Pizza O'Clock: The Fill-Up

By: Firingwall

"How… how bad is it? I'm sure its not-COUGH-HAAACOUGH!"

Cassidy pulled her hand away from Eve's head, shaking it about. "Yeesh, you're gonna burn me if you're not careful."

"S-sorry."

"Well, yeah. It's not good. You really need to spend more time expelling magic from your body. It really builds up on you if you haven't mastered proper control. Magic backup is serious business, especially when it reaches this state. Only rest and absorption will help at this state."

Eve nodded, letting out an exhausted sigh. The young witch was stuck in her bed, sweating away from a terrible fever. Her dizziness wasn't great either, nearly tripping several times down the hall before the head witch, Cassidy, arrived to help her.

"I'm r-really sorry!" Eve spoke, sinking further into her pillow. "I've just been so busy and tired lately that I haven't been using magic or spells enough."

"Well, I do hope you learn from this. I don't like seeing you in this state." Cassidy lifted one of her fingers, twirling it in the air and drawing out a symbol. A small hotpatch appeared in her other hand, which she placed on Eve's head.

"This will soak up excess magic into it. You just stay in bed and, if you must leave for whatever reason, do keep it held to your forehead. You should be better in the morning."

"I… I will. Sorry, Cass." The head witch shook her head. Her poor, poor apprentice; would she ever learn to be more careful?

She turned and started to leave. *Well, it's clear that I haven't been diligent enough. I'm sure there's magical things around the house or that the coven needs done that Eve can do when she's better. This won't ever happen again as long as I-*

"OH!" Cassidy stopped. Eve had suddenly shouted. "Oh no, oh no!"

"Oh no what?" Cassidy sighed, turning back.

"My shift today!" Eve sat up in bed, hotpatch still to her forehead. "Uuuuugh, my head's been so scrambled that I forgot about it! Today's a super biggie day too!"

Wait… job? What is she talking…

Then, it hit Cassidy. It hit right in the stomach. *Oh, right. Pizza O'Clock.*

That hit to the stomach made it bubble. A low **gurgle** came from it, a certain, hungry desire rising up as well. *Tsk.* Cassidy shook her head. *I have plans for today. My witchly duties need to be focused on. I have no time for such… filling desires.*

"Well, I'm sure they'll do fine without you. Just call them. They'll understand."

"No no!" Eve shook her head. A dark, purple tint started to creep through her hair. "We're a part of the food fair today!" Her nose began to turn black, a shimmer coming to it. "We need… we needs sumbuddy runn**in' da place ands I's da**OOF!"

Just as her nose began to swell and grow, it stopped. It went back to normal, along with her hair. Eve fell back onto her pillow, back as her normal, green, black-haired witchy self.

"Sooooo tired," Eve moaned. "J-just… just everyone was… was looking forward to this opportunity. Everyone else is busy at the pizzeria, so it was up to me!"

That is a shame. Cassidy nodded. *A food fair can be an excellent place to get your product and food known.* She snorted, shaking her head. *That damn owner should be hiring more people anyways instead of putting all their hopes on one-*

"OH!" Eve piped up again. She tried to sit up, but fell back down faster than before. She smiled at Cassidy sweetly, but also weakly. "Could… could you fill-up for me?"

"Excuse me?" The head witch almost had to do a double take hearing that. "You want me to "fill-up" for you?"

"You would probably be able to do it!" Eve pleaded, "You're super smart with businesses and promotions. You could easily talk up Pizza O'Clock and show off our pizzas!"

There was a twitch in her hand and then in Cassidy's eye. The image of their pizzas appeared in her head. Those large pizzas stuffed with delectable toppings, the freshest and most delicious of smells, goopy but tasty cheese that stretched and stretched for miles when one pulled a slice out…

Another twitch hit Cassidy's face. Her mouth felt watery, a tongue wiping away the slight bit of drool seeping out of her mouth. Her pointy, witch chin retracted, leaving her face a bit more round than before.

Not only that, but she felt a tightness brewing. Her striped stockings and shoes were a tad uncomfortable, as if they were a size too small for the lady.

Get it together! Cassidy trembled, but shook her head. Her cheeks rosy red, she spoke with a firm voice. “Really now! I couldn’t possibly do such a thin-”

“And people do like pigs!”

SPROING! A cartoon sound effect echoed through the room, followed by a loud **RIP** too. That final bit cut through Cassidy hard. She looked down over her shoulder. A tail had torn through near the bottom of her dress, above her rear. It was curly at the start, but straightened out along the way, covered in chocolate brown fur with a puffy tuff at the end.

Dang it! I’m already leakin’ tooniness! One of her hands reached behind and felt her tail, sliding along its length. She shivered. It felt nice to do it. Maybe she could just-

Need ta… to focus! Cassidy pulled her hand back, clearing her throat. “Well, technically boar, but I digress. I’m not sure I could. I am very busy today, Eve.”

Her face grew redder. “Plus, if I do this, I will be really… “distracted” from my duties for a while if I were to fill-up in your place.”

“I know,” Eve glumly spoke, looking down. “But I wouldn’t ask if I didn’t have a choice! There’s no one else I can turn to! I really need help. I know I shouldn’t ask for favors like this, especially from my master, but I just need help!”

Her eyes grew watery. “I promise I won’t ask you again for anything like this! Please fill-up for me!”

Oh boy. Cassidy tried to have a more relaxed, non-strict attitude with her apprentice compared to others she’s seen or been around. She wanted to be more understanding and open to letting her do things to find her own way, while also helping guide her on the right path. Maybe she needed to be more strict given the magical backup situation, but things were fine.

What Eve was asking for was huge. Besides being her master and teacher, Cassidy was also the coven leader for many other witches. That came with a ton of responsibilities already, including to their own businesses and operations. She had to think of the bigger picture.

…but…

Cassidy quivered. She could feel her jacket sleeves getting tighter and itchy. A quick glimpse showed some chocolate brown hairs poking out of her cuffs. She could feel more of them brushing against the inside of her sleeve.

But, I can't be a truly good leader, master, or friend if I can't help her when she needs me most. Cassidy took a deep breath. *Even if the problems are only serious to her, I can and should be there to lend a hand, even if it means… **big** things.*

"Alright, alright! Enough with the sniffling. I'll help. Just this one time though. I'll fill-up for you this *one* time!"

"Really?!" Eve's watery eyes instantly dried up as she shot back up. "Oh thank you, thank you tha-COUGH!"

"Easy there, just rest up!" Cassidy pushed her back down onto the bed. "Just relax and let me handle this."

"O-okay…" Eve nodded.

The head witch gave her a warm smile and pushed her stomach out playfully. "Just be happy that I nail that big, fat belly look."

"Among other things, hehe!" Cassidy's heart fluttered briefly. Even though she knew she shouldn't, she felt some pride and warmth in that compliment.

I… I do pull off the look well. Her sharp, black hair brushed against her face. It began to shrink upwards, leaving its place just above her shoulders to below her ears. She felt more brushing beneath her clothes. Brown hairs began to sprout upon her thighs and down her legs, poking through her striped stockings.

And there's more tooniness leaking. She nodded, looking down at herself. *But leaking ain't enough. Time to speed this up.*

Her eyes closed, her breathing slowed. Her mind emptied of all thoughts, except for one thing. *Pizza O'Clock. Pizza O'Clock and their big pizzas. Their big, juicy, warm, melty pizzas loaded with cheese.* Her lips watered.

*Pizza O'Clock and their special sides. Their super garlic-y garlic bread and breadsticks, rich in tasty aromas. Their spaghetti and pasta platters with da richest of tastes. Mmmm, deir specialized cigars that… dat go great with **deir** smoked **peppa-row-knee** pizzas~.*

GUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE! Her stomach rumbled, cartoonish, visible waves vibrating off of it. *Oooooh, hungry.* She placed a hand on her tummy. *Need food. Sooo hungry. Need ta fill-up. Need to…*

There was a twitch. Cassidy's eyes shot open. *Need ta release some build-up!*

BUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRP!

Cassidy's jaw dropped, her mouth pulling into a goofy grin as a hefty belch rocketed out of her gullet. Cartoony bubbles popped out, her cheeks reddening as her body shook. *Oooooh, that feels gooooooooood.*

As the bellow blasted from her, her face rapidly changed. Her long, pointed nose swelled up, nostrils and its tip lifting. The tip pulled back a little as the bridge grew thicker and bulkier. Her nostrils pulled towards the lifted tip, its shape turning swine-ish and flattening at the front. The front lost its green tone, turning bright pink as brown fur sprouted around the sides of the thick snoot.

With the new nose, her mug pushed forward. Its shape went fully pig-like, more chocolate brown fuzz cloaking it. Her bottom jaw twitched, their incisors thickening and growing out of her mug into small, blunt tusks.

As the belch came to an end, the last changes rolled out. From below her ears to the tip of her new muzzle, thicker, darker brown hairs sprouted. They were messier, but oddly trimmed in a way, granting her a chin-strap beard. **PING!** A nose ring appeared at the end of her swine snoot, yellow and brass.

"**Humph!**" Cassidy huffed, wiping her mug the back of her hand before feeling her snoot, "**Nots bad, but I's can do beddah dan dat usually.**"

"Amazing as always though!" Eve clapped. "Amazing asCOUGH-COUGH!"

"**Easy dere!**" Cassidy wagged a finger at the witch. "**You littl' lady just relax 'n focus ons gettin' yourself beddah nows. I's gotta focus on gettin' handsumer heres!**"

Handsomer. Cassidy stroked her face. She really did say that.

I guess… She smiled, flashing some pearly white chompers. *I guess I am getting handsome when ya thank about it. Mug and beard like this probably does look pretty good on mes. Mmm, I'ms gettin' handsome~.*

That smile turned to a big smirk. *Gettin'* ***handsum*** *'n* ***bigger!***

Cassidy took a deep breath and stuck both of her tiny thumbs into her big muzzle. She quivered with excitement and blew with oomph behind it.

FWOMP! Gooey white substance rolled over her thumbs and the rest of her hands in an instance. It turned solid and thick, swelling to nearly triple the size of her original hands. Her poor ring and pinkie fingers were squashed together as the substance formed. She now had huge, puffy, four-fingered, white toon gloves.

BIGGER! She took another deep breath, still holding her fat gloved thumbs in her maw, and blew all her might until she was red in the cheeks.

FWWOOOOOOMMP! RIIIIIIIIPOOOOOF! Her jacket sleeves tore off her shoulders and exploded into confetti, which then vanished. From her gloves to her armpits, her arms bubbled. Fat rapidly poured in, filling them up to match with her enlarged hands.

Once fully chunky, the short, chocolate-brown hairs that already dotted her arms thickened. Hairs completely and utterly cloaked her limbs to the brim, packed so tightly that it almost looked like it was just skin. Despite the fuzz, on her right shoulder blade, a tattoo of a pizza pie appeared plain as day.

POP-POP! Cassidy shook her gloves free of spit, looking upon her fat limbs with pride. ***Beddah!*** She lifted one arm and flexed, feeling it gently. ***Heh, nuthin' like chub power! Dese boys ares purfect fors holdin' tons of pizza boxes~!***

Guuuuuurggle! Her stomach shook yet again. This time, it vibrated and raised. Her gray dress began stretching out in the belly area as her narrow waistline vanished.

Hmmm… Cassidy ran her mitts down her sides and over her belly. ***So much fors my small*** *size, eh? Not going to be fitting into any of my dresses for a while.*

SCRITCH-SCRITCH. She scratched her tummy. *Ehhhh… bigger is better anyways, right?*

Her head tilted. *Well, there…* ***dere comes da toony thinkin' fillin' mah brain.*** After having changed enough times, it was easy for Cassidy to track things. At this point, this was

where her old values were vanishing. She loved being this thin, trim, curvy, sharply-dressed, green beauty. Sure, being filled with and using magic helped shape herself into her busty form, but she took pride in it so much.

It would all go. Her interests in all of that were fading. She was growing fat and soon would be curvy in a very different way. All of her old clothes would no longer fit and beauty would be alien to her. Her pride would be all about being large and eating a lot.

Yet, it was fun.

Before this, Cassidy remembered being such a stuck-up, spoilsport about the whole toon thing. When Eve came back to the coven one day as a fat toucan after getting a job at Pizza O'Clock, she couldn't believe it. To be such a crude, slobby, overweight bird… it wasn't prim or proper for a lady! She may have been liberal with her training, but it didn't extend that far.

Then, Eve shared some of their pizza and the coven leader was singing a different tune since then. Cassidy didn't go this route often, but she had done it enough. Enough to know that she wanted this right now. She wanted to embrace it.

Heheh. Toony thoughts are nice ***ta*** *have.* She smiled, giving her stomach a pat. *Sure, mah mind is* ***changin'****, but its just too much fun. It's great* ***ta be so*** *big, free, happy, squishy…*

Ands rude~! ***BUUUUUUUUURP!*** Vibrations flowed from her head to her feet, her eyes spinning. It felt wonderful to do that and to not remotely care.

RIP-RIP! Her shoes blasted open at the caps. Out of them cap two thick, large hoof toes, night black. Following them out and splitting open the sides, fat, furry brown feet appeared.

Cassidy kicked the remains of her shoes away. The bottom of her stockings were a total bust too from the look of things. This part of her transformation she never quite got. Some of her clothes vanished, sometimes in a burst of confetti, while others were torn or crumbled to pieces. The inconsistency bothered her logic center while her heart panged that she would have to buy or mend stuff.

Those feelings faded fast. She wiggled her hoof toes, rolling her shoulders. There wasn't anything wrong though with showing a little chub and toon though. Nothing to be ashamed of at all! In fact, it was more a shame to wear clothes that concealed stuff!

Cassidy twitched, pride bubbling forth. ***Ain't nuthin' with this! Just plenty more ta see ands be jealous of! Heh, jealous of handsome mes~.***

Acting slick and pompous, Cassidy ran one of her hands through her hair. Already short, as the thick, cotton soft gloves ran through her locks, they grew even shorter. They shrunk away, black shifting to brown and thinning. Eventually, all she had was fur instead of hair.

Finishing streaking her glove across her noggin, her head shifted as well. Her brow thickened, protruding more as her gaze looked more gruff. The dome of her head flattened down, putting it above her brow by a tad. Her cheeks stretched out on the sides as the last of the fur grew in. Cassidy's head was boar-ified.

"Ahem! I'm sure you're taking everything in and enjoying it," Eve interrupted. "Buuuut, I need you to listen up for a sec!"

"***Nos problems!***" Cassidy instinctively grabbed her ears and yanked them up. They were stretched into points as brown hairs grew on them. She pulled them out slightly on the sides, making them piggish. "***I'ms alls ears, doll!***"

Eve giggled. "Okay! Here's what you need to do. You need to go to Pizza O'Clock once you're done to check in with either Hefty McOrckee or Memphis Ratterton to get approval on this fill-up. You remember them, right?"

"Oh sures!" Cassidy nodded, rolling her shoulders. ***POP-POP.*** Her shoulders broadened, rising and gaining their own fur. "Dat big orca guy with da mega tail. Den dat rat…"

Memphis Ratterton, he was a big-time manager and second-in-command of the pizzeria's operations. Big gray rat with a pink nose, he always wore a backwards baseball cap and went shirtless, showing off his thick belly. That big… hefty… fat belly… That striking, smug mug of his, usually smoking a big cigar. That chunky, wide butt of his… That huge, bowling-sized bul-

Ba-thump. Ba-THUMP! Cassidy quivered, rubbing her thighs together. Oh, her silly toon side! It had such a big crush on that handsome rat.

Ba-thump. Ba-THUMP! Or… or did she have one? He was a very savvy, intelligent rat with great business skills. He was very admirable and appealing that way. Plus, he was very soft and cuddly. It would be kind of fun to bury her face in his moobs or belly, maybe snuggle up under some covers and-

Silly toon crushes. Cassidy chuckled, *just some silly toony crush a big boar has. Nuthin' wrong with* ***dat side likin' sumbuddy like dat. Whose wouldn't wanna somebuddy like dat laying on top of dem?***

Cassidy shook their head. ***Beddah focus. Gotta finish filling-up for tubby rat…*** *I mean, finish filling-up for my dear apprentice.*

Focus da pizza. She closed her eyes, emptying all thoughts, including tons of Memphis images, from her mind. *Focus on da pizza. All dem pizza boxes* ***stacked up, waitin' ta be eaten.***

SLURP! She licked her chops. ***So yummy in my big… STRRREEETCH. Fat… STREEEETCH. Tubby tummy and body!***

RIIIIIIIP! Her striped stockings burst open, stretched to their limits. Her legs had doubled in width as tons of chub and fur barrelled into them. Her gray dress split open around the bottom of her belly, separating it into two. The bottom half clung tightly to her hips and thighs, the material turning elastic and morphing, turning into dark-greenish shorts.

Cassidy looked at herself, quivering. Her breasts, her big, beautiful, bountiful breasts were deflating. Symbols of her beauty and the magic she had were losing shape. They didn't fade away fully, just turned smaller, wider, and saggier. They were more moob than boob.

The witch couldn't get enough of it. She reached up and felt them. ***Heh, big ands handsum. Dat's gonna be me! Gonna be so big ands handsum. What kinda toon guy ain't gonna want alla dis?***

Deep hearty chuckles game out, her heart aflutter. Oh, she couldn't deny it! She looooved fat toon guys. They were just so sweet, squishy, and heavy. She really wanted to bury her face into them, grope and feel their soft bodies. She wanted to be buried under a pile of lovable lard!

Cassidy panted, brushing her forehead. ***Oooooh, man. Hard ta dink.*** At this point, the line was blurry. Her feelings, her toon side's feelings. Were they different? Were they one and the same? She couldn't be sure.

Admittedly, even without any toony influence, there was something to admire in those big guys. They were just so confident about their self-image and appearance. They knew what they were, what they wanted to be, and lived their lives to their fullest. As a leader with so many responsibilities and doubts at times, she kind of wanted that big energy.

Plus, those big bellies and bums did look nice to rest on… lay on… smoosh her face into.

Ba-thump. Ba-THUMP. Maybe she did have a crush on them, and it wasn't just her toon side. She just couldn't figure it out until now. Why try to rationalize it as being part of her change anymore?

It wasn't just about filling-up for her friend now. Cassidy wanted big toon guys. She especially wanted that handsome rat manager. She would no longer question whose feelings were in charge. She would just go for it.

"***Saaaaaay, dat managah* of yours, Mr. Ratterton**," the boarish-developing toon said, speaking in a casual, nonchalant tone, "**What does he like… in his employees?**" Fur finished cloaking her body, no trace of green left.

"Oooooh?" Eve giggled. Her eyes narrowed. It looked like she sensed where this was going, but she said nothing directly. "He likes big, crude, large guys!"

"**Guys, *eh?***" Cassidy trembled, heat blasting through her. ***RUUUUUUUUUMMMBLE. BOING!*** The crotch of her shorts bulged out in one huge burst. Half the size of a bowling ball, large, male equipment rested comfortably in his skin-tight, highlighting shorts. Man, did he love having his meat come in!

"CRUDE guys!" Eve winked.

"***...crude, ya say?***" ***Buuuuuurp!*** Without missing a beat, Cassidy casually scratched his large package. His fur tingled, raising a bit on his neck. It felt great to do that, but not in a pleasurable way. It felt right, normal, natural. "***I's dink I'ms dat.***"

"You only think that, Cassidy?"

An eye twitched, a feeling of annoyance rising. His name… it sounded so wrong! It sounded so boring to him.

Plus, that scrawny girl was right! Why "think"? He knew he was crude and rude!

PFFFFFFFFFFFFTT! His eyes rolled back as he slouched forward. He let out a huge fart, chuckling at doing that. His rear wobbled and ballooned, growing wider and wider by the second. Butt cheeks sagged and fattened up, giving him a huge, chubby bum.

BUUUUUUUUURP! His stomach rumbled as that hearty belch left. It ballooned like mad. It expanded out into a massive, protruding gut, fat dipping over his shorts. It jiggled and vibrated, hefty yet feeling almost weightless.

His outfit fully changed. What remained of his black jacket vanished from sight. The top of his dress stretched, its low cut hemline growing up and over her shoulders. It reformed into a white t-shirt with gray, stained spots on it.

The boar toon laughed, scratching his ass and then his belly. "***Whose yous callin' "Cassidy", toots? Da name's Porkchop, ands I'ms totally, one-hundred percent a large, crude dude, not sum small-time lady named Cassidy!"***

Yeah. I ***am Porkchop.*** He loved that name. It was so him… no! It WAS him. ***I AM Porkchop! I'ms a fat, pizza-loving, lookin' fors love boar!***

"Well, that's good, buuuuuuut…" There was a certain glint in Eve's eye. "Really now, is that the **best** belch you can do?"

Porkchop knew that was just some teasing on her part, but, it hit him right in the pride. "***Pul-leeeeeeeeaze! Dat wasn't me even tryin'! Dis is me tryin'!***"

BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPP!

The entire room, even the building shook. Outside, car alarms blared. Inside, other coven members yelled about keeping it down or apologizing for that. He would do no such thing!

Porkcop's body ballooned even further, pushing him up higher and wider. His belly pushed further out, most of his gut not even remotely covered. His t-shirt gained more sweat stains, a phrase appearing sprawled across it: "**Big Belly 4 Life!**"

"***Howse dat, smart gal?***"

"AweeeesomeCOUGH!" Eve laughed and collapsed back down, scooting under her blankets more. "That was so good, Porkchop. Thank you!"

"***Dank me?***" A question mark appeared above the boar's head.

"Yeah, for filling-up for me! Thank you so much, Porkchop. You don't know how much this means to me!"

Oh, right! Porkchop was so caught up in the moment and had so much rat on the brain, he forgot why he fattened up in the first place. He walked over, patting her on the shoulder. "***No prob! Youse just rest ands leaves everyding ta yours Uncle Pork!***"

He leaned in, smiling warmly. "***When youse feelin' beddah, howse about wes get fifty pizzas and get dat big gut and beak of yours out?***"

Eve smiled back. "Yeah… that sounds nice."

"Dat's sum gooood pizza dere!" A fat kangaroo toon laughed.

"**Mmm, I's could eat dis all day!**" An equally big pigeon toon added.

BUUUUUUUUUURP! The two toons belched in unison, slowly shrinking down. In a few seconds, the two were now a middle-aged, business-dressed couple. The former roo's face was red, but excited. "My word! I didn't know toon pizza was so amazing!"

"I know! Such exquisite taste!" The former pigeon rubbed her belly. "So filling!"

"***Youse betcha it is!***" Porkchop chuckled, pride filling him. "***Pizza O'Clock has dat and plenty of oddah appetizin' meals youse would drool ovah!***"

"Well, consider us fans!" The man said, "We'll be sure to stop by your establishment in the future." He leaned in. "I'll be sure to mention it to the others in the business bureau as well. I see good things coming for you all!"

Awwww yeah! Now dat's sum good news! *Hefty is gonna like that!*

With that, the couple left, Porkchop waving good-bye. Things had been going great at this food festival! Tons of people had already stopped by from small timers to families to even bigwigs like those. Everyone was trying something and joining in the fat fun!

The only problem was it was so difficult to not sneak away for a moment. There was so much food from other restaurants around, and the big boar wanted to stuff his mug badly.

Guuuurgle. He rubbed his stomach. ***Hmmm, I's reallys hadn't eaten much. I's only had*** *some breakfast and lunch when I was just me. …man, I* ***gotta eat more when I'ms greens!***

Porkchop nodded. ***Gotta spend more time snackin' when I*** *slim down to my beautiful green self later. Once I'm…* ***I'ms done here's, I'ms stuffin' mah face fors three days straight! I'lls dank myself later~!***

He frowned. ***I's do have a lotta*** *important meetings though. I also gotta meet with other covens to discuss…*

"**Heya dere, Porkchop! Youse doin' good?**"

The boar twitched, shivers running down his back. He turned around and found Memphis standing behind him in the booth. For such a big, large rat, he certainly could sneak up on people without a peep. Heck, he didn't even smell any of that cigar smoke he was puffing either.

The rat gave him a smile and nod, looking around. He looked over at the heated containers and boxes containing a lot of premade meals. He glanced at the makeshift oven and ingredients near it. "**Hmmm, youse didn't eat any of dis, did ya?**"

"***NOPE!***" Porkchop saluted. "***All temp dishes went inta potential customers' maws ands I's made sum extras fors stuff we's ran outta. Everybuddy got ta feel da Pizza O'Clock spirit for a bit! Happy ta report lots of new customers, includin' sum business, imporent folk too!***"

"**Ha!**" Memphis applauded. "**Dat's what I's like ta hear! Told Hefty dis food fair ding would be good fors business! Dang orca needs ta be more flexible ands stop worryin' about dings!**"

Porkchop nodded as Memphis talked about Hefty more, going on about this and that. After a while, the boar didn't really hear him.

Being this close, he could really take the rat in. That rich pizza and cigar aroma that came off of him, that big belly he wasn't afraid to show, that charming mug and snoot, that huge bulge in his shorts… Porkchop quivered. Ooooh, he was still the dreamboat as the day when he first met him!

Now or never, me! Cassidy's voice was loud and clear. It had been breaking in and out for a while now, but it jumped out so clear. ***Yes, me!***

Porkchop cleared his throat, the rat stopping. "**Say, after I's finish up here ands youse get done, ya wanna... I's dunno, hit a buffet or sumding?**"

It was quiet for a moment. Memphis arched an eyebrow, stroking his chin. "**Ooooh? Youse wanna hit a buffet? Kinda figure a big, importan' fella like yourself has *oddah* duties dat need a doin'.**"

Wait, wasn't dere… wasn't there something about ordering new potion ingredients tonight? Don't I's… don't I have that meeting with-

No! No, I don't have to do that. A voice spoke, loud and clear in his head while also sounding faint. *Other people can handle that. Traci is second-in-command. She will deal with that. I can live a little. I am* ***a toon.***

Gotta act and ***dink like dat too!*** Porkchop shook his head, giving it a ***SMACK***. Memphis chuckled. "**Youse 'member sumding dere?**"

"***No sir!***" Porkchop laughed. "***Don't knows whys youse dink dat a dummy boar likes me has anything goin' on. Alls I's was plannin' was ta head back home, lay on da sofa with lotsa buckets of popcorn, watch sum movies, ands scratch myself!***"

Dat does sound fun too! Heheh, maybes I's could do dat too when dis is all ov-NO! **SNORT!** There was no over. Why would he think that? He was a toon.

Yes. I am a toon. The lady's voice was very faint in his head. That voice… it was his… no! It sounded familiar… no! It was different. He never heard it before.

I'm a dumb toon. I'm a dumb, fat, silly toon boar! I'm not sum gal dat needs ta relax and pig out more, nor a gal that'll probably come back at some point. I've always been a big toon!

Ma conscious is right! Porkchop scratched his chin. ***Dough, why does it sound so girly?***

*Oh… right! BUUUUU****UUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRPPPPPP****! Dere! Howse dat sound, me?*

Dat sounds right ta me!

Guuuud! ... whys was I's dinkin ors soundin' like dat?

Dunno. Don't even 'member what we's was goin' on about.

Oh.... OH! We's 'bout ta get with Memphis! We's been wantin' ta ask dem out since Tony Tooncan first tooks us ta Pizza O'Clock fors lunch!

Right, right! Back ta da story in progress! Porkchop smiled, leaning closer to Memphis. "***Sooo, youse wanna go out wih dis hammy, chunky goodness?***"

"**Ha, sounds good ta me!**" Memphis chuckled, his belly jiggling. Porkchop could stare at it for hours. "**Swing by da pizzeria after 5! Den we can hits Catty's Curiously Countless Cuisines ands stuff our mugs dere!**"

"**We's have a date!**" The toons laughed and gave each other a smug smirk.

TWUUMP! They belly bumped, vibrations and blubber wiggling throughout. Nothing like a good belly bump between bros and potential partners. It felt like years since Porkchop found a fellow toon that could trade bumps with him without being knocked over.

"**Gotta get back ta da place den**," Memphis said, giving him a pat on the shoulder. "**See ya tanight, handsum!**"

Porkchop chuckled, heart floating off his head. "***Heheheh, yeah, see ya den!***"

Memphis strolled out, careful not to bump anyone or the tables as he left the festival. However, Porkchop did see him snag and stuff a few samples into his maw. Got to keep up that perfect shape after all!

Porkchop sighed, rubbing his cheeks. "***I'ms da happiest boar alive!***"

He looked straight ahead at somebody, nobody in particular. He winked. "This witch needs to do more fill-ups in the future!"

THE END?