

There was an unspoken rule in Budapest regarding stealing from churches, particularly the Mathias Church. Whereas most furs would pounce at the opportunity to peel the gold-plating off of any building within arm's length, anyone who would even think about defiling the majestic cathedral, with its bone-white towers, colorful glass paintings, and, most notably, its golden coating. Despite several centuries of heavy rains and blistering winds, the gold failed to lose any of its magnificent luster, prompting many to believe that the Mathias Church was, in fact, watched by God himself.

"Well, let's hope God is taking a 5 minute break," Zero thought to himself with a sly grin, the green skunk munching on an apple as he read the plaque before him. It didn't matter to him how or why the gold plating was still shiny after so many years, or why no one bothered to strip it for themselves. To him, gold was gold, and he wouldn't be satisfied until he had taken enough to make the first class plane trip worth it.

Tossing his apple core behind him, the thieving skunk pulled a dark grey ski mask onto his face, equipped matching gloves, and zipped up his jacket, concealing his entire body save for his fluffy tail. Even with the colorful appendage, however, Zero managed to blend into the night perfectly, able to totally camouflage into the surrounding forest should he ever be caught. Looking left and right, he carefully made his way towards the church, his steps emitting no noise, despite his chubby frame allowing you to think otherwise.

"This is gonna be too easy," he couldn't resist chuckling to himself as he tip-toed to the church's exterior, baffled by the pure radiance of the gold plating with the only source of light coming from the full moon. Zero couldn't resist grinning like a fool as he thought about the sheer amount of cash this was about to earn him. For all he knew, he could end up earning enough to buy his own fancy church! Of course, he doesn't exactly need a church for himself. He wasn't very spiritual, and he wasn't self centered enough to make a religion based off of himself, but it would still be fun to confuse future historians!

Wasting no time, the greedy skunk pulled out a crowbar from the back of his jacket and thrust it against the wall, watching in awe as the hooked metal piece dug into gold quite deeply. Tilting his head, Zero pressed his feet into the wall and yanked the crowbar out, looking at the hole he made. To his shock, his crowbar managed to penetrate over an inch of pure gold before meeting resistance with the brick wall behind it. "Oh my gosh," he silently muttered to himself as he gently pulled at the shiny plating with his fingers, feeling the pure metal bend quite easily. The wall was *much* thicker than he thought, and it was extremely pliable, which proves that it was made of pure gold! He could easily buy *two* churches with this kind of money, and have enough left over to install a McDonalds in each of them!

Eyes wide with greedy fever, Zero jammed his crowbar into the wall repeatedly, tearing out small chunks of the precious metal with every thrust. He could feel his wealth grow right in front of him, giving him the position of the richest skunk in the continent, no, the world! If he stripped the entire wall of its contents, he could spray paint the surface gold, fooling people into thinking nothing happened to their beloved church while he made out with enough wealth to never work again for the rest of his life! Of course, unlike the gold, the spray paint would quickly dull out, prompting investigators to look for the culprit who made off with it, but by that time he would have sold each and every piece he managed to pry off, leaving the buyers in the heat while he got off Scott free. Rubbing his gloved-paws together, Zero grabbed at one of the large chunks he managed to carve out and pull, slowly tearing the malleable metal out from the wall. "Almost there... almost there... almost-"

AAIIIIYEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

Zero gasped in pure shock at the sudden screech, the chubby skunk falling onto his rump. Immobilized in terror, he simply laid in the grass for a moment, breathing heavily while his heart thumped painfully in his chest. "W-w-what the hell was that?" he managed to whimper out, every muscle in his body tense with adrenaline. He was certain nobody was around, and yet somehow someone must have seen him. Briefly remembering what the plaque read, the frightened thief shakily drew himself up, just in time to witness an even more horrifying noise.

Police sirens.

"Damn it!" Zero yelled as he rolled onto his feet, sprinting off towards the forest. Before he could even make it to the tree line, the panicked burglar could faintly hear a soft rustling in the leaves, even though there was no wind blowing. Zero cursed, "Crap, how did they surround me so quickly," and dove towards the only safe haven nearby: Mathias Church.

Zero remembered a law in America where cops weren't allowed to pursue criminals into holy buildings, due to church laws differing slightly from state laws. Zero certainly hoped the same principal applied in this case as he dashed into the massive building. Once inside, he wasted no time in slamming the large doors shut behind him, cutting himself off from the rest of the world.

For a moment, the skunk just stood against the door, his heavy panting echoing throughout the hollow building. That was too close, even for him! Had he delayed for even a split second, he was certain someone would have taken a picture of him, or even captured him! Heaving a deep sigh, Zero forced himself to relax as he slowly turned around, facing away from the door...

He wasn't alone.

The skunk's jaw dropped to the ground at the sight before him. Standing before him were not one, not two, but three female squirrels, all of whom were standing in a line in the middle of the room, as if expecting him. "Oh my, it looks like our guest has arrived early!" The one to the right, a light brown squirrel with wavy blonde hair, giggled.

"Um... I... Er..." Zero stammered as he felt the blood rush to his head, the already out-of-breath skunk feeling even woozier than before. Of all the people, he least expected to find three beautiful women in an ancient church waiting for him. While Zero usually prided himself with his mental fortitude and quick thinking, even he was helpless to the sight of the gorgeous trio before him. It certainly didn't help matters that they were rather scantily clothed, leaving little to the skunk's imagination as his blush deepened. "Erm... Uh... I mean..."

"Aw, he's too shy to speak!" A darker hued squirrel pointed out, prompting the rest to giggle at the embarrassed skunk. The same rodent smiled and waltzed over to the green burglar, her generous thighs brushing against each other as she stood face to face with Zero. "What's your name, sugar?"

"Sigmund... I mean Zero!" The skunk gasped. He just give out his real name to a total stranger, and while he was in the middle of heisting, no less! He tried to tell himself to ignore the squirrels and run, but the way they all stared at them with their wide, shiny, mischievous eyes forced him to stay still.

Chuckling softly, the darker squirrel slithered her paw into Zero's neck, lifting the ski mask off the skunk's chubby face. "Oooh, lovely name, mister Sigmund. What's a handsome hunk like yourself doing here at this time of night?" she asked coolly.

Yet again, Zero was producing another fit of inaudible stammers as he stared at the beautiful squirrels, his mind going completely numb. Everything about these strange women was so... pretty! The

way their eyes managed to light up the dark room, or how their long hair waved around despite the absence of wind. They even smelled beautiful, the skunk's nose picking up a strong almond scent, prompting his soft belly to let loose a gurgle.

"Well, would you look at that?" the third squirrel, a red-haired woman with an extraordinarily fluffy tail snickered. "Our guest is hungry, as he should be. It must have been so long since you've had a filling meal, mister Sigmund." Smiling softly, the ginger squirrel stepped towards the shy skunk and held her tail in front of his face, obscuring his vision. "Close your eyes, mister Sigmund. We'll be right back."

"Okay!" Zero exclaimed, the first proper word to finally escape his lips. Flicking his tail excitedly, the hungry skunk held his eyes shut with both paws, a toothy grin spreading across his muzzle. How lucky was he to steal from a church that not only had enough gold to end global poverty, but house three squirrels who were so taken aback by his handsome body that they were willing to take him in and feed him? It had been so long since his last filling meal, the chubby thief forcing himself to diet in order to lose enough weight to pull off a heist without any extra pounds weighing him down. He didn't know if he was hallucinating it or not, but he swore he could smell meat cooking right in front of him, the greedy skunk licking his moist lips. The scent only grew stronger the longer Zero waited, prompting more audible stomach growling from the hungry burglar, until he just couldn't take it anymore. Out of hunger and curiosity, the skunk finally opened his eyes, his eyes bulging out of his head at the sight before him.

In a surprisingly short amount of time, the three rodents managed to completely transform the entire interior of the cathedral! Instead of rows and rows of pews, a single massive table stood in the center of the room, the sturdy mahogany wood matching perfectly with the ancient atmosphere the church provided; however, that wasn't what caught Zero's attention. What really surprised the skunk was the sheer amount of food placed on top of the table! He had to suppress a torrent of drool as he stared at the massive collection of food, all of which completely covered the tabletop. Everything from breaded meats, rich soups, spicy curries, fluffy noodles drenched in pasta, and more made themselves present, their collective smells almost overwhelming the starving skunk.

"Awwwwr, we told you not to look," the blonde squirrel from earlier pouted as she placed a tray of marbled ham on the last empty space on the table.

"Yeah, if you'd given us another few minutes, we could have rolled out some red carpet and make you feel like a king!" The darker squirrel chuckled as she brought in a massive chair that was more comparable to a throne.

"Oh, er, sorry," Zero bit his lip, shuffling from foot to foot awkwardly. "I can close my eyes again, if you'd like."

"No no, it's quite alright. You're clearly far too hungry to wait much longer," the red haired skunk grinned and took the skunk's paws in her own, pulling him towards the end of the table. "But that's just fine with us. We love a man who gets straight to business."

Zero didn't even think about the red head's strange English as he hurried himself to the chair, giddy with anticipation. Up close, the cathedra looked even larger than before, almost dwarfing the chubby skunk with the sheer size of its backrest alone. Wasting no time, Zero hopped onto the throne and sat down, resting his arms on the silver armrests while he sank into the velvet cushions. Already, he felt like royalty, as if this feast were to celebrate his army conquering a neighboring despot's castle. Except this feast wasn't for an army; it was all for himself.

The three squirrels were soon at his side, the blonde and dark-haired ones rubbing his arms, while the red-head brought him his first serving: A plate of DNA-shaped noodles covered in a hearty tomato broth, otherwise known as Goulash (although Zero mistook it for a strange variant of Spaghetti). "Would you like to give thanks to the Lord before you begin your feast, Mister Sigmund?"

They soon got their answer once their guest, with a fork in each paw, started shoveling the soupy pasta into his open maw in a manner similar to Garfield. With the speed in which he was eating, it was impossible to determine whether he could even taste his food, although given the skunk's silly grin, it was evident that some of the Goulash ended up on his tongue before getting crammed down his throat. In less than a minute, Zero cleaned out his entire bowl, letting loose a mighty burp while he wiped his stained muzzle with his arm. "Mmmm, that was amazing! I didn't know you could make noodles so fluffy! I'll have the next entre now," he smiled innocently, holding out his empty bowl.

The three squirrels widened their eyes after watching the burglar clean out an entire serving of Goulash in only a few minutes. They knew he would be greedy, but they didn't expect someone to eat so much in one sitting, and still be hungry for more. Chuckling softly, the blonde squirrel stepped behind Zero, reaching around the backrest to rub the skunk's adorable ears. "Of course, sweetie. Feel free to eat without restraint here. You're our guest, after all..."

Zero quickly fell into a pattern of eating, then eating, followed by eating some more. The gluttonous skunk would devour one serving after the next, and the dark or red-haired squirrels would present him with more treats to enjoy. There was hardly a moment where there wasn't any food displayed in front of him, which was just the way he liked it. The meats were juicy and flavorful, the soups were rich and tangy, and the breads were filling and fluffy. Not a single morsel of food passed by his lips that didn't taste as if the Gods blessed it. He knew he would likely be gaining a couple pounds from this meal alone, but he didn't care; he just wanted more food!

Zero's heavenly meal was only made greater by the fair squirrel standing behind him, her soft paws rubbing along the skunk's chubby body. It was almost eerie, the way she squeezed at his chubby cheeks or patted his belly, as if he was a teddy bear meant to be fondled with, but yet again, he didn't care. If anything, Zero loved the way the squirrels delicate fingers traced along his pudgy cheeks, or rubbed the soft underside of his muzzle, before stroking his sides until her paws reached his stomach, where she would knead at gently, yet firmly, all the while whispering encouragements such as "please keep eating, mister Sigmund. We prepared this meal just for you." That does it, he thought to himself with a blush as he crammed half a loaf of bread into his maw. He was going to eat everything at the table!

Which he did.

Zero groaned and belched as he slunk back in his chair, a silly smile spread across his muzzle. "Oh, man, that was *bwurp!* freaking amazing! I don't remember the last time I've had *urp* such an awesome meal!" he muttered in-between burps while lazily licking sauce from his stained maw.

Giggling softly, the darker squirrel came over to the skunk and nodded. "You certainly sounded like you were enjoying yourself, mister Sigmund. And I must say, we definitely enjoyed the results of your meal." She placed a paw on top of his midriff, squeezing it gently.

Tilting his head, the skunk slowly shifted upright, rippling his entire body. "What do you mean 'the results'? Did something change?" He asked, before looking down at himself.

Ooh, something changed all right.

Zero gasped as he got a good look of his body, his flabby jowls squishing against each other. He knew he had just eaten thousands, if not millions, of delicious calories in that meal, but he didn't expect to put on weight so quickly! His green orb of a belly rested on top of his lap, almost overtaking his knees with two feet of pure blubber. Zero tried reaching forward to prod at his tummy in disbelief, but soon found that exersize difficult as he realized his arms and chest had inflated as well, his new moobs brushing against his broader arm. His thighs were, just like star-crossed lovers in a cheesy romance novel, forever together now that his jeans had ripped apart. Even in the large chair, Zero felt a little snug in his seat, his love handles starting to press into the arm rests while his butt filled the rest of the space beneath.

The chubbier skunk blushed as he assessed his new situation, grabbing at one of his side-rolls. He was such a pig; a big, fat, green, gluttonous pig! Folding his ears ashamedly, the hefty skunk tried to suck in his titanic tummy, even going so far as to wrap his arms around his girth and squish it in, but to no avail. There was simply too much skunk. Zero was forced to release his globular tummy, watching it blorp outwards in front of him like the gelatinous ball of pudge it was.

"Ooooooh, do that again!" The three squirrels cooed and stared at him, their eyes full of childlike wonder.

"Um, excuse me?" Zero blinked.

"Grab your belly again and drop it!" The brown haired squirrel giggled and grabbed the bulbous ball that was Zero's belly, heaving it in her arms before dropping it. With an audible *gloup*, the skunk's stomach wobbled and reverted itself around his entire body, shaking his frame around. Squealing with joy, the other two rodents joined in to squeeze, knead, and toy with his blubber.

Zero was at a loss for words, completely bewildered at the sight of three beautiful young women fondling his corpulence. Should he say something, or let them play with his body more? He didn't want to seem rude, seeing as how he ate an entire banquet's worth of food and made a total slob of himself, so maybe he deserved to be poked fun at, both metaphorically and literally. Just then, the red headed squirrel managed to wiggle her fingers into his underbelly, prompting him to howl uncontrollably in laughter.

The sudden cachinnation finally snapped the girls out from their trance, each of them looking at Zero with very eager expressions. "Hey, mister Sigmund? Would you mind... eating more for us?" The blonde one giggled cutely, apparently fully aware how silly her question sounded.

"What?" The skunk blushed, a slight smile forming on his lips. "B-but I ate everything on the table. There's no more food le-"

Whoops, he lied.

Zero had barely taken his eyes off the table for half a second, but when he looked back, the feast had returned in full force! Everything was back to the way it was before he started eating: the breads filling up the breadbaskets, the bowls topped off with soup, etc. Even the stain he made on the tablecloth when he accidentally spilled some tomato soup earlier had vanished! The only change he could see was that the portion sizes had increased, food practically pouring out from their containers. Taken aback by the rapid transformation, Zero slowly turned his head towards the squirrels "What are yo-mmph!"

He was swiftly answered with a wedge of Lángos shoved into his maw, the crispy fried bread smearing his muzzle with grease. "Please, don't worry about us, Mister Sigmund," the blonde squirrel cooed as she resumed her position behind the fat skunk, rubbing his nonexistent jaw line while her friends fed him the precut food. "You're a valuable guest, and we'd be more than happy to house you for a little longer. It has been so long since we've had the chance to spoil someone as indulgent as you, so would you please humor us a little more?"

To their delight, Zero nodded his head and slumped back into his chair, patting his bulging green belly as he was fed diced ham. He knew they were just trying to fatten him up, as evident by the blonde one's obsessive rubbing on his midriff, but frankly, he didn't mind. In fact, he actually felt a little accomplished as he felt his jacket start to constrain him, failing to hold back his growing gut. He was being fed some of the most delicious European food he has ever tasted in his entire life, who cares if he grew a third or fourth chin in the process? The squirrels certainly didn't, their free paws stuck to his round belly, enjoying the increasing surface area. Zero found it hard not to murr while he was being fed, but the stomach rubs just felt too damn amazing! He should make Sheero do that to him when he got home.

Around a third of the way through the dinner, Zero started to feel a little anxious. While he was still enjoying the delicacies, he felt he was growing even faster than before. He tried telling himself that it was all in his head, but there was no denying the ever-increasing amount of green appearing in his peripheral vision. Every time he tried to look down at himself, a squirrely paw would grab his chubby face and turn it away, forcing his attention on the food instead. The obese skunk wanted to say something, but found it rather difficult due to the steadily increasing flow of vittles traveling into his constantly open maw. Besides, even if he could speak, what would he say? "Thanks for harboring a criminal who was trying to steal your gold, but I'm too fat to fit through most doors now, can I please leave?"

Out of nowhere, he felt the blonde squirrel's paws dig extra deep, his folds covering her hands up to her wrists. "You're so handsome, Mister Sigmund," she whispered softly, her paws still kneading the abundant of flesh before them. "We've never seen a man who can eat as much as you. Just watching you go reminds me of my last ruler: Matthias II. He could devour feasts as easily as he conquered vast lands, laying waste to entire armies and meals whenever he desired. It's so rare we get to see someone with such a kingly appetite." Spurred on by those challenging words, Zero grinned and opened his chubby maw wider, giving a challenging look to his two feeders. If they wanted a fat skunk, he was happy to give them a fat skunk! Who cared if his stomach was already digging into the table, or that he could feel the throne beneath him widen to accommodate his girth? He was their king, and kings deserved any and all riches they could get their paws on, food included!

Ham, steaks, mashed potatoes, bratwursts, and more entered his mouth one at a time. Zero found it hard not to drool as these delicious morsels found their way inside his perpetually open maw, fattening up the skunk even more. He was an eating machine! Having his pride, as well as his belly, stroked somehow unleashed his inner glutton, prompting the rotund mustelid to eat without restraint. The squirrels found themselves lucky they didn't get their paws bitten off by Zero, considering he chomped down on anything they brought close enough to his muzzle, but the skunk didn't care even if he did bite them. Why should he? He was a king, and kings shouldn't be judged for whether or not they accidentally nip someone through the excitement of feasting. The only thing he had to worry about was having a good time as he sat back and ate and ate and ate... and ate.... and ate....

"BWAAARRRRUUUUURP!! Oh yeah, that hit the spot!" The mighty belch signified the end of the second feast, prompting the squirrels to eagerly drop the plates back onto the table. Even with their supernatural speed, the rodents felt rather tired after carrying the rich, calorie-heavy morsels to their guest. Once they saw the transformed skunk, however, the red and dark haired squirrels eagerly made their way next to their blonde accomplice to observe the effects of their handiwork.

If the value of a king was truly determined by his size, then Zero was worth more than King Author, Julius Ceasar, and Louis XIV combined. The massive skunk reclined in his now sofa-sized throne, occasionally burping as he struggled to pat his vast stomach. The giant organ blimped out in front of him, pushing the heavy table several feet back to make room for itself as it not only veiled his lampshade thighs, but rested itself on the cold stone floor. His sagging arms completely covered the armrests they were laying on, the extra cellulite morphing around the wooden supports as if they were globular amebas devouring prey. Behind him, Zero could feel his two-foot wide cheeks dominate the seat, as well as part of the backrest, fighting against his back rolls in a never-ending battle for skunk tail domination. His chest had grown considerably as well, forming two pillow-sized moobs that were held in place due to the tightening jacket he still wore. Naturally, his face had plumped up as well, with two tennis ball-sized cheeks that wobbled with the slightest movements, and several pairs of chins hanging off his muzzle, covering his flabby neck entirely. Occasionally, one of the squirrels would reach up and give his cheeks a playfully squeeze, but for the most part, they were content in rubbing his mighty cauldron of a stomach.

Zero allowed himself a drunken smile as he looked down at himself, deep-set dimples appearing on his blushed cheeks. Normally, he would have scolded himself for having grown to such a size, but right now, he was having the time of his life! In just a few short hours, he had put on nearly half a ton in pure blubber, and it was all worth it for the delicious food, amazing belly rubs, and the feeling of becoming an actual king! With every burp he produced, he could smell the lingering remains of his meal, which prompted a content gurgle from his stomach, buried beneath several layers of lard. Upon hearing the growling, the squirrel girls would giggle and rub more firmly, pressing their arms into the furry green tummy while simultaneously leaning their upper bodies into it. "Are you still hungry, my lord?"

Zero smirked and shook his head, rippling his upper body. "Nah, I'm good. That was happy stomach grumble, not a hungry one."

The blonde one looked at the obese skunk as she laid her head on the blobular belly, her view of her guest obscured by his perky pectorals. "But we cooked our food with the most high-fat, high-calorie products we could find to ensure the tastiest meal! Surely, you would like a third helping."

"I would love to, sweetie, but I'm actually kinda full. Let me take a little nap first, then I'll think about it," Zero yawned and leaned back into his chair, his maw slightly agape as he slowly nodded off.

His empty maw didn't stay empty for long as he felt a warm pastry get crammed into it, causing him to gag and sputter. "Gah! What the hell? I already told you, I'm full!"

The squirrels response was to shove another pastry into the skunk's chubby maw, this time keeping their paws in front of his muzzle until he was forced to swallow. "Oh, but we've already prepared another feast for you, Lord Sigmund. Won't you please humble your servants and finish what you already started?"

Zero folded his ears as he gulped down the fruity treat, his heart racing in his chest at what he saw before him. The beautiful squirrels' nearly-combed fur started looking scruffy, their long hair appearing shaggy and mangled. Their smiles were more sinister than charming, although they still sounded the same. "Won't you stay for another meal, Lord Sigmund? Running an empire is so exhausting after all. We wouldn't want our king to go hungry."

To his horror, Zero watched as the table suddenly refilled with more food than ever before, this time with sugary desserts that strained the table's legs! "This is wrong," he thought to himself. He was already fat enough to hold all three girls on his stomach like a bed, what more did they want! Taking a deep breath, he pushed himself against the throne, desperately trying to pry himself out of this hairy situation. His head turned beat red from carrying his immense bulk, but somehow he managed to wedge himself into an upright situation. Panting heavily, the obese skunk turned towards the door and started waddling away.

Oh, if only it were that easy.

The three squirrels were immediately upon him, clinging close to his abundant frame while holding out sweets to his nose. "Please don't leave us, Lord Sigmund! We're only trying to help!"

The skunk quickly disregarded the empty words as he trudged on, although there was something he couldn't resist: the pastries. It could be the use of drugs, or it could be magic, but whatever the case was, Zero ate every single treat they brought to his maw. With each bite, he could feel his head growing cloudier, as well as his body becoming heavier (although whether it was due to the excess fat growing on his body or his muscles slowly giving out has yet to be disputed). As tempting as it was to stay, Zero was determined on escaping, willing to endure the delicious pastries, as well as practically swimming in his own abundance just to move, his knees digging heavily into his underbelly

while his thighs forced him into a wide waddle. Step by agonizing step, Zero made his way to the door, his brow damp with sweat as he continued his heavy march across the church. Every breath he took was labored, his body unused to carrying so much weight, his muscles crying out in pain. His stomach was dragged across the ground, with his sagging rump not far behind. The constant stream of sweet pastries only made it worse, his mind growing numb as he unknowingly begins his third feast. Half way there...

"Please, rest your weary body and indulge, Lord Sigmund. We're more than happy to oblige."

"Yes, Lord Sigmund. None of us are mad that you defiled our home by slicing through our precious gold."

"And even if we were, we're definitely not trying to get revenge by defiling your own body. More cupcakes, Lord Sigmund?"

Zero could barely keep his eyes open, the corpulent skunk barely able to stand upright anymore as he accepted more and more treats, his body growing heavier by the second. He wasn't so much walking anymore as he was just pushing his massive boulder of a gut across the ground, inching his way towards the exit. But the closer he got, the farther away it appeared, his vision clouding over once exhaustion set in. His lungs were burning, his muscles were sore, his body was heavy, why was he doing this again? All this movement was just so tiring, especially when your blubber was moving around more than you were! Why not take a small break? Just sit back, and relax, regain his strength, while enjoying some nice pastries...

Zero's pupils dilated as the hypnotizing magic finally worked its way into his head. He didn't see himself inside an abandoned church anymore, he was in a mighty gold castle fit for a king, which is what he was! He sat at the head of the throne room, a regal red cape draped around his broad back while a gold jewel-studded crown sat on top of his fat head. Before him stood nearly half a dozen tables, all of them as long as the one he ate from before, each burdened with enough food to feed a small army. Just staring at them made the green skunk's titanic tummy gurgle noisily. He was already an overweight blob of a tyrant, but he knew that food was meant for him, and he wouldn't have it any other way!

Servants swiftly filled the room as if alerted to their king's growling stomach. Without a word being exchanged, various furs of different species grabbed any food they could get their paws on and swiftly made their way to Zero, where they eagerly held it out for the immobile skunk to devour. One by

one, he cleared off the tables, forcing the servants to work their hardest to secure him the tastiest treats. They didn't mind their ruler's impatient commands; in fact, many of them were smiling, as if it were an honor to have Zero eat right out of their paws. Alas, Zero didn't care what his attendants thought, not even after he finished clearing the final table and forcing them to rub his significantly larger stomach. He just wanted more food!

Suddenly, he found himself out in the fields, commanding a small army while he sat in the back, feasting on more Lángos while being carried by a team of incredibly muscular tigers. Despite the seriousness of open warfare, Zero was more preoccupied with his meal, his attention mainly focused on the two lovely vixens hand feeding him the greasy bread. Occasionally, he would bark out an order here and there to his troops, but he only did so in between feeding sessions; in other words, not often at all. Fortunately, it appeared his army didn't need his guidance. Within a few short hours, the battle had been won; the enemy quickly signaling defeat while laying down their arms. To Zero's soldiers, that meant finally being able to return home to see their families again; to Zero, it meant throwing yet another victory feast in his honor. Just thinking about it made his immense stomach growl with untold gluttony, similarly to the tigers beneath him groaning with untold despair.

Soon, Zero found himself whisked back again into the throne room, although with quite a few notable changes. The six tables had turned into twelve, and the small amount of servants were replaced with nearly half of his entire army crammed into the room, saluting their victorious king. Banners hung around the palace, all of them depicting their ruler's insignia: a fat green paw clutching a half-eaten turkey leg. Beside him was a large pile of gold that glittered in the sunlight, although the small hill of wealth paled in comparison to its gluttonous owner.

Without waiting to be told, the soldiers took a plate of food in their paws and marched to the skunk, beaming with joy. Surely, their king's immense frame was a sign of good fortunes to come! Not a single warrior shied from cramming the vittles into Zero's fat mouth, who practically inhaled everything in front of him. Meanwhile, the same servants as before came over to knead their king's belly, losing their arms in the abundance of fur and flab, while a tailor outfitted the mountainous tyrant with a new cape, seeing as how his current one stopped halfway down his back when it previously reached the floor. Zero didn't care what manner of clothing he was wearing as long as he was fed, as seen by how he had managed to clear out eight of the tables without feeling the least bit full. If anything, his growing stomach cried out for more, shocking the slaves while encouraging the soldiers. He needed more gold, more territory, more food, and more fat!

Eager to follow their majesty's orders, the warriors disembarked immediately, covering more land as they won battle after battle. The neighboring kingdoms fell one after another to the deadly army, forfeiting their farmland and workers to feed the insatiable king. Zero was pleased to watch as his daily intake grew with every passing day, the immense skunk eating an elephant's weight in food at almost every sitting. The number of tables before him multiplied as well, completely filling the throne room with delectable treats, as well as workers willing to climb on the king's enormous gut to feed him. As did Zero, the pile of gold beside grew upwards as well, turning into a hill of shiny coins. Even so, Zero was not satisfied, not even as he felt his stomach swell outwards along the carpeted floors. It didn't matter that he swiftly lost the use of his arms, or his fingers for that matter. It wasn't enough, it was never enough!

His greed had consumed him, similarly to how he consumed vast amounts of produce every passing day. The villagers continued to idolize him, believing the blob of a skunk to be the sign of their kingdom's prosperity. They were willing to slave all hours of the day to scrape together enough food to offer to their king, even if it meant leaving themselves with hardly any. It was all worth it to get to see the pool-sized skunk, or to earn a chance to stroke his silky soft belly. Naturally, Zero didn't care what his subjects thought of him, or how big he got, even as his head and muzzle sunk into his rising blubber. All he cared about was the mountain of gold beside him, and, of course, more food.

Railways were soon constructed across the entire land just to quickly ferry food from the entire continent straight into Zero's palace. There, it would be deposited on top of the castle where it would be channeled down a chute into the throne room, straight into the immense tyrant's maw. Similarly, gold poured through a secondary chute, where it would land on the mountain of coins next to Zero. Together, the two towering hulks dominated the entire room, forming an insurmountable wall of green and gold. And yet, Zero's greed continued to grow as he ate and ate, feeling the pressure around his body start to grow. He didn't care that he was slowly being buried underneath his own gluttony and greed, the coins spilling across his blubbery body. He didn't care that the walls of the palace began to bulge outward, unable to occupy his wealth nor his frame. He just wanted more, to have his very body roll across the land like the very ocean of blubber he was becoming. He wanted more, to become the tallest being in the entire world, second only to his tower of gold. He wanted more, and more, and more!!

"Huh? Wha? Who?"

Zero snorted himself awake, his breathing erratic after experiencing such a horrible nightmare. "Holy crap, that was intense. That's the last time I eat on a full stomach," he chuckled lightly to himself, although that chuckle quickly died out when he felt a strange sensation coursing throughout his entire body. "Oh no..."

Whimpering softly, the thief was quickly made aware of his current situation just from feeling the waves of fat rippling across his gelatinous being. It wasn't a dream at all! Well, at least some parts weren't. The majority of his vision was dominated by green, his basketball-sized cheeks bouncing around his muzzle while his chest careened outward into a smooth dome. Behind him, Zero felt his rear billowing up behind him like a looming, unseen wall, his tail nowhere to be found. To his surprise, he found himself to be rather close to the ceiling; rather impressive, considering it was roughly 50 feet off the ground. His arms were massive and useless, nothing more than additional piles of blubber situated on top of his colossal sides. To add insult to injury, Zero swore he could see a new stained glass painting in front of him depicting three squirrels with different colored hair, pointing and laughing at the massive blob of a skunk. He tried to stick his tongue back out at them, but he doubt anyone could see his tongue through his fattened face.

Just then, he was notified of another feeling down below. Zero's stomach rippled with renewed fervor as police officers rammed at the door with a battering ram, shouting something about demanding surrender. Nice try, officers, but you'll need at least a few tanks before you can even push back the skunk's house-sized belly. The massive wobbling the banging ensued caused an object resting on top of Zero's head to fall forward onto his stubby muzzle, revealing itself to be a crumpled crown made out of cheap cardboard. Fantastic.

And thus ends the tale of Zero the thief. He had a taste of ultimate wealth and wanted more, but ended up with the body of a king with unrestrained gluttony. Even now, it was hard for the gurgling green mountain of skunk blubber to resist thinking about when his next meal would be. But it wasn't all bad. Even now, Zero found himself smiling to himself, deep crevices forming in his cheeks.

He finally had his own church.