

Madame La Toro

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LA TORO

By Diana the Valkyrie

They call her “La Toro”, because although she’s female, she’s built like a bull. She’s Spanish, of course, and so am I, as you can tell from my moustache. We’re married, and I’m not sure whether that’s a blessing or a curse. But she’s thirty centimeters (12 inches) taller than me. She’s taller than anyone else I know. She’s almost exactly two meters; six feet and seven inches. And she outweighs me by a lot. I’m 50 kilos; she’s 140, almost three times my weight, and of that 310 pounds, one hell of a lot of it is muscle. She demands submission ... no, even more, she demands that I worship her like a goddess. She raises her leg so that I can hug her shin and kiss her knee.



Then she forces me to kneel on the hard parquet flooring and worship her thighs. Forces? Yes, because the penalty for disobeying La Toro is dire. It wouldn't be so painful to my knees if only there was a carpet there, but there isn't, because she wants me to suffer.



Suffering is what I deserve. I asked for this – I knew what she was like before I married her. I knew that my life would be a living hell, and I deserve it because I was a bad man in my previous life.

She explained it to me before we got hitched. In my previous life, I was bad to my wife. I beat her, I made her wear old clothes and I threatened to beat our children if she disobeyed me. Yes, I was a bad, bad man, and now it's my turn to suffer. La Toro makes sure that I suffer, I endure hell at her powerful hands.

Her buttocks are massive. I have to push hard to get my head close enough to be able to lick inside them, and if I don't do a good job of cleaning them out, she will hurt me with those massive muscles of hers. But if I do a good job at this, she won't hurt me as bad as she would if I was delinquent at the task.

Maybe, just maybe, if I do everything as she likes, I'll get a better position in my next life. Because there's absolutely no hope that anything will improve for me in this life. Maybe I'm lucky because my misery in this life will give me an advantage in my next life.



Then comes the most dangerous time. I have to put my head between her thighs to kiss and lick the inside of her thighs. It's dangerous, because I know that if she brought her legs together, that would crush my skull and kill me. She loves to demonstrate this, using coconuts, and sometimes the skull of a cow, bought from the local butcher. The skull simply disintegrates under the awesome pressure of her 95 centimeter thighs. Yes, each thigh is 37 inches around. I know because she makes me measure them each day – another very hazardous action.



And if I do an inadequate job on her inner thighs, she punishes me by bringing them together, with my head trapped between them. It's like putting your head in a vice while someone turns the handle to slowly increase the pressure, and the pain, to unbearable levels. She loves doing this to me. I know that because I've seen the happy smile on her face as she grinds the bones of my head together. She looks down on my agony, and tells me how fitting it is that I should be punished so severely for my actions in my previous life. If only I had known back then what torture would be inflicted on me, for the pain that I caused in my wife and children. But, I didn't know then, so I have to do penance now.



And it doesn't end when she finally releases my head from the grip of her thighs. I know what's coming next – while my head is still aching and my neck is in misery from what she's dished out, it isn't over. She crushes my tortured head in her powerful arms, and it feels like she's trying to pull it off my shoulders. Her biceps are twenty eight inches around (mine are nine inches, so we shouldn't be surprised to learn that she's ten times as strong as I am). I'm helpless in her grasp. It's all I can do to whisper "please". But she takes no notice.



Those biceps that have just delivered unbearable pain to my head and neck? I am now required to kiss, lick and worship them, because if I don't, she headlocks me again until I'm humbled and obedient. So I do as she says, as soon as she says it. Resistance is futile. She's ten times as strong as I am, but even if she were only twice as strong, I'd be unable to defy her. She's just so intimidating, terrifying and domineering.



Sometimes she hugs me.

Maybe you think that's a warm and loving hug – but you'd be wrong. Those massive arms crush me against her huge breasts. I'm lifted off my feet and I'm unable to move. I'm unable to breathe. I'm helpless. She squeezes me and I can feel my ribs bending, and I expect at any moment to hear that terrible "CRACK" that announces another broken rib. But usually, she stops short of breaking my bones.



Then she drops me, and I fall to the floor, on hands and knees. She's wearing seven inch heels, so she towers over me like a muscle goddess. She allows me to look up at her, but I have to show due deference ... and fear. And despite all this, I'm supposed to display sexual arousal. As you can imagine, all I can show is pain, fear and humiliation. Pain because of all she's done to me up till now, fear of what she's going to do next, and humiliation because there's absolutely nothing that I can do to stop her.



Because what comes next is sex. But it's sex the way she wants it. She uses her immense breasts to get me excited, and it's true, I've never seen tits as big as La Toro. Each of them is bigger than my head, and they stand out from her body, proud and firm, challenging me ... but without her permission, to touch them would be very unwise. She's quite capable of smothering me with them.



So I'm not so much aroused. More awed and intimidated by the mountain of muscle and sex standing over me

She wants what she wants. My shorts disintegrate in he strong hands, leaving me naked. And as she pulls me closer to her body, my dick disregards my dread, and starts to rise, which is exactly what she wants. La Toro always gets what she wants.



She enfolds me in those controlling arms, and pulls my head into the embrace of her bosom. This is where I'm in danger of being suffocated by her huge breasts. I try to take a deep breathe before this happens, but the pain from my ribs makes me gasp, and I'm unable to take in as much air as I'd like to.



She holds me in this position, knowing full well that I'm about to pass out from lack of oxygen, and I know that she's smiling down at my distress. But she knows what's going on, and just before I fall unconscious, she throws me onto the bed.

So, what's coming next is sex. Her way, of course.



But the next few minutes is what makes it all worth enduring the preceding pain. The next few minutes are heaven, pure bliss.



Her hand curls gently around the base of my cock while she holds me helpless, her one hand being more than enough to control both of mine, and my legs unable to move under her colossal weight. I look up at her in terror, she looks down at me in amusement. I know what's coming next.

She continues to grip my cock, hard enough to prevent any possibility of ejaculation, and now it's starting to get a bit more painful. Her mouth comes down and covers mine, and once again my breathing is controlled by her whim. What little air I get, is that blown by her mouth into mine, but I'm grateful for the small amount of oxygen that she allows me, because it keeps me conscious, and I'd rather be aware of her ministrations than blacked out.



Because then she moves forward, and her vagina is covering my mouth and nose, and the only air I get is what filters past the hair on her pussy. Her entire weight is on my chest, and that makes it almost impossible to breathe in. She knows this, of course, and as she rubs her massive breasts into full arousal, she knows that I'm barely able to stay alive. Because that's how La Toro likes to have sex.



When she has stimulated her breasts into full engorgement, she holds me down with arms ten times as strong as mine, her 310 pounds crushing my body into the unyielding bed and her breasts once more preventing me from taking a full breath. I can feel my consciousness ebbing away, but she doesn't care. She's getting what she wants, and my wants and needs are of no account to her.



And what she wants and needs, is pain. My pain. And she comes up with endlessly inventive ways to torment me. My misery is multiplied when her legs overpower my feeble efforts to stop her from spreading my legs apart. I feel like a wishbone must feel just before it breaks in two, but she knows how far she can push this. If she kills me, then she won't get any more of her enjoyment from me, so she stops short of tearing my legs apart permanently. I'll be limping for a while, and I'll probably be unable to walk at all for several hours, but the damage isn't (I hope) permanent.



Again, she hugs my head to her enormous bosom while she sits on my legs to keep me still and to smother any possible erection, although the pain of the previous grapevine had totally killed any erotic feelings that I had. Once again, the only thing that matters is her pleasure and my pain, and a blissful look comes over her beautiful face as she feels my feeble and futile struggles.



Eventually, her lust is sated. I lie there exhausted, but basking in the pleasure of being able to breath freely at last – until the next time she rapes me. And she lies on the bed next to me, telling me how much she enjoyed the last few hours, and how much she’s looking forward to the next time. Which will be tomorrow morning.



They call her “La toro”, because although she’s female, she’s built like a bull. And I’m lucky, very lucky, to be married to her, because I’ve heard rumours about what she does to men who she discards after one night of torrid but agonising passion, because if she is only going to have them for that one time, she has no compunction about breaking their bones, smothering them until the lack of air kills any brain cells, or even crushing their delicate skull between her unbeatable thighs.