

Pizza O'Clock: Busy Beaver Morning

By: Firingwall

Ring-a-ling! Bzzzzzzzt. Ring-a-ling! Bzzzzzzzzzt. Ring-a-ling! Bzzzzzzzzzt.

Hailey Jones groaned and rolled on her side away from her nightstand. *Uuuuugh, just... uuuuugh, five more... minutes.*

Her phone continued vibrating as sunlight drifted through the closed blinds of her bedroom's windows. It shook and rang its cheery, generic ringtone for another minute. The screen was lit, showing the phrase, "Morning Wake-Up Call!".

It stopped after a bit, and the screen went black. The phone laid still on the nightstand for a few moments after, like nothing had happened, before it jerked and twitched. Slowly, it began to expand. The black case it was in turned red, pizza stickers appearing on its back.

Once it finished growing, it remained still for a little while longer. Eventually, the screen turned on, showing a bright white void with a cartoon clock in its center. The phone lifted stiffly, like a vampire rising from its coffin to its feet in one smooth motion. It turned towards Hailey, as if it was staring at her.

It lifted onto one of its corners and slapped back down onto the wooden top. It repeatedly did so, like an impatient person tapping their foot. **Taptaptaptaptaptaptaptap.**

Her phone bounced into the air with a single leap and landed... well, floated above Hailey's head. It faced its screen fully at her, the clock on it beginning to speed up.

Then, a megaphone appeared. "BUSY BEAVER, BUSY BEAVER!" A robotic voice bellowed out, the same words scrolling by like a news ticker at the bottom. "Will you bother getting busy dis beeeeeU-tee-ful day before it becomes belated? BUSY BEAVER, BUSY BEAVER, move dat big, bouncy, bothersome butt of yours outta bed!"

And like that, the young woman's eyes weakly opened. A scowl formed, brow already furrowing. *Grrrrreeaaat.* She huffed. *Toon alarm. Just great.*

And when the toon alarm went off, that meant one thing to her. *Crap; it's my day to open early. Forgot about it.*

Seeming satisfied that she was awake and aware of her duties, the phone flew back and landed on the nightstand with a thud. The screen went off and all remained still. The phone did not return to its normal size however.

Hailey shifted onto her back slowly and sat back up. She blinked once, some of her senses and awareness slowly awakening. For one thing, she realized her glasses were still on, crooked and smudged from all of her tossing and turning.

Man, I went to bed late. She took them off and looked at them. I got to remember to take these off before bed. I don't want to damage them.

Not that it would be an issue today, right?

Right... right. Hailey slipped over to the side of the bed and put her glasses on the nightstand, scratching the side of her head. Her hand slid through her dirty brown blonde hair. Speaking of mess, her locks were all puffy and unkempt. It would take some serious brushing to get them looking presentable.

Though, again, it would hardly be an issue for that day.

Her arms reached high into the air, stretching slowly and quaking. Her jaw dropped low, cracking and popping slightly as a huge yawn followed. She muttered out some words to herself, "Time to get ready for today!"

With a smack of the lips and a few blinks, Hailey cleared her throat and took a deep breath. Her eyes closed as she exhaled. *Focus...*

Her small, dainty hands went to her stomach and pressed against the shirt covering it. *Focus.* Her fingers gently rubbed the partially flat area. *Focus...*

Her stomach bubbles, a low gurgle coming from it. *That's right. Let it all out!*

She opened her eyes. "Buurrrp!" Her throat felt hot as the gas escaped her mouth. It was a small belch, but there was something at the end of it. Something thick.

Hailey sat there and waited, hands at her sides. She sat there for a bit before looking at herself. *Hmm, not good enough. Might need to better coax it out.*

Things began again. She cleared her throat and took another deep breath, releasing it faster. She placed her hands against her stomach and gently rubbed the area, more tenderly and deeper. *Focus... focus big! ...big... yeah, big, huge...*

Her stomach bubbled and gurgled, the sounds heavier and louder. *Huge, large, wide, heavy...* Her shoulders tensed, tummy noises growing louder. *Chunky, chubby, tubby, **FAT!***

Her pupils dilated. *That's the ticket!* “**BUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRP!**” A cartoonish belch bellowed deep from within the woman, her mouth opening wide and letting it all out.

Goosebumps went down her spine. It felt so pleurably good to do that.

As the belch ended, hairs stood on end and fingers twitched. Slowly and unconsciously, her hand moved to her tummy again, not rubbing but scratching it like a slob.

Better... Hailey nodded and gently sniffed and smacked her lips. There was something different in the air and in her mouth now. The smell and taste of tobacco and pizza was there, faint but growing. *Much better.*

She let out another yawn and stretched out her legs. They shook gently, cartoony vibrations lines radiating off of them. Her toes especially seem to shake, jerking and clenching over and over until...

Plop! The big toe on her right foot inflated. It grew into a pudgy digit with chocolate brown fur over it, soft looking as it could be. Her toenail popped to the front, thickening and shifting into a stubby, dull claw.

Plop-plop-plop-plop-plop! Then in a wave, all of her toes inflated. Some merged together while others fattened. Brown fuzz coated them all, claws at their ends. Three large toes were on each foot, the middle ones being the largest.

Hailey looked down at her feet, staring blankly. She wiggled her fat toes and nodded. *Well, okay then!*

She stood up and looked over at her nightstand, her balance perfectly fine and on point. She took the phone from it, not really noticing how large it was in her mitt. *Well, slowly but surely, I'll get there. Wonder how...*

Crap! She saw the time, her heart skipping a beat and dropping the phone. She had to open early, and she had slept in! *Gotta pick up the pace here! I don't wanna be late!*

The young woman hurried out of the room in a huff. Her first destination?

Hailey twitched as her foot made contact with the tile flooring. No matter what, the bathroom floor always felt cold in the morning.

The chill didn't last long thankfully. Her feet had finished changing. A warm layer of chocolate brown fur finished spreading over them, making them nice and toasty. They had grown fatter and wider, thick, black pads sprouting on their bottoms that were well insulated.

She gave it no mind after a second, shutting the door and putting her glasses on the sink. *Time for a quick shower!* She pulled off her t-shirt, tossing it to the side. *Do that and I'll-*

“**BURRRRRP!**” Hailey chuckled, her cheeks rosy-red. Her hands went down to her tummy, still mostly flat with just a smidgen of fat in it. It would change soon enough as a certain feeling was building. Something sloppy and less refined. Something that felt natural and wouldn't need as much coaxing to come out.

That burp could use some work. It was such a crude, gross thought, one that made part of her flinch. As natural as it felt, that fact that she considered it rude meant she was still a ways off from reaching the point she needed to be at.

Dwelling on it no further, Hailey removed the rest of her clothes until she was nude. She slipped into her shower and started up the faucet.

As she waited for the hot water to start spewing, she looked at the very bottles she had around. Her eyes went over every shampoo and body wash label slowly until they fell on one in particular. It was shaped like a maple syrup jug and read, “Fresh Dam Scent”. *Bingo!*

She switched the water over to the showerhead and started soaking in the warmth, letting her messy hair get nice and soaked. *Need to move it... but, I can enjoy this a little...*

Humming a recent Taylor Swift song she heard on the radio, Hailey reached over and grabbed that curious shampoo jug. She squirted a thick glob of yellow gunk into her hair, a strong scent of maple syrup coming from it, and started scrubbing it in.

The results were almost instant. Her dirty blonde with only minor brown in it went full brown, a shade similar to that of her foot fur. It slowly rose past her shoulders, getting thinner and softer by the second. It soon reached her ears, almost looking like a pixie cut.

Her humming deepened, the tune shifting away from the trendy, modern pop song. Her body wiggled and swayed happily as the humming sped up and hit a different beat. It sounded awfully similar to the Fast Food Song by the Fast Food Rockers.

She scrubbed and scrubbed, suds rolling down her body and all over. The warmth was spreading across her form and no longer just because of the water. It was making her quite tingly and a little sensitive.

Her body quivered and shifted ever so much. Her nondescript, scrawny in areas form gained a bit more weight to it. Across her limbs and in her torso, some meat and fat packed in. Body hair across her form started growing out, thickening in spots until it had the same color sheen as her fuzzy feet.

Mmm, so nice... Hailey sighed and reached down, turning the water off. *Can't... can't do this...* She frowned, correcting herself. *...dis forever. Need ta move.*

Being late was not an option. She was the one to open up after all and had important responsibilities. Maybe she could enjoy a nice long shower like this when she didn't have an early shift, but for now, she had to move.

Stepping out of the shower, she grabbed a towel from the rack and began drying off. Most of the water and suds were wiped off, but not all. Some of them curiously, deeply soaked into her body. In return, it began to expand.

Gotta get those... She huffed as she dried off, shoulders broadening and thickening. *...dose ovens warmed up.* Her waist widened, width being sucked away from her hips to do so it seemed like. *Gotta be ready for the...*

Da... the... Hailey frowned. It felt sometimes like her being was pushing back against her. She needed to get ready and that involved getting the right voice and attitude down.

Finishing her drying, she dropped the towel and placed her hands to her chubbier stomach. She gently patted it. **Gurrrgle.** A very low sound came from it, causing her to pat it again. **GURRRRRGLE!**

“**BURRRRRRRRRRP!**” She quivered happily, leaning forward. “Ooooooh, I... I's feels beddah. Dat felt gud gettin' outs!”

She beamed happily, her smile wider than before. “T's sounds beddah too! Just what da managah ofs a greasy pizzeria needs!” She stroked her chin. Her voice did still sound a bit too high and somewhat normalish. Hopefully, that would improve with time.

Hailey strolled over to her sink and opened the large medicine cabinet beside it. Her eyes wandered up, finding her toothbrush. She reached for it... and then grabbed the far larger brush beside it. She took an equally large bottle of toothpaste and squirted a thick glob of it onto the brush's bristles.

Wetting it, she put it to her teeth and began to brush. The taste was heavenly, like the sweetest honey slathered over a freshly cut log. Her mouth drooled as she scrubbed away.

Mmm, birch. She stopped momentarily. **SLURRP!** A thick, big pink tongue slid out of her mouth and went across her face before pulling back in. It fitted inside her gob with no issue.

She went back to brushing, scrubbing away like everything was normal. She spat out the paste once she had finished and smiled. There was a dazzling sparkle that glinted off her rather thick chompers. It wasn't hard to understand given how pearly white they were. If all people had their teeth looking that good, the dentist industry would collapse.

Bigger. Yet, Hailey was unsatisfied. *Needs ta be biggah!* Her hand tightened on her brush and brought it back up. *Can't be small time! Bigger!*

She opened her maw wide, making sure she could see her teeth as much as she could, and started brushing again. However, she focused on her top two front teeth the most. *Bigger.* They seemed to wiggle, her face feeling numb. **Bigger!** They began to grow.

BIGGER! The two teeth thickened and grew. They bulged and lengthened, their ends square and hard. Her jaws and teeth shifted to support the new chompers as they grew so long. They easily popped out of her mouth like cartoonish buck teeth on a certain animal.

Her heart raced, pride flooding in as she gazed at her mouth lovingly. *Ain't dey just da darnest good-lookin' teeth around? Heh, clean no maddah how much junk food I's chomp inta!*

I wish my normal teeth looked this good. Hailey shook her head, feeling frustrated. *Humph, wish mys borin', dull teeth would look as spiffy as des chompers! Den again, only dah most handsum of beavahs are fits da have dese!*

She shivered. Those thoughts felt so right. Her mindset was moving in the right direction now too! A few more tweaks and pushes were all she needed.

Putting the toothbrush and paste away, she pulled open the drawer beside the sink. Inside, she found a cologne bottle and pulled it out. It looked like your standard bottle, but with the big exception of its curious name and imagery. It was called “Ranky Rodent” and its foil label had the image of a toon rat in a tux.

This would help with her mindset for sure.

Hailey started to turn it towards herself to spray, but her eyes drifted past and back into the drawer. There was the perfume she liked to use, one that gave her the fresh scent of a field of flowers. Her heartbeat increased.

Part of her still resisted going down this path. It had to happen, but something inside her that was becoming fainter still didn't want this. She didn't need to go all the way, right? She could still smell somewhat nice? No need to smell all-

Then her nose sniffed it. Despite not using it and the lid sealed tightly, soft fumes rose from the cologne bottle she held. The scent was wet and musky, something that made her nose tingle delightfully.

Her pupils dilated for only a moment, sucking up that scent, before returning to normal. She smiled and relaxed, her heartbeat slowing back to normal. *Ehhh, who'd wanna smell like a pretty dame anywho? Dat ain't gonna cut it at work ands stuff like dat ain't for mes now!*

Hailey giggled and then immediately stopped, frustration building. She struck her chest and cleared her throat. A hearty, gruff chuckle came out then, frustration fading.

Once that was settled, Hailey sprayed the cologne onto her chest. Then under her arms, neck, wrists... around her belly, down onto her feet, and even onto her crotch. The scent soaked into her body everywhere and soon enough, it would naturally emanate from her. That scent... one musky, trashy, sweaty, and tobacco heavy scent was hers now.

The smell reeking off of her made her eyes water. *So much...* Her nose burned. *So much, but I's can take it!*

SHOOOORRRRRRT! Hailey inhaled as much of the fumes as she could possibly take right then. Her nose felt inflamed, her face burning up as well. It was so much.

Then, it was right. Her nose began to cool and grow. It stretched and widened, the tip turning dark brown before spreading to her nostrils. It all shifted, expanding into a big, puffy, roundish beaver snoot, one that was just visible out of the corner of her eyes.

The intensity of cologne faded, and she relaxed. She took a lighter sniff, that smell much more pleasant and kind on the nose.

Mmmm. She sighed as whiskers popped out beside her snoot. *Smellin' like a million bucks... a million bucks dat can buys a lotta pizzas and cigars dat is!*

Gurrrrrrrgle! She gently patted her stomach. *Dat sounds good rights 'bout nows!*

However, as much as the desire to indulge grew, Hailey knew work still had to be done and done faster. She was soaking in too much of these changes as she was, and she still hadn't even gotten properly dressed yet.

Speaking of which, the woman's eyes turned over to the dirty hamper nearby. She strolled over and opened it up. There were so many clothes in there that the bin would surely overflow if she tossed anything else in. She really needed to do laundry.

That was a problem for another day. Now, she would search. If she remembered correctly, she had dumped two very important things in there she would need.

She dug her hands and then her arms deep into the hamper. She rummaged around, fingers sliding over different types of fabric and clothes but not the right one. *Hmmm... where ares deys at? I'ms pretty sures I's put dem in heres sum-*

Then, there was warmth. Her entire hands felt very pleasantly warm, soft, and... rather thick suddenly. *Dere dey are!*

Hailey pulled them out and looked at them, gleaming. They now wore gloves. Big, white, thick, four-fingered toon gloves had overtaken her hands. They had to be over triple her original hand size. Despite the padding, she could wiggle her fingers easily and naturally, like a true extension of herself.

Though, were they the right gloves, the ones she needed and would serve her well at work? *Times fors ah test!*

The toonish woman placed her gloved hands on her tummy and gently scratched. Her cheeks blushed deeply as she quivered. *Oh yeab... she thought, hunching over, dat's da guuuud stuff rights dere!*

Hailey scratched herself like any normal human being on the planet would when she felt itchy or had a pesky mosquito bite. It was relieving, pleasant even to do so. But, scratching with those gloves on? It was like experiencing heaven.

Hailey scratched and scratched, just doing so for the sake of it. Her digits dug deeper into her tummy, getting some invisible, unfelt itch. After a bit, her stomach gurgled and began pushing back. Fat was pouring in across her torso and especially in her tummy, giving her a future big muffin top whenever she got around to putting on clothes.

GURRRRRRGLE! “BUUUURRRRRRRRRRP!” Hailey licked her chops, the taste of pizza in her mouth. *Heb, dats a good burp! I could do dis alls day!*

She certainly could do it all day and more, but she was a lady... person... individual on a mission and that involved getting dressed. She looked back at her clothing laying in a pile on the ground. They would work but would need some improvement.

With her gloves, that wouldn't be a problem.

Hailey started by picking up her panties and holding them in front of her. She gripped their sides and started stretching. She started slow but picked the pace, even when it grew hard. Eventually, she stopped when the underwear was three times wider than her own width.

SNAP! One of her fingers unclenched and let go. The underwear snapped back in a flash. It was hard to see, its light blue tone was vanishing and shifting shape.

It smacked against her other hand before going limp and hanging loose. It was now a pair of old tighty-whities, the elastic band and front of it looking very stretched out. Weirdly, it seemed like the underwear had only increased a smidgen larger than her original panties.

Nows dats mah style ands it's all max-comfurt too! To be honest, it wasn't really her style or kind of underwear she would usually wear. However, what was important was the maximum comfort angle. It seemed small now but it would grow to fit a much wider, more beautiful posterior soon enough.

Hailey slipped it on and pulled it up her legs. Once it was in place, she playfully pulled on it again, stretching it some more. **SNAP!** The underwear rocketed back and hit her, the feeling actually rather nice and shiver inducing. Her lower half seemed to bubble, her hips, rear, and thighs all thickening up to naturally stretch it out.

Love ta do dis sum mores, buuuuuut... She grabbed her t-shirt and held it up. *Gotta pick ups da pace heres.*

WAAAAAPSSSH! She casually snapped the t-shirt like she pulled it out of the washer or dryer. It blew up in size, far more than her underwear had. It looked almost four sizes up from her own and perhaps even beyond that. The faded blue of her underwear had come to it now, a kitschy, goofy phrase plastered on the front now that read, “**Busy Beaver Gets Busy**”.

Heh, yeah! Busy beaver gotta bes busy! The slogan made her heart flutter. It was so right and fitting for her.

Hailey took her shorts and gave them a **WAAAAAPSSSH** as well. They got a similar “glow-up” and grow-up as well. They were several sizes bigger, looking akin to that of gym shorts. They had a more spandex-like feel to that and seemed stretched out, especially in the crotch area.

While the shirt was too big but could still fit on, her shorts were another matter. Slipping them on, they immediately hit her fat feet when she let go. *Troublemakahs*. She shook her head annoyed. *I'lls deals with dese suckahs latah*.

Hailey picked her shorts up and put them behind her back. They simply disappeared once she let go of them. Where did they go? Who knew!

She knew she would be able to get them back later when the time came. Why wouldn't she after all? She wasn't some boring human following boring human laws and logic anymore.

Needa smoke! The thought popped right into her head once she dealt with her shorts and forgot about everything else.

*Eh, I don't like smoking. **BONK!** She struck her head. *Smokin' is fine, I's suppose. **BONK!** I's do likes a good smoke when I'ms all tooned up! **BONK!** She followed that up with a big shake and rattle of her noggin. *Heheh, what big tubby toon doesn't likes a smoke every so often? Don't often doos it at work or before, but I's can't arguah with dat cravin'!***

Hailey reached behind her back with both of her gloves. She pulled out an oversized cigar and lighter that was shaped like a log. She flicked the open and lit up the smoke, shoving the lighter back behind her back to wherever it came from.

Gonna needs a nice big puff before I's get goin' more. There was no hesitation, no doubt for her. She put the cigar in her mouth and inhaled deeply. The drag brought so much smoke into her lungs, the sensation making her shake and shut her eyes tightly.

Ooooooh yeah! Her eyebrows wiggled, thickening up. *Dat... da...* Her eyes weakly opened, looking whiter and rounder. *Nows dat's a gooooood cigar!*

Hailey removed the cigar, holding it between their fingers like a seasoned smoker, and blew. The smoke billowed out into one big cloud that floated away. Before it fully dissipated, it morphed and took on the shape of a cartoon heart.

They stood there for a moment, soaking in that taste and relaxing. Their free hand made its move, shifting over to their crotch and giving it a good scratch like it had with their tummy. The area felt warmer, tingly even.

Hailey took another huff and then puff from their cigar. They scratched their crotch more, the tingling increasing. *Daaaaaat's the spot.* Something rose, pressing out. It wasn't too noticeable with how stretched her underwear was, but a bump was now there.

Annnnywho, still gotta gets ready! Can'ts just dilly-dally! They chuckled, taking another puff of their cigar. They turned around and strolled out of their bathroom, hand still scratching away as they blew out another cloud.

GURRRRRGLE! “BUUUURRRRRRRRRPP!” Hailey let out a hearty laugh and patted their stomach gently. It pushed back eagerly, developing into a far pudgier belly now.

Dontcha worries, buddy! Hailey pinched their belly, unconsciously taking in its growing fat. *I'lls fill yah up! We'lls be at dah propah weight in nos time!*

At that thought, a wave of disappointment and annoyance rushed over them. Now that they were looking down at themselves, they couldn't help but dislike what they saw. Their limbs were thicker, their narrow waistline was gone, and there was certainly a decent start on a gut.

It wasn't right. It was too small!

Small is bad! They told themselves. *Big is good!* They nodded. *Big, fat, large, and wide is great!* They held their cigar in their mouth as they cradled their tummy. *Come ons, body! Dontcha wanna bes big ands fat? Git with da program already!*

The thing about Hailey's job was that there were requirements. To work there, they had to be a certain weight, have a certain load and thought process to them. They needed to reach a proper, rotund shape and “heavy” mindset to be one of the team properly.

However, getting into that perfect shape because they had to wasn't important right then. It was important now because they **wanted** it. The idea of being at the current size they were for any longer was depressing. They were still far too small. They needed to be chunky and soft!

Their mind was clear on everything. Hailey wasn't a human. They were a toon and needed to look like one!

In the kitchen now, Hailey hurried over to the fridge and opened it up. Plenty of good options laid in front of them, all very pleasing and tempting.

The former human leaned in and browsed the goods. One of their hands reached back and started casually scratching their ass, another pleasant shiver going up their spine. Their butt began expanding in turn, fat pouring in and stretching their underwear. Part of their buttocks started popping out, fabric going up their crack a little.

So much guuuud stuff... Hailey licked their lips with their comically big tongue. *Eggs, bacon, jam, buttah...* They shifted over to the pantry beside the fridge and opened it up, scanning it as well. *Pancake mix, oatmeal, peanut buttah, bread.* It was all good stuff that could be made into a big, scrumptious breakfast that would give them the fat belly and blubber they desired.

But that was the problem, wasn't it? It had to be made. Time was needed to prepare, cook, eat, and then clean everything up.

Dat ain't gonna work. They closed the pantry, puffing out another cloud of smoke. *Gotta bes dere soonish.* They stretched and popped their shoulders. *Okie-dokie, time ta ordab!*

Hailey reached behind their back and pulled out their phone. They definitely remembered leaving it back in their bedroom, but that didn't matter. It was in their mitts now, its large size now a perfect fit for their puffy gloves.

They hummed pleasantly as they made their move, opening an app called Chomp Squad. If they needed to get big and big fast, there was only one thing that they could order: the Big BIG Gulp. They could order more food after they settled in at work later.

The toonifying, former lady started ordering with one hand while the other hand occupied its time with crotch scratching. Their underwear stretched once more, the bulge within growing

more obvious and blatant. It swelled into a moderate male package, bigger but not so much that it would look off on a human.

Hailey didn't notice and even if they did, they wouldn't care. ***Need dat Big BIG Gulp ASAP!*** That was what was most important, especially when they eyed their stomach again. ***Dis waistline is disgraceful!***

Their hand finished with their crotch scratching (for now) and shifted around behind. It lingered over the butt for a moment before going above it. It came to their tailbone and started scratching, digging into it.

Like with previous itched areas, something pushed back. The area popped out into a tail nub. However, for a tail nub, it was wider and rounder than most nubs, the skin dark brown and bumpy to a degree.

Annnnnnds dere! Hailey hit the Order button on the app. A few seconds later, they got a confirmation that the drink order had been placed. ***Hopes dey get heres soon. I'ms wastin'!***

DING DONG! DING DONG! ***Ooooooh, deys guuud!*** Hailey put their cigar out in an ashtray they got from behind their back, set it down, and hurried to the door. It didn't matter they were only in a t-shirt and underwear. What mattered was their drink!

Hailey flung the door open and found their deliveryman. In this case, it was a delivery zebra. He was a fairly large, hefty zebra toon, busy looking at his phone. He wore tight jeans and an ill-fitting shirt that wouldn't cover half of his belly. His shirt read, "Chomp Squad".

The zebra looked up and smiled, brushing his mohawk-esque mane back with his free, gloved hand. **"Sup!"** he said with a deep chuckle, **"Dah name is Marty Zipper! You must be..."** He checked his phone again. **"Roy... Roy Buckbutt?"**

Roy... Roy Buckbutt. "Hailey" felt their eyes widen, pupils dilating. That was right. That was them. That was him. He grinned. **"Dat's mah name! Youse has da guds?"**

"Mhm!" Marty pocketed his phone before reaching behind his back, magically pulling out an extremely large, LARGE size cup with a thick straw. **"One Big BIG Gulp for ya!"**

"Thank youse!" Roy snatched the cup. **"Really needed dis! Gotta gets inta proper bigs shape, ya knows?"** He pointed all over himself.

“Ah get ya!” Marty gently rubbed his plush tummy. “Have sum trouble gettin’ into shape too sumtimes. Dose dings are a lifesaver!”

Roy smiled. It was nice to meet another kindred spirit who gets the want to inflate. He wondered briefly who they might be when they weren't a zebra but moved on from that. What he needed now was to focus on his drink.

So, the beaverish man started going to town. **SLUUUURRRRRRRPPPP! GUUUULLP!** One big drink and he went through almost half the cup. It was not only filling, but also incredibly tasty! A simple sip would never cut it for most.

After his slurp, he looked down at himself and frowned. Nothing seemed to have changed. “Huh, dey change da recipes or sumding? Ain’t dis usuallys more powerful ors fast-movin’?”

Marty stroked his chin, looking him up and down. “Hmmm... maybe... maybe yah need ta speed up dat digestion of yours!”

Roy gave him an odd look. What did he mean by-

Then, the beaverish man saw that twinkle. There was a spark in Marty's eye, a smile starting to form. He totally understood then.

No words needed to be said. They both knew now what to do. They stepped up closer to each other and pushed their butts back. Then, with a hard thrust, they slammed their guts together.

GURRRGLE! FWOOOOMP! Just like that, it all ballooned. Roy's whole body from his torso to his limbs swelled back to their proper levels. His gut matched width with Marty's, and then same with his butt. Breasts deflated and widened into a set of moobs fitting for a hefty guy.

His package did just the same as well. The bulge grew and grew, swelling far past human size and into something outlandish. It was like he stuffed a whole coconut in his underwear.

Roy laughed, his face grinning with delight. He gave his belly a **SMACK**, watching it bounce and jiggle hypnotically. “Now dat’s beddah!”

Marty nodded, looking proud of himself for his help. “Told ya it just needed a speed up!”

When a zebra was right, they were most certainly right! Now that the digestion was going, it was time to get moving on everything else. Roy started sucking down the rest of his drink and the remaining fur that needed growing came in.

He pleasantly scratched away as he did, focusing on his butt now. It felt like second nature to him, something that just felt so “him”. His tail nub wiggled delightfully, growing more and more until it swelled. It lengthened into a fat beaver tail, falling down and slapping against his ass and the back of his thighs.

Eventually, he hit the bottom and sighed. The drink was done, so he crunched the cup and tossed it over his shoulder. He slurped his lips and gently scratched his tummy, which had a lovely, bubbly feeling going on.

“Sooooooo,” Marty asked with a big smile, leaning his face in. **“Dat dah sound of a satisfied customer dere, bud?”**

“Welllllllll,” Roy chuckled, leaning in, **“No. Dah sounds a satisfied customah makes is a bigs, o’ BBBBUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPP!”**

The belch was louder than any that came before it, perhaps the loudest one he had ever made too. The entire room rattled, fat jiggling. Even the apartment hall and the doors out there shook like they were in an earthquake.

And with that belch, the finale came. Roy's face shook quite a bit with that gross display, going numb all over. His hair kept shrinking and shrinking until it was only a small tuft at the tip of his head, lightish blondish brown compared to the rest of his fuz. His cheeks widened and nose swelled just a bit more. Finally, his face lurched out into a short, stubby beaver muzzle.

Eventually, the rude action slowed down and stopped all together. Marty's fur and mohawk were blown back and out of whack from the huge gust of hot, smelly air. The zebra stood there, motionless outside of the occasional blink.

“BWAHHAHAHA!” Laughter would soon enough come, the zebra smacking his knees. **“Yeah! I see your point! Now dat’s da sound of a satisfied customer!”**

Roy snickered and pulled out his phone again. He went back to the app and opened his order up, giving the delivery five stars. **“Danks for da drink ands bein’ here! I’s woulda not got anywheres without yours help!”**

The beaver reached behind his back and pulled out a large coupon book, handing it to the delivery toon. **“Here, a little bonus on tops of dat tip I's gave ya. Treat yahself right! Stop by mah place latah fors sum gooooood pizza!”**

“OOOOOOH! I know ‘bout Pizza O’Clock!” Marty declared, his eyes sparkling again. **“I’ll stop by soon for sum breakfast pizza!”**

“Ehhh, gimme sum times ta get da ovens warmed up, buds!” Roy smiled. **“Den I’lls be happy tos serve dat big, fat, handsome butt of yours!”** The two toons laughed and with that, Roy waved good-bye as Marty got going to his next job.

Roy rolled his shoulders and stretched his arms. **“Now I’m ready fors work!”** He glanced down. **“Well, one ding first…”**

He pulled out his shorts from wherever he sent them to before and slipped them on. They fitted perfectly. They were tight, rode up on his butt, and clung to his package, showing off his manly goods. It was just the way he liked it!

He reached into the pocket of them and pulled out a name tag that said what it naturally should've, “Roy Buckbutt”.

The beaver was done. He was the perfect specimen of what a fat, large-and-in-charge toon should be. He was truly ready for work at last. It took him longer than he wanted, but it all had worked out in the end.

The beaver closed the door to his apartment and waited a moment, scratching his bulge a little as he did. After a certain amount of time had passed, he reopened it.

The hallway of his apartment complex wasn't there anymore. A cozy office was now, one that reeked of pizza, wood, and cigar smoke. Pizza boxes were stacked high beside the filing cabinets, a log pile next to the desk.

His manager’s office at Pizza O’Clock awaited him. ***Dere wes go!*** He strolled through the doorway with a proud gait, the door closing by itself behind him. ***Plenty of time ta spare. Let’s gets dings ready!***

Melvin Musky unlocked the front door to Pizza O'Clock, happily whistling the tune to Cheeseburger in Paradise. Despite the laid back song, the skunk was in a hurry. *Almost time ta open! Can'ts just keeps on sleepin' in! I's gotta make sure-*

Only stepping a foot inside, his nose instantly got a big whiff of the air. The delicious scent of fresh pizza baking in the oven was already there. The skunk smiled. *Heh, guess I's don't need ta worry. Dat big beaver already gone dun it!*

Melvin walked over, past the diner style counter and into the back. Sure enough, the owner of this Pizza O'Clock franchise was there, Roy Buckbutt. The beaver was already rolling out and preparing some pizza dough as the ten ovens behind him cooked their own pizzas.

“Heh, already goin’, I's sees!” The skunk chuckled, strolling over. “I's forgot, youse was openin’ dis mornin’.” He snorted, taking in big gulps of the air. “Pizza always smells gud heres, but youse always seem ta make it smells da best!”

“Awww, danks!” Roy said cheerfully. “Don’ts go sellin’ yours-self short, dough. Dat skunk musk goes well with da pizzas youse cook.” The beaver winked, and the skunk just giggled in his baritone voice.

“Soooo, I'll get workin’ on settin’ up everydang el-”

“No needs!” Roy beamed. “Registers are prepped, napkins ands condiments restocked, utensils and plates ready ta go, ands more!”

The skunk whistled and gave a little clap. “Youse was on top of dings dis mornin’! Shucks, I's wish I's was as good as youse. I's forgets a lotta ‘ittle deets when openin’, but I's guess dat's why youse da big time managah heres!”

Roy laughed. “It ain’t no big deal. Alls youse need ta do is take yours time, not rush yours-self, ands maybe take a note ors two to remind ya of what needs doin’.”

“Sures, but mans, I's wish I's was likes youse! All competent all dah times ands on da ball! Betcha dat ya just roll on outta bed all perfect, knowin’ everyding ya need ta do. Heh, ya probably don't even need ta get ready. Youse wake up lookin’ perfect!”

“Bwahaha!” Roy laughed, stopping his dough making and turned to the skunk. “Wells, I's wouldn’t say dat!” He placed a hand on the skunk's shoulder. “T’ms kinda a bbbbiiiiigg mess

before work!” He waved his free hand across his form, highlighting its enormity. **“Dis heavy depiction of perfection? Ya ain’t seein’ it first ding in da mornin’!”**

The skunk gasped, dramatic, overwrought music playing. **“Really?!”**

“Mhm!” The beaver nodded, pushing his gut into his employee/friend's belly, who happily pushed back. **“It takes a lotta focus ands work ta be best busy beaver I's can be! Havin’ the biggest beaver belly, butt, and bulge don't comes easy!”**

“Awww gees! Dat sounds tough dere, bossman!”

“Sure, but really...” Roy turned and looked off to the audience. **“Why wouldn’t I’s wanna do mah best ta be dis handsum ands charmin’?”** He winked.

THE END