



## You Only Live Large

By Buddy Goodboy

Harry Broadback nosed his way up to the surface of the water and peeped around. As expected from the intelligence report, not a guard in sight on the lagoon. Harry snorted a laugh, which bubbled the salty water around him. All that money in scientific developments and criminals were still vulnerable to shift changes. He huffed in deeply, dove back under, and kicked his stumpy legs.

He surfaced again in a large cavern. A pocket submarine pen, from the looks of it, with a small submarine docked and awaiting some kind of cargo to be loaded. He splashed quietly to a ladder and clambered up.

Harry was a hippo, and of a particularly hefty build, which may have made saving the world harder for lesser secret agents. Equipped with his tiny soporific dart gun and enough quick wits, his weight hardly slowed him down.

Well, except for ladders. And *stairs*, the little tricksters. So easy going down, but going up?

Harry slipped up to the top of the ladder and doubled over to catch his breath. Any guard unlucky enough to see him would see a series of blubbery rolls expanding, quaking, and heaving within a hide-tight wetsuit. As a matter of fact, one did, and Harry snapped off a quick shot with his dart gun to keep him quiet.

Harry unzipped his wetsuit. Under, a perfectly-pressed cream dinner jacket puffed out, paired perfectly with black tuxedo pants and a gloss black toenail polish for his hooves. Harry tugged the jacket and tried to get it to cover his middle. *One impossible mission at a time, old boy*, he said to himself.

He peered over across the cavern at the submarine. The submarine had a strange dorsal surface—a double-hatch actually opened up to the air, with some kind of large fan. He sniffed the air. Sea salt, obviously, oil, machinery, but there was a rich, sweet undertone to the whole operation. His mouth watered.

A green light flashed from across the cavern, and a massive metal door cranked and clattered open. Harry started to creep toward the entrance to get a better look, when a gust of air overtook him. A smell, no, a fragrance overwhelmed his senses.

...*Chocolate*...

He licked his lips and started to run heavily.

A guard, hearing the sound of a fatter-than-usual hippo losing his sense of subtlety, wisely ducked out of the way, and unloaded a salvo of paralytic darts. Harry felt three or four bounce off his thick hide, but didn't let that stop him.

*Chocolate!*

More guards with more dart guns ran out of the metal door and started opening fire. But the *smell!*

*No, stop, silly! You'll get—*

Harry's big belly caught a full load of darts. His legs kept pumping even as he fell heavily on his butt.

*—caught. And next time you'll listen when I talk, won't you?*

Harry's belly rumbled.

As if in answer, a cackle sounded from inside the door. Behind a sudden puff of steam, a dark, skinny form marched forward. ...and coughed, and coughed, and heaved. "*Hakk—*What the hell is with the air conditioning?—*kaffkaff*. Damn steam leaks!"

A guard volunteered, "It looked very impressive, sir."

"I care about impressive? When we're done here, get the HVAC fixed! That could have been Freon!..." He cleared his throat and turned to Harry.

"I've waited a long time to meet again, Harry!"

Harry blinked. A skink, dry-skinned and skeletal, loomed above him, clad in a slinky black dentist's jacket adorned in skulls. The hippo wrinkled his brow. He offered, "...The name's Harry. Harry Broadback."

"We've *met*."

"...Sorry? Have we?"

The skink slinked into Harry's personal space, a dry *l* to Harry's rounded, slick *o*. "Doctor Thanatos Skinner. We met last year! Your fat rear smashed the controls for my orbital laser!" He poked Harry's butt for emphasis. It wobbled a long few seconds.

"Doesn't sound like me."

"...You seduced my girlfriend! And our boyfriend!"

Harry shrugged his rounded shoulders.

"...*twice*."

"*That* sounds like me. Was he the one who made the exquisite key lime cheesecake?"

Skinner gave Harry's belly a hard slap, causing ripples all over Harry's fat body. "Good lord, hippo. You don't recall Doctor Thanatos Skinner at all. Inconceivable."

"But I know who you are, and that will have to suffice. You are inexplicably the world's most successful secret agent. You are oversexed, overfed, and underfoot. You have absolutely no control over your appetites and give into them utterly."

“So I’m going to give you exactly what you want, Harry Broadback, you overstuffed, underbrained idiot. I’m going to give you chocolate.”

Dr. Skinner produced a square of chocolate and waved it under Harry’s nose. It smelled *goood*. Harry’s lips parted of their own accord, and the little brown delicacy plopped in. He swallowed and *mmmed* without realizing.

“Nearly instantly digestible. Totally irresistible. Horrifically *fattening* chocolate.”

*Uh-oh.*

Skinner ran his finger across Harry’s fat lips and let him lick it clean. “All the chocolate you can eat, and then more. And more and more, until you can’t move, much less foil my plans!

“And after that, I’ll run my submarine past every world capital, blasting my literally irresistible chocolate smell and holding the world for ransom—they’ll pay literally *anything* for a taste. And once the world’s leaders are truly immobilized, I’ll be free to do, to *take*, whatever I please!”

Harry’s stomach growled, suddenly empty. He felt his chin suddenly push up as his double chin filled out. His tuxedo-shirt buttons suddenly felt tighter than usual.

Skinner grinned.

*... You’re on your own*, said Harry’s inner monologue.

“...can I have another?” Harry asked, against a mouthful of drool.

Skinner’s lips stretched into an imitation of a smile. “Of course, Harry, of course.” He pulled another square from his jacket pocket and placed it on Harry’s wide snout.

Harry bounced and rocked until it fell into his maw, and almost immediately, he began to fatten perceptibly. The *flavor!* He almost didn’t care that he was putting on weight by the second. His buttonholes stretched, trying to keep his expanding middle contained as he bloated. Harry shivered at the ecstasy of taste, and his little tail wagged.

“Put him on the sub! I want to enjoy my victory tour around the world, with Mr. Broadass watching helplessly!”

Harry swallowed—what else?—heavily.

*Wait a minute*, said Harry’s inner monologue. *You’re no longer paralyzed*. Harry arched his eyebrow. Could it be? He subtly twitched his fingers and toes. It was true! Dr. Skinner must not have accounted for Harry’s increasing body mass when formulating his paralytic!

Skinner fed Harry another chocolate. Harry’s tuxedo shirt slowly untucked itself and revealed his grey belly button. Skinner cackled.

*That’s not all. Watch Skinner’s eyes. He’s into this.*

“No,” said Harry.

*Yes! Quick, do something smart before he drags you onto his submarine!*

Harry slowly moved his hands to his belly. Skinner didn't seem to notice he was no longer paralyzed. Harry began to rub up and down his fat stomach, letting it shake and bounce and jiggle.

Skinner's nasal slits flared. He was into it. Harry grinned.

Harry grabbed his juicy love handle and gave it a hard joggle. The ripples ran up his fat belly and his chest, letting his belly slip further out of his restrictive pants. His suspenders held with a sense of duty beyond reasonable limits.

Harry put his lips on Skinner's finger and began to suck. "More," he said. "Please."

Skinner began to breathe heavily. "Of c-course." He stuffed three more chocolates into Harry, who gobbled them down.

Harry felt his buttons give way, and his belly finally blew out and down into a thick 'w' of fat. Harry put Skinner's hand on his chest, and let him squeeze, as more and more flesh filled and overflowed his hand. He moaned as Skinner fingered his tit and pinched his nipple. "I want," he breathed. "I want more chocolate."

Skinner laughed, and gave him more.

Harry ate, and ate, and ate, and got fatter and fatter. His clothes shredded, leaving him in a mockery of evening wear and a pair of increasingly filled-out black silk briefs. His neck disappeared, his thick shoulder rolls joining directly to his triple chin. His chest plumped up into a pair of pumpkins, dark nipples puffing proudly. His love handles were a generous offering to Venus. His butt could easily have held a serving tray, if it could be convinced to stop swaying and bouncing with Harry's every movement. His belly was the apple of Skinner's eye—the skinny lizard couldn't pull his focus away from the monstrous ball of blubber as it puffed out and down the hippo's thighs.

*Bless your gluttonous gut, Harry. Keep eating—!*

Skinner traced a finger up and down the front of his girth, poking in his belly button. He joggled it and felt it *shlorp* his finger deeper as Harry ate himself ever fatter. "I am a genius," he said breathlessly. "My nemesis lies before me, utterly helpless..."

Harry kissed him. He felt the lizard's mouth open, and thrust in his fat tongue lustily. He pulled back and gasped for air, and said, "I want all of it."

Skinner snapped a finger. "Do it."

"Sir? Don't we have plans for—"

"—shut *up!* Do as I say!"

Harry ate chocolate by the mouthful, by the bucketful, and still he was *hungry!* He was fat, he felt increasingly pulled to the floor by his own weight, but by god, was he going to finish every last bite!

He swelled and bloated, fat pouring itself onto him, more weight, more size. His gut drooped past his knees and pushed his flabby chest up into his chins. His cheeks porked up into his line of sight, two grey planetoids. His massive butt cheeks swallowed his little tail.

Skinner pressed himself against Harry's bulging tum and sighed.

And as Harry ate the last of the chocolate, he leaned forward.

He plumped down right on top of Dr. Thanatos Skinner.

He looked around. He wasn't getting up anytime soon, that was for sure—he was a [i]ball[/i]. Curves sumptuously rubbed against curves and he wobbled, trying to find some footing. He gave up, and instead took stock of the room. The guards had all found some excuse or other to leave. Understandable, Harry thought. Even vision and dental benefits weren't worth seeing your boss give up his plan for a phenomenally-fattened hippo.

He waggled and reached around his back for a small radio hidden in a thick roll, taped there for just such an occasion.

“Hello, HQ? Harry here. I've found out Dr. Skinner's plan, defused it, and apprehended him. His underlings have escaped, and I'm in no shape to chase them down—yes, if you could send me a heavy lifter to pick me up, I'd be much obliged.”

Harry's belly grumbled.

*Oh, go on, hero, you've earned it. You only live large.*

“...And bring me something to snack on!”