

Worrying about where Kirby had gone to was a fool's errand, in King Dedede's opinion. *Nothing* could stop the pink puffball. Kirby was the one who'd save the day, long before any of Popstar's warriors were even aware of the second invasion of the year.. The cycle had run its course, and the penguin king no longer had it in him to care. Sure, he'd send out his troops to combat the invading forces, but jumping into the heat of battle? Not his style, at least not anymore.

Throwing in the towel and shelving the warrior's lifestyle meant that he finally had the chance to further indulge in the forbidden fruits of life. There were no pressures to keep up a body meant for the battlefield, all the hours of physical training that would take up his time were now removed from his schedule. He was free to fill his time with whatever he wanted, and more than happy to fall back into old habits, the king found himself in the world of untethered gluttony once again.

Stealing the food would have Kirby flinging him into oblivion, he'd tried that stunt before. The third time was NOT the charm. He had to be more cunning. Dreamland's populace was *pathetically* gullible. Folks who barely batted an eye at the actions of their King, despite his history of antics, who forgave him mindlessly. They were easy to trick, which meant they were influenceable.

Looking over the promotional poster hanging on his room's wall—him posing shirtless, winking at the cameraman with the words 'SUPPORT KING DEDEDE IN THE GALAXY SUMO CIRCUIT' written in giant golden letters above him, showering him in a yellow metallic glow. He couldn't help but chuckle. It should've been disappointing that it was so easy, but the chumps swallowed it without any second thought! Their innocence was just *priceless*. Making up an interplanetary sumo tournament?! He didn't send *any* invitations! He can easily pay Magolor a hefty amount to act as the spokesman and sadly announce that the tour was canceled. Easy as pie!

The expression only served to stoke his stomach. He swore that the thing had grown to have a mind of its own. Not that he minded, because they almost always agreed on what they wanted; to eat like a king!

The bed's springs erupted into a crescendo of relief as he rose up on his feet, making sure to not knock the coat rack with his large physique. He was glad to see that it could still hold his royal frame up even after all this time. It would eventually give out—that was clear—but he was going to make the best of a perfectly functioning bed until it couldn't keep upright anymore.

The plan was simple. Almost everyone in Dreamland would gladly waltz over to Dedede castle and give out their offerings—the best food they could find—as a way to bolster their supposed champion in the Galaxy Sumo Circuit. Every day, more and more food would pile up in storage, and his burgeoning size would serve as a motivator for the people of Popstar to bring him even more. '*The bigger, the better!*' he would tell everyone during his speeches, the crowd erupting into applause as his result.

Waddling towards the full-body mirror, Dedede marveled at his massive frame. The penguin couldn't help but bask in the sight of every round, wobbly inch of his body. He turned around to get a sight of his sides; his tree trunk legs could only get him moving thanks to the leftover muscle he had built over the years. The lower limbs were coated in copious amounts of cellulite and stretch marks sagging down the excess flab, clumps of adipose tissue all merging together to make the distinction between his legs and behind almost impossible to see; both parts of his body reduced to mounds of stuck together lard that held no definition.

Size and abundance were the signs of power, and the penguin king desired nothing above being the most powerful being on the planet. It wasn't just raw strength that he wanted. He couldn't match Kirby's power, so being a commanding *presence* was the next option. His massive frame was a symbol of opulence—of grandeur—of wealth. It designated him as someone of importance—a man worth respecting. No one would dare mess with someone that had access to so much food!

*Heh, I bet those fools in Cappy Town are both AWED and LOVING my belly! Got my own little fan club of chumps. I like my Waddle Dees, but there's just something so... FUN about seeing folks outside my court bend to my will!*

Still feeling the sweet thrill of HIS ego trip, the king sidestepped to bask at his reflection.. While he definitely thought that his posterior was his most striking feature, he knew what the people loved; his flabby gut flowed outwards like rising dough, completely covering his waist and knees with the very bottom of his legs and feet visible from the front. His gelatinous belly was composed of large, chunky pieces of blubber that stacked on top of the other—just like meat patties toppling one each other, one larger than the one before going downwards.

Atop the large mountain of lard that was his stomach, his hefty man boobs sat proudly. He found them off-putting at first, but they had soon become an asset he LOVED to show off. The feel of their incessant bounce whenever he moved, slapping down against the top of his stomach with a wet *smack*—lubricated by the excess sweat trapped down there—always shot a surge of sweet, sweet adrenaline across his veins.

“Ah, who's the sexiest man in Dreamland?” He cocked a grin, winking at his reflection and shooting finger guns at it. “Bet the people are going to love ya today.”

Clicking his tongue and reveling in his own reflection, the King clapped his hands to call upon his subjects. Immediately, the floor underneath him began to shake as they attended the king's call without giving it a second thought, even before they arrived in the room. Not that he needed to wait. He only needed to tap his arm three times before he was graced by the sound of the Waddle Dees' cheery cries as they burst through the door.

He didn't even care to greet every one of them. The time for his second lunch was imminent, and niceties towards his subjects would just be a waste of time. Stretching his arms out, excess lard sagged down them like juicy chunks of meat hanging from hooks—swinging back and forth slightly even after his limbs suspended motion. With the melody of the hard-working Waddle Dees heaving as they retrieved his outfit in the background, the king couldn't help but

curve his beak into a wry smile—a grin on a face covered in doughy cheeks that weighed it down and protruding chins that looked like rings of fat orbiting around his neck.

*This is the life...*

The Dees slid the king's coat across his arms and shoulders. The opulent garb used to reach all the way down to his feet, the excessively fluffy edges sometimes even catching some dirt on the very bottom. He didn't need to worry about that now that it just *barely* managed to reach around the bottom of his gut. Any kind of movement would make it ride up to his belly button's altitude, requiring him to fiercely tug on it to pull it back down. The fluffy, thick texture was warped by his lardy sides pushing outward and morphing the cloth around him. It did nothing to obscure the doughy, amorphous shape of his physique—rather, it drew further attention to it.

Glancing over to the coathanger, a gentle wave of nostalgia washed over him. His old robes hung off it, discarded, tattered, and unused for months. The weight piled on quickly after he started out his scam—thousands of calories piling up on his body day after day. They simply couldn't keep up with his ballooning frame, and he was made aware of it when they had split open in the middle of a dinner hosted in the middle of Cappy Town. The momentary embarrassment was saved by the adoring eyes of the public ogling his stomach and staring at it in awe of its size. It was probably the first time that he truly felt uncontested pride in his growth. The robes probably wouldn't be able to wrap around his blobby stomach, let alone cover any substantial amount of it, but he still held onto it as a trophy of his achievement.

There was a sudden nudge on his leg. Usually, it would be hard to feel anything through the massive amount of padding on his leg. His loyal subjects, fortunately, knew to pile on top of each other. It took four waddle dees pushing against his blubber-coated limb for ONE to catch his attention. They erupted nonstop with high-pitched squeaks, their cream face turning red, their desperate craving for attention from their king making them push each other around.

Feeling like humoring them, Dedede tapped the head out of a random Waddle Dee out of the four. "What do you want, eh?"

The Dee gestured at the other group of servants waddling out of the closet. Between the five of them, they were all dragging the thick mawashi belonging to the king—colored in the same crimson hue as his coat. With the massive thunder thighs that it had to wrap around, the garment had been made to match the gargantuan size of its owner. Pounds worth of silk and cloth sagged against the floor as the Waddle Dees were just barely able to yank it through the doorway.

"Ah, about damn time! What are you waiting for?!"

The Dees helped him get onto his throne. Originally, he would've simply put it on by himself, but his legs eventually grew too big for him to raise them up so he could push them through the mawashi. Further down the line, he eventually had to resort to putting the garment on the floor, putting his feet through the leg holes, and pulling the mawashi up. That plan eventually became useless once his protruding gut became large enough that it prevented him from bending down to pull the mawashi up. He definitely tried, but with the giant mound of fat in

the way, no positioning would be able to get him close to his feet. Now, the problem had evolved to the point that they and his legs were now completely obstructed by his gut. It had been a long time since he saw them, yet that elusiveness only allured the king into continuing going down on his path of gluttony.

He squeezed his rump down on the throne successfully. His massive thighs pushed against the armrests, retracting and further causing his lard to squish against itself. The blue-winged lard looked like azure clay being molded into a shapeless blob by an unruly artist with no vision or plan. It just compressed in on itself, rubbing sweat all over the seat.

“Chop chop, boys! The people need to look at their king!”

Two trios of Dees stacked themselves underneath the King’s legs—a group for each limb. Their petite nubs struggled to carry the massive weight of the king, trembling as the pressure would become too much at any second. Quickly, the other Waddles Dees rushed to push the mawashi up the king’s girthy legs. Some of them accidentally ran face-first up against the penguin’s sweaty blubber. With a face full of avian sweat, they fell down on their backs with an almost inaudible *thump*.

It took some more pushing, but the Dees eventually accomplished their goal of helping their king get dressed.

“Finally!” He announced, standing up with a very meaty stomp. He had to push the mawashi up a little since the Dees could only ever push it up to his upper thighs, but he was at least mobile enough to just *barely* reach the cloth. “At this rate, I’ll probably have to ask that Susie girl to make me some sort of dressing machine! This takes too damn long!”

Heaving every step of the way through, Dedede waddled his way from his room to the newly reinforced elevator. He left a trail of sweat behind him just like how a slug would leave a path of slime behind it. He was either aware or oblivious to the matter, continuing to trek on while whistling a tune... or trying to do so as best as he could with his labored breathing and a large amount of fat wrapped around his neck and cheeks.

Settling into the elevator, Dedede couldn’t help but be grateful for all the renovations the machine had gone through. Now big enough to hold up to fifty waddles dees and one morbidly obese penguin, the king strutted with confidence inside—no longer needing to fear the contraption breaking under his weight.

“Time... to feast!”

The elevator slowly went down to the first floor. Dedede was expecting the same after every other day; a bunch of adoring Dreamlandians ready to greet him with even more food. The doors opened, and what greeted him... was *not* that.

A large, hulking reptilian of similar weight—a cyan-blue mawashi with a strange eye-shaped crest on the crotch—was smiling wryly. His scales struggled to wrap around his massive frame, looking overstretched and ready to be shed. Sweat was clearly trapped between them, and

amidst the intense heat, the lizard sometimes breathed through his mouth, tongue lolling out of the side.

“So... rheady for... round one, tubby?”

Round... *WHAT?!*

“Heeeey!”

Dedede recognized that pestering, charming voice anywhere. The egg-shaped Halcandrian suddenly came up behind him, a suspiciously large sack filled with gem apples in tow. He leaned in, whispering with teeth clenched. *“What the hell is this?! There wasn’t supposed to be a tournament!”*

“Yeah, that was the plan, but, uh...” Magolor jingled the sack happily, letting out a tiny cackle underneath his other hand. “I pitched the idea to Susie, and she owns every TV channel in the galaxy. So...”

“Ugh!”

He angrily swatted Magolor, the latter hovering away amidst his continuous giggling fit. With a huff and his pride on the line, there was only one thing that the king could do; look his opponent dead in the eye.

“Yeah, I’m down to rumble.”