

Meow the Intergalactic Gainer

Story written by HamsterTrove

Meow, the musky, red hat-adorned betelgeusian, was sprawled out on a yellow leather sofa, contently scrolling through social media on his smartphone. He was currently on his friend Dandy's spaceship, the Aloha Oe; looking a lot softer and rounder than he did a year ago.

DING!

A grin appeared on Meow's whiskered face. He'd gained five more followers on the social media site, Chirper.

While he'd maintained a healthy following of around three thousand followers when he'd been posting about his adventures with Dandy and what kind of ramen he'd been eating recently, the alien feline had seen a massive increase in followers since he'd changed what kind of content he was posting to his Chirper page.

For the past year, Meow had been posting videos, pictures and text-based status updates relating to his weight gain on Chirper.

The geeky betelgeusian had always loved stuffing his face with snacks, pizza and sugary drinks while playing video games or reading manga. Despite Meow's adoration for hedonistically indulging himself, there had always been a reason or two why he didn't end up gaining a notable amount of weight; his family would discourage him, his metabolism would be too effective, his crewmates, Dandy the human and QT the robot, wouldn't have enough money to buy more food than necessary...the list goes on.

However, after Dandy, QT and Meow managed to capture and register a notably rare alien at the alien registration centre, they were rewarded with tens of thousands of woolongs. With that kind of money, the trio were able to easily afford a large amount of food and drink for months. As Meow didn't need to frequently go out on adventures and didn't go a day without stuffing himself with food and drink, the alien otaku started to clearly gain weight. Weight which stayed on him.

Around the same time this was happening, Meow started getting into watching videos of 'gainers' online. These gainers were individuals who were interested in intentionally gaining weight and showing off their plump bodies online. Some of these gainers had clear weight goals, while others intended to get as fat as their bodies would allow. As there were many sapient species in the universe with individuals who'd gotten into gaining, the weights of these gainers ranged quite drastically. Some species were tiny as moles, some were around the same size as humans (or were humans), and some were massive, twenty-foot, bestial-looking creatures. Regardless, Meow enjoyed seeing all of them being proud of their pudge and was rather turned on by the appearances and personalities of some of them.

Intrigued by the videos of gainers he'd seen, and the soft pudge that was gradually amassing on his own body, Meow decided he would become a gainer. This decision occurred about five weeks after his crew had been paid for their impressive find. To Meow's delight, this quickly proved to be a wonderful decision.

Nearly every user on Chirper loves seeing cute, fluffy cats on camera, and a more niche audience on Chirper absolutely adores seeing cute aliens gaining weight and stuffing themselves with food. Meow, after posting a few photos of himself cutely posing and showing off his plump belly on Chirper, managed to grab the attention of those two very appreciative audiences.

Each time he posted something relating to his weight gain, Meow would gain more attention and more followers. Meow shared pictures that focused on his belly, his butt and his thighs. He posted long videos of himself stuffing himself with fattening foods and drinks, and the loud, raunchy burps and farts that occurred as a result. He posted short videos of himself playing with his belly and belly button. He posted text-based updates on his weight and body measurements. Meow's fans just couldn't get enough of his increasingly plump body.

After fourteen months of stuffing himself with fattening foods and drinks, while going out adventuring with Dandy and QT less and less, Meow had become notably chubby. A soft, round gut, with a deep, innie belly button, protruded from his pudgy torso. The long-necked feline's arms and legs had grown thick with fat. His plump, furry butt cheeks were notably large and jiggy, and his butt crack looked incredibly deep.

Meow looked thicker, tubbier and lazier in general. A thicker neck, a double chin, plump moobs, chubbier cheeks; every bit of Meow's body appeared to be bigger and softer than it had fourteen months ago. Meow was looking more and more like an incredibly spoiled alien housecat, and his audience loved it.

In addition to becoming much chubbier, Meow had also become much gassier. As the gluttonous alien ate four meals of rich, fattening foods per day, frequently drank fizzy colas, sodas and ciders, and snacked whenever he was even remotely bored, it was no surprise he had a lot of gas swirling around inside his plump, well-fed gut. Every few minutes, a raunchy belch or rank, cheek-rippling fart would noisily escape Meow's tubby body. While many of Meow's Chirper followers greatly enjoyed seeing and hearing the feline's gassy releases in the videos he published, Meow's shipmates weren't nearly as appreciative; mainly because they actually had to smell them.

After several months of gaining, Meow's iconic, green, betelgeusian jacket started to look and feel incredibly tight on the fat feline's body. With this in mind, Meow decided to just walk around in the nude most of the time; the only article of clothing on him being his red hat. While he did buy some new, looser-fitting clothing after six months of gaining, Meow rather enjoyed showing off his body in all its flabby glory. Occasionally he'd squeeze into his jacket, and take photos of himself doing so, to show how much fatter he'd become.

The comment sections of Meow's posts were generally a mixture of fairly innocent comments about how adorable and 'chonky' he was looking, and less innocent comments from people requesting Meow to do very lewd and raunchy things. The gradually growing feline was happy to see either type of comment. He appreciated the positive attention he was getting and the fact so many people had embraced and celebrated his choice to actively gain weight.

He now had fifty-two thousand, nine hundred and fifty-six followers. Hundreds of these followers donated money to Meow. Some of them expected exclusive pictures and videos in return (Meow had sent quite a lot of exclusive content to these fans involving his feet and maw), while some simply wanted to make sure Meow kept eating and drinking in excess. In addition to monetary donations, Meow would occasionally be sent rare and expensive delicacies, and invites to restaurants where he'd be able to eat for free.

Meow greatly appreciated the generosity of his audience and made sure to frequently express his gratitude. While he generally did this through text, he'd occasionally get more creative and do things like write 'THANK YOU!' on his bare belly with syrup, or post a video of him downing a can of soda and belching the words 'ThAaAaANK you...for all the supPOoRrRrRrRRRT!'.

Dandy, the black-haired, jacket-adorned, human captain of the Aloha Oe, walked into the ship's hub and saw Meow lazing around on the sofa. Dandy winced slightly as Meow's sweaty, somewhat fishy musk wafted into his nostrils. Mingling with that musky scent was the smell of the flabby feline's lingering gas, a smell reminiscent of aged cheese and rotten pepperoni. He'd been eating a lot of pizza recently.

While Dandy didn't appreciate how much of a fat slob Meow had become, he did appreciate the shockingly large amount of money the chubby betelgeusian was bringing in. While Dandy had been very cynical and insulting about Meow's idea of becoming a gainer initially, the lithe human gradually became more accepting of the idea. These days, Dandy just let Meow do his thing and kept his teasing comments brief and tasteful.

"Hey, Meow. I just got back from BooBies...kinda quiet at the moment, so I didn't stay long. Those weird fans of yours still paying you to be a fatass?" Dandy asked.

"Yep! I received three hundred and fifty-six woolongs in donations today, and it sounds like I'll be getting some pretty pricey video requests soon!" Meow happily replied while continuing to scroll through his Chirper feed. He was very much used to Dandy's teasing at this point.

"Tch, what a universe..." Dandy said, shaking his head and smiling. "It sounds like we won't have to bother registering any more aliens if you keep getting generous, and totally obsessed, fans like that." the pompadoured human continued.

"Heh, you might be right there! That'll suit me just fine." Meow said with a grin on his chubby face.

DING!

"Hm? Is that one of those video requests you mentioned?" Dandy said, a mildly curious tone to his voice.

"I've got a new private message, so it could be! Gimme a sec, I'll see what it is." Meow replied.

Meow tapped some buttons onscreen and squinted his eyes slightly. He stayed silent for several seconds as he read a portion of the message.

"Huh...this is a pretty weird looking message." Meow said.

"I'd have thought you'd be used to weird messages from your fans by now." Dandy said teasingly.

"No, seriously, dude...it's a request, but I've never seen anything like this before. I'll read it out to you." Meow said, while lightly scratching the side of his thick, furry neck.

"Well, this'll be interesting..." Dandy said with an amused grin.

“Dear Meow, I’ve been a fan of your content for a long time now and hoped you would hear out a request of mine. I’m the chief technology officer of an IT company on the planet, Ensulon, and have plenty of money to offer you if you accept my request.

There’s a good chance you haven’t heard much about Ensulon, or fruktos (the species that I am) as our planet’s kings have collectively agreed to keep out of other planets’ business as much as possible. Outside of a few beneficial trade deals with equally obscure planets and adopting the most common languages and currencies of the universe into our culture, fruktos have really kept to themselves. I’m actually one of the few fruktos who have been granted access to the intergalactic internet.

Fruktos have managed to thrive on Ensulon as we have no natural predators, and a planet rich in natural resources. However, compared to many other sapient species in the universe, we’re tiny and frail. So, the threat of any large, foreign creatures entering our planet has been deemed far too risky.

The problem is...I’m bored. Incredibly bored. While I’m aware of a whole universe full of wonders, opportunities and fascinating creatures, I’m legally obliged to be stuck on a planet with a stagnant culture. Our technology has not improved in the last decade, our dull rulers are dictated by bloodline, and our people are apathetic and unambitious. I’m living in a world of comfortable mediocrity, and I can’t stand it anymore. I want to see how fruktos will react to having a natural predator. I want you to be that natural predator.

I want to see you rampaging through a frukto city, eating any food or frukto citizens you see. Don’t spare a single morsel of food or fleeing citizen until you’re completely full. I will revel in knowing all that food and all of those people will be turned into more fat on your perfect, curvy body.

Something you should probably know about fruktos is that we have naturally sugary fur and sweet-tasting flesh. You may also like to know we are a rodent-like species. I think you’ll find my species quite delicious.

Do as much damage to the city as you wish. Crush cars beneath your feet, tear apart buildings, leave entire streets cracked, broken and reeking of your gas. I will be watching from a safe distance, using a semi-automated camera-drone to get a good look at your work. Seeing your fat, feline form effortlessly decimating everything in your path will be a dream come true.

When you are eventually done, I want you to find me, pick me up and belch right in front of my face. I want to feel the rush of being in a predator’s grasp. I want to be able to smell every frukto you consumed on your hot breath. If I haven’t already done so while watching you on camera, I want you to burp in my face and tease me, both verbally and physically, until I cum.

I will pay you 85,000 woolongs if you indulge my request, and I will gladly pay you more in the future. There are plenty of frukto cities to tear down, and plenty of fruktos to eat.

I guarantee you will not get into trouble for going through with my request. As stated before, Ensulon’s kings have made the planet incredibly isolated, and so will not inform any foreign police forces. All you need to do is leave the planet once you’re done.

Please promptly reply if you wish to accept and receive all the necessary details.” Meow read out the message.

“Oh wow...that’s a lot to take in, huh? That’s a hell of a reward, but this guy...and that request sound super shady. What do you think about this, Meow?” Dandy said.

Looking over to Meow’s face, Dandy saw the plump feline had a giddy smile on his face.

"Oh, man! I didn't get to reading the part about 85,000 woolongs or sugary rodents before! This is amazing!" Meow said excitedly.

"Sooo...you're accepting that incredibly messed up request, then...?" Dandy said, a slightly disturbed tone to his voice.

"Hell yeah I am, dude! Free food, a ton of money and the chance to register some rarely seen aliens? Why would I turn that down?" Meow responded.

"I...guess I see your point." Dandy said. Though he sounded unsure, the cash rewards Meow could get from going along with his admirer's request were tempting him too.

"Would you be okay with flying me to Ensulon once I've sorted out all the details with this guy?" Meow asked.

"Uh...welllll..." Dandy said, clearly hesitant to immediately agree. "...yeah, sure. What the hell. Let's see if we can all get early retirements." Dandy continued a few seconds later.

"Sweet, dude! I appreciate it!" Meow said happily. "I'll get some more details about him and his request." the flabby feline continued.

"Alright...sounds good." Dandy said with a nod.

Dandy walked off to his room in the Aloha Oe, and left Meow to tap away on his smartphone.

By the next day, Meow had acquired all the necessary details. His wealthy admirer was called Zazzori Khal, the city he was going to visit was called Ozria and the date he was going to rampage through Ozria was in three days' time.

The two days before Meow's trip to Ozria went by quickly and were fairly uneventful. Meow ate a lot of fish flakes and pasta, and drank a lot of cola, while playing video games. He made some posts on his Chirper page. One of these was a text-based update stating he'd have a lot more money for food and recording equipment soon, and that he was very grateful for the generous donations his fans gave him.

The chubby betelgeusian posted some videos as well. One video showed him playing with his deep, unwashed belly button. Meow used his fingers and thumbs to deeply poke, vigorously finger and playfully swirl around his cavernous navel. He managed to clean out some food crumbs and lint from his furry belly button as he did this.

Another video showed Meow showing off his maw and tongue to the camera. The gassy feline occasionally let out a deep belch or huffed some warm cat breath at his smartphone's camera, causing it to fog up slightly. In the video's description, Meow playfully stated there might be one fan of his that would particularly enjoy this video.

Dandy kept himself busy in his typical fashion. He hung around at bars (mainly BooBies), chatted up the women there, and got involved in any bar activities like karaoke or darts that were occurring at the time. When he wasn't at a bar, he was just watching television and playing video games with Meow or QT.

Eventually the day that Meow was scheduled to rampage through Ozria arrived. Meow was very excited. He had willingly skipped breakfast and had only drank a couple of glasses of water, to make sure he had plenty of room for fruktos and frukto delicacies. Dandy, however, felt rather anxious and morally conflicted. Regardless of how he felt, Dandy flew the Aloha Oe to Ensulon and landed the large, yellow spaceship about half a mile away from the outskirts of Ozria.

Meow thanked Dandy for piloting the ship there once they arrived. Before exiting the ship, Meow sent a Chirper message to Zazzori. This message informed his frukto admirer that he'd arrived and showed his coordinates. Zazzori promptly replied with a message that thanked Meow and told him he should wait outside the Aloha Oe, as his camera-drone would fly to his location.

Meow placed his smartphone on a table in his bedroom, then walked outside the Aloha Oe. As he'd been instructed by Zazzori to be completely nude except for his hat as he rampaged, the chubby betelgeusian wouldn't have any (sanitary) place to store his smartphone while he was on Ensulon. While he waited for Zazzori's camera-drone to arrive, the plump feline took a good look around at the alien landscape around him.

Outside of the expansive, modern-looking city of Ozria, the ground was covered in peculiar, turquoise grass. Plenty of small alien plants, flowers and trees were present across the land. Meow saw there were a few forests (that were barely as tall as Meow's thick, stocky legs) in the areas that were completely untouched by frukto urbanisation.

Long, snaking rivers weaved around the landscape and intersected the nearby frukto city. The water had a purple hue to it, as the sky above was a lovely purple colour. Though it was currently a Saturday afternoon, Meow thought it looked more like he was around during a sunrise, due to the sky's peculiar colour and the fact he could see several stars in the sky.

Dozens of farms populated the less hilly areas of the land. Being omnivorous, mouse-like creatures, the fruktos had vegetable patches, fruit orchards and alien livestock pens at their farms. Connecting these farms to Ozria, and the many frukto cities in the far distance, were a myriad of appropriately small, white-coloured roads. These smooth, stone roads were decorated with blue markings and patterns.

After waiting around for about seven minutes, Meow was happy to see a tiny drone approaching him. The tubby feline smiled and narrowed his eyes slightly as he tried to take a good look at the drone. He saw the plastic device's camera was able to rotate around and adjust the zoom of its lens to get the best view possible.

"Hey, dude! Ready for me to head towards the city?" Meow asked, while giving the miniscule drone a friendly wave.

The drone's camera nodded excitedly in response. Zazzori had programmed the drone with a large number of commands, which he could easily activate in the comfort of his mansion's bedroom. The drone's prime directive was to keep the camera on Meow, and record aesthetically pleasing footage, though Zazzori could choose exactly what part of Meow the camera should be focusing on, or if the drone should be temporarily looking elsewhere. Evidently, he could also have the drone respond to basic questions.

"Heh heh, excellent! Let's go then." Meow said with a nod.

Meow focused his sights on the outskirts of Ozria. The chubby feline started walking towards the bungalows, shacks and factory buildings that littered the city outskirts. Zazzori's drone buzzed around

him like an infatuated fly as he walked. Meow's rich admirer got plenty of wonderful shots of the tubby feline's round belly, cavernous belly button, plump ass, flaccid cock and fuzzy balls. Meow could feel the pleasantly warm heat of Ensulon's sun against his bare body, as he was wearing nothing but his iconic red, fleece hat. After a couple of minutes of walking, some sweat started to appear on the chunky feline's body.

With each heavy step the blubbery betelgeusian took, his chubby belly and thick, furry butt cheeks jiggled appealingly. The tiny, local wildlife fled, or flew away, as they felt the tremors that Meow's footsteps caused. As he walked, the relatively gigantic feline's bare feet carelessly crushed plant life and any unfortunate alien animals that were too slow or stupid to get out of his way. A mess of leaves, dirt and blood stains quickly started to amass on the furry, cheesy-smelling soles of Meow's unwashed feet.

Four fruktos were strolling through a forest outside of Ozria. The group of bipedal, mouse-like creatures had decided to go hiking and camping on the weekend, as they were feeling rather cooped up and morose in their city apartments.

The small group of backpacking friends possessed different fur-colours. Two of them had milk-chocolate-brown fur, which made the white granules of sugar, that naturally appeared within their fur like dandruff, obvious. One of them had creamy white fur. The remaining frukto had caramel-yellow fur and was a bit chubbier than his other friends. All of them had long, furless, candy-pink tails.

The only clothes they wore on themselves were purely decorative; fruktos saw no shame in baring their bodies. The white-furred frukto, the sole female of the group, was wearing a cute, red ribbon around her neck. One of the brown-furred fruktos was wearing black leather bracers on his arms.

For several minutes, they contently strolled past trees, bushes and ferns, talked with each other and made jokes. However, all of them slowed down and grew quiet as they felt the ground beneath them shake ominously. After a few seconds of this peculiar shaking, their sensitive noses also picked up the faint scents of salty sweat, raw fish and cheddar cheese. They all stopped in their tracks, unsure of how to react to this bizarre event. The many trees and plants around them prevented them from seeing anything threatening.

They nervously speculated what could be causing the tremors and smells, made a couple of jokes at the expense of their chubby, yellow-furred friend, and after a couple of minutes, they decided it would be best to leave the forest. However, by that time it was far too late. The shaking had grown far stronger, and the scents far more rank and pungent within the fruktos' nostrils.

The group of fruktos saw the world darken around them, as a shadow engulfed the forest floor and themselves. Catching on to what was happening, the four, frightened friends looked straight up. Above the leaves of the trees around them, a colossal, light-purple furred foot loomed menacingly. The giant foot's sole appeared to be damp with sweat, and noticeably dirty. It looked like it was going to crash down extremely soon.

Reacting quickly, the two brown-furred fruktos dashed off to the left of where the giant foot looked like it was going to land. The chubby, yellow-furred frukto made a desperate leap after running for a few steps. The white-furred frukto, who was both in a state of shock, and stunned by one of her

brown-furred friends pushing past her, remained right where she was. She was looking up, while the foot was crashing down.

CRRNCH!

Meow's foot made impact with the ground, as well as the frail, white-furred body of the female frukto. A gruesome crunching sound could be heard as the female frukto was swiftly crushed beneath the musky betelgeusian's immense weight. Her bloodied, flattened body laid still and silent beneath the ball of Meow's right foot.

"Oh, whoops! I think I stepped in something..." Meow said, not immediately realising what had happened. He felt a warm wetness against the sole of his foot.

The nearby yellow-furred frukto cowered and whimpered pitifully as Meow lifted his right foot to see what he'd stepped on. While the brown-furred fruktos had briefly looked back to see what had happened, they had decided to keep on running.

"Oh, yuck, haha~ I accidentally stepped on a frukto!" Meow said.

Zazzori's drone got a good look at Meow's musky, blood-stained sole. A tiny, crushed corpse clung to the betelgeusian's unwashed foot. It was a gory mess of red, creamy white and pink.

"I hope you're fine with a few of them getting squished instead of eaten?" Meow asked the drone.

The drone's camera looked towards the geeky betelgeusian's face, then quickly nodded at him.

"Phew! That's good to know...I think it'd be hard to avoid doing that, heh!" Meow said with a grin.

The giant feline placed his foot back down onto the ground. As he did this, he looked down and spotted the nearby yellow-furred frukto looking up at him. An expression of both terror and awe was on his chubby, little face.

"Oh! Looks like you'll get your first footage of me eating fruktos now, though!" Meow said, a playful grin on his whiskered face.

Meow crouched down and using his right index finger and thumb, picked up the cowering frukto. The giant feline's digits held the yellow-furred alien's belly and butt tightly.

"AHHHH! Nononono! P-please, no..." the chubby frukto whimpered hysterically as he was brought in front of Meow's face.

"Mm, nice~ You're a pretty chunky, little fella." Meow started to speak. Humid, fishy-smelling breath washed over the terrified rodent's face and body each time Meow uttered a word. "Y'now, if I wasn't here to eat fruktos, I'd probably encourage you to become a gainer like me, haha~"

Tears welled up in the chubby frukto's beady eyes, both out of fear and in reaction to Meow's horrid cat breath.

"N-no, please...y-you don't need to eat me! I...I have food in my backpack, I'll give you all of it! T-there's plenty of food in the city a-and on the farms too, I-I'm sure you could just ask for more there!" the frukto tearfully pleaded.

“Oh, I’m sure there is plenty of food in the city! I’m gonna eat all of that up too along with all the yummy, little rodents living there~” Meow said, a cruel playfulness to his voice. Both his feline instincts and his desire to please his admirer had brought out a nasty side of him.

“W-what?! N-no...you...you can’t! M-my family and friends live there! We’re...we’re meant to be safe here...t-this isn’t right...” the frukto cried.

“Mm...I’m pretty sure I can, dude; I skipped breakfast. Hopefully your family and friends will be just as delicious as you~” Meow said teasingly before opening his mouth wide.

The chubby frukto in Meow’s grasp desperately writhed and kicked while letting out fearful squeaks. In that moment, he didn’t even care if he broke his legs from falling, the view in front of him utterly terrified him. The fact he could hear Meow’s stomach hungrily growling at him didn’t help either.

In front of the miniscule rodent were two rows of sharp, feline teeth, a pink, saliva-dampened tongue, two uvulas and a dark, cavernous throat. A few strings of wet saliva inside Meow’s maw had stretched out as the giant, musky feline had opened his mouth. Zazzori’s drone made sure to get a good look at Meow’s damp maw as the betelgeusian teasingly huffed out a few last bursts of hot, fishy breath over the terrified frukto.

Using his free hand, Meow removed the backpack from the frukto’s tiny, yellow-furred form. The gigantic feline simply dropped the backpack to the ground once it was off the struggling frukto.

Once the frukto’s backpack was removed, Meow lobbed the squirming rodent into his maw and promptly closed his mouth. The frukto let out a frightened squeak as he landed on top of the betelgeusian’s big, wet tongue. In an instant, Meow could taste the tiny mammal’s sugary fur.

Delighted by the sweet flavour gracing his taste buds, Meow started moving the frukto all around his mouth. The chubby rodent found himself unable to resist the movements of the large, pink muscle beneath him, and so he simply sobbed and whimpered as his bare body was pushed up against the inside of Meow’s cheeks and the roof of Meow’s mouth. It didn’t take long for the frukto to be drenched in warm, sticky saliva.

“Mmmmn~” Meow closed his eyes and let out a delighted moan, which reverberated inside his maw. The fat feline’s tongue eagerly tasted every part of the frukto. The muskier regions of the frukto, such as his genitals, rump and armpit fur, provided Meow with a taste akin to salted caramel.

Once Meow had decided he’d tasted the whimpering rodent for long enough, he used his tongue to push the saliva-coated frukto towards his sharp teeth.

“Nononononono! P-please sto- ARRRRRRRRGH!” the frukto started to plead before Meow forcefully bit down.

The feline’s sharp teeth painfully pierced through flesh and muscle. An intriguing mixture of tastes overcame Meow’s taste buds while the rodent was left in agony. The plump betelgeusian tasted a simultaneously sweet and meaty flavour. It made Meow think of bacon covered in maple syrup. This flavour had a metallic undertone to it, as some of the frukto’s blood had splattered onto Meow’s tongue. As Meow was of a mainly carnivorous species and had a sweet tooth, he found the frukto’s flavour very appetising.

Several more muffled screams of pain could be heard from the frukto as Meow chewed his body. After several seconds, the frukto’s screams abruptly stopped, as did his agony. The sounds of his screams

were replaced by the sounds of muffled crunches and squelches, as Meow chewed the rodent's body to a meaty pulp.

Once the dead frukto's body was little more than bloody mush, Meow tipped his head back slightly and let the frukto's remains slide down into his throat. Meow audibly gulped down the meaty mush. Once the frukto's remains made their trip down Meow's long oesophagus and landed in the plump feline's stomach, Meow gave his soft, furry gut a few content pats.

"Mm...he was- **BWOUHRRP** - super tasty! You weren't kidding about fruktos being delicious!" Meow said to the drone, a sickly-sweet belch escaping his lips as he spoke. "Well, I guess I'd better keep heading towards the city now. He was just the appetizer~" he continued with a playful wink to the camera.

Meow continued strolling towards Ozria's outskirts. As he got closer, some of the fruktos in the city who were out walking started to notice a giant figure on the horizon. Most of these fruktos simply stood still or conversed with their friends, as they curiously tried to figure out what was approaching their city, though some of them ran away in terror. None of them had seen a creature like this before.

After about three minutes of walking, Meow was stood in front of some of the outskirts' small, residential buildings. The plump feline put his hands on his wide hips and looked down at the buildings, street objects, vehicles and tiny, petrified rodents in front of him. Meow's pungent musk wafted towards the scared and confused citizens, causing a few of them to cough and cover their noses.

Meow preferred to clean himself via tongue baths instead of showering or bathing, which led to his body reeking of his own saliva and natural body odour. The majority of the fruktos that were gazing up at Meow did not appreciate this smell.

"Hey, guys! I've come here for a nice, filling lunch...I can't see much food around this area of the city, but I can see quite a few tasty, little rodents!" Meow said playfully.

The colossal feline took a step forward. His foot loudly smashed through the tiled roof of a bungalow, instantly crushing the inhabitants and utterly ruining the small structure. The fruktos who had been staring at him took this as their cue to start running and screaming.

Meow walked forward slightly, so both of his feet were stood on a road. A chorus of high-pitched screams and yells could be heard in front of him and around him, as dozens of fruktos attempted to escape the giant alien invader. Meow bent down and swiftly scooped up three fleeing fruktos in his right hand.

Standing back up, Meow briefly looked at the trio of squirming rodents in his grasp. One was an adult male, one was an adult female and one was a teenage boy. Each of them had varying shades of brown fur.

Wasting no time, Meow opened his mouth, flattened out the palm of his right hand, then brashly chucked all three of the fruktos into his maw. The fruktos squealed with fright as they briefly flew through the air and let out alarmed squeaks as they hit Meow's salivating tongue. Once Meow had closed his mouth, and started thoroughly tasting the three fruktos, the giant feline continued walking forward through the city outskirts and looked for other small groups of fruktos to grab.

Inside of Meow's wet, steamy maw, the three, brown-furred fruktos were roughly licked and moved around by the colossal alien's tongue. They could hear the muffled sounds of destruction and commotion occurring outside of Meow's mouth.

As he walked in the direction of Ozria's city centre, Meow's dirty, sweat-dampened feet callously crushed the small vehicles and homes of the fruktos living on the outer edge of Ozria. Cars and motorcycles were left as mangled wreckage, and bungalows and shacks collapsed in on themselves as Meow stepped on them.

Meow adored how powerful he felt as he felt structures crumble and vehicles full of terrified fruktos flatten beneath his weight. He felt like he was the star of a kaiju movie, and he was loving every second of it. The feline's musky cock soon grew erect.

Meow swallowed the three fruktos in his mouth whole, one after the other. As he audibly swallowed them down, he picked up a couple of fleeing fruktos from the ground and brought them in front of his face. One of them was a white-furred adult male, while the other was a blonde-furred adult female. The two writhing rodents in his grasp were able to see mouse-sized bulges appear in Meow's neck, move downwards, then disappear around the feline's furry chest.

"Oh no...no...oh gods, please no..." the white-furred frukto sobbed hysterically.

“Haaaah~” Meow let out a satisfied sigh, once he’d gulped down the third frukto that had been his mouth. The giant feline’s hot breath washed over the captive fruktos’ faces. Their sensitive, little nostrils were promptly filled with the scents of rotted bacon, coppery blood and half-digested caramel, prompting them to wince and let out some high-pitched coughs.

“Heh heh...if you thought that smell was bad, you’re really not gonna enjoy being in my stomach~” Meow cruelly teased them. More of his warm, pungent breath washed over the fruktos as he spoke.

The flabby feline opened his mouth and chucked the two fruktos inside of it. Just like with the last batch of fruktos, Meow thoroughly tasted their bodies by moving them around with his wet tongue. Meow savoured the sweet, sugary flavour of their fur and flesh for several seconds, before he suddenly felt an unpleasant amount of pressure in his gut.

As he continued to lick the trapped fruktos, and stomp through the outskirts, Meow tenderly rubbed his soft, chubby belly. After rubbing his right hand in a circular motion for about seven seconds, Meow felt a rush of air moving up his throat. He also heard an accompanying gurgling sound.

*“MHRRRRRRRRrRrRrRrRrRrRrR
RRRRRRRRRRRRHP!”*

Meow released a loud, low-pitched belch into his closed mouth. Though the betelgeusian's burp sounded muffled from the outside, the two fruktos inside his maw were able to hear every disgusting detail of it with incredible clarity.

Humid, foul-smelling air filled up Meow's maw, and puffed out his cheeks. The feline's burp breath reeked of rotten fish and sickly-sweet candy. The two fruktos repeatedly coughed and gagged in

reaction to the nauseating mixture of stench. Some tears welled up in their eyes as they tried to catch their breath.

Meow allowed the two fruktos to stew in the moist heat of his burp breath for about ten seconds, while moving them around his maw. After that time passed, he suddenly tipped his head back. The white-furred frukto, who was too caught up in catching his breath to worry about holding onto Meow's tongue, immediately plummeted down into the hungry feline's gullet.

GLRRRHP...GHLLP!

Meow gulped him down whole. His miniscule body was squeezed down the betelgeusian's tight, wet tube of an oesophagus and soon landed with a *SPLOSH* inside Meow's spacious stomach. His fate was sealed. He was nothing but food for Meow's gut to digest now.

The blonde-furred frukto who was still inside Meow's maw desperately clung to the colossal feline's saliva-drenched tongue. Frightened squeaks and cries left her mouth, and tears trickled down her face. The darkness around her was terrifying, the heat and smell was vile, and the chances of her getting out of this situation alive were incredibly low.

Feeling the frukto's tight grip on his tongue, Meow tipped his head back more and started flicking his tongue. The female frukto managed to hold on for a few flicks, but her grip grew weaker each time. After five flicks, the tiny, blonde-furred rodent's hands slipped. The frukto fell into the cavernous depths of Meow's throat, screaming as she did so.

GLLRMP...GHLLLLP!

The female frukto was swallowed down whole. After an unpleasant trip down Meow's gullet, she soon joined her white-furred mate within the stuffy, foul-smelling confines of Meow's stomach. After landing face-first in a shallow pool of gastric acid and meaty mush, the blonde-furred frukto shakily got to her feet and groaned.

She could see nothing around her, it was pitch black. However, she could hear that four fruktos were desperately beating and clawing at the fleshy walls of their giant predator's stomach. They let out cries of frustration and fear as they did so.

"Yerris...?" The blonde-furred frukto called out to her white-furred mate.

"Ferquin! I'm...I'm here..." Yerris responded.

Yerris stopped beating his tiny fists against Meow's stomach and tried to locate Ferquin's voice. After calling out to each other a few times, eventually the couple found each other. They hugged each other tightly.

While the three other fruktos futilely attempted to climb out of Meow's stomach, or garner a reaction from the gigantic feline, Yerris and Ferquin accepted this is where they were going to die together. Though the agony of being slowly digested would inevitably pull them apart, they would stay close to each other as long as they possibly could.

Meow continued his rampage across Ozria's outskirts, opportunistically eating fruktos as he went. By the time he had arrived at the suburban section of Ozria, he had eaten fourteen fruktos in total. Their ages, genders and fur colours had been varied, but they'd all been similarly delicious. With some of them, he promptly swallowed them down whole after a quick taste, while with others he took the time to savour and chew their bodies. A mixture of bloodied meat and fully intact rodents populated his gurgling and growling stomach.

With a trail of crushed buildings, vehicles and street objects behind him, Meow carefully stepped over a row of two-storey houses and stood both of his feet on a suburban street. The white-coloured stone of the road, and the light-grey-coloured concrete of the sidewalks, cracked under his immense weight. Houses rattled and fruktos screamed as the ground trembled beneath them.

As Meow stepped onto the suburban street, he had felt a lot of pressure within his gassy gut. "Mmmrgh..." Meow groaned, while his stomach loudly grumbled. The tubby feline clutched his large, noisy belly. As delicious as the fruktos he ate were, his body wasn't reacting very well to all this new alien food.

Looking on the bright side, Meow supposed Zazzori would enjoy seeing all the gassiness the fruktos would cause, and it would certainly feel satisfying to let out some more big belches and farts. With that in mind, Meow decided to do something he thought his admirer would love to see.

The chubby betelgeusian looked behind himself. His gaze locked onto the suburban house directly behind him. He squatted down to see if there was anyone inside.

PBBRRRRRT!

Meow's long, feline tail instinctually raised up as a short, but rather loud, fart made its way out of Meow's plump, furry ass. The windows of the nearby suburban house fogged up slightly as they were hit by the giant feline's warm, meaty-smelling gas.

A pleased smirk appeared on Meow's face. Firstly, due to the relief he felt from unintentionally letting out some of his gas, and secondly due to the fact he'd spotted a family of fruktos hiding and cowering inside the house. Meow stood back up. His thick, musky butt cheeks and long, furry tail loomed over the two-storey house behind him.

"Hey dude, I'd suggest keeping the camera on my butt for a while~" Meow said to the camera-drone, while using a clawed thumb to gesture towards his backside.

Zazzori's drone quickly moved to focus its sights on Meow's massive rump. The colossal feline playfully shook his plump butt, causing his cheeks to jiggle and slap against each other. After that playful display, Meow lowered himself down slightly before quickly dropping to the ground, butt-first.

CRRHHSSH!

Meow's fat, musky ass sat on top of the frukto family's house. As soon as the structure was forced to take on Meow's overwhelming weight, it broke apart and collapsed. The ground quaked and cracked the second Meow's voluptuous rump hit the street.

Adding insult to injury, Meow decided to relieve himself of some more gas on top of their crushed home. “Hmmmrrgh...” Meow groaned while narrowing his eyes and clenching his fists.

Meow's pink anus opened up and released a long, rumbling fart onto the wreckage below. The gassy feline's butt cheeks vibrated as his hot, rancid flatus seeped out from beneath him and spread out into Ozria's air. The stench of rotted fish and bacon quickly graced the noses of any nearby fruktos.

Meow got back on his feet. Some debris and blood stains clung to his plump, smelly butt cheeks. The pudgy feline continued his rampage through the suburbs.

Naturally, Meow also scooped up and ate any yummy looking fruktos that crossed his path. If there were any survivors in the houses he kicked through, Meow made sure they didn't survive very long. As Meow seemed to grow increasingly gassy with each frukto he ate, he would occasionally belch in the faces of his prey, both to relieve some pressure and to give Zazzori something fun to watch.

“BWUAHRRRRRRrRrRrRrRRRRP!”

As Meow passed by a water tower, he crouched down and forcefully ripped the metal container at the top of the tower away from its scaffolding. After standing back up, he used the claw on his right index finger to make a hole in the container. He put this hole up to his lips and tipped his head back.

Meow gulped down the water that flowed into his mouth. In a matter of seconds, Meow drained the entire container of its cool, wet contents.

Once he'd emptied the metal container, he casually tossed it over his right shoulder, allowing it to smash into a nearby grocery store. Meow had enjoyed his refreshing drink. The gluttonous feline thought it was nice to have something to spruce him up before his main course.

After kicking through a few more houses and shops and passing by a few more suburban streets, Meow found himself towering over a range of office buildings, apartments, stores and hotels. He was finally at Ozria's city centre.

Meow could see the roads ahead of him were congested with traffic. A lot of the cars, buses and taxis present there weren't moving an inch. In a panic to escape the giant alien on the horizon, many vehicles had crashed into each other or found themselves in situations where they were unable to move, making them very easy pickings for Meow to pick up or crush.

With a smug grin on his whiskered face, Meow started to slowly walk through the street in front of him. It was a street with tall apartments on either side of it and a road full of unmoving traffic. Fruktos inside their cars desperately tried to get their vehicles moving. A few of them simply abandoned their vehicles and made a run for it.

With each heavy step Meow took, he effortlessly crushed multiple cars and fruktos beneath his filthy feet. The sounds of glass smashing, metal crumpling, tiny bones crunching, and blood splattering could be heard repeatedly amongst all the panicked, high-pitched yells and screams. Dozens of unfortunate fruktos on that street saw the world around them darken and smelt a rank scent akin to aged cheese and salted fish, before being turned into a flattened mess of blood and gore. Meow's fat, feline form tingled with sadistic pleasure as the road cracked beneath his weight.

Once Meow reached the end of the street, with a trail of flattened vehicles and rodents behind him, he also decided to playfully hip-bump the waist-high apartment buildings that were either side of him. Meow's love handles crashed into the two highly populated buildings, causing windows to smash and the top portions of the apartments to completely break apart.

"Haha! You- **URRRRP**- guys really need some- "**PBRRRRRT!**" -sturdier buildings..." Meow commented, as he looked at the destruction he'd so easily caused.

The chubby feline saw he'd exposed the apartments of a few of the buildings' residents. As many of fruktos on the highest remaining floors were shocked, as well as dazed due to pieces of wreckage falling onto them, the little rodents found themselves stuck in place, staring up at Meow's plump, strong-smelling body.

Not one to pass up free and easy-to-reach food, Meow decided he'd make those shocked fruktos the first citizens he ate in the city centre. The giant feline repeatedly grabbed fruktos from their roofless apartments and greedily stuffed them into his maw. From the two partially destroyed apartment buildings, Meow ate ten more fruktos. All ten of them would have to endure feeling their bodies being gradually melted down by Meow's stomach acid, as each of them had been swallowed down whole after being briefly teased and tasted by Meow's tongue.

Once Meow had gulped down the tenth resident, the gluttonous feline licked his lips. He then looked back to admire the destruction he'd caused and started to play with his belly. For about fifteen seconds, Meow rubbed and squeezed his large, well-fed belly. Though his fur and fat still made it feel

soft, Meow could also feel how taut his grumbling gut had become, thanks to the copious amount of food and gas inside it.

**FFBBRRRRRrRrRrRrRrRrRRRR
RRRHRRRRRRRRRP!**

Meow's tail lifted and his plump butt cheeks jiggled as he ripped a long, powerful fart. Hot, feline flatus reeking of rotted bacon and digested caramel blasted out of his sweat-dampened asshole. The stench of Meow's fart, a rancid parody of what would usually be two very appealing smells, wafted out and entered the noses of hundreds of citizens within the city centre.

"Phew~!" Meow exclaimed, expressing how relieved and proud he felt after letting all that rancid gas out.

Meow turned around and continued walking through the now rather smelly city. After taking a few steps (and crushing a few cars and fleeing civilians) Meow felt a light stinging sensation against the right side of his torso. It felt like somebody was throwing warm pebbles at him.

"Ow...what is that?" Meow said, a mildly irritated tone to his voice.

Looking to his right, the chubby betelgeusian saw a squadron of fruktos stood on a road, dressed up in what looked like a cross between SWAT and medieval knight armour. Meow quickly deduced they were part of Ozria's police force, and that they had been shooting at him with appropriately tiny plasma pistols. It seemed like they had all abandoned their police cars and vans due to the terrible traffic and had since been waiting for Meow to get closer to them.

The barrage of plasma shots that were hitting Meow's body did very little harm to the colossal feline. Though the shots lightly stung, and singed a few strands of fur here and there, it was little more than a minor annoyance for Meow. The tubby betelgeusian turned towards the police fruktos and kept his gaze on them.

"Heh...nice try, but- **BWOOUHRRrRrRRP** – you're not going to get anywhere using those pea shooters..." Meow said teasingly. A loud, raunchy belch escaped his mouth as he spoke, which promptly wafted down towards the police fruktos.

Once Meow had finished speaking, he started slowly advancing towards the group of twenty-four police officers. The cruel feline knew they wouldn't be able to outrun him.

"M...MOVE BACK AND KEEP SHOOTING!" the dark-brown furred captain of the police officers ordered.

The armoured police officers did as they were told. They manoeuvred around crashed and stuck vehicles and fleeing citizens while continuing to futilely blast away at Meow's massive, pudgy body.

"Arrgh...damn it! Our- ***COUGH COUGH*** - shots aren't doing a- ***COUGH*** thing against him! Captain, do we have anything else on hand to stop him...?" a blonde-furred officer asked.

"We do have- ***COUGH***- more weaponry in the vans, but it's- mmrgh- just more plasma weaponry and smoke grenades that are going to be too small to affect this monster. I made a call to the higher

ups in Kentros, and apparently they'll- ***cough***- be sending some mech-riders and more well-stocked officers to help in the evening...so we'll have to hope they can get things under control." the captain replied. "Until they arrive, just keep shooting! If nothing else, we can keep the monster busy while the citizens escape!" he continued.

"R-right, yes sir!" the blonde-furred officer said with a nod.

As the officers continued to fire at Meow, the pudgy betelgeusian continued to walk towards them. Each casual step got him considerably closer to the group of fleeing fruktos. As he walked, he also decided to hip-bump and punch any taller buildings that were within his reach, both for Zazzori's amusement and to intimidate the retreating officers further. Several apartment buildings and office buildings were left notably damaged by Meow's huge body.

For a mere twenty-two seconds, Meow followed behind the desperately fleeing officers, shrugging off hundreds of plasma shots as he did so. Zazzori's drone made sure to fly behind Meow's thick body while this was going on, to avoid getting shot. Once Meow was right behind them, they were approaching an area of smaller buildings, mainly shops. To the officers' surprise, Meow moved himself down to the ground and started moving himself forward using both his hands and feet, much like a feral cat would.

After moving forward on all fours for a few seconds, Meow's massive, gurgling belly loomed directly above the running police officers. A dark shadow was cast over the officers. The feline's bloated gut sloshed and growled as it swayed around above them. The armoured rodents looked up with horrified expressions, and many of them let out frightened yells as they realised what Meow planned to do.

After making sure he had as many officers below him as possible, the well-fed feline abruptly dropped to the ground. All twenty-four of the officers were smothered beneath Meow's massive, tubby torso. Many of them were trapped underneath the colossal feline's round gut, but others had found themselves underneath Meow's furry chest and plump moobs.

As they were wearing surprisingly effective armour and the gigantic body currently smothering them was padded with lots of soft fat and fur, the frukto police officers were not immediately crushed to death by Meow. However, many of them wished they had been. Their bodies ached and stung horribly, as their bones and organs were put under an overwhelming amount of pressure. Many of them felt their limbs dislocating and their bodies being painfully compressed.

The tiny officers all started to feel woozy and sick within seconds of being smothered by Meow's fat, musky body. The agonising pain, the overpowering smell and body heat, and the lack of breathable air combined to make a horrible experience the group of officers had no chance of escaping.

Adding to their distress were the sounds that they could clearly hear emanating from Meow's belly. The growls and rumbles that Meow's gassy stomach made were painfully loud. The horrifying sounds of digesting fruktos' muffled screams and cries were deeply chilling.

The officers trapped beneath Meow's torso squirmed and writhed as much as their pained, air-deprived bodies would allow, but they couldn't move themselves or Meow in the slightest. Over the next couple of minutes, their lungs would start to ache even more than their bodies, as no oxygen would be granted to them.

"Heh heh...that's right, struggle under my big, fat gut, you useless, little runts~" Meow cruelly teased the suffocating officers as he felt them futilely squirming beneath him. He rocked back and forth on

his round belly for several seconds after that, just to torture them some more. Some painful (possibly lethal) cracks and crunches could be heard beneath Meow's torso as he did this.

As Meow wanted to make sure all the officers beneath him were snuffed out, he laid there for three and a half minutes. While he laid there, he occupied himself by finding some more food to stuff his chubby face with.

Meow spotted a few abandoned food carts on the sidewalks around him. The first food cart that Meow picked up was one that had been selling muffins. The gluttonous feline used his right hand's thumb and index finger to pick up the abandoned cart and moved it towards his face. He then tipped his head back and tipped the cart too. After a few shakes, eighty tiny muffins fell out of the flimsy containers they had been contained in. They quickly ended up landing on Meow's pink tongue. A delicious mixture of flavours gradually graced Meow's taste buds as he chewed the miniscule muffins up. He could taste the sweetness of chocolate and fudge, the tang of exotic alien fruits, and the dry, savoury deliciousness of nuts and peanut butter. His long tail swayed around contently as he ate.

After chewing, tasting and swallowing the muffins that had landed in his mouth, Meow simply tossed the emptied muffin cart aside. The little cart broke apart as it collided with a nearby electronics store. The next cart Meow grabbed was a cart full of donuts. Like with the muffin cart, he tipped the contents of the cart into his maw. Sixty donuts, with a variety of toppings and fillings, fell into the wet, feline maw below. Scrumptious flavours such as caramel, sugary icing, fruity jams and chocolate embraced Meow's taste buds as he indulged himself further.

“BURRRRRROOUHRRRRrRrRrRrRUHRAHP!”

Meow released a very sweet and fruity-smelling belch into the air after swallowing down all the donuts in his mouth. Once he'd let out that loud burp, he casually chucked the donut cart away.

The third food cart that Meow spotted appeared to have been selling something similar in concept to hot dogs. The gluttonous feline saw boxes full of circular bread buns and boxes full of round, crispy, brown meat products. Delicately using his claws, Meow managed to pick up these boxes and drop their contents inside of his mouth. The buns had a nice, fluffy, bready taste to them, and the meat products had a pleasant nutty, chicken-like flavour to them.

PRrRrRrRrRBBBRRRRrRrRRRRHHP!

Meow let out a nasty, crackly fart that reeked of rotten bacon and chicken meat, once he'd gulped down everything the hot dog cart had to offer. He then threw the hot dog cart away.

Once Meow decided he'd laid down on the street for long enough, he stood back up and looked down at the compressed corpses of the police officers he'd been laying on top of. Each of them had either been fatally asphyxiated or had their neck broken.

Satisfied he'd dealt with that annoyance, Meow decided to bend down and pick up the police captain's tiny, lifeless body, before returning to walking through the city. As he walked, he stripped the captain of his dark-grey armour, placed the frukto inside of his mouth, and chewed his corpse to a bloody mush. After swallowing the captain's remains down, the stuffed feline contently patted his bloated belly.

“BWUHRRrRrRrRrRRRRRRRP!” Meow let out a loud, rippling belch a few seconds after consuming the captain.

Meow walked through a multitude of city streets, fulfilling Zazzori’s instructions as he went. The chubby feline shook fruktos from their vehicles and let them plummet into his maw. He picked up and ate straggling citizens who attempted to run away from him. He stole snacks from food carts, and smashed apart fast food restaurants, to take their sweet and savoury foods.

He happily crushed cars and street objects beneath his dirty feet and used his large gut and plump butt to demolish tall buildings. If he spotted any survivors in the wreckage of buildings, he’d promptly eat them too.

All throughout his ravenous rampage, Meow continued to release loud burps and farts, which filled the city’s air with their sugary stink. The tubby feline’s burps started to sound rather sickly as he grew more and more full with fruktos and frukto delicacies. Even a gluttonous betelgeusian like Meow had his limits.

As Meow approached a grassy park within Ozria, he looked down at his belly. His gut looked and sounded obscenely bloated. The massive ball of fat and fur protruded out of his pudgy torso like a filled-up water balloon. Thanks to the large amount of soupy food, partially-digested frukto remains, and gastric acid, sloshing around in his stomach, it sounded like a water balloon too. In total, he had eaten eighty-six fruktos and consumed a considerable amount of the city’s food and drink.

As it didn’t look like there were any police reinforcements coming his way, Meow decided to sit his plump ass down in the park and lean back against a nearby skyscraper. He thought he deserved a brief rest after so much stuffing and destruction.

“BWUOoORHRrRrRP!” Nnnmrm...so stuffed...” Meow said with a hazy, but satisfied look on his face. The buildings around him rattled in reaction to his ear-piercing belch.

“Heh, man...I- **hic**- look like such a- **URRRRP** - bloated pig~” Meow said, an aroused tone to his voice.

The thoroughly stuffed feline placed his right hand against the centre of his bloated gut. It gurgled and whined in reaction. Meow started to soothingly rub his hand against his belly in a circular motion.

“Mmrn...I’m- **hic**- getting a pretty good- **BWUHRRrRrRP** - belly rub from the inside, with all those-” **PFFFFFFRT!** “-little rodents still struggling in there...but- **hic** - I could really use a belly rub from the- **BHRrRrRrRHRP** - outside right about now~” Meow said with half-lidded eyes.

As he rubbed his huge, distended belly, Meow could feel his erect cock touching the underside of his huge, furry gut. Feeling rather turned on by his stuffed state, Meow started to repeatedly thrust his wide hips, causing his erection to rub against the underside of his hefty, sweat-dampened belly.

“Mmmngh...nnngh...hmmn~” Meow closed his eyes as he let out moans of both pleasure and pain.

Zazzori’s drone zoomed around, getting shots of Meow’s genitals, Meow’s belly and full, zoomed out shots of the huge, horny feline. For the next three minutes, Meow rubbed and humped his engorged gut. A plethora of deep belches and farts loudly made their way out of the fat feline’s body as he did this, as well as a good number of hiccups. Meow released an especially large amount of gas when he briefly switched up how he played with his belly. Meow grabbed and squeezed handfuls of his pudge and fingered his cavernous navel.

After about three and a half minutes of lewdly toying with his belly, some precum began to messily leak from the tip of Meow’s erect cock.

“Hmrrrrn~” Meow moaned. The feline’s moan sounded both aroused and frustrated. He felt like he needed something more to push him over the edge.

While continuing to hump his belly, Meow looked at the row of buildings behind him. The horny feline spotted there was a hotel populated with cowering fruktos. Meow forcefully punched through the front wall of the hotel and reached his hand inside. He moved his hand around until he was able to feel the furry, sugary texture of a frukto against it.

Meow snatched an adult male frukto with light-brown fur out of the hotel. The little rodent looked frightened, and a bit bruised, but otherwise he was fine. The gigantic betelgeusian swiftly shoved him against his taut, furry belly, so the frukto’s head was close to his deep, innie belly button. The frukto could feel the toasty body heat of Meow’s belly beneath him. His mousey ears could clearly hear how incredibly gassy Meow’s belly was.

“Hey, little dude...you can- **URRrRrRrRP** - either lick my belly button clean, or you can-

“ **PFFRRRBBRRT!** “-be my dessert. Choose quickly, I really wanna finish up here.”

Meow said to the frightened rodent in his grasp. The stench of blood and sugar quickly filled the frukto’s nose, as Meow’s breath repeatedly washed over his little head.

“Uh, r-r-right! Sure! I’ll- ***cough cough***- clean your belly button, sir!” the brown-furred frukto replied.

“Good choice.” Meow said with a pleased grin.

Meow released his grip on the frukto’s body and moved his finger and thumb away, but a couple of seconds later he poked the index finger of his left hand down onto the submissive rodent’s back. This was to ensure the frukto didn’t fall off his belly, and to ensure he’d stick around until Meow orgasmed.

While Meow repeatedly humped his own belly and stroked the underside of his erect cock with his right hand, the timid frukto did as he was told. The frukto moved his head down to the bottom of Meow’s deep belly button. The little rodent grimaced as he did so. A musty, sweaty stink had filled the frukto’s sensitive nostrils as soon as he’d leaned his head down into the unkempt orifice. The smell was even stronger at the bottom of the giant feline’s furry navel. Meow clearly hadn’t showered in weeks, and it seemed like he hadn’t properly cleaned out his navel for at least a couple of days.

At the bottom of Meow's sweat-dampened belly button was a mess of lint and food crumbs. From the smell and appearance, the frukto ascertained the crumbs had come from bread and chocolate cookies. After letting out a little, shaky sigh, the frukto got to work. He opened his mouth and started licking.

The little rodent's wet tongue lapped up bitter sweat, bland lint, and sweet crumbs as he licked all around the bottom and sides of Meow's filthy navel. The captive frukto let out several high-pitched coughs and splutters while he pleased the giant feline's belly button, but he managed to diligently carry on as soon as he'd caught his breath. The brown-furred frukto left trails of his warm saliva all over Meow's navel and swallowed down every bit of edible debris he came across.

"Nnnngh...yesss...ahhhhh~" Meow moaned with arousal. The combination of his cock being stroked, his bloated belly being humped, and his deep navel being pleased made the fat feline feel utterly blissful.

Meow kept up his humping and stroking, and the brown-furred frukto obediently licked and rubbed Meow's belly button. This went on for about two and a half minutes. Once that time had passed, Meow felt his cock twitching and throbbing uncontrollably. As this occurred, Meow grasped his cock and faced it forward.

"Mmmmn...nnmmmgh...NYAAAAAH~!" Meow closed his eyes and loudly moaned as he orgasmed. A ropey string of hot cum burst out from the tip of Meow's musky cock. The fat feline's warm, fishy-smelling jizz splattered messily over damaged buildings and abandoned vehicles.

As Meow came, his left index finger had harshly pressed down on the brown-furred frukto's back, causing the rodent to let out a squeal of pain. Meow ignored this and simply enjoyed the feeling of afterglow for a little while.

"Haaah...haaah, man, that- **hic**- felt good~" Meow said breathily. The smell of his meaty and sugary breath wafted down towards the nose of the brown-furred frukto. The rodent stopped licking as he presumed his services were no longer needed.

Meow moved from a sitting position to a laid down position, allowing his cock to no longer be trapped beneath his huge, sweat-dampened belly. For several seconds he simply let out some heavy breaths, making his enormous gut puff in and out rhythmically as a result.

Once the tubby feline had caught his breath, he moved his head to briefly look at his messy, semi-erect cock. Its head and shaft were wet with pungent precum and semen.

"Hmm..." Meow said thoughtfully.

He picked the brown-furred frukto up by his pink tail. The timid rodent let out a little, frightened squeak. Meow brought the frukto in front of his face and started to speak.

"Mm, that was- **URRRrRrRRP** – a great job you did with my belly button, dude!

That- **PBBRRRrRrRRRT!** "-felt super nice~ I'll let you go for real, if you use that little tongue of yours to clean up my cock too!" Meow said, unintentionally letting out a wet, rank-smelling belch in the face of the brown-furred frukto as he did so.

“Oh- ***COUGH COUGH*** -s-sure...whatever you- ***COUGH***- s-say, sir!” the frukto said nervously. His back ached and his sugary body was now dripping with saliva, thanks to Meow’s wet belch. He just wanted to leave as soon as possible. If that meant licking giant alien cock, so be it.

“Sweet, dude! I’ll move you over there.” Meow said happily.

Still holding him by his tail, Meow moved him towards his semi-erect penis. The plump betelgeusian dangled the brown-furred frukto very close to his cock, so the little rodent had easy access to both its head and shaft.

A powerful, musky stench, akin to ammonia and salted fish, emanated from the giant feline’s unbathed genitals. A few more coughs left the mouth of the revolted frukto, as he tried to get used to Meow’s overpowering musk.

Once he’d caught his breath, and let out a sigh, the frukto reluctantly got to work. The timid rodent opened his mouth, stuck out his tongue, and started licking it up Meow’s damp, furry shaft. The brown-furred frukto tasted a distinctly salty, and somewhat fishy, flavour as he repeatedly lapped up and swallowed down Meow’s jizz and sweat.

Meow allowed the frukto to get on with his work without interruption. He would occasionally move the frukto up or down to help him with his duties, and occasionally he would let out a little moan or laugh, but other than that, Meow just sat back and enjoyed the feeling of having his cock licked clean.

The brown-furred frukto’s little, wet tongue explored all over the shiny, pink cock head and light-yellow-furred shaft in front of him. Occasionally the poor, little rodent would cough or gag, but he always managed to promptly recover and carry on serving Meow. After about four minutes, Meow decided he’d done a good enough job.

“Nice one, little dude~ It’s- **URRRRP** - nice getting a tongue bath from someone else for a change, heh! Well, as you’ve done such a- **hic** - good job, I’ll stick to my word and let you scamper off. There ya go!” Meow said as he lowered the brown-furred frukto towards the ground.

“Haah...t-thank you! I’m really glad I was able to please you, sir! H-have a great day!” the little rodent said. He submissively bowed his head and put his furless hands together before running off.

“Heh, you too, dude.” Meow said with an amused grin.

Now that he was full and relaxed, Meow decided it was time to visit Zazzori at his mansion. Meow stood up and started to walk out of the city. Zazzori had provided some detailed instructions on how to find his mansion in the messages he provided, so Meow had a good idea of where he was going.

The camera-drone continued to follow Meow as he made his way out of the city. On his trip out of Ozria, the massive feline crushed plenty of vehicles, street objects, and unfortunate fruktos beneath his feet. Any buildings that got in his way were destined to become rubble.

After several minutes of walking, Meow found an appropriately small mansion that was within commuting distance of Ozria’s city centre. It appeared to be mainly constructed of marble and ceramic tiles. Some neatly trimmed hedges and well-kept flower beds decorated the area around the mansion.

As he neared the fancy establishment, Zazzori’s camera-drone flew away from Meow and into one of the mansion’s open windows. The drone disappeared out of sight. A few seconds later, a creamy

white-furred frukto wearing a red bath robe approached the window and gave Meow a wave. Meow smiled and gave a wave back to Zazzori Khal.

"I'll be down in just a minute, Meow! Thank you for coming!" Zazzori loudly called out.

"No problem, dude! See ya in a bit." Meow replied.

After a couple of minutes, Meow saw Zazzori exiting the wide front door of his mansion. The wealthy rodent walked a small distance further, so he was reasonably close to Meow. He looked up and admired Meow's massive gut and musky genitals. The giant feline in front of him crouched down, firstly so he could easily hear Zazzori and secondly so Zazzori wouldn't have to crane his neck an excessive amount.

"That was truly fantastic, Meow! You delivered everything I wanted to see on camera and more. Such beautiful carnage and destruction provided by such a handsome, curvy fellow...mm, I haven't felt this excited in years! I've already sent you the 85,000 woolongs you absolutely deserve." Zazzori said happily.

"Oh, nice! That's great to hear, man! I had a blaAaAaAst stomping through the city; eating all the tasty, little citizens and food as I went. Made me feel like a real movie monster...I guess as you got all on that on camera, that's not far off from being true, heh!" Meow replied, a meaty belch leaving his mouth as he spoke.

"Ha, indeed! The camera-drone provided some wonderful footage of you gorging, teasing and destroying. It was very much like watching a movie. A movie very much relevant to my interests!" Zazzori said. "I was very impressed by the sheer amount you ate...especially considering how terribly gassy the citizens made you. It was excellent entertainment for me, but I hope it hasn't made you feel too unwell?" he continued.

"Nah, I'm alright! I've pushed my limits plenty of times before with huge food and drink stuffings, and I've tried a bunch of weird alien food now, thanks to some of my followers' donations. I was feeling like a real gasbag towards the end of the rampage...but I think I'm- **MHHRrRrRRRP** - a lot better now!" Meow said, stifling a low-pitched burp before he finished speaking.

"Ha, alright, excellent! It sounds like you'll still have enough gas to belch right in front of my face, which is nice to hear, aha. I...ahem...I already came twice while watching the camera-drone footage, but I'd still love for you to um...do that, and tease me a bit too..." Zazzori said, his tone and mannerisms suddenly becoming a lot more bashful.

"Heh heh, well I'd be happy to help you out there, tiny~" Meow said playfully.

Using his right thumb and index finger, Meow carefully grabbed Zazzori by his waist and lifted him upwards. Meow then stood up to his full, rather imposing, height and brought his little admirer in front of his grinning mouth. That mouth soon opened, as Meow spoke to Zazzori.

"You excited to smell my burps, you little perv~?" Meow teased him. As he spoke, the feline's humid breath washed over Zazzori's miniscule body. It smelt like sugary donuts and bloodied bacon.

"Y-yes!" Zazzori eagerly replied. A noticeable bulge could be seen around the crotch of his bath robe.

"Heh! I guess I don't really need to ask when you're popping a tiny rodent boner like that~" Meow said. "Mm...I want to hear you begging for my burps, just like the fruktos in the city begged for their

lives before I ate them~ Maybe if I'm not convinced, I'll eat you too...you do look quite delicious." Meow continued. He teasingly licked his lips as he finished speaking.

"O-oh goodness, ha..." Zazzori quietly said, a strong blush beneath his face's creamy-white fur and a clear erection tenting his bath robe. "I...I desperately need to feel your burps against my face, Meow, please! I beg you! I need to feel the hot breath of a sexy, superior species against my puny body...I need to smell all the meals and lives you've claimed, to feel alive! You're the only one who can do it, and I'm the only one who can reward you properly! I'll shower you with riches and affection if you just heed my request!" Zazzori said, playing along.

"Hmhm~! Nicely said, dude..." Meow replied, rather amused how much Zazzori was getting into being teased. "I think you've earned a nice, steamy belch for that!" he continued.

Meow opened up his mouth, gave his blood-stained teeth a quick lick, and showed off his maw to Zazzori. His little, rodent admirer marvelled at the sight of it. Those sharp teeth, that big, wet tongue, that cavernous throat, with two uvulas as a nice entrance decoration...to Zazzori, Meow was a perfect, pudgy predator.

"Gods, you're handsome..." Zazzori said admiringly.

Meow smiled and gave him a grateful, little nod. He then grabbed his own enormous gut with his free hand and started jiggling it around. As his belly groaned, gurgled, and sloshed, Meow repeatedly huffed warm bursts of his sugary breath over Zazzori's tiny frame.

After about ten seconds, a gurgle could be heard rising up Meow's long throat. Zazzori felt giddy with anticipation.

**BWUUUAAAHRRRRRR
RRRRRrRrRrRrRrRrRrRR
RRRRRRRRRAHHHRHP!"**

A loud, ripping belch erupted from Meow's throat. The hot, strong-smelling air of the feline's burp breath hit Zazzori's body like a gale force wind, causing his fur and bath robe to wildly blow around. Along with the barrage of hot gas, came a copious amount of wet spittle, which haphazardly splashed against Zazzori's small frame. A curious mixture of smells swiftly flooded into Zazzori's sensitive nostrils. The stench of rotted chicken meat, and the metallic scent of blood was combated by the sugary sweetness of digested donuts, muffins, and frukto sugar.

Once Meow's burp finally subsided, the giant feline teasingly blew his lingering burp breath straight into Zazzori's nostrils, ensuring he got a very good smell of everything he ate. Zazzori loudly coughed and spluttered into his own right hand for several seconds, as the heat and stench of Meow's point-blank belch overwhelmed him.

Once he'd caught his breath, Zazzori very happily said, "Oh my goodness...that- ***COUGH COUGH*** - felt incredible! Thank you so much!"

"Well, I'm glad you could handle it and enjoy it too! You're a guy who clearly knows what he likes, heh. You want another one, rodent~?" Meow asked.

"Mmn...please!" Zazzori said with an eager nod.

"One hot, smelly betelgeusian burp coming right up~" Meow playfully replied.

Meow gave his own tubby gut four firm pats, causing it to jiggle and growl in reaction. A few seconds later, Meow could feel warm, bubbly air rising up his throat. The fat feline opened his mouth up wide and treated Zazzori to another impressive, up-close belch.

“URRRRRrRrRrRUHHRRR
AAHHRRRRUUURRRRRrRrR
rRrRrRRRRRRRRURRHHP!”

A deep, powerful belch blasted out of Meow's maw, straight into Zazzori's blushing face. The searing air of the feline's gassy release smelt just as strong as the previous belch, but the meaty scent in this one was closer to bacon than chicken, and the coppery scent of blood was noticeably stronger.

"Mmmmn~! ***COUGH COUGH*** A-ahhhngh~!" Zazzori moaned repeatedly between coughs.

A few seconds after Meow's burp died down, and Zazzori's fur stopped blowing around, Zazzori let out a particularly loud moan. "AHHHHHH~!"

A dark, wet patch could be seen at the crotch of the frukto's red bath robe. Meow's powerful, strong-smelling gas had brought him to orgasm.

"Ha, woah! I'm flattered this is the third time I've got you to cum today." Meow said with a playful grin.

"Haah...it's certainly a skill of yours..." Zazzori said with a smile. He looked satisfied, but a little embarrassed.

"Hmhm! Well, I guess you've had enough teasing for now, so I'll put you down." Meow said before crouching down and gently placing his little admirer on the ground.

"Yes...thank you. I...*ahem*...should go clean myself up in a moment. Anyhow, thank you once again for the wonderful footage you provided and the lovely meeting we just had. I hope we can arrange something similar to this in the future!" Zazzori said.

"Well, thank *you* for the very generous payment and the fun day out! I'd love to do this again, if you have another city in mind! I certainly wouldn't mind doing this on some other planets, if I knew I could get away with it, heh heh..." Meow replied.

"Mm...I'll certainly have a think about which one of Ensulon's cities would make a good buffet for you next. Seeing you rampaging on other planets is quite an intriguing prospect too! I shall have to do some research on the planets Ensulon is trading with, and other isolated planets...but for now, I'll wish you a good afternoon and say goodbye." Zazzori said.

"Sure! See ya around, dude!" Meow said, giving Zazzori a friendly wave goodbye before walking away from his mansion.

Meow walked back through the damaged streets of Ozria, with the intent of heading back to the Aloha Oe. The cruel feline, simply for his own sick amusement this time around, continued to intentionally crush vehicles beneath his feet and demolish buildings using various parts of his rotund body.

Once Meow was out of the city, and started seeing some of Ensulon's wildlife again, he made a mental note to himself to collect some of the alien animals next time he was here. He imagined they'd fetch a lot of money down at the alien registration centre and could potentially be pretty tasty too. As Meow was very full and quite tired, and Dandy seemed rather anxious about hanging around Ensulon, he decided it would be best to save that activity for another day.

After a long, sweaty walk, Meow arrived at the Aloha Oe. The thoroughly stuffed feline entered the spaceship and walked into the central hub. Dandy was hanging out on one of the yellow leather sofas present there. Hearing that Meow had returned, Dandy turned to look at him.

"Hey, Meo- WOAH! Holy crap; how much did you eat there?! You look like a freaking blimp!" Dandy exclaimed as he saw how bloated and round Meow's belly had become.

"Heh, the instructions were to eat until I was completely full, so that's what I did!" Meow said with a shrug.

"Uh...well...fair enough, I guess. I suppose the main thing is that you got the reward money. That shady, little rodent didn't get cheap on you at the last second, did he?" Dandy asked.

"Nope! We've got 85,000 extra woolongs in the bank!" Meow happily replied.

"HELL YEAH!" Dandy exclaimed and pumped his fist, seemingly forgetting about any previous moral reservations he had. "Who's my favourite fatass? Who's my favourite fatass? Yeah, it's you!" Dandy said while firmly patting Meow on his flabby back.

"Hey- **URRRRP** - c'mon, quit it, man..." Meow said with a weary smile.

"Tomorrow evening, me and you should go celebrate at BooBies, get drinks all round and get us the most expensive food on the menu!" Dandy said while petting Meow's thick, furry neck.

"Oh, sure! I should be up for that by tomorrow evening. I think I'm gonna go take a long nap for now though...I've still gotta digest the crazy amount of stuff in here, heh." Meow said, giving his noisy belly a couple of pats as he finished speaking.

"Fine with me! I'll go fly us outta here and find a good planet to land the ship on. Maybe I'll try parking the ship close to a bar with toilets...I don't really want you clogging up the ship's toilet when you wake up." Dandy said.

“Haha, yeah, I guess that’s a reasonable idea...I’ll see ya later, man.” Meow said, giving Dandy a brief wave.

“See ya!” Dandy responded before walking off to the ship’s cockpit.

Meow headed to his room on the ship, pressed a button on the bedroom wall to close the metallic door behind him, and then laid down on his bed. He let out a relaxed sigh and grabbed his smartphone from a nearby table.

Meow opened the smartphone’s camera app, then lifted the smartphone above him so it could get a good shot of him and his exceedingly bloated belly. He smiled cutely and gave the peace sign to the phone’s camera before taking a photo.

Meow uploaded the photo to Chirper, with the caption: ‘Unbelievably stuffed!! I love my generous fans <3’. Though Meow wouldn’t see it until later that day, as he turned his smartphone off straight after uploading the photo, that Chirper post would get hundreds of likes and comments within minutes of being uploaded.

Meow turned off the lights in his room by flipping a nearby switch, then lay back on his bed and closed his eyes. He slowly drifted off to sleep, with the sounds of his stuffed stomach and the faint hum of electronics being the only things he could hear.

The chubby feline would sleep deeply, while the copious amount of food and rodents inside his stomach would be melted down to liquid and a few stray bones. Once digested, the dozens of fruktos and hundreds of fast food products that Meow had consumed that Saturday would make him fatter than ever. Meow, and his fans, would be delighted to see just how plump and jiggly the betelgeusian’s belly, butt and thighs looked after his gluttonous rampage through Ozria. Though of course, the source of Meow’s new pudge would remain a secret to all his fans, except for one.

- THE END -