

Curling his own toes was all that Donkey Kong could do as he was carried to the Kremling Island, hung off a pole by his hands and feet. He dangled in the air like a mere *object* against the wind, much to the hilarity of the entire crew.

"I can't believe you is so stupid!" Kludge spat out, struggling to not devolve into a full-on mad cackle. "A cutout of a stacked chimp?! We didn't even draw Candy Kong that well, but you still fell for it!"

Donkey Kong couldn't help but try and intimidate his captor with a scowl—an effort that bared no fruits beyond a surge of laughter.

"Awww, is the big ape mad?! Make sure to save some tears for the king! He's the one that wants to see you squirm the *most*." The words trailed off the kremling's mouth with venom and malice.

Hung upside down like a very furry Christmas ornament, it was impossible to take him seriously. For someone of his might to be in such a position was like a sick joke—probably the biggest punchline of the Nana Archipelago.

Sea waves crashed against the boat, the vessel swaying side to side with each point of contact. His upside-down world rocked all over the place, nausea slowly creeping up the back of his throat. By sheer force of will alone, he managed to keep the bile down his neck.

By now, he had been hanging upside down for at least five hours. With all the blood rushing to his brain, keeping himself conscious was a war of attrition. The near-constant rocking of the boat certainly didn't help. Having thrashed for most of the ride until just now, DK's eyes fluttered as the ever-approaching slumber neared his vulnerable mind.

"Mggh..." He grumbled, the world around him turning blurry.

"What's that, are you tired?" Kopter asked. "Bet that this sucker hasn't even spent more than a few afternoons upside down. What an amateur!"

"Silence, silence," Kritter said—the one that had the gall to come up with the plan to capture him in the first place. "Let's just make sure he sleeps nice and tight. If he's tucked in, he's not gonna cause any problems. Isn't that right, fellas?"

The entire room broke out into a joyful uproar. It seemed like the pent-up frustration from constant defeat had finally reached the point where they were willing to do *anything* for victory.

In the predicament he was currently in, DK certainly couldn't deny that their resolve finally managed to overpower his. The best he could do was wait until they were distracted, escape, and mash them into a red puddle of scales.

Well, that was the case before Kritter slowly approached him with a maniacal grin. The sheer euphoria of the situation was even giving him a bloodshot eye just like the one that King K. Rool had worn as a method of intimidation from the day he decided to become a plunderer.

“The crowd spoke, ape. Now, time to do the deed.”

Before DK could scream out in defiance, the scaly fist sent him directly into slumber. There was pain, and then, there was... nothing.

It was going to be a long voyage.

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The sound of clanking metal was the first thing that greeted him when his consciousness began to come back to him. His head still pounded with acute pain—he was probably beaten up even more after he was knocked out if the pulsating bruises were anything to go by.

What followed was a strange heaviness around his neck. It almost made him fall face-first to the floor, stopping just in the nick of time by reeling himself back into perfect posture.

“Mghooh...” DK whined, hand gripping his pulsating head. Just *what* had happened? That was the question of the hour.

From the looks of it, he was stuck back in Hideout Helm—in a lower level that none of the crew managed to spot during their first time here back during the... *incident*. With the world slowly coming back, the situation was made clear; he was in a cell, and a really secure one from the looks of it; no windows, torches illuminating the cell, iron bars as wide as the king that built them, and almost no space between them.

He tapped his finger with his arms crossed as thoughts began to swirl. Despite the titanic strength he carried in his body, it was useless if said body was so beaten that simply *existing* made his ache linger even more.

Well, if there was anything to do, it was to explore his surroundings. He’d punch down the bars after a good rest anyways.

Trying to move immediately made him aware of the bindings holding him to the wall. Instead of what he expected—decades-old rusty chains—it was a barrage of golden, opulent jewelry that gleamed as intensely as the K. Rool’s crown; each wrist shackle had a large ruby embedded on it, and the chains had diminutive gems added on each segment.

DK cocked his head to the side in confusion, and there was *definitely* something more on him that he couldn’t see from his current point of view. He was starting to feel slumped, but then, something besides the regalia-esque chains and shackles gleamed against the crackling torch fire’s light.

Reaching for it—all while pushing past the strain of his muscles being pulled towards the wall—he grasped it and noticed what it was. It was a stray glass shard that had been left near the left side of the room.

Knowing K. Rool, it was probably from a wine glass he threw at a prisoner in a fit of rage. Either that or... well, there wasn’t much to be gained in speculation anyways. He slowly held the glass up parallel to his face, and the source of his neck pain was finally made clear.

Made in the same style as his bindings was a thick golden neck shackle that even teetered to cover the edge of his shoulders. Not only that but as he was ready to lower the shard glass in disbelief, he noticed that the neckpiece wasn't the only extra adorning his body. He felt his blood run cold as his body's reflection reached his chest.

DK's jaw dropped as he gazed at the thick, oversized ring piercings hanging from his nipples. Almost entranced by the *shock* of what was in front of him, he moved side to side—as if to check that they were indeed real and not a hallucination. Just as he feared, he was met with the tug of his nipples by the rings in them.

Without even realizing it, he let out an unfiltered shriek of pain, but it wasn't just that. There was something else in there—he was sure. It was a strange, swirling anxiety in his stomach.

“Hah... hah...” That single moment hit him with such strong sensations that DK could not even properly compare it to anything in the past. There was adrenaline, and then there was the confusing soup of feelings resting inside him.

As if that wasn't defiling enough to his heroic figure, a harness had been strapped to his chest with a ring in the center holding it all together. His pecs were squeezed between the thin golden lines separating them, almost as if he was constantly being groped.

About to drop the glass to the floor, DK was hit with yet another gleam. Driven by that strange feeling in his gut, he didn't hesitate to reflect down to his bottom half.

He didn't know if he should even be shocked by this point. By now, he should've assumed that K. Rool would dress him up across every part of his body, the most embarrassing parts included. Wrapped around his penis was a gilded cage that made it impossible for his cock to move. The implication was clear as day, and the Kong's cheeks were as red as his tie. Putting his hand over his face, he desired vengeance for such humiliation above all else.

And when a voice called from the darkness, DK felt that desire grow ever stronger.

“Glad to see that you're having fun with your new toys!” K. Rool's slimy-sounding voice accompanied his elated entrance.

The golden coating that he placed over his belly reflected off the fire just as DK's bindings did. Underneath that massive gut was a speedo made of the same reflective material—not that it was that visible with the king's stomach serving almost like a natural censor. Behind him stood the kremlin commanders that delivered the Kong to his cell. “We worked very hard on those. You must look the part for your new role, after all!”

DK could palpably feel every single sweat drop trailing down the side of his face. K. Rool's wry grin certainly didn't help to ease his racing mind. He had to hold himself back from lunging at the kremlin king, lest he end up pushing his already bruised bones out of place; fists clenched up and a silent scowl sent his captor's way.

“Oh, that’s right! We haven’t even told him about his new role!” He cackled, and the entire horde of underlings continued in toe. “How about we leave it a surprise for him! I bet that he’ll be *thrilled* once he finds out!”

DK could only huff. Standing on all fours, he was waiting for *any* opening. Not just that, but if he was about to be attacked, he would need to dodge to the side. He was expecting to get a blunderbuss shot to the face at any moment... something that never arrived.

He was met with something else. Floating through the cell’s minuscule gaps was a small wooden totem; the carvings and structure of it depicted creatures made out of sticks and glue, kremlings, and even Kongs. It moved as if it had a life of its own, wriggling in the air as if it was an act of language.

“Mmh?” DK hummed—anything that had K. Rool’s stink on it was suspect, after all. Squinting to see if it held some of trap inside, he inched closer and closer.

An attack could occur at any moment, that is why he—the hero of the entire island—needed to be vigilant!

That was the last coherent thing his mind concocted before his entire train of thought was derailed into a deep, incoherent abyss. Everything wasn’t even white, for there weren’t *any* colors; not black nor white, but was absolute nothingness. There was a thick, enveloping force of nature stomping down his thoughts like a titan crushing a puny insect into nothingness.

The world stopped existing, and he could even say that *he* as a being stopped existing. He didn’t think of himself as Donkey Kong—the savior of the islands and the one that had crushed the kremling empire over and over again. No, he was simply... someone; no one of any importance. He just simply existed at that moment.

“It’s time to remember, monkey!”

It was King K. Rool’s voice. So recognizable in each and every aspect; how loud it was, the strange accent he spoke with, and the sheer confidence brimming in his speech. Most would say that his so-called confidence was actually simple arrogance; Cranky—Funky—Chunky—Tiny, and pretty much everyone else would definitely agree with that sentiment.

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Did *he* agree with it? For some reason, he couldn’t pull something as simple as an opinion on the topic. Even now, were the traits he listed meant to put the king down, or were they compliments?

What was the answer?

What was it?

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What was the question?

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“Boss, is he—”

“For the last time, Klump! He’s. Not. Dead!” K. Rool screamed—saliva flying out of his mouth and onto the overweight kremling’s face. “He’s just... what’s the word RELAXING! Because he’s HYPNOTIZED, you buffoon!”

“Sorry, boss! I-I kinda fell asleep during the meeting—”

“Of COURSE you did!” K. Rool loudly whined, standing up and throwing his hands into the air. “I oughta have you shot out of a cannon, you know! You’re damn lucky that my little pet project over here is gonna keep me busy...” He grumbled while sitting back down on his portable throne. Portable as in ‘the kremlings have to carry it everywhere by hand’, of course.

“Now, back to my entertainment...”

The totem dangled side to side like a wristwatch, and DK followed with absolute obedience. His eyes were glassy and unfocused as they dutifully trailed the ornament’s movement with absolute precision. Beneath them, his gawking mouth let out a stream of saliva that formed a puddle he was blissfully sitting in.

The best part of what the gorilla had become made the other aspects look meek in comparison; DK’s cock—already a flopping, large mass when flaccid—pulsated with pre-dripping out of it with each throb. It begged to break out of its cage, much to K. Rool’s joy.

“What an idiot... So easy.” K. Rool chuckled as he reached for his popcorn bowl; atop a nightstand that was *also* carried by his underlings.

He stretched his legs and let out a deep growl. When his feet hit the ground, having a brainwashed slave seemed all the more tantalizing.

“Patience, K. Rool.” He muttered to himself. “Patience...”

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Memories ran through his brain like an out-of-control stream. Specifically, the ones of every defeat. The one atop a ship—another one in a tower—even one in a dungeon—and one that even happened in a boxing ring. Every detail was so vivid that it permanently stuck to his brain like a scar that would never fade.

The scent of both of their sweat forming a pungent aroma across the air—the sound of roaring kremlings filling the entire atmosphere—kongs screeching like savage animals; everything was clear as day.

Well, not *everything*. There were some details so minute that not even the brightest of minds could pick on. There was a discrepancy that stuck out to him—one so massive that it was impossible to ignore.

Who was the one that got defeated?

“Make sure you know your damn place! Remember how I beat you to submission like the bitch you are!”

Yes. He was defeated. He could picture it clearly now. His face was crushed underneath K. Rool’s feet on the very same boat used to bring him to the island. He could even feel the king’s musk slowly enveloping the air like toxic smog. It was like a living memory.

A memory that happened. He was *sure* of it. If K. Rool was *helping* him recover his memories, what did that mean? Were the Kongs wrong? Were they lying to him?

“I can’t believe that you had the audacity of running away from your owner. You tried being a hero, but all you’re good for is being my servant.”

Running away? Did he run away? The king was helping him, and if he was defeated over and over again, that must’ve meant that the kremling king was repaying his attacks with kindness. What kind of ape was he then?

“You even dared to cast away all that regalia I gracefully GAVE you! And you threw it away for a FUCKING tie! Shameful, terribly shameful!”

Looking down at his chest, the regalia just felt... right. The clank of the chains was so usual to him that it was background noise to him. His toes curled with passion as he pictured K. Rool gently dressing him up like *property* to be shown off to the rest of the kremlings in a display of unadulterated opulence.

Twirling around the ship, the kremlings would rejoice at the sight of the king’s possession. Sometimes he felt like a concubine, while sometimes he’d be yanked around the lair by his neck shackle like a dog.

Did he truly love that lifestyle?

“You do.”

Yeah, he did.

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Despite the ear-rupturing sound of the cell being opened, DK didn’t so much as flinch. His mind was wholly consumed by the amulet, and K. Rool was more than willing to take advantage of the situation.

“Lift your arms, pet.”

DK did as told while mumbling an almost inaudible 'yes'. With his limbs skyward, his pectorals pushed outwards. With the pressure of the harness on top, it was almost overkill. Content with being objectified and unattentive, he did not protest as K. Rool squeezed his pectorals and tugged on his piercings.

"Atta boy."

He was surprised at how *easily* DK sank into the trance. He mindlessly accepted everything he was told like a sponge absorbing water. The only evidence that he was at least somewhat conscious of K. Rool's groping were the little moans parting his lips. It was simply *wonderfully* ironic to see DK presenting himself to him with uncontested gusto.

Circling the captive Kong, he was already beginning to imagine what he would do to him. Beyond having him a mindless servant that did busy work and helped spread his empire, K. Rool was eager to make excellent use of his prisoner's toned body.

He trailed his scaly finger down DK's six-pack. "You're strong, and I bet that you want to use that body to satisfy your king, right?"

Another quiet 'yes' from DK. There was even a slight hint of a growing smile as the concept of servitude settled into his mind with ease.

"Like it had always been there." K. Rool whispered. "About time that you knew what was best for you. Always focusing on such *stupid* things with your family while you could've served your king."

"Sorry—"

"Shut up!" He screamed. "Actions speak louder than words. On your knees, now."

DK obliged, and without even being asked to, he began rubbing his face against K. Rool's crotch. His hunger for obedience kept growing with each second—the massive grin on his face curving upwards in toe.

"Oh, what a *slut*." K. Rool said in a cackle. "Alright, I'll give you what you want..."

He tugged harshly on his speedo, and with one swift motion of his clawed fingers, the golden garment went flying behind him. His reptilian cock was freed as it flopped across the air. Veiny and throbbing, it rubbed against DK's face.

Almost like it was muscle memory, DK opened his mouth and wrapped his lips around his owner's cock. Brimming with lust and need, the gorilla let out moan after moan as he slurped down on reptile dick. The act of self-subjugation was like absolute nirvana to the ape, if the almost deafening moans coming out of him were any evidence.

"You were eager for this even before I broke you into my little fucktoy, isn't that right?"

With cock still in his mouth, DK nodded with pride. Little by little, he inched closer to the base of K. Rool's cock. Even the kremling's mountainous gut was no problem, for DK used his chiseled arms to lift it—all that so he could get his master's dick balls deep inside his mouth.

"Mhmm... That's what I like to see." K. Rool teased. "You've always been a cock hungry whore. Not just that, but..."

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He had served as a footrest.

He had inhaled the musk off K. Rool's body.

He had been passed around the entire army like a living fleshlight.

What did he *not* do? Every time that a stray thought passed, K. Rool's voice helpfully whispered into his ear and put it back into place. It was like a scaly hand was guiding his arm while he assembled the puzzle of his fractured brain.

"You are a servant to the kremling empire."

He was a servant to the kremling empire.

"You listen to K. Rool and only K. Rool."

He listened to K. Rool and only K. Rool.

"You don't think, you follow orders. Thinking is hard, after all."

He didn't think. He followed orders. Thinking was hard, after all.

"You are my slave."

He was his slave.

"And you couldn't be happier about it."

And he couldn't be happier about it.

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Yeah, that made sense.

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"How are ya feeling?" K. Rool asked with a wide smile.

DK smiled. "Excellent, sir!" He said with an almost uncannily articulate cadence—completely removed from the savage roars of the gorilla that existed no longer. "Ready to serve and accept my punishment, sir!"

“Atta boy.” The king said with a malevolent smile. “Let’s get you back home...”

With a strong tug of the chain, DK followed behind K. Rool’s trail with joyous obedience. A permanent ear-to-ear grin was forever adorning the gorilla’s face. Even when speaking and following orders, it was clear that the thoughts being spoken weren’t truly his. He mindlessly recycled the teachings K. Rool instilled in him—not a single trace of free will leave.

Still, K. Rool was more than ready to test his new slave to the maximum extent...

“Let’s go to my chambers.” K. Rool offered.

“Yes, sir!” DK said while saluting. “I’m always willing to help motivate the kremling empire with my body. Feel free to use me as you fit!”

“Oh, don’t worry.” K. Rool reassured. “I *definitely* will...”