

# The Musical, Pumping Beat of the Kong

By: Firingwall

“Phew!” Rachel whistled, “Well, ain't yah just a beaut!”

“It's just an iPod,” JD said flatly.

“MP3 Player, my sweet, naive boyfriend!” Rachel wagged a finger in his face, clutching her device tightly. “You know I'll never submit to the cold, sterile clutches of Apple!”

“Whatever you say.”

*Whatever I say indeed!* Rachel wasn't going to let this negative nancy bring her mood down. A package had just arrived, and she had just finished tearing and hacking her way through it with a pair of scissors. The kitchen was a bit of a mess afterwards, her partner not looking all that pleased as he watched her work.

After opening it up and digging aggressively through the packing peanuts inside, Rachel had unearthed her eBay win: A used MP3 Player. Sure, it was a little old, and the screen had a few scratches on it, but it was fine. It would serve her purposes well.

“Really don't see the point of those personally,” JD remarked. “I mean, can't you just download an app for music on your phone or something?”

“I rather just have my own separate device for music so I don't hog up all the space on it,” Rachel said, “Like you and your Nook.”

“Fair enough.” Her partner shrugged casually, finishing pouring his bowl of pretzels to snack on. “Your money, so go nuts.”

“Mhm!” Rachel took the player's charger out of the box. “If you'll excuse me, I'm gonna play with my new toy and add a bunch of songs to it. You have fun with your silly writing.”

“Silly writing that lets us have some extra money to pay for things, ya know.” Rachel wasn't listening, already strolling out of the kitchen.

Once in the comfortable surroundings of the living room, she plopped down onto the sofa and stretched out. She plugged her player into the charger and then that into the long power strip. She pulled out her laptop from under the couch, having it ready to do some song transfers.

After giving it a few minutes, Rachel turned on her MP3 Player. Thankfully, it did so with no difficulty, loading up just fine. She never had such a device before. She usually listened to music on the radio or on YouTube. This was all new territory for her to explore, and that made her a bit excited.

The device loaded up to what she assumed was the home screen. She flipped through the options available, wondering where to start.

That's when she saw the Playlists option. Curious but not really expecting anything, she opened it up. There was a playlist already made, several songs already loaded into it.

*Weeeeird.* When she bought this online from eBay, she was sure the seller had listed the device as having been cleaned out and empty. Clicking on the playlist and scrolling, there were quite a few songs listed. It was such an oddball mistake for someone to have done.

Looking at the offerings in the tracklist anyway, they were a curious bunch, but she knew them all. Most of them were just advertisement jingles or songs from cartoons or movies. Nothing wrong with that, and she certainly would probably listen to a few on her own time, but there were no popular or classic songs here.

Scrolling all the way through, at the very end of the playlist, she did find something of note. It was the most silly, random of things to possibly be included: The DK Rap.

Just the sight of it made her snort amusedly. She knew that song **very** well. How could she not? She listened to that goofy song all the time everytime she popped Donkey Kong 64 in to play when she was little. She'd never skip it, always dazzled and charmed by those lyrics, the beat, and the goofy, low poly count of the old models at play.

She felt a strong blast of nostalgia just thinking about it. It had been so long since she last listened to it. Now, with it right in front of her on her new used MP3 player...

She grabbed the headphones from the table and plugged them in, so happy this player still had a nice headphone jack in it. She put the earbuds in, leaned back into the sofa, hit play, and closed her eyes. It was time to be transported back in time.

Immediately, she was struck by the familiar, wonderful record scratching. The nostalgia rushed in like a crashing ocean wave, a big, goofy grin filling her face. Her body even quivered in anticipation. It was just a song, but it felt like coming home.

***HE-HE-HERE WE GO!*** *Awwww, yeah!* Rachel giggled softly. *Here we go indeed!*

She quivered again, her heart racing with excitement. From the record scratching to that first line, it all came in clear and loud. Her ears shook, tingling as they took it all in. In fact, they seem to grow, turning a sandy, tannish peach. Wider and larger they swelled, poking out from her long, blue locks. The sound only became stronger and more... energetic.

***SO THEY'RE FINALLY HERE, PERFORMING FOR YOU...***

***IF YOU KNOW THE WORDS, YOU CAN JOIN IN TOO!***

Rachel sighed, relaxing more and putting her arms behind her head. She does know the words, of course. However, for now, she'd rather just listen.

She nudged into the back of her seat, burying her head against that armrest and its pillow. Curiously, streaks ran through her dazzling blue hair. They were brown, the shade of coconuts, growing from her roots and reaching the ends.

***PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER IF YOU WANT TO CLAP...***

Rachel's digits wobbled, clenching a little. The skin turned a bit sandy tan and thick. There were light pops as her fingers grew larger, her hands following too. Not too much, but obvious enough if one were to look closely.

***AS WE TAKE YOU THROUGH THIS MONKEY RAP!*** Goosebumps rose across her entire body, the world seeming to slow down for an instant. She took in that pleasant chill that ran down her spine and then all over.

Upon the limbs where goosebumps appeared, hair sprouted. Smoothness faded as thick, long, brown hairs all grew in. It was like she had developed a severe case of body hair.

***HUH!***

That **HUH** was powerful. There was a lot of bass and pound in it. Rachel didn't recall it having that much before, but she hardly noticed in that split second. That grunt caused her to jerk, her heart racing and body tingling. That word only lasted a second, but what a rush it gave!

Her hands trembled once again, pulsating and making her digits jerk themselves. They swelled again, their thickness and density bloating. They were soon double the size of her original mitts, absolutely meaty and absolutely powerful. The skin was completely sandy brown, fingernails almost invisible to the eye, and the skin texture oddly rubbery to the touch.

***DK! DK!*** She couldn't help herself. Even if she didn't sing out loud, she'd certainly do so in her mind.

***DONKEY KONG!*** *Donkey Kong!* There was a quiver in her hair then, almost like a breeze ran through it.

Her long locks slowly shrank away, leaving her back and chest. They pulled up towards her head, thinning too. Some of it did grow but only on the top of her head. Those pulled up into a curly tuft in the center, streaks of brown filling it until all the blue was washed out.

***HE'S THE LEADER OF THE BUNCH, YOU KNOW HIM WELL~*** Rachel nodded along as the rap entered its first verse about the crew. She loved all verses, naturally knowing them all by heart. Though this one she especially enjoyed.

***HE'S FINALLY BACK TO KICK SOME TAIL!***

Her hands clenched tighter, trembles going up her arms. Slowly, they pulsed, throbbing as their musculature beefed up. They swelled thicker and thicker, soon matching her enlarged, dense mitts. They were so roided up that it would make many jealous.

Though, the sight of them faded a little. Her arm hair was getting thicker and thicker, coconut brown coloring everything. Defined muscles were obscured as her skin was cloaked in this fuzz. Curiously, only her hands remained untouched, smooth as can be.

***HIS COCONUT GUN CAN FIRE IN SPURTS***

It amused Rachel to no end how Donkey Kong was packing heat in this particular game. It made her smile and smile and smile even more. That grin seemed to be stretching wider by the second. However it could be because her face around the mouth was swelling, thickening, and pushing forward a little.

***IF HE SHOOTS YA, IT'S GONNA HURT!***

**Pop-pop!** Such small sounds were inaudible with her headphones on. Her nose suddenly widened and swelled, nostrils flaring and lifting up to expose themselves more. Her cheeks swelled further, matching with her maw and jaws. The skin turned rubbery and thick like his hands, everything pushing further out and sculpting itself into an ape-ish appearance.

Rachel never noticed a thing, eyes firmly closed and mind lost in the fun music. Her body only sunk further into the sofa as it grew heavier and more relaxed.

***HE'S BIGGER...*** Her form lurched and stretched, adding several inches onto her body in an instant. Her feet especially shook, toes clenching and unclenching repeatedly in her socks.

**FASTER... RIP!** Her socks burst into confetti as large, sandy-tanned gorilla feet burst through them. They were just as thick and large as her hands, if a bit longer for a better feet grip.

**AND STRONGER TOO!** Rachel's brow furrowed, her toes and hands clenching. Her arms swelled again, thicker and more powerful than ever. Her legs got quite the boost as well, growing almost as big as her arms. Her poor jeans struggled to hold them in, stretching to their limits.

### ***He's THE FIRST member OF THE DK CREW!***

In the span of a second, rapid changes struck her. Her hair shortened further and further until it was just above her ears. Her locks were more brown than blue, looking like they had blue streaks in them. Her eyebrows thinned, but her brow thickened and pushed out. Her face was positively ape-like.

**HUH!/"HUH!"** Rachel knew that was coming next and grunted along with the song. She even thrust her crotch with the beat, letting out a gruff moan. Her crotch bulged, a sizable bump now appearing in her tight jeans.

*Heh, love doing that.* Her breathing was heavy now, every part of her tingly and warm.

**DK!** Body hair spread from her legs and arms onto her torso, moving fast. It cloaked her back completely, running up and around her neck.

**DONKEY KONG!** Her breathing increased, chest rising and falling. With each breath, her breasts widened and stretched out a little. Her shoulders rose, broadening and straining the straps on her top. Her D-cup sized breasts were looking flatter and less protruding now.

**DK!** Her waist widened, her hourglass figure finally cut off. Her poor top was straining against her wider, broader form now.

**DONKEY KONG!** Thick body hair was growing most places of her body, cloaking most of her skin in it. The only parts it didn't touch were her hands, feet, chest, tummy, and muzzle. Everything else was hot and a tad itchy to boot.

Yet, Rachel hardly noticed it. Something was wrong. *Wait, didn't that song go "Donkey Kong is here" instead of just "Donkey Kong" now?*

The music sounded off too. The instrumentals, or whatever the N64 equivalent was, kept on playing. The next verse wasn't going at all. In fact, there was almost some distortion in it.

*Something wrong?* Rachel began to reach for her player. *Is the song glitched or-*

**HE'S THE LEADER OF THE BUNCH, YOU KNOW HIM WELL!** *Wait, it's repeating itself?  
...can a MP3 Player glitch out like this?*

Rachel didn't know, but she stopped reaching for the player whatever the case. Her body was seriously heating up. It wasn't just because of the hair growth either, her arms and legs coated in such thick hair that they looked positively ape-ified.

No, the heat was something else, and it wasn't bad.

**HE'S FINALLY BACK TO KICK SOME TAIL!**

Rachel trembled, her rear clenched. Its bubble butt proportions shrunk, flattening and tightening up until it was a firm, muscular bottom. Her hips even flattened to better match it.

*It's repeating itself.* She gulped. *Why is it repeat-*

**HIS COCONUT GUN CAN FIRE IN SPURTS.** “OOOOOOOOO!” A gruff moan left her. The heat within blew up even more, joy and pleasure running rampant through her form. The bulge in her jeans grew only larger, the denim somehow conforming around the grapefruit sized bump.

*Oh...* Rachel panted as shaking broke out everywhere. *Oh that... feels... it feels so...*

**IF HE SHOOTS YA, IT'S GONNA HURT! OOOOOOOOH!** The bulge grew massive in one big thrust. The button popped on those jeans, the zipper pulling down to make room. Her underwear tented outwards, pushing free from the new opening and stretching considerably.

“Fuuuuuuck,” Rachel grunted, brushing their forehead. “Why... why does this all feel... feel so goooooooo**OOOOOOOOOOO!!**”

**HE'S BIGGER...** This body swelled more than ever before, nearly doubling their girth and size in the span of a second. Clothing started giving away all over, straps breaking on the top and rips going across the sides of their jeans.

In the midst of it all, their breasts shrunk but also grew. Less protruding and globular, and more thick and wide. The collar started tearing there.

**FASTER...** There was another powerful growth spurt. Her feet and hands grew even wider, both sets of her limbs thicker than ever. Her arms looked like they were always flexing and bulging, Rachel's biceps almost the size and width of their head.

**AND STRONGER TOO!** Rachel's top broke open right there. Their breasts went mostly flat, swelling and stretching out into meaty pectorals. Their stomach rose with a set of abs, lightly visible to the eye. Everything about them screamed powerful.

**YOU'RE THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE DK CREW!** Rachel gruffly moaned as their head shifted completely to that of a certain ape's. They recognized that the lyrics were wrong again, but they cared little. Everything felt so incredibly right and on point.

**HUH!**“HUH!” Rachel bellowed louder than he had ever had before. The crotch of his jeans completely burst open, revealing cantaloupe-sized balls and a throbbing, erect dick. Almost a full foot in length, it trembled eagerly, wanting to be touched.

**DK! DONKEY KONG! DK! DONKEY KONG!** Rachel moaned, mouthing the lyrics and grinning away. Who cared if they were wrong or if the song didn't sound right anymore?

His balls churned, pre leaking from his rod. *Fuuuuck yeah!* He snorted. **DK... yeah... DK! DK, DK, DK, DK!**

**DK! DONKEY KONG! DK! DONKEY KONG!** Those lyrics kept repeating over and over, Rachel Kong quivering the entire time. No more changes came, but it didn't matter. He felt electric, alive with pleasure. His rod throbbed and pulsed more and more, pre running down his shaft and musk emanating from him.

## **YOU'RE THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE DK CREW!**

Rachel's eyes shot open, a mad grin on his grin. “**HUH!**” His deep, masculine, beastly grunt overwhelmed the music and **HUH** on the track. His cock blew with it, spraying cum high into the air and splattering it down all around.

Rachel panted heavily, the music fading out in his ears. None of the other verses played, just cutting to the end of the song.

“**Ooooooh, ooof...**” Rachel huffed, scratching the side of his face obliviously. “**That... that was something else!**” He slowly sat up, lifting his heavy body onto his butt. “**That was... whoa.**”

The new ape saw himself for the first time. His massive, wide, bulky, beastly form laid before him in all of its glory. The tattered rags that made up his old clothes laid beneath him or on the ground beside the couch.

“Donkey Kong” could only grin. **“Well, that's awesome!”** He flexed an arm, watching that bicep bulge. He used his other hand to feel up one of his pecs, kneading deep into its thick flesh. **“I'm so goddamn ripped! Fucking shredded!”**

“Hmmm, what a surprise. I leave you alone with something you bought off the Internet and now, there's a large, horny, naked gorilla on the sofa.”

JD had arrived. He stood a few feet away, hands on his hips and shaking his head. The look on his face was serious, but the exaggerated body language said he was also partially joking around. Either way, Rachel smirked and let out a hearty chuckle.

**“Honestly, I did not expect this to happen!”** Rachel said, stretching his arms behind his back and working out some of the kinks in him from his new growth. **“I really just wanted to buy a normal used MP3 Player.”**

“Ah-huh,” JD spoke with a flat, direct tone, looking his partner up and down. “Why is it then that whenever you buy something, it seems to transform you into a new form?”

**“I'm just a magnet for a good TF!”** Rachel Kong laughed, getting to his ape feet. He rolled his large shoulders, smugness filling his face. **“Don't be so jelly that I got all of these muscles!”** He flexed both of his arms at once, a tingly feeling running through him and going into his flaccid dick, which twitched.

“I'm not.” He glanced around, a hint of redness in his cheeks. “Just... just both surprised and unsurprised by this turn of events. He looked up. “Also, that needs cleaning.”

Rachel looked up at the ceiling. There was a big splatter mark from where he just cummed, some of white, thick goop dripping from time to time. JD continued, “Gotta get to that before that stains. Why don't you use those new long arms and height to get that?”

**“No problem!”** the ape snickered, **“I'll get right on it.”**

He carefully removed the headphones from his ears and handed them and the music player to JD. **“In the meantime, maybe you'd like to listen to some music? I'm sure there's plenty of fun tunes on here that you'll enjoy as much as I did.”**



***THE END***