

This was turning into one of the best ideas K. Rool ever had! He had to admit, he was starting to tire of the constant taste of bananas in his mouth, even if the golden fruit was more valuable to the greedy king than gold itself, yet just looking at his new breakfast rekindled the gluttonous croc's love for them. A lengthy rug lay sprawled out before him, covered in banana bread, banana pudding, banana pancakes, banana chips, and several banana splits for dessert! The smell alone was enough for him to drool a small waterfall, the tubby king clawing anxiously at the side of his belly, waiting until the last of it was served before diving in. The food was so delicious, K. Rool didn't even remember to save some for Kyle, the pudgy monarch scarfing down everything in reach before demanding seconds. And thirds. And fourths!

It was like a primal hunger had awakened inside of him, one fueled not just by his hatred of the Kongs or his love of bananas, but by his desire to simply gorge himself into greater heights...and weights! After seeing how much weight he had piled on after a week of constant banana binging, K. Rool was eager just to see how far he could take his personal challenge. Every pound gained was another victory against Donkey Kong, every new roll was another trophy to shove in that despised ape's face when the time came. Sure, he would miss his muscular arms and legs, which were gradually swallowed up in layers and layers of blubber as time progressed, but the payoff was more than worth it!

He made sure to continue his patrols throughout his fortress, under the guise that "nothing ever gets done if I'm not there to watch it," when in reality he simply loved the attention his new heft brought him. Before kremlings would step aside and salute as he marched by, but now they had to actually scramble out of his way to avoid getting bowled over by him! Those who weren't afraid of being flattened into lizardy pancakes were eager to offer up whatever food they had on them. It didn't matter if they were trying to kiss up to their king knowing that food was the best way to get on his goodside, or if they were just trying to see if his appetite really was as legendary as others claimed; they all said a variation of the following phrase: "You're looking famished, sir. Would you like my rations?"

Honestly, K. Rool ate through so many 'rations' he was almost worried his kremlings would end up malnourished.

He would be more worried if he wasn't having so much fun showing off to them! Everywhere he waddled, he was showered with praise and attention from his underlings, who practically worshipped his growing gold gut like it were some religious monument. He soon discovered that every station in his fortress prepares a daily feast just for him, all so they could watch him glut before them in exchange for the chance to rub that magnificent belly. Of course, spending so much on extra food cost the kremlings quite the pretty penny, but it was worth it to see just how much further they could stuff their king, how much wider that belly could get, how much that stomach of his could take! They admired feats of strength more than anything, after all, and K. Rool's stomach was nothing but strong for not bursting from the sheer quantity of bananas eaten!

K. Rool was honestly amazed at just how coordinated everyone was in their scheme to fatten him up; why couldn't they have this kind of teamwork when battling the Kongs?

Days turned to weeks, although to the gluttonous king everything was a blur of yellow and gold. The croc was putting on weight at an alarming rate, finding himself weighed down further by the day. It was one thing to have his gut constantly hanging in his peripheral view, but to see his doughy green cheeks start to eclipse on his vision was another thing entirely! His waddles through the base started to grow lengthier and lengthier, with the king needing to catch his breath more often to take a swig of a banana milkshake. His doughy thighs contributed to that problem as well, brushing against each other no matter how far apart the king's gait was. K. Rool was swiftly surpassing crocodile and was approaching whale!

And he loved every minute of it!

He loved having to squeeze by his lackies in narrow corridors, feeling them gasp and squirm as they desperately tried to wiggle past him. He loved how his trips to the various stations were starting to turn into miniature parties as everyone placed bets on how much the enormous croc could eat, although the bidder with the highest number always won. He loved how his underlings were starting to marvel at not just his appetite, but the sheer fact that he was still able to walk! When he got stuck in a double wide doorway, the big croc celebrated by downing an entire keg of banana beer in front of everyone, ending the night by drunkenly shouting "I love being a fat king!" while kremlings rubbed banana butter along his wedged sides. K. Rool went from the king of kremlings to the king of the party, with everyone looking forward to the fun his presence brought; however, out of everyone stationed at the fortress, Kyle was always the most excited to see his king return to the throne room.

Like K. Rool, Kyle had quickly fallen upon his new diet of banana-themed dishes, having grown quite bored of eating the fruits raw like his monarch. Kremling rations were known to be somewhat bland by nature, so getting to eat such a wide variety of meals was a dream come true for him! Of course, the little gator could only eat when eyes weren't on him, just as K. Rool had explicitly ordered, but he soon discovered that practically no one could see him if he ate his meals behind the king's massive backside! He couldn't quite see the thrill of stuffing himself until he was greener in the face like K. Rool did, but he still did his best in eating as much as he possibly could whenever he got the chance. After all, he was under strict orders by the king himself to grow fatter.

Heck, he probably would have gained weight even without being told to! Kyle soon gleefully discovered how rich and fattening those special dishes were when his vest failed to fit over his navel by the second day. He couldn't eat a single meal without hearing the sound of his zipper gradually sliding upwards in between bites. Being even less active than the lethargic king, the smaller kremling swelled out with chub by the day, his swivel chair starting to bend beneath his widening rump, to the point where even K. Rool suggested he sit on the cushions next to him!

With all the weight he was putting on, Kyle found it harder and harder to come up with excuses whenever other kremlings would ask where he was getting so much extra food, or how he was getting so round. At first, Kyle told them to get their vision checked out, but when that failed he would mutter something about drinking too much water, before finally settling on trying some experimental protein powder he discovered online. Sure, he was met with some eye-rolling and snickering, but he didn't mind. His peers all knew how he wanted to grow as big as they were; soon, he would become even bigger.

While he didn't share his king's excitement for overeating, Kyle loved to boast about his growing weight just like K. Rool, happily showing off his extra poundage whenever the croc returned from his patrols. And everytime he did that, his heart would flutter as K. Rool would smile down on him, patting his gut, and encourage him to glut out further that dinner. Which he did quite eagerly, but as the servings grew larger

And larger

And larger

And larger, Kyle eventually had to raise the metaphorical white flag.

That flag was risen on one stormy evening, where Crocodile Island was hit with a typhoon far stronger than expected. Rain battered against the windows, with accompanying winds strong enough to bend the sturdiest of palm trees. The kremlings had left early that day to prepare for such a storm, leaving the two reptiles alone in the throne room. K. Rool saw the opportunity to stuff his personal servant even further than before, the little kremling eating an impressive portion of food before finally calling it quits.

"I-I'm **bwaarp!** stuffed, sir." Kyle moaned, rubbing over the edge of his swollen midriff. Even through the tattered and torn black vest, the short reptile could feel just how taut his belly was, his eyes widening as he realized he could only barely reach the end of his gut at this point. It wasn't too long ago when he could comfortably heft his belly in one arm! He was starting to resemble a miniature K. Rool, before the weight gain, of course.

Because no one could compare to K. Rool as he was now.

"C'mon, pipsqueak. I know you can **urp** fit more into that gut than that!" K. Rool growled, his voice echoing inside the jar of banana pudding his muzzle was currently wedged in. Kyle watched as his greedy king practically drained the entire container in seconds flat before prying himself out of it, a ring-shape indent present on his chubby face. Just looking at the gluttonous display made Kyle's cheeks flare up slightly. Of course it was easy for K. Rool to say keep eating; with a body like that, Kyle wasn't sure if the king could even feel full anymore!

It was obvious to Kyle, and pretty much anyone who had seen K. Rool lately, that the crocodile's patrolling days were numbered. Sitting upwards, the enormous monarch's gut surge past his lap all the way to his feet; twice the size of a beanbag and three times as soft. Said gut nearly rose up to eye level with its owner, who was having fun balancing empty plates on top of it like it was another table. Considering his love handles and flanks had grown to accommodate such an enormous belly, it was a miracle he could still reach to his side for more food!

Counteracting such a tremendous middle was his equally-impressive rump, each cheek pancaking along the floor past his stubby tail. Like his gut, his rear was proving to serve as an excellent table, even if the only thing they were holding were the cascading rolls of green blubber lined up along the croc's back. And those arms, once so powerful, now like overstuffed sausages that can't even bend fully anymore, his legs most likely in a similar state buried beneath that incredible belly. The king's neck was so plump and wide, it was almost like a crown of its own right, nearly the size of a pillow that-

"-Are you even listening to me?!"

Kyle blinked as a pair of pudgy fingers snapped before his eyes, his chubby cheeks reddening as he realized he had been gawking this entire time. The fat kremling yelped and nodded quickly, cowering before the king's glare; man, even *that* was fatter!

K. Rool sighed. "Good, then lose the vest."

Kyle blinked once more. "W-what?"

"You heard me, right? I've been telling you for days now, that vest is holding you back. I have no idea why you don't bother to just get a larger uniform."

"O-oh," Kyle muttered, finally tearing his gaze away from the king's pudgy face. Unfortunately, his attention shifted right back onto that belly, where it would stay for quite some time. "E-erh, well, to be honest, sir, I kinda like seeing how far I've gone. I've always been picked on for being so small, so it's kinda nice seeing my old uniform not fit anymore."

K. Rool raised an eyebrow, the ends of his muzzle up turning into a slight grin. "Why didn't you just say that the first five times I've asked you, ya knucklehead?"

"I-I thought you'd make fun of me, sir."

"Kid," K. Rool's smirk widened. "There's literally nothing you can do that won't make me make fun of you. You're that much of a dork. Now hurry up and take off that vest so you can finish your dinner." Not even waiting for a response, K. Rool's claw swooped in and yanked off the tattered vest with surprising strength. The croc was rewarded with the sight of Kyle's

stomach surging forward a few extra inches, giving it a few gentle pats. “There, isn’t that better?”

Kyle didn’t know how to respond. His first instinct was to cover himself up, but with how fat he had grown, there was no way he hide so much of himself; besides, it wasn’t like the king was known for wearing clothing! “Y-yes, sir, it is,” Kyle muttered in response, trying to not look dorky for once in front of K. Rool. But this belly rub he was receiving, the way the king’s claws dug deep into his softened tum, kneading directly into his overstuffed stomach, it was all he could do to not purr and melt on the spot! As he relaxed further, it slowly occurred to Kyle that he never once questioned why K. Rool wanted him fattened as well. It was a rather odd command, especially from a king who thrived on the attention and positivity his own girth brought him. Why waste time on a dork like him when K. Rool could be enjoying it all himself? Was this what he was talking about when-

BAAAAANG!

“*AAAAAAAAEEEE!!*” Thunder! He hated thunder, and all loud noises to be exact! Kyle was blinded by fear, goosebumps rattling his entire body, neurons firing around his brain a mile a minute. He was trembling so hard it hurt, his eyes squeezed shut until he saw stars. How could he forget about the freaking thunderstorm raging outside like that? He even noticed the flash just a few seconds earlier, yet he was so engrossed with the grand croc before him he didn’t even think about it.

Panting and wheezing, Kyle slowly came out of his dirrelium to find something warm, soft, and squishy encompassing his front. His frantic heart rate settled as he gave that something a squeeze, his arms sinking further into it. Oh, what a lovely sensation! His trauma felt distant as he kneaded and squeezed whatever it was before him. How could he be scared when he could hold something so grand, soft, round, golden, scaly, angry...uh oh.

“Can I help you?” A gruff voice permeated his addled brain.

Kyle froze involuntarily, his muscles locked onto K. Rool’s middle. Slowly, he craned his neck upwards to stared at the nonplussed face of his king, which was barely visible past his impressive cleavage. A cold sweat ran down the pack of Kyle’s neck. He had done crazy things during thunderstorms before, but never something as crazy as clinging to the king’s belly!

“I-I-I-I-I’m so sorry, sir!” Kyle began, prying himself away as delicately as he could. “Th-thunder scares me a lot, a-and...I’m fired, a-aren’t I?”

K. Rool’s expression didn’t change; Kyle was certain he’d be crossing his arms if he wasn’t too fat to do so. “Have you always been this much of a wimp?”

Kyle sighed, not even bothering to look in the general direction of his king. "Well...Y-yes sir."

The two sat in awkward silence, the pitter patter of the rain being the only noise in the throne room. Kyle's eyes starting to sting; why did he have to ruin everything now?! His life was so wonderful! No more failing bootcamp, no more being everyone's whipping boy, no more being pushed into boring paperwork. All he had to do was sit and eat, almost like he was a king himself, and now his stupid lifelong phobia ruined everything. Kyle could already imagine his old drill sergeant laughing at him now, picturing the months of struggling he'll be doing to work off all this weight. He'll really miss the extra size.

Just as Kyle was about to dismiss himself, K. Rool finally spoke up. "The storm's gonna last all night, you know. There's no way a wimp like you will last without freaking out again."

Kyle sighed. "I know." The last thing he needed now was to be reminded. Maybe he should leave now, before he actually does end up crying in front of the king.

K. Rool, however, had other plans. Kyle felt the croc's pudgy claws engulf his own, and before he knew it he was dragged over the cushions until he was pressing against the largest cushion of them all! The little kremling gasped, staring at the big golden belly presented before it, before shakily looking up at his king. "B-but I-"

K. Rool chuckled, the obese croc now laying on his side. "What's wrong with you, kid? You've rubbed my gut more times than I can count, do you really think I'd snap at you now?" Still chortling, the rotund monarch dragged his smaller companion slightly higher until they were almost muzzle to muzzle, his powerful, meaty arms snaking around the little reptile. "Better?"

Kyle really didn't know what to say, but he certainly knew what to do. He quickly wrapped his own arms around the king's chest, shocked at just how little he could reach even with his limbs extended! Warmth and comfort flooded all of his senses, washing out the panic and fear he was experiencing mere moments ago. He had cuddled body pillows before (a fact he would *never* reveal to anyone), but this was something else entirely! There was just so much crocodile, his doughy chest softer than any pillow while those powerful arms pressed on his back. And the heat! The weather outside was dreadfully chilly thanks to the fierce winds and rain, yet K. Rool was like a furnace, wrapped in dozens of layers of gelatin! Kyle had never felt so safe and secure in his entire life, and to think it was all thanks to the monarch he idolized above any other!

Shockingly enough, he wasn't alone in enjoying this moment, for he could feel the king croc gently rubbing the back of his head with those meaty claws. "Heh, about time you stopped shivering. You were about to work up a belch that I would not be able to stop," K. Rool chuckled, his warm breath washing over the smaller reptile. Man, even *that* smelled like bananas!

“S-sorry, sir,” Kyle mumbled, smiling shyly back at the king. “B-but really...thank you so much. For the new food, new life, new...this,” he briefly retracted his arms to jostle his own belly. “Everything’s been wonderful ever since I’ve met you, sir.”

K. Rool chuckled again, leading Kyle to wonder if the king kept doing so in an attempt to hide his own nerves. It was a thought that made him blush even redder. “No problem, Kyle.”

Kyle. The gator wiggled his tail slightly at hearing the king say his name, his heart fluttering in his chest. He locked eyes with his obese monarch, even the king’s wild eye was looking particularly calm and collected. K. Rool was grinning back at him, those adorable dimpled cheeks forming a blush of their own. Man, he was so fat, even his snaggleteeth were starting to poke into his puffy tire of neck chub when he looked down at Kyle. Normally, the gaze of the king was enough for the poor reptile to shy away, but this time he remained steadfast, his arms holding K. Rool just as tightly as he was held, noticing how their muzzles were steadily drawing closer-

Their moment was ruined as another lightning strike flashed right outside, followed immediately by a roar of thunder. Before Kyle could even think to react, he was thrust forward by the king, his muzzle pressing against the king’s doughy chest and shoulder. It happened so fast, Kyle wasn’t sure how to take in the sudden fat pressing against his head, but he was so comfortable he didn’t mind in the slightest. Even as the last of the thunder echoed into nothingness, the kremling continued to rest his head against K. Rool, smiling happily. “You didn’t have to do that, sir.”

“I know,” K. Rool responded, still rubbing and scratching at his little companion’s broad back. “Just wanted to make sure you’re safe, is all.”

Kyle almost melted right there in the moment, and probably would have done so if it weren’t for K. Rool holding him together. He gave the big gator another squishy squeeze. “Can you...make sure I’m safe for the rest of the night, sir?”

His response came in the form of another squeeze, his cheek sliding against K. Rool’s. “Of course, kid.”

Smiling happily, the two reptiles gradually slipped into unconsciousness, no longer perturbed by the horrendous weather outside. Kyle in particular could hardly hear the thunder anymore over the pounding of his own heart, beating right next to K. Rool’s.