

PIZZA O'CLOCK: RABBIT YEAR SPECIAL

By: Firingwall

“Yelloooooooooo! chunky from Pizza O'clock here! Youse da lady dat ordah dese pizzas?”

“Ummm, yes?” Mumba was staring up at a large, looming figure at the doorway of the theater. It was a gorilla. In particular, it was a wide, bulging, black with bluish tint-furred gorilla toon.

Resting comfortably on his palm were four, also large, pizza boxes balanced. The toon flashed her a dumb but professional smile. **“Here's ya go! chunky hope preddy lady likes dah pizzas! Pizzas good!”**

“Riiiiight.” Mumba the Mischievous was no ordinary “preddy” lady. She was a magical woman with light, sky-blue skin, not a stranger to the unusual and the bizarre. She worked as a stage magician traveling the country, employing both tricks of the eye and real magic together in her acts.

The sight of the large toon, and toons in general, was not strange in the strange world she lived and performed in. Still, their aura was fairly odd from most things she knew. There was such chaotic, yet friendly energy to them that just made them feel off.

Regardless, a delivery man was still a delivery man and deserved something nice for such a speedy arrival. She reached into her jacket pocket and handed him a fifty, the gorilla smiling pleasantly.

Don't forget, Mumbie, big toons loooove a good “food” tip too.

Riiiiight. The words of her cousin flashed briefly in Mumba's mind as she pulled out her wand. She whisked it once and some coupons she kept in the kitchen appeared. She handed them to the gorilla. “So ah... how about some extra coupons for discounts on Pop-Tarts as a bonus?”

The toon's expression lit up. He looked far more excited by those than the large bill he was just handed. He handed the pizzas to her and snatched up the coupons. **“Ooooh! chunky knows what chunky's brunch snacks wills be! chunky happy! Dank you, preddy lady!”**

“Sure thing, Chunky.” Mumba stepped back into the closed theater, the gorilla closing the door as she left.

She took her huge bounty through the auditorium and over to the lounge area of the building. It was a fancy-looking room with an elegant dining setup and bar. The greasy food contrasted harshly with the design of the place, standing out like a sore thumb as she slid the boxes onto the bar. Though, it wasn't like anyone would care.

The whole theater was deserted. It was a pleasure to be back in her hometown with her magical troupe in their own building. They usually ended up renting out entire buildings as they traveled for privacy. But, there truly was no place like home.

And after months of traveling, it was time to relax and treat everyone to a good time. As childish as it may seem, a pizza party was always something everyone loved. The troupe loved their pizzas.

Plus, it wasn't like the calories or grease would make a dent in them. They were magically infused and powerful blue ladies with stunning curves and figures. Any fat just burned off or went into select areas.

Oh! Mumba felt a drip of drool running down her face. She brushed it away and chuckled. Holding all of those pizzas so close to her, with their scrumptious aroma, got to her. It made her unconsciously drool at the scent.

She wiped her mouth and took a look at the boxes. Mumba wasn't exactly familiar with Pizza O'Clock. She had never heard of the chain before during her travels. She only knew about it thanks to her more witchy cousin, Cassidy.

The green lady had insisted that the magician check the place out as both a big fan and someone who had helped them in the past. *Oh, their pizzas are so amazing! They just fill you to the top! I'll never go back to those boring company chains again, I tell ya!*

Also, you just have to trrrrry their Year of the Rabbit special! Trust me, you and your magical girl troupe would love it! Mumba assumed it was a joke with magicians, rabbits, and all of that dumb junk.

Still, she took her cousin's advice and ordered the pizzas for everyone. She spent a moment conjuring up some plates and napkins at the bar. *Hope Cass is right about this. The girls are very particular about their pizzas.*

She looked back at the boxes, letting some of the fumes come to her again. She felt a bit of drool come from her mouth once more, quickly wiping at it. *Well, at least they smell good.*

There was a low gurgle from her stomach. She felt empty. The smell was making her hungry, even a little antsy right then. Part of her wanted to dig right in, start chewing away at the slices there.

A hand started moving towards the top box, but she yanked it back. *I shouldn't. It wouldn't be polite, right? I should wait for everyone to get here.*

Her nose twitched, the fumes flowing into it. She bit down on her bottom lip, her body naturally leaning towards it and her hand reaching again. The scent was enticing, hypnotic. She couldn't resist it. She needed to eat a slice.

Her hand gripped the top box. *It's not a big deal, right? It's all harmless. We'll joke about it and whatnot. It won't hurt to, like, just have a taste.*

Mumba opened the lid. A huge burst of hot, cheese-scented steam flowed straight into her face. Her nose eagerly, greedily sniffed it up despite her usual restraint. Doing so, curiously, its pigment turned pink at the tip. The skin turned a tad bumpy too.

She rubbed her mouth before further leakage could occur and looked at the actual pizza. It was a Veggie Lover's as she thought. *Bell peppers, broccoli, tomatoes... think that's kale and spinach. The whole works!*

Mumba wasn't much on pizzas loaded with vegetables. She was a meat eater through and through. However, between its scent and looks, it was making her hungrier. It looked like one of those perfect pizzas made for commercials, just crafted in a way that made one's stomach rumble like hers did.

Her stomach cried out again, begging to be fed. She couldn't resist it. She reached in and took one of the slices carefully. Pulling it out, loads of pizza grease dripped and stained her professional, slim gloves. *Tsk, shoulda took those off first.*

Another gurgle pulled her mind from that minor frustration, reminding her what was truly important. It wasn't important that the grease had stained her gloves. It wasn't important that her handwear absorbed the mess. It wasn't important that they were changing either.

Her gloves were looking off. They were made from leather only seconds before but now looked more like soft cotton. There were cuffs to them, ones that were thick and plush. The coloration wasn't grayish-white, but snow-white. They were even a bit bigger.

But again, that wasn't important. What was important was the pizza slice.

She opened her mouth slowly and put the piece in. She began to bite down. **SPROING!** Her top two front teeth shot down, turning wider, longer, and thicker. They were white before due to all her hard work of brushing, but now they were pearly, gleaming white.

They sliced through the tip of the slice before she could even finish biting down. She closed her mouth, her two teeth popping out of her maw and over her bottom lip like an animal. When she began to chew though, they cartoonishly vanished from sight. Once she finished, the overbite returned.

Oooh! Mumba's eyes widened. *Ooooooh!* She smiled. *So... soooo tasty!*

Gulp! She swallowed. Her stomach rumbled and bubbled, though quietly. Its toned, flat figure lost a bit of shape. It grew ever pudgier, quite soft to the touch.

Cass' onto something about this pizza! Mumba eagerly took another bite, clenching the pizza tighter as more grease and even sauce dripped onto her gloves. Like before, they happily soaked up the substance into them. They began to grow, swelling and doubling in size.

Mumba chewed the newest chunk up, soaking in its taste, its flavor. Were veggie pizzas usually this good or was Cassidy right about the pizzeria being special?

GULP! POOOOF. Down went that and out popped something. Right above her rear, a puffy ball of fluff appeared. It was bright white and soft like cotton.

She did not wait or think, chomping through the rest of the slice. More grease and debris cloaked her gloves and more they soaked up.

As they plumped up, nearly triple their original size, something shifted in them. The material turned extra soft, almost as soft as marshmallows. **Pop-pop!** Her pinkie fingers wiggled and shook, vibrating until they suddenly vanished. The rest of her digits swelled to take up the new room that had opened up.

Mumba gnawed and chewed through the crust, finishing up her slice. Her figure shivered, growing itself now. Her shoulders looked a tad broader, her waist no longer as narrow. Her stomach, once toned to Hollywood perfection, appeared soft and raised.

Mmmm, that's the stuff! The magician licked her lips and stretched her arms and legs, her shoes pinching her toes. *That slice was delicious! Yeah, definitely gonna have to order more from this place in the future!*

She looked at the pizza with a smile. *Everyone is gonna love this! It soooo blows every other joint we visited out of the water.*

She reached for the box's top to close it. *Better save the rest for later!*

Just as her fingers brushed the box, her hand immediately darted down and grabbed another slice. **Slurp!** A cartoonish pink tongue ran out of her mouth. *Well, it's not like the gals would expect any less of me!*

Mumba snickered. She did eat a lot after all. Right? She ate a lot, and her colleagues often joked about how much she did, saying their food budget was high thanks to her.

Though, on the other hand, it didn't feel quite right either. She didn't eat that much fatty food or pizza. She didn't snack all the time or usually have a whole pizza to herself. None of that felt right, but it also did too?

She rubbed her head. *Ugh, getting a headache.* Her shoes felt tighter than before. *Better eat. That always helps.*

She chomped through her new slice faster than before. She tensed up, quivering. It tasted better than before! Was it the amount of veggies? Was it the ratio of cheese and sauce on this piece? She did not know, but she loved it.

Her body loved it too, vibrations breaking out. Her feet shook and wobbled, the caps bulging out into three bumps. Her waistline widened further than before, losing its hourglass curve. Her stomach swelled and pushed against her corset, blooming into a muffin top.

Even her face wasn't free from it. Her high cheekbones faded as her cheeks swelled, getting wider and rounder. She began to develop a very subtle double chin. Thin hairs poked out on either side of her nose, growing into long whiskers.

CHOMP! She finished the crust and rubbed her face. *Mmmm, pizza so good! Pizza so yummy in my tummy... I mean, it's delightful and scrumptious! I can't believe pizza is making me feel so bubbly, giddy, and-*

POP-SPROING! Her eyes grew large as her head shot down. Her right shoe had burst into pieces. A long, three-toed, snow-white furred bunny foot had blown right out of it.

Her heart was beating fast; her right eye twitching. Tension was filling her very soul. Everything felt so- **POP-SPROING!** There went the other shoe, toes popping out first as the rest of the shoe became confetti.

With it, her heart slowed and tension waned. She let out a long sigh. *There goes some good shoes.* She rubbed her face. *But... shoulda expected this. Like my feet could fit into those things anyways. No shoe could fit my big hoppers!*

Mumba let out a chuckle, but, internally, she winced. That sounded wrong, more wrong than eating a lot. She always wore shoes. She loved her dress shoes, slippers, and high heels. They helped add to her style and look.

But even as she thought about that, her memories grew hazy and off. In some of them, she saw her normal heels. In others... in most, she saw herself walking with big bunny feet. She moved around like they were the most natural thing, even doing a few bounces and hops.

Definitely something off here. Mumba knew her magic. When things started feeling wrong, she needed to act on them. *This all... this all started when I had some pizzas. Things started... started feeling off in my head.* She nodded, closing her eyes and thinking harder. *Okay, no more pizza then, obviously.*

Her nose twitched, sniffing the air. Her eyes opened. There was a new slice in her hand already.

A shiver went up her spine, her buck teeth biting into her bottom lip. *Shouldn't eat this.* Her nose sniffed. *Probably shouldn't eat this.* Her nose sniffed harder. *Maybe shouldn't eat this.*

SNORT. *It does smell reeeeeeeal good!* Her nose swelled, turning pinker and rounder. It jutted out into an ovalish snoot. *Maybe... maybe it wouldn't hurt to have another bite.* **SNORT.** The philtrum between her nose and top lip grew deeper and shifted, looking more animal-like.

Yeah, something that smells this good can't be bad. Mumba began eating once again.

And like before, she grew. Her figure was getting wider, her breasts stretching out on her widening chest and losing shape. Her torso packed on the pounds as her corset tightened, straining to hold back her increasing weight. Her arms and legs pudged up as well, losing their fitness and daintiness. White hairs began popping out on them.

Mumba shifted a tad as she ate. Every time she moved her arms, her jacket sleeves seemed to tighten around them. *Umm... She finished the crust, sucking her fingers. Did I leave my stuff in the washer and dryer too long... again?*

She bonked her head. *Gees, I can be so forgetful and such a dummy sometimes!*

Dummy. Mumba paused. *Dummy.* Her head tilted. *I'm a... dummy?* She scratched her chin. *Dumb. Dumb. A **big, dumb** dumb!*

Maybe I am dumb. Mumba nodded. *I am pretttty dumb for eating pizza even dough it might be a problem! I'm kinda dumb. Dumbly **dumb dumb-***

The magician smacked her head and snorted. *Get ahold of yourself with these silly thoughts! I'm not dumb! I'm totally not dumb! Why do I think I'm dumb? I can totally stop eating whenever I want and prove I'm not dumb!*

SNARF-GULP! *After this one!* Mumba slammed down another slice, almost inhaling it that time.

Her body let out a low but far more happy-sounding **GUURGLE** this time. The woman's body quaked and began to inflate further, gaining pound after pound. Her face especially got it, her cheeks swelling wider and rounder. They even stretched out from her head cartoonishly.

More hairs sprouted on her limbs, compacting together and hiding her blue complexion. They spread across her skin swiftly, moving onto her shoulders. It wasn't merely hair anymore, but fur.

Slurp! Her tongue went across her face. *Yeah! I'm not **sum dumb** guy... dumb gal!* Mumba nodded, finding her confidence again. "I'm just hungry! I'm a hungry gal! I'll stop after I'm done 'cause I'm smart!"

In went another slice of the ever-decreasing pizza. Mumba devoured it happily, thinking about how smart and not dumb she was. She knew where her limit was and where to stop eating this mysterious pie!

As the latest piece went away, her hips and thighs getting especially chunky now, everything felt tight. It was as if every single piece of clothing she wore was a size too small. Her stockings, corset, jacket, and even her skirt were wrong. It especially didn't help with her skirt shrinking and hugging her thighs tightly.

Mumba let out a deep sigh after finishing. She looked down again at herself, her hands resting on her tummy. She was wide and heavy. Her curvy body was now a different kind of curvy and thick. She was plain fat... and fuzzy.

Oh no... Mumba rubbed her head. I... I think I ate too much. The pizza is definitely... definitely doing something. That smelly... delightful... yummy, grease treat is changing m-

“**BUUUUUURP!**” Her pupils dilated, shockwaves running from her mouth and across her entire body. The waves came to rest in her tummy, causing it to jerk forward. It ballooned, growing even rounder and wider than before, giving her a huge gut.

Tight... tightness... Mumba’s eyes swirled. *So tight... overwhelming.* Her hands squeezed her new belly. Hairs rose on the back of her neck, her eye returning to normal. She blinked several times, shaking her head.

The magician looked back at herself and let out a hard huff. “Huh... **beddah** fix this clothing prob. Can’t worry or think about chub until fixed!”

Mumba reached into her jacket and pulled out her wand. She held it up and was about to whisk it when she looked at it. It was orange with a green tip. *Huh... this looks wrong. Wasn’t it... wasn’t it black with a white tip?*

She scratched her head before smiling. She chuckled, “I’m such a dummy!” She flipped it around, holding it by the green end. “Ya holding it **wrong, ya dumb bun!**”

I’m not a dumb bun! Humph! I’m not some dumb gal or... whatev! She snorted, her mouth twisting into a frown. *I mean, would a dummy dumb bun be able to do this?*

With a whisk of the wand, orangish sparks flew off of it. The lights spun around her body and broke apart, going into each piece of clothing. A warm, comforting feeling filled her as the tightness faded.

Her clothing grew and changed. Her opened jacket remained the same, only going up a few sizes to fit her frame. Her skirt reshaped itself into a pair of black dress shorts, while also somehow softer. Her stockings vanished completely.

Her corset took the biggest change. The material turned to soft cotton, feeling pleasant on her fuzzy skin, and more elastic. It stretched upwards, covering her breasts, and wrapped around her collar and shoulders for a neck-hole and small sleeves. It stayed white, but something appeared in its center, a logo.

It read, “Buns with Best Buns”.

Mumba nodded at herself. Everything felt and looked fine now, that tension and constriction long gone. However, her eyes stayed on that logo. She said quietly, “Buns with Best Buns.”

“Buns with Best Buns.” It felt off. “Buns with Best Buns.” A free hand slid over and grabbed yet another slice. “Buns **with Best Buns.**” She bit into it and started eating.

*I do have the **best buns.*** Mumba shivered, licking her chops. As she took another bite, her hand went down to her rear. She placed it on a cheek and squeezed.

It brought quivers. Her face turned red, her eyes in a happy daze. As her hand groped, her rear began to swell. What once was bubbly and firm sagged and fattened. It grew wider and heavier, still shapely. Part of her butt popped out of her shorts, showing some big crack.

Mumba bit her bottom lip. *Mah buns are the best buns.* Her toes curled. ***All da girls love giving it a good smack!*** Her troupe appeared in her mind. Starling, June, the rest. All of them smiling and occasionally giving her fat ass a good smack and grope.

Mumba’s pupils dilated. ***All da boys love givin’ it a good smack!***

The visions shifted. Her troupe was gone. There were toons now, all of which were fat bunnies. They were smiling, laughing, and slapping her rear. They were all somehow familiar to her.

Regardless, the thought brought some joy and warmth.

No! Mumba shook her head hard and slammed the rest of the slice down. *All wrong; all completely wrong! No one loves giving my **lovely, fat butt** a feel!* White fur began to coat all of her face, cloaking the last trace of her magically blue skin.

Gotta fix this! Mumba lifted and swung her wand again. No sparks came out this time, her shirt wiggling by itself instead. White turned to a pale pink, its hem rising. The hem rose higher, no longer fully covering her stomach and resting now above her belly button.

The biggest thing though was the logo. It had changed, saying something new. Her eyes widened as she read it aloud. “Daddy **Rabbit?**”

Another huff left the frustrated woman. “**Daddy Rabbit?! I’m not a rabbit!**” She took another slice casually and started chewing on it, still talking. Her words came out garbled and messy, but they translated to: “**Sure, I’s got big feet, white fuzz, and a cute cotton tail, but I’s ain’t no bunny bun!**”

“**BUUUUUURP!**” Her pupils dilated yet again. A goofy grin came to her grease, sauce-covered lips. *Heh, I am pretty great, big daddy though~.*

CHOMP! She devoured the rest of the slice. The magician wobbled and shook, the dazed look remaining on their face.

All at once, they inflated. They went up to over six feet tall. Their frame grew even wider and heavier, giving their gut even more room to grow. Their arms and legs swelled to match, having doubled their original size. Their breasts drooped and widened, losing shape and looking more akin to moobs.

Heheh, Mumba chuckled internally as they sucked their fingers free of grease, *yeah... I am a big daddy. No kids, but I do got the looks and figure for one.* A devious grin crossed their mug, their hand going lower and casually scratching their crotch. *Yeah... BIG figure!*

With a bit of a tremble, a low **fsssssst** was heard. Where the hand scratched, the area bulged and rose like bread. It swelled and swelled, getting more protruding by the second. Soon, it was like he stuffed a coconut in his shorts.

His gloves slapped across his wide cheeks, rubbing giddily. *Big daddy. Everybuddy wuuubs me!*

In his mind, he could see them again. He could see his lovely troupe of blue magician gals all with him, crowding and loving him. He was like a parent figure in a way when he thought about it. He watched over them, taught them how to use their spells and dazzle audiences, and most importantly, achieve their proper bun bod like his!

SLURP! He lapped up the remaining sauce on his face. **BOING!** His face shot forward, forming a cute bunny muzzle. **Fsss-OOP!** His short white hair was sucked up into his top hat, making it look like he was bald, if not for his white fur.

“Mumba” stretched his arms and rolled his shoulders. Scratching his gut, he let out a low chuckle. *Heheh, I’s has been doin’ a gud job! All dem folk comin’ ta me, needin’ help ands wantin’ ta be proper fat buns like me!*

Even Jessie! His mind went to his normal, white rabbit girl assistant who helped with the animal acts. She came to him wanting to be part of something bigger! So, he helped her quite literally!

Heh, she's soooo big ands heavy and... oh! He smacked his head. *HE'S so big! Gotta 'member proper pronouns! I's may be a dumb bun, but I's a respectful dumb bun!*

Suddenly, the bunny's head throbbed. He hunched forward, rubbing his forehead. *Uuugh, sumdin'... something ain't right! Something is wrong.*

His eyes gazed over at the pizza box. There was still a slice left. *Probably... probably should stop eating it right...*

GUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRGLLLLLEEEEE! His irises turned black, his pupils turning into black dots as his eyes grew very white. *Nah-ah!* He shook his head. *I'm... I'ms almost done! It be rude not ta finish!*

Also... The toony figure looked at his shirt. *Maybe da shirt is wrong? Maybe need another change!*

Another whisk of the wand and there his shirt went again. It shrunk even more, his belly left out in the open and exposed. It barely even covered the tip top of it.

A new logo took over. *"I <3 Belly Rubs!"* Mumba chuckled. *"Darn tootin', I's do!"*

This shirt captured him better than the rest. Sure, his buns were great and he was a pretty delightful bunny daddy, but he loooooooooooved his belly rubs. He loved his troupe putting their thick, gloved mitts on it and rubbing it. He loved casually rubbing, groping, bouncing, and shaking it as well. He loved big bellies with all his heart!

He grabbed the last slice and inhaled it, content and happy as could be. **BOING!** Chomping into it, his ears, the last remaining trace of his humanity, shot up and out like rockets. They stretched several feet long, growing white fur outside and pink inside. They went up high before shrinking a little and falling forward, landing on his chest all droopy.

GULP! *"BUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRPPPPP!"* The entire room rattled and shook, chairs bouncing around and leaving their posts. The chandelier swung wildly about overhead. Glasses and bottles threatened to fall off the shelves of the bar, teetering close to the edge.

“Bwahahahah!” The rabbit chortled, smacking the bar with a loud THUD! He scratched his tummy as he leaned against the bar. “Awwwww, nuthin’ like a guuuud pizza ta put ya in da mood! I’m feelin’...”

He glanced at the stack of pizzas beside him. Ignoring the box he'd just finished, there were about four left. “I’m feelin’ blue!”

His mojo was gone, the room growing chilling as he lowered his head. “Dang it! I’m such a dumb bun!” Looking at the food, there really was only enough for just him. The rest of the troupe was going to need a lot more than five measly large pizzas to fill their fat guts!

He felt especially down thinking more about it. Everyone had done a fantastic job on tour! Audiences all over loved seeing magical toon bunny guys. Despite their girth, they had such an energetic, bouncy personality and aura, making every trick and show a silly joy! The team deserved the biggest pizza party of all!

Still time! The head bunny thought, nodding. *I’s can still call Pizza O’clock ands ordah a ton more pizzas in noes time! Bet dat gorilla wills be happy ta bring more, especially when I throw in sum extra special coupons fors cupcakes I’s been savin’ up!*

“Mumba” chuckled, saying, “Okie-dokie! I’s got a plan! Let’s do-”

NO!

As he reached into his pocket to pull out his phone, a loud voice echoed. *This is wrong! This isn’t me at all!*

The bunny toon looked around. He was still alone as far as he could tell. “Who said dat?”

I said that!

The voice was louder and also clearer. It was echoing within his head.

Hmmm... The bunny closed his eyes.

The toon reopened them, finding himself in a dark void of a room. Across from him was a pretty-looking lady with blue skin and short white hair. She wore a lovely outfit with a white corset, professional skirt, heels, jacket, and even a top hat.

The bunny smiled and clapped. *Oh! A fellow magician! Howse it goin', Blueie?*

The magician woman frowned, shaking her head. *We gotta stop this! Don't you see? Everything is wrong! You've turned into a fat rabbit toon! We have to get you back to normal.*

The bunny's head tilted, question marks floating off his head. *Me? Not normal?* He huffed and frowned, shaking his fuzzy face. *Dis, alls of dis is normal!* He playfully smacked his belly, letting his blubber jiggle. *I ain't nobuddy else!*

The lady felt familiar as if he had seen her before. However, he couldn't imagine that. He never hung out with any scrawny ladies before. And on that note, the sight of her was depressing. It barely looked like she ate at all and if she did, all that fat went into her chesticles!

The woman's frown only grew. She gripped her forehead, moaning out of irritation. *Don't you get it, you big, fat dummy! I'm you, you're me! You're not supposed to be like that! You're supposed to be me!*

Now, it was true the bunny was fairly dim in a lot of ways. However, even if he was bright, that still wouldn't have made any sense to him. Question marks circled his head now as his jaw went slack. How could she possibly be him?

After mustering as much thought energy as he could, he managed to come to something. Stroking his chin, he gave another look over. *You me? Dat don't make no sense! I's mean, ya don't even have a cotton tail! Howse can youse be me?*

The blue woman twitched oddly, but only for a moment. Her cheeks went red as her hands clenched. *I... I do have a cotton tail!*

She turned around and flaunted her rear. There was indeed a cotton tail sticking between the top of her skirt and the hem of her jacket. She even wiggled, letting the tail shake.

We are the same, see? She turned back, looking at him urgently. *But, everything else is wrong! We gotta get you back to normal!*

The bunny remained lost, now stuck on the suddenly appearing tail. He supposed she was a pretty good magician like him after all. So, those were two things they had in common, but it still wasn't enough to convince him.

Frankly, at this point, his brain was short-circuiting trying to process everything going on. He tried breaking it down, narrowing his attention on one thing at a time. *Soooo, youse sayin' I need ta look like youse ta get back ta normal!*

The woman nodded. *Ah-huh, go with that!* She smiled, seemingly happy. *Now, we must think this over together! There has ta be a way to undo what the pizza has-*

Waaaaait, be likes youse? He needed to look more like her to be normal? Now everything felt up in the air as he looked at her again. *But, I's already has dose big feet!*

The woman looked down at her huge, bare bunny feet with three toes and white fur. She casually bounced on them in place before looking at him. *Well, sure! But I mean everything else-*

Ands dose ears too!

The lady reached up and played a little with her flopsy, white bunny ears. *We do have sum... some similar traits, but not all! Don't you understand?!*

Wells, I's understand dat we must has a lot mores den! The rabbit nodded. *If youse me ands I'ms youse, youse must has a big, chunky butt!* The woman twitched again, biting her bottom lip. *Yeeeeeeah, and youse must like havin' it slapped, touched, ands bumped, right?*

She looked behind herself and turned around. Sure enough, she has a thick, chubby butt attached to rather wide hips and thick thighs. *Well... I suppose I do have a fat ass.*

She suddenly slapped it, quivering. She turned around, twiddling her thick, gloved fingers. *B-b-but... who doesn't like a big gloved hand givin' one's fat ass a good smack every once in a while, riiight?*

The rabbit smiled, nodding. *Ands I's like eatin'! Youse look like a big, BIG eater likes me!*

The chubby lady blushed but smiled weakly. *Sure! I do likes my breakfast, lunch, brunch, snacks, dinner, after-dinner snacks, and midnight snacks!* She rubbed her chubby, fuzzy cheeks. *Eatin' is wonderful!*

And belly rubs and pats! The rabbit's eyes gleamed with delight. *I's bet youse love dose too, riiri-*

I's looooooove belly rubs and pats! The woman blurted out, standing at the same height and width as him now. *Annnnds, I's loooooove belly bumps too!* She demonstrated, shoving out her stomach with a heavy thrust, a huge gut almost jiggling out of her "Belly is Life" t-shirt.

Belly bumps are great! But dey ain't da best bumps! He thrust his crotch out, groping his large coconut-sized package. *Bump bumps are great too!*

Y-yeah~. The lady snickered, groping her equally large bulge as well. *Love mah bump bump, especially in bed with-*

Mah big-bellied, bestie bunny buds?

Yeah! The two sighed dreamily together, cartoony thought balloons floating off their heads and showcasing handsome, chubby bunny toons.

After a bit of daydreaming, something occurred to the rabbit. He looked at the figure across from him, appraising them and reflecting on everything that was said. *Hmmm... So, what am I's supposed to be?*

Huh? The equally furry, chubby fellow asked, snapping out of their daydreaming.

Youse said I's need ta be you... but youse just like me!

Wells... ah...

Youse just a big, dumb daddy bun toon likes me, ain't ya?

Ahhhh... no? The new bunny scratched the tip of his muzzle. *Like, dat's not it! I'm... I'm ah... I'm not a dumb daddy bun like youse! I's... I'ms normal! I's has a totally normal name!*

Oh! What's dat?

The new bunny grinned, proudly pushing out his tummy. *Da name is Manny Bunnerhop da Magical Wideload! Youse talkin' to da bestest magician 'round!*

Manny smiled and clapped. *Heeeeeeeey, dat's me too!*

Manny 2 gasped. *Reeeeeeeally? Huh! Small world, ain't it? Wells, small inside ya head dat is!* The two laughed and hugged.

The original Manny sighed and looked at his mind self. *Sooooos, I'ms still a little confused. What was youse talkin' 'bout before 'bout bein' normal?*

Huh... don't recall! The mind bunny shrugged. *Well, probably didn't maddah! Besides, youse got important dings ta do! Gotta call in more pizzas for da boys!*

“**Right!**” Manny’s eyes opened. He was back in the bar next to his personal stack of pizzas. He needed more on the double!

He yanked out an oversized, carrot-shaped toon phone from his pocket and flipped through his contacts. Good thing he had Pizza O’Clock saved! It would probably take forever for him to look up the number otherwise. He was such a dumb rabbit.

Dialing it in, he heard, “**Dis is Pizza O’Clock! Howse may I’s fill ya up today?**”

“**Heyo!**” Manny answered, “**I’s just got sum pizzas from your gorilla guy, but I’s need three dozen more! Dis is fors account, Manny Bunnerhop!**”

“**Hmmm... let’s see... ah! Here ya are! We’ll add the charge ta dere, ands we’ll send da usual over soon! Danks for orderin’ from Pizza O’Clock! Hope ya fill up with us soon!**”

Manny smiled and hung up. Pizza O’Clock was the best! They knew that a fat toon like himself didn’t want to wait long for his favorite pizzas, so they made the system for ordering so easy! The troupe and him would be pigging out soon enough.

The magician bun sighed, leaning against the bar again. He stretched his arms and yawned sleepily, scratching his tummy. He could see his favorite buns now, enjoying themselves as they devoured their extra large pizzas, paid for by him. He was the greatest boss!

At that moment, there was a sudden chill in the air. The rabbit stood back up and looked to his side. A doorway was now in the middle of the dining area, green mist seeping through it.

The door swung open, a green witch with short black hair stepping out. It wasn’t that unusual of a sight to the bunny magician. He had dealt with so many unusual folks in his time

that such a sight, even if unexpected, didn't phase him much. It was probably just another gal looking to be trained by him.

The door closed and vanished behind her. She snapped her fingers, two large, familiar pizza boxes appearing in her hands. She knew what he liked at least!

The witch looked around, calling out. “Hey cuz, I’m here! I brought more...” She turned and saw the large rabbit. She smiled, a chuckle leaving her. “Oh! Already started?”

Manny cocked an eyebrow. "Who are youse, lil' lady?"

The witch oddly looked at him. “Ahhh, your cousin, the one who recommended Pizza O’Clock to you in the first place? The reason you’re like that?”

That just made him confused again. Manny wasn't that dumb. He had a cousin, but it wasn't some scrawny, green-skinned witch.

It seemed like the witch noticed his befuddlement. She muttered, his ears picking up her low voice. “Hmm, that pizza must have been extra strong! Better...” She cleared her throat. ***“Beddah fix this!”***

She placed the pizzas on a table nearby and took a long deep breath. She rubbed her flat, toned stomach and closed her eyes. It looked like she was concentrating as hard as she could.

[illegible]

In the blink of an eye, the witch rapidly inflated and ballooned. Fat arms and legs burst through her sleeves and stockings. Her jacket exploded as her shoulderless dress rapidly shrunk down into a pair of boxers. Feet with two hoof toes burst through her shoes as chocolate-brown fur covered her form. She grew fatter and wider, hair vanishing and facial hair growing.

Eventually, as the last of the blech came out, a loud **SPROING** blared. A boar tail popped out above her wide, fat ass. A large bulge filled the crotch of her boxers. A strong, piggish muzzle pushed from her face.

Manny's eyes widened, looking at the large, fat, topless boar toon. "Wha?!" The boar laughed. "Porkchop, ya fatass trickster, youse! What youse doin' goin' 'round all girly likes?"

The boar sheepishly grinned. *“Oh, dunno.”* He playfully rubbed his belly. *“But it sure wasn’t fun not havin’ a big ol’ gut, dat’s fors sure!”*

“Is it evah?”

“Nope!” The two laughed and belly-bumped. Manny loved his cousin, Porkchop. The boar always knew the inside scoops on the best places to pig out at. Pizza O’Clock was one of them, currently dating the big rat manager of the local shop.

“Anywho!” The boar toon patted his pizza boxes. *“Swung over for da homecoming pizza party! Brought mah own!”* He smiled, looking over the bunny and poking the white belly. *“Sees ya already started dere!”*

“Ah-huh!” The rabbit giggled, swatting the hand away. *“Youse knows I’s can’t help it! Dat food constantly smellin’ good ta mah snoot always does me in!”*

Porkchop nodded and looked over at the bar. *“Hmmm, not many pizzas dere!”*

Manny chuckled. *“Sorry! Already ordah mores! Youse knows how dumb your bun cuz is!”*

“Heh, youse certainly are Mumba!” Porkchop winked.

“Huh?”

“Oh!” Porkchop chuckled, scratching the back of his head, *“Sorries! Forgah yours name dere!”*

“Heh, youse forget Manny Bunnerhop?” The rabbit shook his head, smacking the boar on the butt and getting an *OINK* out of him. *“Heh, whose da big dummy nows?”*

“Heheh, I’ms a big dummy, but not as big a dummy as youse are, Manny!” The boar snickered.

However, there was a look in his eye despite his jokey attitude. It was something that looked curious and almost unsure. *“Dat pizza youse eatin’ suuuuure is powerful, eh? Mind if I’s sees dah box?”*

“Sure!” Manny handed him the empty one. He knew Porkchop pretty well. If he gave him one of the full boxes, he would probably swallow it whole and burp out the empty container.

However, the boar didn’t even bother to open it. He actually read the labels on the side. *“Hmmm, Year of da Rabbit Special... oh! Says powerful head stuff... with da taste dat lasts all years long!”* His eyebrows raise. *“Ah-oh!”*

“Sunding wrong?”

For a moment, it did look like there was an issue. The boar looked concerned, looking at the box and then at Manny. It seemed like he wanted to say something, his fingers trembling.

However, it faded as fast. He smiled his usual, doofy grin and handed the box back. *“Ehhh, it’s nuthin’. Just seems likes youse gonna be big fors a while.”*

“As oppose ta what?” Manny shook his head. *“I’ms always big! Youse just bein’ silly nows, ya know! Da boys are gonna laugh at ya if ya keep bein’ dumber dan me!”*

The boar snorted, nudging him. *“Ain’t never gonna be dumber dan da likes you!”* He reached behind himself and pulled out a large phone of his own. *“Excuse me fors a sec!”*

As he began to dial, the door behind Manny swung open. The two toons looked over across the way, seeing the bunny’s troupe.

Well, they were sort of his troupe. They were all ladies, humans with blue-skin or regular, anthro girls. They were their old selves before they came to him, no longer several hundred pounds, soft, or as white as marshmallows.

Manny was confused. *Are dey practicin’ sum trick? Dey looks purdy confused!* He nodded. *Wells, beddah get sum food in dem! Dat always helps me!*

He didn't know when the gorilla delivery guy would be back, so he looked at his pizza stack. It would hurt not to eat it all, but he was a nice guy! It was better to share with his troupe than to hog it all to himself when they were presumably in need.

He took the top box and, with a speed unexpected from him, swiftly hurried over to them. Before any of the girls could react, he shoved a slice deep into their open maws. He hurried back to his spot just as they all chomped down at once.

A series of burps and stomach gurgles filled the air, white fur and weight following after. Manny smiled watching them all inflate. *"Dere we go! Sorries I's ate before ya, fellahs! Have a slice while we's wait on more ta come! Don't worry! We're gonna have da bestest, fattest pizza party homecoming evah!"*

"Oh my!" Manny turned, seeing that Porkchop was watching the whole scene as he talked. He noticed Manny and turned away from him, continuing his conversation. *"Hmmm, Memphis, youse beddah comes over nows! Oh... bring tons of pizzas too! Don't dink Manny got enough ta feed all dese hungry mouths!"*

The magician bunny grinned. His cousin was probably right. He probably didn't order enough pizzas even still. He was a great guy, looking out for him.

Manny looked back at his fattening troupe and great cousin. He was truly the luckiest bunny around. He was home with all his friends and family and they were going to be eating until the sun came back up. This was the best homecoming ever!

THE END?