

Pizza O'Clock: **Goin' Ape for Deliveries**

Chapter 2

By: Firingwall

The New Job

“Hiya, toots! Youse da one helpin’ us today?”

Beatrice couldn’t answer that even if she wanted to. The moment the guy’s mouth opened, an intense, gag-inducing scent blasted her nose. It reeked of old cheese, countless pizzas of varying toppings, and intense cigar smoke. She was sure the scent would burn her nose if she got any closer to him.

“Yessir, Mr. McOrckee!” Cassidy answered for her, patting Beatrice on the shoulder. “This here is Beatrice, your newest employee!”

God, I wish I was selling ice cream right about now. In hindsight, perhaps selling frozen desserts with a bunch of bubbly, busty toon gals wouldn’t have been so bad. They were at least all cheery, upbeat, used mouthwash, and smelled like they showered often.

Here though? She was stuck in the pizza industry with toons of far girthier proportions. Besides Cassidy, all she saw since they arrived were big, fat anthro guys, all of which smelled of sweat, Italian food, or tobacco.

The two of them were at Pizza O’Clock, a toon pizzeria that the coven had recently partnered with on some projects. The witches were in the office of Hefty McOrckee, the orca owner of the establishment. He sat behind his desk while beside him was Memphis Ratterton, the just smidgen smaller rat manager.

The duo toons were busy smoking cigars as Cassidy made the introductions and talked. Despite the scent and breath coming off of them, the head witch didn’t seem to notice it. It was almost unbelievable that she never gagged once.

Also, perhaps it was Beatrice, but Cassidy appeared to be talking directly at the rat toon more than the orca. Despite even saying Hefty’s name, her eyes were oddly focused on the heavysset rodent. The rat in turn seemed to be focusing his attention on her a lot too, smiling in a rather peculiar, affectionate way.

“So!” Cassidy spoke, catching Beatrice’s attention. “My associate here is yours! She’ll help you with whatever position you need filled. Anything at all, I’m sure she’ll be able to do after spending some “expanding” time here!”

“Well, dat’s great ta hear!” Hefty said with a bright smile as he took out his cigar. **“She’ll be per-fect for sum pizza deliveries! We’s finally started doin’ dat now dat we have enough fans ands peoples knowin’ about us!”**

Beatrice managed to finally chime in for the first time. “Shouldn’t you use someone who works here already to do that?”

Memphis fielded that. **“Wells, all ours employees already has deir own jobs dat needs doin’. Can’t take dem away from dat! So, you’lls bes doin’ it! Plus, it’ll be super it easy! Afteralls, youse gals came up with dem solutions and ideas for ours deliveries!”**

He eyed Cassidy as he said that, the head witch smiling proudly.

“Well then, you got everything already in mind and set here. I’ll be off!” Cassidy spoke, snapping her fingers. Behind her, a magical doorway appeared suddenly. “Lots of work to get done and all of that! I’ll be back later after Bea’s shift is done to pick her up!”

With that, Cassidy turned and left through the doorway, vanishing behind her. Beatrice was left alone with the two toons, who were chatting amongst themselves about their plans now. All the formerly powerful woman could do was sigh and wish she could leave through her own magical doorway.

“Youse must be so excited!” Memphis chuckled, **“You’lls bes a pioneer! Pizza O’Clock’s first pizza delivery driver!”**

The two had left the owner’s office and had traveled down to the kitchen to begin prep work. A bull and toucan toon were busy cooking and preparing different meals, moving at speeds that were quite impressive despite their bulk. Beatrice dodged a few times to avoid being run over by them in their haste.

“Yeah, sure.” Beatrice sarcastically answered. “Great honor, whatever. Listen, I have no experience at all with driving, let alone deliveries. Isn’t there something else I can do that would be less of a pain, for all of us?”

“Nope!” Memphis shook his head firmly, opening up a cabinet. **“Ya lack tooniness ands propah speed ta work in da restaurant!”** He stroked his chin. **“Dough, maybe later youse can if ya still wanna!”**

“Anywho, let’s get downs ta business!” Memphis took out a large, bright red and green pizza delivery bag. He plopped it down on a nearby counter, the bull in the room noticing and quickly stuffing pizza boxes into it. Despite how many he shoved in, the bag never seemed to bulge and swell.

Beatrice looked at the bag. “So, bottomless bag or something? Can’t you toons just pull things from behind your back whenever you want to? Seems unnecessary.”

The rat shook a finger at her. **“Na-ah! We silly beings can’t just pull out pizzas likes dat! Pizzas people ordah are specially made with specific toppings ands stuff. All we’s can pull out are generic pepperoni pizzas, which are yummy, but not everybuddy wants dat.”**

He gave the bag a gentle pat. **“Danks to your greenie friends, we’s nows has da pizza bag teleporter! One of dese in da kitchen ands one of dese in da car! Shove a box ins it, youse dink ‘bout what da customer needs, ands youse pull out da box youse need in da car! So simple ands youse don’t need ta keep returnin’ back heres fors more!”**

“Yeah, simple, right.” Beatrice did have to admit, it was a pretty good system. It could revolutionize food deliveries all over. *Pffft, of course Cassidy would sell it to a bunch of dummies like these guys. We could make a fortune if we sold it to a bigger-*

“Okays, youse got da basic idea, time ta get ya outta heres!”

“W-wait, I have quest-” Memphis hurried Beatrice out of the kitchen and towards a backdoor.

Through it, they stepped outside behind the building where an old brown car was waiting. It was fairly large with wide, leather seats and a big steering wheel. This was definitely made for one of the heavier set toons at the building and **definitely** not for her absolutely miniature by comparison body.

Memphis pulled out a set of keys and opened its doors. He pushed her close for a better look as he got around the other side. **“Here’s our pizzamobile with alls da works!”** He opened the glove box, revealing a fax machine that somehow had been stuffed into it. **“Here’s where you’lls get da receipts ands ordahs! Keep dis open at all times whiles ya work!”**

The rat knocked on the screen above the gear shift, which lit up and revealed a map of the area. **“Here’s yours GPS. Plug in yours address and you’lls never be lost!”** Lastly, he patted the pizza box on the passenger seat. **“Ands youse knows what dis is! I’s says you’re all set!”**

“And I disagree!” Beatrice huffed, backing away. “Like, seriously, you guys run a business! You can’t be this dim! Isn’t there some bit of training before I’m tossed in the deep end like this?!”

“Nope!” Memphis smiled brightly, taking a puffing on his cigar. **“You’lls be fine!”**

“Isn’t the fact that I can’t drive a car or never had a single driving lesson in my whole life a problem too?” The witch rubbed her face. “Hell, I haven’t even touched a car before! I use magic to teleport everywhere before all of this crap!”

The rat casually waved his gloved paw. **“Not a prob! You’lls get da hang of it right away!”**

Oh my god, this is crazy. Beatrice hunched over. *I’ve been given an impossible task and no one seems to see the problem with it! As soon as I get my magic back, I’m going to make Cassidy and everyone of these doofuses pay!*

“Oh! Almost forgot!” Memphis reached behind his back and pulled out a baseball cap similar to his own. It was bright blue with the phrase, “Pizza O’Clock” on it. **“Have your official cap! It’s tells everybuddy dat youse one of us!”**

A cold, uncomfortable shiver went up her spine. “No.”

“No?”

“No!” Beatrice pushed the cap away and turned around. “I won’t suffer anymore of this humiliation! I’m talking to the owner and seeing if there’s a better job than this!”

The witch marched back towards the building. She turned the doorknob and headed back inside.

“Welcome back!” Memphis declared with a cheesier grin than before. He held out the cap. **“Ready fors your shift?”**

“...wha?” Beatrice was back outside, facing the rat and the oversized car. She looked back towards the door she stepped through. She saw Memphis, the car, the hat, and everything else there too. She looked forward and then back again. The door was closed now.

I got no choice. I'm stuck. I'm frickin' stuck!

There was no way out of it. Beatrice was trapped. She was stuck working for a bunch of oversized, smelly toon guys as their delivery driver, despite having no experience with driving. She had no magic, no way home, and no way forward without more of a loss of her dignity.

“Fine.” Beatrice snatched the cap from Memphis and plopped it onto her head. It was definitely a few head sizes too big for her dome, even with all of her thick black hair. Though, it did feel a little weird, her head tingly and a bit itchy. *Ugh, I hope this was washed recently.*

“**Great! Here ya go!**” Memphis gave her the keys and stepped back from the car.

Without another thought, the witch casually got in and closed the door. The seat was even bigger than expected, making her feel so tiny in it. However, she casually adjusted her seat, the steering wheel, readjusted all of the mirrors, and started the engine up without missing a beat.

She sat there for a moment before she realized what she just did. She rolled down the window to ask the rat something when he interrupted. “**See? Dat hat is da hat of a true delivery man! You'lls be just fine, toots!**”

Beatrice frowned, leaning back in her seat. *Great, magic. Toon magic.* She rubbed her face. *Everyone gets to use magic, but me.* She scratched her head through her hat. *Ugh, is this what it's like when magic is used on you? I don't like it.*

She shook her head, rolling the window back up. *Whatever. Let's get this over with and move on. Jump through a ton of stupid hoops and then I'll get my powers back.*

With that, the witch did her best to ignore her anger and frustrations as a fax receipt popped out of the glove box. She gave it a look and typed the address into the GPS. Her destination popped up, and her first delivery began.

Putting it into drive, Beatrice backed out and drove away without any incident. She saw Memphis one final time in the rearview mirror, saluting her before vanishing out of sight.