

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Madame French patted the riding crop against her hand expectantly. She watched the horse being led into the training area - a fenced ring filled with sand. Stalls surrounded it, opening into the ring so she could get any of her horses into the ring, on demand. They watched anxiously as the newcomer arrived - a sturdy draft horse by the name of Amistad.

"You sure you don't want to let him settle in first? He's got a bit of a temperament." The squat man beside her asked. She adjusted her glasses impatiently, and looked down at him.

"Every horse has a 'temperament'," She replied flatly. "And I can train every horse."

"But-," He started, but Madame French cut him off, irritated by his comments.

"If you're going to tell me how to train the horse, why did you bother to bring it here? I suggest you shut up and let me do my work."

Grumbling, the man wandered away. It was his horse, and it was uncontrollable. No matter what they had tried, it would not behave. An aggressive horse was no use to anyone, so it had been sent here to be 'corrected'. The stable-hands finished forcing Amistad into the pen, quickly retreating as he tried to kick them away.

"That will do." Madame French said, dismissing everyone. "I will need time alone to train this horse." Her staff looked reluctant to leave her alone, especially with such a difficult stallion. There was always at least one person present with her while a horse was trained - never did she work completely alone. They knew disagreeing would probably end up with a swipe from that crop, and besides Madame French was a professional.

"This horse needs to learn dominance. He needs to learn that one single master can subdue him. Then he will not struggle - he will know that he can easily be overpowered." She clarified.

Her assistants left, leaving Madame French and Amistad alone, save for the spectating horses locked in their stalls.

Calmly, Madame French entered the stall. She was renowned for her amazing ability to transform horses, her daring and almost cruel techniques. In one hand, she held a lasso of rope and in the other and log riding crop. She wore a grey business suit, with a skirt (of course). Her hair was tied up in a neat bun and her glasses perched perfectly on her face. An example had to be set at all times.

She stared down the horse before her as he walked around his side of the ring. Amistad snorted, watching her with a suspicious eye. Lightning fast, Madame French coiled the lasso as swung it, the rope looping around Amistad's thick neck. With a deft tug, it tightened and the horse was trapped in its loop. Before he could do anything, Madame French was back out of the arena, securing the rope to a crank.

When she was satisfied it was tight enough, it began to wind, drawing Amistad over to the other side of the ring and keeping him there. He whinnied, attempting to rear up. Madame French brought the crop down hard on his haunch, the sharp smacking sound echoing around the ring. The horses in the stables winced at the sound, and shrank back. Amistad snorted in anger and struggled but only earned himself another whip.

She looking him in the eye, she declared "Every time you misbehave, you will feel pain. Disobedience is pain." To make the point, she struck his rearing legs again.

Again and again she smacked him, but the horse showed no signs of changing. She beat him harder, almost losing her temper as the beast refused to submit.

Yet again, Amistad whinnied and rose up and she smacked him. She had become so angry that she smacked him three times for each indiscretion. The horse whinnied in pain - he'd had enough. Rising up with all his might, rearing on two legs, he slammed his hooves onto the fence that separated Amistad and Madame French. She struck him again and again, whip cracking against his hide.

With the sound of heaving wood, the fence panel began to splinter. It wobbled and snapped, the horse crushing it beneath him. The crank dropped away too, the rope becoming loose. Amistad stepped forward out of the ring, confronting Madame French. Furious, she adjusted her glasses and screamed "You will do as I say!" Smacking him hard between the eyes with the crop.

Amistad reared up, kicking forward with his forelegs. One of his heavy hooves hit the trainer, knocking her down to the ground. She struggled in the sand before crawling forwards away from the stomping horse. Amistad butted her with his head, sending her sprawling once more, her riding crop lost as the horse bowled her over. Scared and defeated, she tried to flee, scrabbling towards the closest exit. The horse followed, trying to butt her with his head again.

Hysterical, she tried to claw herself over a hay-bale and escape the crazed horse, but she wasn't fast enough. Amistad grabbed her skirt with his teeth and dragged her back. Her hands clung tight to the hay, keeping her attached out of sheer fear. A chunk of her skirt tore away and the horse spat it out going in for another bite. He bit her on the thigh, tearing a hole in her tights. The laced knickers she wore underneath them got caught in his teeth, pulling down with the bunched tights.

Another bite and he'd got both the knickers and a mouthful of tights. He yanked his head back, whipping his mane, and they tore free. Madame French was suddenly very exposed. She tried to struggle her way over the bale but she was pulled back again by gnashing teeth. Amistad could smell something now, and it made him realize exactly how he could assert his dominance over this woman.

His sheath swelled, the heavy balls behind it twitching. He'd never bred a mare, despite being able. It was thought in his current state, he'd be too rough on them. Quickly, his cock was at full mast, slapping across his underbelly. Madame French heard the noise and looked back, wide-eyed and glasses skewed. Amistad reared up, his massive cock pointed out like a lance, and stepped forward. His hooves slammed into the bale, landing either side of the struggling woman, nearly trapping her hand.

With a single, well aimed thrust, twenty two inches of erect horse cock forced itself into her tight cunt, opening her hole unnaturally wide. The horse-tamer let out a blood curdling scream as she was violated up to the cervix by the horse she was trying to train. Amistad could feel her walls squeezing his pulsating shaft, and crammed himself into her, making her scream out again and again as her pussy was stretched by his thick cock.

Her back arched as he drew back and started to rut her like a mare, his strong hips pounding her against the hay. His huge balls slammed into her with each thrust, bouncing off her pussy and legs like wrecking balls. Her slip-on shoes fell off, the savage fucking sending them tumbling to the ground as her legs tried to squeeze away the horse. Her toes curled as he drove deep, the blunt head of his cock bashing her cervix, each push sending the trainer howling with pain, wiggling in vain as she tried to dislodge his impaling cock

Amistad hunched down and really reamed into her, pressing himself hard into her soft little body. He could feel the need to breed deep down in his loins as he hammered the pussy trapped below him

into a soft mush. He screaming never stopped as he adjusted himself and drove even deeper, thirty inches of pulsating horsecock impaling Madame French, pressing into the deepest walls of her pussy. It was solid as a rock and balls deep, trying to batter its way into her womb, expecting more length to her hole.

She wasn't a mare and her tight human hole definitely wasn't designed for this. There was no give to his length, just rigid horsecock spearing through her, hammering her broken body into the hay bale as he pounded against her cervix. Precum rolled down her bruised thighs, getting trapped in her tattered tights. All she could do was shriek out, dig her fingernails into the hay, and pray for a miracle.

Amistad whinnied, ploughing her with his cock. He held it in her, balls knocking to a rest on her battered pussy as the tip of the horse's huge dick flared out. Madame French screamed in pain and terror as she felt it open up inside her, scraping across her walls that were stretched so thin around it. Hot cum began to spurt into her body, flooding what little space remained in her stuffed cunt. All she could do as gurgled madly to herself as she felt it bubbling out of her pussy, globs dropping down her thighs and onto the floor.

The stallion bucked his hips again, catching her unawares and squeezing another scream out of her as more cum flooded her swollen hole, the flared tip squirting jet after steaming jet straight against her cervix, seeping into her womb. He rutted her again and again until his heavy balls were empty, Madame French's ruined hole was filled and there was a gloopy puddle collected on the floor.

Satisfied Amistad slowly withdrew his semi-flaccid cock, letting cum run out of the wrecked hole he left behind. He snorted, before prancing away from the trainer left sprawled across the bale. Madame French felt the hooves leave her sides and clop away, but was too dazed and weak to do anything about it. It was a moment she would regret as Amistad brushed the quick-release switch as he walked through the stable.

Simultaneously, all the stalls unlocked, freeing the horses in the event of a fire. The cautiously stepped out, eyeing the triumphant Amistad and his dangling cock. A sniff of the air detected what had just happened, and that breeding had taken place. The free horses gazed upon the unconscious trainer on the hay-bale, legs apart, pussy leaking cum, her clothes torn and dirty and her hair a mess.

With a chorus of whinnies, twelve massive horsecocks became erect at the thought of vengeance.