

Rouxls kept pacing back and forth with his pirate close to his chest. The three heroes had departed to yet another land, Queen was going through one of the most intense battery acid hangovers he had ever seen, and the guards surrounding the prince of darkness's castle were never *too* good at their job; it was the perfect storm for King to break out of his hamster cell and start strutting around Castle Town like he owned the place.

At first, it seemed that the massive royal had mellowed out. He still acted with the grace of a drunken sailor inside a pub, but he wasn't acting like the maniacal dictator he used to be. For a few moments, Rouxls thought that he could rest easy.

That was until King called him to one of the private chambers of the castle. Even before going inside, he could already feel his blood turning cold. The warm and lively Castle Town crept into the background as he began trekking through the cold, echo-y walls of the castle. From underneath the door at the end of the hallway, the blue flickering light of the king's magic allured him like a flame drawing a moth in.

"Come on now, thou. Do noth be a coward." He told himself as he grasped the door.

Rouxls pushed forward, and as soon as he saw King laying in a bed that was clearly too small for him, the little confidence he carried *deflated* in an instant.

"S-salutations, your highness! Pray tell, what doth thou desire to converse about?!" His voice was broken—high-pitched—*shrill*. It was like nails on a chalkboard to him and King if the grimace on the royal's face was something to go off. "Taxes? Chess?! *Torture devices?!*"

"Shut up." King spat drily. "Close the door."

Against his better judgment, Rouxls followed the order dutifully. His back pressed against the door, sweat running down his deep blue skin. Both body and mind pulsated with freezing fear. The most he could do was shiver as he clutched the fragile wood behind him.

"So, you went sightseeing? With my *wife* no less?"

"Not with THOU formerly betrothed, your highness!" Rouxls' sweaty palms shivered as he immediately tried to explain. "I just followed the foolish trio of buffoons to that Dark World! They were BEDAZZLED and FLABBERGASTED by my appearance, but then I got turned into stone—"

"Yeah yeah yeah. The idiot in the green hat told me about it." King said while waving his hand away. "Now... What were gonna do there, huh? Did you have a plan? *Anything?*"

"W-well... I..." Rouxls tugged on his collar. "Sir, I-I did not—"

"SILENCE!" The king roared as he stood up. His tail *whipped* the floor, making a sudden 'crack' sound that almost sent Rouxls tumbling to the ground. "You made it clear that you're not even good enough to be a jester. You're absolutely pathetic!"

“Humblest apologies from thou loyal servant, King Spade!” Rouxls screamed. “You cannot believe the *terrifying* strategies those WORMS employed! It was a bloodbath, I tell you!”

“Do you think I’m stupid enough to believe that!?” King growled, nostrils flared up, and the symbol that acted as his face crumpled up under the stress of a frown. “The *audacity!* I was right to think that you need a lesson...”

“A-A lesson? Thou highness, whatever could I, the GREAT Rouxls Kaard, need to lea—” Rouxls gasped as King’s spade tail lunged at him, wrapped itself around his neck. “—aaaAAAAH! SIR!”

“First hint of threat and you’re already squirming. You’re like a cornered... *dog.*” As soon as the last word was uttered, a wicked smile spread over King’s face. “Yeah, that sounds fitting for you. You’re nothing but a whimpering dog.”

“A-a dog?! I’m no mere canine, thou highness!” Almost immediately, Rouxls swallowed his pride as he realized what he had just done. “Deepest apologies, thou highness! It appears that my temperament had gone out of hand...”

“Ugh, silence.”

A shift of his hips was all that King needed to send Rouxls to the ground with a thundering *smash.*

“G-gah!” Rouxls whined out in pain. He desperately tried unwrapping the royal’s tail, but that only pushed King to squeeze *harder.* “T-thou highness... I can’t... breathe...”

“Shut your mouth. I think that you’ve talked enough.” King slowly moved his tail to force Rouxls up—feet just *barely* touching the ground. He still tried to push away the tail from his neck—an act so futile that it was almost *adorable.* “It’s time to shape you into a decent subject.”

A trace of blue magic followed his twirling fingers. The figments of energy circled around the king’s palm, spinning faster and faster as the clumps of sorcery’s trails converged on each other—a perfect circumference formed. They glowed brighter and brighter—shine almost blinding—until finally, they stopped.

In the King’s hand was a bedazzled collar. Made out of gleaming, blue metal with spade-shaped gems along the sides. It was as opulent as an accessory could get. Any kind of grandeur that it could possibly bring was offset by the thick metal chain attached to the back.

“T-thou excellency? What is that contraption for?”

“I don’t recall giving you permission to speak.”

A snap of his fingers sent the collar flying toward Rouxls’. The darkner’s eyes clenched shut as he looked away, only for the accessory to stop just a few inches away from his face.

“W-wuh...? I am... unscathed?”

King unwrapped his tail around Rouxls' neck. With the scrawny servant on the floor and dazed, he quickly thrust his arm forward, moving the collar as if it was an extension of his body.

With a thundering *clank*, it snapped around Rouxls' neck. The contraption squeezed his throat, his breathing turning jagged and short.

"G-Guh... what is this?" He clumsily tried prying it open—pulling relentlessly from every angle he could think of. The only thing he had to show for his efforts was a horrible strain on his arms. "What is the purpose of this strange... thing?"

"It's the thing that's been missing from your armor." King confidently said. "In fact, I think that it's the *only* thing that filthy dogs like you should be wearing."

"W-wuh?! I'm no canine!"

But just as always, Rouxls' pleas only increased the King's desire for chaos. His twisted grin grew wider as he was faced with defiance—the prospect of *breaking* such resistance tantalizing. Crushing the other three card kings under his boot was already the most thrilling experience he had ever had during his short existence, but to do the same to one of his subjects?

He arched his finger—like the motion of activating a switch—and the gems around the collar suddenly lit up with a blue glow.

"What!?! No, let me go! Someone of my station shouldn't be put through this chicanery!"

"Ah, I'll miss the sound of your incessant whining."

Pressing his thumb and index fingers against each other on both hands, then moving the circles together, King gathered energy once more. The azure light tendrils began to weave in through the holes of the infinity-shaped symbol. They moved faster and faster, just as the energy used to make the collar did earlier.

Until one fateful moment.

Circling through the right hole, it shot directly into Rouxls' head. Immediately, the blue-clad servant dropped to his knees.

"A-ah..." Words tried *desperately* to flow out of his mouth—lips trembling, rising, and falling. "T-thou highness..."

Each pulse coming off the gems was like a gentle but *exhilarating* shock. Despite his efforts, every muscle of his loosened up—the pressure running through them flowing out and forcing a moan out of him. As he moaned out in bliss, his tongue rolled out and lolled with saliva dripping down from the tip. He tried pulling it back inside, only for a nonsensical mumble to come out instead.

“Now, let’s make sure to get rid of that disgusting clown outfit of yours. Pathetic beasts like you don’t deserve clothes either.”

Rouxls couldn’t help but gawk at the towering King. Cast in the royal’s shadow, he was mesmerized by having the king’s rotund frame so up close. Stuffed in an over-stretched, shiny outfit that barely managed to hide his white plush frame, King stood tall with utmost confidence.

King’s large, mannish hands traced over his body. The *click* of his vest being unbuttoned sent a shiver down his spine. He had never felt this powerless before—a pitiful servant with no will of his own to boast. There was nothing he could do but stare in awe as he was laid bare for the man he had sworn fealty to. It felt so right despite how wrong it should’ve felt. Was he paralyzed, or did his mind simply not desire resistance?

With his uniform draped over the floor, Rouxls body convulsed again. His hands shivered as his back arched forward, slowly lowering to the ground. For a second, he thought that he’d hit the floor yet again. He braced for impact, only for his palms to plant themselves firmly against it.

“W-whath is ghoeeng on...”

“The impulse of a pet, you worm,” King explained in a deep, cold tone. “Soon you’ll long for nothing but to be a subservient *thing* to me.”

“N-Nhooe... I am...”

His words died out while attempting to say his name, ending in a pathetic choke. His silence only lingered as he felt King suddenly start undoing his pants from behind. With such a massive shaft behind him, it was impossible to not succumb to debaucherous thoughts. The fact that King’s cock was *limp* yet felt so massive only made the temptation even stronger.

“G-gghnuh...” Biting his lip, Rouxls sensed his back arching up to present his body to the ravenous king.

“*Silence*,” King growled.

“Shooooooweee...”

The cold winds from Castle Town brushed against his ocean-blue skin. Just having King so up close was enough to get him leaking down onto the carpet. To act like such a degenerate was horrifying yet *blissful*. Drowning in the corrupting force being sent through his brain, giving in felt *heavenly*. Without even knowing why, he gently swayed his hips from side to side.

“Excited? How adorable...”

Conjuring more magic, King concocted a construct with just a few finger curls. A butt plug with an end meant to replicate the shape of a dog tail manifested around his palm—colored to match Rouxls’ skin.

He granted Rouxls nothing but his own spit as a replacement for lubricant. Without care or warning, King shoved the plug inside his underling's body.

Rouxls screamed out in a mix of pain and pure bliss. He could feel his hole stretching as the sex toy was shoved inside. His body contorted as every ounce of him fought to fit the plug inside of him. As the walls of his hole expanded, the craving to be *filled* continued to surge inside him.

“Mgh...”

“That’s right. Know your place, you dog.” King cooed. “I’m sure that you’ll love being my pet. I’m gonna show you off to every damn darkner in this kingdom...”

To be walked around Castle Town—everyone gawking at his naked frame, laughing at his absolute lack of independence—sounded like *heaven*. Rouxls vigorously nodded, tongue still loafing around in the air and sending drool below.

“Alright...” King grinned, pulling on Rouxls’ collar. “That’s what I like to hear...”