

Pizza O'Clock: Couple Lunch

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Commission done for [bobbyj251 of DeviantArt](#)

“Ooooh! This was one is fun: “Fatter Platter Pie! Supercharged with almost every kind of topping. For those looking for a taste and belly challenge!” Everything here sounds so silly.”

Micah looked at Abbie, his excited girlfriend as she continued listing off several different things on the menu. He looked at his own. Yep, everything was really there, no matter how silly it sounded when she listed off the food.

“Isn’t this place great? I’m so glad we came here! Every other restaurant doesn’t serve stuff like this.” That was true, very true. Yet, Micah couldn’t help but feel a bit out of his depth in this establishment. It was quite-

“Hiya folks! Danks for choosin’ ta eat at Pizza O’Clock! Hope dis in da beginning of a beaut-I-ful eatin’ relationship!”

There it was. The part that made him feel out of his depth.

A large, fat beaver toon, sporting the nametag “Roy Buckbutt” was standing at their table. “What can I’s get ya today?” The plus-size waiter casually spun a hefty pen with his thick gloved fingers, waiting to jot down whatever they wanted.

Micah so desperately didn’t want to be there at all. However, it was all Abbie’s idea. She wanted them to have a nice lunch date together, but try something new. Something fresh and different. As such, why not try the new pizza parlor that opened up just-

“Havin’ trouble decidin’? Can’t blame ya. We’s got da best grub in da neighborhood!” Roy chuckled, his belly jiggling with each guff laugh.

“Oh! I’m just having trouble deciding to be honest,” Abbie spoke, looking between the large toon and menu. “There’s so many interesting things here that I’m not sure what would be good to try first!”

“Follow your heart~,” the beaver said with a bright smile, “I’s got plenty of time!”

Micah glanced around the place. The beaver wasn’t wrong. The 50’s diner-aesthetic restaurant was very quiet. No one at the counter, the tables, or the other booths. It didn’t even seem like any other employees besides Roy were working there.

“Yeah, I’s get what ya thinkin’.” Roy seemed to pick up on what Micah was looking at. “Pretty darn quiet ‘round dese parts. It’ll pick soon! We’s only just opened dis week after all.”

The beaver smiled warmly. “Plus, once da new ‘mployees join, dis place wills be bustlin’, don’t ya worry!”

“Oh! Ah... I wasn’t thinking that. I was-”

“I know what we’ll have!” Abbie declared, slapping her menu down and startling them. “I wanna have a big slice of your meat lovers and, knowing my boyfriend, he’s gonna want a slice of your veggie’s lover! Extra onions if you don’t mind~.”

“Heh, extra onions?” Roy chuckled, jotting those orders down, “Youse lookin’ for extra cryin’ ‘nd funky breath den, I’s bet~.”

Micah blushed. Abbie just winked at him, whispering under her breath that she had breath mints. It was nice that she understood what he liked, but it still felt awkward to order something like that.

Roy stuffed the pen and pad into his shirt pocket. “Okie-dokie, I’s got da orders down. One slice of Big Feline Dish and a slice of Woodland Large, extra Scenty! Be right back!” The toon turned and **ZOOM!** He was gone, leaving only a cartoonish cloud in his original spot.

“Gees... he sure can move with all that fat,” Micah bluntly remarked, spotting the kitchen door swinging back and forth.

“Never underestimate toons~!” Abbie giggled. She sighed and leaned back into her side of the booth. “Come on, admit it, the place is nice.”

Micah looked around again. “I mean, it’s not as... silly as I thought it would be. B-but, still... I’m not sure about this at all. I don’t understand why you wanted to come here.”

“Come on! Liven up and have some fun!” Abbie huffed, “We need to try something new once in a while. All of the restaurants and places we go to eat are starting to get boring. We gotta liven up our dates somehow, so why not check out a toon pizzeria?”

Micah was still unsure. Toons were a bit too wild and out there for him from previous experience. Anything could happen, especially when they were there at-

“DONE!” The beaver was back, holding two, steamy hot plates.

Both humans could only look at him with surprise. How long was he even gone for? A minute maybe?. Roy winked, sensing what they were thinking again. “We toons pride ourselves on ours speed ‘nd timin’! No ways we let sum hungry customers be hungry fors long!”

Clack-clack. He dropped the plates on the table before them and gave a hearty belly laugh... one that made it bounce and jiggle. “Enjoy! If youse need more to fill up dem scrawny tummies of yours, just let me know~.”

With that, the beaver strolled back over to the counter and went back to his cleaning.

Micah looked down at his slice. Yep, it at least looked normal... though the greens and yellows looked brighter on the vegetables and cheese than on other pizzas he’s had. Still, it seemed fine and Abbie’s looked about the same.

His girlfriend smiled at her piece and leaned towards it, closing her eyes. She gently sniffed the air, taking in that aroma. As she did though, cartoony steam seemed to start floating off of it. It spiraled upwards, zipping straight into her nostrils.

SNOOOORT! Her soft sniff turned gruff and heavy suddenly. Her nose visibly twitched and then widened. Nostrils stretched, and the tip pulled up, skin turning bright pink and bumpy. Soon, her nose looked distinctly feline, if silly and boopable.

He blinked several times. Nope. He wasn’t seeing things. *Her nose... what the... what happened to her-*

And at that moment, steam began flowing from his slice and up into his nose on its own accord. He tensed up, eyes starting to water. The scent of the onions was overwhelming, way stronger than just a regular cooked onion by itself.

He tensed further and further, shoulders pulling in and toes clenching. His ears trembled and, subtly, began to move. They slid through his short black hair to the very top sides of his head. They shrunk and then grew, their shape circular and round. Black fuzz appeared over them at the end. They twitched one final time, now just a pair of cute animal ears.

“Mmmm-MMMM!” Abbie remarked, “That pizza smells goooooood!” She licked her chops, her tongue almost seeming longer than usual. It slid across the philtrum and even as far as her cheeks, barely visible whiskers sprouting.

However, Micah didn’t notice that. Abbie’s exaggerated declaration snapped him out of his scent funk. He shook his head.

What was I just thinking about? He frowned, scratching his chin. Something felt off.

Not that pizza though! “Yeah!” He sniffed his food purposefully this time. “It does smell pretty good!” He grabbed the slice and brought it up to his mouth right away. He gently nibbled it and soaked it all in. The taste... so extremely rich and powerful!

Unlike its scent, its taste made him break out into delightful shivers. Warm shivers. Shivers that ran down his back. Ran down much like the sudden growth of a streak of white fur that ran from his head to just above his butt. The fuzz felt itchy, but he gave it no mind.

Licking his lips with less of a slurp, he declared, “Mmmmm, dat sure tastes as goood as it smells~!”

“Hey!” Alice grabbed her slice. “Don’t start piggin’ out without me~!” She brought it up to her mouth and gave it a big bite.

His girlfriend trembled. Her free hand gripped the booth table. **Crack.** Rather hard. Her hand swelled, nearly tripling in size. Ring and pinky fingers merged as white fuzz grew over each digit. As the fur rolled onto the back of her hand, the skin on her digits and palm swelled, turning dark, reddish-brown and puffy.

Micah just smiled, not giving it a thought. “Dat good, huh?”

Abbie nodded her head, swallowing her bite. She trembled again and **BAM!** She smacked the table as hard with her oversized paw, declaring, “Dat’s some good eatin’!”

The hand holding the slice trembled as well then. It started growing thicker and thicker, losing a digit much like the other. Fuzz grew in, and so did animal pads. Her tight grip on the pizza only tightened, crushing it in her matching large paw. Not that she noticed.

Micah didn’t notice either, going back to nibbling on his pizza. He’d rather enjoy, savor, slowly take in his treat, especially knowing how stunningly delicious it was. Take it slow despite part of him demanding to gobble it down the more he chewed.

Guuurgle. His belly rumbled, shaking slightly. Despite eating so little, his firm, fit tummy looked a touch... chubby.

He nibbled and chewed away, soaking in each bite. His shirt started pressing out as his belly expanded. Soon, he made a muffin top, then it dipped down onto his thighs. Eventually, his big stomach poked out from under his shirt, now having added several pounds to his form.

Curious, with his newly exposed belly, something else was quite visible. Hairs were growing all over it and around his belly button. Bright, snow-white hairs... hairs that were growing thick and close together, cloaking his skin.

Finishing his last nibble, Micah suddenly tensed up and quivered. “Mmmmm!” His face pulled into a far goofier, delighted smile than before. “Dis sure is... is...” **Ruuuuu.** “YUM!”

FWOMP! Scrrrrrrrunch! The booth chair Micah was sitting in was suddenly lurked backward, clinking and clunking against the table behind it. From above his rear, his pants pushed down as a large, hefty, fluffy skunk tail sprouted. It filled up most of his side of the booth, part of it flopping over his head.

Such a sight was incredible and shocking!

Not to Abbie though. She was busy licking her chops after having a nibble on her slice.

SLURP! “Yum indeed!” **Pssssssssst.** The sound of a balloon losing air followed, her breasts wobbling before losing shape and size.

Abbie giggled, “Youse sure takin’ a likin’ to that pizza now after all dat skepticism before.”

“Heh, yeah~.” Micah chuckled, patting his belly, “Dat pizza is yummy and fillin’!” **Bap.** His hands wobbled as he drummed his stomach. **Bap.** Suddenly, a digit vanished on each of his hands. **Bap.** A pink, circular pad appeared on his palm.

Bap. Then another pad on the other hand. **Bap-bap-bap-bap-bap.** Micha chuckled some more, loving that sound. Each pat, a new pad on each of the finger’s underside. Eventually, the pats brought about black fur, giving him a pair of cute, pudgy, toony paws.

Guuuuuurgle. Abbie giggled/chuckled, rubbing her stomach. “Mmmm, that beat is makin’ me all hungry~.”

“More dan usual?” Odd words to say. Abbie wasn’t usually a big eater, but... thinking about it, she was, wasn’t she?

“Ah-huh!” Abbie grabbed her slice and slammed it down, chomping and snarling through her cheese, meat, and bread in seconds flat.

SLUUUUUUURP! Another whisk of the tongue followed, splattering her face up good. **Psssssssst.** That familiar sound followed. Abbie's breasts deflated further and further, losing their perky, full shape. They didn't completely flatten, becoming wider and flabbier instead.

With deflation though came inflation. Her stomach began to balloon as well, growing far wider and banishing her narrow waistline. Fat dipped over her belt and onto her thighs, her hips seeming to stretch with it for a more pear-ish look.

Micah gazed at Abbie. **Ba-bump!** His heartbeat picked up. Looking at his love... man, he looked so... she looked so dreamy when she pigged out. **Fwomp.** Especially with how their belly bulged out of their shirt like his own did.

He frowned. Again, something felt wrong. Something about this whole situation, their big bellies, Abbie's swelling, his big tail... when did he have a tail? Everything was-

"BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURP!" The booth table rumbled, fat jiggling all around. Abbie laughed and smacked their tummy. "Heh, sorries~. Couldn't hold it in~."

Micah blinked. "Bwhahahaha!" He belly laughed, even smacking it. His tail happily swished back and forth. "Why hold it in? That's just da sounds of sumbody happy with dier meal~."

"Hmmm, dat is true~," Abbie said, nodding their head. They stuck their fingers into their maw and sucked and sucked, trying to get all the grease and sauce off of them.

Pop-pop-pop-pop! Fingers came out. **POP!** So did a long, striped orange-and-black tail in the back. It slithered up behind Abbie and waved playfully at Micah before it fell limp. It smacked down onto the table and slid off, out of sight.

"Awww mmmmm!" Micah declared, rubbing his stomach, "Dis pizza is da best!"

"Ah-huh!" Abbie took another bite... this time of air. He took a quick double-take and several blinks. He slumped. "Awwwww, it's all gone! Ah wanted more!"

"Youse says youse want more?" The two nearly jumped out of their seats, their big bellies stopping that and holding them in place between their table and booth chairs. Roy was right there again, having somehow snuck up on them.

More importantly, he was carrying two large pizza trays! The large beaver dropped them right in front of the two with a large, devious grin on his mug. "I's had a feelin' y'all still be hungry so ah made sum more! Y'all do wanna have sum more, don't cha?"

Micah trembled, saliva dripping from his maw as the fumes from his pizza circled his nose. “Darn tootin’ we’s want more!”

He took a heavy snort of his smelly pizza, sucking up all the odor like a vacuum. His nose trembled itself and inflated. With a big burst, it ballooned up into a big, roundish, ovalish ball with two large holes at the base. It turned black with a glossy shimmer to it.

His snoot cartoonishly wobbled as he snorted up the fumes, saliva now dripping onto the table. He quickly licked his long, pink tongue over his maw. **FWOMP!** His mouth and jaws responded with a large shot forward, fur bursting all over them.

“Mmmmmm!” Micah chuckled with his big, toony skunk muzzle, “Dat smells even better nows dat there’s more of it! How does yours smell-”

He looked at Abbie, who was already chomping through their slice. Looking at them closely, was Abbie always so... guyish? Not a trace of femininity was left in her, just pure, manly, thick chub and roundness.

That wasn’t even accounting for Abbie’s newest feature either. Beneath the table and obscured by his big gut, quite the big bulge was in his pants, clothing tightly formed around it.

Hmmm, eh, whatever! Micah shook his head. He was thinking too much and not eating enough! He was practically wasting away not eating that delectable meal before him!

He quickly joined in the feasting, sauce, cheese, and more flying as they pigged out. They weren’t even trying to savor their meals or take their time. They just shoved as much as they could into their chubby cheeks as possible.

Abbie stuffed and stuffed, more and more of his form changing. His poor limbs, completely too skinny for his body initially, finally caught up with his torso. Soon, extra chub and weight were added, stretching his clothing to limits. From out of his red hair, looking far more ruffled now, popped short tiger ears, orange and striped as his tail.

Micah ate and ate too. *Mmmmm, dis food is da best!* He rumbled, growing a bit pudgier and with bigger moobs. *Ah loooove Pizza O’Clock’s pizza. Sooooo super fattenin’ ands fillin’*

Heh, dat’s why we’s started workin’ here in da first place! Free food!

He stopped. Now that thought really did make him think. He couldn’t get rid of it. Since when did he start working there?

Micah scratched his chin as black fur began to sprout. Every inch of his body that wasn't already covered in white fur finally grew its own. Black as ink and just as smooth and glossy, his new fur coat removed the last trace of anything particularly human about him.

Yeah... when did I start working here? Me and Abbie came here for our lunch date. Nothing else and nothing- GUUUUUUURGLE!

“BUUUUUUUUUUUUUURP!” His eyes turned very round, the rises turning into black dots as the whites brightened to a snow-white. His hair wobbled and went **FWOMP**. It swelled out into a large, dark blue pompadour that jiggled with every head turn.

“Whoooooaaa, dat felt funky~,” Micah chortled, rubbing his noggin, “Dough... feels like I’s was thinkin’ ‘bout sumthang ‘mportant, but-”

“Youse just thinkin’ about how ta deal with losin’ ta me!” Abbie grinned and leaned over the table. He let out a humongous “BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPP!”

The entire pizzeria rattled with that belt, all bellies jiggling like Jell-O. Abbie’s mouth shot forward, nearly giving Micah’s a smack on the lips. Her whiskers became far more noticeable, fur sprouted, fangs grew in, and the whole works befitting that of a chunky tiger toon.

Eventually, the rumbling stopped. Abbie smirked and winked. “So, youse accept your loss, ya big, handsome ball of stinky lard?”

Micah blinked and smirked. Forget whatever he could have possibly been thinking about now! The gauntlet had just been thrown. He snorted, “Pul-leeeeeease! Youse gotta give mes a challenge. Dis won’t even makes me break a sweat!”

“BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURP/BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURP!”

Two belches bellowed out in unison. The maws that released them came from two large, hefty toons squeezed tightly into a booth, bellies smashing against the table. Before them on said table, two pizza plates lay empty with crumbs, sauce, and grease everywhere.

The skunk toon sighed blissfully, rubbing his belly. He felt so satisfied. It was always a joy to eat with his lovey, tubby boyfriend. The two definitely needed to pig out at restaurants more often... at least, at ones they haven't been banned from.

The skunk looked across at his devilishly handsome tiger. The toon had his eyes closed, hands behind his head. “Heh, youse feelin’ okay dere, Tyler?”

The tiger chuckled, “Just takin’ a moment ta ‘ppreciate da taste. Youse don’t get ta enjoy pizza dis finest dis often!”

The skunk laughed, reached across the table, and pinched his feline lover’s belly. “Youse sure ‘ppreciation it, I’s see. Almost likes youse put on twenty pounds dere.”

“Awww, such a sweeter talker youse are, Sal~,” Tyler sighed.

Sal... yeah, Sal. Dat’s mah name! The skunk shook his head. He was being silly again, more than usual at least. To forget his own name, such a dopey skunk. All of those onions must’ve really fried his brain.

“Youse boys done yet?” The two toons look to the side to find Roy there once again. However, his expression is far more serious, his gloved hands on his hips. Also in his mitts, baseball caps. Very familiar caps at that.

Without missing a sweat, Tyler replied with a dopey grin, “Yeah, Roy! Dat was sum gud eatin’! Never not had it~.”

“Dat’s nice,” Roy chuckled. **Fwoosh!** “Now, youse two can get back to work!” In a blink of an eye, Roy shoved both hats on top of their heads. The logo upon them was clear: “Team Pizza O’Clock.”

The two looked at their hats and then their eyes fell to each other’s shirts. Name tags were pinned to them. For the tiger, it read, “Terrific Tyler”. For the skunk, it read, “Sassy Sal.”

The sound of gears followed as they looked at one another. Name tags, company hats, familiarity with Roy, free food (it was free, right?), other things... yes, yes it all made it sense.

Sal bellowed out a loud laugh and scooted out of the booth. Slipping out, his belly bumped against Roy’s, the beaver chuckling. Sal saluted him, declaring, “Youse got it, boss! Right on it, boss man!”

“Can do, boss man!” Tyler added, scooting out and belly bumping as well. The tiger smiled and also asked, “Saaaay, before we gets off break, howse about an after-break pizza?”

Roy shook his head and poked them both in the belly, the skunk and tiger giggling. “Nos can do! Youse can eat on yours own time or fors any customer who can’t finish deir pizza.”

“Awww, but all customers do dat, even if dey’s don’t dink dey wills at first!” Sal grumbled.

“Rules are rules! Now, Sal, back ta waiterin’ ‘nd Tyler, get back ta makin’ dem fine pizzas ands other gud foods!”

“Yes, boss!” The two declared, doing another salute. The two looked at each other one final time and gave each other a big **SMOOCH**. Hearts floating off their heads, Tyler strutted over to the kitchen, disappearing into it. Sal watched his boyfriend’s butt wiggle and shake until it was out of sight.

Sal smirked and headed to the front to wait for customers. In the back of his mind, there was still this lingering thought, one that refused to go away. There was just something off about everything, something wrong.

But more than ever, Sassy Sal the Skunk shoved it from his mind. Why would anything be wrong?

Everything was great for Sal. He had a great job at a great, tasty pizzeria where he could help fill up customers and watch them grow to appreciate the heavy, big things in life. He just had a great, tasty lunch. Most importantly, the lunch was made by his loving boyfriend (part of it at least), who also worked with him at the same place!

Was there really anything more that a toon could possibly want? This was the life! The big, chubby, heavy life and he wouldn’t change it for the world.

THE END