal. It swung slowly in to expose

the beautifully furnished chamber. Lorena slipped in

once the door was open enough and then pushed the door

shut again. It gave a satisfying click as it latched.

"Hello darling." The musical tones of her mother's

voice were a comfort to Lorena as she turned to pose

her question, but the feeling of unease was not totally

subdued. "Where have you been all afternoon? I have not

seen you since lunch. Have you enjoyed your afternoon?

Lorena, still not sure that she could trust her voice

to be totally as she wanted, ran over to her Mother and

gave her a big hug. This she knew would give a warm

feeling to her Mother and at the same time grant

herself more time to compose her feelings. "I went to

the stables for a short time but it was so hot I

decided to find a shady spot to think. I think I went

to sleep, I was woken by the sound of some horses in

the yard I think. Did someone come to visit?" Lorena

enquired.

"Oh no dear, it was just two of the maids taking a

horse for a ride, so that they can have some exercise

on their afternoon off." So, she was not going to be

told as yet about the strange riding position, Lorena

decided she could wait. She settled down into a

comfortable chair next to her parent and they chatted

about other things.

That night Lorena could not sleep, she thought about

the two maids and the horse and considered all the

possibilities that she could think of as to the meaning

of what she had seen. Nothing really convincing came to

her mind, so she was still awake when she heard the

sound of a horse approaching the yard. She ran softly

to the window and peered out. It was very dark and all

but a few lights had been extinguished, but Lorena

could just make out the shape of a horse and a person,

walking up the path. Maybe they would tell her.

She slipped out of her room and headed down stairs to

the door. Then she slipped out to the yard and stood

waiting. She saw through the gloom, the person lead the

horse into the stable block, so she ran over to see

what was happening. She crept into the building and

sidled up to the stall where the horse and maid were.

Then she crouched down in the shadows and watched.

Kimali was giving the horse a gentle rub down and had

filled the food trough with something for the horse to

eat. As this activity was going on Lorena slipped

unseen behind the horse and hid just inside the next

stall. From there she could see what was going on and

she took a keen interest in the arrangement of horse

and rider. Titsilini was still hanging in the harness

under the big horse, naked and with the thick penis

still thrust into her vagina. The horse munched at its

food.

The harness was made of a thick saddle like sheet of

leather that rested on the horse's back. It was

strapped to the horse in the usual way with a thick

belly strap or girth. From the leather sheet seven

leather straps hung down. One of these went around the

horse's tail, the other six, three on either side

supported a web of leather in which Titsilini rested.

From these six straps there were branches that were

used to strap the girl's hands, knees and ankles.

Titsilini was effectively held secure and unable to

move any part of her body except her head. However

there was enough play in the straps so that as the

horse walked the cradle would swing to and fro and even

a little to the side. After studying the straps and

buckles for some time her eyes were drawn to the

horse's penis. It was still very hard. Lorena was

surprised that the stiffness could last so long.

Normally it would go small again after just a quarter

of an hour if the horse was joined to another horse.

She wondered what kept it so hard. Then she looked at

the way it entered Titsilini's vagina. She had a

perfect view of the workings between the horse's back

legs.

The penis was thick and round and Titsilini's vagina

was stretched to a very large size in order to take the

monster. The girl's vagina seemed different from what

Lorena had expected. Apart from having enormous

capacity it seemed to have extra bits. Lorena slipped

her hand inside her nighty to feel her own opening.

There were the large soft fleshy cushions around the

hole but there was no sign of the thin lobe like pieces

inside them. But Titsilini definitely had at least one

thin fleshy lobe wrapped around the horse's penis,

other than the thicker parts of her pussy.

Lorena slipped a finger into the slit between her thick

soft lips and pressed against the piece of skin that

had the hole in it. The increased pressure started to

hurt so she removed her finger and felt other parts in

that area. There was nothing that could take the size

of the horse. How strange, still she was not fully

grown yet so maybe things changed when she got older.

Her finger slid further back and touched her anus. As

she fondled she studied the rider again. No, the penis

definitely went into the vagina. Lorena pressed at her

anus anyway to test how easy it would be to get a penis

in there. The muscles contracted in an involuntary

action and stopped her entrance. So that would not

work.

Suddenly the horse stepped sideways and Lorena's view

was blocked by the position of the horse's leg.

Titsilini groaned as the horse moved, the penis jolting

inside her. Then Kimali who had been on the far side,

walked round the horse's head to Lorena's side of the

animal so she could finish grooming. Lorena darted back

out of view and resumed hiding in the next stall. The

grooming continued for about twenty minutes, and then

Kimali put the brushes and cloths away "Will you be all

right here all night on your own or would you like me

to stay? Can I bring you some food?" Kimali asked her

companion.

"No, no, you run along to bed, I will be fine. I do not

think I could manage to swallow in this position,

though before you go, if you could wet my lips I would

feel better."

Kimali went to a large water container and dipping a

small ladle into the water she carried the liquid to

her friend. Kimali extended the ladle and poured the

water over her face, Titsilini licking her lips as she

did so. "Thank you, I will be all right now, you go to

bed and have sweet dreams. I will see you in the

morning. If you can just leave one light burning when

you go, so that I don't get frightened by ghosts. Thank

you, good night."

"Good night." Said Kimali as she slowly walked out of

the stables extinguishing the lights as she went.

Lorena found herself alone in a place that she should

not have been, trapped. There was no one talking or

moving now to hide her own activity. If she moved then

the rider would hear.

She stayed still for some time, just listening to the

sounds of the horses and woman breathing, and the

occasional stamp of a horse hoof. She heard the

jingling of the harness that held Titsilini suspended

under Texcoco and peered through the dimness to see

what was wrong. She found that in spite of there being

little illumination in the building, she could still

make out shapes quite clearly. She edged forward to get

a closer look. The straw under her rustled as she moved

and suddenly a harsh whisper cut the air.

"Who's there?" Lorena was startled into stillness and

sitting back on her haunches she waited. "Who's there?"

Came the voice again. Lorena did not answer. Slowly she

realised that she was really stuck. The maid was not

going to sleep and if Lorena moved again then the straw

would give her away. The only reason that she had

managed to get in was because of the noise that Kimali

had been making while talking and wiping down the

horse.

The night would be long and Lorena did not want to

spend the rest of it fixed in one position so she

slowly came to the conclusion that the only thing to do

was to make her presence known and suffer the

consequences. Her original intention had been to talk

to one of the women and quiz them about this strange

mode of riding, she may as well go ahead with that

plan. She called out gently to the maid suspended under

the horse.

"Titsilini, are you awake?"

"So there is someone there, I was beginning to think I

had heard some rat or something. Is that you Lorena?

What are you doing here, so late in the night?" the

maid sounded worried. "If your Mother finds you here we

will both be in trouble and I will loose my job. You

must go back to bed now and not tell anyone that you

were here. Go now before somebody comes."

"I could not sleep and when I heard you ride back I

thought I would come down to find out what you are

doing. Do you mind? Please don't make me leave I do so

want to know and I dare not talk to my mother, please

let me stay just for a little while, I thought you were

my friend and I could talk to you about anything."

"I do not mind I am sure that your mother would be very

angry if she found you here. Such an action from such a

young girl. You must leave at once." All this was said

in a harsh whisper. Lorena did not want to leave and

put up a hard argument in order to stay. Eventually the

helpless maid was worn down until she relented. "Well,

you are here now, what did you want to know?"

"You won't tell anyone that I was here will you?"

Begged Lorena.

"No I won't tell, I would probably be killed and sold

as stake if your Mother found out, but you will have to

leave here before it starts to get light. If Rodrigues

finds you here so early he will tell your Mother."

Lorena took stock of this fact and promised herself to

be back in bed before dawn.

"I will go before dawn. Why are you riding this horse

up side down? It looks very strange and you might get

kicked being so close to his legs. Can you make him

gallop like that or only walk? What does it feel like

to hang like that for so long? Does it hurt to have

such a large thing inside you? Will he try to climb on

top of other horses while you are there? How long will

you stay like that? Do you eat while you are there? How

do you go to the toilet?"

"Stop, stop, one question at a time please, or I shall

forget some. And you must keep your voice down,

somebody may hear you and come to see what you are

doing here.

The first question was why am I riding Texcoco like

this. I am doing it because I like riding like this. It

makes me feel good, but once I have finished I have to

wait for Texcoco to finish. When he thinks it is

finished then his penis will go small and drop out of

me. That is when I will be able to go back to work."

"Is it like when he tries to climb on to another horse,

and then finds he can't, so he drops off and his penis

disappears again?" the enquiring mind of the little

girl was trying to sort out the differences and

similarities between the two ideas. It was not easy.

"Yes a bit like that." Another idea filled Lorena's

mind as she assimilated the new information.

"Will you have a baby? Every time Texcoco tries to get

on top of another horse the other horse has a foal.

Will you have a foal?"

"No, I will not have a foal. A human can not give birth

to a horse, only a horse can do that."

"How long will you stay like that? Is Texcoco finished

yet?" Came the next question from the little girls

inquiring mind. Each question was answered with

patience and understanding though the answers were not

always as complete as Lorena would have liked. However

she gleaned a large quantity of information. As she

talked to the maid she took the opportunity to get

close to the coupling and study it closely. She sat in

the straw at the horse's feet and lifting her night

dress over her head she started to do a comparison of

their two pussies. Her own was much smaller and there

appeared to be several things missing. There was no

thin fleshy bits, but she had seen that earlier.

Now she noticed that the little triangle of flesh with

the sticking out pointy bit, at the top of the maid's

vagina, was also missing on herself. She could also see

that the maid had a small hole just above the place

where the horse's penis went in. Questions were asked

about all these things. Then the horse moved again.

The maid rocked in the harness as the large penis

momentarily penetrated deeper. A creamy white jelly

like liquid oozed out of the maids vagina and stuck to

her buttocks and anus. Another question. When she was

told to leave because it was nearly dawn, she did not

resent the instruction. She left quietly and ran to her

room, leaving the maid much relieved, hanging in her

harness, stretched by the mass of horse flesh that

entered her tender loins. The horse did not mind and

just kept on eating.

Time passed and Lorena had to be satisfied with the

information that she had got so far. There were no

chances presented to her where she could build on that

start. It was spring again before a new situation

showed its head. The young girl that Lorena had seen

riding under a horse the previous year, showed up

again. It had been a pleasant sunny morning and Lorena

had been having her daily horse ride in the fields

around the hacienda. The local workers were out in

force looking after the fields of coffee plants and

cocoa.

The ride had taken a little longer than had been

expected and Lorena was late for her tuition. She had

ridden quickly into the yard and dismounted, then

without a thought she had walked her horse into the

stables. As she had passed along the stalls looking for

a free space she had seen a horse she did nor

recognise, in one of the stalls. It was rigged with the

now familiar harness. She found a free stall and lead

her horse in. Then with a quick word to the stable boy

to groom and water the horse she left to look at the

newly rigged horse. It was not one of their horses, she

did not remember seeing the beast before, until the

girl walked into the stables. She was wrapped in a

blanket and had nothing on her feet. She stopped dead

in her tracks when she saw Lorena. She started to turn

and leave.

Lorena had to think fast. Her tuition went out the

window as she softly said. "Please don't go, I would

like to help you if you will let me." The girl looked

back, hesitating before she fled. Lorena was encouraged

by the girl's delay, and continued. "I know how to do

up the straps and I promise not to do them too tight."

Lorena had seen them done once, at close quarters, and

the fact that the other girl was at least ten years

older did not worry her at all. The girl turned toward

her.

"If you help me in will you lead me as well?" Lorena

beamed with delight at the invite and all other plans

evaporated into nothing. "Of course I will, I would

love to do this for you. I want to do the same as you

when I am grown." It was then that the idea that she

wanted to be a belly rider gelled in her mind. It was

to become her one burning ambition and take her further

than this bigger girl would ever dream of going.

The girl started toward Lorena. So she had made a

substantial decision and now she realised that it had

been her ambition to ride like this since she had had

the chat with Titsilini all those months before. Lorena

turned and walked into the stall that contained the

horse. She went to the head of the horse and took the

bridle. The other girl came in behind her. "What's your

name?" She asked, as she removed the blanket that had

covered her so far. Lorena looked up at the girl to

answer. She was looking at a totally naked girl who was

quite attractive and slim. Firm round breasts flat

tummy and bald pussy. Lorena hesitated in her reply.

The girl looked at her questioningly, there was a smug

expression on the girl's face.

"Is anything wrong?" Lorena was prompted into a

response. "No everything is fine, I was just thinking I

would like to look like you when I am grown. You are so

slim and beautiful." There was another short silence.

"My name is Lorena, my Father owns this land." The

other girl's mouth dropped open in surprise. "Your

Father is Don Albert La Ruse Dell Fuego?" she dropped

to her knees and clenching her hands in front of her

chest as though in prayer.

"Please forgive me I would never have spoken to you in

that manner if I had known that you were the daughter

of...."

"It is all right, you were not to know who I was just

as I do not know who you are. I hope this will not

spoil our friendship. I do want to help you or I would

not have asked. Please get up and tell me your name."

Lorena smiled at the girl and offered her a hand. It

was taken tentatively and the young lady stood. Her

head hung as though in shame. Lorena tried to bring her

round.

"As long as we can keep it so, I would like you to

forget that I am my father's daughter, and just pretend

that I am another working girl. I am sure that we can

get along well together but I fear that the adults will

try to keep us apart. Lets hope they take their time

about it, you can call me Lora. Now you still have not

told me your name so unless you do I shall have to call

you Girl, or Rider or just Hay You. Do you have a

preference?" The girl looked up at Lorena and seeing

that she was smiling, smiled back.

"My name is Neltitaca Xaltocan." She looked at Lorena

wondering if the connection would be made between

herself and her cousin Titsilini. Evidently not, so she

announced the relationship. Lorena nodded

understandingly and then asked a question that made a

different connection.

"Is that why you both like to ride under horses,

because of your family connection?"

"There is a connection in that we both have the same

tutor, but we ride for different reasons. Titsilini

started riding because she likes horses, my reason is

more personal and I would rather not say yet, if you

don't mind. However I do enjoy riding like this." Just

then there was a cough at the door of the stables and

an elderly woman walked in. She must have been fifty

and walked with a very bad limp, using two sticks to

support her frail body. "Come on..." there was a

hesitance. Then she continued. "Hhummm, Titaca, climb

into the harness. You should not keep an old lady

waiting."

There was an element of irritation in the old woman's

voice. "Are, you have found a new person to help, have

you, well that is fine with me. It means that I can go

back to my nice chair and rest my legs. Come here girl

and I will show you what to do now." Lorena recognised

the unfriendly nick name that had been made from the

older girl's proper name.

Neltitaca got down on her hands and knees and then

slowly and carefully climbed into the harness. Again

the manoeuvre was made by going in face down and then

turning over to lie on her back before being strapped

in. Lorena watched carefully, she would do this one

day. When the girl was in, Lorena went to the old lady

and crouched down to watch what she did. The old lady

produced a small tube with a needle in the end. The

tube contained a blue green liquid. She gave the

contraption to Lorena.

"You may as well learn right from the start so do

exactly as I say. If you do not you may kill the horse

so be very sure to listen and remember." There seemed

to be no concern for the girl underneath, who would be

crushed if the horse collapsed and died. "First point

the syringe up with the needle at the top." Lorena did

as she was told. Horses are expensive so she was not

going to do anything wrong.

"Right, now tap the tube and make all the bubbles go

up. Now squeeze the plunger at the bottom softly until

some of the liquid shoots out of the tip of the needle.

Good, now stick the needle into the soft fleshy piece

that hangs round where the horse's penis comes out."

Lorena hesitated. This would probably hurt the horse

and that would be dangerous.

"Don't worry about the horse." The old lady said. Her

voice, cracked with age, sounded as though she was

happy to be inflicting pain on the beast. "He gets

bitten there all the time and he will just think it is

another fly. The most he will do is stamp his foot.

Just hold it still once it is in." Lorena stabbed the

needle into the required place and held the syringe

still. The horse snorted and raised his hoof making his

body shiver with the force of the stamp that followed.

The old lady smiled down at Lorena.

"Humf. The old woman snorted. "Very good, I reckon that

you are a natural." She said with a forced smile. "I

shall look forward to the day when I see you ride. Now

push the plunger all the way into the tube, and then

pull the needle out of the horse's pouch." Lorena

followed the instructions and then looked up at the old

lady. "Now, you come to me in the house every day, and

I will give you the syringe and you are to do this each

time Neltitaca mounts up to ride like this." She

snatched the syringe from Lorena and then turned and

started out of the stables.

"But didn't that hurt the horse?" Lorena cried out. "Oh

no dear, to the horse it is no worse than being bitten

by one of those horse flies that are constantly

bothering him." There was a horse cackle, then she was

gone. Lorena looked back at the horse's penis. It was

coming out of the pouch and growing stiff. She told

Neltitaca of the development.

"Yes that is what is meant to happen, when it is long

enough you must push the head into my vagina." Lorena

reached down and took hold of the growing penis. It was

firm and quite stiff but the surface felt spongy. It

was hot and it throbbed in Lorena's hands, sending a

pulse up her arm. It was like a machine that was just

starting to work. The penis reached a length of about

thirty five centimetres so Lorena pushed the thick head

between Neltitaca's vagina lips.

At first it would not go in but Lorena held the lips

apart with her free hand and slid the throbbing meat in

with her other hand. It slipped in easily and as it did

Lorena got a glimpse of the large hole in the older

girl. She sat back on her heels amazed. How had that

got so big? "Oh, that feels good, it has been so many

months since I had him in there."

Neltitaca sounded as though she was in a dream, there

was sweat all over her body. The penis continued to

grow and it seemed to Lorena that Neltitaca would take

it, no matter how big it got. As it penetrated the

thick shaft pulled the lips of Neltitaca's pussy into

her body a little and then they would slip out again

only to be pulled in again by the expanding rod. After

a few minutes the growth stopped and Lorena was able to

breathe again. She had been holding her breath with

anxiety at seeing the extent to which the shaft had

penetrated the girl. She had known that horse's penises

were large but had not realised just how much would fit

into a woman.

Neltitaca gave a sigh. "All right, we can go now, I am

sorry if it startled you the way it went in like that

but once it started there was nothing I could do to

tell you. It just takes over and it is so lovely."

Lorena broke from her stunned amazement and went to

work. She reached up and strapped one of Neltitaca's

ankles to the harness. Then she walked round the back

of the horse and strapped the other ankle. Both legs

were held almost straight and well forward of the

horse's hind legs.

This accomplished, Lorena moved forward to strap the

wrists of the girl. Again they were strapped so that

the limb was almost straight but this time the hands

were allowed to hold on to handles that hung from the

saddle of the harness. The horse stood still while all

this was being done. The job finished Lorena stood back

and checked her handy work. She could just slip a

finger into the straps that bound hand and feet, so

none of the straps were too tight. The girl was in the

right position with her shoulders well back from the

horse's front limb but her legs were out of the way of

the hind legs. That was good.

It would be unlikely that the horse would be able to

kick or otherwise injure her new friend. Satisfied with

her handy work she walked round the horse to check it

all again and took particular note of the state of the

horse's penis as she did so. It was still thick and

hard and seemed to be about half into Neltitaca's open

vagina.

There was a thicker ring about half way along the

penis. Lorena had seen it before. This ring was just at

the opening to the juicy wet hole that engulfed the

shaft. Not only was this a fascinating achievement but

it was beautiful to look at as well. Lorena decided

that she would have to learn to control the horse from

the back where she could watch the penis at the same

time. Niltitaca's voice stopped her reverence of the

male phallus.

"Back the horse out and take us to the field by the

river. We will be there for the rest of the morning. It

should be warm and very pleasant." Lorena had no

problem with this and as she encouraged the horse to

reverse into the passage at the back of the stalls, she

thought to pick up a riding crop from a rack on the

wall. Once the horse was in the passage she led him on

but while doing so she lengthened the leading rein to

its full extent. This set the stage for the next step

in her plan.

As the horse took its first step, Lorena heard the girl

suspended under the horse give a deep gasp. She

wondered what was happening to her that she had to

utter such a sound. She looked back and could see the

harness rocking forward and back. At the same time it

swung sideways, to and fro.

Lorena wanted to watch but knew that she had to keep an

eye on the direction of the horse and not let him go

the wrong way or some thing dreadful like that. She

pulled her eyes back to the front and concentrated on

her new job. Leading the horse into the yard, she swung

the horse round and headed for the gate to the path

that led into the fields. On reaching the gate she

opened it, walked the horse through, and then turned

the horse round so she could close the gate. This done

and the gate shut fast, she turned back to the horse,

but instead of going back to the horse's head and

leading on she swung part of the rein over the horse's

head and across his back. This would enable her to

stand well back from the horse's head but still be able

to control him.

Later...

Now she took the horse by the bit and turning him once

again she started down the path to the river. As Lorena

lead the horse and its rider down the path she released

the bit and just used the rein on the horse's near

side. Slowly she extended the length of rein between

her hand and the halter, so that the horse was being

controlled from a greater and greater distance.

After about five hundred metres she reached the end of

the rein and was able to manoeuvre the horse by gently

pulling on one side or the other to steer. To halt his

progress she could hall on both sides, and to make him

move forward she just had to flap the rein that rested

on his back. It all seemed to work very well. Now she

was able to view what had really grabbed her interest.

The first thing that Lorena noticed was that there

seemed to be a lot of movement in the harness. Not only

was it moving forward and back, and from side to side,

but there was quite a lot of up and down motion as

well. The next thing she noticed was that not all of

this up and down motion was done by both rider and

harness.

The girl riding seemed to have much more motion than

the harness that was designed to support her. In fact

it rather looked as though the poor rider was writhing

in agony. Lorena was a little concerned and getting

close to her charge she tentatively asked if she was

all right. There was no response, but the girls

breathing was hard and came in gasps. Lorena decided to

stop the horse and see what she could do to help the

other female.

"Don't stop, don't stop." The girl gasped in

desperation. Lorena quickly started the horse again,

feeling chagrined that she had tried to put right a

situation that was obviously not wrong. She resolved to

observe some more and learn as much as she could. But

how would she know if something was wrong?

Neltitaca seemed to be arching her body in time to the

horse's pace. It began to look like a strange dance,

performed between horse and rider. The penis seemed to

be getting stiffer if that was possible and the amount

that it was entering Neltitaca was increasing too.

Where as it had started with about three to four

centimetres moving in and out, now there must have been

nine or ten centimetres sliding easily in and out in

time to the horse's walk. Added to this were the sounds

of groans and gasps that seemed to be made in time to

the inward thrust of the horse's penis. They had

started off as barely audible low moans but the volume

and pitch had increased.

Now they were loud enough to make workers in the fields

look up, and they were more like screams than moans.

Could this keep increasing? Lorena was puzzled as to

how or why all these changes were taking place, in fact

she found it quite worrying. She had never seen anybody

orgasm before.

The horse walked on but was getting skittish, dancing

along the path instead of walking normally. This seemed

to make its rider scream even more. Suddenly she

stopped. She arched her back and went very stiff. She

stayed like this for a few moments and then letting out

a long sigh she slumped in the harness.

Lorena crouched down low and asked if Nel was all

right. She could not get too close to her because the

horse was still dancing. "Yes, yes, I am fine. It is

the way or this kind of riding that it fills you with

energy and you just have to scream. It is the most

beautiful thing I have ever done. I feel really happy

and it is better now that you are leading me instead of

that old woman. She goes so slow and talks and grumbles

all the time. That really spoils it."

Suddenly the horse stopped and stood shaking.

"Watch my pussy hole Lorena, see what happens."

Then she started gasping again. "Oh it is Sooo nice!"

Lorena went back to where she could see the thick horse

penis entering Neltitaca's cunt. At first nothing

happened but then, the penis started to pulse and a

white creamy liquid squirted out of the tight fitting

union. The penis was thrust into Neltitaca's pussy so

far and it was so big, Lorena was stunned that anything

could get out at all. There were several little jets of

the liquid until the last drops just trickled out and

ran down Nel's buttocks. Lorena watched fascinated,

waiting for more liquid, but it seemed to have stopped

now.

"That is it Lora, we must walk some more before it

happens again. Come on lets go." Neltitaca was

obviously so eager that Lorena jumped to her task of

guiding the horse. This was to be the start of a very

long and intimate friendship.

Chapter 3

When Lorena and her companion returned to the stables,

it was quite late. Lorena her self had completely

forgotten her lessons. Neltitaca was so full of the

first really good horse ride she had ever had she did

not think of the trouble that may arise from the late

return. Lorena wanted to help Nel out of the saddle but

the horse was still deeply thrust into the girl's

tender loins. Neltitaca explained that it may take

several hours before the horse was limp enough to drop

out and release her from the tie, and that Lorena

should leave her and go do the things she should be

doing.

At this Lorena suddenly remembered the classes that she

should have been attending. She quickly explained her

situation and ran out of the stables with Nel's call

When Lorena arrived at the house she found her Mother

and tutor sitting in the hall, both with very stern

expressions on their faces. She knew that she was in

trouble and was ready to accept the consequences even

if she did not know what those would be. At least she

had the knowledge that she had a new friend.

"Where have you been?" came the voice of her mother,

almost as soon as she was in the house. Lorena started

to explain that she had found a new friend but was cut

off in mid sentence.

"You will go to your room now and have your lessons, we

will talk about this when they are finished." There was

nothing more to be said at that time. Lorena's Mother

slowly stood and leaning heavily on her stick she

limped away toward one of the many sumptuous rooms.

Lorena led her tutor up to her study room for the

learning she had to do.

It was toward evening when she was eventually released

from her education and, with a little fear in her mind

of what was about to happen to her, she made her way to

her Mothers room. She knocked timidly on the door half

hoping that the woman would not be there but of course

she was.

It was toward evening when she was eventually released

from her education and, with a little fear in her mind

of what was about to happen to her, she made her way to

her Mother's room. She knocked timidly on the door half

hoping that the woman would not be there but of course

she was.

"Come in." Lorena turned the handle and pushed hard on

the heavy door. When she was in she turned and closed

it behind her. Then she stood facing her Mother and

waited. After about five minutes the lady looked up.

"So, young lady, you thing that it is all right to miss

lessons and waste the time of your tutor and money of

you parent? Tell me what have you got to say for

yourself?"

Lorena took the bull by the horns and went for a full

description of what had gone on before she had returned

to the house after her ride. It took some time but her

Mother listened without comment until the end. Then

there came the barrage of questions, not just about her

excursion but about her lessons too.

Lorena had expected this as it was how her Mother kept

track of how well she had attended to her classes, and

it was a way of keeping her unsettled, not knowing what

would come next. At the end of over an hour's

interrogation the questions stopped. The old lady sat

and thought for several minutes.

"As you are, you say, very friendly with Neltitaca I

shall not prevent you from leading her on her training

with her horse, but it must be done at the time when

you yourself take your ride or after you have finished

you lessons. I am not going to let you dictate to your

tutors when and where you will have tuition. They are

busy men and have other appointments to keep. Also you

will not inject the horse or assist in the joining of

the horse to Neltitaca. You are far too young for that

and it is dangerous.

"If you were to get it wrong you could kill the horse

or the horse could kill you if he decided to kick you.

I was not going to introduce you to this method of

riding for some time yet. But, as you have seen it for

yourself I can not change that and you will possibly

learn more by talking to a novice and watching her

experience than if I came to teach you myself. As for

the old lady you saw, I do not suppose you know who she

is. Fortunately I do and I will deal with her myself.

You are not to talk to her ever again. Is that

understood?"

Lorena made a solemn vow never to talk to the old lady

she had meat that morning.

"In that case you may go and have your meal. I reckon

you must be very hungry. First come here and give me a

kiss. You do realise that I am only trying to keep you

safe, don't you?" the ladies voice gentled some what.

Lorena stepped up to her Mother. "Yes Mother, I am

sorry to have caused you so muck sorrow."

"That is all right, one expects it from small children,

but as you grow so you will learn to behave better and

become a fine woman and a good wife. Now off you go."

Lorena kissed her Mother and then quickly left the

room, closing the door behind her, while her Mother

watched and thought back over her own life as a belly

rider. She was only thirty seven but had ridden many

horses on many occasions. She was just sad that now she

was unable to ride like that due to her hips being so

badly crippled. She so longed for the thrust of a good

horse inside her.

Before going to her meal, Lorena went back to the

stables to see how her new friend was, but there was

nobody there and all the horses were cleaned and fed,

so she returned to eat. The next day Lorena went for

breakfast and then as soon as she was finished she left

for the stables. Her own horse was all ready saddled

and waiting and next to it was the other horse.

Neltitaca was slung under it and strapped in place.

There was no evidence of any other person. Lorena

greeted her new friend and then walked round her horse

to check all the straps and things. Then she checked

that Nel was comfortable and secure. She noted that the

horse had already been inserted into the girl, and all

seeming well she lead the two horses out of the stable.

In the yard she mounted her own steed and then at her

guidance the two horses went out into the fields. It

was not so easy to see what was happening in the

interaction between her friend and her steed, but there

was something very satisfying about the happy groans

and other noises that rose up from between the horse's

front legs. This was to be the routine for years to

come and the two girls became very familiar with each

other. Not just for riding but in other activities too.

They often played together and told stories to each

other and they got on really well despite the age

difference. It was after about two and a half years

that Neltitaca eventually decided to tell Lorena the

reason why she had taken to belly riding. "When I was

eleven I was like you and used to ride a lot. Because

my father does not have much land I would ride along

the tracks and paths on adjoining lands and I got to

know most of the owners and servants.

It was during the summer when I was nearly twelve that

one day my horse bolted and I was unable to control

him. My rescuer was a young man of about thirty. He

stopped my horse and then demanded payment. I offered

to take him to my father who I thought would reward him

handsomely, but he declined. He said that he wanted

payment right then and that I knew what he wanted.

I pretended to be ignorant of his wish and he pulled me

off my horse and kissed me. "Now do you know what I

mean?" he said. I knew for sour what it was he wanted

though I feigned ignorance. He then took the matter

into his own hands and had his way with me against my

will. Then he left me lying in my own blood and torn

cloths. Eventually I was able to get back on my horse.

I rode home and changed pretending that nothing had

happened. I was so ashamed of the event that I never

told anyone what had happened, in fact you are the

first that I have told. Well nothing came of my mishap

fortunately and I was able to live a normal life. Until

I was to get married that is.

My Father and Mother arranged for me to marry the son

of a wealthy land owner and all the details were

settled before I meat the man I was to wed. to my

horror I found out one week before the wedding that I

was to be joined to the man who had raped me. Now you

are ten I hope you understand all this." Lorena

admitted that she was aware of the ways between husband

and wife, it having been explained by one of the maids

at home when she had shed her first blood a few months

before.

"Well I went to my Father and told him that I did not

want to marry the man because I did not like him and

considered him rude and uncouth, but I did not let on

that I had been raped by the same man just those few

years before. My Father flew into a rage and called me

an ungrateful girl and said that I would have to marry

him anyway because everything was settled. I had to go

through with the wedding and it was that first night

that my position here was settled. At the wedding, when

asked if I would take this man to be my lawful wedded

husband, I said, "No," but the priest pretended not to

hear and pronounced us wed.

"I think my husband had something to do with it. That

night when we were to consummate the wedding my husband

inspected me and seeing that I was not a virgin went to

my father refusing to have me, even though I had told

him that he was the one to have done this deed to me.

My Father was livid and told my new husband that he

could sell me or I would be sent to a monastery. My

husband said I should be sent to a monastery and that

my father should pay for the journey and pay

compensation to my husband.

"He had great joy in coming back to me and telling me

that I was to go to the monastery and that now my

father would have to sell his land to cover the cost

that I had placed upon his head, which meant that my

husband would be able to by it. Apparently my husband

and his father had been trying to get that land for

many years.

"After a year or so I was able to escape from the

monastery and I ran here, because I knew I had family

here, this is also as far as I got before my money ran

out. I started to look for work and your father was

kind enough to give me a maid's position, here in the

big house, when he heard that I was related to

Titsilini.

I have written to my Father to tell him what really

happened but that was three years ago and I have not

heard anything. I also wrote to my husband and told him

that I would rather marry a horse than a rapist like

him and this is why I ride. I am going to go back one

day and ride though the town and yell at the top of my

voice exactly what happened and show that my horse is a

better husband than he ever could be. Maybe that will

put him to shame."

Neltitaca fell silent. They had been walking together

through the fields of stubble after the corn had been

harvested. Lorena did not know what to say. She

substituted words for actions and put her arm round

Neltitaca's waist. The young woman reached down and

rested her hand on Lorena's shoulder and they continued

in silence. But after a while Lorena had a burning

question.

"So is Xaltocan your Fathers name or your married

name?" she asked. "It is the name of my mother before

she married my Father, I could not bear to use the name

of my husband but if I used my Father's name then my

husband may find me if he comes looking." That subject

was never broached again. Months passed before any new

developments appeared.

It was on Lorena's twelfth Birthday that her Mother

called her to her room, during the afternoon siesta.

Lorena had no idea what the reason was so she arrived

without any worries or anxiety. She arrived outside the

door to her Mother's room and tapped lightly on the

door. She was surprised when her mother opened it for

her rather than just calling come in. Lorena walked in

and stood waiting to find out what would happen next.

Her Mother limped, with the aid of her stick over to a

comfortable sedan and sitting on it beckoned Lorena to

join her. "Well my dear, how do you feel?"

This seemed a strange beginning as Lorena knew that her

Mother was not one for beating about the bush. The

question was sufficiently wide to cause some difficulty

in forming an answer. Lorena eve burning questions that

all young ladies have, while I will try my best to

answer them for you."

This made Lorena even more puzzled, she had never known

her Mother to be like this before. It was as though she

was trying to be friendly instead of the usual business

like ruler of the house that she was. Still the first

question was clearer now.

"I am well and I am happy most of the time. I like the

horse riding and I like my time with Neltitaca, we talk

about all sorts of things and we can share secrets. I

just feel sad when she goes away for January and

February. I miss her so much. The other thing I don't

like very much is all the lessons that I have to do. I

find them so tiring sometimes especially if it is sunny

and warm out. I feel that I could be out with the

horses or something else instead."

She had been pondering the furniture and pictures in

the room as she spoke. It was not often that she had

time to think about these things she saw so rarely. As

she finished speaking she looked back at her Mother

sitting beside her.

Her Mother had been watching her as she made her

response and Lorena felt a little ashamed that she had

not been looking at her Mother as she had made her

answer, She had been taught always, as a small child,

to look at the person she was addressing. Her Mother

smiled. Perhaps this will be a pleasant afternoon after

all thought Lorena.

"I am glad that you have found such a good friend in

Neltitaca, she is a nice girl and has not had such a

good life as she deserved with her upbringing. It is a

shame that she is so much older than you but I think

may be she has been able to take on parts of being your

Mother that I have not been able to. I am very grateful

to her for the friendship she has shown you. It is only

right that you should like horses, it runs in the

family and I would have been very surprised had you

not. As for the lessons, well it is something that

every young lady should learn if they are to become the

head of the house one day.

"Your Father looks after the business side of the

Hacienda, with the growing of coffee and corn, and I

look after the running of the house. I control all the

accounts and the spending of money the staff all come

to me to find out what is to be done, when and how. As

your Father and I have only you as a child this

responsibility will fall to you when I die, and your

husband will run the Hacienda. So you see what you are

learning is very important for your future welfare."

Lorena took this all in as it was given to her and then

thought about the statement.

"You and Father are not going to die yet are you?" she

asked some what apprehensive that everything may

suddenly fall on her shoulders very soon.

"No darling, not for a long time yet, your Father and I

have many good years ahead of us. I shall start to let

you take little bits off my hand gradually as you get

older. It is not very difficult, or I could not manage

with these legs, they pain me more as I grow older."

Lorena saw a perfect opportunity to ask something she

had often wondered about.

"Mother, how did you hurt your leg?"

"That my dear happened a long time ago, before you were

born. I had been riding to see a friend, up in the

hills. I had spent rather a long time there and was

late returning home to my new husband. We had only been

married for a few weeks, your Father and I. I was

galloping back along the muddy lanes and came face to

face with a car. We didn't have many of those things

then and the horse had never seen one. He took fright

and bolted, I was thrown and left lying in the lane

with a broken collar and fractured hip.

"Nobody knew what had happened until the horse turned

up home without me. This was seven hours later and it

was dark. I was not found for three days by which time

the bones were starting to knit. The doctor was not

very good and though he reset the brake he did not do a

good job and I have limped ever since. It used not to

hurt but just lately it has swollen and been causing me

pain.

"The accident stopped me doing all the things that I

used to love, now all I can do is run the house and do

things like knitting and reading. We were so glad when

you came along and we found out that I could still have

children. But there were complications with your little

brother and he died, and I never had another child."

"What are complications, I thought it was like sums

when they are difficult?"

"It is just what they call it when things don't go the

way they should when you give birth to a child. Some

times the doctor can fix the problem and sometimes he

can't. With Jullio the doctor could not fix it."

"Why are you telling me these things Mother?" "It is

because you are getting old enough to understand, you

need to know and I will not be able to tell you these

things later because you will be too busy looking after

the house for me. So what else would you like to know?"

"Can you tell me about riding underneath horses?"

Lorena was not sure she should have asked that question

but was pleasantly surprised when her Mother agreed.

"Yes my dear, it is one of the things that you need to

know, that I would not entrust to any other person. It

started many years ago when an important land owner

refused to go to his wife. He had found another girl

and was secretly making love to her. The wife found out

and accused him of adultery. The man did not care what

the wife said and ignored her.

She, far from embarrassed by the man's infidelity,

asked all her friends what she should do, and they all

told her to take a lover. The wife did not want to have

another man as she felt that it would make her as bad

as her husband, so she chose a horse from the stables.

She had arranged a few bales of straw to lie on and

then led the horse in to the area and made love to him.

It was while she was coupled to the horse that her

husband came in and seeing her was furious.

He had some strong rope with him and he bound the woman

to the horse while they were still joined and then led

them through the streets to show everybody what a bad

wife she was. Well all the women who saw this already

knew that it was the husband that had been unfaithful

so they all joined together and the next day they rode,

tied under their horse, up to the husbands work place.

Once there, they all cried out how bad the man was for

being unfaithful to his wife and making her seek an

alternative lover. They shamed the man so much that he

ran away leaving the wife everything. She was so happy

to be rid of him, after he had tied her under the

horse, that from then on every year at carnival she

would ride through the streets of the town while

coupled to her favourite horse.

Many of the other women in the town followed suit,

especially if their husbands were found to be

unfaithful. Now it is done by many women whether their

husbands are faithful or not and whether they are

married or not. I did it before I was married and so

did my Mother. Your Father's Mother also rode and so

has your aunt Elizabet Gloria Marria. In fact your aunt

still does even now. She never married and so she

enjoys a horse more often than most. She went to Mardi

Gras in Rio on two occasions as a belly rider."

"Will you teach me to belly ride? I would like to

learn. Then Neltitaca and I could ride together."

Lorena looked at her Mother hopefully.

"I will tell you how to start training, but you will

have to be shown the main part of the skill by someone

else. My leg makes it far to difficult for me to get

down to the stables and walk a horse for hours. First

though you will have to have a horse because you will

never complete the learning on a mare like you have

now.

"You must tell Rodrigues to mate your mare to Korrtona,

the big black stallion and with any luck you will have

a fine male foal to train next spring. I would be

surprised if you did not have a male foal as Korrtona

has only ever sired males in his fourteen years with

us. The new animal will be ready for you to ride come

your sixteenth Birthday."

Lorena received much more instruction and many subjects

were covered in the next few hours. They talked long

into the night only separating for bed when everyone

else was asleep already. The next day Lorena was up

later than usual, but this did not prevent her from

going on her usual morning ride.

It being late January and the time for carnival

Neltitaca was not there to go with her so she shortened

the ride so as not to be late for her lessons. When she

returned to the stables with her horse she found

Rodrigues grooming one of the other mares. She went up

to him and quietly told him what her mother had said

the day before about mating her horse with Korrtona.

"I know all about that young lady." He said. "I got my

instructions first thing this morning. You will find

the stall next to Korrtona empty. You put you horse in

there and I will see to her directly. She will have too

have special feed to make her foal extra strong so I

will take special care of her from now on. It's a bit

late in the year to mate her but if she takes, then the

foal will be dropped in the late spring. November or

early December I would say. I will let you know when I

am going to join them so you can help me."

Lorena was so pleased that she was to help in the

process. She took her mare to the required stall and

then after watering her and giving her a quick rub down

she went off to her classes.

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About a week later when she went to collect her horse

for the morning ride, the horse was not there. Lorena

looked around but could not find her. Soon Rodrigues

appeared and told her to get some work clothes on as

today was the day.

Lorena ran indoors and changed, then ran out to the

corral. Her horse was tied between two short fences so

that she could not move sideways. Korrtona was in the

next paddock taking a great interest in the mare, who

had raised her tail and was trying to get free in order

to go to the big stallion. Lorena walked over to her

mare and comforted her.

A moment later Rodrigues walked over to her. "You know

what to do don't you? You have seen it often enough.

Are you sure you will be all right because I will not

be able to help you? I will be too busy at the other

end. Just keep her calm and stay to one side." Lorena

said she would be fine and the man went over to open

the gate to Korrtona's paddock.

The stallion whinnied loudly and cantered into the

corral. He ran round the area by the fence, making lots

of noise and swiftly changing direction as though he

was taking part in a wild dance. The mare whinnied back

and held her tail high waving it about like a flag. The

stallion needed no additional invitation. He ran up to

her and then as though inspecting her he walked round

the place where she was tied. When he reached her back

he sniffed closely at her hind quarters.

He looked away briefly making a strange face, mouth

open and lips curled back. Then he returned his nose to

her rump and sniffed again. The strange face was

repeated and then instead of taking a third sniff, he

butted his head against her. This was it. Lorena wished

that she was more to the side of her horse so she could

see better but she had the responsibility of keeping

the mare calm. The mare seemed to be quite eager as the

stallion mounted her.

Ten minutes and it was done. Korrtona slipped off the

mare and snorting trotted round the fence that held the

other horse. They greeted each other with loud snorts

and whinnies, while Rodrigues and Lorena untied the

mare. Then the two horses were herded into the paddock

together.

"They will probably mate again before the day is out

but if it goes wrong at least the first was right,"

said Rodrigues. "I will see you in the morning young

lady." And he marched off to the stables. Lorena stayed

to watch the horses as they trotted round the paddock

together playing chase and biting games. Those two

horses were obviously in love.

The following spring the foal was dropped. It seemed to

Lorena that the whole town had come to watch, but she

had a front stage seat. The foal was strong and was

able to stand within ten minutes of birth. Rodrigues

walked over and stood on the other side of the fence

from Lorena and her Mother.

"He is a fine strong lad and should serve you well and

for many years. What do you want to call him?" Lorena

looked closely at the new comer. He was mainly black

but had white patches down his spine and on his

forehead.

"I want to call him `Via Lactia' (Milky Way in Spanish)

because of the stars all down his back. I like him, can

I come in and stroke him?"

"Wait until tomorrow and bring a small titbit,

something soft and sweet for him. Cook will know what.

Do that once or twice a week and he will grow to love

you as much as he loves his mother's milk."

The people gradually left until only Lorena, her Mother

and Titsilini were present and still interested in the

newest member of the community. They all three watched

the foal as he staggered and wobbled. It was not long

before he was steady enough to have his first feed and

as he did his Mother licked him bonding to her new son.

Three months later training started.

Lorena's Mother called her up to her room again one

afternoon in the summer, "The first thing we have to do

is to train your foal to walk in such a way that his

hooves will never touch you while you are riding him

and to make sure that you do not get chaffed from his

legs. This will take as long as it takes him to reach

full growth when he is nearly three or four. Then we

will teach you to ride him and keep control and finally

how to join with him as a belly rider. I will help you

train the foal to walk, after that your aunt will have

the reins so to speak." Again they talked for many

hours and Lorena asked many questions all of which were

answered in a direct manor.

The training started with a small bolster of about

fifteen centimetres diameter being suspended between

the foal's forelegs. Lorena had to make the bolster

from old drapes stuffed with any old material that she

could lay her hands on. It was designed to make the

animal walk with its forelegs slightly apart so that in

later life when he had a rider suspended under him he

would not bash the rider's head with his legs and

hooves.

At first the pony was most up set with the new addition

to his harness but after an hour or two of trying to

dislodge the hindrance, with some ineffective aid from

his mother, he decided to get on with his life as best

he could and by the next day he was scampering about as

before. The bolster was sufficiently soft so as not to

injure the animal but firm enough to be a problem if he

forgot to avoid it during his capers.

To begin with, Via, as the new member of the stables

came to be known, only had to carry the bolster for

about four or five hours each day. As the foal grew so

the diameter of the bolster was increased to match so

that by the time he was fully grown there would be

ample room for Lorena's head to fit between the horse's

legs. As the bolster was increased in size so to it was

made heavier until by the time the now young horse was

a year old he was carrying about thirty five kilograms

and the length of time that he carried it had increased

to twenty four hours per day with a day off once a

week.

While the horse had been practising walking with a

bundle slung under his belly, Lorena had been making a

riding sling. With her mothers help, and several old

and in some cases tatty, well used examples to go on,

she had combined newly tanned hides and freshly made

quilts into a workable system of straps, supports and

strengthening pieces.

These would all have to be combined to make the desired

end result once Via had reach his full grown height.

The harness not only had to be comfortable for the

horse but also for Lorena if she was to spend the three

days of Mardi Gras in its confines. Lorena was getting

very excited as time went by. The training could not

progress fast enough for her. She eagerly awaited the

day when she would climb into the harness for the first

time. However, Via continued to grow and the training

continued and all looked very promising.

Shortly after Lorena's fifteenth Birthday, disaster

struck. Lorena was out with Neltitaca, on one of their

regular rides. Lorena was astride her new horse Via,

now a strong two year old and Neltitaca was on the big

black stallion Korrtona. They had been quite far and

eaten a picnic for lunch as Lorena had not had lessons

to go to and Nel had had a day off, it being a national

holiday. Nel had been saying how she would love to

belly ride with Korrtona, he being such a big horse in

all dimensions.

Lorena had felt a little envious of her friend who had

so many years experience riding like that, where as she

still had not lost her virginity, let alone had a

horse. The conversation had gone along the lines of all

the joy and learning that Lorena still had to sample,

where as Nel had done it all and was now finding it

hard to find anything new to try.

Many things had been said and they were both content

with their day and their friendship. As they returned

home in the afternoon and came into view of the

hacienda they saw a large cloud of black smoke rising

from the main building. They looked at each other and

then spurred their horse to a gallop. Both animals were

reasonably fresh, neither of them having been exerted

to strenuous exercise at all that day. It took then

nearly an hour to reach the home that they both loved

so much, as they had still some kilometres to go.

When they arrived they were met by Rodrigues and

Titsilini. They were lead through to the house, leaving

their horse in a field away from the smoke. Titsilini

was in tears, unable to say anything, so it was up to

Rodrigues to break the news to them.

"I don't know how the fire actually started." He said

as they walked along. "But it was first reported in the

kitchen. The alarm was rung and everybody evacuated as

quickly as they could. Unfortunately your Mother got

trapped upstairs, her bad leg and so on. Your Father

went back in to get her but he never came out again.

That was two hours ago. I am afraid that I don't hold

much hope for either of them, though it is still

possible maybe." He finished, trying to put a lighter

aspect to the news.

Lorena knew instantly that both her Mother and Father

were dead and now she was the head of the house, what

was left of it. As she walked along she thought about

all the things that she should do, but where to start.

Eventually she turned to Rodrigues for answers. "What

has been done so far?" she asked.

"Well I have set all the men on pumping water and those

of the women who are strong enough to carry buckets.

The others I set to moving all the animals to safe

places well away from here and when they returned I set

them to rescuing anything in any building that could be

reached without endangering life. But the weather has

been kind to us as the wind has blown all the smoke and

sparks away from the other buildings. So it is only the

main house that has burned. Very lucky that it did not

go right round the complex."

As they arrived in the yard Lorena could see the extent

of the fire. The whole building was gutted except a

small part of the ground floor furthest away from the

kitchens. There was no hope for anybody who had not

been able to exit the fire at the beginning. Most of

the fire was out now with just a few patches still

smouldering with small flames, where the fire had been

hottest, but smoke still billowed up from most of the

wreckage. The men were still pouring in the water as

fast as they could and so it would not be long before

even the smoke was gone and the house was left as a

pile of charred, wet timbers. Rodrigues looked stunned.

"Oh holy Mary, it was not nearly as bad as this when I

last had time to look at the situation. Its all gone."

His expression said it all. Stunned disbelief at such

devastation. He almost broke down and cried only just

managing to retain his composure. Lorena however seemed

to be quite detached from what she saw. She felt like

it was a dream and therefore it was not real. She would

do her best to help those in the dream with her but was

sure that in the morning when she awoke it would all be

back to normal. She studied the situation for a few

moments and then started to give orders. There were a

number of people from the village who had probably come

initially to watch the spectacle but had ended up being

roped in to work.

"Rodrigues, set the ladies to finding what we have in

the store house and see if it is enough to cover the

staff. We will need blankets and food for every one and

probably food for many of the village folk if this

carries on into the hours of darkness. If there is

anything that we are short of for tonight then send

some of the men from the village to see if they can

drum up enough to cover the short fall. Whatever we

borrow, I will want written down in a list, of who lent

it and a description of the items, so that they can be

returned to their rightful owners. A couple of the

ladies should go to round up the horse from all the

locations that they are at present so that they to can

be fed and watered.

"Nel's and my horses should be seen to first as they

have been ridden hard and need to be rubbed down before

they catch a cold of something worse. Then when the

women are finished with the store room, I want

everything we have to be distributed to those that will

be here for the night and places allocated for each

person to sleep. When the smoke has died down I want

all the able bodied men to start sifting through the

wreckage to see what can be salvaged."

The string of orders came hard and fast. Both Nell and

Rodrigues were amazed at the way Lorena took on the

task of being in charge. The orders were passed on and

the work of recovering from the trauma began in

earnest. Everybody seemed to set to as they received

new tasks to do and most of the folk worked well into

the hours of darkness.

Eventually jobs were completed and Lorena was unable to

think of any further things to pass on in the way of

new work. The villagers trickled of to their houses and

the staff of the ruined hacienda slowly settled down to

their make shift beds, strewn around the complex in

which ever buildings afforded some space. Lorena

however did not go to bed until much later. She sat on

a low wall watching the last wisps of smoke rise into

the darkness until the sleep in her head made her nod

off. She awoke with a start as she nearly fell from her

perch. She got up and going to find a spare place in

the stables she ended by lying down in the stall with

her young horse, who had ridden so hard that afternoon.

The morning dawned grey and uninviting but it soon

cleared up and by nine was sunny and bright. This did

not match the way the residents of the now charred

hacienda felt. After an almost sleepless night, Lorena

was one of the first to rise. She knew that the hard

task of clearing up had to continue and then money not

with standing, she would have to arrange the rebuilding

of her newly gained responsibility. There were those

she knew she could count on to help but many, unless

things were seen to progress at a good rate, would

drift away in search of better positions.

The first thing she set was cook details. It had turned

out that the normal cook for the complex had also died

in the conflagration along with two kitchen maids and a

young boy who was one of the maid's sons. She dreaded

to think of the deaths but knew it would have to be

seen to. Bodies may be found in the wreckage and

condolences would have to be sent even if they weren't.

then she set shifts for clearing the rubbish and

collecting anything that was salvageable. The rest were

set to every day tasks that had to continue. Care for

the animals and the general running of the plantations.

Working all this out took several hours and it was not

until after the midday meal, a sad affair by comparison

with the usual victuals.

Once everybody was engaged with some chore or other,

Lorena mounted her horse and rode down too the village

to look for a builder. Though her father had known a

good man for repairs and small tasks, the job that was

now needed was somewhat bigger and would have to be

surveyed and quoted for. This took her long into the

evening. Time passed by and after three months things

were looking up. For one thing all the staff had

remained on her pay role. Another thing was that the

new building was under way and actually looked like a

house although there was no roof and very little of the

interior was even started. All the regular things

required to run the plantations were going smoothly and

there were many helping hands for all the little jobs

that needed to be done.

There had been times of joy and sadness. Joy had come

when her aunt had turned up at the sight and had

started to help organise the arrangements that Lorena

had over looked. Her presence also meant that Lorena

could go back to training her horse for the belly

riding that she so wanted to do, when she had time

which was not often.

The sadness was when they only found two bodies out of

the six who had perished and neither could be

recognised. To prevent quarrels over who should have

the bones Lorena ordered six coffins and had the bones

distributed between them. Then bags of sand were added

to make up a weight so that the coffins would seem to

have a body in. this was enough to satisfy most of the

relations. The other sad thing was that the old lady,

who had instructed her to inject the horse for

Neltitaca all those years ago, came by soon after the

fire.

She came full of joy and unkind remarks, as though she

was happy to see the house in ruins and the former

owners burned to death in its flames. She tried to push

herself into being friends with some of the staff,

encouraging them to leave with her. But Lorena saw the

way of her intent and banished her telling her never to

return. It upset her knowing that she had to break a

promise to her mother, in order to banish the woman.

As things became more and more organised, Lorena was

able to go back to the regular training of her horse

and to her regular morning rides with Neltitaca. It was

on one of these rides with Nel strapped to her horse

that Lorena eventually broke down and cried for the

loss of her parents and home. When they returned to the

now nearly finished home, Lorena cuddled up to her best

friend, despite the fact that the other girl was still

joined to her horse. The comfort that was needed was

freely and happily given.

Everything was finished by the time Lorena's sixteenth

Birthday arrived, and there was a major celebration for

Lorena and her new hacienda. That day three people

proposed marriage to the very eligible young land

owner.

Chapter 4

The celebrations had been the best she had attended for

many years. The fact that they were dedicated to her,

for her sixteenth Birthday made them doubly special.

She could select a husband from the many fine young men

who asked for her hand and all the attention filled

Lorena with a strong sense of pride. But she was a land

owner and who she married would have to be considered

very carefully, for the benefit of her and her

employees. She was not going to rush into an agreement

of matrimony. There were many who came forward to make

themselves known without actually making a proposition,

but Lorena knew that all the young men were eyeing her

up with a view to acquiring her lands, and her body.

However she was only sixteen and so time, at present

was on her side.

She spent the time dancing, exchanging jokes and

conversation with the others who were in attendance,

and generally the evening went without a hitch. There

was of course a fight or two between folk who had had

too much tequila, and could no longer distinguish

between a compliment and an insult, but there were

enough sober people to stop these conflicts in their

tracks.

The music was fast and happy, the food was tasty and

plentiful, most people were enjoying themselves when

Lorena finally called it a night, during the small

hours, which were no longer quite so small. She slipped

away without saying good night to anyone, hopefully

they would all just keep dancing and singing, and not

notice her departure. However there was one. There is

always one who will not leave you alone and eventually

they end up making themselves despised. There was just

such a man at this occasion.

He had asked her several times to dance with him, and

though he was not a bad dancer he had tended to take

liberties with the way he had held her. Placing his

hand on her bottom and touching her breast on one

occasion, had made these times on the floor, more of a

battle than pleasant interlude. She was pleased that

she would not have to duel with him again that night,

or so she thought.

She slipped into the house, newly completed and looking

just as she had wished when she and the designer had

set out the plans. Crossing the hall to the wide

stairway she set foot on the bottom tread. She was

tired and so advanced slowly up and did not hear the

door open again behind her. Lorena was about half way

up the stair when the man's gruff voice stopped her in

her tracks.

She turned slowly and eyed him with scorn. He was still

at the bottom of the staircase looking up at her with a

glint of cunning in his eye, or it would have been if

he had not been so very drunk.

"You will miss the party if you come in here." Lorena

said down at him.

"Not the party I'm thinking of my lovely, why don't you

show me your nice new bed and we can try it together."

Lorena thanked god that she had not had much to drink

and still had her wits about her.

"I don't think that is a good idea, you probably snore

and that would keep me awake." There was a hope in her

mind that maybe this boor would just get the message

and leave, but ultimately she realised that he would

not, unless she made him leave.

"I don't think I want to sleep, the night is too pretty

for that. Why don't we just spend some time together,

just you and me, in your room testing the furniture?"

he lurched up a step, holding onto the banister for

support.

"I don't think that is a good idea," replied Lorena.

"You are too drunk to get out of the house if it burns

down again and I would not like to have your life on my

conscience if you were to get court in the flames."

"There is not going to be any fire in this house, it is

built too strong. Come on what do you say to a little

chat in your room, just the two of us, no one else need

know?" Lorena noticed that he had a bottle in his hand

as he lurched up two more steps. He took a drink but

the effort did not make him unstable. He still had a

long way to go before he went down in a drunken stupor.

Lorena realised that she would have to tackle him

herself or scream for help. The party was too noisy for

a scream, she would have to come up with her own plan

and hope that it worked. Her admirer took two more

steps and rested again looking at her as if appraising

the fitness of a new horse that he had just bought.

Lorena turned and climbed the rest of the stairs and

then turned again to look back at her assailant.

"If you want to see my room you had better hurry, I am

not going to wait all night." The man whose name she

could not think of at that moment produced a big grin

all over his face and started up the rest of the stair.

"That's my girl, I knew you wanted me all along. Just

trying to play me like a fish you were, with all that

dancing with other men. Playing the field to see if

there was a better catch, but I knew you would choose

me, Ha, ha, ha." Pulling himself up by the banister as

he spoke he had nearly reached the top. Four steps

down, he stopped and took another drink from the

bottle. It was still three quarters full. Shame to

spill all that, thought Lorena. The foe stepped up

another step, rested and then climbed another.

"Mighty fine of you to wait for me like this," he said

as he advanced. "You and I are going...." he never saw

the foot that flew out and kicked him under the chin.

His head had been at the level of Lorena's stomach and

just the right distance for a good contact. Lorena was

sad that she only had thin dancing shoes on and not her

riding boots, but the fall would contribute to the

effect. The impact bruised her toe but she did not

notice until she went to step on it. she had great

satisfaction watching the poor man tumble down her new

stairs and end up as a heap at the bottom.

Should she go to check on him? Was he still breathing?

Would he get up in a minute and come after her? He

didn't move. Lorena started down the stairs and the

pain shot through her toe. She grabbed the railing just

in time and prevented herself from following her

victim. Was it broken? She tested her weight in the

offending foot and found that it was his shoulders. She

thought that was very funny as she admired her handy

work.

It was as well she had decided against his advances,

his genitals were too small even for a prairie dog. He

would not be her stallion. She laughed at her little

joke as she climbed slowly to her room. Once in she

locked the door behind her and went for a comfortable

sleep in her own bed, alone. What would the rest of the

house hold make of his strange predicament?

The dawn broke quietly and Lorena was soon up and

dressed. She went down to find her adversary still

asleep, tied just as she had left him. Her foot only

ached a little bit, nothing to worry about and the

vagabond was obviously going to sleep for some time to

come. Should she let him go? No leave it until he woke

then get him to promise to leave her alone as she did

not like his countenance. She scribbled a quick note to

the staff to leave him as he was, and then went to the

stables to collect her horse.

Via was already saddled and waiting. Nel's horse was

also rigged with her sling. Lorena stood and petted her

horse gently while she waited for Nel to appear, and

wondered when she herself would be starting her proper

first belly rid. Via was full grown now and had a good

wide spread in his forelegs. Lorena had finished making

her own sling and had tried it on Via but had not yet

ridden naked in it. Soon she hoped, as Nel appeared.

The girl was carrying a syringe containing the now

familiar green liquid. Could Lorena still call Nel a

girl? She was twenty six years old now, a grown woman

and beginning to show her age with one or two thin

lines around the mouth and eyes. Lorena herself was a

woman now if she could entertain propositions of

marriage. Yes it was true, they were both women now and

all childhood things would have to be relinquished to

those who were still of that age. Not for her any more.

As of the previous day, she was no longer a child.

A few moments later Lorena's Aunt walked in and

appraised the situation.

"Now Lorena it is time to take on the adult side of

your training. There is no reason for you not to know

every aspect of what is involved in this style of

riding, so from now on you will assist Neltitaca in her

ride and she has consented to help you as you

progress." Lorena was instructed in the art of

injecting the horse as she had once done before, and

then as the penis swelled to its full size she guided

it into the waiting vagina of her best and closest

friend.

It no longer amazed Lorena that such a huge piece of

flesh could be inserted into the lower depths of the

female human body. It only gave her a strong tingling

feeling of excitement in her own loins. A feeling of

longing and need that she knew would soon be relieved

by her own body being pierced by her own loving

stallion. The sense of anticipation was exciting to her

keen mind. How long would it be before she too rode in

this fashion? There was of course the natural barrier

that had to be broken. How would it be achieved?

Lorena's emotions were mixed up with longing and a

little fear as she led the horses out to the yard.

Mounting her own horse she and Neltitaca rode out

together. Two girls, two different styles of riding.

Neltitaca took command of her own horse to begin with.

They rode slowly through the fields until Nel passed

through her first orgasm of the day. At this point

Lorena had to take the lead and move both horses on.

She was very familiar with the appearance of her friend

impaled on the thick horse meat, but she still loved to

watch the thrust and parry of the two bodies as they

interacted together. The rhythmic swing of the lady in

the harness rocking in time to the step of the horse.

The sliding of the penis, in and out of the wet vagina.

There was not a lot of motion there but it showed and

even after all this time Lorena could not take her eyes

off the action.

For the past two years, at least, Lorena had returned

to her home, after watching her friend Nel saddled in

this way, and had to change out of wet under garments

due to the effect of the erotic view. She had even had

orgasms of her own while riding and watching her friend

get thoroughly impaled. Today was no different, but she

would not get an opportunity to change at the end of

the ride.

They were gone for about two hours. Walking their

horses the whole way, chatting in between Nel's

orgasms. Lorena tried to hold off from her own ecstatic

responses to the ride, but failed miserably. Even Nel

knew that Lorena had succumbed to the sexual pleasure.

They returned to the stables and found Lorena's Aunt

waiting for them. She was a middle aged woman, still

attractive and without the worry lines that married

life seemed to bring to women. Tall at one metre eighty

she stood several centimetres over both Nel and Lorena,

Nel being the shortest of the three.

Lorena was surprised to see her Aunt Elizabet but made

no comment. She admired her Aunt for her ability to

take stock of any situation and put things in motion to

set things straight. Doubtless something needed to be

organised, Lorena had no idea it was herself that would

be the subject of the change this time. Lorena followed

the older woman to the house admiring her long hare as

she went. There was no spare flesh on this lady and

there was still a lot of girlish swagger in the hips as

she stepped out. This was a pretty woman and Lorena

hoped to look that good when she was forty plus. They

walked into the house and Elizabet lead the way to her

room. They entered and closed the door behind them.

"The time has come for you to take to your horse. Via

is a fine beast and will serve you well for many years,

but he can not serve if you are not opened to him."

There was no beating about the bush here. Everything

was stated as it was, not as a story that eventually

had a punch line.

"There are two ways to make yourself available to him.

One is to take a man and marry and have to live with a

husband dictating your every move or you can do it

yourself, which requires more courage. I took

preference of the second option and have never known a

man. I can not tell you what it would be like to live

with a man, and I can not advise you as to which man

would be good for you. I have seen many men beat their

wives and I have seen many wives beat their husbands.

You will never have to live with either if you do what

I did and open yourself, but you have to have the

strength to go through with the pain from your own

hand, which may be harder."

Lorena looked her Aunt squarely and made her choice.

There was of course a third option, the man down stares

would gladly have helped her, but she did not fancy the

thought of his groping hands. She would do it herself.

The die was cast and Lorena was instructed on how to do

it. The older lady went to a dresser and extracted from

one of the draws a long cylindrical thing. Lorena could

not see what it was at first but soon all was revealed.

It was a wooden phallus, about forty five centimetres

long and five centimetres thick. It had a penis shaped

head that was a good centimetre thicker than the rest

of the shaft and at the other end there was what

appeared to be a hand grip.

The whole thing was immaculately carved with the shapes

of the vanes and foreskin showing. It even had the

little split in the head where a man peed. It was of a

dark red wood, highly polished and very smooth to the

touch. It was handed to Lorena to feel and explore. She

caressed it lovingly and wondered if she had the

strength to use it. she knew where it had to go and how

it all fitted but she had been told that the pain was

extreme the first time. Would she manage on her own?

She expressed her doubt and received reassurance from

the older woman.

"Come follow me, there is no time like the present and

then you can have your first true ride tomorrow."

Elizabit waltzed out of the room with Lorena close

behind.

"I bought this from a trader who I saw at market one

year when I was about fifteen. I had been sent by my

Mother to buy groceries and as I had a little money of

my own I was looking for some thing to keep me amused.

The indian had come from one of the Amazonian tribes

and he was looking to trade for tools that he needed.

He would not take money so I had to go and get what he

wanted in order to get what I had taken a fancy to. I

took a liking to this as soon as I saw it.

"The indian said that it would bring me luck in

marriage and I would never have to worry about my man.

He was right, I have never had to worry about any man.

He had a number of other things like rattles and small

trinkets, a man's hat and a few things that natives of

the forest use to cover themselves, but it was this

that really caught my eye. He wanted a large machete in

exchange so I duly went and got one.

"It took all of my money to get the type of blade that

he had requested which had to be of fine steel. When I

went back to see him with my exchange item he took it

from me and cut a lock of his hair with it. Then he

handed me what I wanted, packed up all his things and

left, I never saw him again. Though I asked about him,

nobody seemed to have noticed him, then or at any other

time. Anyway this is what I received from him and it

has served me well. Now I pass it on to you and bless

your use of it. It will bring you good luck with men,

and when it is time pass it on to another. One who you

love and trust." The phallus was passed to Lorena who

took it, feeling a little strange as she received it.

They had walked down to the hall and Lorena observed

the man from the previous evening. He was awake now and

moaning, still trussed up, obviously there was a storm

in his head from the night's drinking. He had also

relieved himself on the stone floor. Lorena and her

Aunt took no notice and walked by him on their way out

to the Yard.

The man's eyes followed Lorena as she passed him and as

they were about to walk out he made a wining request to

be released, all to no avail. Elizabet marched out to

the centre of the court yard and stopped. Lorena

stopped too, not knowing what to expect next.

"You are the lady of this hacienda. The undisputed

owner of the house and lands. There is no person who

has sway over your life here. It is a very privileged

position, one that very few women ever have. If you

wish too keep it this way you must demonstrate the fact

that you will have no man as master. If you fail in

this you will be married by the end of your seventeenth

year.

"If you succeed you will be able to choose in your own

time. You must open yourself here and now for all to

see. This is the only way to stave of the swarm of men

who vie for your land. There may not seem to be any who

watch at this time but many will see and all will know

by the night." Lorena was shocked at what she was

expected to do. She turned bright red and the heat

filled her head.

"I have to do it here, now, in full view? I...." She

stammered but could not get any more words out, such

was her shock.

"Don't fluster now girl," said her Aunt. It is this or

be under another's rule. There is no point in hiding to

do this. No body will know and you will still be

pursued until you relent and accept a man to be your

better. You must strip and act quickly, that is the

only way." Lorena stood still looking at her Aunt. She

could see the sincerity of the woman's beliefs and came

to realise that it was true. She would be pursued until

some man gained access to her land and body, then she

would be subservient to that man. This was not what she

wanted.

For two years she had been her own boss. She had even

learned her father's side of the running of the

hacienda, with the help of her trusted staff. This was

good for her but it was also good for her staff. They

would know that she would run things here as long as

she chose to and only when she found the right person

would she let them take over, as man of the estate.

"Before I do this, there is one other thing I must do

to ensure my message gets round." She went into the

stables and came back with a whip and then went back

into the house. She stood in the door way and looked

down at the bound excuse for a man who she had silenced

the night before. He started to plead with her to let

him free, but she cut his wines short.

"I will let you free and you will carry a message for

me. If you try to touch me I will let you feel this."

She said holding the long strand of the whip in front

of him. Then she stepped forward and cut his legs free,

followed quickly by the release of the bindings on his

arms. His legs crashed to the floor and he cried out as

the pain shot into his heels. Then Lorena threw his

trousers into the puddle of urine that he had made. He

watched them approach him and then his face fell as he

realised they would have to be cleaned before he could

ware them again.

"When you have cleaned that mess up you may come out to

receive the message. I hope you are sufficiently

ashamed of your behaviour last night" The voice was

calm and strong. There was no doubt that what she said

would have to be done. Then she shouted for one of her

male staff. "Pascoe."

The man came running and gave a little bow as he

arrived in front of her. He was instructed to see that

Lorena's victim, who still sat in his own urine,

cleaned every trace of the offending substance away,

before being permitted to exit the building. Pascoe was

a strong looking Spanish, indian mix and Lorena felt

sure that he would see that the work was done

completely. She turned and left them to the job. Once

back in the centre of the yard she spoke to her Aunt.

"I will have an audience to carry the message and I am

sure that it will reach every villager here." She

handed the whip and the wooden phallus to the older

woman. "Would you hold these for me while I prepare

myself please?"

The two items were accepted without comment and Lorena

started to remove her cloths. Her tank top, her blouse,

skirt, boots, and finally underwear. Each item of

clothing was laid out on the ground in a neat

arrangement ready for easy retrieval later. Her knickers

were still damp from her earlier orgasms on horseback.

She had never been naked in public before and the

sensation filled Lorena with a slight sense of guilt

that she should be exposing her body to all, but at the

same time it was exhilarating and she felt free. She

knew she would go naked again and often even if only at

night.

With everything arranged as she wanted it, she turned

back to her Aunt and accepted the whip and phallus

back. She had been thinking hard about how she should

go ahead with this ceremony and had not found any plan

that satisfied her. She would take it as it came. She

hung the whip over her right shoulder, with the handle

between her breasts. She had only collected it so she

would have some form of protection in the event that

she was attacked. It gave her some sort of mental boost

to know it was to hand. Then she stood in the middle of

the yard with her legs about fifty centimetres apart,

facing the door to the home she had had built. Ten

minutes later her assailant and his guard came on to

the porch.

Lorena knew that this was her moment. Holding the

phallus in both hands she raised it above her head and

showed it to all who could see. By now there were

several people who had come out of the buildings to

watch. A silent prayer passed Lorena's lips. She

adjusted her hold on the phallus so that both hands

were on the handle. She lowered it and bending forward,

placed the head of the wooden monster between her legs.

Her pussy was wet and her juice dripped to the ground

in anticipation. Slowly she raised the head of the

implement so that it touched her vaginal opening. She

turned the shaft round so that the whole head shape

would receive a coating of her love juice. Angling her

hands and the stick so it pointed up to her womb, she

suddenly thrust up, impaling her body on the end of the

phallus. It split her flesh and a stab of pain entered

her stomach. It hurt but was bearable. She would not

faint.

The head of the phallus was hidden by her body but the

rest of the stick was still exposed. Something sticky

ran on to her fingers as she thrust upwards again. This

time a length of the shaft slid into her body. There

was no additional pain, for which she was grateful.

Lorena felt as though she had accepted at least thirty

centimetres but when she looked she could still see

more than half of the tool protruding from her body.

One final thrust maybe. Her pussy lips felt dry and she

could see blood. Her mouth was dry and she was feeling

a little disorientated. She clenched her muscles and

pulled up on the handle of the piece of wood.

It slid in slowly, but it slid in. At last she felt

something get moved inside her stomach. There was a new

pain that stabbed her lower abdomen. Had the rod gone

in as deep as it could? She tried again. There was the

same pain again, it was not bad in fact she could grow

to like it. She decided that the phallus was in as far

is it would go. It was a solid unbending shaft. It

yielded to nothing, perhaps flesh was easier. Lorena

let go of the phallus and stood up strait, leaving it

still inside her body. She felt the pressure ease in

the depths of her vagina and realised that it would

probably go in further now as her body was straight

like the phallus. She did not try. She looked at her

hands. There was blood on her fingers.

The job was done. It felt strange to have such a large

item inside her body where nothing had ever been

before. It was tight and stretched the walls of her

vagina. Too tight to slip out she decided. She looked

around her, maybe fifteen people were standing round

watching. Some smiled some seemed serious. Her Aunt was

smiling, the man she had tied up looked as though he

had been robbed of all his money. Lorena realised that

he had really wanted her and now knew he would not have

her. An idea came into her head of how she could rub it

in.

She walked over to the man remembering that his name

was Ferdinand. The shaft of the tool rubbed between her

legs as she walked. Bending over in front of him she

grasped the phallus and in one swift motion, pulled it

out and held it above her head. It felt like fire in

her body as it tugged on her skin but she stood

straight defying the pain. She looked at the bloody

thing. The stain covered a little under half the

length. She was proud to have accommodated that much

and smiled. Then she made her proclamation.

"I declare that I shall take no man until I deem the

time is right. Until that time, this is my master."

Putting her hands down she spoke to her would be

suitor.

"Well Ferdinand, your message is to report to the

village what you have seen here today. You may go now."

He was crest fallen. He bowed slightly to her and

clutching his wet trousers he shuffled away. He looked

back several times before he passed through the gate as

though he was getting a last look at something he would

never see again. He was not a poor man and had some

influence in the village but she did not want him. The

right man would come along one day and Lorena felt she

had all the time in the world. Lorena turned to her

Aunt. The small groups of people, her staff, slowly

turned and went back to their work. The show was over.

The pain was gone and Lorena knew it would not return

again. She was free to do as she pleased now, within

the bounds of her morality and that was very

satisfying.

"Was that what you had expected?" Lorena asked her

Aunt. "I hope I didn't make too much of a show." She

bent to collect her cloths, not noticing the blood that

was getting smeared on the garments.

"I think you did very well. Dramatic but brief. I cried

out when I did it, but I did not have an audience that

I was aware of. It was only later that I found out that

I had been seen when I heard two people discussing me,

and my actions. I am very proud of you. Tomorrow you

will try Via for size, and if he is not too big we will

get you saddled up, other wise you will have to stretch

yourself some more. You had better go and clean

yourself up now. Warm water with a little common

plantain, no soap. Colletta has the plantain she will

know what to do."

The old lady turned away and walked off while Lorena

went to her room calling for Colletta as she went. The

bath was duly filled and Lorena slipped into its warm

waters, comforted by the herbal additives. As she lay

back letting her long hair float around her she mused

over the experiences that she would have the next day.

Would she at last achieve her ambition? This was upper

most in her mind. More than ten long years she had had

to wait. Would she be able to ride side by side with

Neltitaca for the first time?

She soaked in the water until it was cold, feeling with

her fingers, the wounds that she had induced. They were

tender. Then she called for a hot jug of fresh water to

rinse herself, before drying and dressing for the mid

day meal. The afternoon was hers, to do with as she

pleased, and the night saw her go early to bed. The

following morning was bright and Lorena sprang from her

bed as though she had fire in her loins.

Today was the day and she did not want to waste any of

it. She had a light snack and went to the stables

without dressing. In the stables she saddled up both

her own and Neltitaca's horses with the appropriate

trappings. She suspended the riding sling from Nel's

horse but left her own sling of for the time being.

Then she found the syringes and measured the correct

dose of papaverine for Nel's horse and measured a dose

of phenoxy benzamine for Via. The phenoxy benzamine was

a drug that, though it produced the same effects, of

swelling and stiffening the male member, it would only

last about half the time that a similar dose of

papaverine would last. Both worked by reducing the

tension in the muscles around the veins, into which

they were injected. This allowed additional blood to

flow into the veins and so induce an artificial

erection.

Lorena was not aware of the mechanics of what she was

doing but she was very aware of the effects that she

hoped to be experiencing in just a few short moments.

Her Aunt had informed her of all the dosages that could

be used and the length of time each dose would last.

For her self she would administer the smallest dose of

the weaker drug. The effect should last about two

hours. That she felt would be quite enough for her

first ride.

However before that she had to try the horse without

the drug. She did not want to inject the expensive

chemicals and then find that she was still too small to

take the beast. Placing the prepared syringes in a safe

place, where she could collect them later she went back

to the horses and pulled Via from his stall. He

followed her willingly and seemed to be quite aware

that something was about to change for him. It would be

his first time too.

The stables were all in one large building that had

stalls up both sides and a large space in the middle,

all under one roof. The floor was of packed earth with

straw scattered randomly. It was softer than having a

prepared floor but was also dusty and uneven. Lorena

stopped in the middle of the building and looked her

horse over. There were no faults or problems to be seen

with feet or coat and his eyes looked bright and shiny.

He was in good health.

Normally it would have been Rodrigues who checked the

animal at the beginning of the day but this morning it

was still to early even for him. It would not be long

before he turned up but Lorena could not wait. She left

the horse standing in the middle of the stables and

fetched a small bench and placed it next to her lover

to be. She would need something to lie on for this

experiment. Via stood still only swinging his head to

watch her every move. Then Lorena collected the

grooming brushes and started to groom her stallion with

long slow sweeps from neck to buttocks.

Starting at the top of his body she gradually worked

her way over his coat until she reached his stomach.

When she had finished she was very glad to see his

large penis protruding from between his hind legs. It

was not totally hard but it did have some stiffness.

Only a little more stimulation would be required to

bring him to full throttle. Kneeling down on the ground

next to the animal she took hold of the extended member

and stroked it gently. The texture was firm but the

skin was soft like velvet.

As she fondled the penis she realised it was not just

longer than the phallus she had used the previous day

but it was considerably thicker as well. Maybe six

centimetres at the head. That was half as much again,

the size of yesterdays experience. Would it fit? She

decided that it would have to fit no matter how much it

hurt.

She continued to caress the huge shaft and had the

satisfaction of seeing it harden further. It became

unbendable and slowly rose to aim its eye forward

between the forelegs of the animal. Via stood perfectly

still as Lorena administered the massage. The penis

started to pulse. Lorena had been able to feel the

blood coursing through the blood vessels but now the

force was enough to jerk the member out of her hand if

she did not hold on tightly. She rubbed the soft

texture of the skin against her cheek and kissed the

head. It felt spongy. She squeezed it softly between

her fingers and then inserted the head between her

teeth. She tasted the slightly salty flavour as she

tried to prise her tongue into the slit at the end. It

would not go in but it was lovely to feel the opening

sliding under the tip of her tongue. It seemed to suck

as she withdrew, possibly like a baby on a mothers

nipple.

She lingered there experimenting mouth to penis,

captured by the spell of carnal lust and sexual

adoration. Her mouth watered and she inserted as much

of the head as she could. It would not go in and she

realised that she would have to put it in her mouth

while it was still quite a bit smaller if she was to do

anything more than just suck on the end Eventually the

realisation that time was passing slipped over her mind

and she decided that she should get on with the job she

had intended to do.

Getting up she walked round the horse to the bench

which she had placed more or less in the correct

position for her needs. The horse's penis slapped

against his stomach as he waited impatiently for the

next scene to unfold. Lorena lay down, on her back, on

the bench and grasped the penis through between her

legs. She was too far forward so she wiggled her way

along the bench to get closer. Now she could bring the

head of the penis into contact with her sopping pussy.

She had not noticed just how wet she had become and her

tummy ached from fear of what was about to happen. She

tingled all over from the fear and longing of her task.

She tried to pull on the penis to force it into her

body. But the horse was too far away and the solid

member would not stretch enough to gain entry.

Releasing her hold on the shaft with one hand she

reached up and tried to push one of the horse's

forelegs forward.

The horse responded and stepped forward. Then over what

seemed an agonisingly long time Via moved each one of

his hooves to compensate. First the other foreleg. As

he did so he leaned onto the leg that Lorena had moved

and the head of his penis pressed hard into her lower

lips but still did not gain entry. Then one by one the

other legs stepped up and suddenly Lorena was burst

open as the head of the massive erection thrust

violently into her. The shaft followed where the head

went and Lorena cried out as she was filled to her

abdomen with horse.

The horse stood over her and waited for a while, then

some deep need took over and he started to thrust his

hips. Thankfully the motion was small and Lorena was

only rocked along the bench on which she lay. The penis

did not enter her any deeper. She cried with each

gentle thrust but soon the pain of the bench scraping

on her skin was harder to take than the pain of

penetration. She tried to move away but it was too

difficult but in raising herself she did get relief

from the bench.

It was an awkward position and put a lot of strain on

her arms but she could manage for a while. The horse

continued to thrust but the change in position was not

so easy and the bend that was now instilled in his

penis made Via uncomfortable. The penis started to

loose its strength.

It took a few moments but eventually the shaft of meat

dropped out of Lorena's body and hung limp between the

horse's legs. The young lady slowly stood up and

stretched her aching body. She did not feel sore

internally but her back felt as though it had been used

to role pastry. The sling would be easier, she turned

to get it from the stall where she had left it.

That was when she saw Rodrigues standing in the stable

door. He must have been there for some time, as he

looked comfortable. Lorena was not troubled by this, as

he had seen her naked on many occasions from being a

child to the present day. He had also been the one to

inject Neltitaca's horse when she rode each morning.

That included directing the penis to the right spot on

most occasions.

The mating of all the horses on the hacienda were his

responsibility so he knew everything there was to know

about horses and intercourse. He stepped towards her

and a small smile crossed his face. There was no malice

just concern. "If you had asked I would have shown you

how to do that without hurting yourself. The idea was

right but there are things you can do to soften the bed

you make for yourself. Next time use straw and cover it

with a blanket. I used to watch over your Mother. I

often helped her with the initial joining. It is safer

to have a friend to help and calm the horse if he gets

too excited. Next time have someone to watch over you."

As he crossed, he collected the sling and came face to

face with her.

"I'll put this on for you, why don't you fetch the

drugs. Neltitaca will be here any moment with your

Aunt." He strode over to the horse and started to

arrange the sling. Lorena returned to the place where

she had left the syringes and collected them. Apart

from the choice of rest she had chosen the test had

gone off well. It was a tight fit but it felt so good

and right. It would be a joy to ride today.

When she returned, Rodrigues had finished the sling and

she gave the two syringes to him. Then she went to

climb into her harness ready for her first ride. As she

scrambled into the sling she hoped that her aunt and

Neltitaca would arrive soon. She was settling down into

a comfortable position when they appeared. Nel went

immediately to assume her position under her horse and

was soon ready. Rodrigues showed the two syringes to

the old lady who nodded her consent to continue with

the preparations. He walked over to Lorena's horse and

strapped Lorena's legs high up on the horse's sides.

Then he quickly injected the Benzamine directly into

the penis.

After this was done he went to Nel's horse and after

strapping up her legs he injected the Papaverine into

the soft tissues of the penile pouch rather than the

harder meat of the penis. The reactions were very

different in time scale. The papaverine gave an almost

instant responce and Rodrigues was able to insert the

swollen member immediately, where as when he returned

to Via, his penis was still only half swollen. However

it was good enough to introduce to Lorena and as it was

small it went in easily.

Rodrigues seemed to take no enjoyment from his task as

though he was just mating ordinary horses. Lorena felt

the penis being thrust into her again and tried to look

at what was happening. She couldn't see anything

because, which ever way she looked, either the horse or

her own body got in the way. In stead she had the

feeling that things were no longer in her control. The

penis head spread her pussy lips and slowly slid into

the deeper recesses of her body. Again she had no

control over what was happening and the progression

seemed to be unstoppable. It stretched her insides as

it grew and forced its way to depths it had not reached

before.

Her opening was wide and now held no barrier against

entry. It was wonderful, but at the same time it was

new, strange and a little worrying. How big would it

grow? Could she take it all. The girth would be no

problem, she had proved that already but the length,

that was another matter. She could not test for that

and now it was too late anyway. She had seen the size

of the fully erect penis but seeing and feeling

appeared to be two completely different things.

Suddenly the two horses started moving. There had been

no warning and Lorena had not been prepared for the

first thrust as the horse stepped forward. The penis,

now almost full size, jabbed into her body extracting a

cry from between Lorena's lips as pain lanced her

innards. Would this happen at every step. The second

step came and Lorena was swung up and then back in the

harness. This caused the penis to slide out of her by a

few centimetres and then thrust straight back in again.

She was ready for this thrust, but being strapped in as

she was there was nothing she could do to brace herself

for the shock.

It seemed that the penis slammed into her tender

insides, only to be retracted yet again as another step

was taken. Lorena was sure she would die with the next

thrust, but the horse was speeding up in its rhythm and

the swings evened out and became less forceful. Once

the little caravan got under way Lorena was far more

comfortable and after a few moments was enjoying the

subtle motions of the horses' gate. A gentle to and fro

in four directions and the sliding in and out of that

magnificent shaft between her legs was enough to lull

anybody.

She reached her first orgasm before they had fully left

the stable, and they came hard and fast from then on.

Via took almost twenty minutes before he showed signs

of climax. Lorena was not in any fit state to guide her

horse. She had no idea who was guiding the animal and

did not care as the action between her legs dulled the

rationality of her mind. As long as Via kept on moving

she was not going to worry about how or why he moved.

When Via shot his first load, Lorena knew it was about

to happen. She was becoming used to the motion and was

no longer quite so engulfed in the sexual ecstasy that

had taken her earlier. Via started to get a little

agitated and tending to walk sideways as much as he

walked front wards. At first Lorena couldn't work out

what was wrong with him, but it gradually dawned on her

dulled mind that she had seen this behaviour before. It

was what sometimes happened when a horse came into Nel.

Obviously the same thing was about to happen between

Via and herself. How wonderful, she thought to herself.

This would make her joining complete.

It happened in a rush. One moment Via was half dancing

along the path, the next he stopped momentarily and

fired. Lorena felt the horse tense and stop but she was

not ready for the onslaught of jets of sperm entering

her body. It felt like a small fist hitting her

insides. The first one was the strongest and it made

Lorena climax again. The rest diminished in strength

but each contributed some more sperm to the stock.

Eventually the pressure had built up too much and some

shot back out of her body in a small white jet that

nobody noticed except Lorena. It was a strange

sensation to have horse cum entering and exiting at the

same time. It was nice and she wanted to feel it again.

She squeezed her legs together as best she could around

the horse's body and Via walked on. His ejaculation

over he seemed less frisky now. Hopefully that would

change again soon. Lorena continued to have regular

orgasms though they were less strong, as the party

walked through the fields. Some of the time she was

able to take note of her surroundings and at others she

was too deep in ecstasy to be aware of anything except

her own climax. It was a blissful experience to drift

in and out of such heights.

At no time during the ride was she really let down to a

normal level of sensation. The horse ejaculated a

second time, but not so copiously, about thirty minutes

after the first. It had the same effect on Lorena, but

she was getting tired now. The walk was not yet

finished though. Despite her tiredness the orgasms

continued to fill her emotions. She was forced to

accept every one as though it were some beautiful

torture, inflicted by a jailer, as she lay in her

prison cell bound and unable to avoid them.

The ride lasted two hours total and at the end, when

Via was led into his stall, Lorena felt as though she

was about to die. She lay limp in her harness, hands

hanging to the ground at her sides. She was too tired

to lift them. She was too tired to hold her legs up

when they were unstrapped from the sides of the horse

and Rodrigues had to lower them gently to the ground

one by one.

Once Via stopped, his penis started to retract as there

was no longer the massage action induced by the

walking. The drug's effect having long gone. The

diminishing shaft slipped out of Lorena's gaping vagina

and left her feeling hollow and drained. She did not

care though, she was too tired even for that. She just

wanted to sleep for a year and dream nice dreams. Sleep

she did, long before she was extracted from the riding

equipment. Rodrigues covered her in a blanket and

carried her to her room. She did not awaken until the

next morning.

It was too late for her to ride again next day. Nel had

already left and Lorena really felt that she could not

take such treatment again quite so soon as this. She

moped around the house sorting one or two problems that

had presented themselves, but other wise time was easy

on her shoulders. It was toward the end of the

afternoon that she started to feel restless.

She went down to the stables and walked into Via's

stall. He seemed pleased to see her and nuzzled up to

her nibbling at her hair. She wrapped her arms round

his neck and talked softly to him. Then she decided to

give him a gentle groom, just to massage his skin and

shine his coat, not that his coat needed shining in any

way. The brushes felt good in her hands as she rubbed

the horse's hair following the line of growth with each

stroke.

It was not until she started on Via's belly that she

noticed he was sporting a huge erection. She had been

dreaming of other things and her hands had done the

work automatically. The thick penis dangling between

his hind legs jolted Lorena back to the present. It

slowly dawned on her that, yes she would like to have

his member inside her body again, but not to ride him

this time just to couple as she had done before the

ride yesterday.

Lorena got down on her knees and continued to groom the

stomach area of her big stallion. From this position

she could easily see the meat he was seeming to offer

her. It transfixed her gaze and she knew she was ready

for him. She forgot about finishing the legs and took

hold of the stiff erection. It filled her hand. She

needed both hands to wrap the thing all the way round.

She was beginning to feel a desperation in her desire

for this animals body. She placed the head of the penis

to her mouth and kissed it.

Then she started to open her mouth and slide it in. It

was not as big yet as it had been the day before and it

almost slipped right in, but her teeth still got in the

way. her mind was racing. If she left Via for a moment

or two this monster would probably shrink a little and

then it would go into her mouth. With a quick kiss of

parting she left Via and went into the main area of the

stables where she had mounted him the previous day.

There was nobody about so she went in search of

Rodrigues. She was thinking about what he had said to

her the previous morning when he had seen her trying to

make love to the horse. She trusted him and he knew

what he was talking about. He could help her now. When

she found him she told him what she was after and he

agreed to come as soon as he could and he would bring

the straw too.

Lorena went back to Via. Just as she had thought, his

penis had shrunk, almost to disappearing. It would not

take long to make it reappear again, of that she was

sure. Lorena led Via into the big area of the stables

stripped her cloths off and started to groom him again.

She just did his stomach and hind legs. The bits she

had not finished before. It had the desired effect.

This time she did not let it get too big before she

took hold of the penis head and inserted it into her

mouth. It slipped in easily and she sucked hard on the

rough skin of the head. She ran her tongue over the

lumps and bumps that made up the fleshy glans.

Inserting her tongue into the slit at the end and

wiggling it up and down.

The reaction to this treatment was almost instant. The

glans swelled up and filled her mouth. The shaft it was

attached to, stiffened to a rock like rigidity. She was

pushed back by the force and had to scramble to prevent

herself from falling. She wrapped her hands round the

shaft and hung on until the adjustment was completed.

Then still holding the penis she started to massage its

length with both hands. She sucked on the head as hard

as she could and licked her tongue all over it. It was

not until some moments later that Rodrigues walked in

carrying two large bales of straw.

He took no notice of what Lorena was doing, placed the

bales on top of each other in the middle of the hard

earthen floor and then walked out again. A few moments

later he returned with a blanket and this he spread

over the bales so that it covered them and the

surrounding ground. Then he went over to the bench,

which was now back in its place on the side of the

stable area, and sat down. He did not seem to look at

Lorena while he did all this, but obviously he had seen

what she was doing and commented.

"Relax your jaw muscles. It will seem much better if

you do." Lorena almost gagged as she tried to answer,

Her mouth stuffed to capacity with the penis head, but

she tried to follow his instruction and eventually

succeeded in easing the tension in her cheeks. Her

tongue continued to play over the flesh in her mouth

and it was not long before she felt Via tense in his

hind quarters, but the first jet of cum still caught

her by surprise. Not by the timing but by the shear

quantity of sperm. It shot into her mouth and straight

down her throat. She never even tasted it.

The second and third jets went the same way but this

time some of the goo stuck in the back of her mouth and

she could feel it round the back of her teeth. There

were seven little packages all together and the last

two she received on her tongue. It was salty but nice.

Not like anything she had ever tasted before. It had a

dry taste like a dry wine but at the same time it was

sticky like syrup and though not sweet it was like

something that one would spread on bread. She smeared

the horse's seed all round her mouth and then

swallowed. Now she was ready to get on with the real

task of coupling with this animal. Even if he had just

cum, Lorena was sure that he would manage it again.

She pulled away, and the meaty knob slipped out of her

mouth. She closed her mouth. Her jaws hurt from being

stretched so much for so long. Nothing that a little

practice would not fix, Lorena decided. She stood up

and led Via over to where Rodrigues was seated. He

looked up at her, his eyes scanning her body as they

raised to her eyes. There was a glint of amusement in

them. Lorena took no notice. This was her horse, her

stables and Rodrigues was a member of her staff. What

she did was her business and nobody had any reason to

make comment on the matter.

"Will you show me how to do this while I'm not riding

him, like you said yesterday?" She asked. The answer

was affirmative and the two people and the horse walked

over to the straw bales. The instruction came swiftly

and was easy to follow. Within three minutes Lorena was

on her back, on the straw, with Via firmly implanted

into her Vagina again. She had taken the penis and

inserted it herself. It was sweet and beautiful. She

did not feel so stretched and painful this time though

it was still a little difficult at first.

Rodrigues held the horse's head and by subtle guidance,

induced the horse to move so that his penis slid in and

out of Lorena's body with a smooth easy action. She

came several times within five or six minutes. Then

Rodrigues stopped her and made her change position so

she was lying on her front. This time he introduced the

horse's member to her love nest and the sex continued.

Again Lorena came several times and again she was

stopped and another position was selected. She lay on

her side and the horse entered Lorena. This time he was

allowed to fuck her until he came deep inside her.

Lorena, in spite of the orgasms and strong emotion was

able to feel the subtle differences in the different

positions. They each had their good points and she

would practice each many times over the following weeks

and months.

This was her training and it was the order of the day

from now until she was as accomplished as her friend

Neltitaca. One day she hoped to ride in the Mardi Gras

together with her friend, side by side, with crowds

admiring their skill and prowess. Such is the stuff of

dreams, but some dreams do come true. To begin with she

rode every other day and rested between, but after a

couple of months she started to ride every day except

for when it was the wrong time of the month. Some times

it would be just Lorena and sometimes it was Lorena and

Neltitaca who rode but there were occasions when

Elizibet would join them and ride under Korrtona. Soon

Lorena was as accomplished as either of the other two

ladies.

Chapter 5

Lorena was well loved by her staff and the people

around her in the village and other farms. They all

respected her for being a fine looking woman who had

the stamina and skill to run a hacienda without the

strong arm of a husband to guide her. There were few

arguments about what should be done, when or by whom.

The rebuilding of her house had put much needed money

from her coffers into the local community and she had

not tried to cut corners or undercut one tradesman

against another.

She had shared the work through out the community and

as a consequence she now had no problems with getting

anything done that needed to be done. Her capital had

been greatly reduced the first years after the fire but

with several good crops in hand, her finances were

strong. She continued to belly ride when permitted by

her duties and the time of the month, Her skill and

endurance increased rapidly. Via was full of stamina

and never failed to please his mistress.

After several months Lorena and Neltitaca took to

longer and longer rides until they were able to sustain

a ride for a full day. Nel had been able to endure a

full day for many years and it pleased them both as

Lorena approached the same degree of competence. The

rides usually had to take place toward the end of the

week when all the organising of the hacienda had been

scheduled, both ladies agreed that it was worth waiting

for.

Summer time arrived again and Nel went to her annual

ride in the Mardi Gras. She would be away for several

weeks but this time she made arrangements for Lorena to

come to the spectacle in February. Their parting was

sweet and tender as both females were particularly fond

of each other. There was little that either would not

do for the other. Over the years Lorena had seen to

setting Neltitaca on her feet financially.

Though it had started off as a small contribution when

Lorena had personal money to spare now that she ran the

hacienda the contributions were bigger and more

frequent. This with Neltitaca's supposed frugal and

wise use of the funds had made her independent, should

she wish to be so. Neltitaca had no reason to make a

split from her friend, but it was good to know the

money had been there. She offered to spend some of the

savings on transport and a hotel for Lorena to see

Mardi Gras but Lorena insisted on paying her own way.

Lorena grew very excited as the day of her travel

approached. She had one simple bag and her travel

cloths. There was a car to take her to Pota Pura on the

Paraguay Brazil border, some two hundred kilometres

away, and from there she had to take a train to Campo,

the first major town in Brazil.

Lorena had only seen one or two cars before and had

certainly never ridden in one. Most of the vehicles in

the area were tractors and trucks. The ride to the

station was very exciting and most interesting as she

was whisked along the dirt tracks through scenery she

had never even dreamed of. At the station she had to

wait for nearly an hour for the train to arrive. She

boarded as soon as the other passengers had alighted

and then sat while the driver chatted to one of the

many station staff for another hour. This did not

bother Lorena, it was just the way things were.

An hour was no time at all in her village. Eventually

the train set off and ambled slowly through the

countryside, stopping here and there for people to step

on or off. In fact the train was so slow at times, it

did not have to stop. It was getting dark when they

finally arrived in Campo.

The trains do not run very frequently and Lorena was

forced to spend the night at a hotel across the square

from the station in Campo. This was not because the

train was supposed to stop for the night, just that the

driver had business in Campo that had to be dealt with.

The delay was of no hardship, and Lorena took the rest

as a good opportunity to work out the aches and pains

of the first part of the journey.

The travel arrangements continued at a leisurely pace

the next day. After five hundred kilometres the train

pulled into Bauru and again stopped for the night. This

was a regular stop. Again the time was used to stretch

the aching muscles and relax. The final leg of the

journey started early the next day with a non stop ride

into Sao Paulo. Here Lorena was required to change

trains and catch another smoky leviathan to Rio De

Janeiro, her final destination.

A fine looking gentleman was at the station to meet her

and she was taken to a good hotel in a quiet part of

the town. There was a good deal of haggling and arguing

about the price of the cab, which Lorena was very

please to be able to leave to the man she was with. The

noise and smells of the big city were entirely new to

her and it was a little dizzying to her senses. She

stood and looked around hoping that soon she would be

able to have a nice hot bath and some food to quiet her

rumbling stomach.

Once she was in room, she relaxed in a tub of water

that, though it was not cold, was not as warm as she

could have had at home. Then she dressed and went down

to the restaurant for a light meal. It was not late but

Lorena tired, so she was quite prepared to go to bed

and have to wait to see her friend the next day, but

Nel turned up just as it was getting dark.

They chatted for about an hour and agreed to meet early

the next morning. Dawn was fine and clear. Lorena

dressed and ate and then stood in the hotel lounge

until her friend arrived. They sat and talked for some

time about a possible schedule and at about ten thirty

the man arrived. Lorena found herself attracted to his

looks but had no intention of allowing any thing to

grow between them. He was just nice to look at. He was

smartly dressed in a fine light tan business suit with

a very elegant shirt and tie.

His shoes were white and his hair was short dark and

slicked back with something that made it shine like

glass. His dark skin positively glowed as he approached

them. Lorena remembered his name, Nagiees Colopres, as

he gallantly kissed her hand, and she greeted him with

as much charm as he had given her. Soon after this

Neltitaca left as she had much to do in preparation for

the carnival in two days time.

Nagiees offered to show Lorena the city and they walked

out together to see the sights. There was so much to

see. Her guide skilfully whisked Lorena along the

streets and through the shops finding all manor of

things to show her. Little churches and massive

Cathedrals that could have sat over her hacienda

buildings and still have left room to walk the horses

between the walls. Shops such as Lorena had never seen

and wide roads all paved. There was not a dirt track in

sight. The tall buildings and big open squares, and in

the evening, the sea. An expanse of water that seemed

to go on for ever. It was blue like the sky and birds

wheeled and dived over its surface. Lorena was

enchanted.

The sun set and the two people, who seemed to be the

only two in this world of crowds and noise walked side

by side on the white sand, toes sinking slightly as

they trod. The happy couple parted late and Nagiees

promised to meet again the next day at the same time.

They would visit the grand statue of Christ high on the

hill over looking the city. They climbed the mountain

Corcovado partly on foot and partly by taxi to the base

of the cog train. Then they took the slow ride up the

steep side of Corcovado, with what seemed like a

thousand other tourists in the poorly ventilated single

wagon, up to the foot of Cristo Redentor.

Here they stopped for most of the rest of the day while

Lorena almost ran, with child like enthusiasm, from

point to point, and back again, to view the different

sights and scenes. They had their lunch, and their

dinner at the top watching the sun descend behind the

surrounding hills. Running for the last cog train, they

squeezed in with all the other tourists, for a faster

but just as hot and stuffy decent. From the base of the

cliffs they walked back to Lorena's hotel where they

parted company at the end of what had been a truly

wonderful day for both of them. Again the arrangement

was made to meet in the hotel lounge next day but the

itinerary was to be to see the final preparations of

the precession members for that night's opening Mardi

Gras.

Lorena was up early and dressed in her finest cloths.

She did not intend to return to her room until all the

precession was over. She packed a few things that she

thought she may need, like a comb and a small bottle of

scent that she had purchased the day before as a

souvenir. Then at the last minute she decided to remove

her under garments as it would probably be that little

bit cooler in these hot and humid streets.

She had on a thin cotton dress of a fine rose floral

pattern with a pair of white high heel shoes and she

had let her hair down loose to hang about her

shoulders. She felt as though she was dressed for her

Sunday visit to church, but the lack of underwear made

life a little bit risqué.

Nagiees was very prompt with his arrival and this time

he brought Lorena a bunch of flowers. They walked out

to the street and entered a car, far bigger than the

rust heap that Lorena had ridden in for the beginning

of her journey. They were driven to a small, by Rio

standards, three story building and walked into a

central square, inside the house. There were many

people milling about doing this and that, and amongst

them were several horses. Lorena recognised the horse

that belonged to Neltitaca and went over to it.

Nel was no where to be seen but the horse recognised

Lorena and snorted a greeting. After patting the big

stallion a little, Lorena was led into a room at the

back of the square and there she found Neltitaca behind

a sowing machine putting final details to some

garments. There were several ladies all doing similar

things either sowing or fitting garments to their

intended wearers. There was little time to talk so

Lorena went back out to see what was going on in the

yard. There were several brightly coloured floats

draped in shimmering gold and silver.

There were canopies and grand chairs and thrones on the

floats with many brightly dressed people in matching

costumes that seemed to reveal as much as they covered.

In fact there were some girls or ladies who had almost

nothing on except for a ribbon that wound around their

bodies covering, or not, the parts that would normally

have to be covered for decencies sake. All the garments

and trappings were of gold, silver or several tasteful

shades of blue. It was stunning to see, and Lorena knew

it would be even more spectacular once the show was

under way.

Everything started to come together at about mid

afternoon. And finally the vanguard was able to leave

for the main assembly point. Lorena found Neltitaca as

she was fixing her self into the sling that would carry

her continuously for the next three days. There were

some minor adjustments made to the harness to provide

better support and then the final fitting was made to

ensure that all was comfortable. Nel's outfit did not

consist of much. She had a lot of glitter stuck to her

naked body and the harness was covered in silver and

blue silk like material. Her hair was set into tight

ringlets that then had sequins and glitter sewn in to

it.

Much of Nel's skin was panted to match the colour of

the material that covered her horse and riding

equipment. She was a sight that would bring many a man

to tears. Gradually the revellers organised themselves

into an order that would take them to the starting

point of the official procession. The gates to the

complex were opened and the contingent of eighty people

slowly filed out to the street. There was much calling

back and fourth between the display entrants and those

who lined the street to watch them go by. Some of these

people would not get another chance to see the

procession as they may be working or away. Others just

wanted a sneak preview of what was the premier event of

the year. Lorena walked beside Neltitaca as she swung

her way in the middle of the entourage. There was a

young boy of about fifteen to lead the horse.

Nel had explained that he was a stable hand and would

look after the horse through out the entire spectacle.

Nel herself would be fed and watered as well if

required. However she had tended not to eat or drink

very much as it created problems later. It would be

extremely difficult to pee if the horse was still

inserted in her vagina. Lorena wondered about that. She

had not had to hold on to her pee for more that twelve

hours.

Nel was about to have a stretch of around fifty six

hours when she would be unable to pee. It would be

painful. The expanding of the bladder, due to increased

contents, with no where to expand to and the tube

through which she would normally pee would be squeezed

closed by the enormous penis. Nel just laughed her

enquiry off saying that one would get used to it in a

while, but Lorena was concerned for her future rides in

the famous Mardi Gras.

The huge horse's penis had already been inserted into

Nel's tender loins before they had all left the safety

of the samba school. The horse had been injected with a

combination of Papaverine and Phentalamine in a fifty,

fifty mix totalling eighty mil. This was expected to

last for about six hours and should last the first half

of the first night's parade. Due to problems of

overdose and bad side effects the next injection would

be sixty mil of Paracelsus, which though it gave a less

hard erection was less troublesome to the horse.

The horse was delayed from ejaculating due to these

injections and would probably only cum about six times

in the whole three days. Nel on the other hand was

already going through her first orgasm as they reached

the starting place for the full Mardi Gras procession.

She was hanging limp in her harness as she received the

strong constrictions in her womb. Lorena watched over

her friend as the stable lad manoeuvred his charge into

the correct position.

There was a lot of jostling and nudging and pushing as

all the people from all the schools sorted there

exhibitions out into the prearranged order. It was five

in the evening and the first schools were already

starting off on the road, but with over a hundred

schools it would take a long time for all of the

contingents to get underway.

Neltitaca's school was eighty fourth in the line and

would have to wait for four and a half hours before

they could start but they all had to be there to claim

their place or they would lose it. No allowances were

made for those who were late. Lorena walked around the

horse-woman combination and checked the straps and

decorations for the last time. It would not do to have

something fall off in the middle, somewhere where it

could not be retrieved. She took a surreptitious look

at the point where the two were joined. There was no

missing the coupling.

The horse was about seven and a half centimetres thick

and Neltitaca had taken well over half the length into

her body. Her hairless vagina was stretched wide to

accommodate the black and pink shaft and the thin lips

that would normally have been tanned and wrinkled, were

pulled taught and were enflamed around the horse cock.

The horse was very nervous of all the hustle and bustle

in the area. He stamped and pulled at the reins that

the boy held, prancing his hind quarters from side to

side, in order to see any danger, as things went on

behind him.

Lorena tried to calm the beast with some effect, the

horse knew her so that made it easier. The boy thanked

her for her troubles. Slowly things settled down in the

area of this school but people could still be heard

calling and shouting further up the line. Now all

Lorena and Nel had to do was to stand and wait. The

horse calmed down and soon it was much quieter. Lorena

stooped down and talked with Neltitaca for a while and

then as Nel wanted to rest Lorena went to see who else

was in this group.

There were seven belly riders all on fine looking

stallions of sixteen hands or more. They were all

dressed in a similar fashion to Neltitaca but there

were differences of style and quantity of covering. One

woman had painted her entire body gold and her horse

was wrapped in pale blue silk. It was a truly stunning

sight as all the riders stood together. All the horses

were firmly implanted in there respective riders and

there was not a penis that was not seven centimetres

thick. Lorena wished that she was riding in this parade

and had her trusty Via thrust deep into her pussy. She

was getting quite wet, thinking about it and was glad

she had not come out with her underwear still on. At

least the hot air would help to dry her as time passed.

It grew dark and soon after the procession pulled them

forward and onto the march. Wheels rumbled and feet

clattered and harnesses jingled as they walked on. It

took five minutes to get everybody in their group

moving and Lorena realised why it had taken so long for

them to start after the first group had left. She was

about to walk off beside Nel when Nagiees appeared at

her side. "Come with me I will take you to a place

where we can watch the whole procession and not miss

any of it. It is always best on the first day and you

can walk with your friend tomorrow if you like." Lorena

agreed and was whisked into the milling throng after a

quick parting wave to Nel.

The two of them were soon away from the hubbub and the

throng and Nagiees took her through dark streets and

narrow passages. Lorena did not feel frightened or

anxious. She felt surprisingly safe with this new

friend. It did not take long to reach a new, brightly

lit street where though there were many people, the

floats had not yet arrived.

There were the normal street lights and some extra

electric lights that had been put up just along the

marching rout, but in addition to this there were also

many people holding burning torches, that flickered and

danced in the slight breeze Nagiees pushed Lorena to

the front of the crowd and then stood close behind her.

She could feel him pressed against her back and he had

placed his hands on her hips. It was not an unwelcome

touch and she let it stand. They did not have long to

wait.

The first floats crept by with loud music and

outrageous dancing. There were drums and whistles and

shouts and screams to augment the grate cacophony.

Lorena was soon into the swing of the occasion and

danced on the side of the road, as the spectacle passed

by. Some times the couple were on one side of the

street and at others they walked to the other to get a

different view of the event.

Many people were drinking and later there were one or

two who, having overindulged too early, ended up lying

in the road totally oblivious to the things around

them. Lorena did not drink and had the best time of her

life. There were people making love on the side of the

road and many did so while still watching the parade.

It titillated Lorena to see them, and to know that it

would be so easy for her to do the same, as she had no

cloth barrier to protect her inner sanctum. She

resisted the idea though her escort was a prime choice

of partner, should she change her mind The two of them

moved up the street against the flow of the parade and

came to a large square where all the samba schools

seemed to be taking a rest. Drinks were being offered

out and there were many different schools all talking

to each other. It was a total riot of colour.

Many of the schools had of course left already and

there were only about four or five schools stopped at

any one time but Lorena worked out that they would all

eventually arrive here. It was a fascinating thing to

watch as the members of different displays all

intermingled. Only the belly riders seemed to stay

where they were parked, and the rest of the group

seemed to use them as a regroup pointer for when it was

time to move on again. This it turned out was also the

place where the horses received their second injection.

Lorena and Nagiees walked around talking to many folk.

Nagiees seemed to know everybody. People called his

name or came up to him and shook his hand and

congratulated him. It did not seem strange that he

should be known by so many but it did seem strange that

he should be her guide. She brushed off the thought and

carried on enjoying the evening, which had now turned

into early morning. She was feeling quite aroused by

the noise and activity. It was a wonderful feeling. It

took many more hours before the whole procession came

to an end and even then many revellers just decided to

follow the tail end and make their own unofficial

display.

Lorena and Nagiees ended up drifting through the slowly

emptying streets as the dawn started to arrive in the

East. It was time to return to the samba school, to

help look after the now quite tired paraders. Lorena

stopped, turned to Nagiees, and realised that she was

holding his hand. She liked it and did not let go. "It

must be time to go and help the participants now but I

need to go to my hotel to freshen up. Is that all

right?"

The whole side trip should have only taken a few

moments as there was not a lot that Lorena needed to

do. There was no problem, so the two walked slowly to

the hotel. Lorena invited Nagiees up to her room to

wait while she did what needed to be done. He did not

hang back. At the door she let them both in and turned

to close it behind them. Then she did something she had

not intended to do. Locking the door she turned to

Nagiees and kissed him, full on the lips.

"I hope you are not married," she whispered to him,

"Because if you are you will be very tired if your wife

wants you to service her." She smiled up into his face

and placed his hands on her buttocks. Then she folded

her right leg round Nagiees's legs as though she was

trying to prevent his escape, and slid his hand up her

body taking her dress with it. There could be no doubt

that she was naked and available under the skimpy

garment. If she had not displayed her charms before, to

some unsuspecting person, she would have been very

surprised. This time she made sour that all was

displayed. She turned her catch and herself so that she

had her back to a mirror that she knew was in the room.

Nagiees seemed to only take a quick look before he bent

to kiss her again. This would work out quite well

thought Lorena.

It was not long before they were both on the bed and

disrobed. Lorena lay down for her catch and enticed him

to her. He took no time in falling into her arms and

penetrating her. The first fight was hard and fast. He

ejaculated deep into her body after a few minutes and

they lay quietly for a while. This was something Lorena

had never had. Her vagina seemed very loose to her,

almost sloppy, as he thrust in and out, but there must

have been enough feeling for him to achieve his climax.

The warmth and strength of a man were much more

rewarding than a horse but that did not mean to say she

would give up on a horse. They still had the gold

meddle for endurance and size. This was a very nice

interlude and a pleasant change from raw brute

strength.

Lorena pushed Nagiees of her and climbed on top. He had

remained quite hard even after the first ejaculation,

so it was easy for her to find his weapon and

reintroduce it to her succulent nest sight. She found

him to small to fill her but she clenched her muscles

to try and make her vagina a little tighter. She rode

him as if he was a horse under her, galloping through

the field around her hacienda. She came several times

and was gratified to feel him shoot into her for a

second time. Again they rested and lay together still

joined as one Nagiees rolled onto her again and took

her a third time holding her legs over his shoulders.

Lorena felt her bottom smacked by his testicles, with

each thrust that he made, and reached another climax.

He drove into her long and slow each time, reaching

depths that he had not reached in either previous bout.

It took a long time this time. He collapsed onto her,

his full weight pressing her into the bed. he was warm

and she folded her arms around him. He slept for a

while. She did not, unused to having a second person in

her bed, she thought about what it would be like to

have a husband. No, this was fun, but to have to put up

with it whenever he demanded satisfaction. That, she

could do without.

When he awoke he rolled off her and apologised for

imprisoning her in such a way. She made little of it

and turned over onto her hands and knees, waving her

bottom in his direction. This would be the best look he

would ever get as she thrust her hips up and waggled in

front of his face. He leapt to the task of satisfying

her one last time.

This would be the coup de grace that he presented to

her. He started to lick her buttocks and gradually

advanced toward her vagina. Holding her hips he

supported himself as he progressed. His touch became

more subtle as he advanced toward her entrance until he

was hardly touching her with his tongue. Just flicking

at her skin. Suddenly he stopped and straitening up he

thrust his penis into her expectant crevice. It slid in

as far as he could reach. He thrust two or three timed

to help strengthen his erection. As he continued to

slide in and out, he put a finger to Lorena's anus.

She had not expected this and clenched her muscled.

Nagiees scratched at the ruffled skin that surrounded

the anal opening. Slowly Lorena relaxed. She had

decided to let him do as he pleased. It would be a

small reward for his time and effort in looking after

her. As she relaxed he inserted his finger deeper

applying some sort of liquid, possibly saliva, to the

opening. She wanted him. It was taking to long. She was

ready for him to cum again.

He continued to thrust his penis in and out of her

vagina while his finger stretched her anal sphincter.

It felt like he had pushed almost his whole hand into

her though she knew it was not so. It did not hurt but

she was very sensitive there and with each fresh

movement she clamped her muscles again. However each

muscle spasm was less that the previous one. Nagiees

new he would get what he wanted soon.

Slipping his finger in and out and lubricating the

opening with Lorena's own love juice, Nagiees loosened

her anus to a point where it was easy to penetrate her.

He briefly inserted a second finger and thrust twice.

Then as he pulled his penis out, still maintaining his

rhythm he swapped his finger for the now removed penis

and guided his shaft into her tight anus.

The penis was at least three centimetres thick and

stretched Lorena even more. It felt like it was burning

as he thrust in several times to gain depth. Lorena

gasped with each thrust and wondered if it would hurt

more as he thrust more often. Lorena's vagina had been

quite slack for the man but this new orifice was much

to his liking. Like a virgin, which technically

speaking, in that entrance she was. He rode her slowly,

giving her time to acustomise to the new motion.

Lorena soon became used to the feeling and finding that

it did not hurt much she decided to enjoy the act. This

may be the only time she would ever be taken this way

and it would be a shame not to enjoy and make the most

of it. she reached back with one hand and started to

stroke her clitoris. It was quite sore from previous

attentions but it would still provide her with a good

strong orgasm if she went slowly. She rubbed up and

down between her pussy lips and started to slide her

finger into her now vacant vagina.

Nagiees increased his rate of thrust, pulling his penis

almost all the way out before returning it to the

depths of Lorena's bowel. The tightness of her anus

would provide him with a quick ejaculation but he

wanted it to last as long as possible. Lorena achieved

a first mild orgasm and seemed to go straight on to the

next which was stronger. Nagiees increased his speed

again as he realised that Lorena was well on her way to

a massive climax. It started to seem like a well

coordinated machine, each part speeding up in response

to the other parts. It took only a short while until

Nagiees shot his final jet of sperm into Lorena's

aching anus. He was deep in her and his stomach was

pressed hard against her buttocks as he spilled. Lorena

reached her peek shortly afterwards and gasped as her

body was wracked by the strong spasms inside her

vagina. Both collapsed on the bed, and still united,

drifted off to sleep for an hour or two.

Lorena awoke first and finding that Nagiees's penis had

shrunk and flopped out she got up and went to wash

herself. When she returned Nagiees was awake. She felt

embarrassed at her nakedness in front of a man she had

only known for three days. He watched her as she

dressed and did her hair, then he followed suit and

they went down to find something to eat. A quick snack

and then to the Samba School.

Most of the people were resting still but some had

started to fix things that had broken the previous

night, or make changes to their dress or regalia.

Neltitaca was asleep, with her horse, in a corner of

the yard. Her horse was resting in the shade, and

seemed to be contented as he munched on some hay that

had been placed in a trough. There was also a trough of

water which he had obviously indulged in as there was

water all over the ground around him.

Nel's hand and legs had been released from the straps

that had held her while she had ridden the streets but

the huge horse cock was still deeply penetrating her

vagina. Lorena stroked the horse's head as that was the

only part of him that was not completely entwined and

bound by various cloths, ribbons and straps. The horse

nodded to her but otherwise did not move.

Nel continued to sleep. After a while Lorena decided to

find something to do and ended up helping a young lad

look after a couple of the other belly rider's horses.

Feed and water and make sure that they were not too

skittish in the heat of the day. By the third hour of

the afternoon, more people were waking and starting to

move about.

Nel awoke and requested a drink. She ended up consuming

a half litre of water and having a small slice of bread

with a piece of chicken. She must have been very

thirsty. Lorena felt the heat and needed to drink at

regular intervals. How Nel could manage to go three

days with so little was beyond the younger woman's

comprehension. Not long now until they all walked off

again.

Lorena was to lead Nel's horse this time. She had been

given some ribbons and pieces of cloth which she pined

to her dress in order to show the house colours. She

thought that it looked good, but several women came to

her and, insisting that she remove the floral dress,

they quickly arranged the bits and pieces into a

reasonable example of a rather revealing Mardi Gras

costume.

Lorena did not feel comfortable showing her body to

such an extent, for all and sundry to view for the next

six to eight hours, but time had run out and the

precession was on its way for the second instalment. As

she walked along Lorena wanted to adjust some of the

trappings that she was now adorning, but she could not

work out how to adjust without loosening what little

she had. She did not wish to loose the whole lot and

end up naked.

Eventually, deciding to leave it as it was, was the

only choice. She had several blue ribbons entwined into

her dark hair, and a large flash of glitter on each

cheek. Her face make up was of deep purple to show off

her skin colour around her eyes and this was blended

into a pale blue on her forehead. To cover her body she

had a single long ribbon, about a centimetre wide, that

had been wound round her to provide an out line to the

supposed clothes she would have worn if she had had

any. It started off, tucked at the front, in a silver

collar, and ran down the front of her body and between

her legs. From there it ran up between her buttocks,

around her waist, back down between her buttocks,

through her legs again and up to the collar. Then it

passed under one arm round her back, under the other

arm round one breast and up over her shoulder. Then it

looped round the strap at her back, back over the other

shoulder.

From there it went round under the other breast, right

round her back, under her other arm and back to the

front of her collar. The whole thing was held in place

by one beautiful broach of glittering blue stones.

Lorena knew that if she unfastened the broach she would

never get it fastened again, and there was just no way

to move any one bit of the ribbon to cover her self

more without it all falling in disarray. It was too

late now anyway. Every thing was moving and she had no

time to stop.

"Stop fidgeting with it, and enjoy the walk Lorena."

Neltitaca had been watching her friend's consternation

and wanted to put her out of her misery. "Once you are

walking through the crowd it will not matter what you

are wearing. Just be happy to be in the march. You are

doing something I have never done. If you ride some day

you will have done Mardi Gras every way possible.

Watching, marching and riding. Not many people get to

do all three."

This hit Lorena with a force. She would be almost

unique. Participants normally had to attend the march

on all three days of the march. If Lorena could find a

horse tomorrow, maybe she could ride tomorrow and do

all three in one year. Would they let her? It was up to

the school with whom she rode. She wondered if Nagiees

would help her. She liked him and felt that he would do

almost anything to make her happy, but did his sphere

of influence reach that far.

As she thought about the next day and the slim chance

of doing a very special thing, her attention was drawn

to the crowds that were beginning to line the roads.

For the second day running people were standing five or

six deep to see the Samba displays slowly wend their

way through the streets of Rio. Her mind forgot about

her nakedness and she started to enjoy the showing off

and the sound and cries from the crowd. She started to

mince her walk to show her grace and slenderness,

really falling into the atmosphere of the exhibition.

Lorena and Neltitaca had been talking to each other as

they walked but the crowd threw so many comments that

soon the ladies had to stop their chatter because of

the noise. It was not long before they couldn't even

hear what people were shouting at them.

Several different pieces of music playing at the same

time plus shouts, whistles and bangs all added up to

make a din that Lorena had never heard before The whole

cavalcade progressed at a sedate one and a half

kilometres per hour as the various individuals danced,

leapt, swaggered and whirled their way along. The whole

thing took over five hours to pass any single point in

the city and it took three hours to walk the four

kilometre rout. This meant that from the start of the

first person, to the end of the last person, took over

eight hours.

There were two places to stop and rest, one, about an

hour into the walk, that Lorena had visited the night

before, and another about three hours into the walk.

These had been set up just to allow drinks and a rest

for the dancers who otherwise had to keep going all the

time. It did not take long for Lorena to find a natural

dance style that made her feel happy and that she could

keep doing for the duration. As she moved she could

feel her breasts bounce in their ribbons and this

turned her on. She began to get quite wet between her

legs. Not to orgasm pitch but hot enough that she would

have been happy to oblige any customer who requested

her attention. She almost forgot her duty of looking

after.

Neltitaca, hung in the harness beside her. There was

also the needs of the horse who would probably require

water at the stops. Lorena looked down at her friend.

The older girl's eyes were shut tight as a sexual spasm

raked her body. Lorena was pleased for her.

It seemed no time at all before the school reached the

first rest area. Nel requested a small drink of water

and then was happy. The horse seemed to require more. A

bucket of water which was spilled over Nel's head as

the horse drank and then there was the next injection

to administer. This all took time and Lorena only

managed to get a mouth full of water before she was off

again following the rest of the procession, with her

horse impaled friend at her side. For all the time it

actually took to complete the course, it seemed to be

only a few minutes to Lorena before they arrived at the

second stop.

Several young men had stepped up to Lorena as she

danced along, and had whispered things into her ear.

She had pretended to hear and laughed on each occasion

but the truth to tell she had no idea what any of the

men had said. It had all been too noisy. At the second

stop another bucket of water was administered to the

horse but he only drank a little. Neltitaca required

nothing. Lorena was better able to care for herself

this time but it still seemed a very short time for a

rest.

The last section of the walk passed just as quickly as

the previous two and it was not long before the group

were headed back to the school building. It was well

passed midnight when they were all back again and after

seeing to horses and riders, and making sure that all

the parts of the float were in a good place the

revellers continued their dancing and merry making.

Bottles of drink passed from person to person without

regard for whether they knew the next individual or

not.

Lorena had several sips from two or three different

bottles and was unable to say what any of them were. It

made her tipsy and she just carried on dancing. It was

beginning to show the promise of the light of day

before anyone went to their makeshift beds either

singly or in pairs. Lorena did not know and did not

really care. She was quite tired from the effort of

dancing all that time. She found a blanket from a

corner of a room and then went back out to the yard.

She lay down close to Neltitaca and was soon asleep.

Nel was already asleep and the horse, still fully

erect, nodded its head as it dosed by some hay and a

water trough.

Day three dawned for Lorena at about eleven in the

morning. Some others were already moving about but it

was still quiet in the yard. Nel's horse had moved off

to a shadier spot. Lorena was hot and could understand

the horses' reasons. She stood up and slowly looked

around. There was a faint smell of something cooking

which made her stomach growl. She was hot and sticky,

she wanted to cool off and the nearest thing for that

was the horse trough. She dunked her head to try and

clear it. It helped a little but she needed more. She

climbed in, forgetting her outfit, if that is what it

could be called.

Water flowed over the edge of the trough and travelled

in runnels across the yard. Lorena paid no heed and

sank down under the water, running her hands through

her hair. It was then that she found the ribbons

entwined in her locks. She unbraided them one by one

and put them over the side of the water trough. Then

she unfastened the broach from her neck and placing it

and the collar on the floor she unwound the ribbon from

her body. Remembering how wet she had got the night

before she decided that the ribbon should be washed

before it was used again. This she did in the trough.

Then she emerged cool and refreshed, her naked body

gleaming in the sun as the water dripped off. She wrung

out her hair and then she stood bathing in the warmth

to dry herself. Now she was ready for whatever the day

would bring. After eating and seeing to Neltitaca's

needs of food and water, Lorena suddenly remembered her

idea of maybe riding on the last day instead of being a

ground based spectator. She asked several people who

was in charge of the school and was eventually directed

to somebody. "I am sorry," came the reply.

"This honour is reserved for those who contribute to

the schools finances on a regular basis. You were

allowed to walk yesterday because you are a close

friend of Lady Nel. She has been coming here every year

for a long time and she always sends us money to help

pay for the school. She made a special request for you

and we were happy to oblige her. However if you wish to

contribute some funds, maybe a thousand dollars, I

would be happy to let you ride next year." He thought

for a moment. "Besides, where do I get a horse at such

short notice? Geldings, mares or donkeys, but these not

possible for what you need. You need a stallion with a

large penis and big nochos." He expressed a size in

gross exaggeration of the truth and then with another

apology for not allowing her the honour of belly riding

today he walked away.

Lorena was disappointed. She had felt sure that she

would find a way but of course without a horse she

could do nothing. She could however give the man his

thousand dollars and be sure of a place next year. The

day passed slowly and the precession did not hold the

same power over Lorena as it had the two previous days.

She enjoyed herself but was always just a little sad

that she had not been able to fulfil her hopes. She

watched the march from amongst the crowd and this time

was able hear the things that the men shouted at the

riders. All the comments were lurid and accurately

descriptive, and enough to make any lady blush, which

Lorena did on numerous occasions.

She was with Nagiees again and they spent the whole

night going from place to place to see what people were

doing on this last night. It seemed that everybody

wanted to make it last as long as possible. The antics

and dancing continued non stop until sunrise. It was in

the early hours just before dawn that Lorena stopped

Nagiees and made love to him on the corner of a square

through which the procession had passed several hours

before. She did not hesitate or think about the

consequences. She just wanted to say thank you with her

body. It only took a few moments to finish, but in that

time several other people stopped close by and watched.

Lorena was oblivious to them.

Later she said fair well to the people at the school,

to Nel, who was still strapped to her horse, and by the

afternoon she was on her way home again. Arriving three

days later she was greeted with warm enthusiasm from

all her staff and had to spend hours telling of all the

wonders of the city, the sea, the Mardi Gras and the

belly riders.

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Two weeks later she sent a money order to the Samba

School for the equivalent of eleven hundred dollars to

ensure her place in the next event. The extra was just

as a thank you for their tolerance of an outsider.

Chapter 6

Nine months later Lorena had grown. It had taken

several weeks for her to notice the change. She had

missed her first period and not realised but when the

second was over due it hit her like a hammer. She was

pregnant. There was only one person who could be the

Father, unless a horse had found a way of achieving

human fertilisation. Lorena was pleased that it was the

wonderful young man she had been with at Mardi Gras.

There could not have been a better choice. She longed

to have the child and start the task of being Mother.

She had been riding Via on most days and suddenly

wondered if such deep penetration would be harmful to

the growing fetus.

Her Aunt Elizabet gave reassurance that all would be

fine for a month or so but after that the daily rides

would have to stop. Stop they had, and Lorena watched

in alarm as her previously slim figure swelled to

enormous proportions. As the days and months passed

Lorena had become more and more cumbersome and had

eventually decided to remain in the house, until the

episode was over.

Nel found another willing person to help her with her

own rides, just to cover the time while Lorena was

unable. But other wise nothing changed. Eventually the

day came, and with the help of a doctor and two of her

own maids, Lorena gave birth, with some difficulty, but

no complications to a lovely baby girl. To be called

Isabella Mariana, she would be brought up to ride

horses and if she wanted, to belly ride, in the

tradition of her forebears.

Her uterus closed up to form what was almost a normal

opening. It took another four weeks but close it did.

Lorena however did not wait for the full time. As soon

as she was sure that the horse would no longer gain

entry to her uterus, she set to work retraining to

belly ride. Via it seemed had not forgotten any of his

skills and the first ride, without drugs, went without

a hitch. At the end of it, Lorena had found out just

how out of condition she was after such a long break.

She quickly set up a new program of exercises and rides

to improve her condition. If she could not ride Mardi

Gras, at least she would ride at home. The use of the

drugs for Via was resumed after only a couple of weeks.

Several months passed and the rides became longer.

Three hours, five hours, a day. While the baby was

still small Lorena often only rode for an hour at a

time. If longer she would carry her child with her and

breast feed the little girl on demand. There was always

the possibility of hiring a wet nurse, but the job was

better done by the natural Mother rather than a

substitute. Once the baby was weaned, the situation

changed. Lorena did not mind having one of her maids

look after the child's needs. It was just as she

herself had been raised.

At completion of her first full day and night coupled

ride, Lorena held a small celebration. This however was

not the end of it. she spent more and more time in the

saddle. Work that needed authorisation, or other things

that required consultation began to have to be asked of

the lady while she was in the saddle. The length of the

rides increased. Thirty, thirty five hours, each was an

achievement and boosted Lorena to go on. Two whole days

was at last passed, and then a stumbling block.

Her stomach started to cramp at about fifty hours.

Intense pains in her abdomen, bladder and lower back.

She tried to facilitate a method of peeing while

coupled but could never squeeze out more than a few

drops. She new that it was the fullness of her bladder

that was causing the problem, because when she finished

the ride and was able to pee, the pain went instantly.

She would have to learn to overcome her thirst. She

noticed that the horse seemed to be having similar

problems.

At the end of a ride the beast would stand and shake

until he had emptied his bladder. Some times this would

take several minutes and seemed to be enough to fill a

bath. The animal would also have to be treated. He

though could not tell anyone where or how much it hurt.

And he could not pee if he had an erection. That was

physically impossible.

Lorena started to consume less during a ride but it did

not help. She could last longer with the horse but the

thirst was fare worse. Nel suggested to drink less

before the ride so that her body would be less full at

the beginning. That worked out to some extent and she

was able to move on to a staggering fifty six hours.

This was not enough though. At least sixty would be

required for a Mardi Gras. She would just have to keep

trying until something came to mind. Six years passed

before Lorena felt confident that she could complete

the full three day event of Mardi Gras without fainting

or dying of thirst.

Neltitaca had tried to provide a number of solutions to

solve the problems but they were both just fishing at

this point. Nel had never had the problem of thirst,

probably due to her native indian background. Lorena

however was of Spanish decent and did have the problem.

Maybe she slowly overcame it, or maybe something they

tried worked without their realising. Whatever it was

Lorena suddenly found that she could manage sixty two

hours comfortably. Her bladder still felt it would

burst at the end and she felt as though she would pee

for ever, but at last she achieved what it had taken so

long to attain. It was inevitable that the belly rider

training had taken its toll.

Sometimes Lorena would pass out from the pain, the size

of the horse's penis was normal, if not large for a

human to take. However his orgasm caused his penis head

to balloon tremendously causing Lorena's internal

organs to be squashed. Over the years, she had had her

internal organs rearranged considerably due to the

pressure of the horse phallus. Yet she persevered in

her strange practice, driven on by her lust and the

pleasure she felt in spite of the pain. Now it was time

to prepare for the travel and the lodging and all the

other little things that have to be sorted before a

long journey.

Travel with her horse on the train would be too

difficult. Besides there would have to be road

transport to the station so Lorena decided to buy a

truck and horse box. She also had to learn to drive the

contraption. Then there was training Via not to panic

in the box when it was going along on the mud tracks

that sufficed as roads in this part of the world. To

Lorena's dismay another year passed and she was only

able to watch the show from the side lines. The fact

that she had always contributed her thousand dollars to

the Samba School made her very welcome to them, and she

was always able to join in with the march if she so

chose. Sometimes she chose to lead Neltitaca and

sometimes not. Leading made her feel melancholy so more

often than not she chose not.

Lorena's daughter was growing. It would not be long

before she herself would start to learn to belly ride

if she so wished. Lorena was not about to put a block

in the way of a family tradition. The girl was eight

now. She had her own horse and was a competent

horsewoman. From that mare would be foaled a fine

stallion, probably from her Mothers own Via. As fine a

horse as his sire, though Korrtona had died recently,

his genes lived on and seemed to have the same

abilities. Only male foals.

Isabella Mariana had her eighth Birthday at the end of

the second week of November, and suddenly everything

seemed to fall into place. Lorena found that there was

absolutely nothing to stop her riding in the next

festival. It was to be held at the end of the following

February, quite late for the time of year, compared

with previous times. Lorena would depart for Rio De

Janeiro in the middle of January to provide enough time

to get her horse and things to the big city. It would

be a hard sixteen hundred kilometres, along mostly dirt

roads and with the possibility of being ambushed by

bandits.

Lorena would have the trial of her life on this

journey. All seemed to be fine as her departure date

approached but suddenly problems started to arise. The

little girl developed a slight cold, Via went lame for

a week, there were problems in the house. None of these

serious in itself but each a slight delay to the

intended journey.

Finally, the day came when Lorena knew she had to get

on her way. Family, friends, which was most of the

local village, and the hacienda hired hands were

summoned to the large courtyard fronting the hacienda's

main building. Lorena's sexual preferences were known

by most of them; in the small, isolated world of her

hacienda it was inevitable that her life style could

not remain a secret for long. However, no one would

have dared criticise Lorena, for she was the owner of

an illustrious name and ruled her hacienda with an

efficient hand.

Thus there were gasps, of course, but there were no

obscene comments or gestures when Lorena was led out in

public, strapped underneath her horse, with its

hardened phallus penetrating deep inside her. A few of

the more worldly spectators, including a conclave of

older women, who had once ridden themselves, nodded

appreciatively for they knew that this was 'La

Confession' or the public coming out ceremony of a

belly rider.

After a brief, silence, a few of the spectators

applauded cautiously. The servant that had helped

Lorena paraded, announced that, at last Lorena was to

fulfill her ambition to ride the three days of Mardi

Gras and that she hoped that all of the present company

would see fit to wish her well. Then indicating the

horse and rider she cried out. "Watch well what she

does and know that she is proud of doing it first, in

front of you. My Lady asks that you celebrate her

departure and enjoy the spectacle."

On cue, Champagne bottles were opened and servants

appeared bearing all manner of confections, while

musicians struck up a festive air. Eventually, the

celebration got underway, fuelled by the abundant

spirits, while Lorena and her horse stood in the middle

of her guests.

Several of the guests knelt next to her and kissed her

affectionately, caressing her brow and wishing her

luck. There were many queries about her motivation.

Lorena bravely smiled in spite of her awkward position;

this was what she wanted to do, she explained, she

loved it and had no regrets. Yes, it did hurt at times,

but it also felt wonderful and when he came, it was

glorious. She looked forward to being led down the

streets of Rio in this fashion. Something she had

waited for, for so many years. Yes, she could come like

this.

Certainly, three days in this position was a long time,

but she was ready. Yes, she had about 12 inches inside

her and it pushed against her intestine. No, she was

not afraid of rupturing but if such happened then she

hoped it went in all the way to her chest. Wouldn't

that be a great way to die? Yes, she drank the horse's

sperm often and it tasted salty, and nothing like

anything else on this Earth. You had to get used to it.

Of course she could not get pregnant this way!

Then a few of the more superstitious guests started

rubbing charms and amulets on Lorena, for it was well

known that those who offer themselves willingly for

surplice and death act as agents for fortune's favours.

Lorena tolerated these attentions good-naturedly for

she really did not cared about such matters. Her whole

universe centred on the warm shaft of horseflesh inside

her, and the joy she felt in publicly and shamelessly

displaying her preferences. It was not that she did not

like men, just that a horse was, well, better....

Several spectators took turns to gently lead Lorena and

her horse around the courtyard until his inevitable

orgasm occurred. There was much clapping and cheering

as the horse came and Lorena cried for joy. The

ejaculation was spectacular and the volume of fluid,

filled her to overflowing. Afterwards, Lorena was

helped to her unsteady feet. Her wide open cunt, from

whose yawning lips gobs of semen fell, could be seen by

all. Via was led away, his penis still fully engorged

and swollen.

A small bowl of horse semen, which had previously been

collected, was brought. Neltitaca touched a drop of the

semen to Lorena's forehead and then held the bowl to

her lips for Lorena to drink the offering. Applause and

congratulations were heard from all directions from her

guests and staff. Some of the sperm fell from the bowl

and landed on Lorena's breasts. It slowly ran down her

body until it reached the thick mat of hair at her

pubis.

Afterwards a short robe was draped around her

shoulders. She knew she had to appease a curious Latin

sense of modesty, which did not mind a woman making

love to a horse in public, but did object to her

standing around completely nude. The rest of the

afternoon was uneventful. Lorena socialised with her

guests while horse semen dribbled down her legs.

Eventually Lorena excused herself and went to her

quarters to wash and dress. Later that day, with her

horse secure in its trailer, Lorena started towards

Rio.

Once on the road to the border, Lorena took stock in

her achievements. Her horse was healthy and strong and,

more importantly, was used to being inside her. His

seed was abundant and his phallus was very long and

widened at the base. As for Lorena, she was in her mid

twenties and kept herself in good shape. She wished she

could have arranged to make this pilgrimage earlier,

several years earlier, but some thing or other had

always prevented the making of arrangements. Her body

had paid the price for the unnatural stretching it had

undergone but she was confident of surviving her ride.

Certainly her vagina had scarred and toughened and she

could now accommodate a full twelve inches of phallus,

perhaps more.

As for the coming out ceremony, it had been a definite

success. Her friends, family, and servants who had not

known before, now knew and accepted, or had to accept,

the fact that she made love to equines. In fact, mused

Lorena, when she came back she would seek to delegate

the day to day running of the hacienda to one of her

staff. She could then devote herself to making love to

her horses. In fact, she concluded, she had enough

animals that she could be strapped under one

continuously, just changing from one to anther when

they came. Lorena laughed.

The superstitious folks who had rubbed charms and

saint's pictures on her were right, after all, she had

given herself fully, willingly, and eagerly to the

darkest gods of lust. There were no regrets. She did

not feel that they should be called the dark gods,

pleasure gods would be more appropriate. There was no

evil involved. She wondered if it would be all right to

do this while she was having her time of month

problems.

By the time she reached the Brazilian border, she was

just about on time to make the first day of the

festival. A new problem was created by new customs

regulations, which required that a vet, certify her

horse as being disease free. Lorena protested that her

horse was hale (she ought to know). The customs

officers were adamant; they even threatened to

quarantine her horse. For Lorena not being allowed

belly ride would have been unthinkable Lorena stood in

front of an unsympathetic customs officer who did not

budge in his refusal to allow her horse through.

Faced with an unyielding customs bureaucracy, Lorena

chose the obvious solution: she offered money, a bribe,

enough to satisfy all of his greed but not enough to

make him think to request even more. The customs

officer leered obscenely at Lorena while he considered

the offer. In front of him was a handsome and

aristocratic looking young woman and the thought of

extracting other favours out of one such as her,

titillated him. Lorena winced under his obvious

scrutiny; there had been a few men in her life but she

had never succumbed to any man she had not chosen

herself. Thankfully, greed won over lust and the

uniformed man nodded his acceptance of the bribe.

As the pertinent documents were stamped, a few of the

customs house denizens murmured obscene comments and

made gestures in the same vein. Someone had peeked into

her horse trailer and seeing the horse, had noted his

permanently semi-erect phallus. The fact that Lorena, a

single woman, had been so frantic in advocating the

horse's importation and the stated destination, Rio,

plus the time of the year, so close to Mardi Gras, this

all had led to conclusions. Lorena could not help

overhearing and could not ignore them. They knew what

she was, a belly rider! In spite of herself, Lorena

blushed, which only confirmed their suspicions. If only

they would hurry the process, she thought.

Eventually, the embarrassing scene ended. Lorena

muttered her thanks to the customs officer and handed

an envelope fattened with cash to a waiting hand. Then,

with the obscene catcalls of the customs house crowd

sounding in her ears, Lorena got her truck in gear and

drove off with her horse trailer in tow. She wondered

if a similar scene would be waiting for her upon her

return.

Why should she feel shame, she chided herself as she

drove. What she did was, after all, her own business

and she hurt no one. Well, almost no one, she corrected

herself, for she then felt a stab of pain in her

crotch, the result of the constant stretching she

subjected herself to. Lorena wiped an involuntary tear,

cursing herself for having shown weakness in front of

the men, intolerant boors. "Men! No wonder she had

given up on them." She shouted. Now her horse was her

sole companion. They were better endowed, did not

complain, and even smelled better!

By the time dusk arrived, the prospect of her belly

ride had restored Lorena's spirit. She was still days

away from Rio and knew she might not get to do a full

three-day's ride, the customs had taken several hours

longer than she had allowed for, but maybe they would

let her be strapped for the last two days of the Mardi

Gras. She would ride this year, regardless, she

insisted, even if she had to drive non-stop for days.

But sleep threatened to overwhelm her. The road was

lonely, a monotonous and desolate, brown dirt, ribbon,

cutting through the southern Brazilian pampas. After a

scare in which Lorena fell asleep at the wheel for a

few seconds, she concluded that she had to stop and

camp for the night.

The stars were already up when Lorena arrived at a

river crossing. Carefully, she drove her truck and

trailer off the side of the road to the riverbank and

sought a campsite. About a mile from the road, she

found a solitary, secluded, spot, idyllic, an island of

rain forest in the midst of the pampas. Still, Lorena

was wary in the midst of all that beauty. As she

lowered herself stiffly from the cab she tied on a gun

belt. A lone woman could not take any chances of being

caught, surprised by bandits.

The river was a lazy meandering brook that reflected

the tropical moon. Lorena removed her clothes and

stepped into the water being careful not to stray too

far away from her gun. She massaged her tortured

crotch. The water was cool and refreshing but she

hurried her ablutions; there are all manner of

creatures living in such streams.

Refreshed, Lorena walked naked back to her trailer,

with her clothes bundled under an arm. Her lover

waited, she knew. A quick glance around the surrounding

jungle indicated that she was still alone. She would

give her trusty friend a quick walk around before she

settled down for the night. She did not bother to put

any of her cloths on for this.

Turning her horse round in the trailer she then led him

out. He followed her quietly. Once on flat land she

leapt to his back and rode him slowly into the stream.

Then she proceeded down the water course away from the

road. Still clutching her gun she felt safe though

remained watchful. She had had a grate deal of training

with the weapon and would not hesitate to use it in an

instant. When she returned to the camp she washed Via

in river water and then led him into the trailer for

the night. Satisfied that all was still quiet, she shut

and secured the trailer door behind her.

Via stamped the trailer floor eagerly; he was ready.

Lorena smiled and started massaging her crotch.

Murmuring soothing remarks to her horse, she proceeded

to massage his protruding penis. Coaxing an erection.

The horse was well trained and eager. Lorena's gentle

massaging and her oral ministrations soon resulted in

an erection of the usual massive proportions. Lorena

eagerly drank the drops of pre-cum that crowned the

glans. She did not wish to over exert her friend just

before he was about to go on display in the finest

carnival in all the World. She would only enjoy his

love for a short while, so that he could sleep after

the long journey. There would be more of the same

tomorrow.

Satisfied with the iron hard erection that ensued,

Lorena placed a couch under the horse's belly and laid

down on it, facing Via. She guided the horse's shaft

towards her crotch and pushed her torso forward. The

horse knew what to do and he thrust his hips forward

too. His shaft entered her brusquely, pushing a full

twenty five centimetres into her and pulling in her

engorged labia lips. Lorena grunted with pain, taking

every inch that the horse offered.

The horse's penile head now pushed against her cervical

opening. It took Lorena's muscles some time to adjust

but she knew this would not do, not for a belly rider.

She had accepted far more than that on numerous

occasions. It could just be the nerves of actually

going to Rio, specifically to belly ride. Lorena willed

herself further up the shaft though the pain in her

cervix became intense. The horse took a step forward

and a sharp, pang of pain tore through her abdomen;

Lorena was not a large woman and knew she had reached

bottom. She reached and touched the horse's balls, so

near yet so far away from her crotch. Resigned to only

get just over a foot of horse meat inside her. Thus

pinned against the couch, she lay still as Via rocked

slowly in to her. She came several times before he did.

Pretty soon the shaft exited and entered her a full

twenty centimetres at a time, pulling and pushing at

her labia minora. The brutal pounding was both painful

and delightful. She was used to this treatment but her

body soon was covered in a sheen of sweat and her eyes

were shut tight with lust. She kept her legs spread

wide, grimacing with pain and pleasure.

Soon her first orgasm came and others followed,

exhausting her completely. Her crotch frothed and

driblets of horse semen ran to a pool forming on the

couch on which she lay. That could be cleaned later if

she decided to keep the couch the horse continued its

pounding, unceasing, rhythm; he was well trained. Thus

Lorena passed out, exhausted, under the horse's brutal

onslaught. Lorena never felt the horse's penis head

inside her, balloon to stupendous proportions as he

came inside her.

Once he had cum, his penis went limp but though it

reduced in size it did not retract. It stayed at its

full length but flaccid so that it curved gracefully

from his body to hers. The beast stood over Lorena

contented to let his head nod as he slept. The lady

slept under him, having dreams of grand marches and

wonderful, colourful displays. There was nothing

outside to distract either sleeper.

-=\*=-

The following day, Lorena was woken by a cacophony of

noises, many of which she had never heard before. It

took a while to realise that it was just the singing of

the local bird population. She was going to getup from

the couch when she realised that Via was still fully

exposed and had not released her from his grip. She

reached between her legs and bending his penis a little

she was able to pull it out of her body. It felt soft

and warm in her hand. Very reassuring and a pleasant

reminder of the night before.

Lorena rose and went to the window to check for any

danger before she opened the door to the trailer. It

was quite light out side and so was time to move on.

After feeding and watering Via, Lorena went to the

river and bathed quickly. Then it was time for her own

food and as soon as that was finished she got the truck

and trailer back on the road. Another long day of

eating up the kilometres stood before her and so she

did not wish to hang around.

-=\*=-

The day passed without event and at the end of it she

was another five hundred kilometres closer to her

destination. That night there was no river to bath in,

so she went without. There was enough water in the

trailer to cover for all the needs of both the horse

and herself, but she would have to stock up the next

day.

She would also have to buy fuel for the truck before

too many more trees went by her windscreen. She did not

take via to be her lover that night. She was too

exhausted to enjoy it and needed the extra rest. The

night passed quickly and it was long before she was

ready, that she found herself on the road again, behind

the wheel of her truck, pounding the dirt of the

mountain tracks.

However there was to be a change. She had only

travelled for about two hours when the little road

suddenly changed. It became a hard black surface. It

was much easier to travel and so she could go faster

than the fifty kilometres per hour that had been ruled

by her vehicle suspension. Eighty became easy so the

remaining eight hundred kilometres of the journey,

could be done in a single day. Towns and villages

passed more frequently as she drove. Fuel and water

were collected from different locations along the road,

which made Lorena feel much easier about the final part

of the journey.

The truck ground its way along easily now and so Lorena

was much more relaxed. Of course she was over-whelmed

with joy when shortly after dusk the road topped a

small mountain and she saw the sea and Rio on the

shore. Its lights shining in the dark. Life felt good

again and the last few hills and valleys went by before

she was aware.

When she rolled up to the gates of the Samba School she

was welcomed with a small celebration and soon all was

arranged for her and her horse. They both had a very

contented night. Lorena had arrived with a whole day

clear before the start of the festival. She would have

ample time to prepare her costume, what there was of it

and to dress Via as a belly rider's horse should be

dressed. This year the house colours were red and

orange. Colours of heat and passion. Very appropriate

thought Lorena as she drifted off to sleep. Her

dreaming started soon after. It was filled with roads

and passing people who were unable to give her

directions as she got more and more lost, on an

imaginary journey that resembled the one she had just

completed.

Late in the night she awoke and went to find a place to

relieve herself. Afterwards her sleep was much more

peaceful. The following day she awoke late. It did not

matter as the making of her costume was a simple

matter. All the modifications had already been made to

her harness and Via had a new set of bridle and reins,

that she had commissioned from a local worker. Lorena

would have to braid ribbons and things into Via's main

and tail but that would be done on the morning of the

march. Her own hair would also have to be done but

someone else would do it so that it would look just

right. This meant that she could spend her time helping

anyone who needed it.

She ended up sewing sequins and gold filigree, by the

metre, to what seemed like thousands of metres of

brightly coloured cloth. All of it, as "blow away" as

the finest silk. The work seemed to be never ending. No

sooner had one piece been finished than someone came up

with another thing to be completed. Lorena enjoyed the

work not because it was thrilling work but it gave her

a sense of being a part of the community instead of an

outsider. She had helped in this manner every year that

she had travelled to attend the great celebration.

She worked long into the night and eventually went to

sleep at the sewing machine. Some one carried her to

her bed and made her comfortable. Others took care of

Via for her and everything seemed to run very smoothly.

It did not go totally without hitch but Lorena was not

aware of any major problems.

On the first day of Mardi Gras, Lorena awoke with a

head ache. It was not a bad pain but it was enough to

put her into a not particularly good mood. She went in

search of something to eat and then went to minister to

Via. She knew that she should have seen to the horse

first but that was the way she was feeling today. Via

though had already been fed and watered. He had also

been groomed and looked in peek condition. He snorted

as Lorena approached. She knew he was pleased to see

her, as she was to see him.

"Well my fine friend today is the day. I hope you feel

better than I do. I just hope my head gets better

before I have to start the ride this afternoon." Lorena

talked to the animal for a few minutes before going out

to get some fresh air. She would not have long to

herself, to do as she pleased, because of the

preparations that still needed to be arranged.

The breather seemed to do a world of good and it was

not long before Lorena went back to Via to start

arranging his decorations. She braided his tail into

plats and interwove bright orange and red ribbons. Then

she platted his main with red and gold resting

individual plats alternately on either side of his

neck. This took nearly an hour before it looked

acceptable. Then the harness was placed over the

horse's back and strapped into place. All the straps

and buckles were checked to make sure that they would

not cause any discomfort.

The animal would have to ware the harness for the next

three days, and a little bit, so Lorena wanted to make

quite sure that he would not rub sores and blisters.

Then the bridle and rein was added. It was made of

leather but was completely covered in bright red

quilting to give it a softer warmer touch. By now most

of the morning was spent. It was time for Lorena to

prepare herself for the event. She went to a room where

she knew there were some women organising hair stiles

for the belly riders.

Lorena waited her turn and then let herself be

subjected to a similar treatment to that which she had

just given Via. She was made to strip naked and then

sit in front of a mirror for an hour while her hair was

combed, platted, coloured and arranged. Beads and

sequins were threaded on to individual strands. Then

her face was painted to look like a devil with red eye

lids and cheeks. Her breasts and legs were treated the

same way until she hardly recognised herself. But she

had to admit she did look the part. A lady devil who

would be riding her horse for sex.

When all was done she went out to see her steed. He had

been given one or two additions since she had last seen

him. He now sported blood tipped horns on his forehead

and his coat was stained red to match her own skin

colour. This would be most impressive if all the belly

riders were treated on a similar vain. Lorena looked

around at the others who were preparing for the march.

They all seemed to be enjoying the event and yes they

all seemed to be taking on the parts of hells denizens.

The afternoon was well on its way by now and it was

time to be strapped into the saddle. Lorena went to

find a sip of water to freshen her mouth before

actually being tied down. Once that was done she would

not be released for the whole three days of the

celebration. The water tasted good and she was tempted

to have more but she refrained, knowing that to do so

would cause her additional pain later.

Arriving back at Via's side Lorena found five strapping

men waiting for her. They had taken the sling part of

the harness, that she would be riding in, and laid it

on the ground. She was instructed to lie on the sling

and then it was lifted with her in it, by four of the

men while the fifth went round the horse fastening the

straps that would support her weight.

Finally the underside of the sling was brushed off and

her legs and arms were strapped to the horse's sides.

This would be her lot for the next sixty hours or more.

Once the last buckle was tight, the five men went off

laughing and cracking jokes. None of the amusement was

directed at her, for which Lorena was grateful. She was

just left to hang in the balance and await the next

stage of the preparations. A young lad was fussing

around with another horse not far away. He seemed to be

painting its legs. Lorena watched him not really taking

in what it was that he was doing. She did notice that

the horse also had its rider strapped in position.

After a few minutes the boy finished his art work and

he stood up and stretched a bit. Then he took the

horse's rein and led the animal into the courtyard.

Shortly afterwards the lad returned and taking Via's

rein he led Lorena out to the yard to join the other

riders. Now for the first time Lorena was able to see

all of the riders together. There were eight and they

were all coloured red, hanging under red horse's that

all had blood stained horns. One or two of the ladies

talked to each other but none spoke to Lorena. Lorena

did not try to make conversation, she was far too

nervous.

She had not been there long before another man

appeared. Immediately all the chatter stopped. The man

greeted the ladies collectively and then set to his

task. He knelt down by the first horse and produced,

from a bag, a syringe. Testing that all the air was out

of the contraption he injected the horse's penile

pouch, and then moved on to the next animal. All eight

animals received this treatment. But it was not over

yet.

Lorena watched the first animal to see the reaction to

the initial injection. It did not take long. The penis

started to protrude and slowly extended to its full

length. The penis was a fleshy pink in colour with

black and brown markings. It hung limply for a while

and then started to stiffen. Lorena watched fascinated.

She knew that the same thing would be happening to Via.

She would feel the result of it in a moment. It was

what she had been longing for since she was a little

girl.

The man returned to the first horse just in time. If he

had been much later the penis would have been too stiff

to bend and thus could not be forced into the expectant

rider. He took the end of the thickening member and

gently bending it, he introduced the head to the

rider's vagina. It slipped in easily and as the penis

continued to stiffen, gained grater and grater depth.

The rider said nothing as she was engulfed by her

sexual passion.

The attendant moved on to the second horse and repeated

the process, with the same results. Each horse was

treated the same way and Lorena watched all the while.

She was the seventh to be administered to. Of course

she could not see what the man did to Via, but she felt

every millimetre of Via as he pushed into her body. Now

she though, she was ready.

There was one last thing to do before all was in

readiness. A second injection was administered to each

horse to make him retain his erection. It would last

for the first six hours or so of the event. Other

injections would be supplied as and when they were

needed. Lorena had brought enough of the drug that she

used on Via to give fourteen injections. It would be

quite sufficient for the duration required.

After a short time of final checks and arrangements,

the gates were opened and the cavalcade was led out by

the float. Lorena was not really thinking about what

was going on. Her mind was fare away with a little girl

who had spent nearly twenty years to achieve this aim.

As she was moved along under Via, she could feel the

rhythmic thrust of the horse as his every step caused

his engorged penis to enter and then retreat from her

over stretched vagina. Over stretched it may be but

that was only by human standards. It was a comfortable

fit for a horse, and Lorena found it comfortable too.

The sensation was something that she was very used to

and it was what she wanted to be doing more than any

other. This was the beginning of the granting of her

life's ambition. From now on she would aim to attend

this parade every year. Maybe in the future she would

ride with her daughter in attendance or even with her

daughter as an additional rider. Perhaps with her aunt

Elizabet also riding, they could have three generations

ride together.

Suddenly there was a loud shout from a crowd. Lorena

was brought out of her thoughts to find herself being

led down a cobbled street with a multitude of people on

either side. They were laughing and singing and dancing

as they watched the riders walk by. Many pointed and

whistled at the riders, picking out one individual to

favour with their attentions. Some of the young men

made explicit signs at the ladies, as they passed slung

under their horses. Others chose to walk along side and

request sexual favours.

Most of the requests were in jest but some where of a

genuine nature. Lorena tried to pay attention to what

was going on about her, but the continuous

ministrations of Via's penis to her tender loins drew

her mind back to the imminent orgasm that was about to

take her. As she succumbed to the hormones raging

through her body she heard, as if from a distance,

another loud shout from the crowd. This would be the

scene throughout the three days.

This had been the first orgasm of the day for Lorena,

but it was not to be her last. In between them,

however, she would get a chance to see the world of

Mardi Gras from the sideways and very low angle of the

belly rider. Every time a rider appeared to reach a

climax the people lining the street would cheer. This

was really just an increase in the level of noise that

they made all the time. The shouts, cries and whistles

came from the spectators, and the music, bells and

drumming in general came from the paraders. Other

noises were of dogs barking, horses neighing, bangs

that sounded like pistol shots, but were really fire

works, car horns and other sounds that could not be

distinguished amid the din.

A man came over to Lorena as she rode by and opening

his trousers he extracted his penis and waved it at

her. He was shouting something as he did so but Lorena

could not hear. She shouted back at him, knowing full

well what it was that he wanted. His actions had made

that clear. He crouched down and crawled along close to

Lorena so that she could hear his request the second

time.

"Please." He shouted, "Will you rub my penis for good

luck. I have been trying to make my wife pregnant for

three years now and had no luck. I am sure you would

bring me luck" Lorena pointed out that her hands were

tied and that she could do nothing at the time. The man

looked crest fallen and stopped dead in the road as

Lorena was forced further and further away by the

constant stride of her mount.

This was not to be the last such request or the last

time a man had his request rejected through no fault of

the rider. Lorena came again, to a loud cheer and then

carried on observing the crowds that she passed. There

were all sorts of people. Young and old, ugly and

attractive. It could make a very good parade if one was

seeking a mate. One would never find a grater variety

of possible contenders of either sex. This though was

not Lorena's requirement. She had her mate and would

not need another as long as he lived.

About an hour into the march Via had his first

ejaculation. He had been dancing rather than walking

for a while now as though he was walking on glass and

each step made him jump. It was usually an indication

of imminent discharge. The dancing motion only added to

Lorena's own heightened sexual arousal. As she tried to

concentrate on the feeling of the horse's member inside

her body, she also rose to a fevered pitch and her

orgasm coincided with Via's massive climax. She felt

the head swell inside her and then it shot its sperm

deep into her womb. There were several spurts. After

the second Lorena was so full of the sticky semen that

it shot out of her vagina, backwards between Via's

legs.

There was a tremendous cry from the crowd with wolf

whistles and cat calls as the white juice splattered

across the road. It was the first of many and Lorena

was not the only rider to go through the experience.

Soon after, Lorena and the seven other belly riders

were led into the square that had been selected for the

first rest area. Horses were watered and the majority

of the clan went to get some form of refreshment.

Lorena was offered a drink of water which she took a

sip from but did not actually require. She had only

wanted to moisten her mouth.

When the boy returned from his own rest, Lorena asked

him to release her arms. He looked round as though

looking for someone to request permission. Lorena

chided him and he set to freeing the straps. Now Lorena

would be able to grant some favours to the men who

asked her. She had not liked to see the crest fallen

expression of the man she had had to deny.

The march got under way again and the same sort of

events filled the next hour. It was a sequence that was

repeated slowly over and over. Walk cum, walk cum, etc.

etc. Lorena did not mind. If she could spend the rest

of her life in constant orgasm she gladly would.

However there were times in between the orgasms that

required something to attract ones attention. As soon

as another man came over to request a favour, Lorena

was happy to oblige, From now on she would do what ever

she could to satisfy the watching crowds.

She could not give oral ministrations but her hands

were free to do what ever was required, as long as she

could reach. Once the first person found his wish

fulfilled others followed suit and it was not long

before Lorena had a line of men and a few women

following her, looking for services. She did what she

could within her confines and between her own moments

of total elation. Even the act of satisfying a fellow

human gave her some considerable stimulation. If only

her Mother and Father had been alive to see her now.

Her Mother would certainly have been proud. As the line

of waiting customers grew, other riders asked for their

arms to be released. It was not long before all eight

of the riders were bestowing favours as and when

requested. Lorena was thankful, there was no way that

she alone could have complied with every supplication.

Her own orgasms became almost back stage to what she

was doing for other people.

Not every person was able to cum at Lorena's beck and

call. Indeed not every person wished to achieve a

climax. For many it was enough to have been treated by

a rider. Those that did cum were thankful to the

extreme.

Most of the men seemed to direct their jets of sperm

toward Lorena herself. Sometimes they would strike her

with their creamy white fluid, others would miss

altogether or it would land on Via's underbelly and

then trickle down onto Lorena's breasts and stomach.

She realised that at the end of three days she would be

covered with several layers of dried male sexual juice.

A long bath would be required at the end of the third

day.

The end of the first day came long before Lorena was

ready. She had been enjoying herself so much she had

not noticed the passage of time and was quite surprised

when she was led into the Samba School's private

compound. The crowds of followers were left behind and

all suddenly fell quiet. Most of the group of people

who made up the exhibition went quickly to their beds.

The horses were led into the stables and after feeding

and watering they too were left to sleep quietly, their

respective riders still in place, slung under the

animal's body. The only thing that was done was that

each animal was again injected to keep the stiff

erection in place through out the night. This was the

fourth injection so far.

Lorena's right hand ached a little. She massaged her

joints to ease the tension, and then interlocking her

fingers across her stomach, she relaxed and tried to

gain a few hours rest. All the other riders were

similarly stabled and soon the only sound was that of

horse and rider softly breathing in unison. It was the

early hours of the morning. First light would be in a

short while and a new day would start with this dawn.

As hard as she may try, Lorena could not relax. She was

a little disturbed at having her fun cut off at such

short notice. There was nobody to talk to as even Via

seemed to be contentedly dreaming of what ever horses

dream of. This was extremely frustrating. There was

only one thing to do that could relax her. Reaching

down to her mound she started to rub at her clitoris.

She remembered the first time she had ever done this.

She had been twelve and had suddenly found the pleasure

of orgasm. From then on it had become a nightly ritual

unless she was dog tired.

The first time she had tried it while coupled to a

horse, the resulting climax had almost made her head

explode. She had hardly even started before it was

finished. The shock had been enough to make her scream,

and several people had run to see if she was all right.

Of course she had been, but she resolved to bight her

tongue the next time.

This night just the opposite applied. She could not get

satisfaction, no matter how hard she rubbed. She ended

up waking Via from his repose which made it worse. She

also awoke a number of the other horses and maybe some

of the riders.

A dog that had been sleeping in the corner of the

stables came over to her and nuzzled her breast.

Concentrating hard on her clitoris she did not notice

the animals licks. He continued his inquisitive

exploration of her body and eventually found her

exposed buttocks and vagina, complete with penetrating

horse member. The dog continued to lick, fascinated by

the strange taste that was so like a bitch on heat but

different. His tongue slipped around Via's thick penis

at the point where it entered Lorena's vagina,

stimulating both horse and rider.

The intrusive tongue licked all around the anal

sphincter hidden between the curvaceous hind quarters

of the woman. The more it licked the more Lorena wanted

it to penetrate her. Suddenly her vagina was producing

love juice to extreme. It was running out of her and

down between her buttocks. The dog licked more

intently. This was what she had wanted. Lorena felt her

climax build and then explode, filling her head with

bliss. The dog continued to lick but his work was done.

Lorena was able to relax and finally drift off to

sleep.

The second day was much the same as the first had been,

except there were no preparations. Make up was touched

up and then on the road again. Lorena was beginning to

feel quite thirsty, so she indulged in a short drink.

Water was all she had but she found it enough. She did

not need any alcohol to boost her. As the day passed

though she did find that she required more and more to

drink. She was accosted by numerous men again, all

vying for her favours. She did what she could,

satisfying most, but she was getting bored with it.

Her eleventh customer was a woman. She had almost no

clothing on and requested that Lorena service her.

Lorena was only too glad to comply. Here was the change

she had been looking for. She reached out to touch the

woman's body, and ran her hand over the soft and smooth

skin. The woman was fit and quite nicely shaped, a flat

stomach and round hips at the top of shapely legs. Her

smile was fetching and Lorena liked her instantly. The

pubic mound had been recently shaved but was now

showing a fine dark stubble.

Lorena slipped her fingers in between the girl's legs

and fondled the two fleshy lips that hid there. Then

she inserted her middle finger and using her thumb

started to rub the clitoris that hid at the front of

the vaginal slit. The woman was moist inside and the

stimulation made her even wetter. Lorena introduced a

second finger to the vagina and tried to reach the

girl's anus with another finger. It was then that the

girl had her orgasm. She was almost unable to walk from

the sexual spasms that raked her body.

Stumbling and staggering along she was just able to

keep up with the horse that drew Lorena inexorably down

the road. Lorena was also turned on by the lesbian

encounter and had her own orgasm moments later. Her arm

went limp and contact was lost between the girl and

herself. That was another relationship that had to be

explored.

At the rest area Lorena had a deeper drink. Her thirst

was increasing and her throat was getting sore. Via

stuck his head in a bucket and downed a large quantity

of water. He was feeling the heat too. It was different

at home. There, there was a cool breeze that blew the

heat away, but here in the city the wind was blocked by

the tightly packed buildings. The heat stayed and just

increased as the day passed.

Two dogs ran by. One seemed to be chasing the other.

Lorena watched. The first dog stopped and waited for

the second. Then when he reached her the second dog

mounted the first and they copulated, he thrusting in

and out rapidly for a short while. Then they separated

and ran on. Lorena found it strange that the two had

not been locked together as was usually the case with

dogs. Maybe the dog had not been deep enough to get

tied before the bitch decided to move on. Again the

carnival moved on. It was not just dogs, and ladies

with horses having sex.

There were several couples engaging in intimate

relations along the street where the procession passed.

Some stood in corners, some stood in the open amongst

the crowds. Even some of the carnival caricatures

engaged with individual spectators and then had to run

to catch up with their own display team. At the second

rest area someone offered Lorena a bottle. She was in a

mood that now she did not care about staying sober. She

did not look to see what it was and took a deep

draught. She thought that she might choke but was able

to prevent it. The liquid was like fire as it ran down

her throat. It felt good as she took another mouth full.

The person who had offered her the bottle told her to

keep it and walked off to find another. The liquid did

nothing for her at first but soon she was as happy as

she had ever been. As the parade moved along the final

leg of the second day, Lorena was singing and joking

with the other riders, just as everybody else had. By

the time they all reached the compound again the bottle

was empty. Lorena did not remember drinking it all but

she knew she had not let anyone else have it. It must

have slopped out of the bottle as she was walked along,

she mused as she fell asleep under the influence of the

tequila.

The head ache that ensued the next day made itself felt

mainly through the noises of what ever was going on

around Lorena. She was not used to strong drink, and

every sound throbbed in her head. She had steadfastly

stuck to wine as a drink with meals and had never had

anything stronger so this first taste was now like the

punishment from hell that the Sambas school was trying

to depict in their costumes. She tried to keep her eyes

shut as the light seemed to hurt as much as the sound

did.

Someone saw her agony and taking pity gave her a small

drink of something milky white that tasted of aniseed.

He said that it would ease the pain but Lorena was sure

that the world would crack her head open before she

ever recovered. However by the time the party was ready

to move again she felt quite a bit better, and was able

to join in with the revelry. There were the usual jokes

and laughs as they wend their way down the streets and

round the town. More people came to ask for hand

favours.

Lorena recognised the man who had first asked her on

day one, and she shouted to him waving her had to show

him that she was now free. He came over to her and she

gladly gave him the relief that she had not been able

to give the first time. At first he just walked along

beside her as she stroked his member but as the

erection grew stronger he started to turn to ward her

to allow her an easier and longer stroke. Being able to

reach him with only one hand was a handicap but it had

to do. She kept up a rapid pumping action and soon had

the satisfaction of feeling him tense for the

ejaculation. It shot out in large globs and landed on

her breasts and shoulder.

He was about to thank her and leave but Lorena did not

let him go. She continued to pump but more gently now.

His erection remained and he consented to try for a

second shot. After all he had missed it on the first

day. The second time took much longer but a result was

attained eventually. Before he went back to his loving

wife, Lorena touched her fingers to his newly produced

seed and put them to her lips. Then she blew him a

parting kiss and licked her lips.

The resultant smile on the man's face was the size of a

bus as he disappeared back into the crowd. The two dogs

ran past. This time they ran side by side and nipped at

each other as they went. The job was obviously done and

the bitch had received her mate's full load of sperm.

Lorena received Via's sperm on several occasions, each

time shooting it into her deepest recess and the excess

being ejected from the tightly fitting union between

horse and woman, to land wasted on the street.

The woman's orgasms took her mind from her work of

satisfying the men and women that required her

services, but only during the actual moment of climax.

She was given another bottle of something. It tasted

good so she drank it, not worrying about the effects it

would have tomorrow morning. She did not have anything

specific to do so if she was incapacitated it would not

change her plans. It only lasted part of the time and

she was given a bottle of something different to carry

on with. Every single person along the way was quite

happy with the effects of drink and the carnival but

Lorena did not notice as her own drunken state

increased. Many of the paraders were well intoxicated

but it did not seem to detract from the scene as they

all sang and danced as they were supposed to.

At one point a cracker went off right next to Via. The

frightened horse reared and bucked as he fort to try

and escape the noise. His hapless rider, tied in place,

could only go with him. The shaft of the equine penis

thrust deep into Lorena as the horse stood on its hind

legs. A splitting pain shot through her abdomen. She

wondered if this was to be the end of her. Had the

penis broken through into something vital. She knew

that some women had died while in the saddle this way.

The poor boy who was guiding them struggled to take the

horse under his control. As the horse came down the

penis retracted from the tender depths of Lorena's

vagina, only to be thrust deep a second time as he

reared a again. He landed on all four feet and then

jumped and strutted. Each movement causing Lorena

additional pain. Several other people joined in with

the fighting animal while its legs flailed in the air.

Lorena was in real danger of being kicked in the head.

It could be fatal.

The antics of the frightened horse effected all the

other horses near by. The animal slowly quieted, his

motions reduced to wild struts. Finally he relented and

allowed himself to be led quietly. Those who had

witnessed the event were deeply relieved that the

episode was over, and those who had helped control Via

went back to their places. At last the group was able

to move on again. The end eventually came and the gate

to the Samba School was closed on the final day of the

carnival.

The horses were led into the stables and the people

went to their beds. Via had been given another

injection only two hours previous and his erection

would not subside for several hours yet to come. It had

been the fourth injection of the day and the eleventh

of the whole parade. In this time Lorena had not been

out of the harness that carried her and Via's throbbing

Penis had been deeply thrust into her loins without

respite. He had only ejaculated into her seven times as

the injection not only increased the duration of the

erection but also delayed the inevitable climax. Lorena

on the other hand had had over fifty orgasms and had

fainted with thirteen of them.

She quickly fell asleep. The expense of energy and the

alcohol had both taken their toll. It was a wonderful

thing to have done, but now that it was over, she just

wanted to float into oblivion and rest. Then it would

be time to think about next year. As she drifted off

she was sure that next year would be better. Lorena

slept long into the morning. Via's penis slipped out of

her as it shrank back to its normal size. This took

several hours to accomplish but as there were no

further injections to keep him fully erect, he empties

his bladder on the floor below her body. Lorena was

finally released.

Still asleep she was quite unaware of the huge penis's

exit but the liquid in her bladder finally found an

open way out and she urinated in her sleep. Her deeply

yellow water joining with Via's . It did not rush out

in one fast gush but slowly trickled out, dribbling

down over her anus and between her buttocks. The flow

was sustained for over fifteen minutes as the pressure

slowly subsided.

All of the riders seemed to have a problem retaining

their water. One woman was unstrapped from her horse

and as she was helped to stand, the urine flowed out

and down her legs. She was so embarrassed at not being

able to get to the appropriate facilities. The horses

also had a problem with water retention, some relieved

themselves onto their riders as they still hung under

the animal. The women all needed a bath, but this was

not what had been intended.

Lorena's head ache was far worse that morning than it

had been on the previous day, but it was nothing that

some rest and a little food would not cure. Her

internal organs had survived the onslaught of the

horse's fear and there was no real damage except a

little bruising. She had completed her first full belly

ride in public and achieved her ultimate ambition. Now

she could relax and take life as it came, or more to

the point as her horse came. The more frequent the

better. If she was able to ride again at the most

prestigious celebration in South America, all the

better, and if she could ride with her Daughter and

Aunt, that would be a crowning glory.

Jillian and Pomponio

Author note & Disclaimer:

Potential Belly Riders please read this before the

story. Thanks This is a story of fiction and has no

relationship to anyone living or dead. The places are

fictitious though the town names are real. All copy

rights are held by the authors and permission must be

sought before alterations may be made to any part of

this tail.

As many people may or may not be interested I feel that

I should explain some of the difficulties involved in

carrying out a ride such as this story portrays. There

are many hazards and the activity can and has at times

proved fatal. A horses penis is generally in the region

of sixty centimetres long, that is two feet for those

of you who do not understand metres.

Some are longer and some are shorter to within about

eight centimetres. (Three inches) if one was to measure

the distance between the human vagina and the

diaphragm, it would be found to vary between about

twenty five and thirty five centimetres. (ten and

fourteen inches) obviously these two readings do not

coincide.

If a horse penis enters the human female's body with

too much force or goes in too deep it can and probably

will rupture something vital. If it is your heart

chamber or your liver it will kill you instantly. Your

intestine or stomach will result in long slow and

painful death.

If you wish to try to belly ride, or make love to a

horse any other way, be extremely careful, and if you

can, have a friend close by to help you, and look after

you, and your horse. there are many sights on the net

which will give good advice about loving horses and

they give some of the conditions and pitfalls that

surround this activity.

Jillian can give some advice on this matter and has had

experience with horses though she has never ridden in

the manner as stated in this story. She is however

doing research into the techniques and hopes to provide

the net with her findings soon. She has also written a

ten chapter semi-fiction about how she began horse

love, during the second world war.

She is now nearly seventy five years old and will not

be riding in the future, much as she would like to. If

you wish for more information on this subject, or

copies of her stories, Jillian will be more than happy

to guide you for as long as she lasts on this planet,

age not withstand.

Belly riding was sometimes a part of a Samba School's

parade in Rio, during the fifties. We do not know when

it started or how. It was stopped by the Brazilian

government when it was found that some of the riders

were dying of excessive penetration. I have heard much

speculation about what went on and the possible side

activities that could stem from this. As authors it is

our duty to try to keep a story within a set of

reasonable limits. Therefore the story is set to what

we as authors can take as truly plausible and not what

could have been in the wild fantasy mind of a

psychopath. Both authors will continue to study this

matter to the best of their ability and if amendments

are due they will be posted on this news group...you as

a reader may e-mail the authors direct if you so wish.

All I wish to say now on behalf of Pomponio and myself

is happy reading and safe sex to you all.

Jillian

fastener, and soon he gave a tug and ripped it off.

As her breasts became exposed Lacey became an animal.

The clerk then took Lacey's hand and helped her up as

they unfolded the studio into a bed. He led Lace to the

bed and reached up and slid down her knickers. (which

went into his pocket by the way) The guys gathered

round and took turns feeling her nakedness. The guy who

removed her bra laid her back and I heard again Lacey

say, "Looks like I am gonna get fucked good now."

He proceeded to spread her legs and mount her. As he

fucked her, the others surrounded her. She turned onto

her hands and knees, so she could give oral at the same

time.

This went on for three hours during which the guys used

every hole lacey had. I video taped the action for

later enjoyment. Not all fucked her pussy. Some had

blowjobs and tit-jobs and some entered her ass. I came

as soon as a strange dick penetrated her. It had been a

long frustrating day, but I came on her face as the

clerk was fucking her.

All the guys finished the evening by jerking off on her

face, tits and hair, what a mess she was. I went back

to my SUV and got some towels I had brought and we

helped her clean up. The guys asked if she would return

and she said "Maybe", but she was sore and fucked out

for today. We went back to my vehicle and the guys

followed. I promised to post another note when and if

we returned and we left.

No one tried to follow.

I helped Lacey inside and ran her a hot bath. After

soaking for an hour, she asked me to bring her a toddie

in the bedroom. She lay there naked, and inviting. She

said "Honey, I love you and need you in me, sore or

not. You are the best husband any girl could want."

needless to say, who was I to argue? I kissed her

deeply as I entered her.

I'll write again soon. She was offered a job at the

bookstore, and she is thinking about it. Oh for the

record, the guys who helped move the couch gave back

the money. Wonder why?

END