

Kets felt DK's feet glide up and down his shaft. He had relieved himself before, but this was different. The gorilla's feet pressed against his cock. Each slow, agonizing pump made the pounding in his head grow stronger and stronger. It was good, but it was overwhelming as well. Like drinking for the first time, a mix of shock and exhilaration left his words as a pile of nonsense.

This wasn't his first time. Not in the slightest, but it might as well have been with how *alive* DK was making him feel. The Kong moved with the exact celerity to make him turn into putty—fast enough for no downtime, but still slow enough for Kets to savor every second of it.

"Fuck..." The stream of curses felt delightfully foreign in his mouth—DK receiving them with a permanent smile certainly helped as well. His peaking pleasure continued to debase him to the level of the other meatheads in the army, and it couldn't have felt any *better*. "Donkey... Mgh, please... Don't stop, shit..."

It's good. *Really* good. Better than anything he had ever experienced. Feeling himself up on his own now sounded *pathetic* compared to DK's feet stroking his shaft without a second for him to breathe.

"Will not stop then, Master Kets!" DK's voice remained with that unchanging optimism. With one palm still firmly planted on the mattress, the gorilla began to move his hand near Kets' thighs. "Allow me to assist you with something special..."

"Y-you don't need to call me maste-ooouh..."

Now *that* seemed to spark something within the ever-obedient gorilla. A dopey smile that told no thoughts suddenly morphed into something more familiar... and *primal*.

Fingers wriggling, DK began to glide his finger against Kets' thighs. Scaly—built with a pleasant layer of pudge adorning them—and firm. The gorilla's meaty digits were already so high up his legs that words were unneeded. Kets knew what DK wanted to do, and all he could do was close his eyes and let himself be broken into.

"Seems like you two boys are just meant for each other." Kritter moved behind the bed, a full view of DK's plump behind available to him. His grip on the chain remained steady, pulling back just slightly. "Don't forget whose the one getting special services here, pet. Quit screwing around and give him what he wants."

"S-sorry, Master Kritter. I just haven't met someone like Master Kets before... I-I, iah... I don't know what I'm feeling."

"Oh, I'll make sure you can explore your feelings in due time." His clawed hands sunk into DK's rump—feeling up the gorilla meat as he huffed with a guttural growl. "But make sure to milk the boy *dry*."

"Yes, Master Kritter!"

Kets inhaled the dry air sharply, biting his lip as DK's feet began to pump faster. Sweat and pre lubricated the gorilla's toes—gliding across his shaft, letting him drown in the sheer bliss of it all.

Every time that he thinks he's close, DK slows down *just* enough for his body to settle down without stopping the flow of pleasure. The pressure just keeps building and building, and Kets can just *barely* manage to hold himself back from erupting into a fit of screams and moans. Kets continued gasping for breath every time that he felt like he was getting close, and the time between those instances continued growing shorter.

It's a pull and push—a tug of war where the loser is the victor. Kets wants to let go and fall—get lost in the bliss and let DK do whatever he wants, but he *can't*. He's being kept awake; conscious of what he longs for during every excruciating second.

*He's continuing to straddle my thighs... mgmh... He's so close...*

DK's digits carefully glide from Kets' thighs to his ass—butt cheeks firm and sturdy. DK sees that there's a lot to dig into in spite of how hard they are. Just as how General Kritter squeezed his ass earlier, he followed suit and dug his fingers in.

Kets recoiled back, sweat flying off his scales and further matting the pillow below. DK could tell he was sensitive down there, and he at least took the pleasure in full stride. Most Kremlings would try and play hard to get with situations like these—denying that they enjoyed such teasing.

Kets' pillow wasn't the only thing that was soaked with sudor. He's absolutely *drenched* in the stuff—reeking of something foul yet tempting.

DK could say the same for himself and General Kritter. The entire room had been a hot box for their musk for quite some time now. Anybody that wasn't entrenched in their little game would probably endure a coughing fit if they were to take a single inhale while inside.

Trying to test if he can serve further, DK pushes his finger deeper. Kets' hole twitches as it's gently rubbed. The movement is adorned by the tiny squeals that push past his closed lips.

He continues to leak—arriving ever closer to the peak of his pleasure. It's a ticking time bomb that DK knows it's gonna blow soon. He hasn't stopped pumping, but Kets is probably so entrapped by everything thrown his way that he can't even tell where the pleasure is coming from.

It's all just a soup of moans and feelings. Kets keep whining and whining—begging for more as ecstasy-filled tears roll down his cheeks.

DK knows he's close. *Real* close. Just one last push.

“Here I go...”

He buckled yet another finger inside the Kremling's hole. With that, a primal growl blew past Kets' clenched teeth. Cum shot out of his cock—splashing across DK's body. Thick, swampy seed matted his brown fur, dripping down the gorilla's sculpted legs.

"Lasted longer than I thought..." General Kritter now stood beside the two of them. "You did well. Both of you."

"Thank you, sir!" DK saluted; still rock hard while doing so.

DK's cock—while still leaking—remained erect. With the amulet's curse still placed on him, his body still couldn't cum without a direct command, and no Kremling would ever let their former nemesis escape the never-ending edging their King had commanded.

"And how do you feel?" He asked—directed at Kets. "Enjoying your hazing, big guy?"

"Mmgh..." He shakily stuck his thumb up—still drunk off lust. "I'm... ghooooood..."

The shaky answer seemed to satisfy General Kritter. He didn't say anything and instead just continued to stare at the pair. He rubbed his thumb down one of the chain segments, quietly humming a sea shanty as he tapped his feet to the beat.

"What is my next task, Master Kritter? I'm sure that Master Kets is tired, so I'm more than happy to tuck him in and go serve someone else!" DK piped up.

"Yeah, I think I'm gonna—" But Kets' word were brashly cut by General Kritter stepping in.

"No." His taps morphed into a fierce stomp. "Both of you stay here."

"Wait, why? Did I do something—"

"You did nothing wrong, Rookie." Kritter interrupted with full confidence. "But you didn't think that hazing was just a one-and-done, right? You've made a good impression on me, but everyone else still needs to see you *shine*, son."

The sultry warmth that had washed over Kets was gone—blood running cold as the realization hit him like a cannonball to the face. "Waitwaitwaitwait! I-I need to get dressed and washed and ready and—"

The Kremling's mad rambling stopped when the door to Kritter's room swung open. The sun peered through the opening as the very co-workers he had been ignoring for such a long time stood under the door—all of them with leaking shafts that were in due for attendance. They all looked at both him and DK with coveting spelled all over their expressions.

"It's about time you let us through, Kritter!" Kopter's voice was nasal—his tone as painful as nails on a chalkboard. His long, droopy tongue hung over his mouth with a cascade of saliva dripping from it. "I was so tired of having to settle for just peeking through the window. You're very selfish for making us wait!"

Kopter's dick was the opposite of Kets'; long but *incredibly* thin. His hands kept wandering near it—seemingly just *barely* able to hold himself back from pumping away his lust.

"Shut up!" Krusha whined. Despite the massive stature and the *monster* tenting against his camo singlet, he stood behind the puny yellow Kremling. His legs shivered vigorously—his cock awkwardly pushing against the tight fabric nonstop. "You're gonna make the general mad..."

"Oh, you shut your *fu*—"

Their argument was shut down almost instantly by Kludge lumbering between them—pushing them to the side as if they weighed *nothing*. His massive, pudgy frame took almost the entirety of the doorway. His back was slouched down to not crash face-first with the wall above the entrance.

"Mgh..." Eyes locked with Kritter, he cocked his head at the pair and raised his eyebrows.

"Yeah, you three can come in. Our little rookie is *thrilled* to meet you..."

Kets' body still burned from the afterglow of the overwhelming pleasure that pulsed through him. He backed away slightly—head and goggles pushing against the bedrest. A hot, boiling swirl of feelings simmered in his head as he couldn't decide if what he was feeling was fear or anticipation.

"Mmhm, so that's where the toy was!" Kopter glared at DK—rubbing his hands all over the gorilla's shoulder as if he was polishing a trophy. "I've been pent up all day long! Mmh, can't wait to break ya open and fuck the shit out of you—HEY!"

Kludge pushed him to the side—one digit enough to get him away from DK.

"Me first." He insisted.

Kludge's pants and skull belt dropped to the ground with a loud *thud*. All four Kremlings looked at the giant *package* that he was carrying—jaws dropped at the sheer size of it. His cock hovered mere *inches* above the ground with a hefty sack of balls dangling behind it. Each 'drop' of pre that leaked from his shaft was like a puddle of its own.

"Woahwoahwoah! What do you think you're doing, big guy?!" Krusha tried pushing Kludge away in a panic, trying his hardest not to look at his cock and failing *miserably*. "Y-you can't... at least wait a second!"

Kets had been gawking at the bickering triad the entire time. He couldn't manage to look away from them as they argued over who would get to use the Kong first. The same kind of perverted thoughts that bubbled to the surface when he first met with General Kritter were now firing up *constantly*. It was one thing to see DK—someone passed around as much as a *fleshlight*—naked, but seeing the very same people that he spent countless days helping left him paralyzed.

Just as Kets began to pray for the earth to swallow him whole, General Kritter *smashed* his fist against the wall—silencing the uproar immediately.

“All three of you!” Kritter roared. “On a line! Now!”

“Yes, sir!” All three of them screamed—lining up without a second thought. Saluting with their shafts still dripping pre, their bickering halted *immediately*. “What do you need us to do, sir?!”

Kritter chuckled at the immediate servitude. Scaring the recruits—be they veterans or rookies—was one of his favorite pastimes. Doing it while they were stripped naked—*hungry* for satisfaction—only made the power trip more exhilarating. Having so many minds wrapped around his thumb made his cock *throb*. They’d be at each other’s throats and just *one* sentence was enough to have them all stiff. For them, there was no need for a silly totem to get them to comply

“We’ll need to make sure that our friend is properly welcomed...”

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Kets was already nervous about the footjob alone, and with everything escalating so quickly, he was moving through sheer inertia alone as General Kritter bossed them all around. As DK continued to rub his rump against his groin, he tried his hardest to keep himself steady. Even after the climax, that ravenous hunger inside of him still persisted. His cock was upright yet again and now smeared semen against the Kong’s backed-up ass.

“I can’t wait to take your cock, Master Kets! I’ve been wanting to do this ever since I became the Kremling’s one and only toy, Master Kets!”

The declaration of servitude was like music to General Kritter’s ear. His laughter was an eruption of dominance—the thrill of the situation’s control was *immeasurable*. Drool continued to trickle down the side of his mouth, unstoppable perversion running through his mind.

“Now, DK, I know that you wanna make sure that the rookie is having a good time, but you can’t neglect your other owners!”

“Damn right!” Kopter screeched—uselessly trying to push away Kets with his scrawny frame. “I’ve been needing a good fuck for hours!”

“I-I didn’t mean to!” Kets immediately jumped to his own defense. “DK just rubbed up on me—not that I don’t like it! I-It’s just that—”

“Gosh, I’m so sorry, Master Kopter! I totally forgot about you!” DK whined.

He swung his back sideways, now grinding up against the yellow Kremling. The sudden bout of affection silenced Kopter’s whining, leaving him with nothing to say but half-hearted mumbles. Momentarily, he remained frozen—eyes wide and twitching hands as they wandered across everyone in the room, switching targets every second.

“What is the matter, Master Kopter? Do you want me to—”

“NO.” He blurted out. “I-I can do this just fine. Just give me a second... L-Lay on your back! I wanna see those tit rings of yours!”

The Kong did as told, his needy cock continuing to leak all over Kriiter's floor. "Done, Master Kopter!"

Digging his hands into DK's cheeks, Kopter spread them outwards to slip his dick in. His slender shaft slid in easily with how overstretched DK's hole was. almost immediately, a warmth loosened up his muscles, melting his thoughts into a concentrated desire for *pleasure*.

"Mgmh, that's it!" Kopter moaned out, hands slowly crawling up the Kong's muscular legs and thighs. "Man, you're loose as hell! Wonder how many cocks you've taken, whore?!"

DK arched his head up, scratching the floor around him as Kopter's pelvis slammed against his ass. The yellow Kremling's precum-coated balls slapped against his firm butt with *wet* slam—a cacophony of absolute perversion and unbridled lust.

"All of them, Master Kopter! I've taken everyone, and I want to keep taking you all for the rest of time!"

"Glad to hear that you know your place."

General Kriiten handed the chain off to Kopter—his sight now settled on the three still unattended Kremings. So many things he could do with them; playing with their craving, needy bodies like toys. Cranking his dick while seeing the three squirm at his orders was all his body desired—nodding while slobbering all over his shaft, drinking up his seed.

No, no. He couldn't do that. He'd arrange for it another day—he had to make sure that everyone walked out of here with their carnal impulses satiated. A satisfied soldier was a good soldier, and he sure as hell was going to keep the morale up at all costs.

"You." He pointed at Kludge. "Go get yourself some sugar."

"HEY!" Kopter whined amidst his high-pitched grunts. "I'm already fucking the Kong meat, get your own or wait your turn!"

"Boys." General Kriiter called out. "Share your toy, Kopter."

"Psh. Fine."

"Okay. I'll go then." The bed creaked out in relief as Kludge stood up, springs coiling back into place now that the *hundred* of Kremling pounds was finally lifted off it.

His massive cock rubbed against DK's salivating maw, leaking pink tip brushing against his face. For as big as he was, Kludge always preferred starting out slow. He wanted to let his lust simmer—to save it for the king himself. DK was close to his ideal fuck, but K. Rool... he'd have to deal with sloppy seconds for now.

He didn't need to say anything for the Kong to rub his hands all across the blue, monstrous shaft.

"Good." A long, hearty exhale flowed out of his nostrils. "No mouth. Use your hands."

“Of course, Master Kludge!” Even DK’s mannish, large hands weren’t able to fully wrap themselves around the Kremling’s cock. He pushed back and forth, slowly pushing out the puddles of semen stored on Kludge’s tip. “It’ll be lovely serving you, Master Kludge...”

“Mhm.” Kludge nodded, gently tilting his head back as he traced his fingers across DK’s hair tufts. “You got a good grip.”

Kets had been staring in bewildered awe the entire time. His cock throbbed as he saw what was essentially a real-life porno film live in front of him. Words refused to leave his mouth—the *jealousy* of seeing DK be used in front of him and the guttural bliss of seeing shameless perversion displayed pulling his mind in opposite directions.

“Mgh, fuck...” Kopter gasped, a breath that he had been holding in for quite some time flowing out as his body relaxed deeper and deeper. “So fucking good...”

The vulgar words flowed through his brain like a corrosive, infectious substance. No matter how hard he tried reigning himself in, his cock kept begging him for *more*. His claws tore through the bed covers and sunk into the mattress, biting his lip as he tried pushing the *hunger* down as best as he could.

“Mmgh...” His voice broke into a shrill, whiny octave. The patheticness reeked off his tone, a pang of shame bulging down his throat. “Fghuuck...”

His bashfulness grew fiercer when he and General Kritter locked eyes. If he didn’t have the courage to touch himself in front of everyone before now he had even *less* ambition to do so with Krusha directly looking at him.

“Oh, don’t you worry. I didn’t forget you either.” His hands glided across Kets’ thigh, his clawed thumb gently stroking the scales across his leg. “How about you and Krusha get to know each other better?”

Before Kets could answer, Krusha saluted—puffing his chest out—before wrapping his hand around Kets’ still throbbing shaft.

“W-w-what are you—WHAT?!”

“Boss told me to do it~” Krusha’s hand was massive. It wrapped around his chode easily, stroking up and down at a steady but moderate rhythm. Of course, the sweat dripping from his body and the massive tent pushing up against his camo singlet showed that he was getting a thrill out of this too. “Woah, yours is so thick...”

Out of obligation, Kets’ hand reached for Krusha’s shaft. Pulling the singlet up, he pushed underneath to take hold of his cock. He could feel the bulgy veins across it, throbbing intensely as the Kremling’s body ached from lack of stimulation.

Silently, the two of them began stroking each other’s dicks. Both of them said nothing. The only sounds that parted their lips were heavy, labored moans of pleasure and exhaustion. None of them had ever pushed their bodies so far before; this went beyond a simple jack-off

session—everyone either nonstop stroking or stroking each other even well after their bodies told them that it was enough. It was pleasure for pleasure's sake.

And of course, the puppetmaster leaned back on the wall—satisfaction written all over his face. Now that all the pieces were in place, General Kritter could relax. He threw his pants and jockstrap to the floor, finally pumping his cock as his underlings put on a show for him.

“Ah...” He sighed in relief, still making sure that his posture and expression remained sharp—lest any of them stop following his orders. “The lot of you are all good soldiers...”

“T-thank you, Master Kritter!” DK cheered. “Every one of you is making me feel so warm...”

“Yeah?” Listening to the harmony of moaning voices, he noticed that DK's voice was the one that stood out the most, and Kritter was a sucker for praise. “What else, you toy?”

“Mmgh!” He struggled to speak amidst Kopter's continuous *slams* and Kludge silently demanding more attention with those intimidating huffs of his. “You all... Mgh... are so hot... and I want to be filled up at all times!”

“That's good...” Kritter's grin widened—a front row of sharp teeth displayed in their full glory. “Keep talking...”

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They just kept going. Time had lost all meaning as Kets was now *drowning* in lust. How many positions have the six of them gone through? Did it matter? Could he even remember if he tried? Everything was so foggy, like being half-awake constantly.

DK's tongue swirled around Kets' cock, sucking down and mouth filling up. Behind the Kong was Kludge—slowly pushing in and out and giving DK's overstretched hole a rough time. The euphoria on the Kong's face made it clear that he was enjoying the challenge.

“See? You're doing good. Make sure you go in nice and slow.” Kritter—still pulling on the chain—pushed DK's neck back and forth across Kets' cock. “Can't have him cumming so soon, do we?”

“Mmmhm...” DK moaned out, eyes rolled back.

Krusha and Kopter stood on the corner of the room—backs against the wall as they were forced to watch the mess play out in front of them.

“See? We're all just getting to know each other...” General Kritter whispered. “Let's just stay here a little longer...”