

K. Rool woke up with a groan, followed by a slight hiccup. His first groggy thought of the morning was that he couldn't believe he actually passed out in his throne, and for the entire night too, as evidenced by the morning sun's rays piercing through the windows. The big croc moaned again, this time leaning his head forward to rub at the back of his neck. Talk about uncomfortable sleeping conditions; he really needed to hire some engineers to refurbish his throne into a recliner of sorts.

His second thought was just how unbelievably stuffed he was, even after his lengthy nap!

The big king placed a claw on his bloated midsection, rubbing along the upper curve of the golden dome. To think that he had spent literal hours doing nothing but eating yesterday, the crocodile was actually surprised he hadn't exploded! A mound of banana peels lay beside his throne as a reminder of yesterday, the big croc smacking his lips as he looked at them. Was he really going to keep going through with this? Was he in over his head? K. Rool wrapped both arms along the underside of his stomach, trying to massage away the tautness the same way Kyle managed to last night. He was rewarded with the familiar sensation of air rising deep down in his gullet, traveling through his throat before exploding out of his muzzle.

*"BWWWWWUUUUAAAAARRRRP!!"*

It was such a satisfying belch too; it was a shame that he couldn't fully enjoy it due to the high-pitched squeal coming from his right.

*"Aiiiiiiiiiii!!!"*

"Gaaah!" K. Rool gasped, instinctively leaping away from source of the noise. Unfortunately, his heavy belly weighed down his jump, leaving him to instead flail about before literally rolling over the armrest of his chair, falling into the banana peel pile with a squishy thud.

And that's when K. Rool had this third thought: What the heck is wrong with Kyle?!

"S-s-sorry, King K. Rool, sir!" K. Rool heard the kremling whimper, on the other side of all these banana peels. "S-sudden loud noises startle me...A-are you ok?"

The king responded with a groan of his own; this was *not* what the crick his neck needed this morning. Shaking the peels from his noggin, he glared at the trembling kremling, his bloodshot eye shaking. "What in blazes are you doing here?! Your shift doesn't start in..." K. Rool quickly thought of an arbitrary number. "27 minutes!"

Shrugging off peels from his face, the monarch watched as his young servant quickly scrambled off his swivel chair to run towards the fallen king, almost slipping on one of the dozens of peels. "A-aah! I-I didn't know I was on a particular schedule, s-sir! I just thought that,

like, I was supposed to stay in case you needed me so...erh, I kinda spent the night here.” Kyle’s voice dropped as he finished his sentence, realizing how off that sounded out loud. He had good intentions, of course, but only now did he realize he might have possibly intruded on his ruler’s personal space.

However, K. Rool saw it differently. “You stayed here all night?” He asked in disbelief. He regarded the trembling Kremling in a new light, respecting the little guy a bit more, even if he was the cause of the swelling bump on his gnoggin. Still, K. Rool had to suppress a snicker when he saw Kyle reach out a claw to him. As if that little guy could haul up someone as large and glorious as himself!

Still, he took the hand, and was surprised to find quite a bit of strength behind that grasp. It wasn’t near enough to haul himself upwards, but K. Rool appreciated his lacky’s enthusiasm as he was brought up to his feet. With a groan, the overfed croc leaned back and arched his spine, forcing Kyle to step back to make room for his great golden gut. “Hnnng, I need a new throne,” K. Rool grumbled, waiting until a few audible cracks erupted from his spine before slumping back forward. Despite his complaining, K. Rool was quick to collapse right back in his seat, scratching idly at the top of his stomach. “Hey, kid, what time is it?”

“Uh...” Kyle blinked, vaguely aware that he was being spoken too. It took a few moments for those words to sink into his mind for him to pull away from the king’s round belly, looking up sheepishly. “O-oh, my apologies! Erh, according to my watch, it’s 7:12. Does this mean you want me come in at 7:39, sir?”

“Nah, I like your idea of sleeping over more,” K. Rool sighed, wiggling a bit further into his throne. For some reason, it was quite difficult to find a comfortable position in it, almost like the seat had warped somehow, the metal kept digging into his sides. The kremlings would be waking up in their bunkers right about now, which meant he would start seeing his troops arrive at their stations within the hour. He snorted heavily; better make use of his time while he could. “Start peeling me more bananas, will ya?”

“A-already?!” Kyle gasped, quickly clamoring back onto his own chair. “B-but sir, the day just started! Aren’t you still feeling stuffed? Shouldn’t you be taking a break?”

“For banana’s sake, Kyle, you’re killing me with these questions!” K. Rool roared irritably, rubbing his forehead. “Yes, I’m still stuffed, but we just took a lengthy break, which means we can take on more, right?” The croc patted his rounded belly, having noticeably shrunk during their heavy nap, although it still thudded tautly under his touch. “You better eat your fill before the other Kremlings arrive, you know.”

Kyle nodded silently, and did as he was told, making sure to eat one banana for every one he fed his king. He was so stuffed from last night, he had no idea how K. Rool managed to hold it all. In less than an hour, the smaller kremling was completely packed with food, a

grumbled moan and belch parting his muzzle as his claws rubbed over his rock-hard gut. He couldn't eat another bite; the overstuffed reptile sighing in relief when the first kremlings started arriving, giving him a break to simply feed his gluttonous king. And, of course, rub that belly when prompted.

Having developed a pattern of eating and relaxing, K. Rool ate away until the sun set once again, the second day ending much like the first. The third day was yet another golden blurr of bananas and belly rubs, the king starting to find the taste not quite as appealing as before. There was hardly a waking moment when the yellow velvety fruit wasn't being crammed down his muzzle, leaving him with an achingly full stomach by the time the evening rolled around. His entire schedule revolved around him eating now, and yet as the days rolled on by, the number of bananas left never seemed to decrease. K. Rool was starting to wonder once more if he was in over his head! Honestly, the only thing that kept him going through with this plan was knowing that he wasn't alone in this endeavour, his right-hand reptile almost as stuffed as he was.

Still, there was the issue of running his kingdom, which was a bit difficult when your stomach is constantly fit to bursting. His daily patrols through his fortress grew less and less frequent as the days grew on, the king simply too lethargic and tired to even bother. His personal gym in particular saw practically no use; in fact, the last time he strolled by, he swore he saw a few cobwebs hanging on the doorframe. Instead, he only visited the areas that required his surveillance, and with each visit there were kremlings waiting for him to offer bananas, not from the horde they had captured earlier, but from their own lunches! Sure, their bananas were far smaller and less impressive, ergo making it fairly easy for the tyrant to devour, but as word spread about the king's astonishing proclamation to consume the entirety of Donkey Kong's banana horde before the ape could reclaim it, K. Rool soon found himself surrounded by kremlings all offering their uneaten lunches to him. His walks were supposed to help work off the food, but within a week they were doing the exact opposite, the overstuffed reptile stumbling back to his throne belching and groaning as he nursed a belly larger than the one he'd left with.

K. Rool knew his underlings would be fascinated by his challenge, but he didn't expect so many of them to be utterly entranced by his gluttony! To any kremlings, feats of strength were to be admired and praised -how else did K. Rool earn his crown, after all? And right now, their king was testing the limits of the most important muscle of all: his stomach. The smaller crocodiles constantly shuffled into the throneroom and back, looking for excuses to stay in that room just to watch their king eat. While off duty, some kremlings would even barter with those who were scheduled to bring in more bananas to their head croc. They were willing to shill out an entire week's salary, but it was all worth it just to watch that gluttonous crocodile eat more and more, his stomach growing by the day, gradually becoming bigger, and bigger, and bigger.

Until one day when it became a little too big.

“Grrrk! S-stupid chair!” K. Rool groaned, struggling against the imprisoning throne. His cheeks turned red, his knuckles turned white as they clenched and clawed at the armrests. While he fought against his seat, the other kremlings quickly stopped what they were doing to look over at their king; even Kyle had taken a break from peeling bananas just to watch the spectacle. It was a moment they had predicted long ago, although that didn’t stop the excited murmurings as the kremlings crowded around their king, grinning eagerly as the realization all struck them: King K. Rool had grown too fat for his throne.

The croc’s golden stomach was massive, even larger than it was after his first day of nonstop binging, but rather than bulge off of his torso into a taut dome, the flabby belly rested atop his thighs, completely filling his lap like a big gold lake. Likewise, his frame had also widened out to support such a mighty middle, his thick love handles currently encroaching the ends of his throne quite tightly. Even from behind, one could see the king’s broad sides spilling out on either side of the throne, croc quite clearly wider than even his special throne.

During his struggle, the kremlings waited with baited breath as their king slowly inched his way out, deep grooves forming on his sides and rear as they revealed themselves, until at last the crowd gasped as he freed himself with a loud *plop!* K. Rool gasped and panted, his belly rising and falling as he rubbed the areas the throne hugged him, his claws digging into his abundant pudge. As he stroked there, the king raised an eyebrow when he felt thick folds along his sides and love handles, as if all of the extra poundage was a surprise to him. “Huh, that’s new,” the reptile growled, pinching his love handles.

The room was dead silent as K. Rool roamed his claws along his new heft, even Kyle was rather surprised. He practically lived with the overweight croc, so it was hard to discern any notable changes his king was going through. Even now, he looked surprised as he just noticed the soft second chin forming beneath the reptile’s broad muzzle, or how squishy and chubby his cheeks had grown (although to be fair, those cheeks were hardly ever empty, making it impossible to see any growth). And speaking of cheeks, all that heavy sitting had given K. Rool a rump that was borderline extraordinary, so round and massive that Kyle was surprised they weren’t golden just like their owner’s belly! It was magnificent, all of it!

But the real question was: what did King K. Rool think about his fattened self? His expression was unreadable, but Kyle swore he saw the ends of his lips curl upwards for just a fraction when the big croc’s claws dug beneath his overhang. He figured the king might even give up on this foolish quest to impress his kremlings and go back to the gym, but a part of him couldn’t help but feel rather distraught of the thought of K. Rool undoing all of his hard work.

Which was why he felt more than relieved when the obese croc suddenly glared at his kremlings. “Well, what are you lot doing standing around for? Bring me more food!”

At once the kremlings stood to attention, giving a quick salute before scampering off. That is, before K. Rool ordered them back once again. “Hold it! I’ve changed my mind!”

The footsoldiers skidded to a halt, turning back to their large king. K. Rool hummed to himself as he rubbed his chin thoughtly; gosh, even his fingers were looking thicker! "Hmmm...is anyone here a chef?"

An orange-spotted blue kremling raised his claw. "I-I am, sir. Well, I mean I'm the head cook in my platoon, but-"

"Close enough! I want you to go to the kitchens and start experimenting with bananas. Make something delicious out of them, something with a ton of butter and sugar. You two next to him will help him, and also look up recipes if you need to. Like I said, butter and sugar. The three of you back there, grab a crate or four bananas for them to use to make food. Make sure none of it is going to waste, you hear me? And as for you..." K. Rool stroked his chin, looking at the lone pink kremling. "Erh...bring me as many pillows as you can find. I'll need something to replace my throne for now. And don't just bring me any old pillows, you hear me? I want something decorative and fancy, and a lot of them! I'm still a king, after all!"

Kyle watched as the pink kremling nodded and sprinted off, tasked with the impossible task of finding enough cushions to cover the king's enormous rear. Once the room was finally empty, K. Rool heaved a sigh he didn't know he had been holding, before slowly turning to face Kyle. The smaller kremling was expecting a myriad of emotions from his king: anger, embarrassment, frustration, which was why he was caught off guard when he saw K. Rool grinning like a child. "Isn't it great, Kyle? Look how fat I'm getting!"

"U-uh, it sure is..." Kyle didn't know what to say. He was stuck on his chair, entranced as the croc hefted his enormous belly into his meaty arms, watching that big outie belly button rise higher and higher before K. Rool dropped it, letting it bounce and glorp and jiggle about like Jell-O.

Dimples forming in his chubby cheeks, K. Rool hefted his stomach up once more, only this time to hug and savor the feeling of his heavy fat resting on his arms. "Hrrrf, so soft! I knew this diet would make me put on a few, but I didn't it'd be this fast! Soon, I'll be too fat to ever fight Donkey Kong again!" He roared with laughter, his doughy neck wobbling. It was only after he saw the horrified look in Kyle's eyes did he finally stop, the fat king sighing as he let his belly drop. "Oh, don't give me that look, Kyle. I was never a match for that stupid simian! He's a jacked up ape, for crying out loud! Honestly, I'm surprised you lot even buy into my silly excuses, what do you guys think every time I stumble back covered in black and blue bruises?"

"That you...fell onto a blackberry bush..." Kyle muttered, his voice sounding quite distant, his eyes as wide as saucers.

K. Rool sighed. He had no idea if he should be relieved or horrified that his army was so gullible. Still, it hurt his pride seeing the smaller kremling look so shocked and devastated, the king quickly looking for something to change the conversation with.

He didn't have to look far. "Heh, looks like you've put on quite a few yourself!"

"O-oh!" Kyle blushed, his arms rushing to cover his middle. His gain wasn't nearly as noticeable as K. Rool's, yet there was no denying the extra pudginess that coated his small body. His arms and legs were a little thicker, his tail a bit meatier, his chest more pronounced than usual. However, like K. Rool, most of the extra mass went straight to his belly, which pushed against his once-loose black jacket, revealing a sliver of green scaly pudginess whenever he reached up to feed his king. Helping K. Rool pack away the bananas certainly helped him rise up a weight class or two.

However, the stubborn reptile fumbled to hide his rounded middle, spattering excuses. "I-I'm sorry, sir! I promised I would work out more on my freetime, b-but I'm pressed for time after spending so long feeding you. I-I'm so so sorry, I must look like a lousier soldier that-"

"Quit apologizing, runt. I think you should get even fatter!"

Kyle blinked, his eyes wider than ever. "W-what?"

"You heard me!" K. Rool grinned a toothy grin, dimples forming in his pudgy cheeks. "It's one thing for a king to grow fat and lazy, but for his servant to turn into a little butter ball as well...well, there's no better way to flex my new wealth than that, now, is there?"

Yet again, Kyle blinked and stared up at his king, scrambling for words. "W...what?"

"Do I need to spell it out for you?!" K. Rool took a broad step forward, followed by another step, until he was looming over the seated kremling. Kyle had always been small, but he felt downright diminutive with his king pressing against him. He was just so massive, so incredibly fat, yet the monarch flaunted his new girth around so effortlessly, like a supermodel would show off their new clothes.

"I think you should get even fatter," K. Rool repeated, his voice much lower than before. "I know you're enjoying yourself; even when you don't think I'm watching, I've seen you puffing out your gut, patting it and slapping it just like I do with mine. You love the buttery softness of your own thighs rubbing against each other, the jiggle of your arms as you reach for more food, the urge to keep eating that food even after you've eaten more than you can handle, just to let yourself go even more!"

Kyle couldn't contain his blush or his excitement, his tail wagging a mile a minute behind him. Thinking he couldn't get more flustered if he tried, the kremling's face went beet red when

he saw the obese croc heft his hanging belly a third time, lifting it until plopping it right on top of the smaller reptile's lap with a loud *plop*. Kyle grunted; it was heavier than it looked! And softer, so, so much softer. Kyle couldn't resist, his claws plunging into all that blubbery goodness as if he were searching for gold, a fitting metaphor given how much gold was presented to him! He had rubbed K. Rool's belly countless times when it was taut and stuffed with food, but to feel it empty for a chance, to experience all that squishiness and weight for himself; the kremling almost shuddered when he felt K. Rool's stomach growl! "I don't even have to bring up how great it feels to have the heft and bulk of your gut weighing you down, constantly reminding you how much you've grown over the past few days. So, care to turn yourself into a plump servant fit for a plump king?"

Kyle was at a loss for words, his mind completely numb. He couldn't believe this was happening to him, that he would be the one subjected to this kind of treatment! He had heard jealous remarks his way about how lucky he was to get to rub the king's belly, but to feel it flop onto him hard enough to knock the wind from his lungs was something else. He looked up at K. Rool's eyes, barely seeing them past his doughy moobs, and uttered just a single word. "What?"

K. Rool sighed. "You're hopeless, kid." With a grunt, he hoisted his gut away from his servant, who almost reached out after it. "Alright, change of tactics. As king, I order you to grow fatter along with me, as well as keeping that tidbit of me using my weight to avoid Donkey Kong to yourself. I mean, don't get me wrong, I know that with all this chub I'm gonna be the perfect punching bag for that souped up monkey; I just can't wait to see the look on his face when his mountain of bananas is replaced with a mountain of me instead!"

The ever obedient servant, Kyle was quick to nod in agreement, even if he wasn't paying too much attention. His eyes were still on that enormous tum of K. Rool's, watching it bounce and jiggle subtly with every word its owner spoke. Hearing Donkey Kong mentioned, Kyle quickly perked back up, a thought crossing his mind. "You really hate DK, don't you, sir?"

"Eugh, don't call him that. Makes him sound cooler than he is." K. Rool grumbled as he crossed his arms, flopping back into his chair. He must not have remembered that he had struggled so hard to pry himself out of it earlier, for he continued his rambling. "Of course I hate that peanut-brained mongrel! I am king of this land, fairly and squarely, and everyone knows you must pay a tax to live in a kingdom, yet he has the audacity to hoard so much delicious bananas for himself! On top of the countless war crimes he's committed, as well as daring to raise a hairy fist against myself, of course I can't stand his stinking guts! And..."

He stopped, sighing abruptly before looking away. Kyle leaned forward to try to look at K. Rool's face, but he couldn't get a read on the croc's expression. He knew he was venturing into personal territory, but he simply couldn't help himself. "And what, sir?"

K. Rool sighed again. "And...well, he has something I don't have."

Kyle looked somberly at his king. It never occurred to him that a kink could be jealous of a lowly ape. He wondered what it could be, thinking about it long and hard throughout the rest of the day.