

K. Rool let his tongue dangling out of his mouth with incomparable bliss. Crass moans passed his dry, hanging maw. Besides his lustful gasps, the only sound in the room was the sound of DK's lips sucking his reptile cock and swirling his tongue against it.

"Can't believe you've been this good at being a slut all along..." The pristine cushioning continued to tear as K. Rool continued to suppress his pleasure, claws digging deep into the throne as a result. "Hell, it's almost like you've wanted this as much as me. You only needed someone to break you open to admit it..."

DK gazed up at his owner. His eyes were a kaleidoscope of ever-changing colors that blocked any *truly* independent thought from passing through his brain. He was lovesick; enraptured by K. Rool and everything he stood for. A few weeks of serving as the Kremlin Army's personal slave had thoroughly molded him into a being with no wants of his own beyond carrying out the king's orders.

With the mountainous Kremlin gut in the way, one of DK's hands held up the scaly orb with ease—supporting his entire body weight with the other hand alone. In small but prominent lapses of judgment, the Kong would grow ravenous enough to dare squeezing K. Rool's gut. Every time, he'd excuse himself by the temptation of the Kremlin king's body being too strong for even an obedient machine like himself.

K. Rool didn't mind the *act*. Teasing his servant was just way too fun to pass up.

"Hey, you," K. Rool called out. "Fix your posture. I wanna make sure that I can get a good look at that ass."

DK muffled a barely understandable 'yes' while trying to nod. Doing so with seven inches inside of his mouth wasn't the easiest task in the world, but he still tried to vocalize with glee. Saliva and semen dripped out underneath—all while the gorilla tried his hardest to slurp every last drop.

The idiocy written on his face was something that K. Rool rejoiced beyond words. The fierce thug-like expression that pissed him off to no end was no more and the former arch-rival had nothing but love and servitude to give.

Following his owner's command, DK gently arched his back up and proudly showed off his sculpted, plump behind. His hips gently swayed from side to side, tufts of brown fur blowing against the gusts of wind coming from the window. Privacy was a concept that had been thoroughly eradicated from the Kong's mind; his bare body had been observed by every soldier in the army—a fact that he was *extensively* proud of.

Right between his ass cheeks was a golden buttplug that had an opulent gem on the bottom. It spread out his butt and left it gaping for quick access whenever needed. Any time that a Kremlin was to use him, all it took was to remove the plug to display his gaping hole. Even when simply to show off the thorough 'training' K. Rool had put him through, DK's hole almost never retracted from its constant wide open state.

"Never gets old," K. Rool moaned out. "Mmh, gotta make up for the lost accessory after I took that cage off. I like seeing some gold around your waist... Fits ya well, like gilding a piece of clothing. Makes me look better too."

The powers of the totem exceeded even what K. Rool thought possible. He knew that the amulet would be enough to turn DK's free will into mush, but to govern every single inch of his body was something on another level—a tantalizingly *forbidden* one. With just one word, DK's cock was magically locked out of the ever-reaching climax. The Kremling king could still perfectly remember the strange sigil that appeared on his slave's throbbing dick. Ever since that moment, the Kong had only reached orgasm by *receiving*.

"See? It's way better when you help others. Thanks for the bananas, by the way. These milkshakes are to *die* for!" Acting like he wasn't being orally served, K. Rool chugged down all the milkshake with one large swig. "Mhmm, you were such a good boy to hand them over! After all, what's yours is mine, right?"

DK nodded again, his moans growing parallel in volume to the amount of praise sent his way. Knowing when the rest of his family would have their guard down, he dutifully delivered every single banana to the ship. He was even rewarded with a night of passion—finally cumming after days of being pent up.

"Mgghmm... You have a *really* good mouth."

K. Rool dug his hand into the back of DK's head. While eager to please, the gorilla still couldn't get his cock balls deep into his mouth—a *terrible* predicament that the Kremling king vowed to fix. Every day, he would force the Kong onto his knees and fuck his throat until he couldn't go any longer. Left heaving and panting, DK would then offer himself up as 'thanks' for the thorough training.

"Let's see... how good you've gotten!"

With a powerful push, K. Rool tried forcing his shaft down DK's throat. He savored the Kong's struggling gulps and moans. It was a symphony of absolute submission that K. Rool had the fortune of reveling in every night. The sensation of DK's mouth struggling to wrap around his chode was *palpable*.

"G-ghuk!"

"That's a good bitch. You're already leaking and I haven't even gotten to playing with you. I guess serving me is way better than simply cranking your hog, eh?" Another push. He was so close—his fantasy was on the verge of coming to fruition. This exact image had been present in his dreams for as long as he could remember, and now, it was *real*. A cacophony of moans, cackling, and gasps kept passing through K. Rool's lips. "Mgh, yes! Yes, that's it. God..."

Just two inches left. The bulging in Donkey Kong's neck was concerningly prominent. Every breath that he took through his mouth resulted into a guttural, wet sound as he tried gulping down on the king's dick. The reptile cock pushed and hit the walls of his esophagus—K. Rool uncaring about anything but his own pleasure.

Now so close to his owner's groin, DK could get a full whiff of the king's pungent musk. The sweat that coated every one of his scales reeked of *manliness* and lust, and if he could, Donkey Kong would gladly breathe it all day long.

"Mmmgh..." He whined, eyes rolled into the back of his head. The distinction between pain and pleasure turned more blurry with each thrust of the Kremling king's hips. His throat was ferociously ravaged by the reptile cock, and it was the most painfully wonderful experience he's had through his time as a slave. "Mmghuuh..."

"Mgh, almost there! Take it, you—"

But then, the last push—strong enough for K. Rool to fail to push down a moan unbefitting of a king. DK's mouth was *heavenly*, and the Kremling let out a crescendo of lust to match. He remained still for a moment, his brain short-circuiting at the constant output of adrenaline. There was too much for him to process; DK's mouth—his tongue—the regalia—the butt plug's gem glimmering against the sunlight—and the pitifully adorable moans coming from the gorilla.

It's good. It's delectable. It's blissful. It's... DK.

And then, the catch. There was always a catch, and K. Rool should've been smarter than to think that he was done with training a *stupid* monkey like his slave.

DK recoiled back—the 'thud' of him hitting the ground loud enough for K. Rool to wince concerningly through his frustration. The small drops of pre dripping from his cock flew into the air and landed on his chest, mixing with K. Rool's and only further defiling his image. His pectorals—large, stone-like mounds the size of his head which the king loved to grope—rose up and down repeatedly, the gorilla struggling for oxygen.

"Aw, and we were so close! Such a disappointment..."

"Mmgh, sorry, sir..." DK whined. His legs were spread out, toes curling as the thought of continuing tempted his controlled soul. "I just couldn't... I'm going to get better at it, though! Promise!"

"Eugh, shaddup. I was gonna train you whether you wanted it or not. If you can't take me, you sure as hell won't be able to take Kludge or Klump." With his excitement deflated, he sunk down on the throne. "Now you certainly killed my mood."

"I'm very sorry, sir!" DK whined, cheeks flushed and voice so high-pitched that it was hilariously unfitting on someone of his size. "W-what can I do to help? Oh, this is so embarrassing, mmgh!"

"Hm..."

Clicking his tongue, K. Rool ran down the list of fantasies left. While oral control over the stupid gorilla was the goal, a small diversion couldn't hurt. It wasn't like the slave's mug was the only thing he had to offer. Every part of his body was tantalizing in its own way—years of physical training were to thank for that.

"How about you try and please me with something other than your mouth? Leaving your king blue-balled is punishable by death, haven't ya heard?!" K. Rool spat. "So you better think fast! The high's gonna die out at this rate!"

"Yes, sir! Will do just that, sir!" He lowered his back and propped his ass up, giving K. Rool an even closer look at the butt plug. "Please get ready, sir!"

"Ready for whaaaAH?!" K. Rool let out a scream. DK seemingly lunged his legs towards his crotch, but he stopped right before impacting him. He remained frozen with perfect posture, toes curling around the king's still erect cock. "W-what are you doing?!"

"Well, you said two days after my return that you were bored of simple handjobs, sir!" DK explained with enthusiasm. "So, I've been training to pleasure you in better ways, sir!"

"Ah..." It seemed that the inherent defensiveness against his ex-enemy still hadn't completely faded away. "W-well, you're free to do so! I was just making sure that you weren't thinking about pulling something funny, you know!"

"I'd never, sir! I will only think of what serves you and the Kremling army!" DK laughed at the statement—as if it was obvious. "Now, please stay still, sir!"

Cupping K. Rool's cock between his feet, DK made sure that his grip was firm but not painful. A delicate balance was needed as he began to push up and down in uniform motion. His toes gently brushed against the reptilian shaft, each tap earning a sharp inhale from his king.

"Stay still, sir. I'm going to make you feel great..." DK's grin went up ear to ear. "If you feel great, I feel great. Your happiness is of utmost importance."

"M-mgh, yeah. I'm glad that you know... your place." K. Rool's nostrils flared up as the steady rhythm increased. Each pump severed his resolve to remain stalwart, no amount of determination enough to keep the dominant facade in place. His body continued to tremble as pre began to drip onto the throne underneath. "You're... doing fuckin' amazin..."

"Thank you, sir." DK hummed. "I live to serve."

His pinky toe gently brushed against K. Rool's testicles, stimulating his balls. He could feel the king's reptile cock and testicles pulse with adrenaline. Blood rushed like hot magma across his system as he felt the sweat off DK's feet mix with his cum.

"M-mgh... God... You're too..." K. Rool bit his lip and pushed the compliment down his throat. A little bit of blood was drawn from his mouth's rim as he clamped it shut, feeling the climax approaching. He hated how quickly DK's feet had made work of his resistance. He had been able to take hours of servicing by underlings before, but the kong's meaty gorilla hands had a grip around his cock strong enough to break him down into a lustful puddle of moans. "Mmmgh..."

Feeling it dawning closer too, DK began to pump even fiercer. The force behind his pumps pushed K. Rool's hips upward, the fat around his thighs juggling every time they slammed against the throne.

"Ngh, wait! Slow down! I think that I'm going to... I'm going to...!"

The sounds of torn cushioning and unrestrained groans filled the room. Cum shot out into the air and splatted all across DK's face with a *splash*.

By now, the gorilla was completely coated in seed and saliva, reeking with the pungent aroma of the mixture. His tongue swirled around the edges of his mouth, trying to slurp down every last drop.

"Fucking... Hell..." K. Rool heave

"Mgh, glad you liked it, sir!" DK said, still licking his lips. "I was practicing every night after you went to sleep! I have to make sure that you never grow bored, sir!"

"Mgh, that's a good boy." K. Rool playfully rubbed the top of DK's hair, squishing the tuft of hair sticking out on the top. "You tuckered the hell out of me... Guess I really won't be needing anyone else but you."

"That's wonderful, sir!" He squealed, saluting in joy without even realizing it. "I'm glad that I was able to climb through the ranks. I know that I'm not worthy, but you still took me in as your dutiful soldier. I'd do anything for you, sir!"

"Yeah, yeah. No need to say it again. You love saying how much you love me, dontcha?"

"Yes, sir! It's the thing that runs through my mind the most! I can't resist saying it, sir..." His words trailed into a quiet hum, DK fiddling his fingers in embarrassment.

It was a sight that K. Rool found infuriatingly *adorable*.

"Well, I can't be mad at a cute face like that." K. Rool cooed. "You definitely deserve a reward."

The word was like a Pavlovian switch being flipped in DK's head. "R-really?! Do you seriously mean that, my king?!"

"Oh, of course. Get into position, soldier." Despite the commanding nature of his words, the actual inflection of the Kremlin king could not be any more tender. "You oughta know that you're a very privileged ape to be treated like this."

"You don't need to remind me, my king. I've been aware of it ever since I became your dutiful soldier!"

"Then we'll both *relish* this, then." Standing up with a sumo-esque stomp, K. Rool towered over his slave with complete and utter confidence. The position reminded him of when DK would willingly offer himself as a footrest whenever he expressed even the smallest of complaints.

Kneeling down, K. Rool gripped the ruby bottom of the plug. DK's body made a wet, squelching sound as the lube that helped it get inside dripped from his insides. K. Rool wanted to enjoy the view for as long as he could—most of the time DK's ass was filled up with the plug or a cock, after all.

"M-mgh, ah..." DK moaned, back arching up—zealously presenting himself as something to be ravaged and used.

"There we go..." Standing up, K. Rool took a deep breath and steadied his breathing... then, he was ready. "Brace yourself."

K. Rool lifted his gut up and thrust into DK. His shaft was thick enough so that his hole wouldn't lose any of the stretched diameter it had gained after days of constant anal servicing to the army men. The Kong's limbs shivered as he pushed deeper, pushing past the walls of his body to ravage his prostate.

The impact of the king's pelvis and his stomach dropping like an anvil on his slave's back would've sent any other army man flying. DK's nails scraped against the throne room's floor as he remained staunch, grunting out in pain.

"Oops. Is that too much?" K. Rool asked as a mocking taunt. "If you can't handle the heat, just say so and I'll get someone else. I'll perhaps even fetch another Kong if you can't live up to the task..."

"NO!" Donkey Kong screamed. "Don't! I'll be good, sir! I only live to serve, and I swear it on my life, sir!" The words flowed out of his mouth relentlessly. "Please! I haven't given up, sir! You just misunderstood, sir!"

"Hm?"—His cock pulled out of the gorilla, now coated in dripping lube—"Are you saying that *your king* committed a mistake?"

"N-not at all, sir! It's my own failure to communicate, sir. I'm a dumb stupid monkey, you said it yourself!" The statement was spoken in a manner alienated from reality. Even an insult was received with open arms and graces if it came from K. Rool—for that was the totem's will and *his* will now as well. "I apologize for speaking out of line, sir. I should've just allowed you to do what you wanted without pushing my opinion, sir! People like me shouldn't have them, sir!"

"That's what I like to hear." Pushing his hips back, ready for another thrust, K. Rool grinned. "Looks like someone gets to keep their reward~"

DK felt his cheeks ripple against the king's impact. Now as a constant stream of thrusts, the Kong had to remain even stronger. Every hit was like a surge of electricity pulsing through his veins, a wet slap accompanying the symphony of moans.

*Plap plap plap*; the sound of K. Rool's testicles—*still* wet—slapping against his ass was all that DK could hear. It was deafening, all-consuming; just like the king's personality. Every instance of the sound echoing in his mind burrowed the totem's influence just a bit deeper. Every crevice

of his brain—even mere millimeters—were corrupted by the magic, permanently leaving them with no other function beyond serving K. Rool.

Not even his subconscious was free. It was all to be consumed and controlled.

Servitude.

Servitude.

Servitude.

“Mgh, that’s good!” K. Rool moaned. Even having already come once, simply holding DK like this was more than enough to get him excited for a second go at creaming on—or in this case *in*—the Kong. “Maybe I should reward you more! You’re taking this like a champ!”

The regalia jingled obnoxiously, gems scraping against the floor—yet that didn’t deter K. Rool. For all he cared, he could throw away those gems and dress his slave in an even sluttier outfit if the need came to be. The being in front of him was not a hero, not a person—it had as much personhood as a breathing sex doll.

“Mgh, mgh...” The rhythm hastened once again. K. Rool moved so briskly that he’d push against DK’s ass before his cheeks stopped rippling. “Take it! Take all of it!!”

“Y-yes!” Tears dripped down across DK’s face—pain and pleasure whirling together into something uncontrollable. “Please, harder! Harder!”

“Oh, I’ll oblige then!” He stopped for a moment. Like a slingshot arching back, he held his hips back as pressure built...

And then, he let go.

“A-AH!” DK screamed as the shaft went in fiercely. It hit his prostate like the slingshot projectile hitting its target with an earth-shattering instant. Before he could process the feeling, K. Rool continued the assault while depriving him of even a second to breathe. “Mmgh, ah! Ah, please... Ah!” His arms collapsed to the ground, face hitting the pavement.

“Mgh, guess that you’re not as tough as you look! Doesn’t matter... I think I *like*”—He gave another thrust, DK so lost in bliss that he didn’t even respond—“you better this way...”

Truly, he had only just begun to enjoy his new toy. Even better, with how much he could take, he was certain that the rest of the army would make *excellent* use of him.

So many things to do... but for now, there was only one thing he could focus on.

“HMMGH!” He grunted.