

Pizza O'Clock:
Goin' Ape for Deliveries

By: Firingwall

The First Stop

“...and Beatrice want a double cheeseburger with extra cheese!” **Gurrple!** “...two large fries...” **GURRGLE!** “Super sized soda!” **GURRRRRGLE!** “Ands twenty piece chicken nuggets too! Dat’ll be all!”

“....okay...” the voice over the intercom said, mumbling the order to herself, “Got it... that’ll be thirty-seven twenty-nine at the window. Pull on up.”

“Danks!” Beatrice frowned but said nothing more, taking the car along the path up to the drive-thru window.

Some time had passed since the “witch” delivered the last order and decided to go get some lunch for her very eager, wanting stomach. No other orders came in at that time, she occasionally checking the fax machine or the magic pizza container occasionally to be sure. It looked like she might be able to have her lunch in peace.

Not that she was all too excited either way. She had ordered a lot, and she couldn't help it. Her stomach kept badgering her to get more and more, needing to be filled. She hated that she agreed with it and hated that having all of that food at once sounded perfect to her.

Pulling up, the window for the fast food joint opened, a young woman with a headset greeting the toonifying witch. “Okay! Thirty-seven twenty-nine. How will we be pay...” The lady took one good look at Beatrice and paused, seeing that oversized green lady with the gorilla hands and other gorilla features looking back.

“Beatrice want no comment. Beatrice want food!” She grabbed one of the coupons from the cupholder, a surprising seventy-five percent off an entire order (where did that last customer get this of all things?), and handed it over. She then gave her some of her tip money to cover the rest of the bill.

The employee looked at the coupon oddly, running it with her scanner and seeming surprised it actually worked. She didn't question it though, putting it and the cash into her register before handing Beatrice her change. “I’ll be right back!”

The employee stepped away for a moment and came right back with a very large, oversized bag of fast food. “Here you are! Umm, enjoy your meal?”

“Ah-huh... danks...” Beatrice sighed, taking the bag and pulling away fast. She didn't want her looking and judging her anymore than she probably already was.

However, she didn't go far. Her hunger and want were too much. She pulled right back into the place's parking lot, though taking a spot as far away from the building as possible. She tore open the bag, having left it in her lap, and went at it.

Beatrice wanted to fight it with every fiber of her being, but she couldn't. She was just too hungry. She shoveled away with her big ape hands, stuffing piece after piece of her meal into her maw, which cartoonishly stretched to hold it all in.

It was so fatty, greasy, calorie-heavy, and salty... it was heavenly. Her body absorbed it all so eagerly and in return, it grew in appreciation for all the trash it consumed.

Fur sprouted first. The thick black coat grew all over her back and her sides, puffing out her dress. It spread around her neck and down to her collar bone, staying off her chest.

Then came the weight, so much of it. Her narrow waist was eradicated, thin arms and legs gaining a layer of chub. High cheek bones faded as her face grew pudgy and round, her high femininity fading. Her stomach bubbled and pushed forward, giving her a puffy belly that her dress clung to tightly.

In only a few minutes flat, the entire fast food bag was empty. Crumbs and containers were everywhere. Beatrice felt a little dizzy but content after that. That was a lot to consume all at once, and it barely felt like anything.

Beatrice scratched her side. “Mmmrumph... so much... Bea... I think I shouldn't have eaten all of...” She looked down.

The witch saw it. So much width and weight all packed in at once. So much fur as well, her green skin almost completely covered now. *Awww doo-doo! This ain't great! Bea... I'm losing it. If I keep going, something bad is gonna-*

“**BUUUURRRRRRRRRRP!**” The scent of partially digested fast food filled the car as that belch bellowed out of Beatrice. She had never made such a noise or odor in her entire, long life. It was so gross and unbecoming.

Yet, like many things it brought her a strange pleasantness. That worry and concern melted a little, her body relaxing and settling down. Everything was mostly fine, and she sensed it could be one-hundred percent fine.

“Uuuuuugh, I...” Beatrice trembled, biting her bottom lip, “I...” Her mouth cringed but the words came out anyway. “Beatrice no like dis!”

Beatrice sounds dumb... Beatrice gettin' dumb! The “witch” gulped. *Beatrice gettin' dumber ands fattah. Beatrice gonna be a big dumb ape...* She shook her head. *Beatrice... no, I... I... I just have to get through dis shift!*

The delivery woman took a deep breath and released it. “Just hafta... Beatrice hafta get through dis shift den everydang wills be okay!” Unlike her head, she couldn't stop herself from speaking in third person. It was too natural for her.

“Beatrice outta practice speakin' normally ors Beatrice's gonna...”

A low groan and mechanical whirl came from the glovebox. A new fax was being spit out, floating off and over onto the pizza container. Said container inflated, a fresh new box appearing inside of it now.

Break over... She sighed and grabbed the paper, giving it a look. *Oh boy, back ta Toon Town again!*

The Fifth Delivery

Phew, ain't dis place all tropical! Beatrice... I's feel like I'ms on safari!

Beatrice was walking up the path to a fairly large-looking house in Toon Town. She had driven into the more tropical district of the area, most of the housing made from straw, bamboo, or other similar materials. The particular house she came to was the biggest, two stories with thick jungle trees covering the long lawn.

It was a wild sight, but for Beatrice, it felt normal. She wasn't sure if she had just gotten used to the toony element or because the toony element was all over her now. She didn't want to think about it, especially the annoying feeling that the setting felt like “home” to her.

She walked up the trail to the house, stepping onto the woven porch. She leaned in and knocked on the door a few times. She quivered, shoulders clenching up.

She forgot that sensation after her big, overindulgent lunch. She looked down as she quivered, seeing the green skin of her breasts, the last bit of green besides her face, blackened. Skin thickened as it turned black as her hands. She barely resembled a witch at all.

Awww, dangit! Beatrice pouted. *Least Beatrice has hers big boobies... ugh, how long until dey's... they're gone too? Be... I just can't believe-*

The door opened, and Beatrice snapped to attention. She gave a big, pleasant, smile, one that came natural. Behind the door was a family, a family of large, green hippos, very wide and very tall, the exception of the latter being the hippo children. The parents looked at Beatrice with a smile of their own, the kids looking up at her with wide-eyed wonderment.

“Hiya!” Beatrice declared, “**Beatrice heres with yours order!**” She held up the stack of pizzas to the family. Despite how it initially looked, there were a lot more pizzas in that container than she could've ever expected when she reached in. Thankfully, her big ape hands and growing arms were able to handle them all. “**Beatrice hopes youse all hungry!**”

“**Pizza!**” The children declared, hopping up and down. Beatrice smiled down at them warmly. They were undeniably adorable. She couldn't stand kids usually, but it seemed like her heart had also been growing.

Beatrice handed the pizzas off to the dad hippo, who happily snatched them up. The mom hippo began digging through her purse, sticking almost her entire arm into it to find the right amount of money and more to tip the “witch”.

“Why do you look like that?” Beatrice looked back down, seeing the younger girl hippo looking up at her curious.

“What do you mean?” Beatrice asked, not feeling the least bit offended despite how obviously she usually would.

The girl pointed at Beatrice, at her arms, her feet and hands, and then at her face. **“You look funny! Like, teeny but not!”**

“It's rude to point!” the momma hippo said, still rummaging. **“Sorry about her.”**

“Nos, it's okays!” Beatrice awkwardly scratched at the back of her head. **“Beatrice looks like dis 'cause... cause Beatrice turnin' inta a great old big toon. Doin' dese deliveries are making Beatrice swell super bigs and stuff!”** She looked at her hands and stomach. **“Probably gonna be biggah before long.”**

“Ooooooooooh!” both kids said at once, nodding slowly.

“I've seen this before,” the dad hippo said, peeking out from behind the pizza boxes he was holding, **“Feed deliveries really bring the teen outta somebody! Dontcha worry, you'll be nice and big and super teeny in no time!”**

“Really?” Beatrice asked.

“Mhm!” The momma hippo added with a pleasant nod. **“You'll be a great big teen soon! You're looking good so far, but imagine when you're done! Oh, you'll be perfect!”**

Beatrice gulped. She felt... pride. She looked good and will look even better once the fat and tooniness fully took over. She was happy to hear that.

Ugggggggh. Beatrice internally groaned, rubbing her forehead and then scratching at the back of her head. The thought of it all was just making her head spin.

It was also making her change even more. Her long black hair shortened further and further until it was a nearly unseen black, short cut. It mixed in perfectly with the chocolate black fur that was creeping up the back of her head now.

The fur and hair spread down the sides of her face and down to her chin. It thickened into a decent-looking beard on her. Her pointed chin retracted in, jaw widening and making her beard look bigger. Even her high cheekbones faded and filled out. Her face lost its distinct, feminine, witchy charms.

Beatrice gulped gently. “wells, danks, folks. Youse awfully nice ta say ‘bout Beatrice!”

“**You're welcome, handsome!**” The hippo mom pulled her arm and hand out of the purse. “**Ah! Finally have it! Here you are!**” She handed Beatrice a twenty dollar bill for a tip and another coupon for another fast food joint. This one was a decent fifty percent off. Not all of them can be seventy-five percent, she supposed.

Still, it was a great tip! “**Danks, Beatrice wills definitely use dis!**”

GURRRRRRGLE! Everyone looked down at Beatrice's stomach. It gurgled and rumbled loudly, her entire dress shaking. “**Beatrice wills definitely use dis now!**” the witch heartily chuckled, playfully patting her belly. The family chuckled and wished her well, heading inside and closing the door.

Beatrice's smile faded. She was hungry. She was very, very hungry. She had to eat again after only eating not that long ago. She **wanted** to eat. She **needed** to eat.

And it didn't sound bad either. Her stomach growled again, Beatrice giving it a gentle, comforting rub as if to say everything would be alright. There was no reason to fear. She would fill it up, fill it to the brim. She would get bigger, much bigger.

Beatrice still wanted to be her small and thin self, but... something had shifted since those nice words. Being all big couldn't be that bad, right?