

Call Me King of the Monsters, Baby

Commissioned story written by HamsterTrove for BlueSky72

Meow, the geeky, 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 softer and rounder than he did a year ago.

DING!

A grin appeared on Meow's whiskered face. He'd gained three 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 four months, 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 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 four months of stuffing himself with fattening foods and drinks, while going out adventuring with Dandy and QT less and less, Meow had become rather chubby. A pudgy potbelly, with a deep, innie belly button, protruded from his soft, furry torso. The long-necked feline's arms, legs and neck had grown slightly thicker with fat. His butt cheeks had grown plump and jiggly, and his butt crack looked notably deep. Meow looked thicker, tubbier and lazier in general.

In addition to becoming chubbier, Meow had also become 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 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.

After three months of gaining, Meow's iconic, green, betelgeusian jacket started to look and feel noticeably 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 articles of clothing on him being his red hat and his orange shoes. While he did buy some new, looser-fitting clothing soon after realising his jacket was too tight, Meow rather enjoyed showing off his body in all its soft, pudgy glory.

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 thirty-two thousand, eight hundred and twenty-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 had been sent a few rare and expensive delicacies, and invites to restaurants where he'd been 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 supPOoRrRrRRRT!'.

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. A faint, fishy scent permeated the room as the pudgy feline hadn't showered or used deodorant in a couple of days.

While Dandy didn't appreciate how tubby and lazy 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 two hundred and twenty-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 whiskered 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 yellow 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 long, furry neck.

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

"Dear Meow, I came across your Chirper page a few weeks ago, and have been absolutely enamoured with the content I've seen from you. I would be honoured if you'd hear out a request from me. I'm a producer at Nyakushon Studios, a prestigious film studio 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.

Though that might be a sensible policy, it's led to a large amount of fruktos feeling stuck and morbidly curious about what having a natural predator would be like. To satiate the morbid curiosity and restlessness those fruktos feel, Nyakushon Studios (amongst other film studios) has been making a lot of very ambitious, high-budget monster movies. In return, we've made a lot of money and have got a good reputation on Ensulon.

Despite all the money the studio has, there's only so much we can do with costumes and CGI. I, and many of the staff members at Nyakushon Studios, want to make a truly realistic and immersive monster movie. That's where you, a large, hungry and photogenic alien feline, come in. I want you to be the star of this movie.

Nyakushon Studios, thanks to its good reputation, has managed to organise one day where the city of Denrin is to be fully evacuated, so that it can be used as a massive film set. On this day there will only be willing actors and robots in the city. I want to see you rampaging through this city like a movie monster, eating any citizen or morsel of food that catches your eye.

As long as you're only damaging Denrin, this will all be perfectly legal and safe. Though I won't be mentioning how real our giant feline monster is to anyone, except a select few staff at Nyakushon Studios, as to not cause a panic, all the actors have contracts that state they'll accept any bodily harm caused by Nyakushon Studios' giant monsters. Though most of the cast will probably think you're a very impressive animatronic robot, they know the danger they're getting themselves into.

You can be as rough with the actors as you wish. Something important you should know about fruktos is that we have technology that allows us to transfer our consciousness to a 'backup body'. These backup bodies are held in buildings called reincarnation centres, and fortunately there are no reincarnation centres within Denrin. With this in mind, you can be as rough with the city as you'd like too.

Something else 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 the movie's cast quite delicious.

Do as much damage to the city as you wish. Crush cars beneath your feet, tear apart buildings, leave entire streets cracked and broken. I, as well as the director of the film, will be watching from a safe distance within my mansion. We will be using three semi-automated camera-drones to get a good look at your work, and to film some thrilling footage of your rampage from different angles.

When you are eventually done, feel free to wait around in Denrin, or in your spaceship, as there will be a wrap party in the evening, held at my mansion. While you don't necessarily need to come along to this, it'd be lovely to see you in person.

I will pay you 100,000 woolongs if you accept my request, and I will gladly pay you more in the future. There's a large audience of fruktos who are desperate for more monster movies.

The one small stipulation I must add is, I will need you to buy some foam spikes for yourself. You'll put those spikes on your back to give you an appearance more in line with our other movie monsters. Naturally, Nyakushon Studios can't be seen exporting giant-sized costumes to unauthorised locations, but I will be able to financially reimburse the cost of your costume.

Please promptly reply if you wish to accept my request 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, though the request does sound kinda shady...what do you think, 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 100,000 woolongs or sugary rodents before! This is amazing!” Meow said excitedly.

“Ha...I guess you’re accepting that request then?” Dandy said with an amused grin.

“Hell yeah I am, dude! Free food, a ton of money and the chance to star in a kaiju movie? Why would I turn that down?” Meow responded.

“Yeah...I definitely see your point. I just hope this guy’s legit...I don’t want him tricking you into wrecking a city full of innocent people and then not even pay you for it.” Dandy said. Though he sounded unsure, the cash rewards Meow could get from going along with his admirer’s request were tempting him too.

“Heh, well, if he’s just a little rodent guy, I’m pretty sure I can persuade him to pay. 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. Make sure you know what you’re getting yourself into.” 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 movie that he’d be starring in would be called ‘Invasion of the Feline Monster’ and the date he was going to rampage through Denrin was in a week’s time. Detailed directions on how to reach Denrin, and Zazzori’s mansion were provided to Meow. Some specific instructions about how Meow should act while being filmed, and what foam spikes he should purchase, were also provided.

The six days before Meow’s trip to Denrin 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 purchased the red foam spikes he’d been instructed to buy online. He took a shower three days before the day of filming. He made some posts on his Chirper page. One of these posts 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.

Meow posted a couple of videos to his Chirper page. One of these videos showed the gluttonous feline stuffing himself with donuts, drinking cola from a two-litre bottle and rubbing his well-fed belly.

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 Denrin 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, despite feeling slightly anxious still, flew the Aloha Oe to Ensulon and landed the large, yellow spaceship about half a mile away from the outskirts of Denrin.

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 three camera-drones would fly to his location.

Meow placed his smartphone on a table in his bedroom. He then put the red foam spikes he'd purchased onto his back, using the small suction cups that were present on the bottom of the spikes. After that, he walked outside the Aloha Oe. As he'd been instructed by Zazzori to be completely nude, except for his hat and shoes, 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-drones to arrive, the plump feline took a good look around at the alien landscape around him.

Outside of the expansive, modern-looking city of Denrin, 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 Friday 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 Denrin, 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 three tiny drones approaching him. The tubby feline smiled and narrowed his eyes slightly as he tried to take a good look at one of the drones. 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, guys! Ready for me to head towards the city?” Meow asked, while giving the miniscule drone a friendly wave.

Each of the drones’ cameras nodded excitedly in response. As the drones were semi-automated, Zazzori or the movie’s director could give the drones commands, or simply allow the drones to follow their prime directive of getting visually appealing footage of Meow and the city he was going to rampage through.

“Heh heh, excellent! Let’s go then.” Meow said with a nod.

Meow focused his sights on the outskirts of Denrin. The pleasantly plump feline started walking towards the bungalows, shacks and factory buildings that littered the city outskirts. Zazzori’s drones buzzed around him like infatuated flies as he walked. Meow’s rich admirer got plenty of wonderful shots of the chubby feline’s round belly, cavernous belly button and plump ass. 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, his orange crocs and the red foam spikes he’d purchased. After a couple of minutes of walking, the chunky feline’s body started to get a bit sweaty.

With each heavy step the pudgy betelgeusian took, his soft potbelly 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 shoes 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 tiny, flattened creatures quickly started to amass on the soles of his orange crocs.

Within the city of Denrin, hundreds of frukto actors passed the time as they waited for the movie monster to arrive. The appearances of these mouse-sized actors varied, as the age, gender and fur colour differed from frukto to frukto.

There were fruktos with creamy white fur, fruktos with caramel yellow fur, and fruktos with milk-chocolate brown fur, just to name a few of the different fur colours on show. Regardless of their differences, they all had long, furless, candy-pink tails and granules of white sugar within their fur, which naturally appeared there like dandruff.

The majority of the little rodents had no clothes on at all, as fruktos see no shame in baring their bodies. However, some of them had chosen to wear decorative articles of clothing such as cute ribbons, leather bracers, sunglasses or hats.

These actors had been in the city since the early morning, moving to the respective spots in the city they’d been assigned, and readying themselves for the giant monster that would be arriving. They all had a pretty good idea of what the monster would look and act like, as the director had described its appearance and demeanour, and had shown a few photos of it. It was quite clear this monster was intended to be portrayed as a greedy glutton with a disarmingly cute appearance.

Some of the actors were idly strolling through the city streets, some were listening to the radio within vehicles, some were making food and drink for other actors within cafes and restaurants that hadn’t been locked up, and others were relaxing within hotel rooms. Each of them felt a sense of excitement and nervousness. Firstly, because they wanted to make sure they gave a good performance once filming began, and secondly because they’d been told the giant monster would be shockingly life-like.

That sense of excitement and nervousness increased tenfold for the fruktos who were hanging around the outskirts of Denrin. Dozens of the tiny rodents looked at each other, or to the horizon, as they repeatedly heard a low, booming sound. This sound was rhythmic and with each *THOOM* they heard, the sound grew louder.

After a minute or so passed, the ground beneath their furless feet started to shake each time they heard a *THOOM*. After another minute passed, that shaking had grown much more powerful, and a sweaty, somewhat fishy, musk filled the air. At this point, the fruktos on the outskirts of Denrin could clearly see Meow was approaching them. His gigantic form grew larger each passing second, until eventually he was towering over buildings, streets, and awestruck fruktos.

As Meow stood in front of the city outskirts, two of the camera-drones flew down to get shots of the frukto actors, and low-angle shots of Meow. One camera-drone remained buzzing around Meow, getting some attractive shots of the colossal feline's body. Meow took this as his cue to start his rampage.

Meow grinned, put his hands up in a typical movie monster pose, then began to speak to the tiny rodents looking up at him.

"Watch out, rodents! Meowzilla's here and hungry for fruktos! Raaaar!" Meow said, letting out a rather laughable roar as he finished speaking.

Despite the giant feline's less-than-intimidating voice and roar, many of the actors below were genuinely rather frightened by the sheer size and presence of the monster. The claws upon his hands, the sharp feline teeth within his mouth, and to some extent the red spikes upon his back, helped make Meow appear more frightening, and less silly and cute, to the little rodents below.

The frukto actors within the outskirts began to frantically flee from Meow. Some were putting on a performance, but some of them were genuinely terrified. This monster looked a lot more realistic, and large, than any animatronic robot they'd ever seen.

Meow took his first step into the city outskirts. A loud crashing sound could be heard, as his shoe-adorned foot carelessly crushed a bungalow. His next step caused a road to crack beneath his weight, as he stepped onto a street. After getting both of his shoe-adorned feet stood on the street, Meow looked for fruktos to pick up and eat.

"Ah, perfect!" Meow commented as he spotted a chubby, yellow-furred frukto who was within reaching distance.

While walking forward through the outskirts, Meow bent down and grabbed the fleeing frukto, using the thumb and index finger of his right hand. The frightened rodent let out an alarmed squeak as he felt Meow's giant, furry digits gripping his belly and butt.

As the yellow-furred frukto was brought up towards Meow's face, the plump, little rodent could hear the sounds of Meow's heavy footsteps, homes and vehicles being crushed, and dozens of fruktos screaming in terror.

Once the captive frukto was in front of Meow's face, the potbellied betelgeusian opened up his mouth. Meow teasingly showed off his mouth and huffed out a burst of hot, fishy cat breath over the yellow-furred frukto's tiny body. The terrified rodent winced and let out a couple of high-pitched coughs in reaction. The camera-drone that was orbiting Meow's colossal body made sure to get a good view of the feline's maw as this was happening.

Both the yellow-furred frukto, and the camera-drone, were able to clearly see the sharp feline teeth, big, pink tongue, dark, cavernous throat and two uvulas present within Meow's wet, steamy maw. Though unlike the camera-drone, the chubby frukto was able to feel the humid warmth of the feline's breath and smell the pungent scent of digested fish flakes and pepperoni pizza.

"Ready to become monster chow, tiny~?" Meow playfully asked the frukto, who was now desperately writhing and kicking.

"N-no...not- ***cough*** -particularly!" the frukto actor responded, his plump, little body rushing with adrenaline.

"Too bad~" Meow said before callously lobbing the yellow-furred frukto into his maw.

After a brief trip through the air, the frukto let out a little grunt as he landed on top of Meow's wet tongue. Before the miniscule rodent could even think of escaping, Meow closed his mouth, immediately darkening the damp, fleshy cave the frukto had found himself in.

"O-oh gods..." the frukto said quietly, starting to think he'd got more than he bargained for with this acting job.

A couple of seconds later, Meow started to move his tongue around. The gluttonous feline had greatly enjoyed the sweet taste of the frukto's sugary fur and wanted to get a better taste of him. Meow pushed the miniscule rodent against the insides of his cheeks, and the roof of his mouth, as he thoroughly tasted his fur and flesh.

Unable to resist the movements of the large, pink muscle below him, all the yellow-furred frukto could do was weakly squirm and let out alarmed squeaks as he was given a tour of Meow's damp maw.

After about twelve seconds of toying with the frukto's plump, little body, Meow decided he'd played with his food long enough. While continuing to carelessly stomp through the outskirts, the giant feline abruptly tipped his head back.

"AHHHHH!" the yellow-furred frukto let out a frightened yell as he plummeted towards Meow's gullet.

GLLLRHP...GHHHLP!

Meow swallowed the frukto down whole. A mouse-sized bulge could be seen moving down the chubby feline's long neck. This bulge eventually faded away once it reached the gigantic betelgeusian's chest.

"Haaah~" Meow let out a satisfied sigh and briefly rubbed his plump belly. "What a-

BWOUHRRRP - wonderful appetiser~" he said, a deep, raunchy burp escaping his lips as he spoke.

Within the colossal feline's stomach, the yellow-furred frukto's body laid unconscious in a shallow pool of gastric acid. Upon entering Meow's stomach, the little rodent had transferred his consciousness to a backup body in the city of Kentros, using a small, but very advanced device implanted inside of his head.

With his appetite whetted, Meow looked for more fruktos to pick up and eat. After a few earth-shaking steps, Meow spotted a group of three fruktos; two males, and one female, each with varying shades of brown fur. Meow bent down and scooped up all three of them.

The trio of fruktos squirmed and squeaked in fear as Meow stood up to his full height and moved them towards his face.

“Roaaaaaar!” Meow let out a rather unconvincing roar, once the three fruktos were in front of his face. A wave of the feline’s fishy, and now somewhat sugary, breath washed over the little rodents as he did so. The three rodents tightly closed their eyes and grimaced in reaction.

Not wasting any more time, the pudgy betelgeusian flattened the palm of his tight hand, then chucked the small group of fruktos into his open mouth. Once they were all laid upon his tongue, Meow promptly closed his mouth and started to taste them.

Much like with the previous frukto Meow ate, the three fruktos were forcefully moved around by the giant feline’s wet tongue. The trio were quickly drenched with warm, sticky saliva. As they were moved around and thoroughly tasted, they frequently bumped into each other.

“Mmmn~” Meow closed his eyes and let out a moan of delight. The sound of his moan reverberated inside of his maw.

After getting a good taste of the three, frightened fruktos, Meow audibly swallowed them down whole, one after the other. Each of them had a rather unpleasant trip down Meow’s tight, wet oesophagus and landed with a *SPLOSH* inside of the gluttonous feline’s stomach. As soon as they were inside of the betelgeusian’s gut, they made sure to transfer to their consciousness to their respective backup bodies.

Once the third frukto had landed in Meow’s stomach, the plump feline gave his belly four pats. A few growls and gurgles could be heard emanating from the betelgeusian’s stomach in response. A moment later, a gurgle could be heard rising up Meow’s throat.

“BWAURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRrRrRrRrRrRrRrRRRRRRRRRRHRRP!”

Meow’s mouth opened up to release a thunderous roar of a belch. Some droplets of spittle flew out of the colossal feline’s mouth as this happened. Windows cracked and buildings rattled in reaction to the immensely loud and deep sound Meow had let out.

“Heh heh...wow!” Meow quietly chuckled, impressed at his monstrous burp. It seemed like eating those fruktos had given him some serious gas. The chubby betelgeusian decided he’d try to keep himself gassy, so he could keep letting out impressive roars like that.

Meow continued his rampage through Denrin’s outskirts. Shacks and bungalows loudly collapsed beneath Meow’s shoes, and cars and motorcycles were left as flattened wreckage after being stepped on. Several unlucky frukto actors ended up unconsciously lying upon cracked roads and sidewalks, as they were trampled by the gigantic feline.

Meow’s long, feline tail, which swayed around as he walked, broke and tossed around many street objects such as streetlights, traffic lights and signs. Several vehicles also ended up being swept aside by Meow’s tail, which led to them smashing into the walls and roofs of nearby buildings.

As he walked through the outskirts, Meow opportunistically ate any fruktos within his reach. The gluttonous feline happily scooped up small groups of the fleeing rodents, or playfully dangled a single frukto by their tail over his mouth. He'd then throw, or drop, the fruktos he'd picked up into his maw, taste them, and gulp them down. As Meow's round belly grew more and more filled with unconscious, fully intact fruktos, the feline's stomach grew gradually gassier and more bloated. It regularly growled and grumbled as it digested the lifeless fruktos inside of it. Thanks to that gassiness, Meow was able to let out a few more 'roars' as he rampaged through the outskirts.

By the time Meow had reached the suburban section of Denrin, he had eaten fourteen fruktos in total. Their ages, genders and fur colours had been varied, but they'd all been similarly delicious and fun to toy with.

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 grey-coloured concrete of the sidewalks, cracked under his immense weight. Houses rattled and fruktos screamed as the ground trembled beneath them.

In front of Meow were many rows of two and three-storey houses and shops. There were also plenty more vehicles and fruktos for Meow the movie monster to toy with. The chubby betelgeusian decided it'd be a good idea to take his shoes off at this point, as he thought it might help him get into character more. Before taking off his shoes, Meow decided to sit down. With Meow being so massive, and the area around him being densely populated with houses, this naturally meant one of the suburban houses behind him was going to end up as his seat...for a short amount of time, at least.

Meow lowered himself down, and sat his thick, furry butt onto the tiled roof of a two-storey house behind him. As soon as the structure took on the giant feline's overwhelming weight, it started to creak and quiver. After just three seconds, the house buckled under Meow's weight and collapsed in on itself. The ground quaked and cracked the second Meow's voluptuous rump hit the street. The house Meow had sat on was now nothing more than rubble and dust.

"Mmrgh...what a lame building. It deserved to be crushed under my butt!" Meow commented. He briefly looked at the rubble beneath himself before moving his gaze towards his shoes.

The pudgy betelgeusian took off his left shoe, revealing his furry, sweat-dampened foot. A scent akin to cheddar cheese spread across the damaged street as Meow wiggled his three, clawed toes. The gigantic feline picked up his discarded shoe and forcefully lobbed it at a nearby house, causing it to break apart. Bricks, tiles and bits of broken furniture flew in all directions as Meow's orange shoe laid on top of the house's wreckage.

"Nyaha, nailed it~" Meow said happily.

After Meow took off his right shoe, the well-fed feline was completely barefoot. Meow similarly threw his right shoe at a convenience store that he'd seen a couple of streets away from him; completely destroying the shop in the process. Several fleeing fruktos had to leap out the way to avoid being hit by Meow's relatively massive shoe.

Meow stood up and resumed his rampage through the suburbs. While walking through the outskirts of Denrin had been a simple task due to the small height of the residential buildings, making a straight path to the city centre was a bit more difficult in the suburbs. Meow found himself frequently kicking and stomping the two and three-storey houses and shops in his way. Meow left a trail of half-destroyed and completely crushed structures as he walked along. He didn't want any tripping hazards embarrassing him in front of his rich admirer.

After kicking and stomping his way through several streets, Meow came across a donut shop which had a fibreglass donut statue upon its roof. The gluttonous feline's brow raised in intrigue as he saw the shiny, iced donut. It looked very appetising!

"Hmm..." Meow said, while gently scratching his fur-covered chin.

The pudgy betelgeusian strolled up to the shop, crouched down and ripped the donut statue from the metal poles it was attached to. Meow stood up, lifted the donut up to his face and forcefully bit into the statue. Thanks to the force of his bite, and the city's buildings proving to be rather flimsy, Meow was able to bite into the statue, chew up the bit of statue inside his mouth and swallow it.

"Blergh..." Meow said in a disgusted tone. The flavour of that donut had been very bland and unappealing.

The disappointed betelgeusian simply chucked the partially eaten statue over his shoulder, allowing it to smash into the roof of a suburban house. Wanting to cleanse his palette, Meow searched for some sort of drink. Fortunately, he didn't have to search for long, as he spotted a truck with a tank of cola attached to it on the same street he was on. After taking a few steps he was in front of this truck.

Meow bent down and grabbed the metal tank of cola. After tearing it away from the truck, the plump feline stood back up to his full height. Meow then, using the claw on his right index finger, made a hole in the tank. The gigantic betelgeusian lifted this hole up to his mouth, then tipped back his head, along with the tank. Meow quickly gulped down every last drop of the sweet, carbonated liquid present within the metal container.

"Haaah~ Much better!" Meow commented before wiping his mouth with the back of his left hand.

After saying this, the giant feline's belly growled and grumbled. Helping to stir up the gas inside of his stomach, Meow used his left hand to jiggle his noisy potbelly. His round tummy sloshed and rumbled in reaction. After about eight seconds, Meow opened his mouth up wide.

**"BURRRRRRRrRrRrRrRrRrRrRRRRRR
RAAAHHRRRRRRRAHHP!"**

A loud, rippling roar of a belch blasted out of Meow's fang-lined maw. Fleeing fruktos covered their ringing ears as they tried to run away from the gassy giant.

Meow proudly patted his belly a couple of times and let out a little laugh before resuming his rampage. As Meow stomped and kicked his way through the suburbs, he carried on eating any yummy looking fruktos he could get his hands on. As Meow seemed to grow increasingly gassy with each frukto he ate, he would occasionally belch in the faces of his prey before eating them, both to relieve some pressure and to give Zazzori something fun to watch. The pungent stench of rotted meat and sugary snacks would be the last thing the fruktos in Meow's grasp smelt before they transferred their consciousness to a new body.

Once Meow neared the end of the suburbs, and the beginning of the city centre, the chubby betelgeusian had swallowed down thirty-one fruktos. Meow's round, noisy belly looked notably bloated with food and gas. Each step the well-fed betelgeusian took seemed to elicit a whine or growl

from his gassy stomach. Though he had long since satiated his hunger, the gluttonous feline still had an appetite for more.

Before advancing to the city centre, Meow decided to have another drink. 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 Denrin's city centre.

The street in front of him had tall apartments, of varying heights, on either side of the road. One of these apartments just barely reached Meow's waist in terms of height. The plump betelgeusian grinned and walked over to this apartment, casually cracking the road and crushing a few abandoned cars beneath his feet as he did so.

Once he was in front of the waist-high apartment, Meow grabbed his own belly with both hands and lifted it up. Though the fur and fat of the feline's belly still made it feel soft, Meow could feel how taut his belly had become, thanks to the considerable amount of gas and food inside of it. After curiously feeling his belly for a few brief seconds, Meow let go of his gut, allowing it to drop down onto the roof of the apartment.

The building shook, and some of its walls and windows cracked in reaction. Meow let out an amused chuckle, as he enjoyed the sight, and the feeling, of his belly being supported by the apartment below. He lifted and dropped his belly onto the abandoned building a couple more times (causing some additional damage as a result) before he moved along.

Meow walked down the street, effortlessly crushing a variety of vehicles beneath his bare feet as he went. While his feet crushed cars, taxis and motorcycles, and his tail tossed aside streetlights and other street objects, Meow was also able to pick up and swallow down a couple of fleeing fruktos.

After a short while of walking through the city centre, Meow found himself on a different street, which contained a few tall hotels. From one of these hotels, Meow was able to hear the sound of electronic music playing. It seemed like there was at least one frukto hanging out within the hotel's many spacious rooms.

With an intrigued expression on his whiskered face, Meow approached this hotel. The plump betelgeusian found the window of the room the music was emanating from. He squatted down and looked inside. Inside this room, a light-brown-furred female frukto was relaxing on a king-sized (well, frukto king-sized) bed. The brown-furred frukto was browsing Ensulon's internet on a laptop, while loudly playing a playlist of music. On a nearby cloth-covered table was a small feast of salad and cooked alien meats. Three berry-filled muffins were also present on this table.

As Meow inspected the room, the relaxing female frukto looked up and let out a shocked scream as he saw Meow's face through the window. The chubby feline was greedily licking his lips. A few seconds

later, Meow punched a hole through the hotel so he could reach his right hand inside of the brown-furred frukto's room.

Meow's huge, clawed hand moved slowly through the room, its fingers playfully wiggling as it did so. The female frukto fearfully whimpered and squeaked as she backed up on the bed as far as possible. The giant feline's hand grew gradually closer towards her. As it drew very close to her miniscule form, she closed her eyes and let out another scream.

When she opened her eyes a few seconds later, the female frukto saw Meow's hand had grabbed the nearby food-covered table and taken it out of her room. She watched as the gluttonous feline chucked the whole table into his mouth. Meow briefly chewed before gulping down all the food she'd been brought, as well as the table it had been sitting on.

The brown-furred frukto let out a sigh of relief. It seemed the giant monster had just wanted to eat the food in her room.

“BRUUAHRRRP!” Meow let out a short, but quite loud burp once he'd swallowed down all the food. The scent of rotten chicken meat and fruity muffins could be smelt by the female frukto, as Meow's warm burp breath wafted into the damaged hotel.

After letting out that burp, Meow reached his hand back into the hotel room. The brown-furred frukto's eyes widened as she realised she'd been completely right to be fearful. Meow grabbed her, pulled her out of the hotel, then chucked her into his open mouth. Some muffled screams could be heard as Meow briefly tasted her before swallowing her down whole.

“Hmhm~” Meow softly laughed as he gave his big, noisy belly a couple of pats.

As he did this, the playlist that was playing on the female frukto's laptop moved onto a different song. This song seemed to be an upbeat mixture of rock and electronic music. The smile on Meow's face grew brighter as he recognised the song.

“Oh, dude! Is that the intro to Go-Go Mecha Kitty Adventures? I love this song! I don't know who managed to get anime playing on an isolated planet, but they're awesome!” Meow said, recognising his favourite anime's intro song.

Meow turned his attention away from the hotel but continued to listen to the song that was playing. He slowly walked down the street, moving his arms and swaying his hips and tail around. It appeared he was dancing, in a rather cute and dorky manner. As he got more and more into his dance, the chubby betelgeusian's wide hips and fur-covered fists started colliding with the hotels and office buildings around him. Windows broke, walls cracked and whole sections of buildings fell apart as Meow unintentionally bumped into them.

After noticing the damage he was doing, Meow grinned and let out a brief chuckle. This seemed like a fun way of causing more destruction. As he walked along, Meow started to intentionally hip bump and punch the buildings on either side of the street. Bits of wreckage rained down onto the city centre's streets, as Meow playfully damaged and broke apart the tall buildings around him.

Once he'd sauntered down the street he was on and caused a lot of property damage, Meow noticed a skyscraper a few streets away, which looked like it just barely came up to the plump feline's moobs. Meow made his way towards this building at a casual pace, causing more damage to Denrin's city centre as he did so.

As he walked, the colossal feline's feet turned cars, taxis and motorcycles into flat, mangled wreckage. Meow's fists and hips caused more damage to any buildings within easy reach. Five more fruktos ended up being picked up, thoroughly tasted, and swallowed down into Meow's gassy stomach.

Once Meow was in front of the skyscraper that had caught his eye, the chubby feline bent over briefly before forcefully thrusting his round, bloated belly towards the building. As his large, furry tummy made contact with the skyscraper, tiny bits of metal and glass flew in multiple directions as the top half of the building broke apart from the bottom half. The broken off half of the skyscraper collapsed onto the street behind it, causing a massive amount of destruction. Several fruktos who had been running from Meow were forced to transfer their consciousness as they were flattened beneath falling wreckage.

"Haha! You- **URRRRP** - guys really need some sturdier buildings..." Meow commented, as he looked at the destruction he'd so easily caused. "Mm...and I need some more snacks to eat!" he continued after a brief pause.

Meow walked off and looked for some frukto delicacies to gorge on. After a brief walk Meow found himself near one of the city's grassy parks. Around this area, he saw several abandoned snack carts. Meow decided to help himself to their contents.

The first food cart that Meow picked up was one that had been selling muffins. The gluttonous feline crouched down and used his right hand's thumb and index finger to pick up the abandoned cart. After standing back up to his full height, he 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.

"BURRRRRROOUHRRRRrRrRrRUHRAHP!"

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. Once he'd eaten everything the hot dog cart had to offer, he threw it away.

Meow eventually came across a curry house. Intrigued what an Ensulon curry would taste like, the curious betelgeusian crouched down and smashed apart the roof with a fist. After eating every curry, scrap of meat and vegetable he could find within the building, Meow felt satisfied, but gassier than ever.

The amount of pressure Meow could feel within his stomach was painfully uncomfortable. The chubby feline bent over, continuing to clutch his large, noisy belly. Meow groaned, while his belly growled and rumbled. This went on for the next ten seconds or so. After that time passed, an extremely loud sound could be heard by all the fruktos that remained within the city centre.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRP!

As Meow caught his breath, the plump feline could hear the faint sound of mechanical whirring. Once that sound started getting a bit louder, he looked around curiously to find the source of it. In the distance, he could see a small army of automated drones, tanks and armoured vans were moving towards him. Meow was not worried; he'd been informed by Zazzori there would be a 'clash with the army' scene in Invasion of the Feline Monster.

Meow walked to an area with a city park and wide roads, so he'd have more space to move around. Meow patiently waited for the automated army to get closer. He occasionally picked at his teeth with one of his claws, or played with his belly, as he waited.

Once the drones, tanks and vans drew close to Meow, some pyrotechnic effects could be seen occurring around the cannons and guns of the vehicles, to simulate them firing at Meow. Though it was unlikely Meow's gigantic form would be significantly harmed by the attacks of such a miniscule army, the executives at Nyakushon Studios had decided it would be safer and cheaper not to properly arm the automated vehicles.

Meow quickly started to fight back against the robotic army in front of him. The colossal feline swung his fists as he punched drones from the sky. Their tiny, plastic-coated forms plummeted downwards, collided with buildings and exploded upon impact.

Meow forcefully stomped his clawed feet down onto tanks and vans, leaving the vehicles flattened, mangled and useless. The giant betelgeusian kept things varied by kicking tanks and vans into buildings, or by picking vehicles up and lobbing them at buildings, or at other vehicles.

Naturally, Meow's fight with the automated army caused a massive amount of collateral damage. Buildings broke apart and collapsed, street objects and plant life were flung around and destroyed, and a good number of fruktos were forced to transfer their consciousness as they were hit by vehicles or wreckage.

After fighting for several minutes, the area around Meow and the army was noticeably damaged. Debris and vehicle parts littered the streets, buildings were half-destroyed, and several small fires had been started by explosions. The area around them would only grow more damaged as Meow decided to end this battle with a special 'finishing move'.

A few drones hovered around, and a few tanks remained intact. While Meow could quite easily have finished them off in a similar manner to what he'd been doing for the last several minutes, he decided a more creative method would be more entertaining.

Meow turned around, bent over and presented his plump, furry butt to the remaining robots. The feline's long tail lifted up, allowing the camera-drones (which thankfully Meow had avoided damaging) to get a good shot of Meow's deep butt crack. Some growls and gurgles could be heard emanating from Meow's stomach before the inevitable happened.

PBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

RrRrRrRrRrRrRrRrRR

RRRRBBRRRRRRRAHP!

The whole city seemed to shake as Meow released another monstrous explosion of a fart into the air. The drones that were hovering close to the giant feline were immediately sent flying backwards. Some of them hit buildings and exploded, and others malfunctioned and fell to the ground. The tanks were sent tumbling backwards. Any tanks that weren't buried under falling debris were left severely damaged and upside down. The rancid stench of rotted chicken meat and half-digested alien fruits spread throughout the city centre's air and mingled with the other rank scents that were already present. After releasing that fart, Meow's belly still looked very round and well-fed, but less bloated with gas.

"Phew~! I hope you guys have some skyscraper-sized bottles of air freshener..." Meow said with a playful grin, feeling very relieved and proud after letting out all that rancid gas.

Meow walked away from the utterly devastated area he'd been fighting in, leaving behind fires, rows of heavily damaged and destroyed buildings, and plenty of metal and plastic debris. He continued his rampage through the city centre for a while longer, wanting to give Zazzori and the staff he was working with plenty of footage to work with.

Meow used his belly, butt and hips to damage and topple over hotels, office buildings and apartments. He flung cars and taxis at roads and buildings. He ate and trampled more fruktos. Eventually, he wrapped up his rampage by eating and drinking once more.

Meow spotted a bus full of hiding frukto actors and picked it up. Using his left hand, he firmly flicked the door of the bus. It immediately broke, unable to contend with the strength of the gigantic feline. The eleven frukto actors that had been hiding in the bus let out screams and frightened squeaks as the bus was tipped towards Meow's similarly tipped back head. The huge, gluttonous feline repeatedly shook and rotated the bus until each and every one of the actors in the bus tumbled out of the vehicle and into his maw.

After swallowing down all those little rodents, Meow decided to have one last drink within Denrin. He casually tossed aside the bus, allowing it to explode against a skyscraper, and briefly searched for something to drink. After a minute or so, he was able to find a truck that had a tank of milk attached to it. In a similar manner to the tank of cola he'd drank earlier, he picked it up, made a hole in it using a claw, and drunk every last drop of the cool, white liquid inside the container.

**"BWAAURRRRRRRrRrRrRrRrRrRRR
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRHP!"** Meow let out a final roar into the

air, making himself look as mighty and imposing as he could while he did so.

"Alright...I'm feeling super full and tired right now, so I think we'll call that a wrap, if that's okay with you guys." Meow said to one of the camera-drones while tossing aside the emptied tank.

The camera-drone he'd been speaking to nodded in response. The three camera-drones gave Meow a respectful bow before flying off towards Zazzori's mansion, where Zazzori and the director of the film were currently hanging out.

Meow walked over to an expansive city park that had a bunch of small, destroyed shops around it. Meow took off his red foam spikes and placed them on a nearby street. He then laid himself down on

the park and tried his best to get comfortable, as he decided to take a catnap there. He currently had seventy-two unconscious fruktos and a considerable amount of Denrin's food and drink digesting in his bloated stomach. He needed to melt all those consumables down, and he also needed to wait until it was time for the wrap party.

Meow, after a few minutes, drifted off to sleep. He occasionally turned, mumbled or farted in his sleep. As he slept, any surviving fruktos in Denrin left via vehicles (either driven by themselves, or by someone they'd requested to pick them up) to go to Zazzori's mansion.

Meow awoke three and a half hours later. It was clearly evening, and it looked like the sun was going to set quite soon. To his surprise, it looked like an appropriately sized red bowtie had been delivered to him, as the article of clothing sat on a nearby road. Meow guessed Zazzori had arranged the creation and delivery of it, so Meow would have something formal to wear for the wrap party.

"Heh, that's cute." Meow said in a slightly sleepy tone. After saying this, he sat up and put the bowtie on his long, furry neck.

After yawning and stretching in a cat-like manner, Meow stood up and retrieved his foam spikes and orange shoes from their respective spots in the city. After his brief trip to Denrin's suburbs, the chubby feline started walking towards Zazzori's mansion, with his shoes, spikes, hat and bowtie on.

As he'd been provided detailed instructions on how to find Zazzori's mansion, Meow didn't have any trouble getting there, even in the fading evening light. Meow walked out of Denrin. After about twenty-two minutes of exploring the countryside of Ensulon, the gigantic feline managed to arrive at Zazzori's mansion.

The wealthy frukto's mansion 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. The mansion, and the garden outside of it, were densely populated with the cast and crew of Invasion of the Feline Monster. Most of the little rodents were wearing formal, decorative clothing like bowties and necklaces. A lot of them had food or champagne glasses in their little, furless hands.

Meow spotted many of the actors he'd seen (and ate) in Denrin. The chubby feline presumed they must have had their backup bodies in a nearby city. It was a rather surreal experience, but Meow didn't make a fuss.

The cast and crew looked up to Meow and greeted him with waves and laughs as the bow-tie adorned betelgeusian stood close by. While some of the frukto staff members had caught on to the fact that Meow was a real alien, many of them still assumed Meow was a frukto-controlled robot, and that this was just a cute joke set up by the director and producer.

"Heh, hey there! Hi! Ooh, you were super tasty~ Nice to see ya!" Meow politely waved back and greeted a few of the cast and crew.

It wasn't long until Zazzori spotted Meow from one of the windows of his mansion. The creamy-white furred movie producer walked down the stairs of his mansion and exited the wide front door. Once outside the mansion, Zazzori greeted Meow. Meow could see Zazzori was wearing an unzipped black jacket with filled pockets, and a black bow tie.

"Hey, it's lovely to see you, Meow! That was a truly fantastic job you did back there. The director and I were both very pleased with your performance. We've got plenty of exciting and entertaining footage for the movie now. I've already sent you the 100,000 woolongs you absolutely deserve." Zazzori said.

Some of the cast and crew who still assumed Meow was a robot laughed and gave Zazzori some funny looks, but the miniscule movie producer simply ignored them.

“Oh nice! That’s great to hear, man! I had a real blaAaAaAst out there today! Heh, s’cuse me.” Meow replied, a meaty belch leaving his mouth as he spoke. It seemed like he was still rather gassy.

“Haha, you’re excused! Well, as it doesn’t seem like you’re in the best shape to be talking to polite company...” Zazzori started to speak, staring up at Meow’s chubby potbelly. “...perhaps it’d be best if we went back to Denrin, and just talked one to one there?”

“Aw, what’s the matter? These guys can’t handle some gas from me now? I think they’re probably used to it after all the building-shaking burps and farts I was letting out earlier...” Meow replied, a playful grin on his whiskered face. “Hm...maybe it’s just you who isn’t used to it. You were just watching that all play out on camera, after all!” he continued.

Zazzori’s eyes widened and his heartbeat quickened as Meow bent down and carefully grabbed him by his waist. The colossal feline stood back up to his full height, while hundreds of intrigued party guests looked on. Meow pushed Zazzori face-first against the soft and slightly musky fur of his belly. The miniscule movie producer could feel Meow’s toasty body heat warming him up and hear loud gurgles and growls emanating from the giant feline’s stomach.

“Heh heh...you hear all the gas in there? It has to come out eventually!” Meow commented as he playfully rubbed Zazzori against his belly for several seconds.

Once he was done rubbing Zazzori against his gut, Meow lifted the little, white-furred rodent upwards so Zazzori was in front of his mouth. The gigantic betelgeusian opened up his mouth, briefly licked his sharp teeth, and showed off his maw to his wealthy admirer. A blush was present beneath the white fur of Zazzori’s face, as he gazed into the wet feline maw in front of him. As he checked out Meow’s maw, rhythmic bursts of humid cat breath washed over his tiny form.

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: both cute and deadly. The mouse-sized movie producer felt incredibly excited and fearful all at the same time.

While Zazzori admired Meow’s maw and inhaled his pungent breath, the giant feline rubbed and squeezed his own gassy belly with his free hand. After about fifteen seconds of this belly play, a gurgle could be heard rising up Meow’s long throat.

“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 creamy-white fur and black jacket 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 meaty stench of rotted bacon 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. His blush had grown much stronger.

"Monster roars are pretty overwhelming up-close, huh~?" Meow said teasingly. "Well, you can get your strength back in Denrin, like you suggested. I was just messing with ya, dude, heh heh~" he continued.

Once Zazzori caught his breath, he smiled and nodded. "A-alright, that sounds wonderful..." he said, clearly a bit overwhelmed by the situation he'd found himself in.

A range of reactions could be seen from the fruktos below. Some were amused by Meow's teasing, some were disgusted and some looked rather concerned for Zazzori. Regardless of what the cast and crew thought, Meow placed Zazzori onto his right shoulder (which Zazzori promptly sat down on) and started heading back to Denrin.

Along the way they discussed what Meow planned to post on his Chirper page in the near future, what films Zazzori had worked on before this one, and what scenes they thought would appear in the final cut of Invasion of the Feline Monster. Both Meow and Zazzori agreed the editors would probably cut out, or at least heavily edit, the footage of Meow dancing to an anime intro.

Once they arrived in the heavily damaged city centre of Denrin, Meow found a couple of intact office buildings that he could easily sit his plump butt on. The buildings creaked and quivered beneath the betelgeusian's hefty weight, but they managed to hold. Once the giant feline had sat down, the two of them contently watched the sun set in silence for a minute or so. Once that time passed, Zazzori spoke up.

"You know, uh...those last couple of monster flicks I worked on didn't do so well at the box office." Zazzori said. The tone to his voice made it sound like an embarrassed confession.

"Oh? Why's that? I thought you said there was a large audience for monster movies here on Ensulon." Meow curiously asked the frukto on his shoulder.

"Oh, there definitely is...Nyakushon Studios is still doing fine overall, and there's certainly still interest in us, but...well, I think audiences are losing interest in the kind of monster movies we've chosen to make. The studio executives think the monsters, and the general tone, in the last few movies have been too cute or silly..." Zazzori said. "...so, unless Invasion of the Feline Monster does particularly well, they're going to move things in a much grittier and darker direction. Other studios have been doing that and getting massive profits. If that's what the people of Ensulon want, I suppose that's fine...it just won't be my vision of what a monster movie should be. I feel like there should be some fun and levity to them; there's enough darkness in the universe already." he continued.

"Hey, don't worry about it, dude! Trends come and go. Maybe the average frukto wants something gritty and dark right now, but one day they'll get tired of that and go back to wanting something more

light-hearted and cute. I think it's great you and your team have a clear creative vision, and I'm sure there's an audience out there that will really appreciate that too. There's a good chance the more light-hearted films you helped make will get a cult following later on!" Meow replied.

"Hm? What do you mean?" Zazzori said, sounding like he wasn't familiar with the terminology.

"Well, I mean, even if the films didn't do so well at the box office, they could still gain a lot of popularity later on through stuff like streaming, DVDs and merchandise! Don't let the suits get ya down, man. Make what you're passionate about and have some patience. You'll come out on top in the end." Meow told him.

"You think so?" Zazzori said, sounding rather unsure.

"Hey, if there's a loyal audience out there for me stuffing my face, I'm sure there's gotta be one for the fun, ambitious movies you've been making. And ya never know, the movie we filmed today might start a trend of movies starring cute, chubby monsters." Meow said with a comforting smile.

"Haha...yeah, maybe so. Thanks, Meow." Zazzori said with a grateful nod.

"No probl-" Meow started to speak before he was cut off by a loud sound.

CRRHHSSH!

The office buildings that Meow had been sitting on finally collapsed under the gigantic feline's weight. Zazzori held tightly to the light-yellow fur on Meow's shoulder as both of them suddenly fell downwards. Meow landed upon the debris-covered ground butt-first, which caused a brief tremor. After realising what had happened both Meow and Zazzori laughed.

"Heh, well now you're cheered up, how about we wrap things up with a *bang*?" Meow said.

"Well...I'm not quite sure what you mean there, but I'm certainly intrigued to find out! Go ahead." Zazzori replied.

"Hold on tight and I'll show you!" Meow said.

Zazzori nodded and held on tightly to some of Meow's fur. The chubby feline stood up, then bent over slightly. Zazzori was able to hear some growls and whines emanating from Meow's plump belly. The giant betelgeusian narrowed his big, yellow eyes and clenched his fists. "Hrmmmng..."

PBBRRRRrRrRrRBBBRRRRRRrRr RrRrPPRRRRRrRrRrRRRRRRRRR RRRRRRRAHP!

Meow's tail raised once again as he released a massive nuclear blast of a fart. The air behind Meow's plump ass seemed to ripple as the feline's hot flatulence loudly made its escape. Several heavily damaged

buildings that still stood within the city centre collapsed in reaction to the gigantic feline's loud and powerful wind.

"Haha! Very impressive, Meow. I'm glad I was able to see that in person- ***COUGH COUGH*** - perhaps I could do without- ***COUGH*** - smelling it though, ha..." Zazzori said, covering his nose as he finished speaking.

"Heh, yeah sorry...that is pretty rank." Meow said, playfully fanning away the pungent, eggy and meaty-smelling air that had wafted towards his snout. "I'll get you out of the city, hopefully to a spot that doesn't stink too badly. Oh actually, should I walk you back to your mansion? I wouldn't want you to miss the wrap party." Meow asked.

"No, no, that's quite alright. Just drop me off outside Denrin. I'll call my personal assistant and ask them to pick me up via helicopter. I'll enjoy having some time to admire your work here." Zazzori replied.

"Sure thing, dude!" Meow said with a nod.

The giant betelgeusian walked out of the decimated city and picked a safe spot in the countryside for Zazzori to wait upon. After placing the jacket-adorned frukto down on the grassy ground, Meow waved goodbye.

"Have a good night, man!" Meow said.

"You too! No matter how much this latest film makes at the box office, I'd love to have you back for some sequels...whether they're official ones or not!" Zazzori said.

"Heh heh! Sounds like fun to me. I'll definitely be looking forward to hearing from you again, Z!" Meow said with a smile.

With that being said, the pudgy betelgeusian walked back through the heavily damaged streets of Denrin to get back to the Aloha Oe. Meow was very excited to tell Dandy they now had 100,000 additional woolongs in the bank. He was even more excited to see what benefits he would receive in the future as a result of being a beloved gainer and movie star.

- THE END -