

If you asked anyone in the Kremlin Army about DK, most answers would be brimming with sultry, garish words. After years of nonstop abuse taken from the hero of the island, nothing could be more cathartic than turning the tables.

The king still got preferential treatment, of course. DK was always by his side. Walking on all fours—sporting a massive smile—the chain attached to his golden neckpiece always on K. Rool's hand; the proof of ownership was as clear as day. They would strut around the island to display their opulent nature as not a couple, but a king and the property he owed.

And a good king was merciful. What K. Rool and the lust-ridden troops he commanded interpreted as mercy was *sharing* the army pet together. After a successful conquest or heist, K. Rool would have his fun with DK all night long. The Kong had perfectly acclimated himself to be all sorts of things; a footrest, a worshipper, a cocksleeve, and things that not even K. Rool would dare to share with the rest of his army.

Then, the Kremplings would all try to get the sloppy seconds not too long after like vultures scraping the last strands of meat off a carcass. They would all fight with each other to get just a small glimpse of what Donkey Kong could do. The Kong was always bashful of all the attention he got, never fighting the constant lusting over-directed his way.

So, when the King left for some kind of... faraway tournament of sorts, the army was left with his precious toy all for themselves. They would line up like the libido-ridden beasts they were and pump their seed into DK one after the other. It didn't matter where they did it; on the training grounds—in the changing room—the barrel storage. The scent of sex matted every single corner of the Kremlin's island.

And much to the misfortune of a certain kremling, that included the weapons development hanger.

Even with a mask around his nose, Kets could smell the lingering scent of Kremlin and Kong seed that had been splattered across his floor. No matter how many times he washed the entire hanger from top to bottom, the pungent scent would *not* go away. For being the main inventor of the empire, he didn't get the respect awarded to even the most useless of meatheads like Krusha or Kopter.

With the massive jump in expansion, the Kremlin Empire had experienced, he and the crew in charge of making all the weapons and transportation needed for conquest were being worked down to the bone. While the meatheads that used his inventions spent their evenings either relaxing or breeding the army pet until it passed out—or god forbid, continuing to do so *while* it was passed out—he would continue to work relentlessly on the rocket barrels and fixing all the gadgets that K. Rool broke with his gargantuan frame.

That was the case every day... until one fateful meeting with General Kritter. He was the closest thing that K. Rool could call to a second in command, and in tow, he was the one that got to use DK the most. The *uncomfortably* tight pants that he wore forced the shameful temptation to look at his groin onto anyone that was around. Kets could confidently recall times when his eyes would wander down there when taking measurements for armor.

“Oi, I’m talking to you!”

Right. Kritter had asked him to come to his personal quarters after today’s training. When he asked, Kets wanted nothing more than to go to his room and take a shower to wash the stench of sweat off his body, but he knew that he’d probably pass out as soon as he changed from sheer exhaustion.

He decided that he might as well rip the bandaid off then and there. Now alone with the second-most intimidating Kremling in his domain, Kets could feel the regret coming up his throat. Having been promoted just *days* ago meant that he was swimming with larger fishes—fishes that were probably out for fresh blood.

“Sorry. I space out often.”

“That’s why you always have a resting bitch face, then?” Kritter asked—finger uncurling and pointing to Kret. “You know that you can relax. I’m not gonna bite your dick off or anything like that.”

“A-ah, I know! It’s just...”

Their meeting occurring right after training, the lingering odor of sweat filled the room. Even as someone forced to huff the scent of gasoline and motor oil, Kets was still found aghast that a smell so intense and piquant could come from a person. He had to muster up every ounce of willpower to not cover his nose on impulse.

“Nothing. It’s nothing.”

“Uh-huh. Whatever you say.” Kritter laid on his bed, arms behind his head and a wet, sweaty imprint of his body left on the sheets. “So, why do you think I called you?”

Kets nervously looked to the side. He was sure that the cabinet on the right *just* shook on its own, but hallucinating wouldn’t be out of the question with all the fumes he inhaled while working on the rocket barrel and the skyrocketing anxiety.

“...Work meeting?”

The exasperated sigh was as striking as a loud wrong answer buzzer. “Guess I was right in doing this. You need some good ol’ hazing.”

That word was enough to strike fear into any Kremling as him; a social outcast that just barely managed to climb through the ranks not because of his personality but in *spite* of it.

“Come out, boy! You got a guest!”

A brutal kick from inside the closet door sent the door flying through the air. With a thundering crash, the door broke into splinters on the ground. Kets had scurried to the corner of the room, chest rising up and down rapidly. His claws dug deeply into the wall of Kritter’s room.

“What in the world...”

DK stumbled out of the closet, still fresh seed dripping from his butt. The regalia hanging around his neck, wrists, and nipples gleamed against the sunlight peering through Kritter's window. Even with the *constant* splashing of Kremling semen on them through the days, the gold had refused to tarnish—stainless and shining.

If the stench coming off Kritter was strong, the odor emanating from the gorilla was downright *tangy*. Kets could almost taste it in his mouth.

“Surprise!” Kritter cheered. “I had him hide in there since I knew that you’d be all shy if you saw him when you came in.”

Kets could only swallow in response to the accusation. Kritter was *spot on*. Just like everyone else in the army, he had coveted the kong as early as his first assault on the Kremling empire. The concept of a luscious, muscled beast tickled every dark, unattended crevice of his brain.

“What am I supposed to...” His heart beat so fast that he could hear each 'thump' ring in his ears. His body perfectly knew what he desired. The words lingered on the tip of his tongue, yet he couldn't give the final push to vocalize his cravings.

Kritter tugged on DK's chain, sending the Kong stumbling towards him. The rough play seemingly only widened the gorilla's smile—a thoughtless display of the ethereal delirium that he experienced.

“You know him?” He asked DK while cocking his head towards Kets.

“Yes, Master Kritter! He's measured me once or twice before! He's a very wonderful member of the army and I would not be opposed to servicing him with my body, sir!”

The barrage of compliments turned the scales around Kets' cheek a deep crimson. The words alone were enough to send pressure downward. His hands wandered on their own in front of his groin, but that just incriminated him even further.

“See? The dude likes you. No need to deprive yourself of a little fun.”

“I-I see your point. It's just that, well... I don't know what to do.” The raunchy thoughts swirled inside his head, yet his body refused to move. His legs remained glued to the floor, shaking vigorously.

“Well...” Kritter scratched his chin until inspiration struck. As an idea pierced through his head with utmost intensity, the general opened his eyes and cracked a grin big enough to match DK's. “...I'll just be your guide, then. Veterans like me have to help out the new recruits, after all...”

With a single whistle, DK's posture flipped completely. His slouched, bent forward stance suddenly turned straight skywards—relaxed arms suddenly pressed against his sides—legs rubbed against each other without even the littlest of distances—a lovestruck expression morphed into one of utmost sternness.

“Get him, boy!” Kritter yelled.

The Kong leaped towards Kets. The ground shook as he landed, almost sending the Kremling to the floor. Wordlessly, DK picked him over the shoulder, completely ambivalent about his struggle. The kicks from Kets' underdeveloped body felt like nothing more than simple taps on DK's back.

"Let me go!" Kets whined, constantly trying to push his way out of DK's grip.

He was about to deliver yet another flimsy strike—hand already in the air, but before he could send his fist down again... *pressure*. Kets couldn't see it from his position, but he was sure of it. The gorilla's massive hand was squeezing down on his butt as if it was a mere stress ball. His loose overalls did a piss poor job at hiding away his behind—the perfect opening for even someone as thick-headed as DK to use.

"W-wait, hands off! I..." Kets closed his eyes. He knew that by now, trying to push his desires away was futile. The same went for hiding them from Kritter and DK. His already leaking tent rubbed off against DK's pectorals—a slick, wet smear left on the Kong's exposed chest. Even without response, Kets couldn't be more mortified—hands planted on top of his face in shame. "Oh, man..."

Thrown at the bed, Kets heard it creak underneath his weight—its cries only growing louder when DK planted himself on top of him.

"Hi." Kets bluntly whispered. His wide-open eyes met the kaleidoscope of cycling colors that were DK's. "You're... pretty."

"Thank you, Master Kets! You are beautiful too, Master Kets!"

"Guess you two are meant for each other!" Kritter couldn't manage to contain his snort. Pulling on DK's chain, he continued yelling orders. "Give our guest some good servicing, pet!"

DK nodded. The Kong's burly digits pushed past the overall's suspenders to grant him access to Kets' erect nipples. The Kremling underneath him continued to squirm fruitlessly—not out of a desire to escape but the uncontrollable urges flowing through his body. Kets was ripe for a breaking, and the gorilla was more than happy to be the one to do the honors.

A single flick was all that it took for Kets to finally let out the moan building on the back of his throat. Ear piercing in its volume, both Kritter and DK recoiled back at the exuberant show of lust.

Yet DK—one to *always* follow orders—wasn't about to let his guest breathe without pleasure sent his way. Amidst the array of moans, the Kong moved from using his fingers to using his mouth to do the dirty work. His lips puckered around the outline of the Kremling's nipple and began sucking down on them.

"M-mgh!" Kets whined. "Ah, Donkey Kong..."

Kritter moved beside the two. He was tenting just like Kets, cock pushing against the younger Kremling's face. The scent of his spunk was somehow even more potent than his perspiration.

He enjoyed the power trip of Kets' face contorting—seemingly incapable of reconciling disgust at the odor and the thrill of debauchery. Having DK as a pet was a joy in its own right, but the pleasure of sexually breaking open an inexperienced guy while conscious of their own depravity was a peak no hypnotized slave could give him.

So why not mix the best of both worlds?

“Make sure to go *all in*, boy.” One hand held onto the chain while using the other to push DK's head against Kets' pecs. “Give him some good servicing.”

DK gave out a thumbs up—mouth still stuck around Kets' nipple. The Kong's toes curled up as he continued sucking down. His hands traced down the sides of his partner's body, gently massaging every scaly inch of Kets' body. The Kong adored the soft padding Kets had for chub—a pudgy layer that coated a strong build with years of work poured into its muscles.

“A-ah...”

Something like this was completely foreign to him. He could tell that DK was experienced, and having his body worshipped so obscenely was like dipping into a deep, pleasant body of water. His mind floated down through a river of sensuality, each draw of DK's mouth feeling like a taste of nirvana. The thrill was so overwhelming that he couldn't help but feel like he was *selfish* from experiencing all of this pleasure for himself.

“W-wait, let me just...”

Finally daring to make a move, Kets' hands wandered toward DK's chest. In contrast to the soft and poorly defined shape of his own pectorals, the Kong sported two mounds of hard-earned muscle. They jutted out forward—hard and rounded out like a pair of smooth stones.

The dangling piercings attached to his nipples jangled loudly as DK continued to worship Kets' body. The sound of the metal dancing in the air—the tantalizing clang of the two metal rings attached to his nipples—was irresistible. Without even properly thinking about it, the Kremling moved to pull on those golden rings.

A single *tug* forced DK to retreat from Kets' chest. With hitched breath, he looked down at the Kremling with a stupified expression. His mouth hung open—Kets' sweat painted across his lips—as he turned frozen with shock and arousal.

“Wohohohah! BOLD!” Kritter's clapping echoed loudly in unison with his cackling. “Guess you're not as much of a virgin as I thought you were!”

“I-I'm not a...” Even a defense sounded shameful in a situation like this. His hands remained glued to DK's piercings from sheer uncertainty about what to do. “W-whatever! I just thought that I could give something back since DK is being so kind...”

“Oh, Master Kets!” DK squealed with an almost feminine inflection—hands around his cheeks to hide the red tint on his cheeks. “You're far too kind! It's the first time that someone has treated me so nice! Gosh, that just makes you even sexie—”

“Ay ay ay!” Kritter admonished while tugging on DK’s chain. “You lovebirds can compliment each other to hell and back after Kets finishes his hazing,”—he leaned further down, taking a handful of Kets’ overalls-clad butt and giving his rump a *firm* squeeze—“understand?”

“Y-yes, sir.” Kets whined.

“Of course Master Kritter! Anything you say is correct, so I will do as you say!” DK enthusiastically replied before turning to Kets. “Now, sorry for the interruption Master Kets! I was just caught off guard by your kindness. It’s my duty to return it, so...”

DK raised himself straight. His cock rubbed against Kets’ clothed tip. The fervor that ran between their shafts seemed to meld together—the simple act of being so close utterly mind-blowing.

“W-what are you planning on doing?”

“Master Kets, you are very good to me and my chest.” Almost like a boast, DK cupped the mounds of muscle and let them drop, gravity making an *excellent* display of their size and plasticity. He squeezed them with pride, giggling at how grabbing the handfuls of toned muscle was enough to fluster the Kremling so deeply. “As thanks, I’ll let you keep playing with it while I do my job! I love serving Kremlings like you and General Kritter, after all!”

His legs boosted into the air—his body weight held up exclusively by veiny, rippling arms. The regalia clanged yet again as everything shook from the sudden movement. The revealing armor was as elegant as it was alluring.

Kets almost felt like a dick for wearing nothing but overalls and goggles. He wasn’t going to be wearing either of them by the end of this, so it didn’t really matter—shit just felt weird when anxiety was the default setting he lived under.

DK was *certainly* helping alleviate it.

“Alright! I’ll begin serving you, Master Kets!” DK said with his usual jolly tone.

The Kong’s feet moved as if they were his hands—toes curling in a way not too dissimilar to fingers. He gently moved the straps holding up Kets’ overalls off his shoulders. Going down, the Kremling’s already overexposed chest was laid bare. The pudgy layer of fat was clear this way—not that DK wanted to complain. If anything, it enhanced Kets’ already existing appeal. A soft and doughy stomach was similar to K.Rool’s mountainous gut, and *anything* that resembled the King’s image was a plus in his book.

A final tug pushed the loose clothing off Kets. His cock sprung forward—some pre flying into the air before falling down on his scaly belly—as it was left freed off its binding.

Unlike the *girthy* monster attached to DK, the Kremling’s shaft was far punier in length. Fortunately for the gorilla, he still had plenty to enjoy in terms of *width*.

Kets continued to cover his face. The most he would do was part his fingers to allow himself to take a peek at the giant gorilla pinning him down, only to draw them closer together.

“P-please... be kind.”

“Oh, I will! I’ll be the kindest sex slave for you, Master Kets! It’s my purpose for living! Helping you and every other Kremling feel better!”

“A-ah, thanks. I guess...”

“Of course, Master Kets!”

With a giant grin on his face, DK gently held Kets’ cock between his feet. His meaty digits rubbed against the reptilian shaft—warm, pulsating, and sticky—as he prepared Kets for what was to come. He knew that he had to take it slowly, so his movements were as gentle as possible. Even just grazing Kets’ cock with his fingers was enough to make him shoot out jagged breaths he had been holding in for too long.

The Kremling was very sensitive.

“Oh, don’t worry Master Kets! I’ll make sure to make you feel very good...”