

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

Chapter 3

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The First Delivery

“Well, at least this isn’t going to any place weird,” Beatrice mumbled as she looked around. She had driven into a completely normal, boring human neighborhood. It appeared to be like any example of a generic suburb found on Google Images, stretching far in all directions.

The witch had been scowling the entire time she drove. She hated everything about this. She hated being stuck doing some menial task meant for a low-wage worker that was far beneath her. She hated driving, wishing she could just teleport to where she needed to go. She hated the fact that she was driving perfectly and naturally, knowing that the toon magic of her employee cap was controlling her on some level.

Everything was a complete and utter pain. Only the fact that her first delivery wasn’t going to some stupid toon and probably a normal human being made things slightly easier.

“Your destination is on the right!” the GPS blared. She hated that too. She still hadn’t figured out how to turn the volume down on it despite figuring out quickly how to enter the address she needed to go.

Regardless of her contempt for everything, she made her turn and pulled into the driveway of a house that looked like every other house. Everything just blurred together.

Well, here goes nothing, I guess. Beatrice took the receipt from the cup holder and then opened the pizza bag. *Okay... I want... whatever is on this receipt. Just think about it and it should come out, right? Just think and-UGH!*

An unpleasant smell came from the bag. It wasn’t rotten, but she recognized the heinous scent from a time when Traci had ordered something similar. Pulling out the box, she took a quick peek inside and closed it quickly.

Ugh, pineapple. So much for this being a normal person.

Beatrice did her very best to ignore the odor, unbuckling herself and quickly getting out of the car. She took the box and trudged to the front door. Her walk was slouched over, her face full of contempt and frustration. *Of course, first delivery and its pineapple pizza. Add that to the numerous insults I faced so far.*

Getting up to the door, the witch took a deep breath, though turning her head away from the pizza she held. *Okay, let’s get this over with. Time to act like a proper “professional” doing this.*

She frowned. *Oh great. They're probably tracking that somehow too, aren't they? If I don't play nice, Cassidy is gonna bitch me out, isn't she? Ugghgggghh...*

With that in mind, Beatrice smiled. At least, she tried her best to form one that didn't look so hollow and fake. It was small, but it was something that she could muster.

Holding that expression as much as she could, the witch gave the door a knock.

A cold tingle went up her spine. Goosebumps ran along her smooth, green skin. It was strange. The sensation came out of nowhere, but yet felt so oddly pleasant.

Also from out of nowhere, hair. Around the back of her wrist, dark, chocolate brown hairs began to grow. They were thin and small, almost like regular body hair initially. Then, it spread around her wrist, thickening and growing longer. It was a weird cuff of fur around her right hand, her left starting to sprout similar fuzz.

Beatrice didn't notice. She was too busy ignoring that feeling from before and waiting.

Waiting.

Waiting

The witch went back to frowning. She didn't hear anything. Leaning in close to the door didn't signal to her that anyone was approaching or that there was even movement. *They in the bathroom or something?*

Knock-**knock**. Beatrice sighed, giving the door another rap of her knuckle. The sound of it was heavier on the second. **Knock-knock**. She threw in a third double knock for good measure, the sound even denser now.

With those knocks, something shifted. The bushy hair around her wrists began spreading. Instead of her hands, it went up her forearms and close to her elbows. The hair became even thicker, now looking like a fine coating of thick fur.

However, the fur did not cause such heavy knocks. Her right hand trembled, her left following a little bit behind it. Her long, manicured fingernails shrunk back to her fingers. They thickened up, turning grayish black and dirty. Their fine, nailed ends grew cruder as if she often spent her time chewing on them.

As her fingernails grew, so did her hands. They bloated up at the fingertips to give her nails more room to properly fit before swelling spread down. Her delicate fingers turned into fat sausages as the rest of her hand ballooned. Her lovely, green skin hue turned bluish-black as its texture turned from soft and smooth to dense and rubbery.

Despite nearly tripling in size and girth, Beatrice still didn't notice anything. She was far too caught up in being annoyed. *Oh come on!* She gritted her teeth. *Come on, you ordered this gross disaster and probably had tracking on it. How were you NOT ready for me?*

Am I not knocking loud enough for you? She eyed the doorbell. *Maybe you'll actually hear me if I smash this a few times.*

She reached her hand up to it. "What the hell?!"

It all finally set in, the sudden, literal weight of it. Beatrice saw her large, cartoonish, dark hand in its entirety. Her heart raced and eyes widened.

However, Beatrice recovered as quickly as she was surprised. Her frown merely grew wider as she brought her new mitt in for a closer look. She examined the enlarged hand, one that felt like it could cover the entirety of her face and large part of her head. She looked over the fur at her wrist and how far it went up her arm.

As she looked at her other left hand, careful not to tip the pizza over, she could only grumble. *Of course. Of frickin' course. Shoulda seen this comin'. There would be tooniness in working with toons.*

Her frown grew even more. *I'm gonna toonify, aren't I? Uuuuuuugh! I can't do any magic to stop this either. This just completely, utterly suc-*

The door clicked and began to open. The witch twitched, a wave of panic mixed in with her current anger mashed together. Even though she really didn't want to with her mood shot, she felt compelled to return to some semblance of professionalism.

An older woman, somewhere in her fifties, appeared in the doorway. She didn't flinch seeing a witch, let alone a witch with large, ape-like hands and fur. She gave her a polite smile and nod. "Sorry about that. I was occupied and came as soon as I could."

Beatrice hadn't recovered or regained her previous attempt at fully looking professional in time. Her face was a mix of confusion and awkward smiling, her eyes trying to look at the customer but going back to her hands. She looked silly, even beyond her odd proportions.

The customer chuckled, looking at the witch's furry arms and hands. "Hmm, let me guess. This is your first time delivering for Pizza O'Clock, isn't it?"

Beatrice nodded solemnly. The older woman's smile turned comforting. "Don't worry, young lady. I'm sure you'll grow into it. All drivers do!"

The witch shuddered at that. Her smile was nice, but her words cut her to her very soul.

It was time to get going before anything else unpleasant was said. Beatrice cleared her throat and held the pizza box to her. "Ummm, yeah... well, here's your pizza, ma'am. I'll just... ya know, get going now."

"Oh! Don't worry just yet!" The woman took the box and set it down somewhere out of sight. She reached into her pocket and handed her two things. One was a five dollar bill, but the other, far stranger, item was a coupon to some fast food joint the witch never heard of.

The woman tapped on the coupon. "This is a good place to go if you get hungry. Most drivers do."

Beatrice didn't want to think about what she was implying. The witch was fine with the money. She was at least getting something nice out of this mess. The coupon though? Such a weird thing to hand out as a tip.

However, her ape hand snatched up both eagerly on its own. It stuffed them into her dress pocket.

The woman chuckled softly, not bothered by the grabby hand. Beatrice just looked at her mitts with dispane. *I don't need this. You guys work for me, not on your own! Stupid toon hands.*

"Well, I'm sure you're busy. You have a wonderful day."

"Yeah yeah..." Beatrice muttered, not even bothering to try and be positive. She turned and left as the woman waved goodbye, closing her door.

The walk back to the car felt like forever. Beatrice continued to examine her hands the whole way, turning them over and wiggling their fingers. They felt heavy but oddly not too heavy despite their size. Her arms were hairy, but still dainty underneath the fuzz.

I look like a freak with these things! My body is going to be a gross mess. I just know it.

Beatrice grabbed the car door handle and opened it with ease, not having to tug on it as much as she had to before. In fact, her hand felt like a perfect fit for it.

Sliding inside, she placed her hands on the wheel. Again, they felt like better fits for it. Their extra size and girth made it feel like steering the big wheel would be much more manageable now. Sure, as much as she felt like a natural driver with her new, infused, driving skills, using the wheel took more effort than it probably should've.

She tried not to think much about it, removing her hands from the wheel. She gave them one more look as the fax started going off. She looked over, seeing the pizza bag shiver and began to rise. "Here we go again... let's get this over with."

Taking the receipt fax, the witch leaned back in the car seat and read it over carefully. *Okay... where do I have to go n-* "HEY!"

Her left hand was moving towards her waist. Its motion was familiar. It was going to try and scratch her stomach!

The witch pulled her hand away and gave it a good shake. She remembered it clearly. All of those heavy toons back at the pizzeria casually scratched themselves, often digging into their bellies or... other areas. They acted so nonchalant about it despite it being so rude.

No matter what, Beatrice wouldn't let herself do that. She had to keep some dignity while doing this job.