

If there was one thing K. Rool knew it was how to present himself. The King of the Kremlings had mastered the art of expressing his self-confidence through his actions, whether it's how he walked, talked, or in this case, made an entrance.

The reptilian warlord struck the metal doors open with his rotund belly, hard enough to nearly send them flying off their hinges as they slammed against the wall with a metallic clang! He felt all eyes turn to him as he strode into the throne room; dozens of kremlings stopping whatever it is they were doing to stare at their illustrious ruler. K. Rool flashed them a bold smile, his shiny fangs lighting up the otherwise dull grey room. His stride was full of vigor and energy, the way he swung his arms forward with each powerful step he took. Even with no airflow in that room, the king's flowing red cape fluttered behind him as if trying to mimic its owner's spirit. Even his notorious belly seemed to have a life of its own as it bounced up and down with his movements! It was such a miraculous sight, one of the kremlings couldn't help but wipe a tear from his reptilian eyes! Such swagger, such boldness! No one would have guessed he had just returned from a merciless beatdown.

Although the bruises were quite telling.

One of the closer Kremlings, a smaller blue male wearing a headset, quickly stood up as he saw his leader approaching and saluted. "King K. Rool, sir! How did your battle with Donkey Kong go?"

K. Rool halted, his grinning face frozen as he scrambled to think of a response. "Oh...that! Hah, I had almost forgotten about that battle, it was so pathetically easy!" The croc bellowed a deep belly lap, slapping said belly before wincing as his claws rubbed against one of his fresh wounds. Honestly, he was relieved that no one brought up how he was as bruised as a peach that fell down an escalator. His green hide was full of purple fist-shaped splotches, his left arm hung at a weird angle down from his side. Even his eye, his good eye too, was swollen shut, leaving only his enlarged, bloodshot eye to glare around the room. Keeping the facade up was quite the chore for the crippled king, who winced ever so slightly whenever he put too much weight on his left leg, which made it all the more relieving when he could finally collapse on his throne.

K. Rool would have loved for his day to end then and there, but he could tell from the expectant faces of his underlings that they wanted to hear the rest of the story. Mustering himself up and clearing his throat (ow, even that hurt!) the crocodile monarch continued. "Oh, I was absolutely wailing on that stupid simian the entire time! His punches and jabs were so easy to dodge, I may as well have been blindfolded! When will he learn that it will take more than just brute strength to overcome this king, especially a king as ripped as this one?" He flexed his muscular right arm, grinning through the pain.

The croc beamed as he heard a chorus of oohs and aahs from his subjects. His body may be brittle and broken, but at least his pride remained intact...sort of. Hopefully one day he wouldn't have to keep up a lie like this. "King K. Rool, sir." Another kremling spoke up, this one a bright pink female. "Does that mean you got to keep all of Donkey Kong's banana horde this time?"

The king's grin faded instantly, and he made no attempt of trying to hide his true feelings. The cheerful mutterings of the kremlings died off instantly as they looked at their ruler nervously, even the pink kremling looked regretful of bringing up that topic. Finally, the croc let out a sad chuckle, his eyes crestfallen. "Heheh, I wish so. Unfortunately, your king here was having too much fun knocking the daylights out of Donkey Kong to notice that his little companion, Deedee or whatever his name was, had made off with every single banana! And by that, I mean he literally pushed all of them off a cliff. I knew I shouldn't have held my duel with that annoying ape on a battlefield close to his hideout! Months of planning, ruined!"

A collective groan echoed throughout the room, the sound of which made K. Rool almost feel guilty. To be thwarted time and time again by an overpowered gorilla and his diminutive sidekick was quite the embarrassment for the entire kremling race, one that he himself felt responsible for. Oh, how he hated that Donkey Kong with a burning passion; if he would have just submitted his rights and property to the rightful heir of this country like everyone else, K. Rool wouldn't have to keep up this constant charade with his troops!

"Well, why don't we start preparing for our next mission then?" The blue kremling from earlier spoke up, drawing all eyes (and in K. Rool's case, eye) to him. "I mean, we know where Donkey Kong lives now, right? Why don't we send all of our scouts to that area to retrieve the bananas? I mean, if Donkey Kong is as injured as King K. Rool described, there's no way he can make it back in time to stop us, let alone put up enough of a fight!"

The Kremling was met with a resounding "Yeah!" from his brethren, and soon plans were being discussed on how to most efficiently go about stealing back the banana horde. It was an ingenious idea, K. Rool had to admit, although his one eye opened quite wide when he realized just what was happening. "W-wait a minute, let's not get too hasty here!" He called out, bringing the attention back to him. Crud, he actually sounded scared there!

Bringing a fist to his maw, the crocodile grunted and cleared his throat before continuing, this time using a deeper, more assured voice. "I say we let Donkey Kong limp away, for now. Let him savor his little 'victory'. Give him a few months to lull him into a false sense of security, make him feel like everything is alright while I recov- I mean, train up in the gym for our next

bout. Next time, I'll be strong enough to pummel Donkey Kong fast enough to get back at Deedee as well, before he has time to pull some underhanded shenanigans with me!"

It was quite the well-thought-out plan, especially for someone as boisterous as K. Rool. The kremlings didn't seem to think so; rather than question their king's sudden shift in tactics, the group of reptiles all cheered and raised their fists. "Hurrah, that's out king for you! That Donkey won't know what hit him!"

K. Rool sighed and collapsed further into his chair, suddenly feeling very worn out. Perhaps if he barked a few orders to make himself sound important, none of the other kremlings would notice him take a brief nap before dinner. Getting your tail handed to you does work up quite the appetite after all! The monarch croc allowed his eye to slowly shut, the mutterings of his underlings hard at work like music to his ears, before hearing the doors to his throne room suddenly barge open once again, followed by a kremlings exasperated voice. "King K. Rool, sir! We got it! We got Donkey Kong's banana horde!"

"Whaaaaaat?!" The entire room erupted into mass hysteria! The banana horde had been lost just hours ago, and somehow a troop had managed to bring it back already?! K. Rool felt a bead of sweat trickle down his muzzle, his entire body trembling. Fortunately, the ruckus the previous kremling caused was doing an excellent job in drowning out the sound of his teeth chattering, giving him plenty of time to compose himself before continuing. "SIIIIILEEEENCE!!!"

His voice echoed down the halls, leaving behind nothing but pure silence. The other kremlings yelped and went back to their assigned stations, shivering like leaves in the wind, leaving behind the last kremling who had delivered the news. He was a runt, a green-scaled rookie who barely fit in his black vest, covered from head to toe with bumps and bruises. To anyone looking in from the outside, it was impossible to tell who looked more injured, or more scared.

K. Rool cleared his throat. "N-now then, h-how did you, erh, stumble upon Donkey Kong's bananas?"

The kremling gulped audibly, tail tucked between his legs. Had he done something wrong? "W-well, sir, we were patrolling the area close to Jungle Japes, just like you asked, when we noticed hundreds, no, thousands of shadows flying along the ground! A-at first we thought they were some weird looking birds, but when we looked up, we saw a literal avalanche of bananas crashing down on us!"

"And why wasn't I notified of this?!" K. Rool growled, his bulbous eye twitching madly.

“W-w-w-well, your highness, o-our radios were damaged...i-it was a literal avalanche, we were buried beneath thousands of bananas! We were lucky to make it out of there alive!”

“And yet, you managed to deliver every last banana here?” The croc raised an eyebrow accusingly, his leg still trembling.

The small kremling nodded nervously. This was not at all how he was expecting the king to take this news. He felt even smaller as he noticed the other kremling’s glares, each one trying to mimic their king. “I-it wasn’t easy, sir. We had to make a makeshift net from the jungle foliage, a-and even then, our Jeep could barely move under that weight! It overheated and died about three-fourths of the way there, so myself, Kevin, and Kooper had to push it the rest of the way here. W-well...it was mostly Kevin and Kooper, I was the one filling out the paperwork, if you would like to see, sire.”

No, he would not like to see, but K. Rool extended his shaky claw out anyway, where the little kremling offered a clipboard with a few pieces of paper attached. The croc snatched it and hastily read through the documents, his face growing paler with every passing second. There were thousands, possibly hundreds of thousands of bananas being delivered into his storage right this very minute! Did he even have enough room for so much fruit?! There was no way all of this was real, there simply wasn’t! But the paper in front of him didn’t lie; there were even marks of approval from various other kremlings who signed off on this massive delivery, followed by a signature of the little reptile before him: Kyle.

The crocodile started to panic. If he told Kyle to dump the bananas away, he would look insane to his crew! But if he were to keep the bananas, Donkey Kong would surely come back to fight him once more, and there was no way he could keep up a convincing facade in front of his underlings again, not when he was too wounded to fight back! Gah! If only there was a way he could just dispose of these stupid bananas before Donkey Kong could get back, all while ensuring his minions that he really was number one!

....Oh, he could do that.

His eyes widened, both of them this time, before a nefarious grin started to spread across his muzzle. Of course! It was so simple, why didn’t he think of it! The solution to his problem was right there in front of him. He lowered the clipboard back down to the small kremling. “So...Kyle, was it?”

The little reptile nodded.

K. Rool smirked wider, patting his servant on his green snout. “How would you like to be promoted to be my personal lackey?”

Kyle perked up, looking up at K. Rool’s eyes for the first time since entering the room. He was astonished, no longer trembling with fear but with joy! “O-oh, it’d be a dream come true, sire! I-I’ve respected and worshipped you for so long, I have a poster of you in my-”

“Yeah yeah, all good all good,” K. Rool muttered. Wow, that got weird quickly. “Anyways just make a tiny alteration in your report there and you’ll be promoted right away! We’re not gonna store all those bananas into storage,” his paw rose from the kremling onto his bulbous gut. “We’re gonna store them right here!”

Kyle frowned, looking up at his king, to his stomach, to his king again. “In your belly button, sire?”

“No! I-I mean, sort of?” K. Rool sighed. “Listen up, everyone! We’re not gonna keep holding these bananas just for that stupid simian and his friend to barge in and claim what’s ours any longer! It’s time we showed those two peanut brains just who the real king of the land is around here! By the time Donkey shows up again, I’ll personally make sure that all of those bananas will be eaten...by yours truly!”

The response was instantaneous! The room was buzzing with chattering, all Kremlings turning to each other. “Can he really eat that much? I know his gut is amazing, but still!” All the while K. Rool sat there grinning smugly, proud of his ingenious plan. “What are you lot doing standing around here for? You heard your orders: bring me bananas!”

With a flurry, the room was emptied as the underlings ran off to do their master’s bidding. Kyle was about to run after them himself when a large claw grabbed his shoulder and rooted him in place. “Not you, dingus! You’ve been promoted, remember?”

“O-oh, right?” Kyle blushed, shuffling around to face his king once more. “H-h-how can I be of service, your highness?”

K. Rool sighed. “First off, I’m not Bowser. None of this highness this, lordship that. You’re a newbie, so I’ll forgive you for now, but for future reference, you are to address me as King K. Rool. “Secondly, pull up a chair. Any chair will do.”

Kyle nodded and did as he was told. He pulled over one of the nearby swivel chairs, the little reptile needing to hop into the seat. K. Rool didn’t know whether to laugh or to sigh at the

pathetic sight. This was following perfectly into his plan, after all, but at the same time, this Kyle was such a dork!

“Now then,” K. Rool lowered his voice as if worried someone would come back soon. “You are to keep me on track with my eating schedule, alright? Make sure I’m eating all day, every day, even if you have to stuff me yourself!” Kyle’s eyes and mouth widened, and K. Rool was quick to clamp the little kremling’s muzzle shut before he could say anything. “Don’t ask any questions, you hear me? There’s no way I can eat hundreds of thousands of bananas before Donkey Kong gets here, at least not without help! I’ll even slip you a few bananas on the side as well, but make sure no one sees you or hears you helping! As far as everyone else is concerned, you’re just there to...I dunno, run errands for me or something. So, what do you say?”

K. Rool saw tears well up in Kyle’s eyes, and at first, he was afraid he had shattered the young reptile’s stoic vision of his king, that he revealed himself as a fraud! However, the croc realized he was, in fact, clenching his personal servant’s muzzle quite severely and quickly released his grasp. Kyle gasped, rubbing his sore snout before looking up at his king with wide, eager eyes. “O-of course, si- I mean King K. Rool! I’ll make sure no one suspects a thing!”

“Atta boy!” The king grinned, patting the rookie’s back. Their secret deal ended at the perfect time, for minutes later the doorway was flooded with kremlings carrying entire bushels of bananas, delivering them to either side of their king. Soon, the greedy croc had two massive piles of bananas on either side of him, rising higher than his throne’s armrests! When the finished delivering the food, the Kremlings stood before the monarch, at attention and ready for their next orders, at least so they appeared. In reality, they just wanted to see if their ruler really could eat so much!

Well, they would know soon enough. K. Rool moaned as he unpeeled and slid the first banana down his jaw, his eyes fluttering back. Oh, bananas. Nature’s perfect gift. Such a soft and cottony texture on the outside, with a smooth and creamy center. So sweet, so rich, so flavorful, a five-star meal all on its own! To think that dreaded Donkey was hoarding so many of them all for himself! And some thought HE was the selfish king! Soon, the delicious fruit was nothing more than residue on his claw tips which he quickly licked off. He permitted himself a quiet purr, rubbing his hand along his great golden gut before reaching for another banana.

And found it already unpeeled.

Looking over, K. Rool saw Kyle smiling shyly back up at him, getting ready to peel open the third banana. The croc chuckled. “You’re quick to please, kid. I like that.” And with that, he took the fruit and stuffed it down his gullet. And then the next, and then the next. K. Rool was in

heaven! Why hadn't he thought of this sooner?! Every bite was pure bliss, a flavor he would never grow sick of! And he had hundreds of thousands more where that came from! Oh, if only he didn't have to worry about Donkey Kong barging in and pummeling him to a pulp; otherwise, he would draw out this blissful moment as long as he could!

Alas, even at his own gluttonous rate, the crocodile knew that it would take weeks, possibly months to finish off all the bananas, and that wouldn't do! He won't be satisfied until he saw Donkey Kong's face when his precious horde was reduced to a mountain of peels, with a well-fed gator sitting atop of it!

"Mmmf...hurry kid, peel 'em faster!" K. Rool grunted, snatching the bananas from his assistant the moment they were unpeeled. He had to ignore the delicious taste, for now at least. He had to make a statement as fast as possible, even if it meant using both arms to stuff his gullet as much as possible. Faster and faster he ate, the pile of peels behind Kyle rising as the smaller croc struggled to keep up with his king. Those who stayed behind to watch K. Rool were presented with quite the spectacle of gluttony and greed, the likes of which they had never seen before. They knew their monarch was a big eater, given his apple-shaped body, of course, but to see this kind of gluttony first hand was truly something else! As the evening sun started to shine through the windows, the kremlins started to notice another fantastic feat their king was performing: not popping!

"Huuurf...Bwrrrrp!" K. Rool groaned, one claw resting on his bloated stomach. He had already lost track of how long he had been eating, or how many bananas had passed through his lips. 50? 100? The croc turned a little greener as he slumped back further, extending his gut for all to see.

The kremlings were shocked to see how much their king could eat, or rather just how much his stomach had grown! Like a balloon, the great golden sphere had swollen to great heights, rising out from his middle like a small blimp! And the noises, Kyle would have thought the king had accidentally swallowed a lion, the way it growled and rumbled. He, like many other kremlings in the room, didn't doubt their king for a second, yet just watching that great belly gurgle and swell with every bite was like an otherworldly experience! Just how much could that tank hold?!

K. Rool was fortunate his glowing gold gut was hogging up all the attention because anyone looking at his face would see just how stuffed the king really was. He took this moment to weakly fumble to his right, tugging at his servant's tail to get his attention. "Hmmf...quick, rub my belly."

Kyle's eyes went wild. "W-w-what?"

“You heard me,” K. Rool muttered, sliding another banana down his muzzle. “I can’t...hurrf. You’re supposed to be encouraging me...helping me eat as much as possible, runt. I can’t...reach my gut anymore, so get down there and knead my tum, darn it!”

Kyle blushed profusely, hopping out of his swivel chair to do as he was told. With others watching, he was afraid rubbing the croc’s big belly would reveal that the king was at his limit, although then again, they could just see him rubbing his gut as a sign of good will. He was K. Rool’s servant, after all.

Kyle stared at the bloated gold gut before him like it was a legendary treasure. So large, so bloated, so...magnificent! It was polished too, he could even see his reflection by K. Rool’s navel, even if it was as distended as the rest of him! Was he even worthy of defiling such a monument of purity with his lowly claws?

“Ahem!”

That answered his question. Kyle was quick to grope the king’s belly, shocked at just how little give there was! Was King K. Rool’s belly scales as hard as gold like everyone claimed, or was he simply that overstuffed? The smaller croc pondered this as his claws rubbed and squeezed around the rounded curve, kneading and massaging as much as he could reach. He felt ashamed that he didn’t know more about the proper technique of belly rubs, and simply squeezed and hoped for the best.

Fortunately, that seemed to work. While K. Rool still tried to keep up appearances, Kyle could hear a pleased growl escape his king’s lips. He must be doing something right, at least! Grinning, the kremling dug deeper into the bloated mass, his little tail wagging at being presented with such an opportunity! Oh, if only Kevin and Konnor could see him now; they would be so jealous of him! A sudden growl brought Kyle from his daydreaming. At first, the little kremling was horrified that he might have done something wrong, before realizing that growl came from his king’s stomach. Man, he really was filling up!

As he rubbed, Kyle felt something rather off. It was subtle; the firmness of K. Rool’s belly feeling quite different under his bulging navel. Kyle pushed against it and was rewarded with the sensation rising upwards, followed by a pleased growl from K. Rool himself. “Hrrrf... do that again!”

Kyle nodded and squeezed higher, feeling the strange area rise higher, and higher, and higher still until suddenly-

“BWAAAAAAAAAAAAARP!!”

Glass rattled, jaws were dropped, not even Kyle knew what to do or say after such an explosive outburst! Everyone’s ears rang for quite some time, those who were closest to ground zero being able to smell bananas. For a while, all they could do is stare at their king, or rather the massive belly attached to said king, rising and falling as he took several quick and shallow breaths. Feeling more than a little anxious, Kyle slowly lumbered over to the big croc, tail tucked between his legs. “D-d-did I do something wrong, si-”

“No,” K. Rool panted, a fat grin plastered on his face. “That was...urf, that was just what I needed! Phew, that felt amazing! You may resume your banana feeding duties until I need your help. Just...make sure you eat some yourself. Make it look like I ate more than I really bwurp did.”

“Y-yes, King K. Rool!” Kyle sighed with relief. He must have some special talent for this; he may be a rookie, but he’s never seen the king look so happy before! With a grin of his own, the little kremling went to work peeling more bananas to hand them to his monarch, only to notice the croc lean his head back, pointing to his open maw. Blinking, Kyle carefully leaned closer to drop the banana into K. Rool’s open maw, where he quickly gobbled it up and opened up for more.

And more was delivered. Kyle hand-fed his king until the sun starting setting, casting long shadows along the horizon. He fed and fed, not to mention rubbing the croc's stomach whenever his monarch demanded it, to the point where his arms were actually starting to feel sore! He had no idea he could ever get so tired just from feeding someone all day, although he himself had eaten a fair portion of the bananas. Not enough to even make a dent into the massive piles, of course, but still far more food than the smaller kremling was used to. But if he was starting to feel fatigue tug on him already, imagine how K. Rool must be feeling!

As if on cue, the enormous reptile bellowed out a massive belch, almost as hard as his previous one, before opening up for more bananas. K. Rool was giant! An absolute blimp of a reptile! His enormous stomach churned and grumbled with untold amounts of bananas, rumbling like a machine or engine from Fear Factory itself! That amazing golden belly swelled past his knees, shining like a lighthouse or a beacon with barely any signs of stretch marks! Even his outie belly button was starting to look stretched and distorted as if that too had been forced to take in some of the bananas!

And still, he ate, much to Kyle’s astonishment. He knew his king was a natural glutton, but he was almost as wide as he was tall at this point! The last kremling had left nearly a half an hour

ago, so why was K. Rool still going? After all, there was no one left in the room to impress but himself.

Banana by banana, inch by inch the king grew, unable to move himself even if he wanted to. Kyle started to grow concerned and was about to ask K. Rool to maybe call it quits for the day when he heard an unusual sound erupt from the croc's snout, one that sounded quite different from his usual hiccups and belches.

“Snooooooort!”

“Oh, he's asleep,” Kyle muttered to himself. About time too, his king had eaten enough food to knock out an elephant for a week! K. Rool's tongue lolled out of his maw goofily, both arms resting above the shelf of his stomach as he snored away, his stomach joining in with its own rumblings and grumbles to create quite the crocodile cacophony!

With the king asleep, Kyle knew he was relieved of his duties for the day, but he couldn't help but to stand there and stare admiringly at his sleeping tyrant, absentmindedly nibbling on the banana he was about to feed to K. Rool. He really was incredible, that big crocodile.