

It's a Jungle Down There
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Our story begins, as most stories do
in the land of the Kong, both good and K. Rool.
We find all our heroes resting; at ease
For Donkey, Diddy, and Dixie were pleased.
They had found their banana horde, this much is true
For the legion of Kremlings had badly misconstrued
Just to what lengths the three apes would dare go
To get back what's theirs, they badasses fo' sho'.

Aloft in the trees, hammocks swaying in the air
The trio of mammals consumed bananas without care
Before they even knew it, the peels piled high
"Who gives a shit, keep scarfing, there's plenty left, guys!"
Oh, but you know how things like this are bound to end
By nightfall, there were no nanners left, they couldn't even pretend.
"I can't believe we ate the entire horde" said Diddy
Donkey wasn't listening. He was pissed, not so giddy.

He jumped out of his rope bed, down from the trees
and landed on the ground, he was very displeased.
He stomped and he snorted and generally threw a fit
Diddy and Dixie tried to calm him down a little bit.
"It's okay, man. Chill out. We can always get more.
Those bananas weren't the only ones left!" he implored.
Donkey stopped all of a sudden, and the forest grew quiet
Every creature around prepared for another riot.

Donkey suddenly remembered where he saw more yellow fruit
On the way from Vine Valley. He jumped and went in pursuit!
"Where ya going, dude?!" Diddy yelled at the ape.
But the old man was fast, and it was already too late.
"He's probably heading to Vine Valley" came a voice, old and coarse.
From the direction of the village, Cranky came in remorse.
"That boy has a problem, and this is the very last straw
He's eaten horde after horde, don't know when to stop, y'all!"

"Cranky, can you tell me- wait, why are you speaking in rhyme?"
Diddy questioned the man. "It's too late, there's no time!
Away, you must go, to bring that son of an ape back
He needs some deep therapy, some rehab from yellow crack.
Go to see Funky, he'll surely give you a lift,
And take this sleeping powder, all it takes is one whiff.
So go on, my...grandkids? I don't even know what you are
But you best be going now, before he gets too far!"

So the duo set on, resigned to their fate
It was a Kong-quest they started. Deja vu much, mate?
It is here now, dear reader, that I must interject
About the withdrawal from bananas, as the symptoms reflect.
For, though they weren't watching him while he was scarfing
But Donkey ate the lion's share, 95% of it without barfing!
And in this world of man-apes, potassium is pretty much a drug
So if Donkey goes without more nana's, he'll be in deep mud

Diddy and Dixie went back home to get a few things
A few barrels of items, no need for coins or rings
They packed up their stuff and set out for the hut
That had wicked weed smoke coming out from its gut.
It smelled like a skunk that's been dead a long time
run over by a soccer mom, pining for her prime.
They knocked on the door and...nothing stirred inside.
Again, they pounded harder, and Diddy firmly decided:

"Funky, you asshole, stop smoking that shit.
We need you help, now! Unless you want to get bit."
They finally heard a rustle, deep within the haze
and a few seconds later, upon Funky they gazed.
He was wearing a hat, and that's basically all
no shirt, no pants, shlong in full view. What gall!
"Heyyyy maaaaan," mumbled the Funkster, his apathy apparent.
"What you need will cost you." His greed, quite transparent.

Funky's eyes drifted, slow like sloth creatures,
Down to Dixie's firm bust, on her...*ehem* feminine features.
Diddy noticed the perv leering without shame.
"FUCK, DUDE, THAT'S YOUR NIECE!" Funky said "She's fair game..."
Dixie, being quite shy, blushed through tufts of fur
"You need my help, maaaaan? Give me thirty minutes with her."
Diddy didn't like throwing his own sister under the bus,
But, to get Donkey back without issue, he supposed that he must.

"Dixie, hun. I'm going to need you to take one for the team.
Because between us, only you have a vagina to reem."
The staunch young primate, wiping a tear from her eye,
shook her head to the affirmative. She at least had to try.
As she entered the hut, still lost in a smoke plume,
Funky pushed Diddy through the exit, to be alone he presumed.
He remembered that Funky wasn't into people watching,
ever since that time Cranky did the Spanky on his crotchling.

"YOUR THIRTY MINUTES STARTS NOW!" Diddy yelled through the din,
as he sauntered off to get some pineapple pudding.
"Now, don't be afraid, I'm pretty sure this isn't your first time,
suckling a trouser snake. You'll do just fine."
Funky escorted Dixie in front of a decrepit futon
And, without warning, he violently shoved her on.
She landed, face first, her ape-ass up in the air.
"Only half an hour, no time for foreplay, no minutes to spare."

Funky grabbed Dixie to keep her delicate body from falling
And shoved his monkey nose in her snatch, the scent quite appalling.
It smelled like a mixture of a broken garbage disposal,
backed up with the leftovers of a Thanksgiving free-for-all,
and delicate aroma of a barge full of acetone.
For a primate, that smell meant she was ready to bone.
But, much to his dismay, Dixie wasn't trying to resist.
For Funky, he got turned on if his lay wasn't a pacifist.

He brought his big, hairy hand back behind his head,
preparing for a swing that would make her very red.
He let loose with the slap, and it connected on target.
Her buttcheeks vibrated like the engine of a corvette.
She yelped in surprise and in pain, equal parts,
but the noise came out muffled from the futon, reeking of farts.
She started to struggle a bit now, which was good,
For Funky to begin unravelling his hood.

He grabbed her again, and flipped her fast like a sidewinder.
She was bent over, standing, her snatch moistening inside her.
Her face was still buried in the flatulence mausoleum,
because Funky was on welfare, and no friends came to see him.
He got his rocks off any way that he could,
but just because you can shove a bong in your ass, doesn't mean you should.
And this is what presented his current problem, for you see
his anus was malfunctioning to a very large degree.

Funky reached down to grab his monstrously large member.
Hey, for a stoner, he really couldn't have wished for better.
As he slowly unsheathed the head from his dongus,
out tumbled some mushrooms. His cock had a fungus.
He picked up the dickshrooms and gobbled them down,
making his mind smile but his stomach frown.
"oooooooooooooooooooo" he gurgled, preparing for penetration.
He was so excited that he screamed with undulation!

His newly-cleaned shaft approached the entry vector,
Like a german scientist escaping the Nazis as a defector.
Dixie, biting her lip, was waiting for the inevitable,
her innocent pelvis about to be victimized like a rebel.
And then came the moment of penetration, oh what lust!
Her pussy had not been used for ages, and it creaked with rust.
Like two pieces of sandpaper going against the grain
the 14 inch shifter stick entered her with much pain.

She yelped again, using her hand to muffle her "OUCH!"
as Funky began pounding at her cooter, he was no slouch.
She realized, quite suddenly, that he had said otherwise.
He had mentioned her sucking him off before; some sloppy slurp rides.
And as quickly as it struck her, she was moved around again
face to...erm, face with the dick which was giving her pussy-rem.
"I like it when they taste themselves" Funky said with a smirk.
He licked his lips, shoving his cock in her mouth. Dixie jerked.

Funky grabbed her head fiercely and controlled the speed of suckage
her mouth was dry from nervousness, it was like plowing through roughage.
Again and again, his member collided with her uvula
To the point where she regurgitated bananas all over.
This was Funky's ultimate kink, and he swam in the fruit vomit.
His erection now so hard there was a chance that his dick could split.
He was only now able to make incomprehensible noise
all the blood was in his pantsaber, his brain left devoid.

He flipped her over again, so that she was aimed at him, doggy-style.
"Now lets see how much you cum" Funky said, with an awkward smile.
His dick dove again, into the deep recesses of her pussy
still covered in banana, that's one way to get a STD.
The girth of his shaft, exploring her pelvic caverns, kept rubbing her g-spot,
while his other hand pressed on her clit, like the return button of a coin slot.
She could feel it happening without her choice, or permission.
Her sexuality was now under Funky's complete submission.

A few more thrusts and she was ready to burst
Of all the moments in her life, this was probably the worst.
Her vaginal walls began to close with an involuntary factor
closing in around his cock like a Death Star trash compactor.
He began to cum himself because of the pressure on his dick
but as he tried to pull out, the outer lips held firmly onto his stick.
The pressure building insider had made her all the madder
Because the cock spent much time massaging her bladder.

With one final grunt, the cock-snare cunt finally released
as a tidal wave of fluids gushed out from her hairy crease.
A torrent of female happy juices flowed out of her
mixed with jets of pee, hitting like a fire extinguisher.
The male monkey's jizz shot out at similar speed
and hit Dixie in the eye, she would be pissed indeed.
The force of the fluids stimulated the air
and shot all the bad pot smoke away from there.

In the ensuing aftermath of debauchery,
Dixie spent no time in that den of depravity.
Funky was comatose on the ground, possibly dead.
But Dixie didn't care, she just ran instead.
On the way out, she found Diddy, who offered some of his dessert.
She smacked it out of his hands, and it landed on his shirt.
Dixie was fed up, and didn't even try to explain.
She just grabbed Diddy's hand and she ran towards the plane.

And so, Diddy and Dixie sped off on Funky's jet
while he lay barely breathing in his own semen net
dreaming of things not suited for typing
Look, I got standards, even with this kind of writing.
Dixie was badly in need of a shower
but they pressed on due to the dire hour.
They needed to get to Donkey before it was too late.
They were fighting for the future, and it was their fate.

The next time we meet them, the two will have crashed.
Forgetting, when they left, neither could fly. Now, stranded
in the ghostly remains of the carts in the mines
they will also discover true ecstasy. Divine.
Stay tuned, dear reader, for the next part: Part 2!
In the Mines of Madness, our duo will pursue.
And who knows what awaits them in the dark of that place
what sexy things will happen. You'll just have to wait!