

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



author note 1: *the name BaDonkeydonk comes from the slang term 'badonkadonk' meaning a woman's big ass and the animal that gave Bethany Rimes her powers.*

author note 2: *Crystal City was inspired by a story I read long ago. In Mr. X story section. I wish I could remember who wrote it so could give credit were it due. But I don't. So I cant. Thanks any way who ever you are.*

author note 3: *Dark horse syndicate was comes from the movie Dr. Horrible's Sing-Along Blog. "Bad horse the thorough breed of sin".*

author note 4: *my friend Thomas has his computer back in order and now is able to help me with my stories. ☐*

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## **Chapter 1: Crystal city. Home of the Dark horse syndicate**

Most cities have an occasional problem with supervillains. The cure is the superheroes, beloved men and women in tights and their underwear's on the outside. When things turn bad they swoop in and save the day.

Crystal city on the other hand have an occasional problem with super heroes and heroines.

Crystal city is a city state founded over sixty years ago. By a gang of supervillains. They managed to push out the old government and replaced it with there own idea of order. A place where they could work in peace. Without interference from the old law.

Crystal city is a place where there is no rape law. Any woman unclaimed by a man must submit to any man that wants her. A place where rape of an adult woman was legal. One would think that women would flee the city. But every day new women would arrive to the city. Women now fell prey to one of the truly skilled supervillains would end up transformed. Given a body every woman would envy, a body that no plastic surgery could archive.

Spending a few months or years as a sex slave seemed to be a price a lot of women would pay to get the body of their dreams. Many of the supervillains deliberately created success stories. Women who spent a few days in the city and returned as movie stars or supermodels.

There was also a steady stream of superheroines. Who wanted to test there metal in the haven of evil.

If you walk down the main street of crystal city. On the far north end past the last casino. You turn left in to the slum area known as Hell's Backyard. Into that alley that seem to have some kind of near permanent gang bang / gang rape going on. Behind the dumpsters, you will find a small run down old theater renamed the Happy Donkey Show. Starring Bethany Rimes and Pepe'.

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Chapter 2: The Happy Donkey Show. Birthplace of BaDonkeyDonk

The air was warm and moist. Filled with the smell of dust, cigarettes and beer. Bethany Rimes peeked through the old ragged curtain that separated the stage from the audience. It was a sad sight. They had set up in an old theater. It held a hundred. But today there were only eight men in the audience.

"Manny. Lets just call it off. This is low, even for this back alley dive. We need to make more money or call it quits." Bethany said to her manager Manny Ortega.

"No. The show must go on. You go out there and give them the best show of your life and word of mouth will get around and more people will come and we will make more money." Manny said inhaling denial between every word.

They never had a great show. They started ten years ago. On a back street of Crystal City. In the past they got a lot of customers on their way to, or leavening the casinos. But since they rerouted the road, business dropped.

"There is only so much I can do out there. You know I love Pepe'. But his getting old. He can't perform like he used to. Get me a new donkey to work with if you want a good show." Bethany said pointing to her old partner and lover of the last ten years.

She had worked at the Happy Donkey Show since her car broke down outside and she needed a way to pay the mechanic. Manny Ortega had picked up her bill in exchange for her performing in his donkey show.

She had reluctantly agreed without specifying how many shows she had to do. Having found herself liking the work she didn't press the issue.

"I'll work something out. Now get you're huge ass out there." Manny said and raised the curtain.

"Ladies and gentlemen, let me present you with our performers of the evening. Bethany Rimes AKA baDonkeydonk and her lover the donkey Peepee. In a death defying act of sodomy. After which she will service you all. Simply line up after the show and Ms. Rimes will fuck you any way you want." Manny said to the audience. The last statement earned him a dirty look from Bethany.

She had prostituted herself to the audience plenty of times before, but it had never been for free.

She stepped out on the stage. Letting her robe fall to the floor. Revealing her naked body. She had a thick mane of curly black hair on her head. Big soulful eyes of hazel brown and dark chocolate skin. Her tits were still firm, a hefty double E pair with big black nipples.

Her slim waist served to accentuate her huge ass and wide hips. It was like two big water melons that jiggled in a hypnotic way. Having spent ten years supporting the weight of a full grown donkey every night had given her long legs a nice muscle tone. Without making her look beefy.

Time performing on stage had taken it toll on her body though. Her big eyes looked tired and things had started to sag. Worst was her ass. While she still had two big beautiful buttocks, the hole between them had been fucked in to an over sized parody of an asshole. It looked like a big meat doughnut. Calloused by the daily penetration of Peepee's big cock.

As Bethany walked to the stage to give the audience a good view of her naked body. Manny walked back stage. He took out a large syringe from a bag and a vial. He filled the needle with three times the recommended dosage of the drug and proceeded to inject Peepee with it. The old animal gave hardly any notice to the sting. At first there was no effect. But then he started pacing back and forth with a massive hard on.

She walked out on to the stage and blew a kiss to the audience. She gave her ass a hard slap. Signaling Pepe to enter the stage.

Pepe walked on the stage. Almost bouncing. Sporting the biggest hard on of his life. She bent over resting her arms on an old soap box in the middle of the stage. Bethany peeked over her shoulder and saw Pepe advancing on her. She bit her lower lip in anticipation of the fucking Pepe's new found exuberance promised. He was on her like a flash, his cock found its way to her ass instantly. Bethany let out a long moan as Pepe went balls deep in her. His front legs hugged her shoulders tight. Taking a firm grip as he started fucking her like he hadn't fucked in years. Bethany was in heaven. She hadn't gotten fucked like this for years.

An hour later Bethany's mouth hung wide open in readiness of the inevitable orgasm that was sure to come as sweat stung her eyes as it made its way past her forehead down her face. Her hands wet with sweat gripped the edges of the box so hard her knuckles started to whiten. Pepe's hips slammed into her ass with amazing speed and force, sending over two feet of cock pumping her ass. Like some kind of piece of machinery. Pepe slammed his cock balls deep one last time. Holding it in as he started cumming inside her, sending Bethany into one final orgasm. Pepe gave one final gurgling braying noise. Then he slumped off of Bethany limp on to the floor.

"Wow. That was amazing, Pepe? Pepe!" She exclaimed. A hint of worry as she realized Pepe wasn't moving.

The audiences was cheering as she bent down to check for his pulse. But found non. The drugs Manny had given Pepe and the exhaustion of fucking Bethany had killed him.

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### **Chapter 3: The Hole in the Wall. A hangout for the hard working henchmen**

The door flung open and Manny Ortega entered the filthy bar better known as the hole in the Wall. The bar was a popular hangout for minions, henchmen and assorted underlings for various crime lords and evil geniuses. Some was wearing outlandish spandex or velour uniforms, some were decked out in a military style. But most of them was in there street clothes.

The wall in the far end of the bar had a long row of big holes. Women on the other side of the wall were sticking out there asses and men would walk up to the wall and fuck them whenever they were in the mood. Manny had often wondered if they were willing women or if they were tied up back there but today he didn't.

He walked up to a short round man in glasses. Fucking a petite peach shaped ass poking out of the wall. He grabbed the man by the shoulder and spun him around in mid hump.

"He's dead Bill. Your stuff killed him." Manny yelled in his face. Venting his anger over the timid little man.

"How much did you use?" Bill stuttered. More from Manny shaking him by the collar than fear. Bill was an odd fellow. While he appeared a shy, timid little man. He seemed impervious to fear. Years of serving one supervillain after another had given him the ability to work around his fear without growing a backbone.

"Never you mind how much I used. Pepe was a veteran. Twenty years in the business. Then he takes one little hit of your poison and its goodnight." Manny said indignantly at Bill's implication that Manny had overdosed Pepe.

"Well, my new master as all kinds of test animals in his lab. I'll bet I could sneak out a new donkey for you for a modest price, of course." Bill said in a modest tone.

"Price? You kill my livelihood and you are going charge me for another one?" Manny said, anger rumbling in the background of his carefully controlled voice.

"Well. There is a question of arranging transport, risk assessment and overhead. It mounts up." Bill said. Manny's anger dripping off him like water off a duck's back.

Manny could never get a grip on Bill. On one hand he was so mild and complaint. But in the other hand he was impossible to intimidate. It always threw Manny off. Bill didn't quite get Manny either. Why would someone had to try and intimidate others. In a city like Crystal City there was no need to play these alpha male games. There was more pussy in this city than they could lay in a life time. So he paid it no mind. Of course he would help, things like this made the city work. But not for free, he was no fool.

"Fine. But sneaking out four animals shouldn't be any harder than one. Now go and get them." Manny said pushing Bill aside. He grabbed the petite ass Bill had been fucking and started giving it the angriest ass fucking he had ever given and planning to hit the bar later and drink as angrily as he fucked.

Bill zipped up his pants and walked out calmly if not a bit awkwardly still having a hard on. He left the bar leaving Manny behind. But he didn't walk straight back to his master's lair. Instead he dropped into a small knickknack store. He made his way between tables and shelves filled with junk. To the back where the counter was.

The store was run by Bimbo Cindy. A woman that had been truly "Crystal-lized".

She had been altered in body and mind by at least three supervillains. Now she was a busty blonde with huge tits, long legs and a great ass.

"Hi Bill, are you buying anything today?" Cindy asked in her perky cheerleader voice.

"Hi Cindy. No time. I'm in a hurry. I'm just going to drop a load in your cunt and leave." Bill replied.

"Ok. I'm always game for that you know." Cindy said and slid over the counter and spreading her legs. Her short skirt slid up, revealing her clean shaven pussy glistening with her pussy juices.

Bill walked up to the permanently horny woman and slipped his cock inside her. She lay back onto the counter, resting her long legs on Bill's shoulders. This gave Bill the perfect angle to pound Cindy's G-spot. Bill had lived in Crystal City most of his life. It was always full of women, they came and went. Either as free women or as sex slaves or something else.

But a few stayed. Most of the women who stayed ended up in someone's harem. But a few made a place for themselves as free women, or as free a woman could be in a city where they where they had to serve every man's sexual whim and every so often someone would claim them as sex toys or test subjects. After which they would be molded further into the form of some man's ideal woman sex toy.

Bill had located most of the 'free' permanent women. Each sexier and hornier then the last. Cindy was in his top ten favorite sex toys. She was the kind of woman most of the men outside of the city could only dream of.

Making her cum was easy. She had her erogenous zones enhanced. The trick was to see how many times he could make her cum while he made her tits jiggle like two oceans of flesh with nipple islands the size of his face.

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Chapter 4: The lair of Bad Horse triad

When you think of an evil villain lair, you often think of abandoned military bases, old subway stations or hollowed out volcanoes. Hidden places away from prying eyes.

In Crystal City they stood in the open for all to see. The home of the Dark Horse Triad was a tall gleaming skyscraper in the middle of the city. The Dark Horse Triad consisted of three factions. The first was organized crime; Mafia, smugglers, illegal gambling and drug distribution. The second faction was the supernatural; Warlocks, witches, alchemists and demon summoners.

The third was the mad sciences. A place where brilliant twisted minds developed new drugs, mind control, super soldiers, nanobot technology and all kinds of weapons. Bill swiped his key card by the elevator door and put his eye up to the retinal scanner. The lock buzzed and the door opened.

He took the elevator down to the eighth sub level and there entered his master's lab. Dr. Bronze Mongrel was one of the Dark Horse Triad's leading biochemists who had developed a number of their best revenue generating drugs. Focusing mostly on performance enhancing compounds. In the past he had created various speed and strength enhancers but in the last few years he had focused on a variety of sexual enhancers.

Bill walked into the lab.

"Ah. Bill! God of you to come in early. You can help me," Dr. Bronze Mongrel said. He was always excited when he was about to try out a new batch of samples.

"Of course doctor, how may I help?" Bill replied courteously. Dr. Mongrel was an easy man to work for when things are going well. Then he was a friendly open minded man.

When things were going bad. Things were different.

"Please strap in the receptacles there, on the benches. While I get the test animals. Use the Alphas, they should be sufficiently recovered." Dr. Mongrel said pointing to one of the doors leading to the super heroine storage facility.

Behind the door were a long row of cells. In every cell sat two or more super heroines. He picked up something that looked like a cattle prod and a couple of sets of handcuffs from a rack on the wall next to the door.

He walked over to the cage on the far end of the room. On the way the eyes of beautiful superwomen followed him in silent anticipation. Some stared with anger, defiant in their captivity. Others were more passive while trying not to get noticed.

Most of them had acclimated to their captivity and were eager to please their captors and earn their favor. Bill stopped at cage number fifteen. He picked up the pad that hung by the cage door and read the paper. Alpha Woman and Alpha Girl. Allocated for the use by Dr. B. Mongrel. Biochem division.

"Ladies. If you would stand with the back to the door and put your hands through the bars." Bill said politely to the two superheroines inside.

One of them walked up the door. It was Alpha Woman, a stunning auburn haired woman with piercing green eyes and a pair of G-cup tits. Time in captivity had left its mark on her. Her hair was a mess. Dark circles under her eyes and her uniform was torn and dirty.

“Misterum? Bill is it? We’re delighted to help the honorable Dr. Mongrel in his research. But my daughter hasn’t quite recovered from the last time. She needs rest. I would love to take her work load. I wont mind. I can take it. I promise.” Alpha Woman pleaded. She didn’t look any better then Alpha Girl. Who was still laying on her cot.

“I’m glad that you enjoy your work. But my work order specifies the both of you. Please turn around and put you’re hands between the bars.” Bill said. Holding up the cuffs.

“How about you put your cock between the bars and I make you happy for a while. Then you tell your master that my daughter can’t work today?” She said trying to flirt with him. It was amazing to Bill that women thought they could bribe men with sex in this city, where men could have pretty much any woman he wanted.

“If you don’t comply. I will have to report you two as uncooperative.” Bill said in a slightly firmer voice.

This brought Alpha Girl to her feet. They both stood with there backs to the bars. Hands sticking out to be cuffed. He started by cuffing Alpha Woman. The handcuffs closed with a metallic click. He repeated it with Alpha Girl. He stopped when he caught a whiff of her scent. Days of being used as a sex toy had given her sweat a scent that stiffened his cock. He put one hand on the back of her head and gave a gentle push. She knew what it meant and bent over. There was no need to remove the bottom piece of her outfit. It was long gone. Bill unzipped his pants and took out his cock.

Alpha Girl gave a light squeak as he penetrated her ass. The skin on her hips felt smooth, almost oily. Washing was less than a weekly thing. It was a way to keep the use of the superheroines as sex toys to a minimum. Keeping them ready for testing and experiments. It was also a good way to break there spirit.

Bill made it quick. Pumping her fast and hard. Knowing Dr. Mongrel might be upset if he delayed.

Bill led he two super heroines in to the lab. They where made to sit in what looked like a pair of chairs with stirrups to hold there legs up and apart. He offered them a pair of ball-gags and they accepted thankfully. Not that there was any need to silence them but as something they could bite down on when things got rough. As it was about to.

Dr. Bronze Mongrel came in to the lab through a set of double doors. Leading two ponies. He left one in front of each super heroine standing facing the women. They were passive and Seemingly uninterested in the women in front of them.

Dr. Mongrel filled two syringes with liquids from two of the twenty different test-tubes on a rack by him. He proceeded to inject each animal with the drugs. At first there was no noticeable effect except a slight restlessness. Alpha Woman and Alpha Girl gasped simultaneously as there soon to be sex partners grew massive hardons.

With huge throbbing erections the pony’s mounted the women while foaming at the mouth. They started their savage pumping of the helpless heroines. Various scanners and sensors recorded everything; duration, thrusts, recovery time, and so on. Bill stood there watching as one of the ponies fucked Alpha Woman to her first orgasm. She screamed in to her ball-gag while spit was flying from the corners of her mouth.

Alpha Girl was soon to follow. The red headed teen rocked and twitched as her body was enraptured by her orgasm. This would be the last time they would complain about there work.

The numerous drug enhanced pony's, donkey's and horse's that would be pulling a gang bang train on the superheroines would break there super spirits. Stripping away everything that wasn't a bimbo slut.

Bill's mind was brought back to the moment by Dr. Mongrel's voice.

"Bill. I need you to get rid of some unstable test-subjects." Dr. Mongrel said.

"Yes doctor. What's wrong with them?" Bill asked.

"I experimented with a plutonium enhanced version of Viagra. It looked promising at first but the effects seem to be permanent. And according to the triad we can't have our costumers turn into permanent sex freaks. Not the men anyway and we have plenty of drugs to turn the women into super sluts. Follow me." Dr. Mongrel said.

Some time later

Bill exited the cargo elevator. With the last two donkeys from Dr. Mongrel's lab. He was a relived if not a little surprised that non of the animals hadn't tried to mount him on the way up from the lab. He led them into the animal transport with the six others. Bill smiled to himself. This was exactly Manny Ortega needed, even two more than he asked for.

Bill didn't mind spreading some charity around. A city like Crystal City was a treasure for men like him. A place where he could fuck ten different women every day. The kind of women who wouldn't look at him twice in high school.

Having loaded in the last animal, he got in to the animal transport and headed off.

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### **Chapter 5: Next morning at the Happy Donkey Show**

Bethany Rimes sat on her bed in one of the back rooms in the old theater where she lived. With the death of Pepe. She had missed the first two morning shows. To her surprise she was missing sex with Pepe. Financially it made no differences. The morning shows had next to no costumers.

But Manny had insisted until business picked up and She didn't mind. She was sitting, reminiscing about the early days. When Pepe was still young and vibrant. Her finger started circling her clit. When she heard someone open the back gate. She opened the door to the storage area and peeked through. Someone had backed up an animal transport to the back gate and was in the process of unloading.

"Who are you?" Bethany asked.

"I'm Bill. I'm delivering these for Mr. Ortega, is he here?" Bill said. Opening the back of the truck.

"No. He didn't come back last night. I think he's still out drinking." Bethany said eying the animals moving in the shadows of the truck.



“Well, Can I leave these guys with you.” Bill asked. As he started leading out the donkeys.

“No problem.” Bethany replied. Biting her lower lip. Eyes bulging at the sight of the huge cock of the first donkey.

A delighted gasp followed as she realized that the other five were equally equipped. Bill left saying something about getting some Asian ass on the way back to work, leaving Bethany alone with the new batch of donkeys. She looked at them realizing that they were all looking back at her intently. She picked one at random. Leading him aside and kneeling beside him. It was odd she thought. His ball's looked almost like they glowed in the dark. She assumed she was seeing things and started giving him a blow job. She had to stretch her jaws as wide as she could to get the head of the thick cock in her mouth. Using both of her hands, she was able to grip around the cock.

Pumping it hard and fast. The beast started braying and groaning and was soon dumping his big load in her hungry mouth. Bethany gulped down the cum greedily. Not noticing its green, luminescent color. Bethany felt a hot breath on the back of her neck. She looked around. All five of the remaining donkeys were standing just behind her, staring at her. Their eyes demanding they'd be next.

“Easy boys. I'll get to you all.” She said. A bit intimidated by them.

She crawled over to the next one and started sucking on his hard cock.

As soon as she got started. She heard a shuffle behind her as one of the others mounted her from behind. With a cock thicker than she ever had before, it plowed into her ass. She tried to scream with the cock in her mouth. But managed only to make some gurgling noises. She was a bit worried about the randy way they were acting and was a bit flattered.

All three of them came together. Filling Bethany from both ends. This time she wasn't able to swallow it all. Glowing green cum spilled on the floor. As she saw the ominously colored liquid and realized something was very wrong. She got to her feet and tried to make her way out of the room, but half way across the room, she got jumped from behind. She fell forward over some old boxes with her ass in the air. A horny donkey cock made its way up her cunt and started pounding her hard.

It's front legs hugging her shoulders tight. Keeping her pinned in place. Another load of radioactive donkey cum was unloaded into Bethany's pussy. The donkey having expended his load was pushed aside and before Bethany could move, another took it's place. This time fucking her ass. This was repeated over and over again. Long after she had passed out.

She didn't know how long she been out. All six donkeys lay sleeping on the floor. She walked into the bathroom. Feeling quite well, all things considered. In fact, she felt great.

In the bathroom she looked in the mirror. The woman who looked back in the glass looked to be in her early twenties and very fit. Her skin was smooth and firm. Her big tits seemed to have risen up. All sag was gone. The same had happened with her ass. It was as big as ever. But now it was firm.

The asshole, once stretched and callused by the daily onslaught of Pepe's cock was now a perfect pink little star between two ebony mounds. She chipped off a piece of dried cum from her legs and ate it. She suddenly felt a surge of new strength. Bethany gripped one of the water pipes on the roof with one hand and pulled. She lifted herself of the floor easily. She realized what had happened. She had heard of it before, someone got bitten by some radioactive bug or something from some lab and received superpowers.

She walked back to her room and opened her closet. There in the back she found it. It was from the old days when Manny had tried to spice up her act with some bondage outfit. It was a pony girl outfit. Modified to give it a more donkey-like look. It had high-heeled boots that made it look like she had hooves. The body piece was like a net of leather strings that left a lot of skin exposed.

The mask had a bit and long ears.

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Epilog

The gang had started taking turns on the new Asian superheroine.

Azure Angel had fallen into their trap. They had made it look like one of their members was being mugged by the others, then they had turned the tables on her.

Jack, the gang's leader, had been about to take his second turn on the hot Asian's cunt when a steely hand had gripped him from behind and flung him across the ally.

Carla Rogers AKA Shield had intervened on the Azure Angel's behalf. Shield walked over to Jack in long calm strides ignoring the other gang members who were stunned by the turn of events. She picked up Jack by the collar with her left hand, holding up her right, ready to knock his lights out.

She was just about to deliver a snappy comment as a hand like a vice took hers and spun her around. A black woman in a black leather outfit had stopped her. It looked like she had hooves and a mask with long ears. She flung Shield aside.

"Who the hell are you?" Shield asked. Confused by the interference of a woman.

"I'm BaDonkeydonk, defender of Crystal City and you are on our turf. So you have to play by the city's rules. That means you take every cock that wants to fuck you." Bethany said. Loving the feeling of overpowering a superheroine and forcing her to submit to the way of the city.

A backhand sent Shield flying. She landed next to Azure Angel.

"Help yourselves boys." Bethany said. Pointing to the two heroines.

"And if one of you want some of this you only have to ask." She said pointing to her bountiful ass.

The End